

he lay down on his belly; they then scalped him and repeatedly threw the scalp in my face, telling me "that was my great captain."—An old squaw (whose appearance every way answered the ideas people entertain of the devil) got a board, took a parcel of coals and ashes and laid them on his back and head, after he had been scalped; he then raised himself upon his feet and began to walk round the post; they next put a burning stick to him as usual, but he seemed more insensible of pain than before.

The Indian fellow who had me in charge, now took me away to captain Pipe's house, about three-quarters of a mile from the place of the colonel's execution. I was bound all night, and thus prevented from seeing the last of the horrid spectacle. Next morning, being June 12th, the Indian untied me, painted me black, and we set off for the Shawanese town, which he told me was somewhat less than forty miles from that place. We soon came to the spot where the colonel had been burnt, as it was partly in our way; I saw his bones laying amongst the remains of the fire, almost burnt to ashes; I suppose after he was dead they had laid his body on the fire.

The Indian told me that was my Big Captain, and give the scalp halloo. He was on horseback and drove me before him.

I pretended to this Indian I was ignorant of the death I was to die at the Shawanese town, assumed as cheerful a countenance as possible, and asked him if we were not to live together as brothers in one house, when we should get to town? He seemed well pleased, and said yes. He then asked me if I could make a wigwam?—I told him I could—he then seemed more friendly—we