

afterwards he took us from Kitting to his old Cabin / where he lived before
 the Action of the Monongahela / and while he employed himself in hunting
 I made a canoe for him which as soon as 'twas finished he loaded with the
 stuff that he had before buried and fell down in it to Fort du Quebec, & his
 Wife going with the Horses by Land. Soon after his Arrival there he joined some
 other Indians and went again to War with them leaving me to build a
 Cabin for his Family behind the Fort, and do such other Business as
 they should order: On his Return from War he removed to the Log's Town &
 hunted in that Part of the Country till the Beginning of last August;
 thence he returned to Fort du Quebec to sell his skins, and the French
 prevailed with him to leave me there to make Shingles for them, promising
 to pay him for my Work, from that time I was kept constantly employed in
 making and shaving Shingles till I made my Escape which I effected
 in the following manner: More Shingles than were already made being
 wanted, two Men from the Garrison were ordered to fell some Trees for
 that Use, about a Mile, and a half from the Fort, but as they did not so well
 know what Trees were best for that Use, as I did, the Interpreter told me
 that I must go out to them and mark such Trees as were most fit and give
 them Directions to cut the stuff into proper Lengths, I was at that time at Work in
 a Log-house near the Fort and upon receiving such Orders took my Blanket
 and a Tomahawk and went towards the place where the two Labourers
 were at Work, but as soon as I was out of sight of the Fort, thinking I had
 now a fair Opportunity of making my Escape, I struck off to the Right into
 the Woods, and made the best of my Way to Fort Cumberland, when I came in
 view of that Place which I did the ninth day after I left du Quebec, I
 had not two or three Times, and then discovering a Man and two Women
 near the creek's side, I advanced towards them, and one of them saying you
 may come through here I immediately waded through, and the sentry
 conducted me to Colonel Stevens the Commandant, I was glad to have thus
 escaped from the French and Indians by whom I had and should have
 been made a slave, but I was at the same time very anxious, and much
 afraid I should be now discovered and punished as a Deserter, I therefore
 pretended that I had been taken Prisoner by a party of Indians sometime
 before and carried off by them from the Indians as other poor Wretches had
 been, I communicated to Colonel Stevens all that I knew of the late French