WHAR ha’ you been aw this Time, Tom?
T. Whar I have been! Whar you should ha’ been too, Andrew, fechting the Lord’s battles, and killing the Indians at Lancaster and Cannestogoe.
A. How mony did you kill at Cannestogoe.
T. Ane and Twunty.
A. Hoot Man, there were but twunty awthegether, and four-teen of them were in the Goal. [sic]
T. I tell you, we shot six and a wee ane, that was in the Squaw’s Belly; we sculped three; we tomhawked three; we roasted three and a wee ane; and three and a wee ane we gave to the Hogs; and is not that ane and twunty you Fool.