

1806 – Going West – Journal by Nancy Lybrook (Fiction)

We are going West. We are going to Indiana Territory. Father and John and Jacob went out last summer. They built a log cabin and cleared enough land for a field of corn. Dad came home, but John and Jacob stayed to harvest the corn, and just live there. Dad says we will be leaving in just a week, and it will take us about a month to get there.



Blackwater River Valley and Cahas Mountain – where Nancy lived in Virginia

I've decided that I will keep a "journal" of our trip (I heard someone say that is what girls write – a journal) – so I can remind myself some day what it all was like. Mother says that will be a good idea, that I will want to keep it with me forever. She also says that I'd better tell some about me, since this might be read by someone else when I get older, maybe lots older, maybe even one of my own grandchildren. I am Nancy Lybrook. I am just 14 years old, which mother says is a fine age to see all the things that we will see. My father is Philip Lybrook. He was a ranger on the frontier, and during the American Revolution, he watched the Shawnee Warpath, which goes clear over to their homelands in Ohio. That's the same route that we are going to take as we go west. His father was also a ranger, and lived over in Sinking Creek, on the other side of Brush Mountain. He did not get caught in the massacre at Drapers Meadows, even when the Shawnee were hunting for him. After that, he moved over here east of the Blue Ridge. Mother was Anna Miller before she got married, daughter of the Dunker Elder, Jacob Miller. He moved down here from Maryland, when mother was about 9 years old. I have 3 big sisters and 4 brothers that are older than me. I have 5 younger sisters, with Susannah being just a tiny baby. I must admit, while it is exciting to think of

this long trip, and many of my cousins and friends will be going on the trip with us, I will be leaving my home here in Virginia, and sometimes when I think about it, I'm about ready to cry.

Uncle John and Aunt Phoebe Miller, Uncle Tobias and Aunt Sarah Miller and Uncle Joseph and Aunt Eve Kingery are already there on the Four Mile Creek, where we are going. They went out there years ago, even before Grandpa Jacob Miller moved to Dayton in Ohio. Uncle Joseph Kingery has taken land on the Four Mile Creek, and Uncle John Miller took land south of there on Indian Creek. Uncle Tobias is renting some land in Ohio, but he is dickering for land near Uncle John. They say the land is good, but very wet. But of course, forest land is wet, and they say that draining the land makes it dry and very fertile.



early picture – Brethren Travel

We are going West.. We are taking 2 wagons, with the big Belgium Horses to pull them. Mother is going to take the good furniture with us, but father says we can't take everything, that he is only going to take the two wagons. Baltzer and Philip Jr will be riding a couple of the other horses, but we girls will mostly be riding in the wagons. The boys are helping drive the cattle and hogs for the trip. Mother is most concerned about the baby, Susannah. She says we have to look out for the little girls. There are a lot us, all going together. My big sister Barbara, and her husband, Jacob Kingery, and their three children, Joseph, Elizabeth and Katherine, will take one wagon. My sister, Elizabeth, got married to her boy friend, William Moss, just after Christmas, because they knew we were planning to go, and his father, Edmund Moss, and family are moving with us. Nancy Moss and I are almost the same age, and good friends. I'll have a couple good friends with me.

Let me list some of the families who are going with us. Most of mother's family are going to the Four Mile. Aaron Darst, son of Aunt Mary, says he will go to the Four Mile. John Miller and Tobias Miller are already there, well, Tobias lives over in Ohio. Isaac Miller married Hannah Webb, they are going with her Webb families to Greene Co OH. Aaron Miller married Elizabeth Hardman, and they are going to the Four Mile, but her family is going only to Dayton Ohio. Daniel and Abraham Miller are going to live with their brother, John. Daniel is interested in Elizabeth Shideler, and Abraham in Nancy Huston, but neither have gotten married yet. Nancy used to be nice, but more recently she is so besot on Abraham, that everything she says ends up talking about him. She needs to be married, but she is still pretty young. She's just a year older than I am, and her dad will not give permission. She says that she would rather be taking care of her own babies, than spend all her time taking care of her mother's babies. I sure hope that I never get to be like she is, I've too many things to be interested in.

With Joseph Kingery already on the Four Mile Creek, and Jacob Kingery going with us. Their father: Jacob Kingery, and most of his family are going also. Martin Kingery and Michael Kingery are going with us, but only to Greene Co OH, with the rest of their wife's family – the Webbs, and Elizabeth, who is married to Edmund Sumpter, is staying here in Virginia. That only leaves John and Anne Kingery, and Samuel and Sarah Kingery, and the young brother, Abraham Kingery, who are going on to the Four Mile with their father. Three of the Huston brothers are going out to the Four Mile Creek: James, Samuel and Thomas Jr, and their families. They will be near where their cousins, Matthew and Thomas Huston live in Butler Co OH. James and Samuel have taken a section of land between them in Ohio, but Thomas decided to go too late to get land before we leave. Elder Peter Eikenberry is going with us to Preble County OH, where his brother, Henry went a few years ago, a little town called Gratis. Brother Peter has taken land on the Four Mile, on an Indian Road there, but he is going to live over near his brother. Their father, Elder Peter Eichenberry is going with them, since his wife, Fronica, just died last year, but most of his children are staying here in Virginia. Two Landis brothers were going to go with us, but David's wife just had a baby, and they say they will go out in a year or so, when the baby is a little bigger (OK, their baby is brand new, and my sister, Susannah, is a couple months old, but Susannah is with us.). Daniel Landis and Rebecca Landis, with her husband, David Shideler, are going on with us to the Four Mile. Daniel's daughter, Sarah, is one of my friends. Several of their brothers and sisters are moving to Preble Co Ohio, but not over to the Four Mile.

There are a lot of people moving west with us. I haven't tried to count the wagons. Plans are to follow the route the Toneys have used when they went out into the mountains to dig 'sang (Oh, that's Ginseng – they sell it down toward Richmond, for a lot of money. I asked why it brought a lot of money, and father said that it is shipped clear across the ocean, to the Chinese, that they used it a lot, that they thought it made them well and strong. I asked why we didn't go dig 'sang, and father told me about how back some 20 years ago, that the Shawnee Indians killed a lot of the Toney women and children, in the summer camp there in the mountains near the Shawnee Warpath. The men were digging back in the woods, and didn't hear the Indians till it was too late.)

We will cross the Blue Ridge at Adney Gap, where Grandpa Jacob Miller used to live. Then we will go down into the New River valley to Blacksburg, and follow it west to the mountains. Our first goal is Uncle Jake Miller's home and John Toney's house, at Giles County. We will go through the gap there, then leave the New River before we get to the New River Gorge and its

horrible roads. We will cross the ridge and follow the old Shawnee Indian Warpath road, down the Coal River. That is where the twin Toney brothers live, Carey and Poindexter, at a place they call Bloomingrose, where so many of the Toneys were killed by Indians. John Toney had land there, but all his children were killed, and he does not go back there, but the twins did, even though Poindexter's wife was one of those killed.. Mary Toney, John's girlfriend (my brother John, John Lybrook), wanted to go out with us, since John and Jacob stayed out there in Indiana Territory when father came back for us. Her mother says that would not be appropriate – that a girl does not chase clear across the country after a man, that if it really is to be, he will come back for her. I don't know, I think I would want to "chase" after my man, if he were suddenly gone, but my mother agrees with her mother, so I guess I don't have much choice in the matter. Mary's mother, Susannah Toney, had her boyfriend killed by the Indians, before they could get married.

We will go on down the Coal River, to where it flows back into the New River (it is called "the Kanawha" down there, that was the Indian name for the New River), it goes on to the Ohio River near Gallipolis (that's a French town, settlers who fled for their lives, from that awful revolution they are having in France, and who came to Ohio). We will use the ferry at Gallipolis. They say the Kanawha Trace goes from there clear across the new state of Ohio, clear to Indiana Territory. It's a blazed trail, widened some, and parts of it being Indian trails that were widened for Army cannon. We'll be following it with the wagons. It sounds exciting, and scary. I don't think we will meet any Indians, at least, I hope not.

Day 1

We're started. It has taken us all day, just to climb the mountain, up to where Grandpa Jacob Miller had his cabin, up here in the Gap. I've been up here before, back when grandpa lived here, that was about 5-6 years ago that he left, and moved out to Ohio. I started to look back down the Blackwater River Valley, down toward Cahas Mountain. I could even see where our house was, then it hit me – I'll never see it again – and I started to just bawl. No, I'm not going to look that way again. That's



Adney Gap on the Blue Ridge Mts – Cahas Mt in distance

not home any more, I'll never be back, no matter how old I might get, even if I get as old as old Jacob Kingery, or Elder Peter Eikenberry. I'll spend the rest of my life, there in Indiana Territory, there on the Four Mile Creek. I might get to go to Grandpa Miller's house, there near Dayton, but that will be a whole day of traveling, just to go there from our place in Indiana Territory. I wasn't the only one bawling, Nancy Moss was standing with me, we were hanging onto each other, and both of us were crying. I even saw tears in mother's eyes, and she wasn't the only one. I haven't counted them, but father says there are 20 wagons of us traveling together. I'll tell you, there are a lot, and they are full. The horses have to pull so hard. It seems the folks that are using oxen are having better traveling than we do with the horses. The other thing is that the oxen move even slower than the horses. I found that I could get out of the wagon and walk, and go as fast as the wagons were going. The little girls wanted to get out with me, and mother almost ordered me to get back in the wagon, but I worked it out with her, that I would help with one at a time, and then bring her back to the wagon, before it got ahead of us. Others of the little children saw me, and now Nancy Moss, Nancy Huston, Catherine Shideler and others of the bigger girls have to help with the children of some of the younger families – who had babies to tend, and little children that wanted to walk along with us.

Day 3 – I'm not writing every day -

Yesterday we came down off the Blue Ridge, we followed the road that crossed the Gap, and down into Montgomery County, to Blacksburg, where we are today. The road was not too bad, it is used

frequently and has most of the worst places leveled out. The road wound down the mountain along a stream, that kept getting bigger and wetter all the time. We stayed up from the banks of the stream, and only a few times had to ford it. We only had a couple bad places on the road. Several of us girls helped with the smaller children. They get so tired if they have to stay in the wagon all the time, well, we do too, so it was nice to be able to get out and play a little.



The New River

Here at Blacksburg we came to the New River, and we will be following the road that goes along it. Some of the men said that most of the way, we will find some kind of road to travel on, maybe not quite as good as this, but we won't have to cut our own road, like some had to do not many years ago. Blacksburg is a little town, barely more than the inn, called Shannons, a couple stores, a church and some houses. It is on the Great Wagon Road, coming all the way down from Philadelphia Pennsylvania. The Great Wagon Road is not used as much this way, going to Tennessee, as it is north of Big Lick, up through the Valley. (Oh, they are beginning to call Big Lick by the name of its river, Roanoke.) Then too, many of the folks go through the gap at Big Lick, and take the Carolina Road, going past our old home, going to the Yadkin River.

The New River is said to be an unusual river. It flows north out of the Carolinas, then here at Blacksburg it turns west, and goes clear through the mountains to the Ohio River. That's where we

are going, but we won't be staying along it all the way. Blacksburg is here at the north end of Walker Mountain – one of those small mountains that are down here in the Valley, between the big mountains. The New River comes north, down the east side of Walker Mountain, between the Blue Ridge Mountains and Walker Mountain. We came down the Blue Ridge Mountain, coming directly here to Blacksburg and the New River.

Elder Peter Eikenberry told us, that south of here a few miles was a place on the New River, called “Dunker Bottom”, that 60 years ago, Alexander Mack Jr (the son of the founder of our church) and the Eckerlin Brothers, came down here from Pennsylvania. Alexander Mack Jr went back the Great Wagon Road, to Germantown in Pennsylvania, that he had a vision from God, that the Indians were going to hit here, and they did after he left. The Eckerlin Brothers got kidnapped by the Indians and taken to Montreal Canada, and never came back, although that happened after they left here, after they had moved back somewhere in western Pennsylvania.

Day 4 – we came through “the Narrows” and are at Uncle Jake Miller’s house –

“the Narrows” is where the New River runs through a gap at the end of Walker Mountain. The road gets pushed right up to the bank of the river. Others went on to Glen Lyn, which is what John Toney calls his place. John Toney has a brick house, right where East River flows into the New River from the south, and there in the same valley, the Greenbriar River flows in from the North (a “greenbriar” is that green thorny vine that you find in the big woods – there must be a lot of them, up there in that mountain valley – to give the river that name!) John Toney’s two story brick house is the first that anyone has built here in the valleys west of the Blue Ridge. He and his wife came back here after the Indian Massacre on Coal River. They lost all their children in the massacre. They have one son since, that’s all they have as living children. John was in the Continental Line in the Revolution, but he refused to go north when their unit was called up to fight at New York. So he wasn’t there that horrible winter at Valley Forge. But being in the Continental Line was where he got this large land grant. I don’t know why they call it “East River”, unless it is because it is “east” of the high Appalachian Mountains west of here.

Elder Peter Eikenberry held Sunday worship for us here at Uncle Jake Miller’s place.

Day 7 – we met the rest of our group at Peters’ Ferry – and are now going on together –

It took us quite a while for all 20 wagons and our animals to cross over the New River, and the group from John Toney’s house were ahead of us. By noon we were at the edge of Peters’ town and we were heading into the deep valley of the New River. By evening we were at Pack’s Ferry, where we have to cross the New River again. The road isn’t bad, but the steep hills on each side don’t leave much space for a road, and here the hill pushes clear up to the river. It took us most of the next morning to ferry this crowd across the river. A couple hours on up the New River, we had to cross the Blue Stone River. We forded it by going back a ways from the New River, where the Blue Stone was mostly just water running over bed rock. The water wasn’t too deep, maybe a foot or so, but running swift down off the hills, so we kept in the wagons. We could see Indian River come in to the New river from the north. It looks real rough. I’m glad we are on the south bank.

We went on a couple more hours, to where Packs live and stopped for the night. Today we left the river bottom and climbed up to the ridge of the mountain, it doesn't look so far, but it was quite a slow climb. When I look back down, from up here on the ridge, I can see way down the New River Valley – almost to Pack's Ferry. From here, it looks like an awful long way. After all, it has taken us 2 days to get here.

Day 10 – Carey Toney's place

We left Hervey's (some call it Beckley) and the New River to come down Coal River. We went down Mossey Creek (it used to be called Toney Creek, because it was where they camped one of



“Old Trail” at Beckley WV

their first summers out here). One branch of the Shawnee War Path came this way, and the Toney's (and us) use it.



Mossy Creek

Our first night we camped at a place called Rock Creek, and the second night at the house of a family named Pettus. It took us most of the third day to get to Bloomingrose, where the Toney's are. This was a rough road. The wagon wheels were all the time skidding on the rocks. It has been used, but it has only been widened from the Indian trail that it was originally. The Toney's have mostly used it with a horse train and not with wagons. The men have been talking, saying they should have taken the main trace, but Carey Toney told them about how rough that way was also. The New River runs through a deep Gorge for over 40 miles, and the trace stays up on the hills, away from it. Then the trace crosses Cotton Hill before it comes back to the river, below the falls. Cotton Hill is winding and steep for 2 miles up and 2 miles down. The trace comes back to the river below the Falls, below the Gauley River, and from there the New River is called the Kanawha River, all the way to the Ohio River. Carey Toney says that it was rough (and how!), but that we will have it easier from here on past Coal Mountain, where we will meet up again with the Kanawha River

Carey Toney was very interested in our talk about Indiana Territory. He said that he has really been considering coming out there too. Poindexter Toney, his twin brother (they both fought at the battle of Yorktown, in the Revolution, their older brother, Edmond, was a sergeant in the Bedford Militia), says that he is staying here on the Coal River. His first wife and a couple of their children were killed here in the massacre. He has remarried, and come back, but he is not going on. He has fixed his log cabin up nice. It is bigger than grandpa, Jacob Miller's cabin, there at the Gap on the headwaters of the Blackwater River.



This is a “dogtrot” cabin. It is a double cabin, two cabins facing each other, and their roofs covering the porch floor out from the end of each cabin. He used stones to make both of his fireplaces, and they are big enough to roast a whole hog in each. The one side is the kitchen with its large fireplace, there are cranes for two and even three iron pots, and the hog, all at one time. The spinning wheels for both wool and linen are on this side. This is the women’s cabin side, the girls sleep in the loft overhead. In the other cabin is the parlor sitting, visitors and the boys sleep here. The loom is back in the corner on this side. This is a really neat cabin, there is room for a big family. I wonder if I will ever have anything this nice.

Since this my journal, and only for me, I will say that I do think Carey Toney’s oldest son, Poindexter, is a real good looking man. I think I could fall for him real easy, but I won’t. I’m not going to be as silly as Nancy Huston. Besides, he lives here in the mountains, and we are going far west of here. I don’t think I will ever see him again (unless his father Does move out to Indiana Territory, some day!)

Day 14 – the Kanawha River

Before we left the Toney’s, Elder Peter Eikenberry held Sunday worship for us again.

The road going down the Coal River was much worse than we have had before. The Toney’s had kept a decent road going east up across Mossey Creek and down to John Toney’s place. From here on, going west, the road was mostly what General Lewis and his army used, when they fought the Shawnees, down at the Ohio River at Point Pleasant (funny name, for a battle). It has gullies that have cut deep across it, and the wagons have to be eased across them, trees have fallen across it, and we have to stop and cut them to open the road. The road been used the last few years, even over the Ohio River, like we’re doing, but it is not good.

We had to stop the whole day, down at a place they call Alum Creek (the water tastes funny). Three spokes on Samuel Huston’s wagon wheel broke, when it slipped off a rock. The men had to take the wheel off, then they found that the spare wheel, on the back of the wagon, was not good

and couldn't take the wagon's weight, so they made new spokes, and rebuilt both wheels. It was a lot of work. It was nice for us to take a little rest. We set up a fire and roasted a deer that Samuel Kingery had killed. We had a feast. The children loved playing freely around the clearing where we pulled off into.



The day before we saw a black bear with her cubs. They chased back off the roadway, but stayed close, with the mother bear growling all the time while we passed. There was a large blackberry patch there, they had been eating berries. No, we did not get out of the wagons to pick any berries.

Just before we came to the Kanawha River, the Coal River had a mountain directly in front of us. The Coal River turned right, around the end of the Coal River ridge, and there was the Kanawha. The Coal River by now was as big as the New River had been, and now as the Kanawha River, the New River has become even larger, and it flows flat and steady. Some of the men, who have been ahead, say that as large as the Kanawha is, the Ohio River is much larger. They say it will take us three more days, for us to go down the Kanawha to the Ohio River.

Day 18 – the Ohio River

We are out of the mountains when we got to the Kanawha River. There are ridges to both sides of the river, but it runs nearly flat all the way to the Ohio. There were streams and gullies we had to cross, some cut fairly deep into the road, and we were often slow, as the men had to double hitch teams to pull the wagons out of the ditches. We are on the road on the south side of the Kanawha, although General Lewis had another road on the north side. I don't know, maybe he went west on one side, and back east on the other, or maybe part of his army went on each side, or maybe the one



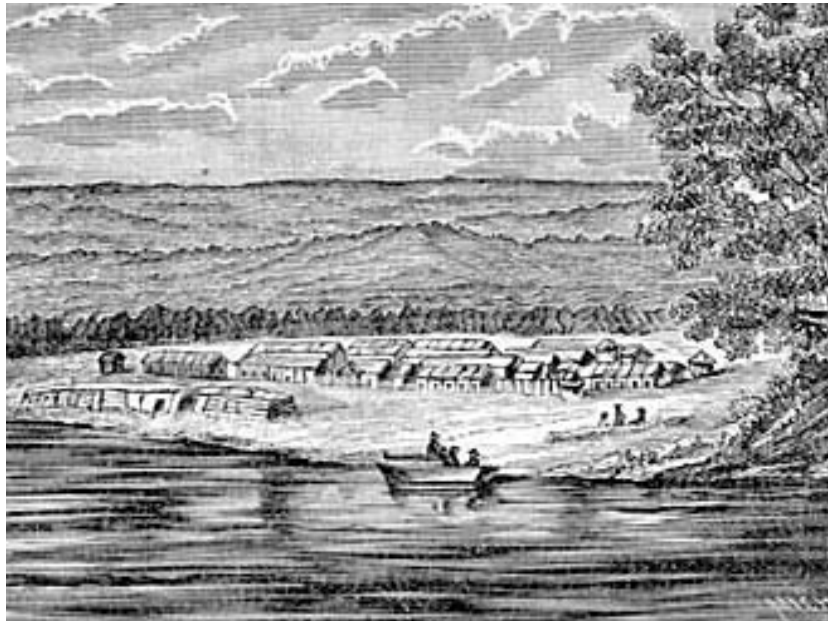
road is not his army road. I don't know that anyone knows, although they say that Poindexter Toney was in the battle at Point Pleasant. It was on the other side of the Kanawha River, at the Ohio River.

The Ohio River is BIG. They say it is almost a half mile across, and it looks it. We will take the ferry across, and it will take almost the whole day. The ferry will take one wagon at a time, with the horses having to swim, being tied behind the ferry. Baltzar said that he was going to ride his own horse across the river, but Dad put a stop to that. We are going to ride the ferry with the wagon, but all of us will be out of the wagon, on the ferry deck.

I'm really sort of scared. It is such a big river. I went down to some stones on the bank, right at the edge of the water. You can see the river moving – and SO MUCH Water. I thought the Kanawha was a big river, but this is HUGE. I hope no one has trouble. They say this water started way up in the Mountains in Pennsylvania. It has come a lot farther than we have. It moves so slowly, and so fast, all together. I wonder if it took as long to get here, as we took to get here. Or maybe, it took longer than we did. I took a drop on my finger, and then wondered what it could tell me of where it started, and what it has seen as it came down to here.

Gallipolis is hardly a more than a town. We saw bigger towns, back home, and as we came through bigger towns in the Valley. Just think, when we cross the Ohio River into Gallipolis, we will be in the new state of Ohio, and no longer in Virginia. We have been almost three weeks, traveling west in Virginia, crossing the Virginia Mountains.

Gallipolis is an almost new city, and it looks it. It is only 15 years old. Dad said that the people that came here were French, running away from the horrible Revolution they had there. He said that it was much worse than our Revolution, that some people just cut the heads off anyone they didn't like, with a huge falling knife, called a guillotine. They cut off the heads of the King and Queen, and many of the ruling people. These were some of the aristocrats who would have gotten their heads cut off, they ran away, and came here. And now, a little chubby man, named Napoleon, is the King of France, no, he is the First Citizen of France, or something like that. Some of the houses still are those early houses. They made them with bark, almost like the houses the Indians built. Gallipolis is the Latin word (see, I have studied my Latin!) meaning "City of Gauls". Another name for the France is Gaul (that too is Latin).



Gallipolis
On the
Ohio River
Early
drawing

Day 20 – on Raccoon Creek

It was funny, walking in Gallipolis. These people do not dress like we do. The men wear a type of bulky pants and fancy jacket, and the women have funny dresses. Some of the children even wear clothes like that. I heard the people talking, and the way they were pointing their fingers, they were talking of us, and I could not understand a word they said. They were talking French! Here in America, they were talking French! OK, I know what Dad meant, he said that the Indians do not speak English, they speak their own language. Then he said that one tribe of the Indians may not know what another tribe is saying. Then he showed me some funny finger movements, and said that was a common sign language that all the Indians use. There were some Indians, standing back among the houses of the town and one answered back with finger movements. Dad said they were Shawnees, that was the main Indian tribe here in Ohio. They don't wear much in clothes. I never realized before, that people could be so different. Yet, when I saw the children playing, these French children play almost like my brothers and sisters. In fact, while we waited for the rest of the wagons to be brought over, they played With my brothers and sisters, even if they didn't understand what each other said. I guess People are just People, no matter where they are from, and no matter

how they speak and dress, people are people. God made us all. That would be true of these French, here in Gallipolis, and even the Indians, here in Ohio, and the ones over in Indiana Territory, too.



Ohio River – at Gallipolis

It was a long days work, ferrying the wagons over the Ohio River. We used 2 ferry boats. The ferry boat is hardly more than planks laid across a couple tree trunks. The wagon had to be pulled up on the ferry by a couple planks laid over to the bank of the river, then all the men took poles and paddles to push the ferry out on the river, and paddle it across. It drifted far downstream from where they started. The landing was right here at Gallipolis, so they started up near the mouth of the Kanawha. The wagon had to be pulled up to the bank here at Gallipolis, it took all the men pulling on ropes, to get the wagon up the planks. Then they pushed off from the Ohio shore, and landed far downstream of Gallipolis. Ropes were tied to the ferry, and it was pulled upstream on the Virginia shore, and the next wagon was rolled onto the ferry. Remember, we have 20 wagons. It took all day.

Dad and the other men bought supplies for our wagons. We had used up a lot of food in 3 weeks, and now we were starting out across Ohio country, going to Indian country (that's what Indiana means, Latin again).

Gallipolis is sort of protected. The town is high and dry, but there is a huge swamp west of the town where the river backs up the creek. There were lots of mosquitoes. We had to go way north, along the banks of the Ohio River, to get to where a roadway turned west. There was a valley that way, but the stream going down it, was a swamp going into the Ohio River. The road we are on is what General Lewis built, after the battle at Point Pleasant, he crossed the river and pushed the

Indians back to their main city, Chillicothe. He had cannon on wheels, so he built a road that we are following. That's where we are going next, and it is the capitol of this new state of Ohio. It uses the Indian name, Chillicothe. Dad said that Chillicothe is a Shawnee Indian name, meaning "principal town" – that there are several "Chillicothe's" here in Ohio. The road follows the Chicamauga Creek (another of the Shawnee Indian names). We left the creek and followed down to another creek, where we soon came to a family by the name of Woods. They had a mill on Raccoon creek where we bought some flour and corn meal.

We spent the night here, and have set out for Chillicothe

Day 25 – Chillicothe

The second day after leaving Woods, we came to a stream where the very water tasted of salt. Salt was actually dry beside the stream. We stopped long enough to collect several buckets of dry salt. Salt is important to keeping meat, and it makes many things taste better



Original Capitol Building – at Chillicothe OH

It took us a couple more days before we crossed the Scioto River on the Kilgore Ferry. The Scioto River is not a wide river, nowhere like the Ohio River. It is deep and flows fast here at Chillicothe. We could not try to ford the river. One very unusual thing is here, that has really caught my



Mound City – Chillicothe OH

attention. There was a dirt fort just below where the Ferry is. It has high dirt walls, 20 feet tall, in the shape of a square. It is all covered with huge trees. It has a roadway going north, with tall trees growing in the roadway, it is well marked with dirt walls on each side of the road that are about 6 feet tall. They say the road goes about 50 miles. They say that the Indians do not know who built the fort or the roads, calling them “the ancient people”. They told us that the Zane Trace goes through another set of dirt mounds and dirt fort walls just before it crosses the Scioto River north of town. They also said that north of town, there is a whole field full of dirt mounds. They say people have dug into the mounds and found unusual things, like a whole sheet made up of tiny shells, where a couple people were buried, where their skeletons were, and there were queer animal shaped pieces of mica, and even stone pipes in the shape of animals or birds. There are stone spear heads and stones used to pound corn into meal. They say that as we go west (we will be following the Zane Trace for a day or so) that we will see many more mounds of dirt, some of them nearly as tall as a tree. They say all of these are very ancient, that there are trees growing on them that are 6 feet through, that the trees would have to be at least 300 years old, to be that big. This seems to be a whole city of ancient people, that nobody knows anything about -just dirt walls and odd pieces of shaped stone. I wonder what they were like?

Chillicothe is the capitol of the new state of Ohio. It is little more than a town, but out here on the frontier – yes, frontier – it is an important center. The Zane Trace comes into the town from the

northeast. It crosses the Scioto River north of town. The Kanawha Trace comes into the town from the southeast. It crosses the Scioto River at the Kilgore Ferry south of town. These make Chillicothe a very important town here on the frontier. If you consider our roads back in Virginia, do not even consider either of these Traces as a road. Ebenezer Zane cut the trace that goes by his name just 7 years ago. It goes from Fort Henry on the Ohio River, often called Wheeling, up in a corner of Virginia near Washington Co PA. It goes west to the Muskingum River, then angles southwest through Chillicothe to the Ohio River at Limestone in Kentucky. It is very like the Kanawha trace, being little more than an open path cut through the forest. They even leave the stumps sticking up for a half foot above the ground, high enough that a couple men can use the crosscut saw to cut the tree. Sometimes stones were rolled into the streams which are crossed, so that wagons do not get stuck in the mud. It is about all that the horses can do, to pull the wagons. It is very slow travel. We were traveling fast over in Virginia.

Day 32 – Great Miami River

We went west from Chillicothe along Paint Creek, following the Zane Trace. At Elijah Johnson's we turned off north and went up a valley between two ridges. At the end of the day, we came back to Paint Creek, below the new town of Greenfield. Paint Creek was rock bottomed, and easy to cross. Going west the next day, we came to Leisburg, a couple houses and a tavern for the night. It took us two days to get to the Quaker town, Wilmington. Just out of Wilmington, we had to go down into a deep cut to Caesar's Creek. It took us most of the day, just to go down to the creek, and then come back out on the other side. The men actually put a limb through the back wheels to make them slide and not turn in going down. It took double teams to pull the wagons up out of the cut. Then we came down to the Little Miami River at Waynesville.



Post Office Building – Franklin OH – on Great Miami River

Today we came through Springboro to the Great Miami River at Franklin. Grandpa met us as we came to the river. Aunt Susannah and the English Preacher, Samuel Boltin, were with him. They live about 20 miles north of here on the river, across from the town of Dayton. They came down in an Indian canoe. Grandpa's wife, Elizabeth, had died several years ago, and grandpa had married dad's older sister, Susannah Lybrook, just before moving west.

The Great Miami River is almost as big as the Kanawha River in Virginia. It took us most of the day to ferry the wagons across the river. William Barkalow has a new ferry over the river at his house. It barely held one wagon. Several times, it looked almost like the wagon was going to roll off the ferry. The men took the horses and cattle over at the ford just below the ferry. Dad took us across the river in grandpa's canoe, so we didn't have to ride the wagon. After they were across the river, the wagons were driven up to Mr Tapscott's place for the night. Mr Tapscott is a Baptist preacher and knows grandpa and Mr Boltin.

Do you realize, we are almost there? We have crossed the Great Miami River, before they made the state of Ohio, this was Indiana Territory. We will stay here tomorrow, for the Sunday service. With three preachers, there will be a lot of preaching. There should be quite a crowd.

Day 40 – We’re HERE!

We didn’t start on from Tapscott’s till Monday morning. We got to the Twin Creek about noon. We went along side of Twin Creek for a ways, then climbed out of it and went on to near Gratis by night. This is where the Eikenberrys had their properties. Peter Eikenberry and Henry Shideler stopped there.

The next day, the rest of us went on to a town called Eaton. Eaton is at Fort St Clair. It is on Seven Mile Creek, we are going to Four Mile Creek. They are named that, because General Anthony Wayne, of the Revolution, led an army against the Indians here, about 10 years ago. He went up along the Great Miami River from Fort Hamilton, he crossed one river after going four miles, and named it the Four Mile. He crossed another river seven miles from Fort Hamilton and named it the Seven Mile. He came north along it to Fort St Clair as he was marching against the Indians. Governor St Clair had the fort built here, along with another one north of here, Fort Jefferson. That was before his disastrous defeat at Fort Recovery. General Wayne marched north to Fort Jefferson, then built the big fort at Fort Greenville. That is where the peace treaty was signed ten years ago. He named this side of the Great Miami River “Indiana” – “Indian Country”. Three years ago the State of Ohio was formed, so now we are in Indiana Territory. Our small Indiana Territory section, in the Treaty lands, is open for settlers. It is called “the Gore”. That’s where we will live.

We spent the night here at Eaton. We had a number of people meet us at Eaton. John and Jake were here. Mother’s brother, John Miller, and her brother-in-law, Joseph Kingery, both were here, with their families. Aunt Eve Kingery brought her new baby, Sarah. Sarah is real cute and I got to hold her for a while.

We went west along a trail that goes to John Conner’s trading post on the Whitewater River. Just after we got into Indiana Territory, at a little settlement called Boston, we turned south to our properties. Some of us are going to live here in our settlement, some are going on south about 10 miles to where John Miller and Joseph Kingery live. We are all on the Four Mile Creek.

Later –

It is hard living here on the frontier. Yes, we live in a log cabin, not a regular house, but at least, we have a puncheon floor (split wood floor). There is so much work, it seems you can never get everything done. I’ve heard a statement that I think really is true: “A man works from Sun to Sun; a woman’s work is never done!” The men go out to work as soon as it is light enough to see, they come in after it gets dark enough they can’t see anymore. But we women have to have food ready for them before they go out and they come in at dark, eat and go up to the loft to sleep. Yet we still have to clean things up before we can climb up to the loft and sleep. Maybe we don’t have the hard work that they do, but we have food to cook, in the fireplace. We have the garden to hoe and harvest. We have the cows to milk and butter to make. We have the children to tend, and the house to keep clean. We have to make thread on the spinning wheels, and make the thread into cloth on the loom, then make the cloth into clothes and everything else. From harvest, we have all the food to preserve for winter and spring. It never ends, but I guess the men can say the same about their work. There is always cutting more forest trees, and digging out stump roots, plowing and planting the ground, keeping the weeds out and then the harvesting. All life is, is work!

John and Jake have already taken lands north of Dad's, on the Indiana side of the state line. Baltzer has claimed the land south of Dad's. John, Jacob and Baltzer all are not married yet. They will build their cabins and clear on their land, but I bet they come to Dad's house a lot, for cooking, if for nothing else. John is very interested in Fanny Toney, back in Virginia. William Moss has claimed land west of Jake's. His father, Edmund Moss, has claimed land west of us. Daniel Miller took the land next south of Edmund Moss. Daniel isn't married yet either, but he has gotten very interested in Elizabeth Shideler. Daniel Shideler has claimed land northwest of William Moss. There is one of those old Indian mounds on his land. That makes up our settlement.

Uncle John Miller, Uncle Tobias Miller and a good friend, William Crawford, all married sisters and live south along Indian Creek (well, Uncle Tobias will move there, as soon as he can work things out). Uncle Joseph Kingery lives on Four Mile Creek in Ohio just north of Uncle John. Uncle Joseph's father, Jacob Kingery, has taken land west of him, in Indiana Territory. The Huston brothers, James and Samuel, have the land north of Uncle Joseph, in Ohio. The other brother, Thomas Huston, has taken land north of Jacob Kingery. Abraham and Jacob Darst have taken lands just west of Uncle John. There are a couple other families come in down there. Samuel Doty lives just east of Uncle Joseph. He built a root cellar to live in at first, because of the Indians. Thomas and Samuel Huston, cousins of our John, Samuel and Thomas Huston, already live just north of Samuel Doty. A Peter Ridenour also lives there, on Four Mile Creek just west of the Hustons. There is one of those old Indian mounds on Peter Ridenour's land.

He came early, about the time Uncle Tobias came, but his land was right on the Indian Road and there was an Indian Village at a trading post where the Four Mile Creek forks, so he went on down to near Fort Hamilton. Now that we are here, he has come back up. He has a Peckerwood Mill on Four Mile Creek, so we can get flour easy. A Peckerwood Mill is just a small tree, with its root section hollowed out like a big spoon, with a stone placed in the trunk up a ways. The tree is balanced on rocks below one of the small waterfalls on Four Mile Creek. The water goes into the spoon, which lifts the end with the rock. The water spills out, and the rock falls into a stump Mr Ridenour has there. The grain is in that stump, and gets crushed by the falling rock. The water fills the spoon again, and it continues pounding the grain into flour.

The men got together and opened a wagon road along Four Mile Creek, all the way to the Ridenour Mill and to the Brethren families there on Lower Four Mile Creek. Grandpa is going to come out and help us get a church organized here of the Four Mile.

A Christopher Witter has come to where the Indian Road crosses the Four Mile Creek, about half way down, at the north edge of the Miller settlement. He is Brethren, from Lancaster County Pennsylvania. He is a deacon. He has a daughter, Mary, who is my age. West of us, on the Whitewater River, is a Brethren Family, a Daniel Fiant. His wife is the daughter of the Elder of the Oley Church in Pennsylvania. They have been here for 4 years already. They came before the land was opened for settlement. They are what is called "squatters", which doesn't mean a thing—they are nice anyway.

There are Indians around. There is a regular village of Miami Indians west of us on the Whitewater River. They are frequently seen around, usually asking for something to eat. There is an outcropping of flint down near Abraham Darst's land, on Indian Creek. The Indians have a camp

site there, where they stop and make arrow heads and other tools out of the stone. There are lots of broken pieces lying around. Dad says that it is a poor grade of flint, that it breaks easy, but that it is the only flint anywhere around that the Indians tell of. Over east of Dad's land, in Ohio, there is one area where Indians have camped many times. Dad says that you can tell, because the land there is black, from the ashes of so many campfires over the years.

I will finish my journal with this. I have found a very interesting young man living west of us. His name is John Nelson. His father just moved there, on the Indian Road. But, I'm not going to be as bad as Nancy Huston!

Nancy Lybrook married John Nelson the day after Christmas, December of 1809 (the year the Four Mile Church was founded). They lived north of his father, west of Kitchel. They were married in Preble Co OH. They had 11 children. They both died in the Typhoid Epidemic in 1858 and are buried there at Witt Cemetery..

Marie Lybrook Hart says that they gave the land for the Hanna's Creek Church. Church records say that John Nelson was on the church committee. Hanna's Creek Church was established in 1832, in the home of Joseph Nelson. It was established as a Disciples of Christ Church, which many of the Brethren joined following the Great Revival of the 1820s.