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—OF—

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DANIEL BOONE.

ADVENTURES OF COLONEL DANIEL BOONE.

THE state, now known by the name of Kentucky, derived its name from that of a long, deep-channeled and clifty river, called by the Indians Kan-tuck-kee. This delightful country, from time immemorial had long been the resort of wild beasts, and of men no less savage; when, in the year of 1767, it was visited by John Finley, and a few wanderers from North Carolina. These men were allured to the wilderness by a love of hunting, and the desire of trading with the Indians, who were then understood to be at peace. The aborigines were a race of men, whose origin lies buried in the most profound obscurity. They were ignorant of all the arts of civilized life; and depended on hunting and fishing by the men, and a scanty supply of maize, raised by the women, with rude instruments, for subsistence. Their clothing was made of the skins of wild animals, and afterwards they obtained coarse cloth and blankets from itinerant pedlars, who visited their camps, or towns, in exchange for furs. Sometimes at peace—but more generally at war, these Indians may be characterised as active, vigilant, and enterprising in their pursuits; of a dark red color, black hair and eyes, straight limbs, and portly bodies; equally crafty or brave, as circumstances require, and remarkable for the sagacity of their conceptions, brevity of their speech, and admirable eloquence.

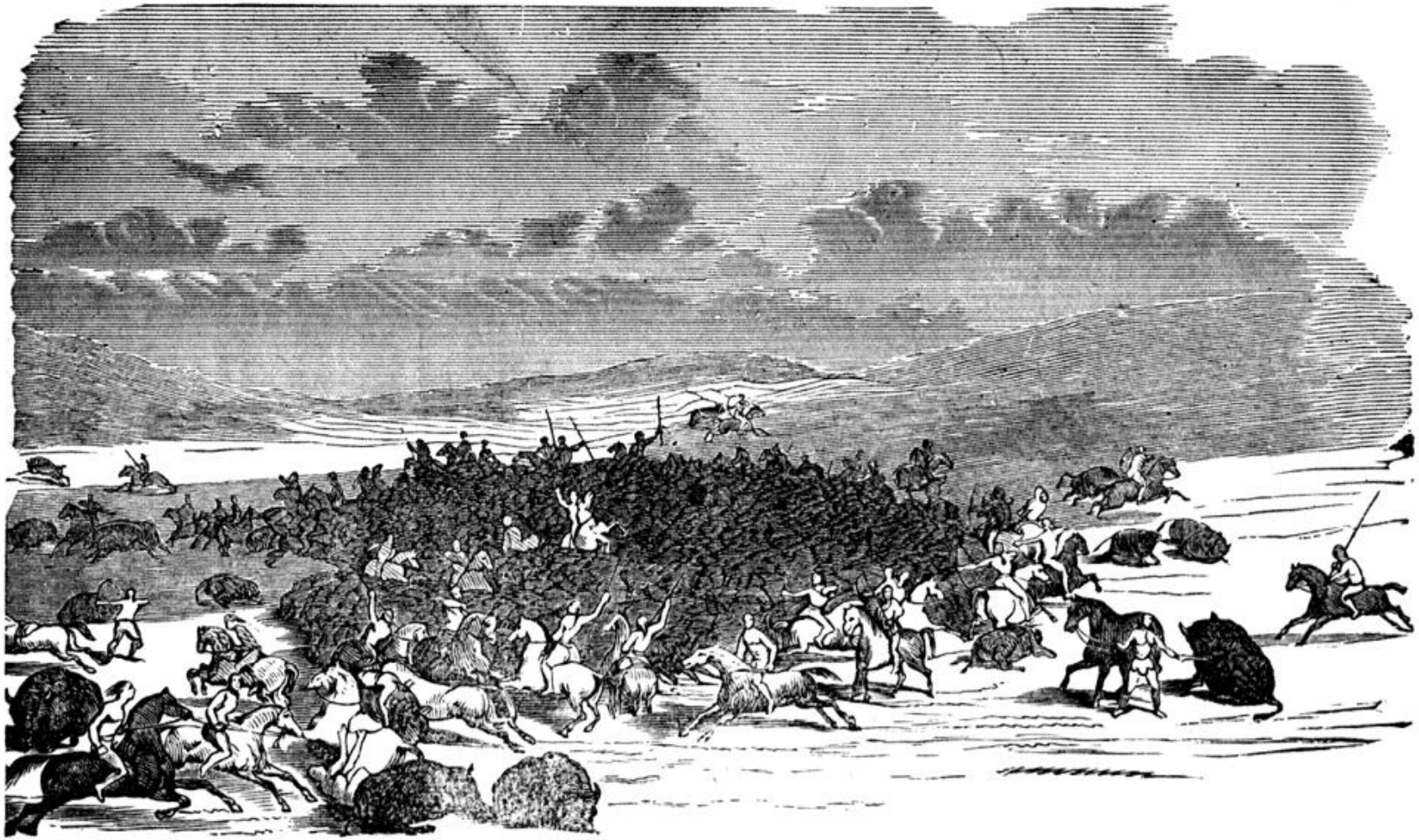
At the time Finley visited it, the proud face of creation here presented itself, without the disguise of art. No wood had been felled—no field cleared—no human habitation raised; even the Red Man of the forest had not put up his wigwam of poles and bark for habitation. But that mysterious Being, whose

productive power we call Nature, ever bountiful, and ever great, had not spread out this replete and luxurious pasture without stocking it with numerous flocks and herds: nor were their ferocious attendants, who prey upon them, wanting, to fill up the circle of created being. Here we see the timid deer, the towering elk, the fleet stag, the surly bear, the crafty fox, the ravenous wolf, the devouring panther, the insidious wild cat, the haughty buffalo, besides innumerable other creatures, winged, four-footed, or creeping. And here, at some time unknown, had been, for his bones are yet here, the leviathan of the forest, the monstrous mammoth, whose teeth, nine feet in length, inflicted death and destruction on both animal and vegetable substances until, exhausting all within its range, itself became extinct. Such were the aspects which Kentucky exhibited, when it was seen by John Finley and his comrades, in 1767. They traversed the boundless scene with sensations of wonder and delight, never known by them before; and thence returned home the same year, to give to their friends an account of the new Eden which they had found. Their narrative excited much curiosity, some belief, and not a little doubt; but raised up no immediate adventurers.

The country once seen, however, held out inducements to be revisited and better known. Among the circumstances best adapted to engage the attention and impress the feelings of the adventurous hunters of North Carolina, may be selected the uncommon fertility of the soil, and the great abundance of wild game, so conspicuous at that time. Two years after the return of Finley, some of the adventurers again visited the country, with Daniel Boone. Of John Finley, except that he was the pilot of Boone, and was left in the camp when Boone and Stuart were captured, nothing is known. This is a subject of regret, and were it permitted to indulge the imagination, in drawing a portrait of this man—first to penetrate and explore a remote and savage country—strength of body and vigorous intellect, the necessary basis of bold conceptions and successful enterprise, would form the prominent features of the foreground.

The party under Boone remained a longer time in the country than Finley's party had done; and they traversed its sections more generally. They discovered its variety of soil and surface—they ranged through its forests—and they found its different rivers—and by pursuing the trodden paths and roads made by the wild beasts, particularly the buffalo, which lay in their way, they were led to many of the salt springs, to which the animals resorted for the use of the salt, so necessary to their health and vigor. The party did not remain long ignorant of another fact, of equal importance to any before discovered. It was, that, notwithstanding that there were no human habitations in the country, for the hospitable reception of the stranger, yet it was the hunting-ground, and often the battle-field, for the different neighboring tribes of Indians from the north, the south, and the west. Possessed by none of these for residence, or cultivation, the country was claimed as the property of some, which, however, was disputed by others; while all considered it the hunting-ground, or common park, where each were to kill what game they pleased. Here these savage but dexterous hunters often met, and here they fought each other for the skins of the beasts which they killed; to them, their greatest riches: or else, to prevent, and drive each other, from killing such as remained, and were to remain to the conquerors. In consequence of which, and because these combats were frequent, the country being thickly wooded and deeply shaded—was called in their expressive language, "the dark and bloody ground."

The ancestors of Daniel Boone, resided in Berks county, Pennsylvania, where he was born about the year of 1730. Soon after his birth, the family removed to Maryland. Before he attained his majority, he went to Virginia,



INDIAN HUNTING-GROUND—KILLING THE BUFFALO. 7

and finally settled in North Carolina. Each of these states claim the birth of the first settler of Kentucky. From his boyhood, Boone displayed a strong prepossession for hunting, and ranging the uncultivated parts of the country. And to this disposition may be ascribed his removal, without his parents, to Virginia, and thence to North Carolina; in both instances as a hunter, to countries abounding at that time with wild game. Without the incumbrance of worldly goods, to give him local attachments, and without education to enable him to shine in society; at the age of eighteen, he found himself possessed of high health and a vigorous constitution, supported by great muscular strength and activity. His sole reliance for support was on his own arm, and that had been taught more to poise the rifle than to use the plough. He delighted to hunt the wild deer, and this propensity led him to places remote from the habitations of men. Accustomed to be much alone, he acquired the habit of contemplation and self-possession. His mind was not of the most ardent nature; nor does he ever seem to have sought knowledge through the medium of books. Naturally, his sagacity was considerable, and as a woodsman, he was soon expert, and ultimately unequalled. Far from ferocity, his temper was mild, humane, and charitable; his manners gentle, his address conciliating, his heart open to friendship and hospitality. Yet his most remarkable quality was an enduring and unshaken fortitude. He was married and living with his family on the Yadkin river, when he heard the glowing accounts of Finley's visit to Kentucky, and determined to visit that place himself. The following account of his adventures and settlement in that country, he dictated to a friend, some years before his death.

On the 1st of May, 1769, says Boone, I resigned my domestic happiness, and left my family and peaceful habitation on the Yadkin river, North Carolina, to wander through the wilderness of America, in search of the country of Kentucky, in company with John Finley, John Stuart, Joseph Holden, James Monay, and William Cool. On the 7th 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 Kentucky. 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 the settlements, browsing on the leaves of the cane, or cropping the herbage on these extensive plains. We saw hundreds in a drove, and the numbers around the salt springs, or licks, were amazing. In this forest, the habitations of beasts of every kind, we hunted with great success until December.

On the 22d of December, John Stuart and I had a pleasing ramble; but fortune changed the day at the close of it. We passed through a great forest, in which stood myriads of trees, some gay with blossoms, others 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, beautifully colored, elegantly shaped, and charmingly flavored; and we were favored 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 cane-brake and made us prisoners. The Indians plundered us and kept us in confinement seven days. During this time we discovered no uneasiness, or desire to escape, which made them less suspicious; but in the dead of 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 favorable opportunity and departed; directing our course towards the old camp, but on

arriving there, we found that it had been plundered, and our company were destroyed or dispersed.

About this time, as my brother with another adventurer, who came out to explore the country shortly after us, were wandering through the forest, they accidentally found our camp. Notwithstanding our unfortunate circumstances, and our dangerous situation, surrounded by hostile savages, our meeting fortunately in the wilderness gave us the most sensible satisfaction. Soon after this, my companion in captivity, John Stuart, was killed by the savages, and the man who came with my brother, while on a private excursion, was attacked and killed by the wolves. We were now in a dangerous and helpless situation, exposed daily to perils and death, among savages and wild beasts, not a white man in the country but ourselves. Although 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.

On the 1st of May, 1770, my brother returned home 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 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, and not a breath shook the tremulous leaf. I had gained the summit of a commanding ridge, and looking around with astonishing delight, beheld the ample plains and beauteous tracts below. On one hand I beheld the famous Ohio rolling in silent dignity, and marking the western boundary of Kentucky with inconceivable grandeur. 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 line of a buck, which I had killed a few hours before. The shades of night soon overspread the hemisphere, and the earth seemed to gasp after the hovering moisture. At a distance I frequently heard the hideous yells of savages. My excursion had fatigued my body and amused my mind. I lay down to sleep, and awoke not till 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 pleasing as the first. After which I returned to my old camp, which had not been disturbed in my absence. I did not confine my lodging to it, but often reposed in thick cane-brakes to avoid the savages, who I believe frequently visited my camp in my absence. No populous city, with all its varieties of commerce and stately structures, could afford such pleasure to my mind, as the beauties of nature which I found in this country. Until the 27th of July, I spent my 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 Cumberland river, reconnoitering 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 Kentucky, 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 took leave of our friends, and proceeded on our journey to Kentucky, in company with five more families, and forty men that joined us at Powell's Valley, which is one hundred and twenty miles from the new settled parts of Kentucky. But this promising beginning was soon overcast with a cloud of adversity. On the

INDIANS PREPARING TO ATTACK THE EMIGRANTS.

10th of October, the rear of our company was attacked by a party 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, and brought us into extreme difficulty. We returned forty miles to 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 Kentucky. They range in a south-west and north-east direction, and are of great length and breadth, but not far from each other. Over them nature has formed passes less difficult than might be ex-

pected from the view of such huge piles. The aspect of these cliffs are so wild and horrid, that it is impossible to behold them without horror. Until the 7th of June, 1774, I remained with my family on the Clinch, when myself and another person were solicited by Governor Dunmore, of Virginia, to conduct a number of surveyors to the falls of Ohio. This was a tour of eight hundred miles, and took sixty-two days.

On my return, Governor Dunmore gave me the command of three garrisons during the campaign against the Shawnese Indians. 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 Kentucky river. After this, I undertook to mark out a road in the best passage from the settlements through the wilderness to the Kentucky. Having collected a number of enterprising men, well armed, I soon began this work. We proceeded until we came within fifteen miles of where Boonesborough now stands, where the Indians attacked us, killed two and wounded two of our party. This was on the 22d of March, 1775. Two days after we were again attacked by them, when we had two more killed and three wounded. After this we proceeded on to the Kentucky river without opposition.

On the 1st of April, we began to erect the fort at Boonesborough, at a salt-lick, sixty yards from the river, on the south side. On the 4th, the Indians killed one of our men. On the 14th of June, having completed the fort, I returned to my family on the Clinch river, and whom I soon after removed to the fort. My wife and daughter were supposed to be the first white women that ever stood on the banks of the Kentucky river.

On the 24th of December, the Indians killed one of our men, and wounded another: and on the 14th of July, 1776, they took two of Colonel Calloway's daughters and one of mine prisoners, near the fort. I immediately pursued them with eight men, and on the 16th, overtook and engaged them. I killed two of them, and recovered the girls. The Indians, having divided themselves into several parties, attacked in one day, all our infant settlements and fort, doing a great deal of mischief. The husbandmen were shot in the field, and most of the cattle were destroyed. They continued their depredations until the 15th of April, 1777, when a party of one hundred of them attacked Boonesborough, and killed one man and wounded four. July 4th, they attacked it again with two hundred men, and killed one and wounded two of our men. They remained forty-eight 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 two hundred Indians. They did much mischief: there were only fifteen men in the fort; they killed two and wounded four of them. Indian loss, unknown. July 25th, twenty-five men came from Carolina. About August 20th, Colonel Bowman arrived with one hundred 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 Knives," as they called the Virginians: being out-generalled in almost every battle. Our affairs began to wear a new aspect; the enemy did not now venture open war, but practised secret mischief.

On the 1st of January, 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 one hundred and two Indians, and two Frenchmen, marching against Boonesborough. They pursued and took me. The next day I capitulated for my men, knowing they could not escape. They were twenty-seven in number, three having gone home with salt. The Indians, according to the capitulation, used us generously. They carried us to Old Chilicothe, the principal Indian town on the Little Miami. On the 18th of February, we arrived there, after an uncom-

CAPTURE OF BOONE.

fortable 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 Hamilton, the British commander at that post, with great humanity. The Indians had such an affection for me, that they refused one hundred pounds sterling offered them by the governor, if they would leave me with the others, on purpose that he might send me home on my 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 recompense such unmerited generosity. On the 10th of April, they brought me towards Old Chilicothe, where we arrived on the 25th of the same month. This was a long and fatiguing march, through an exceedingly fertile country, remarkable for fine springs and streams of water.

2 AN INDIAN WARRIOR 13

At Chilicothe 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 affections of my new parents, brothers, sisters, and friends. I was exceedingly familiar and friendly with them, always appearing as cheerful and satisfied as possible, and they put great confidence in me. I often went a hunting with them, and frequently gained their applause for my activity at the shooting matches. I was careful not to exceed many of them in shooting: for no people are more anxious than they are in this sport. I could observe in their countenances and gestures, the greatest expression of joy when they exceeded me, and, when the reverse happened, of envy. The Shawanese king took great notice of me, and treated me with profound respect and entire friendship, often 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, as I could desire, but necessity made every thing acceptable. I now began to meditate an escape, but carefully avoided giving suspicion. Until the 1st of June, I continued at Old Chilicothe, and then was taken to the salt springs, on the Sciota, and kept there ten days, making salt. During this time I hunted with them, and found the land, for a great extent about the river, to exceed the soil of Kentucky, if possible, and remarkably well watered. On my return to Chilicothe, four hundred and fifty of the choicest Indian warriors were ready to march against Boonesborough, painted and armed in a dreadful manner. This alarmed me, and I determined to escape.

On the 16th of June, before sunrise, I went off secretly, and reached Boonesborough on the 20th; a journey of one hundred and sixty 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 the expedition for three weeks. About August 1st, I set out with nineteen men, to surprise Point Creek town, on the Sciota. Within four miles, we fell in with thirty Indians going against Boonesborough. 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 Boonesborough, we returned, passed them on the 6th, and on the 7th arrived safe at Boonesborough. On the 8th, the Indian army, four hundred and forty-four in number, commanded by Captain Duquesne, and eleven other Frenchmen, and their own chiefs, came and summoned the fort. I requested two days' consideration, which they granted. During this, we brought in, through the posterns, all the horses and other cattle we could collect. 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 conclude 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, 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 Kentucky river, which is sixty yards from the fort. We discovered this by the water being made muddy with 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 22d 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 thirty-seven of the enemy, and wounded a great number. We picked up one hundred and twenty-five pounds 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 occurred for some time.

In July, 1779, during my absence, Colonel Bowman, with one hundred and sixty men, went against the Shawanese, of Old Chilicothe. He arrived undiscovered; a battle ensued, which lasted till ten in the morning, when Colonel Bowman retreated thirty miles. The Indians collected all their strength and pursued him, when another engagement ensued for two hours, not to Colonel Bowman's advantage. Colonel Harrod proposed to mount a number of horses and break 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. The enemy's loss was uncertain, only two scalps being taken. June 22d, 1780, about six hundred Indians and Canadians, under Colonel Bird, attacked Riddle's and Martin's stations, and the forts 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 Clarke, the commandant at the falls of Ohio, to march with his regiment and the armed force of the country against Pickaway, 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 Kentucky 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 Boonesborough, 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 the scent of a dog, which I shot, and escaped. The severity of the winter caused great distress in Kentucky, the enemy during the summer having destroyed most of the corn. The inhabitants living chiefly on the flesh of the buffalo. In the spring of 1782, the Indians harassed us. In May, they killed one man at Ashton's station, and took a negro. Captain Ashton pursued them, with twenty-five men, and in an engagement, which lasted two hours, his party were obliged to retreat, having eight killed and four mortally wounded; their brave commander fell in the action. August 10th, two boys were carried off from Major Hoy's station. Captain Holder pursued with seventeen men; they were also defeated, and lost four and one wounded. Our affairs became more and more alarming. The savages infested the country, killing men at every opportunity. In a field, rear 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 Bryant's station, five miles from Lexington. They assaulted the fort, killed all the cattle round it; but being repulsed, they retired the third day, having about thirty killed; their wounded uncertain. The garrison had four killed and three wounded. August 18th, Colonel Todd, Colonel 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

THE BATTLE OF BLUE LICKS.

of the Licking river, about forty-three miles from Lexington, where we overtook them on the 19th. The savages, observing us, gave way; and we being 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 bend of Licking to the other, about a mile from the Blue Licks. The battle was exceedingly fierce, for about fifteen minutes, when we, being overpowered by numbers, were obliged to retreat, with the loss of sixty-seven men, seven of whom were taken prisoners. The brave and much-lamented Colonels Todd and Triggs, major Harland, and my second son, were among the dead. We were afterwards told, that the Indians, on numbering their dead, finding that 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 Colonel Logan, who was hastening to join us with a number of well-armed men; this powerful assistance was 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.

INDIAN WARRIOR 17

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 unparalleled: some torn and eaten by wild beasts; those in the river eaten by fishes; all in such a putrified condition, that no one could be distinguished from another.

When General Clarke, 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 near their camp. The savages fled in the utmost disorder, and evacuated all their towns. We burned to ashes, Old Chilicothe, Pickaway, New Chilicothe, Wills Town, and Chilicothe; entirely destroyed their corn and other fruits, and spread desolation through their country. We took seven prisoners and five scalps, and lost four men, two of whom were accidentally killed by ourselves. This campaign damped the enemy, yet they made secret incursions. In October, a party attacked Crab 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 felled him to 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 the crevice, the savages 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 the Indians desired peace. Two darling sons and a brother have I lost by savage hands, which have also taken forty valuable horses, and an 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 BOONE.

It would be unnecessary, were it practicable, to particularise the assistance which Boone gave to emigrants either on the road, or after their arrival, when the activity of his zeal, and the humanity of his character are recollected and duly appreciated. Suffice it to say, that he was accustomed to range the country as a hunter and a spy; and that he would frequently meet the approaching emigrants on the road, and protect or assist them into the settled parts. No sooner was he relieved from one kind of duty, than he was ever ready to engage in another, for the relief of the garrisons, or the service of the country. Notwithstanding the various attacks made on the settlements, the men continued to clear the grounds, in which they planted corn and other vegetables—some keeping guard, while others labored, and each taking his turn as a hunter at great hazard. The pioneers thought themselves the best marksmen, and as likely to see the Indian first, as to be seen by him; while the first sight was equivalent to the first fire, and the most expert shooter held the the best security for his life. They were kept in continual alarm and anxiety; and the most ordinary duties could only only be performed at the risk of their lives. While ploughing in their fields, they were way-laid and shot; while hunting they were pursued and shot; and sometimes a solitary Indian would creep up near the fort, during the night, and fire upon the first of the garrison who appeared in the morning.

The women, says Humphrey Marshall, did the offices of the household—milked the cows—cooked the mess—prepared the flax—spun, wove, and made the garments—the men hunted and brought in the meat—they planted and gathered in the corn—grinding it into meal at the handmill, or pounding it into hommony in the mortar, was occasionally the work of either or of both. The men exposed themselves alone to danger; they fought the Indians, cleared the land, reared the hut, and built the fort or block-house—in which the women were placed for safety. The skins of the deer were used for dresses—while the buffalo and bear skins were consigned to the floor for beds and covering. There were a few articles brought to the country for sale, in a private way, but it was some years before there was a store opened. Wooden vessels, either turned or coopered, were in common use as table furniture. A tin cup was an article of delicate luxury, almost as rare as an iron fork. Every hunter carried his knife; it was no less the implement of the warrior; and frequently the rest of the family was left with but one or two for the use of all. A like workmanship, composed the table and the stool—a slab, hewed with the axe, and sticks of a similar manufacture, set in for legs, supported both. When the bed was by chance, or refinement, elevated above the floor, and given a fixed place, it was often laid on slabs, placed across poles, supported on forks driven in the earthen floor; or where the floor was puncheons—the bedstead was hewed pieces, pinned on upright posts, or let into them by auger holes. Other utensils and furniture were of a corresponding description—applicable to the time. These facts depict the condition and circumstances of the country. The food was of the most wholesome and nutritive kind: the richest milk, the finest butter, and the best meat that ever delighted man's palate, were here eaten with a relish which labor and health only know. These were shared by friend and stranger, in every cabin, with profuse hospitality. Hats, or rather caps, and shoes were made of the skins of different animals.

The pioneers received the intelligence of Cornwallis's capture, soon after it occurred, with the most heart-felt pleasure. For no part of the United States had more cause to fear or hate the British than the people of this section; for no place was more exposed to their Indian allies: ever ready to be put in motion by their influence, and supported by their force. None were, therefore, more really gratified than the people of Kentucky, at the brilliant success of General Washington. Peace, so essential to the repose and prosperity of the country was generally anticipated as the consequence. Under this pleasing fascination the winter approached, and passed away, without the annoyance of the Indian war-whoop. But this state of peace did not exist long; for in the following spring, the Indians again commenced their depredations by attacking several of the settlements, killing, scalping, or carrying off the captives.

From the time of the treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain, until 1798, Boone spent his life in agricultural pursuits. He was not, however, to end his days amid the advantages of social life. After his courage and constancy, under the severest trials; after his long and unremitting labors, in perfecting his infant settlement; after rearing and providing for a numerous family, the prop of his old age, and the pride of his hoary years, which now entitled him to a civic crown, and to the gratitude of a generous people—he suddenly finds that he is possessed of nothing; that his eyes must be closed without a home, and that he must be an outcast in his grey hairs. His heart is torn, his feelings are lacerated by the chicanery of the law, which deprives him of the land of which he was the first to put a spade in, his goods sold. Cut to the soul, with a wounded spirit, he still showed himself an extraordinary man. He left for ever the state—in which he had been the first to introduce a civilised population—where he had so boldly maintained himself against

external attacks, and shown himself an industrious and exemplary citizen; where he found no white man, when he set himself down amid the ancient woods, and left behind him half a million. He forsook it for ever; no entreaty could keep him within its bounds. Man, from whom he deserved every thing, had persecuted and robbed him of all. He bade his friends adieu for ever. He took with him his rifle and a few necessaries, and crossing the Ohio, pursued his way into the unknown and immense country of the Missouri—voluntarily becoming a subject of Spain. In 1800, he discovered the Boone Lick country, which now forms one of the best settlements of that state. On the banks of the Grand Osage, in company with his son, he reared his rude log hut—around which he planted a few vegetables—and his principal food, he obtained by hunting. The remainder of his life was devoted to the society of his children, and the employments of the chase. When age had enfeebled his once athletic frame, he would wander twice a year into the remotest wilderness he could reach, employing a companion whom he bound by a written contract to take care of him, and bring him home alive or dead. In 1816, he made an excursion to Fort Osage, one hundred miles distant from his place of residence. Three years thereafter, says Governor Morehead, a patriotic solicitude to preserve his portrait, prompted a distinguished American artist to visit him at his dwelling near the Missouri river, and who gave the following account of him. "I found him in a small, rude cabin, indisposed, and reclining on his bed. A slice from the loin of a buck, twisted round the rammer of his rifle, within reach of him as he lay, was roasting before the fire. Several other cabins, arranged in the form of a parallelogram, marked the spot of a dilapidated station. They were occupied by the descendants of the pioneer. Here he lived in the midst of his posterity. His withered energies and locks of snow, indicated that the sources of existence were nearly exhausted." An exploring traveller, sometimes crossing the wilderness, would find him seated at the door of his hut, with his rifle across his knees, and his faithful dog at his side, surveying his shrivelled limbs, and lamenting that his youth and manhood were gone, but hoping that his legs would serve him to the last of life, to carry him to spots frequented by game, that he might not starve. In his solitude he would speak of his past actions, with a glow of delight on his countenance, that indicated how dear they were to his heart, and would then become silent and dejected. Thus he passed through life till he had reached the age of ninety.

In the fall of 1820, he was a attacked with a fever, at the house of his son-in-law, in Calloway county, Missouri, and lingered till the 26th of September, when the spirit of the pioneer left the mortal remains. The legislature of Missouri being in session, when the event was announced, a resolution was immediately passed, that, in respect for his memory, the members should wear the usual badge of mourning for twenty days, and an adjournment was voted for that day. The legislature of Kentucky, at the session of 1844–45, adopted measures to have the remains of Boone and his wife removed from their place of burial on the banks of Missouri, for the purpose of interment in the public cemetery at Frankfort. The consent of the surviving relations having been obtained, the removal took place; and on the 13th of September, 1845, the coffins of the pioneer and his wife were committed with becoming ceremonies to their final repose, in a spot as beautiful as nature and art can make it.

Boone united, in an eminent degree, the qualities of shrewdness, caution, and courage, with uncommon muscular strength. He was five feet ten inches in height. His manners were simple and unobtrusive, and in his person there was nothing remarkably striking. When he emigrated to Missouri, he omitted to secure the title to a princely estate, because it would have cost him the trouble of a trip to the Spanish authorities at New Orleans.

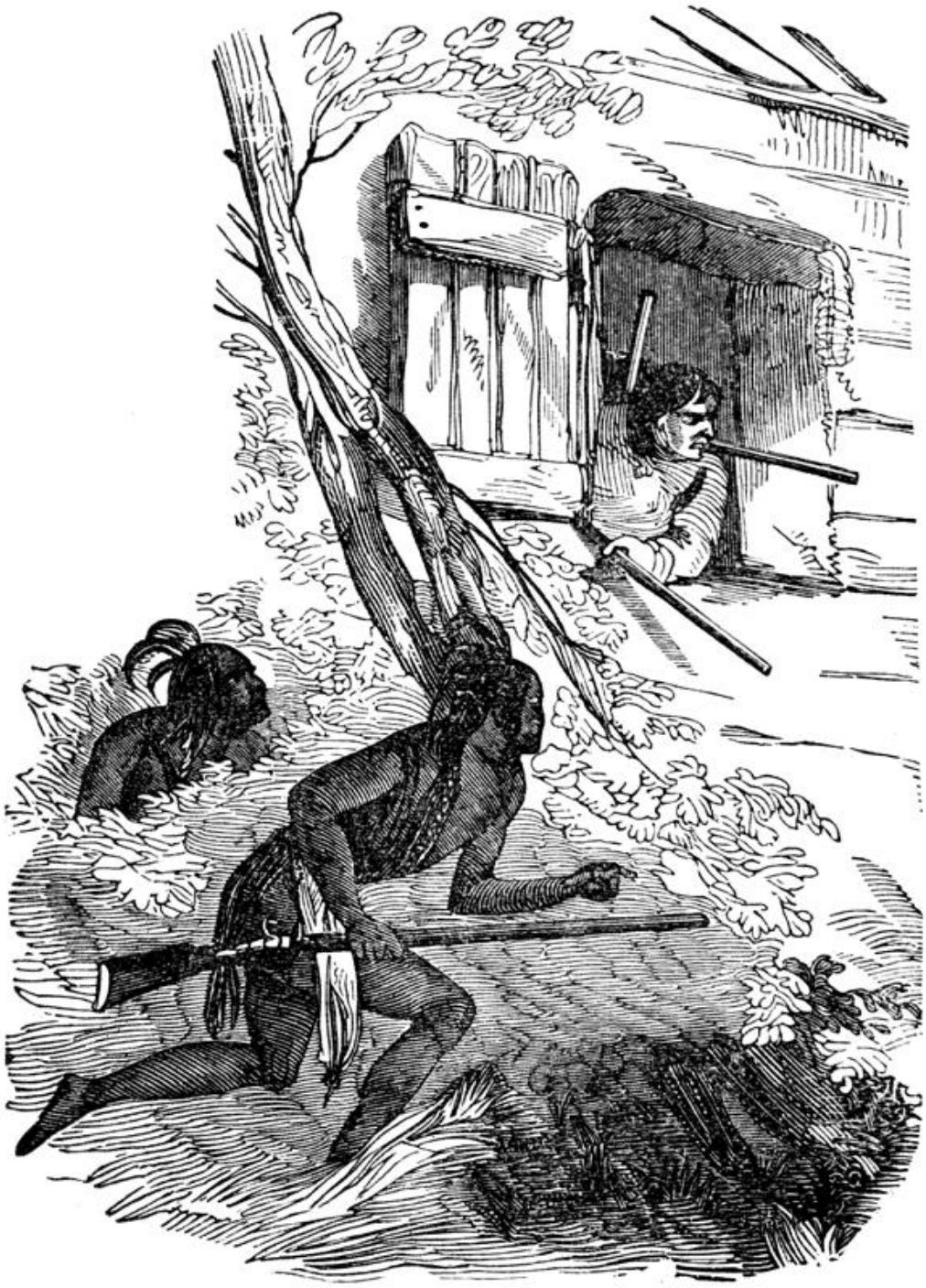
JAMES HARROD.

Among the hardy race of men that first emigrated to Kentucky was James Harrod. In May, 1774, with forty-one men, he descended the Ohio river, from the Monongahela country, and penetrating the intervening forests, made his principal camp about one hundred yards below the town spring, under the branches of a large elm tree. Here he held his nightly councils; and explored the surrounding country. About the middle of June, Harrod and his company agreed to lay off a town, and proceeded to erect a number of cabins. Thus Harold had the honor of erecting the first log cabin in Kentucky. These lots thus laid off were afterwards called Harrodsburg. Here Colonel Boone found them when he was sent by Governor Dunmore, of Virginia, to the falls of the Ohio, to guide the surveyors to their place of destination. On the 21st of July, four of his men discovered a large spring about three miles from the town, and stopped to rest, when they were fired upon by the Indians, who killed James Cowan. The others fled. Two of them took the trail to the falls of the Ohio, descending that river and the Mississippi to New Orleans, in a bark canoe, and then went round to Philadelphia by sea. The other returned, and gave the alarm. Captain Harrod with a party went down and buried

Cowan, and resurned to camp. Soon after this he returned to Virginia, with his men, and was engaged, under General Lewis, in the bloody battle of Point Pleasant, at the mouth of Kenhawa, October 10th, 1774.

The next spring, Captain Harrod, with the greater part of his men, set out on their return to Harrodsburg, passing through M'Afee's station, on the 15th of March, and reached their home on the same day. The M'Afee's had occupied their station but four days when Harrod met them. The M'Afees returned home early in April, leaving two men at Harrodsburg, to warn others against settling on their lands. In September of this year, Harrodsburg became the residence of several families, with women and children. The names of Mrs. Denton, Mrs. McGary, and Mrs. Hogan, are worthy of mention; they being the first white females who came with their husbands and children to Harrodsburg. They came as far as the Hazle Patch with Colonel Boone and his family, on his way to Boonesborough. Other families soon followed; and domestic virtues found a second asylum in the midst of a savage wilderness. In September, 1777, Kentucky was organised as a county of Virginia, and the first court held at Harrodsburg. At this time Kentucky contained a population of one hundred and ninety-eight, men, women, and children.

When the Indians found the whites were erecting block-houses and cabins on various parts of their hunting-grounds, they commenced their usual mode of warfare, and marauding parties were sent out to attack all those whom their vigilance could discover. In the prosecution of these hostilities, incidents of the most harrowing nature occurred. Men, while laboring in the fields were killed and scalped. Hunters, while attempting to procure meat for their families, were ambushed. Springs and other watering-places were constantly guarded by the savages, who would lay near them day and night, until forced to leave their covert for food. Cattle belong to the settlements were driven off or killed. This state of things continued until the severity of the winter forced the to Indians return to their homes. The next spring, hostilities were resumed on a larger scale. The Indians finding the extirpation of the settlements hopeless as long as the forts remained to afford a safe retreat to the inhabitants, and having learned, by the experience of the preceding season, that the whites were competent to combat them in their own mode of warfare, resolved to bring into the country a larger force, and to direct their united energies to the destruction of the different forts. To prevent any aid being afforded by the other garrisons, while operations were levelled against one, they resolved on detaching from the main body such a number of men as was deemed sufficient to keep watch around the other forts and awe the inmates from attempting to leave them on any occasion. Accordingly, in March, 1777, two hundred warriors entered Kentucky, and sending some of their most expert and active men to watch around Boone's and Logan's fort, they marched with the chief part of their force to attack Harrodsburg. On the 14th of March, three persons, who were engaged in clearing some land, not far from Harrodsburg, discovered the Indians proceeding through the woods, and sought to escape observation and convey the intelligence to the garrison. But they too were discovered and pursued, and one of them was killed, another taken prisoner, and the third, (James, afterwards General Ray, then but thirteen years of age) reached Harrodsburg in safety. Aware that the place had become alarmed, and that they had no chance of operating on it by surprise, they encamped near it on that evening: and early on the morning of the 15th commenced a furious and animated attack. The garrison being apprised of the approach of the enemy, made every preparation for defence which their situation admitted, and when the assailants rushed to the assault, not intimidated by their horrid yells, nor yet dispirited by the presence of a force so far superior to their own, they received them with a fire so steady and well-



PIONEERS DEFENDING THEIR HOME.

directed as forced them to recoil, leaving one of their slain on the field. This alone argued a great discomfiture of the Indians, as it is well known to be their invariable custom, to remove, if practicable, those of their warriors who fall in battle. Their subsequent movements satisfied the inmates of the fort that there had been indeed a discomfiture, and that they had but little to apprehend from a renewed assault on their little fortress. After reconnoitring for awhile, at a prudent distance from the garrison, the Indians kindled their fires for the night; and on the following day, leaving a small party for the purpose of annoyance, decamped with their main body to Boonesborough; but, in consequence of the severity of the weather, they were not enabled to attack that place until the middle of April, where they were also repulsed.

The Indians having committed so many depredations on the settlements, it was determined, in 1779, to raise a force and march into the Indian country and destroy their towns. This force rendezvoused at Harrodsburg, under the command of Colonel Bowman. James Harrod was one of the captains in this party. This party marched to the Shawanese town without being discovered; but when the attack was made, Colonel Bowman became panic-stricken, and ordered a retreat. They returned with the loss of nine killed and one wounded.

At Harrodsburg, news was brought him, that the Indians had surprised a party four miles off, and killed a man. "Boys," says Harrod, to those about him, "let us go and beat the red rascals." He took his gun, and with his party, soon came upon the Indians, killing several and dispersing the rest. If he heard that a family was in want of meat, he would take his rifle, repair to the forest, kill the needful supply, and take it to the sufferers. A newly arrived emigrant, who had lost a horse, and not yet used to the woods, or apprehensive of the danger attending a search, thus addressed Harrod: "My horse has not yet come up; I can't plough to-day." "What kind of a horse is your's?" inquired Harrod. The answer is given and he disappears. In a short time the horse is driven to the owner's door. These traits show the character of the man.

The fort was too small a place for his active disposition. Like Boone, he preferred to range the woods in search of game, in which he occupied most of his time. But, nevertheless whenever his services were required, he was always ready; and in the various scouting and exploring expeditions on the frontiers, his dexterity and bravery were conspicuous and useful. There was no labor too great for his hardihood, or enterprise too daring for his courage. His comrades knew his personal worth, and the rank of colonel which was conferred upon him is a proof of his abilities. After the country became extensively populated, Harold would leave his home and domestic comforts, repair to the distant and unsettled parts of the country, and remain for weeks at a time. In one of these excursions, he lost his life; but whether by wild beasts or the tomahawk of the Indian was never known. He left one daughter, and with her an ample patrimony in the rich lands of the country.

James Harrod was a man six feet high, well proportioned, and finely constructed for strength and activity. His complexion was dark, his hair and eyes black, his countenance animated, his gait firm, his deportment grave, his conversation easily drawn out, but not obtruded; his speech was mild, and his manners conciliating rather by the confidence they inspired than any grace or elegance they displayed. Without knowing how to read or write James Harold could be obliging to his fellow men, and active and brave in their defence. He was free from the passion of ambition, and when without public authority, he always had a party; not because he wanted one, but because it wanted him. James Harold was ever active, vigilant, and skilful; and his memory will long be cherished with affection and gratitude by the people of the west.

SENTINEL AT A BLOCK-HOUSE.

BENJAMIN LOGAN

THE third settler of Kentucky was Benjamin Logan. His father emigrated to Pennsylvania, where he married, and soon afterwards removed to Virginia. Here Benjamin was born. At the age of fourteen, he lost his father, and found himself burdened with a numerous family, under the superintendence and aid, however, of a prudent mother, to whom he was a most affectionate and dutiful son. The settlements at this time afforded but a small chance for literary attainments, and consequently his education was very limited, but he had a strong mind, and in after life he studied men rather than books. His father died intestate, and by the laws of primogeniture, then in force in Virginia, the property descended to him to the exclusion of his brothers and sisters. But with a noble disinterestedness, he made provision for his mother, and shared the rest equally between his brothers and sisters. His next object was to secure a home for himself. At the age of twenty-one, he purchased some land on the Holston, and soon afterwards married. In 1774, he was on Dunmore's expedition to the north-west. Early in the following year he went to Kentucky to make a settlement, taking only two or three slaves to accompany

him, and see the lands, preparatory to making a settlement. In Powell's Valley, Logan met with Boone, Henderson, and others, on a similar adventure. He travelled with them through the barren parts of the wilderness, but not liking the ground in their neighborhood, he, together with William Gillespie, continued on in a westerly direction, and in a few days pitched his camp. Here he planted a small crop of corn, and being delighted with the country around him, he selected places for several of his friends; and, in the latter part of June, he returned, without a companion, to his home on the Holston, leaving William Gillespie and the slaves to gather in the corn. In March, 1776, Logan removed his family, with the residue of his slaves, to his Kentucky settlement. From this place, in times of danger, he removed his family to Harrodsburg; taking care, however, to secure his crop.

Early in 1777, Logan, having spent the winter at Harrodsburg, made up a small party and returned to his station, when he commenced erecting new buildings, and strengthened the others for defence against the Indians. On the 20th of May, the Indians besieged the fort, which at that time contained but fifteen men. Harrodsburg and Boonesborough were about equi-distant, and the only places from whence any assistance could be expected; but the Indians had taken care to invest these places, so that no aid could be obtained. These were alarming and calamitous times—the little garrison in Logan's fort suffered extremely—the women and children still more; but aided by Logan, and encouraged by his example, they would not complain, much less despair. There are some incidents connected with this siege, which well deserve repeating. At the time mentioned, the women, guarded by a part of the men, were milking the cows, outside of the fort, when they were suddenly fired upon by a large party of Indians, till then concealed in the thick cane, which stood some distance off. In this attack, one man was killed, and two others wounded; one mortally. The rest with the women got into the fort, unhurt. At this time the whole number of souls with Logan did not exceed thirty-five; the men were less than half that amount, while the enemy were numerous. The besieged, being concealed from their fire, it abated; and they having a moment's leisure to look about, discovered a spectacle, which awakened the most lively interest and compassion. A man, named Harrison, had been severely wounded, and still lay near the spot where he had fallen, within full view of the garrison and the enemy. The poor fellow was endeavoring to crawl in the direction of the fort, and had succeeded in reaching a cluster of bushes, which, however, were too thin to shelter his person from the enemy. His wife and family were in the fort, and in deep distress at his situation. The enemy undoubtedly forbore to fire upon him, from the belief that some of the garrison would attempt to save him, in which case, they held themselves in readiness to fire upon them from the cane-brake. It seemed impossible to save him without sacrificing the lives of several of the garrison, and their numbers were far too few already for an effectual defence, being now only twelve. Yet the spectacle was so moving, and the lamentations of his family so distressing, that it seemed equally impossible not to make an effort to save him. Logan endeavored to persuade some of his men to accompany him in a sally, but so evident and appalling was the danger, that all at first refused; one Herculean fellow observing that he was a "weakly man," and another declaring that he was sorry for Harrison, "but that the skin was closer than the shirt." At length John Martin collected his courage, and declared his willingness to accompany Logan, saying that "he could only die once, and that he was as ready now as he ever would be." The two men opened the gate, and started upon their forlorn expedition, Logan leading the way. They had not advanced five steps, when Harrison perceiving them, attempted to rise, upon which, Martin, supposing him able to help himself, immediately returned. Harrison's

strength almost instantly failed, and he fell at full length upon the grass. Logan paused a moment, after the return of Martin, then suddenly sprang forward to the spot where Harrison lay, rushing through the tremendous shower of rifle-balls, which was poured upon him from every spot around the fort, capable of covering an Indian. Seizing the wounded man in his arms, he ran with him to the fort, through a heavy fire, and entered it, unhurt, although the gate and picketing near him were riddled with balls, and his hat and clothes pierced in several places.

The Indians immediately assailed the garrison with their whole force; and were met with by a determined opposition on the part of the inmates. The men kept a constant look-out for the savages, while the women were employed in moulding bullets. But, alas! there was little ammunition in the fort; and the choice was to send to Holston for it, or to expose themselves to be taken by the enemy. The question now was, who would encounter the perils of the journey. Logan, however, left not to others what he could do himself;—with two trusty companions, he left the fort in the night, passing the Indians undiscovered, and reached Holston, where he obtained powder and lead, which he put under the care of his men, with directions how to proceed homeward. Logan proceeded with all haste to the fort, where he arrived in ten days from his departure. The sagacity of Logan, had prescribed to him the untrodden ways, he avoided Cumberland Gap, and explored his passage where no man ever travelled before, or probably since, over Cumberland mountains, through cliffs, brush, and cane, clambering rocks and precipices. But he felt the importance of his success; an affectionate wife and confiding friends looked to him for safety. The escort, with the ammunition, arrived in safety, and the garrison, although still besieged, was comparatively safe. The Indians kept hovering about the place until September; when, fortunately, Colonel Bowman effected his march to Logan's fort with a hundred men. A detachment of these, considerably in advance of the main body, upon its approach to the fort, was fired on by the besiegers, and several of them killed; the rest made their way into the place—which had the effect to disperse the enemy.

Logan's watchful vigilance often prompted him to explore the adjacent country for signs of Indians. In one of these excursions, in 1778, he discovered a camp of Indians at the Big Flat Lick, about two miles from his station, to which he returned and immediately raised a party; with this he attacked the camp, from which the enemy fled, without much loss on their part, and none on his. At another time, he was at the same lick—it being a great resort for game, as well as Indians—when he received a fire from a party, who were concealed, which broke his right arm, and wounded him slightly in the breast. The savages then rushed upon him, and so near was he falling into their hands, that they at one time had hold of his horse's tail; but wishing, it is probable, to take him alive, forbore to kill him—and he escaped. No sooner had his wounds healed, than he resumed his active course of life.

During the spring and summer of 1779, the Indians infested the country in all directions, attacking the stations, intercepting new emigrants, firing upon the hunters, and committing other depredations. The inhabitants now became convinced that it was necessary to shift the war into the enemy's country. Accordingly a force was raised for this purpose, of which Colonel John Bowman was appointed commander, and Benjamin Logan second in command. The expedition moved against Chilicothe in July, and its march was so well conducted, that it approached its object without discovery. From this circumstance, it would seem that the Indians were little apprehensive of an invasion from those who had never before ventured upon it; and whom they were in the habit of invading annually. On arriving near the town, night approached, and Colonel Bowman halted. Here it was determined to invest and attack

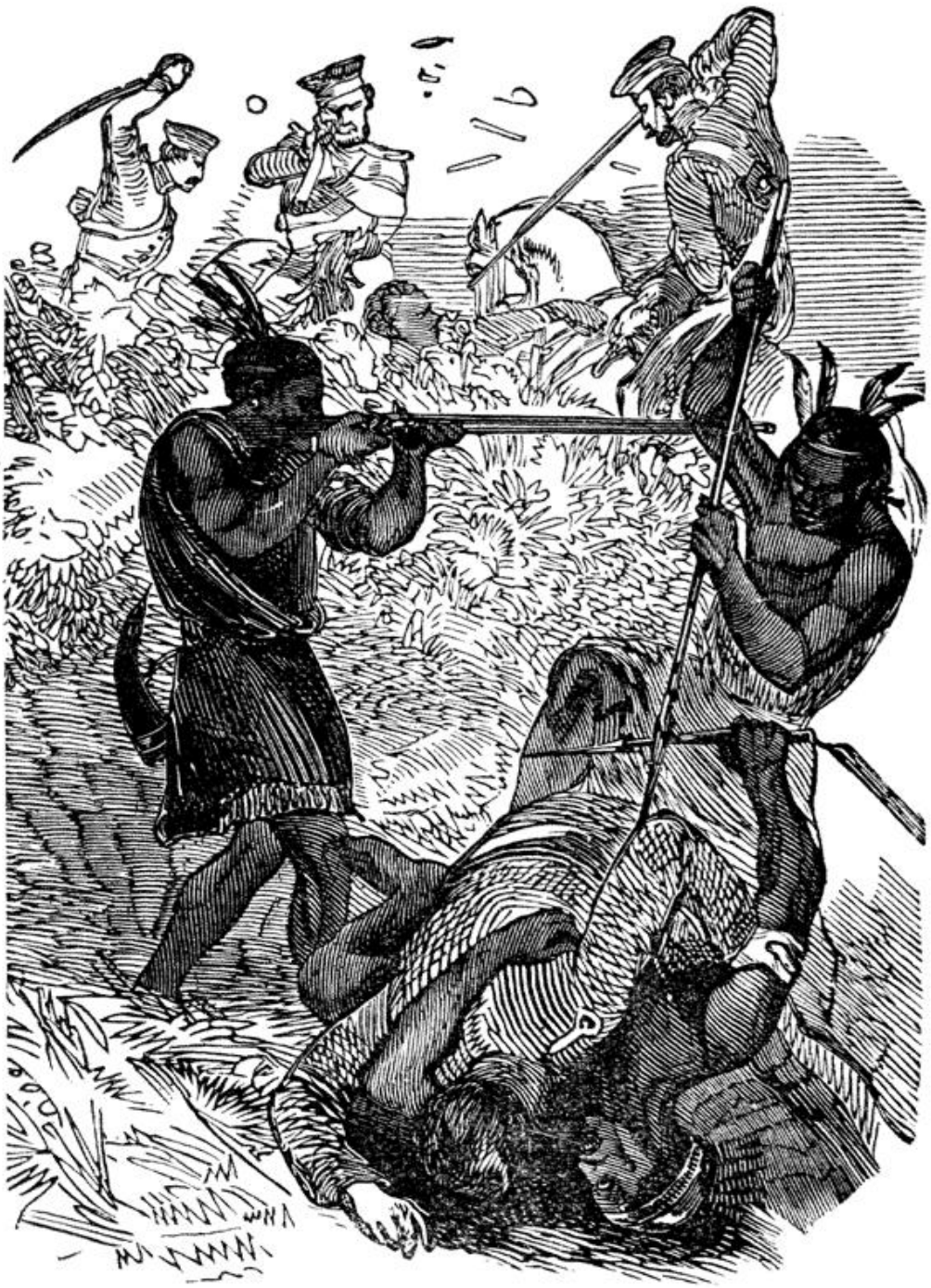
the place just before daylight; and preparations made which gave reasonable prospects of success. At a proper hour the little party separated, after a movement that placed it near the town. One part was under the command of Bowman in person, the other under Logan; to whom precise orders had been given to march on the one hand half round the town—while the colonel passing the other way, was to meet him, and give the signal for assault. Logan immediately executed his orders, and the place was half surrounded; but he neither saw nor heard of Colonel Bowman. He now ordered his men to conceal themselves in the grass and weeds and behind such other objects as they could. As the day began to show itself, and not receiving the expected orders, he began to grow impatient. The men on shifting about for hiding-places, had alarmed a dog belonging to the Indians. The animal commenced barking, which brought out an Indian warrior, who proceeded with caution on the way that the dog seemed to direct his attention. Some of Logan's men were preparing to capture him, when the report of a gun from the opposite side of the town, alarmed the Indian, who gave the terrible war-whoop, and fled to his cabin. The alarm now rapidly spread through the town, and preparations for defence made. The party with Logan was near enough to hear the bustle, and see the women and children escaping to the cover of the woods, by a ridge which ran between them and where Colonel Bowman was stationed. The warriors, in the mean time, equipped themselves and repaired to their main cabin. By this time daylight had disclosed the whole scene, and several shots were discharged, on each side; while some of Logan's men took possession of a few cabins, which the Indians had left when they repaired to their strong hold. The scheme was formed by Logan, and adopted by his men in the cabins, of making a moveable breast-work, out of the doors and floors—and of pushing it forward as a battery, against the cabin in which the Indians had taken post. Others had taken shelter from the fire of the enemy, behind stumps or logs, or the vacant cabins, and were waiting orders. When Colonel Bowman found that the Indians were on their defence, dispatched orders for a retreat. This order, received with astonishment, was obeyed with reluctance—and what rendered it the more distressing, was the unavoidable exposure which the men must encounter in the open field, or prairie, which surrounded the town; for they knew that the moment they left their cover, the Indians would fire on them until they were beyond the reach of their balls. A retreat, however, was deemed necessary, and every man was to shift for himself. Then, instead of one that was orderly, a scene of disorder took place—here a little squad would rush out of, or break from behind a cabin—there individuals would rise from a log or stump, and run with all speed to gain the neighboring wood. At length, after the loss of several lives, the party united, and the retreat continued in tolerable order, under the painful reflection that the expedition had failed, without any adequate cause being known. This was, however, but the introduction to disgrace, on the part of Colonel Bowman, if not of misfortune still more extraordinary and distressing. The Indians, astonished at seeing men rout themselves in such a manner, sallied from their town, under the command of Blackfish, and commenced a pursuit, which they continued for some miles, harassing the rear of the fugitives without being checked, notwithstanding the disparity of numbers—there not being more than thirty of the savages in pursuit. Bowman, finding himself thus pressed, at length halted his men in a low piece of ground covered with brush, as if he sought shelter from the enemy behind or among them. A situation most injudiciously chosen, since of all others, it most favored the purposes of the Indians. In other respects the commander seems to have lost his understanding—he gave no orders to fire—made no detachment to repulse the enemy, who, in a few minutes, were heard yelling and firing on all sides—but stood

as a mark to be shot at—or one panic-struck. Some of the men fired, but without any precise object, for the Indians were hid by the grass or bushes. In this perilous position, Logan, Harrod, Bulger, and a few others, mounted some of the pack horses, scoured the woods, first in one direction, then in another: rushing on the Indians wherever they could find them; until, very fortunately, Blackfish was killed, and this being soon known, the rest fled. It was in the evening when this event occurred; and being reported to the colonel, he resumed his march, at dark—taking for his guide a creek near at hand, which he pursued all night—and in quiet and safety arrived home, with the loss of nine killed, and one wounded; having taken two scalps, which was thought a trophy of small renown. This conduct of Colonel Bowman has been much criticised by writers on western history, and it is a subject of mortification and regret, as he possessed undoubted courage and military talent. Logan's popularity was greatly enhanced by the part he took in this unfortunate affair, and his conduct was placed in glaring contrast to that of his commander.

A party of men left Harrodsburg, in 1780, to visit Logan's fort. When near that place they were fired on by the Indians, and two of them mortally wounded; one got into the fort where he gave an account of the affair—and of the fate of his wounded companion, who had fallen, exhausted, in the weeds. The rest of the party escaped. Logan immediately raised a small party of young men, and repaired to the assistance of the wounded man. They soon found him, but he was unable to help himself. He had escaped the Indian search by mere chance, as their recent sign was seen near him. The man was now to be removed without loss of time; and no one else being equal to the task of carrying him, Logan took him on his back, and carried him to Harrodsburg. After they had left the wounded man, and were returning, the Indians fired on them and wounded a man so severely that he could not travel. The assailants were soon repelled, and again it fell to the lot of Logan to carry the wounded man, which he did, with his known humanity and fortitude.

In the autumn of this year, Logan removed his mother and a sister from the Holston to his own residence. In addition to this he was instrumental in causing a numerous migration to Kentucky, for whom he had chosen lands of fine quality, and who proved themselves to be a great acquisition to the population, adding much improvement to the country. Logan himself kept an open house and hospitable board for emigrants and travellers; often meeting them on the road, and assisting them into the settlements. No one felt more than Logan the responsibility of his situation. In the early stages of the settlements, his fort was one of the main pillars of the new population; and he distinctly perceived all the importance of sustaining the garrison. It was necessary to keep up a correspondence with the other stations; while every hour outside of the fort was beset with danger to the adventurer, in any direction; to all these dangers he attended. Travelling by night, frequently alone, and generally with such celerity, that but few could accompany him—such was the course prescribed by prudence. And by these means he effected what others would not attempt. Thus he conveyed intelligence, collected information, or hunted. In this year he was elected to the general assembly.

In a marauding expedition, the Indians made an attack on Montgomery's station, consisting of five or six families, relatives of Mrs. Logan, who had removed at the particular request of Logan. In this attack, the father and one brother of Mrs. Logan were killed, and a sister, sister-in-law, but four children taken prisoners. The scene of disaster was about ten miles from Logan's fort, where the news soon arrived. The shock was sudden, and Logan was determined to rescue the prisoners and chastise the savages. He collected a party, and hastened to the scene of action, where he was joined by the sur-



LOGAN AND HARROD, ATTACKING THE INDIANS. 81

vivors of the Montgomery family. A rapid pursuit was made, the Indians were overtaken, attacked, and beaten. The two female captives and three of the children were rescued—the other child was killed by the savages, rather than it should be taken from them. A similar fate would have attended the others, but when the action commenced they hid themselves.

In George Rogers Clarke's expeditions, Logan took an active part. When that general marched in the Indian territory, in 1786, he ordered Logan to return to Kentucky, raise a party with all practicable speed, and march against the Shawanese, whose attention it was conjectured would be engaged by rumors of the army on the Wabash. Logan returned, and soon raised a number of mounted riflemen for the expedition. His march was rapid—he surprised one of the Shawanese towns, killed a few warriors, took some prisoners, and brought away the women and children of others. The expedition was successful—the town was burned and the crop destroyed. No loss occurred on the part of Logan. As was predicted, the town was not defended, because the warriors were otherwise engaged. The main expedition under Clarke failed, and Logan's victory was made to console the country for Clarke's miscarriage.

In the summer of 1788, Logan led an expedition against the north-western tribes, which, as usual terminated in burning their villages, and destroying their cornfields, thus serving to irritate but not subdue the enemy. A single incident attending this expedition, deserves to be commemorated. Upon approaching a Shawanese village, from which most of the inhabitants had fled, an old chief, named Moluntha, came out to meet them. Nothing could be more striking than the fearless consequence with which he walked through the foremost ranks of the Kentuckians, many of whom shook hands with him most cordially. Unfortunately, however, he at length approached Major McGary, whose temper, never very sweet, was as much inflamed by the sight of an Indian, as that of a wild bull by the sight of a red flag. It happened, also, that Moluntha had been one of the chiefs that commanded at the Blue Licks, a disaster which McGary brought on, and had not yet forgotten. Instead of giving his hand as the others had done, McGary scowled upon the old man, and asked him if he recollected the Blue Licks! Moluntha smiled, and merely repeated the word, "Blue Licks!" when McGary drew his tomahawk and cleft him to the brain. The old man received the blow without flinching for a second, and fell dead at the feet of his destroyer. Great excitement instantly prevailed in the camp. Some called it a ruthless murder—and others swore that he had done right—that an Indian was not to be regarded as a human being—but ought to be shot down as a wolf, whenever and wherever he appeared. McGary raved like a madman at the reproaches of his countrymen, and declared, with many bitter oaths, that he would not only kill every Indian whom he met, whether in peace or war, at church or market, but that he would equally as readily tomahawk the man who blamed him for the act.

Logan was tall and athletic; and a contemplative, well-balanced, and dignified figure distinguished his person and appearance. He was remarkably taciturn, but the statesman's eye, and the warrior's brow were crowned in him; while a countenance, which evinced an unyielding fortitude, and an impenetrable guard, invited to a confidence which was never betrayed. As his character unfolded itself, he was successively appointed a magistrate, elected a legislator, commissioned a colonel, and promoted to the rank of general. After having discharged faithfully and with ability all the duties of the man, the soldier, the patriot, and the statesman, he died at an advanced age, full of years, and full of honors, beloved and mourned by all who knew him.

SIMON KENTON.

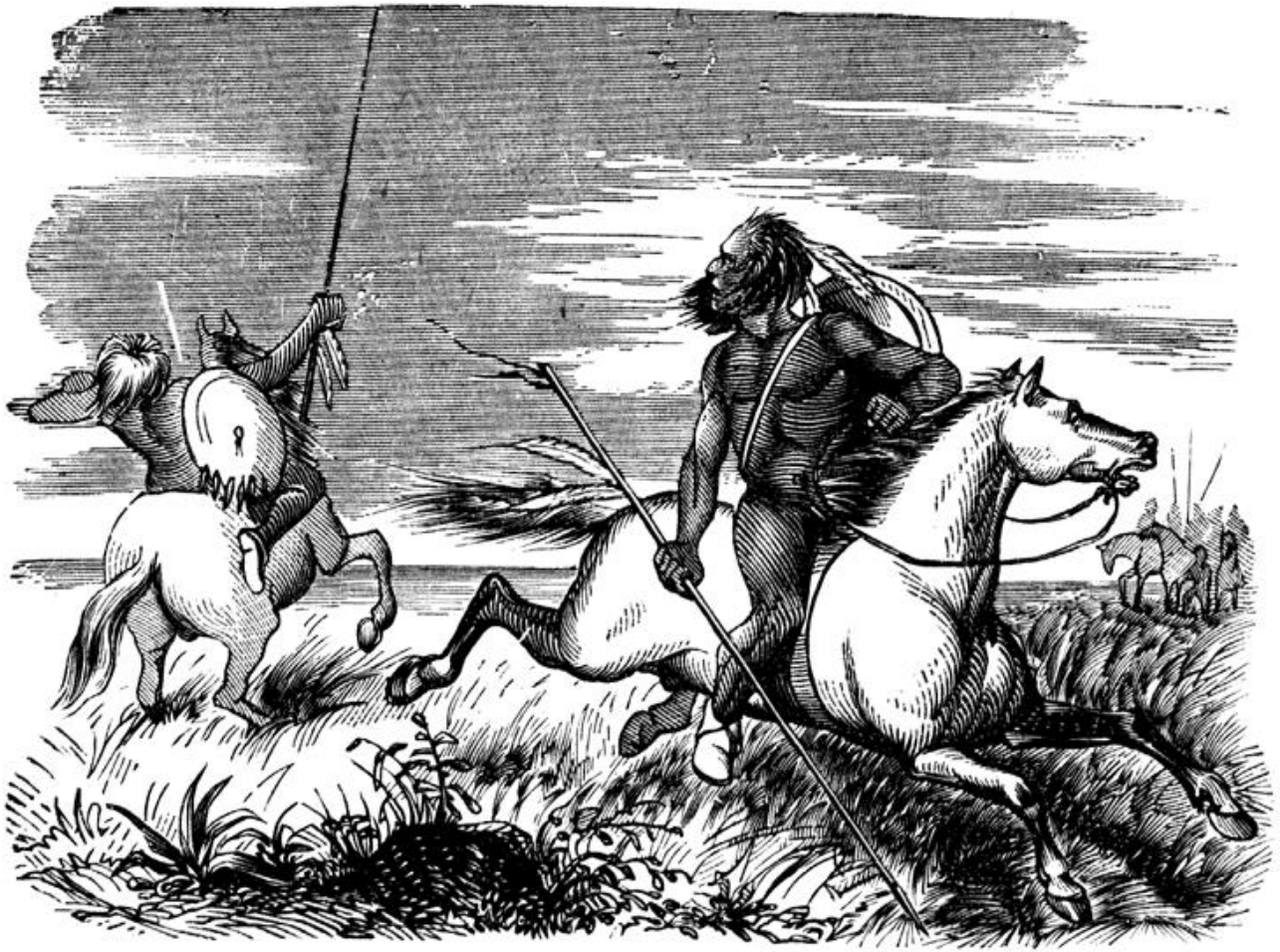
SIMON KENTON.

EVER grateful to the heart of sensibility should be the memory of that man, who, owing to nature his existence only, has by a series of labor and exertion, made one public service but a step to another, still more important than the preceding; who, born in indigence, and nurtured in ignorance, found himself a man in the wide world, without a ray of science to guide him, or hardly the rudiments by which it was to be acquired; and who, resting upon himself alone, has by perseverance in an honest course of public service, won rank and fame. Such a man is Simon Kenton; a sketch of whose remarkable life we are now going to unfold.

Simon Kenton was born in Fauquier county, Virginia, in 1755. Of his early life nothing more is known than that he worked at the laborious drudgery on

a farm. At the age of sixteen, his heart had become attached to a young coquette, who was greviously perplexed by the necessity of choosing one husband out of many lovers. Kenton and a robust farmer by the name of Leitchman, seems to have been the most favored suitors, and the young lady, not being able to decide upon their respective merits, they took the matter into their own hands; and, in consequence of foul play on the part of Leitchman's friends, young Kenton was badly handled. Beaten, but not disheartened, he vowed to return with interest the disgrace which he had received in the contest. He waited patiently until he found himself six feet high, and full of health and action. The hour of retribution was to be delayed no longer. He accordingly went to Leitchman's house, told him his object, and requested him to adjourn to a more convenient place for the fight. Leitchman, believing what had been done once, could be done again, testified his willingness to indulge him in so amiable a pastime, and having reached a solitary place in the wood, they both stripped and prepared for the encounter. The battle was fought with all the fury which mutual hate, jealousy, and herculean power on both sides could supply, and after a severe round, in which both had received considerable damage, Kenton was thrown. Leitchman, in true Virginian style, sprang upon him without the least scruple, and added the most bitter taunts, to the kicks with which he saluted him, from his head to his heels, reminding him of his former defeat, and rubbing salt into the raw wounds of jealousy, by triumphant allusions to his own superiority both in love and war. During these active operations on the part of Leitchman, Kenton lay perfectly still, eyeing attentively a small bush which grew near them. It instantly occurred to him, that if he could wind Leitchman's hair, which was remarkably long, around the bush, he would be able to return those kicks which were now bestowed upon him in such profusion; but the difficulty was to get his antagonist near enough. This he at length effected by short springs, and succeeded in wrapping his rival's hair around the bush. He then sprang to his feet, and inflicted a terrible revenge for all past injuries. In a few seconds, Leitchman was gasping, apparently in the agonies of death. Kenton instantly fled, without even returning for an additional supply of clothing, and directed his steps westward.

Kenton travelled, during the first day, in much agitation. He supposed that Leitchman was dead, and scarcely allowed himself a moment for refreshment or repose, until he had reached the neighborhood of the Warm Springs, where the settlements were thin, and the immediate danger of pursuit was over. Here, he fortunately fell in with an exile from New Jersey, named Johnson, who was travelling westward on foot, and driving a single packhorse, laden with a few necessaries, before him. They soon became acquainted, related their adventurers to each other, and agreed to travel together. They plunged boldly into the wilderness of the Alleghany mountains, and subsisting upon wild game and a small quantity of flour, which Johnson had brought with him, they made no halt until they arrived at a small settlement on Cheat river, one of the prongs of the Monongahela. Here the two friends separated, and Kenton, (who had assumed the name of *Butler*,) attached himself to a small company, headed by John Mahon and Jacob Greathouse, who had united for the purpose of exploring the country. They quickly built a large canoe, and descended the river as far as the Province settlement. There Kenton became acquainted with two young adventurers, named Yager and Strader; the former of whom had been taken by the Indians when a child, and had spent many years in their country. He informed Kenton that there was a country below, which the Indians called Kan-tuck-kee, that was a perfect Elysium: that the ground was not only the richest, and the vegetation the most luxuriant in the world, but that the immense herds of buffalo and elk, which ranged at large



INDIANS FIGHTING.

through its forests, would appear incredible to one who had never witnessed such a spectacle. He added that it was entirely uninhabited, and was open to all who chose to hunt there; but that sometimes the rival tribes had desperate encounters, in endeavoring to drive each other from the hunting-ground, which each claimed as their own. Yager said that he could find the place again, if they were willing to venture. Kenton closed with the proposal, and announced his readiness to proceed at once.

A canoe was speedily procured, and the three young men committed themselves to the waters of the Ohio, in search of the enchanted hunting-ground. Yager had no idea of the distance of the country, but recollected that he had crossed the Ohio in order to reach it, and declared that by sailing down the river a few days, they would come to the spot where the Indians were accustomed to cross, assuring Kenton that there would be no difficulty in recognising the place, as its appearance was different from all the rest of the world. Fired by Yager's glowing description of the beauty of this western El Dorado, the young men rowed hard for several days; but the land of promise did not appear; and at length Kenton and Strader became rather doubtful of its existence. They rallied Yager freely upon the subject, who declared positively that they would soon witness the confirmation of all he had said. After descending as far as where Manchester now stands, and seeing nothing which resembled Yager's country, they held a council, in which it was determined to survey the region more carefully. They accordingly retraced their course, and successively explored the land about Salt Lick, Little and Big Sandy, and Guyandotte. At length, wearied out in searching for what had no existence, they turned their attention entirely to hunting and trapping, and spent nearly two years upon the Great Kenawha, in this agreeable and profitable occupation. They obtained clothing in exchange for furs, from the traders at Fort Pitt, and the forest supplied them abundantly with wild game for food. It was during these visits to Fort Pitt that Kenton became acquainted with the renegade Simon Girty.

In March, 1773, while reposing in their tent, after the labors of the day, they were suddenly attacked by a party of Indians. Strader was killed at the first fire, and Kenton and Yager with difficulty escaped, being compelled to abandon their guns, blankets, and provisions, and commit themselves to the wilderness, without the means of sheltering themselves from the cold, procuring a morsel of food, or even kindling a fire. In this forlorn situation, they determined to strike through the woods for the Ohio river, and take such fortune as it should please heaven to bestow. During the first two days, they lived upon roots; but on the third day their strength began to fail, and the keen appetite which at first had constantly tortured them, was succeeded by nausea, accompanied with dizziness and sinking of the heart, bordering on despair. On the fourth day, they often threw themselves on the ground, determined to await the approach of death—and as often stimulated by the love of life, to arise and resume their journey. On the fifth day, they were only able to crawl at intervals. In this manner they travelled about a mile during the day, and succeeded by sunset in reaching the banks of the Ohio. Here, to their inexpressible joy, they encountered a party of traders, from whom they obtained a comfortable supply of provisions. The traders were so much startled at the idea of being exposed to perils, such as those which Kenton and Yager had just escaped, that they lost no time in removing from such a dangerous vicinity, and instantly returned to the mouth of the Little Kenawha, where they met with Dr. Briscoe at the head of another exploring party. From him, Kenton obtained a rifle and some ammunition, with which he returned alone to the forest, and hunted with success until the summer of 1778 was far advanced. Returning then to the Little Kenawha, he found a party of

fourteen men, under the direction of Dr. Wood and Hancock Lee, going to join Captain Bullitt, who was supposed to be at the mouth of the Sciota, with a large party. Kenton joined them, and they descended the river in canoes as far as the Three Islands, landing frequently and examining the country on each side of the river. At the Three Islands they were alarmed by the approach of a large party of Indians, by whom they were compelled to abandon their canoes and strike through the wilderness for Virginia. They suffered much during this journey from fatigue and famine, and were compelled at one time to halt for fourteen days, to attend to Dr. Wood, who had been bitten by a copperhead snake and rendered incapable of moving for that length of time. Upon reaching the settlements, Kenton left the party, built a canoe on the banks of the Monongahela, and returned to the mouth of the Kenawha, where he hunted with success until the spring of 1774, when a war broke out between the Indians and the colonists, occasioned by the murder of the family of the celebrated Indian chief, Logan. Kenton was not in the battle of Point Pleasant, but acted as a spy throughout the campaign.

After Dunmore's forces were disbanded, Kenton returned to Fort Pitt; and in February, 1775, with two companions, he determined to seek again for the rich lands of Yager. Having built a canoe, and providing themselves with ammunition, they descended the Ohio, and landed near where Augusta now stands; thence they proceeded into the country in search of lands. In a short time, they reached the neighborhood of Mayslick, and for the first time were struck with the uncommon beauty of the country and fertility of the soil. Here they fell in with the great buffalo trace, which in a few hours brought them to the Lower Blue Licks. The flats on each side of the river were crowded with immense herds of buffalo, that had come down from the interior for the sake of the salt, and a number of elk were seen upon the bare ridges which surrounded the springs. The lands of Yager were discovered; and the game appeared as abundant as the grass upon the plains. After remaining a few days at the Lick, and killing an immense number of buffalo and deer, they crossed the Licking, and followed a buffalo trace which conducted them to the Upper Blue Licks, where they again beheld elk and buffalo in immense numbers. Highly gratified at the success of their expedition, they returned to their canoe, and ascended the river as far as Green Bottom, where they had left their skins and some ammunition, together with a few hoes, which they had brought with them for the purpose of cultivating the rich ground which they expected to find. Returning as quickly as possible, they built a cabin on the spot where the the town of Washington now stands, and having cleared an acre of ground in a large cane-brake, they planted it with Indian corn. One day, while on a hunting excursion, they fell in with two white men, near the Lower Blue Lick, who had lost their guns, blankets, and ammunition, and were much distressed for provisions and the means of extricating themselves from the wilderness. These men's names were Fitzpatrick and Hendricks. Their canoe had been overset by a squall, while descending the Ohio, and they were compelled to swim ashore without being able to save any thing. They had been wandering several days in the woods, and were almost starved. Kenton informed them of the settlement he had made at Washington, and invited them to join him and share such fortune as Providence might bestow. Hendricks consented to remain, but Fitzpatrick, being heartily sick of the woods, insisted upon returning to the Monongahela. Kenton and his two friends, accompanied him to the "Point," as the place where Maysville now stands was called, and having given him a gun, and assisting him to cross the river, left him on the other side. Kenton then recrossed the river, and with his two companions hasten back to the Lick, not doubting for a moment, but they would find Hendricks at the camp, where they had left

him. On their arrival they found it was deserted, and marks of violence around it, showing that Indians had been there. At a little distance from the camp, in a low ravine, they observed a thick smoke, as if from a fire just beginning to burn. Believing that the Indians were assembled around this fire, they concluded that it was best to retreat to some distance, where they remained until the evening of the next day, when they ventured cautiously to return to camp. The fire was still burning, although faintly, and after carefully reconnoitring the place, they ventured to approach the spot, and there beheld the skull and bones of their friend! He had evidently been roasted to death! It was a subject of deep melancholy to the small party, and they hastily returned to their camp at Washington.

They remained at Washington, entirely undisturbed, until the month of September, when on visiting the Lick, they met Michael Stoner, who informed them that the interior of the country was already occupied by the whites, and that there was a thriving settlement at Boonesborough. This intelligence was quite gratifying, and anxious once more to enjoy the society of men, they broke up their camp at Washington, and visited the different stations which had been formed in the country. Kenton passed the winter of 1775–76 at Hinckston's station, about forty miles from his corn-patch. In the spring of 1776, the Indians became troublesome, and the settlers at Hinckston's station, took shelter in M'Clelland's fort, Kenton accompanying them. This place was also soon after abandoned. Kenton this year had several skirmishes with the Indians, as their excursions were frequent and bloody, and his reputation increased with each engagement. In the spring of 1777, Kenton and two others, early one morning, having loaded their guns for a hunt, were standing in the gate of Boonesborough, when two men in the fields were fired on by the Indians. They immediately fled, not being hurt. The Indians pursued them, and a warrior overtook and tomahawked one of the men within seventy yards of the fort, and proceeded leisurely to scalp him. Kenton shot the daring savage dead, and immediately with his hunting companions gave chase to the others. Boone, hearing the noise, with ten men, hastened out to their assistance. Kenton turned and observed an Indian taking aim at the party of Boone—quick as thought he brought his rifle to his shoulder, pulled the trigger, and the red man bit the dust. Boone having advanced some distance, now discovered that his small party, consisting of fourteen men, was cut off from the fort by a large party of the foe, who were between him and the gate. There was now no time to be lost: Boone gave the word—"right-about—fire—charge!" and the intrepid hunters dashed in among their adversaries, in a desperate endeavor to reach the fort. At the first fire from the Indians, seven of the fourteen whites were wounded, among the number was the gallant Boone, whose leg was broken, which stretched him on the ground. An Indian sprang on him with uplifted tomahawk, but before the blow descended, Kenton rushed on the warrior, discharged his gun into his breast, and bore his leader into the fort. When the gates were closed and all things secure, Boone sent for Kenton: "Well, Simon," said the old Pioneer, "you have behaved like a man to-day—indeed, you are a fine fellow." This was great praise from Boone, who was a silent man, and little given to compliment. Kenton had deserved the eulogium—he had saved the life of his companion, and killed three Indians, without having had time to scalp any one of them. There was certainly little time to spare when Kenton could not stop to take a scalp. The Indians, after keeping up the siege three days, retired. Boonesborough sustained two other sieges this year, in all of which Kenton bore a gallant and conspicuous part.

When Boone marched against the Indian towns on Paint Creek, Kenton accompanied him as a spy. After crossing the Ohio, Kenton, being some dis-

tance in advance, was suddenly startled by a loud laugh from an adjoining thicket, which he was about to enter. Instantly halting, he took his station behind a tree, and waited anxiously for a repetition of the noise. In a few moments, two Indians approached the spot where he lay, both mounted upon a small poney, and chatting and laughing in high good humor. Having permitted them to approach within good rifle distance, and taking aim at the breast of the foremost, he pulled the trigger. Both Indians fell—one shot dead, the other severely wounded. Their frightened poney galloped back into the cane, giving the alarm to the rest of the party, who were some distance in the rear. Kenton instantly ran up to scalp the dead man, and to tomahawk his wounded companion, according to the usual rule of western warfare; but, when about to put an end to the struggles of the wounded Indian, who did not seem disposed to submit very quietly to the operation, his attention was arrested by a rustling in the cane on his right, and turning rapidly in that direction, he beheld two Indians within twenty steps of him, very deliberately taking aim at his person. A quick spring to one side, on his part, was followed by the flash and report of their rifles—the balls whistled close to his ears, causing him involuntarily to duck his head, but doing him no injury. Not liking so hot a neighborhood, and ignorant of the number which might be behind, he lost no time in regaining the shelter of the wood, leaving the dead Indian unscalped and the wounded man to the care of his friends. He had hardly treed, when a dozen Indians appeared on the edge of the cane-brake, and seemed disposed to press on him with more vigor than was consistent with the safety of his present position. His fears, however, were soon relieved by the appearance of Boone and his party, who came running up as rapidly as a due regard for the shelter of their persons would permit, and opening a brisk fire upon the Indians, quickly compelled them to regain the shelter of the cane-brake, with the loss of several wounded, who, as usual, were carried off. The dead Indian, in the hurry of the retreat, was left behind, and Kenton at last had the satisfaction of taking his scalp. Boone, concluding that this was part of a force formed for attacking the settlements, hastily returned to Boonesborough.

Kenton, and his friend Montgomery, however, says M'Clung, determined to proceed together to the Indian town, and obtain some recompense for the trouble of their journey. Approaching the village with the cautious, stealthy pace of a cat, they took their station upon the edge of a cornfield, supposing that the Indians would enter it as usual to gather ears. They remained here patiently all day, but did not see a single Indian, and heard only the voices of some children who were playing near them. Being disappointed in the hope of getting a shot, they entered the Indian town in the night, and stealing four good horses, made a rapid night's march for the Ohio, which they crossed in safety, and on the second day afterwards reached Logan's fort with their booty. Scarcely had Kenton returned, when Colonel Bowman ordered him to take his friend Montgomery, and another young man named Clark, and go on a secret expedition to an Indian town on the Little Miami, against which the colonel meditated an expedition, and of the exact condition of which he wished to have some information. They instantly sat out, and reached the neighborhood of the town without being discovered. They examined it thoroughly, and walked around the wigwams during the night with impunity. Thus far all had gone well—and had they been contented to return after the due execution of their orders, they would have avoided the heavy calamity which awaited them. But, unfortunately, during the night, they stumbled upon a pound in which were a number of horses. The temptation was not to be resisted. They each mounted a horse, but not satisfied with that, they could not find it in their hearts to leave a single animal behind them, and as

some of the horses seemed indisposed to change masters, the affair was attended with so much noise that they were discovered. The cry rang through the villages, that the Long Knives were stealing their horses right before the doors of their wigwams, and old and young sallied out to save their property. Kenton and his friends soon discovered that they had overshot the mark, and they must ride for their lives; but even in this extremity, they could not bring themselves to give up a single horse which they had haltered, and while two of them rode in front and led, the other brought up the rear. In this manner, they dashed through the woods at a furious rate, with the hue and cry after them, until their course was suddenly stopped by an impenetrable swamp. Here they paused for a moment, and hearing no sounds of pursuit, they skirted the swamp, and made direct towards the Ohio. They rode all night without resting for a moment—and halting a few minutes at daylight, they continued their journey so rapidly, that by the following morning, they reached the northern bank of the Ohio. Crossing the river would now insure their safety, but this was likely to prove a difficult undertaking, and the close pursuit which they had reason to expect, rendered it necessary to lose as little time as possible. The wind was high, and the river rough and boisterous. It was determined that Kenton should cross with the horses, while Clark and Montgomery should construct a raft in order to transport their guns and ammunition to the opposite shore. The necessary preparations were soon made, and Kenton, after forcing the horses into the river, plunged in himself, and swam by their side. In a very few minutes, the high waves completely overwhelmed him and forced him considerably below the horses, which stemmed the current much more vigorously than himself. The horses being thus left to themselves, returned to the shore, where Kenton was compelled to follow them. Several attempts were made to force them to cross, but every effort failed. A council was then held and the question proposed, "What was to be done?" That the Indians would pursue them, was certain. Should they abandon the horses and cross on the raft, or remain with the horses and take such fortune as heaven should send? The latter alternative was adopted. Death or captivity might be tolerated—but to lose so beautiful a lot of horses, after having worked so hard for them, was not to be thought of for a moment.

As soon as it was determined that themselves and horses were to share the same fate, it became necessary to fix upon some probable plan of saving them, as the Indians would certainly be upon them before night. It was therefore determined to conceal the horses in a neighboring ravine, while they should take their stations in an adjoining wood. They had supposed the wind would abate at sunset, and the river become sufficiently calm to admit their passage; but at night the wind blew harder than ever, and the waters became so rough, that even their raft would have been scarcely able to cross. In the morning, the wind abated, and the river became calm—but it was now too late. Their horses, recollecting the difficulty of the passage on the preceding day, had become so obstinate, that they repeatedly refused to enter the water. Finding every effort to force them to enter unavailing, the party at length concluded to do what ought to have been done at first. Each determined to mount a horse and make the best of his way down the river to Louisville. Had this resolution been executed with decision, the party would probably have been saved, but after they were mounted, instead of leaving the ground instantly, they went back upon their own trail, in the vain effort to regain possession of some horses, which had broken from them in their last effort to drive them into the water. They wearied out their good genius, and literally fell victims to their love for horse-flesh. They had scarcely ridden a hundred yard, (Kenton in the centre, the others upon the flanks, with an interval of two hundred yards between them,) when Kenton heard a loud halloo, apparently coming from the

spot they had just left. He turned to meet his pursuers, and dismounting, walked leisurely back, when he soon beheld three Indians and a white man, all well mounted. Wishing to give the alarm to his companions, he raised his rifle to his shoulders, took a steady aim at the breast of the nearest Indian, and drew the trigger. His gun had become wet on the raft and flashed. The enemy were instantly alarmed, and dashed at him. Now, when flight could be of no service, Kenton betook himself to his heels, and was pursued by four horsemen at full speed. He instantly directed his steps to the thickest part of the woods, where there was much fallen timber, and had succeeded, as he thought, in baffling his pursuers, when, just as he was leaving the fallen timber and entering the open wood, an Indian on horseback approached him so rapidly as to render flight useless. The Indian met him, and, holding out his hand, called out, "Broder, broder!" in a tone of great affection. Kenton observed, afterwards, that if his gun would have made fire, he would have "brodered" him to his heart's content, but being unarmed, he called out that he would surrender, if good treatment were given him. Promises were cheap with the Indian, and he showered them out plentifully. Advancing towards Kenton, he grasped his hand with violence. Kenton, not liking the manner of his captor, raised his gun to knock him down, when one of his pursuers sprang upon his back and pinioned his arms to his side, and seizing him by the hair, shook him till his teeth rattled. The rest of the party then came up, and fell upon Kenton with their tongues and ramrods, until he thought they would scold or beat him to death. They took ample revenge upon him for stealing their horses. At every stroke of their ramrods, they would repeat, in a tone of strong indignation, "Teal Indian hoss! hey!"

The attention of the Indians, however, were soon directed to Montgomery, who, having heard the noise attending Kenton's capture, very gallantly hastened up to his assistance; while Clark consulted his own safety by flight. Montgomery halted within gun-shot and appeared busy with the pan of his gun, as if preparing to fire. Two Indians instantly sprang off in pursuit of him, while the rest attended to Kenton. In a few minutes, Kenton heard the crack of two rifles, followed by a halloo, and the Indians soon returned with the scalp of Montgomery. They then proceeded to secure their prisoner They first compelled him to lie upon his back, and stretch out his arms at full length. They then passed a stout stick at right angles across his breast, to each extremity of which his wrists were fastened. Stakes were then driven into the earth near his feet, to which they were fastened. A halter was next tied round his neck and fastened to a sapling which grew near, and finally a rope was passed under his body, lashed strongly to the pole which lay upon his breast, and finally wrapped round his arms at the elbows, in such a manner as to pinion them to the pole with a painful violence, and rendered him incapable of moving hand, foot, or head, in the slightest manner. During the whole of this operation, they cuffed him with great heartiness, until his ears rang again, and abused him for "a teef! a hoss teef! a rascal!" and finally for "a d——d white man!" I may here observe, continues M'Clung, that all the western Indians had picked up a good many English words—particularly the oaths, which, from their frequent use by the hunters and traders, they looked upon as the root of the English language. Kenton remained in this painful position throughout the night, looking forward to certain torture and death, as soon as he reached their towns. Their rage towards him seemed to increase rather than to abate, and in the morning it displayed itself in a form at once ludicrous and cruel.

Among the horses which Kenton had taken, and which their original holders had now recovered, was a fine but wild young colt, totally unbroken, with all his honors of mane and tail undocked. Upon him was Kenton now mounted,

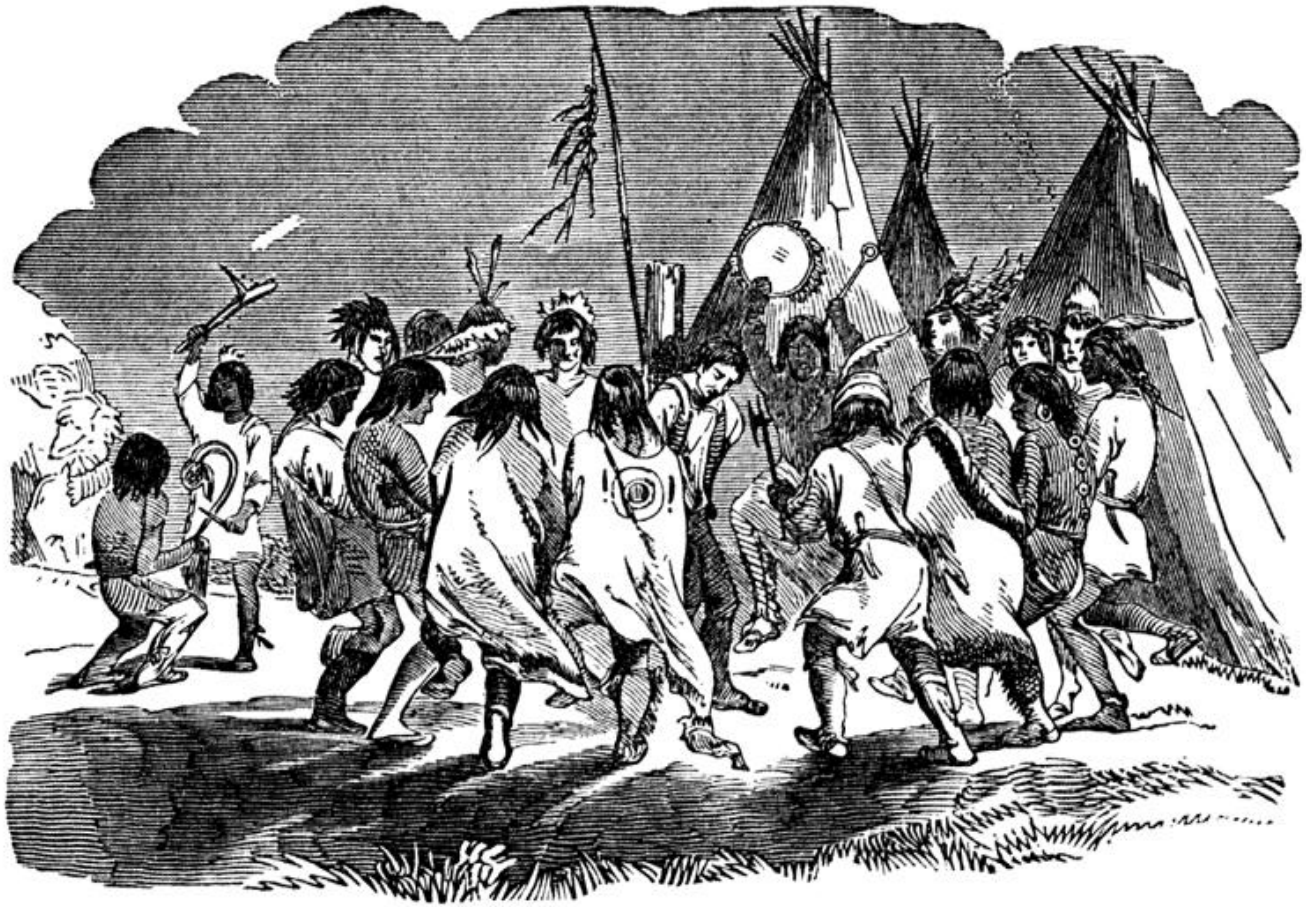
without saddle or bridle, with his hands and feet tied. The country was rough and bushy, and Kenton had no means of protecting his face from the brambles, through which it was expected the colt would dash. As soon as the rider was firmly fastened upon his back, the colt was turned loose with a sudden lash, but after exercising a few curvets and caprioles, to the great distress of his rider but the infinite amusement of the Indians, he appeared to take compassion upon his rider, and falling into a line with the other horses, avoided the brambles entirely, and went on very well. At night, he was taken from the horse and confined as before. On the third day, they arrived within a few miles of Chilicothe. Here the party halted, and dispatched a messenger to inform the village of their arrival. In a short time, Blackfish, one of their chiefs arrived, and regarding Kenton with a stern countenance, thundered out in very good English, "You have been stealing horses?" "Yes!" "Did Captain Boone tell you to steal our horses?" "No—I did it of my own accord." This frank confession was too irritating to be borne, and the chief applied a switch to the back of Kenton until the blood began to flow freely. They now marched on, and when within a mile of Chilicothe, they were met by the inhabitants of the town, men, women, and children, running out to see the prisoner. They appeared in a paroxysm of rage; hooted, clapped their hands, and poured upon him a flood of abuses. Finally a stake was procured and fastened in the ground. The remnant of Kenton's breeches were torn from his person, the squaws assisting, and his hands, being tied together and raised above his head, were fastened to the top of the stake. The whole party then danced around him, yelling, screaming, and striking him with switches and the palms of their hands. He expected every moment to undergo the torture of the fire, but that was reserved for another time. Thus they tormented him until a late hour of the night, when he was taken to the village.

The next morning he beheld the scalp of Montgomery stretched upon a hoop, as he was led out to run the gauntlet. A row of boys, women, and children, extended to the distance of a quarter of a mile, armed with all kind of weapons, which were to be applied to Kenton's naked body during the race. At the starting-place, stood two grim-looking warriors, with butcher knives in their hands—at the extremity of the line was an Indian beating a drum, and a few paces beyond the drum was the door of the council-house. When the drum was struck, Kenton sprang forward, avoiding the row of his enemies, and turning to the east drew the whole party after him. He doubled several times, and at length observing an opening, he darted through it, and pressed forward to the council-house, leaving his pursuers far behind. One or two Indians succeeded in throwing themselves between him and the goal—and from these alone, he received a few blows, but was much less injured than he could at first have supposed possible. As soon as this race was over, a council was held to determine whether he should be burned or carried to the other villages. The arbiters of his fate sat in a circle, while the unhappy prisoner, naked and bound, was committed to the care of the guard. Each warrior sat in silence, while a large club was passed round the circle. Those who were opposed to burning the prisoner on the spot were to pass the club in silence to the next warrior, those in favor of burning were to strike the earth violently with the club. The teller reported that the opposition had prevailed; and that he was to be taken to Waughcotomoco, on Mad river. His fate was announced to him by a renegade white man, who acted as interpreter. Kenton felt rejoiced as the issue, and asked the white man what the Indians intended to do with him at Waughcotomoco? "Burn you! G–d d——n you!" was the ferocious reply. Kenton was unbound, and to his great joy his clothes were restored to him. Their journey was now resumed, and as the route was through an unbroken forest, Kenton determined to make a bold push for his

KENTON TIED UPON THE WILD HORSE. 48

life, as nothing worse than death could follow his recapture. Watching his opportunity he darted off, and soon cleared himself out of sight of his pursuers; but unfortunately after getting about two miles, he met some Indians on horseback, who took him back to town. He now, for the first time, gave up his case as hopeless—death stared him in the face—and fate appeared to him to have sealed his doom; in sullen despair he awaited his destiny! When the Indians returned to town with Kenton, there was a general rejoicing. He was pinioned and given over to the young Indians, who dragged him to the creek, tumbled him in the water, and rolled him in the mud, till he was nearly suffocated. He now thought he was forsaken by God. His tormentors shortly after this, took him to Waughcotomoco. When he arrived at this place, the Indians of all ages crowded around him. Among others, who came to see him was Simon Girty. As Kenton was painted black, Girty did not know him, but asked him where he lived. He answered Kentucky. Girty then asked how many men were in Kentucky. Kenton answered that he did not know, but would give the names of the officers, and then he could judge of the number of men. The names of the officers were given, but many of them had no command. Girty then asked the prisoner his name. When he answered—Simon Butler. (It will be recollected that he changed his name when he fled from his home.) Girty eyed him for a moment, and then recognised the active and bold youth, who had been his companion in arms about Fort Pitt, and on the campaign with Lord Dunmore. Girty instantly threw himself into Kenton's arms, and wept aloud over him—calling him his dear and esteemed friend. At length, he said, in a tone of deep feeling, "Well, my friend, you are condemned to die, but I will use every means in my power to save your life." Girty immediately had a council convened, and made a long speech to the Indians, to save the prisoner's life. As Girty was proceeding through his speech, he became very animated; and under his powerful eloquence, Kenton could plainly discover the grim visages of his savage judges relent. When Girty concluded his speech, the Indians rose with one simultaneous grunt of approbation, saved the prisoner's life, and placed him under the care and protection of his old companion, Girty, who immediately clothed him from head to foot. Kenton, being a strong, robust man, soon recovered from his scourges and bruises, and the other severe treatment he had received. He lived happily with Girty about three weeks, when a party of Indians, who had been on an expedition in the neighborhood of Wheeling, returned; they had been defeated by the whites, some of their men killed and others wounded. These warriors, full of revenge, were determined to kill any of the whites who came into their power. As Kenton was the only prisoner in their possession, he was sent for to appear at the council-house. He proceeded thither, in company with Girty and an Indian, named Redpole. Upon entering, they observed the house was unusually full. Girty, Redpole, and Kenton, walked around, offering their hands to each warrior. The hands of the two first were cordially received—but when Kenton offered his hand it was rejected—he persevered until the first six had refused, when sinking in despondence, he turned off and stood apart from the rest.

The debate soon commenced. Kenton looked eagerly towards Girty, as his last and only hope. The chiefs arose one after another, and spoke in a firm and indignant tone, of the wrongs inflicted on them by the whites—their friends killed, and their hunting-ground taken from them. Girty did not desert him—but his eloquence appeared wasted upon the chiefs. After a warm debate, he turned to Kenton, and said, "Well, my friend, you must die!" One of the chiefs then seized him by the collar, and the others surrounded him; he was strongly pinioned, committed to a guard, and instantly marched off. His guards were on horseback, while the prisoner was driven before them on foot,



SUFFERINGS OF KENTON AT THE STAKE. 45

with a long rope around his neck, the other end of which was held by the guard. In this manner they had marched about two miles and a half, when Girty passed them on horseback, informing Kenton that he had friends at the next village, with whose aid he hoped to do something for him. Girty finding he could do nothing, would not see his friend again, but returned by another route. In this journey, Kenton had another opportunity of witnessing the fierce hate with which these children of nature regarded an enemy. At the distance of few paces from the road, a squaw was engaged chopping wood, while her lord and master was sitting on a leg, smoking his pipe. The sight of Kenton seemed to rouse him to fury. He hastily sprang up, with a sudden yell—snatched the axe from the squaw, and, rushing upon the prisoner so rapidly as to give him no opportunity of escape, dealt him such a blow with the axe that it cut through his shoulder, breaking the bone and almost severing the arm from his body. The Indian was severely reprimanded for attempting to rob them of the amusement of torturing their prisoner at ———.

They soon reached a large village upon the head waters of the Sciota, where Kenton, for the first time, beheld the celebrated Mingo chief, Logan, who walked sadly up to where Kenton stood, and the following conversation ensued: "Well, young man these men seem very mad at you?" "Yes—they certainly are." "Well, don't be disheartened; I am a chief; you are to go to Sandusky—they speak of burning you there—but I will send two runners to-morrow, to speak good for you." Kenton's spirits began to revive at the address of this benevolent chief, and he once more looked upon himself as providentially rescued from the stake. He was kindly treated, and permitted to spend part of his time with Logan. On the next evening, the two runners returned, and were closetted with Logan. Kenton felt the most burning anxiety to know what was the result of their mission, but Logan did not visit him until the next morning. He then went to him, and giving him a bit of bread, told him that he was instantly to be carried to Sandusky; and without saying another word, left him. Again Kenton's spirits sunk; and from Logan's manner, he supposed that his intercession had been unavailing, and that Sandusky was destined to be the scene of his final sufferings. This appears to have been the truth. He was driven into that town, and was to have been burned the following morning; but fortune, who had been playing her strange and capricious tricks with him for the last month, again interposed. An Indian agent, named Druyer, anxious to obtain intelligence, for the British commandant at Detroit, interposed so earnestly, that the Indians at length consented, upon the express condition that after the required information had been obtained, he should be returned to them. Druyer consented, and Kenton was transferred to him, when no time was lost in removing him to Detroit. On the road he informed Kenton of the condition upon which he had obtained possession of his person, assuring him, however, that no consideration should induce him to abandon a prisoner to the mercy of such wretches. Having dwelt at some length upon the generosity of his own disposition, he began to cross question Kenton, as to the force and condition of Kentucky. The prisoner very candidly declared his inability to answer the question, observing, that he was merely a private, and that his great business had heretofore been to endeavor to take care of himself—which he had found a work of no small difficulty. With this answer Druyer appeared satisfied, as he ceased questioning him.

His condition at Detroit was not unpleasant. His battered body and broken arm were quickly repaired, and his emaciated form again clothed with a proper proportion of flesh. He remained working for the garrison on half pay, from October, 1777, until June, 1778, when he meditated an escape, with the assistance of Mrs. Harvey, the wife of an Indian trader. Kenton sounded two men, who had been taken with Boone. at the Blue Licks. They readily agreed to

INDIAN SCALP DANCE. 47

accompany him, but it was necessary that they should have arms for their protection and to provide themselves with provisions. On the third of June, a large party of Indians arrived at Detroit, and preparatory to getting drunk, they had a grand scalp dance. They stacked their guns near Mrs. Harvey's house. This lady stole silently out, selected three of the best looking, and hid them in her garden. Avoiding all observation, she hastened to Kenton, and informed him of her success. She had previously collected some food and ammunition necessary in their adventure. At midnight, Kenton and his two companions, proceeded to the garden, where Mrs. Harvey was waiting to deliver the guns and ammunition. Taking an affectionate leave of Kenton, with many wishes for his safety, she urged him to be gone. Heaping blessings and thanks on her, he left her; he never saw her afterwards—nor did he ever forget her; for more than half a century afterwards, in his reveries, he said he had seen her "a thousand times sitting by the guns in the garden." After leaving Detroit, they struck out in a western direction, towards the prairies of the Wabash, avoiding the usual route of travel. At the end of thirty-three days, having suffered incredible hardships, the three adventurers, Kenton, Bullitt, and Coffer, arrived at Louisville. After remaining here a short time, Kenton proceeded to Harrod's station, where he was joyfully welcomed by his old companions. Shortly after his return, he met with his brother, John Kenton. They recognised each other; and he now learned for the first time, that Leitchman recovered from his wounds, when he resumed his family name.

In all the prominent events which occurred in the west, until the decisive campaign of Wayne, in 1794, Kenton took a prominent part. His reputation, courage, skill, and activity, were frequently required in the important events then transpiring. After the treaty of Greenville, emigrants poured into the country in large numbers. Lands rose rapidly, and Kenton was thought to be one of the wealthiest men in the country; but, alas! between the new emigrants and the lawyers, he was robbed of every acre; and what was still worse, his body was taken for debt, and imprisoned for twelve months upon the very spot where he built his first log cabin, in 1775. Kenton found the lawyers a more vindictive enemy than the Indians.

In 1802, beggared by law-suits, he removed to Urbana, Ohio; and a few years afterwards was elected brigadier-general. In 1812, he joined the Kentucky troops, under Governor Shelby, into whose family he was admitted as a privileged member, and was in the battle of the Thames. This was his last battle, and from it, he returned in obscurity and poverty to his humble cabin in the woods. In 1820, he removed to Mad river, Ohio, where he passed the remainder of his life. Four years afterwards he was allowed a pension of two hundred an forty dollars a year. Kenton lived in his quiet and obscure home to the age of eighty-one, when, in sight of the place where the Indians, fifty-eight years before, proposed to torture him to death, he breathed his last, surrounded by his family and neighbors, and supported by the consolations of the gospel, which he had embraced some years previously.

The following description of Kenton, is by one who often shared with him in the dangers of the wood and the fight: He was of a fair complexion, six feet one inch in height. He stood and walked erect; and, in the prime of life, weighed about one hundred and ninety pounds. He was not inclined to be corpulent, although of sufficient fullness to form a graceful person. He had a soft, tremulous voice, very pleasing to the hearer. He had laughing grey eyes, which appeared to fascinate the beholder, and dark auburn hair. He was a pleasant, good-humored, and obliging companion. When excited or provoked to anger, which was seldom the case, the fiery glance of his eye would almost curdle the blood of those with whom he came in contact. His rage, when roused, was a tornado. In his dealings, he was perfectly honest.

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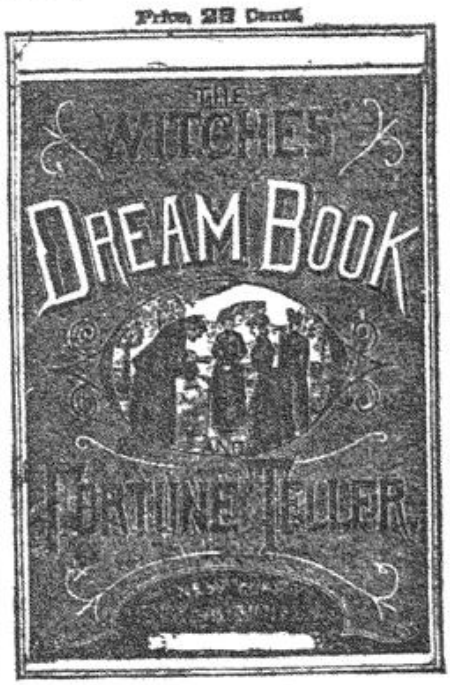

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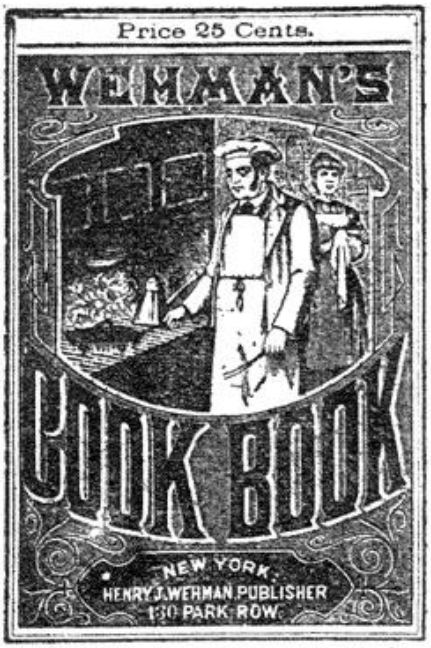

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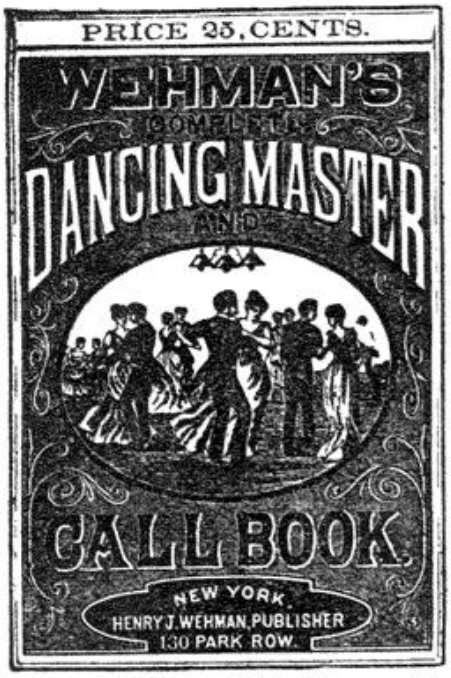

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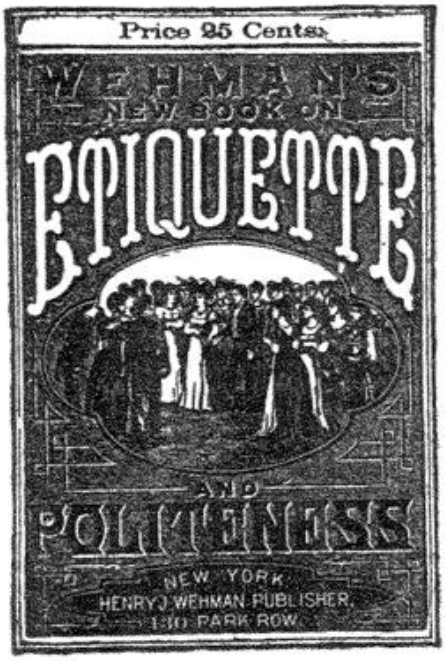

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