

I will take a moment here to relate some particulars of my first captivity and my life since. I was taken from New River in Virginia by the Miamese, a nation by us called the Picts, among whom I lived six years, afterwards being sold to a Delaware and by him put into the hands of a trader, I was carried amongst the Shawanese, with whom I continued six years; so that my whole time amongst these nations was twelve years, that is, from the eighth to the twentieth year of my age. At the treaty at Fort Pitt, in the fall preceding what is called Dunmore's War, which if I am right, was in the year 1773, I came in with the Shawanese nation to the treaty, and meeting with some of my relations at that place, was by them solicited to relinquish the life of a savage, which I did with some reluctance, this manner of life having become natural to me, inasmuch as I had scarcely known any other. I enlisted as a soldier in the continental army at the commencement of the present war, and served fifteen months. Having been properly discharged I have since married, have a family and am in communion with the church.

To return: The party by whom we were made prisoners had taken some horses, and left them at the glades we had passed the day before. They had followed on our tracks from these glades; on our return to which we found the horses and rode. We were carried to Wachatomakak, a town of the Mingoes and Shawanese. I think it was on the third day we reached the town, which when we were approaching, the Indians in whose custody we were, began to look sour, having been kind to us before, and given us a little meat and flour to eat, which they had found or taken from some of our men on their retreat. This town is small and we were told was about two