



The Siege of the Fort at Detroit, by Frederic Remington.

Picture Source: Wikimedia Commons

Appendix C:

Capt. John Rutherford's Pre-war Captivity by the Native American Chippewa Tribe, May 6 – Aug. 1, 1763

Introduction

Capt. John Rutherford served during the entire American War for Independence in the 42nd or Royal Highland Regiment. He began the war as a Lieutenant and was selected as the Adjutant of the 2nd Battalion when it was formed by splitting the regiment into two provisional battalions in Aug. 1776. Rutherford was promoted to Capt. Lieutenant in 1778 making him the commander of Gen. Lord John Murray's Company in America. In 1781 Rutherford obtained his own company and served in that capacity for the remainder of the American war.

Although the period of Indian captivity for John Rutherford predated the American War by thirteen years, it is being included in this volume to complete the picture of the life of one of the important officers of the regiment.

Rutherford's Early Life

Born at the estate of Scraisburgh (adjacent to Hunthill), Roxburghshire, Scotland in 1746, John Rutherford was the second son of Thomas Rutherford and his wife Martha (daughter of Alderman Town of York). Rutherford's parents died at Barbados while he was still an infant, and he was sent to Scotland,

to the care of his grandfather, Sir John Rutherford of Edgerston (near the English border, about 46 miles southeast of Edinburgh). When Rutherford was fifteen, he was sent to New York to live with his uncle, Walter Rutherford, a former Captain in the 60th Regt. (Royal Americans), who had settled in New York.



Boy Chief -Ojibbeway, 1843, by George Catlin

Picture Source: Courtesy National Gallery of Art, Washington.

Capture by the Chippewa Tribe near Fort Detroit

Walter Rutherford was a partner in the trading firm of Livingston, Rutherford & Syme of Fort Detroit, Michigan, and soon after John arrived in America Capt. Rutherford sent him to Fort Detroit with supplies for the garrison. While outside Detroit on a surveying party on May 6, 1763, Rutherford was taken prisoner by a party of the Chippewa (also Ojibwe) tribe. He was adopted into the tribe, and after observing some brutal occurrences of frontier warfare, escaped back to Fort Detroit on Aug.1 of that year. Rutherford carried a reminder of his captivity with him for the rest of his life as he later explained, “... *my arms presented the appearance or impressions, one of a turkey’s foot, the other of a flower in pink or purple dyes. I had thus been tattooed by the savages as a mark set upon me as belonging to their tribe, and such is the indelible effect upon the part punctured, that the impression will remain as fresh through life as on the first day of the operation.*”



Photo of *French castle* at Fort Niagara

Picture Source: Wikimedia Commons, by Ad Meskens

Shipwrecked While Sailing to Fort Niagara

Rutherford's adventures continued soon after he returned from captivity when he volunteered to sail to Fort Niagara, New York to obtain supplies for the Detroit garrison. On the return trip across Lake Erie, his schooner was shipwrecked just off shore in a storm. The crew and passengers made it to shore at Eighteen Mile Creek (about ten miles south of modern Buffalo, New York) and were required to build positions to defend themselves from Indian attacks. Rutherford explained that "*We were detained in this place, which we called "Lover's Leap," for twenty-four days, as we could not get a reinforcement of batteaux to carry us off to Niagara. It was here that I first entered upon duty as private soldier.*" Eventually, a rescue party escorted the schooner's passengers back to Fort Niagara.



Reproduction 42nd or Royal Highland Regt. Uniform Button

Picture Source: Roy and Debra Najecki's American Revolutionary War Reproductions at www.najecki.com

Commission in the 42nd or Royal Highland Regt.

Rutherford concluded his narrative by reporting "*When at Niagara, I determined not to attempt fortune longer in the woods, and resolved to go to New York, where after residing some time with my uncle, I proceeded to join the 42nd Regiment, in which corps I had obtained an Ensigncy, at the time when they were preparing for an expedition against the Shawanese and Delaware Indians to the westward, under General Bouquet.*"

Rutherford's commission as an Ensign in the 42nd Regt. was dated May 13, 1764 and he retired from the regiment on Aug. 26, 1785. A summary of his service in the regiment and subsequent service in the militia in Scotland are provided in his biography in this volume in Enclosure A: Biographies of the Officers of the 42nd or Royal Highland Regiment During the American War for Independence.

Documents

Anonymous Diary Account of Attack on Lt. Charles Robertson's Survey Party, Including John Rutherford, St. Clair River, May 7, 1763

Detroit, May 1, 1763

The 1st of May Pondiac, the most considerable Man in the Ottawa Nation, came here with about 50 of his Men... The 7th... This Morning a Party sent by him for that Purpose took Capt. [Lt. Charles Robertson] Robinson & Sir Robert Davers in a Barge near the Mouth of Lake Huron, which Capt. Robinson went to sound. They with Part of the Boat's Crew were put to Death, the rest they took Prisoners as we were afterwards informed...

[May 29] At 3 in the Afternoon Mr. Sterling rec^d a Letter from Mr. [John] Rutherford informing him that on the 8th Instant they were inform'd that by some French People in the River Huron that the Indians were ill inclin'd & beg'd them to go no further, but Sir Robert (Davers) and Capt. Robinson did not give much Credit to it and went on, that on turning a Point at the Entrance of the Lake they were fir'd upon by some Indians who kill'd Sir Robert, Capt. Robinson & two Soldiers the first Shot, the rest they took Prisoners. This Evening a few Shot were fir'd at the Vessel and Fort as usual, without doing any Damage. The Garrison lay on their Arms...

Source and Notes: *Diary of the Siege of Detroit in the War with Pontiac*, Ed. Franklin B. Hough, J. Munsell, Albany (New York), 1890, Google Books, pp. 1-3, 17.. "Capt. Robinson" was actually Lt. Charles Robertson, Capt. of six gun schooner the *Huron*. He was a former Royal Navy midshipman and was at the time of the event a lieutenant in the 77th Regt. (Montgomery's Highlanders). Ref. *Sons of the Mountains*, Vol. II, p. 71. "Mr. Sterling" was James Stirling, trader at Fort Detroit, and agent of John Rutherford's uncle, Walter Rutherford.



Capt. Walter Rutherford

Picture Source: *Family Records and Events*, Livingston Rutherford, De Vinne Press, New York, 1894, Google Books, after p. 32.

John Rutherford's Letter to his Uncle, Former Capt. Walter Rutherford, 60th or Royal American Regt., Describing his Capture by Native Americans, St. Clair River, May 7, 1763

Niagara, Aug. 20th, 1763.

Dear Uncle,

Your not having heard from me for so long a time and the false reports flying of my death must have certainly given you great uneasiness. Thank God it was not entirely so bad as was reported. At first I assure you I would about as soon have chosen the one as the other, having seen such frightful cruelties committed on our poor countrymen and not knowing but that I would be the next they would practice their barbarities upon. I will give you a brief account of how I was taken prisoner by the Indians. Cap^t. [Lt. Charles] Robertson [77th Regt.] being sent out to sound the river and Lake St. Clair was kind enough to ask me to go along with him and Sir Robert Davers. M^r. [James] Stirling and others advising was what induced me to take this unfortunate trip. We set out on the second of May with seven men in the long boat and met with nothing remarkable till within six miles of our journey's end, when we saw some French at work who told us we were to be attacked by the Indians and advised us to return to Fort Detroit which we could have gained before we were attacked. But Sir Robert and Cap^t. Robertson thinking the Indians would not attack us till night pushed on, without so much as making the men load their arms. When we came to the mouth of Lake Huron at the Indian town we saw upwards of one hundred Indians. The women all came around us and wanted us to trade with sugar and fish which we refused. The current of the river runs so very strong there that we were obliged to pull close in shore. In an instant the Squaws retired and the Indians having posted themselves behind a rising ground, fired upon us and killed Cap^t. Robertson and two men. The rest being put in confusion some jumped overboard. The Indians immediately boarded us and took the rest of the men and myself prisoners. From that time till the third of August I was in a pitiful condition when having agreed with a Frenchman to meet me about four miles off with a canoe I set out by night for the place and happily for me succeeded in escaping. I am now sent by M^r. Stirling to Niagara to bring up a few goods in the vessel for the garrison. I beg you'll excuse this scrawl, as it is written in great haste on the head of a cask. Please remember my duty to M^{rs}. Rutherford and compliments to all friends in New-York.

I am your aff. nephew,
John Rutherford.

P. S. I forgot to mention that Sir Rob^t. when we were attacked was in a canoe behind us. Seeing us attacked he endeavoured to gain the other side of the river. The Indians called to him that they would not hurt him if he would deliver himself, but still persisting they shot him.

J. R.

Source: *Family Records and Events*, Livingston Rutherford, De Vinne Press, New York, 1894, Google Books, pp. 114-115.

Letter from Lt. James MacDonald, 60th or Royal American Regt., to Col. Henry Bouquet, Fort Pitt, Describing Capture and Murder of Rutherford's Party, Fort Detroit, May 7, 1763

Detroit 12th July 1763

Sir,

You have certainly heard long before now of our misfortunes...

...on Monday morning the 9th [May] ...they ordered a Frenchman, who had seen the woman and her two sons killed and scalped, to come and inform us of it & likewise of their having murdered Sir Robert Davers Cap^t Robertson and a Boats crew of six Persons [including John Rutherford], two days before, being Saturday, the 7th of May, near the entrance of Lake Huron, for which place they set off from hence on Monday the 2nd. In order to know if these Lakes and Rivers were navigable for a Schooner

which lay here to proceed to Michilimackinac, we were then fully persuaded that the Information given us was well founded, and a proper disposition was made for the defence of the Fort, altho' our number were but small, not exceeding one Hundred and twenty Including all the English Traders, and the Works very neigh a mile in circumference...

Source: "The Bouquet Papers" in *Collections and Researches Made by the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society*, Vol. XIX, Ed. M. Agnes Burton, Wynkoop Hallenbeck Crawford Co., Lansing, 1911, Google Books, pp. 212-213.

John Rutherford's Narrative of his Capture and Adoption by the Chippewa (also Ojibwe) Tribe, Detroit, May 7, 1763

Major [Henry] Gladwin of the 80th Regiment, commanding officer of Detroit, being anxious to know whether the lakes and rivers between that place and Michellemakainac were navigable for vessels of a greater burthen than the small batteaux then made use of, ordered Captain Charles Rob^{son} of the 77th Regiment, who had the command of the king's ship upon Lake Erie, with a party of six soldiers and two sailors, with a large batteaux with the necessary implements, to sound the lakes. Sir Robert Davies [Davens], who had passed that winter at Detroit, having a curiosity to see further into the country, (which in fact was the motive which had induced him to come so far as Detroit,) accompanied Captain Rob^{son}, and both of these gentlemen inviting me to join them, I joyfully accepted the invitation, as it had then all the appearance of a pleasure jaunt. We promised ourselves excellent sport in shooting water fowl, with which that country abounds, not in the smallest degree dreading any interference from the savages around us, who but a little before in full council renewed their profession of friendship for the English, and received from them presents to a considerable amount. We accordingly set out on May 2nd, 1763. Captain Rob^{son}, myself, and the party were in the batteaux. Sir Robert Davies and a Pawnee or Indian slave were in a little wooden canoe, being better than a batteaux for going in shallow water after the game, and so easily navigated that he and his boy were sufficient to cross the lakes and go up the creeks among the Indian villages. We passed several native villages, but there appeared to be very few Indians in them. We supposed that they were out on a hunting party, but afterwards found they were on an expedition of a very different nature; being, in fact, collected at the place where we were afterwards attacked by them.

May 6th. —In the morning we arrived at Pinuree, where were some Canadians building a saw mill, for whom we brought (at the desire of a French gentleman) a few barrels of flour, for which they returned us thanks, and told us with all the rhetoric they were masters of, that all the Indians around were in league to take up the hatchet against the English; that they knew we were coming that way, and were waiting six miles up the river to seize and destroy us; and that if we proceeded any further we should certainly be cut to pieces. They begged us with tears in their eyes for God's sake to return, and by reason of the winds and the strong current of the river we might gain the fort before they could perceive we had discovered their intentions. This was friendly advice given by people who showed in their countenances that they had our safety at heart; and had we followed their counsel many would have saved their lives on this occasion, and others avoided a long and dangerous captivity. Captain Rob^{son} partly doubted the truth of what the Canadians had told us, partly through mistaken confidence that they would not dare to- attack us until cover of the night; and it being then noon, thought that he might go on six miles further and sound about the mouth of the river Huron; which done his work would be finished, and then return to the fort. He therefore ordered the rowers to ply their oars, and without seeming to suspect any danger, proceeded until we came within six miles of the above river, where there was a small Indian village, the very place the Canadians told us we would be attacked by the savages. Then it was, though alas! too late, that Captain Rob^{son} discovered the truth of the information we had got, for the whole bank of the river was covered with Indians, to the amount of three or four hundred men. Sir Robert Davies was at this time considerably before in his canoe, on shore, and smoked a pipe of friendship (as they called it) with some of their chiefs till we came up. He advised us to row on and pass him, and not to seem to suspect that they had a design upon us. Here I must observe that the river turned narrow, and was so rapid that we were

obliged to keep the boat close to the shore, and even then the Indians could walk faster than we could row. To have attempted to return would have been inevitable destruction to us all. Besides that they had all their canoes ready to pursue us. This we were sensible of, so we kept rowing on and humoured them as much as possible. They crowded round us, men, women, and children, giving us the friendly appellation of brothers, told us they were glad to see us, and begged that we should come on shore and we would have whatever was good; the squaws or Indian women showing us maple sugar, fish, etc., to induce us to land. We did not, however, choose to accept of their invitation or presents. They asked for some bread and tobacco, which we gave them. This was only to take up our attention, for all the while they were filing off by degrees, till at last there was not an Indian to be seen. The squaws were collected so closely on the bank of the river, endeavouring to divert our attention by ridiculous stories, that it was impossible to see what was going on behind, or what the men were about. The warriors, however, were then busy posting themselves behind a rising ground a little before, so that when we came opposite that place—the squaws as it had been preconcerted ran as fast as they could out of the way—the warriors commenced firing upon us at the distance of sixty yards. Captain Rob^{son} was immediately wounded on the left side, which showing me, he called to the men to sheer up, but alas! he had just spoken the words when another shot through his body killed him. I then took the helm and endeavoured to bring round the boat, but two of the soldiers being now killed, the remaining five could not navigate the boat, and as they had neither their arms ready nor loaded, they thought only of screening themselves as best they could from the enemy's fire; but it was all in vain, for the Indians, seeing Captain Rob^{son} our chief killed, and the confusion that prevailed, rushed upon us and easily boarded us, raising at the same time and in accordance to their custom on such occasions, the most dreadful cries and yellings, which they called the "Death Gralloo." They had changed their appearance from what it was when they called us brothers, having at that time their blanket and ornaments on, but now they were painted black and red, making a very frightful appearance. Every one of us was now seized by his future master, for by their custom whoever lays hold of a captive by the hair of his head, to him he belongs, and none may take him from him. I was laid hold of by one whose hideous aspect was enough to banish every hope of receiving quarter, but indeed before this I had given up any hope of being saved, and became in a manner resigned for the worst. They immediately scalped Captain Rob^{son} and the other two soldiers who were shot. My master (for such I was now to acknowledge him) dragged me out of the boat by the hair of the head into the water, which took me up to the neck, endangering my drowning; however, he brought me safe on shore, and with a rope adorned with trinkets (which they always carry about with them to bind their prisoners of war) bound me and delivered me over in charge of his squaw, returning himself to plunder the boat. All this time, Sir Robert Davies, as I was afterwards informed by his Indian boy, seeing the savages attack us, endeavoured to escape in his light canoe to the opposite side of the river, while the Indians called to him repeatedly to come on shore and deliver himself up, promising not to hurt a hair of his head. He paid no regard to their words, which so exasperated them that two of them levelled their pieces at him and brought him instantly down. His body fell over into the water, and having picked it up, they cut off the head and buried the trunk; the head they afterwards interred, after having scalped it. My master returned with his share of the booty from the boat, which he laid upon my back, and marching through the village came to the hut where he lived. We had not been long there when a great many Indians came in, and got drunk upon spirit which they had plundered, and as I knew in their cups they often killed one another, I again considered myself in as much danger as ever. One of them dressed in Captain Rob^{son}'s clothes came in very drunk, and seeing me lie in the corner with my hands tied, set up a shout, calling me an English dog, and made a stroke at me with his tomahawk, which must have killed me, had not another Indian more sober, and whom I afterwards found to be the best of them, seized his arm and prevented him, and then turned him out of the hut. My master's wife seeing the danger to which I was exposed, and knowing that he or some other Indian might return, made me lie down behind her, and covered me over with skins and furs; soon after the same Indian did return and demanded me of my master, saying that "No English dog should be left alive," upon which he was turned out a second time and well kicked. Not long after this a party of them came and determined to have me, and my master was obliged in order to save me, to tell them that I was carried to another hut, which satisfied them. The whole

night they kept drinking what liquor we had brought with us, and making a most hideous yelling, dancing and singing, while they were feeding on poor Captain Rob^{son}'s body. This shocking piece of barbarity was practised only by some of the Indian tribes to the northward. The Six Nations, who used their prisoners when alive much worse than those whose captives we were, yet never eat human flesh. They of course do not devour it for want of food, but as a religious ceremony, or rather from a superstitious idea that it makes them prosperous in war. They teach their children to be fond of it even from infancy. The next day my master's son brought some pieces of the body into the hut, and roasted them upon a stick, and endeavoured at the same time to prevail on me to eat it, after assuring me that Englishman's blood was very good to eat. My master desired of me to taste it, telling me that I was never going back to the English, so that I ought to conform to the manner of the Indians. I told him that I would obey him in every thing he ordered me, and even that if he insisted upon it; but that it was very disagreeable for me, and that was the only command I would feel any hesitation in performing, and begged that he would not absolutely insist upon it. Thus by assuming readiness to acquiesce, I avoided eating the remains of my friend, and I believe by showing a desire to please him I rather gained upon his affections. My hands were still bound behind my back, this day being the second of my captivity. Never having seen or heard any thing of the poor soldiers, I concluded that they had shared the unhappy fate of their captain, which added the more to my uneasiness, fearing that I would not be more favourably dealt with. However, towards the evening of that day, I saw Sir Robert's Indian boy, who told me of some of the soldiers being alive. This boy having lived long with the English, in speaking their language made me think that he would desire to get free from the Indians who used him much worse than the English. I therefore thought I might confide in him, so laid myself open to him and told him of a scheme I had formed of our escape together, which was, that we should both get out of our respective beds at night when all were asleep, meet at a certain place agreed upon and then untie each other, and as he understood travelling in the woods, he would pilot us to Fort Detroit, which was not above eighty English miles distant, each of us bringing with him as much fish as would be necessary to subsist on during the journey. He agreed to this proposal, went off with an intention as I supposed of meeting me at the place appointed; however, towards the end of the evening, I was surprised to see my master come into the hut, looking very angrily at me, having a wooden post and an axe in his hand. Without saying a word he put one end of the post into the ground, and told me in an angry tone something I did not understand, with signs to me to lie down on my back; then taking my leg a little below the ankle, put it into the notch against which he tied another piece of string, so close that I could not move to turn myself on my side, but lay on my back with my hands bound, while my master, drawing the ends of the rope under his body lay down next me with his squaw on a bearskin. I passed the night like a criminal just before execution, with this difference, I had nothing to reproach myself, no offence committed against my God or the laws of my country; this treatment gave me good cause to suspect treachery on the part of the Indian boy, who I found afterwards had, in order to get his pardon, which he did, discovered my intentions of escape. Next morning my master loosed my leg, and by means of an Indian who spoke English, informed me that he had discovered my intention of escaping, and that had I done so or even attempted it, death would have been the inevitable consequence, showing me the situation of Fort Detroit, surrounded with four Indian nations, viz.: Chippewahs, (the nation I was with) Otterwahs, Ponteuathimies, Wiandots, who so blockaded the place that nobody could come in or go out, and that in a few days there would not be an Englishman left in it alive; whereupon I found it absolutely necessary for my safety to affect to relish their savage manners, and put on an air of perfect contentment, which I had often heard was the way to gain the affections of the Indians, whereas showing discontented conduct irritates them and creates worse treatment, and even draws down death itself on the captive who is so unfortunate as not to be able to accommodate himself to his situation. I therefore assured him I should no more think of leaving him, which so pleased him that he took me out to walk and pointed out to me the spot where Sir Robert Davies was buried and what remained of Captain Rob^{son}'s body, showing me likewise how impossible it was for us to have escaped in our boats. He then led me to where the bodies of the poor soldiers lay who fell in the attack, and were become food for the dogs, which were devouring them; he then loosened my hand, and with the string bound up a heavy bundle of sticks which he placed upon my back, telling me that I was always to do that or whatever his wife desired me.

When delivered of my burden he again tied up my hands, and fastened the rope to the rafters of the hut, but he did not put my feet in the stocks as the night before. Yet it was equally impossible for me to effect an escape, and indeed by this time I had given up all hopes of it, unless a more favourable opportunity occurred.

Next morning my master went off in his canoe to join the rest of the warriors encamped at Detroit, leaving me to the care of his father, who seemed fond of me, and wished that I should become a savage as soon as possible. Soon after my master's departure he fairly stripped me of my clothes, and told me I should wear them no more, but dress like an Indian; he accordingly gave me a blanket, then shaved my head leaving only a small tuft of hair on the crown, and two small locks which he plated, with several silver brooches interwoven, making them hang over my face, which was painted a variety of colours; he likewise presented me with a tobacco pouch and pipes, telling me I should smoke, which I did, and afterwards became very fond of it. The hunting season being now passed, the Indians lived on fish, without bread, butter or salt. This did not agree with me. I became so very weak as to be rendered incapable of walking for seven or eight days, during which time my master's father informed me that I should not be eaten if I died. Ten days after this my master returned with the rest of his family, and after much talk of the success of their arms against the English, how many prisoners they had taken, etc., he looked at me, turning me round, apparently surprised at seeing me attired "en sauvage." He asked for my hair, which, the old man giving him, he carefully put by. Still my hands continued tied, and whenever I had occasion to go out, an Indian boy laid hold of the end of the rope, which he fastened to the rafters of the hut when I returned again. It was not long after this before my hands were at last unbound, my master often impressing upon me the impossibility of making my escape. I told him I had no design and feigned a satisfaction in their mode of life and a particular fondness for my new uniform, by which means I secured his good will. He thought he was sure of me from my being so young, and that I would on that account sooner take to the novelty of their ways of life and more easily forget my country and my friends; certain it is that with this behaviour I fared better in many respects than those prisoners who appeared always sullen and subdued, some of whom indeed suffered death on that account. I now frequently saw two of the soldiers who were taken with myself, and the meetings at intervals were very satisfactory. It gives inexpressible pleasure to meet a countryman of one's own even in a civilized foreign land. Judge then how much more so when in a state of captivity with a nation of savages of a colour so different from our own. Happy was I to meet with those poor fellows whom but a short time before I would not have suffered to speak to me without the usual marks of respect from an inferior to a superior. Now there was no distinction, we being glad to find those people of the same colour with one another. We used often to compare notes of different treatment we met with from our masters.

One of them told me he was obliged to eat of Captain Rob^{son}'s body. We would form fifty different schemes for making our escape, but reject them all afterwards as perfectly impracticable. About the middle of May we were in great distress from want of provisions, owing to the indolence of the savages, who never stir out of their huts to fish or hunt until necessity drives them, which was our case at this time. During four days the wind continued so high that no fish could be caught, as they durst not venture upon the lakes in their little bark canoes. These are generally navigated by two men, or by a man and a boy, the former standing in the bow or fore part, where there is a pole fixed having a light fixed at the end of it which attracts the fish— it being on the darkest side they are most successful. The man in the bow marks the fish approaching, and directs the boy to steer the canoe so that he may best strike the fish with his harpoon. In this way I have seen as much as two men could carry of cat-fish, perch, and pike taken in two hours' time, independent of the satisfaction of procuring so necessary a part of their daily sustenance. It is a great amusement and really a pleasant scene to witness fifty of the lights moving on the smooth lake in every direction, while the silence is only disturbed by the varied cries of wild beasts from surrounding forests. I have observed before that the stormy weather had reduced us to the last extremity of want, having recourse to picking up acorns in the woods, and boiling them in ashes or water, changing them frequently to take off the bitter taste; and this was our food until the fifth day, when the winds

abating we obtained plenty of fish. The Indians themselves are so accustomed to be reduced to this shift that they think nothing of it, and are always sure to make up their loss by future stuffing and sloth. While they have victuals of any sort in their huts they do nothing but smoke, eat or sleep. It is on these occasions that the beaux and belles make their mutual conquests and dress in their best attire. They amuse themselves at times with a diversion something similar to the game of shinty which is in use among our boys, in which females play against the males, and often come off victors. My master used to deck me out in the richest manner, putting on me all the ornaments of the family, and taking me out to the plain, where he made me strut about to exhibit myself in the presence of the whole village, calling out to the people to look at the little white man. All this time I was made a show of without being allowed to join in the game. Towards the end of May we began to make preparations for our voyage to join the rest of the warriors encamped within a few miles of Detroit, for which purpose my master deemed it necessary to build a canoe, and which he and I accomplished in two days. It was of a sufficient size to carry all the family for many thousand miles. The evening before our departure I was surprised to see the master seize one of the dogs, of which animals he had several in the hut, and they were constantly poking their noses into our victuals, an operation easily performed as the floor was our only table, and neither chairs nor tables stood in the hut. This dog was killed, which I was not sorry for, and given over to the squaw, who scraped him as we do a hog in hot water. My master then invited all his neighbours, sending me round with a number of painted sticks, which were left with each one invited. Upon entering the hut where the feast is held, every one produces his stick and lays it upon the platter for the purpose. Each of the guests gets a double portion, eating one and carrying home the other in a dish which they bring with them to receive it. I sat in a corner of the hut, a silent spectator of my master's feast, being looked upon as a slave and unworthy to partake of so fine a repast. After killing or rather drowning another dog for the purpose of appeasing the evil spirit, as they gave me to understand, we set out next morning in our canoe, making short day voyages, always landing before sunset, putting up at that time our cabin and cooking our fish, which culinary office fell to my lot, as well as that of cutting firewood. The cabin or hut is soon made, it consists of about twenty trees put up in the shape of a sugar loaf, and covered all over with a sort of matting, excepting the hole at the top to let the smoke out. Every one carries his or her bed clothes upon his back, which are either the skins of a wild beast or a coarse blanket. All lie down promiscuously, men, women and children with their feet to the fire, which is in the centre. The second day of our voyage we came to an island where was an Indian burial ground. Here we halted round a particular grave, which my master afterwards told me was the grave of his son. He made us all plant a few grains of corn, which we did, and re-embarking, proceeded on our voyage, which we ended in four days, arriving at a Frenchman's house in the neighbourhood of Detroit. This man being my master's _____, we took up our residence close to his house, rather than join the rest of the warriors, who were encamped five miles nearer the fort. We immediately set about building a large bark house, more convenient than those they carry about with them. The fireplace belonging to it was situated out of doors, where I was condemned to broil two hours every day, boiling their kettle, with a little fish or Indian corn. This new house occupied about four days in finishing, several parts of the work falling to my share, such as carrying home the wood and bark; here I must observe that I suffered inexpressible pain from not having any clothes on—not so much as a shirt to protect me from the scorching rays of the sun which burnt my back and shoulders so much that I was one mass of blisters, the palms of my hands being in the same state from the continued working of the oar. The next piece of fatigue I was put to was assisting my mistress in planting a large field of corn or maize or other vegetables. This being finished, my master carried me to the grand encampment about five miles from Detroit.

Source: "Rutherford's Narrative – An Episode in the Pontiac War – An Unpublished Manuscript by Lieut. Rutherford of the Black Watch," Presented by Thomas Hodgins, Esq., in *Transactions of the Canadian Institute, Volume III, 1891-92*, Printed for the Canadian Institute, Toronto, 1893, Google Books, pp. 229-237.

**John Rutherford's Narrative of the Murder of Capt. Donald Campbell and
Escape of Ens. Christopher Pauli, 60th or Royal American Regt.,**

Detroit, May 2- Aug. 1, 1763

Here I had the pleasure of seeing Captain [Donald] Campbell and Lieutenant [George] MacDougall of the 60th Regiment, who came out of the fort at the commencement of the blockade, with proposals of peace to the Indians. To this however, they would not listen; but on the contrary, detained those two officers prisoners at a Frenchman's house. Upon my observing to Captain Campbell that I thought we might escape, being so near as within sight of the fort, he advised me by no means to think of it, as he was well assured that if any one escaped, the Indians were determined to sacrifice those that remained. I frequently made visits to those gentlemen who were prisoners with the Ottawahs. Every day there were captures and scalps brought into the camp. The scalp is not, as commonly believed, the whole skin of the head, but only the uppermost part of the crown, and must have in it that swirl in the hair which every one has there, before it can be approved of as a just trophy of the warrior's achievements. They at this time brought in Ensign [Christopher] Pauli (60th Regiment) who commanded a small fort on Lake Erie [Fort Sandusky]. The Indians entered this fort as friends, and while some of them were smoking a pipe as a token of their pretended friendship, the rest were butchering their small garrison till not one was left alive. This gentleman made a very good Indian, being of a dark complexion. He was much liked by his master, who soon adopted him into his family, by which he was exempted from all drudgery. So great an assembly of Indians being gathered together in a French settlement, reduced the inhabitants to great distress; they had their cattle, sheep and poultry killed, and when these failed we were almost being starved, having frequently nothing but a handful of corn for a day's sustenance, and that we parched in the ashes and ate it with a spoonful of bear's grease. I frequently used to beg for a morsel of bread at the French people's houses, from whose doors I was often turned away. In this distressed situation, my master prudently resolved to quit the camp, and moved accordingly back to the place where I was first taken prisoner. Here we had fish as formerly, and sometimes a little venison. On our return to the village, we halted at the burying place before mentioned, and while my mistress and I were busy erecting our hut, my master went out and killed a bear, which was eaten up heartily. After finishing our repast, I was ordered to put the kettle on the fire again, which circumstance surprised me a little, as we were in the habit of going to sleep immediately after eating. I was induced to ask the meaning, but was given to understand by looks and gestures that the mystery would be revealed on the following morning. My master then cut some of the choicest bits of the bear and put them in the kettle, which being hung over a slow fire, we went to rest. Next morning by day break we were called up, and in a formal and solemn manner walked up to the grave, where a small fire was kindled, round which we seated ourselves, and then my master arose and made a long speech, during which he often pointed to me and the grave alternately, while at every pause we all joined in a sort of chorus or amen, by way of acquiescence or approval of what he said. When he ended his oration, he divided the broth and meat among us, and after saying a few words over the grave, he put a piece of the fat of the bear into the fire, directing each of us to do the same. This I was informed was to appease the spirit of his son, who might be offended at my being adopted in his place. Such was his design, as he then told me, that I was as much his son, telling me at the same time to look upon the boys as my brothers; that my name should no longer be "Sagarast" or Englishman, but "Addick," which signifies a white elk; but notwithstanding this I was generally called by my master's name, which was "Perwash." My master, or rather my father now, took me out frequently with him hunting, an amusement of which I was very fond. Though this was not the season for killing deer, we were under the necessity of killing some for the family to subsist on when we returned to the camp near Detroit. As soon therefore, as we had cured a few carcasses of venison, (which we did by smoking them without salt) we again set out to join the rest of the warriors. In crossing Lake St. Clair it happened to blow very hard, so that our little frigate was in danger of going to the bottom with Perwash and all his family. To appease the evil spirit he chewed some handfuls of tobacco and threw it into the lake, at the same time pronouncing a long harangue. We contrived eventually to get safe to land, but whether owing to the tobacco I shall not pretend to say. The rain having drenched our clothes and blankets, we hung them upon trees till they dried. I may mention that the Indians likewise make use of the tobacco plant in thunder storms, by throwing a quantity of it into the fire, and while it is burning a squaw drums with a piece of iron on the

bottom of a kettle, which they pretend prevents any mischief being done to the family by lightning. By the time our corn was grown up about a foot high, it became necessary to have it hoed and weeded, which was a severe task to my mother and me for six days. I flattered myself that my being adopted into the family would have exempted me from this kind of drudgery, but Perwash, having a particular regard for his wife, chose that I should still assist her on many occasions, and she being fond of her ease laid the most of it on my shoulders. She frequently made me pound or bruise corn in a large mortar, till there was scarcely any skin on my hands, and when I showed them to her she only laughed, and told me I would soon be better used to it, and that in time my hands would soon become hard like hers, which in truth were none of the softest. The men think it beneath them to do anything more than fish and hunt for the support of their families, and in this they take no more trouble than is absolutely necessary, for they frequently leave the game where killed, and send their squaws to bring it home, directing them where they would find it by breaking off branches and marking the trees for miles where they have hunted and left their game; this when their squaws have found, she brings home the choicest pieces and dresses them for her lord and master who generally sleeps till called to eat. When his repast is finished he regales himself with his pipe of tobacco, mixed with the leaves of the "Shumah shrub"; in the meantime the rest of the family are busy roasting fish or broiling steaks, each one for himself. The steaks are done upon the end of a stick, as we toast bread, and in my opinion that is the most delicious way of eating roast meat. Sometimes my "mother" roasted a large piece for the family, who never wait till it is thoroughly done, but as the outside becomes a little brown, everyone with his knife falls upon it and slices away as fast as it is roasted, by which means the pleasure of eating (their chief gratification) is prolonged. When soup is made, or rather when they boil their meat or fish, they hang up the kettle out of the reach of the dog, and every one drinks out of it when inclined. They use no salt and the absence of this at first made me think every thing tasteless; but hunger and habit prevailed over prejudice, and I soon came to eat as heartily as Perwash himself. About the 8th of June, Lieutenant MacDougall, with a Dutch trader escaped into the fort, which caused them to look more strictly after us who were left, particularly Captain Campbell, who was shut up in a garret in a Frenchman's house. I frequently visited him, accompanied by Perwash. One morning he told me he felt ill and was prepossessed with the idea he would die very soon. I endeavoured to persuade him from indulging in such forebodings, which only tended to make him more melancholy; but to my grief and sorrow, the first thing I heard next morning was that he was killed by the savages. That morning Captain Hopkins of the Rangers had made a sortie from the fort, attacked a party of Indians and killed one of the chiefs of the nation to which I belong. The chief's friends were resolved to take the life of an Englishman of the rank of Captain. This they found convenient to accomplish by murdering poor Campbell who belonged to the Ottaway nation. The nation in their turn were enraged with the Chippewahs for slaying a prisoner who was their property, and of whom they were very fond. They therefore determined to have satisfaction for the outrage, and which they thought could not be more effectually obtained than by sacrificing a prisoner belonging to the Chippewahs of the rank equal to that of Captain Campbell. Accordingly to compensate this loss they pitched upon Ensign Pauli, but he being informed of the danger by a handsome squaw who fell in love with him, assisted by her he made his escape from the house of the Frenchman, whence with much difficulty he escaped to the fort, after being several times fired at by the sentries who took him to be a real Indian. The Ottawahs being disappointed in their design upon Pauli, determined next to take my life, being as they thought next rank to an officer and superior to any of the private prisoners among them. Perwash having heard that they were in search of me took me to a Frenchman's barn, where he covered me up with straw. In this situation I remained for the space of three hours expecting every moment to feel the tomahawk in my skull, till a party of Indians with Perwash at their head came and conducted me away. Notwithstanding their reiterated assurance that I was not to suffer death, I could not help being alarmed and doubtful of my safety. They marched me in custody for four miles till we reached the grand encampment, which was in the midst of the French settlements. On the road lay a dead body mangled and scalped, which the dogs were eating. I was made to stop a considerable time while my guards viewed it with seeming satisfaction, telling me at the same time in exulting tones that there lay our grand chief Captain Campbell. I could not have indeed recognized in that mangled corpse the remains of my good friend whom they had murdered. It was a shocking

spectacle—the head scalped, the nose, arms, ears and legs with other parts of the body cut off, yet however disagreeable to me, I was forced to behold it. They led me to a great hall in a Frenchman’s house, in the courtyard of which were about two hundred Indians of different nations. There was placed in the middle of the hall a small table and four chairs. A fifth chair was reserved for myself, though at that time I would gladly have dispensed with the honour. They then produced some English letters, and Pontiac the leading man of the four nations, told me by a French interpreter, that as I could speak French and read English, that they had pitched upon me to explain the meaning of these letters, which he ordered me to perform without concealing any part of them, threatening me with death if I did not translate the whole verbatim just as they were. Here one of the prisoners, a native of Virginia, who fond of an indolent life, had married and determined to stay among them, told me he could read English also, and would overlook the papers to detect any attempts at concealment, or misconstruction of the sense, adding that the consequences would be my being scalped on the spot. I accordingly set to work and read the letters in French, to a Frenchman who explained them to the chief. They were merely old letters which Captain Campbell had in his pocket when killed, and a few to him from his friends at Detroit during his imprisonment, which had been committed to the charge of a Frenchman, who instead of delivering them kept them. There were several French gentlemen in the room, who were as eager to read them as the Indians. What both French and English wanted to know in particular, was whether peace had been declared with France or not. It had been publicly declared at Detroit by Major Gladwin long before that time; but the Canadians could never bring themselves to believe that the “Grand Monarque” could ever cede their country to Great Britain, and still flattered themselves that if they could excite the Indians to maintain the war against us for a little while, that a reinforcement would arrive from France and they would drive the English out of the country. They had therefore always assured the Indians that Major Gladwin had declared there was peace only to prevent them from attacking him. The epistle contained, however, nothing that I thought could favour their wishes or designs, nevertheless they thought fit to construe them differently, or at least to doubt the truth and sincerity of Major Gladwin's proclamation of peace. When I had done with the interpretation, they all thanked me and appeared satisfied with my proceedings, permitting me to return home with Perwash who said he was happy in having got me off so well.

Source: “Rutherford’s Narrative – An Episode in the Pontiac War – An Unpublished Manuscript by Lieut. Rutherford of the Black Watch,” Presented by Thomas Hodgins, Esq., in *Transactions of the Canadian Institute, Volume III, 1891-92*, Printed for the Canadian Institute, Toronto, 1893, Google Books, pp. 237-241.

**Lt. James MacDonald’s Account of Capture and Murder of Capt. Donald Campbell,
60th or Royal American Regt., Detroit, May 10-July 2, 1763**

Detroit 12th July 1763

Sir,

On Tuesday the 10th [of May] early in the morning, the Savages began to fire on the Fort and Vessels which lay opposite to it, about 8 o’clock the Indians called a Party, and ceased Firing...

At 3 o’clock several of the Inhabitants and four Chiefs of the Ottawas, Wiandotes, Chippewas, and Pottawatamies came and acquainted us that most of all the Inhabitants were assembled at a French man’s house about a mile from the Fort, where the Savages purposed to hold a Council, and desiring Cap^t Campbell and another officer to go with them to that Council, where they hoped with their presence and assistance further Hostilities would cease... When they arrived at the house above mentioned they found the French and Indians assembled, and after counselling a long Time, the Wiandotts were prevailed upon to sing the war song, and this being done, it was next resolved that Captain Campbell and Lieu^t M^cDougall should be detained Prisoners, but would be Indulged to Lodge in a French Man’s house, till a French Commandant arrived from the Illinois...

On the night of the 2nd Instant [July] Captain Campbell & Lieut M^cDougall were lodged at the house above mentioned, about a mile from the Fort, and made a Resolution to Escape, when it was agreed

on between them that Mr. M^cDougall should sett off first, which he did and got safe into the Fort. But you know it was much more dangerous for Captain Campbell than for any other Person, by reason that he could neither run nor see, and being sensible of that failing, I am sure prevented him from attempting to escape...

The 4th a Detachment was ordered to Destroy some Breast works and Entrenchment the Indians had made a Quarter of a mile from the Fort, and about Twenty Indians came to attack that Party which they Engaged. But were drove off in an Instant, with the Loss of one man killed (and two wounded) which our people scalped and cut to pieces. Half an hour afterwards the Savages carried the man they had lost before Captain Campbell, stripped him naked, and directly murdered him in a cruel manner, which indeed gives me pain beyond expression & I am sure cannot miss but to affect sensibly all his Acquaintances, altho' he is now out of the question, I must own, I never had, nor never shall have, a Friend or Acquaintance that I valued more than him...

James MacDonald

Source: "The Bouquet Papers" in *Collections and Researches Made by the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society*, Vol. XIX, Ed. M. Agnes Burton, Wynkoop Hallenbeck Crawford Co., Lansing, 1911, Google Books, pp. 212-213.



Major Henry Gladwin, by John Hall

Picture Source: Wikimedia Commons

John Rutherford's Testimony at Enquiry into Death of Capt. Donald Campbell, 60th or Royal American Regt., Ordered by Maj. Henry Gladwin, 80th or Regt. of Light Armed Foot, Outside Detroit, July 4, 1763.

Captain Hopkins, President.

Lieu^t. Williams, 17th Reg^t, Ensigns Anderson, 55th Reg^t, Members.

M^r. [John] Rutherford being sworn informs the Court, that the Night before Cap^t. [Donald] Campble [60th Regt.] was put to Death, He was sleeping at Monsieur St. Bemands house (who was always very civil to him) & in the middle of the night he was awakened by Francois Maloshe & two others whose names he knows not. They took him in a Closet in said House produced him several letters which had been sent from the Fort to Cap. Campble & obliged him to read them in order (as they said) to know whether Peace was made with France or not; among the above mentioned letters this Deponant found one from Lieu^t. M^cDonald which mentioned that Peace was declared in the Fort and read said letter to them; upon which they scornfully said that peace was declared in *the Fort*; But they believed no where else.

Several of the above mentioned letters were sealed when they were delivered to this Deponant and others open, which Meloshe said were given to him by Cap. Campble to be taken care of. Upon the Death of Campble (the day following) this Deponant was sent for to explain (in full Council of French and Indians) the aforesaid letters. He remembers the following persons that were in the Council, viz., Batist Campeau, Francois Meloshe, Batist Meloshe, Sancho P. Obain, *Louisan Denter Indian Interpreter*, Monsieurs Domelte, Pero Barth, likewise many others he does not know; Those above mentioned were very eager to find out anything to tell the Indians that they might not believe that Peace was made with France. This Deponant further saith that Pero Barth told him that he did not believe that there was Peace; But that Major Gladwin had made the Declaration himself to pacify the Indians. Francis Meloshe in the above mentioned Councill, upon reading the news of Dr. Cuyless being attacked, said aloud let no man speak of them, they are Dogs. Monsieur Denter has often told this Deponant that he would make his escape to the Indians, for fear the Major would hang him. Pero Barth has told him the same. It was generally said among them that if any of the French were hanged, it would be those that brought Capt. Campble out of the Fort. This Deponant was used very illy by Monsr. La Tiard (at whose house this Deponant's Indian master had planted corn & his Cabbin always there & was treated very well by P. La Tiard) After Lieut. McDougall had made his escape, Mr. Coulliere told this Deponant, that it was a pity he was saved, as the French would likely suffer thereby. Farther this Deponant saith not.
Detroit 6 Aug. 1763.

Source: *The Gladwin Manuscripts*, Robert Smith Printing Co., Lansing (Michigan), 1897, Google Books, pp. 639-640.

John Rutherford's Narrative of his Sale to a Frenchman, Mr. Quilleim, May 2- Aug. 1, 1763

The most memorable circumstance which happened during my captivity was my being sold to Mr. Quilleim, with whom I was well acquainted before I was taken, and had since frequently visited with Perwash in order to procure a little bread and salt. In these visits I proposed to Mr. Quilleim to purchase me from my master, whom I knew to be covetous and fond of riches, according to the Indian estimation of wealth, and which consists of being possessed with a profusion of trinkets, much wampum, beads, silver bracelets and gorgets. This gentleman, on account of Mr. Sterling with whom he was intimate, and whose daughter he afterwards married, was much my friend; he made several offers to Perwash for my purchase, first bringing him a horse and a cow, thinking that would prevail upon him, as he had often expressed a liking to the comforts that white people enjoyed, but he had a greater liking for me than to part with me at that price. He however, agreed to let me go for certain merchandise to the value of £40, upon condition that I was always to live with Mr. Quilleim, and not be allowed to go back to the English. This we both promised, although of course we only intended to keep it so long as it would not be attended with risk to the benefactor, for rather than he should be a sufferer I resolved to live with him, though at the hazard of being again seized by the savages. My "mother" and "brother" took an affectionate leave of me, and I went home laden with the things they had given me, and overjoyed with the change in my situation. I immediately cast away my greasy painted shirt which I had worn for two months without ever having had it washed. I scrubbed myself for two hours with soap and warm water to get the grease and paint off, then dressing myself in the costume of the Canadians, with a clean French shirt and long ruffles, and a mantle exactly like a bed gown, with a pair of new leggings, I began to feel pretty comfortable. The Frenchman with whom I was, being brother to the former commandant, and a great favourite with the Indians, (the latter had been rather civil to him in not killing all the stock, such as the cattle, poultry, etc.,) I got a good supper from him, genteelly served up, while a comfortable bed was provided for me in which I slept better than I had done for a long while before. I awoke next morning happy in the thought of being out of the hands of the savages, and once more returned to freedom, (as I imagined) never doubting that now I should have an opportunity of returning to my friends in the fort, or at least be quartered with so good a family till the war was over. With these pleasing reflections I consoled myself under the circumstances, but how fleeting are the hopes and joys of this life, and how uncertain are we weak mortals of what it may please the Almighty to make us suffer in this state of trial and probation! I was

happy at this moment beyond expression, and in the next I was doomed to be miserable. Before sunset, as I was enjoying the company of the amicable Mademoiselle Quilleim, lamenting together the pitiable situation of many poor captives that were still in the hands of the Indians, and were contriving methods for their deliverance, a party of armed Indians entered the house, all of them Ottawahs, and unknown to me, without saying a word to any one they seized me in a rude manner and hurried me down stairs. Then, indeed, my situation wore a very gloomy aspect. I was torn away from that excellent family without having time to say farewell, while on their part they were as much amazed and confounded as myself, nor durst they make any efforts on my behalf or any attempt to save me. The ladies of the family burst into tears, crossing themselves several times, and I believe fervently prayed for my deliverance. All that Mr. Quilleim could say or do was to encourage me to keep up my spirits and place my trust in "Le bon Dieu." As we pass along the Frenchman's houses the inhabitants all expressed a compassion for me, saying what a sad thing it was to behold so young a lad come to so cruel and untimely an end; while others advised me to keep up my spirits as there still might be hope. As for myself I own I was much shocked at first, but by degrees became more resigned, and began seriously to think my time was come at last, and that the many dangers and escapes that I had had were so many warnings to me to prepare for that change which we must all sooner or later undergo. They carried me to Pondiac's hut, the chief of the Ottawah tribe, and after being left there in a state of suspense for some hours, a Frenchman was procured to act as interpreter, who informed me on the part of the chief that the reason why I was taken from Monsieur Quilleim, was because several Dutch traders had got Frenchmen to buy or rather ransom prisoners like me, and that if he suffered that trade to be carried on, they would soon have no captives left. He therefore was resolved either to retain us all or have our scalps, in pursuance of which resolve he had ordered all those that had been so bought to be brought back again, and that he had intended to keep me himself. This speech relieved me in some degree from the disagreeable apprehension I was under, and gave me cause to consider that my last hour was not so near as I had expected, but I could not but wish that I was still with Perwash. However, I remained this night with Pondiac, but early next morning the Chippewahs, the nation to whom I formerly belonged, despatched a party to take me from the Ottawahs. Their chief, Pondiac, had however, taken a great fancy to me, owing I believe, to my youth, (I being then only seventeen years of age), as they seldom grow fond of elderly people, from a notion that they will never be reconciled to their Indian manners, and he therefore positively refused to give me up, the consequences of which refusal had well nigh been a war between the two nations. This was prevented by King Owasser, the chief of the Chippewah nation, having prevailed upon Pondiac to give me up. The latter, had after a good deal of altercation come to this step, in order to avoid engaging in a war with a nation superior to his own, which, besides the possibility of destroying his own, would have infallibly ruined the common cause for which they had assembled. I was immediately carried off by King Owasser to his hut. He was very kind to me, and gave me plenty of food to eat, telling me at the same time that he had plenty of girls to do the work, and that I should never be desired to do anything, but should live as he and his sons did. This treatment gave me great satisfaction, and indeed the behaviour of the whole family vied with each other in showing me most countenance and favour, and when any disturbance or alarm took place in the camp, such as the young fellows out of savage wantonness, or in a drunken frolic killing any of the captives they could find, I was always concealed on these occasions until the danger was over. The old king became so very fond of me, that he offered to make me his son-in-law, when I should be disposed to marry and fancy any of his daughters, who were reckoned the handsomest in the camp, and had more wampum than any others. He was satisfied with my telling him that I felt myself highly honoured by the proposal, and although at that time not inclined to take a wife, I did not know how soon I might change my mind, and I should certainly be happy to take one of his family for a partner. Little did I suspect that the ease and tranquillity I then enjoyed should be of but transitory existence. I had not sojourned in my new situation for ten days, when Perwash, my former father, expressed a desire to have his son back again, saying that he and his wife had heartily regretted having sold me to the Frenchman, and were willing to return the merchandise exchanged for me, provided I was again restored to him, adding that it grieved their hearts to see me in the possession of another. Owasser, however great his desire to keep me in his family, knew that though he was chief of the nation, he had no power to keep another's property, nor did he choose to

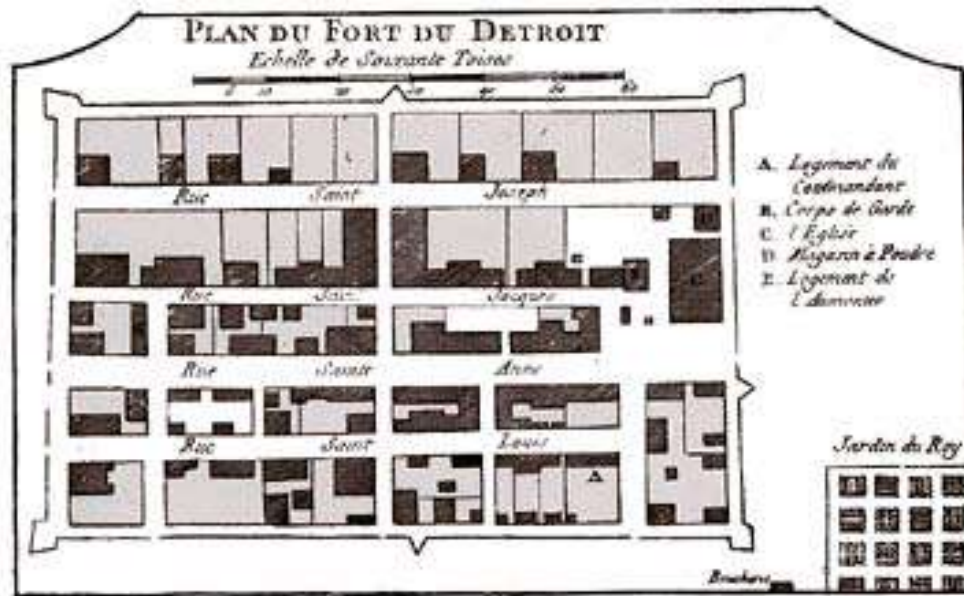
expose himself or his family to the revenge of Perwash, who would take the first opportunity of resenting the injury done to him. He was therefore obliged to give me up to my master, who with his whole house received me again with most expressive marks of joy and satisfaction, while that of Owasser seemed to regret my separation, the princesses themselves showing they were not indifferent. The number of prisoners now increased everyday. Towards the end of July they had upwards of fifty, besides a number of scalps that were brought daily into the camp. They were every day killing some of their captives, even some of those that had been with them as long as I had. When I was in the hall of a Frenchman's house which was crowded with Indians, some of the young warriors brought in eight captives naked, into the hall, at sight of which I was surprised and terror struck. I enquired of an Indian of the same nation as myself, who frequently had expressed a regard for me, whether or not I was to fall a sacrifice with these they were about to murder. At this question he was amazed at seeing me here, and without making any reply, hurried me through the crowd, and putting me into another room in the house charged me to lie close, make no noise, for otherwise I should be discovered and put to death, and locking the door he left me to ruminate on what had passed. I found in the same place two Dutch merchants in a similar position as myself, having been secreted by their different proprietors, who were desirous of saving them from the fury of their country men. During our confinement we heard the Indians making long harangues over their victims, telling them it was to make their nation prosper in the war against the English that they were to be killed. The poor captives were begging the Frenchmen who were looking on to intercede for them; one little boy in particular, (a drummer of the Rangers) about eleven or twelve years old, was crying bitterly, imploring their mercy, but alas! he knew not how vain it was to ask it of butchers whose hearts were steeled against every feeling of humanity. I ventured to creep to the side of the window where I saw them lead eight of the poor captives to the river side whom they massacred on the spot. Some of them they tomahawked, others they shot with their guns, while some were put to death by making the little boys shoot them with bows and arrows, in order to accustom them to cruelty and perfect them in the use of weapons. Thus they prolonged the pain of these unhappy men, and when one would fall the multitude would set up the most dreadful yells and shouts that can be imagined. When the objects of their barbarity were all dead they proceeded to scalp them, and some of the savages took the skin off their arms to make tobacco pouches of them, as they did with Captains Rob^{son} and Campbell. The first joints of the fingers were left dangling by way of tassels. They then threw the bodies into the river that they might flow down to the fort, that their countrymen might see specimens of what they should all undergo in a short time. When this tragical scene was ended, the Indian who had hidden me came and set me at liberty, first leading me publicly through the crowd to convince me that there was no danger, and then conducted me to Perwash, who seemed very glad to see me safe, he having heard that the warriors were on the hunt after me for my destruction. The following cause was given for this last act of atrocity: an old squaw, the wife of a chief, dreamt that she saw ten Englishmen slain and scalped; this she recounted to the young warriors, who wished for nothing better than a pretext to make a frolic. She conjured them at the same time to make her dream good, otherwise she prophesied, they would not prosper in war. This, with a good deal more enthusiastic stuff in her speech, at length excited their passions to such a pitch, that they flew about the camp like maniacs to collect their prisoners, in order to butcher them as above stated, and verify the dream of this imp of hell. However, they were in some measure disappointed, for those that had any concern for their captives, concealed them. The little drummer mentioned above was a favourite of an old squaw, who wanted much to save him, but notwithstanding her tears and most earnest entreaties, the young warriors tore him away from her, declaring upon such an occasion they would respect neither age nor sex.

Source: "Rutherford's Narrative – An Episode in the Pontiac War – An Unpublished Manuscript by Lieut. Rutherford of the Black Watch," Presented by Thomas Hodgins, Esq., in *Transactions of the Canadian Institute, Volume III, 1891-92*, Printed for the Canadian Institute, Toronto, 1893, Google Books, pp. 241-246.

Anonymous Fort Detroit Diary Account of John Rutherford's Escape, Aug. 1, 1763

August 1... This Morning about two o'Clock Mr. Rutherford arriv'd at the Sloop [*Michigan*], having made his Escape from the Indians about nine Mile from the Fort, seven of which he came by Land, when finding a Canoe he embark'd in it & came to the Vessel...

Source: *Diary of the Siege of Detroit in the War with Pontiac*, Ed. Franklin B. Hough, J. Munsell, Albany (New York), 1890, Google Books, p. 56.



Fort Detroit in 1763, from *Bellin's Atlas* of 1764.

Picture Source: Wikimedia Commons

John Rutherford Narrative of his Escape to Fort Detroit, Aug. 1, 1763

Almost every day exhibited fresh atrocities towards some of their prisoners, so that I lived in continual dread, expecting every day to be my last; I therefore resolved to attempt my escape at all hazards. There lived near to where we had our cabin a Frenchman named Boileau. This man had been civil to me on several occasions, and I thought might be willing to facilitate my escape by his assistance, I thereby succeeded in gaining him to my interest. As the French were permitted to enter the fort, I gave him a letter to my friend Mr. Sterling, who likewise promised him a recompense if he succeeded in my deliverance. Major Gladwin also, and several other officers assured him of their countenance. Upon his return, I found him quite ready to engage in my interest. I therefore redoubled my entreaties and promises in case of success. The next object to be considered was a plan for my departure in the most secret and unsuspecting manner. He formed many schemes, but rejected them all upon a more cool consideration of the matter. Our respective eagerness, (he to enjoy the promised reward and I to enjoy my liberty), made it difficult to determine upon the most practicable means of effecting it. However, we at last came to the following contrivance. On the evening appointed, the Frenchman was to embark in his canoe, and give out publicly he was going to fish as usual; instead of doing which he was to go about two miles down the river nearer to the Fort Detroit, and at a certain point of low land covered with bushes, he was then to put in with his canoe in the dusk of the evening, when the Indians would not perceive him and so conceal himself. I, on my part, was to make the best of my way to him in the night. This scheme we were to put into execution the evening after it was formed. This, however, was prevented for that and several succeed- nights, the Indians being alarmed by a report that the Chippewahs were to be attacked by our forces, which actually happened a few days after. Captain [James Dalzell] Dalzell [2nd Bn., 1st or Royal Regt.], who had brought a reinforcement to Fort Detroit, issued from thence on the night of the 15th of August [Battle of Bloody

Run, July 31, 1763] with a strong body of men under his command, with an intention of surprising the enemy's camp, but they had been warned by the French of his designs, for they lay in ambush and attacked his party with great spirit, nay, they did on this occasion what savages were never known to do before, they threw themselves into houses, annoying the British troops very much from them and from behind fences. The action continued doubtful for some time; at last one troop were obliged to retire, which they did in good order to the Fort, leaving upon the field Captain Dalzell and about sixty private soldiers. Perwash knew nothing of the attack till the firing of the artillery and small arms aroused him from sleep, when he rose up in a great hurry, put on a powder horn and pouch, and tied my hands lest I should make an escape and kill the women and family. Then taking his gun he ran off as fast as he could to join the rest of the warriors and his party, who were about two miles off where he lived. In about a couple of hours afterwards he returned to us, overjoyed with the success of his party, giving a most pompous description of the fight, and giving out that a vast number of the English were killed, and allowed only six Indians to have fallen. He also told me that our great chief was killed, meaning Captain Dalzell. I was then unbound and sent to another hut for a large wooden mortar to put corn in to be pounded. The Indians to whom I was sent had also been at the engagement, and boasted of their feats prodigiously. They told me they had taken out the heart of our great chief, and would soon feed on it, showing me poor Dalzell's heart roasting at the fire, pieces of the fat of which the young men took and rubbed it, in my presence, on the mouth of a poor soldier in the 60th Regiment, whom they had taken prisoner. This and other barbarous usage practised upon the prisoners shocked me so much, that I went directly to Mr. Boileau under pretence of bringing some bread to our hut, and agreed to meet him that night at the place of rendezvous, repeating my promises of reward which I engaged still further to increase. When evening arrived I lay down as usual on my bear skin to repose, putting off all my raiments, wampum, silver bracelets, collar, etc., and about the middle of the night when I guessed all the family to be sound asleep, I crawled out of the hut on all fours. When outside I stood at the door for five minutes to hear if any one was stirring, but as everything was still I thought now was my time to set off, which I did as fast as my feet could carry me to the woods. I had no other clothing but my shirt, not daring even to put on a pair of mocassins to save my feet, for had the family happened to wake they would have instantly come to the door, and if they had found me dressed they would not have been at a loss to divine my intentions. I never in my life witnessed such a night of rain, thunder and lightning. It was so extremely dark and the woods so thick and full of briars and thorns, that I was greatly retarded in my progress. I could scarcely make more than a mile an hour. I therefore resolved upon a new method, and quitting the woods for the river which was hard by, I waded with the water up to my chin, so that the Indians on the road could not see me. This plan would have succeeded had I had more time, but there were yet four miles to go before I could reach the rendezvous, and was in danger of being surprised in daylight. I therefore determined to take again to the woods, but was within an ace of being prevented, for just as I was going back to the bank I saw two Indians with guns, in close conference. They passed by on the road within twenty yards of me. Fortunately there was an old tree which had fallen into the river, behind which I immediately squatted, but could not completely conceal myself, so that they must have discovered me had they looked that way. If they had, I should never have got out of that place alive. This I knew and was in great apprehension, as several soldiers who had attempted to escape were caught and tomahawked on the spot.

But these Indians, fortunately for me, were in close conversation, and being on a return from a feast were somewhat intoxicated. I saw them enter a little French house about one hundred yards distant. Then I immediately darted into the thicket making as little noise as possible, and to prevent the whiteness of my skin discovering me to the savages, I rubbed myself over with black moss and mire. Then pursuing my course in fear and hope, starting at every rustling of the trees, and mistaking the trunks for Indians, I at last arrived at the place appointed, and where I thought the Frenchman ought to have been waiting with his canoe, but he was not there. I ventured to call in a low voice, but nobody answered. I then began to exclaim against the perfidy of the Frenchman, who, in my desperate situation had, I thought, deceived me. Being much fatigued and exhausted I sat me down to rest, scarcely knowing what I did. My thoughts were

occupied by the Frenchman's conduct, who, I endeavoured to persuade myself, would not be such a coward as to abandon me to my fate, when he knew I had to undergo the most perilous part of the enterprise. I considered too, that it was his profit also to carry the affair to a conclusion. At last, recollecting myself a little, and looking around me I discovered that my anxiety and fears had made me overlook that I was about a quarter of a mile farther up the river than the place appointed. This discovery gave me fresh vigour and spirit. I soon reached the right place, and to my inexpressible joy found the Frenchman asleep in his canoe. Having awoke him, we embarked and pushed out to the middle of the river, where we would have the advantage of the current to carry us down. We passed through the enemy's camp, making as little noise as possible with our paddles. We could plainly hear them talking, and observed a party dancing and singing round a fire. About an hour before day break we arrived before Detroit, and got on board a ship lying opposite. Then it was that I was agitated in a manner that I never before experienced. It would be vain to give an idea of my feelings on this occasion. I went in the morning to the Fort, where my friends were overjoyed to see me again. To be sure I cut an odd figure among civilized society, the whole town turned out to see me. My appearance certainly was calculated to excite their pity as well as laughter. I had, as before remarked, nothing but a greasy painted shirt on, my face painted red, black and green, my hair cut all away, and my skin blacked all over with the moss I had put on. My legs were so lacerated with the briars and thorns and so affected with poisoned vines, that they were swollen as big as any in His Majesty's service. Besides this, to those who inspected me narrowly, my arms presented the appearance or impressions, one of a turkey's foot, the other of a flower in pink or purple dyes. I had thus been tattooed by the savages as a mark set upon me as belonging to their tribe, and such is the indelible effect upon the part punctured, that the impression will remain as fresh through life as on the first day of the operation. Monsieur Boileau, as soon as he had put me on board the ship went back again, fearing that if he did not return home he would be suspected of having aided me in my escape, and this was the last sight I had of him. Mr. Sterling, by my orders, gave me goods to the amount of £23, which with the £39 given by Monsieur Quilleim when he bought me, amounted to £62 10 shillings, Pennsylvaniaian currency...

Source: "Rutherford's Narrative – An Episode in the Pontiac War – An Unpublished Manuscript by Lieut. Rutherford of the Black Watch," Presented by Thomas Hodgins, Esq., in *Transactions of the Canadian Institute, Volume III, 1891-92*, Printed for the Canadian Institute, Toronto, 1893, Google Books, pp. 246-249.

John Rutherford's Narrative of his Shipwreck on Lake Erie and Return to Fort Niagara, Aug. 11- Sept. 16, 1763

After I had been about ten days at the Fort, and had recovered from all my fatigues, it so happened that a vessel had to sail for the Niagara to bring a supply of provisions for the garrison. My friend M^r. [James] Sterling, had obtained leave of Major [Henry] Gladwin [80th Regt.] to have a considerable quantity of goods brought from that place to Detroit in his vessel, and having no proper person to whom he could safely confide their conveyance he therefore applied to me. I was sensible that the bringing up of these goods would be of great advantage to the company, it being likewise at a time when several articles were wanted here, and being anxious to do what office was in my power, for the benefit of a company with which my uncle was connected, I agreed to run the hazard of the undertaking, and accordingly embarked on board the ship [Sloop *Michigan*]. We had some shots fired at us from the Huron Indians going down the river, which we returned. In four days we reached Fort [Schlosser] Schelope, near the Falls, and marched under a strong guard to Niagara, without experiencing any annoyance from the enemy. It was late before the sloop could be laden and ready to sail again. Some artillery and provisions with about eighteen officers and men of the 17th and 46th Regiments, constituted the chief part of what we had on board. We had only set sail one day, when the vessel sprang a leak, and was half filled with water before it was observed. The pumps were all set agoing, but were of little use, so that after having thrown all the heavy artillery and some other things overboard, we found that the only way to save ourselves was to crowd sail to the land and run the vessel ashore; but it was the opinion of all that she would go to the

bottom before this could be effected. While dread and consternation were depicted on the countenance of every one, I was surprised to find myself the least moved on the occasion, which must have been owing to my having been so much exposed and inured to danger some time previous. At a time when all were agitated in a less or greater degree, some stripping to swim, others cursing, swearing and upbraiding their companions for not working enough at the pumps, others praying, besides some who were drinking, I looked calmly on the scene, after I had become conscious I could be of no more use. When we were at the worst, and expecting every one to go down, one boat which was our last hope broke adrift; then indeed our situation was a dismal one. The cries and shrieks of a naval officer's lady with three children affected me much more than my own condition. It was really a piteous sight; the mother held two of her children in her arms, while the other little innocent was making a fruitless attempt to stop the water with her hands which was running into the cabin, and already flooded it to the depth of several inches. "She did this," she said, "to prevent the water from drowning her mamma." At last, to the inexpressible joy of all on board, the vessel struck upon a sand bank within fifty yards of the shore. The difficulty now was how to be conveyed to land, which it was desirable should be done with immediate haste, as we every moment dreaded being dashed to pieces by the violence of the surf of the lake. In this situation we should have been much at a loss, had not Captain [Lt. John] Montresor of the Engineers, bravely undertaken to swim to shore, to endeavour to bring off the boat which had stranded there. The distance was considerable and the waves running high, and there was much danger of Indians being there on the watch; he, nevertheless, accomplished the bold adventure, and brought off the boat, by which means we all got safely on shore. Expecting the Indians would certainly come upon us, we fortified our position in the best way we could, with barrels of provisions, etc. The necessity of the measure was soon apparent, for we were soon attacked by a large body of them who had watched our movements, waiting doubtless till an opportunity offered of our being more off our guard, which, in fact we were at that moment. Several of us were walking along the beach, when we were of a sudden alarmed by the cries of the savages, which made every one take to his heels as fast as possible to gain the breastwork. I had very nearly fallen again into their hands on this occasion, as I chanced to stray from my companions. There was one poor soldier of the 60th Regiment who happened to be nearest the enemy. They rushed upon him out of the woods, and the first who came up to him he instantly knocked down. The second savage struck him with his tomahawk which felled him to the ground; but neither that nor the scalping deprived him instantly of life, for as soon as the Indians left him, (dead as they thought) he got up, staggering to the foot of the hill where we had barricaded ourselves. The Indians still continued to pour their fire upon us, not a man durst venture forth to bring the poor soldier up the hill, who by this time had become insensible. He paid no attention to our calls, but wandered a little further on to where the Indians had gone. We afterwards found him a corpse under an old tree. For my own part I had much to do to regain the top of the hill, being hard pressed by several of the Indians, and in my flight scrambling through the bushes, I left both my shoes in their hands, a loss I did not much regret. As soon as we arrived at our breastwork they began to fire very heavily upon us, which we immediately returned. Our work being very open and inadequate, we had several men killed. The Indians left us near dawn. We were detained in this place, which we called "Lover's Leap," for twenty-four days, as we could not get a reinforcement of batteaux to carry us off to Niagara. It was here that I first entered upon duty as private soldier. After we had quitted this position, we marched over the carrying place at the Falls just three days after the Indians had defeated our troops in a *rencontre*. We saw about eighty dead bodies, unburied, scalped and sadly mangled.

Source and Notes: "Rutherford's Narrative – An Episode in the Pontiac War – An Unpublished Manuscript by Lieut. Rutherford of the Black Watch," Presented by Thomas Hodgins, Esq., in *Transactions of the Canadian Institute, Volume III, 1891-92*, Printed for the Canadian Institute, Toronto, 1893, Google Books, pp. 249-251. Based on Rutherford's description of the dead bodies found near the "*carrying place at the Falls*" it fixes the date of their return as September 16, 1763, the massacre of a pack train and ambush of the British rescue party at the Devil's Hole which occurred Sept. 13, 1763. Ref.: "Navy Island and the First Successors to the Griffon, Henry R. Howland" in *Publications of the Buffalo Historical Society*, Vol. VI, Ed. Frank H. Severance, Buffalo Historical Society, Buffalo (New York), 1903, Google Books, p. 29.

Archeological Description of the Stockade Built for Defense of the Passengers and Crew of the Shipwrecked Schooner, Aug. 28, 1763

...I send you my researches on Lot 50, T. 9, R. 8, Holland Land Company's Purchase. On part of this lot, north of Eighteen-Mile creek, Ebenezer Ingersoll settled with his family in 1811. The first business of the new settler was to clear away the forest; and, in cutting down a large black oak, he found a spot near the heart where it had been cut with an axe, apparently more than a century before. One hundred grains were counted outside the old cut.

Near this tree, and to the north, he came upon an old stockade on the bank of Lake Erie, with its opening toward the lake. At first he regarded it merely as a ridge in the land; but, on examining, found that this ridge ran around in a semicircular form, one-half to three-fourths of an acre; and in this ridge were still to be found the bottoms of the palings. He traced these palings, set close together, around the entire ridge, to the top of the high bank of the lake. In front of this stockade under the bank, toward the lake, was about one acre and a half of land, covered with timber; on which, after being cleared, they raised crops; but which has since been washed away, and is now mostly covered with water. He found inside these palings various articles: what they called a Spanish dirk-knife, nine inches long, with brass handle; a bayonet; a long, narrow, iron axe; iron cask hoops; a small kettle and other articles. Some new discoveries were made at every plowing. Inside the palings and on the ridge, trees—mostly maple and beech—stood, from eight to twenty-four inches in diameter.

Some twenty or thirty rods to the west of this paling, on land first purchased by Abraham Brinkerhof, and on the top of the bank, were found about half a bushel of iron spikes eight or nine inches long, such as are used on vessels. This excited curiosity; and, on looking about, near a tree covered with moss, they found a large iron ring, or, as they called it, a withe for a mast; having a joint on one side, and locking on the other, with a slot for a key to draw it together; and on the other side was an eye to receive a hook or staple. This ring weighed seventy-five pounds. A large quantity of iron was found; consisting of smaller rings, large iron links or loops, short flat bars of iron, &c...

At the mouth of the Eighteen-Mile creek about one hundred rods from this stockade, in the sand on the beach, two small cannon were found in 1815. They were about 3-pounders. Some accounts make them brass, some iron guns; at all events, there is no doubt but that two guns were found there...

A small anchor was found, also, near where these cannon were...

Source and Notes: "An Ancient Wreck and Stockade," by E. H. Stewart and O. H. Marshall, Mar. 4, 1867, in *Publications of the Buffalo Historical Society*, Vol. I, Bigelow Brothers, Buffalo [NY], 1879, Google Books, pp. 211-214. Fort Schlosser was an outpost of Fort Niagara and landing site on Lake Erie. O. H. Marshall's portion of the paper links the stockade ruins to the schooner carrying John Rutherford. He writes that "... *An examination of the manuscripts of Sir William Johnson has satisfied me that the vessel was an English transport, – wrecked on the [twenty] eighth day of August, 1763, on her voyage from Fort Schlosser to Detroit... It will be noticed that the letter [from Collin Andrews (below)] bears date at "Cat Fish Creek, fourteen miles in Lake Erie." No stream answers to this distance but Eighteen-Mile creek. The discovery of the remains of a vessel and "breastwork" near its mouth, as related by Mr. Stewart, seems to lead irresistibly to the conclusion that they all have reference to the wreck of 1763. Major Wilkins wrote from Niagara on the thirtieth day of August, 1763, to Major Alexander Duncan, then in command of Fort Ontario (now Oswego), that "the sloop was run ashore about twenty miles from the mouth of Lake Erie; going with provisions to Detroit."* 18-Mile Creek is about ten miles south of Buffalo, lying between the towns of Evans (to the southwest) and Hamburg (to the northeast).



Detail from Portrait of Gen. Jeffrey Amherst, 1766 by Joshua Reynolds

Picture Source: Wikimedia Commons

**Excerpt of Letter from Gen. Jeffery Amherst to Col. Henry Bouquet, Fort Pitt,
Regarding the Shipwreck of the Sloop Carrying John Rutherford from Fort Niagara,
Aug. 28, 1763**

New York 25th Sept^r 1763

Sir

I am to own your Letter of the 7th Instant, enclosing the Report of the Indian Express, who had Returned to Fort Pitt, after having been half way to Presqu' Isle. It is likely that a Party of Indians may have been at Presqu' Isle, at that time, but I cannot think they will have Remained there long: and I Hope the Detachment from Niagara will have been sufficient to take Possession of that Place, and Reestablish a Post agreeably to my orders. The Sloop in which Captain Hope, with a Detachment of the 17th Regiment and Lieu^t Montresor sailed from Niagara about the middle of last Month, was unfortunately Drove on a Bank between that & Presqu' Isle on the 28th August, and I fear she will be lost, All the People were saved; Lieu^t Montresor took post ashore & sent advice to Major Wilkins, who ordered Captain [Gavin] Cochrane, with Boats & men to their Relief; & I conclude they will have proceeded directly to Presqu' Isle from whence I would chuse the Indians should be gone, as the party cannot be so well Provided after being cast away, as they would have been, had they set out with the design of Forming the Post at Presqu' Isle...

Jeff: Amherst

Source and Notes: "The Bouquet Papers" in *Collections and Researches Made by the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society*, Vol. XIX, Ed. M. Agnes Burton, Wynkoop Hallenbeck Crawford Co., Lansing, 1911, Google Books, p. 233. "Presqu' Isle" is located at the city of Erie, Pennsylvania.

**Anonymous Fort Detroit Diary Account of Receiving News of the Shipwreck of the Sloop Carrying
John Rutherford from Fort Niagara, Aug. 28, 1763**

.Oct. 2...This Morning at 10 o'clock, Lieut. Brehem, Lieut. Abbot, Ensⁿ Riggell & myself were sent up the River with four arm'd Batteaux to Reconnoitre an Island in the Mouth of Lake St. Clair to see if it was possible to bring Wood from it to the Garrison & to try to bring off a Ships Boat that the Indians took from Capt. Robinson...

[October 3] At 12 o’Clock, the Wind being almost South, heard firing of Cannon & small Arms down the River, & at one or Half past, the Schooner came in Sight; about Half past three the arriv’d at the Fort, in which came Capt. Montresor, who inform’d us that the Sloop was lost the 28th of August between Presque Isle & Niagara, the Provision and Guns were all loft except 185 Barrells, which they brought in the Schooner; the Rigging was all carried to Niagara...

Source and Note: *Diary of the Siege of Detroit in the War with Pontiac*, Ed. Franklin B. Hough, J. Munsell, Albany (New York), 1890, Google Books, pp. 73-75. The Ship’s boat mentioned in the account is one of the boats from Rutherford’s surveying party lost at the time of his capture. “*Capt. Robinson*” is Lt. Charles Robertson, 77th Highland Regt.



Detail of Portrait of Capt. John Montresor, 1771, by John Singleton Copley

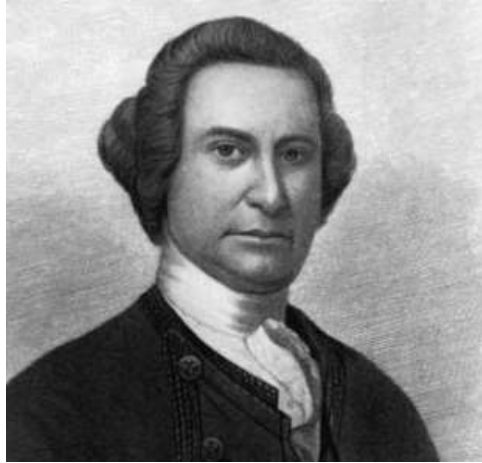
Picture Source: Wikimedia Commons, from the Detroit Institute of Arts

Account by Capt. Lt. John. Montresor, Engineer, to Capt. Thomas Bassett at Fort Pitt, of the Shipwreck of the Sloop Carrying John Rutherford from Fort Niagara, Aug. 28, 1763

Detroit, Nov. 2^d, 1763

I suppose you have heard at New York of the different disagreeable circumstances that befel me during my perigrinations hither; of my being cast away at Presqu’ Isle, then attacked by a party of Wyandots, which were repulsed; they killed us 3 men, two in the Breastwork; and I was attacked on board the Schooner in the River of Detroit, in which I lost not a man. I arrived the third of last month.

Source: “The Montresor Journals – Journals of Capt. John Montresor, 1757-1778” Ed. G. D. Scull, in *Collections of the New-York Historical Society for the Year 1881*, Publication Fund Series, Printed for the Society, 1882, Google Books, p. 119.



Detail of Portrait of Sir William Johnson

Picture Source: Wikimedia Commons from plate in *The Old New York Frontier*, Francis Whiting Halsey, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1901

Letters to Sir William Johnson Describing the Rescue of the Shipwrecked Passengers of the Sloop Including John Rutherford, by Messers De Couagne, Andrews and Capt. Gavin Cochrane, Sept. 3, 1763

Niagara, 8th Sep^r, 1763.

S^r: In my last I wrote you that y^e Sloop was lost upon Lake Erie, since y^e have been on Shore they have been attacked by a few stragling Indians, we have lost three Men in y^e Breastwork and one out that was scalped. Dan^l & y^e Rest of the Indians behaved very well.

De Couagne

Catfish Creek, 9th Sept^m 1763.
14 Mills on Lak Eria

D^r: According to Danial Oughnour's Desire I now take the Freedom to write to you. The 8th ult^m we have been cast away at this Place which detained him from Proseiding to Detroit, but he says he'll go forward and deliver your Belts and bring you an Answer from the different Nations according to your Directions. The 3^d Inst we had 3 Men kill by a small Partey of Indians. Daniel spoke to them at little Distance from the Breastwork but they would not tell what Nation they were, he says he believes they are Cinices [Senecas]. We expect the Scooner from Detroit dayly...

I am Sir your most ob^t Humb^l Servant

Collin Andrews

P.S. Cap^t. Coghnan gives his Compliments to you, he has used Daniel extremely well..."

Dear Sir:

I came here yesterday & had the Pleasure to find all your Friends here well – the Battoe is in a Hurry to go down which prevents my having the Pleasure of waiting on you. Cap^t. Daniel, at parting, pressed me much to give an Account of his Behaviour whilst with me when I was guarding the Wreck; I was there above a Fortnight & in all that Time he was but once drunk, always at my Elbow, & very Industrious to do every thing to ingratiate himself with me, and so was Jacob, who was with him. We were fired at for near two Hours by 25 or 30 Indians, as they guessed from the Tracks afterwards & Daniel kept close by me & showed great Zeal – we lost 3 Men; the Enemy came very near but we could not get one Shot at them – the Behaviour of Aaron, &c. occasioned me to be solicited not to send Daniel up with the Schooner, but I sent him; nor will I believe the Mohawks in general dishonest.

...I am, with great Sincerity Dear Sir,
Your most obedient & very humble Servt.
Gavin Cochrane

Fort Johnson, Nov^b. 5th, 1763...

Source and Notes: *Diary of the Siege of Detroit in the War with Pontiac*, Author unknown, (likely the Secretary of the Commandant), Ed. Franklin B. Hough, J. Munsell, Albany, 1860, Google Books, pp. 75 and 192. “*De Couagne*” was an Indian interpreter. “*Ye*” is a contraction for the word “the” using the old English letter *Y* or “thorne” for “th.”

John Rutherford’s Account of His Decision to Not Return to Fort Detroit and to Obtain a Commission in the 42nd Regt., Sept. 16, 1783 - May 13, 1764.

When at Niagara, I determined not to attempt fortune longer in the woods, and resolved to go to New York, where after residing some time with my uncle, I proceeded to join the 42nd Regiment, in which corps I had obtained an Ensigncy, at the time when they were preparing for an expedition against the Shawanese and Delaware Indians to the westward, under General Bouquet.

Source and Notes: “Rutherford’s Narrative – An Episode in the Pontiac War – An Unpublished Manuscript by Lieut. Rutherford of the Black Watch,” Presented by Thomas Hodgins, Esq., in *Transactions of the Canadian Institute, Volume III, 1891-92*, Printed for the Canadian Institute, Toronto, 1893, Google Books, p. 251. Rutherford’s Commission as Ensign in the 42nd Regt. was dated May 13, 1764.



Courtyard buildings, Gunthwaite Hall

Picture Source: Geograph, copyright Wendy North, Creative Commons Lic.

Excerpt of Letter from Godfrey Bosville to James Boswell, Edinburgh, Regarding Visit by Chap. James M^cLagan and Lt. John Rutherford, 42nd Regt., Gunthwaite, England, July 16, 1769

Gunthwait, 16th July 1769

Dear Sir...

I like that M^r. Maclagan, he seems to me a very Honest man and a very sensible one. I assure you he was very much lik^d by every body that met with him in our Country and I shall be very glad to see him when ever he comes this way again: there was an Officer who came along with him in that Regiment whose

Mother is an Acquaintance of M^{rs}. Bosville is now here, M^r. Rutherford that was a Prisoner among the Savages who seemed to be a very good natur^d young man...I am

Dear Sir, Your most Affectionate Kinsman
Godfrey Bosville

Source and Notes: *The General Correspondence of James Boswell, 1766 – 1769*, Volume 2: 1768 – 1769, The Yale Editions of the Private Papers of James Boswell, Research Edition, Correspondence: Volume 7, Ed. by Richard C. Cole, Peter S. Baker and Rachel McClellan, Yale University Press, New Haven, 1997, pp. 203-204. Gunthwaite is located about 18 miles northwest of Sheffield, England.

**Capt. Rutherford's Biography by his Son, Thomas Rutherford, of Farrington,
Roxburghshire, Scotland.**

The subject of the preceding was my father. He was born at Scarborough [Scraisburgh, Roxburghshire, Scotland], in Yorkshire, 1746. His father having died at Barbadoes while he was yet an infant, he was sent to Scotland to the care of his grandfather, Sir John Rutherford, who had settled there, having amassed a considerable fortune by commerce, besides being proprietor of a large tract of land which still bears his name, "Rutherford County." Soon after my father arrived in America he was sent by his uncle to Fort Detroit, in charge of military stores and supplies for the garrison, and having executed his commission, was about to return to New York, when he was prevailed upon to accompany an exploring party to the lakes, which set out on the 2nd of May, 1763. The account of that disastrous expedition was written by my father at Fort Detroit, immediately after his escape from the Indians, and addressed to his cousin, (Sir John Nisbet, of Dean) then at New York, who deeming the incidents of his captivity and escape sufficiently interesting to commemorate, had particularly desired to have a narrative of them in writing. After serving thirty years in the 42nd Regiment, (called the Black Watch) during which time he was engaged in both American wars, he quitted the army and retired to a small property, Mossburnford, in Roxburghshire. At a subsequent period he was appointed Major of the Dumfries Militia, under the command of the Earl of Dalkeith. He died at Jedburgh, on the 12th of January, 1830, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

Source: "Rutherford's Narrative – An Episode in the Pontiac War – An Unpublished Manuscript by Lieut. Rutherford of the Black Watch," Presented by Thomas Hodgins, Esq., in *Transactions of the Canadian Institute, Volume III, 1891-92*, Printed for the Canadian Institute, Toronto, 1893, Google Books, pp. 251-252.