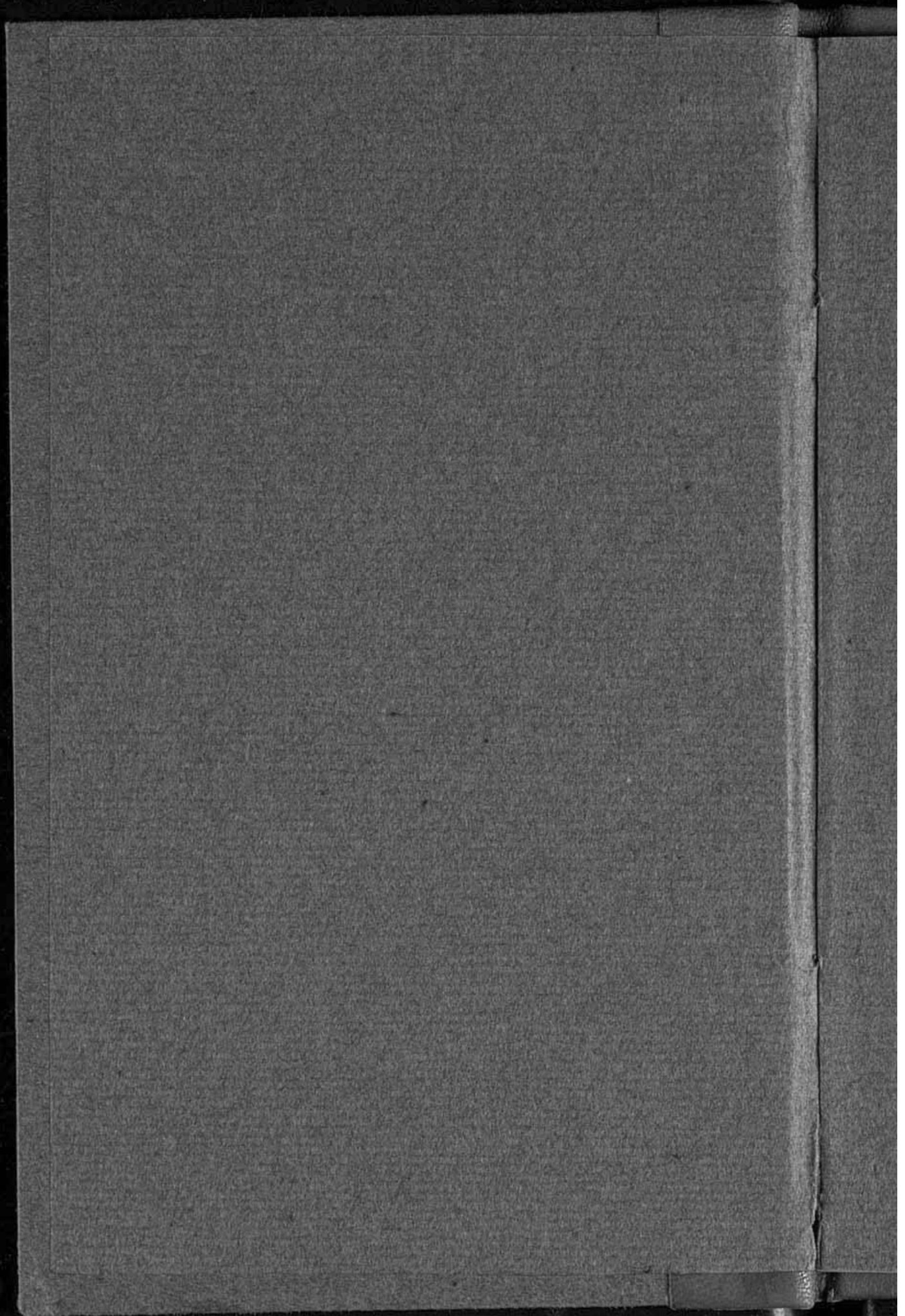
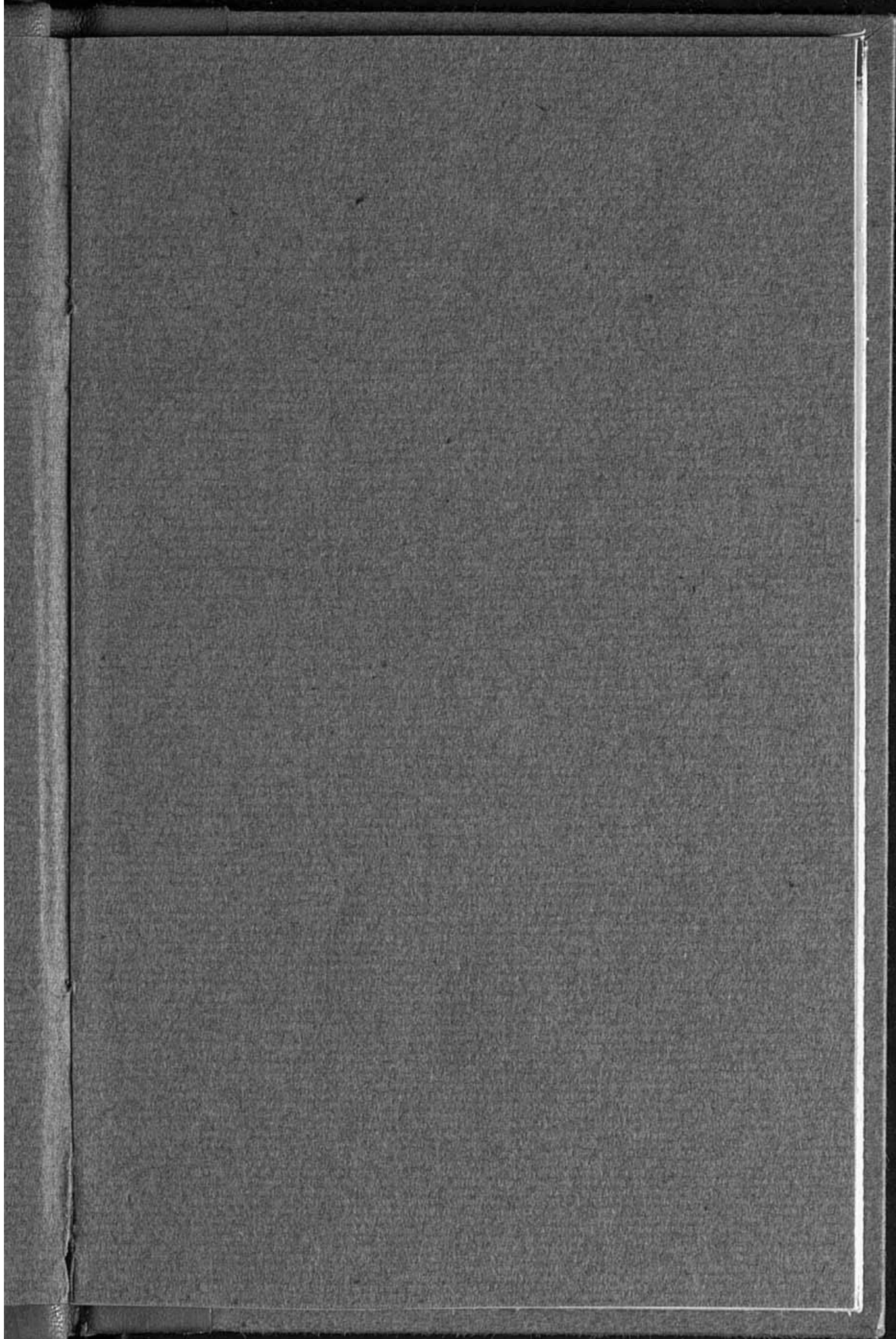
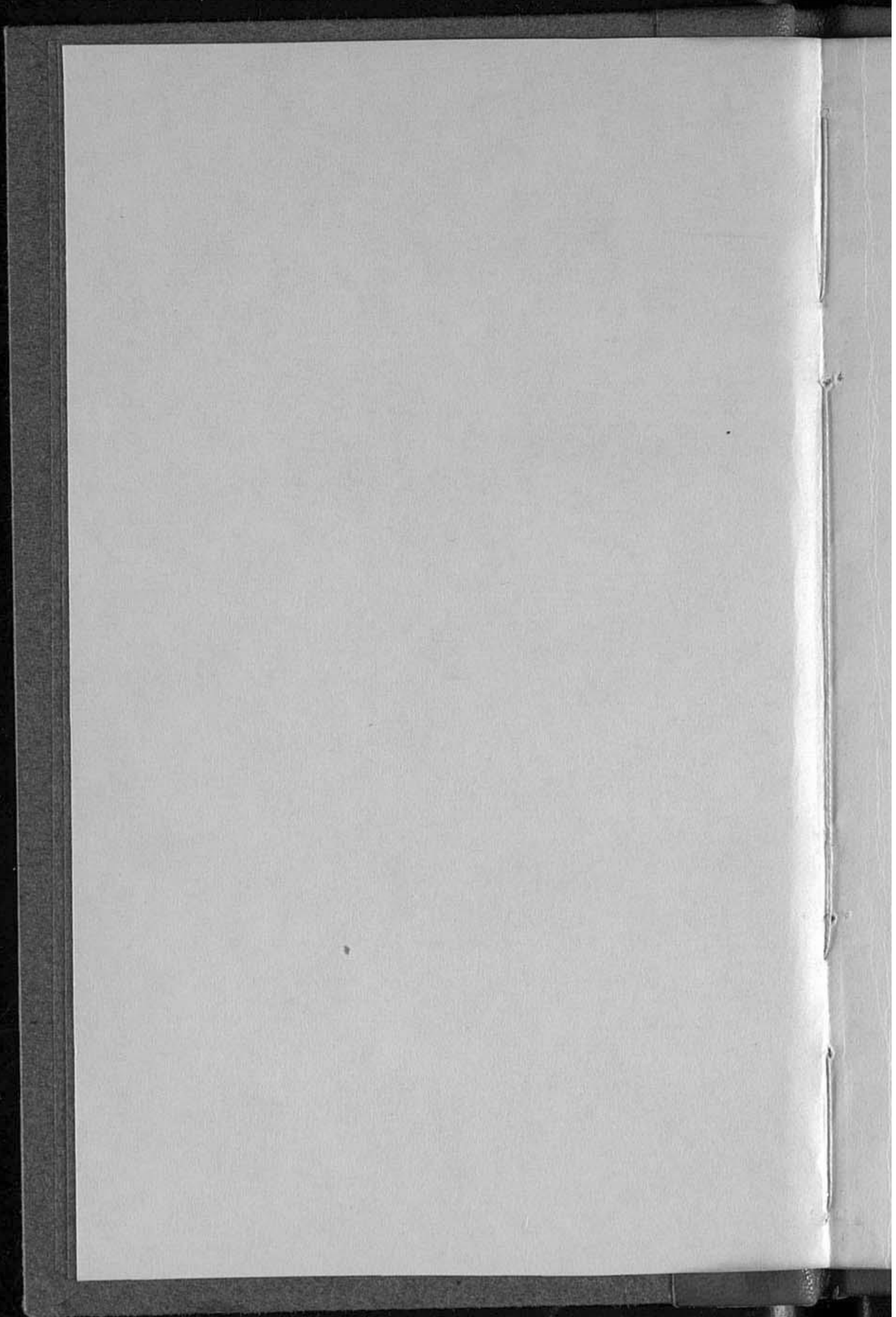
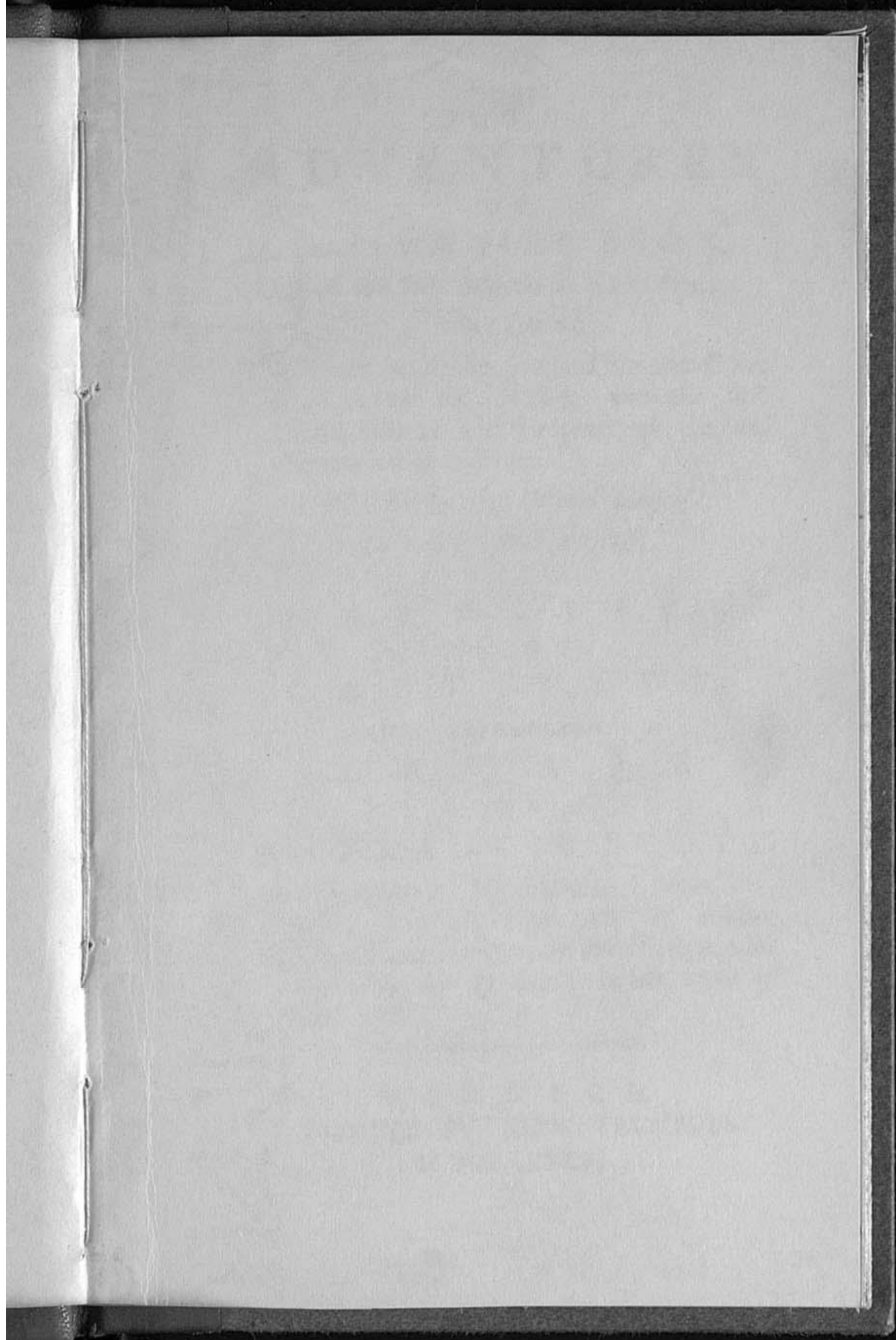


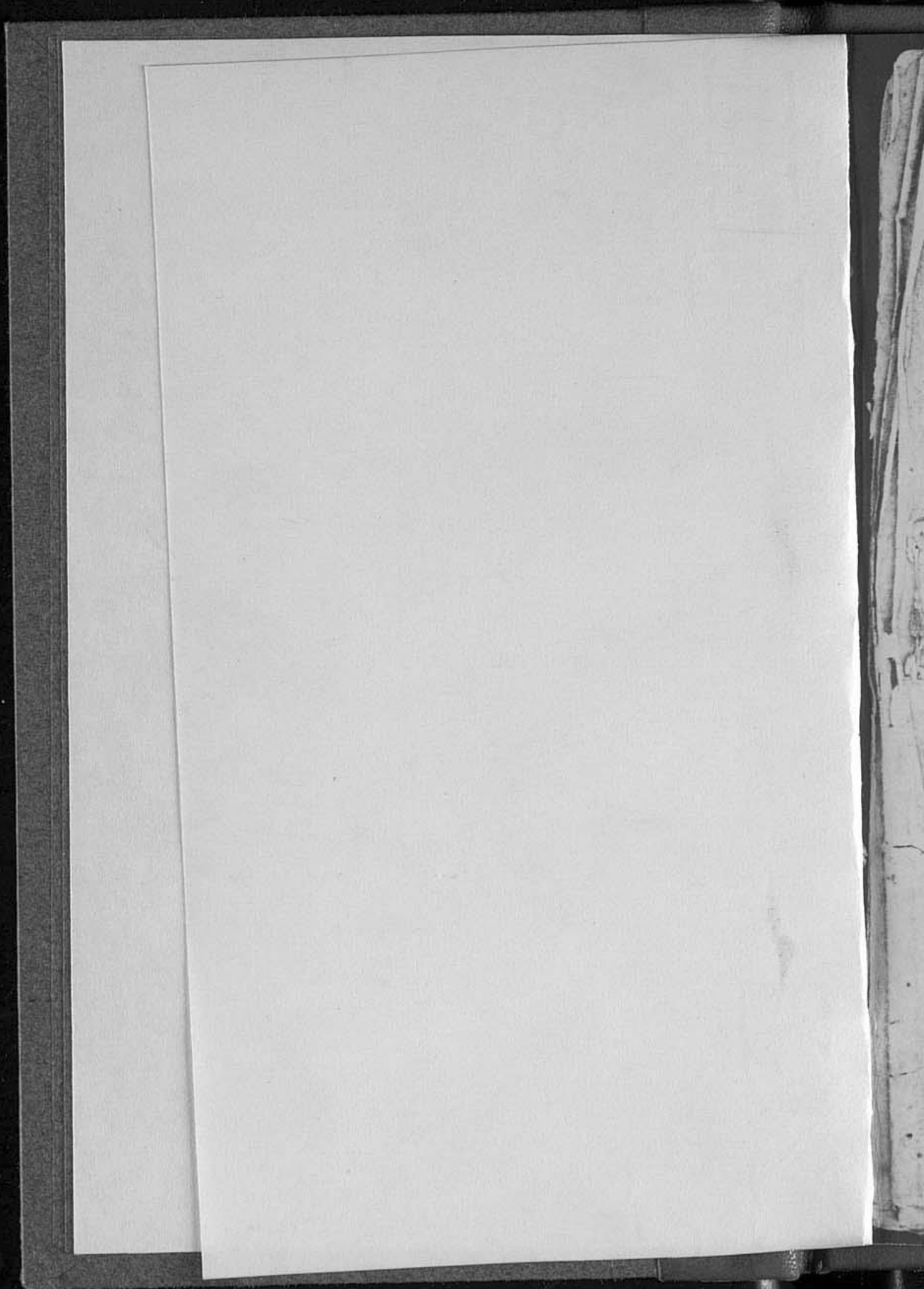
ADVENTURES OF COLONEL DANIEL BOGOT











THE
ADVENTURES

OF

Colonel DANIEL BOON,
One of the first Settlers at KENTUCKE :

CONTAINING

The Wars with the Indians on the *Ohio*,
from 1769 to 1783, and the first
Establishment and Progress of the Set-
tlement on that River.

Written by the Colonel himself.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A

NARRATIVE

OF THE

CAPTIVITY,

AND EXTRAORDINARY

ESCAPE

OF

MRS. FRANCIS SCOTT,

*An Inhabitant of Washington-County Vir-
ginia; who after the Murder of her
Husband and children, by the Indians, was
taken Prisoner by them; on the 29th of
June, 1785.*

NORWICH:

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T H E
A D V E N T U R E S,
O F
C O L. D A N I E L B O O N.

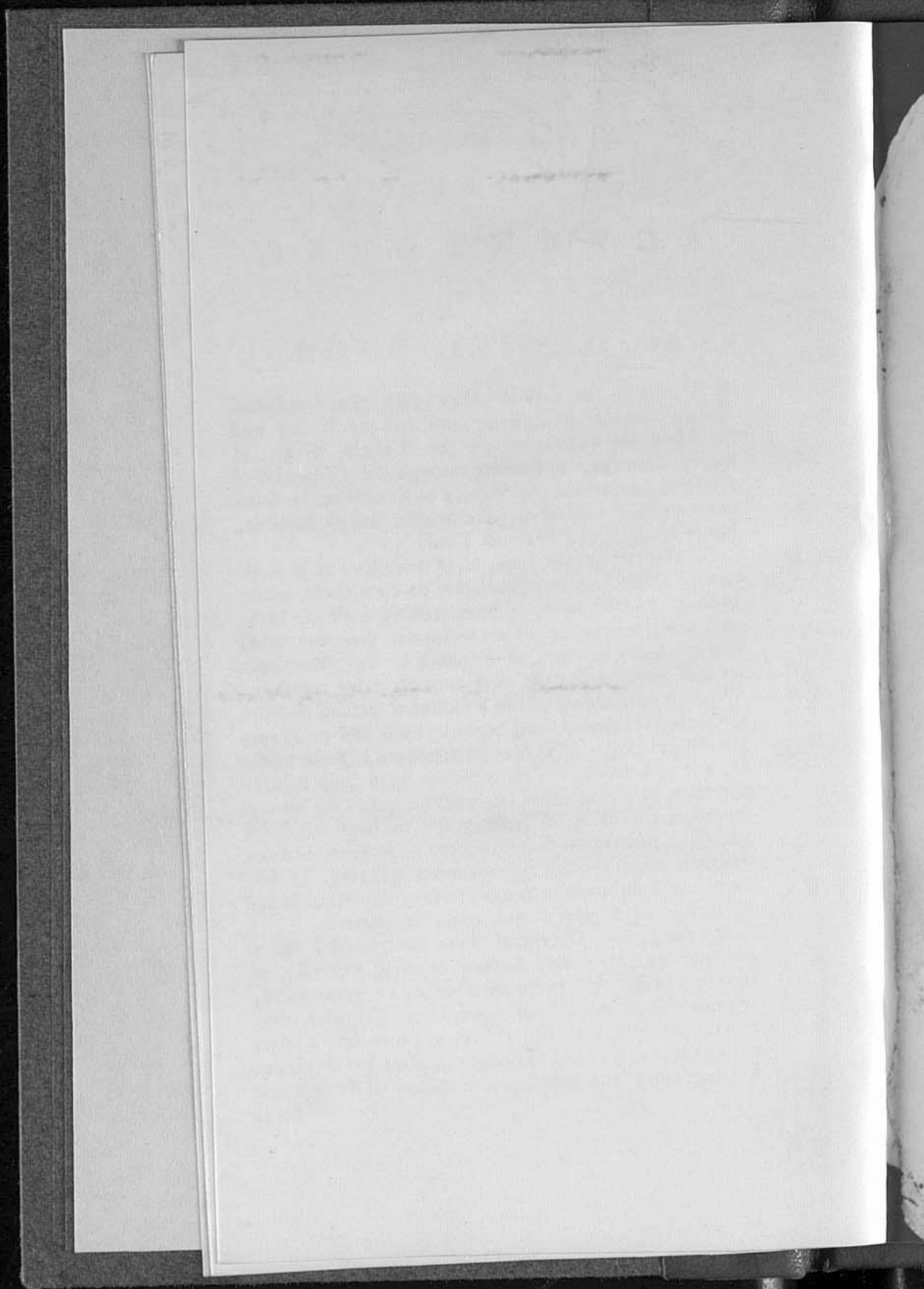
IT was on the first of May 1769, that I resigned my domestic happiness, and left my family and peaceable habitation on the Yadkin River, in North Carolina, to wander through the wilderness of America, in quest of the country of Kentucke, in company with John Finley, John Stuart, Joseph Holden, James Monay, and William Cool.

On the 7th day of June, after travelling in a western direction, we found ourselves on Red River, where John Finley had formerly been trading with the Indians, and from the top of an eminence, saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucke. For some time we had experienced the most uncomfortable weather. We now encamped, made a shelter to defend us from the inclement season, and began to hunt and reconnoitre the country. We found abundance of wild beasts in this vast forest. The buffaloes were more numerous than cattle on other settlements, browsing on the leaves of the cane, or crossing the herbage on those extensive plains, we saw hundreds in a drove, and the numbers about the salt springs were amazing. In this forest the habitation of beasts of every American kind, we hunted with great success until December.

On the 22d of December John Stuart and I had a pleasant Ramble; but fortune changed the day at the close of it. We had passed through a great forest, in which stood myriads of trees, some gay with blossoms, other rich with fruits. Nature was here a series of wonders and a fund of delight. Here she displayed her ingenuity and industry in a variety of flowers and
fruits

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fruits, beautifully coloured, elegantly shaped, and charmingly flavoured; and we were diverted with numberless animals presenting themselves perpetually to our view. In the decline of the day, near Kentucky river, as we ascended the brow of a small hill, a number of Indians rushed out of a thick cane brake, and made us prisoners. The Indians plundered us, and kept us in confinement seven days. During this we discovered no uneasiness or desire to escape, which made them less suspicious: but in the dead of the night, as we lay by a large fire, in a thick cane brake, when sleep had locked up their senses, my situation not disposing me to rest, I gently awoke my companion. We seized this favourable opportunity and departed, directing our course towards our old camp, but found it plundered and our people dispersed or gone home.

About this time my brother, Squire Boon, with another adventurer, who came to explore the country shortly after us, was wandering through the forest, and accidentally found our camp. Notwithstanding our unfortunate circumstances, and our dangerous situation surrounded with hostile savages, our meeting fortunately in the wilderness, gave us the most sensible satisfaction.

Soon after this my companion in captivity, John Stewart was killed by the savages, and the man that came with my brother returned home by himself. We were then in a dangerous helpless situation, exposed daily to perils and death, among savages and wild beasts, not a white man in the country but ourselves.

Thus many hundred miles from our families in the howling wilderness, we did not continue in a state of indolence, but hunted every day, and prepared a little cottage to defend us from the winter storms. We met with no disturbance during the winter. On the 1st of May 1770, my brother returned home by himself for a new recruit of horses and ammunition, leaving me alone, without bread, salt, or sugar, or even a horse or a dog, I passed a few days uncomfortably. The idea
of

of a beloved wife and family, and their anxiety on my account, would have disposed me to melancholy, if I had further indulged the thought.

One day I undertook a tour through the country, when the diversity and beauties of nature I met with in this charming season, expelled every gloomy thought. Just at the close of the day, the gentle gales ceased; a profound calm ensued; not a breath shook the tremulous leaf. I had gained the summit of a commanding ridge, and looking round with astonishing delight, beheld the ample plains and beautiful tracts below. On one hand I surveyed the famous Ohio rolling in silent dignity, and marking the western bounds of Kentucke with inconceivable grandure. At a vast distance I beheld the mountains lift their venerable brows and penetrate the clouds. All things were still. I kindled a fire near a fountain of sweet water, and feasted on the loin of a buck, which a few hours before I had killed. The shades of night soon overspread the hemisphere, and the earth seem to gasp after the hovering moisture. My excursion had fatigued my body, and amused my mind. I laid me down to sleep and awoke not until the sun had chased away the night. I continued this tour, and in a few days explored a considerable part of the country, each day equally pleased as the first; after which I returned to my old camp, which had not been disturbed in my absence. I did not confine my lodgings to it, but often reposed in thick cane brakes to avoid the savages, who I believe, often visited my camp, but fortunately for me in my absence. No populous city with all the varieties of commerce and stately structures, could afford such pleasure to my mind, as the beauties of nature I found in this country.

Until the 27th of July I spent the time in an uninterrupted scene of sylvan pleasures, when my brother to my great felicity, met me according to appointment, at our old camp. Soon after we left the place, and proceeded to Cumler and River, reconnoitring that part of the country, and giving names to the different rivers.

In March 1771 I returned home to my family, being determined to bring them as soon as possible at the risk of my life and fortune, to reside in Kentucke, which I esteemed a second paradise.

On my return I found my family in happy circumstances. I sold my farm on the Yadkin, and what goods we could not carry with us; and

On the 25th of September 1773, we bade farewell to our friends and proceeded on our journey to Kentucke, in company with five more families, and forty men that joined us in Powell's Valley, which is one hundred and fifty miles from the now settled parts of Kentucke; but this promising beginning was soon overcast with a cloud of adversity.

On the 10th of October the rear of our company was attacked by a number of Indians; who killed six, and wounded one man. Of these my eldest son was one that fell in the action. Though we repulsed the enemy, yet this unhappy affair scattered our cattle, brought us into extreme difficulty, and so discouraged the whole company, that we retreated forty miles to the settlement on the Clinch river. We had passed over two mountains Powell's and Walden's, and were approaching Cumberland mountain, when this adverse fortune overtook us. These mountains are in the wilderness, in passing from the old settlements in Virginia to Kentucke, are ranged in a southwest and northeast direction, are of great length and breadth, and not far distant from each other. Over them nature has formed passes less difficult than might be expected from the view of such huge piles. The aspect of these cliffs are so wild and horrid, that is impossible to behold them without terror.

Until the 6th of June 1774, I remained with my family on the Clinch, when I and Michael Sauer were solicited by Governor Dunmore of Virginia, to conduct a number of surveyors to the falls of the Ohio. This was a tour of 800 miles, and took us sixty two days.

On my return, Governor Dunmore gave me the
command

command of three garisons, during the campaign against the Shawnese.

In March 1775, at the solicitation of a number of gentlemen of North Carolina, I attended their treaty at Wataga, with the Cherokee Indians, to purchase the lands on the south side of Kentucke river. After this I undertook to mark out a road in the best passage from the settlements through the wildernets to Kentucke.

Having collected a number of enterprizing men well armed, I soon begun this work, we proceeded until we came within fifteen miles of where Boonsborough now stands, where the Indians attacked us, and killed two and wounded two more.

This was the 2d of March 1775. Three days after they attacked us again, we had two killed and three wounded. After this we proceeded on to Kentucke river without opposition.

On the first of April we began to erect the fort of Boonsborough, at a salt lick 60 yards from the river on the south side.

On the 4th they killed one of our men.

On the 14th of June having finished the fort, I returned to my family on the Clinch. Soon after I removed my family to this fort; we arrived safe; my wife and daughter being the first white women that stood on the banks of Kentucke river.

December the 24th. the Indians killed one man and wounded another, seeming determined to persecute us for erecting this fort.

July 14th 1776. Two of Colonel Calaway's daughters, and one of mine, were taken prisoners near the fort. I immediately pursued the Indians, with only eight men.

On the 16th I overtook them, killed two of them, and recovered the girls.

The Indians had divided themselves into several parties and attacked on the same day all our settlements and forts, doing a great deal of mischief. The husbandmen were shot down in the field, and most of the

the

the cattle were destroyed. They continued their hostilities until

The 15th of April 1777, when a party of 100 of them attacked Boonsborough, and killed one man, and wounded four.

July 4th they attacked it again with 200 men, and killed us one, and wounded two. They remained 48 hours, during which we killed seven of them. All the settlements were attacked at the same time.

July 19th. Colonel Logan's fort was besieged by 200 Indians; they did much mischief; there were only fifteen men in the fort; they killed two and wounded one of them. Indians loss unknown.

July 25. Twenty five men came from Carolina.
About

August 20th, Colonel Bowman arrived with 100 men from Virginia. Now we began to strengthen and had skirmishes with the Indians almost every day.

The savages now learned the superiority of the LONG KNIFE, as they call the Virginians; being out-generaled in almost every battle. Our affairs began to wear a new aspect; the enemy did not now venture open war, but practised secret mischief.

January 1, 1778. I went with thirty men to the Blue Licks on Licking River, to make salt for the different garrisons.

February 7th. Hunting by myself to procure meat for the company, I met a party of 102 Indians, and two Frenchmen marching against Boonsborough. They pursued and took me; and the next day I capitulated for my men, knowing they could not escape. They were 27 in number, three having gone home with salt. The Indians according to the capitulation used us generously. They carried us to Old Chelicothe, the principal Indian town on Little Miami.

On the 18th of February we arrived there, after an uncomfortable journey in very severe weather.

On the 10th of March I and ten of my men were conducted to Detroit.

On the 30th we arrived there, and were treated by
Governor

Governor Hamilton, the British commander at the post, with great humanity.

The Indians had such an affection for me, that they refused 100l. sterling offered them by the Governor, if they would leave me with the others, on purpose that he might send me home on parole. Several English gentlemen there, sensible of my adverse fortune, and touched with sympathy, generously offered to supply my wants, which I declined with many thanks, adding that I never expected it would be in my power to recompence such unmerited generosity. The Indians left my men in captivity with the British at Detroit.

On the 10th of April they brought me towards Old Chelicothe, where we arrived on the twenty-fifth day of the same month. This was a long and very fatiguing march, through an exceeding fertile country, remarkable for fine springs and streams of water. At Chelicothe 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 easy with them, always appearing as chearful 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 Shawnese king took great notice of me, and treated me with profound respect, and entire friendship, often entrusting 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 my duty to my sovereign. My food and lodging was, in common with them, not so good indeed

deed as I could desire, but necessity made every thing acceptable.

I now began to meditate an escape, but carefully avoided giving suspicion.

Until the first day of June, I continued at old Chelicothe, and was then taken to the salt springs on Sciatha, and kept there ten days making salt. During this time I hunted with them, and found the land, for a great extent about this river, to exceed the soil of Kentucke if possible, and remarkably well watered.

On my return to Chelicothe 450 of the choicest Indian warriors were ready to march against Boonsborough, painted and armed in a fearful manner. This alarmed me and I determined to escape.

On the 16th of June before sunrise, I went off secretly, and reached Boonsborough on the 20th, a journey of 160 miles during which I had only one meal, I found our fortress in a bad state, but we immediately repaired our flanks, gates, posterns, and formed double bastions, which we completed in ten days. One of my fellow prisoners escaping after me, brought advice that on account of my flight, the Indians had put off their expedition for three weeks.

About August 1st I set out with 19 men to surprize Point Creek Town on Sciatha. Within four miles we fell in with 40 Indians going against Boonsborough. We fought and the enemy gave way, we suffered no loss. The enemy had one killed and two wounded. We took three horses and all their baggage. The Indians having evacuated their town and gone altogether against Boonsborough we returned passed them on the sixth day, and on the seventh arrived safe at Boonsborough.

On the 8th the Indian army 444 in number, commanded by Capt. Duquesne and eleven other Frenchmen and their own chiefs, came and summoned the fort. I requested two days consideration which was granted. During this we brought in through the posterns all the horses and other cattle we could collect.

On

On the 9th in the evening, I informed their commander, that we were determined to defend the fort while a man was living. They then proposed a treaty, and said if we sent out nine men to ratify it, they would withdraw. The treaty was held within sixty yards of the fort, as we suspected the savages. The articles were agreed to and signed; when the Indians told us, it was their custom for two Indians to shake hands with every white man in the treaty as an evidence of friendship. We agreed to this also. They immediately grappled us to take us prisoners, but we cleared ourselves of them, though surrounded by hundreds and gained the fort safe, except one that was wounded by a heavy fire from their army. On this they began to undermine the fort, beginning at the water mark of Kentucke river, which is 60 yards from the fort. We discovered this by the water being made muddy by the clay, and countermined them by cutting a trench across their subterranean passage. The enemy discovering this by the clay we threw out of the fort, desisted.

On the 20th of August they raised the siege.

During this dreadful siege, we had two men killed, and four wounded. We lost a number of cattle. We killed 37 of the enemy, and wounded a great number. We picked up 125 lb. of their bullets, besides what stuck in the logs of the fort.

Soon after this I went into the settlement, and nothing worthy of notice passed for some time.

In July 1779, during my absence, Col. Bowman with 160 men, went against the Shawnese of Old Chillicothe. He arrived undiscovered, a battle ensued, which lasted until ten in the morning, when Colonel Bowman retreated 30 miles. The Indians collected all their strength and pursued him, when another engagement ensued for two hours, not to Col. Bowman's advantage. Col. Harrod proposed to mount a number of horse and brake the enemy's line; who at this time fought with remarkable fury. This desperate measure had a happy effect, and the savages fled on

all sides. In these two battles we had nine men killed and one wounded. Enemy's loss uncertain, only two scalps being taken.

June 22d 1780, 600 Indians and Canadians under Col. Bird, attacked Riddles and Martain's station, and the Forks of Licking River with six pieces of artillery; they took all the inhabitants captives, and killed one man and two women, loaded the others with the heavy baggage, and such as failed in the journey were tomahawked.

The hostile disposition of the savages caused General Clark, the commandant at the falls of Ohio, to march with his regiment and the armed force of the country against Peccaway, the principal town of the Shawanese, on a branch of the Great Miami, which he finished with great success took seventeen scalps, and burned the town to ashes, with the loss of seventeen men.

About this time I returned to Kentucke with my family; for during my captivity, my wife, thinking me killed by the Indians, had transported my family and goods on horses through the wilderness, amidst many dangers to her father's house in North-Carolina. The History of my difficulties in going and returning is too long to be inserted here.

On the 6th of October 1780, soon after my settling again at Boonsborough, I went with my brother to the Blue Licks and on our return he was shot by a party of Indians, they followed me by scent of a dog, which I shot and escaped.

The severity of the winter caused great distress in Kentucke the enemy during the summer having destroyed most of the corn. The inhabitants lived chiefly on Buffalo's flesh.

In spring 1782, the Indians harrassed us.

In May they killed one at Ashton's station, and took a Negro. Capt. Ashton pursued them with 25 men, and in an engagement which lasted two hours, his party were obliged to retreat, having 8 killed, 4 mortally wounded; their brave commander fell in this action.

August

August 10th, two boys were carried off from Major Hoy's station, Captain Holder pursued with 17 men, they were also defeated, and lost 4 and 1 wounded.

Our affairs became more and more alarming. The savages infested the country, killing men at every opportunity.

In a field near Lexington, an Indian shot a man, and running to scalp him, was himself shot from the fort and fell dead upon his enemy.

All the Indian nations were now united against us.

August 15th, five hundred Indians and Canadians came against Briar's station 5 miles from Lexington, they assaulted the fort, killed all the cattle round it; but being repulsed they retired the third day, having about 30 killed their wounded uncertain. The garrison had 4 killed and 3 wounded.

August 18th, Col. Todd, Col. Trigg, Major Harland, and myself, speedily collected one hundred and seventy-six men well armed and pursued the savages. They had marched beyond the Blue Licks to a remarkable bend of the main fork of Licking River, about 43 miles from Lexington, where we overtook them on the 19th.

The savages observing us, gave way, and we, ignorant of their numbers, passed the river. When they saw our proceedings having greatly the advantage in situation, they formed their line of battle from one end of the Licking to the other, about a mile from the Blue Licks. The battle was exceeding fierce for about 15 minutes, when we being overpowered by numbers, were obliged to retreat, with the loss of 67 men 7 of whom were taken prisoners. The brave and much lamented Colonels Todd and Trigg, Major Harland and my second son, were among the dead. We were afterwards told that the Indians, on numbering their dead, finding they had four more killed than we, four of our people they had taken, were given up to their young warriors, to be put to death after their barbarous manner.

On our retreat we were met by Col. Logan, who

was hastening to join us, with a number of well armed men. This powerful assistance we wanted on the day of battle. The enemy said one more fire from us would have made them give way.

I cannot reflect upon this dreadful scene, but sorrow fills my heart. A zeal for the defence of their country led these heroes to the scene of action, though with a few men to attack a powerful army of experienced warriors. When we gave way, they pursued us with the utmost eagerness, and in every quarter spread destruction. The river was difficult to cross, and many were killed in the flight, some just entering the river, some in the water, others after crossing in ascending the cliffs. Some escaped on horseback, a few on foot; and being dispersed every where in a few hours, brought the melancholy news of this unfortunate battle to Lexington. Many widows were now made. The reader may guess what sorrow filled the hearts of the inhabitants, exceeding any thing I am able to describe. Being reinforced, we returned to bury the dead, and found their bodies strewed every where, cut and mangled in a dreadful manner. This mournful scene exhibited a horror almost unparalled; some torn and eaten by wild beasts; those in the river eaten by fishes; all in such a putrid condition that no one could be distinguished from another.

When General Clark at the Falls of Ohio, heard of our disaster, he ordered an expedition to pursue the savages, we overtook them within two miles of their towns, and we should have obtained a great victory, had not some of them met us when about two hundred poles from their camp. The savages fled in the utmost disorder, and evacuated all their towns. We burned to ashes Old Chelicothe, Peccaway, New Chelicothe, Wills Town, and Chelicothe; entirely destroyed their corn and other fruits; and spread desolation through their country. We took 7 prisoners, and 5 scalps, and lost only 4 men, 2 of whom were accidentally killed by ourselves.

This campaign damped the enemy, yet they made secret incursions.

In October a party attacked Crap Orchard, and one of them being a good way before the others, boldly entered a house, in which were only a woman and her children and a negro man. The savage used no violence, but attempted to carry off the negro, who happily proved too strong for him, and threw him on the ground, and in the struggle the woman cut off his head with an axe---whilst her little daughter shut the door. The savages instantly came up and applied their tomahawks to the door, when the mother putting an old rusty gun barrel through a crevice, the savages immediately went off.

From that time until the happy return of peace between the United States and Great-Britain, the Indians did us no mischief.

Soon after this the Indians desired peace.

Two darling sons, and a brother I have lost by savage hands, which have also taken from me 40 valuable horses and abundance of cattle. Many dark and sleepless nights have I spent, separated from the cheerful society of men, scorched by the summer's sun, and pinched by the winter's cold, an instrument ordained to settle the wilderness.---But now the scene is changed: Peace crowns the sylvan shade.

DANIEL BOON.

Fayette County, Kentucke,

THE END OF
Col. DANIEL BOON'S
ADVENTURES.



A NARRATIVE of the Captivity and Escape of Mrs. Francis Scott, an Inhabitant of Washington County, Virginia.

ON Wednesday the 29th day of June, 1785, late in the evening, a large company of armed men passed the house, on their way to Kentucky; some part of whom encamped within two miles. Mr. Scott living on a frontier part, generally made the family watchful; but on this calamitous day, after so large a body of men had passed, shortly after night, he lay down in his bed, and imprudently left one of the doors of his house open; the children were also in bed, and asleep. Mrs. Scott was nearly undressed, when, to her unutterable astonishment and horror, she saw rushing in through the door that was left open, painted savages with presented arms, raising a hideous shriek — Mr. Scott being awake, instantly jumped out of his bed, but was immediately fired at: he forced his way thro' the middle of the enemy and got out of the door, but fell a few paces from thence. An Indian seized Mrs. Scott, and

and ordered her to a particular spot and not to move; others stabbed and cut the throats of the three youngest children in their bed, and afterwards lifted them up and dashed them down on the floor, near the mother; the oldest, a beautiful girl of eight years old, awoke and escaped out of the bed, and ran to her parent, and, with the most plaintive accents, cried, "O mama! mama! save me"—the mother, in the deepest anguish of spirit, and with a flood of tears, intreated the savages to spare her child; but, with a brutal fierceness, they tomahawked and stabbed her in the mother's arms. Adjacent to Mr. Scott's dwelling house, another family lived, of the name of Ball. The Indians also attacked them at the same instant they did Mr. Scott's; but the door being shut, the enemy fired into the house through an opening between two logs, and killed a young lad, and then essayed to force the door open; but a surviving brother fired through the door, and the enemy desisted, and went off; the remaining part of the family ran out of the house and escaped. In Mr. Scott's house were four good rifles well loaded,

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and

and a good deal of cloathing and furniture, part of which belonged to people that had left it on their way to Kentucky. The Indians loaded themselves with the plunder, being 13 in number, then speedily made off, and continued travelling all night; next morning their chief allotted to each man his share, and detached nine of the party to steal horses from the inhabitants on Clinch.—

The eleventh day after Mrs. Scott's captivity, the four Indians that had her in charge stopped at a place of rendezvous, and to hunt, being now in great want of provisions. Three went out, and the chief, being an old man, was left to take care of the prisoner, who, by this time, expressed a willingness to proceed to the Indian towns, which seemed to have the desired effect of lessening her keeper's vigilance. In the day time, as the old man was grain-ing a deer-skin, the captive, pondering on her situation, and anxiously looking for an opportunity to make her escape, took the resolution, and going to the Indian carelessly, asked liberty to go a small distance to a stream of water, to wash the blood off her apron, that had

Mrs. FRANCIS SCOTT, 19

remained besmeared since the fatal night of the murder of her little daughter. He said to her in the English tongue, "go along;" she then passed by him, his face being in a contrary direction from that she was going, and he very busy. She, after getting to the water, proceeded on without delay, made to a high barren mountain, and travelled until late in the evening, when she came down to the valley, in search of the track she had been taken along; hoping thereby to find the way back, without the risk of being lost, and perishing with hunger in uninhabited parts. On coming across the valley to the river side, supposed to be the easterly branch of Kentucky river, she observed in the sand, tracks of two men, that had gone up the river, and had just returned.— She concluded these to have been her pursuers, which excited emotions of gratitude and thankfulness to divine providence for so timely a deliverance. Being without any provisions, having no kind of weapon or tool to assist her in getting any, and being almost destitute of cloathing, also knowing that a vast tract of rugged high mountains intervened

tervened, between where she was and the inhabitants eastwardly, and that distance of the Kentucky settlements unknown, and she almost as ignorant as a child of the method of steering through the woods, excited painful sensations.— But certain death, either by hunger or wild beasts, seemed preferable rather than to be in the power of beings who had excited in her mind such horror. She addressed heaven for protection, and taking courage, proceeded onward. After travelling three days, she had nearly met with the Indians, as she supposed, that had been sent to Clinch to steal horses, but providentially hearing their approach, concealed herself among the cane, until the enemy had passed. This giving a fresh alarm, and her mind being filled with consternation, she got lost, proceeding backwards and forwards for several days: at length she came to a river, that seemed to come from the east; concluding it was Sandy river, she accordingly resolved to trace it to its source, which is adjacent to the Clinch settlement. After proceeding up the same several days, she came to where the river runs through the great
Laural

Laural mountain, where is a prodigious water-fall, and numerous high craggy cliffs along the water edge; that way seemed impassable, the mountain steep and difficult: However, our mournful traveller concluded that the latter way was the best. She therefore ascended for some time, but coming to a range of inaccessible rocks, she turned her course towards the foot of the mountain and the river side; after getting into a deep gulley, and passing over several high steep rocks, she reached the river side, where, to her inexpressible affliction, she found that a perpendicular rock, or rather one that hung over, of 15 or 20 feet high, formed the bank. Here a solemn pause took place; she essayed to return, but the height of the steep rocks she had descended over, prevented her. She then returned to the edge of the precipice, and viewed the bottom of it, as the certain spot to end all her troubles, or remain on the top to pine away with hunger, or be devoured by wild beasts. After serious meditation, and devout exercises, she determined on leaping from the height, and accordingly jumped off. Although the place she

had to alight on, was covered with uneven rocks, not a bone was broken; but, being exceedingly stunned with the fall, she remained unable to proceed for some space of time.

The dry season caused the river to be shallow—she travelled in it, where she could, by its edge, until she got through the mountain, which she concluded was several miles. After this, as she was travelling along the bank of the river, a venomous snake bit her on the ankle: she had strength to kill it, and knowing its kind, concluded that death must soon overtake her. By this time Mrs. Scott was reduced to a mere skeleton, with fatigue, hunger and grief; probably this state of her body was the means of preserving her from the effects of the poison; be that as it may, so it was, that very little pain succeeded the bite, and what little swelling there was, fell into her feet. Our wanderer now left the river and, after proceeding a good distance, she came to where the valley parted into two, each leading a different course.

Here a painful suspense again took place; a forlorn creature, almost exhausted, and certain, if she was far led
out

out of the way, she would never see a human creature. During this soliloquy, a beautiful bird passed close by her, fluttering along the ground, and went out of sight up one of the vallies. This drew her attention, and whilst considering what it might mean, another bird, of the same appearance, in like manner fluttered past her, and took the same valley the other had done. This determined her choice of the way; and, in two days, which was on the 11th day of August, she reached that settlement on Clinch, called New-Garden: whereas (she has since been informed by woodsmen) had she taken the other valley, it would have led her back towards the Ohio. Mrs. Scott relates, that the Indians told her, that the party was composed of four different nations, two of whom she thinks they named Delawares and Mingoes.

She further relates, that, during her wandering, from the tenth of July to the seventh of August, she had no other subsistence but chewing and swallowing the juice of young cane stalks, Sassafras leaves, and some other plants she did not know the name of; that on

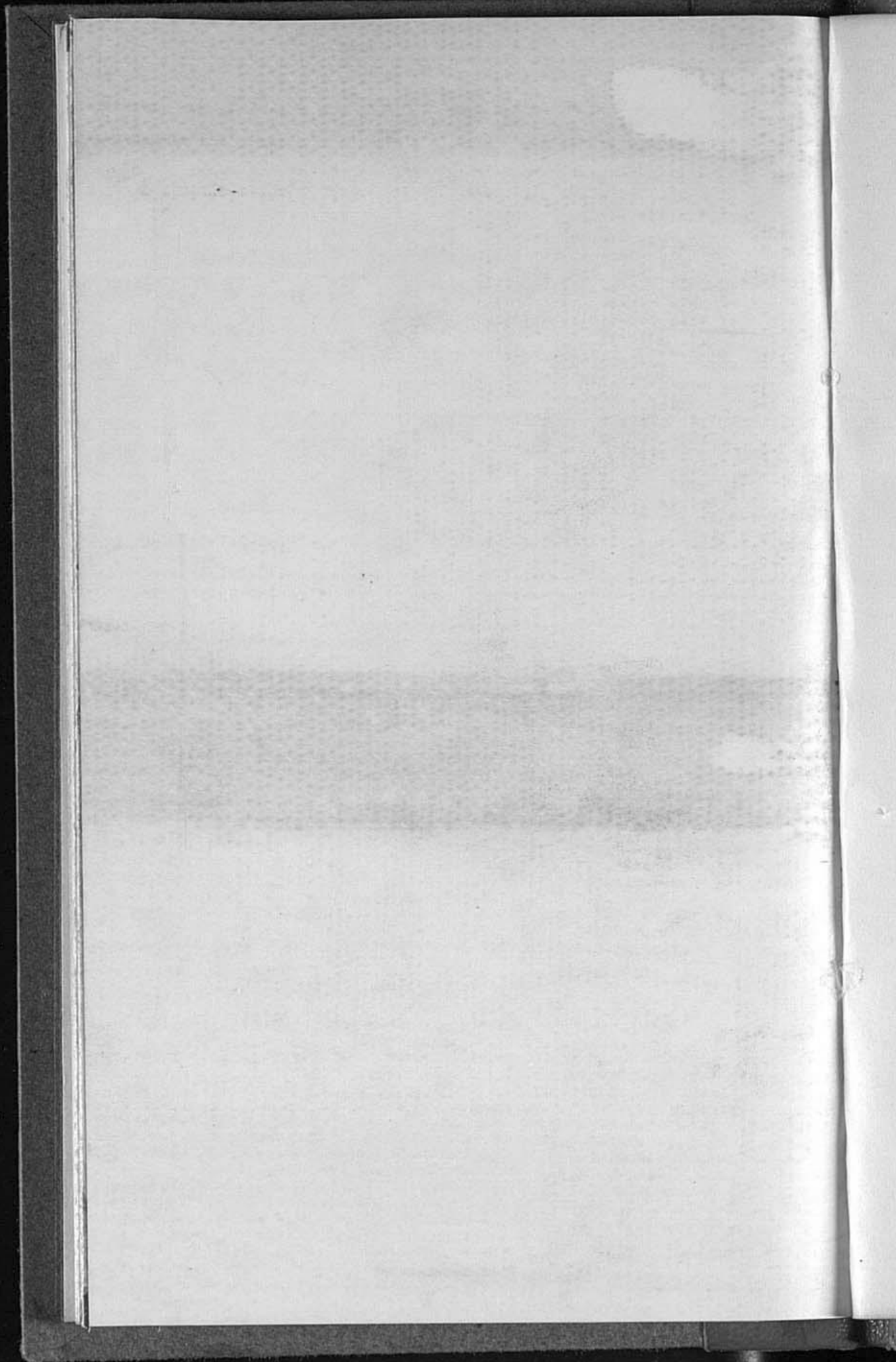
her journey, she saw Buffaloes, Elks, Deers, and frequently Bears and Wolves; not one of which offered to do her the least harm. One day a bear came near her, with a young fawn in his mouth, and, on discovering her, he dropped his prey and ran off. Hunger prompted her to go and take the flesh and eat it; but on reflection, she desisted, thinking the bear might return and devour her; besides she had an aversion to taste raw flesh.—Mrs. Scott continues in a low state of health, and remains inconsolable for the loss of her family, particularly bewailing the cruel death of her little daughter.

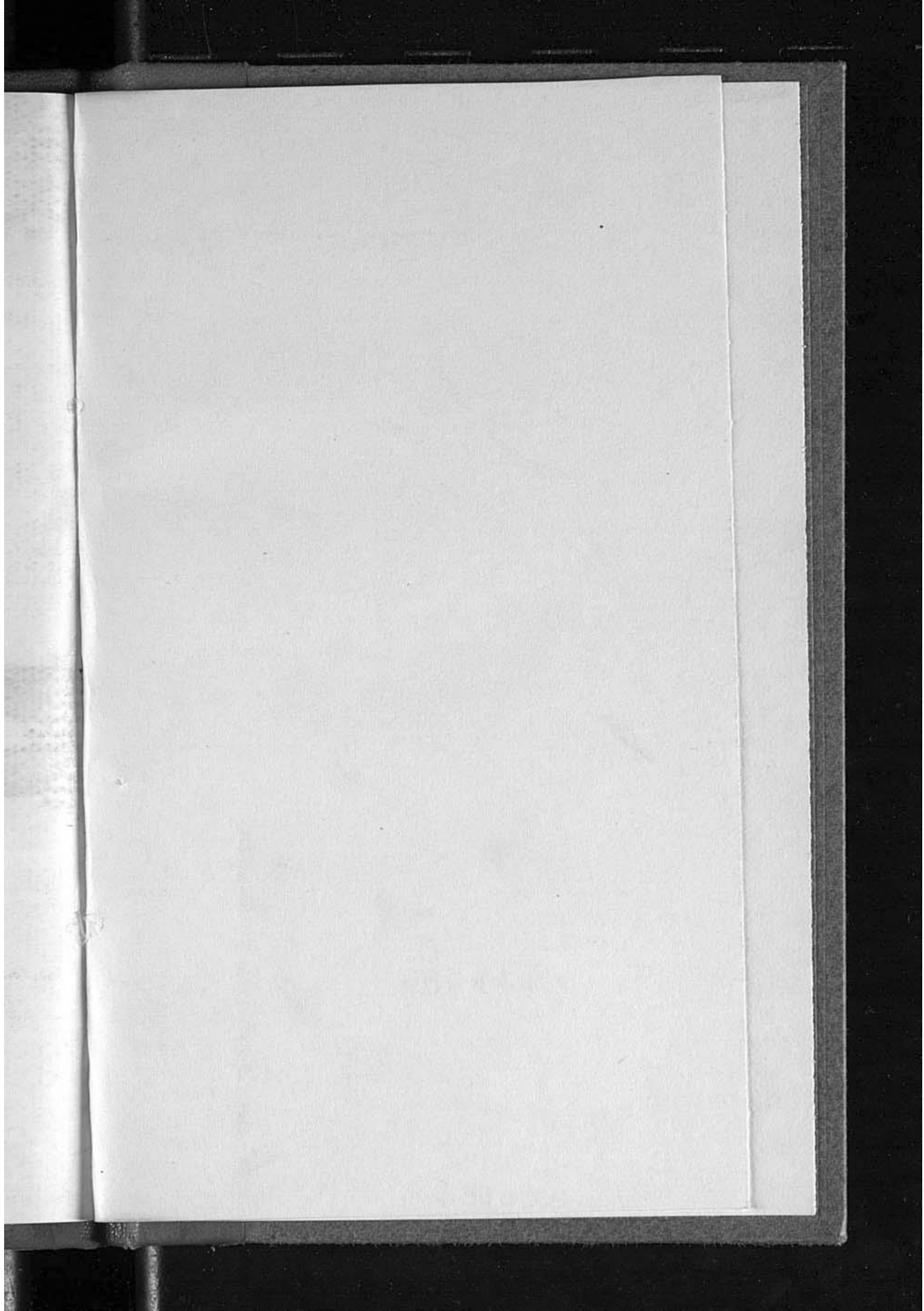
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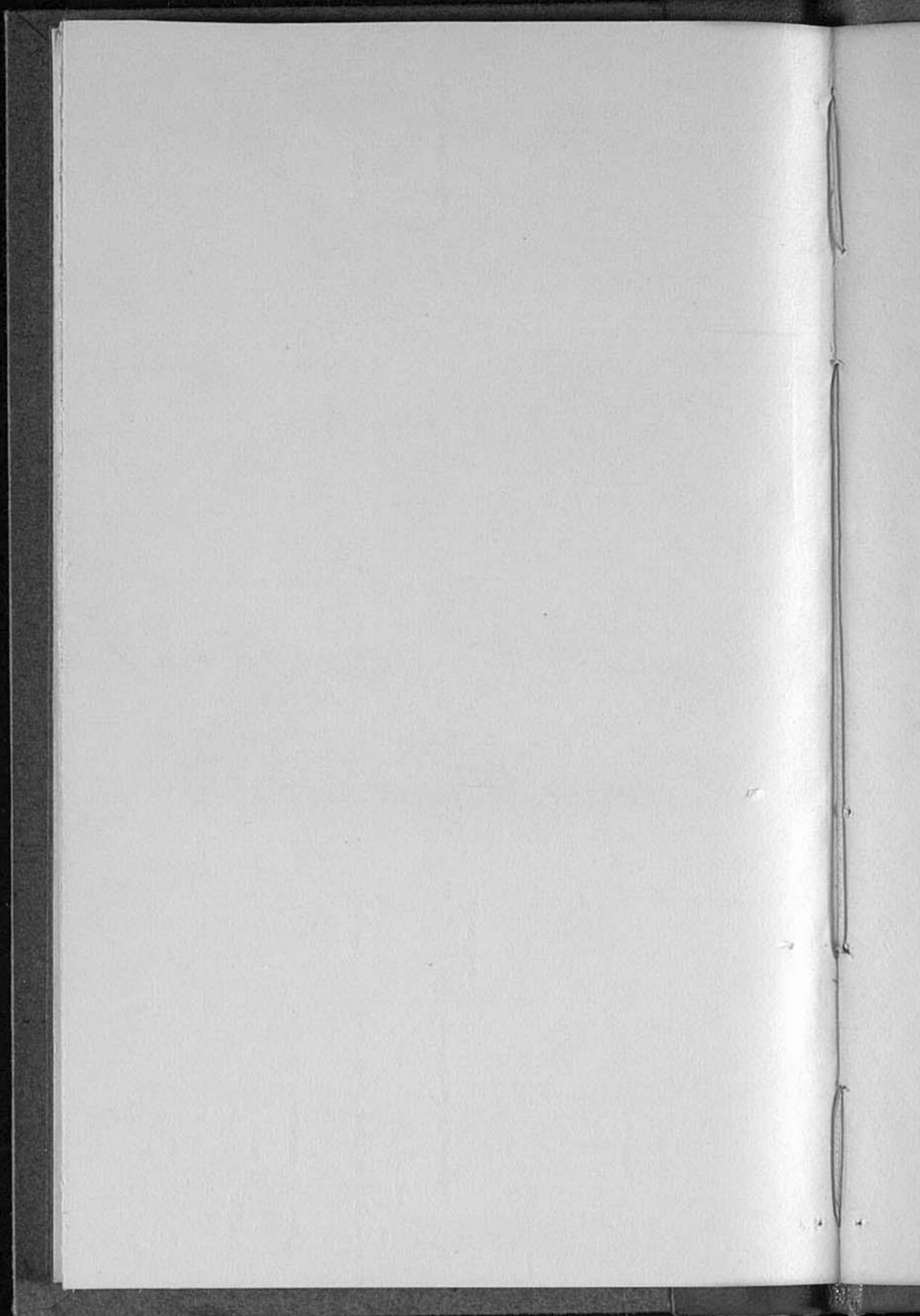
~~James~~ Judiah Lathrop

Jedidah Lathrop's Book

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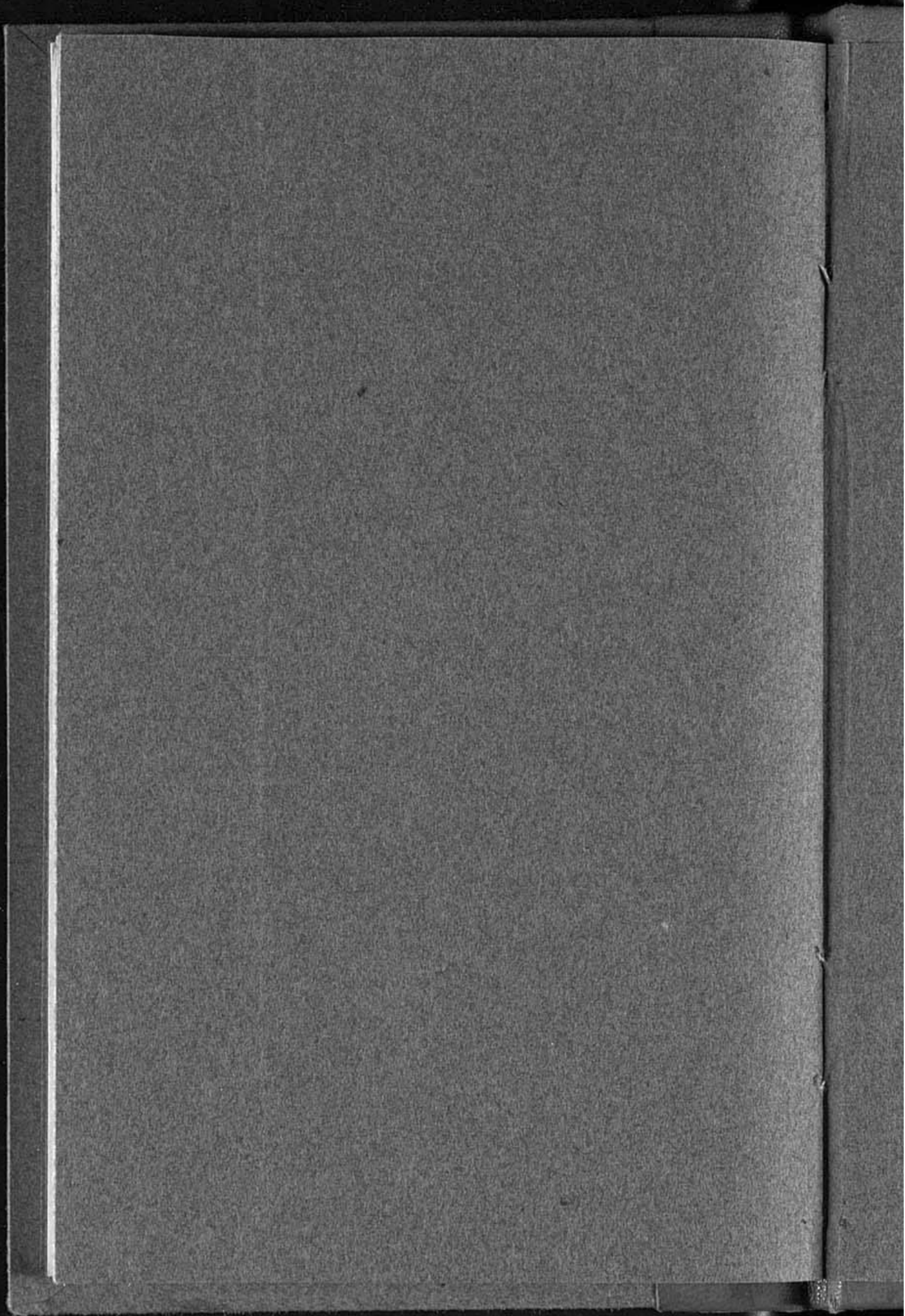


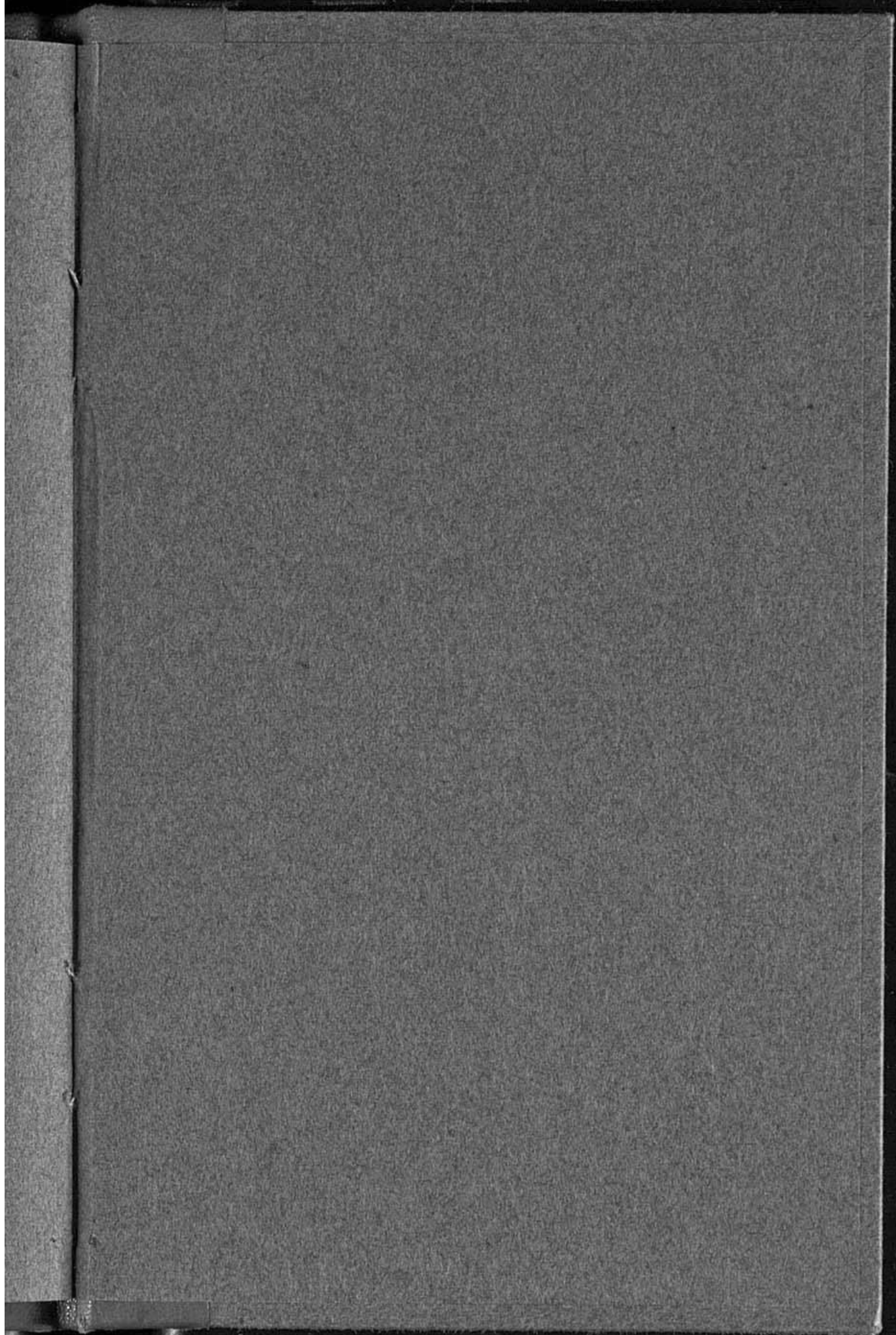


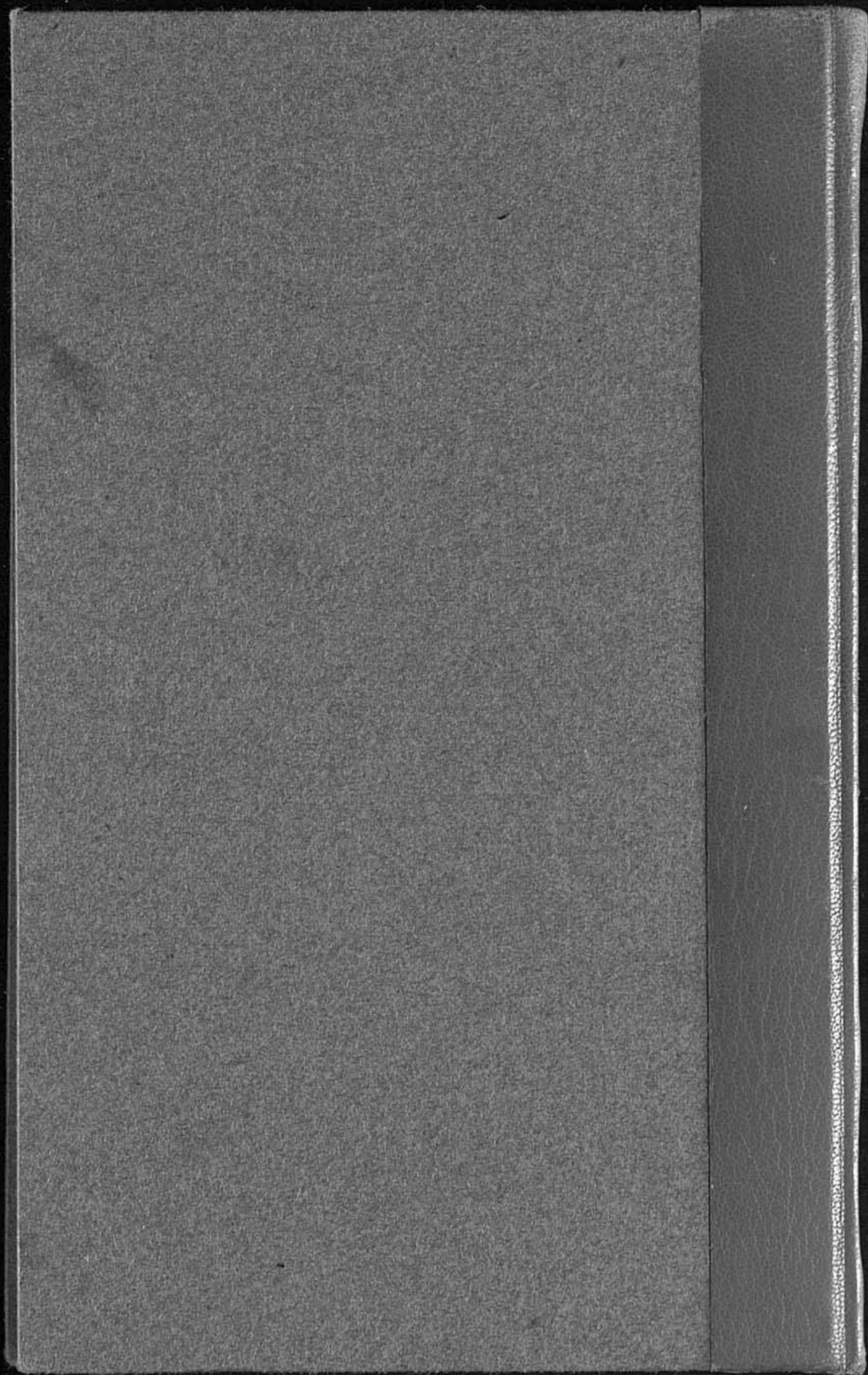


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yell, which is well understood, and they retreat or advance in concert. They are generally well equipped, and exceeding expert and active in the use of arms.

“They say that it would be absurd to appoint a man an officer whose skill and courage had never been tried—that all officers should be advanced only according to merit—that no one man should have the absolute command of an army—that a council of officers are to determine when and how an attack is to be made—that it is the business of the officers to lay plans to take every advantage of the enemy—to ambush and surprize them, and to prevent being ambushed and surprized themselves—it is the duty of officers to prepare and deliver speeches to the men, in order to animate and encourage them; and on the march to prevent the men at any time, from getting into a hudde, because if the enemy should surround them in this position, they would be exposed to the enemy’s fire. It is likewise their business at all times to endeavor to annoy the enemy, and save their own men, and therefore ought never to bring on an attack without considerable advantage, or without what appeared to them the sure prospect of victory, and that with the loss of few men: and if at any time they should be mistaken in this, and are like to lose many men by gaining the victory, it is their duty to retreat, and wait for a better opportunity of defeating their enemy, without the danger of losing so many men. Their conduct proves that they act upon these principles, therefore it is, that from Braddock’s war to the present time, they have seldom ever made an unsuccessful attack. The battle at the mouth of the Great Kanhava, is the greatest instance of this; and even then, though the Indians killed about three for one they lost, yet they retreated. The loss

of the Virginians in this action, was seventy killed, and the same number wounded. The Indians lost twenty killed on the field, and eight, who died afterwards, of their wounds. This was the greatest loss of men that I ever know the Indians to sustain in any one battle. They will commonly retreat, if their men are falling fast, they will not stand cutting, like the Highlanders, or other British troops: but this proceeds from a compliance with their rules of war, rather than cowardice. If they are surrounded, they will fight while there is a man of them alive, rather than surrender.

"In contradiction to the report of many travellers, all of which have been tinctured with prejudice, I can assert, that notwithstanding the apparent indifference with which an Indian meets his wife and children after a long absence, an indifference proceeding rather from costum than insensibility, he is not unmindful of the claims either of connubial or parental tenderness.

"Accustomed from their youth to innumerable hardships, to soon become superior to a sense of danger, or the dread of death; and their fortitude, implanted by nature, and nurtured by example, by precept and accident, never experiences a moment's alloy.

"Though slothful and inactive whilst their stores of provision remains unexhausted, and their foes are at a distance, they are indefatigable and persevering in pursuit of their game, or in circumventing their enemies.

"If they are artful and designing, and ready to take every advantage, if they are cool and deliberate in their councils, and cautious in the extreme either of discovering their sentiments, or of revailing a secret, they might at the same time

boast of possessing qualifications of a more animated nature of the sagacity of a hound the penetrating sight of a lynx, the cunning of the fox, the agility of a bounding roe, and the unconquerable fierceness of the tiger.

“In their public characters, as forming part of a community, they possess an attachment for that land to which they belong, unknown to the inhabitants of any other country. They combine, as if they were actuated only by one soul, against the enemies of their nation, and banish from their minds every consideration opposed to this.

“They consult without unnecessary opposition, or without giving way to the excitements of envy or ambition, on the measures necessary to be pursued for the destruction of those who have drawn on themselves their displeasure. No selfish views ever influence their advice, or obstruct their consultations. Nor is it in the power of bribes or threats to diminish the love they bear their country.”

By the foregoing the reader will perceive how greatly prejudiced was Colonel Boon in favour of the tawny inhabitants of the western wilderness; whose manners and habits he did not hesitate to declare to the day of his death, far more agreeable to him than those of a more civilized and refined race. During the two last years of the life of the Colonel, his eye-sight having so far failed him as to prevent his enjoying his long accustomed sport with his rifle, he amused himself in devising means to ensnare and entrap the lesser animals of the forest, such as beavers, racoons, &c.—as the former was an animal that lived mostly in the water, his manner of entrapping them was by laying one small sapling on another, and driving in posts to keep them

from rolling; the upper sapling was raised about eighteen inches, and set so, that on the beaver's touching a string, or a small piece of bark, the sapling would fall and kill it.

Until the infirmities of Colonel Boon became so great as to prevent it, (which was not until he had arrived at the age of foreshore years) it is impossible to describe the agility and perseverance displayed by him while in pursuit of his prey—neither thickets, ditches, torrents, pools, or rivers were sufficient to stop him. Scarcely any device which the ingenuity of man has discovered for ensnaring or destroying the wild animals of the forest was unknown to him. It was not unfrequent, that he associated himself with parties of Indian hunters, (by whom he was much beloved) in their excursions in pursuit of buffaloes, bears, deers, &c. The route they should take for this purpose was generally left for the Colonel to decide. When they had arrived at a place where these creatures usually haunt, they formed themselves into a circle according to their number, and moved onward, endeavouring as they advanced towards the centre to discover the retreats of their prey—by this means, if any lay in the intermediate space, they were sure of arousing them, and bringing them down either with their bows or their guns.—The method of hunting the buffaloe was by forming a circle or square, nearly in the same manner as when hunting for bears—having taken their different stations, they set the grass on fire, when these animals, who are extremely fearful of that element, flying with precipitation before it, great numbers are hemmed in a small compass, and scarcely a single one escapes.

The death of Colonel Boon, (which took place in June 1821) was sudden and unexpected—having that morning left

home for the purpose of visiting his traps, (apparently in as good state of health as he had been for many months previous) and not returning at his usual hour, his sons became alarmed and went in quest of him, and after some considerable search found the poor old man stretched lifeless on the ground within 3 or 4 feet of one of his traps—beside him stood his faithful dog pawing and smelling of the dead body of his master, nor would he quit it until he was forced therefrom—it was supposed that the death of this extraordinary man was occasioned by a fit of appoplexy.

EULOGY
ON COLONEL BOON, AND CHOICE OF LIFE
BY LORD BYRON.

Of all men, saving Sylla the manslayer,
Who passes for, in life and death, most lucky,
Of the great names which in our faces stare,
The Colonel Boon, backwoodsman of Kentucky
Was happiest amongst mortals any where:
For, killing nothing but a bear, or buck, he
Enjoyed the lonely, vigorous, harmless days
Of his old age, in wilds of deepest maze.

Crime came not near him—she is not the child
Of solitude; health shrank not from him—for
Her home is in the rarely trodden wild,
Where if men seek her not, and death be more
Their choice than life, forgive them as beguiled
By habit to what their own hearts abhor—
In cities caged. The present case in point I
Cite is, that Boon lived hunting up to ninety.

And what's still stranger, left behind a name
For which men vainly decimate the throng;
Not only famous, but of that good fame,
Without which glory's but a tavern song—
Simple, serene, the antipodes of shame,
Which hate nor envy e'er could tinge with wrong;
An active hermit, even in age the child
Of nature, or the Man of Ross run wild.

'Tis true he shrank from men even of this nation;
When they built up unto his darling trees,
He moved some hundred miles off for a station
Where there were were fewer houses and more ease;
The inconvenience of civilization
Is, that you neither can be pleased nor please;
But where he met the individual man,
He shewed himself as kind as mortal can.

He was not all alone: around him grew
A sylvan tribe of children of the chase,
Whose young unworkened world was ever new;
Nor sword nor sorrow yet had left a trace
On her unwrinkled brow, nor could you view
A frown on nature's or an human face:
The free-born forest found and kept them free,
And fresh as is a torrent or a tree.

And tall and strong and swift of foot were they,
Beyond the dwarfing city's pale abortions,
Because their thoughts had never been the prey
Of care, or gain; the green woods were their portions;
No sinking spirits told them they grew grey,
No fashion made them apes of her distortions;
Simple they were, not savage; and their rifles,
Though very true, were not yet used for trifles.

Motion was in their days, rest in their slumbers,
And cheerfulness the handmaid of their toil;

Nor yet too many nor too few their numbers;
Corruption could not make their hearts her soil;
The lust which stings, the splendor which encumbers,
With the free forester divide no spoil;
Serene, not sullen, were the solitudes
Of this unsighing people of the woods.

THE END

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