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NARRATIVES  
OF  
INDIAN CAPTIVITIES



THE CAPTIVITY OF  
ROBERT EASTBURN

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EASTBURN  
NARRATIVE

*Of this edition, two hundred and sixty-seven copies have been printed, of which two hundred and fifty are for sale, and the type distributed.*

*This is*

No. 170

Eastburn, Robert  
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NARRATIVES OF CAPTIVITIES

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THE DANGERS AND SUFFERINGS OF  
ROBERT EASTBURN, AND HIS  
DELIVERANCE FROM IN-  
DIAN CAPTIVITY

REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF 1758  
WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

JOHN R. SPEARS



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## INTRODUCTION

ROBERT EASTBURN, whose *Faithful Narrative* is one of the valuable, because one of the undoubted, original authorities relating to the war that destroyed the French power in North America, was captured by a force of French soldiers and Indians on a wagon road that crossed the divide between the Mohawk River and Wood Creek, just north of the modern city of Rome, New York. He was carried thence to Canada, where he was adopted into an Indian family, and where he remained, part of the time with the Indians, and a part with the French, for something less than two years.

It will add to the interest of the narration of his experiences to know that Eastburn was born in England in 1710 (see *Memoirs of the Rev. Joseph Eastburn*), but was brought to America by his parents when he was four years old. Thereafter his home was in Philadelphia. His parents were Quakers, but in 1739, Robert was won over to the Presbyterians by the preaching

of George Whitefield,\* and when Whitefield organized a congregation, Robert became one of its deacons.

To those who are acquainted with the history of the American frontier during the eighteenth century, the fact that Eastburn was a Christian is of peculiar interest. For when captured by the French invaders he was one of a party of men who were on their way to the frontier post of Oswego to engage in the Indian trade; and no men, as a class, have been so utterly degraded and deeply cursed by their trade as those who have dealt with the aboriginal inhabitants of the earth. With them a thought of fair dealing

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\* Franklin, in his autobiography, says of Whitefield: "In 1739 arrived among us from Ireland the Reverend Mr. Whitefield, who had made himself remarkable there as an itinerant preacher. He was at first permitted to preach in some of our churches; but the clergy, taking a dislike to him, soon refused him their pulpits, and he was obliged to preach in the fields. The multitudes of all sects and denominations that attended his sermons were enormous, and it was matter of speculation to me, who was one of the number, to observe the extraordinary influence of his oratory on his hearers, . . . notwithstanding his common abuse of them, by assuring them they were naturally *half beasts and half devils*. It was wonderful to see the change soon made in the manners of our inhabitants. From being thoughtless or indifferent about religion, it seemed as if all the world were growing religious." Under Whitefield's influence a church one hundred feet long by seventy feet broad was erected and paid for before dedication. It was "vested in trustees, expressly for the use of any preacher of any religious persuasion who might desire to say something to the people of Philadelphia."

was an evidence of weakness; the ability to overreach the savage was their constant boast.

Nevertheless, because some were strictly honest, according to their light (Quakers and Moravians traded with the Indians), and because as a class the traders were most energetic, enterprising, and courageous, it seems likely that the story of their work and adventures should make the most interesting of the chapters of the American annals that have not yet been written.

Thus, it was the work of the Indian traders chiefly — their anxiety to preserve and extend the fur-trade — that caused all the long series of French and Indian raids on the British-American frontier during the period so graphically described by Parkman in his *Half Century of Conflict*. And the first stroke delivered on the American continent, in what is known as the "Seven Years' War" — the war during which Eastburn was captured — was struck by Charles Langlade, a French trader, with a party of Ottawas and Ojibways, who attacked the American traders and the Indians who were gathered at Pickawillany (near the modern Piqua, Ohio), June 21, 1752.

To show the courage and enterprise of Robert Eastburn as a trader, it is necessary to go over the events that, in America, preceded and led to the Seven Years' War.

Under the treaty of Utrecht (April 11, 1713), and that of Aix-la-Chapelle (October 7, 1748), the British had the right to trade with the Indians of the interior of North America, regardless of the claims of France to that territory. That every British trader would have made haste to exchange a pint of rum, or six cents' worth of red paint, for a beaver-skin at every opportunity, regardless of treaties, may be admitted; but the fact is they had the legal right to do it.

In pursuit of the profits thus to be obtained, the traders—particularly those of Philadelphia—thronged through the passes of the Alleghanies, after the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. In 1749, it is said (Parkman) that three hundred of them led their packhorses into the wilds of the Mississippi Valley. Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, said of them that “they appear to be in general a set of abandoned wretches,” and Governor Hamilton, of Pennsylvania, concurred in that opinion. But whatever their morals they fearlessly threaded the forests of the region beyond the mountains, met and fought the rival traders of the north, went to the Indian villages wherever to be found, and in time established a station on Sandusky Bay, although the French had a station at Detroit and another on the Maumee River, in northern Ohio.

Commandant Raymond, in charge of the French post on the Maumee, wrote, at about this time:

“All the tribes who go to the English at Pickawillany come back loaded with gifts. . . . If the English stay in this country we are lost. We must attack and drive them out.”

The Indians that had settled around Detroit were invited to make the attack, but they were found to be “touched with disaffection;” and it was then that Charles Langlade came from the upper lakes and destroyed Pickawillany.

In the meantime the French had taken a formal “renewal of possession” of the Ohio country by sending Céloron de Bienville to bury certain lead plates in the Ohio watershed, and to nail tin plates, on which the French royal coat of arms had been painted, to a number of trees — all of which acts were duly attested by a notary public carried along for the purpose. The attack upon Pickawillany having proved as futile as the expedition of Céloron — though an Indian chief called “Old Britain” was boiled and eaten by Langlade’s Indians — measures that were to prove strikingly effective for a time, were adopted by the French.

An expedition was sent by way of Erie, Pennsylvania, to the headwaters of the Alleghany River, where a post was established (1752), and named *Le Bœuf*. It stood where Waterford,

Pennsylvania, is now found. In the spring of 1753, they moved forward to the site of the modern Venango, and there prepared to descend to the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela in the year after that.

It was now that Governor Dinwiddie, alarmed at what he deemed an invasion of Virginia, and at the prospect of a transfer of the horrors of the French and Indian border warfare from the frontier of New England to the borders of his own colony, sent the youthful George Washington to make a formal demand that the French leave. Legardeur de St. Pierre, commanding the French, replied, "I do not think myself obliged to obey."

Accordingly Dinwiddie raised three hundred "raw recruits," and sent them to occupy the favorable site for a fort that Washington had seen, meantime, at the forks of the Ohio. William Trent, a trader, and a gang of backwoodsmen went with them, and on an unnamed day in April, 1754, these backwoodsmen began building a fort where Pittsburg now stands.

Their work was apparently in vain. On April 17th, five hundred Frenchmen, with eighteen cannon, came down the Alleghany River, under Captain Claude Pecaudy de Contrecoeur, and drove them away.

Washington's attack on the French force under Ensign Coulon de Jumonville (May 28,



1754) followed, and that is usually called the beginning, in America, of the Seven Years' War. Then by finesse, rather than by force of arms, the French, under Coulon de Villiers, drove Washington from Fort Necessity (July 4, 1755). Though as yet not formally declared, the great war was well on.

In the meantime (on February 20, of this year), the "trusty and well-beloved Edward Braddock," with two regiments of British soldiers, arrived at Hampton, Virginia. An intercolonial conference was held at Alexandria, beginning on April 14, to consider measures for the prosecution of the war, at which Governor William Shirley, whom Eastburn mentions, was present.

The plans made here included attacks on Acadia, Crown Point, Niagara, and Fort Duquesne, as the post at the forks of the Ohio was called. Shirley "and Dinwiddie stood in the front of the opposition to French designs;" to Shirley was assigned the work of capturing Niagara, and he was placed next in rank to Braddock, in the command of the British forces in America. Braddock himself undertook the task of marching through the wilderness to Fort Duquesne.

How Braddock, with 1,373 picked men, reached Turtle Creek, eight miles from Fort Duquesne, on July 7, crossed the Monongahela on the ninth, and was overwhelmed by an inferior force of

French and Indians on the site of the modern village of Braddock, Pennsylvania, a little later, need not be told here in detail. The important fact is that the French triumph was complete and seemingly decisive. They not only held control of the fort at the forks, but through the shameful retreat of the British to Philadelphia, the French were left in undisputed control of the passes of the Alleghanies.

That the British confirmed their control of Acadia, in this season, by expelling certain French families from the territory; and that the forces under William Johnson checked the French under Baron Dieskau at Lake George, afforded the people of Pennsylvania and Virginia no consolation. For the evil that Governor Dinwiddie had foreseen was upon them. The horrors of the French and Indian wars that, for half a century, had desolated the frontiers of New England, now loomed over the Alleghanies.

“If you consider it necessary to make the Indians to act offensively against the English, his Majesty will approve of your using that expedient,” said a letter dated September 6, 1754, from the French colonial minister to Governor Duquesne, of Canada. Duquesne thought that expedient necessary. Captain Dumas succeeded Contrecoeur in the command of Fort Duquesne, and on July 24, 1756, wrote to the minister, saying:

“ M. de Contrecoeur had not been gone a week before I had six or seven different war parties in the field at once, always accompanied by Frenchmen. I have succeeded in ruining the three adjacent provinces, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, driving off the inhabitants and totally destroying the settlements over a tract of country thirty leagues wide, reckoning from the line of Fort Cumberland.”

And the Rev. Claude Godfroy Coquard, S.J., in a letter to his brother, said in reference to the work of these war parties (*N. Y. Col. MSS.*, vol. x., p. 528):

“ The Indians do not make any prisoners; they kill all they meet, men, women, and children. Every day they have some in their kettle, and after having abused the women and maidens, they slaughter or burn them.”

On one occasion a band of these Indians swooped down to within sixty miles of Philadelphia. A company of the harassed settlers, in their desperation, came in from the frontier, bringing with them the mutilated bodies of murdered friends and relatives, which they displayed at the doors of the Assembly chamber, while they bitterly cursed the opponents of an active war against the savage intruders.

It was in the midst of the red aggressions of the war parties sent out by Dumas that Robert Eastburn, a deacon in the First Presbyterian

Church of Philadelphia, left home with a party of traders (among them being his own son, a lad seventeen years old), and traveled away into the wilderness, bound to Oswego, the most advanced post of the American frontier—the one nearest to the triumphant French—to engage in the fur-trade with such Indians as he might find in that region. And he did that, too, when he knew that Oswego would be in imminent danger of attack while he was there, and that there was no small probability that his party would be intercepted while he was on the way, as, indeed, actually happened.

Robert Eastburn was, in fact, one of the many heroes of commerce, now well-nigh forgotten. It was characteristic of such a man to take his gun and join the soldiers, when a squad was sent out to hunt the enemy. And no one is surprised to learn that he was cool enough to bring down two at one shot, when the enemy were found.

The story of the fight in which Eastburn was captured is told, with some variations in the statements of facts, in volume x. of the *New York Colonial Manuscripts*. The account most nearly accurate is that in *Journal of Occurrences in Canada from October, 1755, to June, 1756*. Parkman has the most interesting modern account in his *Montcalm and Wolfe*.

At the opening of the campaign of 1756, the

French held Ticonderoga, as well as Fort Duquesne, and all the borders of the Great Lakes, except the one post of Oswego. While yet the snow lay deep upon the ground in the northern part of New York, they learned from the Indians of the Iroquois tribes, who were more or less friendly to them, that the English contemplated sending an expedition, by way of Oswego and Lake Ontario, to attack Niagara, while another expedition would try to reduce Ticonderoga and Crown Point. The Indians also told the French that in pursuance of the English intention to attack Niagara, immense quantities of provisions had been sent forward toward Oswego, while the winter roads were good, and that many of these supplies were piled up in the storehouses at the carrying-place between the Mohawk and Wood Creek.

Accordingly Vaudreuil, who had meantime become governor of Canada, not only did what he could to strengthen Ticonderoga and Niagara, but he planned a counter-stroke for the destruction of the forts and stores at the Mohawk-Wood Creek carrying-place. He also planned an attack on Oswego, but that was to come later.

To raid the carrying-place, Vaudreuil sent Joseph Chaussegros de Léry, a distinguished Canadian officer (Vaudreuil was partial to the Canadian officers), with three hundred and sixty-two picked men — soldiers, rangers, and

Indians — from Montreal to the mission of Oswegatchie (now Ogdensburg), and thence by trails through the woods to the head of the Mohawk Valley. After great hardships, due to a lack of provisions and the rigor of the weather (March is a harsh month in the Adirondack region), this force arrived on the road leading from Fort William, at the head of navigation on the Mohawk, to Fort Bull, at the head of navigation on Wood Creek, at 5:30 o'clock on the morning of March 26, 1756. As it happened, they found there a party of twelve teamsters, including an unnamed negro, who were on their way with provisions and traders' goods to Fort Bull. These they attacked, and killed or captured all the party except the negro.

The negro escaped to Fort William and gave the alarm. The French, on questioning their prisoners, under threat of torture, learned that only a small garrison — thirty men — held Fort Bull, and De Léry determined to attack it. Nearly all the Indians in the party objected to this attack, being well satisfied with the plunder obtained from the teamsters, but De Léry, with a little brandy to rouse their courage, persuaded a dozen of them to go with him, and the rest of them to guard the road from Fort William, and then he marched to the attack.

As De Léry approached Fort Bull, some of the Indians whooped, and thus gave the alarm

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to the garrison, who closed their gate in time to shut out the French, but the French, by a dash forward, were able to secure positions at all the loopholes and prevent the garrison using them. De Léry then called on the garrison to surrender, but in spite of the advantages the French had secured, and in spite of inferior numbers, the heroic band replied with muskets and hand grenades.

The fight lasted for an hour. At the end of that time the French succeeded in chopping down the gate, and as it fell, they rushed in and massacred every person they could find. Two or three escaped death by hiding. The stores were destroyed and the fort was burned.

In the meantime Captain Williams, commanding at Fort William, had sent out a scouting party. Behind this party marched Deacon Eastburn, bearing a musket that had been carefully loaded and primed. And what the result of that movement was, Eastburn shall tell for himself.

JOHN R. SPEARS





EASTBURN NARRATIVE  
PHILADELPHIA: WILLIAM DUNLAP, 1758

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Title-page and text reprinted from a copy of the  
original edition in the Library of Con-  
gress, Washington, D. C.



A FAITHFUL  
NARRATIVE,  
OF

The many *Dangers* and *Sufferings*, as well as wonderful *Deliverances* of ROBERT EASTBURN, during his late *Captivity* among the INDIANS: Together with some *Remarks* upon the *Country* of CANADA, and the *Religion*, and *Policy* of its *Inhabitants*; the whole intermixed with devout *Reflections*.

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By ROBERT EASTBURN.

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Published at the earnest REQUEST of many FRIENDS, for the Benefit of the AUTHOR.

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With a recommendatory PREFACE, by the Rev. GILBERT TENNENT.

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PSALM 124. 6, 7. *Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us up as a Prey to their Teeth; our Soul is escaped, as a Bird out of the Snare of the Fowling: The Snare is broken, and we are escaped.*

PSALM 103. 2, 4. *Bless the Lord, O my Soul; and forget not all his Benefits: Who redeemeth thy Life from Destruction; who crowneth thee with loving Kindness, and tender Mercies.*

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PHILADELPHIA:

Printed by WILLIAM DUNLAP, 1758.



## Preface.

CANDID READER,  
The Author (and Subject) of the ensuing Narrative (who is a Deacon of our Church, and has been so for many Years) is of such an established good Character, that he needs no Recommendation of others, where he is known: a Proof of which, was the general Joy of the Inhabitants of this City, occasioned by his Return from a miserable Captivity! Together with the Readiness of divers Persons, to contribute to the Relief of himself, and necessitous Family, without any Request of his, or the least Motion of that Tendency! — But, seeing the following Sheets, are like to spread into many Places, where he is not known, permit me to say, That upon long Acquaintance, I have found him to be a Person of Candor, Integrity, and sincere Piety; whose Testimony, may with Safety, be depended upon; which give his Narrative the greater Weight, and may induce to read it with the greater Pleasure; The Design of it is evidently Pious, the Matters contained in it, and Manner of handling them, will, I

hope, be esteemed by the Impartial, to be entertaining and improving: I heartily wish it may, by the divine Benediction, be of great and durable Service. I am thy sincere Servant, in the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

GILBERT TENNENT.

PHILADELPHIA, *Jan* 19, 1758.

KIND READERS,

On my Return from my Captivity, I had no Thoughts of publishing any Observations of mine to the World, in this Manner; as I had no Opportunity to keep a Journal, and my Memory being broken, and Capacity small, I was disinclined to undertake it; but a Number of my Friends were pressing in their Perswasions, that I should do it; with whose Motion I complied, from a sincere Regard to God, my King, and Country, so far as I know my own Heart: The following Pages contain, as far as I can remember, the most material Passages that happened within the Compass of my Observation, while a Prisoner in Canada; the Facts therein related are certainly true, but the Way of representing some Things especially, is not so regular, clear, and strong, as I could wish; but I trust it will be some Apology, that I am not so much acquainted with Performances of this Kind, as many others; who may be hereby excited to give better Representations of Things, far beyond my Knowledge.

I remain Your unfeigned Well-Wisher,  
and humble Servant,  
ROBERT EASTBURN.

PHILADELPHIA, *Jan.* 19, 1758.





## A Faithful Narrative, &amp;c.

**A**BOUT Thirty Tradefmen, and myself, arrived at Captain Williams's Fort,\* (at the Carrying Place) in our Way to Oswego, the 26th of March, 1756; who informed me, that he was like to be cumbered in the Fort, and therefore advifed us to take the Indian-Houfe for our Lodging. About Ten o'Clock next Day, a Negro Man came running down the Road, and reported, That our Slaymen were all taken by the Enemy; Captain Williams, on hearing this, sent a Serjeant, and about 12 Men, to see if it was true; I being at the Indian-Houfe, and not thinking myself safe there, in Cafe of an

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\* This fort stood where Rome, New York, now stands. It was erected by Captain William Williams, of Sir William Pepperell's regiment, to guard the south, or Mohawk, end of the carrying-place between the Mohawk River and Wood Creek, in the route from Albany to Oswego. It was a palisaded enclosure with, presumably, a two-story, loopholed log-house at each of two corners, to give the garrison a commanding view of the enemy, in case of attack. The fort was destroyed by the English after the French captured Oswego, and a little later Fort Stanwix was built in its place, from plans drawn by James Montresor, director of engineers and lieutenant-colonel in the British army in 1758.

Attack, and being also sincerely willing to serve my King and Country, in the best Manner I could in my present Circumstances, asked him if he would take Company? He replied, with all his Heart! Hereupon, I fell into the Rear, with my Arms, and marched after them; when we had advanced about a Quarter of a Mile, we heard a Shot, followed with doleful Cries of a dying Man, which excited me to advance, in order to discover the Enemy, who I soon perceived were prepared to receive us: In this difficult Situation, seeing a large Pine-Tree near, I repaired to it for Shelter; and while the Enemy were viewing our Party, I having a good Chance of killing two at a Shot, quickly discharged at them, but could not certainly know what Execution was done, till some Time after; our Company likewise discharged, and retreated: Seeing myself in Danger of being surrounded, I was obliged to Retreat a different Course, and to my great Surprise, fell into a deep Mire, which the Enemy, by following my Track in a light Snow, soon discovered, and obliged me to surrender, to prevent a cruel Death. (They stood ready to drive their Darts into my Body, in case I refused to deliver up my Arms.) Presently after I was taken, I was surrounded by a great Number, who stripped me of my Cloathing, Hat, and Neckcloth (so that I had nothing left but a Flannel Vest, without Sleeves) put a Rope on my Neck, bound

my Arms fast behind me, put a long Band round my Body, and a large Pack on my Back, struck me on the Head (a severe Blow,) and drove me through the Woods before them: It is not easy to conceive, how distressing such a Condition is! In the mean Time, I endeavoured with all my little remaining Strength, to lift up my Eyes to God, from whom alone I could with Reason expect Relief!

Seventeen or Eighteen Prisoners, were soon added to our Number, one of which informed me, that the Indians were angry with me, and reported to some of their Chiefs, that I had fired on them, wounded one, and killed another; for which he doubted they would kill me. Hereupon I considered that the Hearts of all Men are in the Hand of God, and that one Hair of our Head cannot fall to the Ground without his Permission: I had not as yet learned what Numbers the Enemy's Parties consisted of; there being only about 100 Indians who had lain in Ambush on the Road, to kill or take into Captivity all that passed between the two Forts. Here an Interpreter came to me, to enquire what Strength Capt. Williams had to defend his Fort? After a short Pause, I gave such a discouraging Answer (yet consistent with Truth) as prevented their attacking it, and of Consequence the Effusion of much Blood; a gracious Providence, which I desire ever to retain a grateful Sense of; for hereby it evidently appeared, that

I was fuffered to fall into the Hands of the Enemy, to promote the Good of my Countrymen, to better Purpose than I could, by continuing with them; verily the Almighty is wife in Council, and wonderful in Working.

In the mean Time, the Enemy determined to destroy Bull's Fort,\* (at the Head of Wood-Creek) which they soon effected, all being put to the Sword, except five Persons, the Fort burnt, the Provision and Powder destroyed; (saving only a little for their own Use) then they retired to the Woods, and joined their main Body, which inclusive, consisted of 400 French, and 300 Indians, commanded by one of the principal Gentlemen † of Quebec; as soon as they got together (having a Priest with them) they fell on their Knees, and returned Thanks for their Victory; an Example this, worthy of Imitation! an Example which may make prophane pretended Protestants blush, (if they are not lost to all Sense of Shame) who instead of acknowledging a God, or Providence, in their military Undertakings, are continually reproaching him with Oaths and Curfes; is it any Wonder, that

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\* Fort Bull was a mere palisade wall around store-houses. It was garrisoned by thirty men from Shirley's regiment. De Léry attacked it with two hundred and sixty-five men.

† The commander was Joseph Chaussegros de Léry, an active Canadian officer, who saw service at Fort Duquesne and Crown Point. He is not to be confounded with Gaspard Chaussegros de Léry, chief engineer of Canada, who was called "a great ignoramus."

the Attempts of fuch, are blafed with Difappointment and Difgrace!

The Enemy had feveral wounded Men, both French and Indians among them, which they carried on their Backs; befides which, about Fifteen of their Number were killed, and of us about Forty: it being by this Time near dark, and fome Indians drunk, they only marched about 4 Miles and encamped; the Indians untied my Arms, cut Hemlock Bowes, and ftrewed round the Fire, tied my Band to two Trees, with my Back on the green Bowes, (by the Fire) covered me with an old Blanket, and lay down acrofs my Band, on each Side, to prevent my Efcapc, while they fleep.

Sunday the 28th, rofe early, the Commander ordered a hafy Retreat towards Canada, for fear of General Johnfon;\* in the mean Time, one of our Men faid, he underftood the French and Indians defigned to join a ftrong Party, and fall on Ofwego, † before our Forces there, could

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\* Sir William Johnson. On learning from the Indians that the enemy had come to the carrying-place, he hurried reinforcements up the Mohawk, but arrived too late to intercept them.

† Near the end of the feventeenth century Governor Bellomont, of New York, fuggested that the French might be barred out of the Iroquois country by building a fort where Oswego, New York, now ftands, but nothing was done in the matter until Governor Burnet built a "stone houfe of ftrength" there, with his private funds, in the fpring of 1727. This houfe foon became a noted trading-ftation, for it proved a formid-

get any Provision or Succours; having, as they thought, put a Stop to our relieving them for a Time: When we encamped in the Evening, the Commanding-Officer ordered the Indians to bring me to his Tent, and asked me, by an Interpreter, If I thought General Johnson would follow them, I told him I judged not, but rather thought he would proceed to Ofwego (which was indeed my Sentiment, grounded upon prior Information, and then expressed to prevent the Execution of their Design.) He farther enquired, what was my Trade? I told him that of a Smith; he then perswaded me, when I got to Canada, to fend for my Wife, 'for said he, you can, get a rich Living there;' but when he saw that he could not prevail, he asked no more Questions, but commanded me to return to my Indian Master: Having this Opportunity of Conversation, I informed the General, that his Indian Warriors had stripped me of my Cloathing, and would be glad he would be good enough to order me some Relief; to which he replied, that I would get Cloaths when I came to Canada, which was cold Comfort to one almost frozen! On my Return, the Indians perceiving I was unwell, and could not eat their

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able rival to the French stations intended to supply the wants of the Indians on the borders of the Great Lakes. When Montcalm captured the place (Saturday, August 14, 1756), one of the defending structures was known on the frontier as Fort Rascal, because of the character of the work done by its builders.

coarse Food, ordered some Chocolate (which they had brought from the Carrying-Place) to be boiled for me, and seeing me eat that, appeared pleased. A strong Guard was kept every Night; One of our Men being weakened by his Wounds, and rendered unable to keep Pace with them, was killed and scalped on the Road! — I was all this Time almost naked, travelling through deep Snow, and wading through Rivers cold as Ice!

After Seven Days March, we arrived at Lake Ontario, where I eat some Horse-Flesh, which tasted very agreeably, for to the hungry Man, as Solomon observes, every bitter Thing is sweet (a). The French carried several of their wounded Men all the Way upon their Backs, and (many of them wore no Breeches in their Travels

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\* On the Friday before we arrived at the Lake, the Indians killed a Porcupine, which is in bigness equal to a large Raccoon, with short Legs, is covered with long Hair, intermixed with sharp Quills, which are their Defence: It is indeed dangerous coming very near them, because they cast their Quills\* (which are like barbed Irons or Darts) at any Thing that opposes them, which when they pierce, are not easy to be drawn out; for, though their Points are sharp and smooth, they have a kind of Beard, which makes them stick fast: However, the Indians threw it on a large Fire, burnt off the Hair and Quills, roasted and eat of it, with whom I had a Part.

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\* It is now known that porcupines do not cast or throw their quills, and are not able to do so, though commonly believed to do so, at Eastburn's time. Many a backwoodsman has eaten a porcupine. When young the flesh is as good as that of a 'possum, they say.



in this cold Season, they are strong, hardy Men.) The Indians had Three of their Party wounded, which they likewise carried on their Backs, I wish there was more of this Hardness, so necessary for War, in our Nation, which would open a more encouraging Scene than appears at present! The Prisoners were so divided, that but few could converse together on our March, and (which was still more disagreeable and distressing) an Indian, who had a large Bunch of green Scalps, taken off our Men's Heads, marched before me, and another with a sharp Spear behind, to drive me after him; by which Means, the Scalps were very often close to my Face, and as we marched, they frequently every Day gave the *Dead Shout*,\* which was repeated as many Times, as there were Captives and Scalps taken! In the Midst of this gloomy Scene, when I considered, how many poor Souls were hurried into a vast Eternity, with Doubts of their Unfitness for such a Change, it made me lament and expostulate in the Manner following; O Sin what hast thou done! what Defolation and Ruin hast thou brought into this miserable World? What am I, that I should be thus spared! My Afflictions are certainly far

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\* Schoolcraft writes *Sa-sa-kuon* to give an idea of the dead shout. It was the whoop by which the Indians announced, when approaching a village, their victory, and the number of scalps and prisoners taken.



less than my Sins deserve! Through the exceeding Riches of divine Goodness and Grace, I was in this distressing Situation supported and comforted, by these Passages of sacred Scripture, viz. That our light Afflictions, which last but for a Moment, shall work for us a far more exceeding and eternal Weight of Glory. And that, though no Afflictions are for the present joyous, but grievous; yet nevertheless, they afterwards yield the peaceable Fruits of Righteousness, to them who are exercised thereby. And farther, that all Things shall work together for Good, to them that love God; to them who are the Called, according to his Purpose. But to return,

I May, with Justice and Truth observe, That our Enemies leave no Stone unturned to compass our ruin; they pray, work, and travel to bring it about, and are unwearied in the Pursuit; while many among us sleep in a Storm, that has laid a good Part of our Country desolate, and threatens the Whole with Destruction: O may the Almighty awake us, cause us to see our Danger, before it be too late, and grant us Salvation! O that we may be of good Courage, and play the Man, for our People, and the Cities of our God! But alas, I am obliged to turn my Face towards cold Canada, among inveterate Enemies, and innumerable Dangers! O Lord, I pray thee, be my safe Guard; thou

haft already covered me in the Hollow of thy Hand; when Death cast Darts all around me, and many fell on every Side, I beheld thy Salvation!

April 4th, Several French Battoes met us, and brought a large Supply of Provision; the Sight of which caused great Joy, for we were in great Want; then a Place was soon erected to celebrate Mass in, which being ended, we all went over the Mouth of a River, where it empties itself into the East-End of Lake Ontario, a great Part of our Company set off on Foot towards Ofwegotchy;\* while the rest were ordered into Battoes, and carried towards the Entrance of St Lawrence (where that River takes its Beginning) but by reason of bad Weather, Wind, Rain, and Snow, whereby the Waters of the Lake were troubled, we were obliged to lie-by, and haul our Battoes on Shore; here I lay on the cold Shore two Days. Tuesday set off, and entered the Head of St. Law-

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\* *Oswegotchie*. It was a settlement of Iroquois Indians who had been converted by Abbé Piquet, a French missionary. It was established in 1749 where Ogdensburg, New York, now stands, and it was intended for the promotion of French political and trade interests, as well as the propagation of religion. Piquet called it "La Présentation." In 1753 it contained a palisaded fort, "flanked with block houses; a chapel, a storehouse, a barn, a stable, ovens, a sawmill, broad fields of corn and beans, and three villages of Iroquois, containing in all 49 bark lodges each holding three or four families, . . . and as time went on this number was increased."—*Parkman*. The fort was armed with five two-pounder cannon and garrisoned with a squad of French soldiers.

rence, in the Afternoon; came too late at Night, made Fires, but did not lie down to sleep; embarked long before Day, and after some Miles Progress down the River, we saw many Fires on our Right-Hand, which were made by the Men who left us, and went by Land; with them we staid till Day, and then again embarked in our Battoes; the Weather was very bad (it snowed fast all Day) near Night arrived at Ofwegotchy; I was almost starved to Death, but hoped to stay in this Indian Town till warm Weather; slept in an Indian Wigwam, rose early in the Morning (being Thursday) and soon to my Grief discovered my Disappointment! Several of the Prisoners had Leave to tarry here, but I must go 200 Miles farther down Stream, to another Indian Town; the Morning being extremely cold, I applied to a French Merchant (or Trader) for some old Rags of Cloathing, for I was almost naked, but to no Purpose!

About Ten o'Clock, was ordered into a Battoe, on our Way down the River, with 8 or 9 Indians, one of which was the Man wounded in the Skirmish before mentioned; at Night we went on Shore, the Snow being much deeper than before, we cleared it away, and made a large Fire; here, when the wounded Indian cast his Eyes upon me, his old Grudge revived, he took my Blanket from me, and commanded me to dance round the Fire Bare-foot, and sing the

*Prisoners Song*, which I utterly refused; this surprized one of my fellow Prisoners, who told me they would put me to Death (for he understood what they said) he therefore tried to persuade me to comply, but I desired him to let me alone, and was through great Mercy, enabled to reject his Importunity with Abhorrence! The Indian also continued urging, saying, you shall dance and sing; but apprehending my Compliance sinful, I determined to persist in declining it at all Adventures, and to leave the Issue to the divine Disposal! The Indian perceiving his Orders disobeyed, was fired with Indignation, and endeavoured to push me into the Fire, which I leapt over, and he being weak with his Wounds, and not being assisted by any of his Brethren, was obliged to desist: For this gracious Interposure of Providence, in preserving me both from Sin and Danger, I desire to bless God while I live!

Friday Morning, was almost perished with Cold. Saturday, proceeded on our Way, and soon came in Sight of the upper Part of the Inhabitants of Canada; here I was in great Hopes of some Relief, not knowing the Manner of the Indians, who do not make many Stops among the French, in their return from War, till they get Home: However when they came near some rapid Falls of Water, one of my fellow Prisoners, and several Indians, together

with myself, were put on Shore, to travel by Land, which pleased me well, it being much warmer running on the Snow, than lying still in the Battoe; we past by several French Houfes, but stopt at none; the Veffel going down a rapid Stream, it required haste to keep Pace with her, we crossed over a Point of Land, and found the Battoe waiting for us, as near the Shore as the Ice would permit: Here we left St. Lawrence and turned up Conafadauga River (b) but it being frozen up, we hauled our Battoe on Shore, and each of us took our Share of her Loading on our Backs, and marched

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<sup>b</sup> The River St. Lawrence, at Lake Ontario, takes its Beginning through several Islands, by which we are in no necessity of coming within Sight of Frontenac, when we go down the River; it is smooth Water from thence to Ofwegotche (or as it is called by the French *Legalet*) but from hence to Montreal, the Water is more swift, with a Number of rapid Streams, though not dangerous to pass through with small Boats and Bark Canoes, provided the Stearfmén are careful, and acquainted with the Places. In transporting Provision and warlike Stores up Stream from Canada to Lake Ontario, there is a necessity of unloading Battoes at several of the rapid Streams, and hauling them empty through shoal Water near the Shore; and carrying the Loading by Land to where the Water is more Slack; though there be several of these Places, yet the Land Carriage is not very far: The Land on both Sides the River, appears fertile a great Part of the Way from the Lake to Montreal; but the nearer the Latter the worse, more mirey and stony: The Timber is White Pine, Ash, Maple, Beach, Hickory, Hemlock, Spruce; and from the Lake about 150 Miles down, plenty of White Oak, but none about Montreal of that Kind.

towards Conafadauga,\* an Indian Town, which was our designed Port, but could not reach it that Night; Came to a French Houfe, cold, weary, and hungry; here my old Friend, the wounded Indian, again appeared, and related to the Frenchman, the Affair of my refusing to dance, who immediately affifted the Indian to ftrip me of my Flannel Veft, before mentioned, which was my All: Now they were refolved to compel me to dance and fmg! The Frenchman was as violent as the Indian, in promoting this Imposition; but the Women belonging to the Houfe, feeing the rough Ufage I had, took pity on me, and refcued me out of their Hands, till their Heat was over, and prevailed with the Indian to excufe me from dancing; but he infifted that I muft be fhaved, and then he would let me alone (I had at that Time a long Beard, which the Indians hate) with this Motion I readily complied, and then the Indian feemed content.

Sunday, April 11th, Set off towards Conafadauga, traveled about two Hours, and then faw

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\* A miffion settlement of Indians containing a village of Iroquois and another of Algonquins. It was called alfo the Lake of the Two Mountains miffion. The fite is "a point on the St. Lawrence, juft at the [weft] extremity of the ifland of Montreal, where the river widens into a kind of lake. Two flicht eminences, which foon obtained the name of mountains, gave it its name. Near thefe the miffion was begun in 1720."—Shea's *American Catholic Miffions*.

the Town, over a great River, which was still frozen; the Indians stoped, and we were soon joined with a Number of our own Company, which we had not seen for several Days: The Prisoners, in Number Eight, were ordered to lay down our Packs, and be painted; the wounded Indian painted me, and put a Belt of Wampum round my Neck, instead of the Rope which I had worn 400 Miles. Then set off towards the Town on the Ice, which was four Miles over; our Heads were not allowed to be covered, lest our fine Paint should be hid, the Weather in the mean Time very cold, like to Freeze our Ears; after we had advanced nearer to the Town, the Indian Women came out to meet us, and relieved their Husbands of their Packs.

As soon as we landed at Conafadauga, a large Body of Indians came and encompassed us round, and ordered the Prisoners to dance and sing the Prisoners Song, (which I was still enabled to decline) at the conclusion of which, the Indians gave a Shout, and opened the Ring to let us run, and then fell on us with their Fists, and knocked several down; in the mean Time, one ran before to direct us to an Indian House, which was open, and as soon as we got in, we were beat no more; my Head was sore with beating, and pained me several Days. The Squaws were kind to us, gave us boiled Corn and Beans to eat, and Fire to warm us, which



was a great Mercy, for I was both cold and hungry: This Town lies about 30 Miles North-West from Montreal, I staid here till the Ice was gone, which was about Ten Days, and then was sent to Cohnewago, in Company with some Indians, who when they came within Hearing, gave Notice by their Way of shouting, that they had a Prisoner, on which the whole Town rose to welcome me, which was the more distressing, as there was no other Prisoner in their Hands; when we came near Shore, a stout Indian took hold of me, and hauled me into the Water, which was Knee-deep, and very cold: As soon as I got ashore, the Indians gathered round me, and ordered me to dance and sing, now when I was stiff with Cold and Wet, and lying long in the Canoe; here I only stamped to prepare for my Race, and was encompassed with about 500 Indians, who danced and sung, and at last gave a Shout, and opened the Circle; about 150 young Lads made ready to Pelt me with Dirt and gravel Stones, and on my setting off gave me a stout Volley, without my suffering great Hurt; but an Indian seeing me run, met me, and held me fast, till the Boys had stored themselves again with Dirt and small Stones, and let me run; but then I fared much worse than before, for a small Stone among the Mud hit my Right-Eye, and my Head and Face were so covered with Dirt, that I could scarce see my Way; but discovering a Door



of an Indian Houfe ftanding open, I run in: From this Retreat I was foon hauled, in order to be pelted more; but the Indian Women being more merciful interposed, took me into a Houfe, brought me Water to wafh, and gave me boiled Corn and Beans to eat. The next Day, I was brought to the Center of the Town, and cried according to the Indian Cuftom, in order to be fent to a Family of Indians, 200 Miles up Stream, at Ofwegotchy, and there to be adopted, and abufed no more: To this End, I was delivered to three young Men, who faid I was their Brother, and fet forward on our Way to the aforefaid Town, with about 20 more Indians, but by reafon of bad Weather, we were obliged to encamp on a cold, ftoney Shore, three Days, and then proceeded on; called at Conafadaga, ftaid there about a Week, in which Time, I went and viewed four Houfes at a Diftnce from the Town, about a Quarter of a Mile from each other; in which, are reprefented in large Paint Work, the Sufferings of our Saviour, with Defign to draw the Indians to the Papift's Religion; the Work is curioufly done: A little farther ftand three Houfes near together, on the Top of a high Hill, which they call *Mount Calvary*,\* with three large Croffes before them,

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\* Abbé Piquet, who established the miffion at Oswegatchie, erected this Calvary and Way of the Cross. It "is even now a pilgrimage worthy of attention."—*Shea*.

which compleat the whole Representation: To all these Houses, the Priests and Indians repair, in performing their grand Proceffions, which takes up much Time (c).

Set off on our Journey for Ofwegotchy, against a rapid Stream, and being long in it, and our Provision growing short, the Indians put to Shore a little before Night; my Lot was to get Wood, others were ordered to get Fires, and some to Hunt; our Kettle was put over the Fire with some pounded Indian Corn, and after it had boiled about two Hours, my oldest Indian Brother, returned with a She Beaver, big with Young, which he soon cut to Pieces, and threw into the Kettle, together with the Guts, and took the four young Beavers, whole as they came out from the Dam, and put them likewise into

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° The pains the Papists take to propagate such a bloody and absurd Religion as theirs, is truly amazing! This brings to my Remembrance, the following Discourse, I had with two French Priests in my Captivity; one of them asked me, if I was a Catholic; apprehending he meant the Romish Religion, I answered no; he replied, *no Bon*. On my relating the above to a fellow Prisoner, he said, I had answered wrong, because by the Word *Catholic* he meant a Christian: Some Time after, I was again asked by the other Priest, if I was a Catholic, I answered yes, but not a Roman Catholic; at which he smiled, and asked, if I was a Lutheran. I replied, no; he again inquired whether I was a Calvinist, I told him I was; to which he said, with warmth, *no Bon! no Bon!* which signifieth, it is not good, it is not good. O! may not the Zeal of Papists, in propagating Superstition and Idolatry, make Protestants ashamed of their Lukewarmness, in promoting the Religion of the Bible!

the Kettle, and when all was well boiled, gave each one of us a large Dishfull of the Broth, of which we eat freely, and then Part of the old Beaver, the Tail of which was divided equally among us, there being Eight at our Fire; the four young Beavers were cut in the Middle, and each of us got half of a Beaver; I watched an Opportunity to hide my Share (having satisfied myself before that tender Dish came to Hand) which if they had seen, would have much displeas'd them. The other Indians caught young Musk-Rats, run a Stick through their Bodies, and roasted, without being skinned or gutted, and so eat them. Next Morning hastened on our Journey, which continued several Days, till we came near Ofwegotchy, where we landed about three Miles from the Town, on the contrary Side of the River; here I was to be adopted, my *Father* and *Mother* that I had never seen before were waiting, and ordered me into an Indian House, where we were directed to sit down silent for a considerable Time, the Indians appeared very sad, and my Mother began to cry, and continued crying aloud for some Time, and then dried up her Tears, and received me for her Son, and took me over the River to the Indian Town; the next Day I was ordered to go to Mass with them, but I refused once and again, yet they continued their Importunity several Days, saying it was good to go to Mass, but I still refused;

and feeling they could not prevail with me, they seemed much displeas'd with their new Son (d). I was then sent over the River, to be employed in hard Labour, as a Punishment for not going to Mass, and not allowed a Sight of, or any Conversation with my fellow Prisoners; the old Indian Man that I was ordered to work with, had a Wife, and some Children, he took me into the Woods with him, and made Signs that I must chop, giving me an Ax, the Indian soon saw that I could handle the Ax: Here I tried to reconcile myself to this Employ, that they might have no Occasion against me, except concerning the Law of my God; the old Man began to appear kind, and his Wife gave me Milk and Bread when we came Home, and when she got Fish, gave me the Gills to eat, out of real Kindness; but perceiving I did not like them, gave me my own choice, and behaved lovingly! Here I saw that God could make Friends of

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<sup>d</sup> When I was at Ofwegotchy, the Indians took Notice, that I frequently retired alone, and supposing I had some bad Design, threatened if I did not desist, they would Tomahawk me; but my fellow Prisoner, who understood their Language, told them it would be a pity to hurt me on that Account, for I only went into a private Place to pray, which was true; the Indians replied, if so, it was good; but being yet suspicious, took Pains, by watching to find out how the Case was, and when they satisfied themselves, seemed pleas'd! and did not offer to interrupt me any more, which was a great Mercy; as the Contrary would have in some Degree, marred my Converse with God.

cruel Enemies, as he once turned the Heart of angry Efaou into Love and Tendernefs; when we had finished our Fence, which had employed us about a Week, I fhewed the old Squaw my Shirt (having worn it from the Time I was firft taken Prifoner, which was about feven Weeks) all in Rags, Dirt, and Lice; fhe faid it was not good, and brought me a new One, with ruffled Sleeves (faying that is good) which I thankfully accepted. The next Day they carried me back to the Indian Town, and admitted me to converfe with my fellow Prifoners, who told me we were all to be fent to Montreal, which accordingly came to pafs.

Montreal, at our Arrival here, we had our Lodging firft in the Jefuit's Convent, where I faw a great Number of Priests, and People that came to Confeflion; after fome ftay, we were ordered to attend, with the Indians, at a Grand Council, held before the head General Vaudriell; \* we Prifoners fat in our Rank (furrounded with our Fathers and Brethren) but were afked no Questions: the General had a Number of Officers to attend him in Council, where a noted Priest, called Picket, † fat at his Right-Hand,

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\* Pierre François de Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil-Cavagnal. He was governor of Canada from the summer of 1755 till the French lost the country, 1759.

† Abbé François Piquet. He was one of the most patriotic and zealous priests in French America. Though best known as the founder of Oswegatchie, his work at the Lake of the

who understands the Indian Tongue well, and does more Hurt to the English, than any other of his Order in Canada (his Dwelling is at Ofwegotchy). Here I was informed that some Measures were concerted to destroy Ofwego, which they had been long preparing to execute; we in our Journey met many Battoes going up Stream, with Provision and Men for an Attack on our Frontiers, which confirmed the Report: The Council adjourned to another Day, and then broke up. My Indian Father and Mother took me with them to several of their old Acquaintance, who were French, to shew them their lately adopted Son; these Persons had been concerned with my Father and other Indians, in destroying many English Families in their younger Days; and (as one standing by who understood their Language, said,) were boasting of their former Murders! After some Days the Council was again called, before which, several of the Oneida Chiefs appeared, and offered some Complaint against the French's attacking our Carrying-Place, it being their Land; but the

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Two Mountains was notable in the annals of the Church. He was stationed at Fort Frontenac, at one time. When Montcalm captured Oswego, Piquet was present, and erected a huge cross to commemorate the French victory. He accompanied a number of raiding parties that invaded the British settlements. His energy was untiring. Though called vain and boastful, it is certain that he was ever ready to back his words with deeds.

General laboured to make them easy, and gave them sundry Presents of Value, which they accepted (e): After which, I knowing these Indians were acquainted with Captain Williams, at the Carrying-Place, sent a Letter by them, to let my Family and Friends know I was yet alive, and longed for Redemption; but it never came to Hand. The Treaty being ended, the General sent about ten Gallons of red Wine to the Indians, which they divided among us; after

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° The French in Canada, well knowing the great Importance of having the Indians in their Interest, to promote their ambitious and unjust Designs, use a variety of Methods with them, among which, the following one is excellent in itself, and well worthy of Imitation, viz. They are exceeding careful to prevent spirituous Liquors being sold to the Indians, and if any of the Inhabitants are proved guilty of it, their temporal Interest is quite broke, and corporal Punishment inflicted on them; unless the General, on some particular Occasion, orders his Commissioners to deliver some to them. I may add, that knowing their Number is small, compared with the British Inhabitants on this Continent, and must quickly fall into their Hands, in case we united, and entered boldly into the Heart of their Country with a sufficient Force; for that very Reason, they choose to keep us continually on the Defensive, by sending when Occasion requires, large Bodies of Regulars, together with great Numbers of Indians, upon long and tedious Marches, that we may not come near their Borders; and especially by employing the Latter, constantly to waste and ravage our Frontiers, by which we are murdered by Inches, and beat without a Battle! By what I could learn when I was among them, they do not fear our Numbers, because of our unhappy Divisions, which they deride, and from them, strongly expect to conquer us entirely! which may a gracious God, in Mercy, prevent!



came the Presents, consisting of Coats, Blankets, Shirts, Skins (to make Indian Shoes) Cloth (to make Stockings) Powder, Lead, Shot, and to each a Bag of Paint, for their own Use, &c. After we Prisoners had our Share, my Mother came to me with an Interpreter, and told me I might stay in the Town, at a Place she had found for me, if I pleased (this was doubtless the Consequence of my declining to obey her Orders, in some Instances that affected my Conscience) this Proposal I almost agreed to; but one of my fellow Prisoners, with whom I had before some Discourse, about making our Escape from the Indian Town, opposed the Motion, and said, “pray do not stay, for if you do, we shall not be able to form a Plan for our Deliverance;” on which I told her I chose to go Home with her, and soon set off by Land in our Way thither, to Lafcheen,\* distant from

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\* La Chine was the name given by envious competitors to the frontier trading-post, established by La Salle, soon after his arrival (1666) in New France. It stood at the head of the rapids above and nine miles from Montreal. It was the most dangerous, and probably it was then the most profitable post in America. Having learned from Seneca Indians that a river heading in their country flowed to a great salt sea, far away to the south, La Salle supposed it emptied into the South Sea, and that he might, by following that route, reach China. With unsurpassed courage and enterprise he mortgaged his trading-post, though it was yielding him large profits, to raise funds for the exploration of this river. He succeeded in following it as far as the falls of the Ohio (Louisville, Kentucky), and then, because his men deserted him, he was obliged to



Montreal about 9 Miles, where we left our Cannoes, and then proceeded, without Delay, on our Journey; in which I saw, to my Sorrow, great Numbers of Soldiers, and much Provisions, in Motion towards Lake Ontario.

After a painful and distressing Journey, we arrived at Ofwegotchy, where we likewise saw many Battos, with Provision and Soldiers, daily passing by in their Way to Frontenac,\* which greatly distressed me for Ofwego! Hence I resolved, if possible, to give our People Notice of their Danger: To this End, I told two of my fellow Prisoners, that it was not a Time to sleep, and asked if they would go with me, to this they heartily agreed; but we had no Provision, were closely eyed by the Enemy, and could not lay up a Stock out of our Allowance: However, at this Time, Mr. Picket (before mentioned) had concluded to dig a large Trench round the Town; I therefore went to a Negro,

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return, ruined, to Montreal. He had gone to find China; he returned to find the mortgage on his post at the rapids foreclosed. His old rivals, to deride him, began to call his lost post China — *La Chine* — and the name remains to this day, perpetuating the story of La Salle's first expedition into the wilds of America, and the ill nature of his competitors.

\*Frontenac was the name (called also Cataraqui) of the fort, trading-post, and settlement established (1673) by La Salle and Count de Frontenac, where Kingston, Ontario, now stands. It was the first of the chain of forts intended to extend from Montreal to New Orleans that La Salle planned to secure the interior of the continent to the French crown.

the principal Manager of this Work (who could speak English, French, and Indian, well) and asked him, if he could get Employ for two others, and myself, which he soon did; for which we were to have Meat and Wages. Here we had a Prospect of procuring Provision for our Flight; this, I in some Time effected for myself, and then asked my Brethren if they were ready, who replied they were not yet, but said, Ann Bowman, our fellow Prisoner, had brought 130 Dollars from Bull's Fort, and would give them all they had Need of; I told them it was not safe to disclose such a Secret to her, but they blamed me for my Fears, and applied to her for Provision, letting her know our Intention, who immediately informed the Priest of it; on which we were apprehended, the Indians apprised of our Design, and a Court called; by Order of which, four of us were confined under a strong Guard, in a Room within the Fort, for several Days.

From hence, another and myself were sent to Cohnewago, under a strong Guard of 60 Indians, to prevent my plotting any more against the French, and banish all Hope of my Escape! However, when we arrived at this Place, it pleased that gracious God, who has the Hearts of all Creatures in his Hand, to incline the Captain of the Guard, to shew me great Kindness, in giving me Liberty to walk or work where I pleased, within any small Distance; on which

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I went to work with a French Smith, for six Livres and five Soufe per Week; which the Captain let me have to myself, and farther favoured me with the Priviledge of Lodging at his Mother's Houfe, an Englifh Woman (named Mary Harris,\* taken Captive when a Child, from Dearfield, in New-England) who told me fhe was my Grand-mother, and was kind; but the Wages being fmall, and not fufficient to procure fuch Cloathing as I was in Want of, I proceeded no farther with the French Smith, but went to my Uncle Peter, and told him I wanted Cloaths, and that it would be better to let me go to Montreal, and work there, where I could Cloath myfelf better, than by ftaying with him, and that without any Charge to him, who after fome Reasoning confented.

Set off on my Journey to Montreal, and on my entring the City met an Englifh Smith, who took me to work with him; after fome Time, we fettled to work in a Shop, oppofite to the General's Door, where we had the Opportunity of feeing a great Part of the Forces of Canada (both Soldiers and Indians) who were commonly brought there, before their going out to War; and likewife all Prifoners, by which

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\* Mary Harris was one of a considerable number of captured New England children who learned to prefer the Indian way of living to that of civilized people. According to Parkman, a tributary of the Muskingum River, in Ohio, was named White Woman's Creek, in her honor.

Means we got Intelligence how our People were preparing for Defence; but no good News from Ofwego, which made me fear, knowing that great Numbers of French were gone against it, and hearing of but few to defend it. Prayers were put up in all the Churches of Canada, and great Proceffions made, in order to procure Succes to their Arms, against poor Ofwego; but our People knew little of their Danger, till it was too late: Certainly if more frequent and earnest Application (both in private and public) was made to the God of Battle, we might with greater Probability, expect Succes would crown our military Attempts! To my Surprize, the dismal News came, that the French had taken one of the Ofwego Forts; in a few Hours, in Confirmation of this, I saw the English Standards (the melancholly Trophy of Victory) and the French rejoicing at our downfall, and mocking us poor Prifoners, in our Exile and Extremity, which was no great Argument either of Humanity, or true Greatness of Mind; great Joy appeared in all their Faces, which they expressed by loud Shouts, firing of Cannon, and returning Thanks in their Churches; but our Faces were covered with Shame, and our Hearts filled with Grief! - - Soon after, I saw several of the Officers brought in Prifoners, in small Parties, and the Soldiers in the same Manner, and confined within the Walls, in a starving Condi-

tion, in order to make them Work, which some complied with, but others bravely refused; and last of all came the Tradefmen, among whom was my Son, who looking round saw his Father, who he thought had long been dead; this joyful Sight so affected him, that he wept!—nor could I, in seeing my Son, remain unconcerned!—no; the Tenderness of a Father's Bowels, upon so extraordinary an Occasion, I am not able to express, and therefore must cover it with a Vail of Silence!—But he, with all my Philadelphia Friends, being guarded by Soldiers, with fixed Bayonets, we could not come near each other, they were sent to the common Pound; but I hastened to the Interpreter, to try if I could get my Child at Liberty, which was soon effected! When we had the Happiness of an Interview, he gave me some Information of the State of our Family, and told me, as soon as the News were sent Home, that I was killed, or taken, his Mother was not allowed any more Support from my Wages, which grieved me much, and added to my other Afflictions (f)!

† In the mean Time, it gave me some Pleasure, in this Situation, to see an Expression of equal Duty and Prudence in my Sons Conduct, who, though young in Years (about 17) and in such a confused State of Things, had taken care to bring, with much Labour and Fatigue, a large Bundle of considerable Value to me, it being Cloathing, &c. which I was in great Need of; he likewise saved a Quantity of Wampum, which we brought from New-York, and afterwards sold here, for 150 Livers. He traveled with me Part of the Journey towards

When the People taken at Ofwego, were fet-  
ting out on their Way to Quebec, I made  
Application for Liberty to go with them; but  
the Interpreter replied, that I was an Indian  
Prifoner, and the General would not fuffer it, till  
the Indians were fatisfied; and as they lived  
Two Hundred Miles from Montreal, it could not  
be done at that Time: Finding that all Argu-  
ments, farther on that Head, would not avail,  
becaufe I was not included in the Capitulation;  
I told the Interpreter, my Son muft go and  
leave me! in order to be ready at Quebec to go  
Home, when the Ofwego People went, which  
probably would be foon; he replied, " It would

Ofwego, but not being fo far on his Way, as I was when taken,  
he did not then fall into the Enemy's Hands, but continued  
free till Ofwego was taken, and was then remarkably deliv-  
ered from the Hands of the Indians, in the following Manner,  
15 young Lads were drafted out to be delivered to them (which  
from their known Cuftom, it is reafonable to conclude, was to  
fill up the Number they had loft in the Battle\*) among which  
he was one: This barbarous Defign, which is contrary to the  
Laws of War, among all civilized Nations, the French artfully  
concealed, under the Pretext of fending them to work in the  
Battoes; but my Child taking Notice, that all that were  
chofen were fmall Lads, doubted their real Intention was bad,

\*In Delafield's biography of Francis Lewis (one of the  
prisoners captured at Oswego) is this paragraph (p. 20):  
"Montcalm allowed his Indian allies to select thirty prisoners  
as their share of the booty, and Lewis was one of the number.  
The Indians retreated northward. Toward the clofe of each  
day when they found . . . a pleasant spot which invited  
them to rest and feaft, they lit their fires and celebrated their  
victory by the facrifice of a captive."

be better to keep him with me, for he might be a Mean to get me clear much sooner."

The Officers belonging to Ofwego, would gladly have had me with them, but found it impracticable; this is an Instance of Kindness and Condescension, for which I am obliged! Captain Bradley, gave me a good Coat, Vest, and Shirt; and a young Gentleman, who formerly lived in Philadelphia, gave four Pistoles (his Name is James Stone, he was Doctor at Ofwego). These generous Expressions of Kindness and Humanity, I am under great Obligations to remember with affectionate Gratitude, and if ever it be in the Compass of my Power,

and therefore slipt out of his Rank and concealed himself, by which Means, under God, he was preserved from a State of perpetual Captivity; his Place being filled up in his Absence, the other unhappy Youths were delivered up a Sacrifice to the Indian Enemy, to be instructed in Popish Principles, and employed in Murdering their Countrymen; yea, perhaps, their Fathers and Brethren, O horrible! O lamentable! How can the French be guilty in cold Blood, of such prodigious Iniquity? Besides their insatiable Thirst of Empire, Doubtless the Pardons they get from their Pope, and their Priests, embolden them, which brings to my Mind, what I saw when among them: On a Sabbath Day, perceiving a great Concourse of People at a Chapel, built on the Commons, at some Distance from the City, I went to see what was the Occasion, and found a kind of a Fair, at which were sold Cakes, Wine, Brandy, &c. I likewise saw many Carts and Chafes attending, the Chapel Doors in the mean Time open, Numbers of People going in and out, and a Board hanging over the Door, on which was written, in large Letters, INDULGENCE PLENARY, or FULL PARDON.



to requite: This Money, together with what my Son brought, I was in Hopes would go far towards procuring my Release, from my Indian Masters; but seeing a Number of Prifoners in fore Distrefs, among which were, the Captains Grant and Shepherd,\* and about Seven more in Company, I thought it my Duty to relieve them, and commit my Release to the Difpofal of Providence! Nor was this suffered to turn to my Difadvantage in the Iffue, for my Deliverance was brought about in due Time, in another, and unexpected Way. This Company informed me of their Intention to Efcape, accordingly I gave them all the Help in my Power, faw them clear of the Town, on a Saturday Evening, before the Centries were fet at the Gates, and advifed them not to part from each other, and delivered to Captain Shepherd two Pocket Compaffes; but they contrary to this Counfel parted, and faw each other no more: By their feparating, Captain Grant, and Serjeant Newel, were deprived of the Benefit of a Compafs; the other Part got fafe to Fort William Henry, as I was informed by Serjeant Henry, who was brought in Prifoner, being taken in a Battle, when gallant, indefatigable Captain Rogers, made a brave Stand,

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\* Shepard was picked up by a scouting party that was under the active Major Robert Rogers. They had gone down Lake George on skates to look after French stragglers and examine the French posts.



againſt more than twice his Number! But I have not heard any Account of Captain Grant! Was enabled, through much Mercy, to continue communicating ſome Relief to other Priſoners, out of the Wages I received for my Labour, which was 40 Livres per Month!

In the latter Part of the Winter, Coal and Iron were ſo ſcarce, that I was hard ſet to get any more Work; I then offered to work for my Diet and Lodging, rather than be thruſt into a ſtinking Dungeon, or ſent among the Indians: The Interpreter took ſome Pains (which I thankfully acknowledge) but without Succeſs; however, as I offered to work without Wages, a Frenchman took me and my Son in, upon theſe Terms, till a better Birth preſented; here we ſtaid one Week, but heard of no other Place, then he offered me and my Son, 30 Livres per Month, to ſtrike and blow the Bellows, which I did for about two Months, and then was diſcharged, and traveled about from Place to Place, having no fixed Abode, and was obliged to lay out the ſmall Remains of my Caſh, in buying a little Victuals, and took a Hay-Loft for my Lodging: I then made my Cafe known to the kind Interpreter, and requested him to conſider of ſome Means for my Relief, who replied he would; in the mean Time, as I was taking a walk in the City, I met an Indian Priſoner, that belonged to the Town where my Father lived,

who reported, that a great Part of the Indians there, were juſt come, with a Reſolution to carry me back with them; and knowing him to be a very honeſt Fellow, I believed the Truth of it, and fled from the Town to be concealed from the Indians; in the mean while, Schemes were formed for an Eſcape, and well profecuted: The Iſſue of which was fortunate. General Vaudriell, gave me and my Son, Liberty (under his Hand) to go to Quebec, and work there at our Pleaſure, without Confinement, as Priſoners of War; by which Means, I was freed from paying a Ranſom.

The Commiſſary, Monſieur Partwe, being about to ſet off for Quebec, my Son informed me that I muſt come to Town in the Evening, a Paſſage being provided for us; I waited till near Dark, and then entered the Town, with great Care, to eſcape the Indians, who kept watch for me (and had done ſo for ſome Time) which made it very difficult and dangerous to move; however, as they had no Knowledge of my Son, he could watch their Motions, without their Suſpicion (the Providence of God is a great Deep, this Help was provided for my Extremity, not only beyond my Expectation, but contrary to my Deſign.) In the Morning, upon ſeeing an Indian ſet to watch for me, over againſt the Houſe I was in, I quickly made my Eſcape, through the back Part of the Houſe, over ſome high Pickets, and out of the City, to the River Side, and fled!

A Friend knowing my Scheme for Deliverance, kindly assisted me to conceal myself: The Commissary had by this Time got ready for his Voyage, of which my Son giving me Notice, I immediately, with no lingering Motion, repaired to the Boat, was received on board, set off quite undiscovered, and saw the Indians no more! A very narrow and surprizing Escape, from a violent Death! (For they had determined to kill me, in case I ever attempted to leave them) which lays me under the strongest Obligations, to improve a Life rescued from the Jaws of so many Deaths, to the Honour of my gracious Benefactor!— But to return, the Commissary, upon seeing the Dismission I had from the General, treated us courteously! (g)

Arrived at Quebec, May 1st, The honorable Colonel *Peter Schuyler*,\* hearing of my coming

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\* Saw many Houses and Villages in our Pass along the River St. Lawrence towards the Metropolis; and here it may be with Justice observed, that the Inhabitants of Canada in general, are principally (if not wholly) settled upon Rivers, by reason that their back Lands being flat and swampy, are therefore unfit to bear Grain: Their Wheat is sown in the Spring of the Year, because the Winter is long, and would drown it; they seem to have no good Notion of making Meadow (so far as I had an Opportunity of observing) their horned Cattle are few and poor, their Living in general mean, they eat but little Flesh, nevertheless they are strong and hardy.

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\* Colonel Peter Schuyler. He was the son of Arent Schuyler, and both were notable men in the British colonies. The colonel was in command of a New Jersey regiment at Oswego when the French captured the place. "While a prisoner in

there, kindly sent for me, and after enquiries about my Welfare, &c. generously told me I should be supplied, and need not trouble myself for Support! This public spirited Gentleman, who is indeed an Honour to his Country, did in like Manner, nobly relieve many other poor Prisoners at Quebec!—Here I had full Liberty to walk where I pleased, and view the City, which is well situated for Strength, but far from being impregnable.

Here, I hope, it will not be judged improper, to give a short Hint of the French Governor's Conduct; even in Time of Peace, he gives the Indians great Encouragement to Murder and Captivate the poor Inhabitants on our Frontiers; an honest, good Man, named William Ross, was taken Prisoner twice in the Time of Peace; when he was first taken, he learned a little of the French Tongue, was after some Time redeemed, and got to his Place of Abode: Yet some Years after, he, with two Sons, was again taken, and brought to Quebec; the Governor seeing the poor Man was lame, and one of his Legs smaller than the other, reproved the In-

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Canada he kept open house for the relief of his fellow sufferers, and gave large sums to the Indians for the redemption of captives; many of whom he afterwards, at his own expense, maintained while there, and provided for their return, trusting to their abilities and honor for repayment; and lost considerable that way, but seemed to think it money well bestowed." He lived at No. 1 Broadway, New York City, at one time.

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dians for not killing him, asking, "what they brought a lame Man there for, who could do nothing but eat; you should, said he, have brought his Scalp!" However, another of his Countrymen, more merciful than his Excellency, knowing the poor Prisoner to be a quiet, hard-working Man, redeemed him from the Indians; and two other Frenchmen bought his two Sons: Here they had been Slaves more than three Years, when I first arrived at Quebec; this Account I had from Mr. Rofs himself, who farther added, that the Governor gave the Indians Presents, to encourage them to proceed, in that kind of Work, which is a Scandal to any civilized Nation, and what many Pagans would abhor! Here also, I saw one Mr. Johnson, who was taken in a Time of Peace, with his Wife, and three small Children (his Wife was big with Child of a Fourth, and delivered on the Road to Canada, which she called Captive \*) all which, had been Prisoners between three and four Years, several young Men, and his Wife's Sister, were likewise taken Captive with them, and made Slaves!

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\* Parkman refers to the daughter of John Smead and wife, as a child that was named "Captivity" under similar circumstances. The Smeads were captured when Fort Massachusetts was destroyed (1746). The child was born while they traveled through the woods. The Indians made a litter of poles and deerskins, placed mother and child on it, covered them with a bearskin, and then carried them on their way to the settlement in Canada.

Our Cartel being ready, I obtained Liberty to go to England in her; we fet Sail the 23d of July, 1757, in the Morning, and discharged our Pilot about 4 o'Clock in the Afternoon; after which, we neither cast Anchor or Lead, till we got clear of the great River St. Lawrence, from which, I conclude, the Navigation is much safer than the French have reported; in 28 Days we arrived at Plymouth, which occasioned great Joy, for we were ragged, lowfy, sick, and in a Manner, starved; and many of the Prifoners, who in all were about 300 in Number, were sick of the Small-Pox: My Son and Self, having each a Blanket Coat (which we bought in Canada to keep us warm) and now expecting Relief, gave them to two poor sick Men, almost naked! But as we were not allowed to go on Shore, but removed to a King's Ship, and sent to Portsmouth, where we were still confined on board, near two Weeks, and then removed to the Mermaid,\* to be sent to Boston; we now repented our well ment, though rash Charity, in giving

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\* According to Allen's *Battles of the British Navy* the "Mermaid" was a 28-gun frigate. During our war of the Revolution the "Mermaid" fell in with the fleet under Count D'Estaing, as it was sailing up the American coast to attack General Howe, who was then (1778) in Philadelphia. The fleet went in chase of the "Mermaid," and drove her ashore on Cape Henlopen, but were thereby so much delayed in what was already an overlong passage, that Howe, and such few ships as were at Philadelphia, got clear of the Delaware.

our Coats away, as we were not to get any more, all Application to the Captain for any Kind of Covering being in vain; our Joy was turned into Sorrow, at the Prospect of coming on a cold Coaft, in the Beginning of Winter, almoft naked, which was not a little increafed, by a near View of our *Mother Country*, the Soil and Comforts of which, we were not fuffered to touch or tafte (h).

September the 6th, Set Sail for Bofton, with a Fleet in Convoy, at which we arrived on the Seventh of November, in the Evening; it being Dark, and we Strangers, and poor, it was difficult to get a Lodging (I had no Shoes, and but Pieces

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<sup>h</sup> On board the Mermaid Man of War, being in a diftreffed Condition, and hearing little from the Mouths of many of my Countrymen, but Oaths and Curfes (which much increafed my Affliction) and finding it difficult to get a retired Place, I crept down into the Hold among the Water Casks, to cry to God; here the Lord was graciously pleafed to meet with me, and give me a Senfe of his fatherly Love and Care; here he enabled me (bleffed be his Name for ever) to look back and view how he had led me, and guarded me with a watchful Eye and ftrong Arm, and what Pains he had taken to wean me from an over-love of time Things, and make me content that he fhould choofe for me: Here I was enabled to fee his great Goodnefs in all my Difappointments, and that Afflictions were not Evidences of God's Wrath, but the Contrary, to all that honeftly Endeavour to feek him with Faith and Love; here I could fay, God is worthy to be ferved, loved, and obeyed, though it be attended with many Miferies in this World! What I have here mentioned, fo far as I know my heart, is neither to exalt myfelf, or offend any one upon Earth, but to glorify God, for his Goodnefs and Faithfulnefs to the Meanef of his Servants, and to encourage others to truft in him!



of Stockings, and the Weather in the mean Time very Cold) we were indeed directed to a Tavern, but found cold Entertainment there, the Master of the House seeing a ragged and lowly Company, turned us out to Wander in the Dark; he was suspicious of us, and feared we came from Halifax, where the Small-Pox then was, and told us, he was ordered not to receive such as came from thence: We soon met a young Man, who said he could find a Lodging for us, but still detained us by asking many Questions; on which I told him we were in no Condition to Answer, till we came to a proper Place, which he quickly found, where we were used well; but as we were lowly, could not expect Beds. The next Morning, we made Application for Cloathing; Mr. Erwing, Son-in-Law to the late General Shirley,\* gave us Relief,

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\* William Shirley was governor of Massachusetts when this war began. After the conference with Braddock in Virginia Shirley was placed in command of the expedition that was to reduce Niagara. At Braddock's death he became commander-in-chief of the British forces in America, and he held that position at the time Eastburn was captured. It was by his orders that Fort Bull was filled with supplies, though but poorly garrisoned to resist a French invasion. He was an earnest, energetic, and capable civil officer, but was most unfortunate in this war, for his military enterprises failed, and he lost two sons in the army. Franklin in his autobiography says of him: "Tho' Shirley was not a bred soldier, he was sensible and sagacious in himself, and attentive to good advice from others, capable of forming judicious plans, and quick and active in carrying them into execution."



not only in respect of Apparel, but also Three Dollars per Man, to bear our Charges to Newport: When I put on fresh Cloaths, I was seized with a cold Fit, which was followed by a high Fever, and in that Condition obliged to Travel on Foot, as far as Providence, in our Way to Rhode-Island (our Money not being sufficient to hire any Carriage, and find us what was needful for Support:) In this Journey, I was exceedingly distressed! Our Comforts in this Life, are often allayed with Miseries, which are doubtless great Mercies when suitably improved; at Newport, met with Captain Gibbs, and agreed with him for our Passage to New-York, where we arrived, November 21st, met with many Friends, who expressed much Satisfaction at our Return, and treated us kindly, particularly Messrs. Livingston, and Waldron.

November 26th, 1757. Arrived at Philadelphia, to the great Joy of all my Friends, and particularly of my poor afflicted Wife and Family, who thought they should never see me again, till we met beyond the Grave; being returned, sick and weak in Body, and empty-handed, not having any Thing for my Family's and my own Support, several humane and generous Persons, of different Denominations, in this City (without any Application of mine, directly or indirectly) have freely given seasonable Relief; for which, may God grant them

Blessings in this World, and in the World to come everlasting Life, for Christ's sake!

Now, God, in His great Mercy, hath granted me a temporal Salvation, and what is a Thousand Times better, he hath given me with it, a Soul-satisfying Evidence of an eternal in the World to come!

And now, what shall I render to the Lord for all his Benefits, alas I am nonplust! O that Saints and Angels might praise thee, for I am not worthy to take thy Name into my Mouth any more! Yet notwithstanding, thou art pleased to accept poor Endeavours, because *Jesus Christ* has opened the Door, whereby we may come boldly to the Throne of thy Grace, praised be the Lord God Jehovah, by Men and Angels, throughout all Eternity!

But to hasten to the Conclusion, suffer me with Humility and Sorrow to observe, that our Enemies seem to make a better Use of a bad Religion, than we of a good One; they rise up long before Day in Winter, and go through the Snow in the coldest Seasons, to perform their Devotions in the Churches; which when over, they return to be ready for their Work as soon as Day-Light appears: The Indians are as zealous in Religion, as the French, they oblige their Children to pray Morning and Evening, particularly at Conafadauga; are punctual in performing their stated Acts of Devotion them-

felves, are still and peaceable in their own Families, and among each other as Neighbours!

When I compared our Manner of Living with theirs, it made me fear that the righteous and jealous God (who is wont to make Judgment begin at his own House first) was about to deliver us into their Hands, to be severely punished for our Departure from him; how long has he waited for our Return, O that we may therefore turn to him, before his Anger break out into a Flame, and there be no Remedy!

Our Case appears to me indeed very gloomy! notwithstanding our Enemies are inconsiderable in Number, compared with us; yet they are *united as one Man*, while we may be justly compared to a House divided against itself, and therefore cannot stand long, in our present Situation.

May Almighty God, graciously incline us to look to him for DELIVERANCE, to *repent* of our Sins, *reform* our Lives, and *unite* in the *vigorous* and *manly* Use of all proper Means to this End. Amen.

FINIS.



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