

## Chapter 3

### On Kennedy's Bottom

**T**oday in Lewis County, Kentucky, at a spot on the south bank of the Ohio River about twenty miles upstream from the sleepy town of Maysville, is a flat piece of river land once known as Kennedy's Bottom. This sandy place of no more than a few hundred acres in area is washed on its north side by the Ohio River. To its south rise the round hills of northern Kentucky. It is partly the deposit of a creek called Quick's Run that trickles down from the highlands.<sup>1</sup> Some say the bottom was named for a Kennedy, its first white settler, and that it later became known as Graham's station after a blockhouse erected there by the Graham family of Kentucky. The events of this chapter, however, take place some years before the arrival of the Grahams.

According to most accounts the first cabins on the bottom were built by a Major Bailey and his men in 1789. Bailey, a Virginian, had fought (so some said) with George Rogers Clark at Vincennes.<sup>2</sup> In 1787 he founded a station on the right fork of Well's Creek, about a mile east of Washington, Kentucky, where he lived. However, being a man with numerous business interests, he rode out in the fall of 1789 with eight hired men to set up a station on Kennedy's Bottom twenty-five miles away.

It would seem that as Bailey and his men were working at Kennedy's Bottom cutting down trees and building a cabin or two that our family was approaching the place from upriver. I can imagine them sleepless and worn out from seven days on the river and anxious for the safety and association of other white people. Men chopping logs and raising cabins must have been a cheerful sight. When the men dropped their axes and "halloed" the boat, as everyone was wont to do in Kentucky at the sight of emigrants on the river, John steered for the south bank to make a landing among them. With our hindsight he would have been better off to look for a more populous place elsewhere.

The major must have had a lot to talk about with John Quick on that cool fall day. Where had he come from? Where was he going? What news from upriver? John would have asked about the progress of the settlement at Marietta they had passed on the river, the new town of Limestone and Symme's small beginning at the mouth of the Great Miami River he had heard about in

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- 1 O. G. Ragan in his *History of Lewis County, Kentucky* (Cincinnati, 1912) states Quick's Run was known by that name as early as 1807 (the year Lewis County was carved from Mason County). William Talley, historian of Vanceburg and Lewis County and author of *Northeastern Kentucky Papers*, (American Ref., Pub., Fort Worth, 1971), states it was named for "early settlers who were captured by Indians and carried off to Canada". The originator of this story may have been John Doyle, an ex-scout, who settled on Quicks Run in 1797. When the Rev. John D. Shane interviewed him in 1842 he recalled "one Quick, had settled at the mouth of this run, just above on the bottom", and "I saw him afterwards. He came back on a visit. Said it was the best swap he ever made in his life. The British gave him a good piece of land, a fine farm". Draper13CC235-7. Doyle's tombstone survives on Doyle's branch of Quicks Run. Private communication from John A. Doyle, great-great-grandson of John Doyle. Also records in Kentucky Historical Society, Frankfort.
  - 2 Draper5S193 and Draper7S104 credit Bailey, "a proprietor", with building the cabins. If true Bailey may have had a preemption right to the property and rented it to John Quick. (The Draper Mss. may be mistaken as to the Bailey's service with Clark as Thwaites and Kellogg, eds., *Frontier Defence on the Upper Ohio, 1777-1778* (Wisc. Hist. Soc., 1912), 194, has Bailey living to old age.) The following regarding the origin of the name "Graham's Station" is taken from J. Holmes ed., *Francis Bailey, Journal of a Tour in Unsettled Parts of North America in 1796 & 1797* (S. Illinois U.) "Graham's settlement... was named for the father of John Graham, one-time secretary to Gov. William C.C. Claiborne at New Orleans. - Hildreth, "History of An Early Voyage", I, 102; Collot, *Journey in North America*, I, 92-93.", 283.

Virginia. Both men, as old residents of the Commonwealth, and ex-militiamen had much in common. Bailey would have lost no time selling John on the idea of occupying the cabin that had already been completed—supposedly the first of many—for at least the coming winter. His reasons were persuasive. It was ideally placed for access to the river. The run supplied good fresh water. Game was plentiful on account of the salt licks nearby. And as for safety Limestone was not too far away. Kennedy, a bachelor, who lived on the bottom downriver, could be counted on for help in the event of an emergency.<sup>3</sup> John agreed to Bailey’s arguments and our family got down to unloading the boat.

### The Draper Manuscripts II

This chapter dealing with the capture of our family and the skirmishes just before and after the event is a reconstruction from information in the Draper Manuscripts. (Other references to the Draper Manuscripts have been given in Chapter 2.) The information appears mostly in the transcripts of Draper’s interviews with the descendants or acquaintances of three of the men who were also captured on that day, namely David Thomas, John Worthington and John Thompson. Some details are mutually supportive while others are conflicting. They do not identify the members of our family by first name. For the benefit of readers who may wish to study the originals, I have collected them in Table 1.

Table 1. *References to the Quick Family in the Draper Manuscripts.*

Name	Reference	Name	Reference
Cornelius Quick	10E151-2	Cornelius Quick	10E155-6
Benjamin Whiteman	5S193-6	William Bickley	7S104-5
Isaac Thomas	7S132-141	Mason Arrowsmith	8S49-51
Wm. Fyffe	8S69-70	George Edwards	19S88-89
Ann Ellison	19S143	Joseph Wade	19S150-153
Mary Wells	19S236-7	Spencer R. Quick	20S61
Ezekiel Arrowsmith	24S107	Kenton (Mss)	1BB81, 1BB88 and 3BB92
Doyle	13CC236-7		

There is one manuscript described as “Judge Woods notes, sheet 21” or “Chr Wood’s notes -” in 1BB81 that I was unable to find. Judge Woods was possibly a descendant of the Rev. William Wood who was a preacher at Maysville in the 1790s.

The horses came first then the baggage. Elizabeth (we can imagine, perhaps, not too happy at this quick decision of her husband’s) watched over the unloading of the feather beds to prevent them from being dropped in the river. The boat once emptied of its contents was dismantled and the wood set aside for building material. They had found their foothold in Kentucky sooner than expected.

Once our family was installed and more-or-less settled, Bailey and his men left, with the promise to return from time to time to check on their progress.

John and Elizabeth spent that fall and early winter making their cabin habitable. It was not like either of them found living on Kennedy’s Bottom much different from Kings Creek. Elizabeth swept up the wood chips, packed the cracks in the walls with mud and leaves and performed the hundreds of tasks necessary to make a green wood cabin livable. There was no crop in the ground so John beat the hills for much-needed game to feed their family of seven

3 It is natural to think this Kennedy could have been the James Kennedy who was John Quick’s neighbor on King’s Creek—or at least a relative. We have no evidence to support this theory.

children and for the peltries they would need for barter. Shooting was good through November and December on account of the unseasonably mild weather; but good weather also worried them, as they knew it could often bring unwanted visits from the Indians.

According to the Thomas McKinney narrative in the Draper Manuscripts our family had their first brush with Indians about a week before Christmas. John was out hunting in the hills. Elizabeth and the children were alone in the cabin when the crack of shots rolled down from upriver. Four rifles, maybe more. She grabbed the flintlock that was kept in the corner of the cabin, threw down the bar on the door and peered out through a space between the logs. In no time she saw a slight figure running along the riverbank. The figure crackled through the ice of the frozen-over creek and came panting up to the door. She went rigid with fright.



Figure 1. *Pioneer Scene. The family is shown enjoying pipes of Kinnikinick: a mixture of herbs and tobacco. Edwin Tunis, Frontier Living (World Pub. Co., 1961) Used by Permission.*

But it was a white boy in Indian dress. Breathing hard from his long run he gasped out his name, “Ben Allen”. Kennedy, who had arrived by this time attracted by the noise came up behind the youth and explained to Elizabeth that he knew the lad’s father in Stroud’s Station. Elizabeth hauled up the bar and pulled open the door. Kennedy pushed the boy inside and had him explain the cause of the commotion.

Ben blurted that his father had been killed while the two were out hunting on Slate Creek. Three Indians came up on them quiet-like. One was pretty big—maybe a Mohawk. His father grabbed their guns, one in each hand, and yelled “run for it”. But as he clambered up the side of a hill, Ben said, the big Indian shot him in the back. The Indians turned aside then and grabbed him.

With the boy in hand the band went on to kill and scalp a lone man they found in a camp on the Licking River, above the Upper Blue Lick. They ran northeastwards then to the Ohio a few miles above Kennedy’s Bottom. As they came down to the bank they saw seven whites in a boat paddling towards them. They tied Ben up and began firing on the occupants. In all six whites were killed Ben said. One got away by swimming to the north shore. With the Indians thus occupied, Ben shucked off his bonds and escaped. And here he was.<sup>4</sup>

4 “He (Ben Allen) met w. people at Kennedy’s Bottom, that had just settled there. He was in Indian

When John Quick returned from his hunting and heard the news he placed his family on a state of alert—with all of them inside. But nothing else happened. When it seemed safe to move about again, Kennedy, with rifle at the ready, rode the boy back to Limestone. He was eventually returned to his mother.

On the way back Kennedy lingered at Limestone to pick up gossip. The word was that Gov. St. Clair was on his way to Fort Washington (Cincinnati) to order Gen. Josiah Harmer, commander of the American troops along the Ohio, to launch an invasion against the Indians. The family could look forward to future protection by the army of the new Northwestern Territory, or so Kennedy thought.

It seems inevitable to us that the family should suffer more serious trouble from the Indians, being so exposed and small in number. In spite of the fact that the river, the main artery of traffic, passed directly in front of their cabin, they were in a dangerously exposed position. Limestone, the most likely source of emergency help, lay twenty miles to the west. Between them and Limestone, five short miles away, lay the Manchester Islands, a grouping of three small islands that provided an easy crossing place for the northern tribes. Thirty miles east where the Scioto River empties into the Ohio, at the head of the Shawnee-Cherokee trail, lay a cave much frequented by marauding bands. Whether John Quick knew it or not Kennedy's Bottom was in effect one of the most dangerous places in all of Kentucky at this time, more dangerous than many of the stations in the interior.

In 1789 the Indians who were harassing the Kentuckians came from north of the Ohio River from sites in northwestern Ohio and northeastern Indiana. In particular the Shawnee, Delaware, Wyandot, Mingo and Munsy lived in temporary villages with a combined population of somewhere between 500 and 1000 warriors, strung out in a line about seventy-five miles long, from Lower Sandusky near Lake Erie to the head of the Maumee River. The Indians were advised and supplied by their old allies the British. The British were delaying their evacuation from the region for a number of reasons. Among other things, they wanted to pressure the Americans into making reparations to the loyalist refugees from the revolution and to maintain their control over the lucrative fur trade for as long as was possible. The British saw the Indians as strategically placed between the Ohio and the Great Lakes, forming a buffer between the Americans and the loyalist settlements in Upper Canada. The British reasoned that should the Indians remain a power in Ohio Territory long enough, they might negotiate from the Americans their own kind of Indian state. And of course, should another war be necessary with the rebels, the British wanted the tribes in the British camp.

The British continued the practice they had developed many years before in colonial Pennsylvania, of commissioning white traders as agents to influence the Indians with oratory and presents. Of these men the most famous were Alexander McKee and Mathew Elliott. Both lived and traded at Roche de Bout on the Maumee River (about a mile above the present Waterville, Lucas County, Ohio). They had connections with the Indians as husbands and fathers to Indian wives and children. Two other ex-Pennsylvanians, Alexander McCormick and Thomas Smith, had their own stores nearby. Further north down the Maumee River lay the village of Captain Pipe, the man who some say ordered the burning of Col. Crawford in 1782.

By far the largest trading town outside Detroit was Kekionga or Miamitown (Fort Wayne, Indiana). Strategically placed where the St. Mary's and St. Joseph Rivers combine to form the Maumee, it comprised seven villages of the Miami, Delaware and Shawnee tribes spread out among lush, long-established cornfields. The area controlled the portage between the Maumee and Wabash Rivers—the means of getting from Lake Erie to the Ohio. Many French-Canadian traders lived there with their wives and children, trading with the Indians in rum and peltries. All these loyalists, British and French-Canadian alike, enjoyed good relations with the Indians.

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dress. The man was out, and his appearance very much frightened the woman... ”. Thos. McKinney narrative Draper12CC (obtained by J. D. Shane ca. 1840).

According to the Draper manuscripts the central figure for our family's fortunes for the next five years is a Shawnee chief called Blacksnake, or Captain Snake.<sup>5</sup> This man had already participated in raids on the settlements in Kentucky and Virginia, and against Col. Crawford's expedition. His village was located near the Grand Glaize or Auglaize, a broad slow-moving section of the Maumee.<sup>6</sup> This is the man who will capture our family.

In Ohio as in Kentucky the winter of 1789-90 had been extraordinarily mild, at least up to late January. Rain fell everywhere throughout the midwest overflowing the creeks and swelling the rivers. Miamitown was flooded out. The high water on the low ground drove game into hiding. Raccoon, otter and beaver were taken by the tribes, but few deer or black bear, the mainstays of the Indians' winter diet. Some families subsisted on berries and acorns.<sup>7</sup>

Late in February Blacksnake and his followers left Miamitown and headed south over the soggy country to hunt. Joining up with a large mixed band headed for the cave at the Scioto, they were intent on finding food. At the cave that would later be their rendezvous point, they split off into small parties and proceeded in different directions to hunt and scavage. Blacksnake's band paddled pirogues downriver past Kennedy's Bottom by night keeping close to the north shore to escape detection. At the Manchester Islands they grounded on the Kentucky side and hid their boats. Tracking south along the shore they came onto sign of two horses and dogs at the mouth of Cabin Creek. This was on the morning of Thursday, February 25.<sup>8</sup> Following the still-fresh marks they scanned the woods for the dogs that might scent their presence and raise an alarm.

This day before dawn David Thomas and John Worthington were out looking for a bear tree in the woods about four miles from the mouth of Cabin Creek.<sup>9</sup> In fact, they'd found a likely tree the previous evening: a tall rotten "holler" with claw marks streaking the bark. A bear tree in February was a valuable find, for it might harbor a she-bear with cubs. They would shoot the female, or draw her away with the dogs, and then slaughter the cubs. In the darkness of the pre-dawn, with their mounts left in camp, they walked expectantly back through the woods to cut the tree down.

When they came to the place Worthington pointed out a windfall that was leaning on the bear tree and which might complicate its cutting. Climbing up the tree a short distance he shook it to test how fast it was stuck. It was then that he noticed owl hoots coming from nearby. Other hoots from behind him seemed to answer the first. It was getting on for dawn now—there were no owls about. Could it mean Indians? Quietly, Worthington dropped to the ground and reached for his longrifle. Thomas looked around him ready for the worst.

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5 Snake was a common name among the Shawnee being that tribe's totem or sign. It was also used by the Seneca. John's son, Cornelius, recalled him as "Snake, the chief of that tribe [meaning Shawnee]". Draper10E155. Draper assumed he was "She-me-ne-too, or Snake - Shawnee Chief". Draper1BB80. The other references to him in the Draper Manuscripts use the names "Snake", "Blacksnake", or "Captain Snake", except the Doyle narrative that calls him "Blackfoot". (A note in the margin, presumably in the hand of the Rev. Shane, has "Blackfish". This could not be the Blackfish who captured Daniel Boone, as he died in 1779.)

6 Like all Indian chiefs of this era, Blacksnake moved his town from time to time ahead of the advancing whites. In the 1770s and early 1780s he is thought to have lived at Kispoko Town on the west bank of the Scioto River about two miles downstream from present Circleville, Ohio. Letters of Alexander McKee and others in E. A. Cruikshank ed., *The Correspondence of Lieut. Governor John Graves Simcoe* (Ont. Hist. Soc., 1923-6) imply that by 1794 he was living near the glaize.

7 Conditions in Miamitown, the weather at the time, Snake's movements etc. are chronicled in M. M. Quaife ed., *Henry Hay's Journal from Detroit to the Mississippi River* (Proc. Hist. Soc. of Wisconsin, 1914).

8 The date of the capture is only known approximately. Draper in 5S196 speculated: "& thus I infer it must have happened before the 1st of March, at least a day or two, if not more".

9 According to the narrative of Isaac Thomas, the son of David, (born at Mefford's Station in 1789) the latter and John Worthington were brothers-in-law, having married sisters. Their wives were at home in Mefford's Station on this day.

With their rifles cocked and ready the two men jogged through the snow-dusted undergrowth towards their camp and their hobbled horses. Then things happened very quickly. Worthington spied to his right a head poking up from behind a fallen log. It was Blacksnake. He had Worthington's horse with him. Seeing the whites approaching on the run, Snake rose and turned to let them pass. At that moment Worthington cracked off a shot that blew away the tip of Snake's thumb. Howling with pain the old chief dropped the reins and charged straight on towards them. Worthington threw away his empty longrifle. Thomas, shocked by Snake's curses in the King's English, forgot to shoot altogether. The two men bolted, running in opposite directions. More Indians materialized from the woods. Two followed Thomas, and three—Snake included—chased Worthington.

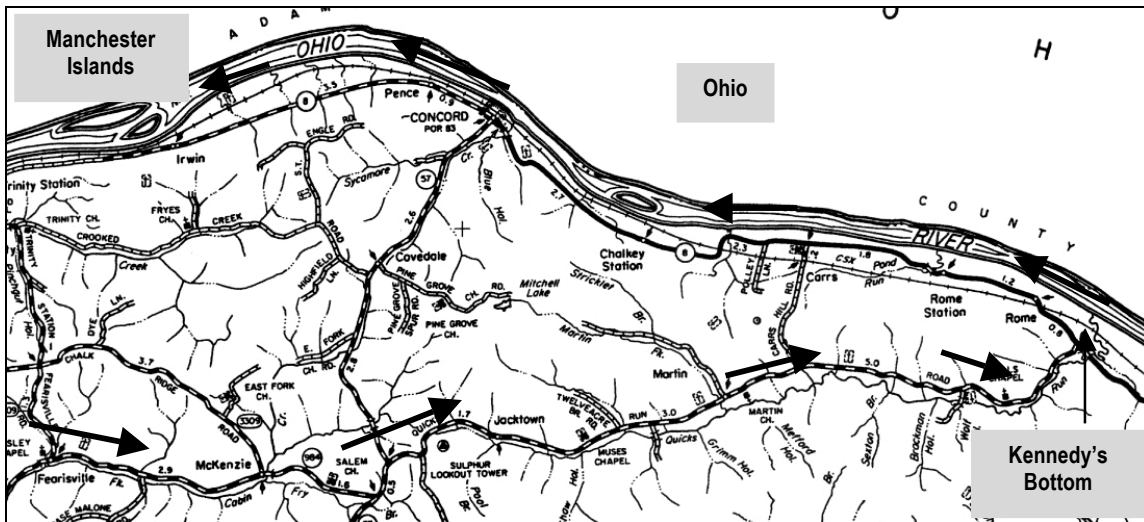


Figure 2. Extract from a modern map of Lewis County, Kentucky, showing Quicks Run and the probable route of Blacksnake's raiding party of 25-26 February 1790.

Worthington was a big man and fast on his feet but his dogs underfoot slowed him down. Stumbling on a log he was grabbed by old Snake before he could scratch to his feet.

Snake grinned in triumph when he made out Worthington's size and the quality of his clothing. He asked "You be captain?" The big man shook his head. Snake waved his bleeding thumb under Worthington's nose and growled with pleasure, "I take you to Detroit and I sell you for rum. Ha! Ha! Ha!" They found Worthington's rifle where he'd dropped it.

Thomas, though the slighter of build and the weaker of the two was the quicker and the more difficult to catch. He feigned and dodged and ran like the devil. He took to a tree and waved his longrifle awkwardly towards his pursuers. But it was just a matter of time. Soon surrounded, he gave up without firing a single shot.<sup>10</sup>

As it turned out the bear tree was empty. Snake was disappointed, as he too could have done with fresh bear meat. Conferring with his men he decided to investigate the settlement on the river they had passed the previous evening. When the horses were brought up the group set off at a brisk pace northeast towards Kennedy's Bottom some fifteen miles away. The captives, their hands and arms tied securely behind their backs, were dragged roughly along behind.

It was just first light when the band caught sight of the cabin on Kennedy's Bottom. Thomas

10 Draper7S132-7.

and Worthington were left tied securely to trees well back in the woods, while the Indians slipped forward.

Our family was coming awake. Children were sprawled about everywhere inside, some under blankets and some under bearskins. Kennedy was also there, having slept over as he was wont to do since the incident of the Allen lad. Elizabeth, now six months pregnant, detached herself from this pile of bodies, and still in her bare feet, padded out through the morning chill to find kindling for the breakfast fire. Reaching the treeline, she was about to go into the woods when Blacksnake appeared abruptly in front of her. He asked in good clear English, "How d'y do?" She jumped back and ran for the house. John fastened the door behind her and cautioned the children to be silent. Kennedy checked the rifles. Snake stood motionless within reach of cover and listened for the sounds of men's voices inside.

For the next few moments all was quiet, that kind of quiet that often precedes loud noises and violence. The one side listened for the other. Blacksnake was slow and careful in his movements, his men watching him for orders. He studied each crack in the logs of the cabin to get a reckoning of the number of riflemen that might be inside. As there seemed to be few, he waved to his men to show themselves. He halloed the cabin and announced in a loud clear voice that they were all outnumbered and should surrender. They wouldn't be harmed, he said. Then he said loudly and very clearly, so that all inside could hear, that if they did attempt to shoot his men with their long guns through the logs, then his men would do terrible things to them. Terrible things. Snake was a man who enjoyed his bit of theater.

I can imagine the appearance of the Indians at this hour in the morning, when the senses are blurred by the clouds of sleep, numbed them into near paralysis. The narratives tell us that John had the safety of his family on his mind from the beginning and was ready to take Blacksnake at his word. I can see him sitting on his haunches with his rifle across his knees, peering gloomily through a crack in the logs at the horror outside. He tried to calculate their chances of survival in a shootout, and it didn't look good.

On the other hand Kennedy, the Irishman that he was, jumped for a fight. No stinking critters would get him, by God! He knew that the walls and the door were being watched from outside, so he swung aside the kettle on the hearth and stepped gingerly over the glowing peat that still banked the previous night's fire. He pulled himself quietly up inside the large clay chimney, still hot. He could hear the Indians outside now goading them, laughing, mooning probably with their buckskin britches down around their knees, dancing about and flapping their blankets derisively, taunting them to shoot. Growing madder as he climbed, he at last reached the top. He hauled his longrifle laboriously up beside him, leveled it clumsily, too quickly, and fired into the din. It was wasted! In the next instant a ball blew out his brains. He fell to the fireplace amidst clouds of smoke and wood ashes. The children drew back to the farthest corner of the cabin.

Thus far two firearms had been discharged, one from each side. The situation was critical with massacre in the air. John leaned up his rifle and waited for the outcome. Elizabeth, silently, tried to administer to Kennedy. She dabbed a cloth over the blood that poured brightly from the man's head out onto the earthen floor, but it was too late. He was dead.<sup>11</sup> John yelled out surrender and kicked open the door. After a time satisfied there was no trick, Blacksnake appeared at the doorway. He entered and "shook hands gravely and politely all around"—even

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11 These details of (Kennedy's?) death were described by Mason Arrowsmith, a son of one of the horsemen who found the corpses. Draper8S49-51. Arrowsmith recalled "a young man within was for defence, while the man with family was opposed & wished to surrender & save his family from death." Only the Doyle narrative mentions Kennedy by name, and has him killed in the circumstances ascribed to Bailey in other narratives. The Mason Arrowsmith narrative and the Ezekiel Arrowsmith narrative have two men killed, one of them Bailey. Draper24S10. The Isaac Thomas narrative has "Underwood" instead of Kennedy. The Fyffe narrative confirms the story of Bailey and his slave. Draper8S69-70. This shows how woolly memories had become in the half-century since the event.

with the children—as if he were an uncle returning from a long time away.<sup>12</sup>

Snake's behavior allayed their fear of sudden death. It seemed he wanted to talk. He looked over the seven children expressing his surprise at how few defenders there were. He asked if there were any other whitemen out in the neighborhood. John said no. Snake, playing cautious, ordered a man to retrieve the pirogues from the crossing place and to look out for horsemen. Then as if anticipating company, he sat down to wait. We can imagine that the children gathered silently around the old chief and stared at him intently with their large eyes. Just as intently the old chief glared back. Seven faces may have saved our family just as surely as anything else.

Before noon that day three riders reigned up at the door: John Thompson, Major Bailey and Toney, Bailey's negro slave. They had come on a visit. They were immediately surrounded by Snake's grinning men and ordered to dismount.

Snake seemed satisfied and moved to collect the booty and to make preparations to leave. Thomas and Worthington were brought in from the woods. The Indians, speaking rapidly in Shawnee, discussed the mechanics of hauling captives and plunder across the river. They waved their arms toward the captives, argued among themselves, and pointed to the articles in the cabin and the pirogues on the riverbank. The talk went on for some time. They would have to be quick to escape the notice of travelers on the river.

Bailey, who up until then had taken his capture with equanimity, finally realized that they were preparing to carry him off to God knew where. Approaching Snake with the air affected by a person accustomed to getting his own way, he asked the old chief to please release his slave so that he might return home and inform his wife what had happened. Snake laughed at the impudence and waved Bailey off. But Bailey persisted. Snake grew angry at Bailey's obstinence. Thompson tried to cool Bailey down. Then incredibly, Bailey drew his long-knife, which the Indians had neglected to take from him, as if to attack the old chief. With that action a young brave swung his flintlock around and shot Bailey pointblank in the chest with a blast that echoed up and down the river. Bailey fell dead in a heap without uttering another word.

Thus two men lay killed: Kennedy, inside, his feet now smouldering in the fire, and Bailey, outside, near the door. The children, seven of them—Cornelius, John Junior, Joseph, David, Elizabeth, Sarah and Mary—watched as the Indians scalped the corpses with their trade knives. Scalping is a grisly business. The Indians finished the work by stripping the bodies of shirt, leggings and footwear. The children watched it all.

Snake asked about horses. There were two John answered—out in the meadow up the creek a ways. Fetch them Snake ordered. Snake warned him in the tone he had used earlier that if he didn't return they would kill his wife and children. If he did return they would treat him and his family well. John stepped over the corpses and jogged to the meadow.

When at last the seven horses were assembled, the captives were lined up on the riverbank. David Thomas, John Worthington, John Thompson, Toney, John and Elizabeth Quick and the children, thirteen in all, stood shivering in the damp wind off the river.<sup>13</sup> The Indians then

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12 This phrase and the contents of the following few paragraphs are taken from the narrative of John Doyle, whose own reminiscences are based on an actual meeting with John Quick sometime in the 15-year period between 1797 and 1812. Accounts of other captures of the time report similar shaking of hands by victorious chiefs.

13 As will be seen it has generally been assumed that one of these children, a girl, was later "lost" to the Indians. However, it is possible this person was a boy, and that he was not lost at all but returned to Kentucky. I quote the following from Draper20S61: "From Spencer R. Quick, near Columbus Ind., & grandson of Capt. Spencer Records - says his grandfather James Quick related that a family of Quicks were massacred in Kentucky, all except Wm Quick who was captured & subsequently returned; & always cherished inveterate feelings towards Indians; &, on one occasion, is said to have killed two after peace was made." The following are Draper's words: "If Wm. Quick was a son of John Quick, whose family was captured in Kentucky in 1790, then I should suppose that he was immediately after being taken, separated from the rest of the family, & conveyed to some distant nation - & he was impressed



ransacked the cabin. They dragged out the meat, clothing, flour, guns and ammunition, knives, the tinder box and a goodly number of iron pots and pans. They brought out the blankets, the straw ticks and the feather beds. The straw ticks they dragged to the riverbank to be saved. The feather beds they ripped open with childish glee to let the feathers flutter in the wind. They found John's strongbox where he kept his personal papers. The contents—old letters from Jersey, his deeds from the panhandle among many others useless to the Indians—were scattered like privy trash all about the riverbank.

### Other Quicks in Kentucky, 1789-1801

I have always thought it most unlikely the family ventured down the Ohio River without companions. So the question remains: did any other members of the extended family accompany them? There are records in Table 2 of other individuals with the surname Quick who paid taxes in Kentucky in this period. Perhaps future researchers may find connections between them and our family.

Table 2. *Other Quicks in Kentucky, 1789-1801.*

Name	County	Date	Notes
Denis Quick	Jefferson	7/14/1789	(a)
Jacob Quick	Jefferson	7/14/1789	(a)
James Quiet	Bourbon	3//1791	(a)
Thomas Quiet	Jefferson	9/2/1789*	(a)
Thomas Quick	Jefferson	4/29/1789*	(a)
Aaron Quick	Madison	10/1/1800	(b)
Alexander Quick	Madison	10/1/1800	(b)
Andrew Quick	Breckinridge	8/19/1800	(b)
Benjamin Quick	Madison	10/1/1800	(b)
Dennis Quick	Bullitt	8/16/1800	(b)
Jacob Quick	Madison	10/1/1800	(b)
Jacob Quick Jr	Madison	10/1/1800	(b)
Thomas Quick	Franklin	8/7/1801	(b)
Thomas Quick	Shelby	8/29/1800	(b)
Tunis Quick	Madison	10/1/1800	(b)
Notes:			
(a) <i>Tax Lists in First Census of Kentucky 1790</i> (Southern Book Co., 1956). * This is probably Thomas Quirk, an Irishman.			
(b) <i>Tax Lists in Second Census of Kentucky, 1800</i> (Gen. Pub. Co., 1966)			

The name John Quick survives on two petitions and one memorial submitted by the inhabitants of the “Northwest Territory” (Symmes Purchase in Ohio and vicinity) referred to House Select Committees, 6th Congress, 1st and 2nd Series. C. Carter ed., *The Territorial Papers of the U. S.*, US Dept. of State (Wash., USGPO), 3, 42-46, 46-49, and 114-119. The dates are 1799 and 1800. The handwriting is not that of our John Quick (although many names in these lists are in the handwriting of a single person).

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with the idea that perhaps seeing the Indians kill Capt. Bailey when the Quick family was taken, that they were killing all the rest - when in fact none of his father's family were killed; & that Wm. Quick returned to Kentucky - & the rest remaining in Detroit & settling in Canada, lost sight of each other - & he may have been the child never found or recovered.” The James Quick mentioned here just may be the man whose notice appears in early Virginia records or the man who appears in early Kentucky census records. See *Other Quicks in Kentucky, 1789-1801.*

The captives and plunder were ferried over the river in the pirogues a little at a time. It was a struggle as the water was high. The horses were led swimming tied head to tail. Having reached the north shore, the Indians packed down the horses and perched the children on top of the baggage. Then they all marched together towards the Scioto. It was noon now. Having missed their breakfast the children were hungry.

The next day travelers on the river spied turkey vultures circling the cabin on Kennedy's Bottom and reported the sightings at Limestone. Horsemen riding out from the town a few days later to investigate found the corpses of Kennedy and Bailey where they had fallen, stripped of all clothing, scalped and horribly picked by the ravenous birds. In time a few details of the event found their way to the larger settlements. In Louisville on 6 March a short account of the capture was published in the *Kentucky Gazette*.<sup>14</sup> On 24 March Gen. Harmar reported to Knox, the Secretary of War that

The Indians still continue to murder and plunder the inhabitants, especially the boats going up and down the Ohio River. About the beginning of this month, they broke up Kenton's Station, a small settlement of fifteen miles above Limestone, killing and capturing the whole of the people, supposed to be ten or twelve in number.<sup>15</sup>

This report was of course in error in one respect. The place was Kennedy's Bottom not Kenton's Station.

In early April Harmar finally got his expedition under way. He set out from Fort Washington with 100 regular soldiers and 230 Kentucky volunteers and marched along the north shore of the Ohio River to the Shawnee rendezvous at Hanging Rock. But the camp being deserted and the cookingfires long since cold, he ordered the army home.

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14 A microfilm copy of the original newspaper article (*Kentucky Gazette*, 6 March 1790, page 2) is owned by the Public Library, Lexington, Kentucky. No names are mentioned.

15 Lowrie and Clarke, eds., *American State Papers, Indian Affairs*, 1 (Washington, 1832), 91. Harmar was mistaken as to the name of the station. The station established by Simon Kenton was on Lawrence's Creek just southwest of Limestone.