

them, and privately sent a message to Judge McDonnell and Robert Smart, for a barrel of whiskey—it was sent, and soon despatched; he sent for another, it shared the same fate; a third was sent for, and soon followed its predecessors, by which time the fiery warriors, who had become somewhat mellow and under the Colonel's direction, were restrained from further violence, although low mutterings might be heard of "fire," "blood," "scalp," and "plunder."

Col. McKee sent two of the *sober* warriors to the dwellings of each of the citizens, whom the savages had most threatened; they wrapt themselves up in their blankets, and lay all night on the front door steps, as a guard to protect the inmates from any sudden out-break of savage fury.

The energetic conduct of Col. McKee on that critical occasion, undoubtedly saved the city from the torch of the savages, and its people from indiscriminate slaughter.

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#### IV.—Incidents of the War, 1813

Immediately after the defeat of General Winchester on the Raisin, which occurred on the 22d of January, A. D., 1813, all the prisoners that were able to travel, were taken to Malden; the badly wounded were indiscriminately murdered by the tomahawk, rifle, and fire. Our fellow-citizen, Oliver Bellair, Esq., at that time a boy, resided with his parents at Malden. He states that, when the prisoners, some three or four hundred in number, arrived at Malden, they were pictures of misery. A long, cold march from the States in mid-winter, camping out in the deep snow, the hard-fought battle and subsequent robbery of their effects, left them perfectly destitute of *any* comforts. Many of the prisoners were also slightly wounded; the blood, dust, and smoke of battle were yet upon them. At Malden, they were driven into an open