

ye Indian, they Got hold of first up to their Village, and we was Conducted to ye Capts Camp with me and all ye rest of ye Prisoners, Except ye poor Indian that was In ye hand of ye Squaws, our Indians as Soon as they had Set Down, Intreated of ye Capt of ye Village, to Relieve this poor Indian out of ye hands of ye Squaws and Told him, how we had Been abused at ye other Village ye Capt Verey Readly Granted their Request, and Brought ye poor fellow to us half Dead : at this place Lived a Soldier yt was taken on Board ye Schooner montague, who gave me an account, how they abused him at his arrival, at this place we Incamped that night, with Verey hungry Belleys 18 L. G. C. N. W.\* Medocitike.

Thursday ye 11th This Day we Remained In ye Indian Village called Medocitike, I observed ye Squaws could no[t] by any means Content themselves without having their Dance. they Continued Teasing my master to Such a Degree, to have ye Liberty to Dance Round me, that he Consented they might if they would Promis to not abuse me, they Desired none of ye Rest. but me was all they aimed at for what Reason I cannot Tell. When my masters had Given ym Liberty, which was Done *Unbeknown to me and †* In my abstance, there Came Into ye Camp, two Large Strong Squaws, and as I was Setting by one of my masters, they Caught hold of my armes with all their Strength, and Said Something in Indian, yt I Supposed was to tell me to Come out of ye Camp, and halld me of my Seat. I Strugled with ym and cleard my Self of their hold, and Set down by my master. they Came upon me again Verey Vigorously, and as I was Striving with them, my master ordered me to Go, and told me they would not hurt me. at this I was obliged to Surrender and went with ym, they Led me out of ye Camp, Dancing and Singing after their manner, and Carried me to one of their Camps where there was a Company of them Gathered for their frolick, they made me Set down on a Bears Skin in ye Middle of one of their Camps, and Gave me a pipe and Tobaceo, and Danced Round me till the Sweat Trickled Down their faces, Verey plentyfully, I Seeing one Squaw that was Verey Big with Child, Dancing and foaming at ye mouth and Sweating, to Such a degree yt I Could not forbear Smilling, which one of ye old Squaws Saw, and Gave me two or three twiches by ye hair, otherwise I Escaped without any Punishment from them at the time, This Day I was sent for by one of ye heads of their Tribe, To Read a Contract between their Tribe and ye Governour of Annapolis.

\* That is 18 leagues from Annapolis : general course North-west.

† Words italicized are partially erased in the original manuscript.