

THE
NARRATIVE OF JOHN SLOVER.

HAVING in the last war been a prisoner amongst the Indians many years, and so being well acquainted with the country west of the Ohio, I was employed as a guide in the expedition under col. William Crawford against the Indian towns on or near the river Sandusky. It will be unnecessary for me to relate what is so well known, the circumstances and unfortunate event of that expedition; it will be sufficient to observe, that having on Tuesday the fourth of June, fought the enemy near Sandusky, we lay that night in our camp, and the next day fired on each other at the distance of three hundred yards, doing little or no execution. In the evening of that day it was proposed by colonel Crawford, as I have since been informed, to draw off with order; but at the moment of our retreat the Indians (who had probably perceived that we were about to retire) firing alarm guns our men broke and rode off in confusion, treading down those who were on foot, and leaving the wounded men who supplicated to be taken with them.

I was with some others on the rear of our troops feeding our horses in the glade, when our men began to break: The main body of our people had passed by me a considerable distance before I was ready to set out. I overtook them before they crossed the glade, and was advanced almost in front. The company in which I was had separated from me, and had endeavoured to pass