

she had eaten for the three days before she expired.

“At last, the doctor having retired from the ring, an old chief stepped forward, with three or four white feathers stuck in his hair; and, having walked several times up and down in the ring, addressed the meeting, and said that, in his opinion, the old woman’s death had been occasioned by her having eaten potatoes that had been peeled with a white man’s knife, after it had been used for cutting rushes to repair a house; on which account, he thought that the white man to whom the knife belonged should be killed, which would be a great honour conferred upon the memory of the dead woman.

“To this proposal many of the other chiefs expressed their assent, and it seemed about to be adopted by the court. Meanwhile, my companion stood trembling, and unable to speak from fear. I then went forward myself into the ring, and told them that if the white man had done wrong in lending his knife to the slave, he had done so ignorantly, from not knowing the customs of the country.

“I ventured at the same time to address myself to Aimy, beseeching him to spare my shipmate’s life; but he continued to keep his seat on the ground, mourning for the loss of his mother, without answering me, or seeming to take any notice of what I said; and while I was yet speaking to him, the chief with the white feathers went and struck my comrade on the