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NARRATIVE

OF

MR. TIMOTHY MALLARY.

DURING the battle on the 22d January, 1813, at Frenchtown, on the River Raisin, between the combined forces of British, Canadians, and Indians, and the American forces, I received a wound from a piece of plank, which had been split off by a cannon ball. It struck me on the side, and unfortunately broke three of my ribs. The battle having terminated in favor of the combined forces, and 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!