Accounts of the War of 1812 and Captivity by Kentuckians
Primary Source Analysis

1. Read your assigned author from a Kentuckian that served in the War of 1812.
2. Write the answers to the questions below in the column under your assigned author. BE SURE to mark the text as described below.
3. After you are finished, you will discuss reactions of your assigned author with people that read the accounts of the other articles. BE SURE to discuss similarities and differences.

	1 Elias Darnall	***2* Timothy Mallary**	***3 John Davenport***	***4 William Atherton***
What battle of the War of 1812 took place in this account? In what modern state did this battle occur? *You may need to consult a map*				
Underline statements by the author that are negative views of Native Americans **Draw a dotted line under statements by the author that are positive views Native Americans** What was the author's **overall** view of the Native Americans?				
What was the author MOST afraid of in this account? **Put a STAR next to sentences that communicate the author's fear.**				

What was the author the most surprised or happy about in this account? ◯ **Draw a circle in the margin next to sentences that communicate surprise or happiness.**				
What Native American customs did the author witness that were different from his own culture? → **Draw an arrow in the margins to show where these customs are described in the text.**				
What details surprised or interested you the most? **Draw an X in the margins to show the details that surprised or interested you.**				
The author of your account was from where in Ky? *Locate that place on a map of Kentucky.* How many miles did he travel to get home?				
Circle the words in the text that you do not know AND Write the words in the chart.				

Writing Assignment

The Kentucky soldiers lived with a Native American family while in captivity. Choose one of the members of the Native American family and write a description of the same events from the perspective of the Native American.

SOURCE #1

From Journal of Elias Darnall

A journal, containing an accurate and interesting account of the hardships, sufferings, battles, defeat, and captivity of those heroic Kentucky volunteers and regulars commanded by General Winchester, in the years 1812-13 also, two narratives by men that were wounded in the battles on the River Raisin and taken captive by the Indians **by Elias Darnall. Published 1914**

http://openlibrary.org/books/OL7124875M/A_journal_containing_an_accurate_and_interesting_account_of_the_hardships_sufferings_battles_defeat_

After the Battle of Frenchtown (Battle of River Raisin) on January 18th the American prisoners that were not injured were marched to Fort Malden, but Elias Darnall stayed behind with his wounded brother . . . . .

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Before the British and prisoners marched, the Indians ran
sacked the camp, and got all the plunder that was remaining
namely, tents, kettles, buckets, pans, &c.; then coming amongst
the wounded, greatly insulted them, and took some of their plunder.
After they went out I bolted the door. They came again and
broke it open with their tomahawks. I immediately applied to a
British officer, and told him the Indians were interrupting the
wounded. He turned round, and called to another officer to send
the guard. The Indians at that time had plundered the commissary's house
(which was near the house in which the wounded
were) of everything they wanted, and piled rails against it and
set them on fire: I, with the assistance of two British officers
put it out. One of the British officers (Major Rundels) inquired
where the ammunition was. I told him if there was any, it was
above stairs. We went up, but could find none. There was a
large quantity of wheat in the loft; he said it was a pity it was
there, for the Indians would burn the house. I apprehended by
that, the town was to be burned, and began to lament our wretched
condition. After we went down stairs, Rundels asked me how
many we had killed and wounded on the 18th. I told him, but he
very haughtily disputed it. I had the return in my pocket. He
read it, but made no reply.

Those that remained of us being hungry, I applied to one of
the British in the evening for some flour, as there were a good
many barrels in the commissary's house, which I considered to belong to
them. He told me to take as much as I wanted. I asked
him if there was a guard left? He said there was no necessity for

any, for the Indians were going to their camp, and there were interpreters left, who would walk from house to house and see that we should not be interrupted. He kept walking about and looking towards the road. He told me I had better keep in the house, for the Indians would as soon shoot me as not, although he had just told me we should not be interrupted! I suspected he was looking for General Harrison (the American general). Oh! if we had seen General Harrison coming with his troops, the wounded would have leaped for joy ! but I did not expect him.

As they did not leave the promised guard, I lost all confidence in them, and expected we would be all massacred before morning. I being the only person in this house not wounded, with the assistance of some of the wounded, I prepared something for about thirty to eat. The Indians kept searching about town till after dark. One came in the house who could talk English, and said he commanded a company after the retreating party (of Americans), and that most of the party were slain. He said the men gave up their guns, plead for quarters, and offered them money if they would not kill them; but his boys, as he called them, would tomahawk them without distinction. . . . . .

We passed this night under the most serious apprehensions of being massacred by the tomahawk or consumed in the flames. I frequently went out during the night to see if the houseas set on fire. At length the long wished-for morning arrived, and filled each heart with a cheerful hope of being delivered from the cruelty of those merciless savages. We were making every preparation to be ready for the promised sleighs; but alas! instead of the sleighs, about an hour by sun a great number of savages, painted with various colors, came yelling in the most hideous manner ! These bloodthirsty, terrific savages (sent here by their more cruel and perfidious allies, the British) rushed into the houses where the desponding wounded lay, and insolently stripped them of their blankets and all their best clothes, and ordered them out of the houses. I ran out of the house to inform the interpreters what the Indians were doing, cut they were gone. I was later informed that the British colonel instructed the interpreters to leave the wounded, after dark, to the mercy of the savages. They all left, except one half-Indian.

At the door, an Indian took my hat and put it on his own head. I then discovered the Indians had been at the other house first, and had used the wounded in like manner. As I turned to go back into the house, an Indian, taking hold of me, made signs for me to stand by the corner of the house. I made signs to him I wanted to go in and get my hat; for I desired to see what they had done with the wounded. The Indians sent in a boy who brought out a hat and threw it down to me, and I

could not get in the house. Three Indians came up to me and pulled off my coat.

My feeble powers cannot describe the dismal scenes here exhibited. I saw my fellow soldiers, naked and wounded, crawling out of the houses to avoid being consumed in the flames. Some that had not been able to turn themselves on their beds for four days, through fear of being burned to death, arose and walked out and about through the yard. Some cried for help, but there were none to help them. "Ah!" exclaimed numbers, in the anguish of their spirit, "what shall we do?" A number of the wounded, unable to get out, miserably perished in the unrelenting flames of the houses, kindled by the more unrelenting savages. Now the scenes of cruelty and murder we had been anticipating with dread during the last night, fully commenced.

The savages rushed on the wounded, and in their barbarous manner, shot, and tomahawked and scalped them; and cruelly mangled their naked bodies while they lay agonizing and weltering in their blood. A number were taken towards Malden, but being unable to march with speed, were inhumanly massacred. The road was for miles strewed with the mangled bodies, and all of them were left like those slain in battle, for birds and beasts to tear in pieces and devour.

The Indians plundered the town of everything valuable, and set the best houses on fire. The Indian who claimed me gave me a coat, and when he had got as much plunder as he could carry he ordered me, by signs, to march, which I did, with extreme reluctance, in company with three of the wounded and six or seven Indians. In travelling about a quarter of a mile, two of the wounded lagged behind about twenty yards. The Indians, turning round, shot one and scalped him. They shot at the other and missed him; he, running up to them, begged that they would not shoot him. He said he would keep up, and give them money. But these murderers were not moved with his doleful cries. They shot him down; and rushing on him in a crowd, scalped him. In like manner my brother Allen perished. He marched with difficulty after the wounded, about two or three hundred yards, and was there barbarously murdered. My feelings at the sight and recollection of these inhuman butcheries cannot be described. In addition to these deep sorrows for the mournful fate of my companions, and the cruel death of a dear brother, I expected every moment, for a considerable time, that the same kind of cruelty and death would be my portion. The Indians that guarded me and one of the wounded, observing our consternation, one that could talk English said, "We will not shoot you." This a little revived our hopes, that were almost gone, and he, having cut a piece, hide and all, of a dead cow started walking. It is their common

practice to kill a cow or hog, and take a piece and leave the rest.

In travelling two miles, we came to a house where there were two British officers; the Indian made a halt, and I asked one of the officers what the Indian was going to do with me; he said he was going to take me to Amherstburg (or Malden). I judged these villains had instructed the Indians to do what they had done.

A few miles farther we came to the Indian encampment, where there were a great many hallooing and yelling in a hideous manner. I thought this my place of destiny. The Indian took off my pack, broiled a piece of meat and gave me part; this I ate merely in obedience to him. Then we started and arrived at Amherstburg, eighteen miles from Frenchtown. The other prisoners had just arrived. The British were firing their salute. The Indian took me into a house not far from the fort ; it was probably their council house; it would have held five hundred. It was inhabited by a large number of squaws, children and dogs. They welcomed me by giving me some bread, meat and hominy to eat. After this an Indian asked me if I had a squaw ; I told him not ; he immediately turned round and talked to the squaws in Indian, while I sat in a pensive mood observing their motions. I discovered the squaws were pleased, by their tittering and grinning; one, I observed, had a great desire to express her joy by showing her teeth.
I suspected, from their maneuvers, I would have to undergo a disagreeable adoption (as other prisoners had done) and, what was a task still more unpleasant, to be united in the conjugal band to one of these swarthy, disgustful animals. The Indian asked me a few questions where we had come from how far it was when we started and if there were any more coming. In reply to these questions, I gave him but little satisfaction. After this they spread blankets down, and made signs for me to go to bed. I did, and soon fell asleep, as I was much fatigued and had not slept much for four nights past. Early next morning, the Indian collected his family and all his property, and started: I knew not where he was going; he gave me a knapsack and gun to carry.

Now I despaired of getting with the other prisoners, unless I could desert from the Indians. I expected I would be taken to an Indian town, there to undergo a disagreeable adoption, or to be burned to death with firebrands. As he took me near Fort Malden, I took as good a view of it as I could while I passed it. It stands about thirty yards from the river bank. I judged it to be seventy or eighty yards square; the wall appeared to be built of timber and clay. The side from the river, was not walled, but had double pickets, and entrenched round about four feet deep; and in the entrenchment was the second row of pickets. As we went on

through the edge of town (Amherstburg) I asked an Englishman where the other prisoners were. He said they were in town, in a wood-yard; the Indian hurried me along and would not let me talk to the Englishman. The Indian had a little horse, packed with his plunder, which I resolved to take, if possible, and ride into town that night.

He took me to his place of residence, about three miles from Malden. I was anxious for the approach of night, so that I might make my escape. While I was consoling myself with the anticipation of seeing my fellow sufferers at Malden, night made its approach. Some time after dark the Indian spread blankets down, and made signs for me to lie down, and put my coat, shoes, and socks, under his own head. I wanted him to leave my socks on, for my feet would get cold; he made signs to warm them by the fire. Thus I was sadly disappointed.

Next day he examined all his plunder. He had a very good suit of clothes, besides several other coats, socks, shoes, &c. ; among these were Wesley's Sermons (Methodist John Wesley) and a great many papers, which he gave me to read. I found several old letters, but nothing of value. He discovered I wanted to shave, and got his razor, shaving-box and a piece of glass, and made signs for me to shave. After this I lay down on some blankets and fell asleep. He came and awoke me, and gave me a twist of tobacco, which I received as a token of friendship.

In a short time after, he started to Malden, and made signs for me to stay there till he would come back. He returned in the evening with a blanket, tied full of loaves of bread just out of the oven, besides some meat. The Indians always gave me a plenty to eat; and served me before any of the family, with more politeness than I expected to find amongst them. He had drawn some money. I asked him to let me look at it. I found it to be pieces of cards with the number of livres written on them.

The third night at length arrived; and he made my bed as usual and took my coat and shoes, but accidentally left my socks on. I lay down with the determination to leave him before morning. I slept very well for awhile. When I awoke, the house was dark. I thought this as good an opportunity of deserting as I could get, but with considerable timidity I made the attempt. I crawled to the door very easily, and raised the blanket that hung up at the door; just as I was going out he coughed, and I stopped until I thought he was asleep, and then started, without shoes or coat, to Amherstburg. When I got there, I examined several yards

and gardens to see if there was any fire. After going through many streets I turned my course towards the river, and accidentally came to the house where the prisoners were. The sentinel, who was standing at the door, let me in without much ceremony. Providence smiled on this attempt to extricate myself from the Indians. Thus, through mercy, I escaped from the savages, and was delivered from the doleful apprehensions of being sacrificed in some barbarous and cruel manner, to gratify their bloodthirsty souls. I got in between two of my comrades who were lying next to the door. My feet were almost frozen before morning.

During my captivity with the Indians, the other prisoners were treated very inhumanly. The first night, they were put in a wood-yard ; the rain commenced early in the night, and put out all their fires. In this manner they passed a tedious night, wet, and benumbed with cold. From this place they were taken to a cold warehouse, still deprived of fire, with their clothes and blankets frozen, and nothing to eat but a little bread. In this wretched condition they continued two days and three nights!

The Indians came early in the morning to search for me, but they were not admitted into the house. The guard said it would be well for me to keep as much concealed as possible, for if the Indian I had left could get me he would kill me. He came to the door, and made motions to show how he would scalp me. I disguised myself by changing my clothes and tying up my head, so that he did not know me.

Under guard of the British, between January 18 and February 10th, 1813, the prisoner Elias Darnall walked across Canada to Fort George (about 280 miles)

We continued here no longer than was necessary to make arrangements to cross the river. A British officer took down our names and the regiment and company we belonged to, and said "we must not take up arms against Great Britain and her allies until legally exchanged." Thus we were paroled; they hoisted a flag and took us across Niagara River, which is about one-quarter of a mile wide to Fort Niagara, which is situated at the junction of Niagara River and Lake Ontario, in New York State.

Elias and the other paroled prisoners then made it home to Kentucky (by foot to Pittsburgh and then by water to Kentucky - 560 more miles)

Language fails to express the emotions I felt on arriving safely at home, to enjoy the caresses and society of dear friends, after hav ing endured so much fatigue, and having been so often exposed to

imminent danger; and having so frequently expected death, at tended with all the horrors of Indian cruelty.

SOURCE #2

NARRATIVE OF MR. TIMOTHY MALLARY.

Published in:
A journal, containing an accurate and interesting account of the hardships, sufferings, battles, defeat, and captivity of those heroic Kentucky volunteers and regulars commanded by General Winchester, in the years 1812-13 also, two narratives by men that were wounded in the battles on the River Raisin and taken captive by the Indians **by Elias Darnall. Published 1914**
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Timothy Mallory was one of the wounded after the Battle of Frenchtown (Battle of River Raisin). The British were expected to bring sleighs the next day to move the wounded American prisoners to Malden.
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I not being able to travel with those American prisoners who were to march immediately for Malden, I remained on the ground until the next morning, with the rest of my wounded countrymen, who had received a solemn promise from the British commander, that they should be taken to Malden in sleighs.

This sacred promise was not regarded. It was sacrificed on the altar of savage barbarity! to the god of murder and cruelty! Instead of sleighs, Indians were sent prepared to murder these unfortunate victims, who, after they had executed in part their purpose on the ground where we lay, ordered several other prisoners and myself to march for Malden. We had not proceeded far before they tomahawked four of this number, amongst whom was Captain Hart, of Lexington. He had hired an Indian to take him to Malden. I saw part of this hire paid to the Indian. After having taken him some distance, another Indian demanded Captain Hart, saying that he was his prisoner; the hireling would not give him up; the claimant, finding that he could not get him alive, shot him in the left side with a pistol. Captain Hart still remained on his horse; the claimant then ran up, struck him with a tomahawk, pulled him off his horse, scalped him, and left him lying there.

We proceeded on until we came within three miles of Browns-town, where we encamped for the night. The next day we proceeded on to their encampment, seven or eight miles from Detroit, on the River Rouge, which appeared to be head-quarters. They were furnished at this place with bark wigwams; here was a large number of squaws and children, I suppose two thousand.

They here stripped off my clothes, and dressed me after the Indian manner. They shaved off my hair, except a small quantity on the top of my head, which they left for the purpose of rendering the task of scalping more easy. They bored my ears, which they supplied plentifully with ear-rings, frequently by hanging one in another, like the links of a chain. They wanted to bore my nose, but I objected, and they did not insist. They frequently painted my face one-half black and the other red, and frequently with red and black streaks.

Shortly after our arrival at these encampments, I was adopted into a Pottowatomie family that had lost a son in the battle at the River Raisin. I was presented to this family by an Indian whose name was Ke-wi-ex-kim. He introduced me to my father and mother, brothers and sisters, and instructed me to call them by these names. My Indian father's name was Asa Chipsaw, after whom they call me; they asked me if I had a squaw; I answered in the negative, at which they appeared well pleased, and brought me a squaw, urging me to marry her. I refused, and told them when I got well I would accede to the proposals; this they took as a great offence. After having made themselves acquainted with the situation of my wound, they made a tea of sassafras and cherry-tree barks, which was the only drink I was permitted to take for fifteen days.

They frequently took me to Detroit, for the purpose of help ing them to pack provisions from thence to their encampment. But they would not suffer me to talk to the inhabitants of that place. Fifteen loaves of bread, weighing three pounds each, ten pounds of pork or beef, and a peck of corn, was what they drew for six days. This would not last more than half that time; the remaining part they lived upon fragments of dog or horse meat.
They appeared indifferent whether they had killed the animal that day themselves, or whether it had died by some accidental cause seven or eight days prior to their eating it.
They appointed me cook. I then had to undergo much fatigue in getting wood, &c., for they lent no assistance. Their customary way of cooking is to boil the meat and make soup, which they immediately devour without salt.

They have drunken frolics, whenever they can get any kind of spirits to drink. When these frolics take place the squaws hid me, to prevent them from murdering me. Once I was hid in some brush and deprived of food for four days, during which time there was a continual uproar in the camp, as though they had been killing each other.

The squaws, who frequently visited me, and to whom I as often applied for something to eat, informed me that there could be nothing had until the men got sober, who would then either kill provisions, or draw from Detroit. On the fourth day, when I had given up to perish, they brought me a piece of a dog cooked without salt, and although you may feel squeamish when I mention it, yet it was to me the sweetest morsel that I ever recollect to have eaten.

During my stay with them I saw them take a number of scalps to Malden, for which they said they received from four to six dollars each, either in whiskey or store goods. They said they got thirty-seven scalps at the battle at the Raisin on 18th and upwards of four hundred at that of the 22d January. I replied, that there were only ten scalped on the 18th. They said "Yankee lie;" and they further stated, that they had only two killed on the 18th. I replied "Indian lie," for I saw myself twelve dead on the field. I asked them how many British and Indians were at the River Raisin, on the 22d January; they replied, that there were two thousand five hundred Indians, and one thousand British.

They would frequently make motions imitating the Americans when they were scalping them, by turning, twisting, moaning, etc; this was done to aggravate me.

They once gave me a jug of whiskey, requesting me to drink. I drank what satisfied me, and offered them the jug again they insisted on me to drink more; I put the jug to my head, but did not drink; they discovered the cheat, and cried out "Yankee no good man, lie;" they then made me drink until they could hear it gurgle in my throat.

About three weeks before the battle at the Rapids the squaws and boys were employed in dressing deer-skins, which were to equip the warriors for their march thither. During this time, the warriors were collecting and dancing the war dance. They informed me that they were going to Quo-by-ghazv, which I learned from the French, was the Rapids. I further learned that the British had promised them the possession of Fort Meigs, as well as the disposal of the American General Harrison. They then calculated on Fort Meigs as their chief place of deposit, from which they could make incursions into the State of Ohio, kill a vast number of the inhabitants, and satisfy themselves with plunder. They calculated on having a three days frolic in the burning of General Harrison.

Two weeks before their march for Fort Meigs Tecumseh was with them. He was busily employed rallying those who were in

different about going to the battle, and encouraging those who had volunteered; amongst other persuasive arguments to volunteer. He said that Fort Meigs was badly constructed and illy defended; asserting that they could take it without the loss of a man. But, if this could not be effected, he would then lead them on to Fort Wayne, which would certainly fall an easy prey to them. He then left them, and went to the Wabash to bring his warriors, who were stationed at that place.

Previous to the march of the Indians, they took bark of swamp willow, and tobacco, mixed them together, and pulverized them. They then formed a circle round a fire which had been prepared for that purpose, and one rose and delivered a speech, I understood, relative to the war. At the conclusion of the speech, they passed this powder around the circle, each individual taking a pinch as it passed; each then snuffed a part of this portion, and threw the remaining part in the fire. After this had been performed with the greatest solemnity, one took the snuff which yet remained in the vessel, and threw it in the fire. They then took up their packs, raised the scalp halloo, waved their tomahawks over their heads, and marched for battle.

There were three thousand who drew four days rations at Detroit. When they left us, they told us to be good boys, and stay there till they came back, and they would bring some more Yankees, who should cook and do all the hard work, and we might go with them hunting.
They left us in care of the squaws and a few old men.

We had no other way by which to get free from this unpleasant situation, but deserting them; for they had been offered one hundred dollars each for four of us, by the citizens of Detroit, but refused it. These four prisoners- Major Graves, Samuel Ganoe, John Davenport, and myself.

Thinking this as favorable an opportunity as we could get, I requested Samuel Ganoe to set off with me; he readily consented, and we set off just at dark, and ran to Detroit, which was eight miles, and got to the house of Mr. H., who concealed us in his cellar. He had a hole dug in the bottom of his cellar six or eight feet deep, for the purpose of keeping potatoes; and in this we were put, and he laid planks over it, and threw dirt on the planks, which caused it to bear so nice a semblance to the other part of the cellar, that the Indians could not distinguish it from the common bottom. This dismal dungeon was our abode for half a day, during which time the Indians came, and searched carefully for us, but in vain. After they were gone, Mr. H. asked a British officer if he would take the

care of us. He replied in the affirmative, and then sent us immediately to the fort at Detroit, where we were kept two days, the Indians still searching for us. On the second night about midnight, we were sent to Sandwich, and kept there two days with but little to eat, arid then sent to Malden. We found the force at Malden to consist of sixty Canadian French, besides eighty who had received wounds at the River Raisin, and who would no doubt remain invalids for life. We also found stationed at Malden James Girty, who, I was informed, was brother to the infamous Simon Girty; his business was to receive scalps from the Indians; his pay for this service was three dollars per week. I saw here about half a bushel of scalps in a kettle! the number I cannot guess at.

From Malden we were taken across to Cleveland, on the 16th day of May, 1813 *(the prisoners were paroled)*
From Cleveland nothing worth relating occurred until I arrived at home, in Bourbon county, Kentucky; *(approx. 330 miles)* where I found my friends all in good health, my father excepted, who had gone to face the same enemy from whom I had just made my escape.

SOURCE #3

NARRATIVE OF MR. JOHN DAVENPORT.

Published in:

A journal, containing an accurate and interesting account of the hardships, sufferings, battles, defeat, and captivity of those heroic Kentucky volunteers and regulars commanded by General Winchester, in the years 1812-13 also, two narratives by men that were wounded in the battles on the River Raisin and taken captive by the Indians **by Elias Darnall. Published 1914**

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John Davenport was one of the wounded after the Battle of Frenchtown (Battle of River Raisin). The British were expected to bring sleighs the next day to move the wounded American prisoners to Malden.

DURING the battle which was fought on the 18th of January, 1813, between the American forces, under the command of Colonel Lewis, and the combined British and Indians, I received a wound in my right leg by a ball which fractured the bone, but did not entirely break it. After the battle was over I, with many others who were also wounded, was carried off the field and put in a house, where we remained until after the battle of the 22d, when we were surrendered prisoners of war to the British. I remained here during the night of the 22d, with the expectation of being carried to Malden the next day, but in this I was disappointed. On the morning of the 23d, I witnessed the most horrid scenes of cruelty imaginable; for the British, instead of sending sleighs, as was most solemnly promised, to convey the wounded prisoners to Malden, sent the Indians, who, after selecting a few from amongst the wounded, tomahawked and scalped the rest in the most savage and cruel manner that malice could invent, or devils incarnate execute, and set fire to the houses in which they had been and burned them to ashes!

Then, instead of going to Malden, they took me to Brownstown, where I had nothing to eat except a little parched corn. While I was at Brownstown an Indian asked me whether I had a squaw, to which I answered in the negative.
He then replied, "We make an Indian of you, and by'n by you have a squaw, by'n by you have a gun and horse and go a-hunting"
The next day we proceeded on our march until we came near the River Rouge, where the Indians procured some provisions, consisting of fresh meat, but no salt. From here we set off again and

travelled slowly (I rather think to favor the wounded) until we arrived at their encampment, three or four miles from Detroit, at which place there were a number of squaws and children who had taken up winter quarters.

As soon as we had arrived at this place I was presented to an old squaw, whom the Indians instructed me to call her "mother." This old witch, as I took her to be, had lost two sons at the River Raisin; I had therefore to supply the place of one of them, and thus had to become the adopted son of the most hideous of all animals that ever roamed over the forests of North America. After this they dressed my wound for the first time, which now appeared to be getting well fast; in the next place they trimmed my hair off, except a small quantity on the top of my head, and painted me; then adorned me with ear-rings, brace lets, etc. and put a band of silver round my head. By this time I began to look very stylish, or rather made as uncouth and grotesque a figure as any of my copper-colored brethren.

While we remained at this place Mr. Gabriel Godfrey, a citizen of Detroit, offered the Indians one hundred dollars for my ransom, which they refused. I now began to conclude that there were no other means of extricating myself from bondage, unless it were by flight, and therefore determined to embrace the first opportunity that presented. In a few days after, the Indians presented a squaw to me, who appeared to have a little more of humanity than the others, but equally as detestable as my mother, although she was younger. This ugly looking creature the Indians told me I should marry! I confess I never was so shocked at the thought of matrimony in my life! I told them "no good squaw" They then brought several more of those inhuman-looking creatures, whom I understood were also candidates for conjugal felicity. I told them "by'n by I have a squaw." This appeared to satisfy them at the present time; in this manner I frequently had to put them off.

They frequently solicited me to wear a breech-clout, which I always refused. One time my mother discovered me mending my pantaloons; thinking this a good opportunity to get me to wear a breech-clout, she immediately brought one, which I took hold of and said "no good," then threw it down and stamped on it. At the sight of this she was very much enraged, and scolded desperately to herself in her own Indian dialect. I have often wondered since that they did not kill me for disobeying their orders, for I was extremely obstinate, and scarcely ever complied with their injunctions.

Notwithstanding my disobedience the Indians treated me as

well as was in their power, especially my mother, who was very kind to me. Some considerable time I had to eat my victuals with out salt. I knew they had none, yet I would always ask for some. My old "mother," after some time, procured some for me, which she kept hid to prevent the others from making use of it, and never failed to give me a small portion when I was eating.

Intoxication is practiced by the squaws as well as the men; they frequently have drunken frolics, at which times it is dangerous for prisoners to be amongst them. During these frantic revels the prisoners are kept hid by the squaws (a part of whom keep sober) to keep them from being murdered. One night, after the rest had gone to bed, my "mother," who had stayed out later than usual, came in, sat down, and began to sing; she did not appear to be in her senses; I soon discovered that this old priestess of Bacchus had got very drunk. In this mood she seized hold of the fire and threw it on those who were sleeping round the fire, which soon caused them to rise; she then jumped into the fire and danced until she had burned the soles of her moccasins off.

They continued here about a month, and then removed about eight miles on the River Rouge, in order to prepare for making sugar. While we were employed at this business a Frenchman persuaded me to marry a squaw, if they insisted, for I would then be treated with more respect, and consequently would have greater liberties. After mature consideration, I thought probably this would be the best plan I could adopt, in order to make my escape, and therefore resolved to marry the next one that was presented to me. It was not long before they brought me a squaw (the most decent looking one I had seen), whom I resolved to marry without hesitation. I however, when just on the point of forming a connubial alliance with her, was prevented by an Indian, who claimed her as his squaw.

Several weeks before the battle of Fort Meigs, the Indians began to collect and dance the war-dance. Just before the Indians marched they prepared a number of hoops, both ends of which they stuck in the ground and spread their blankets over them. In this place they put hot stones, threw water on them, and then went in themselves and remained until they were wet with sweat. This I conjectured was done in the way of devotion, or in imploring the assistance of the Great Spirit in their intended expedition.

When the Indians marched I was committed to the care of the squaws and a few old invalids. Thinking this the most favorable opportunity I could get, I was determined to put my plan in execution.

At night I lay down with the intention of starting when the moon arose, but overslept my time and did not awake till day light. I arose and started, notwithstanding I was apprehensive of being discovered, and ran directly to Detroit, a distance of about nine miles, probably in as short a time as any Indian in the nation could have performed the same journey.

As soon as I had arrived at Detroit I went to Mr. T. S s, who had persuaded me to run away, and he and his friends would conceal me, which they did accordingly. It was but a short time before a Frenchman, of the name of Shover, and some squaws, came in search of me, but could not find me.

From here I was sent to Sandwich, and concealed there two days, and suffered extremely for provisions. From Sandwich I was sent to Malden, where I found six of my fellow-prisoners, who, together with myself, were kept under close confinement in the fort for three weeks. While we remained here we frequently heard from the Rapids, but the news was always favorable on the British side. One morning an old man, who looked as if he had just emerged from the lower regions, came into the fort and exclaimed, "good news, gentlemen! good news! we have killed fifteen hundred Yankees, and have taken Harrison and all the rest that were at the fort prisoners!!" I was informed afterwards that this old man was the notorious Simon Girty, so much renowned for cruelty and slaughter, and who has delighted in the shrieks of dying women and expiring infants!

From the most correct information I could obtain, their forces at the siege of Fort Meigs, consisting of British regulars, Canadian militia, and Indians, amounted to five thousand!

From Malden I was taken across to Cleveland, (and paroled) and from there I pursued my journey towards the delightful regions of Kentucky, where I arrived in Montgomery County, in June, 1813. *(approx. 330 miles)*

SOURCE #4

Narrative of the suffering & defeat, of the North-Western Army under General Winchester : massacre of the prisoners, sixteen months imprisonment of the writer and others with the Indians and British

By WILLIAM ATHERTON
Published 1842

The excerpt below begins after the Battle of River Raisin (Frenchtown) when many wounded Americans were taken captive by the Native American allies of the British.

p. 67
My Indian finally returned bringing with him one of the United States' pack horses: and placing his bundle of plunder on him, gave me the bridle, making signs to march on towards Malden. I soon found the bodies of those poor hapless boys who had made the attempt, but were too badly wounded to travel, massacred, scalped, and stripped. When we reached the woods, we halted a short time by the fire. We then went on to Stony Creek, where the British had encamped the night before the battle. Their wounded were still there, wailing to be conveyed to Malden.

Here the Indians made a large fire of rails, and gave the prisoners some bread. Our number was eight or ten. As we were eating, one of the Indians deliberately walked up to his prisoner, a fine looking young man, a son of Dr. Blythe of Lexington, and struck the tomahawk into his head. I was looking the young man in the face when he received the deadly blow ; he closed his eyes, and sunk under the first stroke of the deadly weapon. After he had fallen, and received two or three strokes from the hand of the Indian, an old Frenchman took the weapon out of the hand of the savage and gave the dying man another other stroke upon the head, which stilled him in death, This greatly alarmed us. There appeared to be nothing in his case, that we could see, that made it necessary for him to die and not the rest of us. We now expected every moment to share the same barbarity. One of our company, a young man by the name of Jones, was so terrified that he began to weep, and moved to the opposite side of the fire, thinking that those nearest the danger would be the first victims. We urged him to be still, and not to discover such marks of fear, or that he would certainly be killed. The Indian who had taken me, and claimed me as his, was at this time a few steps from us, adjusting his pack; I stepped up to him, and asked him if they were going to kill us all. He answered "Yes." I went back to the fire and tried to eat, as well as I could, without an appetite. It was now about two o'clock, P. M., and having eaten but little for three days past, and that day had taken nothing until we arrived at Stony creek; but this awful cold-blooded butchery took away all desire for food. I soon saw that he did not understand my question, and I was then somewhat relieved. It has been said, and perhaps with due regard to truth, that many of the Indians engaged in this dreadful havoc, were under the influence of rum. They were supplied with it by the British, and when under its influence were more savage than savages.

We now took up our march towards Malden, leaving some of the Indians and their prisoners behind. Some of them I saw no more. They may have shared the same

fate at the fire as the young man above. He was as able to travel as any of us, being only slightly wounded. He had no shoes — this may have been the reason why they did not take him on. We had gone but a short distance until we came to a number of Indians who were dancing the war dance around the fire. Here some of them had encamped on the night before the battle. As soon as we arrived, I saw that the Indians were drunk.

Whilst my Indian kept sober I had some hopes of protection. It was not long however until I saw him go into the dance and begin to drink. Now I almost yielded myself up to despair. As I stood holding his horse with a sad countenance, he came to me and gave me a roasted potato, he also made some expression of friendship. which once more tended to revive my drooping hopes. . . . . .

We were in a dense forest, removed from the sight of any habitation of man, the snow about eighteen inches deep, the rain making it still more insupportable.

. . . . .

After we had eaten, the Indians began to make preparations for lodging, by scraping away the snow and placing bark down upon which to spread their blankets; they suspended a blanket, by means of a few poles, so as to keep the rain out of our faces. After engaging themselves in conversation for some time, which they seemed to enjoy exceedingly, and which was occasionally accompanied with loud exultations, the proposition was made to retire for the night.

I lay down, and knowing that they were careful to save all articles of clothing, I tied up my head in my pocket handkerchief, hoping that this might be some protection, believing that they would not tomahawk me without removing it, which I supposed they could not do without awaking me. Thus I lay me down by the side, and under the same blanket, with the Indian who claimed me, with fearful apprehensions that I should never again see the light of the sun.

I soon fell into a sound sleep, and slept sweetly until morning.

. . . . .

A short time before night, as we were passing an old house, a squaw came out crying, and commenced beating me with all her strength. She smote me on my wounded shoulder, and raised my temper. For a short time I cared but little whether I lived or died. I thought if this was to be my treatment whenever I met a squaw, that I might as well give up at once and die. This was, however, my first and last whipping from a female Indian. . . . . .

From this point we left the main road, leaving Detroit to our right ; we soon passed through a large Indian camp; just as we were entering, a company came in who had been at the battle at Raisin, bringing in their wounded in sleighs; the one which I saw appeared to be very badly wounded, and contrary to all Indian custom, or dignity of Indian character, was heard to groan. But notwithstanding his extreme pain, he cast a most savage look at me as the sleigh passed.

. . . . . .

We found the home of his (the Indian that took him captive) wife, and her father and mother, who all seemed glad to see us. The old squaw took me by the hand and led me into the hut, and gave me something to eat. I now

began to feel that I had friends in this family, and considered myself pretty safe.
We spent about two weeks at this place, a few miles west of Detroit. A day or two before we left this encampment the Indians determined on having a spree. They went to Detroit and traded for a keg of rum. They had not been at home long until most of the men were drunk. I now again felt myself in danger, for one of them attempted to take my life; I escaped because he was drunk and could not get to me. That night the squaws hid me out in the woods behind a log in the snow. They made me a bed of hay, and covered me with their blankets. When I awaked in the morning the frolic was all over. The Indians were lying about round the fires like hounds after a hard chase; the whiskey was dying in them, and they were sleepy and sick.

The Indians now made ready to go out to their hunting ground; and after a few days' preparation we started. As well as I am able to judge, we travelled a west course. We were upon the road about two weeks; our sufferings were great from the intense cold, and from hunger; we had nothing to eat but what the hunters could kill by the way. I rendered what assistance I could in catching raccoons and porcupines, for these were our principal living whilst on the road.

Here I will give an account of a very aged man who I saw on our way out to this place. There were many families on the way at the same time — not only their wives and children, but their young men.
During our stay at this camp, the old Chief killed another deer, which, with raccoons and porcupines, afforded us plenty of food.
The Indians made an offering of the oil, and part of the flesh of the deer, to the Great Spirit by burning it This I took to be their thank offering for their success in finding a supply of provisions. Before they left the encampment they burned some tobacco; the design of this I did not so well understand. Soon after we began to march, I saw the marks of a cane in the snow, and as the Indians do not use them, I supposed we were overtaking some prisoners.
The second day after I saw the cane tracks, we came up with a company of Indians, and here I saw the old Indian who had the cane. The moment I saw him my attention was arrested by his very grave and ancient appearance. His head was whitened over with, I have no doubt, the frosts of more than one hundred winters, and still he travelled, and kept pace with the horses and young men, from morning till evening. This was the most aged Indian which 1Isaw during my sojourn with them. Their old men are much more vigorous and free from infirmity than ours. They walk erect, and command great respect from all the younger — their counsel is heard with profound attention and respect.

During the month of March the Indians sent to their town for corn. We fared better now, but the corn did not last long ; so we were soon thrown back upon what game we could kill in the forests.

From what I could learn, the Indians had adopted me into their family, in the room of a young man who had fallen in battle. Soon after we reached this, the place of our winter quarters, the father-in-law of my Indian dressed me up in Indian costume, made me a bow and arrows, and started me out with his boys to learn to shoot. I was then in the

twenty first year of my age. This was our exercise during the cold weather, and afforded me much amusement, as I had none with whom I could converse. . . . .
I once saw the Indians proceed to kill a bear which had holed himself up for the winter. The scratches upon the bark was the sign. They then surrounded the tree, and all being ready, they gave a loud yell; the bear appeared, we all fired instantly, and among hands the bear came tumbling down.
Soon after this, our old
Chief killed a very large bear — one of uncommon size even in that country, where they were large and plenty. He brought home a part of it, and on the next day sent out three of his sons, an old man who lived in the family, and myself, to bring in the remainder. The snow was deep, and we had to travel three or four miles to the place.
We took our loads and started to camp. The old Indian mentioned above had o snow shoes in order to walk without sinking ; the toe of one of his shoes caught in a small snag which threw him face foremost into the snow, and being heavily laden with bear meat, the strap to which it was suspended came over his arms, and made it very difficult for him to rise. Without thinking where I was, and the danger I was in, I laughed at the old man struggling under the heavy pressure of his bear meat. Fortunately he did not perceive me; one of the young men shook his head at me, giving me to under- stand that I was risking my life.
I discovered that he was also amused, but was afraid to show it.

Our hut was now well supplied with meat, the finest that the country could furnish. I flattered myself that we should not want soon again ; but to my utter astonishment, our old squaw, my Indian's mother-in-law, sat up the whole night and cooked every ounce of it! And worse yet — to my great discouragement, the neighbors were called in next morning, bringing wooden dishes along with them, and after many ceremonies, the whole was divided between the company, who eat what they could and packed off the balance.

There were times when we were very scarce of provisions. On one occasion, I remember, we had for dinner a small piece of bear meat, which, I suppose, had been sent in by some of the neighbors. Our old mother cooked and placed it in a wooden bowl, which was all the china we had. Our dog was looking on with interest, being nearly starved ; and when the old lady turned her back, he sprang in upon the meat and started with it in his mouth. The old squaw, with great presence of mind, seized him by the throat to prevent him from swallowing it. She succeeded, and replacing it in the bowl, we eat it, and were glad to get it.

The Indian women are doomed to a hard life. They do the drudgery. In removing from one camp to another, they pack the goods and children — the men carrying only their guns. I have seen the women wade into the water to their waists in cold freezing weather.

Among the Indians, I saw several persons who had lost the tip of their nose. This was strange, especially among the females. But since, when I was in Detroit, I learned that this was a mode of punishing adultery and fornication among some tribes. I am unable to vouch for the correctness of this statement.

The very best they can do is to make their corn into a kind of hominy, which they

do by the very hardest method, that of pounding it in a mortar — and this labor is performed by the women — after which it is boiled something like half an hour, when it is eaten without salt or any thing else with it. But frequently it is prepared without this process, by boiling the corn just as it comes from the ear until a little softened.
They seem perfectly satisfied with this alone, once or twice a day without anything else, for they scarcely ever eat meat and corn at the same time.
But they eat most enormous quantities, without any apparent rule as to time or quantity. I have known them to eat several times heartily in the course of a few hours ; and perhaps the next day hunt all day without eating anything at all.

They are particularly careful to entertain strangers. They are also very hospitable among themselves — they will divide the last morsel with each other. Indians travelling, find homes wherever they find wigwams, if there is only provision enough for one, the stranger gets it, and gets it freely. When any are fortunate in hunting, and it is known to them that others want provisions, they send them of part of theirs without waiting for them to send for it.

You have been presented with the manner in which we spent our time during the cold weather, until sugar-making came on ; and now we found work enough. We removed to a beautiful grove of sugar trees, and near the centre of it we pitched our camp, which is the Indian mode. We soon made a quantity of sugar, and some of a fine quality. We used molasses and sugar with our venison and bear meat; and sometimes we made our meals upon sugar and bear's oil, which was better living than the reader might suppose without being acquainted with the dish.

The Indians are sometimes very filthy in their diet. They will kill a deer and take out the entrails, rip them up, turn out the contents, shake them a few times in the snow, throw them for a few moments upon the fire, and devour them like hungry dogs. When they kill a deer with young, the young are considered as a choice dish. They roast them whole. They will eat every animal, and at every part of it, from the bear to the polecat.
. . . . . we fell in with some Indians who had been at Dudley's defeat (May 1813). There was a young man with them, a prisoner; the Indians told me by signs to talk with him. When I approached and spoke to him, he seemed astonished, for he had taken me for an Indian; but when he discovered my being an American he was greatly rejoiced. He asked many questions about the Indians, and if I thought that they would sell him. I told him I thought they would not, as I had been their prisoner since the battle at Raisin, and they had not offered to dispose of me. I farther told him I thought his hopes of getting away soon, if ever, gloomy. He gave me a most horrible account of the defeat of Colonel Dudley, and the slaughter and massacre of his men — and expressed fears that General Harrison would be taken. This was bitter news to me.
. . . . . .
Mr. J. B. Cecott paid for William Atherton's freedom, purchasing him from the Indians . . . .

The long desired hour had come at last. I felt that I was again free from the hand of the wild savage. I packed up the few tattered rags of clothing which were mine, and prepared to leave ; but after all, savages as they were, I was sorry when I bid them a final farewell. The wife of the man who took me prisoner had always been kind —

she aided greatly to lessen my sufferings — she had often fed me, and when under the rigors of a northern winter, in the wilderness, had thrown a blanket upon my shivering frame at night ; she had restrained the young men from imposing upon me, as they would do by taking my food, and my place at the fire. After Mr. J. B. Cecott, the man who bought me, and I left the camp, the Indians stood and looked after us as long as they could see us. Mr. Cecott took me to his own house, gave me a suit of clothes, and introduced me to his family. Now I felt that home was much nearer, being again among a civilized people who could speak the English language.

I have nothing to say against the Indian character — but many things in favor of it — but much against their manner of life. They are a brave, generous, hospitable, kind, and among themselves, an honest people ; and when they intend to save the life of a prisoner they will do it, if it should be at the risk of their own. But after all this is said, no one can form any adequate idea of what a man must suffer, who spends a winter with them in the snows of Michigan.

William Atherton was turned over to the British as a prisoner of war and spent the summer as a prisoner in Detroit. He was later was paroled. In June 1814, he started the journey home to Kentucky from Quebec.

It would be impossible for me to relate the particulars of this journey through the State of New York; but one thing truth compels me to state, and that is, we suffered more from hunger while passing through this State than in all the rest of the way from Quebec to Kentucky. We found the people generally either too proud or too stingy to give us food, or to treat us like human beings. . . . . We found but few who were willing either to feed or lodge us without pay, though we only asked to lie upon the floor. Some absolutely refused to give us any shelter at all.

. . . . .

My companions had all left me higher up the Ohio river, and gone across the country as a nearer way home. When I left the raft and went into Kentucky my situation excited attention, and soon all my wants were supplied. . . . . in a few hours I was clothed, and furnished with money to bear my expenses home. I felt the difference here between warm and cold hearted people. My anxiety was great to pursue my journey, so I ascended the steep hill that hangs around Maysville, and made my way through Georgetown and Frankfort, to Shelbyville, at which place I arrived on the 20th day of June, A. D. 1814.

Here, at length, after an absence of nearly two years, during all of which time I had been exposed to sufferings, dangers and privations, not having slept upon a bed until my return to my native land, I found myself among the friends of my childhood and my own beloved kindred.