

CHAPTER VII.

COLONEL DANIEL BOONE.

A COMPETENT authority says that at least thirty places in the United States bear the name of Daniel Boone, the best known pioneer, perhaps, of the country; certain it is that eight states contain counties thus designated—monuments of love and admiration for a man upon whose like we shall not look again.

Born in Western Virginia or Pennsylvania, in 1735, his earliest years were spent in the unsettled forests. His father removed to the banks of the Radkin River, in North Carolina, when he was but a boy. He had already acquired something of that skill with the rifle, so necessary to the frontiersman, and for which he became so eminent. When a very young man, he saw a pair of large, soft eyes gleaming in a thicket; the ready gun was leveled and fired, but the deer bounded aside; with quick foot the young hunter followed his game through the wood, and at last came to a clearing, in the midst of which stood a settler's cabin; in this he sought shelter for the night, and it was not refused him; to do the honors to the young stranger, the members of the family hushed the excitement which had prevailed among them; but they had not acquired the power of entirely concealing their feelings, and he soon learned that, as the daughter of the house and her little brother were returning through the woods from a neighbor's, some one, Indian or white man they could not tell, had fired at them, and chased them almost to the very door.

Boone listened to the recital, and for once was glad that he had missed his aim. But though unsuccessful as a hunter in bringing down his game, better luck attended his efforts as a lover, and a long and happy life followed the marriage which took place soon afterward, between him and the owner of the soft eyes that had deceived him.

But sparsely settled as it was, the state, in a few years, became too populous for the exercise of a hunter's vocation, and Boone

determined to remove to a wilder country. In the early part of May, 1769, he, in company with John Stewart and four other men, left his home in North Carolina and journeyed towards the "Dark and Bloody Ground," west of Virginia, and lying between the homes of the northwestern and the southern tribes of Indians.



DANIEL BOONE.

This country, long before known to the savages as *Kantuckee*, was regarded by them as neutral ground, not to be used as a habitation by those of either section. As a natural consequence of this, it became the wandering place of vast herds of buffalo and deer, the wild duck lingered in its streams, the wild turkeys dwelt on its hills, and the forests were full of life. A paradise for the sportsman, truly; and the wild hunters of the surrounding tribes had long ago discovered this. This was the destination of many of their great hunting parties, and here, when North and South met upon this common territory, many a bloody conflict justified the name they had given to it. To the wild men of the woods

the possession of a hunting ground meant subsistence; the presence of the white man, destruction. Their fathers had been driven toward the sunset far enough; here they would stay; and arming themselves with all the grim determination that an Indian could summon, they fought the white men who invaded their land.

The six men who left the banks of the Radkin River in the Spring of 1769, were determined to establish themselves in the

western paradise; and although not forgetful of the danger that awaited them, they pushed defiantly forward. Early in June they reached the Red River, and there encamped, living on the game which they killed, and the fruits which abounded in the uncultivated regions, better fare than French cook ever prepared, for hungry borderers. Of the adventures of nearly seven months we know nothing; the triumphs of the hunter, and the pioneer's escape from danger are forgotten; absolutely no chronicle of this



CAPTURE OF BOONE AND STEWART.

time remains to us. Dec. 22nd of the same year is a more memorable date, for then, to use the old hunter's own words: "John Stewart and I had a pleasing ramble, but fortune changed the scene."

It was nearly the evening of the short December day, when, as the two hunters ascended a slight eminence overlooking the Kentucky river, a party of Indians rushed from a neighboring cane-brake, surrounded and captured them. For seven days they were prisoners, uncertain what fate awaited them. Had there been nothing else, the natural enmity of the two races might have decided the fate of the captives adversely; but the cool and manly bearing of Boone doubtless impressed the savage who so much desired those qualities for himself. At any rate, the entire absence of resistance lulled the captors into a false security, and they slept, leaving the prisoners unbound. Rising from his place so lightly as not to disturb the Indians about him, Boone sought out his companion, silently aroused him, and together they fled. Imagine, if you can, the dismay which was in that circle of warriors the next morning! Whether the captives' fate was to have been torture or adoption (the usual alternatives) the disappointment was equally great; they had been robbed of enjoyment, or their friendship had been rejected.

Arriving at the camp where, a week before, they had left their four companions, they found it despoiled of all the implements of pioneer life, and no trace of their friends. These, probably terrified by the mishap of Boone and Stewart, had departed from the dangers of that country forever. The others, however, were of sterner stuff; if danger dwelt in the wilderness, there was happiness, too, and they had no notion of missing the one by shunning the other.

Before long, however, there came new companions. Wandering through the forest, in search of Boone, came his brother Squire and another adventurer. The veriest stranger would have been welcomed by the lonely hunters, and we may conjecture the reception that awaited Squire Boone. But the little band of hunters were soon to be reduced to the same number as before, for Stewart was killed by the Indians late in the winter or early in the spring, and the man who had accompanied Squire Boone returned home.

The two brothers were now left alone in the wilderness. Whatever dangers may have beset them, they escaped; and building a cottage to defend themselves from the storms of winter, for several months they lived sufficient for each other. Whether the modesty which characterizes true courage prevents Boone from telling us the perils of this year, or whether his self-reliance, his

coolness, his forethought, united to his bravery and his excellence in woodcraft inspired the savages with such respect that they let the brothers live in peace, we cannot tell; but he speaks of their enjoyment of this life.

The first of May, 1770, Squire Boone set off to the settlements, in order to obtain horses and ammunition, Daniel being left at the camp, without bread, salt or sugar. More than the lack of these articles of food was the entire absence of companionship; not a horse or a dog cheered his solitude, and yet the unlettered woodsman found pleasure in the vast wilderness. Roaming away from the lonely cabin, he spent days and nights in the trackless forest, returning to find that the foe had come in his absence. Often he lay throughout the night in thick canebrakes, in order that he might not be present to receive such visits; and here the prowling wolves made night hideous, so that he dared not sleep too soundly. But though he so fully appreciated the dangers by which he was surrounded, and so carefully guarded himself from them, it ended there; fear had no part in his nature, and he was fully able to appreciate the "beauty in the pathless woods," for no abject terror of the denizens of the forest disturbed the calm balance of his mind.

Towards the end of July his brother returned, and not thinking it safe to remain in that place any longer, they shifted their quarters to the banks of the Cumberland River, whence in March, 1771, he returned home in order to bring his family to the wild home he had chosen.

Much time, however, was consumed in the necessary preparations; but at last the farm was sold, horses and supplies purchased, and in September, 1773, they left the old home for the new. At Powell's Valley, they were joined by five other families, and a company of forty able-bodied men, the whole party being well equipped with provisions and ammunition. In high spirits they journeyed onward, meeting with no accident or alarm until October 6, nearly two weeks from the time that the Boone family left home. On this day, as they were approaching Cumberland Gap, a pass in the mountains, the young men who were driving the cattle, and who had fallen five or six miles in the rear of the main body, were suddenly attacked by the Indians. Six of their number were slain, one being the eldest son of Daniel Boone; a seventh escaped with a wound; the cattle were all dispersed in the woods. The reports of the rifles recalled the main body of pioneers, but

it was too late ; the savages had vanished before they could come up ; there was nothing to do but bury the dead.

Disheartened by this sad experience, many of the men, in the council held immediately after, urged a return to the settlements. Despite his own sad loss, however, Boone strenuously opposed this, and was earnestly supported by his brother ; but even their united persuasions were of no avail ; and yielding to the arguments of the majority, they returned with the whole party to the settlement on the Clinch River, in the southwestern part of Virginia, and forty miles from the scene of the disaster.

Boone always regarded himself as an instrument in the hands of Providence to effect the settlement of Kentucky ; but the timidity of his companions at this point in his life averted a great danger. If the advice of the two brothers had prevailed, there would have been left not one to tell the story of an Indian massacre. It was in consequence of the murder of the family of Logan, the eloquent Indian chief whose own words tell his misfortunes better than any others could, that the terrible Dunmore War broke out early in the year 1774.

It was after the beginning of this war, but before it had attained its height, that Gov. Dunmore of Virginia solicited Boone and a companion woodsman to go to the falls of the Ohio and conduct thence a party of engineers, whom he had sent there some months before. This task was performed with safety and despatch, a round trip of eight hundred miles being accomplished in sixty-two days.

After his return, the war being now at its height, Boone was given the command of three contiguous garrisons on the frontier. After this fight, in which about fifteen hundred warriors of the Shawnees, Delawares, Mingos, Wyandots and Cayugas were defeated by the whites, these tribes sued for peace, relinquishing all title to Kentucky. The Six Nations, by treaty, and the Cherokees, by sale, had dispossessed themselves previously to this time ; so that when Boone took his family and household gods into Kentucky, it was into a region abandoned by its native lords to the white men.

Boone had been present at the making of the treaty by which the Cherokees sold their lands, being sent to represent the purchasers, a company of adventurous speculators of which a personal friend, Col. Richard Henderson, was the moving spirit. Indeed, it was in consequence of the hardy pioneer's glowing ac-

count of Kentucky, its rich plains and game-abounding forests, that many such companies had been formed in Virginia and North Carolina, for the purpose of colonization.

A small company of brave and hardy men was soon collected, and sent, under the leadership of Boone, to open a road from the Holston to the Kentucky River, and to build a fort where Otter Creek empties itself into the latter. The Indian has not the patient, far-seeing courage which a siege demands; his victory must be won by a single wild onslaught from his ambush in the forest, upon those who have no defense but their right hands, weakened by the surprise of unexpected attack. Hewn logs are bullet proof, and hence a sufficient defense. As the fort built at Boonesborough was similar to those soon scattered all over the country, a description of that will be sufficient for all.

Oblong in shape, the sides were composed of cabins, separated by stockades; the walls of these buildings were about ten or twelve feet high on the outer side, sloping downward as they neared the inner opening. At each of the four corners was a building two stories in height, and projecting some two feet each way farther than the cabins described; the second story extending a foot and half or two feet beyond the walls of the ground floor. These corner buildings, larger and stronger than the others, and called block-houses, were by their construction enabled to command the whole outer wall of the fort, and even if the savages had forced their way into the enclosure, the garrison could for some time defend themselves in one of the block-houses. Two large folding gates, on opposite sides of the fort, and made of thick wooden slabs, provided means of entering and leaving the fort. Of course the enclosures varied in size, and in some cases, only one or two block-houses were built; the fort at Boonesborough has been estimated to have covered a space of one hundred and fifty by two hundred and sixty feet. Rude as they were, these log cabins, with puncheon, or perhaps earthen floors, built without nails, or any iron whatever, they must yet have seemed heaven to the terrified settler who, hearing the dread tidings of massacre so common then, fled from his little clearing in the woods, where a cabin of the same kind, but solitary and insecure, was his home. And on the 14th of June, 1774, after a journey during which five of their number had been killed by the Indians, and after laboring more than two months, they saw the fort at Boonesborough completed.

In September or October of the same year, the last tie which bound Daniel Boone to any other than his chosen dwelling place in the wilderness was broken; for then he led his family and a few followers once more towards that which his daring and skill had made a home. Joined in Powell's Valley by new recruits, the little company consisted of twenty-six men, four women, and four or five boys and girls. At the head of Dick's River, some few of these had separated themselves from the rest in order to join the settlers at Harrodsburg, in the interior of the state; so that it was less than thirty, perhaps barely twenty persons, who pushed on towards Boonesborough; "my wife and daughter," as the old man afterwards recorded with some pride, "being the first white women that ever stood on the banks of the Kentucky River."

In spite of the fact that the British officers endeavored in every way to excite the animosity of the Indians towards all settlers in this region, and even furnished the savages with arms and ammunition, the little colony at Boonesborough remained for some time undisturbed. This was doubtless due in part to Gen. George Rogers Clarke, whom the Virginia Legislature sent with a force to protect the western settlements, and who, rejecting the belt which the treacherous savages offered as a token of peace, did good service in the defense of the colonists; but much of the security must be explained by the character of the pioneers themselves. The winter and spring of 1776 were passed by the settlers in hunting, fishing, clearing and planting. Suddenly, one day in the winter, as they were engaged in their usual work, a small band of marauding Indians appeared, and in the skirmish that ensued, one of the whites was killed. Then the red men departed as suddenly as they had come, and the settlers were unmolested during the next half year.

It was on the fourteenth of July of the same year, that three young girls, Miss Betsy Callaway, her sister Frances, and Daniel Boone's daughter Jemima, were in a canoe on the Kentucky River, within sight of Boonesborough. Raised in the frontier district of North Carolina and Virginia, and accustomed for nearly two years to the pioneer life of the Kentucky fort, they had no fear of the boundless forest or the rushing river. The presence of danger was a thing unheeded, because so intimately known. But even a braver heart, if such ever beat in a woman's breast, would have quailed at the sight of a swarthy form mov-



GENERAL CLARKE REJECTING THE PEACE BELT.

ing through the water, the slight boat in which they were following as surely as though drawn by some demoniac enchantment. The terrified girls clung to each other, not knowing what was to befall them. Steadily the canoe moved to the other side of the river, and now, in the stream and the forest, appeared other dark faces, gleaming with triumph. Within the fort, all seemed for a moment confusion, but a calm intelligence brought order out of chaos, and despite the fact that their canoe had been left on the other side of the river, a party under the leadership of Captain Boone was soon on the track of the savages.

Care, as well as swiftness, was necessary; excite his wrath by too merciless a pursuit, and the tomahawk, raised against those three defenceless heads, would make a failure of success. More than thirty miles the track was followed, through the densest cane brakes and on the path of the buffalo; nearly fifty miles from the fort, the pursuers overtook them just as they were kindling a fire to cook. The watchfulness of the Indians was not less than the carefulness of the pioneers, for each saw the other at about the same time. A short, sharp report, of four rifles at once; the red men fly; two more rifle shots, and two of the Indians fall, one slain by Boone, and one by Col. Floyd; the others escape, but without a moccasin, knife or tomahawk, with only one shot-gun, and no ammunition, losing of course their captives.

This was the only exciting event of the year to the colony. From time to time a new member was added to their society, and everything progressed quietly. Heart-rending as the anxiety of the parents must have been when the three girls were captured, the alarm thus given prevented, perhaps, a greater disaster.

Even on the day of the capture, some other parties had attacked several stations; and the settlers living out of the forts were harassed; many men were killed, and most of the cattle were destroyed. So general and great was the alarm, that about three hundred speculators and adventurers returned to their old homes east of the mountains.

By April of the succeeding year, however, Boonesborough could no longer claim to be exempt from the sieges that other forts had suffered. A hundred Indians gathered about the fort, and advanced to attack it with all the horrid din which incites them to conflict. But the same cool intelligence which had defeated them before, was against them now. The sharp crack of the rifle, aimed by the unerring marksmen within, was but little

to their taste, brave warriors as they were, and they soon withdrew, carrying with them their dead and wounded. The settlers suffered slightly, one man being killed and four wounded.

But though the Indians had raised the siege so soon at this April attack, they were not to remain away long. On the 4th of July, their number being doubled, they returned. Detachments were sent to alarm and annoy the neighboring settlements, and thus prevent reinforcements being sent to Boonesborough. For

two days the attack was vigorous. The twenty-two men within the fort saw with anxious hearts the two hundred "red devils" surrounding them. With patient courage they awaited the result; dropped a soldier's tear over the one man that was killed during this time; tended their two wounded comrades; told each other with grim pleasure that another Indian had fallen, until the number seven had been reached; then, suddenly, with great clamor, the Indians raised the siege, and departed.



INDIANS ATTACKING BOONESBOROUGH.

The neighboring settlements, Logan's Fort and Harrodsburg, suffered more severely than Boonesborough; but considerable reinforcements strengthened the several garrisons, forty-five men reaching Boonesborough in the latter part of July, and a hundred more about a month later. This increased strength resulted in greater boldness on the part of the settlers, so that for about six weeks there were almost daily skirmishes with the Indians.

Notwithstanding this warlike state of affairs, the men pursued their work of tilling the land as usual ; some, of course, acting as sentinels. At hunting, a still more dangerous occupation, but equally necessary, as supplying them with meat, they took turns.

The procuring a subsistence was thus at all times a dangerous work. Such was the case in January, 1778, when a party of thirty, headed by Boone, went to the Blue Licks to make salt for the different stations. On the seventh of February, while out hunting in order to procure meat for this party, he fell in with a party of a hundred and two Indian warriors, on the march toward Boonesborough. More than fifty years old, he could not outstrip the fleet-footed young pursuers, and for the second time was captured. What at first sight appears a totally unnecessary step was now taken ; Boone surrendered his entire party, numbering twenty-seven men ; the Indians promising safety and good treatment. He foresaw the result from the first, however ; the Indians were diverted from their purpose by the unexpected good fortune, and returned home with their prisoners and booty. For this surrender Boone has been much censured, and at a later period was court-martialed ; but was honorably acquitted, the judges deciding that his course had undoubtedly saved Boonesborough from attack.

The Shawnees returned to their principal town, Old Chillicothe, on the Little Miami ; the prisoners sharing the few comforts and the many privations of their captors, during a three days' march in wet, cold weather. After a stay of nearly a month, the leader and ten of his men were taken to Detroit, then held by the British, who, as before stated, were the chief agents in exciting the Indians against the Americans. The ten subalterns were presented to the commandant, who was very anxious to get possession of Boone, in order to liberate him on parole ; but persuasions were of no avail. Even a ransom of a hundred pounds did not tempt them ; they had formed a particular attachment, and were by no means disposed to part with the object of it. This affection, perhaps, was not returned by the man whom it kept from home and family, but resistance would only infuriate the savages, whose suspicions he must allay if he hoped ever to escape from them.

Go back to Chillicothe he must, and the fifteen days' march was accomplished with submissive cheerfulness.

An Indian family now adopted Boone, with the usual formalities, which, to quote one of his biographers, "were often severe

and ludicrous. The hair of the head is plucked out by a painful and tedious operation, leaving a tuft, three or four inches in diameter, on the crown, for the scalp-lock, which is cut and dressed up with ribbons and feathers." After copious ablutions in the river, "to wash the white blood out of him," he listens in the council house to a speech from the chief who expatiates upon the



BOONE'S INDIAN TOILET.

honors conferred on him. His head and face having been painted in accordance with the latest and most popular style, a grand feast concluded the ceremony.

The prisoner bent every endeavor to pleasing his captors : often accompanying them on hunting parties, they could not sufficiently admire his skill ; this was less admirable, however, than in the frequent shooting matches ; in these, they could not conceal their joy when they excelled him, or their envy when his success

was better than theirs. Of course he was not slow to learn this, and to act on the knowledge, so that they were seldom displeased at their adopted son's excellence with the rifle. His physical comfort was carefully attended to, but his mental state must have been far from enviable, for added to the anxiety about his wife and children was the fear that the station would be less safe and prosperous than if it had his personal care. So closely was he watched, however, that escape seemed impossible.

Having accompanied a party to the Scioto Licks to make salt, upon his return he found a war party of four hundred and fifty warriors at Chillicothe, preparing for a descent upon Boonesborough. Everything must be risked now that he might escape. Rising at the usual hunting hour the next morning, and providing himself with one meal's victuals, he started out upon a hunting expedition for the day. So completely had he disarmed suspicion that no objection was raised, or even thought of. Proceeding in the usual direction until far out of sight, he suddenly turned towards Boonesborough, a hundred and sixty miles away. Thither he went at his utmost speed, stopping for nothing during the five days required for the journey. The little food taken from the Indian camp was all the material sustenance he had until he reached the fort.

As he feared, he found the garrison careless, the defenses poorly kept up. By precept and example he encouraged his men, and things were soon in good condition to receive the enemy. But while they were hourly expecting the Indians, one of Boone's companions in captivity, having gotten away, reached the fort with the intelligence that the escape of the pioneer leader had so powerfully affected his captors that they had postponed their meditated attack for three weeks. Indian spies filled the country, and the whole atmosphere seemed to be full of alarm. The red men evidently saw that unless the whites were utterly exterminated, they themselves were doomed. It was in self-defense that the blow was to be struck, and to make it of any use it must be deadly.

This was the Indian reasoning, and with it the whites were perfectly familiar. Every mind was strung to the highest pitch for the approaching contest, every eye and ear was on the alert. Such a state of things cannot long continue; the tense bow-string must relax; after a little while the settlers were less vigilant. Observing this, and wishing to prevent its spread, Boone organ-

ized a party of nineteen of his brave companions, intending to attack one of the Indian towns on the Scioto. Cautiously advancing to within four or five miles of the town which he wished to surprise, he met its thirty warriors, on their way to join the main Indian force, then marching toward Boonesborough. In the "smart fight" which followed, the whites lost no men; the Indians a few, retreating very soon, and leaving their horses and baggage to the victors. Spies despatched to their town returned with the information that it was evacuated. The storm was gathering thick and fast about the settlements, and there was no time to be lost. Back to Boonesborough the little party went with all speed, passing the forces of the enemy the sixth day, and arriving there the seventh day after the skirmish above described. On the succeeding day the enemy appeared in even more terrible guise than they had anticipated. Nearly five hundred warriors, horrid in war paint, and decked with the ghastly trophies of their past victories, advanced towards the fort, like vultures approaching the doomed and innocent flock. But the wild warriors of the woods had before this besieged Boonesborough in equal multitude, and had retreated from their undertaking before the sharp crack of those unerring rifles. Yonder painted host, moving through the forest shadows as if in some demoniac dance, led by the most distinguished chiefs of their own race, was most formidable because of the Canadian Frenchmen by whom it was commanded. It was the voice of Captain Duquesne that summoned the garrison to "surrender in the name of his Britannic Majesty," and to him and eleven of his countrymen must the answer be made.

Within the fort, a council of all the fighting men was hastily summoned—fifty in all! More than one knew what were the horrors of captivity among the savages—hard work and ill usage, entire subjection to the whims of a hundred masters. Such would be the result of surrender. On the other hand, there were nearly ten besiegers to every one of their own number, and if the fort were taken by storm, death by the most fearful tortures would be certain to follow. This was the alternative. With grave faces and anxious hearts they weighed the question, and every man returned the answer that they "would defend the fort as long as a man of them lived."

Although they thus decided, they did not yet make known their resolution. A delay of two days was granted them for con-

sideration, but was used for preparation. Horses and cattle were collected in the fort from the surrounding fields, and everything made ready for a determined resistance. On the evening of the ninth of August (1778) Boone announced to Captain Duquesne the determination to defend the fort. "Now," he said, "we laugh at your formidable preparations; but thank you for giving us notice and time to prepare for our defense. Your efforts will not prevail; for our gates shall forever deny you admittance." Such a reply was wholly unexpected, and considerably disappointed the enemy. Their leader, however, quickly recovered himself, and offering new terms, requested that nine of the principal men should leave the fort, to treat with them. Although they could talk perfectly well in their positions at that time, the wary pioneers allowed themselves to trust an enemy whose wiliness they knew. Boone and eight of his companions left the fort to treat with the foe, and so earnest were the assertions of Duquesne, that they had orders to take the Kentuckians prisoners, and not to kill them, that the settlers almost believed them. A treaty was made, and signed; what were the contents cannot now be ascertained, nor need it cause us any regret; no wisdom has been lost to us. Determined as the Indians were to drive the whites from their favorite hunting grounds, they would not propose, in earnest, anything to which the settlers would agree. But promises are easily made by those who have no intention of keeping them, and who cannot be compelled to do so.

"It is a singular custom among the Indians, of whom I am the leader," said Captain Duquesne, when the articles had been signed, "for each white man with whom they have made a treaty to give each hand to be clasped by an Indian, in token of good faith."

It *was* a singular custom, Boone thought, and one of which he had never heard, experienced frontiersman though he was. But any refusal to comply with the demands of the enemy would only enrage them. The white men extended their hands; the Indians selected for the occasion advanced, each constraining his features to express a smile (but which was by no means enchanting) and uttering the word "Brother!" in his softest tones. Trained as he was to conceal his feelings under an appearance of apathy, it was beyond his skill to hide the snake-like glitter of the eye, which betrayed his intentions to his destined victim. They grappled with the settlers, but were thrown off by the strength of despair, as the white men wrenched themselves free. Back

to the fort they fled, amid a shower of bullets and arrows, and tomahawks wielded by angry hands.

The conference had taken place at a distance of only sixty yards from the fort; had it been greater they would have suffered more in their flight; as it was, but one man was wounded. The firing continued after the party had reached the fort, but was returned by the besieged with such fatal effect that the assailants were soon obliged to fall back from their exposed position, and taking advantage of all the shelter afforded, to continue the attack with more caution.

Despairing of success in a siege where all the loss seemed to be on his own side, Duquesne now determined upon an expedient which he hoped would be more successful. The fort was situated sixty yards from the Kentucky River, and beginning at the water mark, he directed the course of a mine toward the fort, in order to blow up the garrison. The fact that the usually clear river was muddy below a certain point awakened suspicion in the fort. Boone immediately divined the true state of affairs, perceiving that they must have thrown the earth into the river in order to prevent its being seen by him. The point of division between the clear and the turbid water indicated the direction of the mine, and he gave orders to dig a deep trench inside of the fort, in such a way as to cross the enemy's mine. The clay dug from this trench was thrown over the walls of the fort, and Duquesne, reading without difficulty a message so plainly expressed, desisted from the undertaking.

Having thus learned from experience the watchfulness of the men with whom he had to cope, he determined to renew the attack in the manner of a regular Indian siege, trusting that the numbers of the garrison would soon be so diminished that they would be forced to surrender. In this, however, he was disappointed. Man after man of his own force fell; his provisions were nearly exhausted, and after nine days' trial of power and policy, he raised the siege, and led off his savage host. Thirty-seven of the Indians had been killed, and many wounded; these being, according to the usage of all the tribes, immediately taken from the scene of action. Boone lost two men, four others being wounded.

Boonesborough was never again disturbed by any large body of Indians. This was in consequence of the establishment of many new stations between it and the Ohio River. Not only

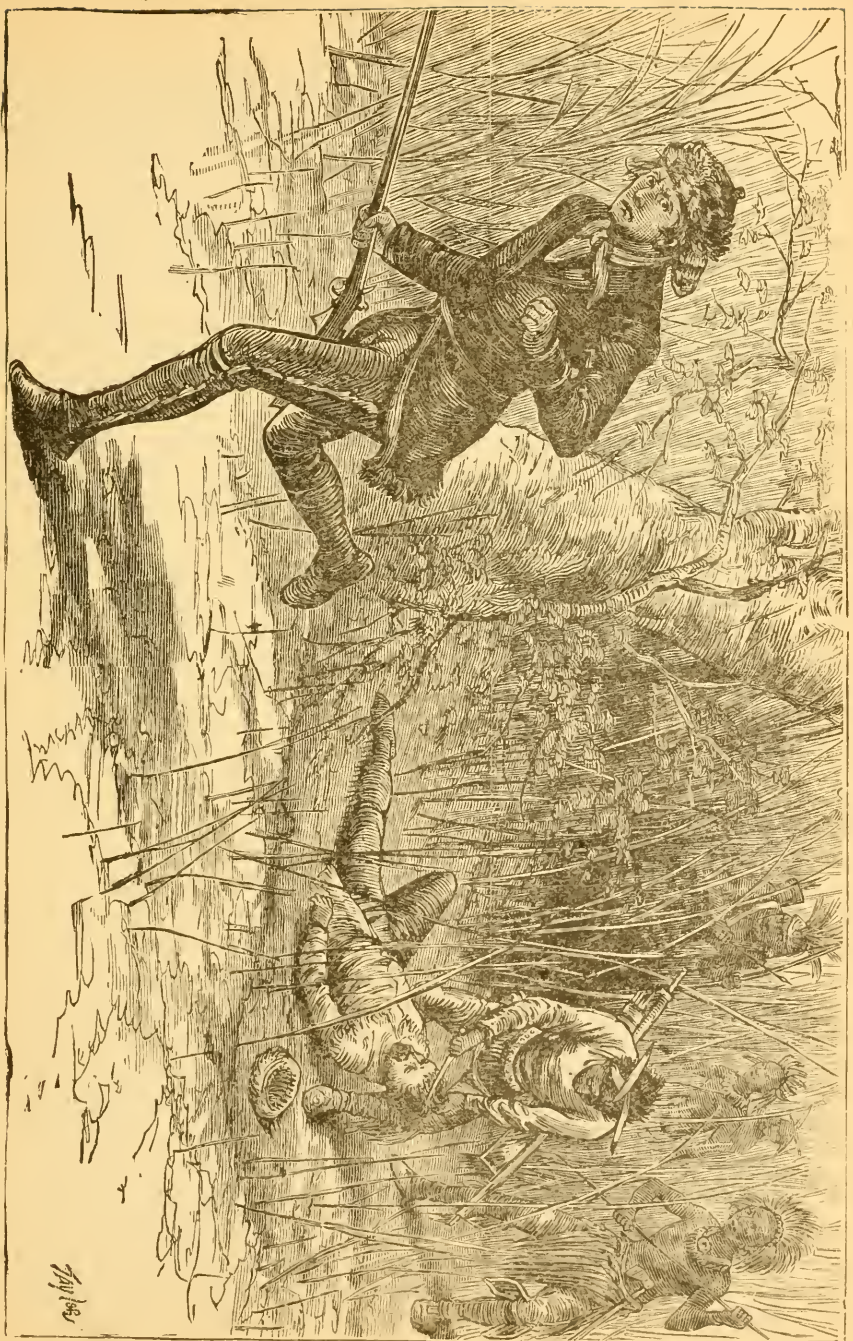
could the Indians not reach this station without leaving enemies in the rear, but the others being weaker were more tempting prey.

Early in the autumn, Boone left the garrison in care of the fort, judging that no emergency would arise in which his leadership and counsel would be required; and set off to North Carolina for his family. His wife supposed that he had been killed at the time when he was captured by the Shawnees, and had returned to her old home. Early in the following summer they again reached Boonesborough, and Boone industriously cultivated his farm, volunteering his assistance whenever occasion required to the neighboring immigrants.

In October, 1780, it once more became necessary to obtain a supply of salt, and for this purpose Boone started in company with his brother Squire, to Blue Licks. The spot seemed to be fatal to the pioneer; here, less than two years before, he had been taken prisoner by the Indians, remaining in captivity for several months; here again he was destined to meet with loss, for on this occasion, after a hot chase by the Indians, he had the unhappiness of seeing his brother, the sharer of his boyish sports as well as the dangers and hardships encountered in manhood, shot and scalped by the savages. Nor could the poor satisfaction of revenge be his. One against many, he must fly for his life. Tracked by a dog, his hiding place was constantly betrayed by its barking, until, after a long flight, he turned and shot the dog. He concealed himself behind a tree, but held his hat out on a stick; when his pursuers had thus wasted their shots, he aimed at them, and succeeded in killing both.

Another misfortune had overtaken Boone a short time before. In 1779, a commission had been appointed by the Virginia Legislature to settle Kentucky land claims, there being considerable trouble about the conflicting interests of different settlers. The Henderson or "Transylvania Company," as it was called, under the auspices of which Boonesborough had been settled, claimed entire independence of Virginia and every other state. Kentucky, however, had been constituted a county of the Old Dominion, and various tracts of lands had been entered by later settlers under the laws of that commonwealth. Other states had sent pioneers to this region, and matters seemed to be in inextricable confusion. Major Boone, in company with many others, turned all his available property into ready money, intending to invest in land warrants. Having raised about \$20,000 in paper money,

BOONE PURSUED BY THE INDIANS.



1840

and being entrusted with large sums by his neighbors, he set out on his journey to Richmond. On the way he was attacked and robbed of the whole amount. One of the victims of this misfortune writes thus to his brother, who had also suffered by the robbery :

“I feel for the poor people who, perhaps, are to lose even their pre-emptions ; but I must say, I feel more for Boone, whose character, I am told, suffers by it. Much degenerated must the people of this age be, when amongst them are to be found men to censure and blast the reputation of a person so just and upright, and in whose breast is a seat of virtue too pure to admit of a thought so base and dishonorable.”

Yet, in his autobiography, there is no word of this. The lands he had wrested from the savages were taken from him by legal quibbles ; having money to buy the title to them, he was robbed of it ; undertaking to perform a service for his neighbors, their money was taken along with his own ; and at last he was accused of appropriating it to his own use ; yet he complained not, and we know how hard it is to bear such suspicions.

Although Boonesborough was not again attacked, Kentucky was by no means in a state of tranquility. Pioneers and Indians both recognized the fact that Kentucky was not large enough for both races, and each fought, not for supremacy, but for existence. The year 1779 is distinguished in the annals of the state as having seen one of the bloodiest battles ever fought between the two contending races within her borders. With the single exception of the subsequent fight at Blue Licks, no more sanguinary conflict ever stained the Dark and Bloody Ground, from the time that the white man first trod her fertile soil until the days of Albert Sydney Johnston. Although Boone was not in this battle, so important was its bearing upon the history of the state that it must be briefly described.

Colonel Rogers, returning from New Orleans with supplies for the stations on the Upper Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, ascended these streams until he reached Cincinnati. (“Upper Mississippi” then meant that part of the river between New Orleans and the little French trading post called St. Louis.) Coming by chance upon a party of Indians crossing to the Kentucky side of the river, he determined to surprise them as they landed. Owing to low water, a large sand-bar on the south side of the river was laid bare, and here Rogers’ men disembarked. Before they could

reach the spot where he proposed to attack the enemy, they were set upon by a force so far superior to their own that from the first they fought without hope. Rogers was instantly killed, as were many of his men. The miserable remnant fled to the boats, only to find that of the two, one was in the possession of the Indians. Losing all sense of everything but their own danger, the few men in the other pushed off from shore without waiting for their comrades. Turning upon their pursuers, and charging furiously, a small number broke through their ranks and made the best of their way to Harrodsburg. Sixty men fell by the hands of the Indians.

Of less importance was an expedition headed by Col. Bowman, and starting from Harrodsburg, against the Shawnee town of Chillicothe. Beginning with every conceivable promise of success, a most remarkable lack of action on the part of the commander nullified all the advantages. This was in July, 1779. In June, 1780, Riddle's and Martin's Stations, situated at the forks of Licking River, were attacked by a large party of Indians and Canadians, headed by Col. Bird. All the inhabitants were made captives, and treated most cruelly; those unable to endure were tomahawked.

The succeeding winter was one of the severest ever known in Kentucky. In addition to the inclemency of the weather (which was not unbearable, since it kept the Indians close in their wigwams), most of the corn had been destroyed by the savages during the summer, and the settlers were obliged to live chiefly on buffalo flesh. "A hardy race, accustomed to difficulties and necessities, they were wonderfully supported through all their sufferings."

Throughout the summer hostilities were continued. Two boys were carried off from one station, and in many places horses were stolen and men killed, whenever such an opportunity presented itself. Nor was it savage ferocity only which was to be encountered; they were led by some renegade white men, among whom the notorious Simon Girty was the most conspicuous. A league was formed, the parties to it being the Shawnees, Cherokees, Wyandots, Tawas, Delawares and some other less important tribes. The warriors of these nations, numbering nearly six hundred, appeared before Bryant's station on the night of the 14th of August, 1782. Had they arrived a few hours later, they would have found the fort wholly unprepared for any sort of defense,

for the entire garrison was about to march to the relief of Hoy's station. Preparations for departure, however, did not differ materially from preparations for defence, and the Indians were somewhat dismayed by the activity of the garrison, attributed by them to a different cause.

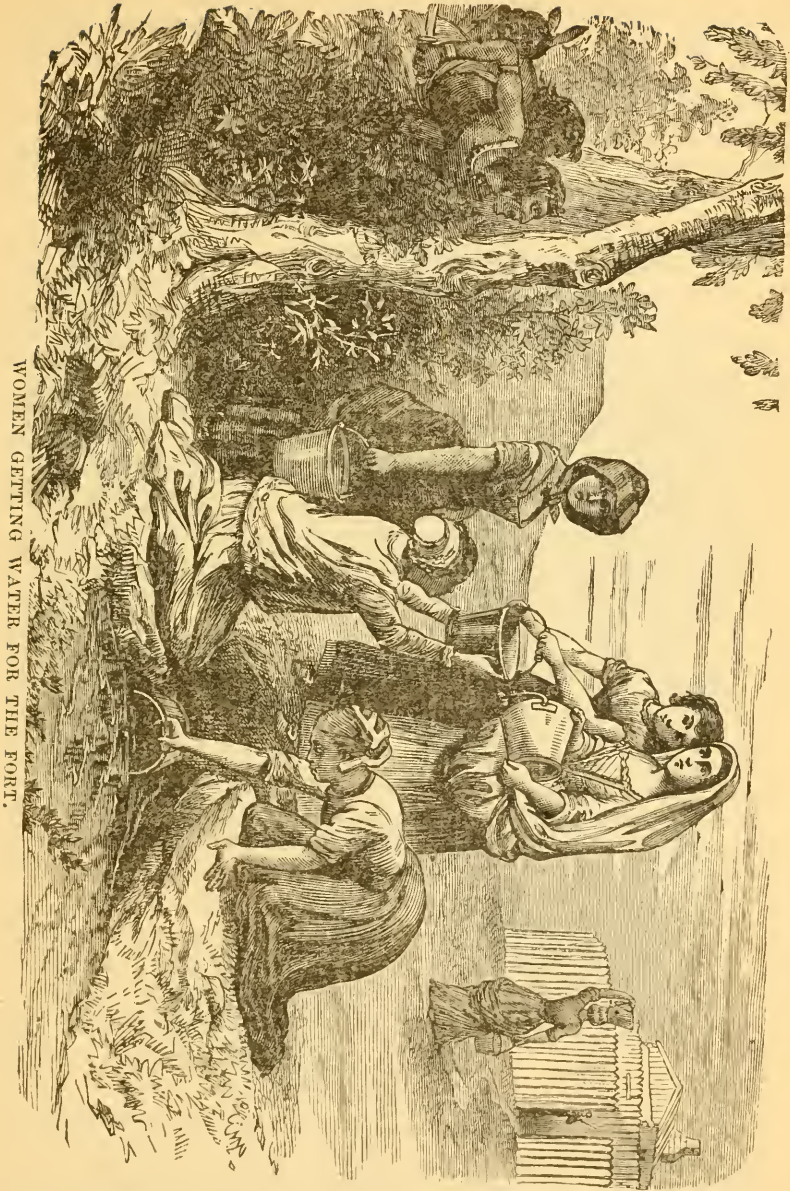
The spring which supplied the fort with water was at some distance from it, as was not uncommonly the case; the settlers seemed to feel perfectly secure until actually attacked. Taking advantage of what would be the necessity of the garrison, the main body of Indians placed themselves in ambush near the spring, while a detachment of a hundred warriors was sent to the other side of the fort. This smaller party was intended as a decoy, to draw the garrison out, when the larger body, rushing upon the opposite gate and hewing it down with their tomahawks, would gain possession of the stronghold.

At dawn, the garrison assembled under arms, and were about to open the gates and march out, when they were startled by a furious volley of fire-arms, echoed, in a lower key, by the wild yells of the savages. From the picketing could be seen a small party of Indians, making the most furious gestures. The more experienced and wary of the settlers detected the trick, and restrained the ardent courage of those who would have sallied forth to the attack. They saw that there was to be a determined siege, and they were without water. There was but one thing to be done: the women must go to the spring, as usual, and bring a supply into the fort.

"Why must we go?" was the question. "Why cannot armed men take the risk, since they, at least, can defend themselves? We are not bullet proof, and the Indians take scalps from women as well as from men."

"You bring the water every day," was the reply, "and by doing so now you will avert suspicion. If you do as usual, they will not think their ambuscade is discovered, and wishing to remain concealed for a longer time, they will not fire upon you. If we go, they will know that we suspect them, and will either shoot us down at the spring, or follow us into the fort."

There was a momentary hesitation; then some of the braver women declared their readiness to go, and the less courageous followed their example. Betraying no sign of fear, they set out, marching in a body to the spring. Their behavior completely



WOMEN GETTING WATER FOR THE FORT.

blinded the Indians, five hundred of whom lay within pistol-shot, and some even nearer.

As they returned, they began to give way to fear, and—let me not say they ran; perhaps they feared the garrison were thirsty.

Thirteen young men were now despatched to attack the decoy party, with orders to make the fight appear of as great extent as possible, by firing as fast as they could load and reload, and making a great deal of noise. Then the rest of the garrison silently placed themselves at the other side of the fort, ready to receive the expected attack.

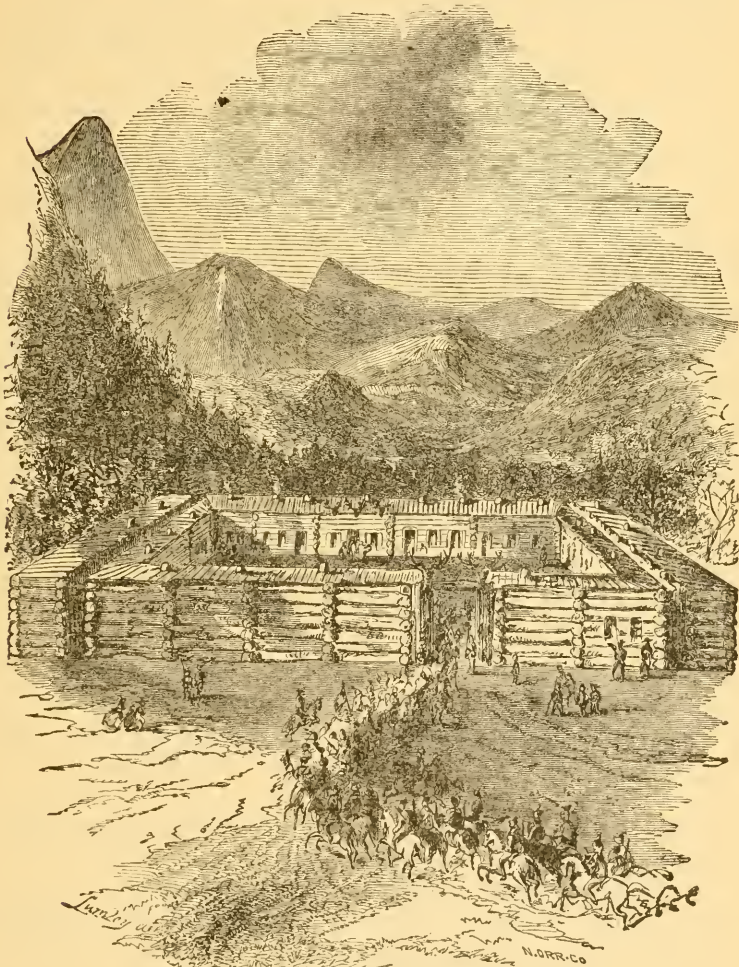
The Indians concealed west of the fort heard the firing, and thought that their stratagem had proved successful. The preconcerted signal was given, and the five hundred rushed upon the fort that they thought defenseless. The first dreadful volley awakened them rudely from their dream of success; followed as it was by a second and a third in close succession, it was not long before they were sufficiently recalled to their senses to fly to the woods. Hardly had they disappeared when the party sent out to attack the decoy came in, highly delighted at the repulse of the enemy.

Having recovered from the surprise of their warm reception, the Indians issued from the woods and attacked the station in the regular manner, the fight lasting four or five hours. About two o'clock in the afternoon reinforcements were received from Lexington, couriers having been sent thither as soon as the presence of the Indians had been discovered. Those who were mounted succeeded in getting into the fort without being hurt, but those on foot were cut off by the Indians, a running fight being kept up for over an hour. Girty determined, however, to try to persuade, since he could not force them to surrender; assuring them that his present force of six hundred warriors was not all that he could bring to bear upon them; that reinforcements would soon arrive with several pieces of artillery, when they could not hope to resist; that if they would surrender, not a hair of their heads should be injured. In spite of the threats of the artillery, however (which really was alarming, as the Indians had destroyed two stations with cannon), the garrison held out, and in the morning the Indians had disappeared.

All the morning reinforcements arrived, until by midday one hundred and seventy-six men were assembled at Bryant's station. About fifty or sixty of these men were commissioned officers, who resigned the privileges of their position to fight in the ranks for the common weal. Colonels Trigg and Todd, and Majors Boone

and Harland, were the leaders. Subordinate to these were Majors McBride, McGary, Levi Todd, and Captains Bulger and Gordon.

General Logan was expected to join them, in twenty-four hours



ARRIVAL OF REINFORCEMENTS.

at the farthest, with a large force. Although the number of men collected in the fort was unusually large, it was but a fraction of the opposing army. The Indians themselves were perfectly aware of this, and took no trouble to conceal their route; advertising it, rather, by the breadth of their trail and by marking

the trees. This self-confidence of the savages somewhat alarmed Boone, whose courage never degenerated into a fool-hardy contempt for danger; but a retreat would now be construed by the Indians as evidence of weakness.

Encamping that night in the woods, on the succeeding day they reached the Lower Blue Licks, and for the first time came within view of the Indians. To Boone, the very sight of the place where he had suffered so much before, must have seemed a foreboding of evil.

The white men halted, a hurried consultation being held by a dozen or twenty officers. All eyes were turned on Boone, the veteran woodsman whose soldierly qualities they respected no less than they did his courage and integrity of heart. Cautious were his words; the leisurely retreat of the Indians showed them to have a large force ready for battle. About a mile from where they now were, there were two ravines, one on each side of the ridge, and here he feared they might form an ambuscade. The place was excellently fitted for that purpose, as by making use of both ravines the Indians could attack them at once in front and flank before they could anticipate such a danger. There were two courses to be pursued: either to await the arrival of Logan, who would soon join them; or to divide their force, one half to march up the river and cross at the rapids, falling upon the rear of the enemy, while the remaining half crossed at that point, attacking the enemy in front.

Opinions were divided as to the better course. If they remained where they were, they might be surprised under cover of darkness, and massacred; if the force was divided, they might be beaten in detail. The discussion was suddenly cut short by the passionately rash courage of McGary, who, with a war cry like an Indian's, spurred his horse into the stream, shouting, "Let all who are not cowards follow me!"

His ardor communicated itself to the others; no order was possible. In the stream together were officers and men, mounted and unmounted. He was leader who was foremost in the wild, irregular mass, and toward this post of honor every man struggled. As they ascended the ridge on the opposite side of the stream, McGary, Boone, Harland and McBride were in the van. On they went with the same wild courage. No scouts were sent in advance, not even ordinary precautions were taken; the only aim seemed to be to reach the field of blood as quickly as possible.

Boone's fears were realized. Hardly had they reached the spot described, when the Indians, concealed in one of the bushy ravines, fired upon the van. The centre and rear hurried to the assistance of their companions, but were stopped by a terrible fire from the ravine on the other side. Unprotected, on the bare and open ridge, the whites still stood their ground before the devastating volleys from the enemy sheltered by the nature of its position. Gradually the combatants closed with each other, the Indians emerging from the ravine. This enabled the whites to return their fire with greater effect than before. Many of the whites had already been killed, among them Todd, Trigg, McBride, Harland and young Boone, while the Indians were gradually extending their line, so as to cut off the retreat of the Kentuckians. Perceiving this, the rear endeavored to break through, and this movement being communicated to the whole body, a general retreat ended in the wildest disorder. The clear mountain stream ran blood, and the grass on its banks, trampled and uprooted in the deadly struggle, was stained with the same horrid dye. Those who were mounted escaped, but those who must trust to their own swiftness perished.

At the commencement of the retreat, when the dreadful carnage was at its height, Boone, who had seen his son and so many of his friends slain, found himself with a few companions, almost totally surrounded. But the attention of the Indians was chiefly drawn to the ford where most of the fugitives were endeavoring to cross. His acquaintance with the locality here served him in good stead. Dashing into the ravine in which the Indians had lain, they crossed the river below the ford, after having sustained more than one heavy fire, and baffling several small parties that pursued them.

Having crossed, they entered the woods at a point where there was no pursuit, and made their way back to Bryant's Station.

Horse and foot thronged the river, struggling at once with the current and with the Indians, who were mingled with them in a confused mass. Nor was it altogether a strife for self-preservation; the blood-stained record of the day is bright with stories of generosity.

In the wild panic, some dozen or twenty horsemen, having gained the farther side of the river, spurred their horses onward, though many were still struggling in the stream. One of their number, Netherland, who had been strongly suspected of coward-

ice, observing this, reined in his horse, and called upon them to fire on the enemy, thus affording relief to those less fortunate than themselves. This was only temporary, however, for the number of the Indians was so great that the places of those killed were quickly supplied.

From the battle-ground to the ford was one dreadful scene of carnage, and for nearly twenty miles the pursuit was kept up. Beyond the ford, there was but slight loss to the whites. Among the prisoners was a young man named Reynolds, whose captivity was the direct result of his own generosity. Between the battle ground and the river, in the course of the retreat, he came up with an older man who was much exhausted with the rapidity of the flight, being infirm by reason of wounds received in former battles. Dismounting, Reynolds helped this officer upon his horse, and continued his way on foot. Swimming the river, his buckskin breeches became heavy with the water, and he was soon overtaken by a party of Indians, and compelled to accompany his captors. A prisoner's fate is never decided by the Indians until the close of the campaign, when they return to their village. Young Reynolds, then, was kindly treated by his captors, of whom there was a considerable party. A small group of Kentuckians seeming to them to be easy prey, he was left in charge of three of their number. These, eager to join their companions, delegated the care of the prisoner to a single Indian, and guard and captive jogged along quietly enough, the latter being unarmed. The Indian, at last, stooped to tie his moccasins, when Reynolds knocked him down with his fist and disappeared in the thicket. A gift of two hundred acres of first class land was the acknowledgment which he afterward received from the man whose life he had saved.

Before reaching Bryant's station, the fugitives met Logan, at the head of his detachment. When all who had escaped arrived at that place, Logan found himself at the head of four hundred and fifty men. With Boone as second in command, he set out toward the battle field, hoping that the enemy, encouraged by success, would encamp there. But while defeat only enraged the red men further, victory sent them home to their own country, exulting in their scalps and prisoners. The battle field was covered with the bodies of the white men, frightfully mangled. After burying these, Logan and Boone returned to Bryant's station and disbanded the troops.

Such was the bloodiest battle ever fought between white and red, for the soil of Kentucky. About seventy of the Kentuckians, or nearly one-half of the whole number engaged, were killed, and the 19th of August, 1782, was long celebrated in the local traditions.

A few prowling bands of Indians infested the less thickly settled part of the country, but for some time there were no important sieges or fights. Colonel Boone was enabled by the compensation which the State of Virginia gave him for his military



THE TOBACCO STRATAGEM.

services to purchase several tracts of land, which he cultivated with his usual industry, varying his agricultural pursuits with hunting expeditions. On one of these tracts he erected a comfortable log house, near which he planted a small patch of tobacco to supply his neighbors (for he never used the "filthy weed" himself).

He had built a "tobacco house," for curing it, of rails ten or twelve feet in height, and roofed with cane and grass. The stalks were split and strung on stieks about four feet long, the ends of these being laid on poles placed in tiers across the building.

The lower tier being dry, Boone was busily removing it to the upper part of the building, supporting himself on the lower poles, when, looking down, he saw that four Indians, armed with guns, had entered the low door. One of them said to him :

“Now, Boone, we got you. You no get away more. We carry off to Chilliothe this time. You no cheat us any more.”

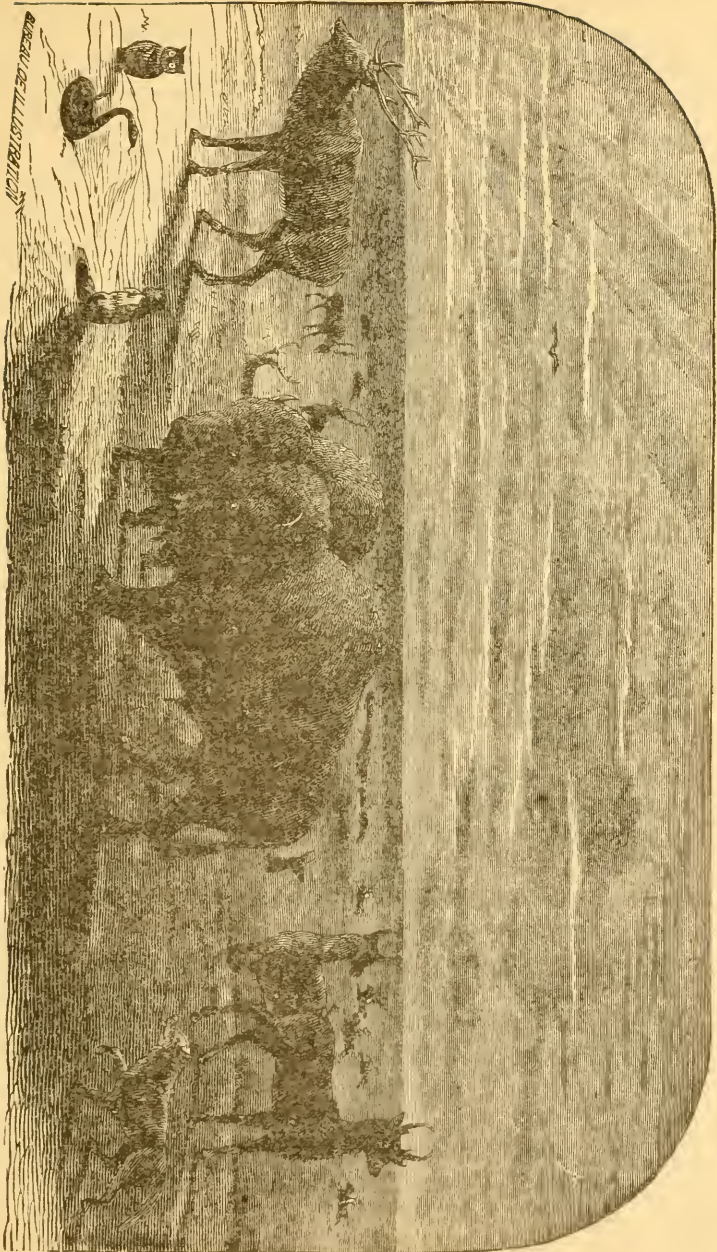
Looking down from his perch, Boone recognized the intruders as some of the Shawnees who had captured him in 1778, and answered, pleasantly :

“Ah, old friends, glad to see you. Wait a little, till I have finished putting up this tobacco, will you? You can stand there and watch me.”

The loaded guns, which had been pointed at his breast, were lowered, and the Indians stood watching his every movement. At last, so interested did they become in answering his questions about old acquaintances, and in his promises to give them his tobacco, that they became less attentive, and did not see that he had gathered the dry tobacco into such a position that a touch would send it into their upturned faces. At the same instant that he touched this, he jumped upon them with as much of the dried tobacco as he could gather in his arms, filling their eyes and nostrils with its dust. Blinded and strangling, they could not follow him as he rushed towards the cabin, where he could defend himself. Looking around, when he was about fifteen or twenty yards from the tobacco house, he saw them groping in all directions ; and heard them cursing him as a rogue, and themselves as fools.

Quietly tilling his beautiful farm near Boonesborough, several years were passed in peace and tranquility. Here he dictated to one John Filson the autobiography before mentioned, and after its publication in 1784, it was one of his greatest pleasures to listen to it when any one would read it to him. In his opinion, it was one of the finest specimens of literature in existence. One charm, at least, that it had for him, it has for all ; it is “every word true—not a lie in it.”

But the storms were not yet at an end ; the earliest settler in the community, he had been obliged to buy his farm ; expending for this purpose money earned as a defender of Kentucky, his aversion to legal technicalities and ignorance of legal forms prevented his taking care to secure a perfect title. Such defects were eagerly hunted up, about this period, by speculators, and many better informed and more careful men lost their lands by litigation.



THE HUNTER'S PARADISE.

As a result of the arts and rogueries of these speculators, not a foot of land remained to Boone. Sadly, but not bitterly, he resolved to leave Kentucky, and about 1790 he and his faithful and beloved wife removed to a place near Point Pleasant, on the Kanawha River in Virginia. Here he lived about five years, cultivating a farm, raising stock, and whenever possible, hunting.

But to the woodsman, life in this "highly civilized" region, as it seemed to him, was unendurable. Here there were but traces of game, which must be carefully followed; sometimes (and these occasions were fast growing more and more frequent) even the most skillful hunter failed to meet with success. With eager interest he listened to the adventurers returned from the far prairies west of the Mississippi, when they told how, over the flat, grass-clad plains and the low hills, roamed vast herds of buffalo; how the wild duck haunted the borders of the swift Father of Waters and the turbid flood of its chief tributary; how often the cry of the wild turkey was heard through the forests that bordered the life-giving streams. He who had found happiness in the Kentucky wilderness longed for a land where he might make his home secure from the grasp of those who wished to defraud; whence he could go to the hunting ground, and not find it transformed to farms.

In this region so favored by nature, the wandering hunters told him, the people were simple and straightforward, honest and honorable, needing not the laws made for those disposed to evil, nor seeking to avoid, through the subtilty of lawyers, the consequences of their own actions. To a man of Boone's tastes and experience, a land where lawsuits and lawyers were unknown must have seemed the very ideal of a dwelling-place.

Hither, then, in 1795 or 1797, he took up his journey. The country west of the Mississippi then belonged to the Crown of Spain, and from the representative of that royal owner, the Lieutenant-Governor resident at St. Louis, he received "assurance that ample portions of land should be given to him and his family." The Femme Osage settlement, the home of his son Daniel M. Boone, was his residence until 1804, and it was of this district that in 1800 he was appointed Commandant. This office combined civil and military duties, and was held by him until the transfer of the territory of Louisiana to the United States Government in 1803. Removing to the residence of his youngest son, Maj. Nathan Boone, he remained there until 1810, when he went to

live with his son-in-law, Flanders Callaway, in Callaway county.

In consideration of his official services as Syndic, ten thousand arpents of excellent land (about eight thousand five hundred acres) were given to Colonel Boone by the Government. In accordance with the special law, he should have obtained a confirmation of the grant from the royal Governor at New Orleans, and have taken up his residence on the land. The Lieutenant-Governor at St. Louis undertook to dispense with the latter condition, and Boone "reckoned all would be right" without any further attention to formalities than was implied in the original grant. He probably trusted that justice would be done by the United States Government; but the Commissioners appointed to decide on claims rejected Boone's for want of legal formalities.

This, however, did not occur for some time after his removal to the state, so that the first few years spent within its bounds were marked by no ill luck. The office which he held under the Spanish Government was similar to the present one of justice of the peace, with the addition of military duties, but its exercise did not require all his time. Plenty of leisure remained for hunting, and obtaining, after two or three seasons, valuable furs in sufficient quantity to enable him to pay some debts outstanding in Kentucky, he went thither, and asking each creditor the amount due him, paid it without any other guarantee than their assertion. Returning to Missouri, though he had but half a dollar remaining, he said to his family:

"Now I am ready and willing to die; I am relieved from a burden that has long oppressed me; I have paid all my debts, and no one will say, when I am gone, 'Boone was a dishonest man;' I am perfectly willing to die."

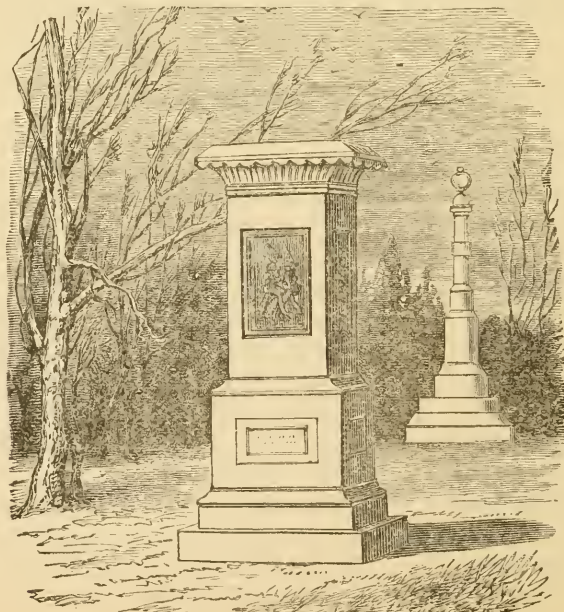
In 1812, Colonel Boone sent a petition to Congress, praying that his original claim be confirmed. At his request, the Kentucky Legislature, by a series of resolutions, directed the Senators of that state to exert themselves to further this petition. His appeal was neglected for some time; but Congress, in February, 1814, granted him one thousand arpents—a tract of land to which any settler would be entitled.

During the period of anxiety about his land, a worse trouble came, in the death of the wife who had shared his dangers and toils for so many years. For seven years he was to live alone.

Before this he had given up his favorite pursuit of hunting, even in his last expeditions being attended by some friend or ser-

vant. His time was divided among his children, the house of Mrs. Callaway, his eldest daughter, being headquarters, and the home of Major Nathan Boone seeing him oftenest. He employed his time in making powder horns for his grandchildren, repairing rifles, and such other work as had been familiar to him in past years and was not now beyond his failing strength. One occupation which seems to us rather singular, was the daily rubbing and polishing of a coffin which he had had made for himself, and which, at his death, was found in a state of excellent finish. This was the second coffin made for him; the first did not fit to his satisfaction, so he gave it to his son-in-law, Flanders Callaway.

An attack of fever prostrated him in September, 1820, and on the twenty-sixth of that month, at the residence of his youngest son, he died, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, and was buried beside his wife. The Legislature of Missouri passed resolutions of respect, adopted a badge of mourning for thirty days, and adjourned for one day. In 1845, the people of Frankfort, Ky., obtained the consent of the family to inter the bones of the great pioneer and his wife in the rural cemetery they had prepared; and the burial took place on the 20th of August of that year.



THE GRAVE OF BOONE.