

put them on my feet. Having reached Stony Creek, five miles from the battle ground, where the British and Indians camped the night before the battle of the 22d of January, their camp fires were still burning, and many had stopped with their prisoners to warm. In a short time I discovered some commotion among them. An Indian tomahawked Ebenezer Blythe, of Lexington. Immediately the Indian who had taken me resumed his march, and soon overtook his father, whom I understood to be an old chief. They stopped by the roadside, and directed me to a seat on a log and proceeded to *paint me*. We reached Brownstown about sundown in the evening, when having a small ear of corn we placed it in the fire for a short time, and then made our supper on it. A blanket was spread on bark in front of the fire, and I pointed to lie down. My captor finding my neck and shoulder so stiff that I could not get my head back, immediately took some of his plunder and placed under my head and covered me with a blanket. Many Indians, with several prisoners, came into the council house afterward, and they employed themselves dressing, in hoops, the scalps of our troops. There was the severest thunder storm that night witnessed at that time of the year. The water ran under the blanket, and the ground being lower in the centre around the fire, I awoke some time before day and found myself lying in the water, possibly two inches deep, got up and dried myself as well as I could. About daybreak they resumed their march toward Detroit, stopping on the way and painting me again. We reached Detroit about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and as we passed along the street, a number of women approached us, and entreated the Indians not to kill me. Passing on, we met two British officers on horseback, and stopped and chatted with the Indians, exulting with them in the victory, to whom the women appealed in my behalf, but they paid no more regard to me than if I had been a dog. I passed the night with the Indians at the house of a white woman in the city, who the next morning asked liberty to give me a cup of tea, with a loaf of bread and butter. In the afternoon the Indians paraded with their prisoners and the trophies, *scalps*, and marched to the fort. After remaining some time in the guard-house, where all the prisoners were surrendered but myself, my captors arose to leave with me. When we reached the door the guard stopped me, which seemed to excite the Indians considerably. Major Muir, commanding the fort, was immediate-

ly called for, and entered into a treaty for my release. It was said he gave as a ransom for me an old broken down pack horse and a keg of whisky. My Indian captor took affectionate leave of me, with a promise to see me again. Let me here say my Indian captor exhibited more the principle of the man and the soldier than all the British I had been brought in contact with up to the time I met Major Muir. The next day the British officers, Hale and Watson, invited me to mess with them so long as I remained in the fort. Three or four days afterward and the day before our officers, Winchester, Madison and Lewis, were to leave for the Niagara river, one of these officers accompanied me across the Detroit river to Sandwich. When passing to the hotel where they were, when I became opposite the dining-room door, I saw Major Madison sitting down to supper. The temptation was so strong I entered the door, to the astonishment of the Major and other officers, who supposed I had been murdered with many other prisoners. I am constrained to acknowledge the great mercy of God in my preservation thus far. On the following morning, when arrangements were being made for transportation of officers to Fort George, but none for me, my heart felt like sinking within me at the thought of being left to the care of those I had no confidence whatever in. Providentially a Canadian lieutenant was listening and as soon as all, both British and American officers, left the room, nobly came to me and said: "I have a good span of horses and a good carryall. You are welcome to a seat with me." I joyfully accepted his offer, and I hereby acknowledge that I met in his person a whole-souled man and soldier, through whose kindness, mainly, I reached Niagara river. When I was once more permitted to look on that much loved flag of our country, and paroled and put across the Niagara river on American soil, then, with all the suffering, I felt that I could once more breathe freely. I have again to acknowledge the goodness of God, in providing for reaching my home and friends, after traveling more than 1,000 miles, badly wounded, a half-ounce ball buried in my shoulder. But I lived to be fully avenged upon the enemies of my country in the battle of the 8th of January, 1815, below New Orleans. I have omitted many minor incidents that were in this communication, the writing of which has given great pain in my wounded shoulder.

THOMAS P. DUDLEY.

Lexington, Ky., May 26, 1870.