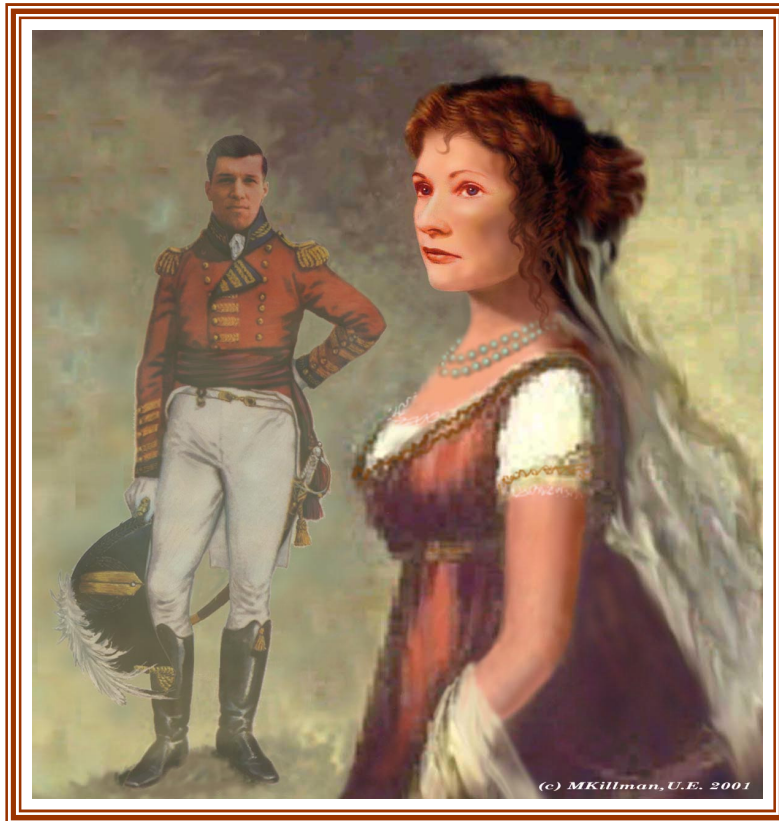


Polly

by Murray Killman, U.E.

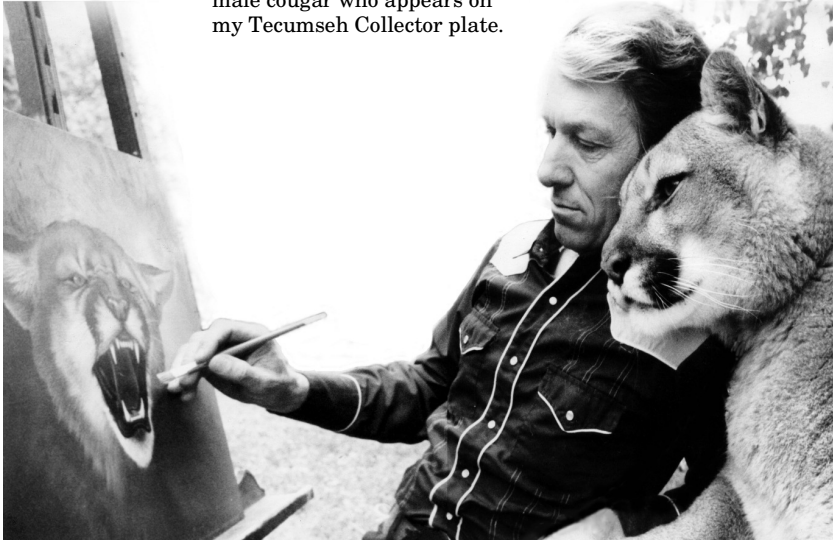


Born into both prestige and wealth as the grand daughter of one of the most powerful men in America, Polly was ill prepared to taste the bitter fruit of war.

Torn from her roots in 18th, century America, she would experience many grave disappointments. Undaunted, she would continue on her quest to regain and even surpass her youthful hopes and dreams.

This is the true story of Mary (Polly) Johnson, the Grand daughter of the famous militia General & Indian Superintendent, Sir William Johnson. Her father, Colonel Guy Johnson, played an important role in the struggle to save Canada, but fate was not as kind to him.

My chief subjects have been wildlife and history. I like to get as much information on a subject as possible, thus the need to own wildcats. This was my old pal Joey, a 250 lb male cougar who appears on my Tecumseh Collector plate.



The book Polly is the forth historical subject manuscript that I have produced, and in two cases I have written them in story form. This has caused some historians to label these works as fiction, due to the inclusion of dialogue and some minor bits of creative writing.

I make no apologies for taking artistic license with these subjects, and feel that they are as accurate as any biography is likely to be. I have not tinkered with any factual account where solid contemporary records exist. I have merely taken the authentic recorded facts and glued them together with some dialogue and the occasional trivial embellishment.

It is my contention that the stories of United Empire Loyalist struggles should be told, and preferably done in such a way as to make them an interesting read. In my opinion, there is limited readership for ultra dry scholastic documentary writing.

Murray Killman, U.E.

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ISBN 0-9694642-2-3

About the author...

The author, a seventh generation Canadian was born in Hamilton, Ontario in 1929. Murray became a professional artist in 1952. He resigned as the Creative Director of the Canadian subsidiary of the multi-national International Harvester Company in 1973. From there he went on to be a journalist and fine art painter specializing in wildlife and historical subjects. His paintings, art prints, collector plates, and an earlier non-fiction book that chronicled his Loyalist ancestor's story have enjoyed worldwide distribution.

Murray Killman, U.E. has used his United Empire Loyalist title with pride on all of his paintings. "Unity of the Empire," may be an out of date title, but it does identify his proud paternal roots. He is the descendant of a notorious "Butler's Ranger," a member of an irregular guerrilla army that struck pure terror across the northeastern colonial frontier. It is said that they gave Gen. Washington more trouble than a whole regiment of British regulars. The fact that his ancestor was a King's man was no secret, for the family had no reason to conceal this fact. They had been near neighbors of Sir William Johnson and were quick to join the Loyalist ranks when the rebellion began.

The same cannot be said for some of the author's maternal lines, for within their carefully concealed pedigree can be found some of his Tory grandfather's old enemies. One family in particular fits the exact description of the title of the first chapter in the author's book, "the Bostonians." Yes, after 200 years Murray discovered the truth and the record of another ancestor, a soldier in General George Washington's Continental army has been revealed. A New England root beginning in 1623. This grandparent enlisted in the Connecticut line of 1777-1781 and served with Captain Scovil's Company of the 4th Brigade of Connecticut State troops. This is probably not an unique situation, but it does put the author in the position of representing both sides in the American Revolution. That along with Native American and French blood does indeed remove the risk of a charge of bias.

The American Revolution split families right down the middle, pitting brother against brother and neighbor against neighbor. For more than a hundred years many families concealed their former allegiance, for fear of retribution. That was true of both Whigs and Loyalists when they immigrated into areas occupied by their former enemies. Close examination of the early populations in North America seems to reveal that the most obvious difference between those living in Canada, and those living in the United States, was largely geographical. The greatest single change had been land tenure, political ideology and power. The price for a republican

democracy below the 38th parallel had been very high, and for many it meant the loss of everything that was near and dear to them.

The author felt that Mary Johnson's story was an interesting example of what can happen to anybody, when their life is completely torn apart by circumstances beyond their control. When their very birthright, a long standing entitlement has been taken away from them forever.

The Johnson Family

William Johnson, the patriarch of the American branch of the family was born on his father's estate called Smithstown near Dublin, Ireland in 1715. In 1738 his uncle, Captain Peter Warren sent the twenty three-year-old to the Mohawk Valley of New York to manage his land interests. This was a property known as Warren's bush that contained an estimated 16,000 acres *6475 hectares* on the south side of the Mohawk River. Twelve tenant families came with the young Irishman, and it did not take him long to engage in trade, and acquire his own land. It was on land in what is now Amsterdam, New York, that he built his first house in 1739. Here he brought his first wife, Catherine Weisenberg, who had been an indentured German servant girl. Legend has it that he purchased her contract, then married her. They had three children from this union, Ann, (Nancy) born in 1740, John born in 1742, and Mary, (Polly Sr.) born in 1744. The latter is the mother of the subject of this book.

It did not take the young entrepreneur long to realize that there was a great deal of money to be made in honest trade with the Indians. He gained their trust and respect, a real asset during the war against the French. As the commanding general of the Mohawk valley militia, his military success gained him the hereditary patent as a baronet. That was followed by a Royal commission as Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Northern District. By the time of his death in 1774, Sir William had amassed his own empire centered in Johnstown, New York. The land that he had acquired for himself and his children extended for miles. This was indeed Johnson country, and the family was a major political force to be reckoned with.

Author's statement

This story was inspired by a rare unpublished collection of poignant letters written early in the 19th century by Julia Johnson. She was the spinster sister of the lead character in this memorial. It is the author's sincere intention that the following biography should offer a fairly accurate window into the life and times of Julia's sister Mary, (**Polly**) Johnson. Her fate was tied to her Royalist family's allegiance. Unfortunately this loyalty to their sovereign, King George III, carried a heavy price tag for the entire family.

Desperate men struggling for their cause in the shadow of the gallows, would change her life. The genesis of the greatest nation on earth demanded the removal of the powerful Johnson family. The mantle of authority and tenure would be ripped from the old British establishment, but not without a terrible penalty for both sides.

This telling account written in the first person chronicles Polly's remarkable saga. This was a time when there was a sharp line drawn between the various class levels. A time when good health was not taken for granted, and medical doctors were of questionable value. Little if anything was known about the cause of most sickness, and remedies like bleeding were in common practice. This was also a time when relationships were exceedingly formal. For example, a wife would refer to her husband by his last name prefixed by "Mr." Marriage was an exceedingly serious step for most women, and in many cases wives were treated like mere chattels. They had in fact become the property of their new husband. Usually they had no money of their own, and were considered non-persons without even the right to vote.

Most black slaves did not experience an easy life, and were seldom shown any courtesy, or even acknowledged with a salutation. People in those times did not enjoy any form of Medicare, and usually only soldiers, or their widows received pensions. For this reason the size of a lady's dowry was extremely important if she hoped to capture a promising husband. Such a person would need to be a wealthy member of the upper class. However, no woman could be absolutely sure if her new husband was indeed wealthy. Many a new bride quickly discovered that she had been duped. The handsome husband could turn out to be a brutal penniless monster in gentleman's clothing. Finding a suitable husband could be a real challenge for a young woman, if her circumstances were at all unfavorable. Women in the lower circles were more or less resigned to a life of domestic drudgery, and child rearing. One of the author's own New England ancestors was married at the age of 12 and from that year until she reached the age of 53 was still producing children, 16 in all. However, this would be very hard for a gentlewoman, who had known nothing but servants, boarding schools, and social events.

Mary (Polly) Johnson was born into one of the wealthiest families in America. She was well educated, and trained in the social graces of those times. Although she was eminently prepared for a very promising life among the colonial aristocracy, the outbreak of the American Revolution quickly changed all that. As the first shots were being fired at Lexington Common, the very safety of young Polly came into question? Survival itself had become an issue, and as the dark shadows of rebellion passed over the colonies, the rebel congress in New York resolved, "*that any person being an adherent to the King of Great Britain shall be guilty of treason and suffer death*". Would

this pretty little eleven-year-old aristocrat be destroyed by the civil war, or would she manage to find her way back into the comfortable world of the upper class?

Some say that home is where the heart is, an ethereal place that lives in our most elusive dreams. We seize upon this seemingly vivid image as our earthly anchor, only to discover that it is more fantasy than reality.

To a child, home is belonging, warmth and the familiar sight of family and those unchanging, recognizable surroundings. Our youthful experience promises permanence, security and a nucleus to which we might one-day return. It is inconceivable that tangible landmarks may be only an illusion: that like a candle's flame may flicker away into the mist of time and our ever fading, but very precious memories.

I had never heard of the axiom that, "*you can never go home.*" In fact, at my tender age I had no reason to question the permanence of my birthright. Why should I even consider the term "*persona non grata*," for I am a Johnson and this was our Valley? The Mohawk Valley was my home, and never had any other thought crossed my mind. From Albany, to the Fort Stanwix treaty line, this was indeed Johnson country.

For thirty-eight years my family had struggled to build an empire along the mighty Mohawk River. It was inconceivable that this would ever change and that our vast estates could be swept away. We had always enjoyed the security of position and power. My father had just brought me home from boarding school in New York town. It was there that I had enjoyed the companionship of other genteel young ladies of my station. After all, I was a member of the Upper Class, and had little time for those unrefined artless frontier maidens of the lower order.

It was the last day of May 1775, and alas; the warm comfort of my solid four poster bed, and the security of our stone mansion was about to be torn from me. A cool morning light filtered across my room and bathed my sleeping body in its subtle radiance. Outside these soft rays of illumination drifted across the crude earthen breast works, and log barricades that defended our home. Gone were our well-trimmed lawns, and beautiful flower gardens. Our home had been under siege for the past two weeks, and was guarded by over 300 Mohawk Indians and Mohawk valley militiamen. Rebel scouts kept our estate under constant surveillance, so we dare not venture out onto the King's highway. Little did I realize it then, but the dawning of this new day would herald the end to my world as I had known it. I was jolted awake by the sounds of men shouting. Sitting bolt upright in bed, I rubbed my eyes. --- Just then Londonderry, our black servant tapped firmly on my bedroom door.

Then in a soft but determined sounding voice requested, "Miss Polly, de Cunel wants you down stairs right away."

"Oh go away Derry," I grumbled. "Can't you see that it's barely sun up? Besides I'm still sleepy."

"I is sorry Miss Polly, but you must get dressed, and get ready to go away right now."

"What do you mean, --- go away?"

"We is leaving the valley right now Miss Polly, and the Cunel told me to tell you, we only have room for one change of clothing."

Although I had been warned that we might indeed have to abandon our nearly new mansion, the suddenness of the event shocked me. The very thought that the time had come for us to quit our home and everything that we knew was extremely upsetting. My mind flooded with the realization that I had to leave most of my treasures behind. My father, Colonel Guy Johnson was already busy preparing for our flight. I could hear his loud commanding voice above the din of the tumult. Rushing to the window, I could see the Colonel directing the loading of the wagons. He was dressed in his officer's red jacket, with a powdered wig, and cocked hat. Stern of countenance, he was not a man to be trifled with. At the best of times he was inclined to be a trifle brusque and short tempered. Now, he exhibited an even more truculent demeanor.

The thought of being driven from his home and property by a mob of vulgarians was alien to his very fabric. Although he was no coward, it was obvious to him that given enough time, even the common rabble might overpower him. Although he was a member of the New York Colonial Assembly, Acting Indian Superintendent General, a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas and Adjutant General of the New York Militia. There was little doubt that the Colonel would be exposed to extreme humiliation as their prisoner. In fact we all knew that they would probably like nothing better, than to see this aristocratic gentleman brought to his knees.

My eyes filled with tears as I glanced around my bedchamber. It was quite a large comfortable room, elegantly finished with wainscot paneling. It had its own fireplace, with a black cherry wood mantel. Here I had placed the decorative candles that I had fashioned myself. In the middle stood my own precious mantel clock, ticking away merrily as if nothing was amiss. There was something very warm and reassuring about my room. It had been like a fortress, and it had given me a feeling of safety that was now being taken away from me. The thought that we had to leave all of this behind seemed like a bad dream. Was it real, or might I suddenly awaken to the lilting voice of our maidservant Emma calling me for breakfast?

Oh how I wished that I could go back to my previous birthday on May 25th 1774. My dear grandfather gave me the most wonderful party, a day to long remember. Now he had been gone nearly a year, and my world had begun to crumble around me. Since then my life had been centered around this grand

boudoir. My father had even let me pick out the colors for the room. All the woodwork had been painted deep blue, and the walls with a delightful floral pattern. My bed was made of solid walnut, with nicely turned corner posts. Even the soft cotton velvet canopy and curtains were of the finest imported fabrics. Not the sort of thing that you'd find in most valley homes. I slept on a feather mattress, with down filled pillows trimmed with lace, between muslin sheets. It would be very hard, very hard indeed to leave this comfort and security. I had seen how the common folk lived, sleeping on straw in bunk like beds, with a single coarse blanket. Now that we were about to head into the western Indian country, what was in store for us? Was I now destined to join their ranks, and experience crude living? Or might we all become hostages, and find ourselves sleeping in some dank and filthy cell? I had heard about the way some poor royalists had been treated, and a cold chill ran through my body. In these times we couldn't even be sure of who was a friend, and who was a foe?

My mind fell back to the items that I loved, and would be forced to leave behind. My little rocking chair stood in the corner, cushioned with my first needlepoint pillow. It was much finer than the older sampler that hung by my bed. It had been a school project that read, *"Home Sweet Home."* On my night table lay the beautiful bible that mother had given me on my tenth birthday. The flyleaf bore an illustration, and beneath this I had inscribed these words, *"Steal not this book, for fear of shame, for here you see the owner's name. --Mary Johnson, May 25th, 1774."* At the end of my bed I had placed my hope chest. This was a well-crafted wooden trunk containing many of my valued possessions. I had already begun to fill it with items that would be of use when I was married. No young lady would be ready to face life with a husband, without her cherished handiwork.

My two younger sisters, Julia ages four, and Ann only a mere two years old, were unaware of the gravity of the situation. In any event, Emma our black nursemaid would prepare them for the journey. In some ways they were lucky, for being infants it might seem more like an adventure than a disaster. However, their future prospects would also be much diminished if the Johnson dynasty failed to recover its losses.

Although I liked well-mannered children, there were times when I considered them a nuisance. They slept in their own room, so I didn't have to worry about them touching my valued keepsakes. In some ways I resented having two siblings after being an only child for nearly seven years. At least they turned out to be girls, or according to tradition, I might have lost any real opportunity for inheritance. I cast my eyes on the picture hanging over my wash stand with its creamware pitcher and bowl. The countenance of my dear late grandfather, Sir William Johnson appeared to look down at me. Oh how I wished that I could throw my arms around him. Life had been so tranquil when he was alive, and besides he had been wonderfully generous. With that thought in mind, I looked over at my pianoforte sitting near the

window. It had been a big day when my dear grandfather had surprised me with that marvelous music machine. Why, to own one of those, was the envy of almost every woman in the valley. Only the upper class could afford one, and it usually was an old fashioned harpsichord that belonged to the lady of the house, not one of the children. I had spent many a pleasant hour learning how to play it. Those ladies that could both play, and sing well, were often much admired by promising single young men.

I rubbed my eyes and thought of my dresses, dolls and pianoforte. Almost all of these items would be left behind, to the plunder of some greasy handed rebel. I had visions of scores of strangers rifling through my belongings. Crude, ham handed men that would show little regard for my childhood treasures. It made me feel sick inside. I had done nothing to anyone, yet I was about to feel the pain of real material and sentimental loss. I could scream, but what good would it do? I always remember my dear grandfather saying, "if it's God's will, then we must submit to the hand of providence." That sounded reasonable at the time, but in reality to actually surrender most of one's only lifelong possessions is hard, --- very hard.

Just then, I heard a man cursing down stairs, and I knew without looking that it was our unwilling houseguest, the sly and devious Samuel Kirkland. He was the subversive rebel missionary to the Oneida, Tuscarora and Stockbridge, or Moheconnuck Indians. He was in a foul mood, and had been complaining about his forced confinement for days. My father had chosen to hold him at our mansion until we had made our departure. It was obvious that he could see what we were doing, and desperately wanted to alert his rebel cronies. He said that due to all of the noise, day and night, he had been unable to sleep. --- Poor fellow! It seemed irrelevant to him that we were attempting to defend ourselves from his traitorous cronies. He even remarked about how it was unlawful to hold one of the King's subjects without a warrant. Upon hearing that, I had to bite my lip to keep from laughing. How strange, for a rebel to be calling on the King's law for justice, while at the same time his thoughts were of treason. He ranked as one of the most dangerous men that father had to deal with.

The Scottish missionary was a man of two souls, and like many mortals had a thirst for both wealth and power. Even though he was a man of the cloth, he did not hesitate to ignore the commandments. Dark haired with a hawk nose; he stood about average height. At one time he had befriended both my grandfather and my step uncle Joseph Brant, the Mohawk war chief. He wasn't afraid to use people. I expected that at some future date, his Indian wards would wish that they had never known him.

Although we had him boxed up for the moment, we knew that he would soon be on his way. The Reverend Samuel Kirkland was a crafty fellow; but he would have little opportunity to make trouble for us right away. However once our party had reached the wilderness country near the Oneida Indian

villages, we might face real danger. Kirkland had applied his traitorous influence on them, making them very treacherous.

Although we would all be able to travel by carriage for a few miles, my mother was in frail health. Father had told us the country to the west was densely wooded, with few passable roads. It would be next to impossible to even move a wagon over them. We all worried about her, and my youngest sister Ann. Little Ann, or Nancy as she was nicknamed, had barely learned to walk. The poor little creature had never been very well, and none of the doctors had been able to do much for her. My other sister Julia enjoyed excellent health. In fact she seemed to be the only person in the family that was strong. I had been suffering from chronic asthma attacks for years, but other than for that, I managed very nicely. Dear father had endured a constant cough for some time, along with bouts of chills and a fever, but he made light of his malady.

Our black groom had drawn the carriage or calash up in front of our mansion. We had a number of slaves and retainers, most of whom would be forced to walk. I took a long look at the two story stone house that I called home. It was a solid, well-built dwelling, one of the finest in the valley. Built close to the Mohawk River, it had provided easy access to both land routes and the water. In addition it had many excellent outbuildings, including both barns and stables.

The few possessions that we could take on this long and difficult journey had already been loaded into the carriage. My uncle, Daniel Christian Claus had chosen to drive the carriage, in order to ensure that it wouldn't be driven too fast over rough ground. Uncle Claus was of German descent and was a fine-featured towhead with blue eyes. Although he was not very tall, he was quite muscular. He was very particular fellow, and paid great attention to detail, no doubt a product of his old European background. He was also multilingual, and had spent many years in the Indian department. This fact would certainly be an asset on this expedition. We would be accompanied by over two hundred of our loyal neighbors, and nearly a hundred Mohawk Indians.

My cousin, Master William Claus was my uncle's only son, and was a year younger than me. I found it hard to understand, but he seemed to be enjoying the adventure. Our mothers, were sisters, so we were very close, and had both gone to the same boarding school in New York Town. Our education set us apart from the common folk in the Mohawk valley. We of course don't mix with people of the lower order, for we pride ourselves in our superior manners and breeding. Like his German father, Master William was also a towhead, but slightly heavier and somewhat rebellious. Not to any serious extent, but you could never be sure what he might do next.

It was rather strange for us to be mixed in with the general population. The majority of the yeomen, or farmers, and almost all of the women were illiterate, and couldn't even sign their name. They would merely scratch their

crude mark, an X when it was demanded of them. Few had either the time or the money to attend school. It was generally felt that women didn't really need to be educated on the frontier. The ability to cook, bear children and do the chores around the house, and in the fields was enough. That might have been practical for the lower classes, but not for a lady. No man of means, would even take a second look at an uneducated woman, or if he did it would be for something other than marriage. Businessmen needed connections in the social circles, and an unrefined woman would soon make him the laughing stock of his social group.

Our little army consisted of a mixture of all classes and many races. It seemed almost funny to see such a kaleidoscope of humanity, all bent on escaping the clutches of the rebel hordes. My face was streaked with tears as I looked back to see our home fading into the distance. Indian warriors, farmers, frontiersmen, along with black slaves and assorted women and children were struggling to keep up the pace. The ground was soft and the carriage bucked and lurched in the deeply rutted trail. Even though it was late in the month of May, the forest held some traces of winter and the occasional boggish spot lay waiting on the hillsides. Had the circumstances been different, I might have found the carriage ride an invigorating experience. However, I really had very little in common with most of our companions in this refugee column.

One exception was John Butler and his oldest son Walter. The father was a short stocky man known for his stern countenance. This fellow was a no nonsense taskmaster. He held the rank of Lieut. Colonel in the militia and served as a Judge of the common pleas. He had the reputation for demanding respect, and usually got it. He had one cast eye, apparently a hereditary anomaly that some people found unnerving. He was fluent in many of the Indian languages and even spoke low and High German. He had served in Indian Department with my late grandfather for many years. Father found him to be very helpful, but at the same time, didn't trust him. He was loyal enough to his King, and had turned down a request to join the rebel cause; but papa felt that he was just a little too efficient and ambitious. Although he lived in a very ordinary frame house, he owned a lot of land along with his own tenant farmers and schoolhouse. His oldest son Walter was a very promising lawyer, and seemed to have the necessary demeanor to be one of us. That of course could never be, even if there was something about him that appealed to my feminine psyche.

My father was mounted on his favorite horse, and rode out ahead with some of the leading men. A number of the Indians rode on horseback, especially the chiefs like John Deserontyon and Joseph Brant, Thayendanegea. My half blood cousins William and Peter Johnson had also joined the column. Some of these men were seasoned veterans of the French-Indian war and would not be captured easily.

I couldn't help thinking about the women and children that some had left behind. The rebels might not be too kind to a Loyalist's kinfolk. John Butler had left most of his family behind, figuring that they wouldn't be bothered. His wife was from an Old Dutch family by the name of Bradt, so it seemed logical to assume that they would be safe. Many of the leading rebels in the valley were from Old Dutch-American families.

The tavern keeper from Johnstown, Gilbert Tice had left his wife to face the dissidents. She was one of the few educated women in the valley, and knew full well the danger she might face. The decisions were hard and the choices left much to be desired.

As the evening shadows began to dip low across trail we neared our first destination. Father had ridden away up ahead to secure accommodations at Shoemaker's tavern. Rudolph Shoemaker was the local Justice of the Peace, and we expected by all that's right and proper, was still a King's man. Unfortunately no one was exactly sure which side he was on? Like many of the valley residents, he was caught in a very unpleasant situation. He wasn't anxious to take a stand, for he had friends on both sides of the quarrel. He was happy to take anyone's money, and would keep his true thoughts to himself. This would be our last chance to sleep in a proper bed, and enjoy a good meal. We were treated here with kindness, but mother had not endured the journey very well. She was breathing hard, occasionally coughing up blood and looked very, very pale. Her hacking cough cut right through me, and this was accompanied by fever, even in the soles of her feet. I stayed awake for much of the night trying to ease her discomfort. Dear father looked worried and mumbled curses to himself, knowing full well that there was little more that we could do for her.

The next morning we continued on our journey, and I suspect that Mr. Shoemaker was glad to see us on our way. I heard that he had rebel sympathizers right in his own family, so it was understandable that he would-be uncomfortable among declared Loyalists. The rebellion had become a deadly game and any attempt to remain neutral was difficult if not untenable. We suspected that there were probably many rebels in our party masquerading as Loyalists, but serving as spies. We passed into an area known as the German Flats, inhabited by thrifty hard working farmers that spoke mostly High German. Like old Shoemaker, they wanted little to do with the rebellion, but there were those among them that saw an opportunity. As we proceeded farther west, the roads deteriorated becoming little more than cow paths. My uncle Daniel Claus had been this way before and knew what to expect.

"Mind the stream up ahead!"

Hardly had these words passed his lips when we were plunged into a muddy ditch. The carriage careened awkwardly into the stream, with the horses struggling to pull it back onto the trail with little success.

"Give us a hand over here!" My uncle demanded, seeing that help was available, if he pressed the issue.

"Here, you people, --- you people over there; come over and push the carriage. We've got a sick woman in here."

We were not accustomed to being jarred about on such a bone shaking excuse for a road. The unwashed multitude then walked reluctantly to our aid. The carriage was tilting at a crazy angle and we all expected to be thrown out on to the road, or into the stream. Aunt Nancy had trouble hanging on to little Nan, and mother was nearly off the seat. Those poor souls that were walking now had the extra burden of pushing our muddy carriage.

I recognized a young rider that threw a rope to my uncle, then fastened it to his saddle. It was John Butler's son Walter, and I watched him with rapt fascination. There was something about him that appealed to me. He was dressed in a gentleman's riding attire, his long black hair tied neatly under his tricorn hat. He seemed to have an energy that was lacking in many of the men that I knew. Being the oldest son and very well educated, he did indeed show promise, but he was twice my age.

We were fortunate to have many hands ready to rescue us, and were soon back on the trail. I felt sorry for those poor men on foot, sloshing through calf deep mud and water in order to help us. Some had taken off their buckle shoes and woolen stockings, in order not to ruin them; for it might be a long time before they could be replaced. It must have been very unpleasant walking for miles in sodden clothing, with their coarse woolen garments chafing their body with every step. This was the first time that I had really noticed how the poorer classes suffered, when on a long march. As a gentlewoman, I never had to do much walking, and always enjoyed a man's hand at a gathering. It just wasn't lady like to be brash and independent. Unfortunately we could no longer count on this kind of treatment, especially in the raw wilderness. In fact, it wouldn't be long before we would be leaving our carriage behind.

That night we stopped at the home of John Thompson, and poor mother was carried into their house. I could see the anguish in father's eyes as he stood by her bed. Mother's face was pale and drawn, the flickering candlelight only adding to her dreary visage. We were fortunate they had been kind enough to give up one room for the night, so that mother might be able to get some rest. My aunt Claus had taken my little sisters under her care, and I helped her the best I could. Father had planned to hold a meeting with the Indians at this place, but was advised against it. John Butler told him that it was too risky, and the rebel Indians would probably interfere. John Butler seemed to have the knack for obtaining intelligence from the Indians. Both the Tuscarora and the Oneida Indian nations had been showing a bias towards the-rebels, and some of their warriors had joined our caravan, probably to serve the dissidents as spies.

The following- morning some flat-bottomed bateaux were brought up river to where we were. These crude boats were designed to carry fairly heavy loads in reasonably shallow water. This would be our mode of transportation from that point on, or at least until we reached Lake Ontario. Each vessel had several oarsmen and a helmsman who used an Indian paddle or a pole at times to help push the boat against the current. Many of the Mohawk Indians had their own elm bark canoes, and they seemed to merely glide along with ease. Our caravan had split up, with the mounted riders, and many of the Indian warriors and robust frontiersmen going by land. The woodland trails were no place for a gentleman's carriage, and I was told that even rugged wagons would find much of the route quite impassable.

It was a strange new experience for us to be crowded into a crude boat with all sorts of strangers. These weren't gentlemen with powdered wigs and silver shoe buckles, but rough dirty fellows wearing greasy buckskins that emitted an awful odor. Men that hadn't shaved for days, and Lord knows when they had taken their last bath? I could tell by their lack of manners that they weren't accustomed to being in the company of aristocrats. Mama looked very ill, and the rocking of the boat seemed to add to her distress. We had brought along a few cushions to sit on, for the boat had rough plank seats, and a simple awning served as a roof. I got a funny feeling as we headed up stream, deeper into the forest. I guess it was a fear of the unknown, for as the river narrowed, the trees began to form a canopy overhead. We were now into the Oneida Indian country. As we approached the place known as "the great carry" the country began to level out. This meant that the oarsmen had to help push us through the shallows against a stiff current. The river was still affected by the spring run off, the snow melting very slowly high in the Adirondack Mountains. It had begun to rain, and the canopy only sheltered the passengers. The oarsmen were soon drenched, but seemed accustomed to braving the elements.

We arrived at the great carry that night and soon discovered that we were almost completely surrounded by swamps. The air was alive with mosquitoes and other nasty-biting insects. They had bothered us before; but nothing like the swarms that rose up out of the sodden bogs that stretched for miles. We wore gauze veils in a futile attempt to escape their probing needles.

This was the site of old Fort Stanwix, a relic of the French-Indian war. The fort had guarded the carry place in an effort to stop the invading French army, and their Indian allies. All that remained was the earthworks and piles of rotting logs. Our life as the privileged upper class was about to take a plunge. Father and uncle Daniel Claus had found an old cabin that they had set aside for us that night. It offered none of the comforts of home, but did help to keep the rain off of us. We were quickly learning how the lower class lived, and didn't like it at all.

The whole area was crawling with snakes and other forms of wildlife. Late at night the timber wolves could be heard off in the distance, along with other

nerve chilling sounds. We were told that those were the screams of the mountain lions; great tawny wildcats that travel at night. It seemed strange to be cramped into a rude, musty, foul smelling room along with both our servants, and neighbors. Even our black slaves didn't know quite what was expected of them. They were unaccustomed to having their masters living amongst them in a hovel. Campfires had been set all around in an attempt to drive off the insects, but the heavy rainfall seemed to favor those nasty little stinging pests.

However the wildlife plus facing the unknown and the ever-changing hazards on route, fascinated my cousin William. I don't know what it is about boys, but they seemed to be drawn to the things that we girls try to avoid. I get goose bumps when I see snakes and spiders, but my cousin William gathers them up and cages them. What on earth would anybody want with those creepy crawly things?

We were told that it would be a couple of days before we could continue on our journey. Fort Stanwix was located at the highest point of land between the St. Lawrence and Hudson rivers. On one side of the fort the Mohawk River ran down to the Hudson and then into the ocean. On the other side, Wood Creek ran towards Lake Ontario and into the St. Lawrence River. Unfortunately Wood Creek was too small to float a bateaux, unless the water was dammed up for a couple of days, then released to carry the boats down to Lake Oneida. Although cousin William was looking forward to the adventure, all I thought about was the possibility of drowning.

As I pondered our situation, it seemed more like a bad dream than reality. Here we were; our little family huddled together in this filthy shack in the middle of nowhere. We didn't even know if the rebels were close behind, or if we might all be taken as hostages by morning? Even if we succeeded in reaching Montreal, we couldn't be sure that it was still in British hands? I had visions of our family being bundled into some rebel vessel and shipped back by way of Lake Champlain to Albany.

I looked over at my poor sick mother who was trying to comfort little Nancy. The ailing child, with ashen face was trying to swallow a few morsels of food. It was really quite a pitiful sight. This was no place for any of us and as the blackness of the night settled in around us, there was a chill in the air. A heavy fog crept over the area, and the putrid gaseous exhalations from the decaying vegetation in the murky swamps, seemed to take my breath away. I had one of my fits of coughing and wheezing which disturbed everyone. My asthma attack gradually subsided and I lay there trying to sleep. I could hear the rustling of leaves and the scurrying of tiny feet. I shuddered at the thought that this could be the sound of mice, or even rats foraging for food. The following day proved to be warm and sunny, and we were anxious to move on, leaving the mice and numerous snakes to their decaying habitat.

Our trip down Wood Creek was relatively uneventful, almost a let down after having formed such a terrible experience in my imagination. I was horrified

by sight of the evil looking inky black swampwater that fed into Lake Oneida from the surrounding bogs. The boatmen seemed to have a special fear for this putrid body of water. This fear made them keep our tiny craft as close to the northern shore as, possible. When even a tiny breeze came up, they would put in to shore and beach the bateaux. My cousin William seemed to find this all a big hoot. Ah the brash naivete of an adolescent boy.

"You know Polly," he said, "I didn't know that being out on the trail could be so much fun."

I guess that I must have glowered at him, for he responded with a big grin.

"Ah come on," he chided. "This is what being a man is all about. Even a gentleman must rough it at times. I guess that you ladies think differently than we do?"

He was so right! We women do think differently than men, and are glad of it. Who in their right mind would want to go off to war in the search of glory? Only a man would do a stupid thing like that.

The Iroquois warriors had no trouble at all following our caravan, and seemed somewhat amused by our difficulties. Their women went along on the expeditions and usually carried most of their supplies. We on the other hand are treated like fragile china, but have no political power beyond that of the boudoir. While the Indian clan mothers are the chief makers, and font of authority in their society. Although their government and social structure seemed to be almost a contradiction, it has enjoyed a long successful history. We found the water in Lake Oneida to be dark and muddy. The almost suffocating odor emitting from the lake urged us to move quickly. This unpleasant stench along with being informed that there was only one spring to be found; made certain that every effort would be taken to avoid camping on its banks. The lake was twenty-eight miles long and nine wide; the expanse only broken by a few islands. The outlet from the lake runs into the Oswego River. Here the Indians had placed a number of weirs and eel baskets in the rapids. Our boatmen had some difficulty manoeuvring through this maze, but it was not long before we were camped on the riverbank.

The numbers in our caravan had grown since leaving Fort Stanwix. My father the colonel had sent out messengers to the various Indian nations. He requested that they gather at Fort Ontario, at the mouth of the Oswego River for a general council with their Superintendent.

All during the trip my father had taken the precaution of posting guards nearby. He even surrounded himself with armed white men and Indian Warriors. He just couldn't be sure if the rebels might attempt to seize some of us by stealth. It was here that my cousin William really upset me, for he came running into our tiny marquee holding a horrible looking creature.

"Polly, Polly!" he shouted, "Look at what I've got for you!"

I was aghast at the sight of the snake like creature that he was holding. My immediate reply was an ear shattering "Eeeek!"

By that time I was cringing back as far away as I could get from William and the ugly eel he was holding. I had seen them before, but not that close at hand. William was grinning a broad impish smirk, until my father took hold of the collar of his jacket. He then stiffened up and the smile evaporated.

"See here young man!" father growled. "How would you like me to put you in with a whole mess of those fellows? "

Although I could detect a slight smile on my father's face, his action had the desired effect. William was now red faced, and had been caught playing one of his little tricks. He knew that I didn't like snakes, and every now and then he succumbed to his own impish nature. Normally he was a very thoughtful and obliging chap, but he just couldn't resist an opportunity to hear me scream.

"I'm sorry!" He stammered, looking embarrassed. "I didn't think that Polly would be so easily upset."

He lied, knowing full well that it was his prime objective. Father was the first Justice back in the valley and had heard all kinds of excuses, for misbehaving while serving on the King's bench. He wasn't terribly impressed with William's alibi, but it was good enough.

"We'll just fry this fellow." Father declared as he took the offending object from William and headed for the cook.

It did make a welcome change to our diet that evening, and tasted much, much better than it looked. It's strange how the most proper and God fearing parents always seemed to have a tiny bit of rebellion in their children. Uncle Daniel Claus was one of the most particular people that I know. He followed the good book to the letter, and paid very careful attention to manners. He was always giving my young cousin William instructions on how to act in public. I guess that's why Master William just had to kick over the traces from time to time. As I was staring into the burning embers of our campfire, a dark figure stepped into view. It was my great step uncle, the Mohawk War Chief Joseph Brant, brother of Molly. He was a commanding figure, and not someone to be regarded lightly.

"Good evening ladies." He spoke in a soft syrupy, but very masculine monotone voice. Brant was dressed in a combination of both white and native clothing. He was one of the best-educated Iroquois warriors in America, due largely to my late grandfather's patronage. Few people either native or white could match his ability to fit in to any situation. Although he preferred the company of common folk, he was equally at ease among the upper class. In some ways he reminded me of my grandfather.

"Good evening to you, Mr. Brant."

We had all responded as if speaking with a single voice. He squatted in Indian fashion next to the fire and drew out his pipe tomahawk. Brant was a big man, heavy built, with a powerful physique. He had a lighter complexion than some of the Indians, but exhibited the typical features and build of an Iroquois. The Indians were not great idle talkers, so we knew that he had

dropped by for a good reason, but was biding his time in an effort not to alarm us. He ran his eyes from person to person before speaking.

"Molly has sent word that the rebels have captured fort Ticonderoga and Crown Point. She says Philip Schuyler is planning to join the rebels up there with an army recruited from around Albany."

At first there was silence, in response to this revelation. Although we women had little interest in either politics, or the military, we knew that Mr. Brant must have had a motive for telling us this bad news. My dear aunt Nancy was the first to react.

"Please tell us, ---why do you think Mr. Schuyler is doing this?"

I got the feeling that my aunt didn't really want to know, but felt it her duty to inquire. Mr. Brant bent over and drew a fiery twig from the campfire, then touched it to his pipe tomahawk. Brant's eye's narrowed as he sucked hard on his Indian pipe. It gurgled, then thick blue smoke curled past his head. You could see that he was about to choose his words very carefully.

"We understand that many rebel spies are moving among the Canadians. Some are Bostonians and others are from France. Governor Carleton has been trying to keep the Canadians loyal to our King, but may not succeed. Many of the church leaders and the noblesse still support the Governor, but we cannot be sure for how long? We think that the rebel Mr. Schuyler is planning to attack Fort St. John. Should he appear in strength outside Montreal, we cannot be sure how the Canadians will respond?"

It seemed obvious that my great uncle was preparing us for the worst. The thought that Montreal might already be in rebel hands when we arrived; was the last thing that we wanted to hear. We would be cut off from any hope of escape, and it would only be a matter of time before all of the upper forts would fall into the rebel's hands. That in fact would surely dictate the end to British North America. Although his words were once again greeted by stunned silence, he knew that we had understood his message. He could see our concern and had wanted to avoid frightening us.

"Never you mind. I am helping colonel Johnson assemble as many of my people as we can summon." He paused briefly, then added.

"We will give the Bostonians a welcome that they won't soon forget."

I could see the steely look of determination in his eyes and knew that he meant what he was saying. As the war chief stood up to leave, my half blood cousins, Peter and William Johnson, jr. came up to him. Peter was Molly's son and an officer in the 26th regiment. Both Peter and his half brother William were heavily armed with pistols and swords.

"Good evening ladies," they chorused. "Please excuse us. "

They then quickly melted into the night. It was all very mysterious, and somewhat frightening. There we were camped in the wilderness without a home to return to, and surrounded by armed men. The Oswego River was a major water highway that joined up with the Onandago River at a place called "Three Rivers."

We faced another portage around a falls, but in due course we arrived at Fort Ontario at the mouth of the river.

The fort itself was manned by a tiny compliment of British regulars that were commanded by a mere sergeant. This was typical of the apparent lack of preparedness on the British side. My father held the rank of a full colonel in the regular British Army, which was awarded to him with his appointment to the office of Indian superintendent. This was intended to prevent any interference in Indian affairs, from a junior officer in the regulars. Although Fort Ontario was well constructed, it was also quite isolated, guarding the water route known as the great westward passage. Father saw to it that we were given a comfortable room inside the fort for mother was quite ill. As the senior officer he took command of the tiny eight-man garrison stationed there. This was the standard policy in the regular army, with the highest-ranking officer taking charge.

No doubt, General Guy Carleton would not be pleased with this arrangement; but even though he was the Governor of Quebec, he had to submit to protocol. The Governor had disliked our family, ever since my late grandfather had been awarded the position of Indian Superintendent General. This had given my family the control of Indian affairs in Quebec, an area that the governor thought should have been his to manage. With the death of my grandfather, he had succeeded in having his relative, Major John Campbell appointed to that position. My Uncle Daniel Claus was terribly upset by this, for he had managed the Indians in Quebec for my grandfather for many years. It did not give us a good feeling, to be travelling into a province that was governed by a man that hated us. Father could be equally difficult, so I could see that there might be some serious trouble ahead.

Unfortunately my poor mother wasn't at all well, so I stayed by her bedside much of the time. There really wasn't much that we could do for her. She had been coughing up blood, and complained of chest pains, with a shortness of breath. At night she would lay half-awake sweating, barely able to breathe, her pallid face taking on the ghostly aura of near death. The sight of her and the torment that she was going through tore at my heart. All I could do was bathe her face and pray, ---oh how we prayed, -- but it did little good. We were many miles from a doctor, or any other form of medical aid. Mother lingered for many days, but we could see that she was gradually getting weaker. Some times she suffered from sweating and a fever, then would be taking chills. Poor father was terribly upset, for he knew that the end was near, and he couldn't do anything to ease her pain. He cursed the damned Bostonians, for he felt sure that this would not have happened, had we been at home.

My dear loving mother went to be with her maker, a year, almost to the day after her father Sir William Johnson had died. We were fortunate to have my aunt Nancy to look after us. With only one child of her own, the three of us

really didn't put too much of a burden on her. She loved children and didn't hesitate to take on the additional responsibility.

Due to the fact that my mother was the daughter of Sir William and the native people loved her as their own; they held a condolence ceremony in her honor. Many strings of wampum were given to my father. They said these belts will, "clear your throat, wipe the tears from your eyes, and cover her grave, so that she may rest in peace. Please know that her memory will ever be dear to us."

It was a touching tribute on that melancholy day.

Our little family stayed pretty much to ourselves for the next few days, only wandering occasionally from the fort. Lake Ontario reminded me of the Atlantic Ocean at New York, a seemingly endless body of water. The entire area around the fort was covered by an assortment of tents and crude shelters. I learned later that 1,340 Indian men, women and children had responded to my father's invitation. More would be gathered at the St. Regis, Aughquiasne Indian village; and several days later a council would be held at Caughnawagey, or "the fire," alias Sault St. Louis. However, the situation at Oswego on those early summer days wasn't very agreeable. The Indians did not want to be caught between the two sides in a white man's war. Father, Mr. Butler and uncle Daniel Claus were trying hard to get the entire Six Nations confederacy, and the other nations gathered there to agree to help defend their King. We all knew that the rebels had planted spies in the council meetings, so every word would be reported back to the rebel Congress. The best possible arrangement would be for the Indians to remain neutral. This was Governor Guy Carleton's position, but father knew that it was unlikely that the rebels would allow that to happen. The Confederacy was already split, and if the British lost all of the Iroquois, it would be a disaster. After a great deal of persuasion, the Seneca, Mohawk and Cayuga nations agreed to keep the communications routes open to the loyalists.

This had been quite an accomplishment, for the presents that were to be handed out, were still in Montreal. It was the custom for the Indian Superintendent to distribute tobacco, ammunition, clothing and tools, then the contents of a pipe, (126 gallons) of wine. These items had been shipped by a Montreal merchant, but were sent back, because of the threat of seizure by the rebels. This left the Indians in a sullen mood and we were feeling quite uncomfortable.

I noticed a figure coming up from the dock by the lake. It was my cousin, Master William Claus.

"Polly!" he shouted. "We're getting ready to head down the lake. Your father has been gathering all of the boats that he could, and we'll push off tomorrow morning."

"Oh my goodness," I gasp. "Not in one of those dreadful boats again?" William grinned, and that always made me nervous.

"Don't worry, --- silly." He scolded. "We'll be going in a sloop this time."

"What on earth is a sloop?" I inquired, not having seen this vessel, with the less than impressive name.

"That's it down there," Master William pointed to a boat that was somewhat larger than the bateaux, but still quite unimpressive. I had seen the waves on the lake, when the weather was stormy, and wasn't at all sure if I wanted to put my trust into that craft. Master William was always amused by my timidity. He seemed to relish a certain amount of danger, in his search for adventure.

On the morning of the 9th of July the beach was alive with Indians and white loyalists. My father had ordered five of the eight-man garrison to accompany us to Montreal. I felt sorry for the three soldiers that were left to man the fort. That wasn't even enough men to mount a twenty four hour guard, let alone fight off any serious rebel attack. My aunt and little sisters had benefited from their brief stay in the fort. They had been well attended to by our black slaves and retainers. We all looked at the tiny sloop with some trepidation not knowing what lay ahead.

I noticed young Walter Butler boarding a canoe with a number of Indians. He had that air of confidence that makes some men stand out from the rest. My half blood cousin, Peter Johnson was with him. They were the kind of men that the rebels feared the most, tough, fearless and determined.

As they launched their canoe into the breakers, spray misted over their bow. I could see the muscles on their leathery arms glistening in the sunlight, as their paddles dug into the churning water. It did not take them long to reach deep water where the waves leveled out. I don't know why the sight of strong men appealed to me? After all, they were of the lower order and that went against my breeding, I suspect that father would be horrified if he could read my mind. In any event I expected to see them again in the next few days. They would follow the shoreline around the lake until they reached the entrance to the St. Lawrence River. We would follow the same route, but if we had favorable winds, we would be much faster.

Our sloop the "Caldwell" had been built at Niagara the previous year and was mounted with two guns. It could carry up to sixty people and the crew; but we would be jammed together amongst all sorts of people. I had never been on board a sailing vessel before, and it filled me with mixed feelings of fright and curiosity. Father must have felt somewhat out of place on board one of His Majesty's vessels; for captain William Beker was in command. This was one place where his rank as an army Colonel had little seniority. Dear father liked to be in command, but once on board, he had to obey naval regulations. Aunt Ann Claus, the children and I were all crowded down into a tiny cabin below deck. We would be given an opportunity to come up on deck from time to time, but space was limited. The captain did not want any civilians getting in the way, or being knocked overboard by the boom. As we waited for the vessel to sail, we could hear the waves slapping against the hull of the boat. It gave me a funny feeling to be down in a dimly lit carrel, with no view of the

immense lake. We felt a sense of movement and the gentle rocking of the cabin, so we knew we were leaving the port. It would be several hours before we reached Buck Island at the east end of the lake.

After some time, I was allowed to go up on deck. I had felt an asthma attack coming on and needed some fresh air. My father was talking with Captain Beker who was at the helm of the vessel. The ship had a compliment of eight men including the mate and captain. The seamen were bare footed and wore striped jerseys. I had never known how magnificent it could be to sail, and was thrilled by the experience. The vessel was moving quite fast under a fair wind, with very little sound. Every seaman seemed to know exactly what was expected of him, and they worked as a team. The captain was dressed much like my father in an officer's uniform, complete with breeches and buckle shoes. He was steering the ship with a tiller, and at the same time scanned the horizon for any sign of the enemy. So far the rebels had not offered any serious threat to the vessels on Lake Ontario, but he knew that could change.

"So this is your little one?" The captain inquired as I joined them.

My father drew me to him and smiling, replied.

"She is my oldest daughter. Since I have no sons, she must take more responsibility than most girls her age."

Although father was half joking, there was a certain amount of truth in his statement. With my mother gone and youngest sister unwell, I did feel an extra obligation. It was a beautiful summer day and I did feel a bit guilty enjoying the fresh air, while the others were crowded below deck. The lake spread out before us with the sun dancing on the white caps like a million jewels. Off in the distance I could see the waves crashing against the beach on the eastern shore line, appearing as a thinly sculptured lacy white ribbon. I now felt much safer than I did at Fort Ontario, where the rebels could actually look down into the interior from the surrounding hills. I was glad to get away from that earthwork fort, for it was damp and unpleasant.

It was not long before we arrived within sight of our destination. Governor Guy Carleton had given Buck Island his name and was preparing to turn it into a naval depot. The approach to the harbor was defended by a single fortification. According to my father the landscape offered a natural defense, and this is why it had been chosen as a supply depot.

As the vessel coasted in towards the dock, I surveyed the mixed assembly of humanity on deck. It was indeed a strange collection of personnel. Barefooted sailors, scurrying amongst richly clad Indian chiefs wearing their beaded moccasins. Our tiny troop of five British red coats was sprinkled amongst buckskin clad frontiersmen, and their women and children. It was hard for me to imagine that we represented part of the backbone of the British Empire in North America.

I learned later that had Fort Ontario been properly garrisoned, it would have taken up to 600 men. The British government sure wasn't prepared for any rebellion. It was obvious that the Bostonians couldn't have chosen a more

suitable time to revolt. It was almost as if it had been preordained. Although the backwoods of Canada, known then as Quebec west, was no place for people of our station, we had little choice but to endure our hardship. Had I been home living in peace in our Mohawk valley mansion, I would have been learning to play new works on the harpsichord, or practicing my needlepoint. Although our slaves and retainers were doing their best to attend to our many needs, I was of necessity, sometimes wearing soiled clothing that had begun to show signs of deterioration. Under normal circumstances, no proper lady would ever be seen out in public dressed in such a shoddy manner. For this reason I felt extremely self-conscious, and when handsome young men were around, I felt embarrassed. Our stay at Buck's or Carleton Island as it is now known was quite brief. Once again we were obliged to board a flat-bottomed bateaux, so that we could navigate the shallows and rapids in the St. Lawrence River. French-Canadians manned some of the boats. These people spoke mostly French with a parochial Quebec dialect. Although I had taken some Latin and a very few lessons in Parisian French, I could not fully understand them. They had divided the route up and down the river into segments. Every now and then they would put in to shore to fill up and light their long clay pipes. Each travel segment was the approximate distance that they could travel on one pipe full of tobacco. Although it was a quaint and amusing habit, I realized that it could offer a rebel scouting party the opportunity for an ambush.

As we drew nearer to Montreal my heart was filled with apprehension. We could not be absolutely certain that it was still in British hands. Father was anxious to get to the walled town and he plied the boatmen with complements and a mug of rum. They requested that they be allowed to sing, which we all readily agreed to. One of the men acted as the conductor and sang the verse, while the others joined in with the chorus. It was delightful, the Canadians singing their wild boat songs, and keeping time with the oars. It provided a rustic but very pleasant atmosphere, in which we were able to fully enjoy the beauty of the untamed river. Later the moon added to the romance of the scene shedding her enchantment all around. The soft lunar light cast a rippling image on the dark water, as I studied the silhouette of the treetops along the shoreline. They stood out like dark sentinels against the twinkling starlit sky. Even the children seemed contented, as the music blended with the seesaw motions of the bateaux. It was the first time that little Nancy had seemed at ease, and she slept in her aunt's loving arms.

It would take us three days to reach Montreal, and the first obstacles were the rapids. I saw several other bateaux and some canoes moving through them at the same time. I thought, if another boat were to dash against our bateaux, we would surely capsize and be lost. So it was with great relief that we entered Lake St. Francis without incident. Unfortunately the wind was high and not in our favor, so our progress was quite slow, even with father and uncle Claus assisting with the rowing. Although their efforts were

scarcely perceptible, we arrived at Point Macdonald late that night. Many campfires were already burning, and we welcomed the opportunity to warm ourselves by the fire.

Our last major challenge was riding through the cascades, a very dangerous white water rapid. Here we needed the help of a pilot, for a missed direction would dash us to pieces. Why is it that something so beautiful can be so dangerous? When I looked back, to see the water in such gay confusion; breaking, dashing and foaming, the sun sparkling so brightly on the wave crests, it was a joy to behold. The power of nature proved to be both awe inspiring and terrifying. For a brief time our little craft was firmly held in the grasp of providence. Had the powerful currents chosen to drive us into the rocks, our chance for survival would be slim. It did not take long for our craft to reach calmer water. After crossing Lake St. Louis, we arrived at La Chine and the ever clanking of the oars ceased, as we glided towards a wharf. Apparently our arrival was not unexpected, for the dock and surrounding area was crowded with spectators.

The French speaking bateaux men moved quickly to secure our lumbering craft to the dock cleats. I would not soon forget our trip down river, with these colorful boatmen. There was no question in my mind that they were well suited to their calling.

As we were assisted up onto the wharf, a middle aged British officer greeted my aunt Ann Claus. Although I had never seen this man before, I suspected that he was our nemesis, the pugnacious Governor Guy Carleton. There was an air about him that made me uneasy. Everything about him implied that he was well aware of himself, but painfully gracious. This was not a man to be ignored, or underestimated. Just then he fixed his eyes on me. Aunt Claus had pointed me out, so now he was about to ply his less than sincere greeting on me. I hate it when people are phony and pretend that they are really happy to see you.

"Well, well, young lady, you are indeed a welcome sight." He purred. --- "It's very nice to have you and your little sisters here in mon Québec. ---My dear young ladies, I was so very sorry to hear of the passing of your poor mother." I guess that I blushed, even though I knew that he was merely being a clever and devious diplomat.

"We're pleased to meet you, Sir, and we're so happy to see the British red coats on guard here. We were all afraid that Montreal might have already fallen into rebel hands." I chirped as if it was someone else, other than me talking. At the same time, I couldn't believe that I had stooped to being a phony. I loved my uncle Claus, and what this man had done to him was hateful. Yet, he was the Governor and Commander-in-Chief in Quebec, so it would be foolish to be rude. His redeeming traits were his noble Irish birthright, education, and upper class breeding. He insisted that we be his guests at a house that his government had acquired for his use, when in Montreal town. I suppose that he could best observe, and control my father's

activities when we were living under his roof. Father had requested that a council be held with the Indians in Quebec, so that he could make another plea for their support. At least he had the Indian presents on hand at this location, and could fulfil his obligation to them.

The sly Governor had even made his carriage available to us, so that we wouldn't have to walk the two or three miles to the city. This fellow was indeed a clever and calculating schemer. I had little doubt that every move that he made was designed to accomplish some devious, or power grabbing end. In any event we were now under his jurisdiction, and father's authority had been compromised.

Governor Carleton seemed especially pleased to see John Butler, who in turn offered his usual very polite and humble salutations. They appeared to enjoy a certain rapport that understandably irritated my dear uncle Claus. I think that the fact that my uncle couldn't seem to conceal his feelings only made the Governor's vindictiveness more delicious. It was like a cat toying with a mouse, and he was bent on getting his revenge at my father's expense. He no doubt secretly delighted at seeing the once mighty Johnson family brought to its knees. My dear late departed grandfather Sir William would have been appalled by Carleton's subtle arrogance. But he probably would have given his grudging approval to the Governor's etiquette, for it was that of a very refined gentleman.

Montreal was a walled town guarded by fourteen bastions mounted with cannon. We entered by the west gate, or *Porte des Récollets*, which was guarded by armed British sentinels. They gave the Governor a snappy salute as we rumbled past their stations. The most remarkable feature of the town was its many impressive churches, like the *Chapelle des Ursulines*, and *des Récollets* and those with tall spires such as the *Church of Notre Dame*, in the *Place d'Armes*, and *St. James Cathedral* in the square. We would be staying in the *Chateau de Ramezay* until we were able to secure our own quarters.

The houses in Montreal displayed a mixture of Old French and Modern English architecture; but a series of disastrous fires had given them a singular appearance. The owners had as a precaution against fire, covered their modern roofing shingles with sheets of tinned iron. This was because one recent fire had been so serious, that it had consumed about one quarter of the town. New laws were then passed, and every house had fire ladders permanently attached to them. This was to allow easy access to the chimneys, where the fires usually started. Every chimney had to be swept at least once a month. Also two water buckets and a fire pole were to be on hand at all times. Additional restrictions against the storage of inflammable materials, or wood ashes in wooden pails, or on the wooden floors, had greatly reduced the fire hazard. We were fortunate that council had already taken these steps. Our first home in the Mohawk valley had been struck by lightning in 1773, and was consumed by fire, so we were not strangers to

conflagration. The horror of that event was still etched in my mind, so I welcomed these precautions.

Our caravan had been reduced to about 220 whites and Indians by the time we had reached Montreal on the 17th of July. Many of the men would share a tent, or seek out a barn, or any shelter that they could afford. Most of the Indians had stopped at Caughnawaga, just a few miles away. There they could stay with what they called their praying brethren, the Roman Catholic Mohawks. We were indeed fortunate to have a roof over our heads, but the loss of our poor mother had left us in a very melancholy mood.

The streets of Montreal were filled with all manner of humanity, representing men and women from many walks of life. I saw one curious Mulatto, who was decked out in an odd outfit. He was a heavysset man with a muscular physique; and was wearing a checkered brown coat and waistcoat, green trousers, white stockings, and a white beaver hat, with broad gold lace and red ribbons. The man actually walked with a bit of a swagger, and that was something that was quite unusual for a man of color. I was told that he could speak both English and French perfectly. In a curious way, he was quite a dapper fellow, apparently the servant of a very wealthy merchant. Master William Claus seemed quite entertained by the scene around him, and pointed to a drunk.

"I guess that tippling is just as popular up here as it is at home."

He giggled.

"Just be sure you don't do that when you get older."

I scolded him, for I had seen too much of that sort of thing. Even Father had a habit of drinking too much at times.

We settled into our temporary accommodations with relish. This was the first time in weeks that we had been able to get properly cleaned up, and dressed according to our station. Our men folk were busy trying to organize a conference with the Indians, and Master Claus went with them so he could learn first hand. He had expressed an interest in following in his father's profession, that of managing Indian affairs. The grand council began on the 29th of July and an estimated 1,664 Indians attended. There was little doubt that rebel spies were among them, watching to see if they would fight on our side for the King.

Had they been encouraged to take offensive action against the rebels, the word would have quickly reached the enemy. This would have caused the Whigs to think twice about attacking Canada, but Governor Carleton would not hear of it. Father had to satisfy the demands of the Governor, by restraining the Indians, at the same time that he was asking them to help defend us. It was an impossible task, for as an autonomous group of nations, the Indians were not accustomed to following orders. By tradition, once they had taken up the war belt, they would then go on the warpath. The idea that they might sit in a neutral stance until needed and then merely fight a

defensive action was foreign to them. So it was with great difficulty that they agreed to assist us.

The grand council ended on the 29th, of July and it closed with the usual chorus of "Yo Ha!" This was followed by the statement that they were going to feast on the Bostonians. That meant they would roast an ox and devour a pipe of wine.

Father's worst fears were soon realized. Word reached us that a rebel army had been seen early in August, near Point au Fer, above St. John's. Governor Guy Carleton, who held the rank of General left Montreal with a small army intending to intercept the rebels. The cunning General had appointed his next in command, Major Prescott, as acting General over the garrison at Montreal in his absence. This would insure that father would be out ranked, and would be unable to send the Indians out on any offensive action. Prescott shared the Governor's policy of no offensive action, so father called another Indian council and handed out war belts, but merely asked the Indians to be ready for service if they were needed, which they accepted. At the same time, the Indians told father that "they were afraid the axe would cut them, if they kept it too long without using it."

By August the 12th, most of the Indians went home in disgust. On the 14th, Governor Carleton wrote to the Earl of Dartmouth, one of His Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, and made this inquiry.

"As Colonel Johnson intends residing in this Province, I could wish his Rank and Command were clearly described, and how far the General Officers, and others may not interfere with, or direct him. Least private jealousies, and the Desire of Command might prove detrimental to the King's interest."

It was obvious that Guy Carleton was not absolutely sure of his authority over my father, and was seeking clarification. The rebels didn't know that they had an unwitting ally in the Governor, but his interference had opened the door to their armies.

When we first arrived at Montreal, we had felt safe and well protected by legions of native warriors. Now they had returned to their villages and the rebels were on the march. General Robert Prescott now ordered my father to keep the remaining 121 Indian warriors near Montreal. The rebels were closing in, and our sanctuary was now threatened. Master William Claus found this all very exciting, and he begged his father to let him volunteer, but I scolded him for being so stupid.

"Polly," he pleaded. "If I ever hope to be an Indian Superintendent, I must get some experience."

I looked at him in disbelief, for he was still but a child. I wondered what it was about young boys that they didn't seem to know any fear? I have visions of him lying in a pool of blood, somewhere out in the God forsaken wilderness. He had heard too many stories about how a great victory brought pride and bounty, and not enough about the misery that might result.

On September 6th, the Indians, and three Indian department officers drove off a rebel attack on Fort St. John's. Our old friend Captain Gilbert Tice was wounded in the thigh, and returned to our care. Mr. Tice had been the tavern keeper in Johnstown before the rebellion, and was a long time friend of the family. Although Capt. Tice was not mortally wounded, his suffering did serve as an example to cool the ardor of Master William Claus. Added to this, was the fact that most of those faithful Indians had now gone home angered by the fact that they had not been supported by British troops.

The Governor had succeeded in losing two thirds of his strength through his arrogance. Poor father was depressed and frustrated. First he had lost our dear mother, and now he was a Colonel without a command. He had begun to drink quite heavily and constantly paced the floor, cursing those obstinate bastards, without mentioning them by name.

The surrounding forests were teeming with rebels and their sympathizers. The habitant farmers were joining the rebels en masse, for they saw that they were winning. Although they had no real quarrel with the British government, they would support the rebels out of fear. They felt that their farms would be taken away from them if they did otherwise. For months now they had been bombarded with propaganda, some from French agents, but mostly from rebels. Two Montreal lawyers, a Mr. Brown and a Mr. Walker, had been haranguing in the coffeehouses that spring. Only the clergy and the noblesse still supported the British, and they did not have sufficient numbers to defend the Province. On the 20th of September, the rebel General Richard Montgomery landed with his troops, and laid siege to Fort St. John. General Guy Carleton had marched out with his tiny army, in the hope that he could raise the siege.

Once again acting General, Richard Prescott was left in command at Montreal. Father sneered, "That son-of-a-bitch couldn't defend a rum pot from a drunk."

Father was not a happy man and my dear uncle Claus, who remarked in a much more polite way, shared his feelings.

"I must impeach his character, for he is ignorant of the serious consequences of his bad judgment. He should have known that the Indians would not stand still long, before they would abandon us."

There was no doubt in our minds that the Governor and his cohort, Major Prescott had made a series of serious blunders. Fort Ticonderoga and Crown Point had been too easily taken, and that had opened the Lake Champlain route to the rebels. The loss of our important Indian allies through their interference, meant that rebel supply lines would not be broken, and their army would not be cut off, or ambushed. All we had left was a few faithful Mohawks, the men of the Indian department, the noblesse and a small garrison of British regulars. The question was not if Montreal would fall, but when? Prescott was ill tempered and conceited, with an air of self-confidence that bordered on obnoxious. He put full confidence in Major Campbell, the

man that the Governor had installed as the Indian Superintendent for Quebec. Campbell's only real qualification was that he had married the daughter of seigneur La Corne St. Luc, a man that had managed Indian affairs under the French regime. La Corne was far from trustworthy and was described by the rebel leader John Brown as "cunning as the devil." In addition, neither Major Campbell or his deputy could speak any of the Indian languages, nor did they really understand the Indian customs.

There was nothing left for my father, or my uncle to do in Quebec, for Campbell had superseded their authority. It was obvious that our only hope for justice was to appeal to the members of the King's closet in England. Montreal was weakly defended and on the 24th of September the rebels launched an attack. We realized that escape might not be possible. Our family was terrified at the thought of being taken as prisoners by the rebels. Stories of how they had mistreated innocent Loyalist civilians made me shiver. We were attempting to look after the wounded Captain Tice. My aunt Nancy Claus worked right with our servants attending to his wounds, and I bathed his fevered brow. Circumstances had for the moment taken away any social barriers. We felt that he would do better with people he knew, rather than with strangers at the Grey Nun hospital. He lay on a cot in the parlor, his face ashen gray and drawn. Infection was always a worry, but an old Indian had poulticed his most serious wound, and Tice seemed satisfied with that. I remember my late grandfather telling me about the miracles achieved with Indian cures. He had been a great student of invention and had vaccinated the Mohawk Indians against small pox. They in turn had shown him a number of effective native remedies. Of course our medical men would have none of that.

Our attention was taken by a sharp knock on the door; but before we could respond, General Prescott came storming into the room. He always carried a swagger stick, which he used liberally when ever he wanted to make a point. He had a reputation for being rudely impertinent, and would knock a man's hat off, if he didn't doff it in his presence. He looked over at Captain Tice, and screwed up his face.

"We'll have to get him out of here!" He then inquired as if it was an after thought.

"How is he coming along?"

"The Captain has lost a great deal of blood and is very weak." Aunt Nancy replied tartly.

"He may not be able to stand being moved."

The general paused for a minute.

"Well, I'm afraid that we have no choice. Should the rebels take this place and find him in here, who knows what might happen to him?"

Prescott's remark came as a bit of a shock for us, since it almost suggested that he possessed a tiny bit of humanity beneath that icy exterior. Secondly,

it seemed to us to be an admission that Montreal might very soon fall into rebel hands.

Aunt Nancy gasp, and with a look of horror blurted out.

"What will happen to us, if those awful men discover that we're here?"

She knew full well that we would all be dragged back to Albany, but she wanted to hear what he had to say about our situation. It seemed obvious that the general had more respect for Tice, than for us. It would also appear as if he considered us merely a load of excess baggage, but Tice had proven to be a brave soldier. In fact, the action at Fort St. John may have held the rebels back for at least two weeks.

"Well!"--- He snapped after much thought.

"I think it best that you all get ready to move up to Quebec Town."

This could only mean that our side was losing, and they already had made plans to pull out. Indian scouts had told father that three rebel armies were on the march, but he had discounted it as hysteria. Before we could say any more, shots rang out to the east of the town. Without saying a word, the general rushed off leaving us with our thoughts. We immediately began to make preparations to leave Montreal as quickly as possible. Neither uncle Daniel Claus or father was on hand to help us, nor did we have visions of making a panic flight on foot. This of course would be extremely difficult, if not impossible.

It was not long before the small arms fire was mixed with the crash of artillery. We were simply terrified and almost took flight in the other direction, but thought better of it. After about an hour or so the heavy din of battle seemed to fade. We listened to every sound, trying to discern the fate of our troops. In the distance we could see puffs of smoke, and could hear the faint sounds of men shouting, intermingled with musket shots. We knew that the battle was almost over, but had no idea if Montreal was safe, or about to capitulate? It was the last week of September and the weather had begun to cool down. Quebec town was a long way off, and yet it would be a much more desirable objective, than a trip to Albany. A chill ran up my spine every time I thought about it.

Just then, the door flew open and father came in, followed by the Butler men, Joseph Brant and uncle Daniel Claus. Tears streamed down our faces, as we hugged our loved ones and greeted the others. We soon learned that the rebel attack had been defeated, and for the moment we were safe. Several of the rebels had been taken prisoner, including one Colonel Ethan Allen. He was the fellow that had captured the British Fort, Ticonderoga in the spring. When General Prescott found out that he had that scoundrel in his possession, he flew into a rage and ordered Allen to be put in chains. Prescott had even considered the dreaded Tyburn halter, but was satisfied when an eight-foot long iron bar was attached to his leg irons. These prisoners were to be taken to Quebec town, and long boats would carry them out to the ships.

We were told that we would be transported in that flotilla since it would be given military protection.

The scouts had seen rebel activity on the roads leading to Montreal, so the land route was far too dangerous. We were beginning to know how a criminal must feel, always being on the run. We had just begun to settle into the quaint Montreal community, and now it felt as if we were about to abandon another home.

Ensign Walter Butler, one of the officers that captured Ethan Allen spoke softly to his old friend and comrade, captain Tice. I don't know why I should have been attracted to this older man, but there was something about him that appealed to me. He had a combination of ruggedness and savoir-faire that made him stand out from all the other men. With the help of Brant, he lifted Tice onto a make shift stretcher.

We all made our way down to the St. Lawrence River, where long boats were waiting for us to depart. General Prescott seemed pleased to see us making our departure, and even helped me to get on board one of the craft. He was less than kind and civil to the rebel prisoners, who he held in the utmost contempt. They were quite a sorry looking band of unhappy French-Canadians and New Englanders. The British guards roughly jostled them about, and seemed to derive pleasure from their misery. It was hard to tell which man was the rebel Colonel, for no one seemed to be dressed with any distinction. None of our officers addressed them as anything but "Mister," for the British command didn't recognize the United States as sovereign. They were merely men that had committed treason and deserved to die. The only salvation that was in their favor was the success that they had enjoyed to date. They would not be hung as long as the rebels held almost the entire continent hostage.

Isn't it wonderful, how power is respected? There was little doubt that those men, would have been hung, drawn and quartered without the rebel Congress standing behind them. Governor Carleton had the power to try these men for high treason. However, the threat of retaliation by the Whig Congress would hold that move in check. I suspect that even yet, that could be the end result, if the Whigs lost the rebellion. No doubt, nothing would please Prescott more, than to pull the lever. That poor wretch Ethan Allen had gone from visions of power and glory, to chains and shackles, encumbered by fifty pounds of British iron.

We seemed to be out of place, mixed in with soldiers and prisoners; but we still had our fine silks and linens, and were well cared for by our slaves and retainers. In the other boats many of the prisoners were dressed in bloodied rags, and even His Majesty's soldiers were wearing badly tattered uniforms. The sounds of oars rattling in their locks, and the commands to heave on those lanky shafts became foremost in my mind. Seeing the war up so close had given me a new perspective on life, and for the first time, I had really begun to feel a tiny bit of pity for the lower order. The women in our family

had always been shielded from the raw side of society. We had our sickness and the occasional death, but no real brutality and suffering. I had now seen life as it really is, and it bothered me.

Our future was quite uncertain at this juncture and we really had little to look forward to. The very authoritative Governor Carleton had made it clear to my father that he was in command. This left my father in the position of having a Commission without authority. He requested that he be allowed to leave for England, since he was not needed in Quebec. John Butler could attend to Indian Affairs in his absence as the acting deputy. Butler of course was well liked and trusted by General Guy Carleton. The Governor was to remain in command at Montreal, while we pushed on to Quebec Town. He complained in a letter to Lord Dartmouth.

"The citizens were greatly frightened both at the rebels in open arms without, and those traitors within."

We were happy to leave while we still had a chance, for our capture would have been quite a prize for the rebel General, Richard Montgomery. The master aboard the Brigantine Gaspé, was a Canadian by the name of Captain Royale, who seemed like a fair-minded fellow. I stood on the deck as the prisoners were brought along side. There appeared to be twenty-one New Englanders, or Green Mountain boys, and thirteen French-Canadians. The rebel prisoners had both their hands and feet shackled. As an added precaution, they had been chained together so they had to all move at the same time. The sailors had just come off of shore leave and some appeared to be drunk. Apparently that was normal, and all that was required, was that they do their duty. They handled the prisoners quite roughly, sometimes half dragging them to the hold hatchway. I noticed that one rebel in particular was receiving quite a bit of abuse from the crew, and was loud mouthed with an impudent air. This fellow was of a stocky build with a muscular physique. I knew without asking that this had to be the infamous Colonel Ethan Allen. His brash, bold daring had won him the day at Fort Ticonderoga, but a more prudent posture would have served him better here among the Royalists.

Apparently the rebels were put down into the bottom of the hold, well out of sight. It appeared as if they would have lots of time to lament below. My dear uncle Daniel Claus seemed to be a bit disturbed by the way these men had been treated. He had to be the most gentle and forgiving man that I have known. I know that the bible says that we are supposed to turn the other cheek, but how can we respect men that drive you from your home? Father wasn't so amiable, and he cursed those damned rebels, and wanted them all to rot in hell. He felt that shoving the prisoners down in to the bilge was a good place for them.

The brigantine was a square-rigged vessel with two masts, and a spanker on the main mast. She was built to travel back and forth between Montreal and Quebec town. The Captain said he couldn't be sure if the route was still unchallenged, for the rebels might have placed artillery within range along

the bank? There was also a chance that they might have riflemen stationed along the river, so that they could pick off the crewmen. They would have a fight on their hands in any event, for we had riflemen among our party too. My Uncle Joseph Brant took pride in his marksmanship, with his British long rifle, as did other men in the Indian department.

A largely French-Canadian crew manned the Gaspé and like the bateaux men, they had their boat songs. My sisters and I must have reminded them of their family at home, for they treated us with great kindness. The sailors strung some hammocks for us up on deck. They then sang to us as they gently swung our hammocks, and we lay relaxed, warmly wrapped in our three point blankets. Although the weather had grown colder and there were a few flakes of snow in the air, it was quite a pleasant trip along the beautiful St. Lawrence River. At night, the moon shone brightly, and the river was truly charming. The banks of this noble waterway form an almost continuous village from Montreal to Quebec. The north bank was especially beautiful with a lovely confusion of buildings, woods, mountains, and meadows, all intermixed with innumerable churches.

It was not long before we arrived off Quebec town and the anchors were dropped. The citadel stood high above the river, and appeared well fortified. Near the walls was a building that stood close to the brink of the river; it was the French Chateau of St. Louis. The city was divided into a high and lower town. There were a number of houses and warehouses in the low town, next to the river. The view from our ship was quite impressive, and I could only wonder if this very important post would survive a rebel assault? The Gaspé had been ordered to return to Montreal as soon as it had let off its passengers. Under the present conditions the brigantine was the most reliable courier, and vital dispatches were travelling back and forth between the two posts. Normally the Governor spent much of his time at the castle in Quebec town, but he had left Lt. Governor Cramaché in charge until his return. Upon landing we found the Governor's secretary, a Captain Mathews waiting for us. He advised us that apartments could be made available to us in the Governor's castle; but if we preferred private lodgings, a Madame le Bruné had some space available.

It was obvious that the Governor had remained the consummate host and politician. His smooth etiquette assured that it would be hard to fault him with the high command. My father thanked the captain for his kind assistance, and advised him that we would be staying at Madame le Bruné's house. We then availed ourselves of the Governor's Calash to convey us to our quarters. As we ascended the hill, we were shocked to see a large dog struggling to pull a heavily laden cart loaded with coal. The slope was rather steep and the poor thing could barely move its burden. The street was crowded with carts, walkers and riders, none paying the slightest bit of attention to the animal's misery. Our stay in Quebec would be brief, but interesting. The population here was less affected by the conquest, than it

had been in Montreal. On a religious holiday the population would dress in their finest to attend mass. Agreeable to their ancient French fashion, the older women with the deep corded caps, --- the girls with their hair hanging down, tied with ribbons at the roots, and the men in silk jackets.

There were a fair number of sailors in the city, who were easily identified by their short clothing. The seamen usually wore dark blue short posterior freezing jackets over a red waistcoat, and a checkered shirt. Many had their hair tied back and braided, under a broad felt hat; their neck protected by a red or blue bandana. For trousers they wore a loose canvas material, and buckle shoes when on shore leave. The men loved their rum and many were constantly inebriated, although it was hard to tell, since they were accustomed to the habit.

The garrison at Quebec was so under staffed that some rumors forewarned that the sailors might be impressed to help defend the city. This made it even more imperative that we depart fairly soon. There were several ships anchored off shore and the shipping season was fast drawing to a close. Once the ice had formed along the river, we would be locked in for the winter. The idea of travelling to England across the cold Atlantic Ocean did not appeal to me. Should we run into a severe winter gale, we might find a deep watery grave. However, we weren't sure if capture by the rebels would be that much better? There was a very good chance that the citadel of Quebec would fall, and we could be certain that our forced journey back to Albany in the dead of winter would not be pleasant. My father felt that he had lost all, so why should he risk capture, merely to add a few extra bodies to the garrison?

"Why should we risk our lives to help save that bastard Carleton's commission?" He argued. "Even if they do take him prisoner, they'll exchange him at some future date. They'll just ship him back to England and he will be assigned to some other posting. It isn't Carleton that I feel sorry for. It's people like us. -- Men like Joseph Clement and John Dockstader that will really suffer. They're marked men and the rebel congress will be hard on them, unless the King is willing to put a real army into the field and we win the contest."

My uncle Daniel Claus was equally disturbed by the situation. Like my father, he too had watched as Guy Carleton had attempted to win with timidity, bordering on cowardice.

"On reflection my dear brother, I believe that Governor Carleton could have stopped the rebels at St. John, if he had done what we suggested. He put too much faith in his French-Canadians, and not enough in the loyal Indians." Father had been drinking too heavily of late and I worried about his health. He suffered from bouts of depression and fits of coughing. Even uncle Daniel Claus had been complaining about his gout, and sat with his foot bandaged up, and leeches attached to his leg. They continued to discuss the failed tactics of the Governor; lamenting the fact that he had been too cautious to break the siege at Fort St. John. They felt that had they been allowed to

manage the Indians properly, the rebels wouldn't have been so bold. They figured that with a thousand Iroquois warriors laying in ambush, it would have caused most of the rebels to desert. Once the rebels had taken Chambly and St. John, the way was open to take Montreal. We had been lucky to escape before the rebels were able to blockade the St. Lawrence River.

A scout arrived at Quebec on November 10th, and we learned that the powder magazine had been blown up at Montreal. General Carleton had tried to rally the French-Canadians to defend the city, but to no avail. They had even refused to bring in all their ladders so the rebels couldn't scale the walls. With no hope of defense, Carleton and his men had fled to the war ships on the St. Lawrence River. All that remained between Montreal and Quebec was the post at Three Rivers. Panic was beginning to set in, and refugees were on the move away from the war zone.

Four of His Majesty's war ships and fourteen merchant ships were anchored on the river next to the city. A soft wet snowfall had begun to blow across the citadel and the streets had begun to turn to muck. General Benedict Arnold and his ragged rebel army were camped nearby, and might choose to attack at any time. It seemed incredible that after travelling this far, we might end up as prisoners.

Father checked to see if any of the ships were planning to chance an ocean voyage at this late date? The Governor had made it quite clear that he, not my father was in charge of Indian affairs in Quebec. So father felt that he would be of greater service to the King in New York, but would need to clarify his authority in England. He felt that his influence would be greater in person, than by letter. In addition, my uncle Daniel Claus had no Commission at all, and was dependent on father for his salary. We learned that Lt. Governor Hector Theophilus Cramahé wanted to be rid of the rebel prisoners on board His Majesty's armed vessels off shore. They were both a burden and a threat, so he made plans to transport them to England on a Merchant ship. Captain Henry Wilson, the master of the Adamant, a fourth class vessel, agreed to take them on the condition that the prisoners would be taken off his hands, as soon as he reached Falmouth, England.

A Mr. Brook Watson, Governor Carleton's Commissary-General and one of the owners, of the ship was to be put in charge of these prisoners during their passage. We realized that this was probably the last ship that would be leaving Quebec for England in 1775. An armed Frigate named "Lizard" had made two trips in with supplies, but Captain Hamilton and his one hundred and seventy men were needed to man the Citadel. Lt. Gov. Cramahé wanted all of the other merchant ships to stand by, while they had a council of war. It wasn't clear if Gov. Carleton had escaped from Montreal, or if he was already a prisoner of the rebels? There was even some doubt as to whether Quebec town should resist, or quietly capitulate?

The scene in Quebec was confused and desperate. Some of Benedict Arnold's men had been seen coming out of the woods, looking ragged and sickly. That

should have been good news, but word had come in that the French-Canadians were feeding and caring for them. It seemed as if the rebel propaganda machine had turned more than half of them against us. Governor Cramahé would have dearly loved to have the habitants enlisted into his militia, but he dare not trust them. His entire garrison at the time we were preparing to leave totaled only 586 men, including three hundred French-Canadians, and eighty mechanics and carpenters. This was why Lt.Gov. Cramahé had his eye on the crew of the ships, and none could leave.

I looked out over the vast expanse of ocean, a cold north wind blowing snow against my face, and shivered. There seemed to be no dividing line between the water and the sky. I had never sailed on the ocean before and dreaded the thought of drowning in its icy fathoms. This was the worst possible time to be crossing the North Atlantic, when we might be caught in a winter gale. Both father and uncle Daniel Claus had been to sea and knew the dangers of it. They had told me stories that I had enjoyed at the time, for I was living at home in the valley. Now, when I thought back, and remembered what they had said, my mind was flooded with cold thoughts of sheer terror.

The only consolation was that I wouldn't be alone, for we had over thirty in our party, including the handsome Walter Butler. I dare not let him see my fear, for I did not want him to think of me as a mere child. Joseph Brant, Mr. Chew, Gilbert Tice, Peter and William Johnson and dear uncle were also coming with us. My aunt Nancy didn't appear to be concerned about the voyage. In fact she was far more interested in the food and clothing that we might need on such a long ocean voyage. She had found the purser on shore and checked to see what provisions were on board, and if she could bring some livestock with her? The voyage could easily take up to two months, and if we hoped to arrive in good health, some planning was needed. Of course Master William Claus was up to his usual adventures, and petitioned his mother to allow a few pets along. Because the ship was not carrying much cargo, we were told that some extra space was available.

Normally the merchant ships would be heavily loaded with furs, potash, rum, oak barrel staves, pig and bar iron; but the rebels had put an end to that. On the ninth of November the rebel prisoners had been transferred from the British man of war, to the Adamant. I had watched from the heights, as the jack-tars rowed these sorry looking fellows over to the merchantman. I felt certain empathy for these men, for our people would probably be subjected to similar treatment, if we were to be captured. We could not be sure that either a French man of war, or a rebel privateer, would not capture our vessel at sea. Normally the merchant ships went in convoy with some British armed ships. Because of the desperate situation, we were offered no such luxury. Governor Hector Theophilus Cramahé had taken the precaution of impressing all but a skeleton crew from His Majesty's ships. This included all the crewmen from the merchant ships; from which he was able to make up a battalion of nine companies. This was a very irregular collection of recruits.

The Governor had decided against enlisting many of the habitants, for he afraid that they might prove untrustworthy. He had earlier written to Lord Dartmouth.

"No means have been left untried to bring the Canadian Peasantry to a Sense of their Duty, and engage them to take up arms in Defense of the Province."

The Lieutenant Governor had been described as a feeble, thoroughly frightened old man. Others had defended him for putting the town into a proper state of defense. It did seem strange to see such an assortment of troops. Colonel Allan MacLean had just arrived with his kilted Scottish Highlanders. There had been some talk of the town capitulating, prior to MacLean's arrival, but that had been quickly laid to rest. He had warned these cowards that they might lose all if they surrendered. He said that the rebels were thieves and looters, and they would plunder both the homes and shops. This had the effect of stiffening the resolve to hold out against the enemy until help arrived. It was indeed a very trying time for the British administration in the provincial capital.

Quebec had been in British hands for just over a decade, and had never fully accepted British rule. Rumors had persisted that France was the force behind the rebellion, so the population was less than cooperative. Had the French fleet appeared off the harbor, no doubt the population would have turned on their British conquerors en masse.

We had been on the run for over four months, and now were about to leave the continent. I had a cold and empty feeling inside. It didn't seem right that I should have to give up my birthplace, just because a few people didn't agree with their British home government. Many questions flooded my mind as I stepped into the long boat. Was it right that we were about to leave the town, just when it's defense needed every fighting man that could be trusted? Would the capture of men like Joseph Brant and my father, do more damage than the loss of Quebec? It was true that the support of the Six Nations Iroquois Confederacy was a vitally important military element on the frontier. The capture of these men would make great hostages for the enemy. Even my Uncle Daniel Claus would be a worthy prize and a bargaining chip for the rebels. Once they had these men in their power, they could hold the Iroquois in check. This could put the Grand Chiefs of the entire Confederacy in a difficult position. Our departure would at least give the high command a chance to organize a counterattack. All of this was very extrinsic to my thoughts as a young lady of class, but I could not escape it. The rebellion had enforced its way into my life, and there was nothing that I could do about it.

Up until this point in time my experiences had been quite traumatic. The loss of my dear mother had broken my heart, crushed my spirit and depressed me greatly. Had it not been for my sweet gentle aunt Nancy Claus, and her loving care, I surely would have perished, thrown myself into the river, or taken some hemlock. Now, as we were about to leave the security of this walled town, I trembled at the thoughts of what might lay ahead. Were we

escaping the rebel attack on land, only to end up being captured by rebels on the high seas? I worried about the fate of the children, especially little Nan, for she was so terribly frail.

Chapter #2

The Adamant

I had contrary emotions, as the rest of our party boarded the ship's boats. Our stay in Quebec City had been reasonably pleasant, with ample food and a cozy fireplace. We had even enjoyed a soft down filled mattress on our beds, and fresh spring water from a covered well. On the other hand I had no idea what to expect on board an ocean going ship?

Master William Claus was carrying two suspicious looking crates, which I assumed he had filled with his menagerie. As yet, I had not seen the ship's master, or the purser, but suspected that they were in for a surprise. Aunt Nancy Claus had obtained several animals and some chickens, to supply us with fresh eggs and meat during the voyage. All of this livestock had already been loaded, along with a supply of root vegetables, and dried fruit. I was very interested in watching the crew load barrel, after barrel full of water. I learned later that they had put over 100 tons of water and spruce beer on board. It seemed rather strange, with all of that water out there; the ship had to be loaded with some more. The purser, a Mr. Dore told me that this would be enough drinking water to last twelve weeks, should we be at sea that long. He also advised that it was possible to distil seawater, but it took so much fuel that it was impractical, except in an emergency.

The other item that surprised me was the tons of hay that were hoisted aboard. It had never occurred to me that there would be a need for fodder aboard an ocean going ship. I then realized that the cattle, sheep, horses and goats on board would need the same things that they need on land. Mr. Dore as the purser had total responsibility for this inventory, and could be held accountable for it.

The ship was anchored well out into the river, beyond either cannon, or rifle fire. There was a swirl of snow in the air that melted as soon as it hit the water. Looking up and down river, the ghostly form of many ships dotted the horizon. The Adamant had three masts, with square sails that had yet to be hoisted. Our boat drew along side and the crew let down a suspended ramp, so we could board her. Unlike the armed ships of the line, she did not have gun ports, but merely carried swivel guns on the upper deck. We would be an easy target for a French man-of-war, or privateer should one spot us.

My little sisters, Julia and little Nan were tightly bundled in blankets and had become accustomed to travelling. Our black maidservant Emma made sure that they were well cared for. It was her responsibility to feed them,

clothe them and not let them out of her sight. Emma had been with us for many years and was like one of the family. But of course we didn't let her eat with us, or share our quarters, that just wasn't done. These people had to be kept in their place, or Lord knows what would happen? Our situation was somewhat different than most of the upper class families. The Indians frowned on the keeping of slaves, so we had to be extra careful not to mistreat them. It would not look too good if their white father, the Indian Superintendent abused his servants.

Husky sailors rowed the long boats, and our craft glided into place next to the Adamant without incident. We were being treated to a soft wet snowfall that made the wooden stairs rather slippery. My father assisted me up the rather unstable stairway. When we arrived on the upper deck, I could smell the aroma of something baking. The deck itself was cluttered with live animals and crates of chickens. It was hard to tell if we had just arrived on a farm, or if this was indeed a ship?

Several boys, some younger than William, were scurrying around, helping with the loading. These were apprentice seamen, who as they say, "were learning the ropes." I could see that William was going to find his stay on board this ship, to be quite a challenge. The boys were bare footed, and could scurry amongst the rigging like squirrels. Apparently many of these boys were from large lower class families, and a life at sea offered a better opportunity than they would have as a crofter, or farm hand. Most of the seamen had started the same way, so many had formed a bond, like father and son, or even as brothers. They could identify with these young apprentices, and knew the struggle that they were going through. I watched as the heavy water casks were lowered into the hold with a boom and a capstan. The jack-tars and boys all took turns pushing on the bars that cranked the huge wooden winch, or capstan. The water, liquor, barrels of salted meat and coils of rope were put into the bottom of the ship. The extra spaces on the upper decks were filled with hay for the animals and bags of grain for the cook and the poultry.

Our quarters were on the upper deck, aft and we would be sleeping in large wooden bunks. There were no windows in this area, and we would depend on candles for our illumination. It was a strange new experience for me, and I wasn't quite sure how I would manage? Father told us that some of the ocean going ships had better quarters, but we were lucky to get this modest accommodation.

It would likely be winter before we arrived in England, so warmth alone was an important consideration. I learned that we had little to complain about, for the rebel prisoners had been confined to a small area in the hold. They had but one candle and two excrement tubs for thirty six prisoners in a room twenty feet wide and twenty two feet long. They were crammed in like cordwood, with barely enough room to lie down. I was told that normally the air was bad in the hold, but with the ammonia from urine, excrement and

body odor added in, hell would seem like heaven to them. All of these men were still shackled hand and foot, with no opportunity to bathe, exercise or see the light of day.

Apparently the Master and the crew on the armed military vessel had treated them fairly well, but Captain Wilson had no sympathy for them. He had passed the responsibility for their care to Mr. Brook Watson whom, as part owner of the ship looked upon them as mere cargo. Watson was a true Royalist, and he hated the rebels, showing them no mercy. It took some time for the captain to round up his crew, and finish loading the ship. Those men that were sober enough to go aloft were ordered to get ready to loose the sails. The younger men were to work on the topgallant and royal yards. While others began to loose the anchors that would be hoisted by the capstan. Young and old alike would push with their chests up against the capstan bars and shove as if their life depended on it.

It was on the 11th of November that we finally got under way. Although the weather was just above freezing, it was foggy and overcast, with a misty rain falling. I looked back as the shoreline began to fade into the distance. I had never been to sea before, and wondered how my stomach would feel when we reached the rough water? There was a very slight breeze and the sails had caught the wind, so the ship hove gently to the leeward, as the water began to churn beneath her bow. One by one, we passed the other ships that had been anchored off shore. Our crew signaled to the gunboats as we passed, and a union jack and narrow pendant fluttered on our masthead. The fog was lifting, but visibility was still quite poor and the captain didn't want his ship to be mistaken for a privateer.

I soon discovered the source of the delightful aroma of something baking. A small iron chimney protruded through the forecastle deck and from this orifice curled a whiff of white smoke. Upon further investigation I located an interesting place they call the "galley." Here I found the cook, a mister George Potts, and his helper, a boy by the name of Walter Lillicrop, or "Walt," as we later came to know him. Mr. Potts was a likable fellow if you stayed in his favor, but you dare not cross him. He claimed not to like women, but I found him to be quite amiable.

"Good day to you miss!" Was his rather droll salutation.

It seemed that he wasn't impressed with rank or social status. He knew full well that I was a lady of rank, but just didn't give a damn. I realized that he was probably more genuine than obnoxious, and did not take offence at his flippancy.

"Oh my, something smells wonderful!" I replied smiling.

He was the type of person that would go out of his way to please you, if he liked you. It seemed as if I had won at least a temporary accord. He cut a slice from a freshly baked cake and offered me a sample.

"Try this." He demanded, and I did not hesitate to obey his command. He was indeed an excellent cook and his baking was first rate.

"M, -m, -m," I responded, smacking my lips. "You're cooking is even better than that of my aunt Nancy; but please don't tell her I said that."

Apparently young Walt Lillicrop was the scrounger and when the cook was looking for something special, he would try to hunt it up. The standard ship's fare could be quite boring, with salt port and biscuits. The latter often being wormy or chewed by bugs. Walt warned me about the rats, for all ships have them, but some could be quite nasty. He told me that he'd heard of ships being sunk, by rats that had chewed through the planking in the hold. That along with the danger of fire, added to the fear that I already knew. However, I suspected that cousin William would probably try to make pets of them, a thought that made me shudder.

It did not take long, for me to realize that a large sea going vessel, was more than mere wood and canvas. If the captain was fairly amiable and a bit understanding, the crew could be like a large family. Although Capt. Henry Wilson could be very hard on laggards and rebels, he appeared to possess a well-concealed touch of humanity. This was a carefully guarded quality that he dispensed with measured care. The jack-tars would soon lose respect for a master that was too easy. He had to strike that balance between a tyrant drill sergeant and a father. That is if he hoped to control both the boys and the seasoned hard as rock mariners.

Due to the lateness of the season, the captain struck a course that would take him on a more southerly route. The crew was barefooted, and working in the rigging when it was icy, was extremely hazardous. As we moved out onto the ocean the waves rocked the ship in a manner that I had never experienced before. Although it made me feel slightly ill, I didn't lose my latest meal. Some of the others weren't so fortunate, including my cousin William, who was looking rather pale. The ship had taken on a constant but gentle roll and Master William didn't look at all well.

"Are you feeling fit?" I gibed, knowing that his poor stomach was probably churning.

"Ah come on Polly." He pleaded. "I feel awful!"

Just then a goat began to bleat, sounding like a high pitched laugh. William didn't find it at all funny and by this time was leaning over the railing. His misery diminished as the voyage proceeded, and in due course he gained his sea legs. I noticed a large number of the passengers had suffered the same fate and were quite ill. I suspected that this was just the first in a list of new experiences that would plague our party. Father was the only one in our group that had sailed across the ocean before. I had heard stories of disasters from him and others. I knew that an ocean voyage was more than just an adventure, for it wasn't unusual for more than one passenger to die on route. I had been told that should anyone on board be seriously ill with some contagious disease, the entire ship could be infected by it.

The cool weather would be a mixed blessing, in as much as the fresh drinking water wouldn't go bad as quickly; but the chances for survival if the ship was

swamped in the icy sea would be next to nil. The ship's Master, Captain Henry Wilson had given orders that the deck was to be washed down twice a week, and tar would be burned below decks to regularly fumigate the ship. On those days I had to stay up on deck, for my asthma would become unbearable. The following day it snowed quite heavily and the visibility fell to half the ship's length. The captain had to rely entirely on his compass to pilot the ship, and collision was always possible. A boy was up in the crow's-nest serving as the lookout. In heavy weather keen youthful eyes were needed in order to spot the shadowy form of an approaching ship. It was extremely difficult to see any distance in the murky gloom. The deck was wet with slush and very slippery, so I retreated to the wardroom. My dear aunt Nancy Claus had been with me, but she was tired and wished to return to our quarters. She knew that father would keep an eye on me, so I was allowed to go there on my own.

The saloon was candlelit and filled with a smoky haze, for many of the senior crewmembers and gentlemen were gathered there. Father and uncle Daniel Claus were deep in conversation with the captain, a glass of rum in one hand, and pipe in the other. Upon seeing me, my father nodded his head in a gesture of acknowledgment, noting my presence. Under normal circumstances a young lady of quality, would never have entered a ship's saloon unattended. However the ship offered little opportunity to follow normal protocol and the usual rules were relaxed.

Near by, my cousins Peter and William Johnson had joined in a game of backgammon with some of the crew. At the far end of the room others were rehearsing for a dance. Two violins, a fife, a drum, a horn and a harpsichord made up their orchestra. I made my way through the crowded, smoke filled room looking for a place to sit down. Just then one of the gentlemen quickly jumped to his feet to guide me to the place he had just vacated on a bench. I was quite flattered and blushed deeply.

"Miss Johnson, allow me?" He inquired, as he gestured to the unoccupied seating accommodation. I realized immediately that it was Walter Butler, and I acknowledged his kind offer. It was customary for a gentleman to escort a lady in a crowded room. Although I was only 11, it made me feel much older, and more important to be treated like an adult. There were several other women on the ship including my aunt Ann Claus, but the men outnumbered the females by ten to one. Mr. Butler was very gracious, and asked me if I would be attending the dance that was planned for that evening? I informed him that I had never been allowed to dance, but if my father attended, I might have the opportunity.

"Well then, -- I may have the pleasure of seeing you again a little later?" He then bowed and left my company.

Mr. Butler was very polite and acted much as I imagine he would, if he was my older brother. Since he was twice my age, I really didn't give him more serious consideration, and in any event, I was too young to be courted. Since

this was going to be a long voyage, the passengers would of necessity look around for any suitable form of entertainment. This meant that there would be a very great shortage of women for dancing. I looked upon this, as my opportunity to enjoy what normally was restricted to adults.

While I was sitting listening to the rather labored efforts of the tiny orchestra, I thought about the cold blustery weather outside. Inside, the room was quite warm, and I realized that it was the body heat of the passengers, that warmed it. Only the cook had a stove and it was restricted to use during fair weather. I felt sorry for the poor sailors who had to work out in the bitter cold. Bare feet and short wet clothing could only result in frostbite, and sickness. However, this was their life and they knew nothing else but the hardship and the danger of this vocation. Unlike the military vessels, this ship did not have a large crew. Every man and boy had to be paid, and this was a drain on the owner's pocket book. It was unlikely that this voyage would show a profit, but I'm sure the owners felt that it was better than risking the loss of their ship to the rebels.

The wardroom gave me a feeling of warmth and coziness, spoiled only by the foul odor coming from the stable, and hatchway. After awhile my uncle Daniel Claus brought out his violin and joined in with the tiny orchestra. He played the instrument with the feeling, and the intensity of a virtuoso. I watched with rapt fascination as this small fine-featured musician stroked the delicate instrument with the deftness of a professional. This inspired uncle Joseph Brant and my father to accompany him; so the revelry grew as the day wore on. I was given the opportunity to play a few notes on the harpsichord, while the owner rested. The merriment was only recessed for our evening meal. By this time we had left the coastline far from view, and the ocean waves seemed to be bigger than the ship. It was truly amazing how the vessel was able to rise and then glide easily over them. I found the wave action to be almost hypnotic, and had it not been for the cold weather, I might have arranged for a hammock to be brought up on deck.

The captain seemed to spend much of his time walking the windward side of the ship. Apparently that was tradition, for here he could get a breath of fresh air. It made sense, for the stench coming from both the animals and the hatchway, was almost suffocating at times. It was with this in mind that I approached the ship's master. Captain Wilson was standing on the forecastle deck, staring out across the sea with his back to me. His was a burly physique, with his oil skin slicker glistening from the salt spray. Each time the ship dipped, then climbed out of a trench, the white caps broke over the figurehead sending a misty spray across her bow. I was quite nervous as I drew near, then blurted out my timid salutation.

"Ah, --pardon me Captain, --Sir." I stammered. "May I speak with you a moment?"

When the Captain turned, his face wore the visage of surprise. It was obvious that I had intruded into his private sanctuary.

"My dear young lady!" He snapped rather tartly. "Only the ship's master and my first mate are allowed to walk up here, on the windward side of the ship." I felt chastened and embarrassed, for I had intended no offence. It seemed however, that he too had second thoughts and continued.

"What seems to be the problem?"

"Sir, --I suffer from asthma and it would be greatly appreciated if I could partake of some fresh air from time to time." The Captain looked at me with what I suspected was a tinge of sympathy, for he seemed to mellow and became quite pleasant.

"By all means, my dear, I would be happy to have you join me. It's not often that I have the pleasure of a fair young damsel's company topside aboard this foul smelling windjammer; but you may need a change of clothing, for we are now getting some weather."

"Yes Sir, -- thank you Sir!" I responded, knowing that he might have very easily turned me down. It would indeed, have been within his prerogative. Before returning to the wardroom, I stood for a moment looking out across the vast expanse of ocean. The gray blue of the sky above, and the never-ending succession of mountainous waves below stretching into infinity. It was easy to see why a man might not get too full of himself out there. It was obvious that the cold north Atlantic knows no sovereign, and heels to no man. I pulled my shawl tightly around my shoulders, for the icy wind cut through me like a knife. Looking up I saw the sailors working in the rigging, but could not bear to watch them.

"Now there's where you'd really get some fresh air." The captain quipped, knowing full well that it was the most hazardous job on the ship.

"I don't know how they do it?" Was my rather subdued reply.

"I get dizzy just thinking about it."

The captain laughed a deep belly laugh. This was the first time that he had allowed his inner warmth to surface in my presence. I had seen him curse those damned rebels, and he had not shown any real sympathy for their plight. I had to wonder if his indifference towards them was more of a shield, than an accurate measure of his feelings. Breathing the clean fresh ocean air reminded me of how they must be suffering.

"Young lady, even I can remember when the thought of going aloft made my heart flutter. That's why we get em young, before they have enough sense to really know fear. Even then, not everyone is cut out for the high rigging job. One slip and it's all over."

Standing bare footed on a single rough hemp rope high above the deck, took nerve. I could see the need for an early initiation into that vocation. After I left the captain, I made my way through the pens of chickens and tethered animals on deck. This along with the ship's boats stacked in the center left little room for a walkway. The Adamant had been turned into a regular

Noah's Ark, with pigs, goats, sheep, ducks, chickens, turkeys, two riding horses, and even cows on board. Servants and their owners cared for them, and the more delicate animals were quartered below deck.

When I entered the wardroom, Mr. Brook Watson, the merchant and Commissary General was sitting by a low table. He had his thumbs tucked under his decorative leather belt, his fingers strumming on it in a very repetitious manner. He looked something like a flagitious bullfrog that had just swallowed its mate. Apparently he was debating the fate of the prisoners, with my great uncle, Joseph Brant. Watson as usual was decked out in a silk waistcoat with velvet breeches and embroidered jacket. He had lost his leg to a shark in Havana Harbor some twenty years earlier. Below his right knee, a wooden leg was quite evident. Although he had survived the ordeal, the subsequent struggle to regain his former circumstance had greatly soured his disposition.

"I dare say they'll hang the lot, when we get them over home!"

His face bore a wry devilish grin. He seemed pleased with his statement, and qualified his remark before my uncle could reply.

"We'd best be rid of them with as little expense as possible, for there's no place for these anarchists in our society."

With this remark he bent over and spit in a brass cuspidor. Captain Joseph Brant was somewhat disturbed by Brook Watson's comments, and said so.

"My people have no prisons, and we respect bravery. Even when we put a man to death and test his courage we do it in one day. You Sir have chosen to send these men to live in a pigsty, not fit for any brave soldier. They deserve better than that, even if they are Bostonians."

Brook Watson scowled icily. Then shot back bluntly... "Those sons of Satan are just getting what they deserve. Hell is too good for them in my opinion." Captain Brant was a commanding figure and it took nerve to talk to him in that manner. I could see that my great uncle was equipped with his usual array of weapons. Those included a dagger that was fastened to his belt, and a pipe tomahawk tucked under it. Although he wasn't carrying his pistols, I had heard him mention that his weapon of choice was the dagger. He had a fiery temper and had he been drinking heavily his contempt might have surfaced. It was obvious that he was irritated, but under the circumstances he chose to merely return an icy stare. To my surprise, Mr. Brook Watson didn't seem to be at all intimidated by Captain Brant's fearsome demeanor. I guess that any man that had tangled with a shark and survived, was someone that wasn't easily unnerved. This fellow was tough, and really didn't give a damn what anyone thought about his attitude. I had learned that as one of the ship owners, he considered the rebel leader and his cohorts to be merely baggage. It was his job to take them to England, and he fully intended to do that, even if they died enroute. He despised these men and given any chance he knew that they would have commandeered his vessel for the new republic. Watson was absolutely sadistic in his attitude towards the rebels,

and especially the one named Ethan Allen. Although Brant had very little sympathy for these men, he also looked upon Watson with reasoned contempt. Not only was the British aristocrat abusing these helpless men, but he was also a bit too cozy with Governor Carleton, and General Prescott. My role as a young lady of class, was to be polite and discreet. However, my tongue got the best of me and I spoke out.

"Sir!" I pleaded. "How, ---how can any God fearing man treat another in such a ghastly manner?"

Brook Watson looked horrified at me, as if my words were spewing forth like a worm crawling out of a shiny red apple.

"Young lady!" He demanded. "Your adolescent naive babbling, fills me with revulsion. Matters such as this are none of your affair, and should be left to mature gentlemen, not a girlchild."

He had insulted me in the way that hurt the most, for I hated being treated like a juvenile. His face was an angry mask, for he did not take kindly to criticism, especially when it came from a young woman. At this moment my Uncle Daniel Claus broke into the conversation.

"I implore you Sir, to respect this young lady's opinion, and that of my dear friend Joseph. Colonel Allen and his men are all God's children, and should also be treated like human beings. I'm sure that you would want to enjoy the proper convention as a prisoner of war, if you should fall into rebel hands?"

Brook Watson merely snorted, as if to discharge some infernal blockage from his nasal orifice. He then pointed an accusing finger at Daniel Claus.

"I hear you're the one that tried to offer those damned anarchists a mug of grog, without first asking my permission. Damned impertinent, I say."

My uncle just grinned, for he was guilty of showing the prisoners some humanity. This was his nature and it was hard for him to stand by and do nothing. He had watched as the guards had tormented those poor wretches, with the full approval of Brook Watson. He had commented to us, that he wouldn't be at all surprised to see some of these men die before reaching England. He felt that a little liquor might ease their discomfort, but the armed guards would have no part of it. Watson fully intended to make their life as miserable as he could, while they were in his hands. They were spit on and kicked, cursed and degraded. When they tried to fight back, they were forced back with bayonets. The swill that they received was barely fit to eat, and the stench in their prison was unbearable.

"Sir, your depravity leaves me little choice but to pray for your salvation. My conscience is clear, but you will have to answer to the almighty on the day of judgement."

Mr. Brook Watson only snorted again, leaving no question that my uncle's remarks would have little or no effect on him. He drew himself up, looking straight at my uncle, then offered this retort.

"Your misplaced sympathy for these scoundrels that would deprive you of your home and country, confounds me. You need not pray for me, for I am merely giving those devils their due!"

With this declaration, Watson let fly with a well-chewed cud of tobacco, hitting the spittoon with a resounding splat.

Enough had been said, so the subject was quickly abandoned to more agreeable thoughts. The evening would be spent dancing, playing cards and talking about our situation. Father was greatly concerned about his official rank as the Superintendent General of the northern Indian department. Governor Carleton's maneuvering had left him unsure about his status, and this could only be resolved in England. He wondered if he had sufficient connections to overcome Governor Carleton's appointment of Major Campbell as Indian Superintendent in Quebec? Sir William Johnson had enjoyed that power in his lifetime, but it appeared as if it had died with him? Father did not have the ear of some of the right people, and he dearly wished that Sir John had come along with him. He had spent several years in England and might have introduced father to powerful people of consequence. Lt. General Thomas Gage had been recalled to England, and now could only offer quite nominal support, in light of his failure to quash the rebellion. This left us feeling like a vanquished, and downtrodden band of gypsies, put to heel by both our so-called friends and our enemies.

My future at this juncture in time looked rather dismal. We were fleeing from potential capture and imprisonment. My Uncle Daniel Claus had neither a home nor a situation, and I as the oldest child in a family of landed gentry dispossessed of our estate had little left to offer a future husband. This of course was of no consequence, should we fail to make it across the limitless expanse of the wild and unforgiving north Atlantic.

Captain Gilbert Tice had pretty well recovered from his wound, and was now able to enjoy some social activity. His observations were first rate and worthy of note. He pulled me aside and offered this advice.

"Polly, you needn't worry: the high command needs your family too much to abandon your father. Governor Carleton may have the blessings of some of His Majesty's principal advisors, but they have no power over the Six Nations Confederacy."

Tice was right; as long as father had the support of both Molly and Joseph Brant, Carleton's authority would be limited to Quebec. There was of course the possibility that the Governor might already be a prisoner in rebel hands. It was reasonable to assume that Quebec might fall, even before we reached England, and that would change everything. It seemed strange to be leaving my native home and birthright behind. My late grandfather had built up such a fine manorial settlement in the Mohawk Valley, and now only Sir John remained there. He had held on to his mansion, but could he keep it, or would he too be forced to flee for his life?

My future had never been so uncertain, and only time would give me the answers that I needed. The men folk seemed to be confident that all would be put right in due course. Once the required military force was assembled, it wouldn't take long to crush the rag tag rebel horde. There was little doubt that hundreds of rebels would be facing the gallows after they surrendered. Treason was a capital offense, and men like Philip Schuyler, and George Washington would be either hung, drawn and quartered, or sent to a penal colony. An example would have to be made if they hoped to discourage any future attempt at rebellion. Father seemed quite certain that we'd be back in the valley safe at home some time next year.

Our gathering that night seemed relaxed and full of merriment. Although there was some talk about our predicament, it did not seem to dampen our spirits. I sat back in my chair and savored the smoky scene with a certain measure of contentment. The flickering candles gave off a pungent aroma that blended with the sweet and almost suffocating fragrance of pipe smoke. There was a blue haze in the air, punctuated here and there by dense fresh plumes that curled towards the ceiling. If it had not been for the constant swaying and creaking of the ship, I might have forgotten where we were. Strange as it may seem, the dimly lit wardroom gave me a feeling of warmth and hospitality. The lambent saffron glow of candlelight bathed the animated faces of the assembly in a rosy hue. The constant drone of many voices accented this almost hypnotic scene, giving it an anesthetic effect. I found it quite entertaining just watching the various activities that were going on within the room, but I soon became drowsy.

Every now and then I was forced to go upon deck, for a breath of fresh air to clear my head. Although my asthma attacks were infrequent, I dare not risk the prolonged irritation of pipe smoke. I studied the face of Walter Butler with rapt fascination, feeling secure in the knowledge that no one was watching me. He had an air of confidence about him that struck me with contrary feelings of both admiration and contempt. His personality was made up of a mixture of bravado, intellect, vanity and determination. Yet, at times I could detect the underlying sensitivity of a true gentleman. This was a carefully concealed trait that he kept to himself. I suppose that rough, backwoodsmen would consider that a weakness? He of course fell into the category of being neither a laborer, nor an aristocrat. Educated as a lawyer, and as the eldest son of landed gentry, he held the promise of prosperity for any future spouse. Although I found him to be quite ruggedly attractive and fascinating, I felt that he did not have our upper class breeding.

My uncle Joseph Brant didn't care for Mr. Butler. It may have been that they were too much alike. Both had an excellent education, and neither suffered from any shortage of ambition. They were eager for advancement, but presently held little official rank. My uncle was ten years older than Butler and no doubt felt himself wiser. Father wishing to avoid internal conflict was careful not to take sides. Although I respected Joseph Brant, I had no native

blood, and yearned for the culture and dignity of the British aristocracy. I had no interest in living in a crude cabin somewhere out in the raw wilderness. I wanted to find a man that would be able to take me to the grand ballrooms of the social set. I doubted if even Mr. Butler would ever be able and willing to leave his precious frontier life. I had seen many real gentlemen, when they had come to visit my grandfather. There was something about them that even set them apart from the bourgeois. Wealth alone did not seem to give well-educated merchants the poise and bearing of an aristocrat. A true English gentleman patrician had impeccable manners, grooming, and etiquette. This seemed to be right in their breeding, and I really doubted if any colonial could ever attain that level of sophistication? When I closed my eyes I could picture a grand ballroom filled with Lords and Ladies. I envisioned beautiful women in long flowing gowns, dancing with handsome young aristocrats, in a room illuminated by a thousand candles in sparkling chandeliers. Yes, I might have been driven from my home and place of promise and security, but the day would come when I would prevail. I promised myself that someday my dreams would come true.

After awhile I was again forced to make my way up on deck for a breath of fresh air. It was getting late and my aunt Nancy Claus joined me by the railing. My sisters had been put to bed for the night, or what we now had to call a bed. This cargo ship did not offer any great comfort. However, had the weather been warmer, the view of the ocean was quite grand. Aunt Nancy put her arm around me and we stood for some time looking out at what appeared to be a relatively calm sea. The moon hung over the eastern sky like a round smiling coach lantern. Its soft cool light reflecting off the tips of the endlessly cresting waves.

"Good evening ladies." The salutation had come from behind us.

We were both slightly startled, and turned in unison to see that the Captain was standing behind us, just a few feet away.

"Good evening to you Sir." Although briefly taken by surprise, we were happy to see him. Captain Wilson seemed much more amiable than he did on the first occasion that we had met. In fact he wore a bit of a grin, and that puzzled me for a moment.

"Mrs. Claus, I hear that your niece here had some words with the ship's owner tonight." That remark would have struck us as a rebuke, but the smile had not left his face.

"Just between you and I," he continued, before either could respond. "I find the owner a little abrasive at times, but don't tell him I said that. He's a longheaded businessman and the rebels have cost him a small fortune. That has made him a bit short with anyone that has sided with the revolutionists. That includes anyone that shows even the slightest concern for those men that he has under guard. Since this is a merchant vessel, we all feel that the rebellion has had a bad effect on our livelihood. Besides we're now under the constant danger of having the ship seized by an enemy warship. The true

ownership of this fine ship could very quickly become a regrettable piece of maritime history. "

I wasn't sure if aunt Nancy was relieved or not by this revelation, for she had been very upset by my forwardness. A few minutes earlier I had felt the sting of her not too subtle censure. She had reminded me that my father had sent me to boarding school to become a lady. She had then advised that both opportunity and money would be lost if I chose to be coarse and outspoken. No young lady of quality should speak out of turn, and that what I did was indelicate and rude. She had scolded me quite harshly and I had blushed so hard that I could imagine the redness going right down to my toes. I didn't even understand why I should care about the plight of this band of brigands. Why they were the very same sort as the men that had seized our mansion.

We had a brief visit with the Captain, then excused ourselves, and headed for our quarters. He had advised us that we might be in for some rough weather, but not to worry. Apparently these old salts could predict the weather from the look of the sky. I guess that when your very survival depends on good weather, you pay attention to the subtle indicators. I had noticed that the sky was red in the morning, but hadn't given it much thought. One of the deck hands had commented, "Red sky in the morning, is a sailor's warning."

I was awakened during the night, by the rather violent pitching of the vessel. It was so rough that I almost fell out of my bunk. You could hear the squeaking of both planks and ropes as the ship twisted and groaned in the giant swells. It was then that I realized that there was some seawater coming in. The waves crashing over the deck had allowed some water to leak through the planking. It was almost like it was raining inside, and streams of water were running everywhere. We hurried to light some more candles so that we could see to cover our clothes and bedding with sheets of oilskin and tarpaulins. It was a horrible experience, and there was no way to tell if the ship could ride out the storm, or if we would all drown in the bottomless depths of the icy cold North Atlantic?

Father looked grim faced, but he dare not open the hatchway to go up on deck; seasoned sailors could be swept overboard by the crashing waves, so passengers wouldn't be welcome topside. Although Master William Claus had pretty well gained his sea legs, he was once again looking rather pale. It was no doubt one of those November gales that seasoned jack-tars spoke about in hushed tones. Many a stalwart vessel had succumbed to the fury of a sudden late fall storm. We had no choice but to sit quietly huddled together and pray. Our chance for survival if the ship was swamped or capsized, was almost zero. It proved to be a long, long night with little sleep, but by early morning we could tell that the worst was over. The ship had settled down to a more gentle rocking motion. The crew was still busy pumping out the bilge, but the leaks had all but stopped. When we finally went up on deck, we were pleased to see that little damage had been done. The ship's pendant was noisily fluttery in the wind, and some goats were bleating. Probably more from

hunger than from fright. They had not been fed the previous night. We learned that one young sailor had come close to slipping overboard, but had been able to catch the railing just in time. He had hung on long enough for others to help him, but it was an experience he would not soon forget.

The ship may have been a merchantman, but it was solid and manned by an excellent crew. For this we were very grateful, and with these thoughts in mind, we were becoming sanguine. When the voyage had first started, our hearts had been filled with trepidation and uncertainty. Now after surviving a storm, we were beginning to settle in with some confidence. The ship had traveled far enough from the mainland that it was unlikely that we would meet the enemy on the high seas. The ship had five decks and a hold for the cargo below the orlop deck. I couldn't help but feel sorry for those poor wretches that were confined down in their tiny dungeon. It must have been awful to feel the tortured convulsions of the ship in total darkness. I was told that these men were in filthy rags, handcuffed and covered in lice. I had no desire to see their circumstance, nor would it have been allowed.

Most felt that their lot was well-deserved, and expressed contempt, rather than sympathy for them. Had the ship gone down, they wouldn't have been even given a chance to save themselves. Under the circumstances, many would consider that a blessing.

The following day a young fellow by the name of Billy Henshaw came dashing past me looking for the purser.

"Mr. Dore, --Mr. Dore!" He was shouting excitedly. "Something has killed and eaten my fine Cornish hen. Come quick for I think it may be trying to get at my rooster."

Mr. Dore was standing on the poop deck, and seemed somewhat surprised by the ruckus. Apparently rats rarely came up on deck and hadn't been too much of a problem. Upon investigation, Mr. Dore observed a pointed nosed, rather mischievous looking creature peering up at him. It was Master William's pet Pine Marten Joshua poking his head out from between two cages. Mr. Dore immediately grabbed for a capstan bar to dispatch the culprit. At that moment I let out an ear-piercing scream, which caught his attention before he could strike his target.

"No, no!" I pleaded. "Please don't kill Joshua."

The purser looked both shocked and bewildered. It was as if I had hit him over the head, for it was obvious that he was uncertain about his next move. Young Billy Henshaw kept shouting

"Kill-it, kill-it!"

However, before the purser could make another move, Master William Claus came racing up the stairs from below. He quickly snapped up his affable carnivore and tucked him under his coat. In seconds, Mr. Dore had my cousin by the scruff of the neck.

"Hold on a minute young fellow, I think that Master Henshaw would like to have a word with you."

At that moment the pine Marten peered out from under my cousin's coat lapel. The purser wasn't altogether sure if the creature would attack him, so he let go of Master William's collar. My cousin just stood there looking up at Mr. Dore with a rather hang dog look on his face.

"You, --young fellow, have some explaining to do. In fact, I think you owe Master Henshaw an apology."

Master William was quick to try and explain what had happened. "I didn't mean for Joshua to come up on deck. He was helping me kill rats down in the hold, but he got away. I didn't know where he was until I heard all the shouting up here."

Young Henshaw wasn't at all impressed with his excuse and responded,

"You owe me a Cornish hen. That clucker was giving me the best fighting gamecocks I ever owned. I'll never get another one like her. You best be paying me for her, or I'll speak to the captain."

I knew that my cousin William didn't have any money, and there was some danger that the captain might want Joshua destroyed. Cousin William thought for a moment then offered young Henshaw a proposition.

"Ah, --I'll get you another one when we get to England. An even better one. You're not going to tell the captain are you?"

There was a long pause, and Henshaw seemed undecided.

"How do I know that you'll keep your word?"

At that moment Joseph Brant appeared on deck. Master William called him over and then asked him to tell Master Henshaw whether his word was good, or not. The war chief was a rather imposing figure looking down on the youngster. Mr. Brant did not know about the offer, but quickly assured him that Master William Claus was a fine upstanding fellow. That was more than enough to intimidate the lad, and the issue was quickly dropped. With that, my cousin quietly slipped away with his pet. I had never been able to understand why men and boys seem to like dangerous pets? Although this little creature seemed playful and lovable, it had the ability to give you a very nasty bite. It seemed harmless and intelligent when my cousin William was holding it, but I just didn't trust the little carnivore.

Soldiers with their half-tame pet black bears had on occasion been bitten and battered around. It was not unusual to see one of these poor creatures tethered on the parade ground as some kind of a mascot. They seemed to think that it was great fun to wrestle with one of these beasts. I guess that compared to fighting on the battlefield, this was just another way to show off their strength and manhood. Men seemed to have a different set of values. Glory to them, is to face death head on, and damn the consequences. I guess that in some way, Master William Claus was really playing soldier?

The purser hadn't been too happy about this affair. William was fortunate that it had ended up without a serious penalty. I was sure that this would not be the last time that Joshua would run astray. The little beast had a knack

for escaping, and running amuck, and I was sure that wouldn't be the end of his adventures.

Later that day while catching another breath of fresh air, I noticed that most of the gentlemen in our party had come up on deck. They were a rather colorful mix of personalities, and were dressed in their distinctive livery. Father was wearing his light infantry, or forester cap, with a black stock, red senior officer's jacket, and great coat. He contrasted with the frontiersman and Indian clothing worn by his colorful companions. They were indeed a rather interesting collection of very tough, but irregular soldiers. Although they didn't seem remarkable to me, Captain Wilson appeared to give them more freedom than he would have done with regular passengers. In law, the ship's Master was the final authority when on the high seas, with the power to put a person in irons without appeal. I guess that having the law on your side is one thing, but enforcing it could be quite another? I suspect that he had heard about the fighting reputation of the Iroquois warriors, and was being careful not to upset anyone.

Usually the ship's master guarded his windward deck space with tenacity. However, on this occasion Captain Wilson seemed pleased to have company on deck. The weather had turned warmer than usual and we all enjoyed a stroll in the fresh air. An attempt at deep-sea fishing had resulted in an excellent catch of cod and mackerel. It provided a welcome addition to our usual diet. Our regular meals had included soup, potatoes, beans, the occasional fish, bread, and something they called hardtack. The later got its name honestly, for it was like hard wood. This biscuit like material was baked on shore before the voyage, and it needed to be soaked for several hours to soften it up. We of course all ate bread up until the supply went stale and moldy. Fortunately the cool weather had kept it fresh longer than if it had been in the heat of summer.

I soon discovered that these voyages were always better in the beginning, when the drinking water and bread was still fresh. Of course as the drinking water began to taste slightly putrid, the men seemed to favor wine. In addition, passengers carried along a small supply of their own foodstuff. We had enjoyed eggs, dried fruit and some fresh meat. Captain Wilson advised that in the event we should be becalmed with no wind to fill the sails, the journey might take a week or two longer. Fortunately we did not experience any prolonged windless periods, and the storms had not ripped our sails. Many a ship had been unmasted in a storm, only to drift helplessly until partial sails and mast were jury-rigged. That could spell both starvation and thirst, if the crossing took too long.

We were fortunate, considering the time of year, and the circumstances. The Adamant was a good solid ship, well manned by a seasoned crew. Although that was no guarantee of a safe crossing, we had been very fortunate to have enjoyed reasonably good weather.

I felt that it was good omen, and just maybe our luck had begun to change. Should my father find a sympathetic ear among their Lordships, we might soon be returned to our former situation. That seemed to me to be only right and proper. In spite of the lateness of the season, the clash of personalities, and the uncertainty that lay ahead, the voyage had gone well. On the twenty-first day of December, the lookout spotted land's end, and the day following the Adamant dropped anchor off Falmouth.

Here the ragged foul smelling prisoners were to be disembarked. It appeared as if the entire population had turned out to see them. Word had gone ashore ahead of them, and the curious had been quick to gather at every vantage-point. The spectators had even climbed up on hoof tops to get a better look. It was puzzling to us why there was any notice given to these miscreants? What in the name of common sense, did these ignorant townsfolk expect to see? The rebel leader Ethan Allen was dressed in badly soiled, but common clothing normally worn by the French-Canadian habitant farmers. There was absolutely nothing about their appearance that would be considered noteworthy. A-half drowned rat would offer a more spectacular appearance, and no less indication of rank.

Although I felt a very slight twinge of pity for these traitorous malcontents, I was glad to see them on their way. We fully expected that they would be condemned to death, unless the fear of retaliation in America, was enough to save them. They were to be held in Pendennis castle until their fate was known.

Father quickly arranged for our party to be transported to London where we would then hope to find temporary accommodations. The two heavily loaded carriages were on the road for four days, before we finally reached that Great City. I saw little of father and his male companions after we arrived. Chief John Deserontyon, Joseph Brant, Walter Butler and my half blood cousins Peter and William Johnson had quickly found good fellowship in a local tavern. They were treated like heroes there, so they quite naturally preferred to mix with commoners, rather than to submit to the stuffy decorum of the upper class. Why these were the men that had captured that dangerous rebel Colonel Ethan Allen, the mighty anarchist that had seized Fort Ticonderoga. They were almost as big an attraction as the devil himself. The aristocracy might have felt snubbed, but they felt that it was wiser to indulge, than to berate. After all, these dark skinned warriors had come from a much different world, quite foreign to the stiff and proper British culture.

I did not see Ensign Butler again, but father and his secretary Joseph Chew, Daniel Claus, and Capt. Tice spent most of their time lobbying members of the Cabinet. In due course meetings were arranged and the Mohawk chiefs attended. Unfortunately the reception that our party received in that quarter was mixed, and father's worst fears were soon realized. Governor Guy Carleton had some powerful friends in high places, so the King was reluctant to accede to father's wishes. We were quickly becoming tired of staying in

rather dismal quarters. However, a few brief carriage rides had helped to lift our spirits. The English countryside was very picturesque, and the ladies fashions were delightful. I had now begun to see just how important both proper education and breeding could be. I became aware of subtle things like matched teams of horses, and quality fabrics. I had no desire to be treated as a colonial curiosity. I was now exposed to refined living and the elegance of the British upper class. Numerous castles and huge stone mansions made me realize just how ordinary our Mohawk valley home had been. While we had nineteen black slaves, and a few poor tenant farmers, some of the British Lords and Ladies had vastly superior estates.

Chapter #3

Meath

It did not take long for us to realize that our stay in London would be temporary. The political wheels turned but slowly, and issues that we felt were so very important, would be debated adnauseam. It was easy for even I to see that nothing would be accomplished quickly and easily. Although I had no knowledge of politics, it soon became evident that nothing was black and white in that game. It also became very clear that the “colonial elite” were viewed much differently than the British peerage. It was apparent that Lords of the upper chamber would only consider our situation at their pleasure. Men like my father were looked upon merely as unrefined back woods upstarts. His needs would only be met if they served to be largely to His Majesty's advantage.

Although our lodgings in London were better than we had enjoyed for some time, they were barely adequate. How we all longed to be back in our own homes in the Mohawk Valley. Unfortunately at this juncture, we couldn't even be sure if we would ever see the valley again? We did expect that the British high command would make a serious attempt to overpower the rebels. However it seemed as if the strength and determination of the subversives had taken everyone by complete surprise.

I thought briefly about the rebel Ethan Allen and wondered if he was still alive? I could not really comprehend the motives that would drive men to such lengths? The penalty for that sort of action was well known, and many criminals and traitors had paid dearly for their misguided actions. Newgate prison was full of men waiting for their first visit to Tyburn, and their fatal introduction to its notorious halter. My mind was abruptly jolted back to reality, when our apartment door was opened. Father appeared at the door of our tiny quarters looking rather haggard, with deep lines etched across his worried brow. He thrust a freshly opened letter into uncle Daniel Claus's waiting hand. We were advised that it contained a message from my great uncle, Jack Johnson. We had been invited to journey to Ireland, where we could lodge with his family until it was safe for us to return to America. The expense of keeping us in London had put a heavy burden on our family's financial resources. It was with some reluctance that we would be obliged to leave father behind, but we were not needed there. He said he would continue to lobby government for an official appointment. In addition he could practice his performing skill at Haymarket, for he fancied himself to be both an artist and an actor. It seemed strange that our immediate fate would rest with the political whims of those snobbish little men, the wigged Lords of His Majesty's cabinet; pompous nepotic egotists that seemed to care little about mere colonials.

Although I had boarded in New York town while going to school there, I had no idea what was in store for us in Ireland? Father had warned me that Irish society was somewhat different than what we had known. He also advised that they got a trifle more rain than in America, but it wasn't quite as cold. Master William Claus had heard that they had lots of pine martens, and he was looking forward to bagging a companion for his pet.

We were not unhappy to leave our rooms in London, for the innkeeper was less than hospitable. He was a short corpulent fellow with a sour disposition and a short temper. He had not taken kindly to having Master William's pet marten devour his favorite homing pigeon. In fact, he seemed almost happy to see us go.

It was decided that we would take the mail coach from London to Holyhead, then a packet over to Dun Laoghaire near Dublin. We were told that the trip through England and Northern Wales would take several days. As we prepared to leave our dingy apartment, the innkeeper confronted Master William with a demand for reparation.

"Young man, your wee beast has cost me the loss of my prize dickey-bird. I'll be asking for at least a shilling before you go." Master William looked down at his feet, and then thrusting his hands in his pockets pulled them inside out, retrieving only one small coin. It was well worn and there was little doubt that this would not satisfy the innkeeper.

"As you can see Sir, I have only one farthing."

The innkeeper scowled looking extremely annoyed by the obvious fact that he saw little opportunity to retrieve his loss from William. However, before the man could redirect his wrath towards his father, young Master William offered him a proposition.

"You seem to be a good judge of value Sir, so I'll make you a wager. I'll flip this coin and if the tail side lands facing up, you can take my silver watch. It must be worth at least ten pounds; but if the coin lands face up I will owe you nothing. This way you may gain much more than you have lost, but I will risk losing what little I have in this world."

The innkeeper seemed to be very pleased with this opportunity and quickly agreed to the bet. After all, he felt that the shilling was a small gamble compared to what William might lose. The tiny coin twirled in the air, then landed with a smack as William's hands came together.

All eyes strained to see which side would be up when Master William removed his hand. As soon as the coin was exposed, the innkeeper cursed, and stomped away, mumbling something about being foolish. While on the other hand, William was feeling quite pleased with himself. At the same time, I had sighed a deep gasp of relief, for I knew that my cousin really treasured his silver watch. Later, much to my horror, I learned that the coin was one that had left nothing to chance. It was a two headed coin made by a clever blacksmith, who had sweat soldered the two halves together. At that point, my feelings ran between anger, embarrassment and the humor of a good joke. His father would have been less forgiving, and it was William's good fortune that he knew nothing about the incident.

The mail coach provided transportation largely for the middle class, and left much to be desired. My uncle Daniel Claus complained that the rough ride upset his stomach and gave him a headache. We had been jammed in with a number of common folk, and the odor of the people of the lower order almost took my breath away. Although we felt much put upon, the sight of shoeless migrant workers from Ireland reminded us of our good fortune. All along the route we observed these poor penniless souls travelling on foot. We were advised that it was common practice for many of the Roman Catholic peasant Irishmen to seek employment in England. They would work in the fields or as domestics until they had accumulated a small purse, then would return home to Ireland. Unfortunately for them the occasional migrant party would be corralled by press gangs and forced aboard ships. Then their brief migrant worker trip might turn into a very long undesirable voyage to the Indies, or beyond.

The beauty of the English countryside, and the Welsh Mountains helped to ease our journey. We passed by Beaumaris Castle built by King Edward 1st, in the 13th century. This was a formidable structure that exemplified the ancient might of the British Empire. It would be difficult for a colonial country girl not to be impressed by the majesty of the motherland. It seemed inconceivable that the raw rebel backwoods revolters in America would stand a chance. We all felt that it would not take long before we would be on our way home. Then those nasty miscreants that drove us from our homes would learn the meaning of the King's Justice.

We boarded a packet at Holyhead and headed out across the Irish Channel. This little voyage was nothing compared to our trip from America. We were told it was only about 45 miles, and we covered that distance in just a few hours. Master William Claus seemed to thoroughly enjoy the experience. We were crowded on board with all manner of humanity. This was my first real taste of Ireland for nearly all the passengers were people returning home. The Master had segregated the classes as best he could on a crowded ship. I was somewhat dismayed by the appearances of some of the poor Irish laborers. Shoeless young boys and men dressed in rags, carrying probably all that they owned in a tiny sack. Most were returning to their families, the hordes of landless indigents back home in Ireland. I was told that most were Roman Catholics, and that the penal laws had robbed them of their lands. The Johnson and the Warren family had been of that faith many years earlier but converted to the Church of England.

That had proven to be a wise move, for my great uncle, Admiral Sir Peter Warren, for he had been able to gain public office, and had become very prosperous and influential. He had proven that being Irish was only a handicap if you chose to shun the doctrine of the Church of England. Prior to this, his family's popish faith had barred them from advancement. No genuine dedicated Roman Catholic would swear the required oath of office that would deny their adoration of the Virgin Mary. The price for their obedience to their faith and the Pope of Rome was hunger and poverty. Few would be able to work their way around the penal code and enjoy any real quality of life. Father had taken the time to explain some of the history of our family. He felt that I should understand why most of the Irish population was living in poverty, while at the same time, others lived in luxury. I guess that he knew that the sight of so many white people living in hovels would dismay me. Back in the Mohawk valley I had seen lots of black slaves and a few white immigrants living in wretched shacks, but that was all. Even the Indians had solid log houses with glass in their windows.

The city of Dublin proved to be almost as large as London, but with a different atmosphere. We had obtained transport in an odd looking carriage that the Irish called a "car." The passengers were obliged to sit and stand on each side, and the luggage was stacked in the middle. A tandem team of horses pulled it and heaven help anyone that got in the way. The streets in

the old town were narrow, with peddler's carts and musicians adding to the congestion.

As the carriage rumbled over the cobblestone pavement, I became even more intensely aware of the contrasts in Irish society. The road we were on passed near Trinity College, and Dublin Castle, both icons of British Rule. Close by was old St Patrick's Cathedral, the site of St Patrick's holy well. This Roman Catholic shrine that was still an impressive structure, had begun to fall into disrepair. Like the Roman Catholic citizens themselves, it was suffering from retribution. Although it is one of the largest Cathedrals in Ireland, its Romish heritage did not endear it to our sovereign.

The post road wended its way between dull rows of nondescript dwellings that were filled to capacity. It was obvious that sanitation wasn't a high priority, for the air was saturated with a foul smelling odor. Even Master William Claus made comment, and said he found it offensive. Normally he was not prone to that sort of sensitivity, but neither he nor I, were accustomed to the peccant conditions of a densely populated city. Back in America, the smell of smoke from farmers clearing their land had been the greatest offender. That was a far more pleasing aroma than what was presently assaulting our senses. In places we could see rotting waste oozing out from between the buildings. Apparently it was their custom to merely fling the household waste out of an up stairs window into their back yards. Occasionally planks had been laid down over wet areas. One especially disgusting spot was next to an adjacent slaughterhouse. There a magenta stream of putrid blood, alive with voracious maggots, flowed out on to the street. To this was added the smell of the fishmonger's produce, peat fires and huckster's carts filled with flowers.

Fine mansions, neatly trimmed lawns, and hedges adorned the wealthy sections of the city. It was quite obvious that there was a sharp division between the classes, and the lower order had little opportunity for improvement. With penal laws forbidding a Roman Catholic from engaging in trade, profession, or public office, it was little wonder they were so poor. With no future in Ireland, many chose to immigrate to the New World leaving their friends and family forever. We quickly realized that there was no great love or loyalty for England here on this misty island. We might be welcomed by our kinfolk, but many would hold us in contempt. This did not give me a good feeling, but I knew that we were not masters of our own circumstance.

We were obliged to stay over night at a post-house Inn, before setting out across country on the last leg of our journey. By this time we were becoming very much accustomed to temporary accommodations. Mr. Hugo O'Casey the landlord in this establishment was a corpulent, red-nosed fellow, sporting a sizeable potbelly. However, he was jovial, and good-natured to the extreme. His warm personality made us feel exceedingly welcome. In fact he greeted us as if we were his long lost beloved kinfolk, and insisted that we would have the best that his house could afford. However, the dwelling had earthen

floors, and all the rooms were at ground level. The huge dining room table had been extended to accommodate sizeable gatherings. It was apparent that both the table and chairs had at one time graced a far more luxurious setting. This left little doubt in my mind, that this fellow was a first rate horse trading, fast talking entrepreneur.

There was something about a pawkish fellow with a syrupy personality that made me feel a trifle uneasy. One couldn't be sure just what kind of a mind lay beneath that corpulent exterior? We had been so completely astounded by his sweeping charm, that we hardly noticed the slovenly waiter. This fellow named Patrick O'Shea was shoeless and wore a greasy apron, for apparently he doubled as the cook. It would appear as if some of Hugo's personality had rubbed off on him. He greeted us with a cheery salutation, spoken in a dialect heavy with Gaelic overtones. We were obliged to overlook the obvious shortcomings of the staff, and soon settled down to a hefty meal. We quickly discovered that we would not be eating alone, for the other guests and the innkeeper's family joined in.

Hugo O'Casey our jovial landlord introduced us to the other diners. Not satisfied with merely providing the meal, he entertained us with numerous anecdotes. These were accounts of the adventures, life and character of many of the local citizens. In spite of the Inn's shortcomings, the hospitality of the host proved to be an agreeable compensation, to which was added an excellent meal. We had roast lamb, the royal Irish potato, and excellent crusty bread, with an ample quantity of fine claret provided for the adults. I had not yet made my mind up about Mr.O'Casey, but he did seem to be a potential friend. He advised us that we might require a military escort, if our destination was very far inland. Bands of Irish separatists called "*white boys*," had been known to attack Protestant gentry on the post roads. These were members of a secret Roman Catholic society that sought social justice.

Now with the word of the rebellion in America spreading across Ireland, these anarchists had been given new encouragement. Little did I know then, just how much this Irish rebellion would effect my life. We were told that most of the troublemakers were men of no property, and their leader in Meath was known as "*Captain Fearnot*." These men were the most active in the rural areas, where they would try to illegally regulate the local economy. This was their answer to the penal code and the liquor laws. Their game was intimidation, and even the local magistrates lived in fear. It seemed as if we had escaped one rebellion, only to face the potential for another, right here in this so-called Emerald Island refuge.

Our sleeping accommodations were almost as interesting as the dining room. We had heard that one of the major concerns for travelers in Ireland was locating good dry lodgings. In this regard we had been fortunate for some Inns that advertise "*Dry Lodgings*," were anything but. Many were mere hovels, with leaky roofs and musty smelling bedding. It was not unusual for guests to sleep in their clothing, rather than to use the covers that were

provided. Here we found rooms with a good dry floor, and impressive beds complete with soft feather tick mattresses. Even the silken royal scarlet bed curtains bore the faded impression of some heraldic icon. It seemed strange to find the trappings of some proud aristocrat, ensconced in this humble setting. It left little doubt that our host, the innkeeper had at some time made a very artful deal. No doubt the former owner had suffered some reverses, that our amiable host had used to his advantage.

In spite of the rather splendid furniture, the door to our room had no lock, and the bed chamber pot reeked of old urine. Our black servant Emma was kept quite busy making the place bearable for that night. We had consulted with the innkeeper about the route to Smithstown, and he advised that we should be at our destination by noon the next day. He had heard of our uncle Jack Johnson, and was able to tell the post carriage driver where to turn off the road to Navan. Uncle Daniel Claus had agreed to pay the driver to take us right to their mansion.

The Irish countryside was quite beautiful, but it had begun to rain just when we set off the next morning. We all had some apprehension regarding meeting our relatives for the first time. They would be expecting us, but would have no idea exactly when we would arrive. There was even a slight possibility that they would be away when we finally did get there. What then, would their servants' let us stay, or would we be forced to find temporary lodgings nearby? This thought gave me pause.

I was intrigued by the variety of housing that we passed on our route. Large and stately stone dwellings marked the homes of landowners, while here and there could be seen mere huts. The later were obviously the temporary abodes of the families with no property. We passed their simple carts on the road. These primitive carts had solid wooden wheels and, were pulled by a single Irish Cob. That was a stocky little draft horse used by the lower order. Although these poor people had almost nothing, most seemed to be reasonably content with their lot in life.

I really couldn't understand people like that. It was as if they were from some alien specie. In my view, on that head, it was only natural for humans to want to prosper. To merely live for the day and not seek wealth and social standing seemed to lack vision. Besides where did that leave the children? Is it right for the parents to condemn them to a life of ignorance and poverty? After all, what hope did they have coming from a hovel at the side of the road? I had seen pigsties that offered more status and luxury than that.

Contrary to my apprehensions, our arrival at Smithstown, was quite grand. The road from the main turnpike was beautifully lined with a low stone walls and hedges. The damp moderate climate had given the foliage and mosses, a rich green hue. It was easy to see why they called Ireland the "*Emerald Isle*." The laneway leading to their magnificent stone mansion called "*Oak Hall*" was equally impressive. It followed a slow winding curve past carefully groomed gardens then up to a broad front entrance. As soon as our arrival

was announced their many servants lined the walkway. Momentarily, a dignified couple appeared at the door, and I knew at once that they must be my uncle Jack and aunt Catherine Johnson. My aunt seemed especially glad to see my aunt Nancy, for they had corresponded over the years. She quickly broke with decorum, running and hugging her as if they were long separated sisters. My uncle on the other hand seemed quite cool, for he had no blood connection to uncle Daniel Claus. We children probably represented more of a bother, than a man of his age wanted to be troubled by. Never the less he welcomed us to his home with some candor.

It did not take long for Jack Johnson Sr. to realize that Daniel Claus was an interesting fellow. In fact, there was barely a subject that he could not speak to, with some knowledge. On the other hand, I was more than pleased to become acquainted with their daughter Margaret. She was of my age, and was being taught by a tutor right here at their lovely home. They also had three sons, Jack Jr., Christopher and Peter, all well mannered, and quite friendly. This was a great relief for Master William and I, for we could be quite relaxed around people our own age. My sisters, Julia, and little Ann were far too young to provide any real companionship.

The land surrounding Oak Hall was quite flat, but off to the north I could see an enormous low hill. My cousin Jack Jr. noticed me staring at this phenomenon, and spoke out.

"That's the hill of Tara, Polly. --- Long ago it was the home of the King of Irish Kings. We must all visit there some day."

His sister Margaret seemed pleased with this thought, for it was something we could all do together. She explained how this place was really the ancient center of Ireland. The rich fertile land of County Meath had been quite naturally chosen as the home of the rich and powerful. This beautiful geological anomaly had provided the perfect setting for an ancient palace and citadel.

"Oh yes, let's do that Jack, we haven't been up there for ever so long. You know Polly, family legend has it that we descended from one of those ancient kings."

Margaret had a misty look in her eyes, and I could tell that she was a romantic. Even I could imagine some giant of a warrior coming through the mist, adorned with his regalia. A golden torque, spear and cape.

Just then cousin Jack spied Master William's pet Pine Marten.

"What have we here?"

Jack moved closer to get a better look, poking a finger at the two-foot long flesh eater... "Grrr, --- hiss!" was his greeting. Joshua, the Pine Marten didn't take to strangers, and given an opportunity he had been known to deliver a nasty bite. As much as I detested the little carnivore, I had to respect his fiery independence. He seemed to be very intelligent and always extremely curious. In some ways he was rather cute, and elf like with his pointed nose and prominent ears. Young William had a natural way with animals and had

taken this fellow from a den when he was almost weaned. A member of the weasel family, he was playful and quick.

"Whoa, hold on a minute," was cousin Jack's response. "I see that your pet has a touchy disposition. I guess it'll take some time for him to get to know me?"

I suspected that my cousin William was amused by Joshua's attitude. He seemed to enjoy the fact that it wasn't that easy to get on Joshua's good side. After all it had taken William a long time to train him. Moving away from the carrying cage, Jack seemed somewhat taken back by the experience.

"You know Master William, we have some of these creatures a few miles from here. In fact, the young ones will be coming out in a month or so. Maybe we could catch a mate for this fellow, if you're up to it?"

My cousin William looked at him, and grinned.

"I can hardly wait to get going, that's exactly what I had hoped for. That ought to be something, a Yankee mating up with a an Irish colleen!"

I couldn't help but blush, for at times Master William was prone to making coarse jokes like that.

"Oh William!" I snapped, "You shouldn't talk about these creatures as if they were people. If your father was within ear shot, he'd tan your hide."

He just grinned at that, and the boys moved off towards the out buildings.

Margaret and I looked at each other and we both shrugged, as much as to say, oh well, who cares what the boys do anyway? My cousin Margaret and I had better things to do than to bother with critters. She wanted to tell me all about her visit to England, and the handsome young men she had met there. We both liked music and she had been taking lessons on the harpsichord, and the harp. In fact she had the most beautiful harp that I had ever seen, and played it like an angel. I should have been very happy to have such a delightful cousin, but seeing all her treasures made me feel sick inside. I felt the loss of my home more than ever. I remembered my wonderful pianoforte, and could picture it sitting in the corner by my bed. I wondered who had it now, and if I would ever see it again? It was so grand when I had my own room, and I so missed my own treasures.

Margaret showed me around her room, a very pleasant boudoir with pretty curtains on the window. It was nice, but nothing like I had left behind. Even the view out the window seemed less interesting. Of course, how could Ireland in any way resemble the Mohawk valley, for I was homesick? Although we were lucky to have this refuge, I couldn't help but feel that I had been robbed. Oh how I dearly wished that our flight from the valley had only been a bad dream. No power on earth could ever give me back what I had lost in the past two years.

It tore my heart out every time I thought of my late mother and grandfather. They had stood like solid rocks behind me. They had been my support, love, and guiding beacons to what I thought would be a glorious future. Now I had no home or country, one parent, and very little prospect for prosperity. I felt

that I had been robbed of almost all that was good and worthy of heralding with pride. The hand of providence had snapped away my dearest treasures, and I found myself lost in a strange new land. My cousin Margaret should have been a wonderful new friend, but I found myself hating her. She had everything that I should have had. Her mother, her treasures, and best of all she was home living in peace. All I had was memories, and thoughts of what might have been. How I hated those evil men that had stolen almost everything that I cared about. In some ways I even resented Master William Claus, for he had both of his parents, and his father was such a kind and considerate parent. He doted over us, while my father was all business, and seldom had time to spend with us. It was easy for me to understand why my dear aunt Nancy had fallen so deeply in love with Uncle Daniel. He was such a thoughtful gentleman, and spared no effort in his struggle to properly provide for us. He took his duty as our guardian with such serious concern. I guess we were lucky in that sense, for he was keenly aware of our station in life. He had the unusual ability to be able to communicate effectively with all classes of humanity. It didn't matter if he was speaking to the wildest of Indians that he called "*uncivilized savages*," or people he called "*my Lords, of the King's closet*," he always seemed to find a receptive audience.

Late in the spring uncle Daniel Claus had journeyed back to London to press his case for both a new position and compensation. He had met with Lieut. General Thomas Gage, who then very kindly introduced him to Lord George Germain, the Secretary of State for the Colonies. It was at this time he learned that the town of Quebec had managed to survive the rebel attack. He in turn was able to explain how his influence over the Quebec Indians had actually saved Canada from defeat. His Indians without any white soldiers and only some Indian department officers had succeeded in repulsing an attack on Fort St. John. This had slowed the rebel advance by at least two weeks, and that gave the walled town of Quebec sufficient time to set up its defenses. His Lordship had listened quite intently to his explanation and submission and that had given my uncle cause for hope.

To look at my uncle, no one would suspect that beneath that timid appearing exterior, lay a real champion. He was a small fine-featured fellow that did not appear to be at all rugged. He probably didn't weigh more than 150 pounds soaking wet. Yet he was quite fearless and did not shrink from danger. In recent weeks he had spent some time travelling around Ireland, a fairly risky adventure, with the "*whiteboys*," highwaymen and other malcontents looking for victims. Most people traveled the backcountry with a strong military escort, but not my dear uncle. It seems that danger was no stranger to him, for he had faced the great and powerful war chiefs back home. He seemed to have a knack for picking up languages and it had not taken him long to manage an elementary grasp of the Gaelic tongue.

This had made it possible for him to communicate with anyone that might challenge him. He was a man that did not shrink from opposition. He had

been wronged by Sir Guy Carleton, and would not rest until he had some form of compensation. His quill pen was seldom still, and long hours of writing kept him occupied with correspondence in that regard. Late in June he returned from his trip to London and handed me a letter from my dear father Colonel Guy Johnson.

"My dearest Polly, by the time that you read this letter I will be on the high seas heading for New York. I hope that this letter finds you, your aunt Nancy, and your sisters in health and in good spirits. I would have brought all of my family with me to New York, but you must understand that it was not possible at this time. You must stay with your aunt and uncle until it is time for us to return to Guy Park. I have asked your uncle to place you and little Julia in a boarding school for the time being. Please give my love to Mrs. Claus, Julia, and little Nan, and remember me to Master William, believe me, I am your very affectionate father, Guy Johnson."

My uncle had been given strict instructions regarding our education, and he planned to correct the deficiency forthwith. He had agonized over the fact that we weren't in school, and had been looking for a suitable institution nearby. He gave us his usual stern and learned look. With that, we knew that we were in for a few words of wisdom. Every now and then he seemed to feel compelled to give us a lecture on life's pitfalls.

"You young people should know that I was favored with an excellent education. This knowledge has served me very well, and without it I wouldn't have had the opportunity to serve in the Indian department. I mean you especially young lady!"

He looked directly at me with that pay attention stare that he was noted for.

"You will along with your sisters need an education the most of all. If you ever hope to be looked upon as ladies of class, you must get a proper grounding in the classics, and languages. This is what will set you apart from the lower order. No gentleman worth his salt will give you a second look if you cannot at least discuss the merits of Voltaire, Aristotle and Plato. All the fine English ladies have a working knowledge of French and some grasp of Latin. This along with your ability to sing and play the pianoforte are very important."

I knew that he was right, but judging from the caliber of much of the local population, I doubted if a proper English school could be found. Many spoke the Gaelic language, and it was not rated high among English aristocrats. However my uncle soon advised us that he had heard about a very excellent school at Blackrock, just south of Dublin. Apparently we had passed this school on our way here from Dun Laoghaire. He told us that we would be able to see the Irish Sea from the school. Although the thought of attending school was not my idea of fun, I knew that it was inevitable. Our stay with the Johnson family of Ireland was quickly growing tiresome. We had begun to

feel that the welcome mat had been put out more in self-interest than hospitality. My great uncle had already expressed an interest in moving to America after the trouble was settled. It seemed quite clear to us that great uncle Jack Johnson's invitation for us to stay with them was prompted by an ulterior motive. It seemed patently obvious that he was indeed planning to use our hospitality back in America after the rebellion had been put down. Although I was still very young, I had begun to learn just how mercenary family relations could become. He knew that my father's knowledge of and relationship with the Indians might serve as an advantage on future land deals. The fact that my grandfather's brothers and sisters had managed to usurp much of Admiral Sir Peter Warren's estate had not gone unnoticed. Grandfather had worked very hard to settle tenants on the Warrensbush property in the Mohawk valley of New York. In addition he had struggled for years to make vast improvements to the land itself. I was told that my grandfather had been devastated when he saw Admiral Sir Peter Warren's Will. He had not been left even one square foot of the land that he had labored so hard for. In fact, the entire manor of Warrensbush had been left to those ever-scheming relatives. This unexpected injustice had left my dear grandfather somewhat bitter in his later years. I had in turn learned a valuable lesson, and would never take my relatives for granted. Larceny was not merely reserved for highwaymen and those who fit the image. No, being a relative seemed to give license to steal in the name of kindred bounty. However, that had not been enough for our brood. These relatives had seen the growth of his estate and wanted more than just my grandfather's legacy. It seemed apparent however, that we needed to use this subtle greed to our advantage. Our stay at the old Johnson estate under the circumstances had been pleasant. We would be foolish to exhibit any obvious sign of crass behavior as long as we could benefit from silence. There were times when it was necessary to engage in the same sort of clever disingenuous tactics as the perpetrator. We had no idea just how long we would be stranded here in Ireland, so we had to make the best of it. Even at that, my dear uncle had trouble persuading us to remain here in County Meath until the next semester started.

The following week Master William had arranged to go hunting for a pine marten's den. cousin Jack, as we now called him, would guide the little party, and they would go by carriage to a nearby forest. Old Hiram, one of uncle Jack's tenant farmers and a part time worker lived near there. This fellow Hiram was a peculiar sort, and his breath often reeked of spirits. The smell was strong enough to make me back away. It was hard to tell his age, for his flaming red hair fell down to his shoulders, only challenged in length by a long bushy beard. The latter was almost white and it contrasted against the fiery red in his hair. Although he seemed to possess enormous strength, he did walk with a bit of a stoop. I was told that he had been injured, when a huge pipe of wine had fallen on him. No one had provided the particulars about

where the wine came from, or how the accident had happened? This had not weakened his strength and he had been known to bend a horseshoe with his bare hands.

Cousin William had no idea what to expect in an Irish forest, but he didn't think that it would be much different than in New York. Margaret and I were pleased to learn that uncle Daniel Claus offered to drive the carriage. This meant that we could all go along. The boys would be left to look for their quarry while we ladies went on to visit the hill of Tara. We would then return in a few hours to the forest at a given time to bring the boys' home. Aunt Ann Claus was even more anxious than I too see this famous shrine.

The Irish countryside was quite beautiful, with thick hedgerows bordering rich green meadows. It had rained in the night and a soft mist shrouded the gently rising landscape. This gave the distant hill an even more mysterious aura. We passed a very odd looking cart that had been carefully decorated from end to end. My keen interest was quickly noticed.

"They call these people the travelers." Cousin Jack advised.

"These are descendants of noble Irish families that had been thrown off their land, a very long time ago. When the invaders came and seized their tribal lands, they had no place to go. The occupying enemy would not allow them to acquire land, and they have for centuries been on the move. Most are tinkers. That means they go from farm to farm doing minor repair work, for which they barely earn enough to live on. We don't like them around for they have been accused of stealing chickens."

The travelers eyed us curiously as we slowly rumbled past their modest home. We had been studying them in an almost rude manner. I'm sure they were looking at us in the same circumspect way. After all, we were in a sense the real interlopers, for they probably had as much or more right to be there. At long last our vehicle rattled on to a narrow trail. I didn't become nervous until the track entered what appeared to be old growth forest. It reminded me of the Mohawk valley, and of the dangers that lurked there. The forest canopy had cut off most of the sunlight and that plunged us into a shadowy gloom. Cousin Jack explained,

"These ancient stands of oak, and Scots pine, are almost gone now. This little patch was saved because the owner lives abroad, and he gave strict orders for the trees to be left standing. He is a friend of the family, so it's all right for us to hunt here."

We had not gone far when we reached a tiny clearing at the edge of a bog.

"Whoa!" Uncle Daniel Claus commanded. "This will do just fine. You boys can set up your base camp here and we can pick you up just before sun set."

That arrangement sounded just fine, and I felt sure that Master William Claus would tell me all about their adventure that evening. We Ladies were outfitted in our best feminine attire and had no desire to explore the wooded surroundings. We were much more intent on viewing the Hill of Kings. The fact that family lore had tied us to the great chiefs of ancient Eirin made it

even more exciting. Although these were sketchy stories from the misty past, it stirred my thirst for thoughts of a more regal existence. Our Johnson ancestry was a subject of keen interest for my dear aunt Nancy Claus. To her, county Meath was more than just another part of Ireland. This was what was known as "*Midhe*," (Meath) the middle of the Old Kingdom of Ireland. Here supposedly lived the great God King Cormac, and his descendant, Naill Noigiallach, known as "*Niall of the nine Hostages*." Our family story and origin went back before Christianity in Ireland, and the arrival of Saint Patrick. These early Celtic Monarchs, were pagan Druids. For five hundred years the Leaders of the clan Niall held the throne of Tara. They were the High Kings that ruled over the five counties of Ulster, Leinster, Munster, Connaught, and Meath. It was from that dynasty that William Johnson had descended through the family of Shane.

To my dear Aunt this was not merely a visit to an interesting historic site, but rather a pilgrimage back to our ancient family seat. Here deep below the emerald green grass and rich soil of Meath, lay our ancient ancestors. We had a strange feeling as we ascended the last few rods of our journey. The view of the plains of Meath to the west was magnificent, from the site of this ancient capital.

"Oh my child!" Aunt Nancy remarked excitedly. "This place is even more beautiful than I had imagined."

Her eyes were sparkling as she gazed around at the circular mounds. These were the last remnants of the original building sites. There were seven of these circles and a large burial mound. Uncle Daniel Claus seemed equally impressed by what he saw. Uncle was not your average gentleman, but an intellectual with a great imagination.

"Look over there. Isn't that the Mound of the Hostages?"

I had heard about this great tomb, and had been told that this was known as the gateway. It had a tunnel that led down to a central chamber. I shuddered at the thought of what it represented. It was according to the ancient Druids, an oracle that led between the two worlds. The world of the living, and the world of the dead.

My uncle continued, "You know, that is where you might meet your ancestors."

We sort of cringed at that thought.

"Yes, according to legend, the passage is supposed to open up every Oiche Shamhna, or what we call Halloween. The time on the Druid Calendar is the 8th of November. We should make a point of coming back here then, for that is when the early morning sun will penetrate straight through the passage into the burial chamber."

Just then we noticed a figure emerging from the opposite side of the mound. The sun was in our eyes and we couldn't see the person's features. It seemed to be a man wearing a cloak and it gave us a bit of a start. We had been thinking of the rising of the dead, and for a moment we thought we were

looking at a specter. It proved to be merely an old shepherd tending a small flock of sheep grazing on the site. He spoke only in Gaelic so his conversation was limited to my Irish aunt who had some knowledge of the language. The old man told my aunt that the stone that we were looking at was called the "Stone of fertility." She did not explain what that was all about, but I did suspect that it was not a subject that would be given clarification. He told her that the most important relic, the "*stone of destiny*," was now in England in Westminster Abbey. It is known as "*La Fail*," the "*Stone of Scone*," or "the *speaking stone*." This stone had been taken from Tara in the first millennium, and then moved to the kingdom of Dalriada in Caledonia, now Scotland. Legend had it that when the real King of Kings sat on this stone, it would cry out. It had been put in the English throne by order of King Edward the 1st, in 1296. The old man became misty eyed as he spoke in his strange Gaelic tongue. He grinned broadly and when he continued, my Aunt seemed amused by what he was saying. She explained that he had heard rumors that the famous stone was not under the British coronation throne. He had heard that it had been very quietly hidden in a secret chamber near Castle Dunstaffnage in Scotland. So that when the army of King Edward 1st, moved the stone to London, they had moved a mere replica, thinking that it was the real thing. The Scots had chiseled a similar sized stone from the red sandstone outcroppings nearby. The old man chuckled some more, for he claimed to know the truth. He advised my dear Aunt that the genuine stone of destiny was still right here at Tara. In the 6th century the high King of King's, Murtagh of Tara had provided a substitute to his brother Fergus so that he could establish his Scottish capital at Dunadd. This had been a clever deception devised by these Kings to win the dedication of the Scots. It gave them focus, for the power of the stone was known far and wide. Any Monarch that sat on that throne had to be without question the great ruler of Dalriada.

As my aunt translated what the old man had told her, we all listened with rapt attention. The thought that the Holy stone, the pedestal for the Ark of the Covenant was here in this place gave us a feeling of awe. Was it possible that even the Holy Grail was secreted somewhere on this noble hill? For that was the very cup that once held the blood of Christ? During the past centuries many expeditions had come from the east, and had discovered Ireland while in search of sanctuary. The people of Iona, Iberians and maybe even the lost tribe of Israel might have formed this early ancient society. Some say that Saint Patrick was from Spain, and the mystery deepens.

Our fascination with this story had caught our total attention, and when I looked around, the old shepherder was nowhere to be seen. It was like he had been an apparition that had evaporated into thin air. What seemed even more surprising, was that even his sheep had vanished, probably over the next little ridge. This was indeed unnerving and we all decided, then and there, that it was getting late and we should be on our way. There was an

aura of unworldliness about this place. I had a feeling of déjà vu, and the skin crawled on my neck, for this place seemed to tear at the very essence of my being. It was like a magnet, but I couldn't be sure if it was good, or if it was evil? Was there something or some one beckoning me from out of the dim and distant past, or was I just suffering from an overworked imagination? Tara was hauntingly beautiful, and very mysterious. I would not soon forget my visit here, and planned to return again some day.

"My dear, you look like you've seen a ghost," was the first comment from dear Aunt Catherine. She didn't appear to be even slightly troubled by our encounter.

"You're right, she does look as if she is a trifle pale."

My uncle Daniel Claus was almost like a second father to me, and I blushed realizing that the others hadn't felt the eerie sensation that had come over me. I guess that's what comes from being a romantic. A person with ultra sensitive feelings, that gives you an insight into the paranormal. It was obvious that I would have to keep my thoughts to myself, or be the laughing stock of the Johnson household. I wasn't sure if I wanted to return to the hill on Oiche Shamhna, the 8th, of November, as my Uncle had suggested. Maybe I was just a mite too sensitive for a visit on the day of the feast of the dead. This pagan holy day was not a subject that my Uncle wanted to talk about, for he was a dedicated Christian. But he did say that on this day the Celtic priests would lay out a generous banquet from the fall harvest for the dead spirits. If when the living returned the following day to the site, the meal had been totally consumed, that was a very good omen. On the other hand, if the meal had been rejected, that was a bad omen. The day when the spirits were supposed to be walking around, was hardly a day when I wanted to visit their tomb. Uncle Daniel Claus did mention that the North American Indians had a similar ceremony. This was the extent of his observations on the subject that day.

We were surprised to find the boys already out on the road, when we returned to pick them up. Master William looked a trifle pale, and was very quiet. The three Johnson boys were just as dumbstruck, and no amount of persuasion seemed to loosen their tongues. They did readily admit that they were unable to locate a pine marten's den, but that was all they would talk about. This was very strange, for on many occasions I had wanted to see Master William keep his mouth closed. Normally he was never short of words, and his constant jabbering got on my nerves. It was odd to see this mischievous and quite talkative fellow at a loss for words. I found it equally unusual for someone like me to want him to speak. I should have been delighted to see his impish demeanor cooled down.

Somehow, I felt that something very frightening must have happened. Something that had just been too terrifying to talk about. That thought made me even more curious than ever. Cousin Margaret and I agreed that we would pester him and her brothers until they talked. If there was one thing

that we could not tolerate, it was being denied a secret. After all, we girls did like to gossip, and any subject that was that exclusive, must be worth the effort.

The following weeks passed without incident and during this time we had failed to loosen the boy's tongues. I had never known a subject that could act like a muzzle on Master William. One minute he'd be chattering away, in his usual noisy way; then at the introduction of questions about the pine marten hunt into the conversation, he would clam right up. I just knew that they were all in some sort of conspiracy to cover up a very serious incident, but what could it be?

The next day, uncle Warren Johnson's hired man appeared at the door. Old Hiram was carrying a small box, and he asked to see that young man called "William." He was a rather wild looking fellow with his flaming red hair that fell down to his shoulders, a thick beard and bushy eyebrows. Not the sort of person that you'd want to meet on a dark night. He did seem friendly enough though, but Master William was somewhat shocked by the sight of him. It was almost as if he was afraid of this man, but he did approach him with caution.

"Here ye, young fella, I've got something fer ya." Old Hiram thrust the box in William's direction. By this time, we were all wondering what in the world could be in that strange looking box?

Master William held the box, but seemed a bit reluctant to open it.

"Go on, go on, --- open it!" Hiram prodded.

The old man was getting impatient, and William sensed this, so he nervously began to lift the lid. As he did this, a broad smile spread across his face, and we quickly discovered that it contained a nest of two baby Irish pine martens.

"There were three in the den." Hiram explained, "But I left one with the mother."

This was a comment that spoke volumes, and I realized that this rough looking man, had a kind and gentle side.

Although it was obvious that Master William couldn't be more pleased with this gift, the whole affair seemed just a bit odd. Why? -- I wondered would this relative stranger go to the trouble of hunting down a pine marten den for my cousin? I sensed that there was more to this situation than met the eye. All of the boys seemed to be just a bit nervous of the man, and he was more than a little mysterious about his motives. Hiram offered my cousin suggestions as to how he should feed the baby martens, and seemed to have a genuine interest in their welfare. At the same time, I found it extremely frustrating, that we girls couldn't seem to get the real story out of them. Although I was happy that I had seen the Hill of Tara, and now William had his martens, I had no intention of letting this mystery go unsolved. I knew there must be some way to get the boys to talk, but I would have to be very patient and determined.

Although we had enjoyed our stay at my great uncle Jack's home in Meath, we all knew that the time had come for us to go. This meant that like a family of gypsies, or travelers, we would soon be moving on. My dear uncle Daniel Claus would now be faced with the problem of finding suitable accommodations for us in the city of Dublin. Although he did not speak about it my company, I had overheard him say to aunt Nancy that my father had left him short of funds. He had even sold a large box of silver ware that he had brought with him from the Mohawk valley. This along with his half pay from his service in the 60th, regiment was what we were living on. It was no secret that the men in the Johnson family had a problem with money. They found it easier to spend than to save, or invest where it would safely appreciate.

Uncle had been corresponding regularly with friends in London in the hope that he would find a new position with Government. He had served as the Deputy Indian Superintendent for Quebec under grandfather for 15 years. He had been paid an annual salary of £200 a year, but that was terminated with my grandfather's death. He looked upon Governor Guy Carleton as his chief nemesis. The Governor did not have the power to rob my grandfather of the control of Indian Affairs in Quebec while he was alive. Ever since his appointment as Governor in 1766, he had jealously hated my grandfather for having the Quebec Indians under his control. He had felt that as Governor, the management of the Quebec Indians should have been his purview. However after 1774 the cunning General Carleton arranged to quickly appoint Major Campbell to that position. I would learn later that even robbing my uncle of his position would not satisfy his thirst for retribution against the Johnson family.

At every opportunity my uncle had inquired about the availability of suitable boarding schools. It was on his trip to London when travelling from Dublin to Dun Laoghaire on the Rock Road that he had examined a very fine establishment run by the Reverend Dr. Burrowes. It was this facility that he had heard about earlier. It was close by the Irish Sea at Blackrock, a quaint little fishing village south of Dublin. The school itself was in a large dwelling called Castledawson. Due to our situation, arrangements were made for our entire family to live there. The head schoolmaster, the Reverend Dr. John Burrowes had graduated from Trinity College in 1771. His institution was considered by most, to be one of the finest boarding schools in Ireland. A testament to that fact was that his two sons were also attending school there. Their names were Robert and Alexander, a couple of very handsome fellows. Dr. Burrowes proved to be a strict disciplinarian, and taskmaster. The fact that he was also a clergyman pleased my uncle very much. This was in his opinion, a case of getting two good things for the price of one. As he often reminded us, a few hours of bible study was good for the soul. For some strange reason it seems that the children of the clergymen always seem a bit rebellious. Alexander, a tall dark hared lad was an excellent student, but had

a wild look in his eyes. I remember one day when I was out for a walk by the ocean. Little Julia was with me and it was a beautiful day. The waves were crashing over the rocks on the beach, and the white caps seemed to go on forever. We both sat down on the turf, chattering away as girls do. Suddenly as if out of nowhere Alexander Burrowes dashed up behind us sporting a devilish grin.

He was ruggedly handsome with dark chestnut colored curly hair. He always talked fast, almost at a breathless pace, but with a deep intensity. He had the ability to make you feel that you were the most important person in the world.

"Oh hello there! The top of the morning to ye both. 'Tis indeed a fine day for swimming."

I didn't know if he was serious, or just having a little fun with us? The thought crossed my mind that he might have had the wild notion that young colonial women were trollops. Who knows what kind of stories had come from world travelers that enjoyed spinning a good yarn?

"The back of my hand will be your greeting Master Alexander." I snapped bluntly.

"That'll be my salutation, if you make any more vulgar remarks. Ladies of our station do not even speak of such things, even in the presence of our guardian. Bathing is an extremely private affair, and swimming is for the lower order."

He was apparently unprepared for my retort, and looked quite shocked.

"My dear young ladies, you have my most humble and sincere apology. I had no idea that you would take my remark as an actual positive suggestion."

Julia giggled thinking the whole proposition rather funny. However, I was not amused, for it was totally improper for unchaperoned young ladies to be seen alone in the company of a young man. In refined circles this would be considered to be in very bad taste. Even worse, some might consider this an indication that I was showing immoral tendencies. The very reputation of a genteel young woman might be at risk under these circumstances. Fortunately I was still very young, and our stay in Blackrock was quite temporary. Also I knew that any gossip that might occur there would be unlikely to follow us into America.

"Your apology is accepted Master Burrowes, but regretfully I must ask you to remove yourself from our presence. It would not be proper for me to consort with you in public without a chaperone."

"Oh, I'm very sorry Miss Johnson, but here in Ireland we don't hold with that much convention."

"Well even we Americans have discovered the virtue of old traditions. Cultured ladies and gentlemen follow those rules that set us apart from the lower order."

Master Alexander winced looking quite put out.

"What is that supposed to mean?"

I wasn't sure if I should answer that question, since he really hadn't done anything terribly wrong. Besides, I was sure he'd be offended by my reply, if I tried to justify my careless remark.

"Please excuse my insensitive remark. I merely meant to point out our differences."

With that, Mr. Burrowes stomped off feeling quite abused. Little Julia just giggled some more.

"He won't like you any more." Julia chided gleefully.

I felt that quite the opposite might be true, since it must have chafed his pride to be rebuffed. No, --- I thought, he'll probably get over his bruised ego and may feel the need to try again. He was after all quite a dashing figure, and not entirely without promise. I learned later that he intended to be a lawyer, and was from an old British family of aristocrats. In fact they had their own coat of arms bearing a Red Cross. The family had Norman roots and had fought in the crusades under Richard Couer de Lion.

Our stay in Blackrock was not without incident. We assumed that all was quiet back in the Mohawk valley. Especially since we were long away from that scene, and the rebels had nothing to fear from those that were left behind. We expected that all would be well with my uncle, Sir. John Johnson. He held no position with the British government, and was not actively opposing the rebel movement. We had learned that some of our treasures had been moved to Fort Hunter, and were in the possession of the Rev John Stuart. This had given us hope that not all would be lost, even though Stuart himself was under suspicion. Letters from home were scarce, and we awaited any news with great anticipation. It was just over a year since we had fled for our lives, and as yet we fully expected to return home shortly. Rumors had been rampant about a great military campaign that was about to be launched against the rebels; one that would soon put them to heel. It was at this time that uncle Daniel Claus had received a letter from our uncle Sir John Johnson. He happily informed us that it had been written from Montreal, where the baronet had taken temporary lodging. Apparently Sir John had escaped from Johnstown with about 200 of his neighbors, including tenants and retainers. They had arrived at Caughnawaga after making a difficult crossing over the Adirondack Mountains. The thought that they had run out of food and were forced to sustain themselves with berries, wild onions, roots and beech leaves made me shudder. Even worse than that, was the news that he had been forced to leave my poor aunt behind, because she was heavy with a child. Sir John had suffered great anguish over that decision, for he knew that he had no choice, for she would never have been able to withstand the torturous journey. He had learned some time later that she had been taken as a hostage. Then the rebels had made sure that my uncle knew that she would be executed, if he made any attempt to return to the valley with a vindicating army.

We also learned that Sir John had been given a commission from Governor Guy Carleton. This was so that he could raise a Loyalist army that he said would be called "*The King's Royal Regiment of New York*". Many of these men would be old Mohawk Valley militiamen that had served under him before. He had expressed the wish that we would soon join him in Canada. In closing his letter he mentioned his hope and prayer that his Lady and his little boy would be allowed to leave their confinement, and join him. He was sure that some exchange could be made for some rebel officer. He had wished us all both health and happiness, and had sent greeting and best wishes to uncle Jack Johnson and Mrs. Johnson. The ending of his letter was one of prayerful concern for our well being, and you could tell that he had been under a great emotional strain. The rebellion had proven to be a far more traumatic event than anyone had anticipated, and no one was exempt from its fury. The contents of my uncle's letter struck us with dismay. We all looked at each other as if we had seen a murder in progress. Aunt Nancy was both relieved and horrified.

"Oh that poor woman!" She gasp.

"I shudder to think that this is what would have happened to us, had we stayed behind. Thank God that my dear brother managed to get away, but it must have been a terrible heart wrenching decision for him to leave his Lady to her fate?"

We had heard that Mrs. Butler and her children had been taken as hostages, but didn't expect that the rebels would dare to touch Lady Johnson. She was the highly respected daughter of John and Ann Watts, of New York Town. Theirs was one of the most widely esteemed families in the province. It was an unspeakable crime to seize this gentle Lady and put her in any form of confinement. Only a black hearted villain would do such a thing. The name of Philip Schuyler came to mind, for he had despised our family for some time. We had heard that he was now in charge of affairs in that quarter, so it all made sense. My aunt Nancy wrung her hands in despair.

"I cannot imagine what my sister-in-law is going through right now? She has her little boy to care for, and another one on the way."

Although she had only one child, my aunt knew that giving birth in those circumstances was a risky affair. Although she did not say anything more, I believe that she was wondering, would there be a mid-wife to help her, and would the care be adequate? My uncle seemed to sense her pain. He winced and screwed up his face.

"We must all pray for her my dear. Only the almighty can help her now. Oh how I wish that we could march down there and thrash the lot of them. Those accursed malcontents have had things all too much their own way."

Master William seemed to be deep in thought.

"Couldn't someone go down there and rescue her Papa? I mean couldn't Sir John take some of your Indian warriors and a few armed Foresters to where they have her imprisoned and save her?"

My uncle put his arm around young William and then gently took his fist and brushed it against his cheek.

"No, I don't think that would work son, but I only wish it would. Firstly we don't know where they have taken her. You can be sure it's deep in the rebel held territory. Secondly, Sir John has already said that she wasn't in any condition to travel. There is just no way in which we could bring her out, unless they agreed to it. She would need a carriage and a smooth road to travel on. A flight through the deep forest would be impossible, even if she wasn't heavy with a child."

"Oh darn!" Was William's perturbed reply.

"I like aunt Mary Johnson, and that makes me very angry."

Early in the New Year, uncle Daniel Claus received an order and a commission from Lord George Germain. He was ordered to return to Canada, where he would superintend the Indians on an especially secret campaign. My cousin Master William was quite excited about the prospects of possibly serving as a volunteer. Although he was a trifle young, my uncle felt that it would be a chance for him to get some military experience.

We caught a post carriage headed for the City of Cork, where we would embark for America. We would be merely taking passage on a military ship in a large naval convoy that was gathering there. My uncle couldn't have been more pleased to once again have an official government position. He had always been a faithful servant of the British government. This new appointment gave him a feeling of great satisfaction, for he would not be forced to serve in an inferior rank to what he held before. He had been worried that all of his years of seniority and faithful service might be brushed aside.

Our journey through the Irish backcountry gave us an opportunity to see more of the island. Much of the country was less prosperous than Meath, so we observed much backwardness. Cork proved out to be a very busy commercial port, and never had it been busier than when we arrived. The streets were bustling with activity, and were packed with carts and soldiers. We soon discovered that Cork was a very important processing center for the export of butter, pork and beef. The town contained several slaughterhouses for butchering livestock. It also had many barrel manufacturers, and warehouses.

It was here that the butter, pork and beef was packed in wooden barrels, salted down and shipped all over the world. The King's armies needed to be fed, and it seemed as if much of that industry was centered here. A place called Elizabeth Fort on Barracks Street was the marshalling location for thousands of soldiers. I must admit that the sight of many handsome young officers drew my rapt, but guarded attention. As I glanced at them from behind my carefully positioned fan, I wondered if any were from distinguished families? It was obvious that some were already married, for their ladies, some with children were with them; or close by watching their

husbands with pride. The thought that I might some day be travelling the world with some distinguished gentleman officer had not escaped me. Although that would be many years into the future, I imagined what it would be like to married to a commanding general. It would be great fun to flirt with the junior officers, for they would not dare to insult me. Ah yes, wouldn't that be grand. Any young officer looking for advancement would go to great lengths to impress the General's wife. They would bow and take my hand and guide me to where ever I wanted to go. To be treated like a fine piece of fragile porcelain, with the highest respect would be delightful.

At long last, the British military establishment was moving to crush the uprising in America. The port itself was jammed with tall ships, many of which were armed vessels. This was the most impressive array of military might that I had ever seen. Although no official would talk about it, it was obvious that we were taking part in a major counter offensive against the rebellion.

I got a funny feeling as once again we boarded and ocean going ship, for the experience had begun to lose its mystique. It was if I had become accustomed to adventure on the high seas, and had now embraced it. Was it possible that I had some sort of premonition, for I felt quite comfortable climbing up on deck from a British longboat? The first time that I had done this, I had felt a terrible sense of foreboding, wondering if the experience would be my last and my fate would be a watery grave? Now I had almost begun to enjoy the experience, as if it offered some sort of escape from the demons that haunted my very soul. I seemed to be drawing some strength from the knowledge that we were in the company of a strong military force. For the past two years we had been on the run, now it seemed as if the situation had been reversed.

As the Irish coastline disappeared from view, I suddenly realized that my experience there had not been complete. One mystery remained, and I had no intention of letting it go. I turned from my view of the now unbroken horizon towards my cousin Master William. Like me, he had been gazing at the slowly diminishing silhouette of the Irish coastline, and it had finally disappeared, leaving only memories. The problem was that I had been robbed of one such memory, and intended to try and correct that deficiency forthwith.

I looked directly at him, staring intently into his deep blue eyes. No doubt he sensed what was coming for he tried to turn away.

"Master William Claus!" I demanded.

"Before we go another day, I want you to tell me just exactly what happened to you, Jack, Chris, and Peter in the spring of 1776. Don't you dare pretend that you don't know what I'm talking about, and if you play dumb, or try to change the subject, I'll scream."

At first he looked a bit stunned by my sudden unexpected query. I could see that he was thinking, and intended to weigh his options.

"I suppose you're talking about the pine marten hunt?" He offered without further comment.

It was obvious that he still didn't want to discuss the event openly. His reluctance only wetted my appetite, and I scowled.

"You know precisely what I'm talking about, and I won't stop pestering you until you tell me exactly what I want to know."

"Ah! Come on Polly, I was sworn to secrecy, and you know that my word is good. You wouldn't like it if I gave away any information that you had given me in confidence, now would you?"

He had made a valid point, but that wasn't really good enough for me. I knew that if I couldn't get him to talk now, I might never succeed.

"You haven't any reason now to keep quiet, for we may never come back to Ireland. So Master Jack and his brothers will never know that you told me anything."

My pleading was met by a long very thoughtful pause, followed by this explanation.

"That isn't what I'm worried about. I'm afraid that you'll tell father, or mother and they will write to great uncle Jack Johnson."

William realized that he had already said too much, and I would never let him have any peace until he talked. I could tell by the lines of worry on his face that this secret must be about something quite serious, and not just some boyish prank, or misadventure. Cousin William was seldom very grim-faced, so I knew that he probably thought he had good reason to withhold his secret.

"Polly, if you cross your heart, and hope to die if you tell anyone else, I'll tell only you. You have to promise on the good book, so you'll be damned by the almighty if you give away my secret."

"Oh William, how could you even suggest that my word is not my bond? I won't even tell my little sisters, so you have nothing to worry about."

"Well, all right, but if this story gets back to uncle Jack Johnson, there'll be big trouble."

He leaned over and in a very subdued voice began to explain what had happened on that day last spring. When uncle Daniel Claus had let the boys out in the clearing in the woods back in Meath; they had eagerly worked their way into the bog. It was a rather spooky place, but they all enjoyed adventure.

As they fought their way through the heavy undergrowth, they ran across a well-worn trail. This seemed rather strange for this was a strictly private forest that was treated much like a preserve. They knew that the owner had not been back in Ireland for some time, so it had to be made by trespassers. It should have made the boys a bit cautious, but as he told me, they felt that they could at least outrun any strangers. It was not long before they came to

a place where the heavy foliage opened up so they could see a whiff of smoke up ahead. It was coming from a small shack, and they also noticed a peculiar odor. All was quiet and there seemed to be no one around, so they crept up to have a look inside. It contained an odd looking collection of wooden barrels, tubing and assorted jars.

It was quickly evident that the barrels contained some sort of mash. They figured that it had to be made from potatoes, for a pile of fresh potatoes filled one corner of the room. They were especially intrigued by the liquid that was dripping from a coil of tubing suspended over one contraption. Cousin Jack had on impulse taken his fingers and sampled the fluid. His reaction had been a "Whew! -- Wow! That stuff is very fiery. I think that it must be some kind of alcohol. I had swiped a taste of father's Irish whiskey one time, and it was hot like that."

All four boys had crowded around the apparatus, when a voice boomed out from behind them.

"Eare --now! ---Wud --r-- ye buys up ta?"

The challenge was muffled and almost unintelligible, but still a shock.

They all jumped with fright, --- then turning quickly found them selves looking at the form of a large man blocking their escape. He was a giant of a man, and a complete stranger to them.

They froze, --- scared to death at the sight of the image before them. It was extremely frightening to contemplate what might happen next? This fellow was bare chested, but wore a tartan skirt, under a leather apron. His bare arms appeared like huge tree limbs and he was holding a thick iron bar. His heavy set round face protruded from under a shock of shoulder length flaming red hair. The boys had all let out a gasp as this human mountain twisted the iron bar as if it was made from clay. They had visions of being seized and dispatched right there on the spot. It had taken cousin William more than a minute to collect his thoughts and respond.

"We didn't come to steal anything mister!" He had pleaded. "My cousins and I were just curious to see who lived here?"

The man had eyed them with a cold hostile look. He seemed puzzled and tugged on his beard as he paused to study the intruders. The boys had realized that they were in serious trouble and were not welcome there. It was also obvious that the fellow wasn't quite sure of what to do with them? William told me that he had considered trying to escape, but just at that moment he felt a hand grab his shirt collar.

"Hold on there young fellar." A familiar voice had commanded.

William had looked up to see that great uncle Jack's hired man, Hiram, was standing behind him. He had appeared as if by magic from behind the apparatus. It became quickly apparent that both of these men were some how related. They had similar features and both had red hair. The big fellow that was blocking their escape spoke to old Hiram in Gaelic, but it was not legible to any of them.

This man had a cleft palate and his words were quite distorted by this malady. His English was bad, but his Gaelic unintelligible. It was like bad handwriting, and it would take some time for anyone to become accustomed to it. Apparently he had asked old Hiram what should be done with the boys? By this time the boys had all figured out what was going on, but the remedy was not clear? Were they in real danger, or would these men be glad to see them on their way?

The possibility that they might stumble across an illegal poteen still had never crossed William's mind. He knew that the Royal Irish potato had sustained many of the poor families. But this was a different use for the tuber than he had anticipated. The word "poteen" was pronounced as puh-cheen, and meant "little pot." This illustrated the very small scale of normal Irish home still production. However, this was a large Irish moonshine whiskey operation. It seemed as if old Hiram had engaged in the business of producing and selling illegal liquor. Known as "*the creature*." This was the fiery liquid that gave some of the landless Irish the opportunity to make a few dollars. It was one of the very few ways in which they might improve their income, but not without risk. Merely being caught with illegal spirits would be enough to bring a hefty fine. The penalty would even be greater for operators of a large illegal still. They would surely go to prison for a long time, and that was not a happy prospect.

There was a lot at stake here, and no doubt all of this was running through old Hiram's mind. What could he do with the boys, and how could he keep his secret from the authorities? One option would be to destroy, or hide all of the precious equipment.

He thought for a moment, then said, "I want you boys to listen very carefully to what I have to say. You look like fine honest young fellows, but we can not let you leave here alive unless you swear an oath of secrecy."

At that remark William told me that he was both relieved and somewhat apprehensive. He had wondered how could Hiram be sure that they could be trusted, and what might he do if he was in doubt? They had a great deal to lose if we decided to tell our parents and the authorities. Our word would be far more acceptable than that of the lower order. To let us go free would not be without some very serious risk.

Old Hiram was not a man to be trifled with, and he soon made that quite clear. "This is my son Cyrus." With that he threw his arm around the Irish giant, and then whispered in his ear. Cyrus bent over and picked up a large potato. Then without hesitation, the big fellow crushed the poor potato with one hand. William and his cousins were quite impressed with this display of strength. It had been more than just a demonstration of physical power, but had a more sinister purpose. Cyrus then stepped over and seized Cousin Jack, putting his arm around his head.

"You have seen what he can do to a potato, now would you like to see what he could do to this lad's head?"

William gasp, not knowing if he really intended to crush his head.

"No, no!" William had shouted. "We will do whatever you ask, but please don't hurt Jack. We'll keep your secret, and no one will ever know that we were here. Please mister, just let us go and we won't bother you again."

Old Hiram still did not seem quite satisfied, and he drew a very large knife from his belt. With this he pulled on a tuft of red hair from his beard; then making a sweep with his knife he cut the hair with ease. He could tell that the boys were not sure what he intended to do next.

"You see lads, I could just as easily cut off your heads, then drop your bodies in the sink hole in the bog. That would get rid of this problem, and no one would be the wiser."

He had grinned, then had emitted an evil sounding chuckle as the boys cringed and huddled together.

"We won't tell what we've seen here," Cousin Jack had blurted out at that moment. His face was ashen and they all knew that he was right. No one would ever find a trace of them, but signs of the poteen operation might be harder to hide. Besides, it would be necessary that all traces of the operation be removed.

Old Hiram made the boys all swear an oath that they would never tell anyone what they had seen, on pain of death. He made very sure that they fully understood, and really believed him. When he was satisfied that they could be trusted, he sent them on their way. They were truly terrified, and nervous of what would happen if they broke that vow of silence. Even Master William would not have revealed this dark secret had we stayed in Ireland. Although I really had serious doubts that Hiram would have carried out his threats. In fact I strongly believed that inside that brutish exterior lay a very gentle soul.

In some ways I could understand the plight of the lower order, especially if they were humble simpletons. They had few options by which they could improve their situation. Ambition alone was not enough to overcome the degrading penal laws. Yet it seem that their illegal trade in "*the creature*," was an unfortunate way to gain wealth. It seemed like the poteen distillers were climbing up on the backs of those who had little left for the necessities of life. I had visions of a tiny lean to shack, with no floor and very little furniture. The man of the house so completely intoxicated that he was unable to stand up. The idea that this escape from the pain of poverty was a panacea for despair escaped me. When confronted with that criticism, one poor fellow replied.

"It enlighteneth ye heart, and casts off the melancholy."

I had seen my own father too consumed by that evil liquid to have any faith in its merits. To have pity for the drunken landless Irishman would be misdirected, for it was his poor family that would really suffer. Too often I had seen half-naked children huddled around their gaunt faced mother. An empty pot by a smoky peat fire and their eyes but mere dull orbs on a pallid

field. It was plain to see that their puffy bellies cried out for some real nourishment. Ah yes, the Irish moonshiners were like rapacious opportunists that had robbed these poor souls of their last vestiges of hope. That was probably the blackest side of Old Hiram, a multi faceted character that had exhibited both good and evil.

I was happy to turn my thoughts away from the dark side of Ireland. At last I was going home, and that was all that mattered. Master William had told me his closely held secret, and now I could leave all of that behind me. It was with joyous expectation that I gazed out at the western horizon and thought about the Mohawk Valley.

Chapter #4

Shattered Dreams

The prospects for 1777 promised to be as lucky as the triple sevens in that year. We were heading home and judging by the size of our sovereign's military force, our problems would soon be solved. The rebels were about to taste the supremacy of the British war machine. The first two years had been a very easy for the anarchists. They had caught the British lion sleeping, but now the mighty beast was about to spring into action. Our whole family was excited at the prospects of returning to our homes and to peace. After all, what chance did the confused rag tag rebel army have against the well disciplined British and Hessian troops? It would only be a matter of marching, and very quickly the undisciplined rabble would be dealt with under British law. I could envision shiploads of rebels being sent to penal colonies and their leaders being hung drawn and quartered. Mr. Washington, the man who had denied my dear aunt, Lady Johnson any humane compassion, would soon face his just reward. Ah yes, the good times were just ahead and we were thrilled to be on our way home at last.

The voyage back home to America was quite different from what we had experienced in 1775. Our heavily armed vessel was part of a huge convoy of fifty sail, and each ship was carrying their consignment of soldiers and equipment. We all felt that not even the French fleet would dare to challenge our massive flotilla. My dear uncle, Daniel Claus stood by the rail peering out

at the vast ocean. He looked pleased and seemed to be extremely satisfied with the turn of events; he felt that at long last the tide of war had turned in our favor. We were going home, and in his words, "the rebels can't hold out once the campaign opens."

His comment that the rebels reign would be short gave us all a big boost. After all, uncle Daniel Claus was a soldier, and he should know as well as anyone. We could now look forward to moving back into our homes that we had left two years earlier. We were aboard a 244-ton warship named the *British Queen*. She was armed with twenty-five cannon, nine more than she had ports. In addition to this; light caliber swivel guns had been strategically placed on her deck. This along with both marines and regular soldiers gave us our first real sense of security on the high sea. The ship's master was Captain Arthur Leslie, a tall bearded fellow with a rather stern personality. He had the unenviable task of trying to maintain order between his sailors and the soldiers on board.

The flagship *Royal George*, a massive man of war, headed up the convoy. She was equipped with seventy heavy cannon, a company of marines and her share of the soldiers in transport. I soon discovered that even the military ships had livestock aboard. That made a lot of sense since everyone enjoys a varied and appetizing diet. Many of the officers had their wives with them, so they made sure that some fresh meat and eggs were on hand. They had no intention of subsisting strictly on the military ration of salt pork; bread, peas and butter washed down with either beer or rum. We had been fortunate to gain passage back to America on a vessel commissioned by the Crown. It did however provide a bit of an unexpected education for me, a refined and chaste young lady. Living in such close quarters with young married couples proved to be somewhat embarrassing.

That in itself was somewhat distressing, but in addition I soon discovered that many of these women were unmarried. Even some of the senior officers in the ship's crew had their so-called companions.

We were quartered on the lower deck of the ship, and would be sleeping in hammocks slung between huge overhead timbers. Under the circumstances there was hardly any way in which we could enjoy total privacy. This new experience was a revelation that I found upsetting, yet slightly exhilarating. Although I was still a very young teenaged girl, my curiosity about men and romance had begun to emerge. I would often lay in my hammock and listen to the sounds of love making nearby. All of this was very strange to me, and both my aunt and my uncle had demanded that I cover my ears. This of course I pretended to do, but how could they know if I did otherwise in the dark? I must admit that the soft whispers, giggles, and comments like, "oh stop that," followed by soft moans, then cries of exultation and sighs, did intrigue me. My sister Julia was now at an age where she had begun asking far too many embarrassing questions.

"Why are there two people in that hammock, and what are they doing?"

In the dark she couldn't see me blush and squirm, but my face must have been scarlet.

"Oh they're just playing, and keeping each other warm."

I lied, hoping that she would be satisfied.

These feeble explanations were usually even too unbelievable to satisfy a child. We were now seeing how the lower class lived, and it served to warn me of worldly dangers. Many of these women would later be cast aside, reduced to beggars, or die of some evil disease. They would be the victims of empty promises and vile stinking rum.

It's peculiar how young Master William had begun to settle down. He had been talking with his father and some of the other officers on board, and was now eager to volunteer for military service. He wanted to become an Indian Superintendent like his father and late grandfather, but first needed experience. The forthcoming campaign would offer just such an opportunity, and he was thrilled by the prospect of putting the rebels to their tramps. He said would be able to tell his grandchildren how they marched back into the Mohawk Valley victorious. Somehow I just couldn't imagine Master William being a grandfather, but the dream of his being a hero seemed typical. That appeared to be part of their right to manhood. The stuff that they could brag about as they sat around the fireplace on some cold wintry evening. The roosters had to crow, while we hens would merely cackle about local gossip and the latest fashions.

It's strange how contented we had become now that we were heading home. Even the foul smell of unwashed bodies and hundreds of smelly clay pipes were of little concern. Our eyes were on the horizon and our thoughts were far away.

Our arrival back in Quebec was met with little fanfare. The military campaign headed up by General Johnny Burgoyne had put Governor Carleton in a foul mood. He was discovering the experience of having been superseded by someone with more influence, than even he could muster. This was a bittersweet victory for my uncle Daniel Claus. Although he had now won a limited Commission, his success would further alienate him with the Governor. In the long term, that might prove to be even more troublesome for our family.

There was absolutely no comparison between the scene when we fled from in Quebec, and the one that greeted us now. The streets were flooded with soldiers, all bent on driving the rebels back into the interior, where they planned to crush them. Although the high command had been slow to respond, they now had the muscle to bring the nasty anarchists to their knees. This was an objective that appealed to almost everyone. It would indeed be a grand day when the leading culprits were dragged before the King's magistrates.

I could envision our return to our mansion in the valley, and the pleasure that would bring. Even at that, it wouldn't ever be the same without our dear

mother. I've heard people say that when you have been away for a long time, *"you can never go home"*. That never seemed to make any sense until now. I guess that's right, for nothing remains constant, and even our neighbors would have changed. Some would have gone to jail, while others would have built a new life in some other part of the world.

It was not until late in May that we finally arrived back in Montreal. Although the overland trip from Quebec City had jarred my uncle's bones, he did not complain. Our reunion with Sir John Johnson, his Lady and their two children was one of great joy. We had much to talk about, and now only father was missing from our clan. He had remained in New York town, and would not be part of Gen. Barry St. Leger's force. We expected that he would join us shortly after General Howe's army made a junction with General Burgoyne's force at Albany.

This was the first time that I had seen my aunt, Lady Johnson since we had left the valley. She looked amazing well, considering the grief that she had suffered at the hands of the rebels a year earlier. I was surprised to see that she already appeared to be looking rather matronly at the tender age of twenty-four, Could she be expecting again I wondered? She had lost her dear child while being held as a hostage, and General Washington had ignored her pleas. Lady Johnson kissed aunt Nancy on the cheek, then patted Julia and little Nan on the head, but they withdrew to their aunt. By now, little Nan had been calling her aunt "mama," for some time. Our dear late mother had almost completely faded from her memory.

Lady Johnson turned to me.

"Oh my dear child!"

She hugged me fiercely, for we had visited often back in the valley, and had always gotten along very well. I responded with a tiny kiss on her cheek, and remarked about her appearance.

"You're looking in health, in spite of your forced confinement, and the loss of your dear little one. We were so worried about you, and it's so good to see that you're alright."

My comment had come with a slight hesitation, and a hint of doubt in my voice. I suspected that she had seen me glance at her midriff. She grinned, and seemed pleased that I might have noticed her condition. However, she offered no insight into her present circumstance. I had to admire this woman who seemed undaunted by the trials that might still lie ahead of her. Although she had come from the pampered realm of high society, her breeding had not weakened her.

"We shall have such great fun when we get back home, and things are finally put right."

"Oh yes my Lady, we will indeed."

Lady Johnson's pedigree had not confined her to the stilted rules of convention. She still had some girlish playfulness, along with a very positive outlook. Her father John Watts was one of the wealthiest men in New

Yorktown, so her marriage to Sir John Johnson was one of mutual advantage. In fact they were already connected through the very renowned DeLancey family of New York.

The troops intended for the campaign were being assembled at LaChine. It seemed as if every barn, house or place of shelter had been occupied by Loyalist, British and Hessian troops. In addition General Burgoyne had requisitioned one thousand horses including suitable carts. The result was the creation of an instant military town. Such a place by its very nature exposed our genteel little party to a great many unwholesome sights and sounds. Lady Johnson seemed to be unperturbed by the experience, and expressed her optimism.

"This band of rascals should have no trouble driving the Whig rabble from their murky lairs."

I nodded in agreement.

"It'll be grand to be back sleeping in our own beds once again. Do you miss the soft feather ticks and silken pillows Lady Johnson?"

My question was met with silence, but I noticed that she had a pensive look in her eyes,

"My dear Polly, you should know that things may not be quite the same for awhile. I'm afraid that all of our possessions have been stolen and it may take several months to replace them. The good Reverend John Stuart tried to save some of our things, but to no avail. Both his house and Queen Anne's Chapel of the Mohawks were seized. He has been badly treated and he wrote me saying that the church was plundered. They stole the pulpit cloth and placed a barrel of rum in the reading desk. It is now being used as a tavern. It seems likely that very little will be the same, as we had known it. Your poor uncle Claus has lost his house, and only the bare walls remain standing. We must be strong and prepare ourselves for what we may soon discover.

Sir John Johnson and his Lady had not given up their high life, in spite of their circumstances. In fact she had already taken the trouble to acquire some of the finest fashions available; some imported from Europe. I detected a delicate perfume and she had dusted her face with pearl powder. I couldn't help but admire her regal pluckiness. To me it seemed almost paradoxical that this refined Lady would be standing there in the midst of such a crude encampment. There was haughtiness about her, as she strode with her silks swishing; the peacock feathers and ribbons on her beaver hat, fluttering in the breeze. There she was, arm in arm with Sir John, who looked every bit as grand, wearing his red tunic, white breeches, cocked hat and high leather-riding boots. Both had been long accustomed to mixing with aristocrats, and seemed almost out of place in the raw colonial setting. Sir John had been educated in England and he had no intention of being compared to the raw colonial set. That may have been an acceptable life style when he had his estates, but now much of the remnant of his fortune was going to fund his new regiment. Just then, Lady Johnson spun around with a grand swirl and

her hoop skirt and bustle rustled in pursuit. She had spied her brother Stephen among a group of officers standing nearby.

"Oh Polly!" She called out quite excitedly. Her face full of excitement, you must see my dear brother's new uniform. With that she called him over to where we were standing. Stephen Watts, a highly refined gentleman was indeed quite handsome in his newly tailored Captain's uniform. I couldn't help but suspect that Lady Johnson may have had some ulterior reason for reacquainting me with him. Maybe she thought that her brother with his upper class manners might serve as an example for me to use as a guide. Sort of, -- this is the kind of man you should be looking for when you come of age. The Watts family of New York did represent one of the finest families in America. However, I really didn't need any coaching, for I was well aware of the pitfalls that lay ahead,-- besides, I had my own set of standards.

"You may have you met my brother Polly, but I guess that would be some time ago?" The Captain had just kissed his sister on the cheek, and then turned towards me.

"The pleasure of being reintroduced is all mine, Miss Johnson. I seem to recall having met you back in New York town a few years back. I think you were attending school there at the time?"

Captain Watts had doffed his cocked hat and with a sweep, bowed slightly then straightened up. He tucked his hat under one arm and held out the other hand in a gesture requesting my hand, which he kissed ever so lightly. I think that I blushed for I could feel the color rising up on my face. I was still very young, but to be treated like a Lady was almost a new experience for me. Older people of my station still considered me to be a mere child and usually did not bother to address me in a formal manner. This was a new experience coming from a relative stranger, and I found it quite exhilarating.

"Oh Captain Watts, you are most kind, and I must say that I do admire your uniform. We ladies do notice the fine cut of a gentleman's attire."

That remark was met by a good-hearted laugh as Sir John broke into the conversation.

"Young lady, I can see that you're a Johnson."

"I can remember seeing your mother eyeing the handsome young officers that visited Fort Johnson. That was before she married your father, and your grandfather built Johnson Hall."

"She didn't really, ---did she?"

Sir John grinned broadly, for he seemed to get some devilish delight out of teasing me. We all moved over closer to where the new recruits were drilling, and Sir John's face took on a pained look. The colonial farmers really didn't make good soldiers, for they had no appreciation for subservience. These were men that had been on their own, with their own land and livestock. To suddenly be thrust into the role of obeying the commands of a stranger was foreign to their very fabric. They were not accustomed to being ordered about, and many took the exercise almost as a joke. Unfortunately for my dear uncle

John, this could not be allowed in a military organization. It would be hard for him to crack down on old neighbors, but he needed a team, and not a group of unruly buffoons. It would be hard, but they would have to learn that they were now soldiers, and we were at war. Unfortunately for my uncle he was dealing with men that felt that this would be merely a brief experience. That in very short order, they expected to be back on their farms working hard as autonomous yeoman, and freeholders. He knew that he had to take the new recruits aside and explain the rules of enlistment. The threat of hard punishment, or even facing the firing squad was his only recourse.

"Look at those fellows," he mumbled, they're acting like children in front of a company of Hessians. I can imagine what Major General von Riedesel will think if he hears about this."

It was obvious that my uncle Sir John, was quite embarrassed by the conduct of the new recruits, and especially with ladies present. However, even just the circus like nature of the huge encampment was hardly disposed towards hosting refined guests. The entire surrounding area was filled with tents, crude shelters and men moving in every direction. No doubt just about every function of the human species was going on somewhere nearby.

This was the largest assembly of troops and military equipment that I had seen since leaving Cork. In addition, it appeared as if most of the allied Indians and their families were on hand. The kaleidoscope of humanity was indeed a sight to behold.

The plan, was to move the main invasion force under the command of gentleman Johnny Burgoyne out ahead of the army we were to follow. We were on hand to see the general depart from Montreal with his entourage. Lady Johnson told me that she had attended a ball in which the Generals, Burgoyne and von Riedesel had been present with their ladies. It had been a grand affair with all the pomp of an old English Royal reception. They seemed almost out of place in this rustic frontier, and we watched with rapt fascination as they now boarded their carriages. It seemed absurd for soldiers to be using fine carriages on the raw wilderness frontier. I had not traveled by way of Lake Champlain, but I suspected that at some point the roads would be impassable? The old country campaigns were much different, and I wondered if it would be possible to use those tactics here?

My education regarding the make up of a large military campaign had not ended. We watched with both dismay and fascination as the convoy of ladies of the night, followed behind Burgoyne's troops. Many of these strumpets had been provided with their own carriage. They seemed to enjoy some form of spurious class distinction. These harlots were finely dressed in the best of silks and linens. It was obvious that they considered themselves to be well above the lowly camp followers. They were the women that washed and mended the soldier's clothes, along with other duties. It created a sort of social structure within the milieu of camp life. My dear uncle Daniel Claus usually had some observation.

"My, my, won't the poor rank and file enjoy dragging those covered wagons and carriages over the mountains. The artillery train would be quite enough for any army to deal with, let alone that string of bed warmers."

My dear Aunt Ann blushed deeply at those words, for rarely did her husband ever speak of things like that openly. It was quite apparent that he was dismayed by General Burgoyne's foolishness. It struck him as an indication that the British dandy was really out of his element. This British aristocrat was trying to bring his lifestyle into the rugged backcountry of America. This was hardly the time or place for such an experiment. The steep Adirondack Mountains would offer a real test of his knowledge about overland warfare. Even the heavy packs on the German mercenary troops would be a challenge, in that rugged terrain.

I could imagine the Hessian grenadiers with their heavy brass caps, and gear struggling through the wilderness. They would be ill equipped to move with dispatch in that environment. It would be quite a sight for them to see their commandant General Riedesel and his wife being hauled up the steep mountains, then lowered down the other side. While at the same they would be forced to drag themselves and their equipment, across the same unforgiving terrain. I learned later that the grand army was only able to move one mile a day through the heavy forest. The job of clearing the forest of trees felled by the rebels, and building new bridges across ravines, had occupied them most of the time.

Later we were shocked to discover that the detailed plan for Brigadier General Barry St. Leger's "Secret Expedition," had been printed and distributed around Montreal. This was among the first indications that we had that our long wished for objective might not be met. How could our army take the enemy by surprise, when the entire project was public knowledge? Montreal was full of rebel spies, so it went without question that the enemy would be well informed. We had gone through two years when the British government seemed unable to respond. Now our invasion master plan seemed more like the script for a comic opera, than a serious secret military campaign.

Towards the end of June our little family was loaded aboard a flat-bottomed bateaux, and we began the last lap of our homeward journey. It had been an impressive sight to watch nearly 8,000 soldiers head off towards the Champlain valley of New York.

Then at long last we had joined General St. Leger's small army of just over 600 men. Burgoyne's huge force was heading east, and we were moving south up the St. Lawrence River. Some had suggested that this mission was to merely divert the rebel's strength, and draw their force away from Burgoyne. My uncle, Sir John Johnson, had the largest number of men in the expedition with 275 of his King's Royal Regiment of New York. His Loyalist corps of raw provincial troops was filled with old friends and neighbors. The balance of the

command was mostly made up of regular soldiers. This included 75 Hesse Hanau Chasseurs, a very somber looking company of German mercenaries. The trip up the St. Lawrence against the river's current was much slower and more tedious than what we had known two years earlier. We were very well attended for by the military staff and our own retainers. On July 8th, the expedition landed on Buck's Island, now renamed Carleton Island, after the Governor, our old nemesis. He had indeed turned this island into a depot for the army as well as a naval depot. Many changes had already occurred since we had visited the island in 1775. Sir John quickly had tents set up for the comfort of our families. We would spend nearly two weeks on the island, a delay that may have worked in the rebel's favor. During this time my Uncle Daniel Claus ran into some disagreement over his authority. Indian agents working for Major John Campbell insisted that he had no, authority over the Indians there. In order to clear up that disagreement he was able to get acting Brigadier General Barry St. Leger to sign a statement that confirmed his appointment. It was around this time that the forty French-Canadians commanded by Captain Rouville deserted. We all felt that we were well rid of them, for they could not be trusted.

The military camp on Buck's island had settled down into a rustic, but quite colorful community. We had the opportunity to watch the soldiers drill, and we found the Hessians to be quite fascinating. They had two trumpeters and no drummers in their unit. This provided us with delightful entertainment, for the stylishly uniformed young German soldiers were quite fascinating to watch. Sir John and his brother in law, the handsome 23-year-old Captain Stephen Watts accompanied us to the parade ground. He was indeed a smart looking fellow in his carefully tailored officer's uniform. We all felt a flush of pride as we walked along side the Lieutenant Colonel and some of his senior officers. There were only 75 men in the Hesse Hanau Chasseurs, commanded by one Captain Friederick Munch Hausen. His men wore their hair in a long braided thong like affair that hung all of the way down their back. They also wore leggings that went about four inches above their knees. This along with a black stock, jacket, and red facings gave them quite an impressive looking appearance. I of course noticed the several young men that appealed to my feminine taste. Unfortunately, these men were almost all of the lower order, so the attraction was merely esthetic.

Master William Claus had volunteered for the expedition, and appeared in his newly fashioned ensign's Uniform.

"Polly, how do I look?"

He was pleased with himself, and I didn't have the heart to tease him. After all, this was his great ambition to be a veteran soldier, and then an Indian Superintendent like his father.

"You look very much a soldier."

"Oh thank you Polly. I so wanted your approval, for that means a lot to me."

For once I felt that my impish cousin was growing up. He wasn't past having an interest in his collection of critters, but he was beginning to show his serious side. I had even noticed his casual glances at pretty young women. He was very sly, and tried to pretend to be disinterested, but he hadn't fooled me. His manly urges were stirring and I knew that it wouldn't be long before some comely young lady would be on his arm. That no doubt would put an end to his childhood pranks and hobbies.

I looked to Lady Johnson for inspiration, for she seemed to manage very well, in spite of her problems. Her brutal treatment by the rebels when she was taken hostage and the loss of her child seemed to have been forgotten. Once again she was heavy with a child, yet here she was on route back to Johnson Hall with the troops. A weaker person would have sailed off to England, and sought the comfort of her wealthy father.

It was mid July and we all felt reasonably safe on Buck's Island; a feeling that was reinforced by the news that General Burgoyne had recaptured Fort Ticonderoga. When this news arrived, the whole camp seemed to take on a new life, for the race was on towards Albany. All of our hearts were filled with joy at the prospects of rushing back to our beloved home in the Mohawk Valley. It was no longer seemed to be a question of if we might return, but rather just how soon? We all had visions of General Burgoyne's grand army sweeping down through the Lake George valley; then down to Albany crushing all before its path.

Little did we know then, or even suspect that there might be any real problems ahead. To the contrary, it just seemed to be a matter of retracing our footsteps.

For the following three days the camp buzzed with hurried preparations to move on to Fort Ontario. It was at this time that the memories of mother dying at that place came back to haunt me. This had been a horrible experience, and just the thoughts of it cast a sense of dread over me. I could only hope that this time our visit would be brief, and we could replace that grim memory with a more cheerful image. The thought that Fort Ontario had been merely a stepping stone on our journey home.

About that time we learned that General Barry St. Leger had made an unexpected detour with four companies of British regulars, and all of the Indians. He planned to land with his force at the mouth of the Salmon River and cut across country, Sir John Johnson was puzzled by this move, for it meant that he would be marching European soldiers through swamps. It may have looked like a short cut to this English dandy, but in truth Sir John and uncle Daniel Claus saw it as a stupid move. They also felt that it was foolish to divide the expedition, just as we were entering the Oneida Indian country. Their suggestions had gone unheeded, for he had no time for any advice from mere colonials. His plan was to beat General Burgoyne's army to Albany.

That meant our part of the army was made up largely by my uncle Sir John Johnson's King's Royal Regiment of New York, plus some Hessians and a few

artillerymen. This put Sir John in command of what was left of our force. He did not feel comfortable with that arrangement. He told us that he needed the loyal Indians to protect his flanks.

We arrived at Fort Ontario late in July and were met by John Butler. He had gathered some of the Indians from the Niagara area and was surprised to learn that the Brig. General was not with us. It was mutually agreed that the general's move made no sense, but they had little choice but to await his orders. Fort Ontario seemed to cast an ominous feeling of despair over the whole affair. It was like the fort itself was some kind of a bad talisman. Here we were, stuck halfway between Montreal and home, with what appeared to be an idiot at the helm.

Our mood had gone from one of sheer joy to one of confused frustration. Lady Johnson had spoken to her husband in confidence, and he had explained just how important each military move was. Although the conversations between the seasoned soldiers in our camp were couched in diplomatic language, all did agree that things were not going well.

About this time we heard that a runner had come in from the camp on the Salmon River. He had brought a message from Brig. General St. Leger. We learned that this fellow had underscored his stupidity by issuing rum to the Indians under his command. That had resulted in total chaos and the native warriors had gone absolutely mad. In his dispatch he was pleading for one of the Indian Department officers to come to his camp and put things back in order.

Sir John just shook his head in total disgust, a reaction that was seconded by my Uncle Daniel Claus, who wrote a terse reply.

"No power on earth can quiet those warriors until the effects of the rum has worn off."

Not only had the cross-country plan proven to be impractical, but also valuable time had been lost; time that might cost the expedition any chance for success.

What had started out, as a pleasurable excursion back home; was quickly becoming a nightmare. The cold gray walls of the fort provided a gloomy refuge for our little family. This place held some of the worst of the memories that my young mind could remember. At night when I closed my eyes I imagined that I could hear my late mother's voice calling to me from the shadows. That, along with the brief illusion of a filmy white specter passing by my window, made my blood run cold. The first night that we were there I woke up screaming, and aunt Nancy said my face was as white as chalk. She bent over me and gently stroked my brow, just like my late mother would have done.

"There, there, my child, you've just had a bad dream, -- now close your eyes and go back to sleep."

My dear aunt was always close at hand, and quick to try and comfort us. I hadn't really stopped to think about how she felt, here in this place where her

dear sister had died not long ago? I had noticed that she was looking rather tired, and was not quite the jovial person that we had known these past months.

"But aunt Nancy, I heard my mother calling me, and I saw something white." For a moment there was silence, then my aunt spoke ever so softly.

"There, there now, just go back to sleep, you've probably heard the wind in the tree tops, and maybe saw the reflection from someone carrying a lantern outside. Don't you worry, everything will be all right in the morning."

I studied my aunt's face with its lines of worry and of age. She didn't look well and I didn't want to give her any more grief than she had already known. The fact the she was going home to a burnt out shell of a house was bad enough, without my petty fussing.

My aunt and I were really the two most seriously bothered by our circumstances. My sisters, Julia and little Nan, were too young to understand what this place had done to us. Even uncle Daniel Claus was less affected by it, and Master William was too busy playing soldier to appreciate our dilemma. Aunt Nancy and I hugged ever so tightly, for we seemed to draw strength from one another.

As the month wore on the expedition finally got back together and headed up the Oswego River. It had been decided that the women and children would stay at the fort until Fort Stanwix had been taken. An escort would be sent back then to gather us up, and bring us along. We would only be an added burden at this juncture, since no accommodations would be available. Although our previous experience travelling through this territory made the plan seem reasonable, we did not like it. It was not a place in which we could feel comfortable.

It was not long before word came back that the rebel Fort was well provisioned and this was due to the delay caused by General St. Leger. The enemy had been given just enough time to bring in the supplies that they needed. In addition, the Royal artillerymen had discovered that their guns were too small to breach the ramparts. All of these developments seemed to suggest a badly botched campaign. This news only added to the gloom that already surrounded our family. The hopes and joy that we had felt early in the spring had now pretty well turned to despair. If we saw our homes again, it would only be after a very long and difficult struggle. Our military force had settled down to a long and protracted siege, not the quick victory that we had imagined. Although we women had no real interest in the details of military strategy, or its application, we had become unintended witnesses to it. In fact our little group seemed out of place in this wilderness fort. Lady Johnson and her two boys, were strangers to this place, but we all were prisoners of the circumstance. In fact we had now begun to wonder if an even greater disaster might occur? Was it possible that the Whig army might defeat our force, and take us as prisoners?

Word filtering through from the army of General Burgoyne seemed to lack the tone of confidence that had been conveyed by earlier dispatches. There was some talk of French levies being spotted among the rebel troops opposing Burgoyne. That raised the possibility that France was now supporting the Whig armies with real manpower. We ladies knew little about war, but it took no military savvy to know that this was bad news.

The weather had been quite hot, and our little party had little choice but to make the best of things. Our manservant had been able to provide us with lots of tasty fish from the river. We had almost begun to relax, when an Indian runner came in to tell us that a battle had been fought near Fort Stanwix. It was the middle of August and a small detachment of our men brought some of the wounded down to Fort Ontario. We were not prepared for the experience that was to follow. Apparently our men had laid an ambush for the enemy force that had been sent to break the siege. The Whig force a thousand strong had been made up of old friends and neighbors that had joined the rebel side. The result had been a terrible slaughter in which our Indians had played a major role. The enemy had been totally defeated, and the area was strewn with dead and wounded. This of course meant that nothing would be the same back in the valley. The families that had been left behind would be forever torn apart, and many on both sides would be either dead or wounded.

It was at this time that Lady Johnson got her worst shock, for among the badly wounded was her dear brother Captain Watts. He had been reported missing and was presumed to be among the dead, but two days later an Indian had found him still alive. He had been wounded in three places, and was laying beside a stream where he had crawled for water. He was then carried back into camp, where the British surgeon had found it necessary to remove one of his legs. Previous to this the enemy had sallied forth from the Fort and had pilfered the camp, so they were short on supplies. They decided that all of the sick and wounded should be sent back to Fort Ontario. Although he was gravely wounded, they had sent him down to us, where an attempt would be made to nurse him back to health. His formerly spotless uniform was now a collection of blood stained rags, and his wounds would scar him for life. Lady Johnson upon seeing her brother in this condition abandoned all pretense of being a restrained aristocrat, and became quite emotional. The combined thought that her dear brother might die, and all was for naught, was just too much for her.

Although I had seen the casualties of battle before, it was long after the raw wounds had healed. Watching my dear aunt swabbing her brother's fevered brow with a damp cloth was a new experience. I had now seen a dashing young officer, both before and after he was cut down. This had a profound impact on me for I now knew just how quickly circumstances could change. In my mind I could still envision the joy that Lady Johnson had exhibited when

she saw her brother dressed in his new uniform. Now he was lying near death's door looking rather pitiful.

Ashen faced the poor fellow was drifting in and out of consciousness. He had lost a lot of blood and did not seem to realize that his leg was missing. I had heard that one still feels the missing limb, even after it has been removed. That may have been a good thing, for who knows how he'd handle the thought of going through life on one leg? He had been in excellent health before the battle, or even this young man might not have survived those wounds. His eyes flickered open and he gazed up at me looking down on his crumpled body. He appeared to be puzzled by what he saw, and then spoke in a very feint whisper.

"Mary is that you?"

His query seemed genuine, and I suspected that he didn't know where he was, or if he really knew the face that came through the haze of his delirium?

"Yes, it's me. I'm here, but you must rest and save your strength." I replied thinking that would satisfy him. Instead it seemed to add even more confusion, for I could see it in his eyes.

"Mary, --is that you, where is Robert, and where is John?"

It was then that I realized that he was looking for his sister Mary, -- Lady Johnson, and Robert and John his brothers. He must have thought that he was home in New York town, and was asking for his sister and two older brothers. Just then Lady Johnson moved over closer to him, and spoke very softly. He recognized her voice immediately, then seemed to relax. The poor fellow had been confused by my voice and my reply, for my name was the same as hers. This old Fort must have reveled in the fact that once again it was the scene of grief for our family.

There was something about this place that made a cold chill run up and down my spine. It was almost as if there was something evil stalking us within these walls, and I couldn't seem to shake the feeling. It made no sense, but I just knew that the sooner we left that place, the better we'd all be. It stood like a portal, and those that passed through it, were touched by some sort of curse. It seemed like our family had been condemned to eternal damnation. It had let us escape, but now we couldn't return, and it seemed like those that tried would suffer some terrible penalty.

Poor Captain Watts was now doomed to hobble about on one leg for the rest of his life, if he survived. I had heard that the handsome Walter Butler now an ensign in the 8th, regiment was in danger of being executed by a Whig firing squad. Both men had paid a terrible price for attempting to pass through this evil corridor. I thought of the thousands of native people, soldiers and traders that has passed that way, and wondered if they too had felt its sting? Of course it was probably just my imagination, but I couldn't help thinking about my late mother. She had been so much like her dear sister Nancy, but no one can replace your mother,

Although we were not privy to Brig. General Barry St. Leger's plans, it seemed as if the expedition had stalled. Even Ensign William Claus had been disillusioned, and took the opportunity to accompany the wounded down stream to Fort Ontario. I was glad to see that he had returned unscathed, but I suspected that his father saw to that. I'm sure that he used his influence among the Indians to be sure that friendly eyes watched over him. Uncle Daniel Claus was no fool and he looked after his own the best that he could. Now the rumors were not good, and we had all begun to wonder if we would ever get back home again? We weren't even sure about what we might find if the Secret Expedition had succeeded?

It seems as if we had endured crude living, and all the perils of travelling in the wilderness, only to discover failure. The siege of Fort Stanwix appeared to have been unsuccessful, and General St. Leger had no stomach for bypassing that stronghold.

Sir John had offered to lead a small part of the army along with the Indians down deeper into the valley, but was turned down. It had been at that time that John Butler's son Walter had taken it on himself to go into the German Flats, in an attempt to rally the support of the population. He had harangued the local inhabitants in Shoemaker's tavern and it had taken the rebels in Fort Dayton two days to take him prisoner. What a fiasco! Sir John, and his Royal Yorkers, a handful of rangers and the Indians were the only successful combatants so far. The bumbling Brig. General St. Leger with his regulars had proven to be far less than impressive. That was compounded by word from Burgoyne's grand army, that the entire campaign was floundering. How could that be? We had the very best seasoned British regulars, yet a rag tag assortment of Whig minutemen, called the "*confused rabble*" by Major Ancrom, was defeating them.

I could recall my father telling me about when my dear late grandfather had defeated the French at Lake George in 1755. The same year, British General Braddock and his army of regulars had been disastrously defeated by a handful of French soldiers and their Indians. A British officer named George Washington had been with Braddock on that fateful day, but unluckily for the Loyalists many years later, he had escaped. It was only my grandfather General William Johnson's victory that had stood out as a success that year. Yet the British officers continue to look down on colonial soldiers as if they were somehow inferior. I was sure that any one of our colonial officers could have led these armies to victory, but that was not to be.

My uncle Daniel Claus blamed his old nemesis General Guy Carleton for the failure of our part of the campaign. He said, "*the Governor had used stale intelligence*" when the artillery had been chosen for the Secret Expedition.

It wasn't until a steamy hot humid day in August that we learned just how bad the expedition had failed. Word came down that the whole force was about to retreat, and they had begun to destroy the wooden carriages for their artillery. Reports had come in that a large army of Continental soldiers

were on the march to break the siege. Even the allied Indians had turned ugly and were threatening our men. What had started out as an orderly withdrawal, quickly turned into a full-blown rout. Ammunition and supplies were dumped as the men scrambled to escape their antagonists. Our dream of a glorious march down the valley had turned into a nightmare. Added to this disaster was the realization that our whole family seemed to be sick. Aunt Nancy Claus had been feeling poorly for a day or so, then she came down with a terrible fever. She was deathly ill and it reminded me of my mother's fateful malady, and a chill ran through me. The ghastly thought that the old fort might now lay claim to both sisters struck me with icy terror.

This was not a happy scene, and as the days passed the site was flooded with fleeing troops and the wounded. Every square foot of cleared land in the area was occupied, and martial law was strictly enforced. No doubt that some of our troops might have been tempted to go over to the enemy, but it was made clear, that a noose awaited any failed attempt. Two years had passed since my mother had expired at this place, and nothing had really changed. We were still facing the threat of being captured by the Whig armies, and our future was uncertain.

It was ironic that the high command's expectations for the "*secret expedition*" had been met with almost the exact opposite result, to what they had expected. The Burgoyne scheme was composed of both speculation and assumption. Some of this may have been based on intelligence provided by Governor Carleton's own Indian officers. Was it possible that the Quebec seigneur, Saint-Luc de La Corne had fed false reports to Carleton through Major Campbell? The high command had been convinced that our armies would be supported by thousands of men from the colonial populations. This they thought would reinforce our troops as they drove deeper into rebel held territory. Although a few Loyalists did join the advancing armies, their numbers were insignificant. They also expected that Fort Stanwix would still be but a mere ruin, and the confused rabble would quickly capitulate. Governor Carleton had no idea that the fort had been rebuilt, and was now manned by New Englanders. These were Continental troops and due to St. Leger's bumbling, were able to supply the fort before our troops could lay siege to it. In addition, the twenty man British artillery crew did not have heavy enough guns to destroy the fort's defenses.

Nothing seemed to have been well planned, and the intended junction between Burgoyne's army, and that of General Howe had failed to materialize. The entire plan had collapsed, and the supposedly confused rabble had quickly seized the opportunity.

Orders had come in from Governor Guy Carleton desperately asking for troops to support the faltering Burgoyne expedition. He had sent a commission to John Butler, the former colonial militia Colonel, giving him the Provincial rank of Major. He was to be the commandant over a corps of rangers that he was to raise forthwith, and then march to assist Burgoyne.

This was the stuff of fantasy and wishful thinking, for no such opportunity existed. Butler had a mere handful of men, and new recruits if he could find them, would have to be trained. Governor Carleton was about to return to England, for he had resigned his post. This was due the fact that General John Burgoyne had been given the ranking position last spring, and it had made Carleton very dissatisfied. Now, as he was about to leave the continent, he would toss a favor to his friend Butler. That was probably designed to show his contempt for the Johnsons, and my uncle Daniel Claus. Although my uncle had out ranked Butler until this point, he intended to make sure that the situation was reversed. He even allowed Major Butler the privilege of cannibalizing Sir John's regiment with the excuse that Buroyne needed instant help. The petty bickering that went on in high places seemed to always impact on the innocent. My poor uncle Daniel Claus would soon be without an income, and my dear father was still many miles away in New York town.

As the weather began to turn cool, dear Aunt Nancy and the children seemed to improve. There was a time when we weren't sure if we might lose her, but in due course she was able to travel. We had word that the Congress troops had reinforced Fort Stanwix, then the surplus men had marched off towards Albany. That seemed to indicate that they had no intention to make an attempt on Fort Ontario, at Oswego. We could relax and begin to retrace our steps back to Montreal without fear of attack. The grand army of General Burgoyne would no doubt keep the rebels well entertained for some time. However, we did fear for the security of that army, and the men that had left our camp to go to their support. They would now be facing the entire northern Whig army, for the attempted diversion had failed. We prayed that General Burgoyne's army would break through and take Albany, but in our hearts we had grave doubts. The season for major battlefield fighting was drawing to a close, and soon winter would be upon us.

Our trip back to Montreal was without joy, and the prospects for our future were grim. The excitement and pleasure that we had felt at the prospect of returning home had left us. In fact, we couldn't even be sure if the town of Montreal would remain secure? It was like waking up from a bad dream, only to discover that the dream was reality. This couldn't really have happened I thought? How could such a magnificent plan go so wrong? My mind was swimming with questions, for I still could not believe that all our hopes and dreams had been completely shattered.

As the heavy boats plied their way down the St. Lawrence River towards Montreal, I looked over at Ensign William Claus. He sat dejected looking at the prow of the boat; his soiled uniform and ashen face seemed to say it all. The glory of war had gone out of his perspective, and it was obvious that he was no longer a little boy. The juvenile spunk had left him, and had been replaced with sober reality. If we had won, his reaction might have been different, but under the circumstances there was little left to cheer about.

I never thought that Montreal would look good to me, but it almost seemed like home. I even smiled when I saw the Sisters of the Sacred Heart in their clean starched habits. We were like wayward mud splattered children that had returned to face a scolding from a loving but stern parent. It seemed strange, but I had begun to accept the fact that I might never go home again. What was home anyway, but something that had taken a mere primary role in my life? It never did belong to me and I more than likely would have left it at an early age anyway? At that moment I felt some relief, for I had begun to let go of the idea that all had been lost. After all, it was possible to start a new life somewhere else, for the place that I known as home, was no more. I was sure that the battle of Oriskany would have left a terrible legacy. Prior to that event, it may have been possible for things to return to nearly what we had known. Now the bitterness on both sides would surely mean that it would be next to impossible to find happiness in that valley.

It did not take uncle Daniel Claus very long to get us a place to stay near our old accommodations on St. Paul rue. We had both friends and relatives in that area and we expected to stay there at least for the coming winter. During the months that followed Lady Johnson saw to it that her brother was well cared for, and his health improved. Sir John was constantly busy with his regiment, and it was growing in strength almost daily. They had sent recruitment officers deep into rebel held territory, in an attempt to bring off any men that offered to join their ranks.

Late that fall word had come back that the grand army of General John Burgoyne had surrendered. This news had almost been anticlimactic.

We had expected this result judging from the experience that we had just gone through. This of course was a devastating blow to the supplies and defenses of the northern posts. Nearly nine thousand men had gone out on that campaign. They had been equipped with the best artillery and hand weapons. Now that it was all over, the bulk of these men had been killed, wounded, or taken as prisoners. It was ironic that all of the officers on the ill fated "*secret expedition*" had sent their personal baggage with Gen. Burgoyne's supply train. They had been that confident that the grand army would arrive in Albany before them. To some degree that had been true, but they didn't expect them to arrive as prisoners, and the baggage as booty. Now the Whig armies had acquired tons of military equipment and supplies, compliments of their former King, George III.

My experiences during the last year had taught me a valuable lesson. I had seen the devastating results caused by a series of errors. The correction of any one of those errors might have changed the entire war. The fighting ability of the men and the plan itself surely would have been enough to win, had not so many mistakes been made. That was all history now, and we settled in for an indefinite stay in Montreal. Life could have been worse, for it was a quaint town with many interesting activities occurring almost daily. Our dreams may have been shattered, but there's always tomorrow. We were

now pretty much resigned to our fate, and would try to make the best of it. We no longer harbored any illusions about a swift victory, or a triumphant return to the valley that we once knew and loved.

Chapter #5

The Coffee House

It had been a long winter, and the weather was still quite chilly, as my aunt Nancy and I made our way to the coffeehouse. We always enjoyed dropping in to this center of social assembly. Here we could get the latest gossip, watch or participate in a play, or dance all night to music played by a local trio.

The coffeehouse was run by Hugh Ferris, who offered both room and board to those who could pay in hard cash. Here we might see all manner of society from a lowly servant, to the Governor himself. Lately it had become the showcase for the latest in Ladies first dress. On this occasion we found our good friend Mrs.Langan strutting about in a simply outlandish creation.

She had a bonnet of gauze, ornamented with a tuft of gauze falling in the manner of a veil, with a loose garland of artificial flowers, -- a large knot of blue ribbon in front, and a bouquet of flowers; the stalks of which were hidden beneath the knot. Aunt Nancy just couldn't let this pass unheralded.

"Why my dear Mrs.Langan, where ever did you get that wonderful chapeau?"

Mrs.Langan responded with a flirtatious swirl, that almost knocked an elderly gentleman off his feet.

"Do you really like it?" She inquired, hoping for some more complements.

"Oh, it's quite grand," aunt Nancy lied, knowing full well that her sincerity would not be questioned. The room was filled with all sorts of characters, from cheeky dandies to the drab and miserly. Many British officers passing through en route to their posting would stay the night, so young ladies might just find a worthy beau amongst them. This of course was definitely not my immediate intention.

The coffeehouse was always a good place to read the newspapers and visit with friends. Uncle Daniel Claus had been called down to Quebec, so the only fresh news to be had, was here. A wealthy merchant had taken a seat by the window. It was obvious that he wanted everybody to know that he was a man of ample means. I watched him as he took out his fancy gold plated snuffbox with flair. He then took a pinch of snuff with a regal air, while cocking his finger so all could see the fancy ring that he was wearing. Just then he fixed his eyes on me, and motioned for me to go over to where he was sitting. I raised my fan, opening it up at the same time, so that my face was hidden from him. That did not deter him, and in a moment I sensed him coming closer. Aunt Nancy and Mrs.Langan had moved out of sight, and I was very much on my own.

"Harump!"

I froze in my place wondering what this man would do next? It was obvious that he was attempting to get my attention. I ignored him, but soon realized that he wouldn't be easily put off.

"Ah, ---hump!" there was a pause, followed by a deep throaty, "young woman, would you like me to buy you a drink?"

I was stunned and didn't know what to do or say, for I had never been addressed that way by a stranger before. Then another voice broke in,

"Is this man bothering you?"

I turned quickly, and found myself looking directly at a very familiar and welcome face. It was Captain Walter Butler of the Rangers, and for the first time I saw him in the uniform of his father's Ranger corps.

Unlike the British regulars he was wearing a dark forest green jacket with deep red, almost brown facings. He had tucked his officer's cocked hat under his arm, and his black hair was tied at the back with a ribbon. At his left side hung a straight sword, in a well-worn scabbard. It seemed as if he was well known to the clientele in the coffeehouse, for the man with the snuffbox retired to his chair, without saying another word. I had not seen him since we parted in England, when I was still a child. Since that time he had fought in more than one battle, and had been a prisoner sentenced to death. His escape from the rebels in Albany was almost legendary, and here he was standing in front of me. I was speechless.

"For a moment, I didn't recognize you," he apologized, "you certainly have become quite a young lady."

"Thank you " I said, and I'm sure that I blushed, but didn't gush all over him.

"Have you lost a little weight?" I inquired, seeing that he didn't seem quite as robust as I had remembered him. He seemed pleased that I was at least interested in his health.

"The rebel prison was very hard on me, and I haven't completely recovered from it," he explained.

I had heard how the then Ensign Butler of the 8th, regiment had boldly gone into rebel held area known as the German Flats. He was captured while he was addressing the local population, in an attempt to win them over. He was tried as a spy, even though he was in uniform and was sentenced to death. Only his great popularity in the Mohawk valley saved him from the gallows. It was hard not to like a man who was both genteel, and courageous.

"I was surprised to see you here in Montreal, for I had heard that you were with the new Ranger Corps at Niagara."

"I had some business up at headquarters in Quebec town," he explained, "I am just on my way back to Niagara, but stopped here for the night."

My heart sank, for I knew that he would soon be gone, and as long as the war dragged on, he might not survive. Being irregulars the Butler's Ranger Corps would have some of the most difficult and dangerous commands. They would have to travel hundreds of miles, deep into enemy held territory.

"Just one night, in Montreal?" I inquired plaintively.

"That's all the time I have, because rebel activity around Albany, and in Pennsylvania, indicates some sort of major enemy offensive is being mounted against us this summer. That means I have to get back to my company as quickly as possible."

Aunt Nancy had seen me talking to Capt. Butler, and she did not seem all that pleased. Uncle Daniel Claus had a strong dislike for both the father and the son. He had felt that they were at the root of his trouble with the high command. He wouldn't even have a situation, were it not for my father and Sir John. It was no secret that the Governor liked the Captain, and was impressed by his courage. He took hold of my hand, and walked me to where my aunt and Mrs. Langan were standing. This was common courtesy among the upper class and Captain Butler had all the refinements of a gentleman.

"What a delightful surprise! -- I had no idea that I would have the pleasure of meeting you and your niece here. How have you been, and how is your son William, Julia and little Nancy, are they in health?"

The Captain's query seemed genuine, but the problems that my uncle had been experiencing with the Governor had colored her feelings. My aunt wasn't hostile, but her reply was guarded and it lacked enthusiasm.

"We're all well and have managed to get by, but it hasn't been easy for Mr. Claus to provide for us all." This was a not too subtle hint about my uncle's troubles with the high command in Quebec town. I could see that the captain wasn't about to explore that issue.

"Yes, I know what you mean," he responded, "from time to time the Major and I have had to provide for our ranger corps from our own private funds. Headquarters seems to be very slow to approve any expense, no matter how important, or burdensome." He paused then added, "I was very sorry to learn that Lady Johnson had lost another son before she got back to Montreal from the unfortunate "secret expedition." My aunt thought for a moment, then replied very softly with sincere compassion.

"We were deeply disappointed by the failure of that campaign, and the deadly sickness that followed. Having lost two infant daughters, I know how deeply hurt she must be, after losing two infant sons. God only knows why such a young spirit must be called so early to a better place?"

I had not heard my aunt talking in such a melancholy way for some time. We knew that the Captain's mother and siblings were still being held as hostages in Albany. It had been four long years and these thoughts must have entered my aunt's mind. Who were we to condemn the Butler family, for they too knew the taste of hardship and bitter loss? It was really little wonder that these men were fighting so hard. To have your innocent loved ones held in close confinement for even a few days, must have evoked thoughts of revenge. It was a cruel war, sponsored by nasty men; and little concern had been shown for the weak and helpless. My aunt seemed to warm somewhat to the Captain, and we spent a pleasant hour or so talking about this and that. The room had filled to capacity as usual for that time of day. Some folks were

playing cards, others just reading, or talking, and a blue haze from pipe smoke filled the air. It was at this time that I felt an asthma attack coming on, so I asked to be excused. I didn't want to embarrass the captain with my fitful coughing. I don't know if he thought that I was trying to avoid him, --- but he chose this opportunity to bid us adieu? I did not beg him to stay longer, for fear of giving the wrong impression. I was merely fifteen years old and he was twenty-six. My aunt had been watching me closely, so she would observe and judge every nuance in my manner, or comments. My heart sank as he walked away, for I knew I might never see him again. My mind was awash with thoughts of loneliness and possible heartbreak. There were other men that I admired, but none quite like Captain Butler. Although he was much older than I was, I had been drawn to older men that possess wisdom and maturity. I could only wonder if he had any feeling for me, or if our meeting again had just been an accident? Oh how I wished that we hadn't parted that way.

Then my imagination ran wild, and I wondered if he might have felt rejected, or if he had any thoughts about me at all? Maybe he already had a female friend, or even a fiancé? My aunt must have seen an expression of despair on my face, for she eyed me with suspicion. My aunt was very kind and thoughtful, but her generosity had its limits. If she had any concerns about my relationship with the captain, nothing was said. I almost had the feeling that deep down, she too may have had a soft spot for Captain Butler. After all, our families had lived next to each other for more than a generation. My grandfather had taught his father, Major John Butler most of what he knew about treating with the Indians. It seemed as if the feud between our families had more to do with the Governor's spleen against us, than anything that the Butler men had done. In any event, it all seemed academic now, for he was on his way back to Niagara and the war.

During the early spring of 1779 there were only four Mohawk Indians in Montreal, and we had one of them staying with us. His name was Captain John Deserontyon, or "*Captain Jack*", as he was commonly known. He was a hereditary peace chief from the lower Mohawk Indian village of "*Teyawendarokough*." (Where the river's meet.) Capt. Jack was quite demanding and enjoyed the run of my uncle's house. My poor aunt was quite at a loss to know how to use him. We had all grown up with the experience of having to share our lives, with the various Indian chiefs and warriors that came to see my grandfather. In their society possessions were shared and it would be an insult and a breach of their customs to treat them otherwise. This rule was more important than ever during wartime. We needed their support and friendship, so great care was taken not to insult a chief, especially one that was held in high regard by the confederacy. The rebels had seized the lower Indian village in the Mohawk valley, and his home was now occupied by the enemy.

The chief had no desire to live in the country, or to mix with the Indians. This was understandable because many of the French peasantry or habitants, as they were popularly called favored the rebels; and the St. Francis and Lorette Indians were hostile to the Mohawks. He said he must live in town, or he could not attend Colonel Johnson. Sir John had taken up residence with his family on St. Paul Street, but he had no room for the chief, so we were stuck with him. Our days with Captain Jack were not dull for he spoke mostly in Mohawk, and without my uncle on hand we had trouble communicating. We all had a bit of the language, but how do you tell a powerful chief not to spit tobacco juice on the rug? Men really do have some disgusting habits. The chief also liked his liquor, and we went to a lot of trouble to conceal uncle's private keg of wine. A sober Indian under foot was no joy, but a drunken Indian living under your roof would be a nightmare. Uncle had told us many stories about the chaotic effect that alcohol seemed to have on normally passive native warriors. We had seen some of this sort of thing first hand, and had no wish to experiment.

The chief spent much of his time visiting with Mr. Langan and the Mohawks, Isaac and Abraham Hill. For some reason the Indians didn't seem all that interested in furniture and either stood, or squatted when they were talking. We knew that it wouldn't be long before they were sent out on command, and our house would once again return to normal. As strange as it may seem, we would no doubt miss having this swarthy boarder around. He offered a certain feeling of security to a house full of women, in a town full of rebel sympathizers. Master William Claus was only fourteen and our slaves and servants are expected to be passive and obedient. Captain Jack on the other hand was known to be a formidable adversary. When on the warpath he would lead his command of warriors deep into rebel held territory, seldom returning without a string of prisoners.

As the spring turned to summer and then to fall, we were kept busy attending many functions. One of the most delightful was the theatre; something that father often participated in. He took special interest in these plays and often performed in them. Unfortunately he was away at his posting at Fort Niagara, so I often attended the theatre with my aunt Nancy. On one beautiful fall afternoon we decided to take in a long production put on at Mr. Hamilton's Assembly room. Top billing was given to a moral tragedy called "George Barnwell, or the London Merchant," followed by a farce titled "the Quack Doctor."

Although the acts were quite new and entertaining, it was Mr. Rannie the sorcerer that captured everyone's attention. He called for some gentleman in the audience to bring up an empty wine bottle. The bottle was then filled with clear water, but when it was poured out, it had magically become the finest Madeira wine. The finale act was the most sensational. Another quite dreadful act was the cutting off of a rooster's head, which was placed a distance from the body; then appeared to be reunited, so it was able to crow

and eat again as before. This conjurer was quite amazing and he claimed that he has "*displayed with unbounded applause before most Kings in Europe.*" He certainly had his Montreal audience spell bound. We didn't stop talking about his performance for several days. Father had very kindly ordered me a new pianoforte, so I wouldn't have to borrow an old harpsichord. It is a delightful instrument with soft mellow tones, truly a joy to play and listen to. This one was advertised as the new improved instrument. It did seem to have a very fine keyboard, better than the one I had left in the valley. It was at this time that I let my sister Julia practice on it. Although she was only eight years old, she had begun to appreciate music. Little Nan, was such a frail child was satisfied to just sit and listen. Our music master at boarding school had given us some formal training on the instrument. It was important that we practice when at home, for any young lady who wished to attract the attention of a gentleman should be able to play and sing the latest songs. Our house was always filled with visitors, and many would join in and sing. When he was home, even Ensign William Claus was a good sport and helped me practice my dancing. He was fourteen and was serving as a volunteer in Sir John's, King's Royal Regiment of New York. He had served briefly as a drummer, but was now an ensign. However, William hadn't changed much, for he still liked to collect wild creatures.

One warm summer day I teased William about a girl he seemed to be sweet on. I guess that my banter had irritated him, and he wanted revenge. That night when I retired to bed, he seemed to be in a peculiar mood. I wasn't sure what that was all about, so I passed it from my mind? Our servants always make our beds fresh every day, and nothing seemed amiss. My bed has a canopy over it and curtains on the sides, and a down filled mattress. This provided a very soft and comfortable berth. I was very tired that night and as usual blew out my candle, before sliding between the covers.

My screaming awakened the entire house. When I had tried to push my feet down between the sheets, I had found them to be folded, and at the crease Master William had placed a huge bullfrog. Of course, I didn't know what it was; only that it was cold, slippery and alive. It was only seconds before my door flew open, and aunt Nancy was on hand.

"What on earth is the matter?" she demanded, as she hugged my trembling body.

"It's alive, --I know, for I touched it with my feet," was my high pitched reply. I had not thought about William and his mischievous nature, only that some living creature had crawled into my bed. Aunt Nancy tore back the covers, and under the pale candlelight, we could just see the offending amphibian. It was also evident that he had carefully folded the bed sheet, so I could only get my feet halfway down; making it probable that I would press down on the creature.

"William! --Where is Ensign William Claus," my aunt demanded; but he was no where in sight. He had fled off into the night, where he could grin and

chuckle to himself. He had his revenge, but the next day my aunt gave him a stern lecture about boyish pranks. She advised him that he was too old to be playing childish tricks on his poor cousins. After all, no gentleman would ever treat a lady with that sort of disrespect. He of course was ordered to apologize, which he did. It all sounded very appropriate, but I never did quite get the feeling that he really meant it.

My cousin William was a very active lad and often went hunting in the nearby forests. His boyhood habits died hard, and even in his teens he got into trouble with his animal friends. Master William still had some pets that we all avoided, but tolerated nevertheless. One was an eagle that had an injured wing, so it was unable to fly. He kept that creature in the back shed tethered to a post, with a horizontal bar at the top on which it could perch. He also had a pet crow that seemed to almost talk. At times he would let this bird fly loose and one-day it had picked to pieces some important letters. My uncle Daniel Claus was not at all amused, and Master William received a very stern scolding. Then of course there were his long-term pets, the pine martens, and they as usual were quite amiable for two-foot long carnivores. They were housed in a small wooden cage in his room. Unfortunately they gave off a musk odor that I found to be quite repulsive. He did take very good care of these creatures when he was home; although finding enough food for these carnivores was a constant task. Unfortunately, Cousin William was not always home, and one morning we discovered that his pine martens had escaped. Although we knew that William would be upset when he was told that some of his pets were no where to be found, we were really glad to be rid of them.

Later that day my aunt went to her room to feed her pet songbird, but it too was gone, probably eaten by the fugitives. Apparently that had just been an appetizer for when we checked the shed, all that remained of the eagle was a pile of feathers. The crow had survived, but appeared to be somewhat shaken up by a visit from these furry villains. Poor William was inconsolable when he learned of his losses, but aunt Nancy offered him little sympathy.

I could never quite see what men get out of keeping these pets? The garrison soldiers had a pet bear tied to a pole on the parade ground. Although I didn't particularly like bears, I felt sorry for the poor thing. It seems as if men must have some way to show off their masculinity. Controlling this powerful creature must give them the feeling of superiority, and the notion that they are its total master. However, just let that chain break on the bear's tether and we'd see who's in command. Oh how the mighty would scurry and the lowly bear, would for the moment reign supreme.

The summer droned on and we ladies attended the local balls, and feasted with the best of our society in Montreal. My aunt instructed me in the elegant simplicity of good manners, and we attended many of the assembly hall events. We had our own carriage and groom, and our rides through the quaint streets in this old town were very pleasurable. I always enjoyed seeing

the ladies and gentlemen in their finest, mixed with soldiers and all manner of the lower order.

It was not long before I returned to the boarding school. The head mistress, a Mademoiselle Du Bois, always had to remind each and every one of the students to pay attention to the rules of the school. The first rule was that a student must never be alone. We were forbidden to stray from our tutor. The dance master would teach us to stand, walk, and hold our head up properly. The music master would instruct us on the pianoforte. The writing master would teach us calligraphy, and how to blot paper. Then finally our French language teacher would try to make us forget our mother tongue.

Many of the young ladies had not been shown the basic principals of humility. Their parents had neglected to train them in that characteristic delicacy, which form the truly amiable woman. What gentleman would want a boorish unsophisticated prude for his wife? Unfortunately, many of my schoolmates were reserved and ungracious in the company of the refined caste.

About this time, word reached us that the rebel army under the command of the Whig General John Sullivan had come within a hundred miles of Fort Niagara. They were burning every Indian village in their path, and Lt. Colonel John Butler had been unable to stop them. Naturally I thought about his son, but we had heard nothing on that head. The entire community was alarmed by the thought that Niagara might soon be in the hands of the enemy. My petty concerns about my classes, and trying to improve my grades seemed to pale by comparison. I had visions of this tall handsome officer returning to Montreal, and of him holding me in his arms. I knew that I was merely dreaming, but oh what a sweet delicious fantasy

That morning Mademoiselle Du Bois instructed us to get ready for a grand ball at Hamilton's assembly room. This hall was owned by Robert Hamilton a wealthy merchant, who on occasion attended the gathering himself. Preparation for the ball was made with great attention to our appearance. I had chosen a chemise of very clear gauze, put over a dress of rose taffeta. Through the chemise could be seen a girdle of velvet taffeta, embroidered with green silk. The chemise was not fastened in the usual way by a girdle, but by a green ribbon knotted immediately under the chin. A green ribbon tied the sleeves betwixt the elbow and the shoulder. A large frieze, having two rows of broad plaits ornamented the top of my chemise. I had my hair set in detached curls, four of which in two rows fell at each side of my bosom. We took a great deal of trouble washing and setting it so it was just right. Our appearance was every bit as important as our poise and ability to dance. The hat, gloves and shoes added the finishing touch. My head dress for that occasion was made of white taffeta, embroidered at the small with green sprigs, and bound at the crown by a broad white ribbon, likewise decorated with the same sprigs. At the lower part of the crown was a broad green ribbon, with a large knot at the side, and a bouquet of red and yellow flowers.

There was also two white feathers fastened on the right side by a knot of green ribbon. My shoes were of green taffeta, with ribbons and rosettes of the same colors. And finally I put on my white gloves that reached my elbows.

We upper class ladies paid great attention to proper attire, for any potential suitor might judge us by our taste, or lack of it. Some of the ladies wore hoops and gave much care to partially displaying the breasts. It was considered very seductive to a gentleman, when he saw these beauties walking or dancing, with their hoops wobbling and round pale bosoms thrust above their bolsters.

We arrived at the assembly room early in the evening, and our dance master escorted us into the great hall one by one. There were many young gentlemen in attendance, and this revelation was greeted by the giggling and tittering of the younger set. I recognized Robert Hamilton, who soon introduced me to his son Robert junior, one of his seven sons. Although the family had great wealth, I was not taken by this gentleman with whom I had several dances. He seemed to be very nice, and quite well mannered. In fact, I probably couldn't have found a more financially promising catch if I had tried. He acted as if he was quite attracted to me, and would hardly let me out of his sight. Young Robert was a fine looking fellow, and had been educated in Scotland. He stood just under six feet tall with curly brown hair and blue eyes, and was dressed in a gentleman's attire. As the evening wore on he began to ply me with questions.

"Miss Johnson, my father says that you are living with your uncle and aunt Ann Claus, and your father is at Niagara. Will you be staying in Montreal long and may I see you again?"

I had the feeling that he had developed an interest in me, but wasn't sure why? Could it be the fact that my father was the Indian Superintendent General, and merchants could gain a great deal of commerce from that office? Young ladies had to be very careful about their relationships, for fear of being either tricked, or used.

"Why Mr. Hamilton," I chided, "We have only just met, and I am strictly chaperoned by Mademoiselle Du Bois. As you can see, she's standing over there watching us very carefully."

He appeared a little hurt and embarrassed by my response, but was not deterred.

"I'm very sorry Miss Johnson, but I didn't mean to suggest that I wanted to see you alone. I just meant to inquire if another day, we might see each other at a proper affair such as this?"

For a moment I just studied his eyes to see if he was being genuine, then replied, "I didn't mean to be impolite, but wanted to be sure that you understood my situation? I am living at boarding school and must not leave my tutor's purview. You might find me at Hugh Ferris's Coffee House next Saturday evening, should you happen to drop by."

That suggestion resulted in a broad smile, for it seemed as if he was very pleased with my answer.

The week passed quickly, and as scheduled, the ladies from our boarding school attended a banquet at the coffeehouse. Mademoiselle Du Bois wanted us to experience real fine etiquette at an elegant gathering first hand. The Governor was in town, and he had arranged for a special feast and dance for his senior officers. In addition some of the French Noblesse were invited, which allowed us the opportunity to converse in that language. Of course, Mademoiselle Du Bois was delighted to provide some refined young ladies as dancing partners for the event.

The Governor didn't especially care for the merchants or middle class, so Robert might not be too welcome. I felt a trifle ashamed for having played a bit of a trick on the poor fellow, but I needed to cool his advances. Although his family had money, they still didn't rank, as the upper class. Breeding was something that money couldn't buy, and the nouveau riche would have to earn their place in our level of society. However it seems as if I had badly underestimated Robert, for his entrepreneurial spirit had leaped at the challenge of crashing the Governor's Ball. It seemed that my would be suitor, richly attired in expensive masculine dress, was soon requesting the honor of a dance with me.

In spite of my reservations, the evening went very well, although I felt somewhat uncomfortable with Robert always at my elbow. Around one o'clock in the morning the musicians decided to take a recess. We ladies took this opportunity to repair to an upstairs room, to fix our headdresses and sundry other things. We did not see anything in the dimly lit room, and for some time were busy tidying up and adjusting our coiffure. Then the movement of a figure of a man startled us.

At first we just stared in disbelief, then he moved about dressed only in a nightshirt. That was when he lifted his shirt to scratch, and some of the young ladies saw things that they had not seen before. Our loud shrieking followed this rather shocking revelation. Just then, one of my companions called for a fork. It soon became apparent the man was sleep walking and had no idea that we were in his room. With all of this commotion, a second man leaped out of bed and brandished his shirt around. Needless to say that we did not wait for the fork but fled the room and returned to the hall. We learned later that these two men were overnight lodgers who had retired to bed early. A British officer saw to it that all was put in good order, and the dreamers were soon put back to bed. Mademoiselle Du Bois was not amused and scolded us for being so careless, for she wanted no embarrassing scenes, and shortly made preparations for us to leave.

Mr. Hamilton had proven to be quite a sport, and did not wish to part so early; but his offer of escort was bluntly turned down by the head mistress.

"Absolutely not," young man she demanded, "We will take all of the young ladies back to the school."

My school chum Eliza Gray leaned over and whispered in my ear, "He's really got strong feelings for you Polly. I'll bet you'll see a lot more of him; he's very nice!"

"Shush! -- How can you say a thing like that Eliza, for I hardly know the gentleman? Father would be absolutely livid, if he thought some young son of a merchant was being gracious, and had designs on me."

"I'm sorry Polly, I meant that as a complement. He is after all from a very wealthy family. You could do much worse, you know!"

Eliza was right, but I really didn't have any feeling for him. In any event, I couldn't picture myself living at some wilderness trading post surrounded by frontiersmen, and Indians. I was rapidly becoming accustomed to mixing with the genteel set, and at my tender age I still had lots of time to find that perfect man with both breeding and a fortune. Mr. Hamilton was looking a trifle dejected, and spoke in a plaintive tone. "Polly, I was hoping that I could see you before I left. Father will be going down to Niagara on business, and he said that I must go with him."

Mr. Hamilton looked rather sad standing there holding his head down, almost like a puppy that had been scolded. Unwittingly he had touched on the one soft spot in my personality. I never could resist feeling sympathy for any one that was down trodden.

"Why Mr. Hamilton! ---I'll miss you when you're gone."

I had lied; the words had slipped out without any real thought. When a smile crossed his face, I realized that I might have created the wrong impression. It was an era, when even a slight gesture might have serious consequences. How a lady or a gentleman wore a ring, could serve as cupid's telegraph; so a brash comment was like a very loud declaration. A lady's reputation could be easily damaged with such a blunder. I blushed at the thought, of what I had done and for an instant wondered what to say next?

"Oh, -- Oh, Mr. Hamilton, please excuse me, I meant that we've had good fun, and it won't be quite the same when you're away."

I wasn't sure if I had made things even worse with this remark, and felt it best to say goodbye. As the carriage drove off, I wasn't at all sure if or when I might see him again?

While we had been feasting and dancing at Montreal, the war had been going badly for us in New York province. Dear father had arrived back in Quebec on July 20th, after being away for over three years. Although we were happy to see him when he passed through Montreal, on the way to Niagara, our visit was far to brief. He had little choice but to push on for the front with six bateau loads of stores for the Indians. By mid September, the army of rebel General John Sullivan, had driven thousands of Indians from their villages. With no food or shelter, they had been forced to take refuge around Fort Niagara. My poor father was faced with the job of trying to feed and console them during the coming winter.

In spite of the destruction, General George Washington's plan to demoralize and intimidate the Iroquois had failed. As one rebel officer had remarked, *"their nests are destroyed, but the birds are still on the wing."* In fact, any sympathy for the rebel cause had vanished, and the Iroquois would now strike back like a hive of angry killer bees. The valley that I had once called home would now face the wrath of hostile armies. Even if we won the war, there would be little to draw me back to the burned out Mohawk Valley.

As the autumn began to fade and turn to winter, the social life in Montreal continued. The streets were filled with a mixture of soldiers, habitant farmers with their produce, and an assortment of all manner of civilian life. Many Loyalist refugees had begun to arrive, exchanged for rebel prisoners. Some would be sent up to Three Rivers in order to feed and house them. Never had supplies been so scarce, for crops had been ruined on both sides, and British supply ships would have to feed our starving multitudes.

The rebellion had gone from mere conquest, to total destruction. We had learned that our estates had been confiscated on the 22nd, of October, by an Act of Attainder, passed in the rebel congress. That in fact meant that father had lost his great fortune, all but his Superintendent's salary.

This was a hard fact to accept, since now I would be left without dowry, and I was faced with the possibility of ending up as a mere governess, or a Lady's companion. That was assuming that I could find such a situation, so that I didn't have to rely on the charity of some relative. Fortunately I was still young, and there was some chance that the war might turn in our favor, or I might attract a suitable wealthy bachelor. Such a prize would be hard for a penniless young lady to find. This made young Mr. Hamilton a desirable choice, but I suspected his motive was based on commerce.

I thought about my cousin Ensign William Claus who would need a situation providing a sizeable salary, for their estate was also gone. His father had been unable to get the appointment of Indian Superintendent for Quebec. That had left uncle Daniel Claus with very little money, and he now relied on my father for employment. I felt like I was a member of an exiled Royal family, left with only my name and breeding. That by itself is not very marketable, so I might have to reconsider my choices in a husband. Mr. Hamilton seemed to be kind and considerate, but would he soon tire of me and could I ever love him? So many of the married middle class women that I knew of were turned into baby factories, and faced a lifetime of drudgery. They weren't accorded the benefit of nursemaids, and a governess to ease their burden. Was this to be my lot, I wondered? The thought of marriage without love, merely for security and status was abhorrent to me. Yet, could I really hope for anything better?

Montreal was a depot for receiving exchanged prisoners, but accommodations were scarce, and many were sent up to Three Rivers. Some of the rebel

prisoners that had been captured by the Indians were a pitiful sight to behold. Many were in rags, half starved and in ill health. This was also true of the Loyalist families, but their men folk who bore arms, weren't so lucky. Those who were captured out of uniform were hung, or died of exposure in the Connecticut mines. Although Mrs. John Butler and her children had as civilians taken no part in the war, they had been held as hostages since we left them in the Mohawk Valley in the spring of 1775.

Chapter #6

Montreal Memories

The winter of 1780 promised to be long and severe, for the streets of Montreal were already heavy with snow. I pressed my finger against the frost-covered window and scratched my name. Outside the cart wheels crunched and squealed, as they rattled over the frozen ground, their drivers heavily bundled against the cold, and their passengers snug beneath bear skin blankets. For weeks now woodcutters had been kept busy feeding countless hungry stoves and hearths. This was the time of year when some overheated chimneys would catch fire; spewing flames and sparks across the cold night sky. Should a hot burning cinder find its way beneath a wood shingle, a house, or perhaps a whole block would then become a fiery holocaust.

It was also the season for feasting, dancing and the playing of whist, or the more sedentary reading of the works of Voltaire. Ever since his death in '78, it had become fashionable, to debate his merits, or the perceived lack of them. Uncle Claus was especially fond of deep thinking, and reviewing the virtues of his beloved British government. Just the mere mention of the name of Thomas Paine, would set him off in a tirade, for he had no use for that radical free thinking trouble maker. I remember one day nearly a year ago; he had locked verbal horns with a Monsieur Pierre Perdu, a confidant of Valantin Jautard, Editor of the periodical Gazette of Commerce and Literary for Montreal. Perdu felt that men like Paine should be commended for their courage and progressive thinking. Perdu, a short stalky man with thick bushy eyebrows, jabbed his finger at Claus, and exclaimed, " the problem is men like you are afraid that your set will taste some of your own medicine, if a man like Thomas Paine had his way."

These were fighting words almost verging on treason, and Uncle Claus glared back at Perdu.

"That ignoramus malcontent would have every cordwainer, peddler and common husbandman running this country. A band of crude laborers, members of the lower set in high office: Never!"

My uncle was normally very polite and mild mannered, but the mere thought of the lowly illiterate common peasants of the lower order enjoying rank, was too much for him to even consider. For hundreds of years nobility had run the British Empire, and it was unthinkable to suggest otherwise. There was indeed something crude and uncultivated about the lower order. Even the wealthy merchants lacked the refined tastes and manners of the upper class. To think for a minute, that a staymaker's son could offer an intelligent plan for improvements to His Majesty's government, was simply ludicrous. My uncle puffed on his pipe furiously, his face etched with a scowl. Deeply religious, he also was offended by articles written by Perdu's editor friend Jautard. Uncle felt that it was improper that a periodical published by Monsieur Fleury Mesplet, an associate of Ben Franklin, should even be printed in Montreal. It was widely felt that Jautard, the editor was a rebel sympathizer.

"Freedom of the press, be damned," he demanded, "men like Paine, Jautard and Mesplet, should be thrown into jail. That vile rag, the Gazette is like having George Washington preaching in the town's square. Voltaire may be gone, but Paine and his evil works are still here, and offer to open the path to discontent among the literate population."

Monsieur Perdu seemed pleased by uncle's heated protest, and grinned broadly.

It was obvious that Perdu enjoyed the cut and thrust of verbal debate. It would seem as if he got even more pleasure if his remarks tormented his adversary. However, that could be a dangerous game, for a well placed comment to one of the King's justices might see Perdu facing a tribunal.

Normally Uncle Claus wouldn't have even passed the time of day with the likes of Perdu; but uncle was fascinated by the printing press owned by his friend Mesplet. He had been struggling with correcting printer's proofs of a Mohawk prayer book, set in Quebec town, and would have preferred to work directly with a printer in Montreal. He was however, reluctant to engage a printer that seemed to have connections to the rebels. With that in mind, he wondered how long it would be before this potentially subversive press would be shut down?

My uncle didn't have long to wait, for in June of 1779 Major Nairn who was in command at Montreal, arrested Jautard, the editor, and Mesplet the Publisher. They were put aboard the armed schooner Mercury and sent to Quebec town. This was the opportunity that Uncle was waiting for, and he approached Madam Mesplet with an offer. He would rent the printing press from her, and publish a school primer in the Mohawk language. This was to entertain my uncle for many months. He was like a child with a new toy, and delighted himself with each new page.

Looking back, it seemed as if my uncle's gain had been at the expense of the readers in Montreal. The village needed a voice and as bad as it may have been, the Gazette had provided some avenue for both expression and enlightenment.

As I gazed out at the bleak January street scene a large group of men were passing our house on snowshoes. Although this in itself wasn't that unusual; I felt that these men dressed in bear skins that came to a peak above their heads had come a great distance. Although they were white men, the clothing they were wearing was somewhat foreign to this quarter. I had seen a drawing of the winter apparel worn by the Northern Chipewyan Indians, and their clothing was like that. It seemed odd that these men would be wearing arctic clothing in the town of Montreal.

"What are you looking at?" My eight year old sister Julia demanded. She was the intellectual sibling in the family, and even at that tender age her mind was ever probing. She could see that I was fascinated by the activity outside, and had no intention of missing the event.

"Those men seem to be heading for the tavern and I'm curious about their intentions and place of origin, Julia?"

"Let me see, --let me see too," Julia squealed as she pushed her way in front of me. The window was quite small and the frost had covered most of it.

"Oh look, they're all carrying guns strapped up side down on their backs," she exclaimed excitedly. I pressed closer to the window and could see that she was right. I had been paying so much attention to their clothing that I hadn't notice the oil skin covered rifles. They were almost concealed by their heavy bearskin clothing. It was obvious that this had to be a British scouting party, or they would have been stopped at the Récollets Gate by the guard. I could only wonder who and what they were?

Due to the food shortage at Niagara and to the west, it had been necessary for some of the troops to come down to Montreal. However, this had already been done in the late fall, and rarely did any army units leave their barracks in the dead of winter. Survival alone demanded great caution during the deep freeze in the unforgiving wilderness.

Who then, were these strangers that had come out of the west, dressed in the habit of the sub arctic Chipewyan Indian nation?

It was a serious question that would have to go unanswered for the time being. I had no intention of following these men into the night, or visiting the tavern unescorted. The one thing that seemed obvious, was the fact that these men were tough, hard-bitten woodsmen that knew how to survive in the harshest climate. Although I considered myself to be a gentlewoman, I couldn't help but admire this sort of macho wilderness expertise.

My uncle Daniel Claus, who had now gained an appointment as Colonel of the Six Nations in Quebec, was spending much of his free time working with a journeyman printer on his new Mohawk primer. He had found Madam Mesplet to be quite amiable and very intelligent, so his feeling about her

publisher husband had softened somewhat. Uncle had begun to realize that it was his editor Jautard that was the firebrand, and Mesplet was more of a follower. In any event they both were languishing in a Quebec town goal.

Aunt Nancy and my youngest sister Nan, who had just turned seven, were busy sitting by the fireplace doing their needlework. Poor Nan was such a frail child; she barley ever left the house. So attached was she to Aunt Nancy, that she never left her side. I had just begun to practice a new tune on my pianoforte when I heard the front door open and close. It was Captain Jack, the Mohawk chief, our occasional houseguest. He stomped his feet knocking snow all over the front parlor, and grumbled about the weather. His command of the English language was limited at best, but we always managed to communicate.

"Chief Deserontyon, are you in health, and will you be staying the night," aunt Nancy inquired?

"Harumph, stomach empty, me stay!" Came the rather testy reply.

We had not seen the chief for several months , and had heard that he had been among the Loyalists opposing rebel General Sullivan's army. When he came into the room I quickly realized that he too had traveled some distance. His hooded blanket coat was hanging with crusted snow, and his leggings were stiff with an icy coating. Human hair dangled from beneath his coat, probably attached to trophy scalps on his waistband. Captain Jack was a tough and formidable warrior, and it appeared as if some unlucky rebels had tasted his fury. Sullivan's devastation of the Indian country was resulting in severe retribution. Now a terrible price was being paid for the rebel's scorched earth campaign. We learned that Captain Jack had come in for supplies, powder, bullets and flints. His men were not far away at Caughnawaga, and they planned to go back out on a scout that winter. No one would be safe in the rebel back settlements, as long as the Iroquois were on the warpath. I shuddered at the thought of what would happen to those poor unsuspecting isolated farmers, merchants and traders.

"Outside plenty cold, snow deep, hunting not good!"

The chief placed himself in front of the open hearth and rubbed his hands together. Just then both uncle Daniel Claus and my cousin William emerged from the back of the house. They had just returned from Mesplet's print shop, where they had spent the day. My uncle was more than a little surprised to see the chief, for he had not expected him. This of course meant that he would require provisions from the King's stores, at my uncle's expense. Only scouting parties sent out by order of the governor would be funded from the King's bounty. The governor had already been much concerned about the high cost of feeding the three thousand Indians camped out around fort Niagara. This meant that uncle might not be reimbursed for provisioning an unsolicited Indian raiding party.

My uncle greeted the chief in Mohawk, and their reunion was warm and friendly; in spite of the fact that he knew that captain Jack was about to

make an expensive request. The Indians never failed to remind us that British officers had told them that "*the King's rum was as plentiful as the waters in Lake Ontario, and his men were as numerous as the sands upon the lake shore.*"

They also liked to point out the fact that when the rebels under General Sullivan were marching into the Indian country, there were very few British soldiers on hand to stop them. They had not seen the promised multitudes, and their precious homes and villages had been burned to the ground. To deny them a few supplies at this juncture would add the final insult, and would risk alienation.

In any event, Captain Jack was an old friend and we had all gotten to know him quite well back in '75, when he traveled with us to England. As a hereditary peace chief, he was very influential among the Mohawk nation, but he did not always get along with my step grandmother Molly, and Uncle Joseph Brant. They were from different villages in the Mohawk valley. Added to that, was the fact that Joseph Brant was only a war chief, or pine tree chief, and as such could be cut down.

Our black servant Emma had as usual begun to prepare the evening meal. She was in charge of our domestics, and we still had four of our original staff of nineteen black slaves. Most had been left behind when we fled from our mansion in 1775. We found these people to be very quiet and efficient, going about their duties without protest. They seemed to need us, almost more than we needed them, so if they were well treated they did not step out of place. However, the war had added some stress into slave ownership. Both sides had offered freedom to black men that were willing to fight either for their King, or the rebel Congress. Most could not read, so unless their master enlightened them they were ignorant of this opportunity.

The dusky chief stayed with us for nearly a week, and I was glad to bid him farewell, along with the smell of his strong Indian tobacco. I could not help but think of the poor wretched colonial families that would soon fall victim to his wrath. These warriors had a score to settle, and I could imagine the pure icy terror that must be sweeping the back settlements. I had been told that the once rich and peaceful Mohawk valley was now scarred from end to end with burned out homes and out buildings.

I had not seen any sign of the strangers that had passed our house some time ago. Cousin William said that he had heard that a company of Rangers had come down from fort Detroit. We of course did not believe him, for it was absurd to think that any white men would risk such a journey this winter. It was a long wilderness route in the summer, but with up to ten feet of snow and the bitter cold of the worst winter in memory, it was quite impossible.

Cousin William Claus had inherited some of his late grandfather's Irish sense of humor, so we could never be sure if he was having one of his jokes. There was little that pleased him more than to play a trick on his father and mother. Uncle Daniel Claus was so pious and serious that it was not very

difficult to provoke him. He was forever trying to guide his only son, but William seemed to revel in testing his patience. I guess that when you are an only child, it is inevitable that you'll get spoiled.

Aunt Nancy and I soon got tired of sitting around the parlor doing needle work. We learned that a wonderful ball was to be held at Hamilton's assembly room. Since my uncle Daniel Claus and cousin William were always away at the print shop, it was up to us to go alone if we wanted to dance. Mr. Langan, a relative and one of our black servants of course would escort us. It would be exciting to bundle up in bear skin blankets, on one of those quaint French-Canadian horse drawn sleds.

The Montreal village streets were quite pretty in winter, with the sheet metal roofing covered in snow. Our horse and sled was outfitted with bells that tinkled merrily as we glided along.

It had taken hours for us to prepare for this outing, and I was anxious to show off my new headdress. This was an important part of the affair, since every nuance in a young lady's attire would be keenly observed. Usually the assembly room would be well lit by candlelight, and many British officers would line the walls. These commissioned men of His Majesty's armed forces were indeed the cream of society. Almost to a man they were from wealthy families, and most were gentlemen. I had no idea who would attend this particular event. That of course added to the excitement, since the war had brought in many fine young officers from abroad.

I was also looking forward to visiting with some of my schoolmates, for they always had things to talk about. We were all reaching the age where husband hunting had begun in earnest. I hadn't seen Eliza Gray in weeks, so I was thrilled to see my old bosom friend as we walked into the ballroom.

"Oh, Eliza!" I squealed.

"Polly, oh Polly!" she replied, smiling broadly and running to throw her arms around me. We were such good friends, and but few secrets were not shared between us. It was a grand gathering and even Chastity Hughes and Felicity Gordon were all attending the event. It was such a delicious time for gossip, and the delightful criticism of other people's costume.

Chastity with all of the flare of an elegant lady jabbed her fan in the direction of Patricia Maitland and tittered.

"Oh look at that silly woman, and her over stuffed bustle."

The response was a chorus of giggles, followed by the usual hum of whispers that drew some stares. Aunt Nancy had moved away from us in an attempt to avoid embarrassment. She knew that young adolescent girls often lacked the sagacious wit of an adult, and their clumsy critique could be humiliating. They were like immature birds of prey undertaking their first flight, looking for their quarry.

The assembly room was filled with all manner of outlandish apparel, providing a great opportunity for comment. All in the entire scene was very

colorful, with smartly dressed officers gracefully escorting their ladies onto the dance floor.

"Where is your Mr. Hamilton?" Eliza inquired, "I heard that he is in town."

"Eliza! ---Please, ---please don't say things like that," I chided. You know very well that I don't consider him to be my intended. He may be a very nice gentleman, but I really can't get interested in a mere merchant's son. Besides dear heart, if you think he's so grand, why don't you wear a ring on your first finger if we see him? I'm sure that he'll understand its meaning."

Eliza looked at me as if I had just handed her a one pound note. It was obvious that she had designs on him, but was too good a friend to try and steal him away.

"Do you really think that there's any chance he might get interested in me?" She probed, hoping that I really meant what I said.

"Perhaps you don't realize how pretty you are, Eliza, --besides, your father being the sheriff, could offer an advantage in such a relationship for a merchant. What better way could he find to learn in advance of auctions and sales, than from the King's sheriff? I don't mean to be crass, but it's the truth."

My opinion was very well received, and Eliza had eagerly fallen for my scheme. Robert Hamilton might have been an excellent catch for the middle-class, but I would be well rid of him. Eliza's eyes were fairly glowing for she had visions of marriage into wealth. The enterprise of Robert Hamilton Sr. was very promising, and it seemed likely that his son, Robert Jr., would share in his good fortune. The huge annual sales to the Indian department may have drawn young Robert to me, but I wasn't interested in being courted as if I was a bale of cloth. Robert would have to be satisfied with second best, for I wanted a man of breeding and distinction.

It was not long before we were all dancing the quadrille, gavotte or minuet. It seemed only natural that we would be moving to music and choreographic steps of French origin. Here in Montreal these dances were in vogue, and I found myself enchanted by the atmosphere.

Later, as I stood visiting with my old friend and school mate Chastity Hughes, we were approached by an older French gentleman. It was obvious by his fine apparel that he was a man of substance. He looked directly at me after a brief salutation to Chastity and addressed me in French.

"Mademoiselle, may I have the honor of this dance?" He was indeed a suave gentleman, but my reaction was guarded.

"I'm sorry but I don't think that we've been introduced. You must excuse me but, I never dance with strangers."

He looked a bit shocked at first, then with a flourish said, "I'm sorry my dear, I thought that you knew me, for I am Saint-Luc de La Corne, a faithful servant of your King."

I did know of him, the French Indian agent that had been under suspicion of consorting with the rebels. My father had warned his deputies that this man

was as tricky as the devil. This was the first time that I had laid eyes on him, but I suspected that he was up to no good. It was his son in law Major John Campbell that had been appointed as Indian Superintendent in Quebec. No doubt he was interested in talking to me, with the object of learning more about my father's activities. He would be disappointed, for I knew and cared little for the business of war, and the management of Indian Affairs.

Just then another man appeared almost as if out of nowhere, and I instantly recognized the tall handsome officer. La Corne, stepped back as if in shock, for it was none other than Captain Walter Butler. It was almost like seeing a ghost, for I had pretty well given up any hope of ever seeing him again.

"Pardon me Saint-Luc," he demanded, "I think that this young lady had promised me this dance."

Although it was a white lie, I willingly gave him my arm, and he escorted me on to the dance floor. I noticed that his face was almost tanned from exposure to rough weather. I soon discovered that he was the leader of the band of strangers that had come down our street a few days earlier.

Cousin William Claus had been right, these men had indeed traveled all the way from Detroit. Mr. Butler had brought Captain Dame, and his entire Ranger Company of 30 men down to Montreal for the winter. These were some of the toughest soldiers on the frontier, and I was dancing with the senior officer. It seemed almost inconceivable that any white man could have done that. Mr. Butler had been all the way to the wilderness post at the Miamis, and then traveled eleven hundred miles back to Montreal. It would be hard not to admire this man, for nothing seemed impossible. I had been quite impressed by his daring escape from a rebel prison, and his subsequent flight across the Adirondack Mountains back in 1778. Now he had proven that his scouting prowess under difficult circumstances seemed to know no bounds.

I felt like a fragile flower in his arms, for I couldn't put that vision of hard-bitten, snow crusted men out of my mind. Those men that I had seen coming down the street in Chipewyan garb were in a special class all by themselves. I was really a gentle urban ornament, the upper class lady that knew no physical stress. We were indeed opposites, but I felt something strange welling up in my breast. Had we been drawn together by some mystical power? Were we really under the spell of some ancient force that had preordained our coming together? Could it be that he is the ghost of the Duke of Ormonde, and I am the modern eighteenth century reincarnation of his beloved consort? The fact that I was a bit of a romantic always did color my perception, but there was more to life than just meat and potatoes.

Captain Butler was quite the gentleman, very attractively outfitted in his full dress uniform. Clearly a total change from his earlier appearance.

"My dear Miss Johnson, I must say that you've changed since I last saw you. In only a few months you've gone from a pretty girl, to a beautiful woman. Is it just because I have been away in the wilderness, or has it been my good

fortune to have observed your metamorphosis from a dainty bud into a lovely and graceful flower?"

I blushed, and was sure that I must have turned deep shade of pink, but he was too polite to notice my embarrassment.

"You flatter me with your kind words captain, for I do not think that I'm pretty at all."

The captain seemed unfazed by my retort and looked at me with gentle warmth in his eyes, that caused me to blush again. I could see some of my friends looking our way, so I knew that they would be soon whispering about us. This was the very thing that they would relish, an old school mate, and an older mature man. I knew that I would be in for a thorough grilling at their first opportunity. At that moment, I saw young Mr. Robert Hamilton coming into the room, and my problems were now two fold. I had to somehow get him interested in my friend Eliza, and try to keep my attraction to the captain, from my aunt and uncle. I asked him if he had any word of his mother and siblings, for they had been held hostage for four years, and I couldn't even imagine the torment that he would be suffering. The warmth immediately went from his visage, and I could sense his rage.

"You must pardon my bad language, but some damned wretch has sent out a flag to the enemy lines without advising me about it. I so wanted to send mother some money, and a few words telling her how much we miss them all, and that we were trying hard to get them exchanged."

The pain was written all across his face, for it was evident that beneath his warrior facade, was a very gentle, loving son. The exchange of prisoners and the flow of communications between Albany and Montreal had been agonizingly slow. It all came down to politics, and the need to demonstrate to the rebels that they had to abide by the rules of war. British Governor Haldimand had lamented the fact that some poor hostages had been caught in the middle of the disagreement, and he was powerless to help them. I was sorry that I had touched on a wound, for the captain was truly bitter and hurt by the affair. The rebels had been mistreating prisoners like British Lieutenant Governor Henry Hamilton of Detroit. He had been thrown into a dank prison in heavy iron shackles, contrary to the normal treatment of senior officials. This meant that no one on either side would receive any favors until the abuse had ended. The cartel for the exchange of prisoners had been suspended, but negotiations were under way to settle the dispute. I was sorry that I had brought the subject up, but at the same time it did give me a rare look at the sensitive man beneath the uniform.

"Oh, ---I'm so very saddened to hear that. You must be heart broken to have most of your dear family in rebel hands."

I was indeed troubled by the news, and could understand his anguish. It would be hard, very hard to be unable to even visit with your mother and younger brothers and little sister. He had no way of knowing if they were still alive and well, other than through messages from Loyalist spies.

"We should have brought them out with us in '75, but the journey might have been too much for mother. We had thought that her relatives would have protected her, but we were wrong."

The captain looked somewhat pensive, then continued.

"Pardon me, but I was just thinking about my little sister. You knew Deborah; she is about the same age as you. I was wondering what she looks like now, for she must have become a young woman. It's sad to think that she's been spending her formative years as a rebel hostage."

Once again the captain was showing his tender sensitive side. His sister had been denied a proper education, and as an oppressed hostage would have very little if any opportunity for improvement.

"You must not give up hope captain," I offered, "for I'm sure the day will come when you'll be with them again."

The pensive look passed from his face and he smiled again.

"You're right, we're still going to win this thing, and those black hearted devils will pay dearly for their crimes. The Bostonians may have won the first round, but General Washington's men are starving, and their continental currency has no value."

When the musicians stopped to take a rest, the captain escorted me to a chair. I had hardly sat down when another officer came over to Captain Butler and whispered in his ear. He then turned to me, and excused himself for he was called away.

A few minutes later I was joined once again by Eliza, Chastity and Filicity. They all crowded around wanting to know if Captain Butler had expressed any affection for me? I strained my face to look very serious, and replied, -- "certainly not!"

I may have been young, but I was not foolish enough to even suggest that we were attracted to each other. My dear uncle Daniel Claus would be furious if he thought I was enamoured by Captain Walter Butler, of all people.

Uncle Daniel Claus still despised the Butler's, and felt that they were at the root of his problems. He might even disown me if he thought that I was becoming sweet on the captain. One time when he was speaking of Colonel John Butler, the father he called the captain, "*his conceited son Walter.*" Poor uncle, he was so very jealous of the Butler's, father and son. This would make it quite awkward for me to spend any amount of time with the captain. I needed to be very careful not to arouse any suspicion, for at this juncture I couldn't even be sure if the captain was really interested in me? The situation seemed to be impossible, for even my father, or Sir John Johnson might oppose this relationship.

As I was pondering my fate, I realized that young Mr. Robert Hamilton was heading in my direction. I wasn't sure if he had seen me dancing with the captain, but he was looking right at me. As usual, he was immaculately dressed, and might have been taken for a dandy, had I not known of the true financial status of his family. His very wealthy father even owned the

assembly room that we were dancing in. Unlike most people that I knew, the Hamilton's were actually benefiting from the war. Only an all consuming defeat and surrender of the British territory of Canada could upset his enterprise. As long as fresh supplies were needed, the Hamiltons would be able to add to their fortune.

"Polly, ---it's very good to see you," he declared as if we were old friends. I thought that he was being just a bit too familiar, for most acquaintances would have called me Miss Johnson. I looked up as if I did not see him coming, hoping to disarm him.

"Why Mr. Hamilton, what a pleasant surprise," I lied, knowing that this was my opportunity to introduce him to Eliza Gray. She was conveniently standing right near me, so the rest was easy.

"Allow me to introduce you to my good friend Eliza," I declared, as I grabbed her by the hand and pulled her gently towards him. They would make a very cute couple I assured myself as I stepped back, hoping that she would dominate the meeting. Although Eliza was a trifle shy, she was well educated and her manners were impeccable. If I had been a matchmaker, I would have trouble finding a more perfect couple. Eliza was also nicely dressed, and Mr. Hamilton obligingly asked her if she would care to dance. For a brief moment, I felt a twinge of regret, for it appeared as if I was about to lose one of my few options. There was little doubt in my mind, that if she appealed to him at all, she would use all of her feminine wiles to try and trap him.

I watched with rapt attention as the attractive pair glided across the dance floor. Eliza looked very alluring; with her pretty flower trimmed petticoats twirling as she moved in time with the music. She wore a short violet colored jacket, lined and trimmed with orange and ornamented with wrought iron buttons. Underneath, she had on a sky blue stomacher, that contrasted with her white petticoats. On her feet she had shoes of green taffeta, with ribbons and rosettes of the same color. He of course was decked out in the finest men's wear, with silver knee buckles and silk waistcoat.

In a way, I felt as if I might have been too generous, for Mr. Hamilton would have no doubt dangled on my line, had I chosen to hold him in abeyance.

I was now standing in the sidelines, and was without a partner. Had I been too hasty, I wondered as the unpleasant feeling of being alone enveloped me? However it was not long before a Highland officer dressed in a snappy red tunic with white facings was inviting me to dance. This fellow like Mr. Hamilton had a strong Scottish accent, and was gracious and polite. He was a captain in the 71st, regiment of foot, the Faser Highlanders, a unit raised especially for the American war. I could tell almost at once that he was a man with a lofty pedigree, and a real gentleman of the upper class.

Aunt Nancy had not been far away, and had observed my new dance partner with satisfaction. He held the rank of a captain in the regular army, which was quite senior to that of a captain in a provincial regiment. However, Captain Walter Butler was petitioning for a promotion to major, and it

seemed likely that he would be appointed to that position shortly. His father's corps had risen to its full strength, and their service had been more than exemplary. This officer introduced himself as Captain Colin Campbell, a native of Scotland. His father John Campbell of the Citadel, was the deputy keeper of the great seal of Scotland. Naturally I was immediately torn between the image of an infantry captain, and the rugged frontier officer that had braved winter's fury. They seemed like opposites; an old country gentleman, and a provincial lawyer, turned wilderness fighter.

There was a certain excitement and challenge in Captain Butler, a self-confident aggressive and fiery frontiersman. While on the other hand, Captain Colin Campbell appeared to be the typical infantry officer, cautious and disciplined.

Although at this juncture I had no assurance that either was interested in me, or would ever offer their hand; it was important to cultivate the most desirable opportunity. At the same time, I did not want to be labeled as merely a flirt, a pretty, but insignificant, husband-hunting butterfly. Marriage was a most serious undertaking, and a mistake was likely to result in many long years of painful bondage.

I was unable to determine whether Captain Campbell was merely putting in time, or if he might even be married? Our conversation was light, and centered around the quality of the music and the weather. He did make some comment about how he felt it unfair for junior officers to marry during wartime. I took this to mean that if he was single, he had absolutely no intention of forming a serious relationship at that time. That seemed to narrow my prospects down, but I had no intention of seizing that conclusion. I did not notice any ring on his fourth finger, a sign that he never intended to marry. So as the evening ended, I was left with only the sweet memories of having danced with two very handsome gentlemen. However, my fate remained as much a mystery as before.

The evening was far more fruitful for Eliza, for she appeared to have won the total attention of Mr. Hamilton. Although she was still very young, it would not rule out a long courtship. Propriety would of course demand that they must not be imprudent during this proceeding. Her life could be ruined if he was merely a rake, and she allowed him some indiscretions. I knew that my friend Eliza was far too sensible for that. In any event her father, the sheriff would be the wrong man to anger.

Aunt Nancy seemed unaware of the heavy manoeuvring that had been going on. She was all excited about the announcement of a lottery, with the draw to be held next month. The prizes offered were a seven piece walnut dinning room suite, a silver mounted fowling piece, a gold watch, and a village lot, plus a chance at the proprietor's own home property. The winners of the latter two items would be obliged to pay the Seigneur one sovereign and fifteen shillings annual rent, but they would have the use of the property.

The tickets would cost twenty shillings each and 1120 were to be sold, with records kept by reliable persons.

I had no idea that my aunt liked to gamble, or if she had ever gambled before on a lottery? I had my doubts if uncle Claus would allow her this liberty, for as a married woman she had no money of her own. It seemed quite obvious, that she was moved by the opportunity to possibly acquire a very handsome set of furniture. Her own, a gift from Sir William, had been left behind when we fled from the valley in 1775. Their house had been burned to the ground, but we all suspected that the rebels had already stolen the furniture. Although my uncle was now being paid as Colonel of the Six Nations in Quebec, he had little money left for fine furniture. We had been obliged to use whatever was available.

Aunt Nancy was well aware of the difficulty that she faced. We were sworn to secrecy, for my dear aunt had no intention of asking my uncle for the money, merely to gamble. She knew that she would be certain of a refusal, not only that, but a very long and painful lecture. My uncle was a very pious man, and that was the devil's work.

I saw my aunt Nancy's vice as an opportunity to gain her silence, should she observe my growing attachment to Captain Butler. I could bargain an exchange of confidence, for uncle would be equally furious if he caught her gambling without his consent. Dear aunt Nancy had been compromised by her desire for material things, and would of necessity be forced to glean twenty shillings from the sale of trivial items. Nothing that uncle Daniel Claus would notice, or the need to break another of God's commandments would deepen her unutterable sin. Ah yes, what an evil coil we spin, when we choose to gain through deceit.

As the bitter cold winter wore on, I wondered if I would ever see the captain again, or if my jaundiced heart had misled me? Was I merely a brief flirtation, a mere child to be toyed with? Did he view me as silly innocent, devoid of promise, and too young to be taken seriously? He really hadn't shown any great interest in me, so I could only contemplate the truth. Under my breath I damned the war, and damned the Bostonians. Our fortunes had fallen, and all of this uncertainty could be laid squarely at the feet of men like Mr. Washington. It seemed unfair that places like Albany stood unscathed by the war. I could picture the hawk nosed Dutchman, the wealthy Philip Schuyler, still snug in his mansion by the Hudson River. Even the name of his estate, "the pastures," gave the impression of tranquillity, belying the true nature of that rebel patrician.

It seemed inconceivable that the oldest daughter of the late Sir William Johnson, one of the wealthiest men in America had been reduced to this, by the likes of men like Schuyler. Poor aunt Nancy had been turned into a sneak, a warm personable wife and mother, but a sneak. We had all been changed by the war. The naive gullibility of the dutiful upper class wife had been replaced with a subtle schemer. There was only one major flaw in her

plan. How would she justify this expensive acquisition, if she won it? That would be the most difficult hurdle, in this game of deception. However, I faced the same dilemma, for should I gain the hand of the handsome captain, I too would be faced with condemnation. Heavy criticism in itself would be bearable, but if it went beyond that and I was disowned, I would find that very hard to live with.

Although I had always pitied little Nan, since she was almost an invalid. It seemed as if her life was simple, and devoid of concerns about a future husband. At age seven, she seemed content, always being cared for by Emma, the black servant, or her aunt Nancy. It was touching, to watch this gentle creature sitting quietly beside the fireplace, trying hard to finish her first sampler. I realized that this child could have easily been me, for we were both born into the same family. I pondered the mystery of why fate deals such a different hand, to each individual? As it is often said, "*there but for the grace of God, go I*" It was sad to think that she would have no broad education, and no opportunity to even learn to dance. Even so, she seemed to be happy within her own little realm, untouched by worldly concerns and fears. She had been too young to remember her late mother, so aunt Nancy had easily filled the void. She had in fact become the sweet little daughter aunt Nancy never had.

The winter continued cold and blustery, but in the village of Montreal, the upper class seemed to be oblivious to the climate. There was little else to do, but feasting, and dancing during the week, and attending church on the Lord's day. Although I had attended several small dance parties, they were limited to mostly members of our family and our close friends. Our merriment was seriously interrupted one morning, a little after one o'clock, when it was discovered that a house just down the street was on fire. It was the home of Mr. Langley the hatter, which was completely, consumed, along with that of his neighbor, Dr. Selby. The following day around dinnertime, a fire broke out in Mr. Langan's stable. It was fortunate that it was during the daytime, for the building was quickly pulled down, and the fire was put out before it could spread. A surviving spark from the previous fire was the suspected cause of the second fire. A great deal of damage was done by the sudden removal of Mr. Langan's effects.

We had all begun to relax, when the following day a fire was discovered in a house occupied by Mr. Hagar, which was then communicated to the house of Mr. Breckenridge. Although the house adjoining was pulled down, the flames very soon caught the store of Mr. Dunlop; which was considered fireproof. This was not the case and all of the houses were reduced to ashes, along with their contents. The hospital, Mr. Stansfield's and Mr. Lebevre's houses were on fire several times, but by the very wonderful exertions of everybody, they were saved. We were saddened to learn that one of our brave citizens, a Mr. William Forbes, a cooper, had fallen from a ladder and fractured his skull. He lived only two days, leaving a poor widow, and four little children. Several

other gentlemen were also badly injured fighting the fire. It was only through the valiant effort of many citizens that the whole lower town was saved.

Rumors had begun to circulate that the fires had not been accidental. With this in mind, some detachments of the militia had begun to patrol the streets, but no culprit has been discovered. Several other fires broke out, one opposite the Récollets Gate barracks in an outhouse. Many more houses were consumed before the conflagration ended, as abruptly as it had begun. Although we had been lucky and had escaped the dreadful fires, everyone remained nervous for quite some time. Naturally there was an air of suspicion attached to anyone that seemed to be acting at all strange. Petty thieves could be hung, so an incendiary if caught would very quickly taste severe retribution. Unfortunately even the threat of the noose did not deter some rather vile miscreants, for during the fires, many articles were stolen. I wondered what manner of human trash would steal from the victim of a house fire?

Life in the town soon returned to normal, and the following day we decided to attend the theatre. This affair was to be held in Mr. Levy's assembly room, with the doors opening at six o'clock. Mr. Langan very kindly arranged for our tickets, and our servants occupied our seats until we arrived. The room was barely large enough for such an event and was fully engaged. We were quite excited at the prospect of seeing this new presentation. However, the Ladies were asked to lay their hats and hoops aside, for the smallness of the house rendered it necessary that such a request be made. This of course was so that they could accommodate a greater number of Ladies and Gentlemen every evening. The management apologized profusely, and humbly wished that no Lady would be offended. We were assured that this was the fashion in all the theatres in Europe. Although Ladies of quality found this vexing, for it denied them an opportunity to display their fancy bonnets, they compensated for it by flaunting their latest coiffure. Absolutely no effort was spared in the preparation of an elegant headdress. This was a place to see, and be seen.

Unfortunately, the room was dimly lit with a few widely spaced candleholders. This was so that the focus would be on the stage, when the curtain was raised.

When we arrived in our box, our servants were sent home. I had some difficulty reading the handbill and program in the shadows. The first act was a comedy, "She stoops to conquer, or the Mistakes of a Night." That was a rather lewd farce that brought peals of laughter, mostly from the gentlemen; while the Ladies pretended to be mildly offended, which was intended as an admonishment. However, secretly I believe that they enjoyed the spoof every bit as much as the men did. The performance of the comedy was very well acted, and no doubt the men were especially pleased, that the recent fire had not delayed it any longer. We had heard that the actors had very nearly lost their costumes, but had been able to rescue them from their lodgings just in time. The second act, was a farce called "The wrangling lovers, or Like

master, Like man." The whole affair was very entertaining, and between the acts those attending engaged in the usual gossip. All of the establishment, power elite people were present, and it was a good opportunity to observe them dressed in their finest. It was then that I noticed Captain Walter Butler in a box with the Robert Ellice family. Mr. Ellice, a Scottish merchant was one of several wealthy traders in town. The captain nodded and my aunt and uncle returned it, but not without a dry comment. uncle Daniel Claus whispered something like, "Isn't he the fox, always keeping in good stead with the deal mongers."

I had merely blushed, for uncle's unflattering opinion of the handsome officer was to be expected. If aunt Nancy had seen my subtle flirty expression, she did not let on. I assumed that Captain Butler had been made aware of uncle's disfavor, so any rendezvous between us would be difficult. For some reason, that made my feelings for him, even stronger. That, together with the thought that he might not be at all interested in me acted like a magnet. While the eager Mr. Hamilton had been quite the opposite, offering no challenge or mystery.

We always enjoyed the gatherings in winter for there was little else to do away from home. Besides, the large numbers of people made certain that the rooms would be warm. Only the heavy odor of tobacco smoke offended my senses.

When the plays had ended, we filed out of the cramped theatre, visiting as we went. My aunt was ever so anxious to learn the date for the lottery draw, but had to take care not to be discovered. Our groom had the horse and sleigh waiting when we emerged from the theatre. Captain Butler was able to speak to me but briefly, before I left the hall. His demure manner belied his true, but veiled motive.

"Miss Johnson, will you be attending the dance and dinner at Hamilton's assembly room tomorrow night?" he inquired in a soft whisper.

"Oh,"-- pause, "I wouldn't miss it for anything," I lied, for I hadn't even heard about it. The captain tipped his hat and bowed ever so slightly, then politely begged my leave. Then as he walked away, he remarked softly. "I may very well see you then."

A fleeting thrill ran through my body, for that was the first time that I had any indication, that he might have some interest in me. My poor heart was pounding for I saw such promise; but needed to find a subtle, but clever excuse to go to this affair. My dear cousin William Claus had shown some interest in learning to dance, but I hadn't bothered to take the time to instruct him. He had become somewhat attracted to a pretty little Montreal girl named Catherine Jordan, but had been too shy to attempt to dance with her. Although she was still very young, her intellect and breeding had caused him to notice her. However, as I so well knew, at that age she would be expected to remain among the standers by. Although it was necessary for her to learn about the social graces of the dance, her reputation could be

damaged if allowed too free a rein. My plan was simple, and if it worked I might even escape the watchful eye of aunt Nancy. If I could attend the dance as my cousin's dancing partner, no chaperone would be needed. It was a very wicked plan, but a deliciously satisfying one.

I had little time to arrange for this grand deception, but my fifteen-year-old cousin William was badly smitten by Kitty Jordan. He in fact leaped at the idea of going from a mere juvenile stander by, to actually joining a dance set. He probably would not have been interested, but the sight of many mature British military officers dancing always appealed to him. He had already served some time as a junior officer on campaign, so he had a lot of respect for these men. However, he didn't want to make a fool of himself, so he became a dedicated student. Being a boy, his boarding school training had concentrated on the three R's, not ballroom dancing, poise, and table manners.

Uncle Daniel Claus was happy to see his only son stepping out, looking every bit a gentleman. He would be busy at home with his commitments; but after the usual lecture on morality, he sent us off to the Ball and dinner with his blessings. I felt a trifle guilty, as I had not been honest about my intentions. That guilt was more than off set by the knowledge that I really had no other choice under the circumstances.

Mr. Hamilton's assembly room had never seemed more warm and appealing, than it did that evening. The beautiful crystal hanging candle lit chandeliers, gave off just the right amount of light. Although the center of the room was bathed in a soft saffron glow, the corners of the room melted into deep shadow. Here many standers by chose to engage in whispered conversation. This was the first time that I had managed to slip away from the constant eye of my guardians. However, cousin William wasn't blind, nor stupid, so I enjoyed the extra challenge of trying to deceive him.

The room was filled with familiar faces, and both cousin William and I, were quickly engrossed in conversation with old friends. Mrs. Langan was as usual dressed in her finest. This was her passion, and the ballroom only served as her opportunity to have a captive audience. My good friend Eliza Gray still had a firm hold on her Mr. Hamilton, and they did indeed make a handsome couple. As soon as Eliza set eyes on me she quickly hurried over, and whispered in my ear, "He's here!" Cousin William looked at me curiously, so I tried to quickly shush her up. In fact I immediately changed the subject, in an effort to deflect William's attention.

"Oh did you see Mrs. Chew's outfit?" I inquired knowing that he wouldn't be at all interested in woman's clothing, especially if it was an older woman. Our talk of hoops, stomachers and various headdresses, quickly moved his attention elsewhere. Then when the dancers were assembling for the first set, William took my hand and we joined the group. It wasn't long before he noticed Catherine Jordan was among the young women standers by. It was soon obvious that William wanted to stop dancing with me, so that he could ask her for a dance. I was only too happy to oblige, for I had noticed that

captain Butler was standing nearby. He was an excellent dancer, and fluent in both French and English; so I could only assume that he was deliberately waiting for me to stop dancing. The problem was that a woman could only refuse a partner, so the invitation had to come from the man. I would be crushed if he did not come near me. He appeared to be deep in conversation with another officer, so I couldn't be sure if he'd even seen me?

I never liked standing alone, so the seconds seemed like hours. However, I did not have long to wait, for as William walked towards Catherine, the captain began moving towards me. He was dressed in a green tunic with a scarlet sash neatly wrapped around his waist. The black stock that covered his neck, contrasted with his powdered wig, and crisp white, lace trimmed shirt. It was hard to imagine that this finely dressed colonial officer, was also a tough wilderness fighter. His sword belt plate bore the simple words, "*Butler's Rangers*," along with the Royal cipher, and a crown. This was especially unusual for he had all the furniture of a stuffy British regular, including the brass gorget, but the name "*ranger*" identified him as an irregular. These were not the hand kissing, pasty-faced coxcombs of the by the book establishment. They were real men that could hold their own against rebel riflemen, or their native Oneida warriors. Yet he had all the manners of an aristocrat, and that was probably one of the things that irritated uncle Daniel Claus. Poor uncle was ever so proud of his noble German heritage, and kept a carefully drafted pedigree. At the same time, he put no credit in the story that the captain was a descendant of the Duke of Ormonde, the Lord lieutenant of Ireland. That notion was a far too fanciful, and a claim that had not been proven. "*That conceited young lawyer, one of the Butler's of Ireland, --never!*" He had been heard to say, "you can be sure, that if that were true, he'd have the carefully kept records, just like any other bonafide aristocrat. No, uncle wouldn't let his nemesis enjoy that kind of status without iron clad proof.

It was at times like that when I had the urge to remind uncle that we Johnsons suffered from the same dilemma. Family tradition had it that we were the descendants of the Irish Royal family of Dungannon, county Tyrone. These powerful early grand chieftains of Ireland were antecedent to Christianity, before the coming of St Patrick. Even on the maternal side we could trace our lineage to the noble Marquis of Warren, of Normandy France. However, what did this all mean? Without the benefit of material wealth, even the most eloquent sole with noble rank would be left without resources. This was the stuff of pride and dreams, but reality always dictated the cold hard facts of life. Captain Walter Butler was smart, ambitious and resourceful. If indeed he had the breeding, then so much the better. The captain spoke in a deep soft persuasive manner.

"Miss Johnson, may I have the next dance?"

The setting was almost intoxicating, with the low flickering candle light from the crystal chandeliers, accenting the gentle caress of his warm smile. This man's physique may have been all muscles, but his manner was impeccable.

"Yes you may!"

Was my almost too eager reply. If I had any intention of playing a rather indifferent and slightly difficult role, it was swept away by this self-assured prince of the wilderness. His presence was magnetic and when he walked into the room, few failed to notice him. It wasn't just the fact that his green tunic stood out in the sea of British red coats, but his manner was aristocratic. Nothing seemed to faze him; neither language, rank nor any situation that I could perceive.

No, the captain was not your average gentleman, for he stood out like sunlight dancing on a rippling stream. Masterful and proud maybe, but not without some justification. Few men could travel over a thousand miles through largely uncharted wilderness, in the worst winter in memory; then easily fit in with the more languid set in a gentleman's ball. This man of contrasts and the mystery of his person captivated me. The burning question was, did he have any feeling for me? I could only wonder if this was just a casual flirtation, something to stimulate his virile male ego? How many times had I been warned not to be too quick to seize upon a romantic adventure? Many young women had been led along by a clever suitor, only to be tossed aside and ruined.

"Miss Johnson, you seem to be deep in thought; have I displeased you?"

He inquired, looking rather worried. I was quick to smile back at him, for my inner thoughts had distracted me for the moment.

"No, ---oh no!" I insisted, "I was just thinking about how you had come down from the west with your company of Rangers. It must have been very, very difficult for you and your men?"

The Captain seemed embarrassed by the question, and quickly retorted.

"We're used to it, ---but let's not talk about me; I'd rather talk about you. You're not the little girl that I knew back in the valley, many years ago. You have become a mature intelligent woman with all the refinements of a fine lady. I had no idea then, that I would become so attracted to you, and I must confess that this is not merely a casual thought."

"Why Captain Butler, this is the second time that have flattered me with your praise. Do you really mean it, for I'm quite overwhelmed?"

The captain squeezed my hand, ever so gently, and looking me straight in the eye, spoke in a very soft tone.

"Miss Johnson, I never choose words like those lightly, I meant every bit of it; you are everything that I said and more."

His voice caressed my mind like a tender kiss, and a tiny thrill ran through my body. This was a strong willed guerrilla soldier, allowing me to see his very gentle sensitive inner self. It seemed as if we were suddenly alone, for all chatter in the card room, and the sounds of the other dancers, and

musicians had faded into the distance. My mind was a whirl with conflicting emotions, for romance could be both warm and frightening. I knew that I must be careful, for many women had been swept off their feet by a handsome face, only to be rudely dumped a short time later. He was much older than I was, and no doubt many opportunities for true romance had come his way.

"Captain Butler, although I find your words of adulation most pleasing, I am left to wonder why so handsome an officer has not already wed? You must have met dozens of really beautiful women in your broad travels."

"Oh my dear Miss Johnson, marriage is a deep and most serious attachment. One must never take such a step lightly. In times of war, few know where they'll be tomorrow, and to leave a wife, possibly never to see her again would be tragic. I have seen many attractive women that is true, but none that I felt could bring me eternal wedded bliss. I do not believe that one can choose beauty, poise and mere dowry, and hope for happiness. I need much more than a simple companion. My future wife will need to know a true and gentle heart."

It was almost maddening, to hear this captain say almost the same thing, that the Scottish officer had told me. I couldn't be sure if this was just an excuse, a gentle put off so nothing serious might develop: or if both of these men truly felt it unfair to become serious in time of war. Although in a way it was quite admirable, it would also give them a great opportunity to avoid commitment. This could be very embarrassing and hurtful for a young lady. Now I could see the danger that I had been warned about, but that only seemed to make me desire him even more. My plan was simple; I would change the subject and play along to see if he was genuine, or if in fact he was a rascal.

"Tell me, ---have you heard anything more about your mother, and your brothers and sister?" His eyes lit up and he seemed positive, not gloomy like the last time I had inquired about them.

"Yes, ---I understand that a prisoner exchange is being negotiated, and my father and I hope that we'll be seeing them very soon."

"That's wonderful news, and I'm so happy for you. I've often thought how easily that might have been my fate too. Had my father decided to leave my late mother, along with my sisters and I in the valley in 1775, we would have also been taken hostage. I can't even imagine what that experience would have been like?"

The captain looked at me with a tender expression, which suggested pain at the thought of it.

"I don't think that you would really want to know. Judging from the word that has come out through intelligence sources, poor mother has had a very, very tough time. They have suffered both privation and abuse, and seldom have been shown any kindness."

The expression on the captain's face turned from one of joy to anger.

"Had it not been for the odd trifle smuggled to her by old friends, and a few of her relatives, they might have died from scurvy, or hunger. We have tried to send money to her, but it is impossible to know if she received it?"

It was easy to see that the thought of his mother's confinement over so many years had caused both father and son, a great deal of pain. The thought that they had left them behind surely must have haunted them every waking moment. No one had any idea that the rebels would be so vindictive, especially against his mother Catherine Bradt, a member of an old New York Dutch family. Blood kin didn't seem to carry much weight, for hardly were the father and son out of the valley when the rebels seized their entire estate.

"Do you think that they'll be coming to Montreal when they're released?" My inquiry was designed to try and add a positive note to our conversation.

"Yes, and I will try to meet them half way, if I can discover when the exchange will be made. Father, the colonel has been pressing the governor for more detail, and leave to come down to meet them."

By this time we had left the dance floor and chose a quiet corner in which to continue our conversation. Cousin William had moved to the far side of the room, and seemed engrossed by the chatter of his group. Apparently he had seen Captain Butler, but did not attach any significance to our being together. He paid little mind to us, for his attention was focused on Kitty Jordan. I was equally captivated by the various anecdotes that my captain was entertaining me with.

As I got to know the captain better, it became easier for me to understand how this paragon of manhood thought. He explained to me how in his opinion, he felt that a woman should be treated with the greatest respect. His study of law made him sharply aware of the inhumanity that had been shown towards women, by the so-called modern 18th century justice system. He felt that women were every bit as smart as men, but were being held down by the old boy's league. Those stuffy Lords had no intention of giving up any of their power to what they considered to be the weaker vessel. For too long they had enjoyed the complete submission of the fairer sex, and they looked with loathing at any attempt to alter that arrangement.

"My dear Miss Johnson," he said with great tenderness, "A gentle woman should be looked upon as the font of wisdom, promise and honesty. She goes through the pain of childbirth, the care of nurturing and the responsibility of providing true guidance. Yet this wonderful creature has no rights to vote, make laws, or even keep her own dowry."

"You amaze me captain, for even my dear father, has never suggested that we ladies should be given any new rights. I suspect that few women ever dare to entertain even in their wildest dreams that their lot in life will ever change. Besides only those women in the higher circles, have been given enough education to question their status."

"Ah, yes, and that too is a great evil, keep them ignorant, and illiterate, so they'll stay in their place and not make trouble."

These words surprised me, but I suspected that the ill treatment of his mother had caused him pause to consider. He was right too, but what could a young colonial frontier lawyer ever do about female suffrage? Those great learned gentlemen of the upper chamber, would soon trample any upstart neophyte reformer. To open that Pandora's box, could cause the whole of society to turn upside down. The captain might be a free thinker, but the time had not yet come for that sort of liberty.

"Your kind thoughts are appreciated by at least this one person," Although I realized that he was just thinking out loud. It was obvious that he could see that if women ever got the vote, their status would soon change.

"Please be assured that I do not harbor the illusion that I could cause such a change."

The captain responded almost apologetically. He could see that I had not taken him too seriously, but had been concerned that I might think of him as a starry eyed radical reformer.

"I hope you don't think of me as a foolish dreamer?" He continued, his face showing a bit of thoughtful stress. His comments had been more typical of the ideology of Thomas Paine, than of a King's man. It wasn't the futile nature of his remarks that were so important to me; it was the insight into his warm and sensitive personality. I could see that beneath that hard weather beaten exterior, was a loving, caring human. Although I was still too young for a serious relationship, here was a man worthy of my consideration. He had both sensitivity and strength, a great combination. My youth was only temporary, for in merely two years I would be at the perfect age for matrimony. Now was the time to begin looking for the ideal mate, while the flower of youth and health were still in my domain.

"Miss Johnson, may I have the pleasure of escorting you to dinner?"

This invitation was the first that I had ever had from a potential suitor. I held out my hand, and the rest was almost magical, for I felt like a real lady as we entered the dinning room. I could even sense that many eyes were upon us, for the captain was indeed an imposing companion. There is little doubt in my mind that a few jealous soles were about to whisper. I'm sure that they would be remarking about my youth, and how unseemly it was for this much older man to be my escort. They of course would have quickly taken my place, had the opportunity availed itself.

The evening went very quickly, and after a wonderful meal my dear cousin insisted that it was time for us to return home. His little friend had departed, and his interest in remaining quickly diminished. I was able to speak to my captain beyond his earshot, but very briefly. We both knew the situation, so it was not hard to plan a future rendezvous. We would meet outside after church while most of the family was busy visiting inside. Should uncle Daniel Claus see us, I'd merely remark that I was inquiring after his mother and siblings. Oh, it was rather exciting to be involved in a bit of sly intrigue.

"Until we meet again," were the words with which my captain gently kissed my hand, then quietly departed. My mind had been set into a dizzy whirr, for I knew that for at least the moment, we had found each other. This man that had been a mere neighbor a few years earlier, was fast becoming my whole world. How could this be, for at one time I had thought of him as a mere commoner?

Although it may have been improper for us to meet in this manner, there was little doubt in my mind, that our liaison would have been quickly stopped if openly displayed. However it was my hope that a seemingly cool and casual relationship might be grudgingly tolerated. After all, the captain was the son of a well respected, and fairly wealthy commandant. It would be awkward for even uncle, to directly challenge Lt. Colonel John Butler. He was not the kind of man that would be easily taken to task. I'm sure that the colonel would have reminded my uncle Daniel Claus, of the way in which he had won the heart of my aunt. That too had been a very quiet, clandestine and less than forthright affair.

How easy it is to rationalize affairs of the heart when openness and honesty offers to interfere. What does the older set know about young love anyway? I could imagine that these old married couples had forgotten about the thrill of their first kiss, and had long since stopped dreaming?

That night as the wind howled outside, and another winter storm embraced our house in its icy grasp, I watched as my aunt Nancy sat rocking in her chair by the open hearth. I wondered just how her romance had begun? Was this gentle, kind and loving lady more complex than I had ever imagined? Little Nan sat close by working intently on her needlepoint, very contented in the knowledge that her namesake and adopted mama was nearby. My aunt was absolutely the most remarkable nursemaid that I had ever seen. She had so completely replaced her late sister as Nan's mother that the subject never came up. Even young Julia seemed quite contented living with her uncle and aunt Ann Claus.

Although my aunt was now forty years old, she was still quite slim and very attractive. I could understand why my uncle would have fallen in love with her. At that time he was my dear grandfather's young German assistant in the Indian Department. He must have taken every available opportunity to speak to her. This would have been quite a challenge, for he was stationed in Quebec and his trips to the Mohawk valley had been infrequent. Added to that, was the fact that grand dad was very protective, and anyone caught being too familiar with his daughters, would have been horsewhipped. On reflection, my relationship with Mr. Butler was not all that daring, for he was well respected among the senior officials in Quebec. In 1762 poor uncle Daniel Claus was merely my grandfather's deputy in Quebec, with little to offer beyond his faithful service. Their courtship and engagement must have been a very surreptitious contrivance, for my grandfather didn't learn about it until he asked for her hand in marriage.

Grandfather, General Sir William Johnson was absolutely shocked at the audacity of his deputy, but when he spoke to aunt Nancy, he mellowed. She had been able to completely convince her dear father of the propriety of their planned union. My how that must have been an exciting and riveting discussion, for love won out. The old warrior must have remembered how he had felt about a young German girl some 23 years earlier. Pretty little Catherine Weisenberg had completely stolen his heart, and despite her lack of either pedigree or dowry, they had married. Yes, he too had shown no regard for convention, so how could he deny them the same privilege? As I studied my aunt's pleasant features I couldn't help but consider the parallels. I wondered if love and romance by its very nature chose a less than conventional path? Maybe Cupid deliberately sought out those combinations that were fraught with peril. Was it possible that love did not flourish in a tranquil setting? That real romance needed a breeding ground filled with uncertainty, risk and mystery? Was it possible that the solid dependable suitor was just too wearying to offer the subtle stimulant that incited love and romance? My mind flashed back to Mr. Robert Hamilton, that pillar of security and dependability. As I thought of him I suddenly had the urge to yawn, almost as if my body was in agreement. That dapper fellow was indeed boring, and easy to figure out. Being married to him would no doubt be very routine, but lacking in challenge, or excitement.

My aunt Nancy must have sensed my silent contemplation, for she turned and looked right at me.

"You're awfully quiet tonight Polly!"

Her comment was more of a question, than merely an observation.

"Oh, I was just thinking!"

"Thinking, ---thinking about what my dear? A ha-penny for your thoughts." She probed, as if she was expecting some deep and profound revelation. I may have blushed a little, for my thoughts had been just a little too personal for publication. I certainly had no intention of revealing my romantic inclination. Although I truly loved my aunt, I knew that she would almost certainly report any revelation of impropriety to my uncle. He in turn would subject me to one of his very stern, long-winded lectures.

That would very likely include a directive that I not see Captain Butler again. He would no doubt give me an ultimatum, saying that he would report on my activity to my father if I persisted. I looked at my aunt with my best expression of innocent curiosity, and returned her probe.

"How did you first meet my uncle?"

Aunt Nancy looked a bit shocked, and paused for what seemed like an eternity. Then she responded in an almost critical manner.

"My word, what ever brought that thought into your mind?"

I must have squirmed a bit for she seemed to notice my discomfort. It was almost as if she had peered into my mind, and connected the question to my romantic exploits. I wasn't sure if I dared say anything more, for fear that

she might have heard a rumor.

"Oh, no reason, ---I was just thinking about how well matched you both are." It was the only reply that I could think of at the moment, and she seemed satisfied with it.

"Your Uncle Daniel Claus and I first set eyes on each other one day when I saw a young lieutenant in the 60th Regiment talking to my father. This was when we were living at Fort Johnson, and we were still at war with the French in Canada. I was very much impressed by the fact that this handsome young man could speak several different languages, including Mohawk. I knew right then that he was not an ordinary British officer. It was also quite obvious to me that father recognized his talent, and saw in him a potential assistant. Extremely literate, multilingual junior officers, with an understanding of the Iroquoian culture and language were unique. I felt that this was indeed a complex man worthy of note."

"Did grandfather see you looking at him?"

I was hoping to discover how my aunt's mind worked. Did she think that this was just providence at work, and did she feel any guilt?"

"No, he didn't, and he would not have approved of my thrusting myself into their company. He would have been even more upset had I spoken to a stranger. I was merely peering out of the upstairs window, and I saw Lieutenant Claus looking up at me. Of course, I quickly stepped back before father turned to see what the lieutenant was looking at."

"How did you know that he was multilingual if you didn't speak to him?"

My aunt grinned, for she realized that I was getting down to details that she would rather not talk about.

"Well now, ---just let's say that a little birdie told me a few things about him. I think that we'll just leave it at that."

Dear aunt Nancy was not about to expose her soul, and this was her polite way of telling me to mind my own business. It was also obvious that I had stirred some pleasant memories, for she wore a pensive expression for the rest of the evening. Those early days in the Mohawk valley when Sir William was alive must have held some wonderful memories. He was a noted entertainer and some of the visitors to the mansion, would have included both great warriors and statesmen. I could imagine my late mother and aunt, peering out from behind curtains at these colorful and sometimes pompous strangers. The stone fortress had always been a hive of activity, and it would be fairly easy for them to observe the festivities. This of course would be done in a discreet manner.

It looked as if my aunt's experience was in a way almost identical to what I was now facing. However, I was not certain that my powers of persuasion were up to the task. Times had changed, and Captain Butler did not present quite the same prospect for father's consent. Although Lieutenant Colonel Butler had served as the acting Indian Superintendent General, the captain did not display much interest in the department. In fact, he didn't seem to

enjoy any sort of rapport with Joseph Brant; and uncle Daniel Claus held him in disdain. This was hardly the sort of relationship that would win my father's approval for marriage. In a way, it was strange that these comrades in arms would be so incompatible. There seemed to be an on going rivalry between Captain Jack, Joseph Brant and Walter Butler. In secret they may have had a grudging admiration for each other, but the day to day competition kept them apart. My Captain Butler may have been a dashing, rugged soldier with a kind heart, but I saw no easy road to wedded bliss in our relationship. In fact, I wasn't even sure that our romance was all that serious. Could it be that he was merely looking for a gullible naive sixteen-year-old lover?

"Have you got the ticket yet?"

I queried my aunt knowing that she had learned the date of the forthcoming lottery. It was obvious that the fancy dining room suite was still foremost in her mind.

"Shush, ---shush up!" she scolded. "There are some things that we just don't talk about around the other children."

Little Julia had already perked up her ears, and I could tell by the look on her face that she wanted more information.

"What ticket?" was her prompt reaction, as she pressed for more information? Aunt Nancy merely scowled, and tried to ignore the query. I could see that my aunt didn't want to lie, but she dare not tell the truth. I decided that this was my opportunity to distract Julia, and to try and make my aunt beholden to me.

"You know silly!" ---I responded, "A ticket for the new play *"Miss in her teens, and a farce, the Mayor of Garrat,"* that is to be put on as a benefit for the poor."

Although it was a white lie, it was plausible, and little Julia seemed to be satisfied. She was a very bright child for only nine years old, and the slightest mention of a lottery would have drawn even more questions. Julia was very fond of her uncle Daniel Claus and aunt Nancy's secret would have quickly reached his ears. Although she would not intentionally hurt her aunt, Julia did like to keep her uncle informed.

"I haven't seen the hand bill for that play Polly, have you got it?"

Julia always read the handbills, and never missed a play that she was allowed to attend. Aunt Nancy always mindful of improper and lewd plays had often destroyed unsuitable adult circulars. She saw the opportunity to stop the endless flow of probing, and almost sternly snapped back with a condemnation.

"Young lady, there are some things that are not fit for children's eyes, and are better left to the older set. Some day when you're a little more mature, I'll explain what I mean."

That wasn't what Julia wanted to hear, but she knew that there was no point in pressing the matter.

This was not the first time that her hungry mind had gone unsatisfied, but aunt Nancy wasn't being forthright. She was now caught in the downward spiral that results from being devious. This was working to my advantage, for I needed a reluctant ally. If I could count on her silence, she would make the perfect chaperon at the dance and dinner parties. The opportunity for me to test my plan came up very quickly, for I received a note from Captain Butler the next morning. It read...

"My dear miss Johnson, there is to be a dance and dinner at Mr. Levy's assembly room tomorrow at six o'clock in the evening. I know that your family might give pause, to let me escort you on this occasion. Please do not tell me that you will not come if I send a carriage for you. Should you choose to disregard this message, my heart, and indeed my very soul will be wounded, but I will not trouble you again. Should a chaperon be needed, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ellice have very kindly offered their services on that head."

W.B.

A groom delivered the message, and I quickly wrote a reply, and handed it to him.

"My dear captain Butler, as you have already surmised, my uncle and aunt Claus are extremely protective of me, and would never allow me to go alone to the dance. My pen cannot put into words, the warm feelings of joy that your message has given me. Every night past I have thought of our last meeting, and I have yearned to dance with you again. Could you but arrange to have Mrs. Ellice send me an invitation, so that my uncle and aunt will not think ill of me."

M.J.

It was soon obvious that aunt Nancy Claus had become suspicious, for my very lack of composure gave my situation away. When I handed her the note from Mrs. Robert Ellice inviting me to join her, and her husband at the dinner and dance, the plot was all but discovered. My aunt knew that Capt. Butler was a close friend of the Ellice family, so that it did not take a great deal of deduction, to fathom the arrangement. She looked at me as if I was less than candid, and just a little disrespectful.

"Young lady, I think that we had better have a little talk."

This wasn't the response that I had been expecting, but under the circumstances, it was quite appropriate. I had underestimated my aunt and she was not at all amused. She had seen through my little scheme and felt hurt that I would have even considered taking advantage of her. We did indeed have a deep soul searching exchange, and when it was over, I had an ally, but not for the reason that I had expected. My aunt had already observed my interest in Captain Butler, but had chosen to remain silent. She did not totally share her husband's contempt for the Butlers; and saw no threat in my relationship with the captain, providing that it was done with propriety. She had even seen through my probing into her romance with my uncle Daniel Claus. In the end, all was forgiven, providing that I did not

humiliate her by doing anything improper. Dear aunt Nancy did advise that her views would not be shared by my uncle and that a more serious courtship could result in a family dispute. I was allowed to go to the Levy assembly room with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ellice, but very little is done without notice in a small town.

On reflection I felt rather sheepish about my attempt to trick my dear aunt, and it weighed heavily on my conscience. That feeling of guilt was made even more acute by the knowledge that she did not win the lottery. That news had been met with mixed emotions, but the loss was tempered by the knowledge that at least she wouldn't have to explain a win to her husband.

As the weeks passed I enjoyed many evenings dancing and dining with the captain. He spoke of his hopes for the future, and roundly cursed the war, which had already ruined his earlier plans. We both knew that our relationship would remain uncertain until the conflict had ended. A grand scorched earth campaign was in the works for the coming summer, and no one could be sure of the outcome. Since I was only sixteen my captain advised that our relationship should remain casual for a year or two. He said, you're too young to wear the black crepe of a widow, for in a year or two the war will have ended. That will be the time for us to make a serious commitment. As much as I wanted to throw caution to the God's of chance, in my more moderate moments, I knew that he was right. Still, it was hard to restrain those passions of love, and the desire to experience total romance. I was like a child looking into a shop window filled with sweets, constrained by a parental hand on my shoulder.

Early in April my captain had left Montreal to meet a flag coming in with his family. I met them as they were arriving at the river Saint Pierre landing. Mrs. Butler had changed, and looked much, much older than I had remembered her. The children, Thomas, Andrew, William, and Deborah appeared to be dressed in long mended clothing. It was obvious that they had endured a lengthy and very tedious confinement. Although I had suffered from the war as a refugee, it was apparent that I had not experienced anything as terrible as that of being a hostage. It had been almost five years to the day, and we all hugged with joy at their release.

It was obvious that Governor Haldimand must have been feeling guilty for causing the delay in the long sought after exchange. The captain and his men had been absent from their corps for some time, without orders. This I assumed was to allow him the opportunity to visit with his mother and siblings. His Excellency had even given Lt., Col. John Butler leave to come down to Montreal, so that he could be there to get them settled. The meeting of a loving husband and wife after five years, was indeed a tender moment. We had all felt the pain of loss in a cruel and unjust war. Nothing would ever be the same again in the Mohawk valley. Even if we won the war tomorrow, the damage that had been done could never be repaired.

The Butler family was to find temporary rooms on Saint Paul Street, just a few doors away. It was almost too convenient for me, since my visits there were frequent. We all wanted to hear their stories, and learn as much as possible about what was happening behind enemy lines. Mrs. Butler had her connections and was able to get some reports about the conditions in the valley. Our mansion was now occupied by strangers, as were all of the Johnson houses. Unfortunately my poor uncle Daniel Claus had suffered the most, for his house had been burned to the ground. In his case the rebels had not been restrained by the fear of reprisal. My poor uncle did not have the protection of the Iroquois, since his prewar duties had been with the Indians of Canada. The valley was now a blackened wasteland, and many of our old neighbors and tenant farmers had either fled, or were killed. It appeared as if there would be little to go back to even after a victory.

Mrs. John Butler was an amiable middle aged woman with four grown sons, and a daughter that was my age. In some ways it was rather strange that I was attracted to her oldest son, but circumstance alone had drawn us together. In addition, none of her other sons had nearly the same passion for life, as did my captain. Nor did they hold the same claim to the family fortune, as did the oldest son. A fortune that included thirty five thousand acres of prime land should victory be ours. Although it seemed rather mercenary to consider this material wealth, tradition demanded it. I knew that even my father could not disregard the fact that Captain Butler's prospects were impressive if we won the war.

Fort Niagara was a long way off, and I had not seen Lt. Col. John Butler since we had left the valley five years earlier. He was not a big man, rather short and stocky, but still a powerful presence. There was a certain riveting aura about him, and a cast eye that usually made a debater ill at ease. Although scrupulously polite, he seemed able to win an argument and intimidate an adversary with his directness.

When we came face to face, I was with my captain, who seemed not to be even the slightest bit effected by his stern commandant father.

"Father, you do remember Miss Johnson, the oldest daughter of Col. Guy Johnson?"

Col. Butler doffed his cocked hat with a flourish and offered me his hand.

"How could I forget this spirited young lady? We met many times when I was called down on business with her father."

He seemed pleased to see me, and smiled broadly. "I'm sure Colonel Johnson will want to know if you're in health, and that your family is well. I'd be pleased to take back any messages from you, or any of your family when I return to my post."

"That's very kind of you Sir."

I knew that my father wasn't going to be pleased to learn about my activities. Although he respected Col. Butler's ability and influence among the Indians, there was little warmth between them. The Butlers were just too ambitious,

and Governor Haldimand seemed to lean ever so slightly in their favor. He suspected that Governor Guy Carleton had influenced his replacement, Frederick Haldimand, just before he left for England. His Excellency would have weighed his political options, and the need to curry favor with Carleton for future support would have won out.

The following weeks were very pleasant in Montreal, with chaperoned walks by the river, and warm visits with the Butler family. I had my music lessons on the pianoforte; then backgammon with my captain some evenings or we would take in a new play. The early spring was quite beautiful in Montreal, and the apple blossoms were out full in the orchards. Everywhere there was the fragrance of new life, with wildflowers blooming and the tender pale green leaves filling out on the trees. The nasty biting insects had not yet become a nuisance, so we were able to spend our last evening together on the porch. The moon was full and it cast its soft silvery glow over the strong features of my beloved Captain. We spoke softly so that the chaperones sitting nearby could not hear us. Then finally we both knew that it was time for him to go, for he would be leaving with his men before sunup.

Captain Butler took my hand and we strolled out to the hitching post. He had tied his mount there, and it seemed to eye him with impatience. Normally a lady would bid him farewell at the door, but this would be the only time that I would be just out of sight of my chaperone.

"Well my dear gentle heart, the time has come for us to say goodbye."

I had no idea when we would meet again, and I dreaded the thought. He had become the most important person in my life, and I knew that I probably wouldn't see him again for many months. We looked into each other's eyes, and without hesitation our lips met ever so briefly. It was a tender kiss. One that I would long remember. Then he squeezed my hand ever so gently.

"Goodbye my love," was all he said. Then he swung up into the saddle. I know I had tears in my eyes, but I tried to smile. Even my reply was feeble and barely audible.

"Oh please be careful, and if you have the chance, please write."

It was not long before both horse and rider had melted into the distant shadows. I just stood there for the longest time hoping to get one last glimpse of my handsome Captain. Then ever so slowly I walked back to our house, and carefully dried my eyes. Aunt Nancy was waiting at the door, and she put her arm across my shoulders.

"I know how you feel my dear, for many years ago I too felt the same way. Your uncle was called away many times, but the hand of providence always has smiled on us."

Although my life in Montreal during the summer wasn't unpleasant, I had never felt so lonely. It was a feeling that I had never really known before. Although I had lost my mother, my home and my security, this was much different. I had found something that was even more precious, and it had become my whole life. In fact it now seemed possible that I might have both a true love and a promising future. I had learned that the British troops under Sir Henry Clinton in New York now numbered over 16,000 men, and Whig generals like Philip Schuyler had begun to panic. I dare not think about a victory, but I prayed that our side would prevail.

The war had been going on for six years and the streets of Montreal were always filled with soldiers on leave, and Loyalist refugees. Many of the Loyalists had been sent up to Three Rivers, to a camp up there, but a constant stream of new exchange prisoners kept flooding in. The refugees told us that the Mohawk Valley was no longer anything like the place that we once knew. My father's Indian raiding parties had been attacking every Whig farm and granary in the valley, and most were now in ashes. Our spies were even walking the streets in Albany, and the rebel Oneida Indians had sought refuge nearby in Schenectady.

It did not take much imagination to realize that there was little left in the Mohawk Valley to return to. Our mansion was still there, but even if we won the war, it would take generations to erase the memory of this bitter affair. I wondered about my lost treasures, and if some Whig child had them now or if they too had been burned in the holocaust? I had begun to lose my need for attachment to my birthplace. More and more, the thoughts of it seemed almost foreign to me. We probably wouldn't want to move back to our old estates, if a more fulfilling life could be had elsewhere?

As the days grew shorter, signs of the impending winter were all around. I had not seen or heard from my captain since he went on campaign with Major Ross in early October. As the weeks passed, we first had heavy frost, then rain and fog. I thought about my love somewhere out in the endless expanse of inhospitable wilderness. He would be cold, and wet, and soon there would be snow. One night at month's end, I dreamt that I was wandering alone in the dark shadowy forest. I drifted like a specter over the

fog shrouded trees, then came upon a scene of horror. I saw a stream flowing through the forest toward the Mohawk River. Snow was gently falling, and its misty banks were littered with the dead and the dying. I saw one very familiar form that caused a chill to run through my body. There lying on his back half in the water was my captain, his face a mask, blue and lifeless. As I looked into those blank orbs that had once been his warm and loving eyes, I shuddered. Then for some reason, without any hesitation, I bent over and kissed him gently on the lips. They were as cold and unresponsive as a tombstone.

I shrieked loudly, sitting bolt upright in my bed. My dear aunt had rushed in to see what was the matter, but it had only been a nightmare. I put it down to the constant worry that I had for Captain Butler's safety. He was so aware of what might happen in war, he never let me forget that it was not the time for domestic bliss.

"Marriage is for peace time" he had insisted, "There will be plenty of time for homemaking then."

We were both sure that the war would be over soon: then we could make plans for our future. Although I was impatient, I knew that he was right, for if I were to have children, they might be left without a father. Besides, he felt that he needed to have something more to offer me, than just himself. Once his father had reclaimed his vast estate, he would be a man of substance.

The month of November was as usual, dull and depressing with an early snowfall. I was concerned about the captain, so I decided to visit with Mrs. John Butler, to see if she had heard anything? They had taken quarters in a two-storied stone house that in some ways reminded me of home. Ah yes, home, --- I paused, thinking about the Mohawk Valley, and wondering if I'd ever see it again? It was hard to believe, or even accept the fact that we had been away for six years now. Montreal had become my second home, but it was so very different, that there was no comparison.

As I stood in front of the heavy wooden door to their house, my mind flashed back to my recurring dream. I began to tremble, and was only jolted back to reality when the door opened. My mind had been so filled with apprehension that I had knocked rather unconsciously. Deborah Butler stood there looking rather sad for a normally warm and cheerful seventeen-year-old. I immediately sensed that there was something wrong.

"Oh Polly!"

I could tell immediately that she hadn't expected to see me standing there. She had greeted me with what seemed like an air of both surprise and embarrassment. This gave me an added chill, for I immediately wondered if she had some word from Niagara? Even before I could speak, she continued, "I was just getting ready to come down to bring you a message from my father, Colonel Butler."

"Is it about the Captain?" I queried anxiously as she ushered me into the sitting room without answering.

The atmosphere in the room was as dull and gloomy as the weather had been. Mrs. Butler was seated in a cane-backed chair, holding a piece of paper in her hands. It was obvious that she had been crying, for her cheeks were streaked with tears. My reaction was a mixture of shock and dismay, for her face was etched with pain. When she looked at me, tears welled up in her eyes. Then very slowly she got up from her chair and handed me a folded paper. My hand trembled as I took the missive from her. The sealed paper bore the simple words, "Please deliver to miss Mary Johnson".

"It was enclosed in a private letter to me from my husband, Colonel Butler," she explained.

I know what it is about, but we felt that first you'd best get the message directly from the Colonel."

The room fell deathly silent as I broke the seal on the letter and began to read it.

"My dear Miss Johnson: I have just now found the fortitude to put pen to paper. It is with a heavy heart that this grief stricken father sends you this painful intelligence. Late yesterday my Rangers returned from the Ross command. They gave me the melancholy news about the demise of my dear son Walter. It is with great sorrow and heartache, that I must tell you that we have lost him. He was killed while performing a rear guard action at West Canada creek. Unfortunately, my men were forced to leave his body where it fell. Be brave young woman, for he would not want you to do otherwise. He had told me of your love for him, and his love for you. He had discussed the plans that he had hoped to share with you, once peace had arrived. It is sad indeed to think that this union can never be. Although I am sorrow stricken and ill with grief, we must not lose heart. God works in mysterious ways, and we must submit to the hand of providence. No matter how bitter the loss, we have no choice but to carry on. You have my every wish for happiness, in the future, for in time the wound will heal.

Your humble servant, John Butler"

My hands were trembling as I dropped the letter and hugged Mrs. Butler ever so tightly. For a moment I felt like I couldn't even get my breath, yet I wanted to scream. That's what father did when he lost mother. He damned the Bostonians, and swore to get back at them. I had never heard such a torrent of profanity as he condemned all those that had opposed us. That was a man's way to give vent to his feelings, yet I saw no tears. That would have shown a sign of weakness, while curses indicated strength. My reaction to loss was far more effeminate, and the room was awash in tears as we all had a good cry. After all we were mere women and there was no need for us to pretend to be strong.

Once again all of my hopes and dreams had come crashing down. It seemed as if it was God's will to test me and I knew not why? Every time that I thought that my life was finally coming together and I began to feel happiness; my world would come crashing down again.

As I looked at the Butlers I could see that their loss was every bit as great as mine was, so there was nothing we could really say to comfort one another. I could not imagine what it would be like to lose a son, or a brother? They on the other hand probably didn't know what it was like to lose a sweetheart, and a future husband. We all knew a profound emptiness, and nothing could change that, and we all knew it was a loss we'd never totally get over.

That day when I left their house I knew that I'd probably never be back. It held to many memories that would only bring tears to my eyes. It was strange for part of me wanted to remember, while another part felt that it was too painful. I thought with horror about his body laying out there somewhere in the wilderness where it could be torn apart by wolves.

I shuddered when I thought about my dearly beloved Captain's lifeless body being scalped by one of their Oneida Indians; then stripped of his uniform, money and papers, and left to the ravages of the wilderness. A cold chill ran through my body every time I thought about it, and by day's end I was drained of all emotion. This had been a day that I would never forget, but somehow I had to try and put it behind me.

My Aunt Nancy Claus was very kind and tried very hard to cheer me up in the days that followed. Even uncle Daniel Claus was especially careful not to make any off color remarks about the man that he had detested during recent times.

Life is odd, and sometimes the things that happen make no sense at all. The Whigs may have had some complaints that deserved the attention of the Colonial Secretary, but their solution should have been a political one. Now, bit by bit the whole country was being destroyed. My dear late beloved Captain had sacrificed his life for his country, and now all was lost. He had been a promising young lawyer and a stalwart citizen, but the contribution that he might have made to America can never be. This thing called "the right to self determination" may have set the colonies back more than a generation, and for what?

I had heard that much of the country was in ashes, and thousands of lives had been sacrificed. The Whig Congress was bankrupt, and there was unrest among that population. Even if the Crown lost the rebellion, it would be a hollow victory for Whig Congress. The price had been too high for both sides and those who had perished were gone forever. My life may have been almost ruined, but somehow, somehow I intended to prevail.

The following weeks were hard, for every time I thought about my late Captain, I cried. Although our relationship had not reached the point of intimacy, we had formed a real genuine bond. There was a closeness that did not require physical expression. We had been saving that for a special day after we had made our promises before God. That was what was expected of us, and we were both dedicated to our church and its teachings.

During this time my cousin Lieutenant William Claus had been working with his father in the Indian Department, and serving in the Royal Yorkers. His

attachment to Catherine Jordan had grown even stronger, and they often attended dances under chaperone. Although my cousin had often been the author of my torment, he also knew that my pain was real. He had no wish to see me suffer, and in a bid to break my deep dismal depression, urged me to accompany them to a ball. My acquiescence must have come to them as a bit of a surprise, for my deep sorrow had made me almost a stranger. So much so, that my cousin had said, "I don't feel that I know you any more."

Preparing for the Ball did not have the same appeal that I had known in the past. It has always been an exciting event in which I had delighted in the preparation of my ensemble. When I thought of those wonderful nights that I had spent with my Captain, the prospects now seemed quite dismal. How could I possibly dance with any other man, and enjoy his company? I had been so completely consumed by the total perfection of my late Captain, that no other man could fill the vacuum. I even felt that dancing with a new companion would be an insult to his memory. Yet I knew that life must go on, and my entire future was at stake.

The Ball would be held at Hamilton's Assembly room and Sir John and Lady Johnson would also be attending. Lieutenant William Claus had arranged for a carriage and we arrived in style. I was now 18 years old, and that was considered to be the perfect age for a young lady to attract a man. I was young enough to be the very flower of attractiveness; yet old enough to have both wisdom and poise. I almost felt like a piece of merchandise, for there was no doubt that I must once again go husband hunting. I really only had two choices, either become a governess, or marry a wealthy man. Otherwise the prospects for a single lady without a fortune, were quite grim. I couldn't even support myself, and once my father was gone, I would have no one to support me. I thought about my late Captain and how he had lamented the lot in life of women in general. He had been an exceptionally thoughtful and sensitive man, and I doubted if I'd be so lucky again. The odds of finding such a wonderful man again were not in my favor.

The Ballroom was crowded with all manner of humanity. This included some lecherous old men that had come for a look at a shapely gam, or a game of whist and to drink with their cohorts. They would gather in some dingy corner with their mug of brandy, their reeking pipes, spittoons and bristle faced grins. These fellows were long past their prime, but still harbored the desire for one last taste of youth. Then there were the spirited young military officers that were looking for adventure and maybe conquest. They were the smart looking set with the all-knowing looks in their eyes. The freshly minted junior officers that had yet to prove their metal on the battlefield. The room was also well ornamented with young ladies that had fitted themselves out with the latest fashions. Many no doubt would be wearing a ring on their first finger, a sign that they were not engaged. This was cupid's telegraph and a means by which they could declare their status. This was a subtle, but effective way to let a potential suitor know that she was available. This was

but one of the many cunning signals that they might use to snare a kindred heart, and worthy prize.

Although my heart wasn't really in the game, I knew that at the very least, I needed to get my mind occupied. Sitting at home brooding was not the way to break the iron grip of the crippling melancholy condition that I had long endured. Standing in the ladies line by the dance floor could be a very lonely place, but I had many friends. As I stood visiting with some of the chaperones that sat in a group by the window, I notice a very handsome young officer edging his way towards me. I knew that I had seen him someplace before, but I wasn't sure where? He was carrying a flower in his left hand, and I realized it was one of those subtle signals that were so much in vogue at the time. We had not been introduced and it was just a bit nervous of being confronted by a stranger, without a formal introduction. Then, just as he arrived directly in front of me, I suddenly remembered who he was, but was embarrassed by the fact that I had forgotten his name. It had been at least two years since I had laid eyes on him, and our previous meeting had been quite brief. He stood up ever so straight, and thrust the single rose in my direction. Then he spoke with a delightful Scottish accent.

"Miss Johnson, it is indeed my pleasure that we should meet again."

I hesitated but for a moment, while I studied his very handsome face, and wondered how he could have remembered my name? I did notice that he had a single ring on the first finger of the hand in which he was carrying the rose. I knew instinctively that without saying another word, he was offering me an invitation to become friends. If I took the flower from him with my left hand he would know that I accepted his esteem.

"Why Sir, it has indeed been quite a long time."

I recalled that this was the gentleman that had expressed kindred feelings to that of my late Captain. It was obvious that any indication of refusal now would be something that I might later regret. With barely any hesitation I gently took the flower from him with my left hand. I then held it up very close to my lips, and drew in its delicate aroma. As I did that he could very easily see that I also wore a ring on my first finger, an indication that I was still single.

"M-m-m," I purred. "This rose has a sweet perfume that reminds me of my late grandfather's gardens, back home in the Mohawk Valley when I was but a child. It is very pretty, ---thank you very much."

With that, I put the flower in my hair. The Captain seemed pleased, for now he knew that I held him in high regard. Not only that, but I had placed the botanical icon where all could see. Cupid's telegraph had transmitted the message that he had wanted. Although very little conversation had occurred, he had received all of the right messages in return. It was at this time that the musicians were preparing to start the next dance set. He looked at me with a warm tender expression, and I anticipated his next move.

“Miss Johnson, I would be truly honored if you would allow me to have the next dance with you.”

For an instant I hesitated, because he was really still a stranger, and we had not been formally reintroduced. I did not want to appear too eager, for only a hussy would push herself on a gentleman. That thought was but a fleeting one, and when I looked up into his eyes, I knew that I must submit.

“You flatter me with your kindness Sir, but I must confess that I have forgotten your name? I am really embarrassed, for I do believe we were properly introduced nearly two years ago?”

“Captain Colin Campbell, your humble servant, at your beck and call.” was his immediate reply. Then he apologetically continued quietly.

“The embarrassment is all mine, please forgive me for I should have identified myself straight away. I was so taken with your beauty and charm back then, that your name was firmly lodged in my memory. I must apologize, for it was immodest for me to have imagined that you would have felt the same about me.”

It was quickly apparent that this handsome fellow was well versed in the art of diplomacy, and the manners of a gentleman.

“My dear Captain Colin Campbell, you may rest assured that my shortness of memory was not due to any unappreciative perception of you. My somewhat fleeting approbation of our first meeting was quite complementary. I have had many things on my mind, some of which took my thoughts away from that brief encounter. Now the circumstances are much different and I promise that I will not forget you again.”

By this time we had entered the dance floor and I soon discovered that he was an excellent dancer. I don’t know why that was important to me, but it did help to indicate that he possessed both grace and manners. There was something about this man that reminded me of my late Captain Butler. I suspect that it was his similar personality, and his rather regal carriage. He acted like a gentleman that would be comfortable amongst refined people in the highest places. The sort of person a young lady would feel proud to be with. I believe that some of a very fine gentleman’s characteristics are hereditary, rather than learned. Captain Campbell seemed to carry both the marks of humility and of rank with ease.

I could tell by the sly looks we were receiving from the appetitive female spectators, that they also thought that this was one very special gentleman. There was little doubt that he was just the medicine that I required. That of course put me in the position that I had known so well before. It was possible that this was the man that could fill my dreams, and heal my broken heart, but was he really interested in me? The fact that he had come to me with single rose and warm and tender words meant very little. I had no way of knowing if Captain Campbell was sincere, or merely playing the field. I might be just a casual flirtation and his latest romantic adventure?

During the course of the evening he informed me that he was due out the next day on command with his company of the 71st, Fraser's Highlanders. He explained that this was a regiment that was formed by Colonel Simon Fraser of Lovat in 1775. It had taken the assistance of six Scottish clan chieftains to gather enough men to fill two battalions. Although the captain's dress uniform was not dissimilar to that of other British officers, he advised me that the rank and file all wore the kilt. I had always admired the rugged Scots with their hairy legs and colorful tartans. They were no strangers to me for my grandfather had settled a large number of former Scottish Jacobite soldiers on his tenant land. They were Roman Catholic veterans of the famous 1747 battle of Culloden, in Scotland. The fact that they were Catholics had not been very well received in a valley populated with Protestants. I remembered that many McDonells, or "MacDonalds" of Glengarry and Glencoe were among them. They had proven to be loyal to our family, these fierce Highland warriors. However, they had little love for the Campbell clan, the butchers of Glencoe. It was a cold snowy night in 1692 that members of the Campbell clan had helped to massacre the MacDonalds in their beds.

My late grandfather had told me that we had a distant family connection to the MacDonell clan. Now it seemed ironic that nearly one hundred years later I was very much charmed by a son of the clan Campbell.

There was something musical about his Scottish brogue; a warm deep throated purr that caressed my ears like the murmur of wind through the pines. Unlike my late Captain his hair had a tinge of red that seemed to harmonize with his scarlet tunic. Even his hazel eyes had a sparkle that complemented the strong lines on his noble face.

As we glided across the dance floor, my mind was filled of thoughts of the clansmen of old. I could picture this tall warrior leading a band of hearty men across the Scottish Highlands, their swords and shields flashing in the sunlight. He was rugged, but gentle and we glided across the floor with ease. The atmosphere was quite intoxicating with the wonderful music, and the warm saffron glow from a dozen flickering candles. I had not been so happy for a long time. Was this all a dream, and would I suddenly wake up, and once again become my former melancholy self?

"Polly, oh Polly!"

Those words stuck me like a thunderbolt, jolting me out of my hazy dream world. They had come from behind me, and I turned and saw my old friend Eliza Gray dancing with Mr. Hamilton. The first thought that went through my mind was, this one is a keeper, and you're not going to get him. Of course it was presumptuous of me to even think that way, for Captain Campbell had not yet expressed any desire for a serious courtship. I turned ever so slightly and nodded. Mr. Hamilton grinned back, as if he was also pleased to see me. When the set was ended, Eliza tugged on Mr. Hamilton's sleeve and they both headed in our direction. Eliza had become much more mature since the

last time I saw her, and her appearance was simply radiant. There was something different about her, and I couldn't quite figure it out?

"Oh Polly, it's so good to see you!" Then at the same time she thrust her hand in my direction. I could see that she was wearing a ring on her right hand, and I realized that she was engaged.

"Eliza, -- is it true, is that an engagement ring?"

She beamed with delight at the fact that I had noticed, although she made it very obvious. However, before she could reply I apologized for not introducing them to my dancing partner. Then there was a general exchange of congratulations and good wishes. I must admit that they did make a fine looking couple, and in a way, I was relieved to know that she wouldn't be a competitor.

It had been a grand evening, but like all good things, it ended too soon.

My cousin William and his young friend Catherine Jordan had made a promise to get home early, so I was obliged to leave. William, now a serious suitor and a promising young officer in the King's Royal Regiment of New York had no desire to get in wrong with her parents. His mother aunt Nancy, was our chaperone and would see to that in any event. She had been playing cards with some of her friends, but never failed to do her duty.

I had already spent far too much time with the good captain, since that was our first serious encounter. It would be exceedingly improper for me to become too involved with a stranger at a single meeting. I'm sure that some people had already taken notice, and no doubt this was the subject of much gossip. Somehow I felt that it really didn't matter, for if he chose to ask for my hand, I was pretty certain I would accept, even at that early date. My biggest problem was that I couldn't be sure if he was serious?

When we parted company that evening I wasn't at all sure if I would ever see him again? I was now eighteen years old and the war had taken a downward turn. It seemed very likely that some sort of concordance between the Crown and Whig Congress would be entered into. There was no doubt in my mind that the cost of continued aggression was too high for both sides. Unfortunately the prospects for a British victory ended with the defeat of the army of General Cornwallis at Yorktown. Even thoughts of ever returning to my home in the Mohawk Valley had passed from my mind. It was no longer even desirable; for living among the ashes of what had been my home did not appeal to me. I felt that it was better to merely have my pleasant pre-war memories and build a new life elsewhere.

The past few months had been filled with confusion for our family. My father the Six Nations Indian Superintendent had been accused of mishandling the Indian Department records. My dear uncle Daniel Claus had not been properly compensated for his service to the Crown, and was somewhat distraught. In addition our house had been the gathering point for all of the Indians that sought his support and guidance. For the past four years, His Excellency Governor Haldimand had enlisted my uncle's aid as acting

guardian for five of Molly Brant's children. Fortunately they had been sent to boarding school and were away much of the time. Molly Brant, my late grandfather's Mohawk Indian mistress was treated with the greatest respect by government. During the war she had been able to bring her considerable influence to bear in favor of the British Crown. Even with the war coming to an end, she represented a powerful stabilizing force and important ally.

My poor father was faced with the most serious problem, for the Governor was demanding to see all of his accounts. Rumor had it that a Mr. Archibald Cunningham the bookkeeper at Niagara had sent in a bad report. It had been a bitter blow to our already badly shattered family fortune, and now it was quite possible that any shortages would be charged against my father. I had no way of knowing if indeed my father had overspent, or if someone had taken advantage of him. I later read the report sent in by Colonel Allan Maclean, the commandant of Fort Niagara.

He wrote in part, *"In short, so far as I have been able to inquire into the abstract of Colonel Johnson, I have reason to think it extravagant, wonderful and fictitious, and the quality of the Articles is extraordinary, new and uncommon, that one may exclaim with Hamlet when he sees his father's ghost,"*--- *"he comes in so questionable a shape, that I must speak to it."* --- *"I think the first Lord of the Treasury would be the best person to settle it."*

My poor father was in terrible trouble, and with the loss of our estate, we were indeed becoming destitute. If I had any visions of enjoying a luxurious and comfortable life they were quickly dissipating. My uncle Daniel Claus was short of money and my father's appointment was in jeopardy. The thought that I might end up as either a governess, or a charwoman was quite a let down from my upper class expectations. A woman without a dowry, and with very few connections, was not a very desirable bride. What could I possibly offer Captain Campbell, or any other desirable suitor? My heart sunk every time I thought about the handsome Scot and his warm personality.

I knew that if I were he, I would be looking elsewhere for a life long companion. I felt that although we had enjoyed each other's company, I was sure that when he learned of our situation he would not continue the relationship. It only made sense for him to avoid being seen with the daughter of an officer that may have defrauded his government. I was deeply embarrassed and a trifle vexed at the thought, but could only hope that my father would be exonerated.

I knew that my father drank too much at times and enjoyed high living. He even bought a ship in 1778 and had it refitted to bring him from Halifax to Quebec. It proved to be unsatisfactory, so it was sold at a loss. On that occasion my father had shown a lack of good judgement. Was it possible that this would be the final and most humiliating blow to our family? Could this

examination of the Indian Department books result in the cancellation of any claim for war losses? The thought of my poor father becoming a penniless pauper made a cold shudder run through my body. I even wondered who would replace my father if he should be removed from office? The year 1782 was to be a largely defensive year for the colony and no major campaigns were planned.

It was in the late winter that I saw Captain Campbell once more. I attended an Anglican service in church of the Récollet, a Roman Catholic Church established by the Franciscan Order. There were very few Protestant clergymen in Quebec, and no Anglican Church had yet been built in Montreal. The Protestant Parish had been too small to afford the construction of such an edifice at this early date. That meant the only practical thing to do was to try and borrow any Roman Catholic facility that was available. My aunt and uncle were faithful servants of the church and always made sure that we all attended. I found it quite interesting to see that the Roman Catholic chapel and service was quite similar to our denomination. Although our priests don't take confessions, it was easy to see that the Church of England had sprung from the same root.

Our family had its own borrowed box pew that they occupied when the chapel was made available to them, and the rest of the Protestant congregation. Our minister, the Reverend David Chabrand Delisle was a Huguenot from Anduze in the south of France. He had the dual role of being the minister for the Montreal Anglican parish, as well as the Chaplain for the Garrison. It had taken a great deal of negotiation to acquire the use of this chapel for an English service. Finally they had relented, but it was only available on Sundays, Good Fridays and at Christmas. This of course had to be at times when it was not in use by the Fathers of the Franciscan Order, known as "*Frères mineurs de l'étroite observance de St. François*". We learned that immediately after any English service was concluded; the chapel was subjected to a lustration, or purification. I had never thought of the Anglican Church of England service as being a form of contamination. In any event we were pleased to have this fine chapel for our use, even if it was but for one hour at those prescribed times.

The following Sunday we attended the Anglican service held in this church. I did not expect any new revelations, but when I looked over across the aisle I noticed that Captain Campbell was among the parishioners. I had been quietly studying his profile, when he turned and looked in my direction. He nodded when he saw me looking at him, and a little thrill ran through my body. I must have blushed, but managed to return the complement without it being noticed. After the service when our little group was preparing to leave, I once again heard his charming voice.

"Miss Johnson, did you enjoy the sermon?" He inquired quite earnestly.

“Oh yes, ever so much. I especially liked the part where the good reverend reminded us that we’re all God’s children and many of our trials and tribulations are merely set to test us.”

He grinned, so I wondered if he knew anything about the trouble my father was in?

“It often seems that way,” he responded. “Life is full of challenge, and sometimes that seems to be the only logical explanation.”

“I can’t imagine you having any problems, you seem so confident and sure of yourself.”

He looked somewhat surprised by my remark, and took a few seconds to respond.

“My dear Miss Johnson, that is merely an illusion, for I fear that you are looking at one of God’s sheep. Appearances must be deceiving for I constantly worry about almost everything. Why just the other day I heard the rumor that our proud armies will be ordered to stand down. Meetings are now being held between representatives of the Whig Congress and our Colonial Secretary. The war is now on hold and I may be sent home any day, or even discharged right here in Montreal. I am no farmer, and without property my prospects are quite unattractive at this very moment.”

“Why Captain Campbell, I’m surprised to learn that you are human just like me. I share those same concerns, for as you may know our family was driven from our home, and we can’t be sure if the government will compensate my father for all our losses?”

The Captain looked pensive and he appeared to be giving the situation some thought. I guessed that he might have even known my true circumstance. He fingered the rosette on the cocked hat he’d doffed when we met. In fact he looked downright uncomfortable, as if what he was about to say might be taken the wrong way.

“I suspect that there are thousands of former citizens of the wayward colonies that may be facing the same dilemma. It doesn’t seem likely that the Crown will be in any position to restore your father’s fortune anytime soon, if at all. I understand that a shortage of money is contributing to the strong desire to put a quick end to the war. I hear that there has been rioting in the streets back in England, and the cost of this war has caused unrest all over. You can rest assured that when a treaty is signed, most of the troops will be disbanded as quickly as possible. I’m sorry to tell you this, but it’s my opinion that any compensation could be months, or maybe even years away, if ever.”

“Does this mean that the entire Fraser Highlander 71st regiment may be totally disbanded right here in Quebec without any severance money for the enlisted men?” My query had cut straight to the heart of the issue, for he bore a pained look on his face.

“I’m afraid that is likely to happen, for the Late Simon Fraser raised the regiment for this war. He had done the same thing back in 1757 for the French Indian war, and they were disbanded immediately after that war

ended. Many of those men were forced to make it on their own in the New World, without the assistance of government.”

“Oh, ---oh! Are you saying that when that happens the officers may be given passage home and I may never see you again?” I was truly devastated by this revelation and what that would do to all of my future prospects.

The Captain’s face had become a mask at this suggestion, and I could tell that he was deep in thought. His eyebrows fluttered, followed by a sigh.

“That depends, my dear lady on at least two factors. Something that I won’t go into now, but we’ll see what happens between now and then.”

“Do you mean you might decide to stay in Canada?”

My probing questions were quite unladylike, but I was desperate for some answers, for I felt that my future was at stake. He looked a bit hesitant, then spoke very softly so that others couldn’t hear his reply.

“Oh if I only could my sweet and gentle lass, but there isn’t really anything for me here. I have seen too many shepherders’ back in the Highlands living in hovels, with very little to live for. Then there are merchants, millers, traders, cordwainers and blacksmiths, but nothing that I fancy. Nor is there anything that offers adequate compensation on which to adequately support a proper lady, and future family. No, my bonnie lass, I would much prefer remaining in the service with all of its hazards and shortcomings, but I’m afraid that may not be possible.”

I could see that Captain Colin Campbell was a deep thinker, and was well aware of his circumstances. He seemed to be suggesting that he was quite unsure of his future and had chosen to wait for developments to point the way. This dashed my hopes for any strong possibility of marriage being on his mind. I realized then, that maybe he wasn’t in total control of his own destiny. I knew that feeling all too well. It did suggest that he was a very practical person, and wanted to know that the ground was firm before taking the next step. That suggested that my chances of his taking my hand in marriage were slim indeed.

Our fortuitous meeting at the church of the Récollet did afford the opportunity to arrange another evening of dancing, which could possibly be our last. However, it proved to be the beginning of a casual courtship in which we came to know each other much better. I soon realized that this Scot was no fool, and he had no intention of making any permanent commitment without first having some indication of where his future prospects lay. After all, we both were facing a similar fate, and our mutual uncertainty seemed to draw us together. Captain Campbell seemed to be a very cautious gentleman, but strong and dependable. The fact that we were often seen together had not gone entirely unnoticed, and the knots of gossiping women passed the word along. I could tell by the sly looks, and eyes peering over carefully positioned fans, that we had become newsworthy. Unfortunately there was a fine line between being merely a casual dancing partner, and being engaged in a serious courtship. My very reputation was at stake and a careless moment

could be my total ruin. For this reason it did not come as any surprise that my dear father had written to my aunt Nancy and uncle Daniel Claus, to warn them of his concern.

In his letter he told my dear aunt and uncle, that he had heard the rumor that Captain Colin Campbell was being most gracious with me, and that we had been seen together a great deal. He had advised them that at the present time, with the situation he was in, that should I meet a Gentleman of honor with whom I truly felt that I could be happy, he had few objections, but he said in a word he felt that they must be quite sensible, how seriously my Character might be damaged, and that it was imperative such intimacy must have a proper sanction, or must be immediately discontinued.

He had insisted that my aunt and uncle urgently inquire into our affair. He was quite upset and insisted that they should write him very speedily on the subject. He said to them, you certainly must feel for my present Situation, which I'm sure you realize is sufficiently painful without any further Addition to it. He had written me a note that was enclosed in their letter, and my dear uncle made me privy to the entire discourse. Uncle held me in high esteem and knew that I would not dishonor our family.

My poor father was indeed concerned, for his world seemed to be falling apart. My good fortune was in fact causing him a great deal of concern, and I could feel the pressure that was on me. Although his enclosed letter to me was worded quite tactfully, and lacked detail, he left little doubt that I was under scrutiny and he expected my behavior to be exemplary and above reproach.

Unfortunately, the truth was that until Captain Campbell declared his intentions, I did risk being embarrassed and could suffer terrible humiliation. It had happened many times before to other women who had become too enraptured by a handsome face and a smooth talker. Society could be cruel to the naïve, and more than a few spinsters had suffered the pain of being shunned. Once a woman had picked up the label of harlot, even if it wasn't true, it would be very hard to shed. A wanton woman had very little currency among the better set. Many a young lady had been drawn along on the promise of fortune and an easy life. Even a man's family might lie about his worth or his true intentions if the woman had a sizeable fortune.

My dear father had expressed his concerns in Quebec town on July 8th, 1782 where he was facing the military tribunal that was looking into his Indian Department accounts. He was already deeply humiliated by the inquisition into his financial dealings, without having his oldest daughter step out of line and embarrass the whole family. I was fully cognizant of the pitfalls that I could be facing, but at the same time felt confident that Captain Campbell was an honorable man. In any event it was a risk that I was prepared to take. My chance for happiness might be close at hand, and if the good Captain remained steady and faithful, there was a chance that he'd answer my

dreams. I did not want to get my hopes up too high, for the crushing disappointment of "*the secret expedition*," and of the tragic death of Captain Butler were still fresh in my mind. It almost seemed that every time I felt that real happiness was close at hand, it would be snatched away leaving me worse off than before.

In September our whole family traveled by stagecoach to Quebec town, where we attempted to give my dear father our support. His Excellency Governor Frederick Haldimand was most gracious and accommodation was provided during our stay. It was not a happy visit, for my poor father did not fare well. His tenure as the Indian Superintendent had come to an end, and his future looked rather bleak. We did not stay long, and returned by Post carriage, which gave my dear uncle Claus such a shaking as to cause him to have a pain in his left side. We were all glad to arrive back at our house in Montreal in one piece.

I was ever so pleased to see that Captain Campbell was waiting for me on my return. I felt that if I had any future, it was with him. That put me in a precarious position, for should he tire of my company, my prospects were quite gloomy. However, marriage to a professional soldier also had its drawbacks, for they were usually always on the move, and junior officers had little money to support a wife. Then there was always the threat that he might be killed, leaving a destitute widow and hungry children without a father. The options for a young lady might be very grand, if a young and very wealthy unmarried aristocrat took an interest in her. That is providing that this fellow did not spend his idle hours in drinking, gambling and philandering. More often than not this was the fruit that was harvested from a rich and easy inheritance. Oh to find that perfect gentleman, and to realize the wonderful satisfaction of true love and domestic contentment. The captain seemed to be my Prince, but his situation wasn't all that much better than mine.

I was quite pleasantly surprised to find Captain Campbell acting very attentive. He seemed to be anxious to continue our relationship, so the winter of 1782 / 83 was quite enjoyable. That is, except for the fact that my poor father was still suffering the torment of having his Indian Department records examined and reexamined adnauseam by a government tribunal. There seemed to be little doubt that his fortunes had fallen to an all time low. Since my future was still unalterably attached to his circumstances, I doubly felt the pain. The pressure of facing total ruin had been hard on my father, and he had sought refuge in the bottle. Oh how I did wish that our fortunes had been more promising. I couldn't even be sure if Captain Campbell really cared for me, or if he was merely putting in time before his regiment was finally disbanded?

Late in February he invited me to a grand Ball, that was held on a particularly stormy evening. We arrived bundled into a quaint French-Canadian sleigh drawn by a small gray workhorse. Although the weather

was frightful out side, the music and the warmth of the assembly room made our evening together very enjoyable. Captain Campbell seemed to be in an especially good mood. As usual he had been the most wonderful dance partner, and I wished that the sets would go on forever. For days now, I had the foreboding that he might suddenly announce that he was leaving, and the dream would be over.

There had been a steady stream of rumors flying around that the British Crown had made a treaty with the Whig Congress and the troops would be sent home, or disbanded. The Captain had been very quiet about his situation and I had begun to worry, for I did feel oh so secure when I was with him. He had proven that I could feel love again, and with it the pain in my heart had begun to fade away. I knew that if he did pass out of my life, I would be truly lost, for my prospects were not very good and he was such a promising young Scottish gentleman.

When the dance had ended and it was time to return home, the Captain had a sleigh waiting. We drove directly to our house, and my heart sunk, for I felt that he was about to say goodbye forever. My aunt had accompanied us to the dance as usual, and he escorted her to the door, then returned for me.

“My dear, I would like to speak to your uncle, if you don’t mind?”

I was not prepared for that remark and I wasn’t sure what he had in mind. We had talked in great depth about our situations, and our feelings. He knew that father’s affairs were being examined in court, and that I had no dowry to offer him. He in turn had explained that he had applied for a commission in the 6th, or Royal Warwickshire Regiment. He had also explained how he felt that his only hope for a financially comfortable life would be in the King’s service. That of course meant that if he should marry, his wife might face the real threat of becoming a penniless widow with children to feed and care for.

My uncle seemed less surprised than I was, and I soon discovered why. He had learned that Captain Colin Campbell was to be promoted to the rank of Major in the 6th Regiment. The 71st was being completely disbanded, and now my handsome Scot had the situation that he had wanted. As a senior officer he could take his bride with him wherever he went. That had been what he had been waiting for, and he was not ready to make a commitment until he was sure that he would get the new commission. My uncle seemed very pleased by the new development, and responded accordingly.

“You Sir, have my complete approbation, but I will insist that you follow the traditional procedure of His Majesty’s church.”

With this reply, Captain Campbell turned to me and spoke softly in a most apologetic way.

“Please forgive my presumptiveness dear and gentle heart, but I would consider it a great honor if you would be my wife?” There was a brief pause then came those fateful words that I had longed to hear.

“Will you marry me?”

My heart jumped, and I suddenly felt oh so very happy.

“Yes, --- oh yes! I will marry you,” was my instant reply.

I really didn't have to think about it, and I felt that he knew that already. I had not made any real effort to conceal my true feelings from this gentleman, and man of honor. He then explained how he had not received word that his application for transfer and promotion had been accepted until that very day. This had barely left him with time to propose, then have the Reverend David Chabrand Delisle, call the banns. That would start three weeks before our wedding in the Roman Catholic des Récollets church. The Reverend Delisle had made arrangements with the Franciscan Order of the Recollet to hold the wedding services there at a time when it would not interfere with the Roman Catholic services. My husband to be told me that he would receive his official commission on the 19th, of March, and we were scheduled to be married on the 27th, then immediately head for Quebec town. The events were now happening so fast that my poor head was in a whirl, but at long last I was truly happy. I was about to become the wife of a professional soldier, and somehow that really didn't worry me any more. I had already felt the sting of terrible material and sentimental loss, and had survived. It seemed that God had tested me, and I had prevailed, and would continue to do so providing that I wasn't confronted by any greater threat. The thought that we would be obliged to go wherever the high command sent my captain was also of little concern. I had already tasted the rigors of constant travel, so I felt prepared for the life that was ahead of me. My captain and I were of similar minds and we were prepared to face whatever providence offered together.

Our wedding day was the most wonderful time of my life, and the ceremony was attended by all our friends and family. My dear husband had even arranged for a military salute, and when we dashed out from the church it was between two columns of kilted Scottish Fraser highlander's from his old regiment. We hadn't even noticed that the weather was wet and cold, but after all who can remember any of the details on such a deliriously happy day?

Never in my life had I experienced such a fast moving time, and my once organized life was now a blur of activity. My husband had a two-week furlough, but was expected to report for duty in Quebec town early in April. The sudden and abrupt separation from the family I had lived with for the past eight years was almost as traumatic as losing my home in the valley. It was only the tender love that I enjoyed from my new husband that made it bearable. The trip from Montreal to Quebec town was fraught with danger at a time of year when the snow and ice had just begun to melt. That was a carriage ride that I would not easily forget, but I soon would discover that it had become part of my new way of life. It seemed almost like *dé-jà-vu*, but in this case I had been there before, even though the circumstances were a little different. I wrote back to the family that I knew and loved, and my dear uncle Daniel Claus responded with his usual well-intentioned instructions laced with affection, guidance and spiritual reminders.

He advised that my family of the past eight years was much relieved to learn that my husband and I had arrived safely in Quebec town. I was touched by the news that they had missed me almost as much as I missed them. Dear uncle reminded me that the act of providence that caused us to part was something that we would have to mutually accept. Although we would be far apart, he assured me that my new partner in life would promise me every desirable happiness if I acted the part of a tender and affectionate consort towards him. My dear uncle also suggested that I remember my wedding vows and honor them to the letter. He could not resist giving me a written sermon, on the necessity of being a good and God fearing wife. I was touched by the news that my letters had brought tears to all of their eyes. I realized that in a few short days, I had gone from being part of a displaced family, to a totally separate entity. I was now Mrs. Colin Campbell, and my loving aunt and uncle would no longer play their former role. Even my father was now at arm's length, and my husband had become both my protector and my lord. Should he turn out to be a tyrant, they could do little about it, and I might rue the day that I met him. However, I saw no indication of that, and my first good impressions were daily confirmed. I learned that my father had moved into my old room, and in a way had partially filled the emptiness that I had left behind. Although I had embarked on a whole new adventure, somehow I knew that it was going to be the greatest experience of my life.

It was not very long before my husband and I were on board ship heading east across the mighty Atlantic Ocean. It seemed strange to be leaving the Continent on which I was born, probably never to return? I stood by the rail of His Majesty's Man of War looking back at the land in which I had first seen the light of day. I was as American as anyone alive, and loved my birthright with all my heart, but that wasn't enough. I would have had to surrender all of my hopes and dreams, along with my newfound happiness, had I chosen to hold on to my homeland. My Major husband put his arm around me, and I realized then, *that you can never really ever go home*, for we are but a lonely Island unto ourselves. Even your dearest companion and love of your life cannot change that, *for we must invariably submit to the hand of providence*.

The End

In truth this was only the beginning; merely one epoch in Mary (*Polly Johnson*) Campbell's very colorful life, and although she was no longer an American citizen, she was about to become a grand lady and a world traveler. Her husband's duties would carry her back to the Emerald Isles, and eventually to the rock of Gibraltar. General George Washington would pass from her mind, and a powerful new overlord by the name of Napoleon Bonaparte would challenge her family. She would now experience a life of high adventure and privilege, where she would move about in the very highest circles, even among senior members of the British Royal family.

The Letters of Julia Johnson

Grand daughter of Sir William Johnson & Sister of Polly

The Killman

*Research and Publishing Institute
Library and Art Collection
The Killman Art Gallery
237 Unity Road East, Caledonia,
Ontario, Canada N3W 2H7*

I have produced this publication primarily as a reference file for my own personal library. It contains a collection of authentic **Johnson/Claus/Campbell** letters and records from many sources. The original Julia Johnson letters are held by the National Library of Scotland, and were from the personal papers of the Robert Liston family. I have done my best to transcribe this material for my own information, but a few words here and there have escaped my ability to recognize them. Even the original author, Julia Johnson was aware of the fact that her writing when hurried at times could be undecipherable. My chief reason for producing this publication is to assemble this information together between two covers for my convenience and safekeeping. It also provides an easy, interesting and authentic sojourn into the language and etiquette of the British colonial era.

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Author, artist and historian

Forward...

The letters of Julia Johnson give an interesting insight into the early post Revolutionary War period in England and abroad. Julia was the second of the three daughters of Colonel Guy Johnson, an American Revolutionary War Indian Superintendent. He was born near Dublin Ireland in 1744, and died in Haymarket, London England, March 5th, 1788. I have included a picture of him, but to the best of my knowledge, no contemporary portrait was ever done of Julia Johnson who was born Jan. 19th, 1771 in the Mohawk Valley of New York Province.

Julia was only 4 years old when the American Revolution broke out, and the Guy Johnson family was obliged to flee from their mansion in the Mohawk valley of New York. It appears as if she was the healthiest member of that family, for her older sister Mary ("Polly") suffered from asthma and her younger sister Ann was quite frail. In fact, little "Nan" as she was called died young a few days after her aunt and namesake, Ann, or "Nancy" (Johnson) Claus. (Buried in the Claus vault at Niagara on the Lake, Ontario.)

Although Julia was a mere child when the Johnson's held power, position and prestige in the Mohawk Valley of New York, she was always well aware of their rank. Social status was very important to a young woman of promise in those times, but the loss of both property and wealth dealt Julia a very limited hand. In her later years she would become a companion to her older sister, and governess to her sister's children. She had been jilted by a promising suitor while in her prime, and ended up bitter and condemned to living out her life as an unhappy spinster with very limited finances. Apparently some of her sparse financial resources had fallen victim to a Scottish bank fraud. In Julia's letters she refers to "the dear Dales," as being close and beloved friends. According to Andrew McLean, Archives Assistant, The Royal Bank of Scotland, "David Dale was a famous industrialist and one time agent of the Glasgow Branch, who died in 1806." (See McLean's letters.)

Prior to the war, the Johnson family had enjoyed a very prosperous life on a rich estate centered on the Mohawk River, in what is now Amsterdam, a short distance west of Schenectady, New York. They had lived in a stone mansion called "Guy Park." This house was two stories high with a full basement and a mahogany staircase. In addition they had a stone barn, slave house, coach house and offices. On their 29,632-acre estate with 70 acres cleared and some islands, they had a large number of horses, cattle, sheep and about 19 black slaves.

In 1762 Col. Guy Johnson had been appointed as Sir William Johnson's immediate deputy, by order of Sir Jeffery Amherst, and upon Sir William's death in 1774 was appointed his successor as Indian Superintendent General. In addition Guy Johnson was Colonel of the Militia, 1st Magistrate, and the King's Representative for the County of Tryon. They were indeed among the upper class, well educated and fully expecting to prosper in the area that had become known as "Johnson's Country."

Unfortunately, they were robbed of their rich prospects by the events of the war, and poor unlucky Julia was destined to live out her life in the shadow of her older sister Mary. It was Mary's good fortune to find and wed a family man that rose to a position of power and upper class respectability.

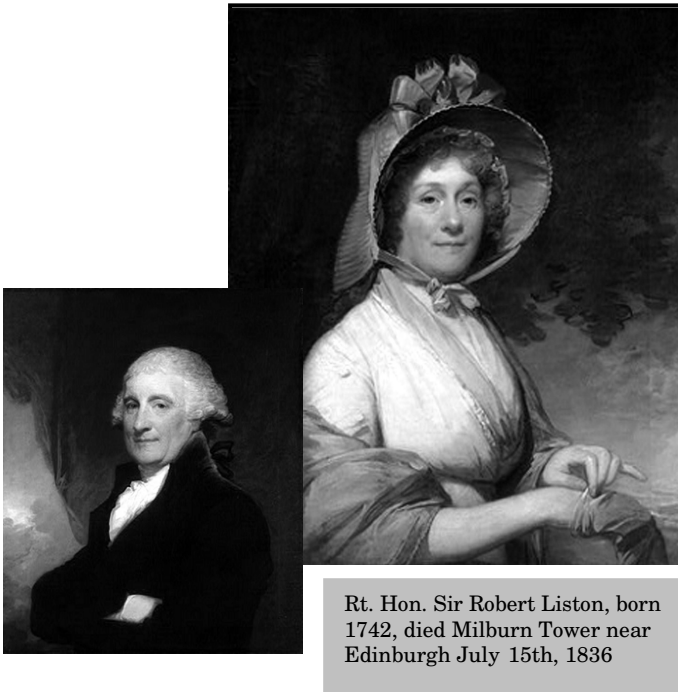
The recipient of the Julia Johnson letters was *Lady Robert Liston* who was born in 1752 and died in 1828 at age 76, so she was 19 years older than Julia.

She was born Henrietta Marchant, daughter of Nathaniel Marchant of Jamaica. In 1796 she was married in Glasgow to Robert Liston, who in February of that year was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary from Great Britain to the United States. She died near Edinburgh, without issue.

Her portrait was done in Philadelphia, c. 1798. Canvas, 29 x 24 inches. She is shown half-length, halfway to right, with her blue eyes directed to the spectator. Her originally blond hair is now mostly gray and her complexion is delicate. She wears a large straw hat lined with light blue; the bow on top of the hat and the ribbon with which it is tied under her chin are of the same blue color. Her short-sleeved dress is of white and over her right arm and left shoulder is hung a shawl of a yellowish-pink that matches the color of her hat, and the narrow blue border of which matches the lining, bow and ribbon. With her left hand she is shown in the act of drawing over the right a champagne-colored glove. The background is of rich greenish-brown foliage at the left and upper portion of the canvas, with clouds, blue sky and glimpse of a landscape below at the right.

At her death her portrait passed to her husband and at his death in 1836 was inherited by his niece and heiress, Henrietta Ramage Liston, who, in 1843, married Sir William Foulis, eighth Baronet, who then assumed the additional name of Liston. It was sold in 1920 by Sir William Liston-Foulis, tenth Baronet, to Messrs. M. Knoedler & Co., New York, who in the same year sold it to Judge Elbert H. Gary of New York.

On the back of the canvas is written: "Lady Liston, wife of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Liston G.C.B. Her Britannic Majesty's Ambassador to the Sublime Porte -Painter Raeburn."



Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Liston, born 1742, died Milburn Tower near Edinburgh July 15th, 1836

Julia Johnson considered Henrietta Liston to be a dear friend and confidant. For this reason Julia revealed more personal information in her letters than she would have done otherwise.

It would seem as if Henrietta did indeed have a soft spot in her heart for Julia, and some sympathy for her financial plight. Apparently she provided the occasional gift of clothing that was very much appreciated. Julia was an upper class spinster without the usual means needed to keep herself in fashion.

The portrait on the left of Lady Liston illustrates an unpretentious woman that was not flaunting her wealth, or position. She was probably a very interesting well-rounded person that had wit, charm and intellectual sophistication.

Her husband Sir Robert shown extreme left was an excellent ambassador who had mastered no less than ten languages.

A letter to Mrs. Liston, Millburn Tower, near Edinburgh.

On board the Salsetti
Off Portsmouth, Oct 27th, 1809

Before you leave England, My Dearest Mrs Liston, accept of my best thanks for your very kind letter which should not have remained so long unanswered, if I had not been prevented writing by a variety of unpleasant circumstances-not to be told though they were sufficiently weighty to make me very unhappy. Till I was almost on board, I could hardly have answered your question of whether I was - or was not to be of the sailing party--I believe now my die is cast for this year, but probably I may return in Spring or go to Canada-- (this private)

The tales of who I hope you will kindly take under your wing when they arrive in Edinburgh will tell you what a pleasant summer excursion we had--I returned to London Suddenly-on acct. of Genl. Campbell's being very unwell-- we had no idea then of his appointment-on the Contrary it was given to a person who chose to resign it Shortly after--fortunately for Genl C. --as I am told it is one of the best situations in his Majesty's Gift for a family man--Should there be any violent stir in the South, they may send out a superior officer to Command--in the mean time however it is both profitable & honorable

I cannot tell you my Dear Madam how I grieved when I heard of the fate of your most amiable friends--had I been at Dover, after I saw you I think I should have contrived to have been near them--though now it would have made their loss doubly distressing My sister was prevented waiting on them, by their relation Mrs. Fector who assured her that it was not wished as they could not even see her-- the Children, I am told are left to the care of their Mothers relation Lady Lincoln but before this, I daresay you have had a full acct. of all that concerned them Adieu my Dear Mrs. Liston- as I know you love to be kind to your fellow creatures pray write to me some times - and with best Respects to Mrs. Liston, believe me ever most truly
your obliged & affectionate J. Johnson

A letter to Mrs. Liston in Constantinople.

Cottage
Gibraltar Augt. 31st, 1812

My Dearest Mrs Liston

Since I had the pleasure of seeing you here-I have felt so oppressed, by the melancholy Events in my *Uncles family that to sit down to think or write composedly- was absolutely out of my power--especially to a friend whose recollection always warms my heart, to almost infinitive tenderness, and consequently my pen, would have been the effusions of the moment-I owed you something better than to painful a letter for your kind remembrance of us from Malta My Sister & Caroline received your present with many thanks--to which I have now to add those of mine & Mary for your last present from Constantinople.

(Two of Sir John Johnson's sons were lost that year...Captain James Stephen Johnson, killed at the siege of Badajoz in April while fighting against Napoleon, and Robert Thomas Johnson was drowned in Canada. His son-in-law Major General Barnard Lord Bowes was killed at Salamanca 22nd, July.)*

Capt. Warren (68th, Regt.) arrived on the 29th & sailed yesterday, during his short stay he was so much engaged that he could not Dine with us--but I saw him in town just before he sailed--I envied him his Month at Constantinople- and I like him for his kind and affectionate manner of speaking of those I love--Mr Caning & the other gentleman slept one night at the Convent--rather lonely I fancy for even Lord Malpas is staying with us out here-- I have much to write on that subject-but, will defer it till I have replied to all your queries--- The Miss Sterlings did not remain here very long- They found Mrs Mitchells Hotel expensive - and I should think not pleasant, the Ladies were with us every day, but the Gentleman was hard to be entreated even for one dinner, & that, he took by himself in the parlour (sitting in the other corner) with my sister complaining all the time to her, of what a dull unpleasant house the Convent was--and how hard the seats--poor man,

(The convent was the Governor of Gibraltar's residence and the home of Gov. Colin Campbell's family, including Julia Johnson until his death in 1814.)

he really seems to me, to be a fitter subject for home Nursing than travelling in foreign climes, for I do not think he appeared to derive any benefit from change of scene, all his amusement was conversing at Mrs Mitchells door with any of the Lower order, who could give him anecdotes of no great moment (you would think to a man) The Sisters seemed to

enjoy that sort of intelligence likewise, & knew more of every body's concerns here--than any of the old inhabitants I believe they went from this in a Transport to Malta, their friend Capt. Fleming put them on board--& he says--Mr. Stirling was quite tired of seeing the world, & fancied he was returning to England by way of Cadiz- When the Sisters took him from this--it sounds rather too ridiculous to credit, & I fancy must have been one of Capt. Flemings good jokes with all his life & spirit--he never forgets to do all sort of kind acts to every one near him--& is much beloved - especially by the Spaniards, he is just now gone a soldiering an expedition with Col. Shervit- to try and join Genl. Hill, --Lord Wellington's great successes of course you will receive So I need not, if I was able touch on these subjects--but return to the Sterlings who I hear were unable to procure lodgings at Malta & proceeded immediately to Palermo-- they promised to let us hear from them--but have not yet written--I had a letter by the packet from Lady Campbell her Mother is still alive--& all friends that I know well in that part of the world--My Sister (Mary Johnson Campbell) of late has been very frequently troubled, with severe fits of asthma--& General Campbell cannot get quit of his Spasms they generally follow any little exertion of body or mind--& in this place that cannot be long avoided-- At present however we are all well & quiet on the Rock. I am told by every body that I look very ill--I certainly felt as if the whole world was tumbling to crush me--till I went for a week across the straits--change of air & change of scene - such as one meets with at Tangiers--had a good Effect & I have felt a degree lighter since my return--but poor Mrs. Bowes's (Catherine Maria Johnson Bowes, daughter of Sir. John Johnson.) misfortune--is always present--certainly, there could not be a more attached couple--& at his time of life to go to seek glory--when he had more real real comfort & happiness in his possession than almost any other being, seems like vanity & madness--She is staying with his friends in Yorkshire, but I think the moment Lady Johnson hears of her loss, that she will come to England & remain with her or take her to Canada- her grief is at present too composed--I fear it will last for life--after writing on this melancholy subject I feel my spirits sink again and cannot write of Caroline's (daughter of General Colin Campbell.) very different prospects--it is too long if I wished it, to tell you all that has surprised me since I saw you here--Your letter was the first thing that roused our thoughts from first impressions--but as all from Sicily was most constant & affectionate, we could not comprehend more than a general remark on the man's natural manners & ways when he arrived here, he made his proposals in form--dismissed his travelling Companion & now remains till he receives his Fathers consent--which he hopes for-- His communications since this (of all that passed During his absence) showed us, that the people in Sicily have been at much pains--to make unpleasant impressions--& our characters were I believe pretty freely handled, principally however by those , who had even never seen any of the family--but it is too long to tell about--Genl. C.(Campbell) has sent me word that the packet will sail at twelve & that hour is now going to strike, so that I almost doubt whether this will reach town in time--I believe Lady W.R. an excellent woman & it was natural in her to act as she did--nothing violent but possibly more anxious for Lord M.(Malpas) to return single, than otherwise--he was advised , if possible not to touch here but go through the Straits at once --but that not being the case, & never having written any of his mental doubts here, the moment he landed they all vanished--& we did not hear of all the proceedings in Sicily till afterwards

Thus stand matters, on the subject you so kindly say-you are much interested about--he professes the same or more affection for the object of his two years

Attachment religion alone he declares is her rival--& I am sorry to say he does appear much infatuated on that subject--in fact I have told him what I really think, that with all his amiable manners & qualities--if I was Caroline-I would not have him. I beg you will offer our most kind remembrances to Mr. Liston and accept yourself every good wish that can attend you- from all this family--not forgetting the Commodore--who never fails to enquire particularly about you--by the last packet they have appointed him--Colonel of Mannes,

which I believe is some hundreds a year he ought to receive a little pay now, for all his trouble for almost nothing & very sparing thanks. Ever Yours my Dear Madam
Most truly & affe- JJ. (Julia Johnson.)

Pray remember me to young Elliot his Mother has not written to me since he left this--- Allan Campbell is on board the San Juan, leaving a little of his profession before the Commodore sends him to sea. Colin, my Nephew is at home (on a visit) quite well after all his exertions in the Blake--John is in --in, with his Regt.4 -- and of course is a subject of t-- anxiety to us --- Guy & Wm are still here, I have scribbled on while the groom is getting his horse to take this , I hope in time to town--By the next opportunity, I have more than a letter to send for I have seeds shells Etc., etc., that cannot now be ready Adieu again.
I have not shewn the Rock to any one since you were away seldom take long walk or stir from --this cottage.

To Mrs. Liston
Constantinople

Convent Nov. 14th 1812
My Dear Madam

I had the pleasure of receiving your kind letter last night, and regret that you did not mention the name of the bearer-for it was left here without a message or ticket and consequently I cannot find out the dear man who breakfasted with you last--that I might invite him to take a cup of tea with me this morning --- Though I think it hardly probable that this paper will have the honor of being opened at the Royal Hotel Pall Mall, yet the opportunity of offering you my best thanks immediately cannot be neglected--Many a wisp of walk have I taken since I heard of the first intentions of conveying my Golden Fleece--but as usual nothing but disappointment --I was happy to see in the papers that Lord Win. Bentick sails in the Monelous for that was the Ship I heard next destined for you--& dreaded another ten years undertaking--Pray do come quick, and stay here as long as you please, I think you would like our Rock--if you pass it, I shall break my heart-and
Genl. Campbell & my Sister will I assure you be much disappointed I shall be happy too to see my young Friend Bobby--for very few people do I esteem more than his Mother

Though I am ashamed to say, she has very little reason to believe it from the indolence of my pen---I am much obliged to you for your offer of services -but I have no commission to trouble you with, unless you could bring little James in one of your hand boxes to spend his Xmas Holy days --We have written to have him shipped 0--Adieu my dear Madam--Offer my best Respect to Mr. Liston and believe me Ever
Your Truly Obliged
And Affectionate
J. Johnson

Convent Dec. 18th, 1812
My Dearest Mrs. Liston---

I have just received your line of reproach as you call it- but to me it offers a most kind and welcome bit of paper though of a very ancient date- for it has been to England and back again since it left your hands I fear Sir Wm. Ously has carried on the letter you promise to write by him--likewise for he passed some time ago--without my having the pleasure of hearing from

you --- maybe it is a new fashion for conveying Embassadors letters-for Mrs Elliot, as an apology for her long silence, tells me-- she waited to write that she might be able to give me, some acct-of my friends at Constantinople This would have been more in character for an Irish Correspondent to have written --How very anxious she must be at present for bulletins of your health--I am sure it will be difficult to persuade her that you are alive--even When she sees your hand writing --Even I (on this feverish Rock) Shudder on hearing of the dreadful risk you run --and wish with all my heart -I had you prisoner in this convent--- Till the rage of the plague was passed- poor William often talked of your kind invitation - but his health obliged us to send him to England- & I see by last nights papers, that the Romulus arrived at Portsmouth on the first of this month I suppose he had not the time to write-he gave us a few lines from Lisbon,(where they touched & took in passengers)-and then he fancied he was better--our anxiety about him however is trifling to what we experience for Caroline--She left us this day fortnight to go to her new friend Lord C, (Cholmondeley) was most anxious to see the young Couple and after much difficulty (20 year old) *Lord (Viscount) Mulpas --was allowed here -to take her with him--but the Ship had hardly got out of sight till the Commodore was sent to--to request a conveyance to go after them--really it is not to be conceived the misery we all endured parting with so young-& delicate a creature at this season of the year- & the dread of her being taken out to parties etc., etc. I have not yet been able to feel light in spirits though a letter from Lord Cholmondeley today to General C. repeats their hopes at home of seeing them- & their earnest intentions to do everything to promote their Comfort & happiness Congratulating letters too from all quarters pour in--you would think we were become the bosom friends of all the Royal family So many grand letters have been received but what I prize most, is one Most kind & apparently sincere - from your Estimable friends Lord & Lady Bute--they were at Sidmouth- Lady B. much the same Lord B. & little ones quite well--but you have most likely received letters from them as late as the 26th November---Two days after Caroline left us--Guy set out to join his Regt. in Spain-- Colin who has been on a visit for some time - is to take his leave on Monday--to return to his station as midshipman on board the Blake. in short our numerous family is now so much reduced-that the house is melancholy. On the subject of my Uncles family--I long since wrote--last week poor Mrs. Bowes was more composed- & had sent to take a house in London-as she Expected her mother (Lady Johnson) home by Oct,r Fleet--the journey & meeting with her own relations, will I trust be of service--She has need of some comfort--Mrs. (Sir John) Johnson & her three little girls- are arrived in England--we have a Packet missing, which sailed sixteen days before the one that arrived today - and I fancy most of my letters are in it--I have had so little by this opportunity.

** George Horatio Cholmondley was the heir to the title Lord Viscount Malpas and a huge estate, and was in love with Caroline Campbell. Born in 1793 she was one year younger than he was.*

The Commodore has just been here --and given me a note to read--which I am very sorry for, both on our own accts. & his--It seems after his two years & half hard fagging, at this difficult place --and pleasing all parties - now when he is within a month or two of being an admiral--they send for him home--& supply his place, by a person- who was not in the navy when he was a Capt.- a person we like very well but of so sick a temper- that I fear we will not continue to go on as smooth as it has done here before--but he is an Admiral Linzie-and a Nephew of Lord Woods--This sort of injustice to worthy characters is very bad for the service--and disgraceful to the nation --- So much for my opinion--I may be allowed to be angry losing my excellent friend & almost Staff--though for the last many months--I have not enjoyed my walks-so much occupied gardening at the Cottage-busy at the Convent-or suffering for friends--without touching at England by way of enhancing its value-
Genl. C. my Sister & Mary join me in kindest Regards
to Mr. Liston & every thing Affectionate to

yourself- believe me Ever Yours Most Truly
Julia Johnson

Scotch friends all well Did you ever know a Madame Forestal a daughter of Mrs. Beckwiths in Edinburgh she lately came here on her way to England after two years co ----- nt in France-she said she lived in d ----- ith the Margravine & went abroad to se ----- she appears past fifty (*The missing words were in blank spaces torn out of the letter when it was opened.*)

Adieu my Dear Dear Madam- pray write to me soon--for you owe me some letters- as I hope you have found before this time--and indeed I trust there may be something on the way for

To Mrs. Liston
Constantinople

A packet which left England Sixteen Days before the one that arrived yesterday-has only this morning been heard of-entering Cadiz harbour.

Decr. 19th, 1812

I do not recollect mentioning in any of my letters-that our friend Mr. Low had changed his quarters for Jersey-to be nearer his Mother-he has got no additional Rank by the move--Commissary General Bisset is expected out here immediately & Commissary Sweetland goes to Portugal this likewise we never heard of till the orders arrived--Sir Montague Burgoyne is returned to the Rock--and his Lady with him--Mr. Jepson & family still in England --- Colonel Rutherford_ was all but gone - he actually had his baggage at the Ragged Staff- & just going off himself--for a few months- When the business of the Rock called him back--It is tricky for us that Cardoza is a fixture or we should not have an old friend left--though we go on very quickly with all the world --I mean the little world here--

You are likely to have visitors--two young men on their travels-seem to have Constantinople in their thoughts--Mr Moore and Mr. Alexander of Balomile--I am not certain, whether I have Spelt his title right but if you do not know the son, I am sure you recollect the father one of Mr. Dales

Partners--at one of their mills--We have been unlucky (owing to the weather, & the departure of our friends--& their engagements) in seeing less of them, than we could have wished-- and I see another apology just arrived Perhaps you do not recollect a Mr & Mrs Tringham (Chaplain Here) -a yorkshire Clergyman has come out to replace him--so all Ranks seem to be on the move--I wish General C--could (without losing his place) try a little change of air too- for he is far from strong--& since Carolines departure my Sister much troubled with her asthma Mary very low, parting with her Sister-
Adieu once more JJ

Gibraltar March 12th 1813

My Dearest Mrs Liston

I have had no further accounts from Canada-but having written to you under the full impression of grief-I know your Kind heart will be anxious to hear from me again. I am pleased that at least from one quarter I can send you any thing cheerful. We had the most satisfactory letters yesterday from England- Caroline writes so perfectly at ease & happy-that I wish I had time to copy her letters- for she remembered us all- To her Mother she says," You Need not my Dearest Mama be the least anxious about me- Lady Cholmondely is fully as careful as you possibly could be, I never go through a passage without a shawl thrown over me- and they are so kind- O how much you would like them- Lady Charlotte would

delight you she is so amiable- She then talks in a laughing way of her hoop, and seems comforted that Lady Charlotte puts one on for the first time- in another letter she tells us of where she has been, etc, etc., and then concludes- & indeed Moma Lord Malpas is quite happy too"- My nephew Win says in his letter that she is already a great favourite with Lord Chalmondely & that all the family are so kind to her & pleased with her- but the most pleasing part to me, is the opinion of the Doctor who thinks her daily getting stronger in England & her Cough left her"- These letters have been very cheering to Father and Mother- & I feel so interested for all my friends. that amidst anxiety and affliction for my poor Cousins- these letters have come on me like refreshing I was very sorry however to hear that our Worthy friend the Commodore, after

his fagging Services here- should have arrived at home- hardly able to be taken out of the Ship My Sister & General C. read his letter with tears- not for his Complaint for he says not a word- nor do I believe he thinks of the Admiralty & the Worldly selfish Lord Melville- but it was so mild and patient just like the Poor after one of his afflictions- The small ship he was sent home in, had to attend on Convoy & at this dreadful season beat back & forwards from Plymouth nearly to the Isle of Wight & then put in at Torbay during the most severe weather- & another gale- while they were in quarantine- he had at the setting out of his voyage, caught a violent cold from going into a wet Cabin- & has not had a moments health since- so that when the Ship anchored,- he was not thought by the Surgeon - equal to be taken on shore, but he insisted on leaving & got on one stage & the next day found his Wife & Daughters

Well at home- Their care & society will I hope soon restore him to health- but he had only the morning he wrote ventured into his garden- for a short time- I write so fully to you - because I believe you and Mr. Liston respected the Worthy Man & I am some will feel, as I do- a little vexed, that a Scotch man - should be the cause of all this injustice-- Though I --- I am Very Wrong in Writing in this Way-- as he never complains himself- & would be hurt that his friends Noticed it- he never asked a favor for himself in his life-- Though ever Serving others- - he never received a prize or five pounds in his life except from his common pay--yet he had a Coup-de-soleil in the West Indies - that nearly deprived him life, & for long time of health- & now after all his exertions here, & putting this difficult place in some comfortable --they send him home in this shabby way-- just as the American War, is to put prize Money (Which it already has done) into the present Admirals pocket who had before, in India made thirty or forty thousand pounds prize Money-- & besides nearly double that a private fortune-- but he is Lord Woods relation--& was pushed on in the Service, almost a Boy Captain

I hate injustice even to an Enemy & When it is a friend who suffers- I feel quite vexed-and do no to say so, to our present Admiral, who lives in the house with us & quite on terms of friendship- but still the two men are so opposite in character- that tho' one may like both in

private society- as a public character- our late Commodore must ever be most respected- for his equaled of temper, cool judgment & mild manners--not forgetting his excellence of heart & readiness to serve all who really wanted--

Pray tell my young friend Elliot that I heard yesterday from his Mother- & that all his friends were well Mrs. E says, she hears Armer Stirling is to be Duchess of Gordon- can the old Duke be still alive- for she is almost too young for the Marquis of Huntley. She is a sweet beautiful creature & I hope may be happy- They seem very anxious in England for your health- I do not wonder- for accustomed as we are here, to the sound of the fever & plague I own I do not feel happy at your situation and wanted much rather heard of you from mill Castle- though your letter might not be so entertaining- they would give me more certainty of long possessing a friend whom I do highly value & esteem but pray while you must retain the post of Danger & honor- let me hear (even of your) as often as you can spare time for so insignificant a being

God bless you my Dearest Madam & my Most respected Mr. Liston and believe me Ever - Your Most Sincerely

Attached friend

J. Johnson

Of course you will judge by my Silence that all friends here are well- that is not worse than common returns occasionally of spasms & asthma, though on the whole I think Gen. C. rather better & my Sister not worse, Frederick quite well

Convent April 24th, 1813

I fully intended my Dear Mrs Liston to have written to you by last Packet- to have told you, how very comfortable & happy (from all accounts) Caroline appeared to be-everybody so kind and apparently so fond of her Lord Chalmers especially-who (to use the expression of a stranger who told us a good deal of the family) cannot bear her out of his sight--God send she may continue through life equally to please & receive pleasure She is by nature a sweet happy disposition but I have seen & felt so much trouble, that I may truly say I receive all with fear & trembling- this last packet has brought us no further account- but I am sure William & all my friends in England cannot have been idle, & that we must in a few days hear from them by a Convoy or some other means---

your silence my Dearest Madam has made me a little anxious- it seems to me a much longer than usual period since I have had letters- I hope you & Mr. Liston are quite well- and my young friend too- pray do not forget me, if it should only be a line by each opportunity- for you cannot conceive the gratification it is to me to see your hand writing & to hear you are well-- I have had no late accounts from Canada- Mrs. Bowes is still in London-- & in deepest affliction, I feel like a person chained down by the different calls of this family-- for my thoughts & wishes all lend at present towards my Uncle & his distressed family. My nephew John arrived here lately from Portugal in good health- his leave

very short- but it did us good to see him Mary & I have some when he returns of taking Frederick for change of air as far as Lisbon-- The Doctors say, though he now appears recovered, that after his late fever it would be of great use to his constitution John brought with him, my Cousins Favourite Dog--Which poor General Bowes likewise took the charge of--Had you seen John the night of his arrival-- with his highland Soldier Servant leading this Dog--& all the Servants standing around them at the upper gate of our Convent--you would am sure I am sure have been struck as I was, with more sorrow, than joy--at the first

meeting--and my Nephews feelings did honor to his heart not all the happiness of meeting friends whom he had not seen for four years, could drive from his thoughts the scenes at Burgos, and Badajas which he seemed at that moment to feel--& it was not till the next day, that his usual happy temper appeared to be returning I see by the papers the Blake is arrived in England-- but no letters from Colin-- we heard from our friend the Commodore, who I am sorry to say, has had a relapse, & now quite

confined - luckily however surrounded by his own family to nurse & attend him I shall ever dislike Lord Melailee, for the injustice in sending him from this--at the & in the manner he did-- even if he was to get him ten times the advantage here after I hate injustice--and slight of hand tricks-by people high in power--all should be open & Manly Do not think that I write this from a selfish feeling--for tho, I may sometimes miss my respectable walking companion, I assure you I am not quite solitary in my stroll I generally now, go with even new travell Male or female, in the style of the man who asked every Lady in a ball room to dance, "because as he said, it was immaterial who he danced with, all he wanted was the exercise", I am a little more liberal, for I really find joy and often a good deal of amusement in seeing the different parties I escort - appear pleased with their forenoons excursion & it keeps me from dwelling on family matters-- for a few hours at least--so that the spirits have time to recruit--thus my dear

Madam, I am very active, & acting a part to forget myself--& the busy scenes of the day seem to give me happy rest at night- for this I ought to be grateful--indeed I begin to wonder at my Want of feeling- after all I have gone through for my friends-- for though no human being I am convinced would go through more to serve any of them--yet even now--if I am let alone -- for a minute, I can sit in the room with the children--forget the rest of the world & fancy myself and almost happy-- I gave you so very uncomfortable a state of my feelings--that I am anxious to do away unpleasant impressions--for I know the goodness of your kind heart --is equal to the strength of your excellent understanding and therefore allows you sometimes to feel too much for all your friends--I have not quite at present spirit enough to write to you on the subject of your friends the Sterlings as I am sure you would be highly amused with the many anecdotes I have heard of their voyage to Sicily etc., etc., how easily and lightly they bore the expense & troubles during many weeks-- applying to the Navy for all they wanted-- I suppose they will soon return when I shall mention them particularly at present I am writing (as I do every thing else here) in a great hurry- Hard time to know what I have written as my Sister (Who has been much troubled with the asthma lately- & too much inclined to keep the house) has sent for me to attend her a little way up the hill--as she never did such a thing before, I am afraid she may change her mind , if I do not go immediately & the Packet is to sail before an hour hence--Gen. C. has rather been better of late-- Adieu my Dear Mrs Liston accept of all our best wishes for family & Mr. Liston I believe Ever, with the greatest Esteem & regard Your truly Affectionate J. Johnson

If you have to guess at more than half this letter, my apology must be the repeated messages that are calling me to attend my sister.

1812 (This note is out of place & I'm not sure of the date?)

My Dear Madam

The (illegible) has just made her number--and I am only allowed time--to entreat you will come on shore this Evening the Commodore has already ordered his (illegible) to attend, and beds have been waiting for you this twelve month Pray do not delay till tomorrow Ever yours

Most affy -JJ

Tuesday 6 O'Clock

July 1st, 1813

My Dearest Mrs Liston

I hardly know whether I am to date from the cottage or convent for at this point my head seems between the two- & the point of my pen going for England, Lisbon & Constantinople Since I came into Town a few minutes ago (to visit my Sister & Mary who are still here) I find ships are under way for all three parts--and hardly a moment to express ones confused thoughts in -I wished to have told you a tour I lately made which has been very refreshing to mind and body--Mary & I with the Catholic Vicar--Mr. Hughes Lord Bagling & Col. Rutherford set out on mules & went all the way to Granada--& round home by Ronda--I cannot tell you the variety & beauty of the scenery or do half justice in this hurried letter to the civility & hospitality we met with at Malga & every where owing to our excellent vicars protection--& taking us constantly to a Brother vicars mansion instead of indifferent Posadas to repose in--or starve in the day for little is to be had--but in the way we traveled--or carrying things like Soldiers for a day or two fatigues--Mary was an excellent traveler--& much the better for her journey--but I must say something (notwithstanding my hurry) about Caroline--I wish I had time to Copy some very flattering sentences in different letters about her- but more particularly what Lt. Armstrong writes to her father--it is so kind & so good he assures us Lord C. gets daily more & more attached to his new Daughter--That no one can be more popular where she is or beloved by those who know her more intimately She writes equally pleased and happy with every body & every thing--but I must own her letter by this last packet a little surprises me, she seems so anxious to winter here and to bring for her companion Miss Mure, a delightful person- I do not know any one but Miss Mure (illegible) who lived with Lady Exeter--& the great friend of all that set--& I thought a person

person Lord M.--would rather feel shy in meeting--after what had passed but really there is no knowing people of the world--they speak & feel so different from common every day folks--Miss M. --of all people --at her fancy life to like the society of two such young people well enough to leave home Lady Exeter--& his Dear Lady Sophia C

What can all this mean--but for to not notice it - in any of your letters to Scotland--My Sisters with our large family, has no wish for a total stranger--to come with Caroline perhaps she is so intimate with the C-- they may like her to attend the young people--instead of their being alone--but-I cannot make them out-- & only relate to you things as I hear them--by the last packet I had written home, to say I proposed being in England for a short time to meet my Cousin Mc Donell on her arrival from Canada--& poor Mrs. Bowes who is so anxious to do all she can for her Sister & Children--I am quite warm writing in such hustle & bustle & it is well if you can make my letter out but one thing I knew would give you pleasure & therefore I was anxious to tell you I had been from home a little --and benefitted by the change--Genl. C. is at present at the Cottage, he is writing I believe to Mr. Liston & will send you the News of the day from Spain--I am glad even to give this pleasant report - but this I believe same people creditable.

How do you like the Russian Armistice -- Bony can just do What he likes with the Kings of this Earth--I believe he is a real Spirit from below--but how long he will walk - before he destroys the whole World--is the question

Adieu my Dear Madam--with best

Remembrances to Mr L. Ever believe me
your most truly affe ... J. Johnson

Mrs. Mc Donnell is doing well after the birth of a Daughter daily Expected in England ---

I hope our friend Robert Liston is quite well - remember me to him,
To
Mrs. Liston
Constantinople

Convent April 18th, 1814

I would wish my dearest Mrs Liston that my letter may arrive before you are informed, by public report, of our irreparable loss-for I know what you will feel for this family-but thank God my sister supports her heavy affliction with more than common fortitude and Mary's conduct is past my expectation and opens a prospect of comfort & consolation for her surviving Parent--The Boys have good hearts--but too violent--I live in dread for the living & sorrow for the dead. as soon as an opportunity offers-my Sister returns to England --Guy & William also-as General Smith, immediately on finding himself first in command--Struck them both off--one as aid-de Camp the other Military Secretary--They feel this -more from the manner than the Situation

(With Lt. General Colin Campbell deceased, Julia quickly discovered that their status at Gibraltar had taken a serious decline, and they would soon be obliged to leave.)

It is a consolation however to find that the memory of their just & most respected Parent is now lamented by all ranks-Guy had only come out to his situation a fortnight--my passage was taken & all my things on board the Indostan attending on a sick Servant detained me at Southampton--but I arrived at Portsmouth--followed in a boat but could not even get a Merchant Ship to take me on board (Till I could reach my own Ship) Frederick & I had to return late at night to Portsmouth & that day week we followed in the Morlabar--but my Dear friend I am getting the better of my shock--I was too late--it dead calm prevented our landing on Wednesday--but I heard firing--little thinking the cause with a lighter heart than for months back, I prepared the next morning to land--for we anchored at night--no boat seemed inclined to take me on shore--but I cannot enter now into further particulars--the very day before had even deprived me of ever more seeing con---the remains of my much & deeply C friend--to have presented his little son to him-- & soothed his last hours -would have afforded me some consolation --but it was not the will of heaven--& I must be resigned ...

(2)

be resigned to the trials that it seems good to afflict me with-- afflictions & disappointments make the sum of my past life--but I ought to rejoice --as we are told that miseries refresh our souls - as wells of water to the poor traveller--helping him on his weary way to a better land--My Sister talks of the Isle of Wight-but nothing of course at this moment can be certain-& if you send me a line to the care of our mutual friend Mrs. Elliot She will soon hear of me--Mrs. Bowes has just sailed for Canada--She is much better

My visit to her was the only comfort I experienced during my tedious stay in England I left my niece however better and in Devonshire, Where she had passed a quiet winter which had done her much good My friend Lady Campbell is staying with her--They were to have come

here together in October--I trust this stroke, may not be the means of depriving us of another tie, but Caroline is very delicate My mind is made up for affliction yet I pray for a little rest--God Bless you my Dear Madam- and restore you & Mr. Liston soon to your friends in England in perfect health--If I have appeared hither to repress--this is my first letter--since my arrival on the 7th of this sad month-- and only this morning have I read many letters laying here during my absence--the Packet sails this forenoon Remember us to Mr. Liston

I could not forget you & believe me ever Yours most truly & affec. J. Johnson

1816

Dearest Mrs. Liston

I have read & re-read your kindest letter if I could convey to you all I have thought & felt by a wish, you should have heard from me long this,--but you do not know how heavy a task it is for me to take up my pen to so dear a friend for when my heart opens--the whole scene of folly and thoughtlessness appears doubly strong--the fatal loss--came upon us as sudden, and it was

Afflicting --- they deceived themselves, ' I believe that certainly, they deceived us till the last They even wrote after their arrival in London for William to go to town--to bring his sister Mary to Ryde--as the other part of the family was preparing her to pay her visit at Chalmondeley Castle--& then to winter with us--they wrote to us, that at Doder they had all, walked out to Malton Lodge- to visit the house, their Father had lived in while on Staff there ---- on William's going to town, he wrote Ward -that his sister had a cold-that would detain her a day or two

& the next day--that she proposed giving up the journey with Cheshire & coming to Ryde with him & his sister the day following the beds were made- even sheets airing and all in daily, hourly expectation of their arrival--when a letter to me from William begging I would go to town immediately if I could do so, without alarming his Mother-- at once gave me an idea of the truth-I set off that day in the Mail Coach The day after my arrival, I asked Sir Williams Rightous opinion that I might write to my Sister-(though it was unnecessary for my own information--) but certain & prepared as I was, his answer cut me to the soul--"Not a Shadow of Hope Ma'am--II can this horrid sentence be effaced from my recollection--My sister though I would not disguise the truth--seemed to try and impose on herself--however the week following, She too came to town-- We had a Lodging in Clarges Street--Though from the moment of my arrival--her bed side was my post--for though she at first was able to dine at table--& shewd her usual innocent & playful mirth--

(2)

her dreadful bowel complaint--which she had been troubled with before even her arrival at Spa--(and as Doctor consulted for fear of her, as she disliked Physicians--tas th7foolish excuse for remissness that cost her, her life) required a constant attendant at night for near six weeks I never went to bed or felt tired--I would not have resigned my place to anyone-- as she seemed to like my being near her-- in the night she would say to me--Dear Aunt lay on the bed with me--we used to pray together when all were asleep--She kissed my hand one night and said, now while I am able let me thank you for all your kindness to me--I believe I was not half sensible of your goodness in first coining to town but now!---Oh God--how -I thank you--She never shed a tear-though she saw constantly the family about her in Deep Affliction--- to me she said--I cannot cry when I answered - Why Should you my love it

is us-who have cause--you are so good --"No I am a very wicked creature" said the dear innocent --for if ever a Saint went out of this world it was her

Oh my Dear Mrs. Liston--had you seen her sweet countenance when she received the sacrament--& heard the prayers for the Sick--poor Mr Hughes who married them happened to be in London & we sent for him--as pleasing her most--no one could read with more fervour--who felt as he did--bursts of grief came from all parts of the room for Lady C--Lord Henry & our own family were all assembled--when it was over--She bid me call Mr H to her--then putting out her sweet hand, she said, so kind & so mild, "thank you, Mr. Hughes Good Bye--God bless you"--then turned her head without a tear--but such a sincere and heavenly resignation- as Angels only could have from that day the 8th till the 12th- her suffering commenced--and were most serene--even I prayed fervently, for her release--and when the awful moment arrived--witnessed without a tear--all the cold horrors, that follows such a scene in a great House--Where all(on much) is preparation & outward show--I do believe it was this immoderate grief that dried up my tears--& changed my thoughts & wishes from Earth to Heaven Where I almost fancied, Angels had directly Conveyed to

George Horatio Cholmondley, 2nd Marquess of Cholmondley, Earl of Rocksavage, joint hereditary great chamberlain of England, eldest son and heir, born 16 January 1792 died 8 May 1870 and buried at Malpas, no issue. (He would have been 24 years old at this time.)

1st wife, Caroline, dau. of Lieut. General Colin Campbell, Governor of Gibraltar, they were married on 20 October 1812, she died on 12 October 1815, buried at Malpas. (She would have been about 23 years old.)

(3)

and left them--that poor remains to make a scene with-- but pardon this asperity ---
If outward shed & sweet words would do we had no reason to doubt of their affection and deep regret--but I want faith for words without corresponding actions--& who could have seen such a creature & not early taken more care of her--- but it is past now--& he seems to regret it still--with all outward marks of sincerity --he came here last month & only left us on Monday he was here Six Weeks with us--& I must do him the justice to say, no one, in every respect, could behave kinder or better- I trust he is sincere--& likewise in his views of a serious nature--but this is a subject, I beg you not, on any acct even if you hear others hint at it, to notice for the present--he will be laughed at, by some--but not by those who. All his reasons--& view his present mode of life--as well as know his serious reading of late--which his late misfortune --of making him more acquainted with himself-- and convinced him of his past errors--- if he is steady in this --- I shall think better of him --- than ever I have done--& for her dear sake I wish to respect him--for she certainly loved him tenderly--& even at the last hoped her receiving the sacrament would not make him unhappy--here too he behaved well but when I see you in the Spring --- I will say more on this subject --which I now wish to End -I have written much--though all in such haste, that you probably will have to guess half—My health is good --- I have not suffered from anxiety or fatigue I believe --but my head is often very confused from the old pain I wrote to you about--which the Doctors tell me is out of the reach of medicine That it is the thinking nerve over strained, I never heard of this before--but I suppose they are right--& I must learn more patiently to beat my lot--Thank God My Sister & Niece--are wonderfully well and composed--and all the young men though they doated on our Dearest Child- feel that she must be too happy for us to dare to repine at her Early fate--

Guy & John--lately returned from France the former off the Staff --& William at home on Half pay--James has left School—

1816

Ryde May 7th, 1816

It was most welcome news to me my Dear Mrs. Liston to hear from our kind friend last week, of your arrival & health She did not however give me your address & I wrote to William, to enquire if you occupied your old quarters at the Royal Hotel--This morning's post gratified me, by your kind letter, instead of his reply--yet I ought not to say gratify--for I must own, I was rather disappointed--I had indulged the hope, and my Sister flattered herself that you would be induced to change your opinion of this Spot- when viewed in less haste, and at a more favorable season. We have now spent two winters here--and God Knows! sufficient matter to tinge the place with melancholy-(as far as the friend can have an effect) yet we still prefer it, to any other spot in England for beauty & climate

and longed to have the pleasure of seeing you here--but even you have not escaped the misfortunes, that seem to be dealt about so bountifully of late years--that black seems to be the color of nature--I felt much for Mr. Liston & you, when I heard of the trials that awaited you--Do you really go down to Scotland, with an intention of remaining -- tell me frankly--for I like to know ' the worst-- The Campbells have all been in town--& intended coining here to see my Sister--but Mr. John, had much business, & was obliged to leave London for Scotland last week--The Dales are at Henly--but sold Rose Bank, in the course of a few weeks --Mr Given is in town--and very busy as usual--but they leave England--the Boy Allen, to whom you were so kind--would never I believe have done Capt-Austin any credit-- Mr. C. however did not know this--when he took him out of the Navy--to placed him again in a little trading vessel- he is at present in town at some school--an exceeding forward lad, (I mean imprudent) and very mean--I should not be at all surprised if he was to find you out--& push himself into your room--but pray do not give him any encouragement- he is now under Mr. C-'s care--& Mr. Fishers, a friend of his- is to be the leader of the bear next--I have no news to write you, yet cannot forbear sending this letter at once, I feel so anxious

(2)

to express even my Satisfaction at hearing of your being in England--though this pleasure is more from affects of imagination--for probably at Constantinople, I should be as likely to see or hear from you, as Milbourn Tower Scotland, My sisters health is very uncertain, Mary not strong--& a more solid & worldly cause keeps me a prisoner in this little Isle--though this is not necessary to be told to every body--& I sometimes think I will apply to you to give me letters of recommendation in reality--& make my way to the Province of New York--perhaps as a poor old Spinster--they may be kinder to me than our Government--from whom I have Never had to boast--and grant me a bit of land for all we have lost in that country--for I have never fought against them--

My Sister & Mary join me in best respects & remembrances to Mr. Liston--& Every good wish to Yourself My Dearest Mrs. Liston When you have time in Charity send me a line burn this, & believe me Ever Your Truly Grateful & Affect- J. Johnson

James, is now with Lord Rocksavage he went with him to Cholmondeley & Bath--& I believe they returned to London yesterday--he will be home however in a few days--I believe --Guy is in town--they have met few friends-- themselves back

G
9 MY 9
1816

To Mrs Liston
Royal Hotel
Pall Mall
London

1816
Hyde Sept. 28th

Could I have imagined my very Dear Mrs. Liston, that my movements, could have caused so lively and kind an interest-believe me I should have been too agreeably flattered, not to have made you better acquainted with my proceedings. I thought I was obliging you by my silence perhaps it was the gloomy mood I read your last in--but really though it accompanied a beautiful Ring -I thought it said --do not plague me with letters for the present--"I am going to Scotland-have much to do-many friends to see & letters to write" etc., etc.," --I did however gratify my own feelings, by saying how much obliged I felt for your kind remembrance, but my letter was never sent--and now--

perhaps, with my renovated health and more cheerful spirits, I may read your heart -too affectionately--for it warms mine, to feelings & years that I thought had long gone by--for this day however I will indulge myself with this Phantasma goria, happiness -- indeed the pleasure my Sister-Niece, & all the little ones shew at my return as well as the receipt of many kind letters--make me almost fancy I have inhaled a little French Cheerfulness with the fine air I have been breathing these four weeks past--The change of scene too, has certainly been of service--& being entirely removed from the family-& no one with me (Except my Nephew James), for whom I was much interested-has also assisted to tranquilize my constantly agitated mind--I felt -that something must be done

or my constitution-(strong by nature) must have sunk under the constant scene of anxiety disappointment & vexation- we have had to encounter since our return to England- and I sincerely wish I could prevail on my poor Sister to try my remedy-& leave her family to my care for a little--but she will not move unless surrounded by all her Children, which, in other words--is travelling with her cares & difficulties--She has-& does ---struggle wonderfully- to fight through the injustice of the World--Had I remained ---Mary & her- Would have grown quite dull --even my little exertion - assists to keep them up--Is there no hope of our being revived by a sight of you here--do try & come-or if you positively cannot--tell me when you are to be in town ...

(2)

are to be in town- I will go in the basket to see you & Mr. Liston once more—Pray write to me soon-about your movements-- & with best remembrances from all here to you & Mr. Liston believe me Ever Most truly your Grateful

& Affect-te Julia Johnson

G
I OC 1
1816

OCT

B,4M
1816

Add 1
1/2

To Mrs Liston Millburn Tower near Edinburgh

The hint you have
given of Lady Co--I shall Ryde Oct,r 25th 1816
keep likewise as a secret—

My Dear Lady Liston---

Had I seen the papers yesterday in time, for past hour--I certainly should have entitled myself to the honor of hearing from you--for I should also have written this day - to thank you for your kind letter, which I have just received

Allow me now, to congratulate, Sir Robert, & you, on the honors bestowed-& I may add, justly merited- indeed I have often looked in the Gazette--for his name—my own idea of merit & justice leading me to Expect it should be there--but as I am not always gratified in my wishes and Expectations--I feel now double pleasure in wishing you joy--for let those who have not honors themselves, affect what coolness they will--they are very pretty things in this World--& all sensible people, must feel the value they are of, to persons in high Situations--T do not know however that I quite wish you to return to Constantinople, try our little Isle first--it is milder than Devonshire in winter--& the Spa -that has been of late years discovered, is in great repute. --Mr. Burnell & many delicate people, have tried it with much benefit--do come & visit us for a week-& you can taste the waters here--Your friends the Miss Montutttes--arrived at Ryde, the day after I wrote to you last--but only remained a few hours we did not receive the letter they brought till dinner time--& though out of rule for a first visit- yet my Sister & I went immediately to Yelf's Hotel--Where the party were--we fancied them just concluding their meal-& preparing to return to

Newport or Cowes-- they were not then quite determined in their Winter quarters--but he invalid(who they said was much better,) prepared(preferred) either, of their places, to our pretty Village Had they remained here, I assure you, my Sister would have paid them every attention in her power. I am glad, you have at last, seen my friend Lady Campbell, but with that title, you will be surprised to hear--that I have never had the slightest intimation of her future intentions

(Except the sentence your letter conveys)

(2)

& as you do not mention the Gentleman's name--I am still quite at a loss to guess who the person can be--She writes often-but always neatly written, contrives to fill her paper - without one word of confidence, or news--She ever close--with an outside shew, of great frankness --but I think most of the Scotch are the same--The Campbells & the Dales--with all their friendship & affection-- even keep secrets--if it is only a leg of mutton, they have ordered for dinner--all this, is so opposite to my nature & conduct--that I can hardly comprehend it- sufficient to admire the extreme prudence of the North--I would not venture to make such a remark to you, was I not always led by your superior conduct--& knowledge of the World--to fancy you a Citizen of the World & not a mere Scotch woman if I have however said anything wrong

G
280C28
1816

Lady Liston
Millburn Tower
near Edinburgh

pray excuse me --for I have not time to write another letter, or even, to read this over before post hour-& can only in haste assure you of my Sister & Mary's congratulations which they beg you will offer to Sir Robert & accept yourself my Dear Lady Liston

My grateful & Affectionate Love

Julia Johnson

Ryde Novr.12th1816

The mystery is now out--My Dear Lady Liston--So you are a Foreigner!!! and that is the reason we all love you so much--Mary begs, you will send your pedigree for she cannot believe that you have not one Drop of Scotch blood in your veins, and She longs to have it ascertained, she is so partial to every body and every thing out of this cold climate but as we are rather warmer than you at present, pray make no long lest we should be too much frost bitten to shew the warmth that glows within-- Do not my Dear Madam believe for a moment--that I am losing my relish for life--though I may have met with a few disappointments enough to chill most hearts & damp most friendships--it is not in a letter

however that I mean to trouble you with these subjects--should we have the pleasure of seeing you here (as I still will hope) they may serve for a few hours conversation---I assure you I am not grown morose on the contrary I rather wonder at times, how any body(not quite a fool)-can be so easily amused & even made happy as I am at moments--with nothing real--and many positive troubles staring me in the face, that I cannot for my life attend to--For instance, there is the *Glasgow Bank failed,-(I mean a man in it) just to spite me--& deprive me of the very little independence I had left-

*(*This is where Julia mentions her loss of money. A clerk by the name of Charles More had defrauded the bank of £2,500, by removing small sums and tinkering with the records. His son John learned of his father's theft, but was unchastened by it, and later became an even bigger problem for the bank. In 1816 he was the Glasgow manager and the branch was found deficient for a very large sum.)*

but pray say nothing on this subject--All last Winter I wrote & begged for the money (not from doubt but real want of the cash) & neither my own letters, or the Dear Dales could procure me a reply--so that the small sums that I occasionally received was from them or Mr. Owen--On his & their accts much more than my own, I sincerely hope matters may turn out better than Expected--but pray do not notice this subject, from your real pennyless friend - with still a lighter & happier heart than ever--Depending now solely on that being, who telleth not a sparrow fall to the ground without some wise purpose--but having made you acquainted with my troubles,

*Information on Major- Gen Sir, Guy Campbell, 1st Baronet
Acceded: 22 MAY 1815*

Died: 26 JAN 1849

1. Married 17 JAN 1817 to Frances Elizabeth Burgoyne

2. Married 21 NOV 1820 to FitzGerald, Pamela

Child 1: Campbell, Emily, -b. IV33

Child 2: Campbell, Madeline Caroline Frances Eden

Child 3: Campbell, Frederick Augustus, Capt., b. 15 MAR 1839

(2)

I will not keep from you an Event, (Which soon to take place) that I have only this post heard of myself--Guy, has made proposals & been handsomely received, by a very sensible accomplished woman-Whose smallest merit does not consist in her being a very Great co-heiress - eventually she will have about 80-or 90 thousand pounds her Father & Mother, well pleased with her choice-- They are an old family of great respectability- and my Sister is quite delighted with her son's prospect of real happiness--he has known the Lady some time-- & went this last visit by particular invitation from the family Though not a Scotch woman, I think,(till the Gentleman-&-Lady wish the facts known) You had better not mention it to any one Except Sir Robert-who I am sure - from your friendship to us-- will feel it a subject of pleasing intelligence Since I wrote to you last-I have had an open letter, I mean a frank one from Lady C. The Report you mention is quite true- & she seems to say it would now distress her to relinquish the idea of the marriage- so not knowing any thing of the Gentleman I can best congratulate - & hope for her happiness.

I heard from Mrs Bowes lately, as late as 23rd of September--All well in Canada I trust you will let me know as soon as your destination is fixed for the Winter unless, to meet you-- I shall not go to town. I don't find with my fortune - travelling very convenient-& I do not like at my time of life to be amusing myself at other peoples Expense- Yet to see you, I could bear a little debt obligation to my Sister--Who I must say, is ever ready to advance for my comfort--Accept her best love--& Mary writes in best Regards to Sir Robert-believe me my Dear Lady Liston, Ever Yours

Most & Affectionately

Julia Johnson

NOV

W (17) M	To Lady Liston	N
1816 Add 1/2	Millburn Tower	4 0
	near	14
	Edinburgh	1816

I have just had a hurried letter from my friend Ms Elliot- to Whom I shall enclose this-I am sorry she commenced -being an invalid-so Early in the Season.

Ryde Feby 5th 1817

My Dearest Lady Liston

We have only now to Pray for wind & weather favouring your kind intentions --I have just written to Lady Grey--and I am sure the Yatch (yacht) will be ready on Saturday forenoon to

bring you over-- only favor me with a line to say Which Hotel you stay at- Some or one of our friends will meet you before you can ascend the Hill at Hyde-& I think that a comfortable bed room within One door of us--will be more agreeable than the Hotel but of that you shall determine on arriving- The idea of seeing you so soon --gives me pleasure & pain--I feel so sorry at the idea of your short visit—but Mary rejoices even for that, & my Sister begs me to say to you & Sir Robert how truly happy she will be to see you here on Saturday ----- I will not trouble you with another line--Except love to Mrs. Elliot--Who I hope is better believe me
Dearest Lady Liston Ever Yours Most Affly

Julia Johnson

I am really better as you shall hear when I have the pleasure of conversing with you

G
6 FE C
1817
To Lady Liston
James Hotel
James Street
London s

Ryde Feby 14th, 1817

My Sister & all the family beg kindest Remembrances to you & Sir Robert--to Whom I request likewise to be named--

While you were present my Dearest Lady Liston--I could not half express how much we felt obliged by Sir Robert & your most kind visit--though I fear, I rendered it less pleasant than it might have been--but I will not apologize, I know the Excellence of your heart-& can believe you derived more satisfaction from bestowing kindness--than receiving pleasure--I looked after you long and shed many tears - which with me, of late do not flow very easily--My heart seems almost spent--in useless, endeavours to make others happy while nobody thinks for me--but I will not tire you with this

dull selfish subject--indeed I do not think I would have written today, till after Guy & his Lady had made their appearance(to have rendered my letter more acceptable) but I intend to frank this through a Cousin of mine--now in town for a few days--I shall request him to call with it- as I wish you to see him--he is the last now of my Uncles family, (the males I mean) -who are worth thinking about--and I am rather proud of him--he is so very amiable, and good looking--he was with

Sir John Malcolm through France but from his quiet manners you would never find out--that he had seen any part of the world--and is as good- as if he had not been educated in cold England--he talks of going to Canada in May--With the late luck of his fathers family he is now a Captain on half pay after many years Service--but his Father intends to lease h---- almost all his property in Canada The Elder Brothers being not worth, his name or fortune. Excuse all this about the only member of my family for whom I feel a warm attachment I hope to hear from you soon and I long to be informed that you caught no cold --the weather yesterday--was mild

I wished much for you here- while

I followed your advice & took a little walk on our terrace - This morning the wind is high--that I almost fear

Lady Liston
St James Hotel
St James Street

avored by Capt. Johnson--

the brightness of the sun - will hardly tempt them to cross today- Yet we are looking out occasionally for the Yatch (yacht) --believe me my Ever Dear Lady Liston Your most truly Affectionate
Julia Johnson

Pray return me the enclosures note-to which my Sister has given me to read- and which I shall keep as a talisman to prevent my ever more saying an unkind word of the person who would of himself act ----- tenderly than me -----

Ryde Feby 26th 1817

It is impossible to express to you my Dearest Lady Liston how much I felt the kindness of your last communication that I had earlier in life -been near you for any length of time - to have been enabled to enjoy your friendship--but Your present kind attention to my feelings is doubly gratifying - because I do not so much deserve your consideration as those, who have long known all I have suffered-& yet you alone now render me the only favor that can be received --Oh how I feel your goodness your own heart-which so warmly entered into my past Afflictions and anxieties --can best judge- what I now feel for you-- you seem alone left to me in this World of coldness-selfishness-pride-or meanness-but this reads more like anger than I at

present feel--thank God- my ill will to all the world is past--I am only so very sensible of the kindness you have done me--that I cannot help making comparisons--How easily might any of my Nephews have corresponded with our late aide-de-camp-common civility - would alone have made it proper--but though they are all most anxious for my health & very Affectionate the feelings of real attachment is most felt--is not known in the present day contempt is rather mixed with any such idea--especially if the person be past the age of looks--for mind is not known --- Excuse this long waste of your time--pray when you are not too much engaged-let me hear from you--even a bit of paper with your name, will be more welcome to me - than all the letters I can receive ...

from others--I delivered your kind message to my Sister & family who were much pleased that Sir Robert & you were so good as to say you were pleased with your short visit this cold season--it was indeed truly obliging your coming to us at such a time What happiness (if such a word I may use-) would it be to me to have you near us- you do not mention your destination--are Ministry still silent. They do not wish to lose Sir Roberts well tried & valuable service- and yet probably they are so selfish and mean-that they wish to take advantage of his handsome offer -to bestow his Situation on some worthless person whose services must be bought - to make him serve--or prevent him injuring his country if not bribed by a good situation--My thoughts of the world are not too favourable-I have not written to you since the

arrival of my Nephew & his Lady-She is all the World say of her & very pleasant but between ourselves-I am much Mistaken if I have not lost a Nephew instead of gaining a

Niece by this Council yet she is particularly civil & polite to me but I do not feel that I can even love her. Though I see nothing to disapprove of on the contrary--Every thing that ought to be done--not neglected--and a great appearance of good will--this entirely to yourself--My opinion is only ten days character & may be -like many of my foreseen fancies --very erroneous-which I hope in this instance may be the case--William is exceedingly pleased with her & indeed she seems to approve of all the males of the family I think--& will always be happy to have them about her-but according to my present idea-no consideration would tempt me to be obliged to her--even for a journey to town I would prefer being obliged to Lord R

What short sighted creatures we are & how little to know -what would make us happy--I thought from all I had heard--that now indeed our utmost wishes could not exceed the good that was daily to arrive - in the new relation--Yet here she is--& except hoping , that Guy may be happy & prosperous-I see no other advantage by this new connection--& I own I feel a disappointment--What will become of my Dear little Frederick - if I and my Sister should early be removed from ho---& the poor little girls--you see I place myself first for leaving this World-though my complaints are not now what they were some months back Yet that stupor & heaviness cannot belong to health--& I am in doubt what ails me--& yet fret - that I cannot be of use to my Sister or the Children as I used to be-- I have no enjoyment but in staying in my room--or resting on my bed--where I am now writing--

Adieu my Dearest Lady Liston remember
us all to Sir Robert in the kindest
Manner & likewise your
Most Obligated & Truly Affectionate J. Johnson

x from many quarters & I fancy his head is certainly taken up with the business

By a letter from my Cousin Capt. Johnson I find he delivered the letter - but did not present it himself as I requested he is going I believe to be married to a Daughter of Admiral Griffiths (without any cash but he thinks his plans are secret- though I have heard the news.)

1817

Ryde Monday

I have attempted to write to you several time today-but I cannot Express all I feel therefore God Bless you Dearest Lady Liston & may we all meet again My sister & Mary join me in Every kind wish- to yourself & Sir Robert- I will write when I can find anything to say--but everything seems daily to lose interest in my estimation--& I fear even to tire my friends--once more adieu

Ever your Affectionate and grateful ----

Julia Johnson

To Lady Liston
St Jamess' Hotel
St James's Street

You might indeed my Dear Lady Liston have passed a year or two in Scotland without our meeting--but my imagination (Which is all I have had to Exist on through life-) might have allowed me to hope on--from week to week--till that period arrived--but now the certainty of your going abroad--prevents even false hopes--two Years-- What I have not lost in less than that period--When I looked after you from our pier--I felt the certainty of what has now been ordered--& being alone--I allowed myself-unrestrained tears- & many bitter ones, such as I have shed this Morning--followed your hack--but my good wishes take also--May the journey be of real service to Sir Robert--as well as yourself--The variety of air--as well as sun & freedom from the press of business must be beneficial to both--believe me, when you take your departure you leave nothing to replace you in my grateful & affectionate feelings I had a letter from Lady C. by this same post- it is much longer than yours--& full of word- but I do not feel one of them--it seems a poor patchwork--without substance no real heart or soul in it -except for self--but

I am wrong perhaps to judge of her at this moment--when she appears entirely taken up--with her future prospect – which she says she looks forward to--with the greatest satisfaction--not one word in it- connected with my present state of mind--only a wish to hear of my health--& a particular acct., of my new situation--which I have not sent her nor shall I--for I own , she is too like herself--to allow me to hope for real comfort in her--as the head of the family economy seems the order of the day in that alone she differs—I believe now propose leaving this on the 14th and I shall be relieved--for I see she wishes to be surrounded with more coats--than this place affords--(though a correct staid manner) even James is preferred to day of the females of the family--though outwardly very civil--& too easy almost without friendship or reward--but she will be popular--& every one will speak well of her--which I see is her wish with all this--I think she has thrown herself away on Guy--& yet he has a number of great & good qualities--this reads contradictory and yet I feel it is all a just & clear account I can never love her--I fear -tho' I shall try.

Adieu my Dear Lady Liston, I do not write this to trouble you with a reply--you have me one Epistle--for that--I shall wait- Many Many thanks for your endeavours--this I fear from the Character of the Lady--that you may not be successful- in the application--I own my heart is set on it--x

x but whether you succeed or not- I never shall forget your exertions--and kindness--but your fixed departure was the object of my present writing--for that I felt too much- not to express some part of my regret-- excuse my troubling you

and believe me Ever
Your most affectionately

JJ

To
Lady Liston
St James Hotel
St James Street

Many thanks my dearest Lady Liston for your most kind enquiry about my health-I feel much better without having had the Expence & plague of a journey to town, or voyage to Southampton, & I trust I may not have cause to repent my remaining here- I never intended being at Guy's marriage-but was prepared to accompany Lord Rocksavage to town at that time, to consult about my health-the day however was so severe-that it was not thought advisable that I should venture to cross the water my journey to town was twice planned & put off and now I think your visit to the Isle-will be much more efficacious, than any advice, I might obtain by straying from home-I trust therefore that we are to see you-I could wish it might be for weeks-yet I feel myself so partial to the mild climate that we have both been in that I hardly know how to be selfish enough to wish you to remain in this country -but I long to know how your plans are to be decided & in the meantime, will try & think only of seeing you-my mind as well as body requires recruiting--How sorry I am to hear of my dear friend Mrs. Elliots frail state of health, I thought when I saw her last-she was very much changed for the worse-poor Mrs Ritches death I understood, was quite a sudden thing- what was the illness you alluded to-? the last time I heard her spoken of- was from the Dales-they mentioned her as quite a happy gay person even dancing at bulls--& this was the only winter before they left Scotland--My sister & Mary desire me to thank you for your kind messages Etc., they are about as impatient as myself to see you & Sir Robert -to whom we all beg to be remembered-your acquaintance William is with us at present-Guy we expect in about a fortnight or three weeks-he is at a Cottage at Hampton Wick near Kingstone by his own acct most happy from all we hear of the Lady, we have every reason to be quite pleased with his choice--& I am happy to hear that her friends likewise equally satisfied with hers--Adieu my dearest Lady Liston--this seems a stupid Epistle, yet even to write it, seems to me an exertion of intellect- that I have not been able of late to call forth--for I seldom can fix myself to think or write even to those I love most dearly & you may believe me when I say how truly I am Your Most Affectionate

Julia Johnson

to Lady Liston
Ryde March 6th 1817

My Dearest Lady Liston

Forgetting your former agreement of two letters (on my part-) for one-I have been anxiously Expecting to hear from you, for though you may not think the note, I enclosed you of any value--I should be glad to know that it, as well as my own letter, had arrived safe- as we lately have had great cause to complain of this office-- & I sent your letter under cover to Sir Robert - through the Foreign Office --- I know you have many things of moment to engage your time- and that you will possibly wonder, at my impatience - but little things are great to little people

and I have been very anxious to know that my letter was safe--but still more so- to hear something of your plans-Is there nothing decided--Pray favor me--with a line--your last-I have read--& re-read--each time, feeling more & more obliged to you-for so truly entering all my wishes, in your several enquiries Have you since, heard or seen any body or any thing connected with the subject? William is now in town--he went last Saturday-but I understand Mr. Burnell with whom he is staying is not well, this I conclude confines him to the house--for I do not find he has seen any friend of yours--& he has only sent a few hurried lines-not worth reading--he is a kind good creature however-& possibly you may have Seen him--as he talked of waiting on you immediately--Guy & his Lady are to leave us the 1.8th for Mark Hall - to visit her friends- She improves -on acquaintance--but I shall not be sorry when She

goes away--the weather has been so dreadful--that it is enough to disgust her with this place--and makes him much less agreeable than he would be else Where--they cannot even take a ride or walk This morning we had Snow, hail & rain & it is now severely cold--I have followed your advice in part-& kept much by my own fire side--The voyage to Southampton--the weather has not ...

(2)

admitted of--John has been suffering with rheumatism-& Mary & some other members of the family with sever colds

I hope, Sir Robert & you have escaped these troubles--& that you will tell me so, if it is even no more than a line you are able to write by the next post--I have not heard from Lady C-for ages or indeed any body--I feel quite alone in a house full of young people—My hour of rest my only comfort Adieu my Dearest Lady Liston-remember me Ever most affly to Sir Robert--and believe me Your truly attached & obliged
Julia Johnson

My Sister & Mary always enquiring about you & anxious to be informed of your plans for the next year--

G
7 MR 7
1817

to Lady Liston
St James Hotel
St James Street
London

1817

Ryde March 1.3, 1817 I was afraid to open your letter this morning my Dearest kindest Lady Liston never having had the slightest wish of my heart gratified, I thought it impossible that your application could succeed--and now thank you, most sincerely for all your goodness--I shall be anxious till I hear of your visit- it was exactly what I was wishing might take place--and I some how hope you may see her and hear something of her Daughter--who when a child- I was told, resembled her other parent--The Boys I have seen they are heavy looking--very unlike --& yet now & then an Expression --I write by this days post to beg you may not send the parcel to Mrs. Stewarts -who I am sorry to tell you has been

extremely ill--I only heard of her having been confined with a feverish cold--too prevalent at this season to give any serious alarm-& was therefore very much shocked yesterday to find by Mr.Stewarts' letter that she had been attended by several Physicians--and only that day considered better--I do not believe that even William, though in town-knows of her illness--as he does not very much enjoy their serious set--& the distance prevents his going often that way--he is now living with his friend Mr. Burnell at Lord Gwydirs White Hall,-- Will you put the essence of otto into a small parcel & give it to his care for his Mother- he will find an opportunity of sending it--but, the prints, I should wish by the CoachT-if booked it is the safest & A most expeditious mode of conveyance--but not if there should be any scent with them--as the people on the water side --are so very watchful that they often in mistake seize -

things from town-that have come from abroad originally and particularly scent -they soon find out-they were so ridiculous- as to give my Sister some trouble to get back a box of tea from Twinings in the strand--though the print was inside- because they did not at a moment find it- I write this long history anxious to save my prints being stopped owing to the scent that might have accompanied them--Direct the parcel to Mrs. Campbell without fear--I will open it -- as I shall watch for it--and

(2)

till ----- is arrived -yet my name at Mrs. Campbells--- will do as well I promise most faithfully & gratefully to comply with your request--and move-- should any chance - allow me to possess another of these prints--I shall then send it to you-to save your kind conscience and you will have it at Millbourn -

I had a letter this morning from William he says he met Capt. B. in the street-(they were old Brother aid-de-Camps at Gibraltar) looking still very ill-& that he was going to call on lady -- --- who he understood was in town--William came to England in the same Ship with her--from Lisbon-but from young men--one cannot ask-or hear much--he thought her pleasant & droll-but never spoke with respect --such as his rank & situation in life ought to claim-& I long to hear of the Daughters fate & Character Guy & his Lady do not leave us till the end of next week--My Sister had a very Severe spasm the other night & he most kindly-& instantly put off his departure a week (blank) society might do her good-- he is now much better-indeed as well as usual --but I was pleased with this trait

& her readiness in complying--tho evidently anxious to see her friends who are Expecting his' (blank) I am always happy when I can write anything good or pleasant & with this sensation, I will conclude my letter, begging you to believe that you have not a little contributed to it.. Believe me Ever

Miss Grey is with us for a week-she is a cheerful good natured girl & therefore will oblige Mary to make a little Exertion---

My Dearest Lady Liston Sincerely Your Grateful & Most Affectionate
Julia Johnson

I have a little parcel for you that I shall lend to William's care

G
14 MR 14
1817

To
Lady Liston
St. James Hotel
St James Street
London
Ryde March 18th 1817

My Dear Lady Liston,

I went yesterday to Portsmouth with Guy & Lady Campbell- (so far on their way to Mark Hall-) on my return in the Evening--I might have opened your packet, but waited till all the house were at rest. If he was like the picture latterly- I am sure his honors, have not made

him happy, for I never saw such an altered brow--When I knew him first, his countenance was forever lighted up--and his mouth in smiles, shewing the finest teeth and Expression possible--fine fair hair shaded the upper part of his face--now bold -& strongly marked with serious thinking--quite unlike his natural character-- but I will not take up more of your time on this subject but to offer you again--my sincerest thanks for the melancholy gratification you have afforded me-- nor while I am in existence--can I ever I think feel less sensible of your friendly exertion to procure me--this long wished for picture--My Sister has not yet seen Millburn -as soon as she rises--she will have that pleasure--it shall be framed for our little parlour- When I can often have it in my view--John leaves us today & is to be the bearer of a little packet--which I fear you will not value--but write me frankly--and do not let any one in town see it--I mean the Dales, who I find are just arrived at Alfred Place--for I once promised it to Julia--but do not feel that she likes me--or I her--sufficiently for me to wish it in her possession--Should my little niece & name sake survive us both--she will perhaps value it much from you -----Mrs Stewart is much better I hear and We are all here tolerably well--I consulted a Physician yesterday at Portsmouth--by my friends wishes--he seems not to be alarmed about my tropical symptoms--but thinks the vessels about the heart -have been over charged--or some such thing that causes the blood to flow congealing which I am to take things for--as he says, he thinks he can be of some use--

(2)

at present however--I feel & seem quite well -- except the beating of my sides when I lay down at night --- adieu Dearest friend--write me your plans that I may at least follow you on the map - for my thoughts will be travelling with you--and my wishes for your return offer our kindest remembrances to Sir Robert & believe me Ever Your Grateful & Affectionate

Julia Johnson

My Sister -has just received your view -& desires me to offer you every kind Wish -& many thanks for your pretty present which we shall all value - They too send love.

To
Lady Liston
St. James Hotel
St James Street
London

Ryde March 27th

I am almost ashamed to trouble you with three letters for one, my Dearest Lady Liston, when I can easily imagine your time too much enjoyed at present, even to be able to carry on your necessary concerns--yet the idea of your so soon being out of reach of my immediate attacks- makes me seize any plea as an excuse for writing to you--Have you received a small parcel I sent to my nephews' care a week since? He has not attended to any of my other requests--which rather vexes me, he had so good an opportunity of gratifying me, had he chose to be decently civil & obliging--you promised to let me hear from you once more--Pray mention if you have ever met the Lady--as I hear she is

now dinning out at parties--& conclude therefore, though I have never seen any thing of it in the papers--that the last ceremony must have been performed was it at West Minister Abbey

or St. Paul's & this is the last trouble I will give you my most kind friend on this subject--and now--pray promise to write to me (as often as you can spare a few moments) about yourself--there can be no intelligence more grateful to me--than to hear of Sir Robert & your prosperous journey voyage etc., --if you should be a day or two at Marsailles--& wish to see any one unconnected with State attentions--you would find the Murrays most kind & excellent beings--without your head or purpose but a great deal of warmth of heart--which I find getting rather a scarce commodity in these days--of pomp and shew--I send the enclosed note

which you can put into the fire--if you do not wish the plague of seeing strangers if otherwise let your Servants take it as it is merely to say we are all tolerably well & mention that you are on your way to Constantinople- I have also sent a letter for our friend the Commodore when you see him--or write to Malta I told you in my last news Guy & Lady were at Mark Hall--John & Colin are likewise invited there--the males seem to be approved of--much--& they seem ...

(2)

pleased - & I trust may continue so---though I doubt-(between ourselves) that Guys great sense -has quite met a companion, or his taste perfectly suited-how different did I view this Marriage, till I saw the parties together. The idea of my uncertain health Made me hope I had found a home- or a friend for the girls--but this one does not in the least answer my wishes in that respect--and again my mind is unsettled & uncomfortable I had a spasm yesterday, which confined me to my bed

where I am now writing--as rest is the only thing that does me good--the least sudden flurry in the house--sends the blood to my head--or my heart--with such pain--that I am obliged to take to my room--I am now well again but resting --I feel in a cruel state--long habit & natural affections with a strong sense of duty--ties me down to this house-- even a few nights absence - or one - makes me now dread consequences --some calamity at my return--and on the other hand my reason tells me, that absence & rest--is the only possible means of my existing in tolerable health now--that my have been so stricken - Reason that would do others good--injures my present state - as at assures me, things can never mend--pardon this long confidential lament-- & pray burn it immediately--the trying ever to appear happier than I can feel--is one of the miseries I must continue to endeavor not to make those about me more wretched for though they worry me to death almost & yet when ill - their kindness is in the same degree--

again let me request you my Dear Madam to throw my letter into the fire yourself. I am determined to suppress--even my laments to you--you will know when I am tolerably comfortable or otherwise by a few words--but I will not torment you by particulars--you can well imagine that an active mind & warm feelings must be a part of self tormentor under better prospects--but with mine What have I to look to--I cannot (ot blank) Want my every thing myself.

My (blank d) gets Eng (blank) bled with my circumstances and I am ashamed of myself--when reason

& religion make me a little patient--

(3)

But -adieu --My Dear Lady Liston--say everything kind to Sir Robert from all here--indeed - you cannot Express more than they wish me to say & I am sure they feel for you both--I

wrote to Mrs Elliott a long history about Madame-I thought it might amuse her--O it was a fact -she is often foolish--but comes too again--

and then goes on quiet for some weeks at present she seems happy with a new red Shawl -& this gives me more rest--Remember me to Mrs. Elliott & believe me Ever Yours Most Truly Affectionately JJ.

To
Lady Liston
St. James Hotel
St James Street

Should you see William do not touch on any subject of mine--he has not the talent of hearing & keeping -and at present his head is too much taken up with trifles.

1817

Ryde April 16th 1817

My Dear Lady Liston,

The day after I wrote to you last,I received your kind letter, anticipating most of the questions T had asked--

How is it possible, that with a World of public, and private concerns of your own-you can enter so entirely into the wishes & feelings of Every one--for T cannot flatter myself that I am a singular instance of your active kindness, though I feel it as much--indeed the contrast is too striking between my former friends civil words--& your friendly zeal --which I never shall forget--and trust this is a sufficient apology for troubling you at present with the subject -as it really does me good to be able, while you are still near-to tell you how much

I love you-and Oh how much I regret your absence--Mrs Elliot wrote to me last week--offering a bed at her house-& giving me the hope of meeting you yesterday at dinner-I own the idea, was very tempting & I often said to myself--oh for Wings-or a purse-- but neither, as it has turned out, would have been of any service-- for I have been for the last three days confined to my bed--with pain in my head-cold & face--Though better today, I could not have ventured on the water--and therefore I am content to be patient -& bear all my disappointments. Yesterday the Dales sent a parcel and in it your present to my Sister—She begs to return you her best thanks & many kind wishes from her & Mary

for your safe arrival at Constantinople to which I must add & your happy return to this country--but you have me once , or twice to let me hear from you still-& pray if you have time do not fail--for I prize your letters more than I can Express--to seem to be near you I am just now searching for every book that contains any account of Constantinople that I may follow you in my minds eye- I have read Gibbon & Semple- can you name any more that you think would afford me amusement and information'?--for I feel like a child wanting to go to School-or rather a

(2)

earnest wish to forget myself-& by following those I love derive some interest, out of my own forlorn fate—anything you tell me, will be interesting-scribble only a paper with your staves-

-I shall then at night set down & search for the places, as if I had never heard of them before-
so different do we see & feel Where a friend is can (blank)even on a journey

My sister talked of going to France in June but I doubt our accomplishing such a move in so
large a body,-- & without all the family-She will not stir from Ryde--you may therefore
venture to direct here--or my friend Mrs. Elliot's care, when you have any thing particular to
say & she will enclose it safe-as she will always know my address--though there could be

Our last --
Sir Robert--

G
71 AP 17
1817

To
Lady Liston
St. James's Hotel
St. James Street
London

Little (blank) of losing my letters, I should hope
at this post office--when my Dear Lady Liston
destroy my stupid (blank) but keep in
remembrance the sincere & Most Affectionate
Attachment of your Truly Obligated Friend

Julia Johnson

I have one request to make Grant it as ask-a simple lock of your hair-in your next letter--

1817

Ryde April 23rd 1817

My Dear Lady Liston--

I am afraid you will think me very troublesome with my letters-But not having heard from
you- I conclude you are still in town - and perhaps your time still uncertain-I therefore write
merely to tell you, that I had a letter today from our Lady C--who I find is now in town-at No.
32 Park Street Grosvenor Sqr. I did not hear of it till this morning and as you once said you
would

favor her by a visit, if I informed you of her arrival I think it right to do so--though more than
probable--that your time may be too much occupied to allow you almost to think on the
subject--How I long to hear from you--I have not had a line since before the dinner that you
were going to, some where in the Country to see your friend Mr. Calgnehown--I would put
these hurried lines under cover-but I believe Lord R-is Still at Bath- believe me Yours Ever
Most Truly & Afft J-J-__

I am much better-but pray send me a line soon--The Greys were all here this morning & prevented my writing till now--past post hour They say Ryde is gay-Many Military-but I have not been outside the street to this fortnight-and not likely to wish it now

G
24AP 24
1817 to Lady Liston
 St. James Hotel
 StJames. Street
HYDE London
80

1821
Private

(Julia Johnson was 50 years old when she wrote this serious private letter.
"Job in the bible, despite great suffering and adversity, kept his faith in God.")

You are truly one of Job's friends my dearest Lady Liston, but I am sure you do not mean to be unkind. My lot is indeed a novel one. I feel it is such for it does not improve as years roll on and friends drop off Would to God that you could help me, to the blessing of independence you need not fear my future disposition to distribute, I only feel to lonely, the Evils of poverty the little and from friends & the decline of warm affections, where wants become known, This I have found to be almost generally the case, Except my dear friend Mrs. Ellice, who under all changes, appears to love me and I am sure to the utmost of her power would serve me, I wrote to you some time since, that her son, who is a great friend of Mr. Arbuthnott, I spoke to him about my affairs, his reply was not favourable had every Ministerial friend been at hand to have second my cause but I have none, Even my Sister cannot get her nearest relatives to serve her, Lord R (Rocksavage) made great promises, when we were last in town, but I believe it was to get us out of the way, as his own affairs & his religious pursuits occupy, all his thoughts William had presented a memorial to Mr Arbuthnott, in which I was joined with my sister's claims, & something hoped for indeed Mr. A when William left town (for Italy where he now is with his family for three years) if they are spared so long) appeared to be as well disposed to serve us as when Mr. Ellice, Mentioned me, the Winter before, but to strengthen the cause, My Sister begged Lord Rocksavage to write to him, Which he certainly did for I saw the letter go to the Post Office he also promised to get Lord Cholmondeley to speak to Mr. Arbuthnott, you may perhaps know, that his first wife was Lord C's (Cholmondeley) niece, & the families live on the best terms), to make my story short, When we left London last, We Naturally had hopes from these promises, but very soon after our arrival here, Lord R's (Rocksavage) letters began to be filled with his

(2)

own concerns, & when our business was touched on, it was in despair he will not send us Mr. Arbuthnott's reply, but he gives no hope, only Adds, "I hold myself bound my dear Mrs. C (Campbell) some time hence to speak to Lord Liverpool about your Daughters, and thus stands matters now, my Dearest Lady Liston, Don't you think it a cruel case, ' I mean my own and my poor Sister, really cannot help me, nor get on her own girls her little Capital is

clearly diminishing trusting to false hopes, for as my nephews settle, their own family cares completely occupy their concerns for we cannot live on kind letters & prudent advise, Lord R,(Rocksavage) deals more in substance, for the first promise that he made seven years since, of giving a certain sum, he performs, though till this year. The boys alone benefited, under this obligation it appears ungrateful to find fault but a little interest exerted for my Sister & her Daughters, on their first coming home, would have made them comfortable & independent instead of being now wasted in false hopes & bowed down by the very obligations. Do you think my Dear Lady Liston with these late changes, that you could in any way assist my memorial I would go with it myself & beg if I had any one person to accompany me to Lord Liverpool, for I feel my Situation so cruel & unjust, that I think no good man with power could refuse to give me the trifling independence that I require for the few years I have to spend on Earth, anxiety added to years, would make it a trifling Donation, to give me from the public fund. I ask not for more than is given to their Domestics every day, When it pleases the whim of their Lord to get them a situation, Pray answer this soon my Dearest Lady Liston, & Excuse me if I have troubled you too much, by my earnest request

I am yours most affectionately
Julia Johnson

1821.

Private 25th April No. 9 Bedford Square
Brighton

You give me more merit than I deserve my dear Lady Liston for till I received your letter this morning I did not know that you were still in London--or I certainly should have sent a few lines to thank you for the very pretty dress-which I lately received-it is much admired here--and quite what suits my taste and wants- for I was going to buy something of the kind--I cannot say that I was very sorry to hear that you & Sir Robert had been confined to the house

for some time--for I do not know that it was not the most advantageous circumstance that could have happened to you to afford you a little rest before your long journey--Many thanks for the kind assurance of continued interest, which you hold out to me- but the three last days in town, after I saw you last-nearly killed me--like poor Gil Blas--I was exalted & abased most rapidly--& my head could not have endured a day longer as soon as I left Mrs. Ellices--I allowed the full burst of heart & when I got to Chelsea-I could

not shew my face--but the ever clear & amiable Dales - stepped in to the Hack -& went with me as far as the Elephant & Castle Inn-a few miles out of town in hopes of my getting a place in the late Coach-which I was lucky in procuring--I arrived safe here about ten--but such a figure--for I had been too full of care & thought to eat--Thank God, I am now better-the trade of beggar does not agree with me

(2)

me --- but what seemed the most provoking part was the message-(apparently so kindly meant) from Arbuthnott to bid me send my memorial through Lord Rocksavage & Sir R. Liston & he was sure Lord Liverpool would do some thing- now I had positively said to Mr. Ellice (not to ask Arbuthnott any thing but being his friend, he thought I was doing him injustice, in him, not inclined to serve my Sisters family, & of his own pleasure spoke to him -

& was so charmed with his apparent willingness to serve me, that he wrote a note from the house of Commons to warn me, that he had done so & would call on me the next day concluding that I would be delighted with the prospect held out through Lord Rack S, whose interest of course, I never applied for, nor would I make the second application at that moment to Sir Robert-

Private-

whose very great kindness I had so recently experienced--I therefore wrote a note to Mr. Ellice, to say I was leaving town--but begged to thank him for the kindness of his intentions-- & also thanks to Mr Arbuthnott, for his good wishes--but I could make no application through Lord R-(Rocksavage) who was not ignorant of my Sisters embarrassed circumstances--nor unacquainted with mine --- So there ended the business--on the very day that Mrs. Ellice was most Earnest about my concerns--she saw in the papers a list of Naval promotions & found that her sons name was not among them, as she had expected--this agitated her very much--& she wished her son Edward to be active at the moment--& use all his exertion for ...

(3)

his Brother--indeed she frankly told me, that her son had informed Mr. Arbuthnott- that though he mentioned my name, (as the friend of his Mother)--that he could not give me his interest--this nice distinction, I was not aware of--& I felt as if I was publishing my wants--Merely to be stared at--Never did any one leave town (apparently possessed of many kind & great friends-) in a more oppressed- or dejected state of mind I saw & felt that I was in the way even of my friends--& that every thing was going cross with me--I could have rushed myself out of the World. but I have no doubt that it is all for the best--I am certainly gaining knowledge--& I begin to believe that Mr. Arbuthnott, is not so much to

blame, for the past neglect to my Sisters family--He told Mr. E. that Lord R. had never applied for her--and that even the late Situation of House keeper at Somerset House--Lord Chalmondale had applied for--for another person--but he could not get it--as it was promised to a friend of Lady Liverpools This certainly looked frankly spoken but--Where is one to look round with confidence, certainly not at the Public Offices-- I will not apologize for this long statement it has relieved my mind--& I do not Expect a reply--only a few lines, when you feel quite settled--to tell me how you are-- The weather is at present delightful so I trust you may have a pleasant journey--I had a very Affectionate letter from Mrs. Ellice Yesterday in which she mentions you most kindly

but does not give me to understand where you are --- So that I rather imagined you had set out for Scotland just after I left town-- Guy is about this time in Edin,r with Lady Sophia Fitz Gerald, Miss Fitz Gerald & his own very amiable Lady- they propose setting sail about the 5th of next month--T long very much to see them--his wife is a great friend of the Miss Porter--whose Brother ...

(4)

you were so kind to at Constantinople I wish you may see them, for I hope you would like Pamela--if not you will differ in taste--from all the rest of the World--for I never heard any one more highly spoken of--and I am delighted to hear that they all love Guy--& that he is very happy He has a thousand better qualities --than most people--His few failings are invidiously magnified by those who know him only slightly--

Adieu my Dear Lady Liston My sister & Nieces send kindest remembrances-& join me in the same to Sir Robert--Believe me Ever
Your Most Affectionately

Julia Johnson

I need hardly request you to destroy the enclosed long history for I am sure you will naturally feel inclined to get rid of the subject. & I wish it to go no further though I shall never forget the kind part you have taken in it----

Direct for me at Mrs. Campbells
Bedford Square
Brighton

London May twelve 1821.

Lady Liston
Millburn Towers
Edinburgh

Via
A J Daleymth

1821.

I send you my Dearest Lady Liston my forlorn Hope -Which I assume you occasioned no Sensation, like disappointment, I was so convinced in my own mind, that so good a Situation must long since have been promised-as the Late possessor was for years past a great invalid—but the gratitude I feel to you & Sir Robert for your prompt & most kind exertions in my favor—afford me a very pleasurable sensation--I could say a great deal more on that Subject than you would like to read for I know your time precious--& you would only End by calling me a fool.-- I wish I had received Sir Roberts corrections of my letter for I seldom feel that assurance (in matters of my own-) which is necessary, to form a right way of thinking or Expressing ...myself--but you know my heart & I trust there --you will find no injustice & that you will Even believe me your own Most Sincere and Affectionate friend
Julia Johnson

I write as usual in haste as I can have my dispatch franked if I give it in time

March 15th, (1821?)

Febelen Hall March 13th
Saffron Walden--

My dearest Lady Liston

I do not think, I should have taken up my pen this day-but that I have a favor to ask--Which will not admit of delay--& yet I must say a few words of Saturday Morning--When

independent of the fatigue of body(by late sitting up & preparing for my journey) I had another reason for absenting myself from your breakfast table--I felt rather low, & thought that one kind word of good bye--might make me Explore my weakness--& that it was better to leave town quietly--indeed I will not despair of seeing you again before you set off for the North--before many weeks & your time must be very uncertain attending on Prices--

but as to the subject you alluded to, you will say--Well -you & have little I have Even attempted doing any thing for myself-- it is my Earnest wish-at present to have a resting place of my own- a breathing place before I quit this World- and my friends I am sure wed be happy if I had any thing of the kind--I have never yet applied for anything-and yet my claims are as strong as Many, who have done so & succeeded. My own relations wish me well--but I need not Expect Exertion from them - William thinks that he has done me the greatest favor- by telling me that if I apply in time-the House keepers place at Somerset House is now vacant-- So recent that it is not general known, it must be held by a Single Woman & it is in Lord Liverpools Gift--now

Since no one will come help me with advice, what to do--Will you read the memorial (that was written for another purpose--& see if any thing said in that could turn to account--in a letter to Lord Liverpool & if you think I might, or ought to send one--Pray do not mention the subject--but one line of advice

(2)

for even that I cannot get here they say it would just suit me that if I tried --I might succeed but they have no friends to ask for me It put me in Mind of the Sailor & the Mauling Spike-- "Would you think a thing lost-if you knew where it was"--It was at the bottom of the Sea--& so I fear is this for me--but do you give me your opinion & Excuse haste--I return the Enclosed
Ever Yours Most Affec

JJ

I write in such haste that I fear you will hardly be able to read--but pray Burn----

Lady Liston
Royal Hotel
St James St
London

Julia Johnson

1821

If I have said too much in the enclosed-pardon me my Dearest friend & burn my letter--but it appeared a relief to me--Even to confide my troubles to you--& I have no chance of seeing you, unless you visit Brighton I had written a very long letter to you, just before I received your note--in which I mentioned a private house, with every accommodation & comfort Where you could get apartments if you preferred it to a Hotel --but I fear from your last - that there is no prospect of seeing you The weather has been so very bad that I should hope for a change & this place is very warm- Where particularly on the West Cliff--Where the

house is, that I mentioned--I hope you will find Dear Mrs. Elliot better--I did not think her looking ill, the last time I saw her, but her spirits were Equal--& her manners so kind, that one could not see, What they would not wish--the hand of time working with disease--for I fear she must have some

serious complaint--Mr. Elliot & his son appeared so little sanguine on the subject of her amendment--I feel the idea of losing her, one of those melancholy fears, that will force themselves on the mind at times--but I need not add to the positive troubles I am surrounded with--

Lady Liston

again I ask pardon for sending you a letter so little calculated to afford you pleasure--but my mind & Spirits are bowed down. Ever Yours Most Gratefully
& Affecy

J. Johnson

1. Preston Street
Brighton

1821

I have written & destroyed my dearest Lady Liston more than one sheet of paper--& now the past hour warns me not to lose the frank will you send me a line--merely to say how you are--a mere bulletin - I trust you are quite recovered--I saw your friends the Elliots lately quite well--I had some thing to mention to you that I thought would have given you pleasure---but like all my concerns, it has failed I fear--Ever Yours Affect-

JJ

(letter incomplete) 1822

Dieppe July 6th I cannot accuse myself, Dearest Lady Liston, of any pet--or--any intentional want of kindness, by my not writing sooner--I never heard of your illness, & now deeply regret, that I should for a moment, have appeared remiss, when you well know how much I love & Esteem you. often indeed, I have taken up my pen, & then put it away--saying to myself--The Channel & the Tweed are between us now--she is surrounded by dear friends & enjoying her sweet place--I will not tax her with my stupid letters--she will hear of me from Mrs. Elliot--& this will save her the trouble of writing to me--which I know she dislikes--This is the simple truth--but could you my dear Lady Liston, have seen the

very great gratification your kind letter afforded me this Evening-you would be convinced that I merited your affectionate regard- indeed a few lines from your own pen, speaks to the heart-more than pages of second hand intelligence

My Expedition to Paris, was very sudden to oblige a sick friend--I returned to Brighton- only a week before my Sister left it for this place--so that I have had a good deal of travelling of late--which always agrees with me as exercise of body-keeps me from dwelling on prospects that do not brighten--or Ever likely to do so

My friends have all too many wants of their own--to be able to act for me we never speak on the subject of business (I mean My business) fearing a cloud may Darken and (blank)--for my case- is a provoking one --even my Enemies must allow & I really believe they feel it such but have not the power to do anything.

(The tone of this letter suggests to me that Lady Liston may have thrown out the last pages because they were too personal, or unimportant MY comments.)

1822

The letters are often sent as far as Tours- if you do not put -----

Chez Mamdame Campbell
Versailles Dec. 12th
pres de Paris

My Dear Lady Liston-

Your last letter concluded by wishing me in Switzerland—where I have actually been--I returned to this place before the severe weather set in which is now very disagreeable, for we live in smoke or freeze-- our tempers consequently are not improved by change of season & the fear of poverty-- & our principal occupation is letting out bits of wood, as a miser would his gold- and this is life!!! ---- Pray tell me now-- my dear Lady Liston- how you find yourself this winter? - & Where you are I for I am in ignorance of all that is interesting to me--that is- I know nothing of-my friends on the other side the water, & have none here-

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old woman whose wayward fate has brought her to this shore" ---- and do my dear friend let me hear from you very very soon-- a letter here is a prize-for even ones nearest relatives = forget one-when a little removed from sight. We were much disappointed lately-to find that James had returned to Scotland instead of coming here- (after having been as far South as Oxford-) to pass the Winter his health did not permit him to carry on his studies there =& he prefers Rose bank to France--I fancy this is the true state of affairs - for what Else, can make, a young man give up the Church of England (Where he has a promise of a living from William) for the Risk of Scotland--& a separation from his own family. --at the very moment too-When he states, that his health is still delicate & consequently this Country would have suited him better-he never consults his Mother or brothers but merely says -he intends to write & have his name struck out of the books at Oxford & to study at Glasgow

(2)

he is so amiable - that I fear his head has been turned, & his conscience grown too tender - from his having lived with a very religious set at Roas bank & the neighbourhood-

My Sister is much vexed, as yo—(blank) incy ----(blank) but,at this distance-- I --have only the power to torment ou—(blank)

Excuse my dwelling so long on the subject that is uppermost at present in our thoughts--it was I who sent him to Scotland, & I am blamed--I merely intended him to remain a week, or two & this is the second winter he has been away from his family-- but I must close my letter & lament- & hope to hear something cheering

From your quarters --We are all in good health--which is one blessing for which I am truly thankful --

My Sister & Nieces desire to be most kindly remembered to You & Sir Robert--
& I Ever am Your Grateful & Affectionate

Julia Johnson

Lady Liston

Have you any acquaintance with MR. J, Campbells family--of course you have heard of his sons marriage with Mr. Leghs' Sister --& probably met Mr Legh in Scotland, as I know you were kind to him abroad

Circa 1824 (This is a letter about Julia Claus, written by Cathrine Maria Bowes, Julia Johnson's niece. Cathrine was Sir John Johnson's 10th child and the widow of Lord Bowes who was killed when fighting Napoleon in 1812. In this letter she mentions the affair in which Julia Johnson was jilted.)

Montreal Wedy
14th July

My Dear Colonel Claus

I feel quite sorry to say Julia left me last Sunday on her route to Albany. I had not an idea that she would come down for less time than 3 only months and was in hopes that her stay here would have been useful in banishing the depression of her spirits—I think tier much altered in disposition she still is mild and good, but I think much out of spirits, I tried once or twice in half joke--to ascertain the cause but could not, and her stay was so short I did not like to the subject seriously, I pressed her to remain, but she was firm to her purpose. I regret it as I would have tried to win her confidence and flatter myself it might be serviceable, If it proceeds from her attachment to Mr. R and his failings remain unchanged. I would strongly advise more conciliatory measures, I have seen the affects in more than one instance of disappointed affection in females and Regret to say those I knew and loved were never happy afterwards. **Julia Johnson is one to you only would I say it--it changed her view of everything in life--**I may be mistaken, but I do not think your Julia attached to Mr. Ross I questioned her expecting from the unconcerned manner in which she spoke of him as well as others at Niagara. that all is safe there I did not venture to mention Mr. R's name. I have heard the subject much spoken of & have heard that Mr. R. was attentive to some Lady at Quebec. If I can ascertain without committing myself or Julia I will for should that be done it would destroy all regard she may still entertain and if she feels now it would do no harm. She told me she only meant to stay a few days at Albany as

you and dear Mrs. C. would leave Home when she and John returned I fully expected John would stay at the House but he said he could not --the was sent from town
Many thanks for the Confidence you repose in me be assured if I knew how and had the power

(2)

It would afford me real pleasure to forward your wishes in any way. I forwarded you a letter from Julia Johnson enclosed in a long one to me, She always writes and speaks with the greatest affection of you and all your family, We have at present a Houseful with the exception of Julia's room which no one shall have but her and which I hope she will feel disposed to occupy shortly. I do not know yet what Charles plans will be, I should think to settle at (blank) I must now leave off to go out and return (blank) with Mrs. J-

My Father is quite well but seems (blank) & (blank) has not been in Town since July last- Only better---

I am just returned from Town and saw the Miss (blank) to whom I delivered your remembrance. They beg kind regards. You would be surprised to see Miss (blank) looking so well after the dangerous state she has been in. They (blank) and (blank) the next morning. They still (blank) to her I am very sorry to find you still suffer so much pain from your whatever the disease is but I feel glad to hear they do not think it came from Mrs Beck who died last week of inflammation in the stomach had a (blank) drawn out of her face by vegetable application & is (blank) and it must be very harassing to suffer so constantly. Had you any idea Julia intended to stay so short a time with me? I was glad to hear Mrs. Claus & family were so well and my good Mrs Claus getting as to (blank) to the head of the Lake, give my kind love

to them all and believe me most truly

yes Affectionately

C. Maria Bowes

(Cathrine Maria Bowes, was the 10th daughter of Sir John Johnson in 1805 she married ... her husband was Major General Bernard, Lord Bowes killed during the battle of Waterloo)

Julia Johnson mentions this event in a vague way in one of her letters written from Gibraltar

1825

No. 3 Rue des Vigries
quartier de Choillot 'a Paris
April 22nd
1825

My dearest Lady Liston

The Miss Alexander tell me that you have not been well of late -- I wish I was near you--but how vain that wish--we have just moved to another lodging--Which my Sister has taken for six months--& to leave her & the girls alone in France, in her delicate state of health, would be quite impossible--- I have had many kind invitations (blank) one in this country only as far as Towns- but I must remain at my post- though, I am in reality of no use here still appearances must be attended to & my body must be a fixture though my mind often

wanders -to my kind friends, far, far away—indeed you can hardly credit, how much I long to see you--& how very dull I feel at times, when I think how impossible it is for me to expect such pleasure

My life passes like that of a poor strolling player-I act the part of happiness in mixed society--because I feel that few things are more despised in this world -than a complaining old maid too poor to purchase civility-- our neighbours the Miss Alexanders are no doubt excellent people-but they have such a rage for Foreigners & great people, (I suspect,) that though we Exchange visits, & shake hands, kindly when we meet--there is little sympathy between us--the only family Whose Society I enjoy- is Mrs Ways & in them I have much satisfaction and on Sunday Even Mary & My Sister delight in attending his Chapel--you have probably heard of his success here, in preaching to such full congregations, & his turning many people from Spending the Sabbath idly --to attend here twice a day your acquaintance Lady Nelson--is one of the congregation--I do not know her;, but I heard Miss Alexander say, she was your friend, & therefore if you have not heard from her lately you will be glad to know that she looks stout & well----

(2)

I believe there is no one else of your acquaintance for me to name- & I have no news to send you --but I long for a few lines from you in reply--to let me know particularly how you & Sir Robert are --one of your Dear notes will do-if ever so short to let me see your hand writing--I want some comfort in this banished land-I feel all times like, Juan Fernando - in his desolate Isle- though in the midst of the gay City of Paris & in the very Champs Elysies-- Do therefore dearest Lady Liston, take pity on me & write soon--I wish I could tell you that my Sisters' Health was much improved-- though we have now the Comfort of living in a garden but the weather is still uncertain & very trying for invalids--my mind is as low at times (thinking too much perhaps of the future) as my fortunes-- & I wonder at other times, how I am able to put on such a cheerful countenance -adieu

Dearest Lady Liston--remember me in the kindest manner to Sir Robert & believe me

Ever your Truly Affec & Obligated

Julia Johnson

His address is No 24 Adams Street Mr Ehrmann Manchester Square London

APR	Lady Liston
W 29 N	Wilburn Tower
1825	Edinburgh
	N B.

We have during the winter had the services of the faithful Mr. Ehrmann our former Butler at Gibraltar--he literally staid with us to serve my Sister seeing us about moving & uncomfortable he is now going to London--& wishes to travel if he can get a good place & he is every thing precise worthy if you know any one who requires such a person--

(Apparently Julia Johnson did not know that Lady Liston had passed away in 1828 and it would appear that Sir Robert Liston had not informed her of that event. Then she learns of her dear friend's demise, but continues to write to her after writing to Sir Robert. It's interesting to note that he kept all of Julia's letters including the letters marked "private" that she wanted destroyed. Julia was penniless at this point in her life and even her sister "Polly" was having a hard time making ends meet with their failed political connections. When Lt.General Colin Campbell died at Gibraltar in 1814 their good fortune died with him.)

Armagh March 7th, 1829

My dear Sir

I trust you will pardon me for intruding on you by a few lines-but, since I left London --- where my friend Mrs. Elliot, communicated to me the painful intelligence of your irreparable loss-I have felt too deeply, (however Silent I may have appeared,) to think of troubling you with my griefs, for the loss of the most estimable, the kindest best of friends--- but being now removed from all my English & Scotch acquaintances I almost feel assured,that you will not deem my writing to you an intrusion, but rather from the kindness of your nature be disposed to gratify me by a few lines--I am extremely anxious to hear that you have not suffered by the severe weather we have had of late--we have had much sickness in this place--indeed I came over to assist in this family--Lady Campbell & all her children having taken the Measles--& Sir Guy at the same time-confined to his bed by a most serious cold & cough--which has lasted many months--but he is rather better at present--& the rest of the invalids are now quite well --thank God-- that you may be able to send me, a ' line of health, from Milbourn-is the Sincere wish of Dear Sir, Your most Grateful & Obliged

Julia Johnson

at Sir Guy Campbell's
Armagh
Ireland--

To.

Sir Robert Liston
Milbourn Tower near Edinburgh

1829

Where was Lady Bute
when you heard last-? Ryde May 10th,1829

My Dear Mrs Liston

I cannot go to rest this night without writing a few lines by a Servant who leaves us tomorrow morning--to anyone but you -I would be ashamed to acknowledge how dull we are at this last bit of the Rock--taking leave--but-really he is, one of the best creatures I ever knew in a house-perfectly

- honest - always in the house & mild & good tempered & patient beyond Job- he is a German -& speaks all necessary languages for travelling Servant-can pack & take care of things to perfection--he wishes if possible to meet with some Gentleman - or family going abroad--Would prefer Switzerland-but any part of the continent he would accept of--he has been with us three years--(was not at the Convent when you were there) and leaves us more to settle some business at home--and (between ourselves) because my sister last year thought she might economize & get a cheaper servant--& now she has really for the two last nights, not slept, with fretting--for the great loss she will sustain in this most faithful & respectable assistant-that after all-has remained with us the last half year for less wages - than the young men, have now sent a servant- to supply his place for--these troubles may make you smile-& after all we have gone through wonder but the truth is, the mind gets weakened-and

we seem, so lost and helpless now-that parting with anything that was with us at the Rock-- seems renewing a Calamity-we can never cease to feel--If you should know(among your numerous respectable foreign acquaintances--any person, who wants a most confidential & faithful as well as useful servant- will you have the kindness to let your

(2)

Servant take this man's address & perhaps you may hear of a place I know you will not think this a liberty--your heart is too good to be above helping every class- & I do assure you, you would serve a worthy creature

I am almost ashamed to send this letter but it is too late to write a better and I do not know if I had more time, if my head would be equal to it--so pray excuse the scrawl-& believe me Ever my Dearest Mrs. Liston your truly Obligated & Affectionate

J. Johnson

To Mrs Liston
Royal Hotel
Pall Mall

I have not had a letter from William--have you seen him.

his address is Mr J. Ehrmann at
Mr Tandy
No 10-- Nassau Street
Soho

He writes &
Understands
accts quite well.

1829 Ryde June 13th,

My Dear Mrs. Liston

I do not know whether my Nephew Colin ever had the honor of seeing you & Mr. Liston-but as he is just returned from Cambridge & to be with us in a day or two it has just occurred to me to desire that he will call & if possible bring me an account from his own eyes of your health-I do Sincerely wish you could be tempted to try a little change of air at Ryde-the place at present looks beautiful--& no cold East wind to frighten you-one night on the road or at Portsmouth & we should see you the next morning-I know it would do you good- - to get a little rest-at this quiet spot- they will kill you with society & business in that terrible City of London pray think of it --over for a few days-(self will prevail-) it would do me so much good to see you, and I am really half worn out-& sick of life--I require some friendly hand to shake--or I shall be tempted to leap into the sea--without waiting for the Month of November. I do not mean bathing however for I fear it would not agree with me--My sister desires her best remembrances & bids me add all her entreaties for you to try the air of Ryde Adieu Dear Madam in haste for port-your Most Affec

Mrs. Liston Royal Hotel Pall Mall

J.J.



At the time that these letters were written, Guy Johnson had been dead for just over 20 years. He is shown on the left in a painting that was produced by Benjamin West in 1776.

Some think that the Indian standing in the background was Aaron Hill, from the lower Mohawk Indian Castle of Teyawendarokough, that was located near Fort Hunter by the Mohawk River, in old Colonial New York.

Guy Johnson was born in County Meath Ireland circa 1740. He landed in Boston in April of 1756 and arrived at Fort Johnson in June. He was commissioned as Lieutenant of the New York Regiment in 1759. Was in command of a body of Rangers under General Amherst against Montreal in 1760. He became Deputy Agent of Indian Affairs in 1762, and married "Polly," Mary Johnson Sr. the following year. He was commissioned Colonel of Militia, then adjutant General and was in charge of the Indian Department. By 1774 he had superintendency of the Northern Department of Indian affairs. The Indians named him "Uraghquadirha" (Rays of Sunlight enlightening the Earth.)

This material is excerpts from three letters from Andrew McLean, Archives Assistant, The Royal Bank of Scotland.

After looking at the transcript there is little more I can add to my original letter, save for some information concerning the wife of Sir Guy Campbell. Presuming that the unnamed lady in Johnson's letter became Campbell's wife then it would refer to Pamela, daughter of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, son of the Duke of Leinster, who married Campbell on 20 November 1820.

During the 1860s this line of the Campbell family unsuccessfully pursued a claim to be the rightful Earls of Breadalbane by arguing that John Campbell, 1st cashier of the Royal Bank, had not been born illegitimate but that the 1st Earl, disapproving of the marriage of John's father, Colin of Ardmaddy, to a Grizzly Douglas, had obliterated all record of the marriage having taken place. Interestingly Pamela Fitzgerald was apparently married to Sir Guy Campbell with a ring said to be the wedding ring of Grizzly Douglas.

I believe that a book called Soldier of Fortune by Ella Pipping was published in 1971 and deals with the story of part of this branch of the Campbell family in the first half of the nineteenth century. There may be a possibility that this work could shed some further light on Julia Johnson and her sister.

Very many thanks for your letter of 2nd April, which I received this morning. I was indeed interested in the copy of the whole letter, because apart from anything else it confirmed my guess about the probable Bank being dealt with in Glasgow. David Dale was the Royal Bank of Scotland's first agent in Glasgow, and came to Scotland from Derbyshire to establish Cotton Mills at New Lanark in Ayrshire. It was his son-in-law Robert Owen who converted the New Mills works into a major experiment in social living and organization. I suspect you may already know that the complex still exists and is a major heritage site. The fact that the Dales and the Owens were prepared to help suggests that David Dale was instrumental in persuading Julia Johnson to deposit with the Royal Bank in the first place.

It seems certain that Johnson's reference to the 'Glasgow Bank' concerns the Glasgow branch of The Royal Bank of Scotland and the scandal over the actions of the branch agent, John More, which broke in September 1816 (Minutes of the Royal Bank, RB/12/16, 16 September 1816). However, having made a search of the Minutes covering the years 1811 to 1820 (RB/12/16, RB/12/17) I can find no mention of Julia Johnson. Perhaps this is unsurprising, given that More appears to have altered or destroyed details of many accounts in order to cover up his embezzlements.

Nevertheless, there are several points in your letter which I may be able to add to. Johnson's reference to 'the dear Dales' would appear to concern the family of David Dale, famous industrialist and one time agent of the Glasgow branch, who died in 1806. It is interesting to note that More was factor to Dale's trustees and that the same trustees as well as Dale's heirs were ordered to repay their debts to the Royal Bank on 18 December 1816 (RB/12/16).

A further point of interest is your reference to Johnson's sister being married to Lt General Colin Campbell. Campbell was the second eldest son of John Campbell, a grandson of the 1st Earl of Breadalbane and prominent employee of The Royal Bank of Scotland from its inception in 1727 until his death in 1777. Like Julia Johnson's father, Sir Guy, Colin Campbell fought in the American War of Independence serving as a Lieutenant in the 55th Regiment and later went on to become Military Governor of Gibraltar, a position he held from 1809 until his death in 1814. I enclose a photocopy of his death notice from The Scots Magazine for May 1814 (p.399) as well as the death notice of Julia's grandfather, Sir William Johnson which reads, 'July 11 (1774). At his seat of Johnson-hall in Albany, North America, Sir William Johnson, Bt, Superintendent for Indian affairs' The Scots Magazine, August 1774, p.447).

According to information that I have uncovered regarding Mary, Polly Johnson's oldest son Guy, he was married twice.

Major General Sir Guy Campbell, baronet

Acceded 22 May 1815, died Jan. 1849

Married first to Francis Elizabeth Burgoyne Jan. 17, 1817 (Her father was Montagu Burgoyne.)

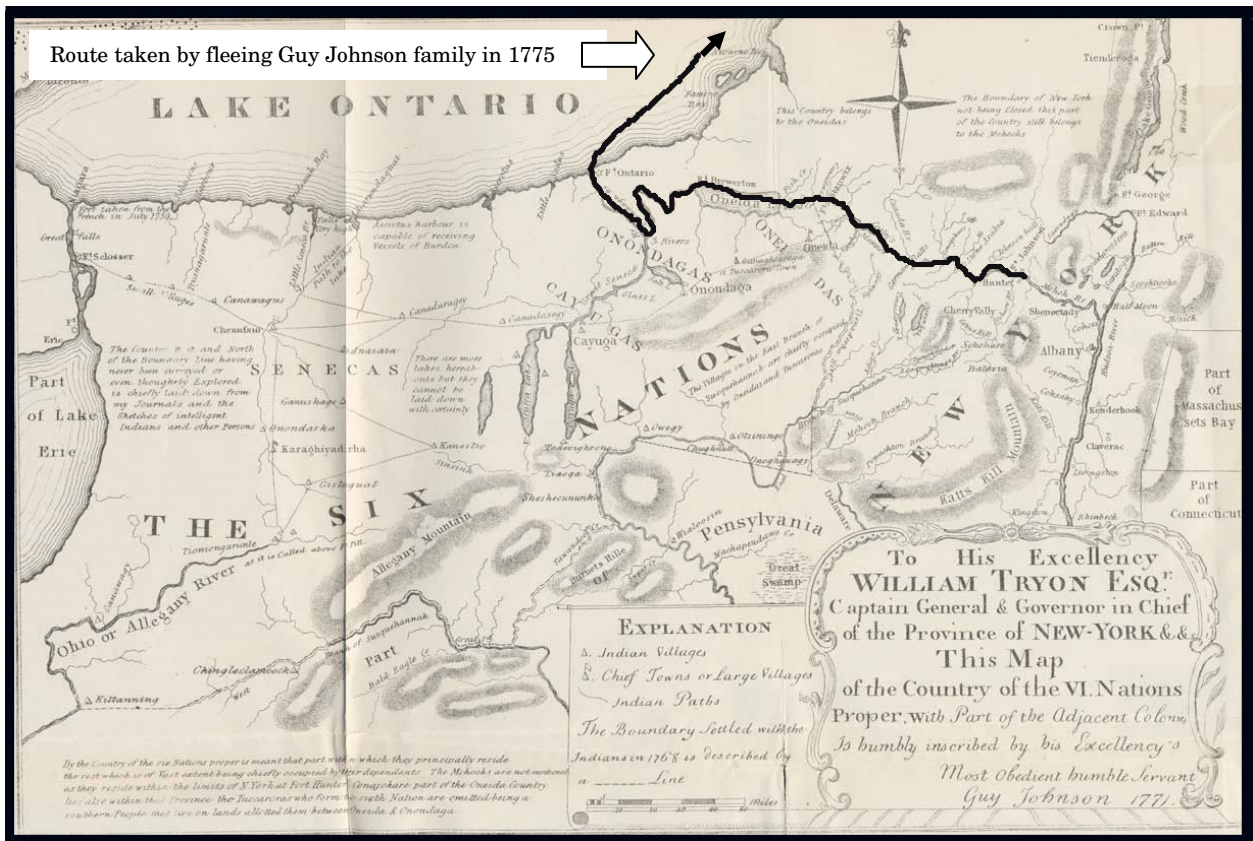
Then to Pamela FitzGerald Nov. 21, 1820

Children...

Emily, born 1833

Madeline Caroline Frances Eden

Frederick Augustus, Capt. Born Mar 15, 1839



The route taken by Col. Guy Johnson was not new to him for he was the author of the above map. What he didn't know was that he would never see "Guy Park," his precious Mohawk Valley estate again. In fact, his fortunes were falling fast, and his brief flirtation with power and fame would suffer the same fate as that of Colonial America. After Sir William Johnson's death Colonel Guy Johnson was temporarily appointed on September 8, 1774, by General Thomas Gage to Indian Superintendent and afterwards permanently. He held the position until February 1782, when he was suspended owing to financial irregularities in the department.

Upon reorganization Sir John Johnson, Sir William's son, was appointed by royal commission on March 14, 1782. Sir John became both superintendent-general and inspector-general. Col. Guy's brother in law served in that capacity until June 25, 1828, when the office was abolished. A deputy superintendent-general had been appointed in 1794 in the person of Colonel Alexander McKee. When Colonel McKee died on January 15, 1799, a controversy arose over the appointment of his successor, owing to a dispute as to whether the patronage of the department was under civil or military control. The Duke of Kent, as commander-in-chief, appointed Colonel John Connolly; Lieutenant-Governor Hunter promoted (Polly's cousin) Captain William Claus, informing the Duke of Portland that he would not recognize Colonel Connolly; he also wrote to the Duke of Kent that the removal of Captain Claus would be highly prejudicial to His Majesty's service. Upon these representations, the Duke of York ordered the cancellation of Colonel Connolly's appointment. Captain Claus was promoted to the rank of colonel, and served until his death in November 1826.

A letter from Captain Colin Campbell *Edinburgh* 9th, October 1787

My Dear Sir:

I should have answered your letter enclosing me the Extract required sooner but we have been all apart in a tour to Glasgow and that neighbourhood as well to visit some of my friends up to show Mrs. Campbell & her sister a little of the Highland Country to which they were much pleased with We attended Colonel Johnson as far as Lanark on his way to Carlisle which road he took to be with (undecipherable) while we remained at Glasgow & I think he had benefited considerably in health since he came to Scotland though his cough is still troublesome the appearance of war may probably take me from home and to observe by the newspapers of last was that the conjectures are different respecting the 44th--one sends us to foreign service and others to Plymouth or Guernsey & Jersey. I have others lately from (undecipherable) and I suppose the (blank)there what I fear most our men being sent in ships to do duty as marines. However we must make the best of it and a little time will determine us ----on hearing that the 60th Regt. was to be augmented 2 Battalions.

I wrote to Sir William Howe to ask the favor of his recommending me to the Secretary at War of a Majority, and I doubt not if not otherwise enjoyed of his doing his best I shall (blank) him I expect soon tho where there is but two to give away there are too many chances against me to have the least hope----

Should the Regt. go abroad I was thinking to ask the favor of you to look out for a small but comfortable House in your neighbourhood and is what Mrs. C. would wish to be near you where she might remain with the Children during my absence and I believe the expense there would answer my finances better than any where else besides the satisfaction of having your protection and advice I left it to herself to choose this place, or that and she naturally gives Cardiff the preference & the reason she would be accommodated to you the better. Will you take the trouble to Write me in case of such an event? Such a plan would answer. I think I could spare her the full pay of my company. The pay with income would be £20 if I took purse money would fully answer my purpose with economy. -----

Col. Johnson will do nothing for us. He is much behind hand by his own needs. And it matters having money in advance in his salary --- to that as we know the -- - we must act accordingly. If God's pleased to share my life they will not want but should I fall He only knows what is to become of them? His Majesty has been Bountiful to the widows of officers and with mine would not be left to suffer. I am to hope there will be no reason to beg his Generosity, and that we shall meet again and be happy in our pittance. Mrs Campbell, Miss Johnson and the little folks Salute you and family to perfect health and I remain with much affection,

My Dear Sir, Yours Sincerely Colin Campbell
(letter to) Colonel Claus

48 year old Col. Guy Johnson died in poverty at Haymarket in London six months later, March 5th, 1788. Fate was not kind to this artist, actor, soldier and politician.



This is my copy of the famous painting of Colonel Guy Johnson by Benjamin West, RA 1738-1820. King George III was West's patron and probably had this portrait done in 1776, when Johnson was in England.

The original work is now located in the United States National Portrait Gallery, Smithsonian Institute, Washington, DC. The Indian in the background was probably Capt. Aaron Hill.

My Dear Madam

The Hugo has just made
her number - and I am only
allowed time - to entreat you
will come on Shore this Evening
The Commodore has already
ordered his Barge to attend, and
beds have been waiting for
you this twelve month -

Pray do not delay till
tomorrow Ever yours
Most Affly - JJ -

Tuesday 6 O'clock

The letter above was written in 1812, and I have included this sample just to show what Julia Johnson's writing was like. I spent weeks transcribing her freehand letters, and it wasn't easy. As she said herself, her writing at times was almost indecipherable.

"My Dear Madam, The Hugo has just made her number- and I am only allowed time - to entreat you will come on Shore this Evening. The Commodore has already ordered his Barge to attend, and beds have been Waiting for You this twelve month- Pray do not delay till tomorrow Ever Yours Most Affly - JJ Tuesday 6 O'clock." (MS 5639 ff199 RTV)



Sir Brook Watson

John Singleton Copley's 1778 "*Watson and the Shark*" painting commissioned by Watson himself. This is the artist's interpretation of an actual event that took place in the harbor at Havana, Cuba, in 1749. Fourteen-year-old Brook Watson was working as a crewmember on a trading ship. While bathing alone in the harbor, a shark attacked him and his right leg was bitten off. His shipmates saw that he was in trouble and immediately tried to rescue him.

Sir Brook Watson was born in Plymouth, England, 7th February 1735; died 2nd October 1807. At an early age he had entered the British navy, but the loss of his leg forced him to abandon that profession, He then engaged in mercantile pursuits and came to America. From 1755 to 1778 he served as commissary with various British army units and was known as the "*wooden-legged commissary*." In 1759 he became a merchant in London, and he subsequently engaged in business in Montreal, Canada, and afterward in Boston. When Lord North's bill to cut off the fisheries of New England was before parliament in 1775, he traveled to England to be examined by the House of Commons. His ship, "*Adamant*" was on the point of sailing for England with dispatches to the Ministry, and Carleton resolved to send his prisoners *Ethan Allan and the Green Mountain Boys* thither by the same vessel. They were placed in the charge of the notorious spy and ship owner, Brook Watson, then a merchant of Montreal and afterward Lord Mayor of London. Guy Johnson, Daniel Claus also accompanied them, and about thirty other Loyalists including "*Polly*" who had been driven from the Mohawk Valley. Under such a man, and in such company, the unhappy prisoners could expect no mercy. They were closely confined in irons in a small, unventilated lower cabin, where they suffered from sickness and other privations and were daily annoyed by palpable insults. Yet they were allowed sufficient food, and each a gill of rum a day. In 1782 Brook Watson was made commissary-general to his friend, Sir Guy Carleton, in Canada. From 1784 till 1793 he was a Member of Parliament for London, and sheriff of London and Middlesex in 1785, and lord mayor in 1796. In reward for his services in America, parliament voted his wife an annuity of £500 for life. He was agent in London for New Brunswick from 1786 till 1794, commissary-general to the Duke of York in 1793-'5, and of England from 1798 till 1806. He was made a baronet on 5th December 1803.



Castle Cholmondeley is noted for its gardens. The print below was dated about 1848 and the castle can be seen in the distance.



This is the great house where Lady (Caroline Campbell) the wife of George Horatio Cholmondeley, Lord Viscount Malpas died, as mentioned in Julia's Letters.

THE CHOLMONDLEY FAMILY OF CHOLMONDLEY CASTLE

The Cholmondleys of Cholmondeley trace their ancestry to William Le Belward, Lord of a moiety of the Barony of Malpas, who married Tanglust, the natural daughter of Hugh Kevelioc, Earl of Chester. Although no dates are quoted on the family tree in Ormerod's History of Cheshire, William Le Belward lived five generations before the time of Edward 1 in the late 11th or early 12th century.

Philadelphia, 26th, May 1796.

Notes by Henrietta Liston about meeting George Washington. She went in a carriage from New York to Pennsylvania and remarked on the natural scenery. The log cottages and Negro huts, the tolerable Inns and ill done roads. She said *"there were no castles or magnificent houses, just some gentlemen's villas, prettily built and neatly arranged, but nothing that characterized age."*

In Philadelphia she remarked about the handsome houses and streets that were named after trees such as Chestnut and Walnut, or numbered such as First, Second etc. She also remarked about the elegant State House, Senate and Congress: along with the Library and a statue of Dr. Franklin.

She wrote, *"Congress had not risen when we arrived and I felt great anxiety to see the President Washington. Mr. Liston delivered his credentials on Monday and on Tuesday being Levee day I accompanied him to the house of the President. I was by him presented to Mrs. Washington who was seated in the drawing room. She received me with much kindness, her figure though short and fat, is not without dignity, her face retains the marks of delicate beauty and her voice is melody itself."*

The gentlemen from the Levee crowded to make their bows to her. The first figures that entered amused me a good deal, - one was a Member of Congress from Virginia, a mean looking man in dirty linen and a long beard. An opulent Dutch man lately from the East Indies contrasted him in appearance. Big portly, dressed in a white Coat his waistcoat and britches of White satin embroidered linen fine, his hair powdered and his face yellow.

After the Levee was over the President came into the room accompanied by Mr. Liston. Washington's appearance and manners struck me extremely. Tall Majestic and well proportioned, his face at the age of sixty three rather pleasing particularly when he smiles. In his air and movements there was a dignity which the general coldness of his address did not lessen. To me he was affable and kind and when he rose to leave, requested to see us often, without ceremony or reserve."

On the Friday following we attended Mrs. Washington's publick weekly Drawing Room. Mrs. Washington was placed at one end of the room, *"every Lady as she enters is handed up to her by a Gentleman, she makes her curtsey and is conducted to her seat, which she does not quit till she retires from the room. Doing which she is again handed up to Mrs. Washington. That Lady never arises from her seat, but to return these compliments, of course she can converse only with those Ladies placed near to her. The gentlemen standing in*

the Centre have the opportunity of paying their complements to all the company.

The President is extremely attentive contriving to converse less or more with every Lady in the Circle. Tea, Coffee, cakes, wine, etc., are repeatedly handed round and by ten O'clock the whole is over. The stiffness and formality of these weekly meetings is not broken by Card Tables, and this is said was originally intended as a compliment to the Quakers, who were a large portion of the Inhabitants of Philadelphia.

Later the President invited the Listons to a formal dinner at Mt. Vernon and she was suitably impressed with her host. In fact rumor had it that Henrietta was later numbered among the President's favored lady acquaintances. It would seem as if Washington had an ego and being over six feet tall was able to impress most people that he met with his commanding appearance.

A story told by the painter Charles Willson Peale, dating from the early 1770s, corroborates Washington's assessment of his throwing skill. Peale reported that he and several young gentleman at Mount Vernon were competing at tossing an iron bar when Washington, then forty or forty-one, suddenly appeared: "He requested to be shown the pegs that marked the bounds of our efforts; then, smiling, and without putting off his coat, held out his hand for the missile. No sooner . . . did the heavy iron bar feel the grasp of his mighty hand than . . . it whizzed through the air, striking the ground far, very far, beyond our utmost limits." Even in middle age he radiated masculinity and fitness.



Washington also had the advantage of an attractive appearance, possessing in particular two features much admired in men during the eighteenth century: a fine head of (auburn) hair and well-turned legs, toned by the genteel activities of riding, fencing, and dancing.

To enhance the grace of his deportment, Washington took pains with his clothes, which were particularly important in an age when apparel still announced one's status with the precision of a military uniform. The gentry were instantly distinguished "from the common sort of people, by a good garb."

Henrietta Liston appears to have been the sort of person that could fit in almost anywhere. She seemed at ease out in the wilderness with all manner of humanity, or in amongst the aristocracy at a formal gathering. Her husband being the British ambassador had occasion to meet some of the leading figures in America during the later part of the 18th, century. The famous Mohawk pine tree chief Joseph Brant was among them.

Acknowledgments and brief source index...

I will not attempt to give the step, by step and item by item location of the primary documentation on Mary (Polly) Johnson's biography. I will instead merely list the institutions in which this story material may be found. In any event, I cannot stress too strongly the excellent assistance that I received from the National Archives and Library of Canada. Without this support the story of Polly would not have been possible. I am especially indebted to Mr. Richard Collins, Head of the Reference & Researcher Services, Inter-institutional Branch of the Archives for his superb assistance. I am also indebted to Mr. Timothy Dubé, Military Archivist, Manuscript Division, for his generous response to my inquiries. Many of these departments are fully engaged in their own internal institutional projects, so that their time is extremely limited. I am always grateful when archivists takes the time to give me the benefit of their specialized knowledge. The largest and most comprehensive source of private Johnson/Claus records can be found in the Claus Papers, held by the National Archives of Canada. Unfortunately, many of these papers are extremely hard to read, and they lack an index, or a comprehensive genealogical chart. However, they do contain a wealth of information for anyone who has the time patience needed to go through them.

Recommended reading...

Please note; that of all of the literature that I have read on a related subject, I found the book titled, "Thrust for Canada" Boston 1979 by Robert McConnell Hatch, a retired Episcopalian Bishop of Western Massachusetts, to be the most interesting and informative. He too wrote about history for the love of it, and his book illustrates his deep and analytic understanding of the circumstances that faced Canada in 1775.

Bibliography...

Archives nationales du Québec, Bank of Scotland, Edinburgh, Bibliothèque nationale du Québec, British Library, Newspaper Library, London, John Mackintosh Library, Gibraltar, Central Library, Hampshire England, Christ Church Cathedral Archives, Montreal Quebec, Curator, Johnson Hall, Johnstown New York, Lloyd's Register of Shipping, London, Lord Louis Library, Isle of Wight, National Archives of Scotland, National Library of Ireland, National Library of Scotland, National Maritime Museum, & Maritime Information Centre, London, National Portrait Gallery, London, National Archives, Washington D.C., New York Historical Society, New York City, Proni, Public Record Office of Northern Ireland, Public Archives of Canada, Public Record Office, London, Royal Bank of Scotland, Edinburgh, Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts, London England, Scottish Record Office, National Archives of Scotland, Edinburgh, St. Catharines Public Library, Ontario Canada, The Convent, Gibraltar, Trinity College Library, Dublin Ireland.

Please understand that because I have produced this manuscript merely as a challenge to myself and for my own selfish pleasure, and not for profit, I skipped the scholastic detailed reference bibliography. This was a fun project and since I hated to be distracted by detailed record keeping that would have been far too painful for an artist.

