

Having caught a fawn this day, we made a fire in the evening and had a repast, having in the meantime eat nothing but the small bit of pork I mentioned before. We set off at break of day. About nine o'clock the third day we fell in with a party of the enemy about twenty miles from the Tuscarawas, which is about 135 miles from Fort Pitt. They had come upon our tracks or had been on our flanks and discovered us, and then having got before, had waylaid us, and fired before we perceived them. At the first fire one of my companions fell before me, and another just behind; these two had guns; there were six men in company, and four guns, two of these rendered useless by reason of the wet when coming through the swamp the first night; we had tried to discharge them, but could not. When the Indians fired I ran to a tree, but an Indian presenting himself fifteen yards before me, directed me to deliver myself up and I should not be hurt: My gun was in good order, but apprehending the enemy behind might discharge their pieces at me, I did not risk firing, which I had afterwards reason to regret when I found what was to be my fate, and that the Indian who was before me and presented his gun, was one of those who had just before fired. Two of my companions were taken with me in the same manner, the Indians assuring us we should not be hurt. But one in company, James Paul, who had a gun in order, made his escape and has since come into Wheeling. One of these Indians knew me, and was of the party by whom I was taken in the last war. He came up and spoke to me calling me by my Indian name, Mannuchcothee, and upbraiding me for coming to war against them.