

was built, which they called Ruddell's, they began to prepare for planting the next season.

In the following spring a company of 600 Indians and Canadians, and several pieces of artillery, made a raid into Kentucky. Simon Girty led the Indians and the whole force was under Captain Bird, an officer in the British army. They travelled down the Miami to the Ohio, thence to the Licking, up it as far as the Forks, where they left their boats, and then marched on to Ruddell's stockade.

The settlers knew nothing of the approach of the raiders until the 22nd of June, when the report of one of the field piece announced their arrival at the stockade. This is hard to understand, as the British were twelve days marching from the Licking to Ruddell's, having cleared a road the greater part of the way.

A summons to surrender was sent by Capt. Bird, to which Capt. Ruddell replied that he would consent on one condition, which was that the settlers should be under the protection of the British, and not allowed to be prisoners of the Indians. Capt. Bird agreeing to this, the gates were immediately thrown open. The Indians then rushed into the stockade, seizing the first persons they could lay hands on, and claiming them as prisoners. Capt. Ruddell remonstrated with Capt. Bird, who admitted he dare not interfere with them, as their number was so much greater than the regular troops.

After the settlers had been made prisoners, the Indians proposed proceeding to Martin's stockade, some five miles further, but Capt. Bird was so affected by their conduct that he refused unless their commander would pledge himself that the Indians would take no more prisoners. Agreeing to this, they marched on and took the stockade.

The Indians were so delighted with their success that they desired Capt. Bird to continue further, but he refused, owing to the difficulty of procuring provisions, and also the necessity of descending the Licking before the waters fell, which might be expected at any time.

As they decided to go no further, they returned to the forks of the Licking, where they had left their boats. Here the Indians, retaining their prisoners, separated from the rest of the company and proceeded up the Miami River, one group taking the male and another the female prisoners.

With the women and children was the wife of Leonard Kratz and her new born child. One evening as the young mother was struggling up the bank with her baby in her arms she stumbled and fell, striking its head on the roots of a tree, killing it instantly. She dug a little grave and buried her child, after which she was compelled to continue on with the other prisoners. At last, after a long and tedious journey, they arrived at Detroit.

The male prisoners, laden with the plunder of their own homes, were marched across the country, suffering all sorts of indignities from the Indians. Kratz had a huge copper kettle strapped to his back, the marks of which he carried to his grave. Rest was denied him, only at the price of sitting up against a tree with his kettle on his back. He would have died of hunger but for a squaw who, while the Indians were feasting on horseflesh, secured the entrails, which she gave him. They finally reached Detroit, where they were ransomed by Gen. Macomb, who paid their price in blankets. The sufferings endured by them on their march had rendered them unfit for work, so they were cared for by the authorities until they were able to look after themselves.