

thinking it impossible to survive their bloody Treatment ; but it was impreis'd on my Mind, 'Tis not in their Power to take away your Life : so I defistd. Then those *Cro-Sable* Indians came to me again like Bears bereaved of their Whelps, saying, *Shall we who have lost Relations by the English, suffer an English Voice to be heard among us &c.* Then they beat me again with the Axe : Then I repented that I had not sent two or three of them out of the World before me, for I tho't that I had much rather die than suffer any longer. They left me the second time, and the other Indians put the Tomhake || into my Hand again, and compelled me to sing : and then I seem'd more resolute than before to destroy some of them ; but a strange and strong Impulse that I should return to my own Place & People, impreis'd it as often as such a motion rose in my Breast. Not one of the Indians shew'd the least Compassion : but I saw the Tears run down plentifully on the Cheeks of a Frenchman that sat behind ; which did not alleviate the Tortures that poor *James* and I were forced to endure for the most part of this tedious Day ; for they were continued till the Evening : and were the most severe that ever I met with in the whole six Years that I was Captive with the Indians. --- After they had thus inhumanly abused us, two Indians took us up and threw us out of the Wigwam, and we crawled away on our Hands & Feet, & were scarce able to walk, &c. for several Days. Some time after they again concluded on a merry Dance, when I was at some distance from the Wigwam dressing Leather, and an Indian was so kind as to tell me that they had got *James Alexander*, and were in search for me. My Indian Master and his Squaw bid me run as for my Life into a Swamp and hide, and not to discover my self unless they both came to me, for then I might be assured the Dance was over. I was now master of their Language, and a Word or a Wink was enough to excite me to take care of One. I ran to the Swamp, and hid in the thickest place that I could find. I heard hollowing and whooping all around me ; sometimes they pass'd very near,

[The Tomhake is a Warlike Club, the Shape of which may be seen in the Cutts of *Etowaham*, one of the four Indian Chiefs, which Cutts are common amongst us.