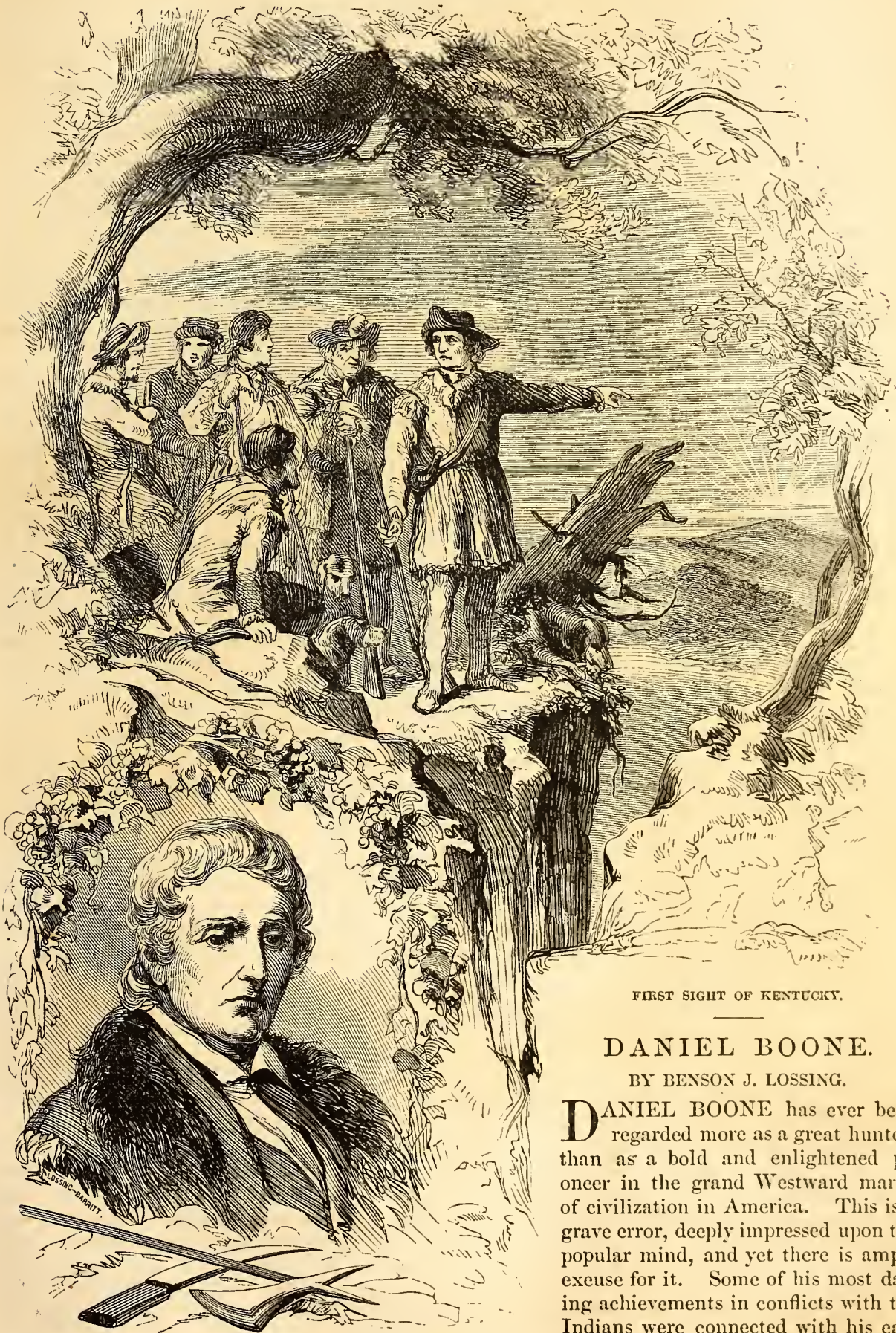


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FIRST SIGHT OF KENTUCKY.

DANIEL BOONE.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

DANIEL BOONE has ever been regarded more as a great hunter, than as a bold and enlightened pioneer in the grand Westward march of civilization in America. This is a grave error, deeply impressed upon the popular mind, and yet there is ample excuse for it. Some of his most daring achievements in conflicts with the Indians were connected with his car-

lier hunting excursions beyond the lofty ridges of the Southern Alleghanies and the Cumberland Mountains; and when, in the "sere and yellow leaf" of his life, he felt the ingratitude of his countrymen, he penetrated the deep wildernesses beyond the Mississippi, and spent his old age there in trapping otters and beavers. The scenes of these widely separated periods of his wonderful life have been the themes of romance and of song, while those of the more quiet intervening years in which the usefulness of his pioneership as the path-finder for the march of empire was developed have been overlooked, or but briefly noticed by the grave historian and political philosopher. Therefore the name of Daniel Boone is always associated with wild adventures with bears and savages, and seldom with civilization and its beneficent achievements. Upon the latter, however, his fame will rest more solidly in the future ages than upon the more material features of his career. The hunter and backwoodsman will appear only as the dim shadows cast by the pioneer and the patriot.

George Boone, the grandfather of Daniel, was the first of that family who emigrated to America. He came from Bradnich, near Exeter, in that quiet, beautiful garden-region of England, the County of Devon. He became a large landholder in the rich but then wilderness region of Berks County, in Pennsylvania. He also purchased lands in Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, and, it is said, owned the soil and laid out the village of Georgetown, in the District of Columbia. He had need of many fertile acres, for he brought with him nine sons and ten daughters. Population was then sparse in all the colonies, for it was in the year 1717—almost a century and a half ago. There was room enough for large families.

One of George's sons was named Squire. He wooed and won Sarah Morgan, who was of Welsh lineage, and they became the parents of Daniel, the great hunter and pioneer of Kentucky. He was born near Bristol, on the banks of the Delaware, in Berks County, Pennsylvania, on the 11th of February, 1734. At that time his family belonged to the Society of Friends, though they seem to have been originally of the Church of England. His opportunities for acquiring education were very limited. It was in one of the "people's colleges," built of logs, where he was taught the mysteries of school learning; and little did he owe to the pedagogue for that knowledge with which he made his way in after-life.

When Daniel was three years of age his father settled at Reading, in Bucks County, then a frontier town. There he learned to love the forest, and was taught much of the craft of the woods by intercourse with the Indians who abounded in that vicinity. These were the most important lessons for his use in after-life, and he appears to have profited largely by them. He became expert in the use of the rifle, and loved the excitement of the chase.

Squire Boone, having a large and growing family, finally removed to the upper regions of

North Carolina, near the South Yadkin. Daniel was then nineteen years of age, and full of physical and mental vigor. The events of the journey through Maryland and Virginia wrought powerfully upon his mind; and when their destination was reached, and the routine of daily toil demanded the exercise of all his powers, he felt an irrepressible desire to go out from the habitations of men and enjoy the perfect freedom of the wilderness. He had already plumed himself for flight when Cupid cast a tether about him, and bound him for a season to his home and neighborhood. A few other settlers were seated upon the Yadkin. Among them was a Scotch-Irishman named Bryan, whose daughter, Rebecca, became the object of young Boone's first love. Thus the already expert hunter was enticed from the forest, and, with Rebecca Bryan as his wife, he became a quiet farmer on the banks of the Yadkin, further up toward the mountains than the home of his father. There he built his solitary cabin; but ere long other adventurous young men like himself came thither, and soon from a dozen hearths around him went up the blue smoke on the morning air.

As the settlement increased Boone became restive. He felt crowded by neighbors within trumpet-sound; and the tales of hunters who had penetrated the wilderness to a greater depth than his adventurous foot had trodden filled him with aspirations for the excitements of the forest. Over the mountains westward of him lay an undiscovered country, traversed only by the wild Indian, the buffalo, the deer, and beasts of prey. Even the country between the Yadkin and the blue hills on the western horizon was equally unknown, except to a few hunters who had stood at the eastern foot of those mountains, from whose summit no eye of white man had yet gazed in wonder. Toward those fields of adventure the bold spirit of Boone was continually drawn, as if by the inexorable law of gravitation; and yet it was not the love of excitement alone which formed the attraction—it was even its opposite. His disposition was mild, his heart simple, and he loved peace. The distant roar of the gathering political storm which finally swept over the land in the form of a Revolution disturbed him; and the love of quiet was a powerful motive to seek the solitudes of the grand old forests. A similar spirit of adventure and love of peace stirred the breasts of others, and they all waited for some pioneer to lead the way that they might follow.

About the year 1748 Dr. Walker and a small party attempted the exploration of the country beyond the highlands, but they only reached the eastern borders of Kentucky, and accomplished little else for their contemporaries and for posterity than the demonstration of the fact that the lofty range of mountains might be scaled, and that a glorious country lay beyond. This was much, for it was the unbarring of the door which opened upon the theatre where the great drama of growing empires has since been in progress.

About twenty years later, John Finley and a party of hunters penetrated the region beyond the mountains to the Kentucky River, and roamed over a portion of the fertile soil of Tennessee. These men, in their explorations, became filled with the enthusiasm of a Columbus, and explored the new-found world with eager delight. They were men of action, and performed history without making records. But little is known of the details of that expedition, except what tradition has preserved of it. Yet posterity owes to Finley a debt of gratitude, for he opened a pathway to the wilderness and led Daniel Boone into it.

The narratives of Finley made a deep impression upon the mind of Boone, and found quick responses in his aspirations and partial experiences. He had already, in hunting excursions, penetrated the valleys along the head-waters of the Holston, in southwestern Virginia; and in 1764 he had stood within the eastern border of Kentucky, and bathed in the waters of the Cumberland River. Then he had a two-fold object—to hunt and to see the country, and report to a company of land speculators concerning it. Now, excited by an irrepressible desire to go where Finley had been, he arranged a party of six, consisting of himself, the Pioneer, John Stewart, Joseph Holden, James Monay, and William Cool, and started on the most important exploring tour westward which had yet been undertaken. They left their homes on the Yadkin on the first day of May, 1769. On the 7th of June they were on the banks of the Red River, a tributary of the Kentucky (Kain-tuck-ee), in the present Morgan County. They had traversed a mountainous country through many perils; and now, says Boone, “from the top of an eminence we saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucky.” That eminence was the Pisgah from which those pioneers of civilization looked into the glorious promised land.

For six months these bold men traversed the central and northern portions of Kentucky, in the midst of numerous kinds of wild beasts, but unmolested by the few roving Indians whom they found hunting there. The land was a perfect paradise in beauty and productions. The forest was dark with the wealth of foliage; and in sunny openings lay beautiful savannas, covered with luxuriant grass and decked with the most gorgeous flowers. Upon these, and at certain places on the streams, immense herds of buffaloes were seen. The majestic trees were festooned with vines, from which, in early autumn, hung grapes as luscious as those of Eschol. The climate was delicious. Even when December came, and northern lakes and rivers were fast ice-bound, flowers still bloomed where the hunters trod, and they felt an enchantment in the scene and the novel excitement which bound them to the wilderness. They established a regular camp, and there, early in December, they prepared to spend the winter.

At that moment of fancied security danger brooded over them. While Boone and Stewart were rambling on the banks of the Kentucky

River, toward the evening of a pleasant day, some Indians rushed from a thick cane-brake and made them prisoners. They were plundered of every thing, kept close captives for a week, kindly treated according to savage fare, and then at midnight, when the captors were all asleep, they escaped. Stewart had fallen into slumber, when Boone, rising cautiously, awoke him gently. Heavy was the sleep of the Indians. The two hunters moved silently, secured their guns, sped lightly from the cane-brake to the open forest, and through their excellent knowledge of woodcraft they found the way to their camp. It was a desolation. The Indians had plundered it, and Finley, Holden, Monay, and Cool were never heard of afterward. Boone and Stewart were left alone.

About this time Squire Boone, Daniel's brother, came into the wilderness with a single companion in search of the hunting and exploring party, and found the two lonely companions. Very soon after that happy meeting Stewart was killed by the Indians, and Squire Boone's attendant returned home. The two brothers were thus left alone among the wild beasts and equally savage men, several hundred miles from their families and the abodes of civilization. They built themselves a cabin for personal shelter and the security of their winnings in the chase—for they hunted every day during the entire winter. Success made them ambitious; and on the first day of May, 1770, Squire Boone departed for home to procure a supply of ammunition and horses, with which to prosecute the chase another season. “I was,” says Daniel, “left by myself, without bread, salt, or sugar—without company of my fellow-creatures, or even a horse or a dog.”

What a picture did that solitary white man in the vast wilderness present! His outside garment was a loose open frock, made of dressed deer-skins. His lower extremities were covered with leggins, or drawers, of the same material; to which moccasins for the feet were appended. The broad collar of the frock and the seams of the leggins were adorned with fringes. His under-garments were of coarse linen. A leathern belt encircled his body. On his right side was a hatchet, to be used as a tomahawk in fight, if necessary; on his left was a hunting-knife, powder-horn, bullet-pouch, and other indispensable appendages; and in his hand was his trusty rifle, his constant companion, protector, and friend.

What a moral picture did the two brothers present! One remained upon the spot where he had planted the first seed of settlement in building a cabin to watch and nourish it—for, as he said, he was “an instrument ordained to settle the wilderness;” the other, filled with fraternal regard and highest courage, was traversing a wild country, five hundred miles in extent, to cheer their kinsmen with glad tidings of Daniel's safety, and to procure strength for the plant of civilization then germinating on the banks of the Kentucky River. The mission of both was faithfully accomplished.



ESCAPE OF BOONE AND STEWART.

Boone was now six-and-thirty years of age, in the prime of vigorous manhood. For three months he was alone in the forest, exposed to dangers every moment, yet a stranger to fear. He made quite long journeys over northern Kentucky; and on one occasion, while standing upon an eminence, he saw the Ohio River, then filled to the brim, and flowing in solitary grandeur. He seldom slept in his cabin, for the Indians had discovered it, and he had frequent evidence of their having visited it during his absence. So he slumbered in the thick cane-brakes at night, and hunted all day with vigilant eyes. At length, on a sultry morning in August, while dressing a fine buck near his cabin, heavy footsteps startled him. The promise of his noble brother to return with horses and supplies was fulfilled. There he stood with two fine animals, well laden, and he was the bearer of joyful words

to the solitary woodsman, for they told him of the health and happiness of his Rebecca and their children.

From the time when Squire Boone returned until the next spring the brothers explored the country in various directions, gave names to the rivers, and in March, 1771, they returned to the banks of the Kentucky, and dedicated the spot where they had parted and met again as the place for a settlement—the place whereon to lay the corner-stone of an empire. For eight months they had traversed the wilderness, every hour shielded by God's providence, for they met with no accident nor ever encountered the red man as a foe. Having made himself familiar with the country, Daniel yielded to his heart-yearnings for home, and departed for the Yadkin to embrace his family, and bring them with him into the beautiful land which he had discov-

ered, where there was ample room. How gladly we would listen to a detailed narrative of that homeward journey; the delights of the domestic reunion, and the curious wonder of his neighbors, who had long regarded him as lost! But Boone was a man of few words, and he sums up the entire series of events in the simple sentence, "I returned safe to my old habitation, and found my family in happy circumstances." He had been absent nearly two years.

It was almost thirty months before the Boones completed their preparations to return to the Kentucky. They were strong in faith and courage themselves, but it was difficult to persuade their neighbors that it was better to go into the wilderness than to remain in their safe and quiet homes on the Yadkin. They thought of the fate of Finley and his companions, and their fears overcame their aspirations. Of all the settlers there, Daniel and Squire Boone alone, with their families, ventured upon the great enterprise. With horses, and cattle, and necessary furniture, they left the Yadkin on the 25th of September, 1773, upon a mission of the magnitude of which they had no adequate conceptions.

Yet they were not destined to go alone after all. The narratives of the Boones had stirred adventurous spirits in other settlements, and in Powell's Valley they were joined by five families and forty well-armed men. Thus were brought together the elements of a colony, with promises of success; and, with high hopes for the future, they pressed toward the wide Cumberland Gap, near the junction of the three great States of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. Squire Boone, who had made the journey four times in one year, was their guide, and with uninterrupted march they approached that majestic gateway in the mountains toward the middle of October. Upon Walden's Ridge some of the young men fell back to collect the scattered cattle. One of these was the eldest son of Daniel Boone, a lad of seventeen years. A war-party of Indians, unknown and unsuspected, had been hovering upon the flank and rear of the emigrants for two days. They fell upon the young men. The main body of the adventurers heard the sound of conflict and rushed to the spot. It was too late. The Indians had accomplished their work and fled. Six of the young men had been massacred. Among these was the first-born of Daniel Boone.

That event was a dreadful blow to all, and broke the spirit of most of the emigrants. Sorrowfully they buried those six young men in the wilderness and then turned back. Boone and others of the strong men would have proceeded, but the tears of woman were potent. Hearts which knew no fear were softened and subdued by the griefs and terrors of the tender ones who leaned upon strong arms for protection. They turned back; yet they did not go to the Yadkin. They halted among the settlers on the Clinch River, in Virginia, where numbers gave strength and security against the Indians. There Boone remained quietly during seven months, while his

fame as a hunter and pioneer explorer was told by many lips in highest social circles in Virginia and North Carolina. That quiet was during the slow lifting of the curtain which disclosed another act in the drama of Boone's wonderful life. Let us glance a moment at the records of general history, for now they begin to take cognizance of the great Pioneer.

Our old War for Independence was then rapidly kindling, and in Virginia were many scarred soldiers of the late conflict with the French and Indians, who had not yet received the reward due for their services. True, the Colonial Government had generously voted them lands beyond the mountains, but they were almost as inaccessible to the individual soldier as a quarter section in the moon. The Government, contented with its show of generosity in *voting* lands to the soldier, did not stop to reflect upon the difficulties that lay in his way in obtaining it. Indeed that country wherein the grants lay was so vaguely defined in the minds of legislators and magistrates that they scarcely knew whether there was an immense inland sea or a paradise of fertile acres beyond the lofty highlands in the West, until the explorations of Boone settled the question. Then they became aware that a noble domain was there, inviting the hand of industry to beautify and enrich it by culture.

Accordingly, in 1773, Governor Dunmore sent thither a party of surveyors under Captain Bullit, a companion in arms with Washington at Fort Duquesne. They went down the Ohio to the Falls, where the city of Louisville now stands, made many surveys in the adjacent region, and verified all that Boone had declared concerning that country. Other surveyors followed, and in the spring of 1774 Captain James Harrod, with forty men, descended the Ohio, and on the site of Harrodsburg planted the first corn ever deposited in the soil of Kentucky by the white man's hand. Another party followed the Kentucky River far up into the interior, and thus, through the impulse given by Boone, adventurous Virginians were soon traversing the numerous buffalo paths of central Kentucky in many directions.

A bolder and more competent leader than had yet gone from Virginia—one who could be a chief in the great work to be accomplished—was needed, and Lord Dunmore solicited Daniel Boone to go to the Falls of the Ohio and conduct the surveyors and other parties, then in Kentucky, or preparing to go thither. Boone immediately complied with the request, and in the spring of 1774 he bade adieu to his family and the settlers on the Clinch River, and with a single companion hastened to the coveted field of action, filled with gratitude for such an opportunity to advance those grand schemes of settlement in Kentucky to which his life was now dedicated. They did not take the safer way of the Ohio, but went over the Cumberland Mountains, and by the very graves of the six young martyrs they made their way through the wilderness, continually surrounded by the greatest



BURIAL OF THE YOUNG MEN.

perils. Boone says they made a tour of eight hundred miles, through "many difficulties," in sixty-two days.

Here and there in the wilderness, where hardy men had built cabins or established temporary camps, Boone was greeted with joy as the great Pioneer, and his advice to them was law. To James Harrod and his party he carried intelligence of the hostilities of the northern Indians, and advised them to join another party. They heard and heeded, but lingered too long. On the 20th of July a war-party of Indians fell upon them, killed one man and dispersed the rest. One of Harrod's party, it is said, fled down the Ohio in a bark canoe, continued his flight down the Mississippi to New Orleans, and did not tarry until he had made a sea voyage to his home in Philadelphia! There was reason for alarm, for this attack of the savages was the first of a series. The warlike Shawnees saw,

with anxiety, the encroachments of the white man upon the rich possessions of their ancestors, and they resolved to exterminate those already there, and thus crush the spirit of emigration. To accomplish this they mustered strongly in the country bordering on the Great and Little Miami rivers, and, led by the celebrated chief Cornstalk, they gave battle to eleven hundred Virginians under General Andrew Lewis, in August, 1774, at Point Pleasant, where the Great Kanawha empties into the Ohio. It was the bloodiest battle the Virginians ever had with Indians, and seventy-five of the sons of the Old Dominion were killed, and one hundred and forty wounded. By it, however, the power of the Indians was broken for the time, and peace ensued. In all this the hand of Boone was clearly perceived, and the red man marked him as his most dreaded foe—not as a marauder, but as the leader of a movement to deprive him of his inherited domain.

Having performed the various duties assigned him Boone returned to his family on the Clinch River, and passed the ensuing winter in hunting. Governor Dunmore was perfectly satisfied with the way in which the Pioneer had executed his commission, and he testified that satisfaction by giving him the military command of three garrisons on the frontier, established as a protection against the Indians.

And now a new scene in the drama opened. Virginia determined to encourage settlement in Kentucky, and offered, as a free gift, four hundred acres of land there to any person who should agree to build a cabin, make a clearing, and plant Indian corn. Many of these settlements were commenced after the battle at Point Pleasant; and when Boone returned to his family he found many of the settlers there desirous of going into the wilderness.

About that time an extraordinary movement, in which Boone became an actor, was commenced. Richard Henderson, a native of Hanover County, Virginia, a man about forty years of age, of strong mind, brilliant talents, but deficient in education and general culture, and then a resident of Granville County, North Carolina, planned a scheme of land speculation more extensive than any known in the history of our country. By the force of his genius he had arisen to the bench of the Superior Court of North Carolina, where he became conspicuous in opposition to the *Regulators* in 1771. They drove him from his seat and closed all the courts in that region. He had amassed a considerable fortune, but at the time in question he was involved in pecuniary difficulties. Bold, ardent, and adventurous, he resolved to go beyond the mountains, and there, in that beautiful land traversed by Boone, found a colony and become a lordly proprietor. Under pretense of viewing some back lands he went into the Cherokee nation, and with ten wagon-loads of cheap goods, a few fire-arms, and some spirituous liquors, he purchased from the chiefs of that nation a tract of land one hundred miles square, lying between the Kentucky and Cumberland rivers—one of the finest regions west of the mountains. He had seven associates in the scheme; namely, William Johnston, Nathaniel Hart, John Tuttrell, David Hart, John Williams, James Hogg, and Leonard Henley Bullock. These formed the celebrated Transylvania Company which occupy such a prominent place in the annals of that period. Having arranged all the preliminaries, Henderson, in March following, in behalf of his associates, met the Cherokee chiefs and twelve hundred warriors in council at a fort on the Wataga, a branch of the Holston River, where the purchase was consummated and ratified by treaty.

Daniel Boone was present at that council; and there is little doubt that he had been the confidential agent of Henderson and others in the examination of the tract, and in consummating the purchase from the Cherokees. Never was a man more faithful than he in keeping the

counsel of himself or others; and it is the opinion of those best informed that he had been a secret agent in the scheme for several years. The moment the bargain was completed Boone was chosen to be the leader in the work of surveying and settling the domain. His first step was to lay out a road from the settlements on the Holston to the Kentucky River. He entered upon that duty with a company of strong and well-armed men, and the work was rapidly accomplished. They met with no serious obstacles, except such as nature offered, until they had arrived within fifteen miles of their final destination, on the Kentucky River, when, on the 28th of March, the Indians attacked them and killed two of their number. Two days afterward two more were killed and scalped by the savages. This was the beginning of severe conflicts with the red men. The pioneers sustained themselves manfully, beat off the foe, pushed forward to the Kentucky, and, on the site of the present Boonesborough, in Madison County, they built a fort, the first ever erected by the white man in that region. That rude fortress of logs was the theatre of stirring scenes during the War for Independence, then just commenced.

Other settlers soon followed, for Boone's fort appeared to them like a city of refuge in any hour of need, and they took courage from the thought. Yet that which gave the white people strength and confidence excited the jealous ire of the savages, and they hovered around this centre of civilization—this germ of dispossessing power in their midst—eager for an opportunity to strike an exterminating blow. But they were timid as well as wary, and when, soon after the arrival of Boone, Colonel Henderson, the "lord of the manor," came along the pathway prepared by the Pioneer, with a retinue of men and pack-horses—forty of his strong followers, well armed and prepared for battle—the Indians withdrew in dismay, and hastened beyond the Ohio to tell their brethren there of the thunder-bolt that had fallen in the centre of their chosen hunting-grounds.

On his arrival Colonel Henderson gave the name of Boonesborough to the growing fort and its surroundings; and then he proceeded to people the land and organize a government for Transylvania, as the new State was to be called. Thousands of acres of that rich land were soon sold to emigrants; and by the end of April there were four settlements in Kentucky, named respectively Boonesborough, Harrodsburg, Blue Springs, and St. Asaph's. To these settlers Henderson sent an invitation to appoint representatives to meet him at Boonesborough for the purpose of organizing a proprietary government. They responded cheerfully, and on the 23d of May, 1775, the first Legislature in that region assembled under the shade of a huge elm near the fort. That body was composed of Squire Boone, Daniel Boone, William Coke, Samuel Henderson, Richard Moore, Richard Calloway, Thomas Slaughter, John Lythe, Valen-



FIRST LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY IN KENTUCKY.

tine Hammond, James Douglas, James Harrod, Nathan Hammond, Isaac Hite, Azariah Davis, John Todd, Alexander S. Dandridge, John Floyd, and Samuel Wood. They chose Thomas Slaughter chairman, and Matthew Jewett clerk. The proceedings were opened with prayer by one of their number, the Rev. John Lythe of the Episcopal Church, who was one of the representatives from Harrodsburg. Colonel Henderson then addressed the Legislature in a manly and sensible speech. Notwithstanding his Tory propensities, manifested during the Regulator move-

ments in North Carolina a few years previously, were now exhibited in his speaking of the present as "the fifteenth year of the reign of his Majesty, King George the Third," he enunciated the true doctrine that the only legitimate source of all political power is the people, in these words: "If any doubt remain among you, with respect to the force and efficiency of whatever laws you may now or hereafter make, be pleased to consider that all power is originally in the people: make it their interest, therefore, by impartial and beneficent laws, and you may be sure

of their inclination to see them enforced." Then, in the name of himself and associate proprietors, Colonel Henderson entered into a compact with the colonists, by which a free and liberal government was established over the territory. The most important features of this compact were: First, that the election of delegates should be annual. Second, perfect freedom of opinion in matters of religion. Third, that judges should be appointed by the proprietors, but answerable for mal-conduct to the people; and that the convention have the sole power of raising and appropriating all moneys and electing their treasurer. This covenant was signed and sealed by three of the members of the company, and by Thomas Slaughter in behalf of the settlers.

In that first Legislature of Kentucky Daniel Boone appears to have been very active. On the first day of the session he asked leave to bring in a bill for preserving game, and he was appointed chairman of a committee chosen for that purpose. He also introduced a bill for the improvement of the breed of horses. These became laws, with seven others, which were adopted at that session, which lasted only three days. Then, after a prayer by Mr. Lythe, the Transylvania Legislature adjourned till September. But it never met again. The purchase of Henderson and his company was annulled by the Virginia Legislature, which claimed a charter sovereignty over all that region. The State of Transylvania at once disappeared, and the broad domain of the proprietors was narrowed to a tract on the borders of the Ohio, twelve miles square, which the Legislature of Virginia granted to them. But Boonesborough was planted; the seed of a new empire was deposited in a rich soil, and from it, in due time, with rapid growth, budded and blossomed the fair State of Kentucky.

Having accomplished one great object of his life, in the construction of a fort as a nucleus of emigration and permanent settlement in the wilderness, the heart of Boone yearned for the endearments of wife and children, and the sweet delights of home. He had performed his duty well. The germ of a colony was under the cultivator's care, and he was delighted with the promise of numerous homes in that beautiful land.

At about the middle of June, when his fort was completed, Boone set out for home on the Clinch to bring his family into the forest, well assured that his devoted, trusting Rebecca would not hesitate to rely upon his sturdy arm and the shield of God's providence once more. The Pioneer was not disappointed. Cheerfully did that brave woman and her daughter prepare for the new land, and as cheerfully did the families of other adventurers, who resolved to accompany Boone, prepare for the perilous journey. Over mountains, through dark forests, and in deep cane-brakes, they made their way, unharmed by savage men or ravenous beasts. The company of wives and children were guarded by almost thirty guns until they approached

the valleys of the Kentucky: then Boone and his family pushed on in advance; and just at the close of a bright day in September they reached the fort in safety, greeted by the hearty welcome of the little garrison that had been left there to protect the post and cultivate the soil. The loving wife and fair daughter of Daniel Boone were the pioneer women of the new State; they were the first of the gentler sex, from the homes of civilization, that ever stood upon the banks of the Kentucky River.

The autumn of 1775 was passed quite pleasantly by the settlers at Boonesborough. Although surrounded by fearful perils, they were not much troubled, for they did not appear. The climate was milder than that of the country east of the mountains, game was abundant in the forests, and luscious grapes hung in clusters from the trees. Their cabins were soon well prepared for the cold of winter, and an ample store of provisions was speedily gathered. Trees were girdled and felled, and before the frosts of late December came new garden spots were cleared and made ready for planting in the spring. Happily for the little company the Indians kept far away during the winter that followed, and there was real happiness in those rude cabins in Boonesborough fort.

Spring opened early and gloriously. The wild flowers came out in troops with the advent of the south wind and the vivifying sun of April; and with them came the family of Colonel Calloway, Boone's intimate friend. He had two daughters and Boone one. The three were just blooming into womanhood. They were constant companions in toils and pleasures, and at length they became companions in fearful peril. With the opening of spring the footsteps of Indians were perceived, and it was soon apparent that a war-party was prowling around the settlement. Vigilance and caution were awakened. The men never went to their labors without the rifle, and the women were enjoined never to go beyond the palisades except in the day time, and then not beyond a certain short distance from the fort.

On a warm day, at about the middle of July, the three girls (Betsey and Frances Calloway, and Jemima Boone), unmindful of frequent cautions, and intent upon pleasure, crossed the river in a canoe, and in the shadow of thick bushes and umbrageous branches that came down to the river's edge they amused themselves by splashing the water with their paddles, while the little tether-rope floated carelessly in the stream. The eyes of five stout, vigilant savages were upon them. One of them, noiselessly as a serpent, glided stealthily into the stream, seized the rope, and in an instant dragged the canoe into a nook out of sight of the fort. The loud shrieks of the girls were heard, but as the only canoe of the settlers was the one in which the victims were caught, they could not readily pursue. It was also believed that a large body of Indians were near, and Boone and Calloway were both absent.



CAPTURE OF THREE GIRLS.

Night had fallen when the fathers of the young captives returned. Preparations for pursuit were immediately made. Boone and Calloway appealed to the company for volunteers, and eight strong and true men took an oath similar to that uttered by Boone—"By the Eternal Power that made me a father, if my daughter lives and is found, I will either bring her back or spill my life-blood." At daybreak the following morning they were upon the trail of the savages, and on the 16th, forty miles away, they overtook them in the depths of an immense canebrake, just as the captors were kindling a fire to cook. Cautiously the pursuers approached the camp indicated by the smoke, and to their inexpressible delight they perceived the fair captives. Under the direction of Boone the party fell upon the savages, killed two of them, dispersed the others, and rescued the girls. This event, so thrilling, so full of adventure every

moment, is recorded in these few words by the modest Pioneer himself: "On the 14th day of July, 1776, two of Colonel Calloway's daughters and one of my own were taken prisoners near the fort. I immediately pursued the Indians with only eight men, and on the 16th overtook them, killed two of the party, and recovered the girls."

From this hour the settlers were exposed to the fierce ire of the Indians, who seemed resolved to crush this bud of civilization before it should become unfolded in strength. The forests appeared to swarm with desperate savages thirsting for blood, and the nightly howl of the wolf was often mingled with the savage yell of the Indian. Flying parties, fleet and cunning, sped from station to station, cutting off the settlers in detail. These were shot at their plows by an invisible marksman, or slain while engaged in the chase; and prowlers would some-

times prostrate by a single bullet or swift arrow the first man that ventured at morning from the shelter of the palisades. Thus harassed by continual alarms the settlers passed the winter in great anxiety, and that beautiful region became to them truly "The Dark and Bloody Ground." The stout heart of Boone was melted at the sight of the suffering people, but it quailed not for a moment before the ever-present danger. But as the storm thickened, and the settlers heard of the war then raging on the Atlantic border, they became fearful of an alliance of the British with the savages of the wilderness. Indeed intelligence soon came that such an alliance actually existed, and that from the English garrison at Detroit war-parties would soon come with white men as leaders. This intelligence was like the low bellowing thunder precursory of a more furious tempest; and many of the inhabitants, taking counsel of their fears, abandoned their cultivated acres, left the wilderness, and took up their abode within the borders of civilization, there to await an auspicious period for their return. This desertion gave Boone greater uneasiness than any thing else; for in this weakening of the elements of inherent strength he foresaw the most frightful disasters to his cherished colony, and a presage of the end of settlements in Kentucky.

Early in April, 1777, the storm howled fearfully around Boonesborough and two or three other stations. On the 15th of that month a large body of Indians invested the fort, with the intention of striking the settlement out of existence at one blow. At that time the whole military force in the colony did not exceed one hundred men, a greater portion of the little army there, under the general command of the brave George Rogers Clarke, having left the country on account of the increasing perils. Only twenty-two armed men besides the settlers were in the fort at Boonesborough, and this little garrison made a noble defense. Quite a number of the Indians were slain; and having no means for climbing over the palisades, they soon abandoned the siege, after killing only one white man. But the victors were not much elated by their success, knowing full well that a large and better prepared party would soon appear to execute the bloody plan.

Vain efforts were now made to reinforce the garrison, and on the 4th of July two hundred assailants, one-tenth of them white men, surrounded Boonesborough. To prevent the neighboring stations from sending relief to the beleaguered capital, small parties of savages attacked these simultaneously. Strong in numbers the Indians were audacious, and there appeared little hope for the inmates of Boonesborough. But the Pioneer knew the Indian well, and his weakness in such a struggle, and he was fully prepared for the foe. Every weak point in his fortress, discovered during the attack in April, was strengthened; and for forty-eight hours the colonists sustained the siege, with the loss of only one man. Then the Indians, ac-

ording to the simple record of Boone, "finding themselves not likely to prevail, raised the siege and departed."

Soon after this second siege forty-five men arrived from North Carolina. On the 20th of August one hundred men came from Virginia under Colonel Bowman. Now strong enough to act on the offensive, the pioneers sallied out, and for several weeks there were almost daily skirmishes with the Indians in some part or other of the colony. The savages were beaten in every encounter. They learned, at fearful cost, the superiority of the *Long-knives*, as they called the Virginians, and most of them were soon driven away far toward the Ohio. The few that remained prowled around the settlements as before, but seldom caught the white people off their guard.

For a while the Kentucky colony enjoyed comparative tranquillity. But that season of repose was short, and it was terminated by the saddest calamity that had yet befallen the settlers. Salt was much needed, and on the banks of the Licking River, in the present Nicholas County in Kentucky, there were copious springs that yielded the necessary article. But they were in the wilderness, full fifty miles north of Boonesborough. The journey thither and the labor there would be perilous. But salt was much needed, and Daniel Boone had seen and felt the necessity. He was a man not to be deterred from the performance of any duty on account of real or fancied danger; and so, placing himself at the head of a party of thirty men, he started on the 1st of January, 1778, for the "Blue Licks," to manufacture salt for the colony. The watchful Indians kept close upon their path; for whenever the great leader of the *Long-knives* was abroad in the forest the savages were on the alert, and by every stratagem they sought to make him their possession. They did not desire his life, for they knew him to be a brave and generous foe; but they were untiring in their efforts to make him a prisoner. And now their watchfulness was increased by curiosity, for they wondered much what the Pioneer and his men were going to do with the big kettles they were carrying.

For a month the salt-boilers worked on, with their rifles at their backs, and were unmolested. Boone, meanwhile, went out frequently alone to hunt for his party, and kept them supplied with food. In one of these excursions, according to one of his earliest (yet, it must be confessed, not the most reliable) biographers, he had a characteristic adventure. "One day," says Flint, "he had wandered some distance from the bank of the river. Two Indians, armed with muskets—for they had now generally added these efficient weapons to their tomahawks—came upon him! His first thought was to retreat; but he discovered, from their nimbleness, that this was impossible. His second thought was resistance, and he slipped behind a tree to await their coming within rifle-shot. He then exposed himself so as to attract their aim. The foremost leveled



BOONE'S ENCOUNTER WITH TWO INDIANS.

his musket. Boone, who could dodge the flash, at the pulling of the trigger dropped behind his tree unhurt. The next object was to cause the fire of the second musket to be thrown away in the same manner. He again exposed a part of his person. The eager Indian instantly fired, and Boone evaded the shot as before. Both the Indians having thrown away their fire were eagerly striving, but with trembling hands, to reload. Trepidation and too much haste retarded their object. Boone drew his rifle and one of

them fell dead. The two antagonists, now on equal grounds—the one unsheathing his knife and the other poising his tomahawk—rushed toward the dead body of the fallen Indian. Boone placed his foot upon the body, and dexterously received the well-aimed tomahawk of his powerful enemy on the barrel of his rifle, and thus prevented his skull being cleft by it. In the very attitude of striking the Indian had exposed his body to the knife of Boone, and in it it was plunged to the hilt. This is the achievement

commemorated in sculpture over the southern door of the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington."

Undismayed by this adventure, Boone was out again on a hunting excursion on the 7th of February, when he was surprised by one hundred Indians and two French Canadians, who were on their way from the Ohio country to attack Boonesborough. On perceiving his danger the Pioneer attempted to save himself by flight, but the young braves were too fleet for him, notwithstanding his own sinews were yet supple, for he was only three-and-forty years of age. Making a virtue of necessity, he halted and surrendered gracefully. This conciliated the Indians, and they promised him generous usage. Yet he was troubled on account of the salt-boilers. They were too weak in numbers and means of defense to resist with any chance of success, and he could not warn them to flee to the fort. So, with wise forethought and his rare faculty of pleasing the savage, he arranged with them a surrender of the whole party as prisoners of war, hoping thereby not only to save their lives but also the fort at Boonesborough. The sequel vindicated his humanity and wisdom. Accordingly, on approaching the salt-boilers with his captors, Boone gave signs which made them surrender without hesitation, being promised humane treatment. The Indians kept their word. They also abandoned the expedition against Boonesborough, and retired to the Ohio country, with their twenty-eight prisoners, in triumph. Boone was afterward tried by a court-martial for this surrender. He was not only honorably acquitted, but was commended for his sagacity, it being apparent that his policy had, in all probability, saved the colony from utter ruin.

The captives were taken to old Chillicothe, the principal Indian town on the Little Miami, where they arrived on the 18th of February, having suffered much from fatigue and cold on the journey. On the 10th of the following month Boone and ten of his companions started for Detroit, under a strong guard, where the British commander gave rewards for prisoners and scalps. This prospect of gain no doubt caused the Indians to hasten back from the Blue Licks with their prisoners, instead of going on to Boonesborough on an uncertainty. The journey was a tedious one of twenty days through the wilderness, and during that time the Indians became so much attached to Boone that they refused a ransom of five hundred dollars which Governor Hamilton, the British commander, offered for him. Hamilton treated Boone and his companions with great humanity, and released the latter from Indian captivity by paying suitable rewards. But for Boone "their affection was so great" that they would not part with him, and they resolved to take him back with them to Chillicothe.

Boone had already laid his plans for escape, and with expert dissembling he made the Indians believe that he was perfectly satisfied with his situation among them. So, after staying a month at Detroit, to gratify their pride in exhib-

iting a prisoner so renowned, the Indians returned with him to old Chillicothe. He had made many useful observations of affairs at Detroit, and had won the attachment of the British officers and settlers there, who "were sensible of his adverse fortune, and touched with human sympathy."

In simple but graphic words Boone has given to the world, through the pen of Filson—the Boswell of the Pioneer—a record of his condition and conduct at this town. "At Chillicothe," he says, "I spent my time as comfortably as I could expect; was adopted, according to their custom, into a family, where I became a son, and had a great share in the affection of my new parents, brothers, sisters, and friends. I was exceedingly familiar and friendly with them, always appearing as cheerful and satisfied as possible, and they put great confidence in me. I often went a hunting with them, and frequently gained their applause for my activity at our shooting-matches. I was careful not to exceed many of them in shooting, for no people are more envious than they in this sport. I could observe in their countenances and gestures the greatest expressions of joy when they exceeded me; and, when the reverse happened, of envy. The Shawanese king took great notice of me, and treated me with profound respect and entire friendship, often intrusting me to hunt at my liberty. I frequently returned with the spoils of the woods, and as often presented some of what I had taken to him, expressive of duty to my sovereign. My food and lodgings were in common with them; not so good, indeed, as I could desire, but necessity made every thing acceptable."

Boone's apparent contentment allayed suspicion, and the vigilance of the Indians was greatly relaxed. Yet they did not put entire confidence in him. They counted his balls and measured his powder when he went out to hunt alone, and then compelled him to show what game he had shot, for they suspected that he might reserve some of each to use in making his escape. Boone, more cunning than the Indian, cut his balls in two, and used light charges of powder; and so he *did* save much ammunition for an hour of need. That hour came at last. For almost four months he had been anxiously watching for an opportunity to escape. At length they sent him with a party of Indians to the springs on the Licking to make salt. There he remained ten days; and on his return he found four hundred and fifty of the choicest braves at Chillicothe all painted and panoplied for the war-path toward Boonesborough.

No doubt Boone had been sent to the springs that these hostile preparations might not be made in his presence. He was greatly distressed, for his dearest earthly treasures were in danger. He resolved upon immediate escape, but carefully concealed his emotions. He applauded the war-dancers, joined in the sports, and all his acts deceived his jailers into the belief that their captive was the Indian's real friend, and that hence-

forth he was to be his companion in the battle and the chase. Suspicion slumbered, and before it was reawakened Boone was far on his way toward Kentucky.

It was on the 16th of June when Boone was allowed to go out on a hunt from which he never returned. With his trusty rifle, his thorough knowledge of woodcraft, and his strength of sinew, he was equal to the best Indian in the wood. For five days he sped through the wilderness one hundred and sixty miles, and ate but one regular meal during all that time. That was furnished by a turkey that he shot after crossing the Ohio. He had approached that stream with misgivings, for he was not an expert swimmer. He knew that it was full to the brim, for such was the condition of every tributary creek and river that he had crossed. As he approached the bank an old canoe lay half swamped in the bushes. He stopped its leaks; and in this vessel, so providentially provided, he paddled to the Kentucky shore. Once more upon that dear soil he breathed more freely; but he tarried not until, toward the evening of the 20th, he reached Boonesborough, almost exhausted by hunger and fatigue. To the astonished inmates he appeared like one risen from the dead. Impressed with the belief that he was lost, his family had returned to North Carolina. The Pioneer sat down and wept bitterly when the expected embraces of those he loved most dearly were denied him. But they were not all gone. His daughter remained, for she was affianced to young Caloway.

After the first gush of grief because of disappointment had subsided, Boone really rejoiced that his dear ones were beyond the reach of perils that yet menaced the colony. He found the fort in a dilapidated condition. Fully alive to the dangers that would soon surround them, he went to work vigorously to repair its defects and strengthen its weak and exposed points. Within ten days after his arrival Boonesborough was prepared for the foe, who it was supposed would soon appear in force, for they had made great preparations for the destruction of the Kentucky settlements.

But another prisoner had escaped and brought later intelligence from the barbarian camp at Chillicothe. The Indians were in doubt. Their scouts had brought information of the arrival of Boone at the fort, and the defensive preparations in progress there. They hesitated. A grand council of the nation was held, and for almost three weeks the grave chiefs and sachems shook their heads doubtfully when the hot young braves counseled an immediate march across the Ohio.

Encouraged by this intelligence, Boone resolved to act on the offensive; and accordingly he went out, with a party of nineteen of his best men, to surprise an Indian town on Paint Creek. When near there thirty savages, marching to join the expedition from Chillicothe, appeared in their path; and a "smart fight," as Boone called it, occurred. The Indians were dispersed, and the frightened residents of the town fled at the

approach of Boone, and left the place desolate. Prudence now admonished the settlers to return to the fort. They retraced their steps, and reached Boonesborough, after an absence of seven days, without the loss of a comrade. They had taught the Indian an important lesson which made him more cautious. They had taught him that his own home was not secure from the strong arm of the Long-knives.

Boonesborough now suffered a severe ordeal. In August between four and five hundred Indians, commanded by Blackfish, the foster-father of Boone, and under the general direction of Duquesne, a Frenchman, at the head of a dozen Canadians, appeared before the fort, arrayed in all the wild trappings of savage warriors, with their faces hideously painted. They bore the flags of both England and France, but in the name of King George alone they summoned the fort to surrender. This was a formidable foe for sixty-five men to confront, while defended only by rude palisades and ruder log-houses. The Indians, mortified and exasperated because Boone had outwitted them and escaped, were now thirsting for vengeance. Their pride had been deeply wounded, and the possession of the Pioneer was their great desire. Boone knew his danger. He had learned the strength, resources, encouragements, and plans of the Indians during his captivity; and he properly regarded this as the critical hour when the fate of civilization west of the Alleghanies was to be determined.

Boone had sent an express to settlements eastward of Boonesborough, requesting the assistance of Colonel Arthur Campbell, a rough Scotch Highlander, who held military command there. Campbell had not arrived when the enemy appeared; and when the summons to surrender was made the sagacious Pioneer asked for two days to consider the matter. Feeling sure of his prey, and knowing it to be better to gain the fort by capitulation than by fighting, Duquesne granted the request. These were precious hours of relief to the besieged, and they well improved them. The women and children, taught caution by experience, were constantly engaged in bringing water into the fort from the spring; and cattle and horses and much provisions were brought through the postern gate, when the vigilance of the savages was relaxed during the two days of truce.

The eight-and-forty hours rolled away, and no succor arrived. Boone held a council of war—a council of desperate men. They would not trust Indian honor when it promised generosity and humanity, and they knew that Duquesne had no power to restrain the savagism of the barbarians if he desired to do so. The garrison therefore determined to fight, and to conquer or die. At the expiration of the time Boone mounted one of the bastions of the fort to speak, while Duquesne, with the politeness of his nation, became a courteous listener: "We thank you for allowing us two more days for preparation," said Boone. "We now defy you! Our gates are

forever closed against you, and we will defend our fort as long as there is a living man in it!"

The besieged now expected an immediate attack. But the Frenchman was a diplomat, and exercised his functions skillfully. He informed Boone that Governor Hamilton of Detroit had instructed them to make the garrison prisoners, but not to destroy the fort, injure their persons, or disturb their property. He then proposed that Boone should send out nine chosen men to make a treaty to that effect, promising that when it should be accomplished the Indians would return peaceably to their homes beyond the Ohio. Boone's heart was touched. He remembered how kindly Governor Hamilton had treated him while at Detroit, and his faith was quickened. His trusting heart made his ears willing entertainers of the proposition. In behalf of his companions he acceded to the proposal; but he was cautious and keen.

After placing his garrison so that their rifles commanded the space selected for the conference, Boone and eight of the principal settlers went out and commenced the negotiations within less than two hundred feet of the palisades. The treaty opened fairly, but the terms were altogether too generous to be kept by those angry and bloodthirsty savages, who had been for weeks preparing for a plundering foray among the Kentuckians. Yet the treaty was signed by Boone and his companions; and then old Blackfish arose to speak in the presence of his adopted son, the fugitive Pioneer. The negotiators were all unarmed. It was a peaceful conference, and rifle and tomahawk had been left behind. Blackfish, with seeming friendship and well-dissembled honor, cunningly averred that it was customary, on such occasions, to ratify a treaty by two Indians taking hold of the hands of one white man. The perfidy was so transparent that it deceived no one. Boone saw that a tragic scene was about to be opened, and was prepared for the worst. He and his men consented to the "custom," and the cowardly Indians, two to one, grasped the hands of the white men. "Go!" shouted Blackfish. This was a preconcerted signal for the Indians to drag the white men prisoners into the depths of the forest. But there were strong sinews in the arms, and strong courage in the hearts of those stalwart pioneers, that the savage little dreamed of. They hurled their jailers from them, and in the midst of rifle-balls from the fort, and bullets, tomahawks, and arrows from the foe, the nine men escaped into the fortress, and securely barricaded the gate. All were unhurt except Squire Boone, the faithful brother of the Pioneer, who was slightly injured.

Now the siege began in earnest, and for nine days and nights the foe beat furiously upon the little wooden fortress. They kept up an almost incessant fire, while the men in the fort never returned a shot except with sure aim that seldom missed its mark. Every eye was vigilant, and every arm was employed. Men, women, and children worked bravely and nobly during the

siege, in the midst of great perils, privations, and fears. Boone's daughter, who assisted in supplying ammunition, was wounded by a shot from the rifle of a negro deserter, who had placed himself in a thick-foliaged tree. He also killed one of the defenders of the fort, when the keen and experienced eye of Boone discovered him. Boone drew his rifle upon him, at a distance of one hundred and seventy-five yards, and when the siege was over the faithless negro was found beneath his tree with a bullet in his head. It had been a shot of which Leatherstocking or Indian John might have been proud.

The assailants tried first to burn the fort, then to undermine it, but the vigilance of the little garrison defeated all their purposes. They finally became discouraged; and, wearied with this uncommon labor, and seeing no chance for success, the besiegers fled, leaving behind them the bodies of many of their braves who had fallen by the rifle-balls of the hunters of Kentucky. They had killed only two in the fort, and wounded four; while their own ranks had been fearfully smitten. They had fired at random; and after they were gone the Pioneers picked up one hundred and twenty-five pounds of bullets, besides what stuck in the logs of the fort. This Boone thought "was certainly a great proof of their industry!" On the day after the siege was raised Simon Kenton, one of the boldest of the Kentucky Pioneers, with a companion with whom he had lingered behind after the battle on Paint Creek, in order to have a few more shots at the Indians, came galloping into the fort upon horses which they had stolen from the enemy. Thus ended in triumph for the defenders a most important siege, for upon its final result hung the destiny of a budding empire. It was marked, on the part of the defenders, with the coolest courage, the most consummate skill, and wonderful endurance; and yet the Pioneer—the brave and sagacious Daniel Boone—who had done and suffered so much, and so well deserved the plaudits of his countrymen, was met, while bearing the palm of victory, with a summons to a court-martial to be tried for misconduct, instead of receiving the honors which gratitude should have been eager to bestow. Let us charitably hope that the court-martial was only a friendly way of giving an official recognition of the great value of his services and of his patriotic character. That court, after full investigation, honorably acquitted him, and he did receive the grateful praises of his countrymen.

The escape of Boone from Chillicothe, followed by the affair on Paint Creek and the repulse at Boonesborough, greatly disheartened the Indians. Their pride was deeply wounded, and they were made to suspect that the sovereignty of the woods would speedily pass from them. The events of the present, and the fears concerning the future, made the spirit of the Shawnee bow in incipient grief; and from that time their power really waned. Boonesborough was never again assailed, for other forts and stations, erected between it and the Ohio, made it dangerous to



ESCAPE OF THE SETTLERS AT BOONE'S FORT.

the savage foot to tread on Kentucky soil. And the escape, the battle, and the siege had a salutary influence elsewhere. There was joy and confidence in Virginia when the news that fifty men had repulsed four hundred and fifty savages and frightened them beyond the Ohio became known; and the Legislature of that State, which had been tardy in affording aid to Major Clarke, now felt eager to complete the subjugation of the glorious country west of the mountains so nobly begun by Daniel Boone.

When the siege was ended, and security seemed

to be established, the Pioneer left Kentucky and joined his family. In simple words he says in his narrative: "Shortly after the troubles at Boonesborough I went to my family, and lived peaceably there. The history of my going home and returning with my family forms a series of difficulties an account of which would swell a volume, and being foreign to my purpose, I omit them."

Boone had difficulties indeed such as almost crushed his sensitive spirit. The sturdy defense of Boonesborough had given confidence to those

who desired to emigrate into Kentucky, and schemes for settlements there agitated many neighborhoods in Western Virginia and North Carolina. Laws respecting the location and occupancy of lands in that domain were enacted; and, as Collins says, "The surveyor's chain and compass were seen in the woods as frequently as the rifle. The great object in Kentucky was to enter, survey, and get a patent for land." Emigrants went thither by scores. Full three hundred boats arrived in the spring at the Falls of the Ohio, where St. Louis now stands, and new stations speedily appeared in various parts of northern and central Kentucky.

Boone almost felt that the land was his own; for his eye had surveyed it, and his own strong arm had done much in wresting it from the sway of the Indian, and he yearned for a permanent home on the banks of the beautiful Kentucky. But he was a law-abiding citizen, and, in compliance with legal forms, he prepared to take his family beyond the mountains once more, and seat them there. He converted much of his property into land warrants, and with about twenty thousand dollars in Continental money (then depreciating) he proceeded to Richmond, to take legal steps for acquiring possession of his desired domain. Many friends, knowing his integrity, intrusted him with funds to invest in the same way, and he left home with buoyant feelings. On the way he was robbed of every dollar; and then, as is too often the case, ungenerous lips whispered doubts of his faithfulness—whispered suggestions that he had "robbed himself," and so retained the money of his friends. He could well bear the loss of his own property, but when his honor—that honor which he cherished as the heart's-blood of his character—was suspected, he was almost unmanned. But conscious of his integrity, and full of the vigor of manhood (for he was then forty-five years of age), he turned his back once more upon civilization and its annoyances, and with his devoted wife and family returned to Boonesborough, after an absence of almost two years. He went there for a home and to retrieve his losses, but not to regain a good name; for that did not, after all, suffer much from the foul breath of slander, because his whole life and character contradicted all intimations that he was not an honest man.

Meanwhile George Rogers Clarke, Simon Kenton, and other bold pioneers, were working out the subjection of the Ohio country to civilization and republicanism, and making Kentucky stronger by removing causes of danger that had threatened it before. Clarke had penetrated the Illinois country in the summer of 1778, and surprised and captured the British posts of Kaskaskia, Cahokia, and Vincennes. A few months afterward, while acting as a peace-maker among the Indians in that region, and working successfully toward the pacification of all the western tribes who had been favorable to the British, he was informed that Colonel Hamilton, the commandant at Detroit (who treated Boone so courteously while in captivity), had retaken Vin-

cennes. With a few men Clarke traversed the dreadful wilderness of a hundred miles from the Ohio, part of the way through ice and snow, and chilling water breast-high; and late in February he unfurled the stripes and stars over Fort Vincennes and a captured garrison. From that time British power on the extreme western frontier waned, and the Indians were too wise and wary to make incursions into Kentucky alone.

The British, however, determined to make a vigorous attack upon the Kentucky settlements, for they properly regarded them as the nurseries of their most dangerous enemies in the West. An army of six hundred Canadians and savages was organized, and furnished with six pieces of artillery; and in June, 1780, they left Detroit under the command of Colonel Byrd. They crossed the Ohio at the point where Cincinnati now stands, and went up the Licking River to the forks, gathering numerical strength on the way. Thence, with about a thousand men, Byrd marched for Ruddell's station. Unprovided with cannon, it was soon surrendered; but the acts of cruelty there performed by the savages, who could not be restrained, so shocked the commander that at first he refused to lead them against other stations equally exposed. The Indians promised obedience, and one more station (Martin's) was captured and plundered. Then the whole expedition returned to Detroit, leaving Boonesborough and other places unharmed. With their artillery the enemy might have wiped out every Kentucky settlement, and given the beautiful domain to the Indians again; but, strangely singular as it appears to the eye of man, these centres of civilization in the wilderness were spared.

Soon after Boone's return to Kentucky he projected new enterprises, for his restless spirit yearned for activity. He first went upon an expedition to the Blue Licks, the scene of his former misfortunes, to procure a supply of salt, accompanied only by his brother Edward. They left Boonesborough early in October, 1780, reached their destination in safety, and were returning, when they were fired upon by some Indians in ambush. Edward Boone was slain. The Pioneer saw his own peril and fled. The Indians pursued, and for three miles the chase was hot. Then the savages, who were left far behind, halted, but a furious dog belonging to them prolonged the pursuit. Boone turned, shot him dead, and leisurely and sadly made his way back to Boonesborough to tell the tale of his brother's death.

Soon after this, the dreadful winter of 1780 set in, a season known in our annals as "the hard winter," when, for forty days, not an icicle was disturbed by the sun in all the region from the Arctic Sea to the Roanoke, and westward to the Pacific. It bore with mighty force upon frontier and wilderness life. For almost three months the snow lay deep all over Kentucky. Many cattle perished. Wild beasts and birds were frozen, and the timid buffalo ventured among the tame cattle at the stations in search

of food. Scarcity of provisions prevailed at all the stations, and gaunt famine looked fiercely in at the windows of the cabins. But the warm south wind came early, and the glorious spring sun brought life and beauty to the wilderness—such life and beauty as the emigrant delights to behold.

Boone lived in peace at Boonesborough during the year 1781, but the following spring the Ohio Indians, incited by the British and Tories, became bolder, and assaulted some of the more isolated stations. As the summer advanced they menaced Kentucky with fearful miseries, for they were led by a keen white savage named Girty, the offspring of an Irish sot and an American bawd. He was captured by the Indians at the time of Braddock's defeat in 1755, was adopted by a Seneca family, and became the fiercest savage of them all. For twenty years he had been the terror of women and children on the western frontier; and now, in joint command of some Indians with another miscreant named M'Kee, he was committing depredations in the neighborhood of Boonesborough. On the 15th of August Bryant's station was attacked, but the savages were repulsed. It was determined to chastise the invaders, and accordingly some men from Boonesborough under the brave Pioneer, others under Trigg of Harrodsburg and Todd of Lexington, one hundred and eighty in all, united at Bryant's station, and thence marched toward the known camp of Girty and M'Kee at the Blue Licks. They expected to be joined on the way by General Logan, then at Lexington.

On a hot morning (the 20th of August) the settlers came in sight of the savages on the opposite side of the river, held a council of war, and were advised by Boone to wait for Logan before attempting an attack. But the fiery Major Hugh M'Gary, of Harrodsburg, impetuous and imprudent, could not be restrained. He gave a shrill war-whoop, dashed with his horse into the stream, and, waving his hat, shouted, "Let all who are not cowards follow me! I'll show 'em where the Indians are!" The mounted men instantly plunged into the stream, followed by the footmen, and pressed across the swift current of the ford in wild confusion. Ascending the bank, they rushed forward to attack the enemy, and, as Boone had predicted, they fell into an ambuscade. Four hundred dusky warriors immediately arose upon their white foemen, and terrible was the battle that ensued. The Kentuckians fought like tigers, but the Indians, greatly superior in numbers, came up from the bushy ravines, closed in upon their doomed victims, and produced terrible slaughter.

Among the slain was Israel, a very promising son of Daniel Boone. The father saw him fall, and snatching up his body, yet warm with the currents of life fast ebbing, he attempted to carry it away in the retreat. A brawny savage, larger than any of his comrades, sprang toward him with gleaming hatchet, when Boone dropped his precious burden, turned, and with unerring aim shot the Indian dead.

The Pioneer escaped, but left behind him sixty-seven of his brave compeers on the bloody field, among whom were Todd and Trigg, beloved leaders in the wilderness. The loss of these friends grieved Boone sorely, but that of his son—the second of his offspring that had fallen by savage weapons—plunged the iron of sorrow deep into his soul, and he went back to Boonesborough dreadfully stricken in spirit. Although he well knew that a disregard of his prudent counsel had made hearths desolate, and filled many a cabin with the wailings of widows and orphans, yet he uttered no word of complaint even under the smittings of his own terrible affliction; nor did he, in his report of the event to the proper authorities, allude to his own services on the occasion. His was a noble, generous soul, always as deaf to the voice of flattery as to the suggestions of jealousy.

The disastrous battle at the Blue Licks spread a pall of gloom over Kentucky, and at the same time elicited a war-cry, vehement with the hot breath of vengeance, that awoke responsive echoes every where in that deep forest land. The settlers yearned to be led against the murderers of their friends and kindred, and an appropriate leader soon appeared. Early in September George Rogers Clarke, who had been commissioned a brigadier, assembled a thousand mounted riflemen at the mouth of the Licking River, crossed the Ohio, and, under the guidance of Simon Kenton, who commanded a company, pressed forward toward the Indian towns on the Sciota. Boone was with Clarke, a friend and prudent counselor, for he knew the intricacies of the way toward the scene of his long captivity a few years before.

The Indians were at old Chillicothe, celebrating their recent victory with horrid rites, when the Kentuckians approached. Terror seemed to give the savages wings. They fled toward Detroit in great confusion, and Boone entered the arena of his former captivity as a victor. The lash of severe chastisement immediately followed. Five villages and numerous corn-fields and orchards were laid waste. The Sciota towns were wiped from the face of the earth, and the power of their inhabitants was crushed in a day. The work was thoroughly done; and early in November the expedition returned to Kentucky, having secured forever the peace of that domain. As they rode slowly down the slope on which a part of Cincinnati now stands, Captain M'Cracken, then dying from the effects of a wound in his arm, proposed that they should all enter into an agreement that, fifty years from that day, the survivors should "meet there and talk over the affairs of the campaign." On the 4th of November, 1832, quite a large number of the survivors met there. The forest had disappeared, and a city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants occupied its place. Boone had then lain in his grave a dozen years, but Simon Kenton was yet among the living.

The broken-spirited Indians came no more in hostile bands to disturb the settlers in Kentucky,



BOONE FIGHTING OVER THE DEAD BODY OF HIS SON.

and Boone was permitted thenceforth to turn the strong current of his energies into the channels of peaceful life. Emigration poured a living flood over the land, no longer "the Dark and Bloody Ground." Not less than twelve thousand new settlers entered the country in the years 1783-'84, and soon the arts and blandishments of civilization began to mould society into forms ill-suited to the free spirit and uncultivated taste of the Pioneer, who disliked all conventionalities that interfered with personal freedom in speech and action. And the same year when the battle at the Blue Licks and the destruction of the Sciota towns occurred, Virginia had given courts of law and all their complicated appendages to Kentucky; and the new empire, whose germ was planted by Daniel Boone, rapidly blossomed. Boone himself appeared disposed to lay aside the rifle for the hoe; and upon a rich little farm he dropped the sweat of his brow, and

gave his family hope that his wanderings were at an end. And so they might have been had justice ruled. But, alas! the cupidity of man often makes him the blind creature of expediency, grinding in the prison-house of his lusts; and the hand that gives him bread to-day is spurned to-morrow with the bitter words, "I know you not."

Boone was soon made to feel the woes of such ingratitude and the oppressions of law. He could have endured the former, but, like the Leatherstocking, he could never see the wisdom nor the justice of the procedures of the courts of law. They always appeared to his simple nature like wicked instruments of wrong; and when they actually deprived him of his lands and left him, on the sunset side of the hill of life, without the possession in fee of a spot of ground sufficient for his grave in all Kentucky, like the Leatherstocking he turned his back upon civilization and its

"wasty ways," and with his dog and gun went into the deep wilderness. It was this, and not a misanthropic spirit that shuns social life, that made Boone leave Kentucky for the wilds beyond the Mississippi; and therefore the poet peer of England, who has spoken so lovingly of him, did him injustice when he wrote,

"'Tis true he shrank from men, even of his nation;
When they built up unto his darling trees,
He moved some hundred miles off, for a station
Where there were fewer houses and more ease."

Kentucky became a sovereign State of the confederacy in June, 1792, and at that time Daniel Boone was dispossessed of his farm. Some speculating Shylock had taken advantage of the law's blind technicalities and the Pioneer's simplicity. Boone had neglected to avail himself of some necessary forms of law, and his land, daily becoming more and more a valuable estate as emigration poured in and the Commonwealth increased in population, was taken from him by the talons of legal process, and he was left poor. In all that region first trodden by his foot, where half a million of people then flourished, Boone, at the age of almost sixty years, owned not an acre of the soil. And Simon Kenton, the brave pioneer, was for twelve months imprisoned upon the spot where he built his first cabin and planted his first corn. His body was taken for debt upon the covenants to lands which he had given away!

Indignant at the treatment he had received, Boone left Kentucky forever. Poor, and growing old, he went to Virginia, where he had been honored with the confidence of the powerful; but his services were no longer needed, and the powerful were willing to forget him. With his faithful wife, he seated himself near the Great Kanawha, and there he was soon disturbed by his dusky foe. But the victories of Wayne over the Western tribes soon spread peace on the frontier, and the Pioneer was toiling there for bread when light from the then far West broke in upon him. His son, Daniel M. Boone, animated by his father's spirit, had gone into the Spanish domain of Louisiana, beyond the Mississippi, and sent back words that cheered the heart of the Pioneer. Other men who had been in that region told him of the abundance of deer, buffalo, beaver, and otter, in the beautiful country now known as Missouri, and the fire of his old hunting spirit was kindled. They told him also of the great simplicity of the Spanish laws, the honesty and kind-heartedness of the people, and the facilities for procuring as much land as a man needed, without the danger of losing it by the impositions of legal chicanery. This touched the old man's heart, and he resolved to leave the dominions of civilized life, and once more enjoy the freedom of the wilderness and the simplicity of nature in her pristine beauty. Accordingly, in 1793, he left Virginia, accompanied by his devoted Rebecca, who, though growing old in years, was strong in love for her husband, a woman's fortitude, and a woman's noble courage and devotion. They drove their whole stock of

cattle through the forests along the Ohio and Mississippi in the midst of many perils, and early in June they were at a resting-place in the wilderness forty-five miles above St. Louis. There, in the present St. Charles County, Missouri, the aged Pioneer pitched his tent and built a rude log cabin, and there he dwelt in peace and safety several years.

At the time in question St. Louis was a Spanish military post, and was considered next to New Orleans in importance. The Lieutenant-Governor gave Boone a most cordial welcome, and assured him that he should receive ample provision for himself and family. The Spanish authorities justly considered such men an acquisition to the territory. Boone was presented with a large tract of land, and on the 11th of July, 1800, he was commissioned Commandant of the St. Charles district, in which he resided.

In his new home the Pioneer found that freedom of action and simplicity of social life that he so much loved. There were few and simple laws, and these found willing subjects in the people. They had neither king, legislative assembly, judges, jurors, lawyers, nor sheriffs. The Commandant of a district and the parish priests were the administrators of justice, and adjudicated satisfactorily all disputes among the inhabitants. Having many things in common, occasions for disputes were few. Their flocks and herds, their swine and ponies, all grazed upon the same common prairie, and there were few inclosures to denote individual possession. The people were frank, generous, open-hearted, unsuspecting, and joyous; and at St. Louis, the most densely populated region of the domain except New Orleans, there were but two door-locks—one upon the little prison that seldom had a tenant, and the other upon the Government House.

Such was the society in which Daniel Boone planted his new home, and fondly hoped to pass the remainder of his days in peace. He tilled the soil, and occasionally, feeling the old restless spirit of the chase stirring within him, he would go upon long hunting excursions with his rifle and pack-horses, but not without anxiety on the part of his family, for old age was coming on apace, and the perils of the wilderness were more fearful than when his sinews were lithe. Notwithstanding his eyes were becoming dim, and the enlargement of the sight of his rifle would not suffice to give him his wonted expertness in its use, these hunting excursions were fruitful of pecuniary gain, for St. Louis mart often saw the horses of Colonel Boone heavily laden with the spoils of the trap and the chase. And these gains enabled the old man to perform a pious act of duty, the consummation of which had long been among his most earnest aspirations. The costs of litigation concerning his lands in Kentucky had involved him in debt—honest debt—and he had promised his neighbors and friends who loaned him money that he would repay them. Years rolled away, and that promise remained unre-

deemed, for his inability to meet his pledge seemed to increase with his years. Now his trusty rifle had given him means, and once more the noble Pioneer, bowed with age, and his head hoary, appeared at Boonesborough. There all was changed, and Boone felt like a stranger from another sphere in the very domain that he had given to the prosperous people who now inhabited it. But these things did not disturb him. His mission had nothing to do with changes in men and things. It was a duty enjoined by commands of conscience concerning the Past. He sought out his old creditors, took the word of each for his statement concerning the Pioneer's indebtedness, paid every dollar, and with hardly a coin in his pocket he shouldered his rifle and started for his home in Missouri, happy in the consciousness that no man in all the world could reproach Daniel Boone for dishonesty.

But his paradise beyond the Mississippi was soon disturbed by intruders. That land had passed from the dominion of Spain to that of France, and by another change to that of the United States. The Federal laws, with all their complications, were extended over Louisiana, and once more Boone found himself perplexed by the intricacies and shadows of written law. His office of Commandant of St. Charles passed away like the morning dew, and was no more known. Yet he felt that his land—a free gift and fairly deeded—would never be taken from him, because that gift had been bestowed, and the deed given, before the United States held title to the territory. So, heeding but little the influx of emigration and the onflowing tide of civilization that swept past his home, he went frequently far, far up the Missouri and its tributaries to catch beavers and otters, and to shoot deer and buffaloes.

On one of these occasions "he took pack-horses," says his biographer and personal friend, "and went to the country on the Osage River, taking for a camp-keeper a negro boy about twelve or fourteen years of age. Soon after preparing his camp and laying in his supplies for the winter, he was taken sick, and lay a long time in camp. The horses were hobbled out on the range. After a period of stormy weather there came a pleasant and delightful day, and Boone felt able to walk out. With his staff (for he was quite feeble) he took the boy to the summit of a small eminence, and marked out the ground in shape and size of a grave, and then gave the following directions. He instructed the boy, in case of his death, to wash and lay his body straight, wrapped in one of the cleanest blankets. He was then to construct a kind of shovel, and with that instrument and the hatchet, to dig a grave exactly as he had marked it out. He was then to drag the body to the place and put it in the grave, which he was directed to cover up, putting posts at the head and foot. Poles were to be placed around and above the surface; the trees to be marked, so that it would be easily found by his friends; the horses were

to be caught, and the blanket and skins gathered up; and then he gave some special instructions about the old rifle, and various messages to the family. All these directions were given, as the boy afterward declared, with entire calmness, and as if he was giving instructions about ordinary business." But the strength of the Pioneer increased, and, breaking up his camp, he returned home.

Again Daniel Boone became landless. A commission was appointed to inquire into the validity of claims to land in Louisiana granted by the action of the Spanish Government; and at the close of the year 1810 that commission decided that Boone's title was not good. So, at the age of seventy-six years, he was again left without a solitary acre of ground among the millions that lay uncultivated in the Mississippi Valley to which he could give a clear title-deed! It was hard, indeed, and most men, in like circumstances, would have murmured at their lot. But the old Pioneer, accustomed to vicissitudes, was patient and hopeful. He yet believed in Kentucky; and with a beautiful faith he sent a memorial to the Senate of that State in 1812, asking the voice of the Legislature in his behalf when he should petition the Federal Congress to confirm, by special act, his title to ten thousand acres of land in Missouri, given him by the Spanish Government. A prompt response was given, in language that fell gratefully upon the ear of the old Pioneer. "Taking into view," it said, "the many eminent services rendered by Colonel Boone, in exploring and settling the Western country, from which great advantages have resulted, not only to this State, but to his country in general, and that, from circumstances over which he had no control, he is now reduced to poverty, not having, so far as appears, an acre of land of the vast territory he has been a great instrument in peopling; believing, also, that it is as unjust as it is impolitic that useful enterprises should go unrewarded by a government where merit confers the only distinction; and having sufficient reason to believe that a grant of ten thousand acres of land, which he claims in upper Louisiana, would have been confirmed by the Spanish Government had not said territory passed, by cession, into the hands of the General Government;" it was therefore resolved, that the Kentucky Senators in Congress should be requested to use exertions to procure a proper grant of land in that territory to Boone.

Congress hesitated, and at length, in February, 1814, that body, with niggardly economy, gave him *eight hundred and fifty acres* out of the millions that might have been spared. And the words of the report which recommended this paltry gift were conceived in as mean a spirit. They asserted that "the petitioner is in old age, and had, in early life, rendered his country arduous and useful services." "This," says a late writer, "is about as little as could decently be said. Contrast it with the swords voted and thanks bestowed on those who have flourished in some brilliant engagement, not worthy to be named,



BOONE MARKING HIS BURIAL-PLACE.

for real endurance and danger, with the siege of Boonesborough, where horrid torture awaited defeat. Contrast the eight hundred acres with the tens of thousands lavished on some scheme of favorite partisans!" He then adds: "Never mind—they have perpetuated in marble, in the great dome of the Capitol, a scene in his life that never existed!

"Seven cities claim old Homer, dead,
Through which the living Homer asked his bread!"

While the question of his claim was pending in Congress a great sorrow was laid upon Boone.

His faithful wife, who had shared his fortunes and all of life's vicissitudes for nearly sixty years, sickened and died. It was a dreadful loss for the old man—in intensity, the sum of all his past griefs—and he wept over her coffin as a young lover weeps over that of his affianced. She had ever been faithful and true; and with her the Pioneer buried all his best earthly affections. He left his own cabin, and took up his abode with his son, Major Nathan Boone (who died in 1856); and when, in 1815, peace with Great Britain made the forests less dangerous—

for the Indians, whom he could no longer fight, were pacified—he again penetrated the deep wilderness in search of game. When almost eighty-two years of age he made a hunting excursion with only two men, near the mouth of the Kansas River, in the vicinity of Fort Osage, a hundred miles from his dwelling. Such was his earnest desire to be buried by the side of his beloved Rebecca that, on all of these occasions, he took with him a companion bound by a written agreement, that, wherever he died, that companion was to convey his body to his friends, to be buried with his wife upon the eminence overlooking the Missouri.

At about this time Mr. Harding, an eminent artist, visited the Pioneer in his dwelling on the Missouri, for the purpose of painting his portrait, by order of the General Assembly of Missouri. He found him, he said, “in a small, rude cabin, indisposed, and reclining on his bed. A slice from the loin of a buck, twisted round the rammer of his rifle, within reach of him as he lay, was roasting before the fire. Several other cabins, arranged in the form of a parallelogram, marked the spot of a dilapidated station. They were occupied by the descendants of the Pioneer. Here he lived in the midst of his posterity. His withered energies and locks of snow indicated that the sources of his existence were nearly exhausted.” That portrait was the only one ever painted of the old Pioneer. No doubt it is a faithful picture of the form and features of Boone as they then appeared to the artist; but, according to contemporary description, it gives us but faint outlines of the noble head of the Pioneer in his best days. His forehead was high and broad; his hair dark and profuse; his eyes blue, clear, and mild; his lips thin and compressed; and his countenance thoughtful and serene, indicating a mind not at all in unison with the restlessness and activity that distinguished him. In person he was not remarkable. He was five feet ten inches in height, and of robust and powerful proportions. His manners were simple, and by no means unrefined. His costume was generally, as we have described it, a hunting shirt, buckskin breeches, and moccasins, and his rifle was his constant companion.

Death came to Daniel Boone on the 26th of September, 1820, when he had reached the age of more than eighty-six and a half years. It came to him in the form of a bilious fever, that entered the residence of his son-in-law, in Flanders, Calloway County, Missouri; and there, in sight of the great river whose waters flow from the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, he was buried, by the side of his wife. The Legislature of Missouri was then in session; and when intelligence of his death reached them the members voted an adjournment for the day, and also that they would each wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

For five-and-twenty years the remains of the Pioneer rested in the soil where it was first inhumed. Then the Legislature of Kentucky, with filial reverence for the founder of the State,

decreed that the coffins of Boone and his wife should be brought from the land of their exile and deposited in the public cemetery at Frankfort, the capital of the State. “There seemed to be a peculiar propriety in this testimonial of the veneration borne by the commonwealth for the memory of the illustrious dead,” says Collins; “and it was fitting that the soil of Kentucky should afford the final resting-place of his remains whose blood in life had so often been shed to protect it from the fury of savage hostility. It was as the beautiful and touching manifestation of filial affection shown by children to the memory of a beloved parent; and it was right that the generation who were reaping in peace the fruits of his toils and dangers should desire to have in their midst, and decorate with the tokens of their love, the sepulchre of this primeval patriarch, whose stout heart watched by the cradle of this now powerful commonwealth, in its weak and helpless infancy, shielding it with his body from all those appalling dangers which threatened its safety and existence.”

Having obtained the consent of the surviving relatives of the Pioneer for the removal of the remains, a committee, charged with the execution of the will of the Legislature, appointed the 13th of September, 1845, as the day when public funeral honors should be paid to the illustrious dead, and their remains be deposited in the bosom of Kentucky. The events of that day will ever form an interesting page in the annals of the State. On that occasion historic men—men whose names will never be forgotten while the chronicles of our republic are preserved—gathered around the coffin of a more eminent historic character, and bore it to the grave. The pallbearers were fitly chosen from among the elders and the honored men of the commonwealth. At their head stood Richard M. Johnson, the brave soldier and eminent civilian, who had won military renown in battle, and been honored with the second office in the gift of the nation. There, too, was the venerable General James Taylor, an early pioneer, and then seventy-six years of age; and Captain James Ward, whose apparently charmed life affords some of the most remarkable subjects of tales of adventure with the Indians with which the history of the West abounds. By his side was the venerable General Robert B. McAfee, the pioneer, the soldier, and the historian; and the remainder were men of somewhat less renown, but none the less honored where they were known and appreciated. These were Peter Jordan, Walter Bullock, Thomas Joice, Landon Sneed, Major T. Williams, William Boone, all of Kentucky, and John Johnson, of Ohio.

Thousands of people had gathered from all parts of the State to participate in the solemn funeral rites. A procession was formed, consisting of military companies, Masonic and other societies in regalia, and a great number of citizens on horseback and on foot, making the line more than a mile in length. The broad



THE BURIAL OF BOONE AND HIS WIFE.

grave for the two coffins was dug in a lovely shaded hollow near the banks of the Kentucky River, and around it the multitude gathered. The religious ceremonies were performed by the Rev. Mr. Godell, of the Baptist Church, and were followed by an oration by the Hon. John J. Crittenden, the able representative of Kentucky in the Senate of the United States, who had been chosen for the grateful service. When the closing prayer had been offered, and the benediction pronounced, the coffins were lowered into the grave, and over them was piled a mound of earth—yet the only monument that marks the spot where the noble Pioneers are buried. The green sward and the lovely wild-flowers flourish there with every return of summer; and to that beautiful, quiet spot, beneath the shadows

of wide-spreading trees, many a pilgrim has since stood, and mused upon the wonderful events in the life of DANIEL BOONE.

“That life,” says Governor Morehead, in his eloquent address in commemoration of the first settlement of Kentucky, “is a forcible example of the powerful influence which a single absorbing passion exerts over the destiny of an individual. Born with no endowments of intellect to distinguish him from the crowd of ordinary men, and possessing no other acquirements than a very common education bestowed, he was enabled, nevertheless, to maintain, through a long and useful career, a conspicuous rank among the most distinguished of his contemporaries; and the testimonials of the public gratitude and respect with which he was honored after his death

were such as are never awarded by an intelligent people to the undeserving. He came originally to the wilderness, not to settle and subdue it, but to gratify an inordinate passion for adventure and discovery—to hunt the deer and buffalo—to roam through the woods—to admire the beauties of nature; in a word, to enjoy the lonely pastimes of a hunter's life, remote from the society of his fellow-men. He had heard with admiration and delight Finley's description of the country of Kentucky, and high as were his expectations he found it a second Paradise. Its lofty forests—its noble rivers—its picturesque scenery—its beautiful valleys—but, above all, the plentifulness of 'beasts of every American kind'—these were the attractions that brought him to it.

"He united, in an eminent degree, the qualities of shrewdness, caution, and courage, with uncommon muscular strength. He was seldom taken by surprise; he never shrunk from danger, nor cowered beneath the pressure of exposure and fatigue. In every emergency he was a safe guide and a wise counselor, because his movements were conducted with the utmost circumspection; and his judgment and penetration were proverbially accurate. Powerless to originate plans on a large scale, no individual among the pioneers could execute with more efficiency and success the designs of others. It is not assuming too much to say, that without him, in all probability, the settlements would not have been upheld, and the conquest of Kentucky might have been reserved for the emigrants of the nineteenth century."

Such was Daniel Boone, the providential instrument of God in opening a pathway for civilization beyond the Alleghany ranges. We behold him leaving the banks of the Yadkin, an obscure hunter and adventurer. We see him dying, as he had lived during a long life, in a rude cabin in the wilderness, possessing no knowledge of the great world drawn from books, leaning trustfully upon the Indian's simple faith in the power and benevolence of a Great Spirit, and wrapped in a mantle of noble honesty, impenetrable to every wicked instrument of deceit and fraud that would fain hide beneath it. We behold that man of the Solitudes honored after his death with ovations of which old conquerors would have been proud, and his memory cherished in human hearts, in song and story, as the PIONEER and the FOUNDER OF AN EMPIRE.

THE WATER OF EL ARBAÏN.

O'ER wide Arabian deserts toiling slow,
With heat and travel spent,
With fever parched, our zenzemich low,
Day after day we went,

Till now at Sinai's granite foot we lay;
The noontide sun beat sore;
Then we arose and took our weary way
Through sands and flints once more.

Close was the rugged valley, dry and bare,
Walled in with adamant,
Whose sides, reverberant with blinding glare,
Hurled back each sun-dart slant.

Yet onward still with trembling limbs we trod,
As erst the chosen flock,
And saw where legend saith their prophet's rod
Had cleft the eternal rock.

But thence, alas, no crystal streams now rolled
The thirsty soul to bless!
Alone remained of all those marvels old
The fiery wilderness.

At length, with blackened lip and bloodshot eye,
Scorched by the Simoom's breath,
I turned in anguish toward the brazen sky
And prayed for drink or death!

Then darkness gathered o'er my swimming sight,
Fast whirled the dizzy brain,
And the hot fever-throb with fuller might
Coursed through each bursting vein.

Still to the fainting pilgrim words of cheer
The sons of Ishmael spake;
Told of a well of living water near,
That deathly thirst to slake;

And pointed toward a verdant garden-close
Within the vision's scope,
Where El Arbain's shattered arches rose
On Horeb's blasted slope.

There, pillowed soon beneath that welcome shade,
I heard the fountain's drip,
Then felt the o'erflowing cup of coolness laid
Against my burning lip.

Oh! never juice drawn from the choicest vine,
Whose favored root is fed
At the pure sources of the boasted Rhine,
Or oldest river's head;

Nay, not Valhalla's honeyed cup so rare,
By souls of heroes quaffed;
Not old Olympian nectar might compare
With that divinest draught.

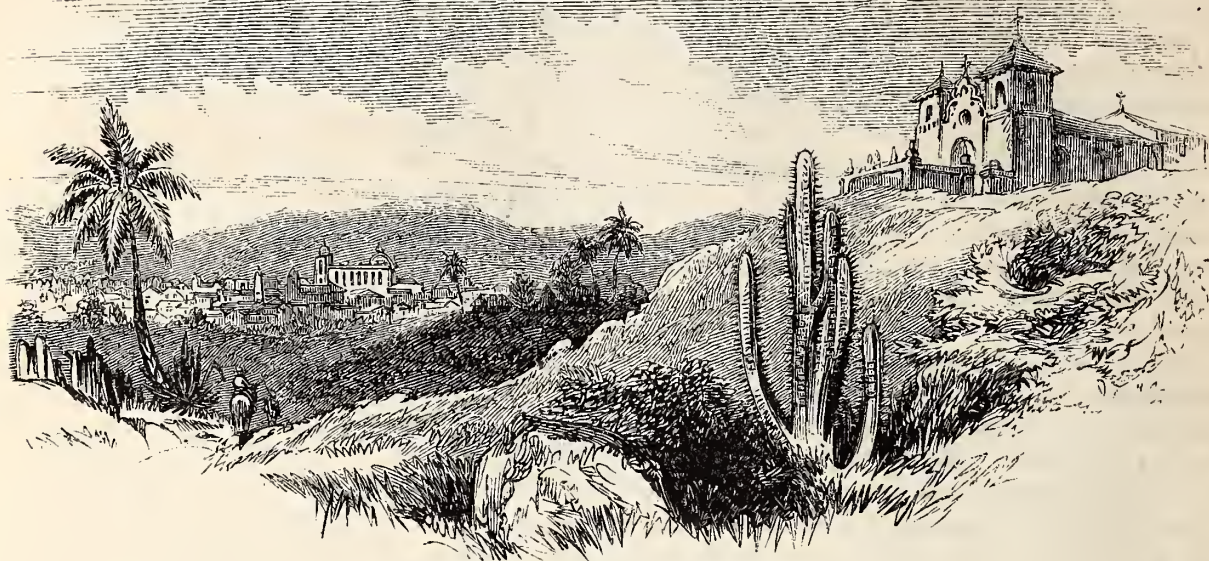
Cold as the ice-born flood from Northern steep,
Clearer than Indian wave,
Sweet as Nepenthe, drowning care in sleep,
A second life it gave!

O quickening fount! may thy bright currents roll
In everlasting flow,
And on the latest wanderer's fainting soul
A blessing like bestow!

Know too, O mortal! thou whose rougher way
Lies through a world of sin,
Without, the deadly arrows of its wrath,
Its fever fire within—

When sorrow, doubt, despair assail thy life
Till thy crushed heart confess
It fain would choose before such bitter strife
The grave of nothingness—

A well-spring, whose high source is heaven, doth
Upon thy travail sore; [wait
There drink, and thou shalt rise as re-create,
Nor thirst forever more!



CITY OF COMAYAGUA.—CHURCH OF CALVARIO.

A VISIT TO THE GUAJIQUERO INDIANS.

WE arrived in Comayagua, the capital of Honduras, on the afternoon of a bright Saturday in May, and through the intervention of our friend, Don Leon, were at once installed in the vacant episcopal palace—a fine building facing the Grand Plaza, close to the cathedral. It was the beginning of the rainy season, and a morning shower had rendered the air cool and grateful, laying the dust, and new-washing the houses, so that Comayagua appeared to us by far the freshest and most comfortable city we had yet visited in all Central America. Situated in a broad plain, elevated two thousand feet above the sea, and surrounded by a cincture of high mountains, it has all the conditions of natural beauty and salubrity, and combines the resources of the tropics and the temperate zone. The pine-tree and the palm here flourish side by side, and one may sit under the shadow of the orange and lemon trees in his court-yard and watch the wheat fields billowing in the wind on the slopes of the neighboring mountains. Nor is the town itself without its interior pretensions and interest. The cathedral is a fine specimen of the old semi-moresque style, which prevails throughout Central America. It is most substantially built, roof and all, of solid masonry. Its façade is profusely decorated with the symbols of the Catholic faith, and grim saints and apostles frown down on the heretic from highly ornamented niches, rising above one another, tier on tier. The interior is imposing enough in itself, but is marred in its effect by a lavish display of tawdry finery, draped on the walls and around the columns which support the roof. Some of the altars of carved wood are nevertheless very elaborate and beautiful, and attest a former, if not existing, high

skill in this branch of art. There are a number of ancient paintings on the walls, but they are too much obscured by age, and the interior of the cathedral is far too dark, to admit of their merits being discovered.

The cathedral, however, is not the only structure of pretension in Comayagua. The church of La Merced is of large size, and is distinguished by the elaborate tomb of an early bishop built against its side, and by a monument of fine proportions in the centre of the Plaza in front. This was raised in a fit of loyalty under the crown, in honor of some one of the Spanish monarchs; but, on the Independence, the inscription was defaced, the royal symbols removed, and it is now supposed to commemorate the Independence itself. Until the abolition of capital punishment in Honduras it was not without a practical use, for criminals condemned to be shot were seated at its base, which still bears abundant scars of the fatal bullets.

The day following our arrival was not only a Sunday, but a *fiesta* or feast day. I do not remember what festival was celebrated, but it was one which has a peculiar significance to the Indians living on the plain and in the neighboring mountain villages. On this occasion it is their custom to come to the capital, and go through a variety of singular ceremonies, in which none of the whites are expected to participate, and which are essentially aboriginal in their character. They began to gather early on the afternoon of Saturday, and we passed great numbers of them on our way to the city, each carrying a little bundle of food and a gourd of *chicha*. Like all the other Indians of Central America, they stepped aside on our approach, and uncovered their heads while we passed—a token of re-