

of day, when, thinking myself safe, I lay down under a great log, and slept till about noon. Before evening I reached the summit of a great hill, and looking out if I could spy any habitations of white people, to my inexpressible joy I saw some, which I guessed to be about ten miles distant.

In the morning, I continued my journey toward the nearest cleared lands I had seen the day before, and, about four o'clock in the afternoon, arrived at the house of John Bell, an old acquaintance, where, knocking at the door, his wife, who opened it, seeing me in such a frightful condition, flew from me screaming into the house. This alarmed the whole family, who immediately fled to their arms, and I was soon accosted by the master with his gun in his hand. But on making myself known, (for he before took me to be an Indian,) he immediately caressed me, as did all his family, with extraordinary friendship, the report of my being murdered by the savages having reached them some months before. For two days and nights they very affectionately supplied me with all necessaries, and carefully attended me till my spirits and limbs were pretty well recovered, and I thought myself able to ride, when I borrowed of these good people (whose kindness merits my most grateful returns) a horse and some clothes, and set forward for my father-in-law's house in Chester county, about one hundred and forty miles from thence, where I arrived on the 4th of January, 1755, (but scarce one of the family could credit their eyes, believing, with the people I had lately left, that I had fallen a prey to the Indians,) where I was received and embraced by the whole family with great affection. Upon inquiring for my dear wife, I found she had been dead two months! This fatal news greatly lessened the joy I otherwise should have felt at my deliverance from the dreadful state and company I had been in.