

## At The Other End of Brighton Street

When Fort Washington, in Cincinnati, was abandoned 132 years ago (in 1804) the Government built a barracks and arsenal in Newport, which remained there until Fort Thomas was established in 1894. Then its site became a park.

In the War of 1812, and in the Mexican and Civil Wars, the Newport Barracks was important. Between times it was a sleepy military post. But long before there was a settlement, it was a gathering place. When Kentucky went on the war path the mouth of the Licking was a rendezvous. In a new country it was a place about the location of which there could be no doubt.

Colonel John Bowman gathered his men there; George Rogers Clark did the same thing in 1780, when he marched against the Indian stronghold on Mad River; Bowman made a fizzle, but Clark had a smashing victory. Even the English were there, for early in 1780 Captain Henry Bird came this way with a company of redcoats and a large number of Indians. He went by boat up the Licking, and captured two of the pioneer stations. Returning, the English soldiers took the boats down the Ohio and up the Big Miami, but the Indians and the prisoners crossed to what is now Cincinnati and marched overland.

Now as one stands on the Public Landing in Cincinnati he sees the Newport City Park, serene and quiet.

Yet there was a time when on the shores of the Licking hundreds of camp fires blazed and the men about them were neither serene nor quiet. Indians, the soldiers of King George III., the Kentuckians, with their long rifles, fringed buckskin coats, coonskin caps, long knives and powder horns; soldiers of later wars... this little park in Newport has seen them all. If the Licking River, and the old Indian Trail that now weakly is Brighton Street, had voices what heroic tales we would hear.

Those soldiers, explorers, pioneers, backwoodsmen, and Indians are gone... their bodies to the Great Mother Earth who nourished them... their spirits surely travel over the Lone Trails. This is our own particular heritage, Scouts and Scouters of Troop Forty Five... the spirits of these adventurers walk in our own back yards. Who knows but that they lighted their camp fires under the Sycamores less than a hundred feet away. It is our privilege, as a troop, to keep alive their glorious memories not as men of War, but of Peace.

"Troop Five will send thruout the land  
Its message of your noble stand,  
Pioneers, O Pioneers."