

Original.

[Thomas Cresap to Sharpe.]

Old Town July 15 1763

May it Please your Excellency

I take this opportunity in the highth of Confusion to acquaint you with our unhappy & most wretched situation at this time being in Hourly Expectation of being massacred by our Barberous & Inhumane Enemy the Indians we having been three days successively Attacked by them Viz. the 13, 14 & this Instant on the 13th as 6 men were shocking some wheat in the field 5 Indians fired on them as they came to do it & others running to their assistance. On the 14 5 Indians crep up to & fired on about 16 men who were sitting & walking under a Tree at the Entrance of my Lane about 100 yards from my House but on being fired at by the white men who much wounded some of them they Immediatly Runn off & were followed by the white men about a mile all which way was great quantity of Blood on the Ground the white men got 3 of their Bundles containing sundry Indian Implements & Goods about 3 hours after several gunns were fired in the woods on which a party went in Quest of them & found 3 Bears killd by them. the Indians wounded one man at their first fire tho but slightly. On this Instant as Mr. Sam<sup>l</sup> Wilder was going to a house of his about 300 yards Distant from mine with men & several women the Indians Rushed on them from a Rising Ground but they perceiving their coming Run towards my House hollowing which being heard by those at my house they Run to their assistance & met them & the Indians at the Entrance of my lane on which the Indians Immediatly fired on them to the amount of 18 or Twenty & Killd Mr. Wilder. The party of white men returned their fire & Killd one of them dead on the spot & wounded severall of the others as appeared by Considerable Quantity of Blood strewed on the Ground as they Run off which they Immediatly did & by their leaving behind them 3 Gunns one pistole & sundry other Emplements of warr &c. &c.

I have inclosed a List of the Desolate men women & Children who have fled to my House which is Inclosed by a small stockade for safety by which you see what a number of poor Souls destitute of Every necessary of Life are here penned up & likely to be Butchered without Immediate Relief & Assistance & can Expect none unless from the Province to which they Belong. I shall submitt to your wiser Judgment the Best & most Effectual method for such Relief & shall conclude with hoping we shall have it in time.

I am Honourable Sir  
Your most Obed<sup>t</sup> Serv<sup>t</sup>  
Tho<sup>s</sup> Cresap