Tatum Este'l
% Estel B. Murdock
162 S. 500 E. #204
Provo, Utah 84606

Along the Licking

Book One

Revolution Comes to the Kintuck

Chapter 1

Hans Michael Goodnight's simple house sat on a grassy knoll. It looked out over fields of grain and his few milk cows. A two story with chimneys on each end, it provided fireplaces for the loft upstairs, the kitchen and the living area downstairs. Han never did put in any stairs. There was no room. Whenever they needed to get up there, they used a ladder. His boys had run off to join the revolution, and he never had any reason to climb up there anyway. He and Mary slept in the bed downstairs with

Sarah who was demented. They could better take care of her if they kept her nearby. But the old man was gone, and Mary waited every evening on the porch to look for him. She sat in her rocking chair with Sarah at her feet staring out towards the road that ran into the woods.

You couldn't see the two creeks from the house unless you stood on the roof. Mary stood up there once, and it was grand to behold them winding through the surrounding hills of grass and forest. The bare spots, of course, were other farms. Getting too many neighbors, Mary thought. It would be all right if they weren't so hostile. If they found out you were loyal to the king, they became very angry. Concord town was just beyond the woods and across Three Mile Creek to the west, the direction from which Hans would be coming. Cold Water Creek was just east on the other side of the farm.

The Catawba River was a few days away west from Concord. Hans would be coming down that river on a flat boat some day, thought Mary. That should be soon.

“Soon Pa will be coming, Sarah,” she would say every evening. “Here we will stand and wave our kerchiefs for him. See?” she would point to the opening in the woods. “Through there he will be coming.”

Some of the neighbors had gone off with Hans, or John, and some wanderer Daniel Boone, who

with others from the north, went to lay claim to their lands they had gotten from Virginia. Why Virginia had given away land, Mary never knew. Hans had told her the land was called Kintuck by the Indians, so when the Virginians made it into a county they called it Kentucky. Boone said that a prettier land, full of game, and perfect for farming, had never met with the eye of man. Boone had something to do with a Transylvania company and had been going up and down the country trying to get as many as he could to go off with him into that strange land. He spoke like the tempter himself if she ever knew it. He filled Hans with such wonder and beautiful visions that he caught the wanderlust. If it hadn't been for this revolt against the king, they could have stayed here on their own land, but the rebels wanted them to leave, or they had better leave to have some peace. Hans wasn't allowed in town, being run out more times than she wanted to think about, and their store of supplies were becoming a bit thin.

He had friends turn against him. One fellow, Jeff Miller, had welcomed them to this land when they came down from the Pennsylvania country. He was a good neighbor. His wife Sally had visited nearly every week. They quilted together with the other sisters of the Church; they sat together in the corn husking just talking and talking. Now she hadn't seen Sally in months. Mr. Miller got all excited about becoming independent, and when Hans didn't go along with him, he thought Hans was one of the greatest of sinners. Miller accused Hans of all kinds of criminal acts, and everything Hans did was twisted into something criminal, like asking for tea at the store. Something very common and normal was turned into hatred for Hans's family. There were others that called them disloyal or traitors. Mary pondered these things as she sat in the evenings on the porch waiting for Hans. Sometimes she would just call him Goodnight. He was her good knight, and she missed him terribly.

A split rail fence meandered down the hill from the house and avoided the woods to curve back around. It encompassed the field for the cows. On the other side wound the dirt road that came out of the woods to become the bare ground between the barn and the house. The evenings were growing short, and Mary was getting lonely. It was near the first of September when Mary, sitting on the front porch, saw from a carriage coming out of the woods. She tilted her head a bit and jabbed Sarah with her

elbow and told her to look down the road.

The Reverend Samuel Suther. How nice. She had a visitor. He would preach the reformed church whenever he could get enough neighbors together. He was a short, stocky man who wore a great deal of suffering on his countenance. He lost his first family while crossing the sea, and after his ship had crashed upon the shoals of Virginia, he washed ashore half dead. A friendly Virginian took him in and cared for him. His health returning, he did a lot of traveling. Meeting many Germans in the area and learning of their stories of overcoming hardships, he got religion. Afterwards he went to preaching and established many Reformed Churches for the German immigrants. He then settled here in Mecklenburg as a traveling parson.

His horse sauntered up to the house and dropped a fresh pile of green manure as the Reverend pulled on the reins. Sarah laughed at it and Mary slapped her face. She scooted back with her hand over her pain. She pulled her unkempt blond hair out of her face so she could see the man stepping out of the carriage.

“Sarah, let us have some respect for the Reverend,” Mary said.

“Sister Gutnecht,” said the Reverend, as he took off his three-cocked hat, graced the air with it, and bowed like a gentleman. He then tied the horse's reins to the porch post.

“Oh, Reverend,” Mary said, pretending to be embarrassed to show womanly politeness. “You honor us. Please, do come and sit yourself down. Tea sits on the stove waiting for such as you. I will fetch some.”

“I thank you sister, as I am in need of refreshment,” the reverend said so very politely.

Reverend Suther shoved his hat under his arm and found a three legged stool to sit on while “Sister” Goodnight went inside to retrieve some tea. Sarah giggled behind the rocking chair. She grabbed her indigo dress and covered her face, showing off her pantaloons. The reverend giggled back, becoming stern when the good sister returned with the tea. He stood and tipped his head.

Taking the saucer and cup, he said, “I thank you good sister for this refreshment. I hope you

have enough for yourself."

Sarah mimicked his guttural German, "I thank you good sister," and giggled without uncovering her face.

"Be quiet, Sarah," Mary said. She sat down, poured tea into her saucer and sipped from it. "Yes, dear Reverend, plenty for special occasions. So thankful for your visit."

Reverend Suther also poured a little of the tea into his saucer and said, "I have come, dear sister," and he sipped from the saucer and sat down, "with good news on my tongue. It is rumored that the respectful Mr. Gutnecht has come back to the Carolinas."

Mary sat her saucer slowly onto her lap, took her thin fists and put them up to her mouth, drew a deep breath, gently braced her cup and saucer, and with moistened eyes said, "Ho! Good news! Indeed it is. You hear that, Sarah? Out of those woods any day now Pa should be coming."

Taking her kerchief from her sleeve, Mary patted her eyes with it. Sarah cried "Pa, Pa!" through her dress.

Mary looked around and saw that Sarah had covered her face with her dress. "Sarah!" she said startled that her pantaloons were showing, so she yanked the dress from Sarah's face. "Keep your dress down!" She looked at the reverend and apologized. "A heavy burden it is, Reverend, a heavy burden." Mary took up her cup again and repeated the ritual of pouring the tea from the cup and sipping from the saucer.

"It is the devil's own power manifest, Sister Gutnecht, the devil's own power. The Lord protect thee," said the Reverend, showing his authority over demons. "You have no man about the house to keep you safe, but I leave my blessing upon you, sister. Where are your sons? Are they working in the fields as they should? Or are they fighting against the king also, God bless him."

"My sons you know, Reverend," Mary said, defending them. "Good and righteous men they are, but their politics have been grown in the soil of this new land. Their names you do not need to rub."

"'The sky is red and lowering', my good sister," he said, referring to the revolution as well as the

actual sun. “The trip was long and it will be night soon.” The reverend stood, placing his emptied cup onto the stool. “You were the last person to visit today, and I see you are in a motherly way, sister. I will let the congregation know if you have any troubles or anything you are in need of. Is there anything? Do you need the assistance of my good wife?”

“All is right, Reverend,” said Mary as she tousled Sarah's hair, “now that Pa is returned.”

“I will be going then.”

The reverend climbed into his carriage and threw back the words, “Take care' your sons when they return.”

Sarah scooted across the porch to play with what the horse had left, but Mary held her back and swatted her bottom, saying, “Not today child! Here we wait for yer Pa!”

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It would be redundant to say that Hans Michael Goodnight was adventuresome, having the same wanderlust that had struck most of his neighbors. Thousands sought land beyond the Alleghany mountains. Hans was plagued or gifted, depending on who took notice, with an energy that wouldn't let go. He couldn't stand still and always had to be “up and doing.” Directing this energy into a profitable farm at the Cold Water, he figured he could do the same thing in the Kintuck. Hans was also a leader of men. He had been part of the county militia and, along with Daniel Boone, had organized about forty men interested in the Virginia lands. The trek through the Cumberland Gap and back brought good feelings and made the group quite jovial, but Boone didn't trust their successful venture, and he told John, as he called Hans, to beware of the Indians on the way back.

“John,” he said as he took leave of the men at the bank of the Catawba, “mind the quick and ease by which we came and went. Don't fall into any bear traps on the way back. You take plenty of powder and men for your family's protection.”

Hans tugged on his gray beard, looked thoughtfully towards the sky and then at the men unloading their supplies off the flat boat. “God willing,” he replied, “no savages will get by us. But you can never tell about the will of God. We'll go and settle the land; that's a fact. It's a force I can feel in my bones. Our family can fight, and we can build, and I feel God has given us this land as a land of our inheritance. But ya, we will have plenty of powder and men.”

The men took their wares, supplies, and packs leaving to find mules and wagons in the town, agreeing to meet at the river in a month. Hans loaded his sixteen year old, also called John, with their supplies, shouldered his pack and headed towards home on the Cold Water. He didn't think spending what little money he had on a horse would be fit. They had enough rest from walking while coming down the Catawba, so another couple of day's walk wouldn't hurt. They would be home in the arms of his beloved Mary in no time.

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Fortune smiled on Hans and his son as they approached the town of Concord. He spied two men he could call giants, wearing the blue coats of the revolution coming over a hill towards the road. They were tall, with broad shoulders and chests. Square jaws framed their flat faces and high cheekbones. Unshaven and pretty dirty, they were yet in high spirits, for they gave a yell of welcome in German, raising their muskets and shaking them. Hans stopped in his tracks and tears came to his eyes as he recognized the men. He raised his hands to heaven and gave thanks to God for the safe return of the two sons from his first love who had died.

“George! Heinrick!” Hans yelled.

He ran towards them with open arms. They threw down their muskets and ran towards him. John also took up the race and reached the men before his father did. He seemed to be a third party until Henry grabbed him and included him in the hugging and kissing. Tears streamed down each man's cheeks as they shared their love unabashed.

They all embraced each other, and a barrage of questions arose from all four at the same time. They told stories of conquest as they walked down the road. The British had been repulsed at the battle of King's Mountain. Col. Patrick Ferguson had been defeated. Hans told of the Kintuck and how beautiful it was and described how they could all live together and build up their lands and raise their families.

A shadow came across their joviality as they entered the town. Three men came out of the local tavern, the heaviest of them carrying a jug of rum on his crooked index finger. He took a swig of it before he looked down the street. Another, with a scruffy black beard surrounding a grin of two or three teeth, took off his three-cocked hat and threw it onto the ground as he spotted Hans.

“Hey Goodnight!” he called out in an oath. “Didn't we tell ye what would happen to ye if we saw the likes o' you in town ag'in?”

The two groups of men marched towards each other.

“We don't allow traitors and king men to walk the streets o' Concord,” said the first man putting his hand on the hilt of his saber as he took another drink from his jug.

“We hang Tories,” said the third. “And it is right good that you two gents have captured him. Take him to the guard house! We will get the judge and have ourselves a hangin'.”

“Mine fader!” said the two soldiers in unison plowing their fists into the three men. In two minutes the three ruffians were in a pile on the middle of the street. Hearing the noise, others came to investigate. Some didn't know what to think when they saw a known Torie being escorted by two soldiers. Those who knew the Goodnights cursed, calling them traitors, tyrants and devils. A mob gathered, yelling things like tarring and feathering then hanging. Others suggested a firing squad. The town constable showed up with pistols in his hands. He shot one in the air which dispersed most of the crowd.

“You Goodnights,” he said, “got to get out of town quick. We don't want any trouble here.”

The townspeople kept yelling, repeating the words of the constable until the Goodnights were a

league into the woods.

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Singing could be heard in the woods as Mary and Sarah sat down for their night's vigil. It wasn't just songs, but good old German songs. Sarah recognized the voices first as she rang out “Pa! Pa!” Mary rose from her seat and put her arms around the post. Tears streamed down her cheeks. “Hans,” she said quietly. She listened more intently and heard the other voices. “My sons!” she exclaimed and stepped down from the porch holding her hands in a fist over her heart. She took her kerchief from her sleeve and wiped her eyes, but the tears continued to come. Her heart pounded as she saw the men emerge from the woods, singing full and loud. Mary thought her heart would burst before they reached the house. She started waving her kerchief at them in welcome.

Who started running first it could not be told, but it wasn't Mary. Waiting a few yards from the house she grasped her kerchief and held her hands to her heart. The boys were holding her only moments after they appeared. Their tears were smeared on each other's cheeks as they hugged and kissed -- the mingling of blood and family. Then Hans treaded up the rear and was let into the circle. The boys stepped back and let their pa and ma embrace.

“Mama,” was the only thing Hans could say.

“Hans,” echoed from Mary's lips.

They felt someone squirm in between them. They faintly recognized it was Sarah.

“Pa! Pa!” Sarah exclaimed softly as she hugged her father.

“My little Sarah,” Hans finally said, returning her affection. “And what have you been doing all these days I have been gone?”

“Waiting for Pa,” she said.

Hans, looking away from Sarah, smiled at Mary. He put out his hand and touched her

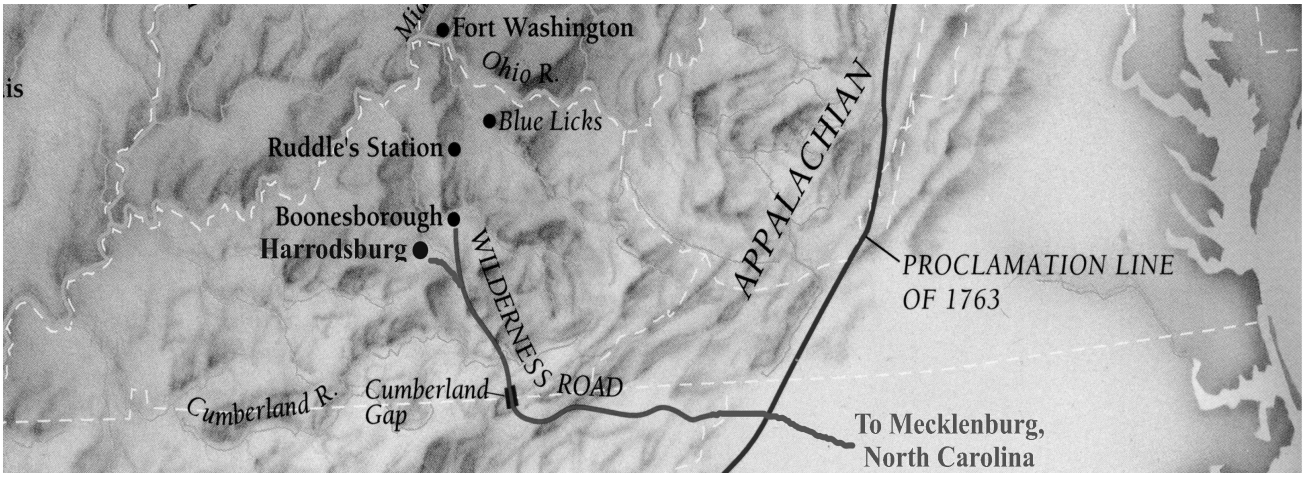
protruding tummy.

“Mama,” he said affectionately.

“Mama's big with baby!” Sarah blurted out.

The boys congratulated their mother and everyone wandered up to the house as if by some magnetic attraction, no one really paying attention to it. They just found themselves on the porch and then inside, all the while telling of their adventures. They eventually found themselves sitting around the supper table giving thanks to God for their safe return.

Chapter Two



Selling the farm became the main priority for the next few weeks. Everyone in the area seemed willing to give a few pennies for the land as an insult to a Tory. One man actually came and threw a penny at Hans's foot and walked away cursing the king. Hans pondered on the thoughtlessness of his fellow Americans. Mostly those born in the American colonies and a handful of criminals were up in rebellion. But those who knew of the sufferings in Europe and the befriending of the king were slow to slander a favored hand. Most would not. Selling the farm to a loyalist would get Hans a more honest contract, he thought. Selling it to a man who kept his oaths and covenants, he hoped it would sell for three hundred in gold, but as it came out in the end, he only received 115 in gold and copper.

In the meantime, the boys came home for the harvest, cut the corn and fodder, and helped Mama with the vegetables, mostly Indian squash and pumpkins along with some potatoes and cabbage. They also took the hogs to market along with most of the cows and purchased two fine oxen for the wagon. The horses would be used as pack animals. Because of the revolution, there wasn't much money to be had. Not all of the harvest got sold. A lot of corn got put into bags for their new home in the Kintuck. A few hogs were slaughtered and smoked for the trek, and a few cows kept for milk and cheese.

Henry's wife, Elizabeth, stayed home with her brood. She was afraid of Sarah and couldn't

speak German. She used the excuse of having to do her own harvesting, saying she had no help from the family, which wasn't true. George and Henry concentrated on their father's farm first before they came to help Sarah. George shared in both farms, not having one of his own. The four men finally went to Henry's farm to cut, tie and thresh until all was done. During this time they teased George for being unmarried. His bachelorhood remained the joke of the family until the end of his life. He disappeared after the Revolution, probably to roam the West as a mountain man.

By the end of harvest, the wagon overflowed with supplies. There was only one problem. They had to do something with Sarah. The family discussed whether or not she could survive the rigors of the trek westward because of her poor health. The only persons they could trust would be the members of the Reformed Church, which meant Germans and mostly loyalists. Many of them traveled north to Canada, back to Pennsylvania, or joined them to cross the Alleghenies. The discussion ended when their pa mentioned the Reverend Suther. He was the only one they could trust to place Sarah in a good home. George was elected find him and discuss the matter with the reverend.

Reverend Suther was taken with Sarah and offered her his own home. Sister Suther agreed, and so before the horses were piled high with bags of grain and other supplies and the oxen hooked to the wagon, Sarah was taken to the reverend's home where she laughed and laughed. She had always liked the reverend and his wife. That was taken as a good sign, and George, who had been a strong opponent to abandoning her, left happy.

The night before their leaving, everyone sat around the kitchen table. The fireplace blazed with red coals, throwing an orange glow over the feast of pork n' beans, cornbread, and squash pie. The men sat together on one side of the table, and the women and children on the other side, looking at them and the glowing fire behind. Hans had led them in prayer first, then they filled themselves, passing around a jug of cider afterwards. The women wouldn't drink from the jug, but they properly put it into the pewter cups they had brought from Germany. The family lingered at the table and talked about the farm and how they would miss it and talked of old memories. The children wanted to know about Germany

and what life was like there. Hans and Mary told them that life was gone and "we will live the one we have now." They told stories to the children and the men talked about the war and what life would be like in their new home in the Kintuck.

It was quiet in the house. Night without Sarah was strange somehow. The only thing they could hear was the crackling of the fire in the hearth. The fire's warmth would be their last in this home. And because Sarah was gone, there was an empty spot in the bed. Hans scooted over towards his wife. Hans and Mary slept with each other for the first time in many months. Hans snuggled up against her. The bulge in her stomach reminded him that Mary was pregnant.

"We haven't talked about this," he said rather sad, turning over onto his back.

"And what time have we had to talk?" Mary said almost apologetically as she turned her eyes away from his.

"We'll name him Isaac," Hans said softly.

"Isaac, the laugh? And what if it's a girl?" Mary chided.

"You haven't had a girl in a long while," Hans said. "I know it will be a boy. It must be."

"Oh, it *must* be!" Mary said. "You don't know the will of God! Women know more about these things anyway. Men don't know. You don't know. I know."

"You are right, Mama," Hans conceded. "I didn't know at all. It must have been an angel told me."

"Do you think we are Abraham and Sarah? I am not too old to bear a child. It is no miracle."

The covers rustled as he turned over and gave Mary a hug and kiss. As he dozed off, he said, "All of our children are miracles."

* * *

Morning came bright and early with the cock crowing and the boys feeding the oxen hay. The horses were given their oats and then their burdens strapped onto their backs. The boys then checked the wagon to make sure the water barrels, the larders, the chicken coops and the tool boxes were

fastened down. They made sure that all the farm implements were loaded and the seed and cattle feed were there. Hans and Mary made their bed, put it in the wagon, and then went about the house and barn to make sure they had packed everything they would need. Henry's wife, Elizabeth, rounded up her sleepy children from the upstairs, carried them safely into the wagon, and counted each one to make sure they were all there. She had never seen such a large wagon before. They called them Conestoga. But it held all her children and that's all she cared about.

Hans and Mary looked once more at their home and farm as the sun rose above the hills. It was a good day to start. The sky was clear and the sun took the chill off the air. Silently, Mary stared up at Hans, turned and gazed at the road, never glancing back as they walked over to the wagon and climbed aboard. Mary had long years of experience on the farm and would be good with the driving. Hans slapped one of the oxen with his hand, calling, “Let's go.” The wagon and the pack horses started their slow trek towards the Catawba. Each horse had a bell on its bridle, and all the bells tinkled as they walked down the road. The huge wagon wheels creaked and complained as they rolled along as though they themselves didn't want to leave, and the Conestoga rocked back and forth as if floating upon the river ahead of them. The four men walked with the pack horses in tow.

* * *

Mary's ride on the wagon became very uncomfortable, so Elizabeth had one of her girls hand her a feather pillow from the back. Mary lifted her bottom and Elizabeth placed it neatly on the buckboard. That made the bumps a lot softer.

“Thank you, Elizabeth,” Mary said, very pleased.

The day wore on and the trail seemed to grow longer. The future was now ahead of them, and Mary took her husband's wanderlust lightly. The country was so new, and the countryside so promising. She breathed in the forest smells, the wild flowers, the pine. There was a constant sound of water

flowing somewhere in the distance and the cries and calls of the birds. If she could withstand the rigors of the wagon, she would allow herself a little excitement and enthusiasm.

The wagon did become a problem sometime after a few miles. She let Elizabeth take the reins and stepped down and walked.

“You don't have to do anything, dear,” she said. “Just hold the reins. The oxen will walk until the day is done.”

Before they reached the Catawba, they had to camp for one short night. They were on the road again before they heard a cock crow on a nearby farm. Passing by one farm after another, Mary knew the river to be near. She would see her brother-in-law George once again and his lovely family. She liked his wife, Catherine, who could converse in German with her. It became tiresome speaking English to Elizabeth.

* * *

Camp at the Catawba River was a boisterous rendezvous. Wagons and pack horses cluttered the riverside. There were people greeting each other, and children running and screaming. There was singing and dancing and hollering. Men, yelling and drinking whiskey and rum, shot off firearms as they showed off their hunting skills against impromptu targets of clay jugs emptied of their contents, pine cones and even hickory nuts. Some of the camp took on a military look as some of the men in the blue coats of the rebellion marched by, giving orders between two rows of white tents. Bugles made of cow horns were blown, and the noise of the river rushing by made jangles of all the different sounds.

As their wagon rolled into camp, Mary looked at crowds of mountain men in buckskin mingling with the farmers. Some had animal tails dangling off their fur caps. Their language was rough compared to what she was used to, but she didn't hear anyone complaining. She heard one boy cry out, “Looky thar! It's Dan'l Boone!” She turned around, and yes, she saw the culprit who caused all this

commotion and trouble for the wives who, despite their hardship, seemed to be enjoying each other's company. Then she heard her name being called out with a welcome in German. She sought the origin of the sound, and indeed, there was Catherine and her family. George guided their wagon over to theirs. Hans was already there greeting them and and having a good conversation in German. He said he'd already picked out a camp site, and to just follow them.

To Mary's and Hans's surprise, there came a familiar cry of “Ma Ma, Pa Pa” from inside George and Catherine's wagon. Their eyes opened wide as they stared at each other.

“What?” asked Hans. “In the entire nation! I never!”

“It's Sarah!” Mary exclaimed. “Hold the reins Elizabeth!” Mary climbed down and went with Hans to the back of the other wagon.

Sarah popped her head out the back of the wagon, grabbing their heads, calling out again, “Ma Ma, Pa Pa!” Laughing, she kissed them repeatedly.

“Oh,” George called back. “I forgot to warn ya. Sarah's back there. Couldn't get myself to leave her with the reverend. They came to visit, carrying her along. I was surprised at seeing her, and they explained everything to me, but I just couldn't let her go.”

Mary wanted to hold onto Sarah as she cried and tried to wrap her arms around her, but the wagon was going too fast to hold on and walk too. Sarah solved that problem by jumping out of the wagon and grabbing her mother who held on tight and sobbed tears of joy. Sarah filled her heart like no one else could. Hans hugged the two but had to leave them to show George the spot he had picked out.

The camp between the two wagons slowly took shape as the women made a replica of their fireplace stoves. They caught up on all the gossip, telling what the other family members who stayed behind were doing. They talked about the parties they would be missing at harvest time and the latest fashions they wouldn't see. Comparing hardships, they found it was the same for everyone. Money was scarce. Sugar, tea, and flour were too expensive. They would have to get used to eating cornmeal, which they considered cow feed. At least they had cheese and bacon. The few cows and pigs they

brought would allow them to eat like civilized people.

There was a small hinderment in that Sarah had to rearrange everything. She tried her best to help put things together but spoiled the cauldron of water. She tripped on a stone while carrying the it and poured the water right onto the spot where they were going to build the fire. She got up covered all over with dirt and laughed and cried. Mary finally got her interested in going with the children to gather firewood, but inevitably, the wood arrived late, for the girls had to meet their friends and tell stories and show each other their books and samplers. Some were afraid of Sarah, but the smart ones thought her to be funny. She read to them, but they could tell she wasn't following the words, but making up her own stories which made them laugh. The boys, on the other hand, had to compare knives and marbles, and tops, and even fishing gear. Some even had to show off their father's muskets.

Eventually, they started the fire and hung cast iron pots off two tripods with arms to hold the pots and cookers. Cornmeal bread baked, bacon sizzled, beans and rice simmered next to a bubbling pork stew. The men returned after caring for the horses and cattle and brought a hungry Daniel Boone with them. The women told the men they weren't going to sit on the ground to eat, so the men hefted some logs and rolled large boulders from the river and made a nice circle for everyone.

“Never is a man worthy to eat,” said Hans with a smile, “until he proves himself to his family.”

“Amen,” Sarah said , and everyone laughed.

Hans said the prayer. “We thank thee, dear Father, for our safe journey to this rendezvous, and we thank thee for this repast and for good wives to cook it for us. Take us on our journey from this land in safety with thy guidance. Amen.”

The women passed wooden plates and forks around because they didn't want to be bothered with unpacking the pewter. Mary ladled out the stew to the men first. The children were next. The women served themselves. Everyone ate as though they hadn't eaten in days and in a hurry to be finished. Sarah ate with her hands from a large bowl. The little kids laughed, but Mary scolded Elizabeth, who passed it down to her children. Each one got a swat on the behind.

By the time dinner was over, there were 43 men packed into the space between the two wagons, displacing the women. Everyone wanted to see Daniel Boone. One dirty man, who smelled like the lard he ate, and failed to take off his broad brimmed hat, almost sat on Mary's lap and only said “pardon” as his fat bottom descended towards her. His mustache, placed awkwardly on his brown face under a bulbous nose, twitched as she got up in a huff. He looked at her sadly and then looked at Boone. Everyone's eyes were on Boone and wanted him to speak, as he was the leader and had gotten them thus far.

“Drunken ruffian!” Mary said under her breath as she went to find the other women. The children were nicely tucked under the wagons where they could observe the goings on.

“Men,” started Boone, “the country is all right for men on foot not having any family along. Now that we have our families here with us, we got to be caring for them. Our attention needs to be to the side of the trail and caring for the wagons and the cattle. But we have to have one eye on the trail and the other on our loved ones. Keep alert. There are savages out there who will think twice when we give them a show of force, but they can get the upper hand if we're not alert. Carry your muskets. Don't lay them aside. Be ready at all times. We'll be across these waters before sun up tomorrow, so don't carouse and booze-up all night. Get some sleep.”

The campfire given back, the three women spread out the bed rolls. Soon, everyone slept except a few guards. The quiet river sang the children a lullaby. The cows mooed a little and then quiet settled over the camp like a blanket. Sarah snuggled between her ma and pa, putting herself to sleep with the mantra of “Ma Ma, Pa Pa.”

Chapter Three

Morning came early, too early for some as they heard the bugle calls of the militia. People were glad to get off the ground and roll up their pallets because their bones ached. Others had to haul themselves up, wiping their eyes, due to lack of sleep. The camp looked like a hundred-armed sea creature that had stirred in the night to rouse itself and stretch all of its arms in a symphony of chaotic movements. Campers got up randomly here and there, stretching and yawning, some cussing , some just going about silently putting things away or making a breakfast they could carry with them.

Gradually, the camp found its way to the waters. The wagons, pack horses, and cattle crossed like a heard of slow elephants. Some wagons got stuck in the mud of the river as though stopping to take a drink or bathe, but not for long. There were plenty of men to help each other, and the river flowed slowly. There wasn't any urgency or danger. By sunrise, a cacophony of merry voices blending in with the mooing of the cows and the calls of the herdsmen filled the rolling hills. The camp meandered on the other side towards the northwestern corner of the Carolinas. From there they would go across the Cumberland Gap and on to Harrodstown in the Kintuck. They would lay their claims at the land office and be off to their new homes.

John, the son of Hans Michael, walked along side of John, the son of Henry, among the Goodnight clan. Each carried his musket wrapped up in the right arm and across his chest. This way, the arm could rest as they walked and the musket wouldn't slip and fall. Their fathers had shown them that it would be one swift movement of the arm to bring the musket around to point at an adversary or a bear. With their left hands they led a couple of pack horses, each horse bell tinkling as they walked. The two boys liked each other right off because they had each other's name. From a distance their parents couldn't tell them apart, and if you heard them talk, it was like one man talking to himself.

“Yes, I've seen plenty of Injuns. We traded with them from time to time.”

“We saw plenty goin' into the Kintuck, but they never bothered us.”

“You shoot any deer up that way or buffalo? I hear there are lots of buffalo in Kentucky.”

“Daniel Boone calls it the Kintuck. That's what the Injuns call it. It's their huntin' grounds.”

“Pa says it belongs to Virginia. That's how come we could get the land. They have been selling lots to pay for the expenses of the war.”

“My pa says that it's to displace the Injuns. We go in there and live on the land they're not livin' on anyways, and eventually, they'll leave.”

“If I were them, I wouldn't leave without a fight. I guess that's why we're carrying these muskets.”

“Jah. I guess we're pretty much ready for them.”

“There's not many Injuns there anyway. Why, there's not one village in the whole of the Kintuck. They all live in the Ohio country anyways.”

“I guess the revolutionists won't bother us there, will they?”

“No, I guess not. Even the Virginians don't want Kentucky, even though they created it. Pa says that most people coming into the Kintuck are Carolinians and Pennsylvanians.”

“Jah, not too many Virginians to create a havoc.”

“Jah, not too many. Say, you know this Daniel Boone? Have you talked with him much?”

“Nah. But he and Pa 're pretty thick. He's one of the best Injun fighters. Why he lived with them just recently. Got his son killed in a fight, and himself got captured. Escaped by jumpin' off a cliff into some trees. They call themselves braves, but none as brave as Dan'l Boone, as they call him.”

And so they talked all the day long as they slowly followed the wagons ahead of them. They walked twenty miles that day until the women complained. Everyone stopped and made camp. It would take them a couple of weeks to get to the Cumberland Gap. From there, the going would be a lot faster, with not so many mountains to go over. There, the road continued, but turned into an Indian trail. The road up to the gap was built by Daniel Boone with the aid of about 30 other men. They cut down trees and laid them in the mud crosswise, but where the road had lots of drainage, they just cut down the

trees and laid them beside the road. The women and children, the two Johns told each other, made the going pretty slow. Without them, they could reach their land in less than a month.

* * *

Cumberland Gap was breathtaking to the pioneers that reached it. (There was a couple that died of fever.) Looking like a low saddle set on top of a mountain, the wagons approached slowly along a long slope. When they got to the top, they saw an unsettled land, part prairie, part forest. They could see a trail leading north. There would be Walker's cabin located another couple day's trek along the trail. He was first to explore the area. Some supplies could be purchased there, but mostly, all they would need would be the water coming from the springs that surrounded the cabin. There would be refreshment for the men, but it was the kind the women would disapprove of. At the trading center, the Indians and fur traders would leave their pelts with Walker and receive tools, cloth, or whiskey for the Indians and Spanish or British gold for the traders. Bank notes were worthless.

When they arrived at Walker's cabin, the handful of men watching, stood in awe at the numerous wagons and horses they saw coming single-file along the trail. The wagon train went on for almost a mile into the forest ahead, hemmed in on both sides. People complained about the lack of room to make a proper camp, but Boone told them to quit their bellyaching. There would be enough room for everyone at the cabin. Some wagons could camp at the small field to the west, while others could stay in the grassy plain to the south of the cabin about an hour's ride back. Boone said they shouldn't be splintered in such a fashion, but it couldn't be helped with the amount of people.

A shake roof covered a low building made of whitewashed logs with an open door facing the southwest. There was a well out back, but Mr. Boone told them to go and fill their barrels at the springs and they would get better water. The Indians would agree, seeing they never drank from still waters. Inside, there were stacks of tools to be sorted by those that sought them, and also piles of cloth

alongside pelts of beaver and buffalo. At the back of the cabin stood a bar men could lean against while they drank from flasks filled from the barrels of whiskey and rum that lined the wall.

Boone marched in and greeted Walker with a bear hug.

“Whar the Hell you takin' these greenhorns, Boone?”

“Virginia,” Boone replied with his arms wide open.

“How much you gettin' paid for traipsin' out here like you was Moses hisself?”

“Now you know I pay gold for yer whiskey, Walker, but not yer yappin',” he said as he slapped down a ten dollar gold piece.

“That's what talks around here! Pure gold.”

With that, Walker turned his heavy frame around and filled a flask for Boone with amber rum. Boone poured it down his throat as if it were water, wiped his sleeve across his mouth. He burped and smiled. The refreshment felt good after the long trek.

Others trickled in and Walker had a sackful of gold by dawn. He would lose that to the traders when he bought their pelts and shipped them east.

The two Johns came with water barrels to fill. They looked at the red men standing around as well as the mountain traders covered with the pelts they took from deer, raccoons, and beaver. Some were sitting on logs outside talking with flasks in their hands paying no mind to the strangers except for an occasional glance and laugh. The others stared at the newcomers with eyes full of disdain and resentment over the intrusion into the Indian lands.

“Now I know why they call them red men,” one John said to the other.

“Jah. Look at their faces. They look like they're painted all over with blood.”

“Fierce-looking, aren't they?”

“Jah.”

The two Johns went out back with their water barrels hefted over their shoulders and followed the others from the wagon train to the springs. Once there, they pushed the barrels down into the ponds

below the falls until they were full then slapped the corks back into their holes. Then they trudged back along the trail to their wagons with the barrels on their shoulders. It took them three hours to refill all the water barrels. They took their time, breathing in the pine scented air and kicking rocks and pine cones with their feet. They spent their time in conversation.

“Did ya see that Injun that kept starin' at us?”

“The angry one all painted up?”

“Yup.”

“I never saw so much red paint on one Injun.”

“I'd swear he would be just as red without all that paint.”

“He ran right into the forest as soon as he saw us.”

“Did ya hear what Dan'l Boone said?”

“I heard him talkin' to yer pa.”

“He said that weren't no Cherokee. That other Injun was a Cherokee.”

“And the one that ran away was a ...”

“... a Shawnee!”

“Yup. Wonder what a Shawnee was doin' this far south.”

“Jah. That's what Dan'l Boone asked yer pa.”

Boone had been alarmed when he saw the Shawnee. The Indian recognized him, surely. “He ran off into the forest,” he told Hans, “to warn his tribe up in the Ohio.”

“All the way across the Kintuck?” Hans asked.

“He'll run all the way and not rest until he comes to the Ohio.”

Boone tried to rush the settlers. He didn't trust the Shawnees to just let the settlers take over their hunting grounds in the Kintuck. He had all these men and muskets, but he was in need of much more. He would have to get these wagons to Harrodstown as fast he could. He had talked to the Cherokee the Shawnee had been conversing with. He found that the Shawnees were asking the

Cherokees for help to run the settlers back across the Alleghenies to the east. The Cherokees had refused and had sided with the colonists, seeing they were winning the war of rebellion against the British. The Shawnees had complained that the colonists had broken a previous treaty they had made with the British, allowing them to hunt in the Kintuck. But the Cherokee nation knew of the treaty of Fort Stanwix of 1768 in New York that allowed Virginia to annex the Kintuck. The Shawnees and Mingoes had not recognized that treaty and continued to hunt there, taking their revenge on any settlers they came across.

There was some trading done between the Cherokees and the settlers. Walker fumed and complained to Boone who had to sweet talk him into excepting the inevitable. After all, it was only a day they would be there, and then they would be on their way.

The overnight stay was interrupted with news of fighting in the Kintuck. Harrodstown had been attacked. A Cherokee runner came and spoke to Boone. Camp broke rather early. Torches were lit to find their way along the trail through the thick forest. Many trees had to be cut, making the trek slow. Foreboding spread throughout the train. The men kept vigil eyes toward the trees. At one point a woman screamed after finding her little daughter missing. Men were sent out on horseback. They found her visiting her grandma in another wagon. Even though it had nothing to do with Indians, senses grew shaper, and nerves grew tense at the thought of Indian attacks. Everyone looked for the bogeyman.

Harrodstown could use the reinforcements. Boone only hoped he could get them there in time. If Harrdsburg could hold out, and if he could get these muskets there in time, he could route out the Indians, and with the help of Col. Rogers Clark, he could chase them back across the Ohio River.

The colonists were not a trained militia, and it frustrated Boone that they were going so slow. He didn't tell these colonists that he had recruited them for their muskets. He would enlist them because of their natural desire to defend their families. He had revenge in mind. The Shawnees had killed and beheaded his brother Ned, thinking it to be Boone. They had paraded his head in their towns and villages. He had fought many years to rid Kentucky of the Indians and make them keep the Treaty of

Fort Stanwix. He had built up Boonesborough and Boone's Station, and now was bringing further reinforcements for Harrodstown. He had fought several battles with these Shawnees and Mingoes and lost many friends. The more colonists he could get, he thought, the greater the chance to rid Kentucky of the savages. Let the colonists think of the nice future that was in store for them, living peacefully on their palatial farms.

Chapter Four

Simon Butler (Kenton)

Daniel Boone

Morning brought the camp out of a rhododendron choked valley. They had left behind the pine forests of the mountains. Then climbing out and over 50 foot sandstone monoliths, in one breathless moment, they rolled onto fall colored flats covered with the red, orange and yellow foliage of oak, maples, beech, blackgum, and poplar. Every now and then, there was a sassafras, and the children went to gather the tender shoots growing up around them for the loved sassafras tea. It was a fairy landscape. The fears of the long night abated as everyone took a moment to stare. It gave them courage to dream again. But to the trained eyes of men like Daniel Boone and Simon Butler, there were dangers ahead.

Indians had been seen following them on the west side of the wagon train. They were far enough away that they didn't need to duck or hide behind trees. If they had been closer, they would have been in plain sight, but the number of trees between them and the wagons prevented most people from seeing them. They were seen as flickers in the bush, something that didn't belong. If it had been a bear, the flickers wouldn't have been so spread out. It would have been one large shadow every now and then.

"We're being too slow," Boone told Butler, "Those savages are much too interested in this wagon train."

Simon Butler had fought along side of Boone in Dunmore's War of 1773 when Virginia had gone to war against the Shawnee and Mingo. He had saved Boone's life in one of those battles. He was a small man with a long nose that almost covered his upper lip. His eyes were deep-set and sharp. He had a quick wit, and his aim was accurate. He told Boone, "I'll spread the word we need to keep our eyes open."

"Alert the militia. We don't need a panic on our hands. And we can't jeopardize the loyalty of these farmers," Boone said.

"At the least we should tell them to keep themselves ready," Butler responded.

"These farmers are as ready as they ever will be. They have to believe they are safe enough if we are to hold the reins. We just have to see to it we protect them."

Butler alerted the head of the militia and then stayed with him long enough to show him the Indians following them. They would wait for the Indians to make their move.

Boone and Butler deduced these Indians to be Shawnee. They had enough battles with them to know that these natives wanted their hides and would try to get them at the first opportunity. The Cherokee weren't interested in Kentucky. They left the Shawnee and Mingos to fight their own battles, and they knew where the wagons were headed, so unless it was just a curious hunting party of Cherokee, it had to be Shawnees. They would know in a couple of days. The only way these Indians would let themselves be seen up close was in hand to hand combat.

While the colonists were lazily enjoying the beauties of nature, the men in charge grew uneasy. Hanscould see in their eyes that there was trouble ahead. He didn't tell Mary or even his brother George. He kept it to himself, but kept his eyes wide open.

* * *

Cold winds howled as the wagon rocked back and forth over the rutted road. Others had been over this trail to Boonesborough many times. Mary's pregnancy made her uncomfortable, so she rode much of the time in the bed within the wagon. Elizabeth was used to handling the reins by the time they reached the Kintuck, and that was perfect for Mary.

Mary kept under the covers to keep warm while Sarah played with Elizabeth's two daughters, baby Christiana and the oldest Elizabeth. Mary dozed while Sarah and Elizabeth played dress-up with Christiana, whom they called simply Ana, and Elizabeth, Eliza. The adult Elizabeth turned around to ask Mary if she could find a blanket for her, as the wind was blistery.

“Mary,” she said, turning, “Would you see if ...” Then she saw her baby standing amongst the others half naked. “Elizabeth Goodnight! What are you doing?”

Mary woke up from dreaming about the old place and looked around. When she saw Sarah taking Ana's clothes off and laughing, she said, “Sarah, stop doing that. Put her clothes back on.”

“It's her fault!” Sarah and Eliza both cried out, pointing to each other.

Elizabeth called from the front of the wagon, “I don't care who's fault it is, you put Ana's clothes back on this instant or I'll come back there and tan your hide.”

“You can wrap the reins around the brake handle, Elizabeth.” Mary leaned on her elbow. “The oxen will follow the wagon ahead.”

“You could have told me that before now,” Elizabeth said as she wrapped the reins around the brake handle.

Elizabeth turned around and came down into the bed trying not to step on Mary. Sarah laughed, as she thought Elizabeth might come and join them.

“Ana, pretty baby,” Sarah, said. “We dress her up and make her pretty.”

“No, Sarah,” Elizabeth said, kneeling down and taking Ana in her arms. “We do not. Ana is getting cold. Give me that dress. Where's her coat?”

Sarah gave Elizabeth Ana's dress and Eliza gave her her coat.

“Eliza, you should know better,” Elizabeth said with noticeable frustration in her voice. “You are ten years already. You need to be responsible. Ana could catch her death.”

After dressing Ana, Sarah took her and laughingly started undressing her again.

“Sarah!” Elizabeth said with much indignation. “This is not a game!”

Mary spoke in calm German, “Sarah, come over here dear. Come keep your mama warm.” Sarah obeyed and snuggled up with her mama.

Elizabeth looked around and asked, “Is there another blanket?”

“Get under the covers, Elizabeth,” Mary invited. “The oxen can take care of themselves for a while.”

“Gladly.” Elizabeth got under the large feather comforter pulling her two girls in.

Hans walked along side the wagon with his packhorse in tow. He looked up to see if the women were doing all right. He squinted against the cold wind. When he saw the empty bench, he thought aloud, “Leave the work to the women, and look what happens.” He stopped and waited until the wagon passed him and tied his packhorse to the back. He rushed to the front of the wagon and hauled himself up to the seat and took the reins. After a moment, he felt the bare arm of Sarah slither around his waist.

“Pa Pa,” she said

“Winter's coming early, Sarah,” he said, rubbing her bare arm. “You had better get yer coat on.”

Chapter Five

Cold winds bring snow sometimes, and that's what happened, but it was only a dusting of snow to remind the travelers they weren't in charge. Mary took this time to slumber and dream. She remembered having taken the embers out of her fireplace to put them into a small iron kettle. She hung the kettle on the outside of the wagon and kept the fire alive by feeding it small twigs. The embers she had used to start her fires at home had been from the same small kettle that had been brought across the seas by her parents. They had brought the fire from their own hearth. Now she was the fire bearer. She would hang the kettle of embers in her new fireplace that Hans would build. She woke up and reached over to part the canvas of the wagon cover to look at the embers. They were not there. It was a dream after all, but a nice dream, and a nice thought. Still the fire bearer, she carried the heritage of her ancestors in the hearth of her soul.

Mary lay back and dreamed of her old home in the Carolinas. When they first arrived at the hill, it had been covered with pine trees. Hans and his brother George had cut the trees and removed the stumps with the help of oxen borrowed from the neighbor. They carried the trees to the nearest mill in the next county and brought them back as lumber. It was fun watching the frame and chimneys go up, then the side boards and roof. She even helped split some of the shakes to make them thinner. They lived out of a wagon and slept under a lean-to attached to it while the house was under construction. One night it rained, and as they lay there together, she cuddled up against Hans. He held her in his arms and said, “You see, our dreams are coming true.” Now, she reflected, we will again live from a wagon until a bigger and better home will be built. It will be civilization cut out of the wilderness and a heaven created out of a hell.

There had been some uncertainty as to their lives in the new land, but she found Hans to be a man of integrity. He had promised her a nice home on a plantation with lots of room to grow a family,

and he had built it. He had proved to be an industrious and a kind and loving man. She had wanted for nothing. And when the discontent in the colonies had boiled into a war, he had protected her and labored so they kept a comfortable living. He had tried to be neutral to both parties as his religious belief directed. but it didn't work. And now, he had promised her a new home where they would be out of the conflict between the colonists and the British. It would mean starting over, but she trusted him. And if it wasn't but a log cabin they were to live in, they would be together, and most of their family would be there. She could only follow a man of integrity.

Mary recalled that her mama and papa laughed when Hans showed up at the door to court her. They thought he was much too old, but court her he did. Dinners proved interesting. John Lock had also taken an interest in her. In her reverie, she remembered the dinner again, two courtiers sitting down together. John Lock thought Hans was her grandfather, and there had been a merry chuckle going around the table. John Lock thought it was a private joke of which he disapproved and said so.

“Gentle manners surely do not exclude the guests. Now, now, let me in on the secret,” he smiled.

Papa laughed, for it was his joke. “It is not common for two suiters to come to my table at the same time to seek my daughter's hand.”

“Two?”John Lock asked. “But where is the ...” When he looked at Hans, everyone laughed.

“You have the advantage of me, sir,” he addressed Hans. “I thought you were ...”

“I am a grandfather, sir,” Hans said, “but not of anyone in this family.”

John Lock got up to leave, but Papa had said, “Finish your dinner, man. How else can I judge who will wed my daughter if you leave?” There was laughter again. That was the last she saw of John

Lock. He must have been too embarrassed to return.

Then there was Sarah. When she came, she was delicate and beautiful, but when she never developed like the other children, Reverend Suther said she had a devil in her. How could that be when she was filled with so much love? Sarah, she sighed, would be there. She wouldn't be too much trouble. No, she wouldn't be any trouble at all. All that love would counterbalance any the trouble she might cause or get into.

Mary noticed the sun had gone down when the wagon stopped. Another camp. She looked around, wondering where they were. Alone in the wagon, she heard the children playing outside. Their yelling came from all different directions as they ran about.

Elizabeth popped her head in. “Oh good. You are awake. You can help set up camp.”

Mary stretched and rolled back the bed so the heavy pots could be located. As she kneeled down and tried to lift one, Hans climbed in.

“Let me lift this one out. It's too heavy for you in your condition.”

Before he could heft the pot, Mary placed her hand on his. He sat on the pot, leaned forward and put his arms around her.

“We're almost there, Mary. Another couple of days to go.” He paused. His face became starry-eyed as though he were seeing a vision. “You should see the land. Our land, Mary. It's just like what we left behind in Mecklenburg. It's situated between two rivers. Lots of water to grow crops.”

Elizabeth interrupted. “Are you coming, Mary?” She asked, ignoring Hans.

Hans stood up as soon as he found a foot-hold and stooped down to grab the large cauldron. He

hefted it and rested it on the end board of the wagon.

“Just a minute,” Elizabeth said. “Let me get Catherine.”

The two wagons almost faced each other with the ends of the wagon turned out. If there had been a third wagon between them, it would complete a triangle. The campfire was in the center. Catherine was there placing some medium sized logs on the fire which was circled about with some small boulders.

Elizabeth said, “Catherine,” and motioned for her to come help.

Catherine and Elizabeth lowered the huge cauldron onto the ground. Each one grabbed a handle and hauled it away.

“I don't know why we are carrying this thing,” Elizabeth complained. “I don't know what we will put in it.”

Always the optimist, Catherine said, “I know our supplies are low, but I'm sure between the two wagons we will find something.”

Something was right. Besides the beans and cornbread they ate that night, they made a meat stew. A tall heavy set mountain man with a bulbous nose and a bushy mustache which Mary recognized from an earlier encounter had walked into their camp and handed her a large hunk of buffalo which he had killed that morning. He smiled and tipped his broad rimmed hat and left. Amazed and happy, she went to Catherine and Elizabeth and showed them. Their mouths dropped open at the sight of it.

Catherine said, “We can get more than one meal out of this.”

Everyone enjoyed the buffalo meat and the rest of the potatoes. They might have to go hungry

the next day unless someone hunted again. They did tuck away enough bacon and leftover cornbread in a napkin. That would do for the morning.

After supper, Mary headed for a private spot in the woods. The camp seemed ominous. She walked in the dark from one camp fire to the next, it seemed to be a maze of orange lights, dark hulks, voices and whisperings. From her private spot in the bushes she heard a sudden commotion, men running and yelling, giving orders, and grabbing their guns. She became very nervous and frightened. She knew something terrible had happened. As she walked back to her family, passing the horses tied to long ropes between trees, she noticed a large harvest moon rising above the mountains to the east. She looked at the man-in-the-moon who returned the stare. Its face scowled at her. She laughed inside. It was chiding her, she thought, for being so faithless. Everything would be all right. The men would see to that.

Suddenly, a man grabbed her arms from behind. She screamed.

“Mary!” cried Hans. “It's me.”

Mary threw her arms around Hans, and they stood there for a moment embracing each other. Mary sobbed on his shoulder. She asked, “Hans, what is happening? Why are all the men so excited?”

“Indians. They attacked Harrodstown again. Runners met our scouts, and they all ran back here to our camp. Mr. Boone organized a rescue party. They've run ahead with all the muskets they could muster. About forty or fifty. They will be back by morning, I'm sure, when they've routed those savages. My sons Heinrich and George have gone with them.”

“How can they fight in the dark?”

“Look at that moon, Mary. It's almost as bright as the sun.”

He was right. There was not a cloud in the sky, and all the stars, spread out like a blanket of light, seemed to magnify the glory of the moon. The camp was no longer dark, and Mary could see everything as though it were daylight.

Mary woke up several times that night gasping for air. Hans would put his arm around her until she fell asleep again. Sarah snored and kept Hans awake. He stared at the massive wall of stars moving ever so slowly across the black sky. By the time the moon traveled by an arc of thirty degrees, he was asleep again. He woke up suddenly as if from some premonition. He looked around to see if anything was amiss. Everyone was quiet and asleep. He returned to a dreamless sleep, taking one last peek at Mary and Sarah.

At the first hint of dawn, people started waking up and moving around, hooking up their horses, mules and oxen to their wagons. After Henry sent his son John and two of his little ones to fetch the horses, he found his brother. Noticing that he was awake already, he stooped down to tell him they were about to leave.

“So, yer talking off, are you, George?” Hans responded as he rose to get dressed.

“Jah, Hans. We will be missing you and Mary, and Sarah too. Won't be seeing you until after next spring. I'll do some planting, and then we'll come up to Harrodstown and visit you. You know there are several of us here going over to Ruddle's Station. We want to get an early start before the snows come. We need to build our winter shelters and get our families settled in.”

John returned to camp to hook up their wagon. The other John helped so they could talk.

Hans pulled up his pants and put his mud crusted boots on and then put his arms around his brother.

“I hope you have a good trip,” Hans said, giving George a good bear hug. “It shouldn't be too long before yer in the shelter of a fort.”

“Jah, that's another reason we want to get going. Too many hostiles running around.”

Mary opened her eyes and yawned. “Don't let Catherine get away yet, George. I'm coming. I can't let her leave without saying goodbye.”

Mary rose out of bed fully clothed, put her shoes on, and went over to where Catherine was loading bedding into the wagon.

“I left the cornbread by the campfire, Mary,” Catherine said, always seeing to the needs of others. “I'm sure you will have plenty of bacon for today. You'll be able to buy some more at Harrodstown.”

“Come here, darling sister.” Mary wrapped her arms around Catherine. “You give me a hug and a kiss, and then I'll let you go. You got everything? I'll miss your whole family.”

“We'll come and visit,” Catherine assured her.

“Jah you will,” Mary said, and then remembered something. “What about yer breakfast?”

“We have some things saved up, and we have the remains of that buffalo. That will hold us a couple of days. The men can hunt on the way.”

“Oh,” Mary said, realizing now why there hadn't been any leftovers. “That's fine, Catherine. You go ahead and take it. You have a longer journey than we do.”

Both Hans' and George's families hugged and kissed each other. Hans and George hugged each other's girls and shook hands with the boys. Sarah had to hug each person of both families, holding

them in her arms for a long time. The two Johns embraced for the last time. George's family got into the wagon and headed west with the Grounds ,Longs, Dentons, and Sellars. Mary and Hans watched the wagons trail down the west fork in the road. They themselves would be taking the north fork.

Mary and Elizabeth took up the job of preparing a breakfast of cornbread and bacon. John tended the horses, and Mary saw Hans go off somewhere. While Mary was frying up the bacon, she looked around. Now that the other wagons had gone, she could see a lot more of the camp and was surprised there weren't many men. Those she saw were older, like Hans. Then she heard musket fire and angry voices. As the voices came closer, she heard German cuss words. It was Hans. She overheard that he had found some prairie chickens and had shot them. The other campers didn't like him scaring everyone hunting so close to camp. Hans left a crowd of people behind bearing two chickens. Her stomach hungered for those chickens, but she had a mind to scold Hans like the others had done. Anyway, they would have a fine dinner that afternoon.

Chapter Six

Mary heard a whoosh, whoosh, whoosh of something rotating in the air passing her ear as Hans approached, smiling, holding the chickens forth by their feet. Suddenly, a tomahawk creased his forehead with a loud thud. Blood spattered over his face and clothes. A shrill cry came from a proud Indian who had made a kill. There were arrows, whish ... whish ... whish ... whish, flying through the air. One arrow landed with a thud into the side of the wagon next to Elizabeth's arm. Mary stared at Hans as he crumpled to the ground. When it dawned upon her what had just happened she covered her face with her apron and screamed, “Murder!”. She ran screaming. She rushed between the shrieks of other women. A loud scream sounded next to her ear. An hysterical woman grabbed her. The woman's hands were wet. Was it blood? Mary struggled to shake the screaming woman loose. She reached the woods, still holding the apron over her face. She cried and sobbed until she stumbled breathless into some bushes, tripped, and fell headlong onto her face. She lay still, afraid to move or breathe. The bacon burned in the frying pan and sent up an acrid smoke.

Elizabeth grabbed her girls, got them under the wagon, huddled with them behind the front left wheel and covered the three of them with a blanket.

John was just leaving the horses when whish, an arrow penetrated his right side, the point coming out his other side. He felt an odd numbness cover his whole torso and slowly fell to his knees. He heard screams throughout the camp. His vision blurred, but he made out Indians dashing here and there, attacking with tomahawks anyone they ran into, men, women and children. He heard musket fire coming from several different directions. Crawling on hands and knees through the mud, John fought to keep conscious. He felt a tremendous pain in his gut. It was as if he had been hit by the butt of a musket. He breathed in small gasps. His arms and legs shook. He could only move one arm. He stopped to recover from the pain. He moved one leg, waited to recover, and then an arm, gasp for air,

and then a leg. Using this strategy, crawling through the cold mud, he reached the horses. He sat up against a tree, stared at the arrow, broke off the tip with his left hand and pulled the arrow out with his right. He blacked out. When he came to, he inched up the tree. He grabbed the bell of his horse, unhooked the bell first and then the horse. He caught the horse's mane and threw his body over its back. As the horse backed up, he threw his right leg astride the horse, and leaning onto the horse's neck, guided it to the trail north.

* * *

Daniel Boone struggled for air. He and his men had run all night, and he was sure the men were suffering the same. When they came to the clearing surrounding the hill fort of Harrodstown, he told the men to spread out. There was no sight of any attack, no sign of Indians. He sent out Simon Butler and other scouts to circle around to see if they could find where the Indians had gone.

George and Henry searched the woods.

“You see them?” asked Henry, referring to the scouts.

“No,” George said. “The woods have swallowed them up. Those men are just like injuns. You can't see them if they don't want to be seen.”

The two eyed the rather large fort. It squatted upon a broad grassy hill, a small town surrounded by a stockade of timbers, pointed on the ends. From their location, they could make out huge gates near the far side of the hill. There must have been a walkway along the inside of the stockade, for they could see the heads of men moving like dots along the top with splinters for muskets. The timbers must have been sixteen to eighteen feet high. There was evidence of farming on the far side of the field with the remains of a corn field, as though it had been trodden under the foot of men.

When they came back, Simon said, “No sign of the savages, though there be signs of a fight earlier, and there are slide marks in the mud by the creek. They've been here and gone.”

Boone gave a shrill bird call which was repeated throughout the woods, giving the all clear signal. The mountain men understood, and the farmers with them caught on quickly. The men gathered and marched up the hill with confidence towards the gates of the stockade. When they reached the gates, Boone called out , “Hey! Hey! Dan'l Boone and company! Open the gates.”

Dominic Flanagan, a tall, flat-faced, red-haired Irishman stood on the parapet near the two large gates looking down. “Are ye come to the castle so boldly?” Flanagan shouted.

“Open the gates or we'll bust 'em down,” Boone shouted in reply.

“No one could bust these gates down except it be Dan'l Boone hisself, full of swagger and a braggart!” Flanagan laughed.

“Flanagan, you son of a gun!”

The heavy gates opened slowly like a laviathan about to swallow them. Flanagan jumped down and gave Boone a bear-hug as he came through.

“Now open the tavern,” said Boone, “for my men are hungry and thirsty, and then we shall nap.”

“Welcome to you and your men, for we are tired oursel's and in need of reinforcements.”

The musketeers came through the gates slowly, their countenances showing their fatigue, hardly one man looking ahead. Most seemed to be interested in their shoes.

“And where are the Harrod brothers, James and Sam?” Boone asked. “I am accustomed to have

them meet me."

"They left us, Boone," Flanagan said, waving his hand toward the surrounding woods. "Left us to take care of oursel's. They were spirited away by Colonel Rogers Clark and his men and went off to fight the Shawnees."

"Were he here now," Boone said, approaching the tavern, still walking uphill, "we could defend this fort properly."

"Aye! We would."

Boone's men, some in the tavern and some sprawled about the outside in the street, feasted on bacon, cornbread and deer shank while drinking ale and rum. After they filled themselves, they dozed off and let the flies buzz about their faces.

About noon, a lookout shouted, "Horse approaching! Wounded man!"

The gates were thrown open, but the horse stood uncertain as to what to do. His master was unconscious and gave no orders. George and Henry woke up from their dosing and wondered as they glanced through the open gate. They at once recognized the horse and gave an alarm, "John!" They went out the gate. The horse recognized them and grunted a greeting. George took John off the horse, and Henry grabbed the bridle to lead it inside. The horse's back was covered with John's blood, smelling like carrion. A few German cuss words were heard. As they entered the gates, they called out to the other men, "The camp has been attacked! Everyone! We have to go back!"

The men aroused, jumped to their feet, and grabbing their muskets, headed for the gates. Boone intercepted.

"Hold on! Hold on!" he cried. "The Shawnees would have left, and most of your families are

either dead or carried away. We'll choose a handful of men to go back."

Most of the farmers were angry with Boone and used quite a few cuss words and started pushing him towards the gate, saying "Our families are back there! You carried us away and left them unprotected! Now we'll hang you on a tree if they're dead!"

"Get ahold of yourselves, men!"cried Boone. "There's nothing you can do now. You are needed here to defend Kentucky."

Flanagan raced to join Boone. "He's right men!" he yelled. "Listen to him. Besides, you have run all night and we here are more refreshed. We will go and bring your families back. Let us do that. We will run. You stay here and defend the fort."

After 30 minutes of arguing, the farmers relented and let the men of Harrodstown go in their place. They took one open wagon with them. In it were several shovels. When they saw them, the farmers feared the worst. There were several sighs among them as the wagon passed through the gate.

"They won't need but one wagon," said one of the farmers.

* * *

Henry and George were led to a cabin in which they found a bed. They lay John on the bed and asked for a physician if such was had among them. A man came with a bowl of water who started washing the blood off John. He didn't say he was a doctor, they only assumed he was. He wore a white apron, was bald with bushy white hair around his ears. Like his belly, his face was full with a good sized nose. He spoke with a gruff voice asking for some alcohol. Henry went to the tavern and got a small bottle of whiskey. The man sewed up John's wounds after washing his instruments as well as the wounds in the whiskey. George and Henry lifted the unconscious John while the man wrapped a white

band around John's waist. Then they laid him down and covered him in a light blanket.

It was a day and a half before John awoke. “Mama” was his first word. He started to rise, but George and Henry wouldn't let him.

“I'm afraid for the worst,” Henry said, “We have to get back there.”

“Don't worry, John,” George said softly. “We have sent men to go tend to those who have survived.”

John shuddered. They tried to feed him some broth, but he wouldn't have it. All he could do was moan, turn his head this way and that way and, sweat.

“We should be there,” Henry said.

“We need to stay with John,” George replied.

“Only one of us need stay,” Henry argued.

George was torn inside by needing to be in two places as once, but he was a man of decision. Since Henry was the youngest, George decided he would go.

“I will go,” George said.

“She's my wife, George,” Henry said, knowing his brother had once been in love with Elizabeth.

“I only wanted to help, but you are right,” George bowed his head. He knew what he should do. “You go. I will stay with John.”

Henry had some trouble at the gate. They wouldn't open for him because he was not someone in

authority.

“I am a hero of the Revolution!” Henry yelled in German. Then in English, he asked, “Are we prisoners here?”

Boone happened to be walking nearby when he heard the row. As he approached, one of the men said, “A German, sir,” as though being a German was the same as being the enemy.

“I know this man,” Boone said. “Henry Goodnight. His father and I are friends. If he wants to get his head blown off, it's all right with me. Let him pass.”

“Thank you, Sir,” Henry said.

Boone took his hand. “Go well, Mr. Goodnight. I hope you find your family in good health, but I doubt it. I acted out of expediency.”

“I understand your need, Mr. Boone. War is a fickle mistress. I learned that in many battles.” Saying that, Henry walked through the open gate.

“It is indeed,” Boone said under his breath.

* * *

Henry caught up with Flanagan and his men who ran alongside the wagon, in an effort to keep up. There were five of them. Now there were six. Near the end of the day they arrived at the camp. It looked like a battleground. The wagons scattered over the area had been burned. Bodies lay everywhere. Some campfires were still smoldering. The stench of death filled the air as everyone searched for survivors.

Henry ran to his own wagon and found Elizabeth sitting on the ground, leaning against the front

wheel. She clutched little Ana, rocking her back and forth, as if in a daze. Henry knelt down and took Elizabeth by the arms. When she realized it was Henry, she dropped Ana into his lap and grabbed his shoulders and crying, screaming, and whimpering. She tried to speak several times, but all she could do was sob.

"Calm down, now," Henry said, caressing her hair. "Everything will be all right."

Henry looked around. He didn't see his oldest, his little Elizabeth, the ten year old.

"Where is Elizabeth?"he asked.

Through her sobs, Elizabeth said, "They ... they took her ... her."

"Who took her, Elizabeth? Was it ... ?"

"No, no," she said. "The ... the Indians. They took her." She waited a moment as Henry assessed the situation. "They pushed me down and took my girl. We were hiding under the wagon. They came and drug us out. I tried to protect her. They pushed me down and took her." She began crying again, rocking back and forth

Ana was limp, though she seemed to be alive. Maybe she was just hungry. It took some persuading, but he got Elizabeth to nurse Ana. After finding a blanket, he wrapped the two and went to find Mary and Sarah.

Henry didn't have to look long until he heard a laugh, weak but familiar. He found Sarah lying on the ground among the dead laughing slightly, almost whimpering. He knelt beside her and lifted her up against his leg. He gasped when he saw the top of her head. She had been scalped.

Sarah laughed and said, "I have no hair!" She raised her hand to the top of her head and threw

up on herself and passed out. Henry checked her breathing. She was alive, so he lifted her into his arms to take her to the wagon.

As Henry carried Sarah, he came upon the body of his father. He stood there a moment and stared at his bloody head and face. Henry cried, sobbing big tears that washed down his face. His father had also been scalped. He continued to the wagon, laid Sarah down inside it and grabbed a shovel. He went back to bury Hans Michael Goodnight, but stopped and went back to find another blanket to wrap his father in. He would carry his body back to Harrodstown and bury him there on consecrated ground.

Flanagan had found several people who had survived and helped them back to the wagon. He would next look in the woods because he knew people usually ran away to escape if they could. He called out, “Anyone here? I am Dominic Flanagan. We have come to find survivors. Is anyone out there?”

While looking around, he heard his friend Bill Matthews cry out, “Found another one! Still alive!” He ran in the direction of Bill's voice. Sure enough, there was a woman curled up in the bushes. He knelt down to assist her and found her to be unconscious. She had her apron about her face with her hands frozen in the position of holding it there. Bill leaned on the bush to get it out of the way. As Flanagan lifted her, she gave a gasp, but didn't move. He carried her towards the wagon. As he did so, he met Henry coming back after putting his father's body in the wagon. Henry immediately spotted his stepmother.

“Mama!” he exclaimed.

He ran over to Flanagan to take his stepmother into his arms. Flanagan wouldn't let go.

“She's all right, boy. Just let her be,” Flanagan said. “This is a delicate matter. She's fine. Go see

about your wife. She'll be needin' ya.” Flanagan noticed that the woman was pregnant and wanted to give her special consideration.

Flanagan sat with Mary in his lap for a long while, caressing her head. She sobbed and whimpered trying to say something, but never got it out. He was finally able to get her to drop the apron. Looking upon her angel face, he fell in love with her. He would take care of her from then on.

There was some argument as to the dead body in the wagon, but Henry prevailed, saying, “He's mine fadder, and no man will remove him.” He left to help bury the other dead. He wept upon having to bury the little children.

After the survivors were all collected, each was given some water and a bit of bread. There were about five women, two men and a couple of children. The wagon and the troop that came along with it headed for Harrodstown.

* * *

Four months passed. The attack had been in September. Many people mourned their dead. There had been cousins and aunts and uncles and neighbors too who had been waiting for those on the wagon train, only to be told of their death. Some of the men that had gone with Flanagan had found their relatives lying in their gore. Boone had left to join Colonel George Rogers Clark and had informed him of the massacre. The people of Harrodstown felt comfortable defending their own town, so they welcomed the regulars who stayed. The colonel was troubled that the Kentuckians would rather defend their own homes than go off with him to fight the British and Indians, but he offered enough opposition to the Shawnees and the Mingoes that they forgot Harrodstown and the other settlements for awhile. That gave the settlers time to start their farms.

Mary was in labor. Flanagan doted on her and worried about her as if he were the father. He

brought in the midwife to take care of her. After a month on his back, John helped Flanagan build her a cabin. They had some help from George and Henry, mostly George because Henry had to work his own farm.

Elizabeth held onto Henry and wouldn't let him go off and help others. She would become very anxious and start shaking if he left the cabin. Each time he left he had to calm her down and assure her that nothing would happen to him. If it hadn't been for that, he would have joined up with George and gone off with Boone and Colonel Clark. Henry wanted to go out and search for his daughter Elizabeth, but George convinced him to stay and take care of his family. He said that they would look for Elizabeth where ever they found Indians, and when they found her, they would bring her back. It would be 20 years before they found her and brought her home with two little papooses.

John and Flanagan paced outside in the cold while the midwife helped with the delivery. When they heard the baby cry, they rushed into the cabin. Flanagan was a proud father and smiled from ear to ear, even though he wasn't the real father. But he would adopt the baby. When he went in and saw Mary nursing the newborn, she looked tired. He knelt down and held her hand. His eyes asked the question.

“It is a boy,” she returned a smile.

“Nice and healthy, I see,” he said as the midwife started cleaning up. “Have you thought of a name yet? Maybe it's too soon.”

“We had already thought of a name,” she said, caressing the baby's head and looking at him dreamily, smiling now at the newborn. “Hans knew it would be a boy. His name is Isaac.”

“The laugh,” John said, standing in the doorway to the bedroom. He cocked his head and smiled as he watched the baby suckle from his mother's breast. “This family can use a good laugh. It will be fun to have a baby brother. Now I know I won't be the hind-post.”

Night after night the baby cried and would not sleep, as if it too were mourning the loss of the settlers massacred by the Indians. Flanagan made a cradle for him that rocked with the push of a foot, but the rocking or the holding or walking the baby around the cabin never worked. Mary and Flanagan, after the fourth night were kneeling over his cradle worrying what to do. Mary had just laid him down and was covering him with a small blanket.

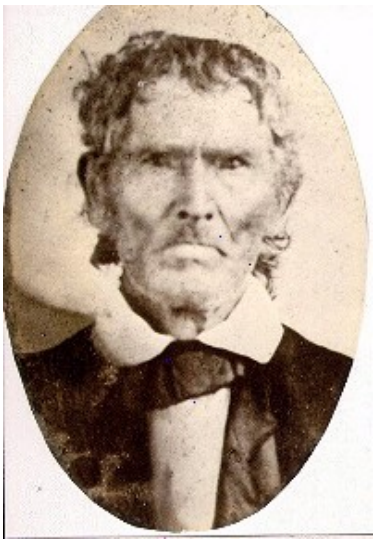
“What shall we do?” Mary asked.

“You will just have to get used to him crying. Just let him cry and go back to bed,” Flanagan suggested.

Both of them looked away for just a moment, thinking about giving up and going to bed. It was late and morning would come soon. Then, all of a sudden, the baby stopped. They looked and the baby had inadvertently grabbed the blanket and had covered his face, its little fists holding the blanket over its head just as Mary had done when they found her in the bushes covering her face with her apron. Mary and Flanagan laughed.

John stayed in Harrodstown and helped it grow into Harrodsburg. He eventually married and had his own farm which he developed through two wars.

Sarah became quite solemn after having been scalped. She didn't say much and stayed in the corner of the cabin near the fireplace. It took her all winter and spring to gather her senses, but when she did, she became a fine young woman that several men admired. She astonished her mother and got married and had ten children.



Isaac Goodnight

Isaac grew up to be an Indian fighter. He fought in many skirmishes and wars. He built his mother a plantation with a large brick house with a chimney on each side, resembling the one they had left behind in North Carolina. Isaac had a strange quirk that surely surprised the many women he married. Throughout his entire life, he never could go to sleep without first covering his face with his blanket.

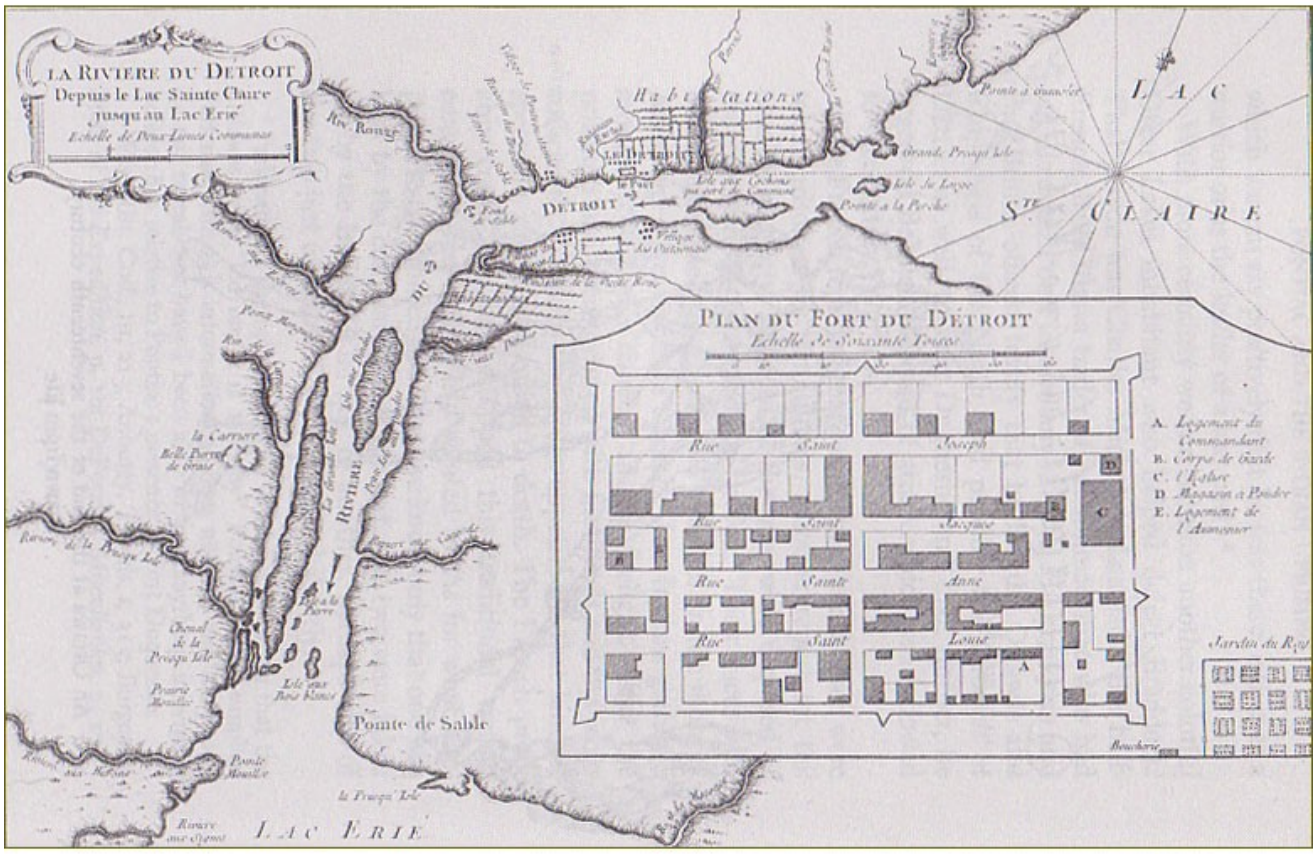
End of Book One.

Book Two

Attack on Ruddle's Station

Chapter One

History Detroit



1763 Detroit From Bellin's 1764 Atlas

Detroit was a growing town in 1779 surrounding a forted hill. Fort Lernoult looked down upon shops and houses on the north side and a harbor for sizable ships on the south, which could be protected by cannon fire. The harbor was made up of a small inlet emptying out into the Detroit River, which ran from Lake St. Clair to Lake Erie. The town was large enough to have a town square and a brick courthouse, which got its military authority from the fort which sat above it like a crown. Captain Richard Beringer Lernoult built the fort in 1777 and was its commandant.

The foundation economic of Detroit was built upon beaver pelts. But the French thought it necessary for a lasting relationship with the Ojibwa or Chipewa Indians to allow the Indians to do the trapping and then trade merchandise for the pelts. That way, the Europeans wouldn't be invading their woodlands, and it was thought, there would be less of white man's corruption, resulting in a steady stream of furs exported from the Great Lakes area. The French, and then the British, made vast profits in this kind of trade. Detroit was the perfect place for marketing these furs because of its central location. The Indians received scalping knives, kitchen utensils, and beads in return. Indians didn't need these items, it's just that they were more durable than their own, being made of iron and steel. The beads were legal tender, especially copper beads which the Indians valued as much as we valued gold.

Lieutenant-Governor of the Great Lakes region was Major Henry Hamilton whose philosophy was the need of savagery in savage times. He was ruthless toward the colonists in their rebellion against the king. His man in charge of Indian affairs was Alexander McKee. These two, with others, including a Captain Henry Bird, found money and spoils of war as they took bands of Indians into the Ohio Valley, Pennsylvania, and the Kentuck, raiding lone farmers as they worked their lands. They would creep up silently, shoot the men and fall upon the defenseless women and children. When they left, they would leave behind mutilated corpses of families and charred remains of their cabins. Returning to Detroit, they paraded their easily won scalps on poles through the town like banners of

triumph, ending in wild orgies of drunkenness in the town square. Hamilton had the human pelts brought to his warehouse. Stores used for bartering for beaver would be handed over to the Indians for their share in the booty. Hamilton soon became known as “The Great Hair-Buyer of Detroit.”

In 1779 Captain Lernoult was promoted to major and shipped off to Niagara. He was replaced by Major Arent S. De Peyster, a heavy-set man in his fifties who wore long wigs and who suffered from gout by his overeating of “fleshy meats.” He adopted the same policies as that of the governor, using the ways of the Indians he was to govern and protect. His authority extended into the Ohio country and down below the Ohio River on the east side of the Mississippi. When he learned of the colonists' thoughtless and selfish land-grabbing on the west of the Alleghenies, he permitted and even encouraged the Indian's slaughter of thousands of the colonists. He joined with Major Hamilton in purchasing their scalps. He even accepted the sale of white slaves whom he put to work in a nearby munitions factory, or given to the officers of the Crown in the fort and in the homes of the loyalists about town. Most of the slaves were taken by the Navy and forced to work on ships fighting against their own people.

It was his duty to regulate the fur trade, negotiate with the Indian Nations, organize war parties of regular troops, militia, and Indians to fight in the war of rebellion. He was required to keep detailed notes of the daily activities of his men, the fort and surrounding areas. Charismatic and amiable, he had the reputation of fair treatment of people. He won the respect of his soldiers, the traders and the Indians and even the French settlers whom he treated with as much respect as his British subjects.

Major De Pyster's wife, Rebecca, was vivacious, overseeing her household, entertaining traders' wives, and was a leader in women's activities in the community.

The savagery of the times, as well as meticulous record keeping comes in a letter to the governor-general which was found in possession of a captured carrier:

> May it please your excellency:
> At the request of a Seneca chief I hereby send to your excellency, under the care of James Hoyd, eight packages of scalps, cured, dried, hooped and painted with all the triumphal marks and of which consignment this is an invoice and an explanation.
> Package No. 1. Contains 43 scalps of Congress soldiers, inside painted red and marked with a small black dot to show they were killed by bullets. Those painted brown and marked with a hoe denote that the soldiers were killed while working on their farms. Those marked with a ring denote that they were surprised at night; those marked with a black hatchet denote that persons were killed with a tomahawk.
> Package No. 2. Ninety-eight farmers' scalps. A white circle shows that they were surprised in the daytime. Those marked with a red foot shows that the men stood their ground and fought in the defense of their wives and families.
> Package No. 3. Ninety-seven farmers' scalps. The green hoops denote that they were killed in the fields.
> No. 4. One hundred and two farmers' scalps; eighteen are marked with a yellow flame to show that they died by torture. The one with a black hand attached belonged to a clergyman.
> No. 5. Eighty-eight scalps of women. Those with the braided hair were mothers.
> No. 6. One hundred ninety-three boys' scalps.
> Number 7. Two hundred eleven girls' scalps.
> No. 8. One hundred twenty-two scalps of all sorts, among them are 29 infant scalps. (This is not a full record, nor the worst of it, but it is enough.)
> The Seneca chief sends this message: ' Father, we here send you these many scalps that you may see that we are not idle friends. We wish you to send them to the Great King that he may regard them and be refreshed; and that he may see our faithfulness in destroying his enemies and be convinced that his presents to us are appreciated.' [1]

The Moravian missionaries in Ohio converted many of the Indians, enough to form a congregation. These Indians became completely tame and would not kill the missionaries when they were ordered to. This became a great disturbance to the Indian Chiefs as well to the British. To deal with this problem the government in Detroit decided to punish the Indians and the Moravian missionaries. This was ordered only because they were a hindrance to any raids the Indians planned against the colonists in Pennsylvania. The Moravians would always hear of the plans through their converts and then run off and tell the colonists. But as far as punishing the converted Indians, the rebel army beat them to it. In reprisal to the many raids from the Ohio Indians, a small detachment went into the Ohio country and rounded up some suspects, but were told by them that they couldn't be the culprits because they had been converted to Christ. The colonial army didn't believe them. They put them into their church, massacred them by shooting each man, woman and child in the head and then set the

church on fire. The Moravian missionaries and their families were taken captive by the British and their Indian allies into Detroit where they were forced to labor as slaves, erecting many buildings in the area. (After the war they were allowed to go north and establish a colony of their own.)

De Peyster, Hamilton and their cohort and Indian agent Alexander McKee showed their true colors with the Moravians. Two Moravian girls were being lashed by an Indian in the town square. The girls, upon seeing a heavy gentleman by the name of James May (he weighed 300 pounds), ran to him for protection. He took them to his house and refused to give them up. The Indian complained to McKee who went to De Peyster and told him that they must let the Indians have their own way with the prisoners and not interfere with Indian affairs. De Peyster sent for May and ordered him to give the girls, who had done no wrong, back to the Indians or spend the remainder of the war in jail. So the girls were given back to the Indian, who resumed whipping and beating them, for his amusement.

When Major De Peyster became alarmed at the stories coming in about the colonists who were taking over the Indian lands west of the Alleghenies, he sent a letter to General Frederick Haldiman, Governor-General of Canada, at Montreal, saying,

The Delawares and Shawnese are . . . daily bringing in scalps & prisoners . . . those unhappy people being part of the one thousand families who to shun the oppression of Congress are on their way to possess the country of Kentuck where, if they are allowed quietly to settle, they will soon become formidable both to the Indians & to the Posts. [2]

Ten days later, he wrote to Lieut. Col. Mason Bolton, Deputy Indian Agent, at Montreal, telling of the rapidity with which the settlers were gaining foot-holds in the territory beyond the Allegheny Mountains. "They report that the Rebels . . . have now surrounded the Indian hunting ground of Kentuck, having erected small Forts at about two days journey from each other." Major De Peyster added, in closing, that this was "the finest country for new settlers in America, but it happens unfortunately for them to be the Indians best hunting ground, which they will never give up, and in fact, it is our interest not to let the Virginians, Marylanders & Pennsylvanians get possession there, lest

in a short while they become formidable to this [Detroit] Post."4

After further correspondence, Major De Peyster made a decision. He called for Captain Bird.

Captain Henry Bird could be described as an ugly man having a hair lip which caused him to talk with a lisp. If that wasn't enough, his face was severely scared from smallpox, which he had contracted when about six years old. He wore an everlasting expression of bitterness, as though it were a medal he had won in a fight. It had come from the constant harassment of his peers, and therefore, his feelings for others were not unkind, but limited. Military service suited him. He could always take out his anger on his inferiors or on the enemy. Yet, becoming an officer, he portrayed the elements of a gentleman. He traveled to Canada as a lieutenant, having won that rank in a battle with the French on the European continent. He was sent to Detroit with a hundred men of the Eighth Regiment where he was given the charge of stirring up the Indian war parties against the rebels of His Majesty. This new duty required that he have the rank of Captain.

The Indians were given muskets and ammunition, blankets, hatchets, kettles and red-handled scalping knives. His success brought many Indians from the Ohio country to Detroit, carrying the scalps and bringing white slaves. The money for this venture was procured by Major Henry Hamilton through taxes on the sale of lands.

Sally Beaton

* * *

Captain Bird had courted a girl named Sally Beaton. (Also known as Sarah Jane (Dring) Macomb. (1765-1849))[3] Whenever they met on the street, he would tip his hat and say, “Good morning to ye Ma'am.” She would be shopping, and he would ask to carry her parcels or her groceries. He even visited her house and had dinner with her family.

Then came along a handsome fellow named William Macomb who kept butting in when the

captain tried for Sally's attention.

William would elbow him in the side and escort Sally away as they met on the street. The second time he tried to visit Sally at her home, he found William already there. The next day when he stopped Sally and asked if he could escort her, she said, “It will not be necessary, sir. William will escort me,” which he did as he suddenly popped out of the general store.

When the men in his regiment found out he had a girl friend, they teased him continually. Whenever he entered the tavern, two of his men would act out the courtship by grabbing each other by the elbow and strutt up and down the floor laughing. Then a third man would enter in and try to separate the two and a mock battle would ensue resulting in roaring laughter from everyone in the tavern.

If that wasn't enough, whenever they were in the barracks, the men would act out hugging and kissing and dancing. The one playing Sally would give a soliloquy in a falsetto, telling of her love for the Captain. They would roar with laughter.

At each episode, Captain Bird grew more and more angry until he was ready to explode, which he did, right in Major De Peyster's office.

He strolled into the office and slammed the door, exclaiming, “Those damned men of mine! Friends, they call themselves!”

“You forget where you are Captain!” said the major as he arose from his desk. With his nose in the air and a snarl on his face, he strolled around to the captain, his hands behind his back, holding a riding crop.

Captain Bird stood at attention.

“You have a complaint, Captain?” Major De Pyster asked as he circled the captain. He stopped in front of him and slapped the crop onto the captain's chest.

“Aye, Sir,” Captain Bird said, in almost a whisper. “May I speak freely, Sir?”

Major De Pyster strode back to his desk and stood in front of it, facing the captain, holding onto

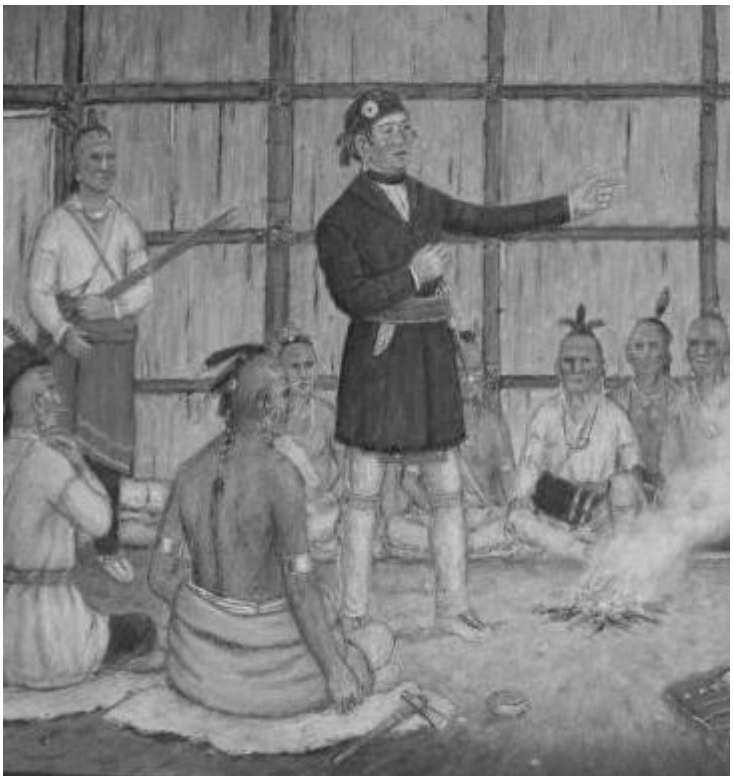
the edge. He said, “I admire your heroic efforts at stopping the advancement of the colonists. Even though you have risen to your position from a lowly foot soldier, you must remember that you are an officer and a gentleman. Please act the part. You may speak.”

“I offer my sincere apologies, Sir, and with much gratitude I will lay my complaint before ye. As ye know, me life has become miserable with much teasing by the men, Sir. I wish relief. In due of the fact that the more we try to rid the Indian lands of the colonists, the more they pour in. We know that they have been setting up several forts in the Kentuck. Since my men have nothing better to do than to drink and play and tease me all the day long, I humbly request ye give me some task to do to rid ourselves of these troubles. I am meaning from the colonists, of course.” Captain Bird smiled an ugly smile and bowed, curving his trifold hat through the air, then resting it on his hip.

“Captain Bird. You came at a time when I was contemplating that very thing. There is a resonance of the mind, I think. Paying the Indians to go out and scalp a few straggling settlers isn't getting to the heart of the problem. The Indians dare not attack the forts. They don't group into a large enough force to do any real damage. Yes, you shall have your orders, so get to the commissary. Here is a chit with my signature to get your supplies,” Major De Pyster said as he turned around, scribbled on a piece of paper and handed it to the captain. “I suspect you know how to get enough Indians to go with you? It can't be a raiding party. It must be a war party of several hundred along with your regiment of footmen.”

“Yes, Sir. I know of a man, Simon Girty, who will do the job for me. He is a loyal subject and a good interpreter. I couldn't work with the Indians without his help. I will take him and go to the chiefs of the Shawnee and Mingo. It's primarily their hunting grounds we're talking about.”

* * *



Simon Girty

Simon Girty was a renegade. His dark and shaggy hair covered a low forehead. His brows pushed together to meet above a short flat nose. His sunken steel gray eyes stared back at a person without blinking, reflecting the intelligence of the savage beast. His lips were thin and compressed, and his countenance was that of a sinister villain. He dressed in Indian clothing without any ornamentation, and instead of a hat, he wore a scarlet silk handkerchief wrapped around his forehead to hide an unsightly wound. On each side he stuffed a silver mounted pistol in his belt. And on his left hung a short broad sword. If he had been at sea, he would have looked the part of a pirate.

Betrayed by the rebel army he fought with, he turned against them with a vengence. Leading several expeditions against settlements in Virginia and in the Kentuck, he became the object of bitter hatred on the frontier.

Simon Girty and friend Simon Kenton joined up with the Virginia militia in 1773 to fight in Dunmore's War. They acted as scouts against the Shawnee and Mingo nations. It lasted a year. He was zealous and tried with much energy to show what a courageous and useful soldier he was. He did

everything he could to get promoted and thought because of his skill in battle that he should. But he was disappointed. For a small infraction, he was publicly disgraced by Colonel Gibson whom he fought under. With a thirst for revenge, he left the settlements and took refuge with the Wyandottes.

The borderers were a mean lot. They took no mercy on the Indian and therefore expected none in return. Once Simon Girty turned renegade, he was not allowed to return. He became an Indian to all who knew him. They would treat him without mercy and so he reciprocated. He remained an Indian and defended the Indians because of his pride. His leadership and skill in battle against the whites, the Indians greatly respected. He could obtain more scalps in some cases than his own Indian brothers. Simon Girty had a reputation of being as savage and cruel as the Indians, but there remained in him a shadow of civilization. He neither forgave a foe nor forgot a friend. He saved the life of his friend Simon Kenton in one battle and stationed his brother James Girty on the banks of the Ohio River to warn passengers in boats not to be lured into ambush by the tricks of the Indians or other white men hired by them.

In the early part of 1782 the incursions of the Indians into western Pennsylvania became so destructive that an expedition against the Wyandotte towns was undertaken and led by Colonel Crawford. In one battle at the end of May of that year, the Indians completely routed the four hundred man army and took Colonel Crawford and Doctor Knight captive along with about nine other soldiers. They were taken to the old town of Sandusky where Colonel Crawford met with Simon Girty.

The other prisoners were held outside the town. The Colonel was told that they would be treated civilly, but the Indians remembered the Morovian Indians and how they were massacred.

In June, Colonel Pipe, the great chief of the Delaware, appeared. He showed kindness to the prisoners but painted them black as he spoke softly to them. They were marched into town and tortured by squaws and boys who beat them ruthlessly. Then they were tomahawked and scalped by the warriors. Simon Girty looked on as the same group of squaws and boys stripped Colonel Crawford of his clothes, tied him up and cut his ears off. Simon watched as they built a fire about the colonel and

tortured him with firebrands. He thought of his old Colonel Gibson and smiled as he watched Colonel Crawford dance amidst the flames. He told Doctor Knight that this was what was in store for his previous leader, Colonel Gibson.

Simon rode up to Colonel Crawford who cried out, "Girty! Girty! Shoot me through the heart! Quick! Quick! Do not refuse me!"

The renegade said simply, "Don't you see I have no gun, Colonel," and then rode away. He remarked to his Indian friends how funny the colonel looked, and they all laughed.

This is the man Captain Bird relied upon to secure several hundred Indians to go against the forts in the Kentuck and to control them.

Doctor Knight was taken by several Indians and marched down the road to be tried by the Shawnees, but he escaped and lived to tell the story about Colonel Crawford to the settlers in Pennsylvania.

Colonel George Rogers Clark had been stationed at the falls on the Ohio but had moved to the Mississippi to build a fort. That gave Simon Girty an advantage. He thought to subdue the residents there and elsewhere along the Ohio before going fully into the Kentuck so his retreat wouldn't be met with opposition. However, the Indians had a different plan. They wanted to take the forts above the Licking River so that when they left, there wouldn't be anyone remaining to make reprisals into Ohio. After much arguing in pow wows with the Indians, Captain Bird had to make concessions or he would have lost their support.

Besides the Shawnees and Mingos, the Chippawas and Delawares, Simon Girty had gathered in a lot of the Ottawas and Hurons from around the Great Lakes. The main force of the British were actually French settlers from Detroit who had been pressed into service. They gathered near the mouth of the Miami River to wait for the Chillicothe chiefs.

Delays consisting of waiting for the Indians to gather plus transporting a three pounder and a six pounder cannon as well as canoe and boats overland, having to go back and forth from the Maumee

River at Lake Erie to the Miami River on the Ohio made Captain Bird and his other British officers anxious. Also being among so many Indians who would cut a person as look at them added to their anxiety. Although the Indian agent Captain Alexander McKee was more persuasive than Simon Girty in controlling the Indians, the numbers of British as compared to Indians proved to be a barrier in getting the Indians to do what the British wanted.

Captain Bird wrote to General Haldimand, Commander-in-Chief in Canada that nothing but the use of "magic" would control these Indians. It seemed that Captain McKee had a hypnotic voice. Simon Girty was always too compliant with the Indians and had to agree with them on most occasions. Captain McKee wasn't so tolerant.

Along with Simon Girty, there were several renegades like himself in this expedition. Two were his brothers, George and Thomas. Then there was Matthew Elliott and Captain Alexander McKee, renowned for their skill in handling the Indians and exciting them to war against the rebels. Jacques Duperon Baby, an influential French citizen of Detroit, Philip le Due, Duncan Graham and several others were employed by the British Indian department.

The Indians kept with them a prisoner, Micajah Callaway, who had been captured along with Daniel Boone by the Shawnees. They used him to do all their menial chores. Captain Bird refered to him in his letters to DePeyster as the poor prisoner. Fighting broke out among the British and Indians in trying to rescue this "poor prisoner" when he tried to escape down the Licking to warn the rebels located in the forts. Captain Bird took him out of harm's way by making him a letter carrier, taking posts back to Detroit.[7]

After gathering at the mouth of the Licking River, the British and Indians were prepared for their assault on Ruddle's and Martin's stations.

Bird called the poor prisoner Micajah Callaway and gave him this letter to take back to Detroit.

"Ohio River,
June 11th, 1780

Sir:

After two days councilling whether they would proceed immediately to the Falls, or attack the Forts on

Licking Creek, the Indians have determined for Licking Creek, & tomorrow by day break, we move up the Stream. I confess to you, my patience have received very severe shocks, and would have been long ago exhausted, had I not had so excellent an example before me as the one Capt McKee sets - indeed he manages Indians & - I never saw his fellow. It is now 16 days since I arrived at the Forks, appointed by the Indians to meet, & by one ridiculous delay or the other, they have prolonged or retarded to this day.

Mons. Le Duc has behaved extremely well in every respect, and has been very serviceable in making shafts & repairing carriages, in which matters he offered his services. You seemed, Sir, to have an inclination to serve him on our leaving Detroit. I don't doubt that you will on his return find him worthy your notice. There has not a man in the Party proved of more service than Mr. Reynolds - civil in every respect - and attentive - an excellent woodsman & no doubt a good soldier. He was before quite out of his element.

Mr. Baby delivered me on setting out three or four strands, some worsted, three glasses, and some other little things for Logan, which by bringing in a blanket so far got all broke & spoiled; they wont never have answered as a present. What was good of the shirts, strands or blankets, I gave to different Indians, and told Logan what you intended, but the inconvenience of carriage in our present situation made you defer it, till his return to Detroit.

I hope, Sir, my next will inform you of success in our undertakings, 'tho their attack on the little forts, their number being so great, is mean of them. The old prisoner, the bearer of this, is given up by the Shawanese – He endeavoured to escape and give intelligence of our approach to the Rebels. Nothing but our presence saved his life. After the treatment he got from us, he proved himself a deceitful old villain. Capt McKee begs his compliments.

I am, Sir, with respect
Your most obedient and
Most Humble Servant
(signed) Henry Bird
Major De Peyster" [8]

* * *

One of the Shawnee chiefs hired by Simon Girty was Marmaduke Van Swearingen, chief of the Kispokotha tribe. The Kispoko village had approximately 900 Shawnee, and was situated along the Scioto just north of Chillicothe in southeastern Ohio. Marmaduke's Indian name was Blue Jacket. He got that name at the time of his capture in western Virginia in 1769. He was wearing a blue linsey jacket when he and his younger brother Charles were hunting and ran into a Shawnee hunting party.[5] It was his intense interest in the Shawnee that saved both of their lives. When younger, Marmaduke had learned the Shawnee language from an old trapper. The way the Indian respected the land, their bold fierceness and freedom to roam wherever they wanted had intrigued him. He also felt an empathy with the Indian at an early age because of the way his own people abused them. In his youth he had planned to live among the Indians and learn their ways. So when he and his brother were approached by the

Shawnee hunting party, he spoke to them in their own tongue for over an hour and arranged that Charles be set free to return home. He was taken by the Shawnee and initiated into their tribe. He was greatly respected because of his bravery and good nature during the torturous ordeal of running the gauntlet where he had to run pass a line of boys with clubs, tomahawks and knives. He was hit, tripped, cut, and almost scalped. It was a form of sacrifice where the old childish self was killed off, and what was left was a real but brutal man.

Blue Jacket quickly rose to leadership. When he sat in the council circles, his counsels were listened to. His countenance radiated intelligence. O.M. Spencer, an Indian captive himself, described Chief Blue Jacket as "the most noble in appearance of any Indian I ever saw. His person, about six feet high, was finely proportioned, stout, and muscular; his eyes large, bright, and piercing; his forehead high and broad ... and his countenance open and intelligent, expressive of firmness and decision ..."

Blue Jacket became an advocate for his new family. He fought fiercely for the rights of the Indian to live on their own lands and in their own way. By 1774 he had become second in command, having proved himself in battle as well as in council. He was in his early twenties when he fought his first major battle at Point Pleasant to stop the spread of the white man into the Ohio territory (Dunmore's War). The Shawnee had never let a white captive come into a leadership position for fear of betrayal, but Blue Jacket won the hearts of his tribe by his extreme loyalty. When he caused the death of one of his cousins, another Van Swearingen and an American officer, in the battle of St. Clair, his attention didn't swerve, thinking, “Oh, that's my cousin,” but plodded on, swinging his axe as if it were just another white enemy. At a governor's council he was quoted as saying, “From all quarters we receive speeches from the American, and no two are alike. We suppose they intend to deceive us ...”[4] Blue Jacket's extreme interest in the Shawnee had grown into an extreme contempt for the white man.

For centuries, war and plunder was the custom among the American Indians, one tribe fighting against another, always wars and rumors of wars. But this custom had been world wide in the past, even among so called civilized peoples. Homer writes of the ancient Greeks. The Iliad reads like a

history of the American Indian. They gloried in war and plunder. They killed the men in battle and took all their goods as well as their women and children. Among the Indians, sometimes to obtain a wife, one led a raiding party at a nearby village. Blue Jacket became familiar with the common practice of plunder in the Revolutionary War. It wasn't just the payment for the scalps Detroit offered his Indian brothers that induced Blue Jacket to raid white settlements. It was also the accumulation of the white man's goods and the actual craving for blood caused by his hatred and contempt for the white man. Other than that, Blue Jacket was considered a noble savage.

* * *

Headman of the Mingos was Johnny Logon.[6] He was the oldest son of Johnny Shikellamy, a borderer loyal to the British forces. Chief Logon knew the Indian agent Alexander McKee, having been with him in many raids against the white settlers. He met him at Thomas McKee's trading post where he had taken refuge in the French and Indian War. In 1773 Logon settled his village at the mouth of Yellow Creek near the northern bend of the Ohio before it descends to Fort Pitt (Pittsburgh). Across the Ohio in Virginia was the trading post and homestead of Joshua Baker. It was here that Chief Logon's bitter hatred of his own kind began. Having married into the Mingo family, he had many brothers. In May of 1774, a group of his Mingo brothers as well as Logon's mother and sister carrying her baby on her back, went to the trading post to buy a few things as usual, but a trap had been set by a group of Virginians led by Daniel Greathouse. Nathaniel Tomlinson, Baker's brother-in-law, was generous with his liquor and started a shooting match which was a popular sport with the Indians. One of the Indians, John Petty who had been drinking heavily, walked into the trading post. He saw Tomlinson's regimental coat and hat, donned them, and started crying out, “I am a white man. I am a white man.” This infuriated Tomlinson, who grabbed his rifle, shot Petty and scalped him. That was the signal. The rest of the men came out of hiding, turned their guns on the Indians outside and started shooting. One

of Logon's actual blood brothers ran towards the trading post. John Sappington grabbed his rifle and shot him as he entered. Logon's sister panicked and ran towards the trading post for safety, but was met by one of Greathouse's men. In the split second of their eyes meeting, he shot her directly in her forehead. He then took her baby by the feet and was going to dash its brains out, but was stopped by his companion.

All of the Mingos were killed, including Logon's mother.

Logon and some of his brothers heard the shooting and came across the river in two canoes. They were met at the shore with rifle fire. Four of the brothers were killed instantly. The rest escaped back across the river. Another group of Mingos came across in several other canoes but were repulsed. Chief Logon could be heard beyond the river wailing and howling like a wounded animal. His whole family had been brutally murdered. It took the intervention of the Indian agent McKee to bring the bones of the deceased back home to the village.

This murderous incident is what started Dunmore's War, in which the Shawnee and Mingo tribes were pacified, that is, beaten into submission, within three months. But the bitter resentment that resulted only increased the savagery on both sides of the Ohio. The memory of the murders at Baker's trading post provided the impetus for the cold-blooded brutal attack by the Indians on Ruddle's Station where 200 settlers were killed. From the white man's point of view, “once a white man always a white man” was never true, but “once an Indian, always an Indian” was always true. Going into the frontier, a man had to become a savage Indian fighter or a savage Indian.

1. Detroit, Mich.: Detroit News., 1923, 784 pgs.

2. The original correspondence of Captain Henry Bird, Major De Peyster, General Frederick Haldiman and other high officials of this period is in the British Museum, London, England. Copies, in the Canadian Archives at Ottawa, are calendared in the *Reports of the Public Archives of Canada, 1884-1889.* The portions relating to American history, or the "Haldimand Papers," have been published in the *Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections,* 38 vols. (Lansing, 1874-1912). These are hereafter cited as *Canadian Archives* or *Michigan Pioneer.* De Peyster's letter herewith cited appears in *Michigan Pioneer,* X, p. 396.

3. Isabella Swan's *The Deep Roots*.

4. De Peyster to Bolton, May 27, 1780. *Michigan Pioneer, XIX,* P. 519.

5. descendant Lola Thoroughman Van Swearingen

6. From "A Man of Distinction Among Them, Alexander McKee and the Ohio Country Frontier" by Larry L. Nelson, pp. 78-81.

7. Micajah Callaway was the brother of Daniel Boone's son-in-law, Flanders Callaway, and nephew of Col. Richard Callaway. Flanders Callaway was married to Jemima Boone, one of the girls who were kidnaped by the Shawnee Indians in 1776 and soon after, saved by her father, Daniel Boone. This kidnapping was an inspiration for a story in "The Last of the Mohicans." Micajah Callaway was captured at Blue Licks with Daniel Boone and several others of their salt-making party. Boone escaped a year later, and Micajah remained in captivity for five years and five months. It was common for Indians to bring their prisoners with them when they attacked the settlers, as was the case with Micajah when he was at Ruddell's Station. (Information on Micajah Callaway obtained in Daniel Boone's biography written by John Bakeless, sent by James Sellars – sellarsj@hotmail.com -- September 1998.)

8. National Archives of Canada
Copied from British Library (formerly British Museum)
Haldimand Papers
MG21, Add. Mss. 21760 (B-100), pp. 410-413

Chapter Two

George and Catherine had arrived with their family at the border of their new land. It was an overgrown swamp of maple, beech, oak and red cedar located between two creeks flowing into the Licking River. They could see through the overgrowth a grassy knoll where they would start their new home.

They had to come up the creek in the wagon, not having a trail wagons could properly fit into. The creek itself was like a tunnel with overhanging vines and brush knotting the overhead tree limbs together. When George saw the grassy knoll, he knew they were at his place. He had been told that the knoll was an Indian grave and not to dig into it or he would have to deal with the ghosts of the dead, so he decided not to. George took his wife as she stepped down from the wagon and gathered her into his arms. He placed her in a standing position onto a dry spot on the shore and showed her the land of his dreams with a wave of his hand.

Her first thought was, “I'm too old for this.” She felt a tinge of resentment at having to leave a nice civilized home which they had lived in for over twenty five years, long enough to feel quite comfortable in, long enough to know where everything was and where everything was supposed to be. Now they were starting over as though they were newly weds. But she was old enough to be set in her ways also, which was knowing what to do and when.

While the wagon and horses stood in the stream bed, George, Michael and Peter cleared the brush, a few trees, and made a path that led up to the knoll. George went back into the wagon and drove up the path. Catherine followed, feeling exhausted. They built a camp up against the knoll using the canvas from the wagon to fashion a lean-to out from the side of the wagon. No matter what Catherine felt, she went on to help set up camp, putting in order the food supplies, the kitchen utinsiles, and beds.

The two girls, Elizabeth and Catherine wandered all over the place exploring and gathering wood for fires. They loved the place. It was a new experience. They were excited they didn't have to be

little ladies for the neighbors. They could run and romp as they pleased.

Michael and Peter worked alongside their father George cutting down trees and removing the underbrush. They cut the trees into logs to build the cabin, finishing long after dark. After supper they fell into their pallets under the lean-to fast asleep.

They built a cabin in three days. The chimney was added the fourth day, and a bed was made for George and Catherine. The belabored family finally enjoyed a warm night under cozy comforters and quilts in their own beds. The girls slept in the loft while Michael and Peter, in their roll-up bed, slept downstairs on the floor near Ma and Pa in their bower bed (made of large tree branches) facing the blaze of a nice fire.

The Conways and Longs made similar homes as they separated and traveled to their own lands and built cabins to protect them from the weather. The families that came with George Goodnight made themselves comfortable within a matter of a week. Other families that had settled in the area earlier had built themselves a fort called Ruddle's Station for protection. To the east was Martin's Station. The land on both sides of the Licking collected over four hundred families coming from Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas. However, the forts would prove ineffective, since they were not military installations.

George awoke with Catherine snuggled up beside him. Lethargy set in. He was comfortable and didn't want to move. Yet, his bones ached and wouldn't let him alone. Was he too old to start over? Was he a fool to come out here, dragging his family into who knows what, possibly into harm's way? He wasn't afraid of a few Indians, and they had left the war behind them now. War was the prime reason he had moved his family into the wilderness. It had been war that had pushed his dad's family out of Germany and across the ocean. The promise of a new life had beckoned, one of freedom - freedom to posses your own land and work it for yourself.

The cabin would be temporary. He planned to build Catherine a fine new house, with clapboards covering the outside, and with red brick chimneys. It would be like the one they left behind.

George didn't mind the work, but he really missed his old home and the comforts that come to old people who have worked all their life. He wouldn't get the opportunity of sitting around in his old age and watching his children work the farm. He would probably die working this new farm. He thought he would still enjoy his family though, and his brother Hans and his family. They weren't too far away, only a couple day's ride to Harrod's Town. Only One son Christian stayed back in Carolina.

He noticed Michael and Peter were still asleep. He'd better get them up. There was land to clear and fields to plant. Spring was just around the corner. Can't waste time dreaming.

George kissed his wife as she opened her eyes, and she kissed him back. “I'd better get up and get you boys some breakfast,” she said, “You have plenty o' work to do.”

“Cathy! Elizabeth!,” she called. “Get up and get some wood on the fire. It's breakfast time.”

“Michael, Peter,” George called out as he bent down to put his boots on. “Let's git at it. There's not a wind powerful enough to blow them trees down. So we have to do it ourselves.”

“Yes, Pa,” Michael replied as he rubbed his eyes.

Peter rolled over, covering his head.“Yes, Pa.”

Michael pulled the covers off Peter and started beating him with his own pillow.

“Aw! Pa!” Peter exclaimed. “Get this crazy boy off me!”

“No rough housing, now,” replied George. “Save your strength for what the Lord made ya.”

And so it started. One tree after another felt the axes of the three men. They used the horses that had pulled their wagon to haul off the trees. By the end of March, they had cleared twenty acres and had begun pulling up the stumps. The horses were getting awfully tired. They sweated and snorted. Their muscles were tight knots. There heads hung like lead weights. There was no rest for the horses or the men until they plowed and planted the fields.

Corn was planted in the fields, and Catherine tended her vegetable garden nestled up against the cabin. Cathy and Elizabeth came each morning and squated down by the rows and watched to see if the corn seed would grow. One morning they came running back to the cabin yelling, “Mama! Papa! Come

see! The corn is growing out of the dirt." Everyone gathered to see the little sprouts shooting up. They knelt down and thanked the Lord for his mercies.

Rest was not natural to George. There was a barn to be raised, a house to be built, more land to clear and cultivate. But his bones ached so. Work was the only remedy. Maybe after harvest he would have a rest. But then he worried about the market. What was he going to do with all this corn? Perhaps he would send it up river to Fort Pitt. There was a highway from there back to the coast where it could be sold. With the money he could purchase more supplies. Perhaps he could find a weaver and fetch some cloth for the ladies of the house.

George let the boys do most of the hunting. He was more interested in getting the farm in working order. While hunting, Michael and Peter discovered a score of wild pigs. They came back with ropes and climbed up two separate trees to keep from being gored.

"Surely," Michael said, "they belonged to some poor farmer."

Peter replied, "The man must have lost his life to the Indians while he defended his family."

"Yeah," Michael remarked, letting down a rope to lasso another squealing pig.

They caught six pigs in all, tied them up and carried them home on poles. When George looked them over, he found that one of them was a pregnant sow. He smiled and knew they would have bacon for the rest of their lives. They quickly made a corral near the barn and put the pigs in there. George had to keep the girls from crawling into the pen because of the excitement.

"Now you girls git on back to your chores," George said with his guiding hands on their shoulders. "These here pigs are wild. They won't hesitate to bite and tear your arm or leg off."

"Oh, Pa," they said as they skipped off to the house, holding hands. "You're no fun."

He turned to the boys and said, "We'll slaughter one of them now and have us a feast."

"What about the venison, Pa?" Peter asked. He had his heart set on venison.

"Well, if you want to travel far enough," his pa said, "You can have buffalo. There's a plain southwest of here with plenty of them."

"But Pa," Peter whined.

"What we have," George said, "may the Lord let us keep."

Both Peter and Michael knew that was the end of the conversation, so they wrestled down one of the pigs and tied its feet together. The other pigs squealed just as loud as it did and were running all around the pin. They took the pig and hung it on a hook in the barn upside down. Its squeal could be heard for miles around. They slit its throat and gutted it. Catherine came and cleaned out the intestines to save for the sausage.

After putting the meat in the smoke shed, Catherine said, thoughtfully, "Let's invite the Longs and Conways to dinner when the meat is ready."

George screwed up his face, thinking that he was going to enjoy that meat all by himself. He was angry for only an instant though, for by looking into his wife's angel eyes, he knew it was the Lord's will that he share.

"You're right Ma," he said sheepishly. "The Lord provides for us all, and they's our friends."

* * *

John Long and his wife Polly had come up with his in-laws, John Conway and his wife Elizabeth from Henrico County, Virginia.

Conway's son John had spent two years of his time with Virginia troops protecting Boonesboro. He had helped chase away the Shawnees and Mingoes and then spent a lot of time exploring. He had been looking for Indians, but he got a look at the Kentuck. He loved the country and traveled back home to get his wife, Ann, and their children to bring them to make their home in the new land Virginia had opened up. But in doing so, he persuaded his parents who had Jesse, nineteen, Joseph, sixteen, Nancy, twelve, and Sally, ten, at home; his sister Elizabeth and her husband William Daugherty; and his sister Polly and her husband John Long, along with some other families. They met up with others

coming from the Carolinas and traveled with them before they came to a fork in the road. The Longs, Conways and George's family and all that came with them settled near Ruddle's Station along the Licking River. The others settled near Harlan's Station with the other Goodnights (Hans and his family).

Most of the settlers had been with Boone at Boonesboro, and had gone to Virginia to buy up the land in the new Kentucky County. They had all traveled in company for protection when they laid claim to their lands. Everyone knew most everyone else and where they settled. So when Catherine sent Michael to John Conway's cabin for the invitation, it was only a little trek for their son Joseph to fetch the Longs. William Daugherty was out hunting, but Elizabeth got the word. The ham and pork was smoked and ready to eat.

George had to slaughter another pig just to satisfy himself, so there was plenty of meat in the larder. Peter had to add some venison. With all that meat, George's family was feeling very prosperous and also very generous, but not without Catherine's imploring. It is true that mothers are the heart of the family and bring feelings to the group that men usually don't have.

“Besides,” Catherine added to a previous conversation, “Women have to have other folks around. You men can go off gallivantin' around by yourselves. You don't get lonely except for a woman. But us women have to be sociable.”

“Yes, Ma,” said George. “We men don't have to be sociable. But when we do get together, believe you me, we have a dang blasted good time.”

* * *

John Long, upon hearing that his family was invited to the Goodnight's for dinner, thought it justified to slaughter a calf to take in exchange for the feast. His little daughter, Rhody, screamed when he took her pet calf. Then he had another thought.

“Rhody, when we go to the Goodnight's, you can bring your calf along.”

That was fine with Rhody. She would have it with her and her father wouldn't kill it. What she didn't know was that her father was thinking, why not let the dinner walk to the table.

So John gathered up his little clan, Mary, his wife, ten year old William, little Mary, and Rhody, leading her calf by a cart rope. He wound up carrying little Mary on his shoulders while carrying his musket in the crook of his left arm.

If this had been in the Ohio there would be apple cider, and he knew after the harvest there would be corn whiskey to drink. But maybe someone would serve what they had brought from the colonies. Anyway, John knew they could expect an uproaringly good time. They would eat and drink until they were stuffed.

Mary carried a yoke with a large tin of milk on one end and a basket of butter and cheese on the other. She knew Catherine would appreciate the gift, seeing they had cows and the Goodnights had lost their's in a storm along the trail coming up here.

John Long had built his cabin in a green meadow where his cattle could graze. He thought himself to be lucky. On the way to his new home, his cattle had been hardier than other breeds and didn't die in the winter storms. They gave a lot of good milk, and he liked to share with the settlers nearby. It brought him a small profit as some would not receive charity.

The trail to the Goodnight cabin ran along the border of the meadow and the woods. Half a league from their cabin, they heard the Conways calling to them. They waved and waited. The Conways waved back. John Conway came with his wife and children, one of which was Elizabeth Daugherty. She didn't have any children yet. When caught up to them, everyone shook hands or gave hugs and kisses. All the children received kisses unwillingly and screwed up their faces whenever an adult kissed them.

John Long didn't see Elizabeth's husband William. Taking her hand, he asked, “Where's Will?”

“Oh,” she replied with a smile, “he's off shootin' some food.”

“Is he all alone?” both Johns asked.

“You know my Will. He'll just grab his gun and off he goes without sayin' 'Hi' nor 'Bye'.”

As they walked, everyone warned Elizabeth about the Indians, and that she nor her husband should go traipsing around by themselves. Elizabeth sighed and tried to accept the way men were. She loved Will, but he was a handful. He took care of her, but he wasn't a farmer. They would raise a lot of children someday, but not a grain of wheat nor corn. The only livestock he was interested in roamed the wilderness.

The women wore their blue calico dresses and sun bonnets. John Long looked like an Indian scout with his fringed leather shirt. The rest wore their work clothes (uncolored shirts and dark brown pantaloons) and tri-folded hats and carrying their muskets in the crooks of their arms. The straps of their powder horns were slung across their shoulders. The air felt breezy, but warm for a spring day, so coats weren't needed.

Everyone made a lot of noise with their talking, even the children. Rhody talked incessantly to her calf as she led him slowly behind the others. Her father had to call to her every now and then to get her to speed up.

Indians didn't like noise, so when a hunting party spotted them through the underbrush, each one spat on the ground in contempt and slipped away, telling each other someday they would wipe out all these settlers. They couldn't understand why they just kept coming and kept coming even though they had killed hundreds of them already.

* * *

The group had to cross the shallow stream that bordered Father Goodnight's. To their surprise, large flat stones had been placed in a row across the stream. The children had fun hopping from one rock to another. Rhody wouldn't let her calf into the stream, so Long had to carry it across in his arms.

Conway held his musket for him on the other side. Mary said, “Oh, really, John,” and laughed. Then it was her turn to be laughed at because Rhody refused to walk across the stream, and Mary had to carry her.

A well cut trail, large enough to accommodate a wagon, meandered towards the cabin, which sat upon a grassy knoll. A porch built on stilts sat in front of the cabin. They had to climb the steps in order to stand on it. To the right, behind the cabin and the barn, a vast field of corn could be seen. It grew right up against the pig pen next to the barn and surrounded Catherine's little vegetable garden. The corn came close to suffocating the little settlement.

Father Goodnight, as they called George, and Mother Goodnight were greeted with hooplas and upraised hands, and hugs and kisses all around. Again the little children groaned because of the kisses. Cathy and Elizabeth greeted the other girls, and Michael grabbed the boys to show them around the place.

“Oh, what's this ya brought, Mary?” asked Catherine as she helped Mary unload her yoke. She peeked inside the basket and said, “Oh, my goodness!”

“It's just a small thing, Mother Goodnight,” replied Mary.

David Goodnight and his brother John were there with their wives and children. David brought his fiddle. These Goodnights were accompanied by a flock of Johns and another of Elizabeths. There were some Sallys and Marys as well. Not a whole lot of distinction showed up between the children since most of them looked alike, and it was hard to fit each child with its parents. One way to tell, though, was that the Goodnights were taller than anyone else. The Irish, such as the Longs and Conways, were a little shorter, and always fighting and screaming and getting into things. The parents of the Goodnight children could be heard calling their names and telling them to be cautious, but the Irish let their children be, as they wanted to talk to the adults.

“You have corn comin' out yer ears, Father Goodnight,” Long said as he shook the old man's hands.

“You've done well for yourself, George,” Conway commented, shaking his hand with the right and placing his left hand on George's shoulder.

“I'd like to see all your places if I get a chance,” George addressed his visitors, “but there is so much to do here. I have only planted half of what I could, and there is a lot I haven't done yet. Even so, I can't start on the house until after harvest, but Michael, Peter and I are workin' on building up a supply of lumber, yes sir.”

“The Lord sure has blessed thee, Mother Goodnight,” Mary said taking Catherine by the arm. “I hope there will be peace for ye here.”

“Can we help in the kitchen, Mother Goodnight?” Elizabeth asked as she accompanied all the women up the steps.

“Oh my goodness.” Catherine grabbed as many arms as she could. “I've never been in the company of so many friends for such a long time. Come and tell me everything that has been going on. And I've got things started.”

All the women gathered inside, laughing and giggling. There were enough women to shell the peas, mash the potatoes, stir the pot, grind the corn and make cornbread, boil the beans and warm up the ham.

“What do ya got there, little one?” George asked Rhody hugging her calf's neck.

She didn't say anything as she looked intently on the old wrinkled face of the giant. Her father swatted her bottom. “Go play with the kids, Rhody. We'll take care of your calf. Go on now. Go have some fun. Look y' over there. The other kids are playin' 'Ring Around'.”

Rhody slowly handed the rope to her dad. There was a single tear in her eye. She turned and ran towards the other kids who quickly absorbed her into the group.

“Well, Father Goodnight,” Long said with a wide smile. “What do y' want I should do with him? Veal is fine meat.”

George remembered the look on Rhody's face. He said kindly, “We have plenty of meat and

potatoes, John. Peter even supplied some venison to go along with the pork. I hate ta …"

"No, no," Long said. "I cannot leave y' without a gift. You're the man around here. Folks look up to ye."

George laughed a little bit and rubbed his stubbled chin. He hadn't shaved. What a bother. He looked at Long and said, "You already brought me some milk and cheese, I see. We'll keep the calf for another time."

"Let's look at your corn, George," Conway said to change the subject as he grabbed both their shoulders and started walking away with them. The other Goodnights followed in slow motion with their legs taking long strides.

Long had to put in another word about the calf as they walked. He said, "We could build a pit and bury him on some hot coals, or do you want to put him on a spit and rotate him?" George gave him a mean side wise glance and then continued laughing and talking with Conway. In the back of George's mind he made a mental note to talk to John Long about being kind to little children.

Both George and Mary and their sons kept a dark secret from the Longs and Conways. They smiled up front, but inside, they carried a heavy weight. When David and John had arrived, they brought with them the news of their Uncle Hans' death. He had been killed by the Indians some months ago and they had just recently learned of the tragedy.

Rhody's calf was left alone with the cart rope dangling from its neck. Rhody was quick to spot it, though, and ran over and led it to the kids so they could see her pet. The boys said, "It's only a calf." Someone said, "I seen one born once." The girls all adored the calf except for one of the Sallys. She didn't like to touch animals.

A mother's voice called from the door of the house, "Mary! Sally!"

A man's voice called out, "You boys are too rough now. Take care."

Joseph, Michael and John swapped hunting stories while the smaller children listened. They especially wanted to know about the wild pigs and any Indians Michael and Peter had run into.

“It was actually some Indians that led us to the pigs,” Michael said. “Indians don't eat pigs, you know. They are Jews actually, the lost tribes of Israel.”

“Yes, I heard,” John said, “that Jews don't eat pigs. Why, I offered this feller some pickled pigs feet back home in Virginny, and he wouldn't take'em. I thought that was downright rude. I told'im to take the feet or take my fists. He ran away scaret. He must o' been a Jew.”

“How come you Germans don't have any cows, Mike?” asked Joseph. “I heard you like lots of cheese and milk and things.”

“All our cows died on the way,” responded Michael. “There came a sudden storm and froze us all. Liked to near killed us.”

“Where'd you find them pigs anyhow?” John asked as he sat down on a stump. The others sat down on a log next to it.

“They were just north of here along the Licks. We were out huntin' one day and this Indian came up to us. He wasn't a Shawnee or we'd a been dead. Looked more like a white man more than anything. He was dressed respectful, but he had his head shaved on the sides and a feather or two in what was left of his hair. He said he knew where the pigs were and he would lead us to them. He said he didn't know where they had come from, but we all agreed they must have been from some farmer's that the Shawnees had killed.”

“What's Pete doing over there by hisself?” John asked.

“He's fixing to heat himself up some venison,” Michael said, looking like he wanted to join him.

“I'm hungry,” John said.

“Me too.” Joseph licked his lips. “Let us go over there and make sure Pete fixes that meat proper.”

* * *

Conway changed the discussion from farming to the war with the British and Indians. He pointed to himself as the expert on it and would give some advice. While telling of his exploits with Daniel Boone, he talked about the regulars he signed up with to defend Boonesboro. He set a few targets of pine cones on top of some tree stumps that were piled behind the barn as he told his stories. There was never a time when a group of frontiersmen got together that they didn't start a shooting match.

Everyone grabbed their muskets and began shooting the pine cones in two minutes. The pine cones having been blasted to the other side of the pile of stumps, David Goodnight thought of a better idea.

“Gentlemen,” he said, “this is easy shooting. We need a more worthy target.”

“Them red skins would be a more worthy target,” Long commented, swinging his musket as he dropped to one knee. “Pow!” He pretended to shoot into the corn as though his adversary were hiding within.

David took his ax from his belt and moved to a tree beyond the pile and scarred its bark with Saint Andrew's cross. He turned, and pointing behind him with his ax to the cross, said, “That be the mark. Let us see who can hit the center. See a squinting Indian if you like and get it right between the eyes.”

“That's an easier target, David,” Conway said. “Come on Long, you've had the experience.”

“Naw, naw,” Father Goodnight said. “Can't do it. Won't kill another man, even in sport.”

“It's only a target Pa,” John said. “Shoot at the target. Forget what he said. Just shoot the target.”

Each man loaded his musket, tamping down the wad and then the ball with his rod and took aim, taking turns at firing. Father Goodnight commandeered Peter to stand behind the tree and mark each hit with a chalk.

“If it were an Injun,” Long said, “he wouldn't get past me eye nor my powder.”

“We should let the regulars take care of the war, now,” Father Goodnight said before he bent his

trigger and fired. “We're farmers now, and the war is on the coast. They won't bother us out here.”

“Maybe not the British, Pa,” David said. He and John turned to Conway and Long, and David said, “Coming down here we came across several burned out farms. At one, we had to bury the dead. They were hacked to pieces. Sometimes we didn't know what body part went with what body, so we buried them all in one large grave. We didn't let the women look.”

“Protect them we must,” Long said, looking at his toes. He took off his hat, crossed himself, and put it back on again. The others took their hats off, but only Conway crossed himself. The Germans followed Luther.

“What's this?” Father Goodnight asked. “Someone die? Let's get on with it.”

Long loaded, swung his musket as he dropped to his knee, and with a grim look on his face, fired. Peter called back as he chalked the center of the cross, “Right between the eyes!”

* * *

The dinner bell rang. Catherine had let Nancy ring it. A school bell, it hung by a thin rope on a peg by the door post. Catherine had taught school in Germany and kept the bell as a momento.

The men came with their muskets cradled in their arms, and the children came running from their games and from playing with the pigs and horses. Rhody ran ahead pulling her calf behind her. She had a handful of dry grass in the same hand she held the rope in, and the calf tried to feed as it trotted behind her.

As the men climbed the steps, their muskets were piled against each other into a cone shape on one corner of the porch as if this were a military installation. The women brought out their ammunition in the form of meats and pies and sundry dishes to be set on a table at the other end of the porch, the end closest to the creek. Everyone gathered around. Father Goodnight bowed his head and said a prayer before all the talking died down. When they realized he was praying, everyone became quiet.

Plates, forks and spoons were handed out at the door. Not the good pewter, just the wooden plates. The children were given wooden spoons as well. All these were carved by Father Goodnight for just such an occasion. A line formed at the table. Ham, sausage, and game in the form of venison and prairie chickens, boiled potatoes and gravy, beans and peas from the garden, early corn on the cob and pickles found their way onto most plates. The children sat around on the porch and on the steps. The men sat on the edge of the porch with their legs dangling over the side. The women were civilly seated at a table in the kitchen.

After a few bites, Conway listed some of the men he remembered at Boonesboro. “Going from Boonesboro we crossed Hingston Fork and went into Big Buffalo Road. That led from Grant's station to the Lower Blue Lick at Ready Money Jack's place. I recollect Colonel Richard Calloway, Colonel Daniel Boone, Cyrus Boone, Joseph Drake, Ephriam Drake, William Buckhammer … Let's see. There was Flanders Calloway, Samuel Henderson, James Bell, George Linch, and then William Hancock, Jeremiah Price, Thomas Foote, James Mankins. All o' us marched together.”[1] He wasn't talking to anyone in particular, just remembering the men's names out loud.

After chomping into some venison, swallowing and licking his lips, David said, “Do ya suppose them Injuns will come this far south?”

John interjected, “Don't ya think we are right in the middle of things?”

“Don't foget Boonesboro,” Conway said as he clamped down on a chicken thigh, sucking the meat down his throat.

“The Injuns I seen have all been friendly like,” Long commented, wiping the ham juice off his mouth with his sleeve.

Father Goodnight interrupted. “I heard what you talked about up yonder, all those burned out cabins. Some of them tried it alone. We got a fort here within walking distance. We hear any trouble, and there we are, right into that fort. I'm not worried in the least. If we have to, we can move in with them.”

Everyone agreed if trouble came they would “move in with them.”

George thought it over repeatedly in his mind. *Have I brought my family into harm's way?* He grumbled out loud.

“What say, Pop?” John asked.

“Nothing! Just burping.”

“No, let's have it out,” John insisted. “What do you think we should do? We look up to you. You're the Sire. What say ye?”

“You want to know what I think? I think this whole thing scares me to death. We could be massacred in our beds. What have I done bringing all you here into the valley of the shadow of death? I think I would feel safer in the fort.”

“What do you gentlemen think?” David asked Conway and Long. “John and I live close enough to Harrodsburg. We've already decided to move there until all this dies down.”

“I hear,” Long said, “Colonel Clark and them are havin' great success in drawin' away the Injuns from this country.”

“Yeah,” said Father Goodnight, “but I would feel safer at Fort Riddle.”

After seconds and thirds on their plates, eating as though it were their last meal, all the men had decided to move to Riddle's. Then everyone got up and cleared the porch and David got out his fiddle. They say dancing helps digest the food. There had been plenty of it, so they balanced it out with plenty of dancing.

The women would be told tomorrow.

1.The deposition of John Conover found in Fayette County Court order Book p.318.

Chapter Three

Moving down a tributary of the Ohio, called the Licking, to Ruddle's Station, required that each family build another cabin. But the fort had rules, and George was surprised to find they had to purchase their own lots from a trading company. If they didn't want to haul timbers from their own lands, they had to pay for any logs they cut down in the nearby woods.

George, the Longs, and Conways, complained. It was true for all the newcomers. They were all very disgruntled about the arrangements. There were other families coming into the fort, two days journey, too far away to be hauling timbers.

A crowd gathered in front of the trading post which served as a land office, post office and government office. Several of them spoke out against what they found objectionable.

“We came out here to escape this kind of brass.”

“I thought this was a wilderness, and I come out here and find civilization already set up.”

“It's contrary to reason to come out here and have to pay a landlord!”

Isaac Ruddle came out onto the porch of his store, his lovely wife, Elizabeth, stood leaning against the door post as he addressed the group.

“Gentlemen!” He spoke slowly and kindly. “Would ye take a man's land from him? All of ye own yer own land and have full power over it to treat it as you will. This is my land. I purchased it the same as ye, from the Virginia colony. My sons and I are not farmers as ye are. Merchants we are. We built up this stockade in the hopes of making a little town out of it. Ye are welcome to live here amongst us, but will ye rob us and say this is no one's land when it rightly belongs to us? Gentlemen, gentlemen! It is but a small price we ask. It is our business to sell the lots and the timber. Will ye not sell yer crops? Now, this is our crops. It is the trees themselves and the land. So please calm down. It is only twopence and a dollar, just the price of a buck. That's all we ask.”

“He could ask a lot more,” George said as he turned to Conway. “But who brought so much

money with them? The war has made money scarce, and harvest is so far away."

"I think if we gather all our pennies together," Conway said as he put his hands in his pocket, "we could come up with the amount." He took out three pennies, looking at them as they lay in the palm of his hand.

Long said he had a couple of gold dollars he got from a ship's captain some years ago for helping unload cargo onto the docks.

Ruddle was able to talk the crowd into dispersing, but everyone went away murmuring. They went hoping to start building up the fort. It was good that there was plenty of room inside the walls because it became quite a bustling little town. With all the people coming in it grew to over 200 families.

Ruddle's Station had its back toward the west side of Licking River, which cut through a nice grassy area surrounded by forest. The inside of the stockade formed a patchwork of cabins and bare ground. There were several empty lots available close together where the Longs, Conways and Goodnights decided to build.

They pooled their money, paid their dues and started chopping down trees in the nearby forest. All three families worked on the Goodnight's cabin first. When it was finished, they set to work on the Conway's. The Longs were last, as they didn't mind camping out another few nights. While the cabins were being built, each family camped by their wagons, encircling a common fire.

Long's cattle were brought to the fort and stockaded outside the walls. The boys let them out daily and brought them back at night.

George stayed at the fort while his sons trudged up and down the river to their little farm. He sat on his new sod porch in the hard-backed chair he had made himself and smoked his clay pipe. Sometimes he would get up and walk to the store and see what the men were talking about. Before breakfast he went to the river with some of the other men to wash his face and hands. He brought back a bucket of water for Catherine and repeated that ceremony at suppertime when Michael and Peter

came marching through the gates along with other boys and men back from their farms.

Joseph Conway, Michael and Peter Goodnight were paid a penny every week to care for John Long's milk cows which he brought to the fort, seeing that everyone needed milk. The other cattle were handled by the men of the fort. Care was not taken as to which cow belonged to whom, but a count was taken each night, every man knowing how many cows were theirs. This was true except for Rhody's calf, which had grown up to tower over her by a head, but she still claimed it, and nobody considered to put it with the other cattle. It was tied up to a pole by Long's cabin. Rhody would go out every day and bring it back the grass of the field.

Loitering around the general store, George got to know a lot of the men of Ruddle's station. They called him Father Goodnight, since he was the oldest man there. Isaac Ruddle (pronounced Riddle) found it natural to consult with George. There seemed to be a friendship formed between the men. Streets formed in their little village, at least two, and they kept them wide enough to get wagons in and out. George and Isaac often strolled along one of the streets talking together. Whenever they met someone, they would stop and shake hands and talk a while with them.

George got to know some of his neighbors. Most of them came to protect the fort. Andrew Beard, whom they called Bartle, was one of the soldiers serving under Captain Ruddle to defend the station, then John Burger, another soldier. His son, John Jr., came for a couple of months for a visit, going back to Logan's Station in June. Another soldier, John Byrd, who had been in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, was also going back to Logan's in June. Casper Karsner had transferred from Logan's Station. Jack Cloyd was the drummer in Ruddle's company. Martin Coil (pronounced Kyle) had a twelve-year-old son, Felty, who made himself useful by cleaning guns and making up the powder horns and bullets and doing any chore common to a company of soldiers. He polished boots, cleaned out the garrison, and took care of the horses, and etc. Lieutenant John Davis had two sons, John and Samuel, serving under him at the station. There was also another soldier, Jacob Fisher, and his wife Mary.

Captain John Hinkson, the most experienced soldier living at the station except Captain Ruddle, had come from Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania with his rangers. He said that he had been in more campaigns than anyone else. He and James F. Cooper were well-known as the murderers of the aged Delaware Indian chief named Joseph Wipey, in 1774 in Dunmore's War. William McCune, Hinkson's half brother, always walked at Hinkson's side. Among the rangers were Eneas McDaniel and his two sons Robert and Alex, John Sellers, and David Wilson. The garrison's blacksmith was Wilheim Manger (pronounced Monger).

Mrs. Pursley was famous for her heroism in saving her husband who had been shot by Indians in battle before she came to Ruddle's Station. She had scooped him up on horseback and rode away with him through a barrage of bullets, never getting hit. But fortune would have it, as revenge for those he had killed in that battle, the Indians later tracked him down and killed him. Mrs. Pursley's children, John George and Elizabeth Ann, were so beautiful that they were never harmed by the Indians.

Christian Spears and his wife came into the fort for protection. John Zinn had come to visit his uncle John Link.

Little Sarah Ruddle, only twelve, niece of Isaac Ruddle, had come to visit her brother James. While there, she was often seen with a boy her age, Thomas Davis, whose family came in near the same time as the Goodnights, Conways and Longs.

The Dentons would later move into the wilds of Texas where they would have a town named after them. Henry DeWitt, Isaac Ruddle's son-in-law, had married his daughter Margy. Young widow Catherine Eddleman's husband had helped build the fort, coming from Logan's Station, and had died the winter before of a fever. She had two little ones, James and Daniel. Joseph Hon was one of the hunters at the fort and was always leaving his wife, Maria, to bring in game for the garrison. Johann and Maria Kratz had recently started their family; they had a baby boy. Peter and Maria Lail, a Dutch couple, had the largest family. People told George to pronounce their name as Ladle. Michael and Kitty Leonard had introduced George to their son Michael.

The physician of the station was Old Lady Wiseman, a short and stocky woman with a large nose. Deft with herbs and roots, she knew how to heal most ailments. She walked with a heavy stick and used it to whack anyone that got in her way.

* * *

For several weeks the area around Ruddle's Station seemed like the eye of a hurricane. People had come to the fort because of the unrest of the Indians. As the days passed, there was no sign of the natives, so families tended their farms and cattle by day and slept in the fort at night.

In time, returning hunters told of a building up of the Indian population in the area. They didn't look like hunting parties, which usually consisted of eight or more men. Most of the Indians spotted were in units of one or two, sometimes three men, but there seemed to be a lot of them, and the hunters feared something was about to happen. The station sounded like a beehive with everyone talking and asking the Ruddles and Hinkson, “What are we going to do? How are we going to defend ourselves if there is a massive Indian attack?”

Countless volunteers were ready to support the soldiers and rangers to protect the station with the guns and powder they had. But there were others who wanted to send out a party to find James Rogers Clark and Daniel Boone.

The result of the excitement was a shoring up of the stockade. Nothing more happened. People continued their daily chores as usual with a little more grinding of the teeth, talking beneath their breath, complaining to their wives who couldn't do anything about it, and just spitting tobacco.

* * *

Sunday morning, June 1780, three boys, Joseph Conway, and Michael and Peter Goodnight,

went to drive the cows in for milking. The boys saw that three of the cows had crossed the Licking and were grazing on the tall grass. They splashed across the ankle-deep river to collect them. Michael and Peter found a large logger head turtle in the middle of the river and took it to the west side and placed it on the sandy beach to play with it. They took a branch and poked at it. It bit the branch and wouldn't let go.

A young Shawnee of the Kis-tacota people hid in the bushes near the three smelly beasts of the pale faces to spy out the fort and to watch the men. His name was Te-cum-thay. He lived with his family on the lower bend of the Ohio. He was an unusual Shawnee. For a white man to look at him, he wouldn't think so, except that he was handsome and he would stare at you in a strange way. But the Indians knew he had the power which was in all Nature. His hunting skills were more excellent than most, his prowess unmatched. He had never been to war, but had seen many families slaughtered and pushed south and west from their eastern homes by the northern Hurons and then by the palefaces, so he shared the same anger and resentment with the other Shawnees. He carried a loaded musket.

Joseph walked over to the cows, and with a long stick swatted their legs, calling out, “Haw, haw, haw!” The cows headed back toward the river, and as Joseph got behind them, Te-cum-thay got a clear shot at him. As he slowly pulled the trigger, he felt the excitement of his first kill and grinned. Killing an enemy of King George would get him gifts, but to kill an enemy of his own people and taking his scalp was to find prestige among companions. The musket fired. The bullet passed through his left nipple and came out his side. Joseph fell to his knees, surprised at the blood coming through his shirt. It felt like being hit by one of the cows. He looked at them. They had scattered. He wondered what had happened.

Te-cum-thay rushed out of the bushes and fell on Joseph, knocking him to the ground. With one swift slice across the forehead and a yank of the hair, Te-cum-thay tore off the boy's scalp. He stood, and holding the scalp to the sky, gave a terrifying scream.

“Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee, ya ya ya ya!”

Within a few seconds, Te-cum-thay had dashed back into the bushes where his younger brother La-la-we-thica and a companion lay hiding. In another a few seconds they were gone.

Three men had been washing at the river's edge. When they heard the musket and the blood curdling scream, they rushed back to the station to alert the others they were under attack. Had they guns with them they would have returned the fire.

Michael and Peter had seen the whole thing and rushed across the river to give aid, not thinking that there might be more Indians.

Joseph was in a daze. Blood spilled into his eyes and down his face. He felt like throwing up. He tried to make himself as still and stiff as he could to keep from shaking, but he failed.

The two boys found him lying in his blood and groaning and shaking, with his hands swaying back and forth just above his stomach. His face looked like it was painted red like an Indian.

“My God!” Peter cried. He tore off his shirt and wrapped Joseph's head in it.

“Let's get him home!” Michael commanded.

They picked him up, one lifting the shoulders, the other, the legs. When they arrived at the gates, he was as stiff as a dead man but shaking with shock. They had to yell to get in. The gates were closed and locked down.

The three men who had been at the river had completely forgotten to check to see if there had been someone killed or wounded. When they heard the boys yelling, they cried, “Let them in, let them in!”

Everyone was in commotion. They all came to see who it was that had been shot.

“Is he alive?” someone called.

“Yes,” Peter called back. “He's still alive. Now let us through.”

“Let's go get those Injuns!” someone else cried.

Several men from the garrison rushed out of the open gate and ran into the woods to look for Indians. They never asked the three boys where the attack had occurred, so they ran off in the wrong

direction and never did find any.

Michael and Peter had to push their way through the crowd to get Joseph home. When they arrived, Polly came out the door to see what all the commotion was about, and when she saw the two boys carrying someone into her house, she gasped. When she realized it was her boy Joseph, she screamed, “My boy! My boy!” She wrapped her arms around him, getting blood all over herself. He was still bleeding profusely from his head. “Lay him on his cot,” she cried.

Old Lady Wiseman knocked people out of her way with her walking stick as she came in through the door. “Let me through!” she called. “Where is he? Let me see!” She made her way to the bed and saw a bloody mess. There wasn't much of his shirt that wasn't soaked in blood. The shirt that had been wrapped around his head was red and wet. She turned to Polly who was hysterical. She slapped her to get her sober. “You the mama?” she asked.

“Yes,” Polly sobbed.

“Boil me some water. We got to clean this boy up.”

They cleaned Joseph and put new clean rags on his head, and then the old lady examined the bullet hole. The bullet had evidently glanced off the ribs under the skin and went out his side.

“Went clean through. No vitals interrupted. That's good,” she commented. She put some grease on his wound and wrapped a piece of sheet around his chest. “Now let's see what we can do about that head.” She looked around the cabin and up into the corners by the ceiling. “Too clean. Too new. I'll be right back.”

When Old Lady Wiseman came back it looked as though she were moving a cloud through the air. If a person couldn't see very well they would think she was mad, moving along with her hands in the air staring into nothing. She went over to the cot where the boy lay and said to Michael and Peter, “Remove the rags.” When they did, she placed the gray cloud down on top of his head. “Cobwebs,” she commented. “That will stanch the blood if nothing will.” And it was true. The blood started clotting almost immediately.

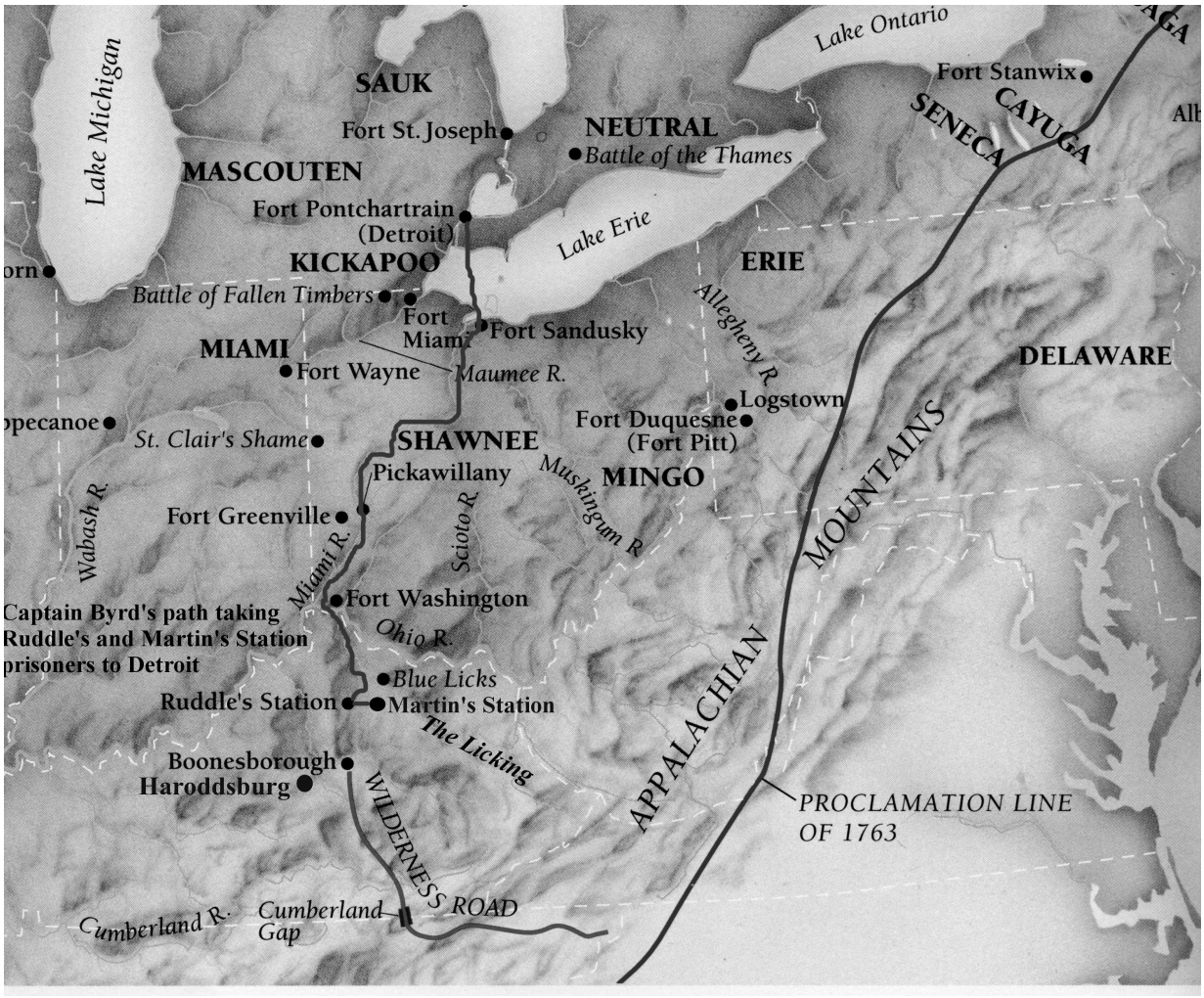
“Feed him some nice broth when he wakes up. He'll need it,” she said as she walked out the door, turning back to look at the family. “Where's the papa?”

“He's out tending to the cattle, I suppose,” Polly replied.

“Well, I hope he keeps himself safe. God bless 'im.”

The old lady had to knock a few people away from the door so she could get out and go about her own business. She had others to attend to.

Chapter Four



For three days no one ventured outside the fort. Every day they waited, peering over the top of the posts and between, watching. Hinkson placed his men at strategic points along the walls of the stockade. They ate their meals at their posts and took turns sleeping for only four hours at a time in rounds.

Each man told stories to his neighbor to pass the time, but there were long hours of silence, diligence and boredom. Some of the men chewed tobacco or smoked a pipe to take up the time and to take away the pain of standing or crouching.

George visited Isaac Ruddle during the night watch. The moon had not yet risen to disturb the

blanket of starlight overhead.

"Doesn't look like they are coming." He lit his pipe and sat down on a powder keg.

"Oh, they're out there all right," replied Isaac. "I can feel them in my bones. They stare out of the darkness like ghosts."

Hinkson stood on the other side of Isaac. "You don't ever get over the eerie feeling of knowing they're out there watching you. They *are* like ghosts. You don't see them, you just feel them. Even in broad daylight, they hide, and you don't see them unless they plan to come out in full force. Then it's like lightening when they strike." He spit tobacco juice on the ground and swore.

As dawn came, John Byrd, pointing his musket through the poles, kept pulling the hammer back, releasing it and pulling it back again. He would lick his thumb and withdraw his musket and wet the sight on the end of the barrel with an upward stroke. He would peer down the sight with one eye and continue pulling back the hammer and releasing it. He repeated this ceremony of whetting the sight every twenty minutes.

Bartle called out like an owl to see if he could hear any response. He was well versed in the way of the Indians and how they communicated at long distances.

John Burger whispered loudly, "Stop that! You want to bring the whole nation of Injuns down on us? Or maybe we will shoot you thinking it's a God damned Injun!" Casper Karsner perched on top of his cabin on the riverside of the stockade felt very alone. He fought Indians all his life protecting other people's property. He dreamed that after the war he would find a wife and settle down in the Kentuck. He had spied out the land between Logan's Station and Ruddle's and knew just where a good spot of land was to be had. He pulled on his beard as he dreamed. A sound in the bush woke him with a jerk. He almost fell from his perch. He looked around. He saw nothing, but that didn't mean a thing. He could feel the natives surrounding the station.

On the third day near noon, Indians started appearing, growing in number by the hour. They wouldn't come out into the open, but stayed just inside the edge of the forest outside the range of the

muskets pointed at them and watched.

People muttered to each other, “Something's happening.”

* * *

Chief Logan

Chief Blue Jacket

Licking River was too shallow for a canoe, so Captain Bird had to take his troops and Indians overland. The canoes were left behind a few miles north of Ruddle's. Not knowing exactly where the forts were to be located, Bird held a powwow with the leading chieftains including Simon Girty, Chief Logan, Blue Jacket and Colonel Pipe. They squatted down with a few scouts who drew a map in the mud. Te-cum-thay, Ke-seg-o-wa-ase, As-ku-wet-too, pointed with sticks where they had sneaked up to the forts and spied out their forces. Each one had to tell a tale of their prowess, but only Te-cum-thay was able to take out a scalp and shake it at his leaders to show his bravery.

“That was foolhardy!” Captain Bird complained. “You have now ruined any surprise we had!”

“Hah!” Te-cum-thay spat. “Fighting terrifies this paleface!”

That started an argument among all the Indians in the circle. They yelled at each other, and the British officers thought for sure there would be bloodshed, but they were able to pacify Te-cum-thay by giving him gifts and promises.

Captain Bird asked Simon Girty, “What did you promise him?”

“Your head on a pole if this venture proved unprofiatble.”

Bird looked at Te-cum-thay and growled.

“He has an ugly face!” Te-cum-thay complained.

Nobody could deny that, so the powwow ended and the captain consulted with his officers. After that, Captain Bird, Mr. Baby, leDuc, Captain McKee and others sat at table and ate a bit of supper before retiring to their tents. They finished off the last of the smoked pork they had found at an abandoned farmhouse.

The next morning, around two hundred of the Indians had sneaked off. Captain Bird thought they had deserted. He was greatly upset and started pacing up and down, yelling at the Indian chiefs. Simon Girty calmed him down by telling him that they had only gone ahead, seeing they were over-zealous to raise some scalps.

“Keep those bastards in line, Simon!” Captain Bird yelled with his hands on his hips and leaning forward as though Simon couldn't hear. “This is a military venture. Your people seem to forget that.”

“They are here to give you support for this venture, Captain.” Simon cajoled, waving his arm around, pointing to all his brothers with his open palm. “You need to let them do that. Indians have their own way.”

“Captain McKee!” Captain Bird cried. “Get over here! I don't want another Indian to leave this camp!”

McKee had the evil eye. The Shawnee called him Mun-do, which means Great Spirit which they feared. All McKee had to do was to look at the Indians and they stayed in line. He slipped among

them and said, “No one. No one will leave this camp. Hear me?” They all said, “Yes, Mun-do. Yes, Mun-do.”

The march to Ruddle's Station continued. The British wanted to march in ranks, but they had to go single file because of the trees. But when they came to a sandy bank of the river they reformed into ranks. Their file leader shouted commands which disturbed the Indians nearby. They called him La-la-we-thi-ka, “he who makes noise”. On the other hand, the Indians moved as individuals, treading softly, blending into the surrounding forest as if stalking their prey.

* * *

Hinkson walked over to Captain Ruddle who talked with Father Goodnight near the gates. Hinkson said, “It's coming soon. There's sure to be an attack on this fort. Arm as many men as you can. I'll put my rangers up front. You need to have a second line behind us.” He looked around at the cabins. “Put some of the men on the roofs.”

“Okay,” the captain said. He left Goodnight and went to his store.

An iron wheel rim hung on the north side of the porch. Captain Ruddle took the iron rod hanging with it and clanged the iron rim, sounding an alarm. People came running with their muskets in hand. At the same time, clouds rolled in and the sky grew black.

Captains Ruddle and Hinkson shouted orders and two lines of defense formed, one along the stockade facing the Indians and the other along the first street and near the gates. Some ascended the rooftops to get better aim.

The Indians in the woods across the field prepared firebrands to burn down the fort. The fires could be seen in the accumulating darkness. Thunder rolled across the black clouds, sounding like cannon. Then a drenching rain poured. The fires went out.

“Keep your powder dry!” someone shouted.

The Indians yelled as they attacked, but no one could see them until they came right up to the stockade. Some Indians attempted to climb the stockade but were either shot or knocked down.

Within five minutes it was all over. No sound came from outside the fort except the continued downpour and the moaning of the cows. After thirty minutes, the clouds broke up and the rains stopped. The rangers at the stockade were soaked through. The second line of defense had retreated to the porches of the store and the public house next to it. Some were lined up under the eaves of the cabins. The Indians had retreated out of sight, carrying their dead and wounded.

“That was just the first attack,” Hinkson told the captain. “There will be another. They were just testing our strength. Get your men in line or we won't stand a chance.”

Captain Ruddle had to order his men back into the open and into the sloshing mud.

An hour passed without anything happening. Some of the men ventured outside the fort and found several articles the Indians had dropped. They brought back powder horns, necklaces, medicine bags, a couple of tomahawks, and even one musket. Someone found a moccasin stuck in the mud.

One man came up to Hinkson and asked, “Why don't we go out there and chase those Indjuns back across the Ohio?”

“And leave these families without protection?” Hinkson responded. “That would be rather foolish, don't you think?” Hinkson spat tobacco juice on the ground and said, “Get back to your post.”

* * *

By midday, the sound of a drum could be heard, and it wasn't from the Indians. Several of the men shouted for joy, thinking troops were coming to help. It had to be Colonel George Rogers Clark and Daniel Boone.

A soldier stationed on a roof called out, “Hold yer rejoicings! Them's are redcoats.”

Everyone hushed.

“What the...” said Hinkson. He climbed to the top of the store.

Redcoats marched in single file from the woods in rhythm to the beat of the drums and formed several ranks at the edge of the woods as shouts of commands were given from the file leader. After them a three pound cannon rolled into view.

Everyone in the stockade held their breath.

Captain Ruddle was going to open the gates and invite them in, seeing that most of the families there were loyalists. Hinkson shouted, “What are you doing?”

“They're the king's troops,” replied Riddle. “They are welcome here.”

“I'll blast your hide right where you stand!” Hinkson cried. “All us rangers will be hanged. We're loyal to Congress!”

Captain Ruddle sighed and looked through the timbers. He saw a short man wearing buckskins like the Indians approaching waving a white flag.

“I think they want to speak with us,” Ruddle called up to Hinkson.

“It's Simon Girty, the traitor,” Hinkson called back, taking aim upon him.

“Don't shoot, Hinkson, for God's sake, don't shoot,” Ruddle said. “He's coming with the flag of truce.” Ruddle paused and said, “Open the gate.”

Simon Girty stood outside the gates as they opened. He wouldn't come in. The men became cautious and raised their guns.

“By order of our illustrious King George,” Girty started, “lay down your arms and give up your claim to this land and surrender your fort.”

“Why, Mister Girty?” Asked Captain Ruddle. “The King's men are always welcome at this station. We are all loyalists here, loyal to the king.”

“Then why do you house a garrison of rebels in your midst?” asked Simon as he spied Hinkson whom he knew well. “No sir. The command is surrender or we come by force, and you will surrender.”

“We're able to defend ourselves,” Hinkson cried out from the roof where he was perched.

"As you will," replied Simon, and he turned and went back across the field.

Hinkson fired a ball at Simon's feet, but he didn't flinch. He continued walking and went back to Captain Bird and told him their decision.

Captain Bird called for the cannon to come forward as the forest behind filled up with Indians.

The soldiers in the fort gasped as hundreds of Indians ran into the muddy field on each side of the British troops. They looked around at each other and started sweating and shaking visibly. They rubbed their faces, licked their lips or pulled on their beards, and a few rubbed their eyes in disbelief. A sternness rippled out from their leaders as they hunkered down with a determination to fight to the last man. Everyone aimed and readied themselves to fight.

Redcoats discharged their muskets, and the colonists fired back, but the distance was too great for the rounds to be effective. As the Redcoats advanced, one line dropped to their knees and fired, the next line came forward and dropped to their knees and fired while the other line loaded their muskets. It was as though they were in a parade. The three pounder was set off several times. The bullets and cannon balls just bounced off the stockade. The soldiers inside laughed in derision and felt secure.

Seeing the battle going sorely, Captain Bird, embarrassed, recalled his troops. The Redcoats marched backwards without firing, their muskets aimed at the stockade.

"Where is that six pounder?" Bird called.

"It's coming," Captain McKee called back. "The Indians are blocking the path."

"Get those god damned Indians out of the way!" Captain Bird shouted at Simon Girty.

"All right, all right," Girty said as he nonchalantly walked back to the chieftains. "Chief Logan. Chief Blue Coat. Can you make a way for that cannon to come through? We'll bring those invaders to their knees just as soon as we can get that cannon through here. Can you get your men to move?"

The braves complained as they moved out of the way of the cannon, wanting to know when they could attack the fort and get their scalps and booty.

They didn't move fast enough and the cannon still came to the front slowly. Captain Bird swore

and cussed and stamped his feet. When the cannon was in position, he shouted, “Fire.” It sounded louder than the thunder of morning rains.

When the colonists saw the larger cannon come to the front, it was hard to keep their nerve, and the civilians backed off from their positions. As the cannon ball whizzed through the air, Captain Ruddle yelled to his men to hold their positions.

The cannon ball hit the corner of the stockade causing the poles to splinter and buckle. The second ball made the poles on the corner fly backwards and rotate end over end, bounce off a cabin with loud thuds to return to the stockade in a heap.

Hinkson yelled for men to “shore up that wall and defend the hole.”

The men trembled as Captain Ruddle prepared to wave a white flag.

Father Goodnight with Captain Ruddle at the gate called out, “We can't defend against that!”

Hinkson saw the cannon turn towards the gate. “Get away from the gate!” he yelled, “They're gonna blast it.!”

Women and children mingled with the soldiers to give them support. They made bullets, loaded muskets and bound up the wounds of their husbands and fathers. Most of the soldiers didn't have that kind support. As the gates were hit by the six pounder and splintered, the soldiers and civilians all looked at the women and children and at their own numbers. There were only two hundred men to defend against what they guessed to be over eight hundred Redcoats and Indians.

Simon Girty came again waving a white flag. “We promise,” he yelled, “if you surrender yourselves you won't be hurt. We realize that most of you are loyal citizens. I've talked it over with our dear captain here. He agrees. You won't be harmed. Otherwise, we continue the battle.”

Father Goodnight removed his vest and tore off his shirt.

“Here is my shirt,” he said as he tied it onto the end of his musket. “Wave this at them and surrender. We can't let our wives and children slaughtered.”

Captain Ruddle took the musket and turned back to the men. “What say ye? Shall we surrender?

It's too many for us. We must save families."

Captain Hinkson replied, "You don't know much, do ya? We can't trust 'em. We can defend ourselves for several days. We can send to the falls for Col. Clark or over to Martin's Station and Logan's for help."

"Not much chance of that with all them Injuns out there," Father Goodnight replied.

"What say ye men?" Captain Ruddle asked again.

A clamor rose among the men. They were all saying "Let's surrender and save our poor wives and children."

Captain Ruddle made the decision, went to the gate, and raising the musket over the top edge, waved it. The men pushed the gate aside as Captain Bird and his officers approached. Captain Hinkson was forced to capitulate and climbed down from his nest on the roof of the store.

"Here are the terms of surrender," Captain Bird began. "You are to pile your weapons by the gate. Gather your belongings as best you can, what you can carry in your arms, and leave this fort."

"Are we free to go back to our farms, Captain?" asked Father Goodnight. "We have always been loyal to the king."

"And just who are you?" Captain Bird asked.

"I'm a poor farmer, loyal servant of the king, trying to scratch out a living in this new land."

"That's the trouble with you people," Captain Bird said in rebuke. "This land by treaty belongs to the Indians, and you are trespassers. You say you are loyal citizens, but you have broken the law. You will be removed to Detroit where you will stand trial for your misdeeds. That is all. Now get your belongings and remove to the field. We will burn the fort."

"We will do so," Captain Hinkson said, "if we are assured we will be protected from these savages. Otherwise, I will command my men to keep on fighting."

"Agreed," Captain Bird replied. "You have my word. Our soldiers will give you protection all the way to Detroit."

Simon Girty took Captain Bird aside. “You can't promise them that. The Indians will have their way with these people.”

Captain Bird sneered at Girty. “That will be your concern. Keep those savages in line or I will have you hanged.”

After a treaty was signed, a company of Redcoats entered the fort with their muskets trained on the men and women grouped about the gate. A command from a lieutenant rang through the air. “Drop your weapons! Stack them by the gate!”

As the civilians and soldiers stacked their muskets, something unexpected happened. Wave upon wave of red Indians poured through the gate and the back hole the six pounder had made, pushing the Redcoats aside. They came in yelling and screaming, shooting, slashing, splitting, and tearing.

In the first wave, one brave drove his tomahawk into the forehead of Father Goodnight, and with the other hand, stabbed the screaming Mother Goodnight through the chest and ripped her clothes off. After wadding the clothes up, he continued with his knife and removed their scalps.

The Indians kept on slashing at men women and children, tearing the women's clothes off and taking the boots off the men while scalping everyone. Blood splashed everywhere. As they were doing this, Captain Bird and his officers screamed for them to stop. The British troops stood silent as if not knowing what to do. The main body of the troops couldn't get through the mass of Indians and were left outside the fort. They didn't fire upon them for fear the savages would turn on them.

Andrew Bartle caught a bullet in his chest and fell back. To prevent him from being trampled upon by the incoming savages, Captain Ruddle grabbed him and pulled him to the wall of the stockade. Taking his knife, he dug the bullet out trying not to look upon the bloody mess of the Goodnights behind him.

Felty Coil, when he saw the slaughter among his people, grabbed a dropped musket and began slinging it at the Indians. He knocked down several of them before he was hit from behind. An old Indian grabbed him muttering, “You good brave. You come with me. Not get kilt.” Dragging the boy

over to the wall of Ruddle's store, he tried to keep him safe. An old woman spat on Felty's bloody head and rubbing it in, Felty shook, sure he would be scalped, but the old woman spoke calmly, “You stay with us. You be all right.”

A Redcoat, a lieutenant, grabbed Catherine Goodnight, pulling her away from an Indian who was trying to rip her clothes off. “This is my woman,” he said with disdain. The Indian replied, “I want her clothes. I came to get the white man's things. This is my right!” The lieutenant held his pistol on the Indian. “Get back or I'll blow your head off.” The Indian retreated. Catherine grabbed her defender and buried her face in his chest and bawled, adding to the noise of outcries and tumult behind her. He rubbed her back and tried to comfort her.

The Indians at first made no discrimination between men, women, or children in their wild swinging and shooting as they invaded. Little Peter Ladle of the Dutch family stood by watching the wild Indians slashing and hitting people with their tomahawks. He saw the men and women who had been disarmed fighting with their fists and anything they could pick up only to be cut down by the Indians. If a man gave good resistance, several Indians would gang up on him and hack him to death. Little Peter's eyes widened and became filled with tears. A wild swing of a tomahawk of one Indian brave caught little Peter along the side of his head. His mother who had been frantically looking for him among the melee saw him go down. She rushed to him, knelt down to pick him up, but it was too late. His head and face was a mass of blood. His eyes, blank.

Peter Sr. saw his wife lift up their little son. She was about to be whacked by an Indian when he went to her rescue. He bent over her body and received the blow himself. The Indian took his scalp and forgot about the woman and the boy underneath him.

Michael Leonard saw his father being hacked to death by several Indians. He rammed them with his head. He kicked and hit until all but one stood with his hand holding Michael at bay by pushing on his head. Michael swung and kicked at the air. The giant Shawnee just grinned. He told one of his brothers, “Take this one and hold him. He will make a good brave.” As they pulled Michael

away, he yelled at the Indian, “I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!”

Rhody was inside the Long's cabin when she saw an Indian take her calf. She ran after him screaming. The Indian shoved the little girl to the ground. Mary, her sister, was so angry at the Indian's disregard of her little sister that she ran after the Indian and started kicking him in the shins. The Indian laughed and grabbed her up with his left arm, saying, “This girl is mine!” and laughed wholeheartedly as he led the calf away. Mary continued beating the Indian with her fists, kicking and screaming. Mary's mother stood terrified in the doorway as she saw her daughter carted off. She grabbed Rhody and pulled her into the cabin. John Long came back around out of the shadows and entered the cabin. He could see that not everyone was there, but he had to take care of Polly to keep her from hysteria. She screamed as Indians entered their cabin and started pillaging. The family were pushed out and told to go to the gates after being loaded up with booty. They thought at first they were being allowed to keep some of their stuff, but when they got to the gate and it was taken from them they knew otherwise.

Te-cum-thay and a couple of Redcoats came into the Conway's cabin. John took Elizabeth into his arms. They both trembled. Te-cum-thay saw the boy he had shot laying on the bed. He raised his tomahawk to finish the job he had started at the river. The Redcoats pulled him back. They motioned everyone to go outside. Te-cum-thay dragged Joseph off the bed and took the sheets off. Other Indians came in and grabbed all the household items they could get and bundled them up in the sheets. They gave them to John and Elizabeth and said, “Go! Go to the gates!” Te-cum-thay grabbed Joseph by the head and tore his bandages off. He had not seen a live scalped paleface before. “Go!” he commanded. Joseph's head started bleeding profusely again, but he made it up and out the door. He leaned on this parents for support. When they got to the gates, they sat him down against the wall and used part of a sheet to put a bandage back on his head after they packed mud onto his wound.

Sarah Ann and John George Pursley stood in front of their mother in the doorway of their cabin. The Indians that made their way to the Pursley cabin had to stop and stare at the children. One of them took his hand and touched the girl's golden hair. She didn't even flinch. They all three just stared at the

Indians. The Indian turned back to the group and smiled, speaking in his own tongue. Mrs. Pursley could see that they were in awe of the beauty of her children. The Indians shoved the three aside and went into the cabin and ransacked the place and came out with what they could carry. They gave most of it wrapped in a bed sheet to Mrs. Pursley and told her to take her children and go to the gate.

George Ruddle's wife, Theodosia, was near the gates at a table making up bullets for the muskets of the Ruddle clan when the Indians came through slashing and hacking with their knives and tomahawks. She received a cut across her chest, but someone grabbed her from behind and shoved her under the table before more damage could be done.

Captain McKee gathered several black slaves he found among the colonists. He noticed that the Indians did nothing to them, passing them by as though they weren't even there except to load them up with baggages. McKee would keep most of the blacks with him.

Simon Girty spent his time going from one chief to the other, asking them politely to subsist and cease killing the colonists. He would tell them, “We didn't come here to kill these poor folk, just to arrest them and take the fort.” They threw back into his face, “These pale faces die easily!” or “They took our land. We will drive them out!” But after much begging and telling them they should be satisfied with the booty they were getting, they finally stopped the slaughter.

As the colonists gathered at the gate, they thought it must be snowing in June. Their senses dulled by pain and grief, they didn't notice at first that instead of snow flakes filling the sky, it was feathers. The Indians were ripping open pillows and mattresses in order get the ticking. They wanted any kind of cloth they could get their hands on. The wild shaking of the pillows caused most of the feathers to float into the air. It came down upon the poor colonists like a mock blessing.

The children smiled and laughed and danced around, reaching into the air to touch the white fluffy feathers. The adults felt betrayed. They started yelling and slapping at their children. John Long yanked Rhody's arm and told her, “Stop that! This is no time to be making merry!”

John changed his tune when Rhody was grabbed up by an Indian. He yelled and started after

him but was rebutted by two other Indians. He had to retreat at the threat of a tomahawk. He went back to his wife. They embraced and sobbed as they were prodded towards the gate.

Looking up, John saw that the children were being separated from their parents. The women were screaming and crying. The men wanted to fight, but they knew they didn't stand a chance. One woman was nursing her baby, and an Indian came and grabbed the infant right out of her arms. One of the soldiers thrust his bayonet at the Indian and commanded him to give the infant back. The soldier was attacked by two other Indians and that started a scuffle between the soldiers and the Indians. Simon Girty had to grab the infant, for the Indian was going to throw it on the ground to rescue his brothers. Simon gave the baby back to its mother who sobbed over it, then he went along with McKee to stop the fight. They had to do a lot of pleading, but it was McKee's evil eye that won out. The Indians were so scared of him that they walked away snarling like beaten animals.

Captain Bird had the Indians gather up the bodies of the dead and pile them between the back of the store and the wall of the stockade. He groaned when he saw the bodies of the little children. He didn't expect that. He grimaced at the sight. He saw several women that were completely naked with their heads cut off or arms or hands severed to better get their clothes off, he guessed. The bodies were covered with blood. They were beginning to stink. He commanded the bodies to be burned. The Indians started piling chairs and boards and wooden buckets and top of the bodies. They then put a live body tied up like a pig on top of that before they lit the pile. It was James Eddleman.

Captain Bird exclaimed, “Wait a minute! This boy is alive. What are you doing?”

Chief Blue Coat turned and said bitterly, “He stabbed my brother with a knife! We kill him.” And that was that. There was no recourse.

“Get everyone out into the field,” commanded the Captain. “We are burning the fort.”

At the gate the Indians separated the men and women as well as the children. They took the children and sat them down on the grass near the woods. The men were turned to the right while the women were turned to the left.

There were several fires started in the cabins as everyone filed out onto the field carrying the bundles of household goods and as much food they could round up, mostly flour.

They were instructed to form circles out in the field and then sit in the mud which turned out to be refreshingly chilly. It cooled down a lot of tempers.

Captain Bird heard more shooting. “What's going on, Girty?” he asked excitedly.

“They're shooting the cattle, sir,” he replied unruffled.

“What!” He stamped his foot. “Tell them to stop! That's our food for our return trip.” Then he ran over to the coral where the Indians were lined up shooting the cows like it was a game. “Stop! Stop!” he shouted, but to no avail. They were all dead by the time he arrived. He turned to the chieftains and asked them to explain themselves.

“White man's animals are evil,” replied Chief Logan. “They are evil spirits. They are not good for the land. They spread evil over the land. They mmm... They mmmooooooo... That is it. They moo and scare away all the animals we use for food.”

“But they were to be used for our food, damn you!”

Chapter Five

Captain Bird ordered a count be taken of the prisoners. Mr. Baby walked around each circle and counted off their names, going around the women's circle first, asking each her name and who she belonged to. He put a number before each person's name. He then counted how many children. He reflected what he had heard that the Indians were to have the children. It was a custom among the Indians to adopt children from other tribes or peoples they had conquered. There were 156 men, women and children taken prisoner. There were also a small number of black slaves.

Captain Bird set Indian guards over his prisoners, who sat watching the fort burn. The ones closest to the fire felt the searing heat on their faces and necks.

The captain sent a small force to Martin's Station located four miles to the south on Stoner Creek. He sent the cannon and most of the regulars, while only a third of the Indians went, plus Simon Girty as interpreter. From the Indian spies he found that there was only a small number of people there, and the cannon would force their surrender.

The captain's main concern was the Indian brutality. They had gone to the trouble of murdering any old men and women they found whom they thought couldn't make the trek back to Detroit. It worried him deeply, but, he had several hours to think about it. Sitting at table writing letters and smoking his clay pipe, he would lift his head and stare into the sky. He finally made a decision to take the prisoners and leave for Detroit. The rest of the stations shouldn't have to go through anymore of what he had seen today. They hadn't traveled down from Detroit to slaughter civilians, only to take a few forts. Martin's was taken because of its proximity and size. One of the forts could have housed the prisoners as one fort after another would have fallen, but now he knew he didn't want any more fighting. At least he didn't want more Indians fighting. If the other forts had been taken, what would he do with so many prisoners? They would have become more than he could handle. What he had to think about now was the logistics of marching what civilians he did have six hundred miles.

Pondering on this dilemma, Captain Bird decided to send the women and children up river. Once they reached the boats, which consisted of several sailing vessels, bateaux, and birch canoes, it would be easier on them. The men would march with the troops.

It still bothered the captain that the Indians intended to keep the children. Blowing smoke rings into the air, he thought about talking to Simon Girty when he got back.

* * *

Martin's Station was taken without any fighting. After they saw the cannon and that they were outnumbered, they surrendered. It took only a few minutes of John Martin talking to the residents to decide. They were allowed to pack their things and leave with the soldiers.

The Indians grumbled because they didn't get the chance to fight and loot, but Simon assured them they would obtain the possessions of the settlers without further fighting. The loot would simply be given to them. They still didn't like the idea, but went along with Simon because this time there were more soldiers than Indians.

It was sunset when the prisoners from Martin's Station marched into camp. The first thing they saw was the burning embers of Ruddle's Station. They were told to get into the rings of people already assembled on the field. Mr. Baby counted them as they sat down. There were eighty five adults. He didn't see any children. Maybe they had already been taken by the Indians. He wouldn't count children again.

The people of Ruddle's station were saddened that more prisoners were added to their lot. They watched them as they marched around the corner of the burning embers looking like lost souls being brought into hell as the fires reflected off their forms.

A man, sitting by Captain Hinkson, introduced himself as John Duncan. He shook his hand. “Didn't come hare to be na prisoner,” he said in his Scottish brogue. “Came to farm. Came to make a

better life for me family. Hare's me boys, John and Joseph."

"How are ye?" Hinkson inquired of the various men as they came and sat by him. "I myself," Hinkson announced, "do not aim to stay here and be a prisoner. I will escape this night. Tell no one. I will be off to find help."

"God go with ye … ah … " John Duncan waited to be introduced.

"Hinkson … Captain John Hinkson," he said with a wink. "Mind you and mark my word if I don't bring back help."

"God go with ye, Captain Hinkson," John Duncan said. "We will await yar return with some of 'ar own regulars."

Surrounded by the Indians, it wasn't possible for Hinkson to leave that night, but he did keep his word, as he found a way out the next night.

* * *

"What do you mean the Indians want the prisoners?" Captain Bird cried out in anger at Simon Girty.

Simon and his brother James stood before the Captain's table, leaning on it with their hands.

"The Indians have agreed that you can have the prisoners from Martin's Station," Simon said, "if you give them the ones from this station. They will sell them in Detroit to the army or to the settlers up there. Blue Jacket and Logan said you can sell the rest or do whatever you want with them. But they want Riddle's."

"You can't sell these prisoners, Simon." Bird pounded his fist on the table. "They are under the king's protection."

"You're outnumbered, Captain. These Indians will have their way. They will turn on you, and then what will you have? Nothing, not even life itself."

“Are you threatening me, Mister Girty?” The captain's face turned red.

“Captain!” Simon said, acting surprised. “I'm just here relaying a message. I'm just warning you. You have to be careful. These Indians are dangerous. They get agitated easily.”

“You, Simon!” The captain rose and grabbed Simon's shirt.

“Captain,” James Girty said as he seized the captain's arm with one hand and his knife with the other.

Captain Bird released Simon and sat down, suddenly getting control of his temper after seeing the knife. “Simon,” he said, “you are hired to control these Indians.”

“That is what I am doing, Captain. A little revenue from the British will not hurt anyone. After all, it may save the prisoners.”

“What does Colonel Pipe say?”

“He says 'Kill them. Kill them all.' That's what I'm saying. The prisoners are in danger if we don't let Blue Jacket and Chief Logan handle things.”

“I will grant them that, if we can carry the women and children on the river. Tell them. The women and children go to the boats.”

“I will tell them Captain. I'm sure that will be agreeable.” Simon hesitated. “The small ones can go with the women, sir. I'm sure they will agree to that. The Indians have set their minds to keeping all of the children who can walk the distance.”

“Do we have to bargain?” asked Captain Bird in frustration. “This is not a commercial enterprise. This is a military operation, damn it!”

“I will talk to them.”

Simon Girty and his brother James set off to have a powwow with the rest of the Indian chiefs. After two hours of haggling, they came back with a compromise. Captain Bird could have some of the children. The more spirited ones, the Indians would keep.

* * *

Morning came quickly, the sun lining the trees across the Licking and poking its light through the leaves as it rose into the blue sky over the field. The fire of the night before dried up the mud that had stuck to the settler's clothes and hair.

Michael and Peter Goodnight were glad to see each other still alive. They looked around to see if they could find their sisters, Catherine and Elizabeth. It had been a cold night in the mud, and most of the women were in little huddles like piles of rags. The girls were indistinguishable among so many other rag heaps.

“My stomach's growling,” Peter complained.

“You're always hungry,” Michael retorted.

“Ma and Pa,” Peter said gloomily.

“Yeah. I know.”

They clasped each other's arms, but they could not as yet shed tears. Their anguish was too heavy. At least they had each other. They continued to look for their sisters, agreeing they would wave if the girls were spotted.

Hinkson's and Ruddle's men sat on opposite sides, refusing to speak to each other. Because of the attack on Ruddle's Station, they became like two political parties. Hinkson and his men believed that Ruddle had betrayed them. Ruddle and his men were Tories after all.

The night before, Captain Bird had written that he could find only one family that sided with Captain Hinkson's rebels. All the others were loyalists and had asked for sanction.

Captain Bird began yelling again. Where had the Indians had gone? Most of the Indians had left with the children, including little Mary Long, Elizabeth and Sallie Conway, Elizabeth Goodnight, Captain Ruddle's two sons Stephen and George, and Felty Coil. The two pretty Pursley children were also missing, and the Indians had to restrain Mrs. Pursley, threatening her life before she would stop

searching for them.

Simon Girty tried to explain to the captain why the main body left. “An Indian runner came last night while you slept. He said that Colonel Clark and his renegades were on his way.”

“Here?”

“Yes, here.”

“Another reason we should leave,” said the captain as he strapped his scabbard onto his waist. “Why didn't you wake me?”

“It seemed wiser, Captain, to have you rested,” Simon smiled. “It's also better to have the main group ahead of the prisoners. If they see the colonel, they can send a runner back to us.”

Simon was always the logical one, but his logic sided with the Indians. And why not? He himself was a chief of the Wyandottes.

The brothers-in-law, John Conway and John Long sitting together were kicked by an Indian guard. “Git up!” he yelled. “On your feet. We leave.”

“I guess we start our trek to God knows where,” said Long to Conway.

“Do you see your sisters?” Long asked Conway. “There's Polly.” He waved to her. She waved back. Then the Indians pushed them forward, with a raspy “Ha! Ha! Ha!”

A wall of Indians separated the men from their wives. Many of the men walked backwards trying to look over the shoulders of the tall Shawnees while peeling cakes of mud off their pants.

John Conway Senior watched for Elizabeth. He thought he saw her, but he could not get her attention.

Michael and Peter helped Joseph to his feet with one arm around Michael's neck and one around Peter's. His dad couldn't carry him with the heavy pack the Indians strapped to his back. Joseph, still in a lot of pain was delirious and kept mumbling. He had lost his bandage in the night, and green flies swarmed over his head. They tried to swat at them, but it was difficult to do that and carry him at the same time. They looked around and saw that some of the men were being taken by the Redcoats and

some by the Indians.

John Duncan called out to Captain Hinkson as they were separated, “May the Lard be with ye. Come night, ye might have hope.”

Redcoat officers shouted, “Martin's Station to yer right. Riddle's Station, to yer left. Women follow the river. Any babies too young to walk will be carried by their mothers.”

When Rhody was returned to her parents, they sobbed great tears of joy as they embraced her. She screamed and kicked at the Indian who gave her back, and grabbed hold of her mother with both arms and legs. She had had enough of the Indians, and it seemed they'd had enough of her.

John Long observed that about a third of the Indians remained in the camp to act as guards. He couldn't understand why the men were split up between the soldiers and the Indians.

“What do you think the Indians will do with us and the children?” he asked Conway.

“I hear they take slaves,” Conway answered.

The Indians strapped all the loot they had bundled up onto the backs of the men and women and headed them out like cattle.

Captain Bird sent some of the soldiers with the women to make a presence among the Indian guards. He thought perhaps the Indians wouldn't be so harsh if they saw the British. Lieutenant Cramer walked beside Catherine Goodnight to protect her, but she looked longingly at the empty spot where she had last seen her sister Elizabeth.

The Indians took the men of Ruddle's Station ahead of the women who were to march along the Licking, while the British took the men of Martin's Station on a parallel route through the woods. The children and the main body of Indians had disappeared. Possibly, John Long told Conway, to their separate Indian towns.

* * *

Green flies swarmed all over Joseph, laying eggs in his bleeding head until it was covered with maggots. It was a losing battle trying to swat at them with hands or hats.

The Old Lady Wiseman had stopped any attempt by the Indians to tomahawk or scalp her. She was very experienced in swinging her walking stick, and she was strong. The Indians could only laugh at her as she defended herself, whacking one Indian after another. They called her Old Mother. They instinctively knew she was a healer, so they suspected that she was *Spider Woman* and began to treat her with much respect.

Worrying about Joseph, she hurried along to catch up with the men. When told by one of the Indian guards to get back with the women, she whacked him in the shins, claiming she was on a mission of mercy. The Indian laughed and hopped away, making the other Indians laugh.

She spotted Joseph being carried by Michael and Peter and caught up and told them. “Set him down. Prop him up on that log.” Checking the nasty mess on his head, she took off the maggots with her fingers.

“He's not gonna make it on foot. You two can't take'im all the way to where ever. Thar's a wagon near ta the end. When it comes by, drop'im in it.”

Doctor's orders it was, so Michael and Peter put Joseph into the back of the wagon where he stayed until the end of their trip.

Old Lady Wiseman climbed into the wagon where she found salve and cloth to make a bandage. After wrapping his head, she stayed in the wagon until she was discovered by one of the soldiers, whereupon she was forced to get out. She stayed near the wagon though and continued to nurse Joseph.

* * *

The woodlands cloaked the men in a green leafy light as they tread through the trees. Only sparkles of the sun shown overhead. They followed a creek that flowed into the Licking, while the

women stayed by the river. Only every other hour could the two lines of men see each other a couple of leagues away. The women lost sight of the men altogether and wondered if they would ever see their husbands and fathers again. They would peer into the forest every now and then to see if they could spot any sign of them.

Mat-chi-te-hew couldn't stand the crying of the little baby. He told the mother several times to make it shut up. Indian babies didn't cry. White man's babies cried incessantly. He hated it. It filled his mind. He couldn't think of anything else and was losing contact with Nature. This was the woman whose baby the captain soldier had returned to her. He couldn't stand it or resolve in his mind how stupid these white men were. He had taken the baby in the first place because he knew it would be trouble. She was falling behind because of that baby!

He went over and snatched the baby from her arms and threw it into the river where it splashed and gurgled, not having the strength to turn itself over and breathe. When the mother screamed and ran to pluck it out of the water, Mat-chi-te-hew and his brother Me-ge-da-gik held her, laughing while she was cryed for her baby. Mat-chi-te-hew yelled at her, swinging his tomahawk in the air, telling her in his own tongue to get back in line and hurry along. She understood the threat and ran into the arms of another woman who tried to comfort her.

The women were in shock. It wasn't enough being forced to march on a long arduous trek, but they had to be threatened with the loss of life and loved ones also. The other mothers clutched their babies tighter shedding tears of deep sorrow. Some prayed under their breath, for whenever they tried to comfort themselves or others with prayer or hymns, they were threatened by tomahawks.

Me-ge-da-gik was surprised to see an old woman whom he thought he had killed at the fort. Why was she still alive? Hobbling along among the women, she moved in and out of the others, trying to keep out of the way of the Indians. Whenever she accidentally got too close to an Indian, she whimpered loudly and scooted away. Me-ge-da-gik yelled and threatened her with his tomahawk, grieved that she was still alive. He struck at the air above her head in a mock attack, yelling at her as

she scurried this way and that, trying to get away from him. Her whimpering angered him. He kept up his pretend attack until his anger exploded. He thrust his tomahawk into the top of her snowy head. He hit her several times until he was sure she was dead and then let out a tremendous scream, “Eeeeeeeeeeeee!Ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya!” The other Indians down the line echoed his scream in robust approval.

The soldiers among the women tried to come between the women and the Indians, but there just wasn't enough of them to have any effect. Catherine walked closer to Lieutenant Cramer. He wouldn't put his arm around her, but he did make sure his pistol and musket were fully loaded and his bayonet was attached. Even though he couldn't defend her against all the Indians that were there, it still made Catherine feel safer.

Most of the women became as wild deer. Their eyes grew large, and they would jump at any deviant sound. Restrained from talking to each other by the threat of death, they hurried along in silence, hour after hour, thinking that each breath they breathed might be their last if they displeased their captors. Those that fell behind were warned with a swing of a tomahawk and would scurry ahead.

By the time they came to a good campsite the women were shaking with fear, fatigue and hunger, and at least one was in hysterics. As an Indian came over to shut her up with a swing from his tomahawk, Margaret Lail slapped her a couple of times to get her to be quiet. She looked at the Indian with disdain and tried to comfort the woman by pressing her face into her ample bosom. Both women sobbed.

Mary Kratz carried her dead infant near to a stream. She had slipped in the mud, and falling, hit its head against a tree, killing it instantly. She told no one. She just carried it, sobbing. Now that they had stopped, she carefully dug a hole in the clay with her hands, placed the little bundle in the hole and covered it up. When confronted by an Indian, she just said, “Washing my hands,” which she did as he watched, got up and went back to the others.

One odd little woman not wanting to give up her iron pot, wore it on her head like a hat. It

bruised her head so that she lost her hair and was forever afterward bald on top. She had to wear a bonnet for the rest of her life.

The women were allowed to rest for a few minutes until the Indians became restless. They were used to hurrying on to their destination and not stopping. The white man's way was a trouble to them. When the women were told to get up and get going, they started complaining, many voices crying that they needed food and rest.

Catherine spoke to Lieutenant Cramer. “Couldn't you talk to these savages? Someone must talk to them. We haven't eaten since yesterday night. We can't keep going like this.”

“The Indians killed the cattle we were going to eat,” he replied. “We soldiers are used to suffering. Let us search bundle you brought to see if any of that is food.”

“Who knows even what cabin it came from. They just strapped it to my back as if I were a pack animal.”

There was a bag of flour in her bundle. Everyone was given a little flour and water in a cup to make a paste. It would give them a little energy to go on. The Indians wouldn't let them build a fire to make any kind of bread or cakes. They complained that a fire could be seen by Colonel Clark.

* * *

Squaws appeared out of the woods near the end of the day. They had come with their husbands but had stayed behind. When a camp was made, they came in to wait on their husbands, brothers, and fathers. The men of Ruddle's Station, taken by the Indians, fared a little better than their wives and daughters, for these squaws shared some dried meat with the men. They proved more charitable than their husbands who never had the thought of feeding a prisoner. The men of Martin's Station marching with the soldiers ate the same as the women, a paste of flour and water.

Michael and Peter strode along with the men, chomping down on their ration of dried meat.

They had to chew it a long time to make it digestible.

“Could you be an Indian?” Peter asked between chews.

“Naw. I couldn't go around half naked.” Michael replied. “Been brought up better than that.”

“I saw pictures of the Indian women down south.”

“Yeah?” Michael asked, watching his s trying to miss a limb.

“They're all bare breasted.”

“No kidding.”

John Long walked up to them and said, “I know we are down and out, but let's not talk about women like that, even if they are heathen. I wish your pa were here, he would tell you.”

“We don't need to talk about the dead,” John Conway Senior said as he caught up, breathing a little more deeply than the others. “A march like this will invigorate the soul.”

An older Indian approached them as though he were in a hurry, breathing like it were nothing to walk all day. “You talk too much. The young ones will be angry. You scare away the spirits. Listen as you walk. Get strength from the spirits.” Then he strode away in a hurry.

“Makes me tired seeing a man like that,” Conway said. “The air is what animates a person. Breathe it in. I heard that you don't need as much food if you take deep breaths.”

“I think he's hungry,” Peter said, and everyone nearby laughed.

A couple of Indians growled and waved their tomahawks in their direction.
The jovial group suddenly became sober. They remembered earlier in the day an old man that had been murdered because he couldn't keep up. It had been one of the Ruddles who had bruised his heel on a stone and had limped badly. When he saw a spring, he lay down to drink and one of the Indians drove his tomahawk into his brains and tore off his scalp then went about shaking the bloody scalp at the men as a warning to them as to their fate if they did not hurry along.

Night came and a camp was made in a clearing by a stream. The men were again put into a circle so the Indians could watch them. Hinkson sat by a log near the edge of the forest. After the sun

went down behind the trees and the men watched as one star after another popped its glowing head through the darkening canopy, Hinkson edged himself onto the log in a horizontal position. He rolled onto the other side of it and slipped into the forest. He ran.

When the Indians found that Captain Hinkson was missing, the men were tied up with leather thongs about their necks and feet which were tied to stakes driven into the ground as they lay down.

Hinkson soon realized that he couldn't know which way he was running. There was no moon, and the trees covered up the stars. Coming across a stream, he dipped his hand into it. He held his hand up into the air. One side was cold. He knew the wind blew from the direction of that coldness, so following the cold side of his hand ran through the night until he couldn't go any longer and fell asleep beside a log. The morning brought a dense fog. He could see only twenty feet ahead. When daylight appeared, he heard the howling of wolves, the gobbling of turkeys, the bleating of fawns, the hooting of owls and every other forest animal. He knew that these sounds were made by the Indians. They were hunting him and maneuvering in the fog. As long as he went in the direction of silence, he was heading away from the Indians. The fog proved the perfect cover, and he didn't stop running until he reached Lexington. It took him eight days. He warned the townspeople who made attempts to find Colonel James Rogers Clark, not realizing that Clark was hundreds of miles away to the west along the Mississippi.

The second night proved very wet for the men after they were tied up. They got drenched when a storm arose. They couldn't turn their heads to breath because of the tightening of the thongs. They had to breathe in spurts, and so they couldn't sleep. If they dozed, their noses or mouths would fill with water. The next day was rough. Most of the men were exhausted. There were several delays which angered the Indians who punished the men by murdering some more of them.

* * *

Only the strong children survived. Little boys who fell by the wayside were left as they slumped down on a log or fell and didn't get up. No one knew what happened to them and no one cared. Sometimes an Indian would kick one to see if he was still alive. If he were dead, the Indian scalped him and then went on. The scalps were still being bought by the British in Detroit.

Sallie Conway wearing a blue dress and a sun bonnet was having trouble keeping up. She was also whimpering. One of the Indian guards tore off her bonnet and threw it into a stream that flowed into the Licking. It floated swiftly away like a boat upon the turbulence of the water. The bonnet had been given to her on her last birthday. Her mother had made it. She cried out. The Indian was going to take her scalp. Her hair was a pretty blond and curly. A squaw intervened who had some bad words to say to her husband, telling him he had enough scalps. He raised his tomahawk against her, but she stared him down.

Whenever any of the children tried to talk to each other, they were slapped across the face. Children the Indians were delighted with, like the Pursleys, whenever they became tired, got to ride piggy back on one of the braves. Some of the braves even played with them, having races while carrying them and laughing. Other children were driven like cattle, being switched with branches of bushes across their backs.

They also liked little Johnie Lail, only two years old. They rolled him rapidly down a river bank to play with him, and when he didn't cry, they said he would make a good Indian. The little boy thus secured his and his brother George's adoption into an Indian family.

Children who knew each other would see a friend taken from the main group. They would look at each other and catch each other's eye afraid to say anything or wave. Sally Conway was one of those. An elderly Indian couple took a liking to her. She was also blond and blue-eyed. They thought she would bring them good luck. She looked back at her cousin Mary with sad longing eyes, knowing she would never see her friend again.

The children were a lonely group walking in single file like ghosts through a dark forest. They

learned not to talk, even whisper, not whimper or cry. They had to hold in their feelings at the threat of death and scalping. Their numbers dwindled as the Indians separated to go to their individual towns.

It was comforting to some that siblings were never separated. Sarah Ruddle and Thomas Davis were thought to be brother and sister, as they held hands when marching along the trail. They were never separated. After the war, they were released and got married.

* * *

By night fall, the squaws who had followed the women prisoners caught up with the group. They became a benefit, for many of the women, as they lay down to sleep, found blankets being placed over them by these squaws. It was the only kindness they had found since they were taken prisoners. There were tears shed and thank-you's said, but the squaws seemed to be unmoved. There was no change in the expression on their faces. Where had the extra blankets come from? When morning came, Catherine asked Lieutenant Cramer about this action. As he had stayed up watching, he noticed what had happened.

“It was the squaws' own blankets,” he told her.

She said, “There must be some level of civilization among these Indians.” Lieutenant Cramer smiled and said, “These squaws are the same ones that have tortured some of the military officers of the rebels.”

That was confusing to Catherine. She wanted to reach out to these squaws, but she couldn't trust them. They were savages after all.

Day two, the women reached the boats. The cannon were loaded on one of the larger sailboats. Then the women were allowed to board. The flat boats held most of the women, but some were put into canoes with the Indians. Not knowing how to climb into a canoe, Mrs. Spears and Mrs. Eustin, with a little child, almost tipped it over, giving the Indians a laugh. Six women were allowed in each canoe not

occupied by the Indians with an Indian for and aft to paddle. If there were little children included, only three or four women went into the canoes. Most of the canoes though, were taken by the Indians and their squaws who took off as though they were through guarding the prisoners. They left the guarding of the women to the British troops.

In going down the Licking, there were rapids where the Licking poured into the Ohio. Mrs. Spears and Mrs. Eustin were panic stricken. For some reason, maybe to readjust her seating arrangement for herself or her son, Mrs. Eustin rose up and tipped the canoe over. The two Indians who had been paddling turned the canoe upright, lifted themselves back in and grabbed one of the women, but the swift current took Mrs. Spears and Mrs. Eustin and the child and dashed them against the rocks. Their bodies were lost in the rapids. Asked by one of the women if anyone was going to look for them, an Indian close to her asked, “Why?”

Chapter Six

Rain plagued the prisoners and their captors. Everyday they walked in sog and sloshy shoes. No one wore enough clothes to keep out the chill. Several of the prisoners and some of the soldiers wound up with fevers. Yet, they had to keep marching feeling miserable, cold and wet. Walking became painful. The wet mud and damp took their toll, leaving trails of blood as feet rotted along the way. Hearts were deadened by their grief and discomfort.

They had crossed the Ohio River at the mouth of the Greater Miami. They planned to go north to Detroit and freedom, but it was going to be slower than they had anticipated. The Miami River was so low that it couldn't hold up a birch canoe. They couldn't wait for the rains to raise the river, so on they marched - men, women and children.

Most of the Indians had deserted, taking the prisoners from Ruddle's with them. They went hunting, or back to their towns, or up to Detroit another way. They wouldn't hunt for Captain Bird and his prisoners. He thought, irresponsible vagabonds, they only think of themselves and what they could get out of the venture. If they hadn't killed the cattle he could have had enough provisions to take several more of the forts. Now they were on the verge of starvation.

He would retain only a handful of prisoners, like the Ruddles, the McGuires and the Mahones. The Ruddles had been the instigators and tempted people to live on Indian lands, but they had already been taken out of his hands for a short time by the Indians who went up to Detroit. He would see them again. The others had fought with Hinkson and were part of his raiders. He talked to prisoners along the way, and found most of them patriots. They proclaimed fealty to the king, that they had fled persecution and would join his militia and fight the rebels. They would indeed, for the British loved loyal citizens and glad there were loyalists among the rebels after all. Of course these had to flee to Canada or cross the mountains to escape the relentless persecution of the rebels.

They arrived at a spot on the Greater Miami known as Standing Stone. Captain Bird had visited

this spot before and had been told by the Indians that it was part of a temple and older than their ancestors. Several of the stones lay about as though they had been torn down and scattered.

In three days, both soldier, patriot and prisoner were without provisions. Captain Bird had allowed one cup of flour per day to the men and a half cup per day went to each woman and child, but they had eaten what little flour they had. The whole group was much fatigued. They set up camp and hoped provisions were on their way. They couldn't make it to Lorimer's on empty stomachs. Even the best soldier shook as he set up the captain's tent. When the company stopped the prisoners all dropped to the ground half dead. After sleeping a few hours they set up camp and waited. Some of the men fasted the three days, making sure their wives and children, those that were left, survived on the gruel paste made of flour and water.

Catherine made her home on one of the scattered stones. Lieutenant Cramer thought she looked gaunt. He gave her a biscuit (or British scone) he had been saving. She said, “Thank you,” and ate it slowly, peering around as if she were guilty of theft.

“It's all right,” he said. “Just take your time. I want you to have it. I want you to survive.”

Catherine looked up at him. She didn't say anything as she ate, taking in each little nibble and cherishing it, but she continued to stare at him. There was a sparkle in her eyes that made his heart leap. He wanted to hold her, but being a soldier and an officer, he needed to be an example of a gentleman. He would find a future time to put his arms around her when there were no witnesses.

Joseph's head was healing. It had formed a scab. Old Lady Wiseman fed him her portions of the gruel. She ate edible plants she kept in her apron. Little Rhody slept most of the way in her mommy's arms, which now trembled as she tried to comfort her. When Rhody downed the last spoonful of gruel she whined for more, but there was none, and Polly just buried the soft head of her child in her bosom and cried. It wasn't the season for berries yet, so many of the prisoners ate grass and herbs they found along the way as they had seen old lady Wiseman do. In some cases, not knowing what plants to eat, many had stomach cramps, and for their own protection, they were whipped by the soldiers if found

stooping down to pick something up.

After crossing the Ohio, Captain Bird wrote this letter to Colonel DePeyster:

"Letter from Capt. Henry Bird
To Major De Peyster
From the Ohio, opposite Licking Creek
July 1st, 1780

Sir,

After fatigues, which only those that were present can entertain a proper idea of, we arrived before Fort Liberty the 24th June. I had before that day entreated every Indian officer that appeared to have influence among the savages to persuade them not to engage with the Fort until the Guns were up - fearing, if any were killed, it might exasperate the Indians & make them commit cruelties when the Rebels surrendered.

Poor McCarty, in every other respect an extreme, attentive, serviceable fellow, perished by disobeying this order. An Indian was shot through the arm. The Three Pounder was not sufficient - our People raised a battery of rails & earth, within 80 yards of the Fort, taking some advantage of a very violent storm of rain, which prevented them being seen clearly. They stood two discharges of the little gun, which only cut down a spar and stuck the shot in the side of a house. When they saw the Six Pounder moving across the field, they immediately surrendered - they thought the 3-Pounder a swivel the Indians & their Department had got with them. The conditions granted - that their lives should be saved, and themselves taken to Detroit - I forewarned them that the Savages would adopt some of their children. The Indians gave in Council the cattle for Food for our People, & the Prisoners - and were not to enter till the next day: But whilst Capt McKee and myself were in the Fort settling these matters with the poor People, they rushed in, tore the poor children from their Mothers' breasts, killed a wounded man, and every one of the cattle, leaving the whole to stink.

We had brought no pork with us, & were now reduced to great distress, & the poor Prisoners in danger of being starved.

I talked hardly to them of their breach of promise. But however, we marched to the next fort, which surrendered without firing a gun. The same promises were made & broke in the same manner. Not the pound of meat & near 300 Prisoners. Indians breaking into the Forts, after the Treaties were concluded. The Rebels ran from the next fort, and the Indians burnt it. They then heard news of Col. Clark's coming against them & proposed returning, which indeed had they not proposed, I must have insisted on, as I had then fasted some time & the Prisoners in danger of starving. Mud and rains rotted our people's feet. The Indians almost all left us within a day's march of the enemy. It was with difficulty I procured a guide thro the woods. I marched the poor women & children 20 miles in one day over very high mountains, frightening them with frequent alarms to push them forward. In short, Sir, by water and land, we came with all our cannon &c. 90 miles in four days, one day out of which we lay by entirely, rowing 50 miles the last day. We have no meat, and must subsist on flour; if there is nothing for us at Lorrimers, I am out of hope of getting any Indians to hunt or accompany us. However George Girty I detain to assist me. I could, Sir, by all accounts have gone through the whole country without any opposition, had the Indians preserved the cattle. Everything is safe so far, but we are not yet out of reach of pursuit, as a very smart fellow escaped from me within 26 miles of the enemy. Provisions and peraugues we shall want at the Glaize, and the vessel at the mouth of the Miami.

I refer you to the bearer for particulars &c. I am, Sir, with respect Your most obedient Servant

(Signed)
Henry Bird
Major De Peyster"[1]

Major De Peyster, having received Captain Bird's letter, sent Captain Hare with horses, footmen, provisions and money to procure other needed goods at Monsr. Lorimier's trading post, where he made only a short stop. What the captain found there was a few head of cattle for which he paid a handsome price. When he arrived at Standing Stone, he delivered the needed provisions. The prisoners were especially glad, as everyone was given broth with a little beef as well as some sour bread and biscuits. When the soldiers regained some of their strength from the food and rest, they pulled up stakes and began the march again.

With food in their stomachs the prisoners became a bit more cheery. Even though the bones in their legs and backs ached as they walked, they had the strength to talk to each other.

"Would suit me fine to have land in Canada. My brother James went up there at the start of the war. I may look him up," said one.

"If we join the rangers in Detroit, we may find ourselves working out a bit of revenge on those that hurt us in Virginia," said another.

"What about you, Jeb, will you look to be farming?" Henry asked.

"Yes, but not in Canada. When I git up thar, I will turn me right around and go to my place back in the Kintuck. Don't aim to be no place else. If the King wants me, he'll have to come down thar to git me."

Runners came with an update on the whereabouts of Colonel George Rogers Clark. He was in the area, and it was said that he sought for a confrontation. He might even get to Detroit before the

captain and his prisoners. Captain Bird knew from spies that the colonel only had two hundred men and a couple of cannon. That could be the reason he had stayed away, yet, now that most of the Indians had left him and the cannon waited for the waters in the river to rise, the captain kept his eye over his shoulder. His men not in a any condition to fight a battle, he hoped to get to Detroit before the rebel colonel.

The runner said that Hinkson had told Colonel Clark that the prisoners were being treated badly. Captain Bird disagreed. Sure, he had to be a little rough with them to keep them going, but judging between him and the Indians, he would say that he was quit good to them.

If there was a confrontation with Colonel Clark, he might have to leave the prisoners behind and let them fend for themselves. On the other hand, he knew Clark might race him to Detroit and try to take it while the troops were out on raids. But if the Indians arrived there at the same time, Captain Bird thought there might be quite a skirmish, that is, if the Indians didn't run. If he reached there before Clark there was bound to be fighting.

Coming to a village of Ottawa, they camped again and Captain Bird sent out another letter to Major De Peyster.

> “Letter from Capt. Bird
> To Major De Peyster
> First landing on the Glaize,
> Ottawa Village
> 24th July 1780.
>
> Sir,
> Grey arrived here this day, we have made out so far very well, having left the Forks within a day's march of the Fort we took the first of July, and with fourteen days hard working arrived at the Standing Stone, which is an hundred and twenty miles against a very bad and rappid River. All the other delays were occasioned, by the Transportation of the Artillery Stores &c. which we have got to Monsr Lorimiers by going and returning with the few horses Capt. Hare brought us.
>
> The provisions we had were of infinite service - three days after we arrived at Standing Stone our Provisions were out. His stock will serve us to the entrance of the Miamis, where your goodness, Sir, has provided for us.
>
> The Waters are so low they will not furnish sufficient for a Bark Canoe within 50 miles of Monsr Lorimiers.
>
> I have left Bombardiers Robinson, Crow & Gallougher, who stay Volunteers with the guns - until rains make the

> waters sufficient for their transportation, there are two paragues here for them. Col. Clarke arrived within a day or so of the time I marked for his certain arrival. Capt. Hinxon who made his escape from us, had candour sufficient to tell Col. Clarke, he and the Prisoners were treated in so different manner from what they expected, that had not his Family been at the Falls, he would have preferred going with us to Detroit.
>
> I have much news from the private conversation with the Prisoners, and other means, respecting the situation of the country, their Force and manner of making Levies &c. &c. many of the Prisoners would not take the oath to Congress, I don't believe we have more than two Families really Rebels, their names McGuire and Mahone - the rest are composed of good Farmers with extreme industrious Familes who are desirous of being settled in Detroit with some Land. They fled, they say, from persecution, & declare if Government will assist them to get them on foot as Farmers, they will, as Militia, faithfully defend the country that affords them protection.
>
> (Signed)
> Henry Bird
> Major De Peyster"[2]

Looking dirty, unkempt and haggard, the prisoners were thought by the Ottawa people to be very peculiar. Feeling sorry for them, the Indians offered cornmeal mush, dried berries and rice mixed together into little blocks and dried venison. They gave herbs and tea made from pine needles to the sick and nursed them until they were ready to march.

They wanted to adopt some of the children, but were refrained from doing so by Captain Bird. He said they had enough children. George Girty thought he should appease the Indians with a few, but Bird said his decision was final.

There was one exception. When asked to run the gauntlet as an act of adoption, one of the girls, Margarete, a very fast runner, accepted the challenge. While running through two lines of Indian boys swinging clubs, sticks, and knives, no one could touch her. Yet, she spied another boy running parallel to her on the other side of one of the lines matching her speed. She became so angry that she wasn't ready for him when the gauntlet ended. When she reached the end of the line, he swung and knocked her down. She picked up a rock, got up and whapped him in the face with it and knocked him down. That made everyone laugh. She was considered very brave and made friends that day, allowing her to join in their games.

Margarete didn't stay with the Indians, though the thought drifted through her mind. She looked wistfully back at the pleading friends as she joined her family. Her parents thought she had been lost

until they spotted her playing with the Indian children. Upset by her thoughtless concern for them, she received a swat on the rear end. They had to head out for Detroit. She hoped to see her sister and brother when they arrived. Maybe God would have mercy.

1,2. Source: National Archives of Canada
Copied from British Library (formerly British Museum)
Haldimand Papers
MG21, Add. Mss. 21760 (B-100), pp. 410-413

End of Book Two

Book Three

Detroit

Chapter One

Letter from Major Arent De Peyster:

To Col. Bolton
From Detroit, August 4th, 1780

Sir,
I have the pleasure to acquaint you that Capt Bird arrived here this morning with about one hundred & fifty prisoners, mostly Germans who speak English, the remainder coming in. For in spite of all his endeavours to prevent it, the Indians broke into their Forts and seized many. The whole will amount to about three hundred & fifty. Their chief desire is to remain and settle at this place as you will see by the enclosed letter received two days ago from Captain Bird, which I now send to give you his opinion of those people. Thirteen have entered into the Rangers and many more will enter, as the prisoners are greatly fatigued with travelling so far, some sick and some wounded. I shall defer sending them down least it be attended with bad consequences. The remainder to save provisions I shall distribute in different farm houses to help in the harvest. In the mean time we shall be able to know His Excellency's Pleasure before the subject should it be approved of to settle them. I have a grant from the whole Pottewattamies Nation of Five Thousand Acres of excellent land upon the river from near the River Rouge to the Pottewattamies Village, exclusive of other lands heretofore granted to different people, which they are desirous to have settled.

In a former letter to the Commander in Chief, I observed that it would be dangerous having so many Prisoners here - but I then thought those small Forts were occupied by a different set of People. I have the Honor to be

Sir
Your most obedient
&c.
Most Humble Servant
(Signed) A. S. De Peyster
(Duplicate)
Col. Bolton

P. S. Please excuse the hurry of this letter. The Indians engross my time. We have more here than enough. Were it not absolutely necessary to keep in with them, they would tire my patience.[1]

Coming to an end of a long trail, all the senses become more alive. A deep breath is taken at the thought, *we are finally here*. The first thing on the agenda may not necessarily be to find a place of rest, but with only half of one's consciousness and a yawn, a person looks around, trying to see if he can think of anything. What should I do now? Or a conversation may start up with someone else to gain one's bearings.

The two brothers-in-law John Long and John Conway assessed the situation and scanned the scene across the Detroit River as they both yawned. Had they arrived in Holland? Had the trek through the woods twisted their minds? All along the river the sails of windmills slowly rotated in the wind to grind the grain growing on the hills behind. Several navy ships with their sails wrapped neatly along the yardarms leaned against the docks, the Union Jack flying above each ship. Beyond them sat Detroit itself. Houses stretched the length of a mile, surrounding a hill topped with a large fort. A larger British flag of St.George flew atop one of the buildings where the roof poked out above the stockade.

Long told Conway, “Wouldn't it be our lot to be pressed into the Navy!”

“Terrible thing,” Conway answered.

The Indians prepared to cross the river. They grunted at the prisoners, directing them to go down a grassy slope to the canoes they had previously stashed at the water's edge. As they entered into the canoes, Long wistfully thought of his wife and children. Conway thought of his parents and grieved for them, knowing at least one sister was taken by the Indians. Michael and Peter Goodnight thought of their sisters. Would they meet them here in Detroit?

Arriving at the docks, the Indians immediately tied their prisoner's hands behind their backs with leather thongs. The captives gave no resistance, having learned by their suffering at the hands of these savages that to resist was to die and be scalped. Besides, they were too tired to resist. The Indians, speaking in their own tongue, goaded and pushed their prisoners toward the center of town. There, the prisoners hoped for better treatment at the hands of their own race. Maybe kinder hands would intervene.

In the town center a crowd gathered to look at the Indians and the men they had captured. A common scene, they knew what to expect. It was a slave auction, Indian style, and the white settlers had come to bargain.

British officers showed up, surprising the Indian traders. Some were Naval officers, and Long said under his breath, “I shouldn't have thought it.”

Simon Girty, in charge of the Indians, walked up to Colonel De Peyster who led the other officers. Before he could speak, the colonel addressed the Wyondot chief. “Mister Girty, we will take charge of the matter of these prisoners. March your Indians to the storehouse and there they'll be paid handsomely for all their troubles.”

“We came here to sell these prisoners to the settlers, sir,” Simon addressed the colonel. “Not to hand them over to you.”

Simon stood there in the middle of the square with his hands on his hips and a scowl on his face. The surrounding people held their breath to see if there would be a conflict.

“Now didn't you hear my words? We are buying them from you. You will be paid well.”

“This time we want gold,” Simon said, testing the colonel's patience.

“If that's what you want, I'll give you a Guinea for each ten men. Take it or leave it,” Colonel De Peyster said as he spread his hands palms up in a friendly gesture. “Otherwise, my first offer still stands.”

“We don't want your money!” Girty hissed and put his palms down.

The Indians handed over their prisoners with a growl from Simon. He barked at his followers in their own language, and they followed him to the storehouse where all the goods were kept for the Indians who came selling scalps. He told them this time there would be whiskey, and all the Indians gave a yelp and a scream that unnerved the settlers.

Most of the prisoners were handed over to men popular in Detroit society, Alexander and William Macomb, who owned the largest tracts of land outside the city, mostly in the form of islands on the river. They were the sons of John Macomb who originally bought the land from the Pottawatomie Indians in 1776, having come from Albany, New York at the start of the war.

They put some of the prisoners to work at the fort making ammunition. Two of them were Peter and Michael Goodnight. Others were put into the stockade. The Ruddles family was one of those.

Captain Ruddle's wife, Elizabeth, kept asking, “What are they doing to us, Isaac? What's going

to happen?"

He could only answer, "I don't know Elly, I don't know."

She would ask the same questions again and again as though the last moments hadn't happened. When they were behind bars, she got hold of the bars, looked out onto the compound, and asked again, "What's going to happen to us, Isaac?"

Isaac wondered if he would ever see his sons again. Young Steven and Abraham were to be raised as Indians. The others were carted off by the soldiers. His sighs were staggered small coughs. He had to toughen his emotions and not let his wife see him cry. Even if he wanted to sob and weep, he was too tired to do so, even to yell at God.

Long and Conway were given to the Navy. Long groaned. Joseph Conway had gone with the women and wasn't present, but when he did arrive, he was put in hospital as were all the wounded prisoners.

Captain Bird arrived several days later in *The Hope*. Those men, still in good shape, were outfitted with the rangers garrisoned at the fort. The other families were given lodgings in the taverns and a few homes that would allow them. The women who were separated from husbands were reunited with them. There was a lot of rejoicing with their hands lifted to Heaven.

Leonhard Kratz looked anxiously for his wife when the ship arrived. The women were gaunt and pale, but he recognized his Mary as she helped other women disembark from the gang plank. Tears flowed down his cheeks as he called out her name. As he approached, Mary turned and looked at him. "Is that you, Leo?" She turned back to help another woman out, then she cocked her head with a forlorn expression. As he put his arms around her, she placed her head on his shoulder and wailed. Her tears wet his shirt.

"There, there," Leo said, "Everything is all right now. Where's the baby?"

"I tried to save him" she blubbered. "I slipped and fell." She paused and then said, "I lost him Leo, I lost him." He held her as she cried, not knowing what to say.

Other women told their stories to their husbands. There were tears and laughter, sorrow and joy at being reunited with loved ones. There were some children left. Those that had not been taken by the Indians were cherished, their fathers hugging and kissing them. The river rose an inch that day from the tears that flowed.

Other men had to be told that their wives were taken by the Indians as slaves to tend their cattle and clean their homes, etc. There was a number of men who felt like a black hole had been dug into their chests and their hearts removed. They knew that God had forgotten them and walked away from the wharf in sorrow. Other families felt the hand of God in their lives and were sure they would see their loved ones after the war was over.

Charles Gatliff had to be told by his wife that their older daughter had died of a toothache. Somehow her jaw rotted, and a great cancer had filled her mouth. There was only time enough to lay her down and put rocks over her.

The women repeated their stories to each other, their minds riveted to the horrors they had witnessed. One told of the Indians throwing a child on the fire just for a laugh. They told of children being taken from their mother's arms to be dashed against a tree or tomahawked to make the mother hurry on ahead. But for the most part, being back in civilization brought an uplifting spirit approaching camaraderie and joviality.

Those women who were single were sold and indentured to be house maids, mostly for soldiers at the fort. Catherine Goodnight was one of them. She was too tired to bother looking at the one who bought her. When he told her to come along with him to his house, it was a familiar voice. She looked up to see her rescuer, Lieutenant Cramer. He didn't look all that friendly, though, as if he had changed colors after getting back to his home and familiar surroundings. Maybe, she thought, he was only tired like she.

* * *

The two Johns wondered as they were led down into the ship's berth if they would ever see their families again. Maybe after the war they would be reunited. They had no hope to see them sooner. John Long had been aboard a ship and knew they could be gone a long time.

“Maybe they will let us see them when Captain Bird arrives,” Conway coughed as he tried not to breath the putrid fumes coming from within the belly of the beastly ship.

“I have my doubts,” said the other John.

“Shut yer traps and put yer chits above yer berths,” yelled the sailor leading them. His mouth had few teeth and his tongue got in the way when he talked. He handed each of them a piece of paper with their names on them. “These two here are empty. The fellers died of dysent'ry. You can git yer blankets t'night from the ship's store.”

The hammocks smelled of bitter bile.

Conway and Long put their chits on the nails above each hammock.

The sailor laughed as he saw their screwed up faces. “You'll git used to it!” Then he turned to leave. “Foller me up topside. You'll meet the boa'swain. He'll give ye yer orders.”

Conway approached the man and asked, “Do you know if they will let us see our families?”

“They'll be put on other ships to be shore,” he said, “bein' taken to Montreal.”

* * *

William Dougherty waited anxiously. He pulled on his red beard as he watched a small ship approach the harbor. His Elizabeth was sure to be on it.

Captain Bird jumped off as the sailors commenced tying the ship against the wharf which was parallel to the river. A cantankerous old woman followed, leading a band of soldiers carrying a young boy with a bandaged head. She continually shouted orders.

Several women and children came down the gang plank and were helped off by their husbands and fathers. As William tried to find his wife, the old woman interrupted him by whacking him in the shins with a stick to get his attention.

“Hey, you! Since you are standing in our way, help carry this young boy to the hospital. You know where the damn thing is?” demanded Old Lady Wiseman.

William immediately recognized Joseph lying in a blanket held up in the air by four soldiers, one at each corner. But he was sagging, almost hitting the wharf with his bottom. William grabbed the center of the blanket with one hand as Wiseman got another soldier to hold up the opposite center. With his free hand, he grabbed Joseph's right hand.

“Joseph!” William exclaimed. “By t'e gods, ti's good to see ye a-gain.”

“William,” Joseph responded, squeezing William's hand.

“A surprise tis when I see any of our family now o' days. I bless God's name! Ye are a comfort to me eyes. How are ye doing?” William let go of Joseph's hand to get a better hold of the blanket as they stepped off the wharf onto a cobblestone street.

“As well as can be, considering I lost the top of my head.” Joseph touched the bandage gently to see if it was still there. “Thanks be to Old Lady Wiseman and a friendly Indian family, I survived. It still hurts, and itches enough to drive me mad, but I'm afraid there ain't anything to scratch.”

William glanced back. He wanted to leave and search for his wife, saw the Goodnight brothers who had come to find their sisters and yelled at them, telling them it was Joseph. They ran over and took his place. It was good the soldiers let all the men come to the wharf.

Elizabeth was being helped out down by an elderly looking woman named Kratz. William gazed at his wife. Her black hair was drawn back and tied together by a leather thong. Her hair appeared wrinkled and curly as when wet. She looked a little thinner and her clothes clung to her in an unnatural manner. When she got her footing, she turned and their eyes met. He opened his arms wide. “William!” she screamed, and ran into his embrace. They kissed as though consumed with fire. They

laughed at each other.

"Ye are damp!" William complained as he felt the water penetrating his clothing.

"Hey, I am here," replied Elizabeth. "Forget about my clothes."

"But what happened?"

"I just took a spill down the river a ways," she said with a twinkle in her eyes.

She has always been mischievous, thought William as he said, "Ye are not at clumsy."

"I did it because I was covered with mud. I had to wash my hair and my dress. I couldn't come into a civilized town looking like that. They thought I was drowning, but I was washing." She raised an eyebrow. "They rescued me."

William laughed like a roaring lion. He took his lovely wife and caught up with Peter, Michael and Joseph. They all embraced, Joseph standing on his feet long enough to embrace his sister. Peter and Michael gave their place of holding the blanket back to William so they could go and find their sisters Elizabeth and Catherine, then everyone went their merry way.

"Beth, I found a place for us," announced William.

"I hope it's not a pig-stye," she said.

"No, no. T'is a nice clean room let out by some good people int t'e town," William explained. "Joseph, we will expect ye to come live wit' us when ye get feelin' better."

"He's not sleeping in our bed!" Elizabeth complained as she stopped and put her hands on her hips.

"We'll go a huntin', you and I," William continued.

"Not again!" Elizabeth could be heard to say as they left her standing there. She had to get herself going and catch up with them. "Oh! I could swear," she said aloud to herself. "This was supposed to be a happy time."

It was a happy time for the three of them after they were settled into their new home. Elizabeth made William build her one on the outskirts of town.

Peter and Michael, because of William interrupting them, missed seeing their sister Catherine being led away by Lieutenant Cramer. They watched the remaining women get off the boats and waited patiently but didn't see Catherine nor Elizabeth. They wondered if they had died, or were they taken by the Indians? They went back to the barracks empty and alone, feeling the anguish of having lost their family. At least they had each other and walked with their arms around each other.

1. Source: Haldimand Papers, MG21, Add. Mss. 21760 (B-100), pp. 410-413, National Archives of Canada, Copied from British Library (formerly British Museum)

Chapter Two

Catherine was led to a little cabin, plastered and whitewashed, the roof thatched with wheat grass. Wild grass grew in small clumps nestled among wild flowers in the little yard. Flowers and herbs grew along the wall of the house and bordered the white picket fence. Between the open gate and the little front door stretched a cobbled foot path.

Lieutenant Cramer opened the gate for her and bade her enter in. She strolled up to the door and examined it. It had been painted red a long time ago. The paint had started peeling off. Of course, she thought, an officer of his majesty's army doesn't have time to take care of a house. He would have to duck to go through this door as it was a head shorter than him.

“Go ahead,” said the officer. “Go on in.”

The door creaked as she opened it. Inside was a spartan little space as whitewashed as the outside. There were no curtains about the small windows to stop the sun throwing beams of light across the room. One beam went into the untidy kitchen. Within the living room was a table, a chair to her right, and a small bookcase with less than ten books to the left. But, she thought, there were enough books. Even though she had only the basics of reading in her experience, being able to pick out some words in the Bible, she hungered for books and thought of the times she might pour over them.

As Catherine stood staring at her new home, the officer came in through the door, ducking his head. The ceiling was also only a few inches above his head. He came and stood next to her. He cleared his throat. She was too aware of him. Her face flushed. She looked down at the floor not knowing what to think.

“It's a humble abode,” he said. “The bedroom is to the left. You can see the kitchen straight ahead. I'll put up a cot in there near the fireplace where you can sleep.”

Sleep, she thought. It would be nice to sleep for a few days.

“There is a common well out in the back alley.” He took off his coat, walked around the corner

and threw his coat on the bed. “I think there is a cot in here along with a tent,” he called. “I'll bring it out. You can have one of my blankets.” He crossed into the kitchen carrying the cot. “I'll get another one for going out on campaigns later. I have all my baggage in here. I heard the rebels are gaining an upper hand on the Atlantic coast. I may have to leave for a while. We don't know yet.”

Catherine stood in the living room nearly falling asleep on her feet, staring at her toes.

“You can come in,” her master said. “You'll need to get familiar with the kitchen.”

Catherine made herself breathe and walk. She went softly to the doorway of the kitchen and put her hand on the door frame. The door itself was missing. Maybe if she was going to sleep in there, she would put up a curtain.

A long used table lay underneath a window near the back door. An oval metal tub and a wooden bucket sat on it near the door followed by some china dishes and cups and pewter ware mingled in short stacks with a few spoons, forks and knives. A couple of rags lay on the ledge of the window along with a bar of soap. As she turned to see the opposite wall near the doorway, she spied a large fireplace with iron pots hoisted above cold embers. The one large pot could swing out into the room. Other small pots waited on an iron rack at the other side of the fireplace. On the far wall, not two feet from the fireplace, sat a bathtub. Oh, she wished, if only she could be having a warm bath with lots of suds. She would wash her hair first.

Lieutenant Cramer moved the bathtub to one side so he could set up the cot between the back wall and the fireplace.

“This way,” he said, “your toes will be warm in the night.”

She noticed a cupboard to her right by the back door. It took up the room between the two doors. A corner was left to let the back door swing open. An blackened ash can sat there with the fireplace tools in it. She thought what an odd place for it to be. Shouldn't it be by the fireplace?

Catherine stepped back and peered into the bedroom. The fireplace was two sided. It opened into the bedroom as well into the kitchen, and so if he stood in the bedroom and stooped down, he

could see her in the kitchen. The head of the bed was on the back wall, the bed facing a walnut wardrobe where his coat should have gone. When she turned back to the kitchen, the cot had been unfolded and laid along the wall. The blanket was neatly folded at its foot.

She walked over to the cot and too near to him. She flushed again and sat down. Lifting her head, she glanced at the cupboard. It's doors were open, and she could see that it's contents were in need of repair. She would have to have supplies to restore it to a good healthy fullness.

“You look a little flushed,” said the lieutenant. “I should leave and let you rest.”

She ignored him and said, “If you give me a paper and pen I can write down what we need to fill that cupboard.”

“We'll do that later. You rest now. Today I'll prepare the meal.”

Catherine sighed. How did she ever get into this mess, she thought. Oh, yes, the Indians. She sighed again and lay down, with her head on the blanket and soon went fast asleep.

Lieutenant Cramer also sighed as he looked down upon her sleeping form. He had bought himself a white slave. He could do anything he wanted with her and no one would judge him, no one but his mother that roamed the vastness of his mind. She was his conscience. All that she taught him about being a gentleman stayed with him even though his peers teased and derided him.

* * *

Long and Conway were assigned to clean the bilges. That put them into the lowest of the holes in the ship where they had to crawl over its ribs. They scraped the bottom with wooden paddles to clean out the sludge and put it into buckets. Others would lift the buckets out of the holes in the deck, take it topside and throw it overboard. The stench was intolerable, but there was no other air to breathe. If they stuck their heads through the deck to get a breath, some sailor in charge would knock them on the head with a stick. They didn't eat nor drink until the job was done or until it was time for bed.

Each morning before sunrise, they had to put on sludge covered clothes. They left their shoes behind to keep them clean. They were not allowed to wash until the job was done. It took them three days. Each time a sailor would stick his butt down a hole in the deck and foul the bilges, they had a fresh mess to clean up. By the time they were finished, they were covered with sludge and agreed they would die before doing that job again. The other sailors had a long laugh at their expense, for each of them had to do that job at least once in their career. They were glad they had a couple of slaves to do it for them.

The day Long and Conway were brought topside, they both jumped overboard into the river and had a good time washing themselves until they were shot at.

“Don't shoot, don't shoot!” they cried. “We're not escaping! We're only washing ourselves.”

“You don't wash until I say so,” the boatswain's mate yelled back at them, throwing them a rope.

When they were hauled on board, they were brought before the first officer.

“Jumped overboard did you?” he asked.

“We were filthy beyond endurance, sir,” commented Long, whereupon, the first officer slapped him along the side of his face with the buttons of his coat sleeve.

“Nine lashes,” he commanded.

The boatswain's mate took each of them in turn, tied them to the main mast and gave them their lashes. Conway grunted at each sting of the whip, and Long bit his lips until they bled. The first officer had been lenient due to the fact that the two stunk so much and needed washing. Otherwise, they would have been given 20 lashes each for desertion.

The first officer warned the boatswain's mate, “If you can't keep your men under control, Mister Bains, you will be keel hauled at the first opportunity.”

The boatswain's mate was quite humble before the first officer, saying “Aye aye, sir,” but when he got Long and Conway alone, he gave them each a knock on the chins with his fist and cussed at them.

"It is a sin to be clean on this ship," Long muttered under his breath to Conway.

"Stop yer yappin' and foller me!" Mr. Bains commanded.

Anger welled up withing Long and Conway, gritting their teeth. They would escape at the first opportunity. But now they had their duty to the ship and its captain. They were put back to work swabbing the deck as their backs bled and stung.

* * *

Major De Peyster peered out of his office door at the mounds of sleeping prisoners littering his parade ground. They were not in the neat circles as they had been at Ruddle's Station. He compared them to dung heaps. Indeed, they were a dirty lot, and he knew full well that he couldn't take care of them. The jail cells were full, the homes of the settlers and the taverns were full. What to do? What to do? he repeated in his mind. Then a sudden thought came. He would send them all to Montreal.

"Sargent," he called to his secretary, "Get a message sent out to General Haldiman with your fastest courier. Sending you prisoners. Don't have room. You do. Sending them by ship. Put all the niceties in it. I'll sign it."

The letter was given to a courier who traveled on horseback all the way to Montreal.

The same day the courier left, the prisoners were rounded up and put on *The Gage* which mounted eight six pounders. "What now?" most of them thought. They were tired to death and half starved. If they lay down and died, at least they would get some rest. Some of those in jail went with them, even the Ruddles, who were considered by those of Martin's Station enemies and a Loyalists. Among those put on the ship were the Duncans.

John Duncan Junior, instead of staying with his family while on board the ship, bunked with other boys his own age, Littons and Laughlins. They talked only about escape.

While the older generation thought only of rescue, the younger generation thought of liberating

themselves. There was always a rumor of George Rodgers Clark and Daniel Boone on their way to Detroit, but that was born out of hope. The boys knew they could not depend upon that. So they talked and considered as they squatted topside in their little corner between the officer's quarters and the port side of the ship.

“There are not enough of us to take over the ship,” Thomas Laughlin said. (He was the one in love with John Jr.'s sister Elizabeth. Whereas, John Jr. was in love with Thomas' sister Polly.)

“We could talk to the other prisoners,” Joseph Duncan suggested, “maybe get their support.”

“Naw,” John Litton countered. “If we're going to escape and get back to the Kintuck, we gotta do it ourselves.”

“We could jump overboard,” John Jr. pondered verbally, rubbing his newly grown beard.

“Not all of us can swim,” Thomas Litton said.

“If we took one of the lifeboats,” John Jr. said in despair, “there wouldn't be enough time before they caught and hung us.”

And so it went as they discussed all the possibilities Providence could throw at them.

John Duncan's father spoke to the French sailors to his episodes along the Licking.

“I had long talks with Chief Logan,” he boasted. “He was of the kinder Indian. He would ne'er think twice o' clubbin' a feller, but in his way, a friend ta the homeless. Said he, 'Two spirits dwell within me. A good one and a bad one. It is like two fellers livin' inside me. I go to do good an' nary a moment passes that an angry bear lifts its head inside me. I feel so sorry after'ards.' ”

“Injuns 're scarry,” one of the sailors commented. “I'll stay aboard ship when they come ta town.”

“As long as we kept up,” Duncan continued, “Logan would talk and talk, telling tall tales and laughin'. He told this tale of a boy caught by witches. They sung and danced their magic and gave him potions and changed him to a dog. That feller yapped and yapped and ran around the camp like a dog and peed on ever' thing.”

Some of the sailors laughed, but some were highly superstitious. They crossed themselves and said Hail Mary's.

Chapter Three

Catherine woke to a warm fire glowing in the fireplace. It was morning. Light started coming in through the window. The sun must be on the other side of the house, she thought as she rose, for she couldn't see the sun itself. The air was cool. She walked over to the fireplace and stretched her hands towards the fire. Then she turned around and let her backside warm up. The fire was going out, so she looked around for more wood. Freshly chopped wood had been stacked next to the fireplace in a box by the door into the living room. She put a few small logs on the fire. She stared at the pots and turned around to see what she could fix for breakfast. She found a sack of oats in the bottom of the cupboard. She grabbed the bucket and slipped out back for water.

She wished she had a shawl and rubbed her right arm to get rid of the goose flesh.

At the well was another woman she had seen on the trail.

“You too?” she said to the woman who hauled up her bucket with a rope.

“Yes, me too. There ain't one single woman of us who walked along the Licking that warn't sold into slavery. You're Catherine Goodnight, aren't ye?” She asked.

“Yes ma'm,” Catherine responded, “but your name has skipped my mind.”

“Pursley's the name. Knew yer father, bless him.”

Mrs. Pursley grabbed her bucket as it came up and sat it on the edge of the well. She looked at Catherine. “My, yer a mess. An' you need yer head covered fer sure.”

“Yes ma'm,” Catherine said politely.

“Here.” The older woman took off her bonnet. “You can have mine. I can make another in a minute. It don't bother me none.”

“Thank you. You are so kind.”

Catherine placed her bucket on the ground and took the bonnet. It wasn't so white as it used to be, but it would work. She placed it on her head and tucked most of her hair underneath it. She was

used to letting some curls hang down the back, but they weren't so curly now.

“Are you an officer's maid too?” Catherine asked.

Mrs. Pursley untied the knot on the rope, hefted the water bucket, and sighed. “An officer, heh? You alone with him?” she asked, handing the rope to Catherine.

“Yes ma'm.”

“You watch yer hide girl. They will take advantage, you know,” Mrs. Pursley said as she walked off with a scowl on her face.

Catherine didn't get much information from that conversation. She tied the rope to her bucket and let it down into the well. She heard the bucket hit the water, felt it slip in and then hauled on the rope until she held the bucket in her hands again.

Bringing the water into the kitchen, she found a ladle and filled one of the smaller kettles and hung it above the fire in the fireplace. She dragged a chair into the kitchen from the living room, all the while wondering where the lieutenant was. She didn't know that a soldier's morning started as early as a farmer's.

After the water boiled, Catherine added some oatmeal, found a wooden spoon behind her on the kitchen table ,and stirred her oats until it was done. She found salt but no sugar or honey to sweeten it, but what she ate was a feast. Oatmeal had never tasted so good. It wasn't whole oats like she had seen before, but chopped, which made it creamy when cooked.

Oh, for a cow, she thought. It would be nice to take a drink of milk, but water would have to do for now, and out of a tin cup. That was the best tasting water.

Breakfast over with, Catherine went to tidy things up around the house. There wasn't much in the living room to straighten. She dusted the books with a cloth she found in the kitchen. She dusted around the windows and then peeped into the bedroom. It was well kept, so why did the lieutenant need her anyway? She rummaged around the stuff on the other side of the bed next to the window, trying to see all the things he owned.

There was a folded tent, ropes,a backpack ready to go except for a blanket and mess kit. There were guns stored in boxes and smaller boxes filled with bullets alongside a powder keg. A couple of muskets stood in the corner with a powder horn hanging from one of them.

Alongside the bed stood a tool chest with nails in one of the drawers and a hammer inside the lid. One of the tools looked like something you would pull teeth out of a cow. It was too large to fit in her mouth.

Everything was neat except the floor. Now where had she seen that broom? She went back to the kitchen and looked around. It wasn't there. Then she remembered. It was outside by the door. She started in the bedroom, sweeping the dust into the kitchen, and turned to the living room. Then she scolded herself for dusting first and stirring it up with the broom.

In the kitchen she moved the bathtub to sweep behind it. She thoughtfully placed her hand on the tub. It was made of copper with bronze welds. She had seen a tub like that when she was a little girl in Virginia at her grandmother's house. She went back to sweeping until she had swept all the dust out the back door.

Catherine walked over to the bathtub again and held out her dirty dress. A smile grew across her face. She turned around and grabbed the bucket, stopped by the fireplace and pulled out the large kettle so it was directly over the fire and ran out the door.

Making several trips to the well, she filled the kettle and half filled the bathtub which she had scooted over to the fireplace. While the water was heating, she took a couple of nails out of the lieutenant's tool chest, grabbed his hammer and the blanket off his bed. She nailed the blanket to the door posts so she could have privacy. (She didn't think about the window.)

With the aid of a smaller kettle, Catherine filled the bathtub with hot water. She grabbed the soap off the window sill, threw it into the bathtub, stripped all her clothes off and threw them into the tub. Getting on her knees, she grabbed the bar of soap and scrubbed and scrubbed her clothes until all the trail dirt and mud was off.

She needed a clothesline. She remembered the rope in the bedroom. She sneaked in, crouching along the floor so no one could see her naked form through the windows. In a few moments she had a clothes line with all her clothes and Mrs. Purlsey's bonnet on it in the kitchen between the bathtub and the fireplace. She had used some more of those nails. She put what was left of the hot water from the big kettle into the tub and sank down into the warm soapy water. Tears came to her eyes. She wanted to laugh and splash. She rubbed her arms and legs and tried to embrace the suds floating on top of the water. She could help smiling from ear to ear.

Catherine bent over as far as she could and put her hair into the water and rubbed the soap bar all through it and rinsed it as good as she could and squeezed the water out. Then she commenced rubbing the bar over every inch of her pelt. She had never known such luxury.

Lieutenant Cramer stuck his head into the kitchen and yelled, “What are you doing?”

Catherine sucked in her cry, crossed her arms over her bosom and sank into the water as far as she could, but her knees started rising into the air because it was a very small bathtub.

The lieutenant cried out, “You've turned my kitchen into a lady's toilet!”

Catherine shuddered. She wanted to apologize, but nothing would come out of her mouth. The two stared at each other for a long moment until Catherine got the courage to ask, “Do you have a towel?”

“I am sorry,” he apologized. “Where are my manners? I should have offered you a bath last night, but, you were asleep. You are the one who is being civilized. You trekked all that way from Ruddle's. Of course, your clothes were dirty … and the mud. And look at your shoes. They are just caked with mud. You must have …”

“A towel?” Catherine's little mouse voice came from the tub. “Please?”

“Oh, yes! Yes!” the lieutenant said. His face grew quite red. “A towel. I've got one in my closet. I'll go and get it.”

As he turned and left the room, Catherine covered her face and sighed. She was sure her face

was as red as his.

Lieutenant Cramer came back through the curtain waving a large towel. “Here we go.” He spread it out in the air between his outstretched arms and waited in front of the tub. He stood there for a whole minute waiting. Catherine was also waiting … for him to get out. Then he said, “Come, come. Let's get out and get dried.” He wasn't going to leave. He shook the towel with impatience. “I won't look.”

Catherine gathered courage and stepped out of the tub dripping water all over the floor and onto his boots. He wrapped the towel around her and held her in his arms. He started trembling. She started trembling. She held her eyes closed. She couldn't look.

He had her, what was he going to do with her? Was he going to pick her up and carry her to his bed right then and there? She breathed his air. It was intoxicating.

Catherine felt like moist butter. She wanted to melt and flow out of his arms down onto the floor and through the cracks and into the ground. His face was so close. And then their foreheads touched. He kissed her.

“Oh, Mother!” He whispered. “Just this once!”

(“No,” his mother replied from beyond the grave. “Not yet. You have to marry her first.” Was it his imagination or his conscience?)

He let go of Catherine and whispered, “I'm, I'm sorry,” and walked out of the room.

“Hmmm?” she queried, feeling a bit dizzy. When she realized he had gone, she opened her eyes and said, “Oh.” The towel had dropped to the floor and she stood there naked with her arms crossed over her bosom. She felt like such a fool. She got dressed and sat on her cot.

After a few minutes, his voice came through from the living room.

“I bought some supplies. As soon as you are finished, you can put them in the kitchen. I sat a box of things here on the table. I have to go back to the fort. I'll be back tonight.” He looked at his suit. It was damp all down the front, but he didn't care. He walked back to the fort without feeling the

ground.

* * *

Peter and Michael were led down from the fort to a log cabin near the bottom of the hill. There were different sized kegs sitting beside the door and around the corner. A pile of ashes and charcoal from fireplaces sat on the other side of the door. The two soldiers unlocked the door and led them in, introducing them to John Gonzales. He sat bent over a table packing gunpowder into small oblong sacks.

One of the soldiers said, “Here you are Gonzales ... two helpers. You asked for them, so put them to work.”

The soldiers left and Gonzales looked up through bulging eyes. With his dark skin and black hair tied behind in a knot, Michael and Peter couldn't tell if he was Spanish or Indian. He pursed his lips underneath his oversized nose.

“You make bullets?” John asked.

Michael replied, “We've made lots of bullets.”

“For hunting mostly,” Peter offered.

“Good. The lead is there on the other table near the fireplace.” He turned around and pointed to the table behind him. “There's a bellows for the fire and the pots and molds. It's all there. Go to work.”

Peter and Michael stared at him for a moment. They could see he was only about fifteen, so why should he be in charge? Gonzales swung his hand palm up through the air towards the table. “Please,” he asked with a fake smile and went back to his business.

The fire was low, so Peter put some more wood on it and used the bellows to start the logs burning.

“You're having too much fun with the fire,” Michael said. “Here, put this ingot into the pot.”

The two of them melted the lead ingot and poured it into the molds. Each mold made twelve

bullets. They had no gloves, but there were a number of rags used to hold the ladle. Peter poured while Michael opened and closed the molds. When one mold was full, he would get another and Peter would fill it. When all the molds were used up, they opened the cool ones and poured the round bullets into a keg, and started over.

After a couple of hours, the keg was almost full. They got bored and turned to Gonzales.

“We can fill those bags or make some more black powder,” offered Michael.

“You can't make the powder,” Gonzales said gruffly. “You can fill these bags. I'll make up some more powder.”

Gonzales rose up from the table and let the two boys sit on the bench in his place. He went over to a large mortar and pestle on the table behind them, shoveled in ashes from a pile on the floor and started grinding.

“There's something par-culer about this black powder,” Peter said. He rubbed some between his fingers which he put up to his nose. He took a whiff. “Don't smell right.”

Michael did the same. “I agree. This doesn't smell like black powder.” He touched his finger to his tongue. “It tastes like ash.”

They both turned to Gonzales. “Gonzales, do you know how to make black powder?”

Gonzales started laughing. “Are you prisoners? Are you free men? No? Do you want to arm your enemies? Are you with me? None of these,” and motioning his hand toward the cartridges already made, “shall ever harm any of our countrymen."

Gonzales chuckled as Michael and Peter watched him. He was putting far too much ash in the mixture to make the black powder. He searched their faces and laughed again.

Michael said, “Yes, we're with you. We will do what we can.”

“Our parents were killed,” Peter lamented, “and neighbors.”

“And our sisters have been taken by the Indians,” Michael added.

“Then, gentlemen, let's fill these cartridges.”

* * *

Catherine eventually went in the living room and looked in the box that was on the table. It was a wooden box that only a man could carry. It was loaded with a couple of hams, a large side of bacon, a twenty pound sack of flour, a couple of sacks of beans, a bottle of molasses, and several tins of surprises. Her foot kicked a bag of Irish potatoes. She hummed. She went to the kitchen to get a knife and opened one can. It was a dark powder and smelled burnt. Opening another, it seemed to be burnt beans, but the aroma was aromatic. Another was tea. She knew what to do with that. Then there was a small tin with a picture of a lady carved in ivory on top of the lid.

Catherine's heart palpitated. Her breath stopped. She gasped and reached down, ran her finger over the carving and then grabbed it and placed it against her heart. She knew what it was. After a moment she carefully opened the little box. It was filled with silver sewing needles. Was he proposing? She put the needles into her pocket and squeezed the little box.

Hmmm, she thought. Maybe she could go to the market and get vegetables. She could use some beans and corn and squash, but she didn't have anything to trade with. When she approached the door, she patted her pocket that contained the needles. Maybe those could be used. She took out the box and retrieved a good hemming needle and poked it into her blouse next to her heart, putting the box back into her pocket. Out the door she went.

* * *

Peter and Michael were on leave from the fort, roaming the town. They came upon the center of town where all the farmers had gathered with their harvest for sale. One farmer displayed bags of Indian rice. Peter was astonished and had to investigate this strange grain. Turning back around to draw

Michael's attention, his brother's name just barely out of his mouth, he bumped into a young woman, knocking her basket out of her hand. beans spilled onto the cobblestones.

“Oh! Excuse me,” Peter said, staring at the beans. Something in that half second stirred in his mind. He looked at the girl. His eyes almost popped out.

“Catherine!” He grabbed her into a bear hug.

She likewise hugged him and cried on his shoulder, whispering, “Peter, Peter.”

“Michael!” he called. “It's Catherine!”

Michael came running. All three of them gave each other a group hug. Catherine smothered her brothers' faces in kisses. They cried and laughed at the same time, tears streaming down their cheeks.

“I've been pricked!” Peter rubbed his chest.

“Oh, pardon me. I have a needle in my blouse,” Catherine laughed.

“What are you doing here?” Michael asked, letting go.

“I was bought by a lieutenant. I … I ...”

“Has he hurt you?” Peter formed a fist, his lower lip puffing up.

“No, no! It's not like that,” she responded with a smile. “Look, look,” she said taking the needles out of her pocket. “He's proposed. He's going to marry me.”

“Ho ho!” both brothers responded with smiles.

“When do we get to meet him?” Michael asked.

With downcast eyes, Catherine said, “I don't know. He's very busy. The only reason I'm out here is because he's working at the fort.”

Peter regarded Catherine thoughtfully and asked, “Have you seen Elizabeth?”

Catherine stared at her toes and said, “No, and I don't think we will ever see her again.”

“Did she die?” Michael asked.

“No. She was carried off by the Indians.”

“Damnation!” Peter exclaimed. “I hate those Indians!”

Michael pondered for a moment, and taking Catherine's hands said, “We can search for her after the war.” She looked up at him in tears. Her big brother wiped them away and said, “Enough sad talk. Joseph Conway and his sister Elizabeth are here. And you remember Elizabeth's husband, William Dougherty? We were thinking of visiting them. Would you like to come along? At least that's some family, and we've got to stick together.”

A cheery smile crossed Catherine's face as she said, “Yes. Let's go.” She had to pull the two along to God only knew where.

“Catherine,” cautioned Michael. “You don't know where you're going.”

“Where to, Michael?” she asked as she sped up her pace almost into an dance and leading with a smile.

“It's down that other street, silly,” guided Peter.

“We can get to it a little farther up at that avenue,” she said. “I want to show you something.”

When they had gone a couple of blocks, they arrived at the lieutenant's house. “That's where I live,” she said as she led them past it.

“Ho, ho,” both brothers teased.

Peter and Michael led Catherine near to the outskirts of town where another quaint cottage lay, only this one was larger. It could quite easily hold two families.

Michael knocked at the door and a little old lady answered.

“Is Mrs. Dougherty here?” he asked.

“Oh, yes,” said the little woman cheerfully. “She's out back doing the laundry. You can go around to the back.”

When Elizabeth saw Catherine in the company of Peter and Michael, she dropped her soap and wiped her hands on her apron and opened her arms wide.

“Catherine, my dear friend!”

Catherine and Elizabeth embraced and cried, asking about each other. They talked incessantly,

sharing stories, while Peter and Michael stood there waiting to say something.

Finally, tired of waiting, Michael asked, “Where's William?”

Elizabeth turned back toward the boys but kept her arm around Catherine's waist.

“Oh, he's with Joseph,” Elizabeth said. “They are inseparable. You would think they were twins. They are always talking of ways to make money. They won't go to work for anyone. I think they have settled on finding wood to sell, and William is taking Joseph around in a wheel barrow until he's well enough to walk.”

“I thought he was in hospital,” Michael said.

“How is the poor boy?” Catherine pondered. “I thought he must have died by now.”

“Joseph?” Elizabeth pursed her lips. “Not he. He's too stubborn.” And she laughed, slapping herself on the legs. “They will be back bye the bye … towards evening I imagine.”

“Oh, I can't stay that long,” said Catherine. She put her hands to her mouth. “I was buying vegetables. I forgot. And I've got to make supper.”

“I think your beans are still on the ground,” Peter laughed.

“I don't know what's going to happen to me. The lieutenant might be searching for me for all I know.”

“We will walk you home,” said Peter, “and if he's there, we will greet him.”

“I've got to go to the market. You can walk me there.”

Catherine started to go when she turned around and grabbed Elizabeth's hands and and gave her a kiss.

“Come again,” Elizabeth implored. “We're not going anywhere for some time it seems.”

“I'll be back tomorrow, oh Elizabeth, my best friend.” Catherine blew her a kiss as she left.

At the market, Catherine tried to pay for her vegetables with her needles, but Peter and Michael wouldn't allow it. They each gave her the few coppers they had in their pockets. It was enough.

* * *

William loaded the wheel barrow with the limbs he had chopped while Joseph sat on a log watching.

“At will do it for t'night, Joe,” William said, putting on the last piece.

“Do you expect me to ride on top of that?” Joseph asked, knowing what it would feel like having to sit on a bunch of sticks. “I think I'll walk back.”

“Here,” William said as he took off his coat. “I'll just fold up me coat like t'is, place it on t'e hard stuff and ye can ride in comfort.”

Before Joseph got up they both heard a noise.

“Joe! Be still. You hear at? Better get up in at tree.”

They both climbed the tree they were under and listened.

“It sounds like gruntin',” Joseph said.

As they watched, a group of pigs roamed into the area and started rooting around the tree and smelling the wheel barrow. They must have sensed William and Joseph, for they wandered out of the area. William giggled, and when the last pig left, he laughed out loud. He jumped down and took his hat off and swatted his legs. “I'll be t'e poorest man in town, Joe, if I don't get t'em pigs roastin' in every pot in town!” He gave a Celtic yell. He looked up at Joseph who was laying on a limb up in the air also laughing. William helped him down and put him in the wheel barrow. They both sang “I'm gonna git me a rope and tie me up some pigs,” all the way home.

* * *

As Catherine walked home with her vegetables, a cold breeze blew up her dress and she

shivered. Red and gold leaves crunched under her feet. Cumulus clouds boiled overhead and covered up the sun. Two men passed without noticing her. One said to the other, “Hard winter's coming.”

Dinner was easy to fix. Catherine cut a couple slices of ham off the bone, popped the beans out of the pods and started them boiling. She put a round orange squash in the ashes to cook. Making the bread was another thing. Before she left for the market, she should have made a starter with a little flour and water and put it outside on the back step in a crock. She did that now. She would have to make bread in the morning. She worried about the weather.

She peeked out the front door to see if she could see her lieutenant. She slipped her hand into her pocket to hold the tin of needles. There was one copper left. It rattled against the tin as she took her hand out and placed it on the door. A girl walked by, carrying what must be eggs in a basket. She may have been selling them or taking them home. It looked like she was having trouble keeping a napkin over the whole. The wind was a bit blustery.

Catherine stepped out of the door and called, “Girl! Girl!” The girl turned and Catherine yelled out over the wind, “I'll give you a copper for a couple of those eggs.”

The girl tried to say “Yes'm,” but it got lost in the wind. She said it again as she approached the door. The two thanked each other and Catherine shut the door against the roaring noise. Now it was silent again and she thought, holding her prize, now I can make some bread. The boiled bread she saw her mother make would be nice. She could use the ham fat. That would taste good, but she decided upon popovers.

As Catherine set the table, Lieutenant Cramer came in.

“Smells good in here,” he said as he placed his hand on the small of her back. She turned, a little surprised. He quickly strode into the bedroom and put his coat away.

“My! The wind is blowing,” he called from the bedroom, “and it's getting cold. It may snow.”

“Thank you for the firewood,” she said, putting the knives and forks down.

“It wasn't me.” He returned to the living room. “Some wood cutter carrying a bald-headed boy in a wheel barrow came by early this morning. I bought it off of him.”

Catherine covered her mouth and tried not to laugh. Her face turned all red.

He sat down in his chair to wait for his supper and said, “It wasn't that funny. But go ahead and laugh. I would love to hear you laugh. You need it after all you have gone through.”

She didn't want to face him because he was still a stranger, someone outside the family. She answered after going into the kitchen. “They are my brother's in-laws. And he wasn't bald. He was scalped by one of your Indians.”

“Not one of my Indians,” he said, grabbing a fork, and then remembering he was eating with someone, he put it down again. “They were just another regiment.”

Catherine refused to argue with him. She wanted this night to be special. She brought out a large serving bowl with the beans, ham and a mush made of orange squash and ham fat with popovers on top. She placed it on the table.

“Have you had time to meet with members of your family already?”

“I met my two younger brothers, Peter and Michael, in the market today,” she said sitting down. She would have stood as a servant, but feeling the tin in her pocket, she thought how it gave her permission to sit with her master.

The lieutenant bowed his head without any warning and said, “Dear God, thank you for this bounteous harvest. Amen.” He looked up as she started filling his plate. “You don't have to do that.”

“I want to,” she said with a little blush.

“I am sorry I didn't leave you any money for these niceties. I'm not used to all this extra.” He looked at her as she filled his plate. “So, you had money to trade with?”

“My brothers gave me some money.”

“Oh, but you went knowing they would be there?”

“No,” she said a little irritated. “My father taught me to go and believe. So I went, not knowing

I would get anything. I just left it into the hands of God."

"And your brothers were there."

"Yes," she paused and added, "besides, you did leave something I could trade with." She took out the little tin, and then he turned red.

"You were going to use that to trade with?" he asked with a laugh, almost spitting bread and squash into her face. He closed his mouth and straightened up.

"Yes." She looked down at her empty plate. She hadn't served herself. As she started dishing beans onto her plate, she asked, "What are your intentions?"

Lieutenant Cramer stood, and then knelt down on one knee before her. She hadn't quite slid her chair in, so she was at an angle to the table where he could gently grab her hands. He placed them in his and asked, "Catherine Goodnight, will you marry me?"

Catherine started weeping, then sobbed as she placed her head down on his. She went on for some time.

The lieutenant noticed a pain in his knee caused by pressing it against the bare floor. He wanted so much to stand up and out of this embarrassing situation, but he had promised his mother, who was looking down from Heaven and smiling, that he would be a gentleman. "Please don't cry," he pleaded.

"But I don't know your Christian name," she whispered as she sat back up.

"Joe," he said, feeling a little more at ease. "Joseph Cramer. Lieutenant Joseph Cramer."

"Well, Joseph Cramer. That is the name of that bald-headed boy you saw this morning."

"Will you marry me, Catherine?"

"You bought me like a slave."

"It's the only thing I could do to save you," Joe said as he switched to the other knee, still holding her hands.

"You'd better get up. You're spoiling the fine supper I made for you."

"Would ya marry me?"

"Would you please get up?" she asked desperately.

Joe stood up and sat down without letting his eyes off her.

Catherine took a bite of beans, smiled, swallowed, and said, "Yes, I will be your wife."

"Yes?" Joe asked with a big grin on his face.

Her mouth full of ham, she just smiled and nodded several times. They both laughed. Catherine had to cover her mouth to keep the ham in. They finished their supper, holding hands and staring into each other's eyes.

* * *

Major De Peyster gave permission for several marriages within the next few months despite the heavy snow. Besides Catherine's and Lieutenant Cramer's marriage, there were four others. All of these were prisoners from Ruddle's and Martin's Stations marrying British officers. One was Martha Fore who married Lieutenant Smith. Captain Wycoff married her sister Elizabeth. Another sister, Judith Fore, was killed by the Indians on the march to Detroit. Captain Bird himself married one of the prisoners even though his face was ugly with pock marks. Simon Girty who was a mixture of mean Indian and handsome gentleman married Catherine Mallott. These prisoners had been bought as slaves and didn't have any choice in the matter of matrimony except Catherine and the Fore sisters. Rumor had it that the Captain's and Girty's slaves got pregnant, and their constituents teased them until they married the girls.

Chapter Four

William pushed the empty wheelbarrow into the woods. Joseph walked along side him. The snow measured only six inches, and the sun shone in a cloudless sky, making them squint. First, they gathered logs and tree limbs, cut them apart, and filled the wheelbarrow. Then they went after the wild pigs. The climbed a tree along what they called the pig trail, leaving their wheelbarrow unattended. They had brought a nice strong rope which they carried up with them into the tree. William made a loop with a slip knot and let it down to catch one of the pigs.

They didn't need to wait long until they heard the grunting and snorting of the pigs who came to root about the tree. William held his breath and Joseph watched anxiously as one after another stepped into the loop and out again. Then one pig's hind foot stayed in the loop as it pushed its snout into the snow and mud to find something to eat. William pulled so hard that he fell off the limb, passing the squealing pig as it was lifted into the air. At the same time, the other pigs ran off at the alarm. Joseph hopped down and gave William a hand at hefting the critter.

“It almost bit me arm, Joe. Look at me coat sleeve. T'is torn,” cried William.

“Oh, you probably ripped that on a limb,” remarked Joseph. “Now what do we do?”

“If we let him down,” pondered William, “he will surely run off. I'll hold t'e rope. Ye tend t'e end and tie up his legs.”

“It would be easier if we just tied the rope to the trunk of the tree and gutted him here and now.”

“Get more money if we deliver a live one,” William said. His arm muscles were growing fatigued, so he said, “Ye may be right. It t'would be easier if t'e end of t'e rope went arount t'e tree. I would be much relieved.”

Joseph tied the end of the rope to the tree. William took a hunting knife, which he had borrowed, out of its scabbard.

“Joe,” William directed, “you go arount t'e back and grab his neck. T'en I'll gut'im.”

“He'll bite me for sure.”

“I can't stand t'is squealin'. Get a stick and thunk him on t'e head. Knock him senseless.”

“That I can do.”

Joseph grabbed a thick limb from the wheelbarrow and hit the pig on the head a few times until he went silent.

“Bill, we can just let him down now and tie his feet up. We don't have to gut him.”

“You yeller?” William laughed. “You can't sell no dead pig unless he's well slaughtered and cleaned.”

“You still want me to grab his neck?” Joseph asked.

“Naw, I'll just gut'im.”

“Don't you bleed the critter first?”

“Yeah, I'd better do at or I'll have it tall over me face.”

William took his knife and cut the jugular vein and stood there a bit while the blood dripped slowly. The snow beneath the pig turned into a bright red shadow. Then he inserted the knife between the back legs and sawed downward. The guts fell like a man humbled to his knees onto the ground. It was like the men they saw along the Licking who had been hit by a tomahawk in the back of the head and sank slowly to their knees. Then they would be scalped.

William cut all the hanging ends and scraped out the chest cavity. Afterward, his hands, knife and coat sleeves were bloody red. He washed the pig with snow inside and out and then washed his hands which, ached with the cold. He rubbed his hands together as he gazed at the prized pig and smiled.

“At and many more will make us a rich man, Joe.”

“Then you can build Elizabeth that house she wants, eh?”

They put the pig on top of the wheelbarrow and filled its cavity with snow packed hard. Neither

of them thought about not feeling their hands as they walked home singing, “Oh high Heaven, we praise thee. We pilfered the pig and walk home in glee.”

* * *

Walking home they had to pass a lake which was frozen over.

“It didn't take long,” William said, “for at lake to freeze. It's like me ears and hands. I don't know if I will have any left before we get home.”

“Ice looks pretty thin still,” Joseph commented.

“Yeah. Wouldn't want to travel on it. Wait a couple of weeks and it twill be treadable.”

As they walked along the edge of the icy lake with its border made of forks and spears of frozen marsh grass, they spied an Indian walking their way. He wasn't well clad, not having a coat.

“Hey, look at t'e fool,” William said. “Can't walk a straight line.”

“Think he's sick?” Joseph asked.

“W'y he's drunk! Full of rum I'll guess,” William said with some disdain. “Looks like he's been to market wit' tall at baggage he's carryin' on't his shoulder.”

“Yes,” said Joseph as he reached up to scratch his bald head. “Maybe he needs some help.”

“I would say at he does,” smiled William.

Joseph and William looked up and down the lake. No one else was on the trail. They approached the Indian who kept taking swigs from a handsomely large clay jug. He spoke in his own tongue as he greeted the two boys.

“How are ye today?” William said, as he patted the fellow on the back.

The Indian offered the two a swig of rum but they declined. They let the Indian talk and talk as they walked with him, one on each side. They left the wheelbarrow. The Indian didn't even notice the pig. They all three laughed. William and Joseph didn't even know what they were laughing at, they just

wanted to put the Indian at ease, and out of his misery.

As the three of them walked along, William gave Joseph a signal with his eye and each of the boys bent down and lifted the Indian behind the knees and at the shoulder as they laughed. They walked over to the edge of the lake and threw the Indian in. He went right through the ice. He had an astonished look on his face as he went under.

William and Joseph wiped their hands, smiled at each other, laughed, and went back to their wheelbarrow. Picking up the jug the Indian had dropped, they each took a swig, and as they walked home, they sang, “Got us an Injun t'day; we sent him away whit' tall due respect, and never more twill he come t'is way!” The rum warmed their souls, their ears and hands, and their merry music livened their hearts.

* * *

A year had passed and a new addition came into the Dougherty household. His name was Jesse. William built a cradle out of the firewood he collected, and Elizabeth radiated satisfaction, like the Mother of God at Christmas. The landlady couldn't keep her hands off the baby or stop talking about him, but Elizabeth exuded patience. Jesse seemed to be the ending of a bad dream, like waking-up to the shining of the sun.

William and Joseph built up a good business and soon had enough money to buy a lot outside of town, costing only one hundred pounds. It wasn't a farm, but it was large enough to build a nice house on. In the evenings, William and Joseph worked on the foundation.

“At's enough o' it t'night,” William announced to Joseph as he dropped his adz and shovel in the wheelbarrow.

“We could come back in the morning after breakfast,” Joseph said, volunteering their time.

“I'm sure more pigs are runnin' around still for us to find, Joe. We'd better tend to it in t'e

mornin'."

Supper that night consisted of ham, beans, and cornbread, something the men of the house were used to and relished. They finished the meal off with apple cider from a certain clay jug they had taken from a dead Indian. Elizabeth didn't like it and only drank a sip.

"It tastes of rum for an odd reason," she said.

They didn't have time to relax and enjoy the evening, for two red coats entered the house asking to see them. The landlords, Geoffrey and Linda Houston, walked with the soldiers to the back rooms where the three of them sat around the fireplace. William and Joseph jumped up when they saw the red uniforms and muskets. Surely, they had come to arrest them for murdering that poor Indian.

"William and Elizabeth Dougherty and Joseph Conway, come along with us. Gather what baggage you can carry. You won't be coming back."

"What did they do, Officer?" old man Houston asked.

"Nutten, sir. The war's over, and they're bein' deported," one soldier answered as he smiled at the two men. "Don't be alamed. An exchange of prisoner's it is. You're findin' yoursel'es goin' home."

The three didn't know what to think. They were elated and saddened at the same time. It was evening and dark already.

"Surely, this could have been done in the day time," William said in anger. "And what if we want to stay?"

"Not up to us," the other soldier said. "Got ar' orders."

He handed a scroll to William who opened it and handed it to Elizabeth. She could read. It was signed by Major Arent De Peyster.

Elizabeth was numbed by what was happening. She slowly gave William the paper. "It says we have to leave." She put what things she could into a pillowcase as when she had left Ruddle's Station. She had wanted to fill it with down feathers, but now she filled it with bread, a ham bone, dried fish, beef jerky, a pot of honey, and a pot of butter.

William gave the paper back to the soldiers. He gathered clothes and coats, a journal, his watch, a razor and soap into another pillowcase, and a small Bible he put into his coat. He couldn't read, but Elizabeth was learning from it. Joseph helped gather their clothes, stuffing in a couple of shirts.

Elizabeth gave the pillowcase to Joseph and stooped down and lifted Jesse from the cradle. He objected with a cry but returned to sleep when she wrapped him snug in his blanket.

The soldiers marched them to a ship where most of the prisoners were being gathered. It was with mixed feelings that they left their new home. Now they would have to start again some place else. It would be nice to get back home, but they all agreed it would have been nicer to have been left alone in the first place. They were beginning to prosper. Elizabeth had become proud of William's efforts at self-reliance, which included being home every night and not going out weeks at a time which he was used to doing. Now, if they went back to the Kintuck, his old habits would most likely return. She didn't want that. Maybe this experience had taken the wanderlust out of him. She hoped so, especially for little Jesse.

* * *

Long and Conway had had it with the Navy. They were treated as mere slaves. They could be told to work all hours of the night, first for one officer and then for a different officer the next day. When they complained that the first officer had made them stay up all night, they were told by the second officer, “Mister Lang's affairs are none of my concern. You're under my hand now.”

If they didn't follow orders strictly, they felt the lash on their backs. They were given little food and river water to drink which tasted like frogs or fish.

There was no leisure time until after eight bells and the first dog watch, eight o'clock in the evening or two hours after that. Reveille was at four bells in the morning at six o'clock, but if there was a heavy work load, it was at eight bells from midnight, four o'clock.

A constant fatigue settled into their backs and arms. They were dirty, not having time to bathe.

“We're going to take a bath tonight for sure,” Long told Conway as they swabbed the deck of the crew's quarters.

“We'll be painting the lifeboat tonight,” Conway said in a low voice as a boatswain's mate peeked in. “We can let down a hawser from there.”

“No talkin' er there'll be no eight bells for ya! And I'll give ya more of the same!” cried their overseer.

Both Long and Conway sneered and spat.

The day was long. They saw no one else cleaning and polishing the whole ship. The boatswain must have had it in for them. Of course, they were the enemy, rebels who fought against the king, but that wasn't true. People only assumed this because they had come in as prisoners. Well, let them think what they would.

“I have a mind to go and join Washington's troops,” Conway said, “and give my opinion of these British with a gun.”

“Aye,” Long agreed.

They finally arrived at the lifeboat ready to paint. It had to be done by lantern, as there was no moonlight. It was as if God himself gave them a blanket of secrecy to cover their flight with clouds. The boatswain gave them directions and a threat and then left.

Long started brushing on the whitewash and pointed with his nose to a rope coiled up next to his feet. Conway understood. While he brushed, he scooted the coil close to the stanchions along the edge of the deck. They painted around to the backside of the boat, whereupon they stooped down, placed their brushes in the bucket, and lowered the rope along the side of the ship.

While Long watched for the boatswain, Conway went overboard and descended hand-over-hand until he slipped into the water. He held the rope while Long scooted down almost on top of him. When both were in the water, they swam silently across the river and out of view of the British Navy. They

didn't know if the Red Coats searched for them. When they reached the bank, they ran into the woods and never looked back.

* * *

Two redcoats walked up the gangplank of a little known Navy ship, saluted the officer of the deck and handed him a scroll. The officer opened it as one of the redcoats spoke.

“Sir, we've come for John Conway and John Long to take them back to the fort.”

The officer looked up, handed the paper back, and said, “Soldier, we have just gathered an away team to go after these prisoners. If you want to join them you can.”

“That's too bad, Sir. They were going to be taken home.”

* * *

Long and Conway ran most of the night until they found shelter in a cave. Not daring to build a fire because of the Indians, they made a bed of pine needles and covered themselves with branches of bushes. They slept cuddled against each other to keep warm and in the morning, continued running.

It wasn't often they encountered a band of Indians, but when they did, they hid in the underbrush deathly still and took a nap. They hoped they wouldn't be taken for deer. They were lucky that way. No arrow ever came their way. Short naps became their habit of sleeping. It was too dangerous to stay in one place for hours at a time. They had to keep running until they came to civilization.

Hunger sucked their strength, and they found they had no talent for catching rabbits. Spotting a long eared rodent chewing its cud, they ran in every direction and around in circles and never caught it. It was with grateful hearts they came upon an abandoned farm.

They looked around cautiously. It was a log cabin that had been burned out. There were no tools or personal items lying about, no sign that anyone had worked the ground for a long time. But there were plenty of volunteer turnips, squash and corn growing.

Long and Conway rushed into the garden and pulled up one turnip after another, wiping the dirt on their shirts and gnawing each one to the core. They consumed several turnips each and lay on their backs and gently burped and laughed.

“Oh, I'm so full!” Long whispered. He continued laughing and sighing.

“Thank the Lord! Oh!” Conway cried out.

“Be quiet. Don't want those Injuns hearin' us.”

“Yeah. Let's get up. Maybe we can take some of these turnips with us.”

Getting to his knees, Long said, “Maybe there's some young corn we can eat too. Take that with us.”

“Yeah. Give a tired out old feller a hand.”

Long helped Conway up and said thoughtfully, “Wonder if we will ever see our families again.”

“That's a stab in the heart for both of us. Better to think ahead and not look back, I say.”

Conway made his way toward the corn. He checked one ear, peeling back the husks. It had grown enough to eat. “Looks good,” he said as he took a bite. “Tastes good too, but we'll need some way to carry all this food.”

“I'll gander about and see what I can see. Can't stay too long.”

Entering the burned-out cabin, Long noticed that not all of the mattress was burnt. He ripped the unburnt corner off and took the stuffing out. The acrid smell of ash remained, but that wouldn't matter. He searched for a rope or string but didn't see any. He could tie it with a vine from the squash.

Filling the mattress sack with turnips and corn, Long tied it with a vine and then Conway tied it to his back.

From that point on, not being able to run with full stomachs anyway, they walked, taking their

direction from the sun and stars. They made it to Harrodsburg eventually where they found Mary Goodnight and her little son Isaac.

* * *

The Gage entered Lake Ontario heading for Carlton Island on the other end. The sails bowed with a full headwind. Before the day was over, winds blew in dark clouds. Lightening and rain followed. The bow of the ship leaped over great swells. A loud boom sounded every time the ship raised up and fell into the next trough to slap the water. Several of the prisoners threw up.

The French sailors crouched as they walked and crossed themselves and prayed as the ship heaved itself over the rough terrain. Officers shouted orders in French. The frightened sailors wouldn't move unless the officers hit, kicked, clubbed or whipped, and cursed at them.

During this confusion, the Litton, Laughlin and Duncan boys saw an advantage. They found the captain's dingy and hauled it over the side. John and Joseph Duncan jumped overboard before they could be apprehended. The other boys weren't so lucky. They were taken down below and put in irons.

Sailors called to the Duncan boys, but without effect. They were soon out of sight. Everyone assumed they had drowned. All could be seen was sheets of rain, so everyone crossed themselves.

Out at sea, the Duncan brothers fought to keep the dingy afloat laughing at the danger. Holding an oar in the water at each end, they were able to keep their balance as the waves tossed the little boat and slammed it again and again onto the water. Even though they were strong, they soon grew fatigued. Their laughter and thrills turned to worry as they started shaking. After twenty four hours of the storm, they lost their grip on the oars which slipped overboard. Huddling together in the bottom of the boat, they tied themselves onto the cross bars and clasped hands.

John smiled and looked at his wet brother. “Better pray. Only the Lord can save us now.”

Joseph blinked and spat as water washed over them. “Hope we did right,” he said. “God help

us.”

Cold and fatigue took its toll, and the two fell asleep. When they woke again, the boat was still, and the sun shone down upon them. A shadow covered them. They looked up and saw a couple of men standing on a beach next to their boat staring at them.

“Where's your ship?” one of the men said, hands placed firmly on his hips. “Did it flounder or sink?”

“Where are we?” John asked. He began to untie his brother and himself.

“This is the New York side,” said the other man standing by his friend, “if that's what you mean.”

Both men carried muskets and tipped their three pointed hats.

“You Canadians?” the first man asked.

“No!” Joseph responded as he stood. “We're prisoners. We were taken from our homes in the Kentuck by British and Indians.”

John and Joseph stepped ashore, noticing that they were dry now except for the dampness of their coats. They shook hands with the two men and introduced themselves.

“You have a German accent,” the first man said. “Are you loyalists?”

“We're Virginians,” said John.

That seemed to satisfy the two men. The first one said cordially, “Our farm is just over the beach a couple miles inland. Come and refresh yourselves. The war is over if you haven't heard.”

“We have,” Joseph said. “We just couldn't wait to return home.”

As they walked back to the farm, John and Joseph told about the attack on Ruddle's and Martin's Stations and all the atrocities they and the others had suffered. It made the men cuss.

Chapter Five

Peter and Michael were marched up to a small ship called *The Hope*, the same one that brought many of the prisoners into Detroit. Walking up the gang plank, they noticed other prisoners from Ruddle's Station on deck. The Doughertys greeted them.

They weren't exactly on an English ship. The officers were English, but the sailors were French. Detroit was still a French settlement which had been overlaid with a thin veneer of British officialdom.[1] It was understandable when they remembered that the English had taken Canada from the French not too long ago.

Talking to the other prisoners, Michael and Peter found that none of the widows whose children were still being kept by the Indians were aboard, nor were any of the orphans. Most of the Germans stayed on the farms. Of course, those who married soldiers were missing, like Catherine. But the families that were still intact were there.

Bunks were laid out in the hold of the ship used for storing merchandise. Many of the prisoners strung ropes and hung sheets or blankets on them for privacy. They had little room to store their personal belongings except underneath the bunk beds or around them. Luckily, Peter and Michael had brought very little with them.

As they sat on their bunk, they realized by the legs dangling from above they would be sleeping with each other just like back home. They had grown up sharing the same bed. There had never been enough room with a house full of children. The only reason they had a bed in the first place was that they inherited it from brothers that had moved away and started their own families.

They laughed at the thought of going home.

“We shall farm the land together,” Michael said, patting his little brother's knee.

“We'll have to round up some more hogs,” Peter thought out loud, “see if there are any of the cattle and horses that survived.”

“Yeah, and the land will have to be turned over for spring planting. Though, I suspect, we shall not find any cattle or horses. Indians would have disposed of them by now, taken the horses and killed the cattle.”

“I remember hearing the Indians on the trail up to Detroit,” Peter replied, “ how they detested the white man's beasts.”

As they dreamed and planned what lay ahead of them, they could hear others talk of all the possibilities opening up for their future lives.

One person had the gall to ask, “What if our lands have been sold again?”

“Don't talk about such things,” his wife said, “I won't hear of it! Everything will be all right. It must!”

Most of the people expressed high spirits at the thought of going home, and there was a spirit of joviality, especially at neighbors meeting each other and talking about old times. Questions were asked about friends and family that stayed behind. People like the Daughertys, who wanted to stay behind and were forced to leave, couldn't understand the complete randomness of the selection.

The Hope, transporting the Ruddle's Station prisoners, followed the same route up to Montreal that a previous ship, *The Gage,* had traveled, carrying the Martin Station prisoners. It sailed along the Detroit River, entering Lake Erie, then to Fort Erie. There, they were transferred to batteaus and floated 18 miles down the Niagara River to Fort Slusher at the head of the great falls.

When they passed Niagara Falls, many of the men, upon hearing the roar, came out of their cabins on the batteaus to behold the spectacle. The women and children were too weary and stayed inside. Michael took off his hat and slapped his brother Peter on the back with it. They both laughed and stood there with their mouths open in awe.

From there, they traveled nine miles in wagons, then again in batteaus down the Niagara River to Fort Niagara at the mouth of the river. They were put on board *The Ontario* and crossed Lake Ontario to Carlton Island. After a couple of days they set off down the long Sac and into Sandijest

Lake, and so down the rapids into the Grand River and through a small lake, the Lasheen. From thence by land nine miles to Montreal where they were billeted in the St. Lawrence suburbs, which consisted mostly of small farms.

They marched from the wharf through the town. Because people stared at the troop of prisoners as though they were dirty rags, they walked with heads down like a funeral procession.

* * *

John and Polly Long and little Rhoda didn't get the luxury of being transported by ship. Those prisoners whom they couldn't crowd onto *The Hope* were put into wagons which followed an old Indian trail Major De Peyster's courier used to race to Montreal.

It was crowded in the wagons, so many of the prisoners walked part of the way. John let Rhody ride on his shoulders, but she complained when he put her down to walk. She trailed behind. He called to her, but she just cried, whereupon Polly came and picked her up and put her in the wagon, giving John a dirty look. He shrugged his shoulders and looked at her as if to say it wasn't his fault.

Rhody hadn't been the same since she lost her calf. She resented her parents and acted cantankerous all the way to Montreal.

Other prisoners' attitudes weren't any better. A lot of people argued about not having enough space and being tired of walking and why aren't you out there walking? Let me rest awhile.

Camping didn't come often enough to let the prisoners rest. They camped only four hours at a time, like a military operation. Of course, that is what this was, a transportation of prisoners. The soldiers that marched with the prisoners were used to this kind of quick maneuver. They had moved a lot faster during the war. They complained that the prisoners they were too slow.

Coming into Montreal, the prisoners were suffering from fatigue, starvation, and lack of sleep. Little Rhody was crying when she wasn't asleep. The energy to make trouble had been drained from

them, and obeyed orders without too much trouble. They came into Montreal through the back door, directly into the suburbs from the land side instead of going through the city. They were saved the embarrassment of being marched through the streets.

* * *

After a few days of recuperation, the prisoners were permitted to live together in families with the privilege of walking the town and suburbs.[2] As had happened in Detroit, many of the families were billeted in farmer's homes.

Montreal, nearly a century old, was located on the northwest side of the Saint Lawrence River. It had many large stone buildings such as cathedrals and government buildings and schools. Michael and Peter walked the streets with wonder.

They had never been in a big city except when they were infants and had expected the whole of Canada to have only frontier towns. Turning down another street, they ran into a man and his family.

“John Duncan, isn't it?” Michael said as he offered his hand.

“Yes, indeed, and this is me family. Me wife Nellie, Elizabeth, old enoo... to be married …”

“Oh, Father!” Elizabeth objected, turning red and looking down at the street. Michael and Peter tipped their hats.

“Peggy, sixteen, Polly, thirteen, Sarah, eleven, Anne, nine, Faithful, five, and Baby Eleanor is three. We had her in prison.”

Each of the girls curtsied as he pronounced their names.

“We didn't know you had so many beautiful girls!” Michael smiled.

Peter interjected, “Didn't you have some boys?”

Michael kicked Peter's ankle, because if you didn't see someone they were probably dead. It was a bad question.

“What did you do that for?” Peter exclaimed rather loudly.

Michael then cocked his head towards Mr. Duncan. He and his wife had very dejected looks on their faces.

“Oh,” Peter said. “I'm sorry.”

“That is a' right,” Mr. Duncan said. “We trust in God our boys are in his hands. You see, they went o'erboard during a storm on Lake Ontario.”

“We are sorry for your plight,” Michael said as he took off his hat respectfully. Peter followed suit. “With us, it was the opposite. We lost our parents.”

Mrs. Duncan finally spoke and said, “I suppose that is expected when we meet like this. Friends and neighbors of the Kentucky war, we all have something to grieve about.”

“Yes, yes,” Mr. Duncan said. “We must be movin' on. We wanted to view the go'ernment buildings, you see.”

Mr. Duncan hesitated as something across the street caught his eye. “Will you look a' that,” he said. “There goes Captain Ruddle wi' his friends.”

Peter and Michael looked across the street to see Captain Ruddle talking and laughing with British officers in their bright red coats.

“They seem to be havin' a good time,” Mr. Duncan said. “... the traitor!” and he spat. “No one likes him!” He put his nose in the air. “I'm glad we are goin' in the opposite direction. Come on girls. Off we go.”

“Hope to see you again soon, Duncans,” Michael said as he bowed.

“Yes,” followed Peter. “See you soon.”

“Heavens, wasn't she beautiful?” Peter said, looking back at the departing troop.

“Who?” Michael asked. “Elizabeth?”

“No! You nincompoop![3] Peggy!”

“Oh.”

* * *

John, Polly and little Rhoda had been settled in a farmer's back room. It was comfortable with a trundle bed and dresser on one side next to the cold window, and a fireplace opposite. Rhody kept the old farmer company. She called him Grandfather and played on his knee. He would sing to her in French and she repeated nursery rhymes.

John was a great help to the old farmer, milking his cows, cleaning the barn, feeding his animals and repairing fences. Polly, on the other hand, took over the kitchen and household duties that had been forgotten after the farmer's wife had died. The farmer would come in and scratch his head and wonder if his dead wife had come back until he spied Polly dusting or making dinner, and then he would remember he had guests.

One spring morning Polly went outside to fetch firewood. She stopped by the woodshed and breathed in the fresh air, smelling the newly grown hay along tinged with a whiff of cows. She thought she wouldn't mind settling down and living there. She didn't want to move again. Even though she only understood half of what the old farmer and his neighbors said, she wished for a home.

A voice from behind drew Polly's awareness back from her dreams to the present reality. She turned to see two red coats addressing her, and thought, *oh, not again*!

“Mary Long?” one of the soldiers inquired.

“Yes, that is me,” Polly said curtly. She was thinking, *why won't they leave us alone*?

“Would you get your husband and come with us, please.”

“Do we have time to gather our belongings?” she asked with a little frustration.

The soldier smiled and said, “That won't be necessary. We have a question for you when we get there.”

“Where?” she asked.

“We will walk you to town. Go get your husband and we will explain when we get there.”

“He is out in the field with the farmer.” Polly's forefinger pointed as she gripped her shawl tighter. “I won't be but a moment.”

John came back with Polly. The soldiers asked for papers of identification, and seeing that everything was in order, marched the two to town. Rhody cried and called after her mother, but the French farmer smiled, scolded, and comforted her, telling her, “Now that's enough of that. They will be back.”

John and Polly's experience with soldiers was that they rarely gave enough information about anything, maybe because they were not told, but just given orders which they obeyed by habit. But if they were uninformative, at least they were polite. The two kept guessing at this interruption and coming up with all the wrong answers. Maybe it was, after all, just bureaucratic paperwork, so they could leave and go home.

Passing little cottages, they came to the main street where the richer people lived in two story apartments. The street was lined with small shops as they entered the central part of the city. Turning down a side street, wide enough to be a main avenue, John and Polly noticed they were heading for the docks and ships.

Polly grabbed John's arm, held on for dear life trembling as she saw a gathering of people near one of the ships. There were little children there she hadn't seen since Ruddle's.

“Excuse me,” John said, confronting the soldiers, “but I thought you said we were not leaving. We left our daughter and our goods behind, and here you are taking us to a ship.”

“Don't you worry your selves, sir. We only want you to identify someone.”

Both John and Polly swallowed air at the anticipation of meeting someone they had lost in the attack on Ruddle's Station.

The noisy crowd seemed to grow in size as they approached the ship. Everyone was talking, greeting, crying, hugging and laughing. John and Polly were overwhelmed as they saw children being

reunited with parents.

One of the soldiers said, “We would like you to identify this little girl.”

The girl stood aside from the crowd facing the ship which was docked parallel to the river. Polly's heart jumped. She placed one hand on her breast and with the other squeezed John's hand so tightly it hurt him.

She approached the little girl and inquired, “Mary?”

The little eight year old turned around. Dressed in a tattered blue dress, she had auburn hair, and deep dark circles around her eyes. Her cheeks were sunken in as if by famine. She didn't recognize Polly, and Polly knew it wasn't her Mary.

“Oh!” is all Polly could utter as she turned back to John. They hugged each other. Tears rolled down Polly's face.

John told the soldiers, “No, this is not our little Mary.”

“Sorry I am,” said the soldier. “She is the last one brought back by the Indians we couldn't find a match for. All the others have found their parents. I'm sure one of the farmers will take her.”

The other soldier said, “Come along, dear. We will find you a home.” Taking her by the hand, he led her away.

The two started turning back when they heard a familiar voice of another young girl.

“Polly!”

Polly and John turned towards the ship and saw a blonde, blue-eyed girl of about eighteen run out of the crowd, arms wide open.

“Sallie!” cried Polly. Already distraught, she threw herself into the arms of the other. “My dear sister is not lost!”

They hugged and kissed, clinging to each other, shedding and smearing tears onto each other's cheeks.

“Polly, Polly,” Sallie soothed her sister, rubbing her back as they embraced.

They pulled apart and asked each other dozons of questions about their exploits, imprisonments, and rescues. Sallie had been working in an Indian camp as were other children until an Indian agent came for them. Polly complained they had been trying to settle down in Detroit after being imprisoned by Indians in Ohio, and then they were forced on a long march again to Montreal until this day.

“Mother and Father are just over here,” said Sallie as she pointed them out.

Their parents, John and Elizabeth Conway, appeared coming out of the crowd. Polly started bawling like a little girl and ran to their open arms. The threesome sobbed as they embraced. They told her they had been in a prison cell all this time for lack of accommodations elsewhere.

“Johnathan,” Sallie said to John, acknowledging his presence. As they started walking back towards the crowd, they said such polite things they could think of. It was a joyful reunion.

Other prisoners were reunited with their children who had been held captive by the Indians. The handsome Sarah Ann and John George Pursley stood by their proud mother, telling her about all their adventures and how nice the Indians were to them. The Lails were there, holding onto their sons, Johnie and George. Felty Coil found his parents. Sarah Ruddle and Thomas Davis held fast to each other instead of talking to their own families. There were many other children the Longs saw that day reunited with their loved ones.

“Isn't it odd,” John said to Polly at the end of the day as they lay in bed.

“What is that?” she asked.

“Not one of those children we saw today looked happy. Most of them had an adult countenance about them. They all had dark eyes and looked half starved. There were none of them that were gleeful or cheery.”

“I am not surprised.”

Polly rolled over onto her side with her back towards her husband. Her thoughts were with little Mary. Her heart ached, and she sobbed.

John put his hand on her shoulder and said, “We can still have another.”

“That may be true, but not now. Maybe someday. When I am ready.”

1.Original in the Burton Historical Collection, Detroit Public Library, titled: "Pay Roll of Volunteers with Capn. Bird, from the 25th May to the 4th August, 1780."
2. Draper MSS, 29J25. The Draper Manuscripts are owned by the Wisconsin Historical Society.
3.1676 earliest usage Merriam-Webster

Chapter Six

John and Joseph Duncan were given hospitality by John and Samuel Higgins, the two farmers that found them on the beach. They fed them and gave them a bed for the night. It felt so good to be home in the United States that they slept as if they were cradled in their mother's arms.

When they woke in the morning and were getting dressed, a letter slipped out of John's coat and landed at Joseph's feet.

“What's this?” Joseph picked it up.

“Give it back!” John said with great aggravation.

“It's addressed to General George Washington.”

John grabbed the letter out of Joseph's hand and hid it in his coat pocket, put his coat back on and buttoned it up.

“It's not in your handwriting,” Joseph said, putting his hands on his hips. “Who is it from? Are you a spy?”

“Come on, we have to be going. Got to get to Virginia.”

“You think you are going to deliver that to a famous general?”

“Let's go.”

As they left the back room, they were met by their hostess. The sun was up, so the house was empty of their host and his children. They were already outside working.

“Where are you going, sirs? You shouldn't leave without something to eat. Come into the kitchen. It wouldn't be Christian to let you go on an empty stomach.”

So the farmer's wife filled their stomachs with cornbread biscuits, eggs and ham with lots of hot coffee, something new to the boys, as they were used to drinking tea. She gave them a leather bag filled with corn-dodgers and bacon and outfitted them with water jugs and sleepers (blanket rolls cinched with a belt they could sling over their shoulder).

As they headed out towards Virginia, they stopped out in the field and said goodbye to the two farmers. Their farm houses were separated by a newly plowed field. They were now sowing seed with some of the children. One walked in front poking the ground with a stick, while another followed, dropping in seed. A third child came from behind, covering the hole with earth. They could sow several rows at a time using this method. Each farmer had lots of children. The field was filled with them.

John and Joseph made sure they stepped over each row as they approached the men.

Farmer John offered his hand as he said, “Looks like my wife outfitted you boys well.”

John took his hand and said, “We want to thank you for your hospitality and fitting us out for the journey. We will be glad to get back to Virginia as soon as possible. We're anxious to be home.”

“Tis a pleasure,” Farmer John said. “The sleepers came from the war. We don't need them now.” He turned and shook Joseph's hand.

The four of them took turns shaking hands and saying their goodbyes, and the two were off across the field saying “Hi” to any of the children they met, who looked at them with curiosity.

Traveling eastward down a dirt road, John and Joseph walked in silence, contemplating the letter. John thought of its importance, and Joseph thought of how his brother was a liar and a spy. About noon, he couldn't stand it any longer. “How could you keep this a secret from me, your own brother!”

John turned around and stared at his brother.

“I am sorry. It was my fault. I should have hid it better.”

“Hid it better? I'm talking about why you hid it in the first place. Are you a spy?”

John continued eating a corn-dodger and drank a gulp of water before he answered.

“It wasn't for you to know. And no, I am not a spy. Major Sharp from Montreal took me aside before we boarded ship and gave me this letter, making me swear to keep it a secret and deliver it to General Washington. Now that I have broken my oath I have to take you into my confidence and make you swear not to reveal it to anyone.”

“You saw that I didn't reveal it to the farmers. You know you can trust me,” Joseph said with as

much indignation as he could come up with.

“But do you swear?”

“Yes, I swear!”

With that out of the way, the two continued their trip over mountains and rivers and cultivated fields until they, by asking directions from everyone they met on the road, came to Philadelphia and the temporary residence of General George Washington. They had no intention of going just to Virginia, as they were looking for the general. They would go back to Kentucky County, Virginia after they delivered the letter.

The general had just met with his officers who had come from Newburg on a quest to retrieve money from Congress. He was tired and sat in a chair with his hand over his forehead. His adjutant walked up to him and asked, in a quiet voice, if he would see a couple of boys who had escaped from Canada.

“They say they have a letter from a Major Sharp, Sir.”

This alerted the general's mind, waking him from his reveries.

“How old are these boys, James?” The general asked.

“I would guess, Sir,” replied the adjutant, “they are about seventeen or eighteen.”

“Do you know, James, that is the age of most of the men in my army.”

General Washington sat for a moment thinking, his fingers caressing his chin. The adjutant stood by, waiting for him to say something.

“Oh, yes, James. Do let them in,” he said, straightening himself.

As John and Joseph were brought in, Washington saw they were disheveled and dirty, as though they had come from a long distance. During the war he was used to this, but since the war was over, it alarmed him. He judged their sincerity by looking into their eyes.

The adjutant introduced them as, “John and Joseph Duncan, Sir, late residents of Detroit and Virginia.”

"Virginians are you?" the general asked.

"Yes, sir," John spoke with a bow of the head.

"Do come in and have a seat. Forgive me for not getting up. I seem to be tired lately."

John and Joseph took seats on the white French-looking chairs with maroon, brocade panels. General Washington stared at them and after a couple of minutes asked, "You said you had a letter for me?"

"Yes, sir," John said as he took the letter from his coat. He leaned forward and handed it to the general.

General Washington opened the wax seal, unfolded the letter, turning it over in his hands several times. He then reached in his pocket and took out his glasses. This was a well rehearsed act, as he had just played the part with his officers within the last hour to prevent a military takeover.

"Forgive me gentlemen," he said in a heavy voice. He sighed and continued, "I have grown old in the service of my country while it is yet a babe."

He read the letter.

"This is about an exchange of prisoners."

"I felt it was so, sir," John said.

"I myself can do nothing now, but I will see that this gets into the right hands."

The general rose as if to go. John and Joseph sat still. Then he turned and looked upon the two boys.

"Well, come, come. You will need some refreshment, and … you may enjoy a bath."

Before John and Joseph returned home, General George Washington entertained his fellow Virginians.

* * *

Sally Conway invited herself and her parents to visit John and Polly at the old French farm. Introductions with the farmer out of the way, Sally and Elizabeth joined Polly in the kitchen. As they began preparing the evening meal, they started talking.

“Your father and I have been in prison all this time,” Elizabeth said as she started peeling potatoes. “They only let us out today to rejoin poor Sally who has been living with those beastly Indians. They are so savage, and our soldiers are not very much better.” She held back a sob.

“They are barbarians, mother,” Sally corrected as she started deboning a ham. “And the soldiers only follow orders.”

“Soldiers aren't very nice,” Polly put in her opinion. She started washing the pots.

“The military do nothing but what is expedient,” Elizabeth said as she looked around to see where to put the peelings. “They don't care about what is nice except for the upper class. Officers are always upper class. They always take care of themselves; let the lower classes take care as best they can. When we were in prison, the soldiers treated us like royalty, but they always kept the door locked.”

“They do have their rules,” Polly interjected, putting down a pot and picking up another. She looked at Sally and pondered something that was heavy on her heart. Seeking her attention, she asked, “Sally?”

“We were sent from one prison to the other,” Elizabeth went on, finding carrots to peel. “The last one was on a ship. I thought I was going to die of the stink. But I got used to it. When we came here to Montreal, I was so glad of the fresh air.”

“Sally …” Polly paused at the flour bin as she tried to get Sally's attention.

“Speak,” said Sally, putting down her knife, “Don't hum ho around.”

“Sally, will you tell us about the Indians?” Polly turned a little red at what she was thinking. “Did they hurt you in any way?” Then she put some flour in a pot and went to the window for the yeast.

“Dearest Polly,” Sally said, covering her mouth with her hand. She walked over and embraced her sister from the back. “Nothing like that ever happened. All they wanted me for was to fetch wood, make the fires, cook and clean and watch the children. I had a wonderful time. Although I was tired of eating corn meal mush every day.”

“I thought they ate venison,” said Elizabeth as she finished off the carrots and put them in with the potatoes.

“They do,” said Sally, turning from Polly, kissing her and heading back to debone some more ham. “But they don't give that to their slaves.”

“Oh, poor dear,” said Elizabeth. She put the water into the pot of vegetables from a bucket on the counter and placed the pot onto the fire.

“What did the mothers do while you watched their children?” Polly asked as she added milk and yeast to the flour to make a dough.

“Oh, no,” Sally said, putting the meat pot into the fire. “Not their children, I meant our children, us white faces. That's what they called us.”

“Oh,” said Polly as she kneaded the dough on the wooden counter.

“They let me feed them the same mush I ate at the end of the day. They had our children cleaning up after theirs, gathering firewood, herding cattle and cleaning up after the adults, cleaning the long houses and going on errands, sending messages.”

“I used to make corn pudding back on the coast,” Elizabeth remembered, tilting her head.

“That wasn't corn pudding that we ate, Mother,” said Sally as she went to help with the kneading. “It was just corn meal and water. We had no salt, sugar or honey and no milk or eggs. Indians don't seem to eat those things. They sometimes eat raw honeycomb with their meat.”

When dinner was ready, the women served the menfolk and then dished up their own plates. They sat down to table and the Frenchman gave a blessing over the food in French.

Everyone wanted to know about living with the Indians. Sally had to tell some of the stories

again. Questions about the children came up, who was doing what and how the children were treated.

“When we arrived at the Indian camp,” Sally started, “a lot of the families there welcomed the children with fondness. Grandmothers and grandfathers took the little ones to to watch over them. Several families adopted children. The older children, including me, had to run the gauntlet. You run between two rows of Indians with clubs and tomahawks. It happens to those whom the Indians think are adult enough and those whom they want to adopt. I guess they have to test their mettle. I saw one of the blue coats that they captured. He had to run the gauntlet too. The children that went all the way through were hailed as being brave and were applauded and cheered. They only like people who are brave. They give them preferential treatment. But if they fall down in the middle and don't make it to the end, they beat them. One little boy almost died. He had to be rescued by an old man.

“Little Faulty couldn't be touched. You should have seen him. He could run circles around everyone. He would duck and twist and run in and out of the gauntlet.

“They couldn't touch me either, and I had to fight with a few of the girls. I guess they were jealous of my blonde hair.

“Then there was the Davis boy. He got hit a lot of times, but he made it through without getting angry. He was always cheerful with his captors. I think I know why. It was Sarah Ruddle. They were sweet on each other and had to be taken as a pair. When the children were adopted into families, the Indians couldn't separate the two. They let them stay with this old couple that laughed at them all the time, knowing they were not brother and sister. These Indians were not fools. They made them get married in the Indian way. Tom and Sarah got to be together in their own wigwam they built themselves.

“When the British agent came to collect the children, there were big arguments that went on all night. A lot of the Indians were angry at having to give up the ones they adopted. I think it took three days of talks with the big chiefs to allow the children to go back to their real parents.

“There was a bit of trouble when the agent wanted to take Sarah away from Tom. He didn't

recognize their marriage. They argued about that for a long time. These two were happy together and would have stayed with the Indians and joined the tribe. When it was found out that Sarah was pregnant, they let them stay together. Law of Nature or something like that.

“But of course, not all the children were returned, as you know. I didn't see little Mary at all. She must have been taken to another village. I'm sorry. I would have stayed by her if I had seen her. You know that. I am sure you miss her. I do too.”

There wasn't much point in going on now, seeing that Polly was in tears.

They finished up the dinner. The men went into the parlor and smoked and talked and drank cider while the women cleaned up. The men had a different challenge: Would they talk about the Revolution as patriots or as loyalists, seeing they had a British citizen here?

“No,” said the old man. “I fought the British in my time as your countrymen are fighting them now. You see, my country has been invaded and I am a simple peasant now. We are a conquered people. I used to be a French officer in the King's guard. I was a musketeer. I became an Indian agent, learned their language. I slept and ate with the Indians and persuaded them to raid the British forts. I went down to fight with the Illinois and the Miami and the rest of them. I came here to explore as well as to serve.

“I met your George Washington once. He was only a lieutenant at the time. He was a surveyor, you know. Met him on the battlefield of Fort Pitt. He was a noble man. I don't know his birth, but you could see it in him.

“Now you have risen in rebellion against your king. Sometimes I don't know why we didn't join you. But some of you came up here because you were loyal. I know the Germans. A lot of them came up here, French too. They made oaths to the king. They cannot break them. If your families made oaths, you must not break them. Many of us had to make oaths to your king. The war would have been longer, but they broke us. We broke from France because they didn't give us enough support. We had to rely on the Indians, but they wanted to be left alone after awhile, and they would change sides if it

suited them. No, it was a bad war. Bad for us. Wars are good if you win, but if you lose, it's bad. But the British assimilated us all."

The men continued to smoke and chat, mostly about politics. They all agreed though, even though they were loyalists, that they wanted to go home to the Kentuck where they felt they belonged.

"We went out west to settle a new land," old Conway said. "We didn't like the war neither. We weren't rebels."

"I don't think it was right either," said Long, "to come and root us up like a potato and haul us off to market. They should have just left us alone."

"I heard the war was over on the coast before the British invaded the Kentuck," said Conway puffing on his pipe. "I heard the officers talk in the prisons. They had no right to do it."

The women joined in later and turned the talk to remembrances of home. They were all anxious to return and start where they left off.

* * *

John and Peter left their relations in Harrodsburg and headed northeast toward Ruddle's Station. They had procured themselves axes and muskets with other supplies so they wouldn't starve, and if they were attacked by Indians, they could defend themselves. Hefting their stuff onto their backs they headed home.

Excitement pervaded their feelings as they found the tributary which flowed under green archways and leafy roofs. Coming to a hill, they noticed the stones placed across the stream by their father as a walkway. They parked their raft across the stones and trudged up the hill.

There it was, the old homestead. The log house sat on top of the hill with its porch and steps rising up to it. The barn, located behind and to the right, smelled of cattle. Children played in the yard. But whose children?

When John and Peter approached the house, the two little girls, about eight and nine, ran up the steps shouting, “Daddy, Daddy, there's some men come here!” The little boy, about six years, just stared at them. A man came out carrying a musket and pointed it at the two. The girls held onto his pant legs.

“Hold on Mister,” John said, putting up a hand as if it could ward off a bullet. “We just came home from being held in Canada. We didn't expect anyone to be living here. This is our pa's place. We used to live here and helped build the place.”

“What's your names, boy?” the man said, lowering his musket, seeing the two were unarmed. “I didn't mean to scare ye, but I've been havin' trouble wif some renegades.”

“This here's Peter,” John said, tipping his hat, “and my name is John Goodnight. Our pa was George Goodnight. He got killed down at Ruddle's Station a couple years ago,” he pointed in its direction, “when it got raided by the British and Indians.”

“Do ye have the papers to prove this here is your place?” the man asked.

“No sir,” John replied. “All our things got burned up at the station.”

John and Peter were feeling a bit tired, and now upset at seeing settlers in their own home. John wiped his brow of the sweat made by the heat of the sun beating down on him.

“Well, I have a bill here that says this place is mine. Bought it from Colonel Hinkson. He bought up all the land along the Lickin'. I know of Ruddle's. I'm sorry to hear about it. But its Hinkson's Station now. He bought it square from Virginia. He put in his claim. It's all his now, except for what he sold to the likes of us.”

“Well, sir,” Peter spoke for the first time. “This is not right. We were expecting to come home and have a rest. We have been walking and starving all the way from Detroit.” It was natural that Peter would think of his stomach.

“By the bye, my name is Dan McFarlin. These are my children, Sarah, Jane and Mark there in the yard. You are welcome to stay the night in the barn. There's room there. I can bring you out some vittles, but that's all the hospitality I can give you. Tommory, you'd best be gittin' along. I am sorry. I

was told you were all kilt."

"We're not kilt, Mister," Peter said, putting his hands on his hips. "We will die without something to eat, though. We thank ye kindly."

As the man went inside to fetch them something to eat, Peter said to John, "And we'll see him in court."

"That be true, Peter," John said, "That be true."

After a night in the barn and more food in the form of cornbread and bacon from the farmer, John and Peter headed back down to Harrodsburg to get support from other Goodnights living in that area.

* * *

Author's Note: After years spent in court, John and Peter finally settled in Muhlenburg County, Kentucky, never retrieving their father's land. After living in Harrodsburg for a while and finding it a bit crowded, they headed out to the western lands of the Kentuck. Finding a settlement there called Greenville, they both found spouses. John married Charlotte Duval who was born there, and Peter married Nancy Forehan from Lexington, Bourbon County. Peter later pulled up stakes and moved to the Illinois country.

* * *

An exchange of prisoners with Canada was overseen by Captain Dalton, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the United States,[1] who was himself a prisoner of the Indians for many years. Parties from both sides met in Montreal to sign papers and exchange gifts. A load of cargo was given to the Indians in exchange for the prisoners they held. Then arrangements were made for prisoners from the American side to come to Canada.

The "unfortunate fellow sufferers"[1] from Montreal were transported by ship up the St. Lawrence

River, out into the Atlantic and down to Philadelphia. Among the prisoners listed were Jonathan and Mary Long with little seven year old Rhody, who now spoke with a French accent.

Rhody watched the shoreline as they sailed past New England, past Long Island, and finally arrived at the Delaware River. As they sailed up river towards Philadelphia, her anticipation increased like the tightening of a violin string. Her parents grew weary of her constant questions of “Where are we now?” and “Are we there yet?”

Rhody watched the evergreens mixed in with fall colors of red and orange flames and bright yellows. She thought of her sister, Mary. She hadn't thought of her for a long time, now. It seemed like only yesterday when they would play out in the field and watch their daddy tend the cows. They would pick buttercups and all manner of wild purple flowers and in the fall gather the different colored leaves to decorate their new home.

She turned to her mother and said, “I want Mary could see this.”

Polly turned on her in anger and heartbreak. “You will never mention the name of your sister again! Promise me that. Promise me!”

Astonished, tears ran down Rhody's cheeks, but she could see tears on her mother's cheeks too. “Yes, Mama, I promise. I won't ever say her name again.”

John touched Polly's shoulder. “Polly, don't ...” She pulled away from him and said, “Don't you!”

Mary had come through the Ruddle's Station experience with a big scar in her heart. She had lost her oldest, little Mary, to the Indians. They had taken her and had never given her back. She couldn't understand why other mothers got their daughters back and she didn't, and she couldn't do anything about it. She couldn't go out into the woods and search village by village looking for little Mary. She couldn't think of her without a pain so huge that she could never explain it to anyone, and she wouldn't try.

Other than that, it was mostly a happy time for this little family as they watched their progress

towards home.

Entering warmer climate, they could walk around on deck without their coats. Rhody wanted to wear her summer dress, so her mother took her down into the hold and let her change. When she came back up, she wore indigo blue linen with a sunbonnet to match. She wanted to jump up and down, run and play, but it was difficult to do with the gentle swaying of the ship from side-to-side as they sailed to the harbor. Her mother had to hold her hand so they both could walk over to the side to join John.

“Her temperature has always been on the warm side,” John said as Rhody let go of her mother and grabbed her daddy's leg.

“She's got a fire inside her all right.” Mary grabbed the railing. “When I held her as a baby, it felt like she had a fever all the time and made me hot too.”

Mr. Duncan came strolling by. His wife and girls were left to themselves, clucking like a brood of chickens.

“Hello, Mr. Duncan.” John turned his body halfway around.

“Mr. Long, isn't it?”

They shook hands, and John Duncan placed his elbows on the rail and looked out at the approaching city.

“It's a *big* town!” Rhody bent over to look through the stanchions. She wasn't quite tall enough to look over the top of the railing.

“Goin' back to the Kentuck with us, Mr. Duncan?” John asked.

“Naw,” Mr. Duncan said in a low drawl. “We'll be goin' back to Virginny to our ald home. Had enou' o' this Kentuck wi' its Injuns and British in the woods. Loss too much o' me family.”

“Sorry to hear, Mr. Duncan,” John said, staring out into space. “It's been hard on us all.”

John Conway, Rhody's grandfather, his family, including Joseph and the Daughertys joined them, bringing up all their belongings.

“This is Philadelphia, Rhody,” her grandfather said. “This is where me and my father arrived

from Ireland to set up a new life for our families."

"Hurray, hurray!" Rhody shouted as they approached the docks. It was all they could do to keep her from running down the gangplank to be the first one on shore.

A lot of the prisoners felt the same way. They all shouted and sang as the gangplank was put in place. Many of them were in tears. They had their luggage, what they could carry in bags and bed sheets ready to run down to the shore and kiss the ground of their beloved America.

John and his in-laws found places outside of town where it wasn't so crowded. They stayed with other farmers, who this time spoke with a German accent. They worked around on several farms doing odd jobs until they earned enough money to buy wagons, horses and supplies. Because of the depression caused by the war, they acquired the necessaries at lower costs. People were selling all they had in the area to get money to live on. When they were ready, they said goodbye to their hosts and headed down the road for Virginia.

The road was long and rut filled when it hadn't been corduroied, and that was most of the way. The Conestogas swayed back and forth, reminding them of the ship they left behind in Philadelphia. They made their way from one village to another until there was only farmland. Then they headed east into the mountains, forest and Indians. They were only three wagons and the number of guns they had would only scare off the Indians for a while, but they suspected that most of the Indians were friendly or had been subdued by treaty.

Again, Rhody walked a good deal of the way, picking wildflowers of yellow and purple, spotting deer that showed their white bottoms as they dashed away. She liked the end of the day and naps the most when she got to eat a bite of bacon and biscuit and get a drink of water. Sometimes the women would make a stew from a deer the men killed along the way. They cut potatoes and carrots and put them into the stew, but they didn't bring enough of them for all the stews they wanted to make, and because of the intrusions of men, seeing a deer was rather rare. The closer they got to Ruddle's Station, the lower their supplies became and the more they went without food.

One night they had to feed an Indian family. There were only four of them, a man, two teenaged boys and a squaw. They were only polite out of fear. The Indians acted aggressively, as they tried taking things, as if they owned the world. The men had to argue and use forceful words. These Indians acted as though they were deaf and only understood a strong hand.

“Give me musket,” the man said as he tried to grab one out of Long's hands.

“No!” Long said. “We use that for hunting.”

“Give me iron pot,” the Indian said, pointing to the stew pot over the fire.

“No!” Conway's wife Elizabeth protested. “That's for our dinner! We can't cook without that. We only have one.” She wasn't telling the truth, of course.

The woman took hold of Polly's dress. “Give me dress!” she said.

Polly shuddered. She could feel the cold blooded instincts in the woman. But she took the woman's hand and brought her over to the wagon. She had bought some indigo cloth in Philadelphia. She rummaged around until she found it, took it out and gave it to the woman. The cloth had been nicely folded, but the Indian woman shook it until it waved like a flag in the wind, whereupon, she wrapped it around her head and shoulders and laughed. She didn't say thank you or anything but just walked away with it into the woods.

When the Indian boys approached Joseph, he said, “You Indians have taken enough from me already!” He showed them his bald head. It made them laugh and stomp their feet.

Mr. Daugherty then understood what the Indians wanted. They wanted a toll for traveling through their neighborhood. He went over to his wagon and brought out a tall beaver hat he had bought in Philadelphia. It was really useless where he was going. It had only been a souvenir. He gave it to one of the boys who tried it on when the man, who was probably his father, took it from him, swatted him with it, and put it on his own head and smiled.

“Good, good,” he said. Looking at Long, he said, “You give something! Like little girl.” He grinned like a bear as he looked at her. She jumped back behind her father. “You give girl.”

Long was about to boil over with anger. He went into his wagon and looked around. He didn't have anything he didn't need. Then he got an idea. He found some shears and took them out.

Polly objected, saying, “I need those! And they're quite hard to come by.”

But John went over to his little girl and grabbed the back of her hair into a pony tail. Then with the shears he cut it off and tied it together with a leather thong and handed it to the Indian saying, “You like her blonde hair. You can have her hair. Good medicine. Now go!”

The Indian held out the lock of hair and smiled again, saying, “Good. Good medicine. Great Spirit in hair.”

The Indians seemed satisfied with that and left, but little Rhody cried and screamed at her daddy for doing such a cruel thing. He tried to comfort her by picking her up, but she just beat him with her fists. Mary took her. She was angry too and glared at John.

Her father came over to her with Rhody sobbing into her neck. “Polly,” he said. “Don't blame John. He did what he had to do to save your life, to save all our lives.”

She didn't say anything, just turned away and sobbed with her daughter.

There were no more incidents with the Indians, and they came out of the mountains arriving at the Licking in mid-October. The weather was getting cold and they had to put on their heavy coats. They were anxious to get back to Ruddle's Station and to their homes. They didn't want to be caught in the snow that would come.

Crossing the Licking wasn't difficult, for it had been a dry year and the water was low. They left roads behind and headed west through the woods to Ruddle's Station. When they found it, the fort was built up again with settlers pouring in and out night and day, all heading west.

They didn't like what they saw when they got there. The name of Hinkson's had been planted over the archway that led into the fort. The place was larger than when they left. The streets were wider and could accommodate two wagons, side-by-side. When they came to the general store and tavern, there it was again. In large letters painted on a sign was “Hinkson's Place,” a bad omen.

John Long, John Conway and his son Joseph, and William Daugherty went into the store and asked for some supplies.

“Where ya headin'?” asked the store manager, “if ya don't mind me askin'.”

“We're just coming home from a long trip from Canada,” Conway said, lifting a bag of flour onto the counter.

“Got American money?” the man asked. “Gold dollars from Canady will do also. Any kind of gold nowadays.”

“We have Congressional American dollars,” Daugherty said.

“That will do. Don't take no bank notes though. No bank about here.”

As they started piling up the supplies on the counter, a side of beef, ham, bacon, flour, and the new drink called coffee (since tea was thought much too British), the store manager asked, “You said you are from around here?”

“This used to be Ruddle's Station, did it not?” asked Long.

“It was burnt down in the war,” said the man. “Hinkson came and bought up all this land and has gotten filthy rich selling it to newcomers.”

“The British and Indians came and took us from Ruddle's,” continued Long. “Took us all the way up to Detroit. Now we're back. We're just commin' home.”

“You from around here then?”

“We all live on or near Buffalo Road,” said John Conway. “I myself live on the lower Licking, about a thousand acres.”

“I know the guy that owns that land, sir. That will be thirty dollars altogether. I'm thinkin', sir, if you'n are all of them what was livin' here before the war, you're out o' luck. There's no free land in this county. Not for a hundred miles.”

Daugherty thrust his arm across the counter and grabbed the man by the collar. “What do you mean? You know our lands and you say someone else is livin' on'em?”

"Daugherty!" Conway grabbed his son-in-law. "He's not the one that done it."

Daugherty let go and the man behind the counter was furious and started cussing. "Now if you're through, get your goods and get out of my store!"

"Hinkson's store, don't you mean!" Long said angrily.

"It's not my fault," said the man. "You don't have to come into my store and insult me!"

The men paid the man his thirty dollars. That was about the end of their money. They left with their supplies and headed for the Buffalo Road.

Along the way, they passed Long's place, where he had had several head of cows. Now the place was plowed up and covered with corn stalks vibrating in the cold wind.

They all agreed it was no use to go looking at the other homesteads. They knew what they would see. Each place had been taken over by other families, all bought from Hinkson. They hated the man. They would see him in court.

* * *

Author's Note: The Longs, Conways, and Daughertys stayed near Harrodsburg where their pleas dragged out in court for several years. Not being able to get their lands returned to them, the Longs moved to central Kentucky which would later be Warren County to a little place called Bowling Green. The Daughertys went north and planted themselves along the Licking near the Ohio River. Their residence became Pendleton County. Joseph, who wouldn't stay in Kentucky, made his life in St. Louis, Missouri.

Before the Longs left Harrodsburg in Mercer County, little Rhody picked up a husband, Robert Ground. They all went to Bowling Green together where Rhody had a daughter Mary who eventually married Isaac Goodnight, the famous Kentucky Indian fighter whose father Hans had been killed and scalped on his way to Harrodsburg.

* * *

The Virginia winter was a harsh one. Heavy snow came early. The Duncans drove down in two wagons from Philadelphia and nearly froze. The girls had to keep covered with thick comforters in the backs of the wagons and snuggle together to keep warm. John and Elizabeth drove the two wagons and thought for sure they would lose their noses and ears, fingers and toes, to the breath of Old Man Frost. The oxen they bought pulled hard to get the wagons through. They sweated and huffed and puffed like little engines. Vapor came out of their nostrils like smoke from dragons. When the family came upon their farm house, it was night, and they could see lights in the windows and smoke coming from the chimney. John Duncan fumed.

He let Elizabeth pull her wagon alongside his.

“Ye stay in the wagons,” he commanded his brood. “I'll go and see who in the hell is livin' in are home.”

He looked back into the wagon to see where he had left his musket. One of the girls handed it to him. “Where's me powder?”

“She's loaded, Pa,” said Elizabeth. “Here's yer powder horn. We kep' it dry.”

Duncan went up the steps and across the porch to the door, pounded on it, stepped back, put some powder in the pan, cocked the hammer and pointed the musket at the opening door. As the door swung open, the light shone on John's face. The young lad asked, “Is that you, Pa?” When he saw the musket, he exclaimed, “Don't shoot Pa! It's me, Joseph, yer youngest.”

Duncan's mouth dropped open and he raised the musket so that it fired into the air. He let go of the musket alarmed that he had almost shot his son but caught it in midair. His son John ran to the door and stood there between the door posts with his mouth open thinking Joseph had been shot. Duncan propped the musket against the porch railing and plowed right into his boys, catching each one with his arms, crying with tears in his eyes, “Me boys! Me boys!”

Elizabeth jumped down from the wagon and ran to the happy reunion. This gave permission to

the girls who piled out of the wagons and ran up onto the porch laughing and giggling to see their two lost brothers.

After such a joyful reunion, Duncan and his boys put the horses in the barn, turned out the wagons and put things away while Elizabeth and the older girls made a feast for dinner. It was late at night as everyone sat at the supper table in front of the fireplace laughing and telling stories, eating roast beef, ham, mashed potatoes, bread and gravy. As fatigue fell upon them, everyone went upstairs and slept in their own beds that night, covered with down comforters as the earth slept covered in its snow.

"Glad to be home?" John asked Elizabeth.

"God has truly blessed us," she replied.

The End

1.August 13, 1783 The Pennsylvania Gazette PHILADELPHIA, August 13.