

consent of my father in what is now known as Double Springs-- 4 miles north of Tahlequah for the purpose of making plans to effect and act of union." All right, "Believing the same men who had made the treaty of 1835 was responsible for the failure of the Cherokee people to get together up here. We call the meeting that night. The meeting further decided that this meeting must be kept from their Chief Ross because he would prevent it had he know once what we were going to do. The Committee was appointed to arrange details in the response to that Committee reports numbers were placed in a hat. They tore up little pieces of paper, put them in a hat, and each 12 pieces of paper, we put one "x" on it. All were present. This was called the Committee of 300." I don't know what 12 and 300 would go but 30 or 40--something like that. "And we each drew out a slip of paper. When I came to draw,"--this is John Ross's son speaking--"the Chairman stopped me and told me that I could not draw, as the Committee had another job for me that day. When the drawing was finished, I asked the Chairman what I was to do. He told me I was to go to my father's home on the evening before the execution for me to stay with my father that night, the next day, and if possible, try to keep him from finding out what we were going to do. These drawings I will send in an exact replica of the knife." This is the first time I ran across this. It is the actual knife that killed Elias Boutinot and I don't have any idea where the knife is today. Does any one in the audience know where that knife went to kill Elias Boutinot. I didn't know that they ever had it.

"The meeting adjourned and each went his way. The appointed time and work was done as instructed. I went to my father's as instructed and stayed until I heard that Mr. Boutinot had been killed. I knew that the order of the Committee had been executed. About 5 o'clock that evening, my father and I went to visit Mr. Arch Campbell, Park Hill. And while there, some men passed by, and as they passed by, they threw something into the yard. My father asked what it was. I told him that it was only a stick. I afterwards, returned and found that it was a knife, which was still in my possession. These were some of the men--the full bloods who killed the Boutinot and this