

About the Author



**Hawk MacKinney**

Raised in the coal mining Ozark Mountains of Arkansas, Welsh- and Scottish-blooded Hawk MacKinney began writing serial mysteries for his school newspaper.

He served over twenty years as a Special Staff Corps Officer with the US Navy & US Marine Corps, and has two postgraduate degrees with elective minors in foreign languages and history. He was a tenured faculty member at major medical universities, authored professional articles, and taught postgraduate courses in the States and overseas.

Mr. MacKinney lives on the Isondiga-Savanno River in Georgia.

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**Moccasin Trace**

**...it was about the land.**

It is July of 1859, a month of sweltering dog days and feverish emotional bombast. Life is good for widower Rundell Ingram and his hazel-eyed, roan-haired son, Hamilton. Between the two of them, they take care of Moccasin Hollow, their rustic dogtrot ancestral home, a sprawling non-slave plantation in the rolling farming country outside Queensborough Towne in east Georgia. Adjoining Ingram lands is Wisteria Bend, the vast slave-holding plantation of Andrew and Corinthia Greer, their daughter Sarah, and son Benjamin.

Both families share generations of long-accepted traditions, and childhood playmates are no longer children. The rangy, even-tempered Norman-Scottish young Hamilton is smitten with Sarah, who has become an enticing capricious beauty—the young lovers more in love with each passing day, and only pleasant times ahead of them.

**...but a blood tide of war is sweeping across the South, a tide that might be impossible to stand before.**

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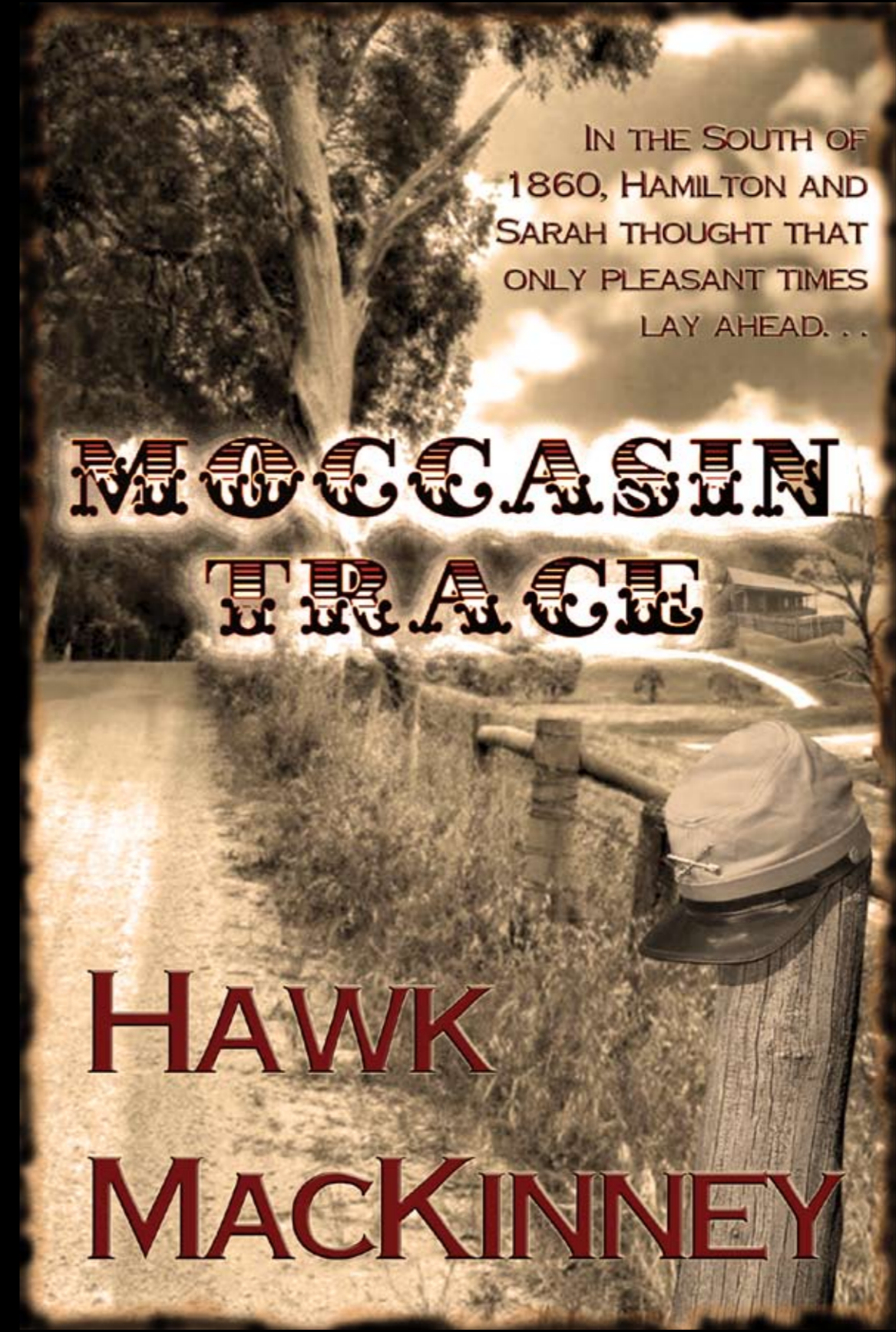
**Barbara Casey**  
Author, *The Coach's Wife*



THE MOCASIN TRAIL

HAWK MACKINNEY

ArcheBooks Publishing



IN THE SOUTH OF  
1860, HAMILTON AND  
SARAH THOUGHT THAT  
ONLY PLEASANT TIMES  
LAY AHEAD. . .

MOCCASIN  
TRACE

HAWK  
MACKINNEY

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Excerpt...

With Sarah leaning against his shoulder, Hamilton slouched back against the trunk of the water oak, and its mossy, rotting bark soaked a cool feeling against his back. His gaze drifted toward the purple wisteria twisted in the dogwoods and tulip poplars above them. Like idle ghosts braided among the limbs, lazy Spanish moss swayed in a green cathedral. In the serene stillness, his eyelids grew heavy, the gurgle of water reminding him of Sarah's gay laughter that last time they went wading.

A soul-deep sorrow caught at him, for her, for their young son and yet-to-be children. The smell of her hair stung his nose, his yearning for her was strong as ever, even stronger. Other good memories crowded in—all-night hunting parties with friends from plantations around Queensborough Towne. Being a hometown boy, he was forgiven just about anything.

"Young bucks just feeling their oats," the sheriff once said after one wild drinking melee.

Lives sundered spirit from body. Such rememberings left him with an aching hankerin' for Bessie's strong corn whisky. Ingram men had a weakness for good whisky, some couldn't stop. It made for a seductive escape, until he had to face another empty dawn. Hamilton fought the uncertainties in uncertain tomorrows. Others had run. Pulled up stakes, and git. He'd never run from nothing his whole life. Ingrams hadn't been run off their land by the British. He wadn't bein' run off now neither.