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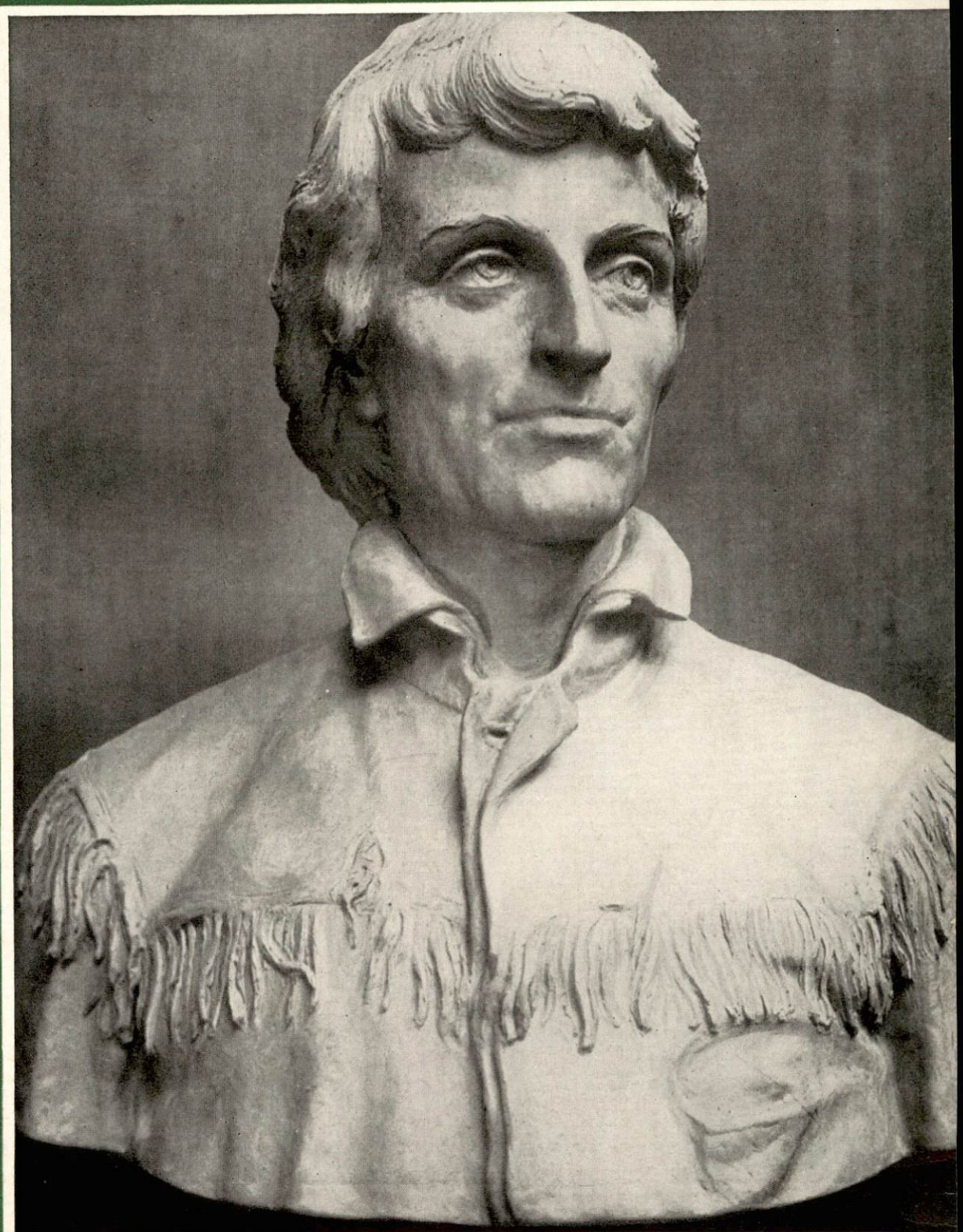

Daniel Boone Bicentennial Edition

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE KENTUCKY PROGRESS COMMISSION

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KENTUCKY PROGRESS COMMISSION

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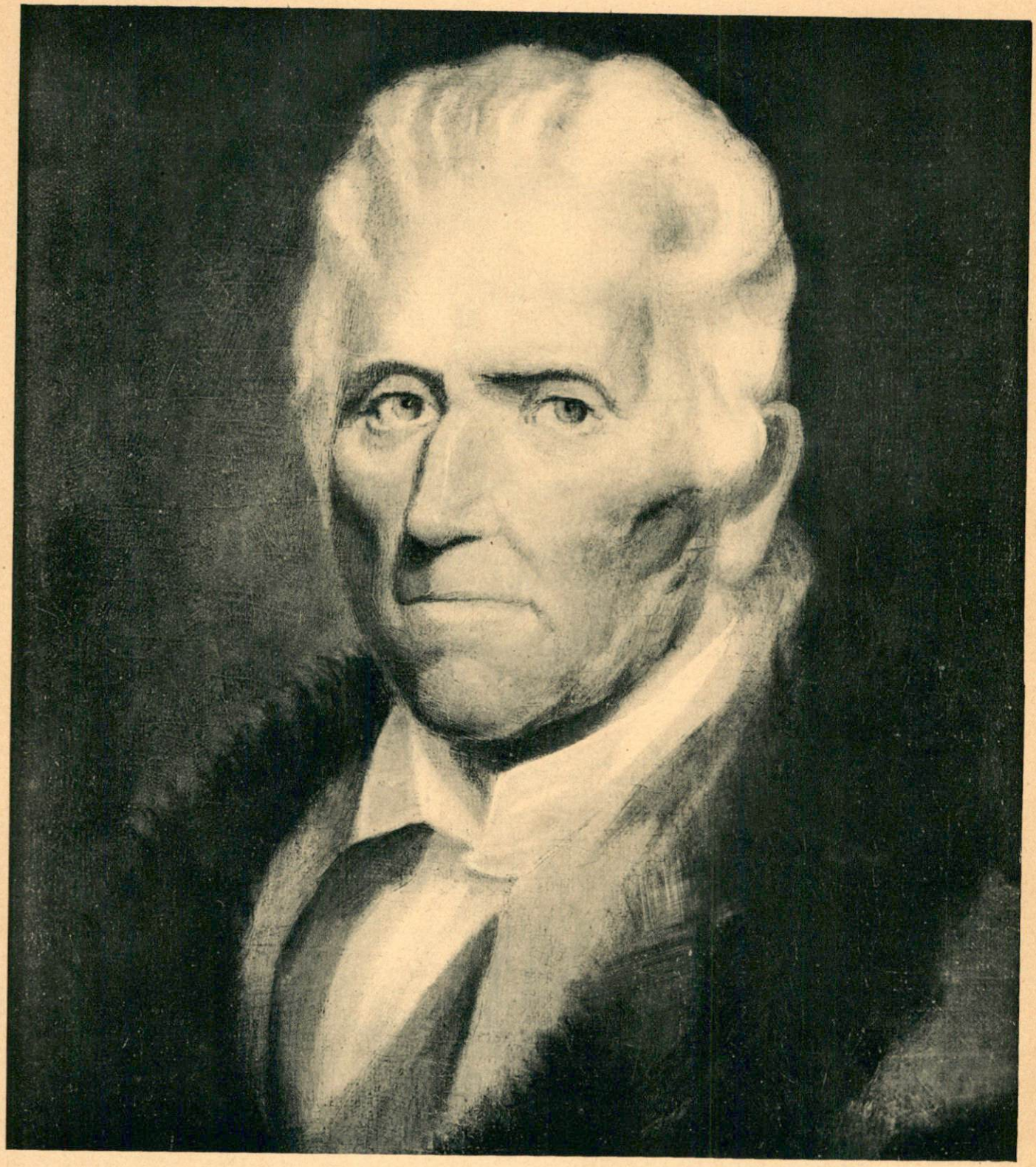
The cover photograph, used by courtesy of the Kentucky State Historical Society, shows the bust of Daniel Boone in the Hall of Fame, University of New York.



This photograph of the portrait is by the Frick Art Reference Library

Daniel Boone

This portrait of Daniel Boone was painted by Chester Harding, who went to Missouri for the express purpose of seeing the old pioneer in his own home. It is said that while there he painted three portraits. He gave this one to his artist friend, Matthew Jouett. Jouett afterwards gave it to his friend, Mrs. Nannette B. Smith of Lexington. It was subsequently owned by Mr. H. C. Pindell, Mr. E. T. Halsey and Miss Mary Lafon. The present owner is Mr. Lafon Allen.

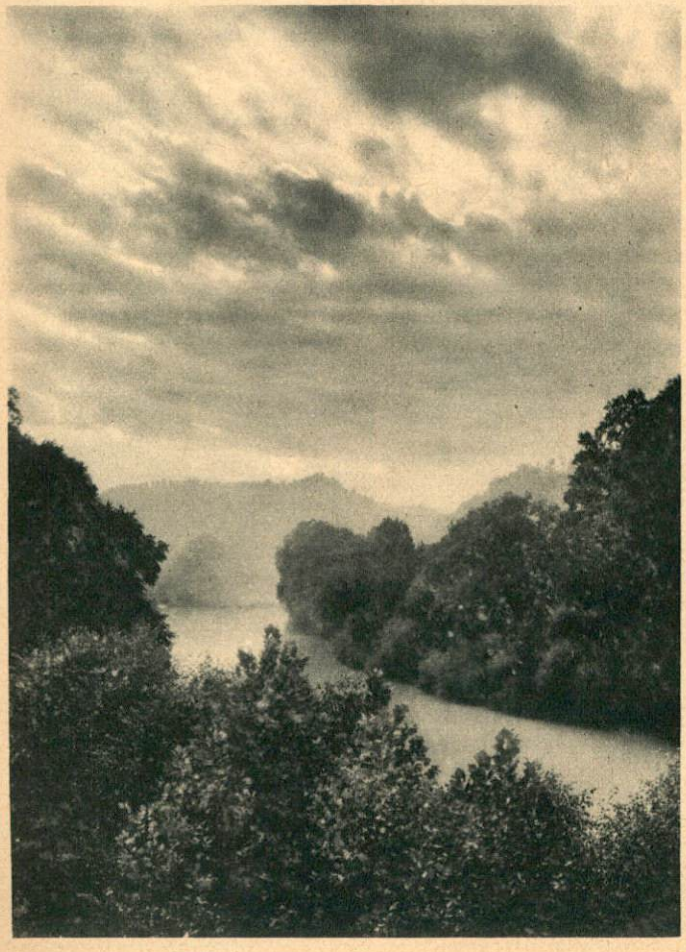
Pioneers' Paradise

"On the 7th of June, after traveling through a mountainous wilderness, in a western direction, we found ourselves on Red River, where John Finley had formerly been trading with the Indians, and, from the top of an eminence, saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucke. For sometime 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 reconnoiter the country. We found abundance of wild beasts in this vast forest. . . . The buffaloes were more numerous than cattle on other settlements, browsing on the leaves of the cane, or cropping the herbage on those extensive plains. We saw hundreds in a drove; and the numbers about the salt springs were amazing. . . .

"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 diverted with numberless animals, presenting themselves perpetually to our view. . . .

"In March, 1771, I returned home to my family, being determined to bring them as soon as possible, at the risk of my life and fortune, to reside in Kentucke which I esteemed a second paradise."—*Boone's Narrative* from Filson's *Kentucke.*

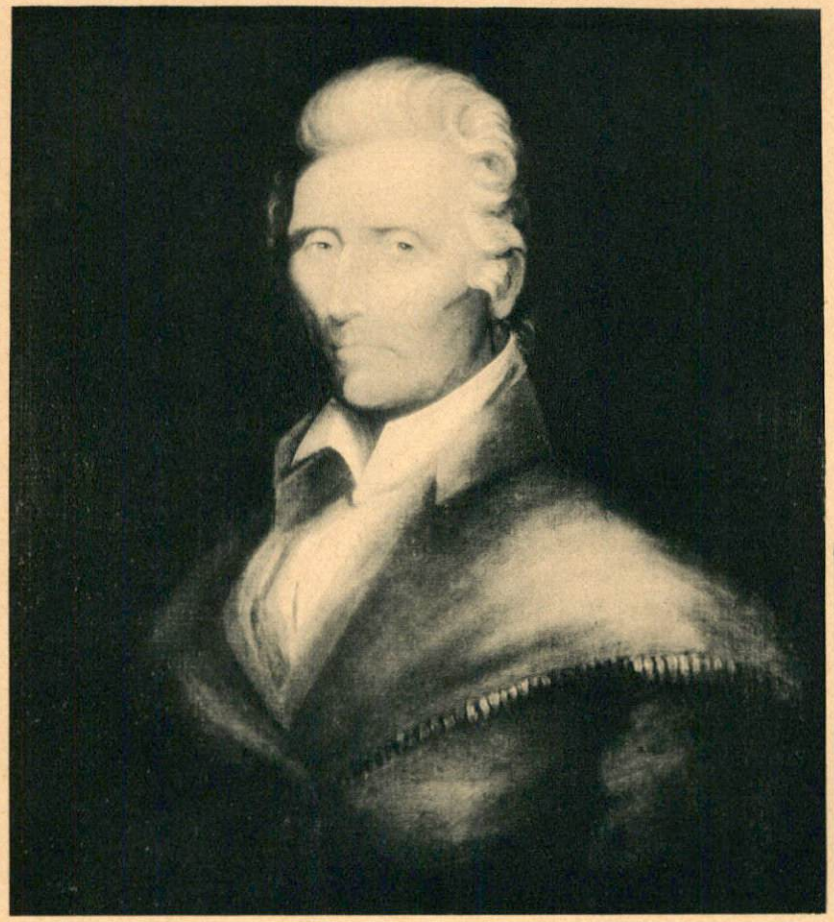
Photos Copyrighted by Caufield & Shook



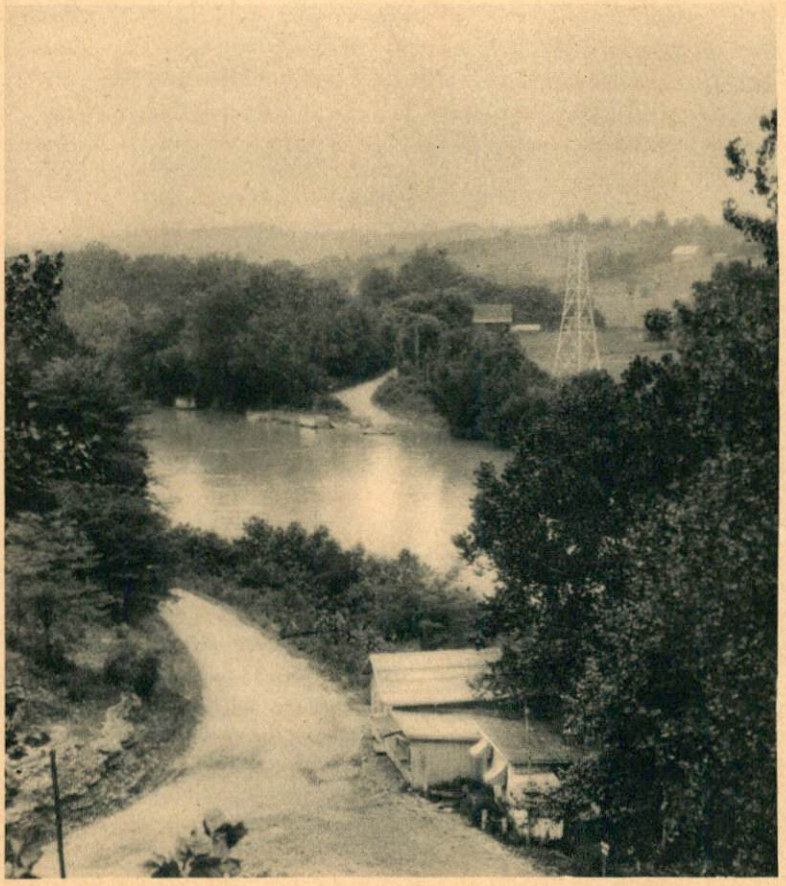
"Yea, it is a good land, the most extraordinary that ever I knew. Meadow and woodland as far as eye can behold. Beauteous tracts in a great scope, miles. A fine river makes a bound to it on the north, and another fine river flows far to the west, another boundary. To the east is a boundary of rugged mountains. And set above the mountains is a great cliff wall that stands across the way. Yea, you would know you had come to the country of Caintuck when you saw that place. A cliff wall makes a steep barrier across your path beyond any man's strength to climb. But high up in the mountains cut in the cliff, is a gate. I was in and out of it for years to peer out the land and to spy its wonders. I walked far there. All the fore part of one year and on until summer came I hunted beyond the Chenoa River."

"The Author of Nature has point-blank made a promise land" . . . "A place fitted to nurture a fine race, a land of promise". . . .

"But the country is like paradise. Rich cane. Trees all in blowth in the spring-o'-the-year. Like paradise it is, so beautiful and good."—*The Old Hunter* and *Thomas Hall* in Elizabeth Madox Roberts' *The Great Meadow.*



Portrait of Daniel Boone painted by Chester Harding. Original portrait in The Filson Club.



—Photographs by Olivia C. Gardner

Above, the Wilderness Road marker, Court House Square, Richmond. Left, a view of the cross roads at Boonesborough. The road across the river leads down to the old ferry, and on the left is the location of the fort. Both roads leading this way go under the memorial bridge.

The Fame *of* Daniel Boone

From an address given before the Kentucky State Historical Society

By LOUISE PHELPS KELLOGG

Author of Early Narratives of the Northwest, American Colonial Charter, The French Regime in Wisconsin, etc.

IN 1819 a western artist, Chester Harding, set out from St. Louis to visit the old pioneer, Daniel Boone, and paint a portrait of him. "I had much trouble," Harding wrote, "in finding his home. The nearer I approached the home of the old man the less interest was felt by his neighbors." And yet at this time Boone was the subject of a biography which was widely known in England and America and had been translated into French; his career had been made the subject of one long poem, the "Mountain Muse," and was soon to attract the attention of the foremost poet of his age, George Gordon Lord Byron who pronounced him "happiest among mortals anywhere." Harding further relates that when he found Boone at last "his astonishment of learning of my errand was very great." Thus in his Missouri retreat Daniel Boone lived a quiet life unnoted by his neighbors, unaware of his fame.

Judge David Todd who knew him at this time characterizes him as "a plain gentlemanly man, good memory, mild and equable—no ruffian—nor did he partake as far as I have seen, of the slovenly backwoods character. His fondness for his gun and trap and scouring the woods for discovery continued till the last and his friends, by strategem had to prevent his indulgence when too debilitated to encounter them. He was indifferent to the affairs of the world . . . and told me that what lands he had secured had proved an injury rather than a benefit . . . that he abandoned Kentucky in despair of ever enjoying any land there."

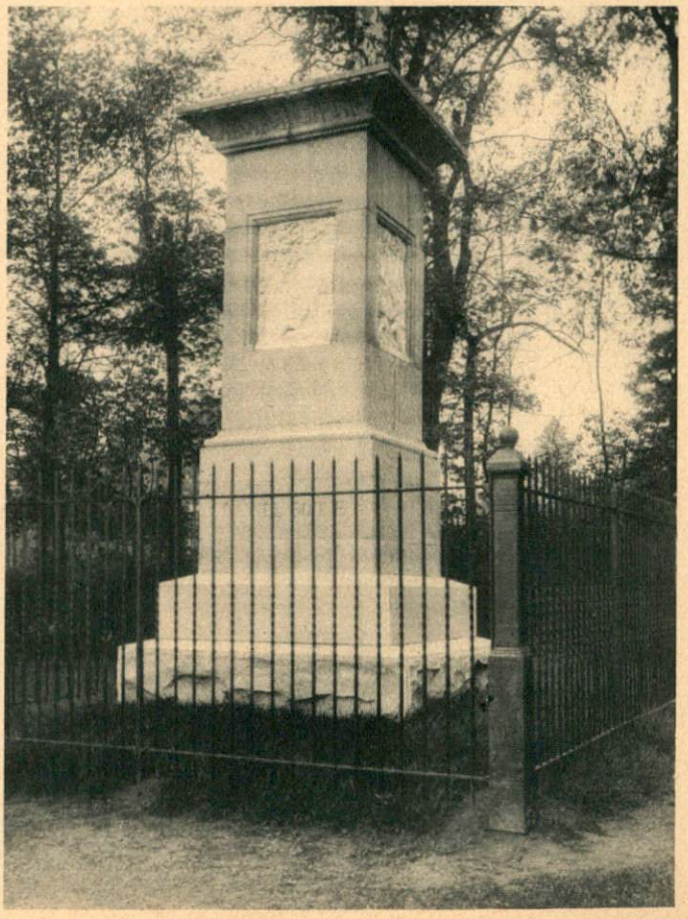
How did it come to pass that this backwoodsman, old and poor, an exile from the scene of his early adventures, has become the typical pioneer of western expansion? That his fame is coextensive with early Kentucky and that he more than any other is regarded as the explorer and founder of this State?. . . .

We all admit that many hunters and explorers had penetrated to Kentucky before Boone set foot upon its soil, and on June 7, 1769 "saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucke." We also admit that his settlement at Boonesborough was not the first in this lovely land of Transylvania, that other pioneers were as skillful hunters as Boone, that his was not a great career like that of George Rogers Clark carved out of the wilderness with daring and courage beyond that of others. All these admissions, however, fail to dim the fame of Boone or make him any the less today the typical frontiersman, the protagonist of the Western movement, the "complete and admirable specimen of the class."

Let us see if we can discover the traits of Boone that make him admirable in our eyes today. One was his love of solitude. "I was happy," he told Filson, "in the midst of dangers and inconveniences. In such a diversity it was impossible that I should be disposed to melancholy. No populous city, with all the varieties of commerce and stately structure, could afford so much pleasure to my mind as the beauties of nature I found here." Or, as William Gilmore Simms has phrased his idea of Boone alone in the wilderness: "Beauty came to him with Terror looking over her shoulder. The wilderness was charming to the senses and the mind, but its thickets of green concealed the painted and ferocious savage." This combination of beauty and terror exalts our imagination and makes of Boone a figure apart. He himself phrased his idea of happiness in more simple language, "but three things are requisite to constitute a man perfectly happy—a good gun, a good horse, and a good wife."

Other traits that all who knew him mention were his moderation and self control. He always spoke in a soft, low voice; he never boasted and while willing to relate his adventures to his friends and relatives, he made no great stories of them. In times of greatest danger he was cool and collected. It is well known that had his advice been accepted, the disaster at Blue Licks would never have occurred. "He was solid in mind as in body," writes Dr. C. C. Graham, "never thoughtless or agitated, but was always quiet, meditative and impressive, unpretentious, kind and friendly in his manners. He came very much up to the idea we have of the old Grecian philosophers, par-

The Boone Monument in Frankfort Cemetery.
—Photo by Cusick



John Filson's Map of Kentucke

A Filson Club Publication

ticularly Diogenes." Despite certain carelessness about land matters, no one ever impugned Boone's integrity. In 1780 he was carrying to the land office in Virginia a large amount of money belonging to others for entering fees when he was robbed at a wayside inn. Colonel Thomas Hart wrote at the time: "I feel more for poor Boone, whose character I am told suffers by it. Much degenerate must the people of this age be, when amongst them are to be found men to censure and blast the character and reputation of a person so just and upright, and in whose breast is a seat of virtue too pure to admit of a thought so base and dishonorable. I have known Boone in times of old, when poverty and distress had him fast by the hand, and in these wretched circumstances, I ever found him a noble and generous soul, despising every thing mean."

Even earlier than this during the excitement caused by the raids preceding the battle of Point Pleasant, John Floyd wrote his benefactor, William Preston, "Boone has more influence than any man now disengaged; and you know what Boone has done for me . . . for which reason I love the man.

"Boone had very little of the *war* spirit. He never liked to take life and always avoided it when he could. He is a type of the better class of our Western pioneers, mild, gentle, humane, generous, and hospitable to a fault—"

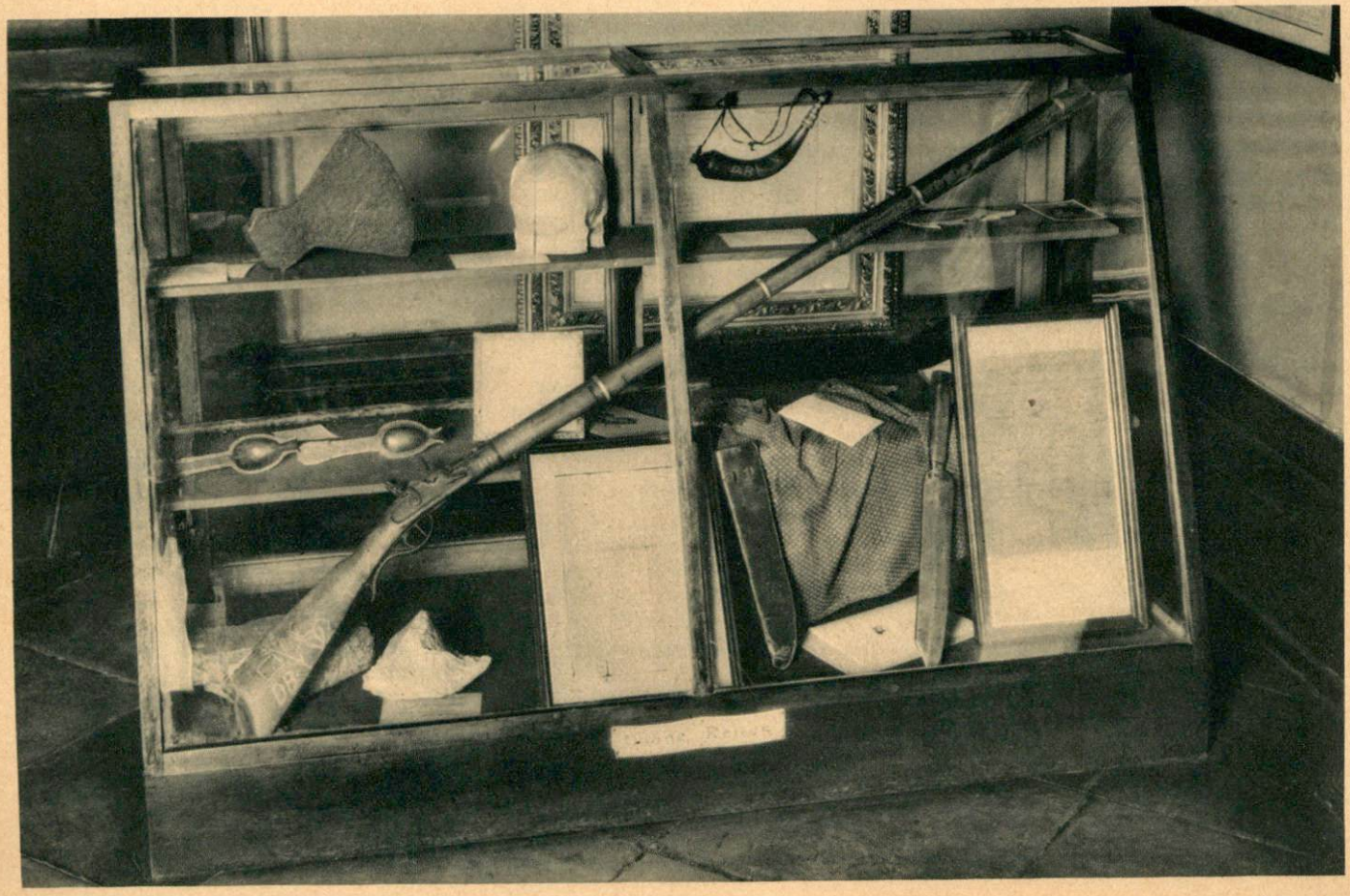
These are some of the traits that have made Boone dear to the hearts of Americans everywhere and that have brought him fame as the typical pioneer of his day. And who shall say that that fame is undeserved?

Although known to Kentuckians and the pioneers themselves from the time he cut the Wilderness Road and led his band of forerunners to the site of Boonesborough, it was not until the events of 1778 that Boone's fame had any vogue in the country at large. In that year he was captured early in February by a Shawnee band and taken to their village "Old Chillicothe on the Little Miami;" thence he escaped to warn the inhabitants of Boonesborough of the approach of a British force of soldiers and Indians. Then followed his heroic if fantastic defense of that place ultimately successful in repulsing the invaders. Then came his unanimous acquittal by court martial that tested his loyalty to the cause of America. Henceforward he was known as the "famous partisan Captain Boone. . . ."

The fame of Boone has been perpetuated and is still vital. His name has been cleared from gross misstatements and unthinking eulogy, and he is shown in his true light. In closing I quote from an unpublished work on *Representative Americans* by the late Carl Russell Fish of the University of Wisconsin:

"Essentially Boone was a genius and a happy one. Poised in boyhood between Philadelphia and the wilderness, he chose the latter and he never regretted his choice. . . . His first distinction, however, lay in his skills, those skills adapted to his chosen way of life. . . . He went about 'for to see and to admire.' Without questioning it he loved nature in all its parts, and in his talk, slight as was his vocabulary, he dwelt more on *beauty* than on *fertility*. He was essentially a poet, but his technique was in adaptation to his environment rather than expression. . . ."

The Boone relics—
Kentucky State Historical Society.



Enid Yandell's statue of Daniel Boone (left) in Cherokee Park, Louisville, calls to mind the conversation of Boone and Diony in Elizabeth Madox Roberts' *The Great Meadow:* "I never was lost. I was bewildered right bad once for as much as a week," said Boone, "but not lost. I never felt lost the whole enduren time." "You always felt at home in the world," Diony said.

From the peak above Cumberland Gap (below) the tourist likes to imagine himself Daniel Boone blazing the trail to Kentucky.

A Patriotic Pilgrimage that Followed Daniel Boone Into Kentucky

By LEO A. BORAH

Following excerpts with permission from copyrighted article published in the June, 1934, issue of the National Geographic Magazine, official journal of the National Geographic Society, with headquarters in Washington, D. C.

TO COMMUNE in spirit with the makers of the Nation, to recapture the poignancy of outstanding events in American history on the scenes where they were enacted, to trace again the path of Daniel Boone and the plodding ox teams that bore the pioneers to the winning of the West, and to refresh mind and body in three glorious national recreation areas, motor over the new Eastern National Park-to-Park Highway.

Three weeks of leisurely driving will accomplish the journey from the zero milestone in Washington, through the loveliest parts of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky and West Virginia—from Washington's Mount Vernon to Lincoln's birthplace, near Hodgenville, Kentucky, and back to the starting point, on paved roads that unroll the scroll of history and wind through Shenandoah, Great Smoky Mountains and Mammoth Cave National Parks. It is a trip to stir the blood of the patriot and invite the soul of the Nature lover. . . .

After a night in Knoxville we hurried on toward Cumberland Gap, needle's-eye gateway to Kentucky. We were on the trail of the pioneers, and my pulse quickened as our road climbed toward the famous eyrie from which Dr. Thomas Walker, and after him Daniel Boone, looked into what to them was a Promised Land. . . .

Over this trail had come the Boones, the Walkers, the Todds, the Clays, the Lincolns, and a host of others. Twenty thousand settlers had passed the gap in a single summer. It was the high tide of westward expansion. . . .

From the town of Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, it is a short drive on an easy grade to the gap. However, as our car climbed the height, my thoughts were of the toiling ox teams that followed dim buffalo trails over the same way at the close of the 18th century. . . .

The highway deviates little from the Wilderness Trail. We drove into the gap and on up a series of switch-backs to the summit of the Pinnacle, whence on a clear day six states are visible.

To me our coming to Cumberland Gap was the supreme thrill of the trip thus far. I stood on the Pinnacle, perhaps on the very spot, to which, just at the beginning of the last century, my own great-grandfather had climbed to look for Indians while his family and friends waited anxiously before daring to pitch camp below. . . .

Daniel Boone's son James was killed within twelve miles of Cumberland Gap, in 1773, when Indians attacked a party of four families the great woodsman was leading into Ken-

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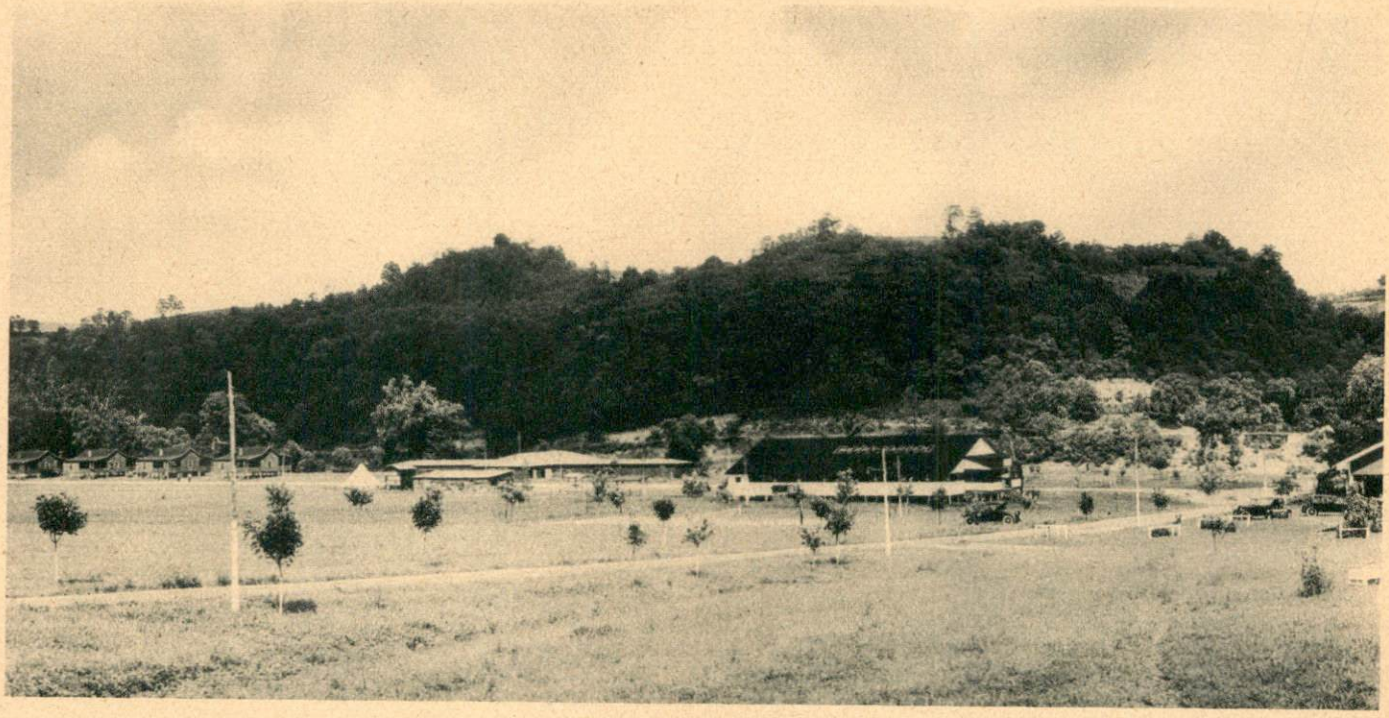
Cumberland Gap. Up to this pass pioneers toiled with long trains of ox teams — the Walkers, Boones, Todds, Clays, Lincolns and a host of others.

© N. G. S. Photograph by Edwin L. Wisherd



The Passing of the Years at Boonesborough

Above, Boonesborough today is a setting for summer hotels and cottages. Below, later, sycamores filled the hollow where the first huts stood. Here the Transylvania Legislature met and the treaty was made with the Indians and British.

The Daniel Boone Bicentennial Celebration

September 3, 1934 Will Bring Many Visitors to Boonesborough

By J. T. DORRIS

EARLY in 1934 the General Assembly of Kentucky passed a resolution creating a commission to promote and direct a fitting celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Daniel Boone. The movement culminating in the passage of this measure was promoted by certain citizens of Richmond and Lexington, who felt that the fame of the great pioneer warranted special recognition on the bicentennial of his nativity: (Boone was born on November 2, 1734.) The resolution provided for fifteen commissioners to be appointed by the Governor, who was to be ex-officio member of the commission. The measure carried no appropriation and the commissioners, who were to serve without compensation, were authorized to raise funds for the "celebration and the participation therein by subscriptions, donations, contributions, and other legal means. . . ."

The general program of the Commission has two aspects. The first is an appropriate observance of the bicentennial of the birth of Daniel Boone during the current year, and the second is the development of National monuments at Boonesborough and other historic places in Kentucky where Boone was conspicuous in some way. September 3, 1934, (Labor Day) has been set as the day for the celebration of the birth of Boone. At this time a homecoming of all Kentuckians is expected and an all day program will be held at Boonesborough. The President of the United States, the Ambassadors of Great Britain, Canada and France, the Governors of the Boone States (Pennsylvania, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Missouri, Indiana and Kentucky), and other distinguished persons will be invited to be present. A United States Army band is expected to furnish the music and a detachment of the National Guard will police the grounds.

Another feature of the 1934 celebration is the Commission's endorsement for publication of books pertaining to Daniel Boone or pioneer history in Kentucky. Three of such publications are ready for distribution. They are "Adventures of Colonel Daniel Boone, from John Filson's History of Kentucky" and "The Boone Narrative," edited by Dr. Willard Rouse Jillson, and "A Glimpse at Historic Madison County and Richmond, Kentucky," by Dr. J. T. Dorris. Two other works, endorsed by the Commission, whose publication is expected soon, are "The Transylvania Colony," by Dr. William Steward Lester, and "The Settlement of the Kentucky Appalachian Highlands," by Dr. Virginia Clay McClure. The August, 1934, KENTUCKY PROGRESS MAGAZINE which has wide circulation throughout the United States, is the Daniel Boone Bicentennial Edition and the September, 1934, number of the *Kentucky School Journal* will be devoted to Daniel Boone and the Bicentennial. Civic organizations and schools throughout the State will observe the great pioneer's birth. The Commission has caused to be made a large quantity of Daniel Boone Bicentennial buttons, which are being sold to aid in defraying immediate expenses.

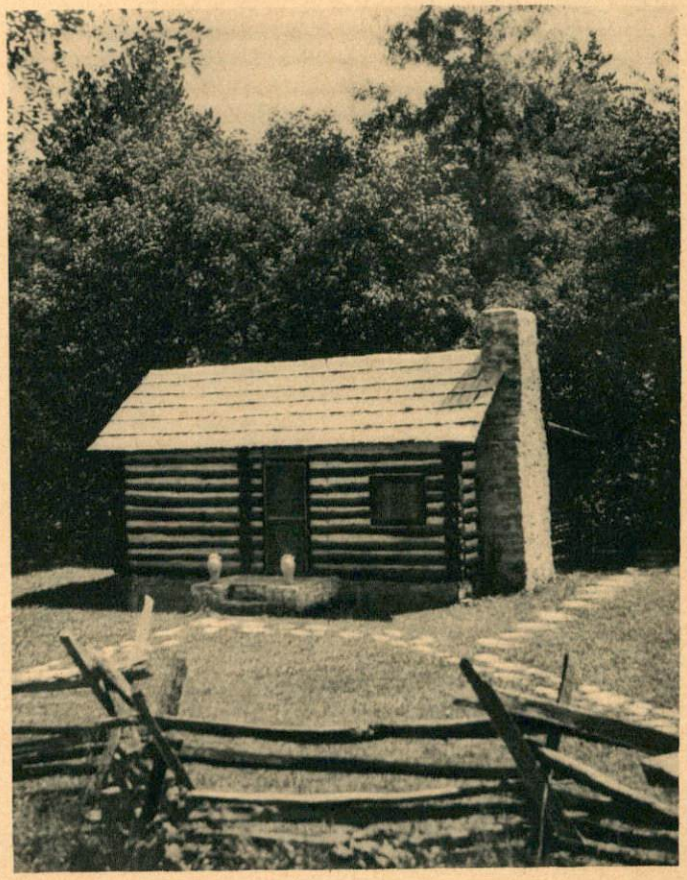
But the most important phase of the Daniel Boone Bicentennial is the movement to establish National monuments (or parks) at Boonesborough, Boone's Station, Bryan's Station, and Blue Licks Battlefield. To carry out this program and to finance the Bicentennial celebration the Commission encouraged Congress to pass a law providing for the minting of 600,000 Daniel Boone Bicentennial souvenir half dollars, which will be sold at a premium and the proceeds used by the Commission.

The Commission also secured the passage of another law by Congress, which provides, "That when title to the sites of Fort Boonesborough, Boone's Station, Bryan's Station, and Blue Licks Battlefield, in the State of Kentucky, comprising noncontiguous tracts to be united by a Memorial Highway, together with such historical structures and remains thereon, as may be designated by the

(*Continued on page* 193)

One of the summer cottages on the river near Boonesborough.

—Photograph by Olivia C. Gardner



© *Caufield & Shook*

At the left is the Daniel Boone monument, made of native stones, at Cumberland Gap. Below is the trail along Cumberland River through Pine Mountain Gap over which Daniel Boone passed on his way from North Carolina to Kentucky in 1775.

Daniel Boone and the American Pioneer

By ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

Author of "Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Trail", "The Life and Times of Richard Henderson", "The Conquest of the Old Southwest", "The Star of Empire", Washington's Southern Tour", etc., etc.

"In the future, I dare say, the pioneer will displace the Puritan and the Pilgrim, the Cavalier and the planter, as the true progenitor of present America and the most characteristic type in our democracy."

Some to endure and many to fail,
Some to conquer and many to quail,
Toiling over the Wilderness Trail.

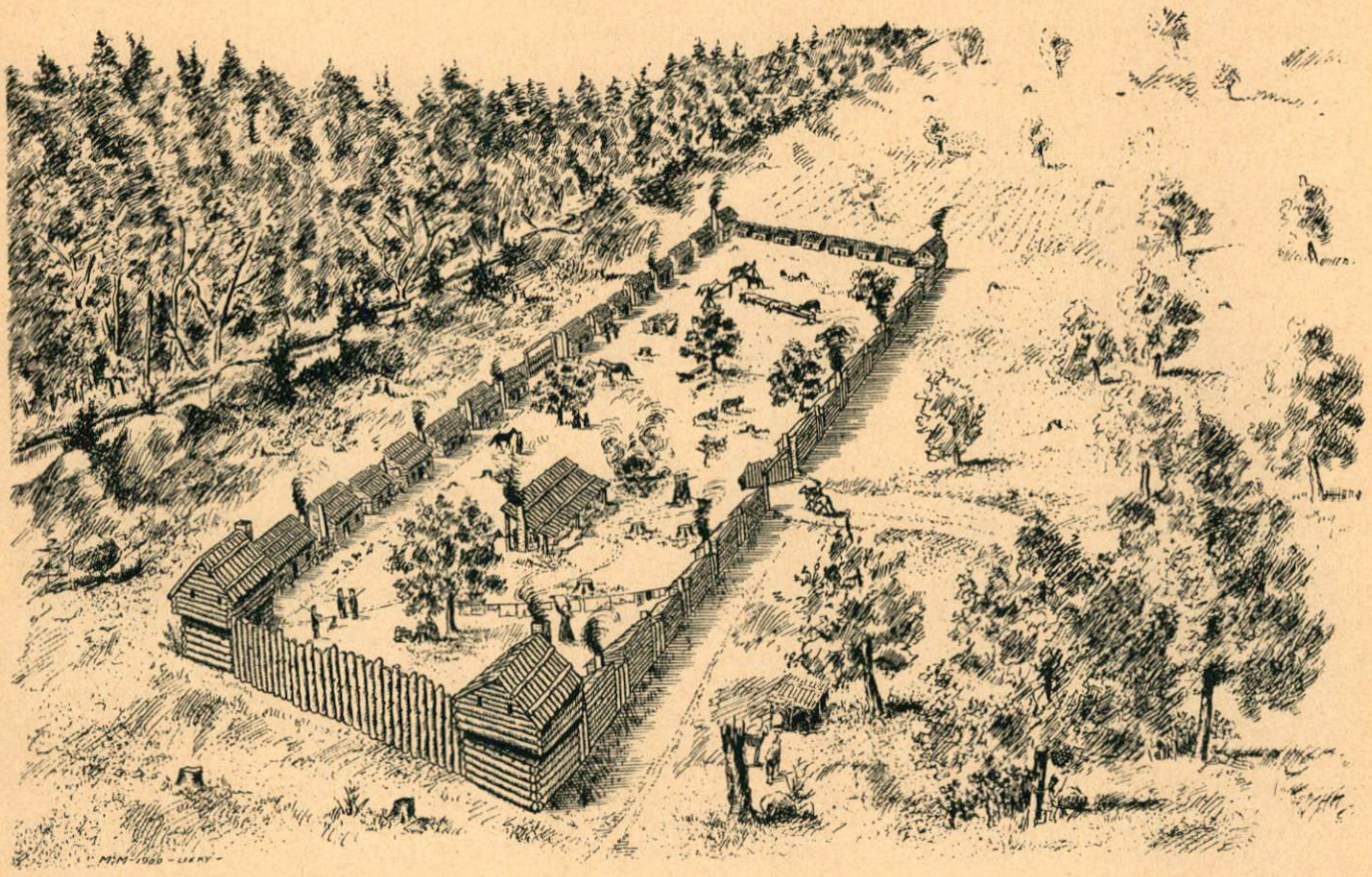
AS THE panorama of American history slowly unrolls before the gaze of posterity, with the compelling perspective defined through the patient investigations of the historian and the recreative imagination of the literary artist, the high lights in the picture tend to cluster about certain social, religious, and ethnic types. To the New-Englander, the Puritan, with staff and book, leads in the grand procession of national destiny, and Plymouth Rock looms up as the foundation-stone, the Gibraltar, of our national institutions. To the Virginian, prone to trace his origin to belted earls and ancient kings, the Cavalier, dashing, debonair, yet with an instinctive genius for government, is the characteristic figure in the national pageant. It has been wittily said that when the great fraternal crisis arose which rent this country in twain, there were not a few in self-sufficient New England and patrician South who looked upon that mighty war of brothers as a conflict of the ideals of the Lees of Virginia with the ideals of the Adamses of Massachusetts.

In November, two hundred years ago, was born one who, taken as type-figure in our national history, is more truly representative of America than the Puritan of New England or the Cavalier of Virginia. An impartial historian, Mr. Woodrow Wilson, in a public speech delivered several years ago used these words—words which, as I heard them, gained added impressiveness from the fact that they were uttered at Charlotte, North Carolina, on the twentieth of May by a Presbyterian of Scotch-Irish ancestry:

America did not come out of the South, and it did not come out of New England. The characteristic part of America originated in the Middle States of New York and Pennsylvania and New Jersey, because there from the first was that mixture of populations, that mixture of racial stocks, that mixture of antecedents which is the most singular and distinguishing mark of the United States.

Daniel Booone marker on trail at Pineville.

Reprinted from The Century Magazine



—*Courtesy of The Filson Club*

FORT BOONESBOROUGH
Just before the celebrated siege of September, 1778.

The most dramatic story which America contributes to world history is the arduous struggle, prolonged through well nigh three centuries, of the pioneer to conquer the red man, to subdue the wilderness, and to wrest civilization from savagery. In the future, I dare say, the pioneer will displace the Puritan and the Pilgrim, the Cavalier and the planter, as the true progenitor of present America and the most characteristic type in our democracy. The frontier life, with its purifying and hardening influence, bred in these pioneers intellectual and social traits which constitute the basis of American character. The single-handed and successful struggle with nature, in the tense solitude of the forest, developed a spirit of individualism, restive under control. On the other hand, the consciousness of sharing with others the arduous tasks and challenging the dangers of conquering the wilderness gave birth to a strong sense of solidarity and of human sympathy. With the lure of free lands ever before him, the pioneer developed a restlessness and a nervous energy, blended with a buoyancy of spirit, that are fundamentally American. Yet this same untrammeled freedom occasioned a disregard for law and a defiance of established government that have exhibited themselves throughout the entire course of our history. Initiative, self-reliance, boldness in conception, fertility in resource, readiness in execution, acquisitiveness, inventive genius, appreciation of material advantages—these, shot through with a certain fine idealism, genial human sympathy, and a high romantic strain, are the traits of the American national type contributed by the pioneer.

The true cradle of westward expansion was North Carolina, largely peopled by emigrants from Pennsylvania. North Carolina, with its negligible percentage of foreign elements, has been happily termed by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler the most American of the sisterhood of States. Pennsylvania was the fecund mother of an earlier migration into the old West lying east of the mountain barrier. The conjuncture of Pennsylvania and North Carolina, the redirection of the irrepressible migration from southwestward to westward, the transition from following the line of least resistance to attacking boldly the supreme obstacles of geographical barrier and embittered savage resistance—all these find their classic epitome in the monumental figure of Daniel Boone.

Seen through a glorifying halo after the lapse of a century and three quarters, he rises before us a romantic figure, poised and resolute, simple, benign, as naïve and shy as some wild thing of the primeval forest, five feet, eight inches in height, with broad chest and shoulders, dark locks, genial blue eyes arched with fair eyebrows, thin lips and wide mouth, nose of slightly Roman cast, and fair, ruddy countenance. Wrought with rude, but masterly, strength out of the hardships and vicissitudes of pioneer life, the heroic conquest of the wilderness, the mortal struggles of border warfare, this composite figure of Indian-fighter, crafty backwoodsman, and crude surveyor is emerging in our history as the type-figure in the romance of the evolution of American character.

Two great impulses gave character and significance to the progressive American civilization of the eighteenth century. The least important, the most frequently stressed, of these determinative impulses of pioneer civilization was the passionately inquisitive instinct of the hunter, the traveler, the explorer. These nomadic wanderers, these hunters in the twilight zone of the uncharted West, un-

hesitatingly taking their lives in their hands, fared boldly forth to a fabled hunter's paradise in the far-away wilderness, because they were driven by the irresistible desire of a Ponce de Leon or a De Soto to find out the truth about the unknown lands beyond.

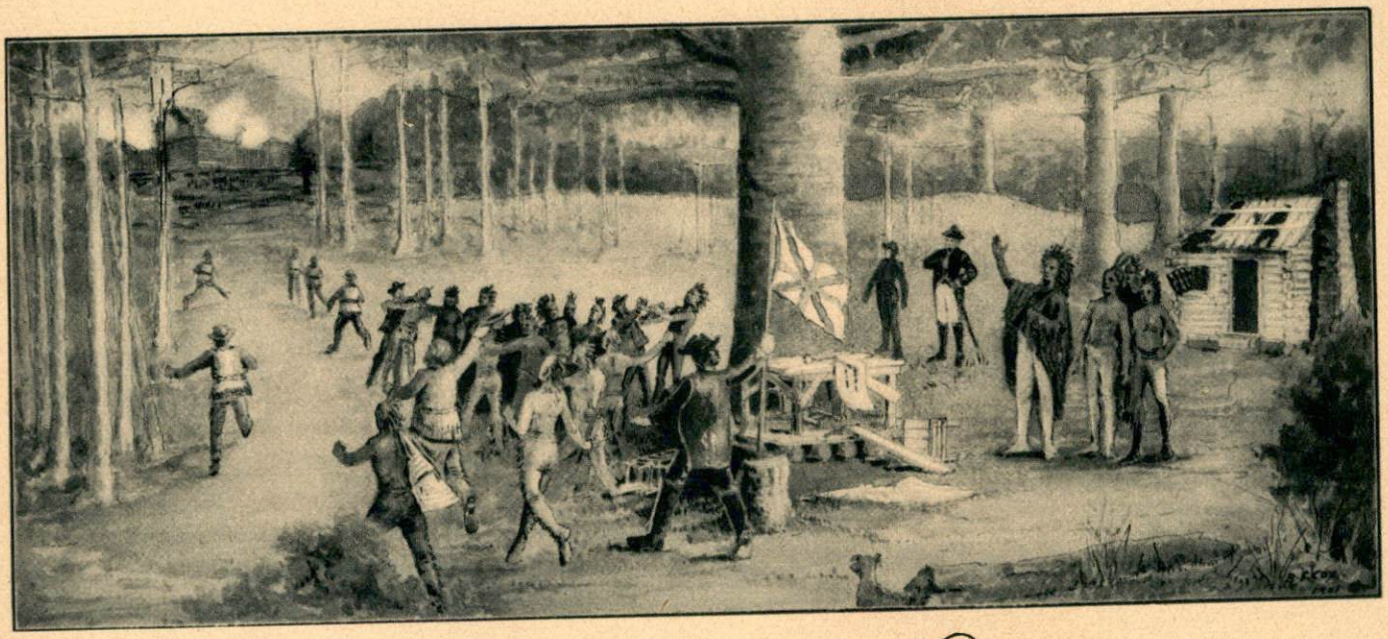
A deeper, a more primal determinative impulse even than this was the acquisitive passion of the land-seeker. Here was a vast, unappropriated region in the interior of the continent to be had for the seeking, which served as lure and inspiration to the man daring enough to risk his all in its acquisition. The pioneer promoter became a powerful creative force in westward expansion. Groups of wealthy or well-to-do persons organized themselves into land companies for the colonization and exploitation of the West. Whether acting under the authority of crown grants, or proceeding ruthlessly on their own initiative, the land companies tended to give stability and permanence to settlements otherwise hazardous and insecure.

In the elementary conception of his biographers, from the turgid Filson to the bloodless Thwaites, Daniel Boone has been apotheosized in approved scriptural fashion as the instrument of Providence, specially ordained by God, to settle the wilderness. The great scout himself shared this view, and in speaking of himself he used these striking words, "An overruling Providence seems to have watched over my life, and preserved me to be the humble instrument in settling one of the fairest portions of the new world." We shall not find the real Boone by envisaging him merely as an unsocial and nomadic figure, as unreal as an Indian from the pages of Chateaubriand, perpetually fleeing from civizilation in response to the lure of the forest and the irresistible call of the wild. Equally unsuccessful will prove the attempt to discover in Boone the creative imagination of the great colonizer and the civic genius of a founder of states.

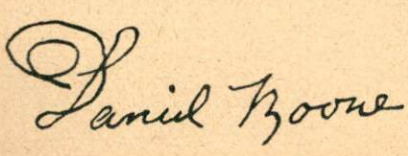
In his appeal to the Kentucky legislature in 1812, the aged scout and pathfinder says that he "may claim, without arrogance, to have been the author of the principal means which contributed to the settlement of a country on the Mississippi and its waters, which now produces the happiness of a million of his fellow-creatures and of the exploring and acquisition of a country that will make happy many millions in time to come." A larger horizon and a clearer view of our national destiny enable us today to correct the somewhat extravagant conception of the naive pioneer. Boone was supremely great in three respects, as explorer, as way-breaker, as Indian fighter. The true significance of the westward expansionist movement largely inheres in the fact that in several of his major contributions to the advance of American civilization Boone was acting as the agent of men of commercial enterprise and far-seeing political imagination, intent upon an epochal politico-economic project of colonization, promotion, and expansion.

In the light of critical investigation Boone's national contribution focuses into three genuine achievements, which embody and signalize the meaning of his career. Boone was not the discoverer of Kentucky, the "Columbus of the land." Many white men, soldiers, scouts, and hunters anticipated him in first setting foot upon the virgin soil of Kentucky. It was Boone, however, who possessed the initiative and the genius to warrant and assure the utilizing of his explorations and discoveries for the advancement of civilization. As early as 1764, certainly, Boone was placing his unrivaled knowledge, acquired through solitary hunting expeditions, at the service of the land company known as Richard Henderson & Company, organized for the purpose of studying out for speculative ends the "geography and locography" of the West. Five years later, when he made his epochal two-year exploration of the trans-Allegheny region, Boone was again acting in the interest of this same constructive and creative force in westward colonization, the great North Carolina land company. Speculative enterprise and colonial ambition looked

—Courtesy of The Filson Club



THE CLIMAX OF THE TREATY
Copies of Autographs of Boone and DeQuindre



© Caufield & Shook
The D. A. R. Memorial on site of Fort Boonesborough.

out over the oceanic expanse of Kentucky forests in 1769 through the eyes of their agents, Boone and his companions.

The second great achievement for which Boone will always be remembered is the opening up of the way to the West, that will be known to history as the Transylvania Trail. This route passed through the "high-swung gateway" of the Cumberlands, and over it Boone led the advance guard of civilization in 1775. Even in the traversing of the Ouasioto Gap, Boone was anticipated by that vagrant Celtic romancer, John Findlay, and many another trader to the remote Indian fastnesses of the Carolinas. It was the practical genius of Boone, however, the persevering and dauntless spirit of the militant explorer, which achieved the opening of the pathway to the West as a permanent highway for the transcontinenal migration of the peoples. The preliminary steps for effecting the purchase of the trans-Allegheny region from the suspicious red men; the smoothing of the way for the negotiation, by Judge Richard Henderson, of the "Great Treaty" at the Sycamore Shoals of the Watauga; and the actual clearing, through the instrumentality of thirty good axmen, of the pathway for the entrance of Kentucky—all these Daniel Boone successfully accomplished through his sagacity as a student of Indian psychology, his native shrewdness as a diplomatist, and his unrivaled knowledge as a practical explorer, geographer, and scout. Acting in the employ and under the immediate direction of the great Transylvania Company, Boone thus made a contribution that must be rated of national importance in American history—the actual opening up for settlement of that far-famed promised land of Kentucky, which had gladdened the eyes of Walker and Gist and Findlay in their tortuous wanderings a quarter of a century earlier. Of Boone, indeed, might Kipling have been thinking when he wrote in "The Foreloper:"

For he must blaze a nation's ways, with hatchet and with brand,
Till on his last-won wilderness an empire's bulwarks stand.

Last of all, and perhaps most important of all, judged by results, was the erection and defense by Boone and his fellow-pioneers of a forest castle in the heart of the West, built according to plans drawn up by Judge Richard Henderson, president of the Transylvania Company. The building of this fort was commissioned by the Tranylsvania Company for the defense of the vast territory purchased from the Cherokee. It is true that Boone was anticipated in the building, by white men, of a fortified settlement in the wilds of Kentucky. But, again, it was Boone's great achievement not only to build a fortress for the protection of the colonizers of the West, but also to lead in the successful defense of those rude palisades, and thereby to assure permanent white colonization of the West. The successful defense of the Transylvania Fort, made by the indomitable backwoodsmen under Boone and Callaway, who were lost sight of by the Continental Congress and left to fight alone their battles in the forest, was of national significance in its results. Had the Transylvania Fort fallen, the Northern Indians in overwhelming numbers, directed by Governor Hamilton and led by British officers, might well have swept Kentucky free of defenders, and fallen with devastating force upon the exposed settlements along the western frontiers of North Carolina, Virginia and Pennsylvania. This defense of Boonesborough, therefore, is deserving of commemoration in the annals of the American Revolution, along with Lexington and Bunker Hill. Coupled with Clark's meteoric campaign in the Northwest and the subsequent struggles in the defense of Kentucky, it may be regarded as an event basically responsible for the retention of the trans-Allegheny region by the United States.

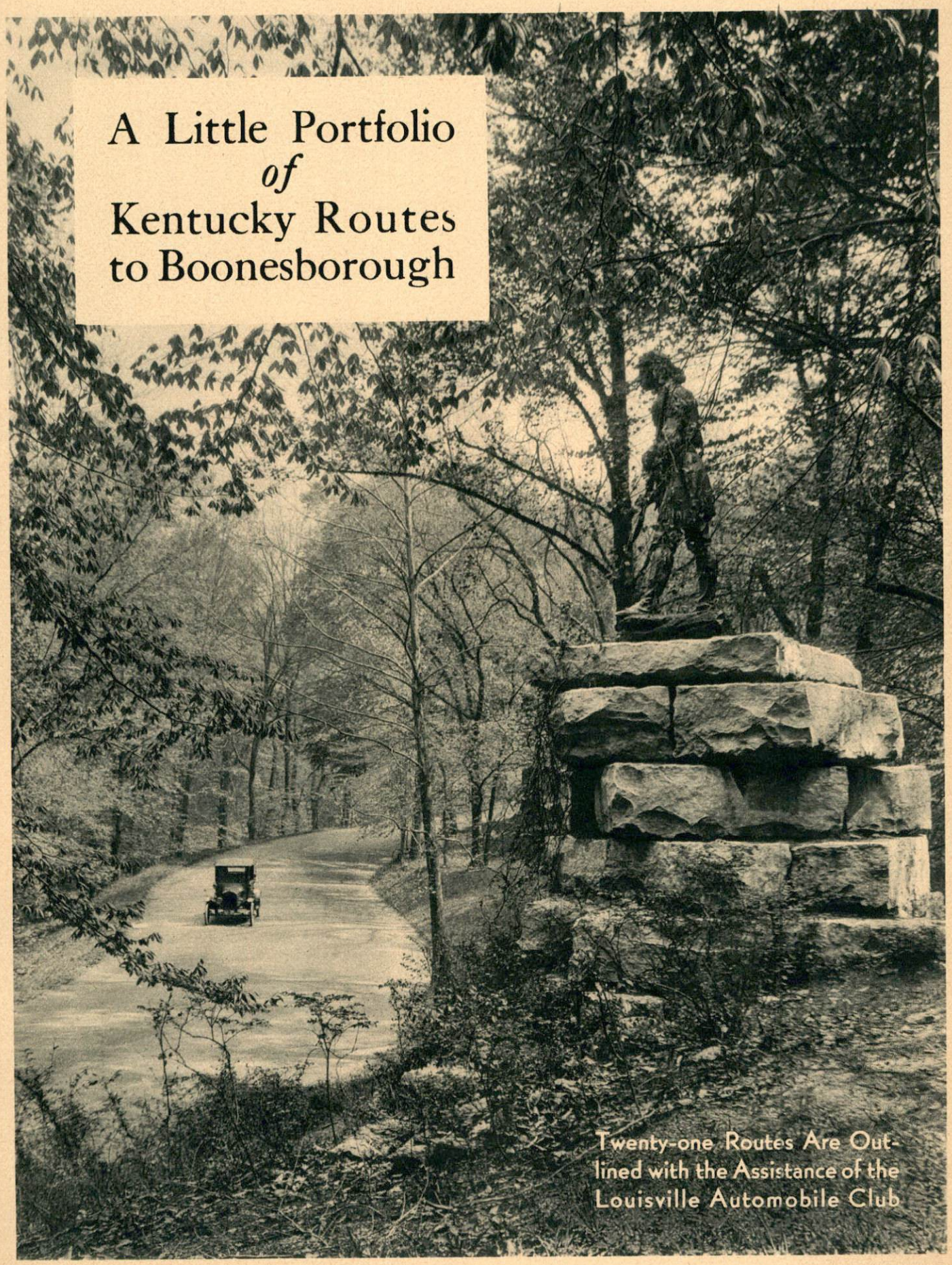
In this day, when respect for constituted government is weakening, and one hundred per cent Americanism is clamorously demanded on all sides, it is well to recall the classic American characteristics and virtues of the great pioneer who led the way in breaking ground for the discovery and evolution of the national type. I am again reminded of that speech of President Wilson's, already once quoted here, and fittingly conclude with his pertinent words concerning the early settlers of America:

"I dare say that the men who came to America then and the men who have come to America since came with a single purpose, sharing some part of the passion for human liberty which characterized the men who founded the Republic; but they came with all sorts of blood in their veins, all sorts of antecedents behind them, all sorts of traditions in their family and national life, and America has had to serve as a melting-pot for all these diversified and contrasted elements. What kind of fire of pure passion are you going to keep burning under the pot in order that the mixture that comes out may be purged of its dross and may be fine gold of untainted Americanism?

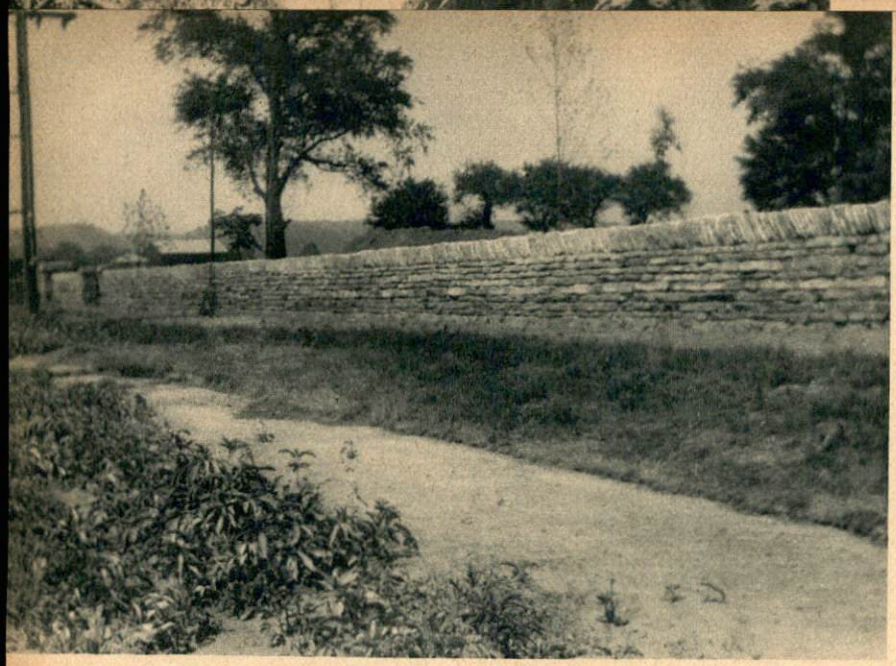
That is the supreme problem of contemporary America.

EDITOR'S NOTE: "Dr. Archibald Henderson has long been engaged in writing a biography, which he hopes to make definitive, of Daniel Boone. Anyone who owns Boone relics on data is requested to communicate with Dr. Henderson, at Chapel Hill, N. C."

A Little Portfolio *of* Kentucky Routes to Boonesborough



Twenty-one Routes Are Outlined with the Assistance of the Louisville Automobile Club



—*Tebbs & Knell*

Above, In Butler Memorial State Park, Carrollton.
Below, The courthouse, Louisville, built by Shryock.

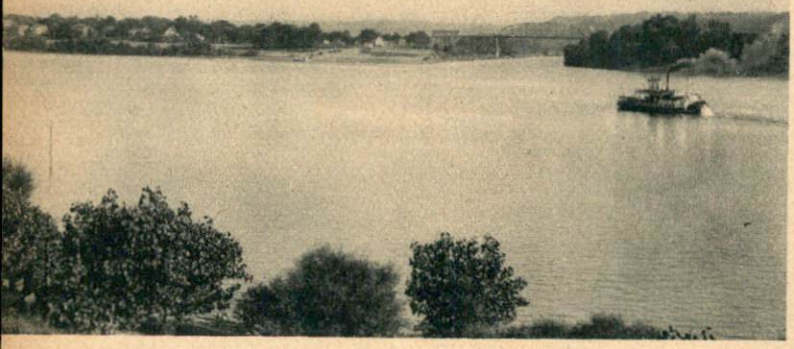
From Louisville, Carrollton and Milton

At Carrollton take US-227 for Owenton and Georgetown; then US-25 to Lexington; US-60 to Winchester; US-227 to Boonesborough. At Milton, on the Ohio, take SR-37 to New Castle and down to Frankfort. There, take either Shady Lane or US-60 to Lexington; then US-60 to Winchester and US-227 to Boonesborough. At Louisville, take US-60 to Shelbyville, Frankfort, Versailles, Lexington and Winchester; then US-227 to Boonesborough.

—*Tebbs & Knell*

Right, The stairway in the old State House, Frankfort.

Below, Looking down on Frankfort from the Boone monument.



© *Caufield & Shook*

Confluence of Kentucky and Ohio rivers at Carrollton.

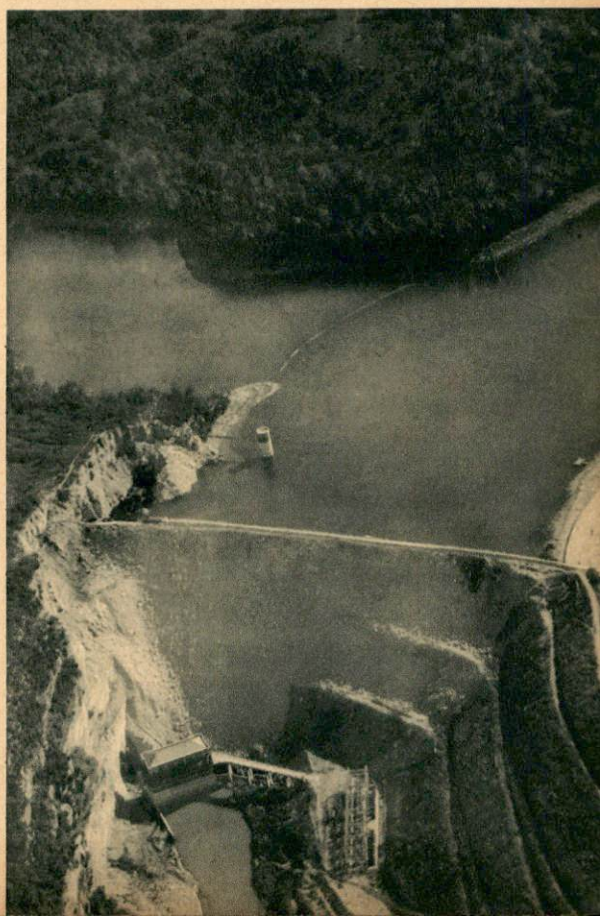
From the Tennessee Line

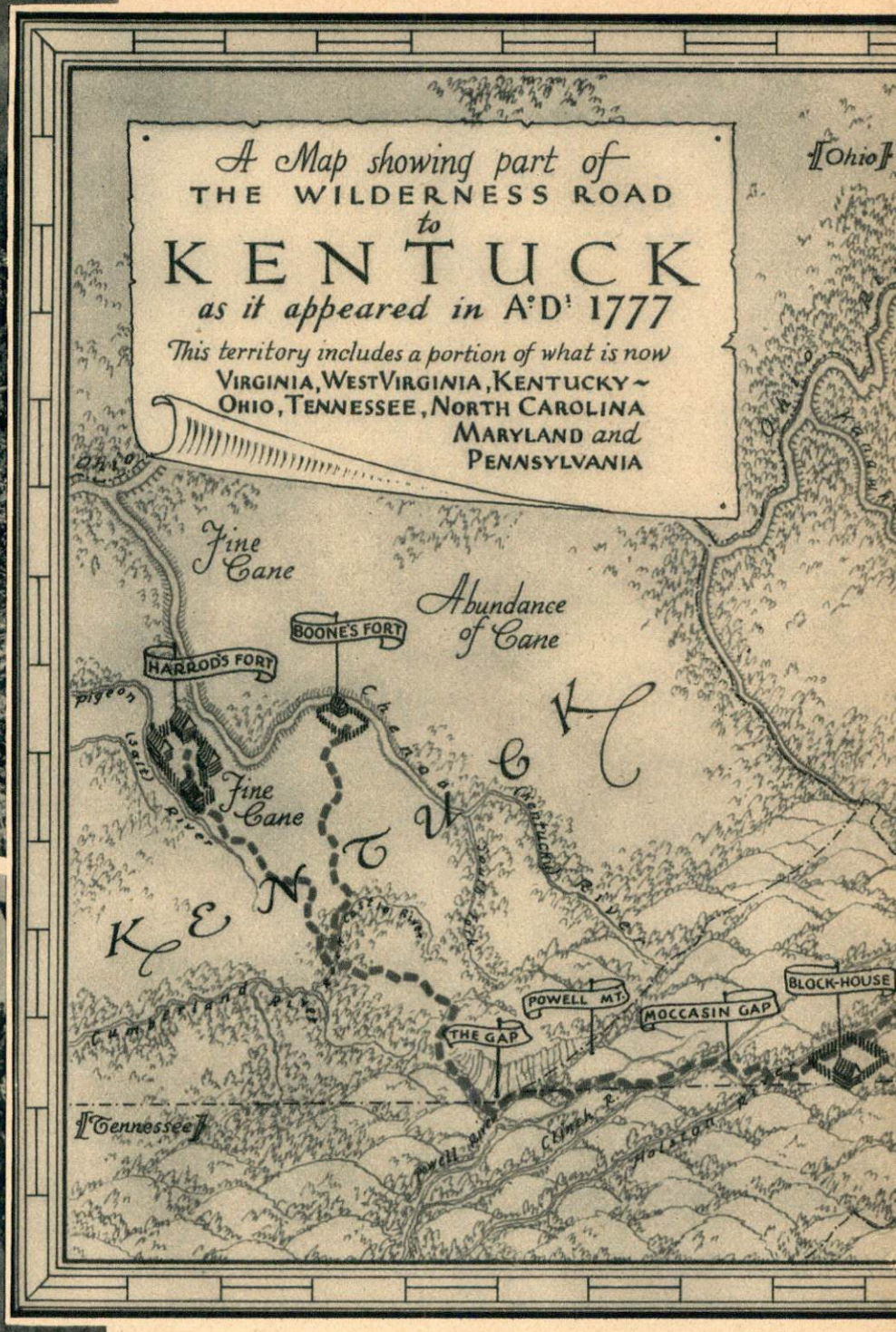
Take US-27 to Lancaster; then SR-52 to Richmond and US-227 to Boonesborough. From the Jamestown area, take SR-35 through Liberty to Hustonville, then either through Stanford to Lancaster, or go through Danville and over the Chenault bridge to Camp Dick Robinson to Lancaster, and on to Richmond by SR-52. From Albany, Burkesville and Tompkinsville travel converges at Campbellsville and continues, through Perryville, to Danville and on, as above, to Boonesborough.

At top of page is Cumberland Falls, adjacent to U. S. 27. Directly above, beautiful "Castlewood" in Richmond. At left, an interesting Gothic residence in Danville.

Right, Dix River Dam.

Below, Perryville Battlefield.





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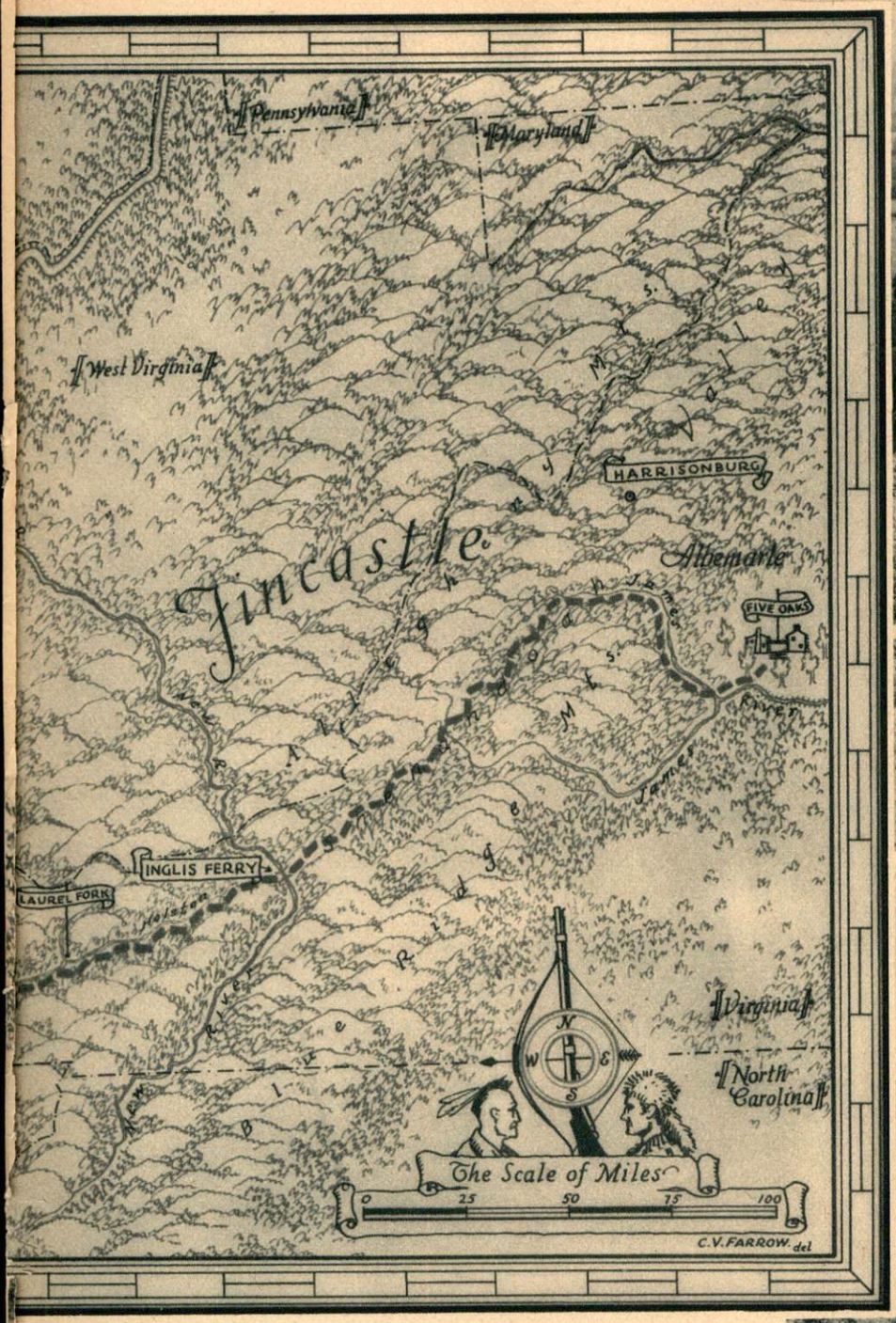

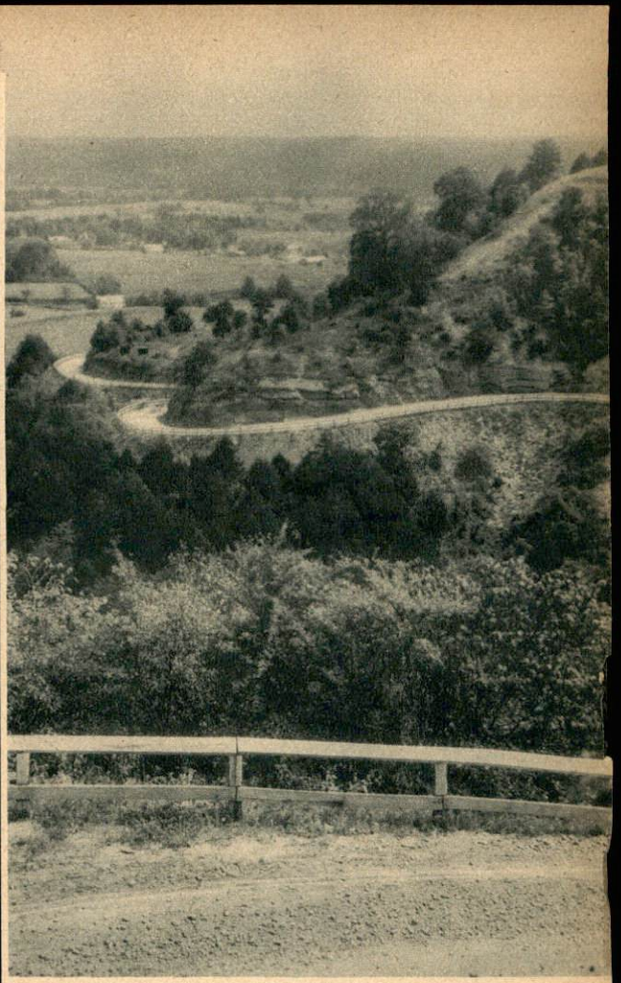

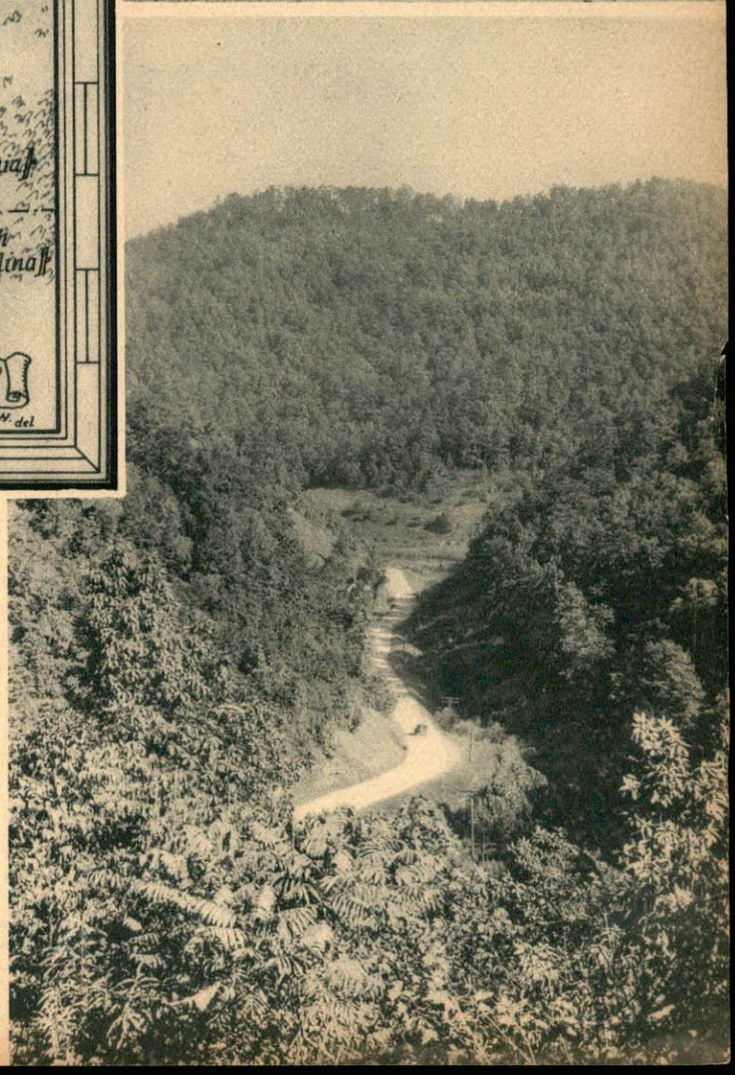

n by Vernon Farrow

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By Caufield & Shook

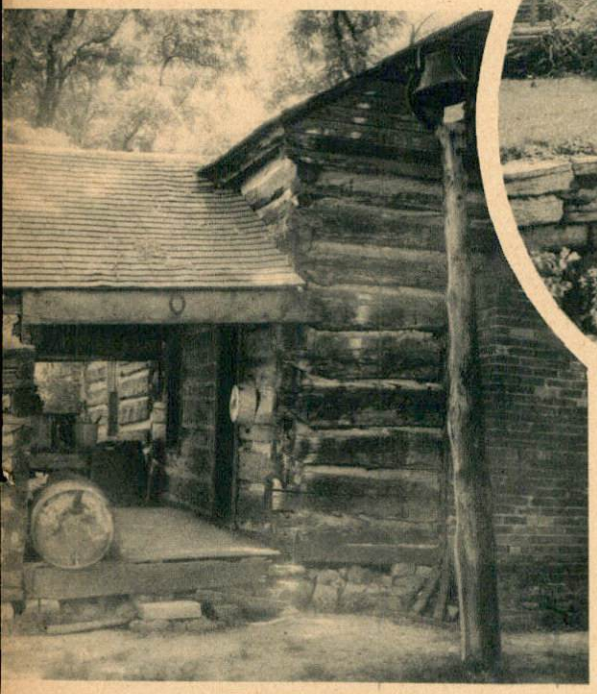
From Middle Tennessee

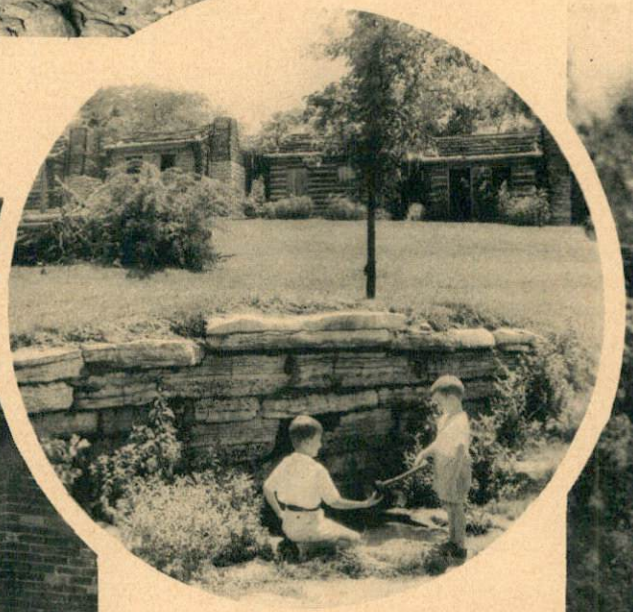
Take US-31W from Tennessee points to Bowling Green; then US-68 to Cave City, Horse Cave, Hodgenville and Bardstown. There take US-62 to Versailles; then US-60 to Lexington and Winchester, and US-227 to Boonesborough. If preferred, US-68 can be taken at Hodgenville to New Haven; then to Danville by SR-52 through Lebanon and Perryville.

From Nashville take US-31E to New Haven; then proceed as above, taking SR-34 from Danville to Camp Dick Robinson. US-27 to Lancaster, SR-52 to Richmond, US-227 to Boonesborough.

—Eugene Hall Photo

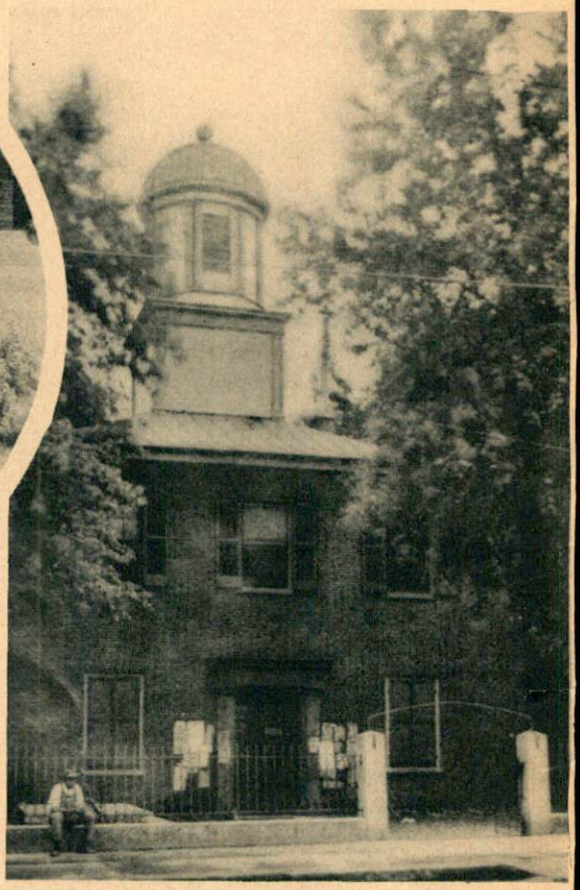
Above, the Jenny Lind armchair, Mammoth Cave, adjacent to both highways.





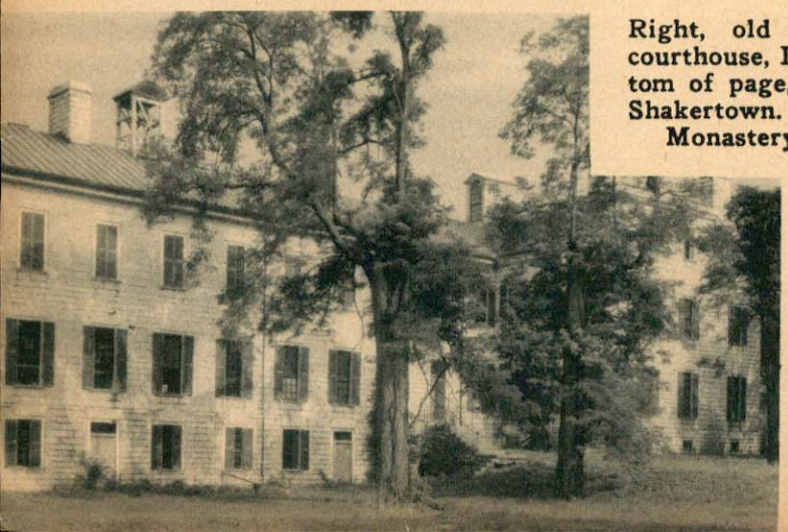
© N. G. S. Photo by Edwin L. Wisherd

The spring and a group of the cabins, Pioneer Memorial State Park, Harrodsburg.



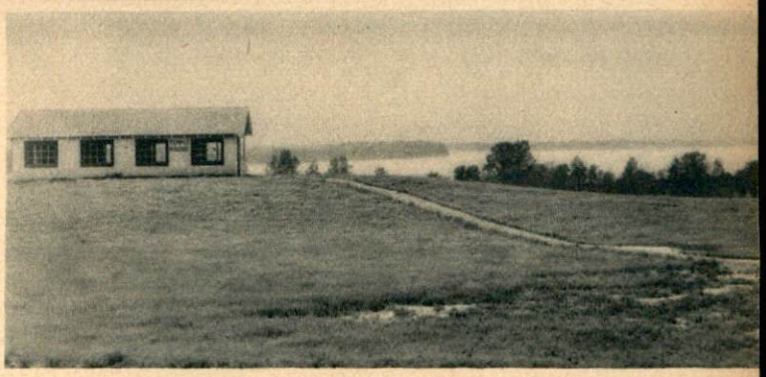
Left, dog walk in cabin at entrance of Lincoln Memorial, Hodgenville.

Right, old Marion County courthouse, Lebanon. At bottom of page, left, a house at Shakertown. Right, Trappist Monastery, Gethsemane.

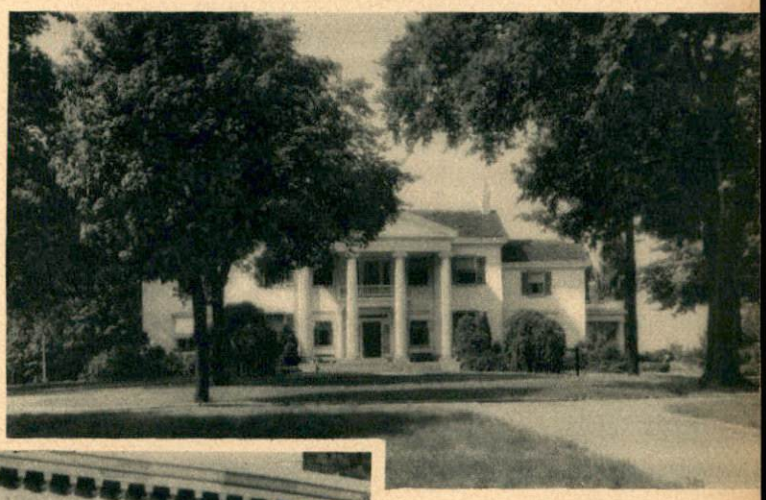


From the West By US-60 and US-45

From Missouri and points west of Paducah take US-60 from Wickliffe to Paducah; then US-68 to Hopkinsville and Bowling Green, Horse Cave and Hodgenville. From here, proceed either by way of Lebanon and Danville or Bardstown and Lexington as outlined in previous routes. From western Tennessee and western Kentucky take US-45 to Mayfield; then SR-97 and 94 to Junction US-68. Proceed through Cadiz, Hopkinsville, Russellville, Bowling Green, Cave City, New Haven, Bardstown. At Bardstown take US-62 to Versailles; US-60 to Lexington, and on by route outlined through Winchester.



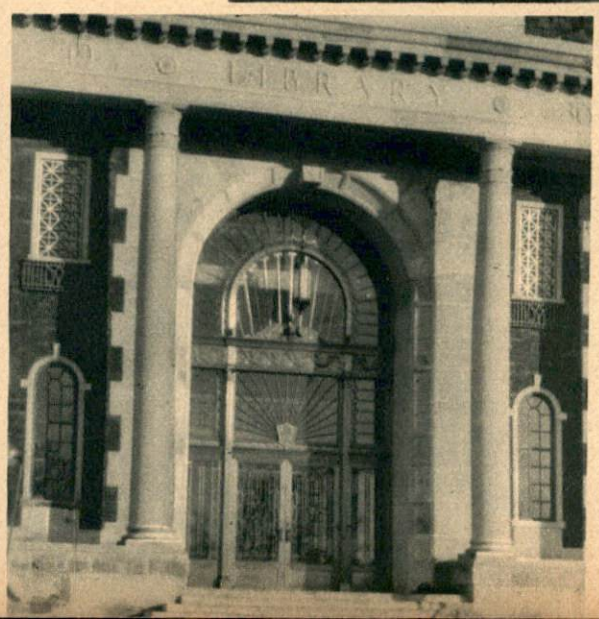
Above, interior and exterior view of burial tombs and temple mound at the Buried City, Wickliffe.



—*Tebbs & Knell*

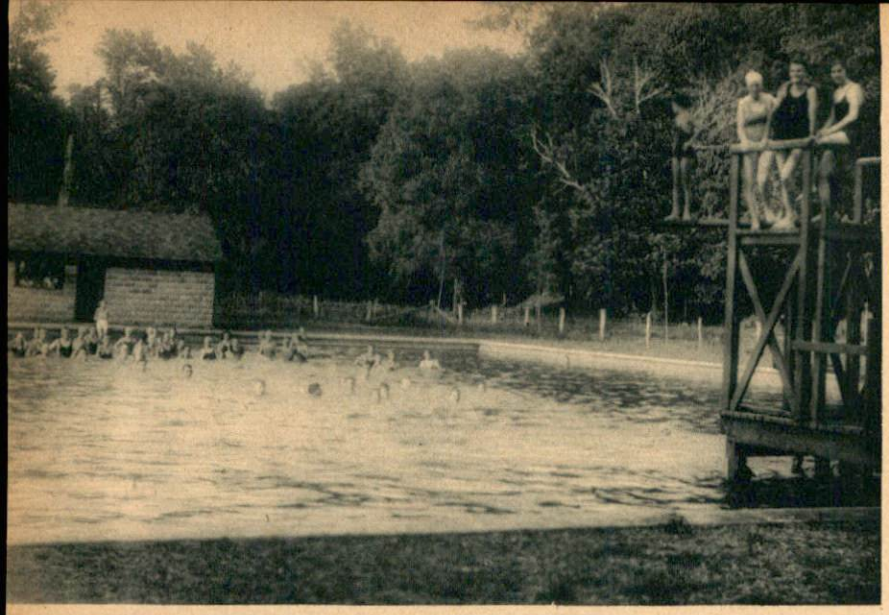
A Danville residence.

Left, My Old Kentucky Home, Bardstown.



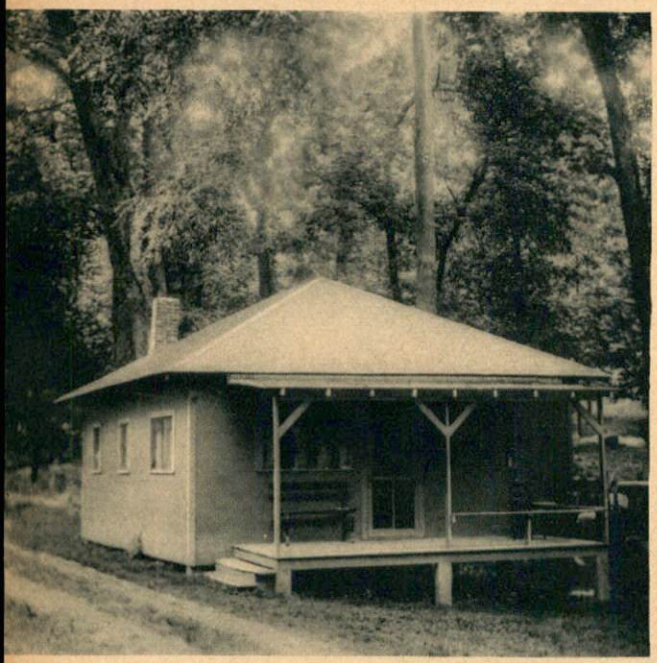
—*Joseph O. LaGore*

Left, bronze doorway, Murray State Teachers' College.

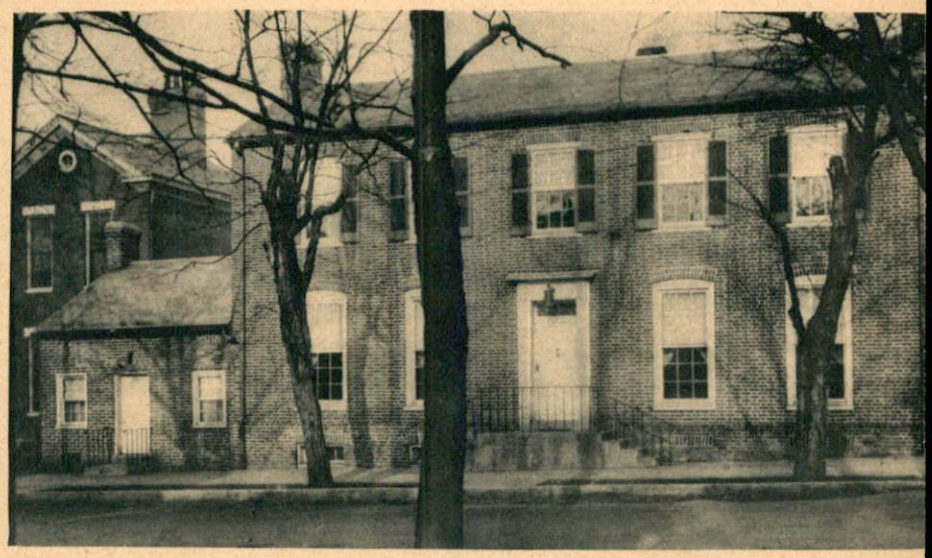


From the West by US-60 and US-62

From Paducah take US-62 through Kuttawa, Smithland to Eddyville, Dawson Springs, Earlington, Nortonville, Greenville, Central City, Beaver Dam, Leitchfield, Elizabethtown, Bloomfield, Lawrenceburg and Versailles. There take US-60 to Lexington and US-227 to Boonesborough. (If road from Elizabethtown to Bardstown is closed, go via Hodgenville.) US-60 may be taken all the way from Wickliffe to Paducah, Marion, Henderson, Owensboro, Brandenburg to Tip Top. From here, go to Louisville and continue on US-60 to Lexington or turn south at Tip Top on US-31W to Elizabethtown and proceed as outlined on page 177.



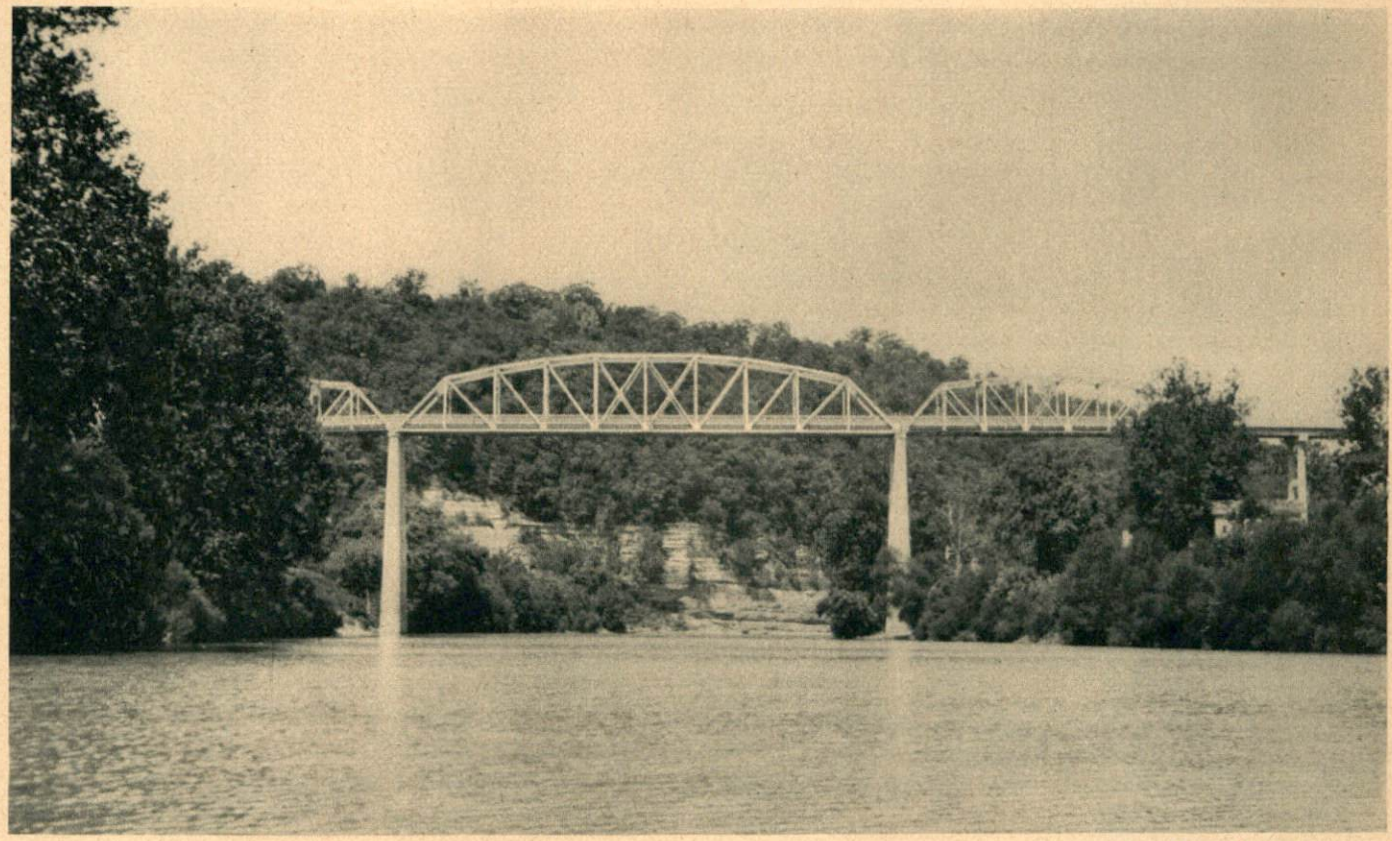
Kuttawa is the center of a region rich in historic and scenic interest. At Kuttawa Springs a delightful resort hotel accommodates many guests. A view of the swimming pool and one of the cabins are seen above and at the right.



The house where General Custer lived during his Elizabethtown residence.

© *Caufield & Shook*

Above, Muldraugh Hill is a point of scenic interest. Right, the old Buckner house in Brandenburg is open to visitors.



—Photograph by Olivia C. Gardner

BOONESBOROUGH MEMORIAL BRIDGE

This bridge replaces the old ferry at Boonesborough.

Fort Boonesborough marker.

FORT BOONESBOROUGH MEMORIAL BRIDGE

1931

Near The Site of Fort Boonesborough (1775-1783)
First Fortified Station West of the Alleghenies.

Fort Boonesborough Was the First Fort to be Built In Kentucky. It Was Two Hundred Miles West of the Nearest Outpost of Civilization.

It Was the Largest and Best Built of All the Forts and Stood for the Protection of All the Smaller Stockades.

It Withstood the Siege of 1777 and the Great Siege of 1778 Which Lasted 10 Days. Daniel Boone In Command.

The Besieging Force of 400 Indians and 12 Frenchmen In the Employ of the British Was Under the Command of Cap't. De Quindre. A Paritsan of the British at Detroit.

The Pioneer Women In the Fort Carried All the Water and Powder From Without the Fort during the Siege.

British Power On the West In the War of the American Revolution Was Subdued By the Pioneers at Fort Boonesborough Under Boone.

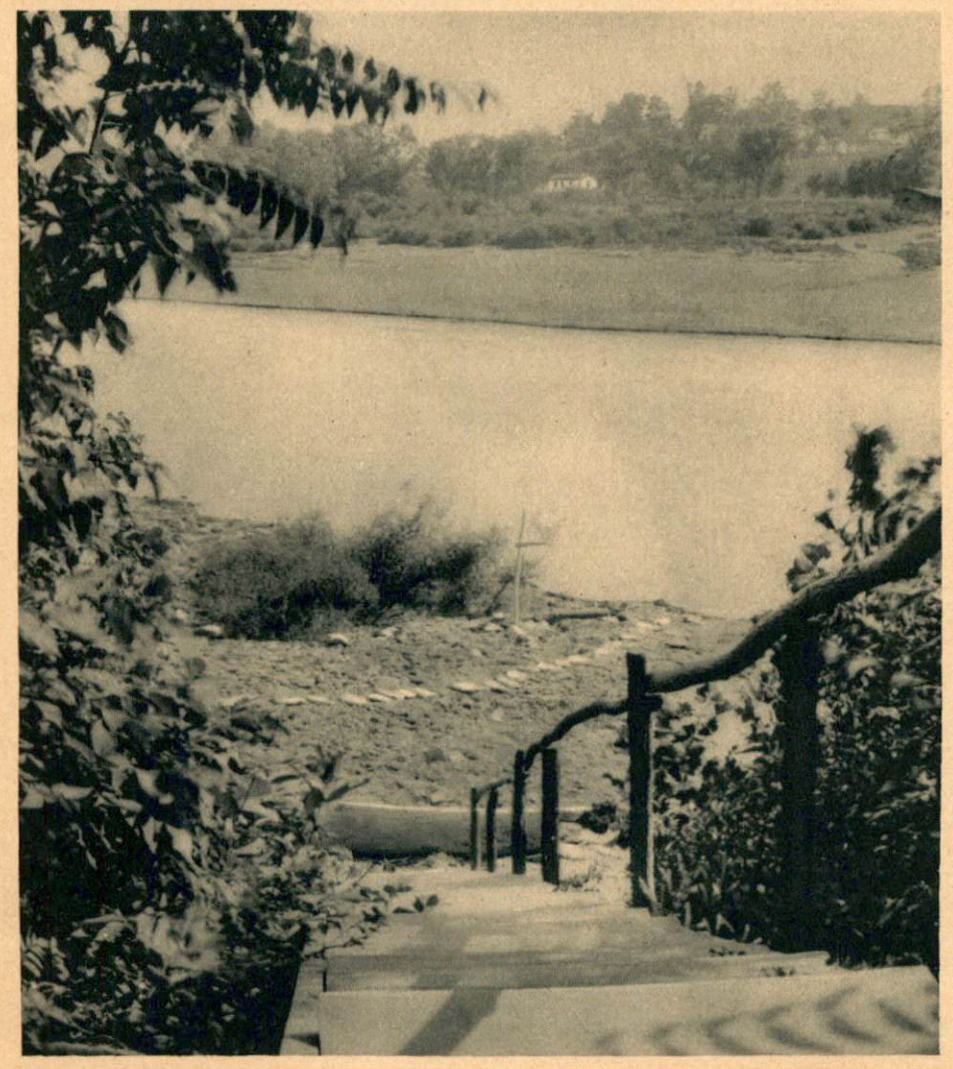
"Fort Boonesborough Became the Gateway Which Saved For the United States Its Empire of the West."

Erected By The Boonesborough Chapter Daughters Of The American Revolution

1931

INSCRIPTION ON THE BOONESBOROUGH D. A. R. STONE MARKER

—Caufield & Shook



Above, the dam. Left, the beach across the river.

The Passing of the Years at Boonesborough

—Photo by Olivia C. Gardiner

The Founding of Boonesborough by the Transylvania Company

By SUSAN STARLING TOWLES

ALL the world honors the typical scout of America, Daniel Boone of Kentucky. Long ago he entered into the region of the ideal in which traditions crystallize about his name and his story includes all that could contribute to the halo of the pioneer hero.

The Kentucky Legislature, in appointing the state-wide celebration of the bicentennial of his birth, recalls, at the same time, all that relates to the early and romantic history of our State, no event of which could be more important or interesting than the founding of the first fort, the first incorporated town, the holding of the first Christian service, and the first legislative assembly, not only of Kentucky but of the continent of North America, west of the Alleghenies. Apropos, then, of the Boone Bicentennial, is the story of the founding of Boonesborough.

Three towns owed their founding to the Transylvania Company, legally named throughout its entire existence, the "Richard Henderson & Co." These are Boonesborough, Nashborough (Nashville) Tennessee, and Henderson, Kentucky, each one of which carries lovingly the memory of the agent appointed by the Transylvanians: for Boonesborough, Colonel Daniel Boone, for Nashville, Colonel James Robertson, and for Henderson, General Samuel Hopkins. And this reminds one that the Transylvania Company selected for agents and surveyors, young men who were fated to be distinguished officers, most of them colonels. Their titles were not by appointment, however, but earned with the sword and by gallant deeds in the Revolutionary and Indian wars. Among them were Colonel N. Hart, Colonel Robert Burton, Colonel John Donelson, Colonel Isaac Shelby, and General Samuel Hopkins.

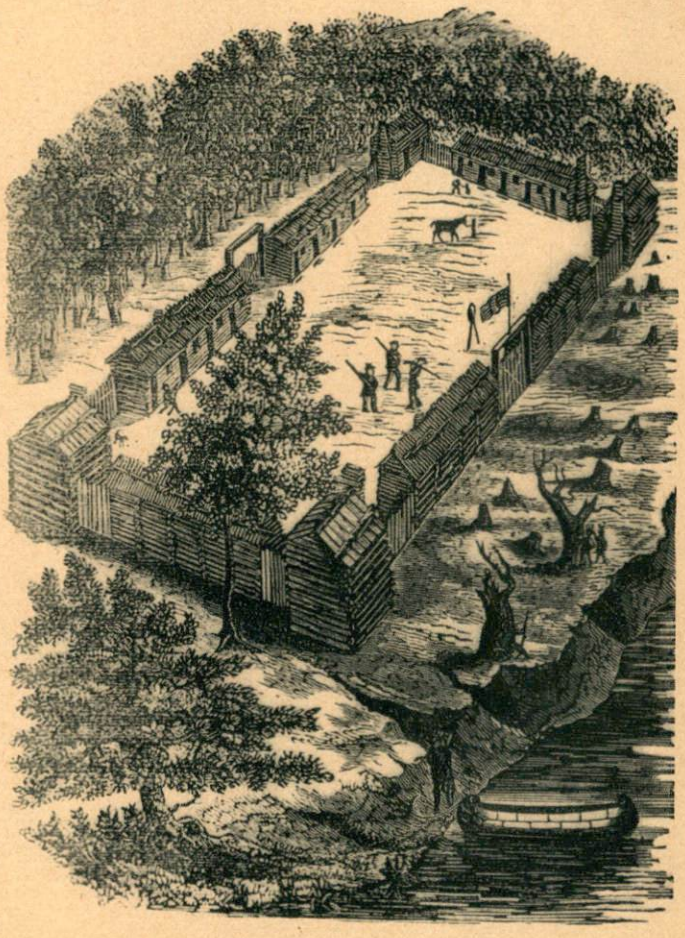
There were nine members of this company, chiefly Virginians and Scotchmen in North Carolina—Judge Richard Henderson, President; William Johnston, Secretary and Treasurer; Colonel Nathaniel Hart, distinguished, wealthy and of great initiative in the Company; his two brothers, David and Thomas Hart; Leonard Henly Bullock; Captain John Luttrell; Colonel John Williams; and James Hogg, their emissary to the Continental Congress, seeking recognition of Kentucky as the fourteenth original colony.

Six great bronze tablets presented to Henderson through the Henderson County Historical Society by Judge Robert Bingham, our present Ambassador to England, tell the story of the Transylvania Company. They are attached to the outer walls of the picturesque old Court House. The first shows the nine Transylvanians gathered in the open to say farewell to Daniel Boone who is going for them into the wilderness beyond the mountains and the forests to persuade the Over Hill Cherokees to come to a treaty, there to consider the sale of their lands for settlement by the English. Kentuckians like to remember that their State was never taken by force from the rightful owners, the Indians. Twice it was bought from them, and each time for the same price, $50,000. The English at Fort Stanwix bought the land from the Northern Indians and lost their claim at the Revolution; the Transylvania Company bought that of the Southern Indians at the Treaty of Watauga, losing their land because they lacked an army.

But always Kentucky has been a "Mason and Dixon Line." Here the Southern and Northern Indians came to fight and hunt, neither allowing the other to live on the land.

At Sycamore Shoals on the Watauga River in East Tennessee, the treaty was concluded by Henderson, Hart, and Luttrell for the Transylvania Company and Onconostota and Attah-Cullah-Cullah, for the Over Hill Cherokees, twelve hundred strong in attendance. Twenty million acres, from the Kentucky to the Cumberland, including the southern waters of the latter river, were deeded to the Transylvania Company, a tract long coveted and sought by the greatest statesmen of the time.

The beautiful lunette over the great door of the Capitol



Fort Boonesborough, 1775.

at Frankfort pictures this treaty. However, it is less accurate than the Honig tablet at Henderson, for it shows Boone at the treaty and conducting it as he stands between the whites and the Indians. His presence there is a poetic fiction. The artist thought he deserved to be there. But, in fact, in charge of thirty men, he had been sent two weeks before the end of the treaty, to cut the Transylvania Trail or Wilderness Road. Mr. Ranck in his "Boonesborough" says: "On the tenth of March all being ready, the memorable party of thirty men, armed mainly for hunting, as no trouble was expected from the Indians, and followed by Negro servants, loaded pack horses and hunting dogs, started out under the command of Captain Daniel Boone . . . to make the first continuous road through the wildnerness to the Kentucky river."

This was done by cutting through intervening woods between Indian and buffalo trails. So was opened up the beginning of the highway along which civilization was to pour in from the East on foot, on horseback, and further on, across the Mississippi in covered wagons, never ceasing until the Pacific was reached.

"Some to endure, many to fail,
Some to conquer and many to quail,
Toiling over the Wilderness Trail."

Reaching the Kentucky after a violent attack from the Indians, Boone began a small fort, sending back a letter urging Judge Henderson to hasten on and telling him that many were returning East because of the Indian terror, but, he said, "they are willing to stay and venture their lives with you." But Henderson had lost no time and as soon as the treaty was over, had hastened on, though slowly of necessity, with forty men, pack horses and an ox train loaded with supplies for the pioneer life before them. He had reached Cumberland Gap when the messenger arrived. Calling for volunteers, young William Cocke who had left his bride back at the Treaty Ground, offered to ride ahead and bear the news of relief to the men encamped on the Kentucky. Of the many rides celebrated in song and story, few have the heroic quality of that of William Cocke riding alone on the "murder-haunted trail" of the Wilderness Road from Cumberland Gap to Boonesborough.

When the cavalcade arrived on the fortieth birthday of Judge Henderson, they received an enthusiastic welcome. Every gun in the camp was fired in salute. The party sat down to a feast of "cold water and lean buffalo meat" which the Judge declared the most joyful banquet he ever saw.

"Henderson saw," says Ranck, "as soon as he came, that his men, stores, and especially his gunpowder, would require much more commodious and substantial shelter than either his tents or Boone's little cabins could afford. It is also intimated that Boone's position was exposed to rifle fire from the over-topping hills on either side of the river, which is doubtful, considering the distance, but especially the fact that the forests on both sides were then so dense as to completely shut off observation. But it might be that danger from the very probable overflow of the river was considered. Be that as it may, Henderson decided at once to erect a fort that would be large enough and strong enough to accommodate and protect the stores and present settlers and be capable of easy future extension. He selected a site for it on the opposite side of the lick from Boone's quarters and about three hundred yards from them, but staked off the line of its front wall within less than a hundred yards of the lick itself from which it was reached by a hilly ascent. The chosen spot was, therefore, much higher than the camp-ground it overlooked." . . . "The fort site was on a plateau." . . ."The selected ground was occupied by Henderson and most of the last comers on Saturday, April 22, the third day after they had reached the settlement."

It is gratifying to know that the shape and general outline of this famous wooden stronghold are not matters of mere conjecture. A plan of the fort, designed at this very time and in the handwriting of Judge Henderson himself, was long preserved. (It was in the possession of James Hall, the historical author, and as late as 1835 was copied by him.)

. . ."Shortly after this Judge Henderson formulated a plan of government by popular representation for the Company's wilderness domain, and on the 8 of May, in

Meeting of the Transylvania House of Delegates at Boonesborough, May, 1775.

—Courtesy. The Filson Club

behalf of the proprietors, ordered an election of members of a "House of Delegates of the Colony of Transylvania" to meet on May 23, 1775. Here for the first time the names of "Transylvania" and "Boonesborough" are given to the colony and its proposed capitol."

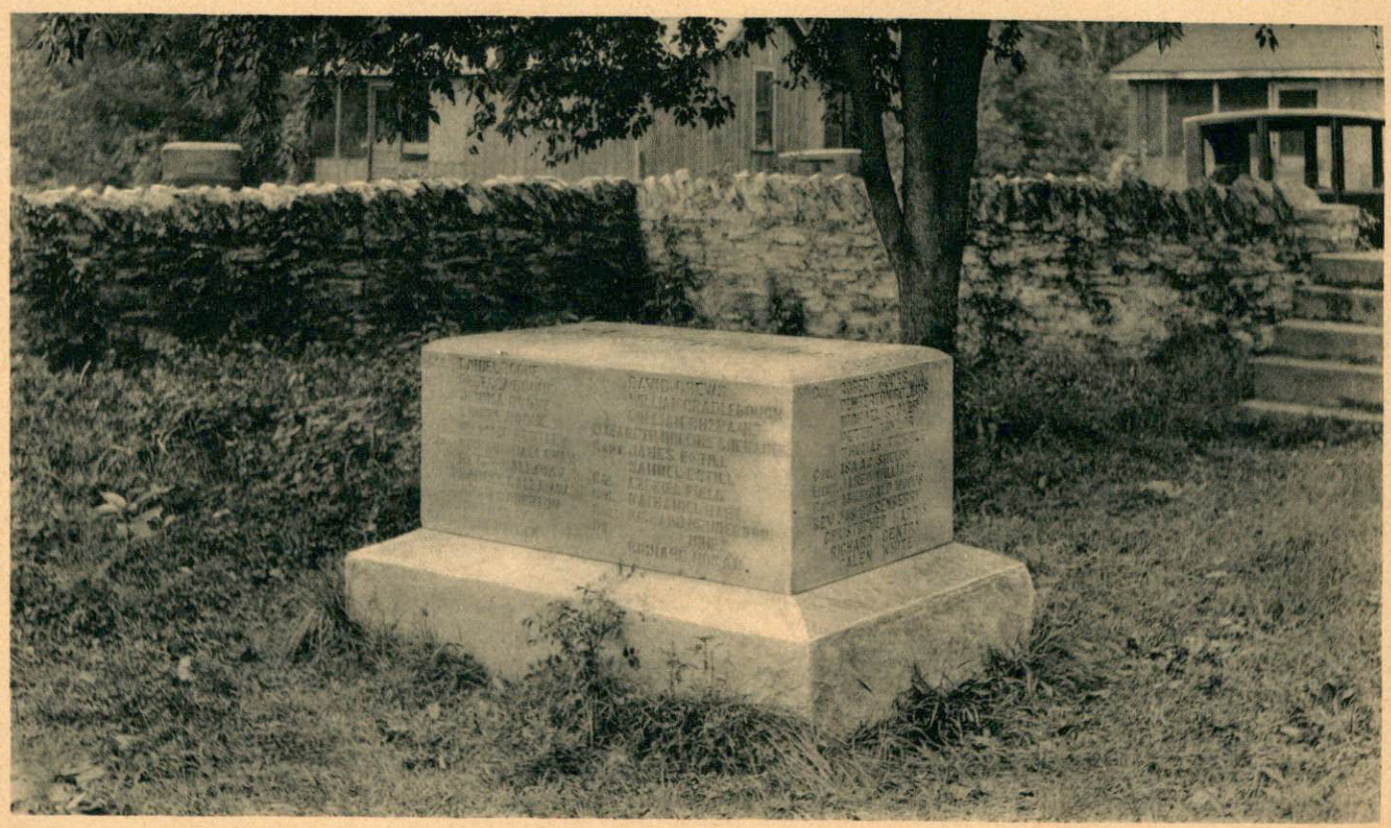
It was on May 23, then, that the first legislative assembly west of the mountains, not only in Kentucky, but on the continent of North America, met. Boonesborough Fort was unfinished. But near it stood a magnificent elm tree. Judge Henderson describes it in his journal. "About fifty yards from the place where I am writing and right before me to the south, stands one of the finest elms, that perhaps nature ever brought forth in this region. This tree is placed in a beautiful plain surrounded by a turf of fine white clover forming a green to its very stock to which there is scarcely anything to be likened. The trunk is about four feet through to its first branches which are about nine feet high from the ground, from thence above it so regularly extends its large branches on every side, at such equal distances, as to form the most beautiful tree that imagination can suggest. The diameter of its branches from the extreme ends is 100 feet—and every fair day it describes a semicircle on the heavenly green around it, of upward 400 feet and anytime between the hours of 10 & 2, 100 persons may commodiously seat themselves under its branches. This divine tree, or rather one of the many proofs of the existence from all eternity of its Divine Author, is to be our church, statehouse—council chamber."

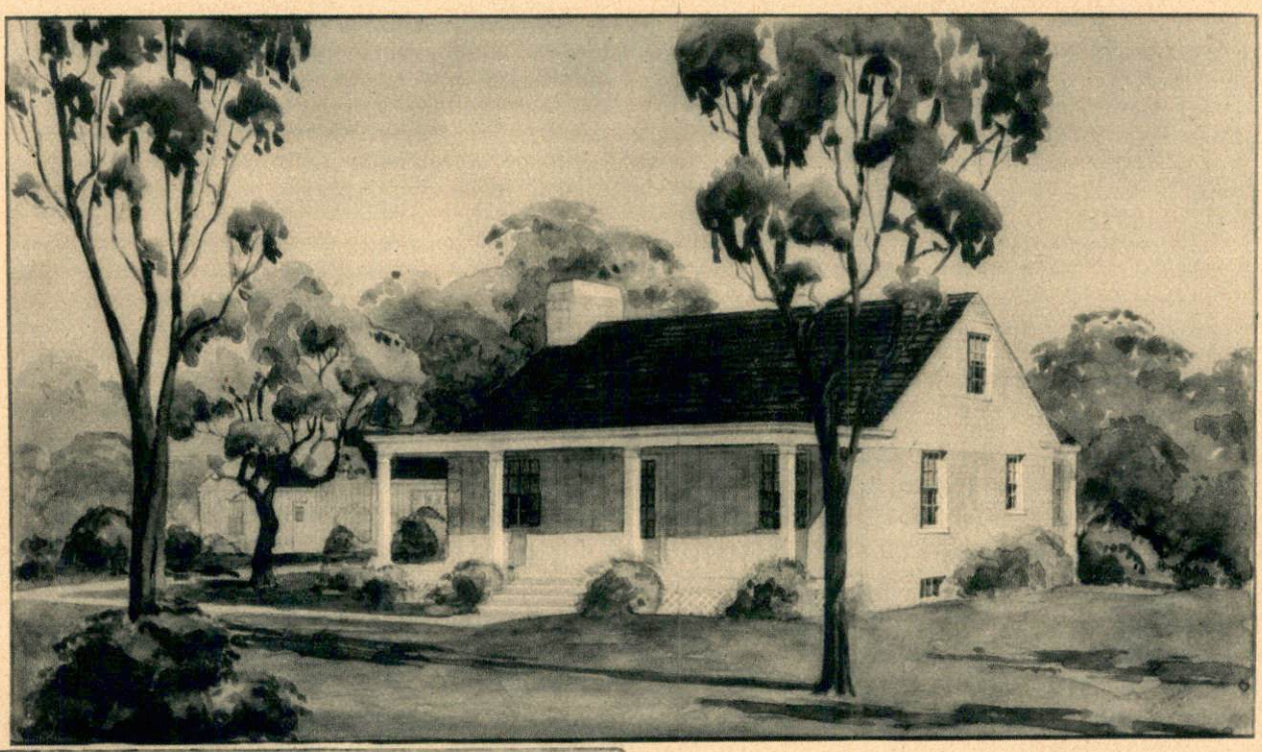
It was in honor of this great elm, the first church and statehouse of Kentucky, that the State Legislature recently made the elm the typical tree of Kentucky. Here our first laws—seven in number—were made. The clergyman present, the Rev. John Lythe of the Church of England, brought in the fourth, "To prevent profane and vain swearing and Sabbath-breaking," and Daniel Boone, the eighth and ninth, "To preserve the breed of horses" and "For preserving Game."

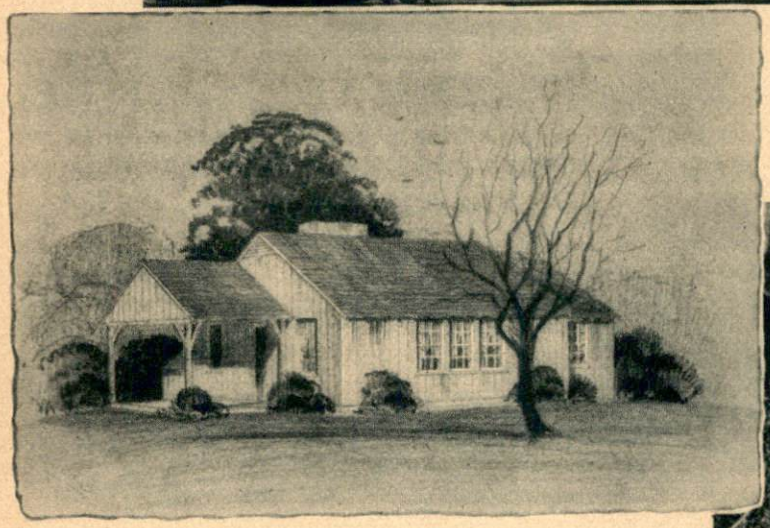
FIRST NINE LAWS OF KENTUCKY

1. *An Act* to establish Courts of Justice and regulating the practice therein.
2. *An Act* for regulating the militia.
3. *An Act* for the punishment of criminals.
4. *An Act* to prevent profane swearing and Sabbath-breaking.
5. *An Act* for writs of attachment.
6. *An Act* for ascertaining Clerk's and Sheriff's fees.
7. *An Act* to preserve the range (that is, the right to public pasture).
8. *An Act* to preserve the breed of horses.
9. *An Act* for preserving game.

D. A. R. Memorial marking site of Fort Boonesborough.



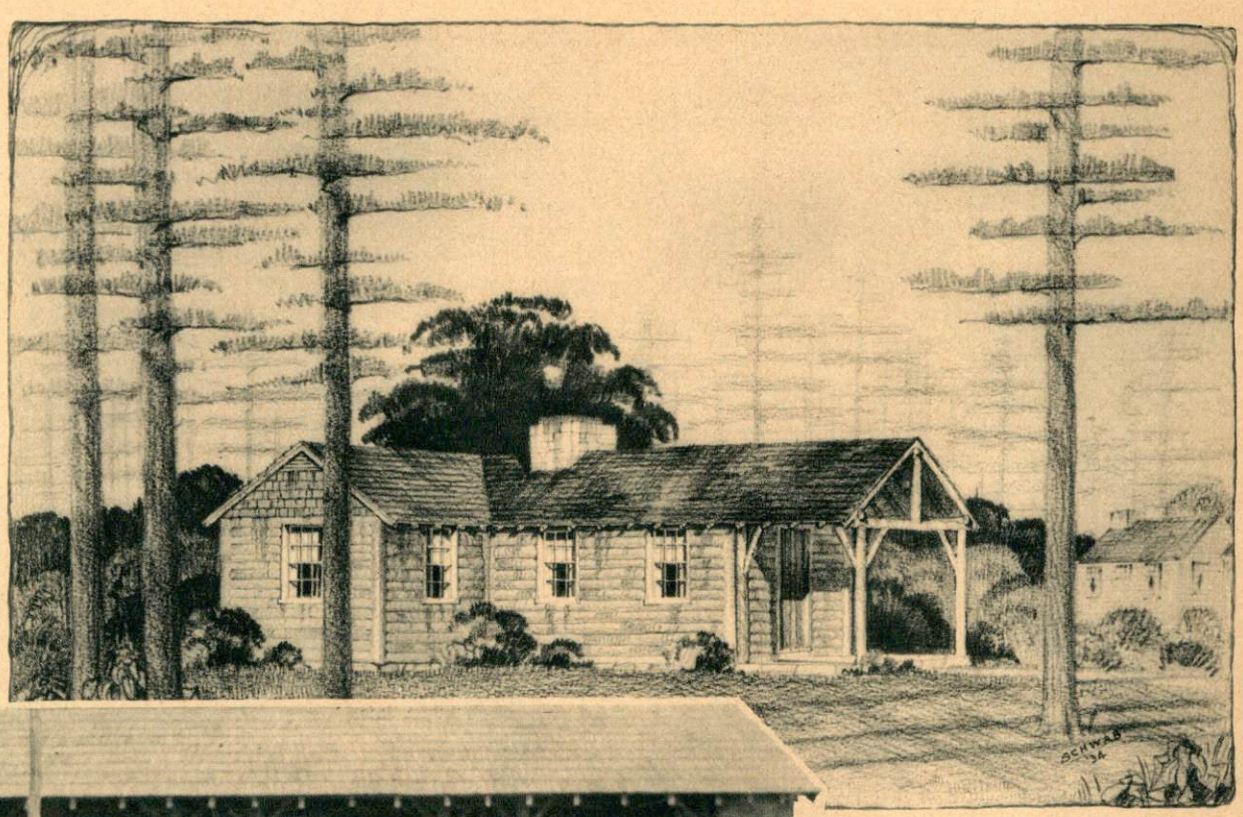


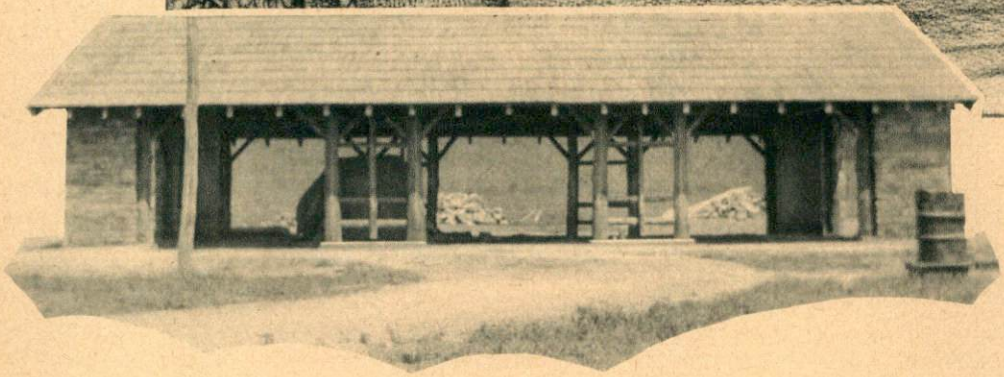


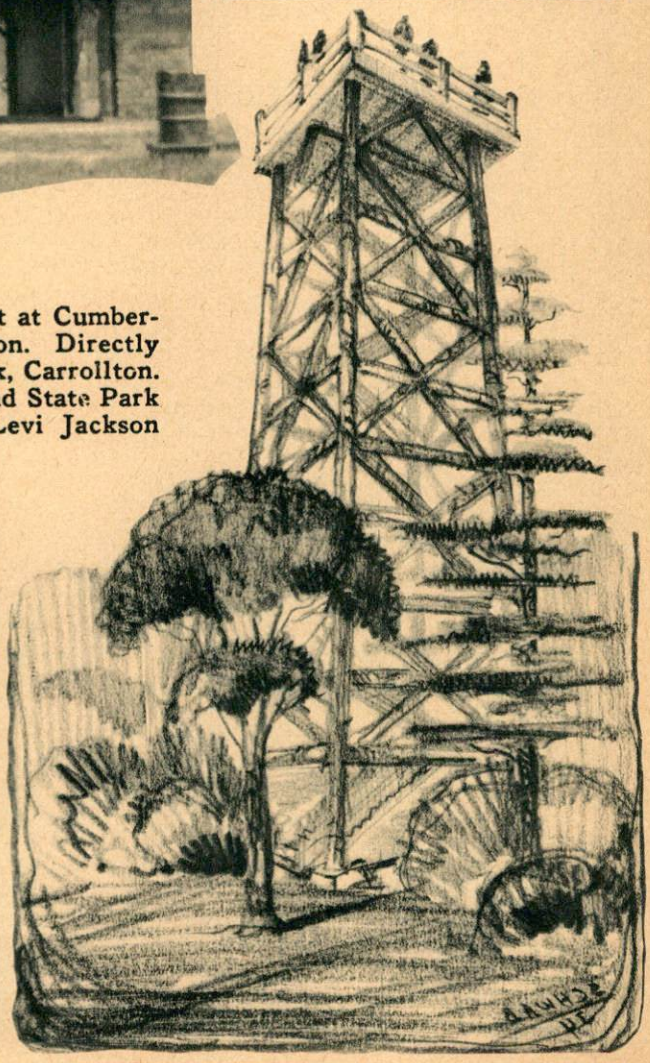
Above is the custodian's house, Butler Memorial State Park, Carrollton. At left, the custodian's house, Cumberland Falls State Park. Below is a picnic alcove, Natural Bridge State Park.

Kentucky State Parks Present Many Improvements with No Cost to the State

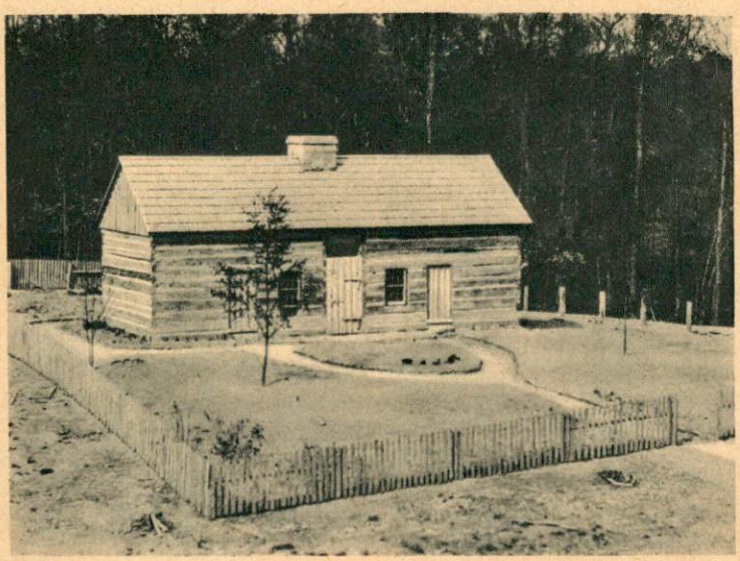
On these two pages are shown representative projects in the conservation program of the Kentucky State Park Commission. All material and labor for these and similar projects were provided by the Department of the Interior of the United States.



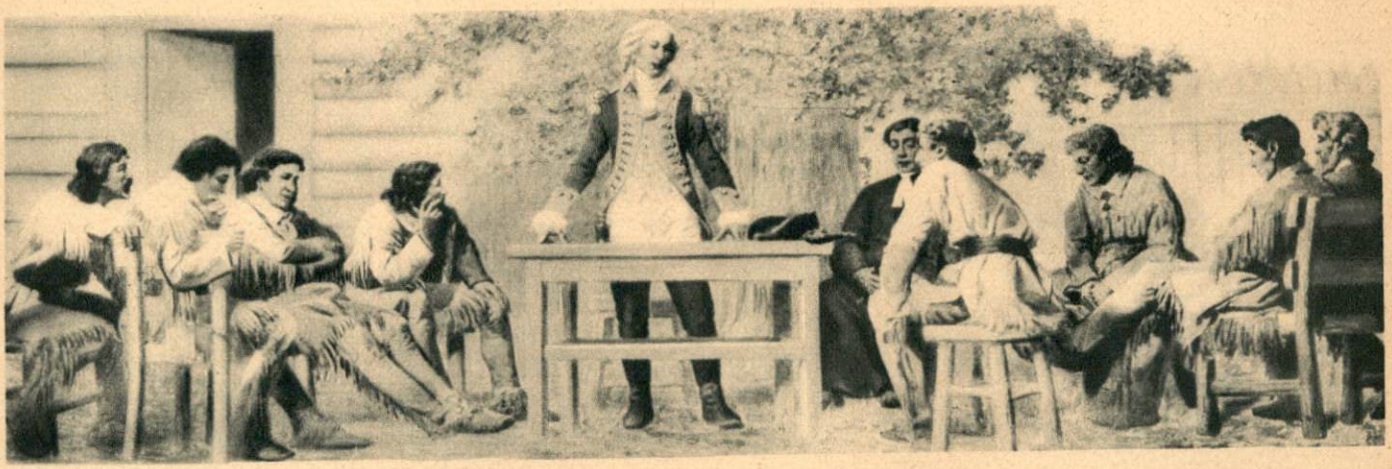




At the top of the page is one of the cabins recently built at Cumberland Falls State Park. Five cabins are under construction. Directly above is a shelter house at the Butler Memorial State Park, Carrollton. Below is the Museum at the Levi Jackson Wilderness Road State Park in Laurel County. At right is the lookout tower at Levi Jackson Wilderness Road State Park.



Above, the "Squire Boone 1770" rock, now in Courthouse Square, Richmond. The stone, believed to have been cut by Daniel Boone's brother, Squire, stood in the southern part of Madison County before it was removed to Richmond. Right, Entrance to Daniel Boone's Cave, Garrard County. Below, Cumberland Gap from Tennessee.



President Richard Henderson opening the Legislature of the Colony of Transylvania, May 25, 1775.

The Transylvania Colony

By J. T. DORRIS

AT HILLSBOROUGH, NORTH CAROLINA, on August 27, 1774, Richard Henderson and five others, including Thomas Hart, who later became the father-in-law of Henry Clay, formed the Louisa Company. Their purpose was "to rent or purchase, land" from the Indians west of the Allegheny Mountains. It appears that for more than a decade earlier the forerunner of this organization, Richard Henderson and Company, had existed, and Daniel Boone had been active in its service in what is now Tennessee and Kentucky. The Louisa Company soon admitted James Hogg and several other North Carolinians to its membership, and changed its name to the Transylvania Company.

On March 17, 1775, at Sycamore Shoals on the Watauga River, Richard Henderson and his associates purchased about 20,000,000 acres of land from the Cherokee Indians for merchandise worth about $50,000. Approximately two-thirds of the purchase was enclosed by the Kentucky, Ohio, and Cumberland rivers. The remainder lay south of the Cumberland. The area thus acquired was named Transylvania, and plans were hastened to settle it and obtain its recognition as a new English colony. Daniel Boone was engaged as early as March 10, 1775, to cut a trail to, and establish a settlement on, the Kentucky River, a task which he soon accomplished. By the middle of June, 1775, Fort Boone (in what is now Madison County) was completed, and a stockaded town begun, which Virginia incorporated as Boonesborough, in October, 1779.

Richard Henderson arrived at the settlement on April 20, 1775, and soon issued a call for a convention to organize a government for the Colony of Transylvania. On May 23 seventeen delegates, representing Boonesborough, Harrodstown, St. Asaph, and Boiling Spring, assembled under a great elm tree in Sycamore Hollow, near Fort Boone, and in a four-day session enacted nine laws and agreed upon a form of government. By the close of the summer of 1775 town lots had been laid out near Fort Boone, a land office opened, a general store set up, and other activities necessary in a frontier community encouraged.

On September 25, 1775, the proprietors of the Transylvania Company elected James Hogg to carry a petition to the Continental Congress, at Philadelphia, for the recognition of Transylvania as a member of the United Colonies. But this colonization scheme was doomed to failure. The authorities of Virginia frowned upon it, the Cherokees were declared to have no power to transfer the land, and the proprietors were "charged with republican notions and Utopian schemes." Furthermore, news came from Transylvania settlers declaring their dissatisfaction with the Company's land policy. The Congress, therefore, did not recognize Transylvania. Harrodstown (later Harrodsburg) under the leadership of George Rogers Clark, became the center of opposition to the pretensions of the Company, and in December, 1776, Virginia created the County of Kentucky, thereby extending her authority over that part of the Cherokee grant now in Kentucky. The first court of Kentucky County was held at Harrodstown on September 2, 1777.

This abortive colonial enterprise, however, was a great asset to the expansive revolutionary program of the Americans. It encouraged a considerable emigration to Kentucky, and the fort at Boonesborough rendered the greatest protection to the settlements south of the Ohio. Had the fort not withstood the long siege of September, 1778, the Indians and British would most likely have wiped out the other settlements in Kentucky and frustrated Clark in his attempt to hold the Illinois Country. This singular service in itself justifies the recognition of the colonial efforts of Henderson and his colleagues in founding Boonesborough as a major service in the building of our nation. Had there been no Transylvania Company, there would have been no Boonesborough, and that might have meant the defeat of George Rogers Clark and the probable loss of the Northwest Territory in the Treaty of 1783.

The Capture of the Daughters of Boone and Callaway

As told in *The Ladies' Repository* in October, 1857

Reprinted through the courtesy of the Kentucky State Historical Society

IF THERE are sunny spots in human life, so also are there dark ones. The engraving representing the capture of the daughters of Boone and Callaway, furnishes a striking contrast to that which precedes it. The first settlement in Kentucky was effected under the direction of Daniel Boone, in the spring of 1775. Having fixed upon a site upon the Kentucky River, they erected a stockade fort, and to the place the name of Boonesborough was given. As soon as the fort was completed, Boone returned to North Carolina and removed his wife and daughters to the new Country. He says that "they were the first white women that ever stood upon the banks of the Kentucky river." Early in the ensuing spring he was joined by several additional emigrants—some of them bringing their families. Among these were Col. Richard Callaway, an intimate friend of Boone, who also brought with him his family.

The Indians during the spring of this year, were comparatively quiet; and the season advanced without annoyance from them, the inhabitants began to feel more secure, and to venture, without their usual precaution, outside the stockade fort.

On the 14th of July at a late hour in the afternoon, two daughters of Mr. Callaway—aged twelve and fourteen years—and one of Daniel Boone, aged fourteen, were sporting in a canoe, or "dug-out," on the river, and carelessly crossed to the opposite bank. The trees and shrubs were thick, and came down almost to the edge of the water. The girls unconscious of the demons that were lurking near, were playing and splashing the water with their paddles. Among the grass growing upon the shore and behind the trees standing upon the bank, five stout Indians had concealed themselves, and were watching the movements of the canoe. No sooner had it touched the shore than one of them glided like a noiseless serpent from his concealment into the water, seized the rope that hung from the bow, and turned the boat around a point, so as to pass from the view of the fort. The wild terror and agony of the poor girls found vent in loud screams, which were heard across the river, and at the fort. Their shrieks and efforts to flee were unavailing. The former fell on hearts, such as palpitate in the breast of the hyena; and the latter were exerted against a force invincible. They

(*Continued on page* 196)

—Photograph by Cusick from the Ladies' Repository, October, 1857

The capture of Daniel Boone's daughter.

Daniel Boone *in* Kentucky

A Story by WILLARD ROUSE JILLSON

IT WAS a late afternoon in the year 1902. Over the verdant shield of central Kentucky the August sun, dropping low in a cloudless sky, flashed in fiery brilliance across the rolling landscape of pasture and woodland. In every hedgerow and orchard of oak the birds, gay of feathering and song, had ceased their carolings in the intense heat, and over all the land a drowsy silence and calm of mid-summer stretched in endless monotony.

Back on the broad and shady lawn of Maxwell Place on the outskirts of Lexington, that inimitable town, in the heart of the Bluegrass, Colonel Jim Mulligan, a gentleman of scholarly bent and wide acquaintance, found comfort in a great arm-chair of gray oak beneath a broadly spreading elm. Before him on a weather-beaten yard table lay numerous books and writing materials and at his side, half buried in the deep grass, was a small brown jug with the stopper partly submerged in a pail of ice water.

On the table, within convenient reach, was an old fashioned red tumbler from which a considerable portion of a famous concoction had already been drunk. In the air was the pleasant breath of mint intermingled with the faint fragrance of flowering trumpet vines and honeysuckles which overran the nearby arbor. The old Colonel, agreeably ensconced with his slippered feet well above his waist-line in another old rocker, was thoughtfully reading a quaint leather-backed book, unconscious of the passage of time. Deeply immersed in his reading and the comforts of his leisurely situation he betrayed no interest in his immediate surroundings except to casually brush away now and then some pestiferous fly that circled his shiny bald pate.

Down through the yard suddenly there came the click of a gate and resonant footsteps on the old stone-walk. The advent of a visitor being something of a novelty and a pleasure in this secluded retreat, the Colonel laid aside his book and fixed his glasses to greet his visitor. Up the slight grade came the self-assured step of a young man large of frame. With a great mop of black hair swept across his brow, keen brown eyes, and an open and intelligent countenance, he gazed enquiringly through the shade of the low limbed trees.

"Hello, Colonel Jim" he called as he approached, a bright smile spreading over his face. "Mighty warm afternoon."

"Well, I should say" replied the old Colonel getting to his feet, "and is that you Johnnie? I hardly thought you would be here until tomorrow. I had planned to have something in the way of a literary treat for you, a new little poem about Kentucky, but now you have come and caught me at it and I am not so sure that it is going to be as good as I could wish."

"Well, I am sure Colonel it will be good if you are writing it; and if I am any judge of surroundings here," with a quick glance to the old lawn table, the half consumed mint julep and the ice-water at his side, "you have all that is needed to produce a masterpiece." This was said with a broad smile in the way of an added touch of appreciation which did not lose its effect upon the old Colonel. He in turn moved to provide a seat for his visitor, but before he could get his rheumatic limbs to function, the young man, appropriating to himself the rocker which Colonel Mulligan had used as a foot rest, sat down and as he did so, moved with his hand the old oak rocker to accommodate his host.

"It's like this, Colonel Jim," he said "I promised Doctor MacCartney of Transylvania sometime ago that I would prepare a biographical sketch of Daniel Boone for him. He wants to use it in some campus publication, and for some unknown reason gave me the job. Of all Kentucky characters historical, literary and otherwise, I believe I know the least about Daniel Boone. His achievements in writing were never such as to tempt me, and his orthography was so bad as to kill whatever interest I may have had in his romantic exploits when I was a boy."

"There you are quite wrong," the old gentleman replied, "for I am very sure that Daniel Boone has written a number of things which have not only historical but real literary worth, although I must confess that many of his letters fall far short of what might be desired in composition and spelling. For instance, you must have read at some time his celebrated letter to the Governor of Virginia telling about his participation in the Battle of the Blue Licks in 1782. It is, I think, of its kind, a masterpiece and there is many a writer of today who has at his command every facility of expression who would give his right hand to have been able to write—yes or even to have witnessed the scenes which this letter, penned in the wilderness, has so clearly depicted. And what is more, Daniel Boone was a philosopher as his narrative to John Filson concerning his part in the Indian wars and the settlement of Kentucky clearly shows."

Reaching over to the table the old gentleman lightly touched his glass, quenched his thirst, and then setting back the moisture-covered tumbler, with a merry twinkle in his eye, picked up his oldish volume again. Turning a few soft and yellow pages he called the attention of his guest with a sharp rising of the forefinger of his left hand.

"Here we have it," he said, "Boone's own account of his discovery of Kentucky. This is page fifty-one. He says:

> " 'We proceeded successfully, and after a long and fatiguing journey through a mountainous wilderness, in a westward direction, on the seventh day of June following, we found ourselves on Red River, where John Finley had formerly been trading with the Indians, and, from the top of an eminence, saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucke. . . . We found everywhere abundance of wild beasts of all sorts, through this vast forest. The buffaloes were more frequent than I have seen cattle in the settlements, browzing on the leaves of the cane, or cropping the herbage on those extensive plains, fearless, because ignorant, of the violence of man. Sometimes we saw hundreds in a drove, and the numbers about the salt springs were amazing. In this forest, the habitation of beasts of every kind natural to America, we practiced hunting with great success until the twenty-second day of December following.' "

Dropping the book in his lap, he adjusted his spectacles and closely eyed his young friend. "My dear boy, these are the words and sentiments of Kentucky's famous scout and pioneer. Making allowance for the phraseology of his pedantic biographer, this is Boone's story. What more would you have? Is he not fulsome in his appreciation of the lovely aspect of Kentucky, the garden spot of the then untouched western wilderness?"

"I'll grant your point, Colonel, for with the passage which you have read to me I am familiar, and were it only a matter of turning to Filson—rare as that book is —I should have no difficulty with my present thesis. What I want to know, and what I came to this fountain-head of information to find out, is something of Boone's travels through Kentucky. Of course I knew that as an ardent admirer of Boone and his accomplishments you, Colonel Mulligan, could easily check over for me the main facts needed in my paper."

"Certainly, my son," the older man replied, "nothing would give me more pleasure, but where do you wish to start?"

"Well, I guess it would be when he first came into this State with Finley in 1769, and passed through Cumberland Gap."

"Yes, that would be all right," Colonel Mulligan replied, "were it not for the fact that Boone was here in Kentucky, on the Big Sandy, two years previously. I think it was in the fall of 1767 that he, William Hill and possibly his brother Squire journeying westward over the Cumberland Mountains from the headwaters of the Powell and Clinch, came to a salt spring toward the close of the year at a point in Floyd county a few miles west of the present townsite of Prestonsburg. Here they spent the winter living in a small hut which they constructed close enough to cover their game from its very door as the various animals came, each in his turn, to lick the salt."

"Do you mean to say by this that Boone was a pot-hunter?" the young man queried.

"Pot-hunter or no" countered the old man. "It was a case of life or death in the remote wilderness, the mountains of Kentucky. Boone and his friends had but a scant supply of powder and lead, and there were no supplies within 300 miles or more. Boone did then what any intelligent person should have done under similar circumstances—conserved his dwindling stores of ammunition, maintained himself in reasonable comfort, and returned to his family on the Yadkin in the Spring."

With a sturdy vehemence, the old Colonel laid his copy of the original edition of Filson's *Kentucke* and the life of Daniel Boone on the table, reached for the iced jug, and poured himself out another julep. But ere he quenched his thirst again, he offered the tempting glass with its leaves and breath of mint to his guest.

The young man declined saying: "Colonel, you ought to know me better than to offer me anything like that. Juleps are a sesame for whitening locks and rheumatic knees. They are intended to be a comforter of declining days. When correctly mixed they afford an ideal atmosphere for a Maxwelltonian gathering composed entirely of such interesting Kentucky Colonels as yourself; gentleman who have leisure to reflect upon life's accomplishments. But juleps were not designed for young fellows like myself who have everything yet to make—and nothing to gain in their drinking."

"Well, you may be right," the older man replied as he reestablished his glass on the board. "I will not quarrel with you about juleps. Your father knew a good one; knew when it was well made and in his time was a connoisseur. But you apparently have only an ambition to be a literary man," and then with a merry twinkle in his eye, "I will predict your future. You will write a book, possibly a half dozen or more; and maybe if you have good luck, by picking out some such celebrated character as Daniel Boone or Henry Clay, you will become a great biographer and people will sing your literary praises far and wide; but Kentucky folks won't buy your books. As a writer in Kentucky you are destined to starve to death. Better find something else that you can do along with your writing that will make you a living or give you a little real pleasure —even if it is no more than drinking a julep." So saying, the old man broke into a hearty chuckle based upon an appreciation of his witticism at the expense of his young guest.

"But let us go on. In '69 when Boone safely passed through the Cumberland Gap there was, as all historians know, only one well marked path north into Kentucky and that was the Warriors Trail—*Athiamiowee*—as the Indian called it.

"This led him across the Cumberland onto the waters of the Kentucky River. He came down a long north flowing branch, and with his companions built a headquarters camp there. It was to be a station where they could collect all their furs as hunters and find protection as explorers. To this very day it is known as Station Camp Creek, down in Estill and Jackson counties. Crossing the Kentucky River, Boone and his party ascended Lulbegrud and probably first saw, as I read to you from Filson, the vast forested stretches of the Bluegrass from the top of Pilot Knob near Indian Oil Fields in Clark and Montgomery counties. I believe they also made a camp in this vicinity, near the mouth of the Red River on the north bank of the Kentucky.

"Of course you know the story from here on—Boone's capture by the Indians, their slaying of William Stuart, and the return of Squire to the East. Boone spent this winter of '69 and '70 roaming over Kentucky. He found new trails through the Licking, the Kentucky, the Ohio, the Salt and the upper Green River valleys. He visited the present site of Louisville, then a broadly forested plain bordering on the falls of the Ohio. During this winter he spent a part of his time in a cave on the Kentucky River just above the mouth of the Dicks on the Garrard County side—and this cave isolated in a cliff-side with a copious spring emerging from it, continues to bear his name. He also occupied another cave, on Shawnee Run, in Mercer County and may have at intervals used many a cavern and rock house for protection from the inclemencies of the weather."

The young man, trained in newspaper work as a reporter, was following the conversation of Colonel Mulligan with deep interest. With pencil and pad on his knee, he was jotting down facts and figures as his genial host went on with the story.

"Two years after his return to the Yadkin, in 1773, Boone was again on the upper waters of the Tennessee. With Benjamin Cutbirth he penetrated as far into Kentucky as the present location of Jessamine County. It was in the fall of this year that his eldest son, James, was killed by Indians on Powell's River, you will recall, when the Boones and others made their first attempt to come to Kentucky. Again in the following year, 1774, Boone, accompanied by Michael Stoner on a commission of Governor Dunmore of Virginia transmitted through Captain William Russell of Clinch River, crossed through Kentucky

as an express to warn Captain Jim Harrod and his band of anticipated trouble with the Shawnees. Harrod and his friends were setting up the first townsite at Harrodsburg. Here Boone and Stoner built for themselves a cabin during the latter part of June, and with this accomplished, sped on to the Falls of the Ohio to notify surveyors and others, as they had the group homesteaders, of the imminency of war with northern Indians under the great Shawnee leader —Cornstadk."

"I well recall that exploit of Boone which I have often seen reprinted in Kentucky history," the young man added, "but I have never been able to make myself believe that Boone and Stoner or any other two men traveling through the unbroken forest and cane lands of primeval Kentucky could have covered as much as eight hundred or a thousand miles in sixty days. It just doesn't seem possible."

"Now there you are, a would-be iconoclast," Colonel Mulligan replied. "You should be taken sharply to task for it like many another, because if you are to snatch from Daniel Boone the glory of each and every great accomplishment with which he is credited in the western wilderness you will in the end have robbed him of his fame. But this you cannot do, for Boone, however examined, is a hero of the first order. All the world loves a hero; his epitaph is fame founded on the imperishable foundations of knowledge. Un-lettered as Boone may have been in the most widely accepted sense, he was nevertheless of all the wilderness scouts, the one best informed in forest and Indian lore. His achievements, while they seem extraordinary to us, undoubtedly did not appear as a great accomplishment to him for he regarded himself merely the tool of a guiding Providence designed to aid in the exploration and settlement of the West."

The young man evidenced an indulgent smile, stretched out his legs in full appreciation of his comfortable surroundings and prepared himself to hear further of the exploits of the great Kentucky pioneer. His genial friend, the Colonel, assured of his audience, now launched himself fairly into his discourse.

"In the spring of the following year, 1775, Boone having completed with Colonel Richard Henderson the Cherokee land purchase on the Watauga, forged his way at the head of a party to the juncture of Otter Creek and the Kentucky River. Here they built Fort Boonesborough in April. A month later Boone was made a delegate to the first convention or General Assembly in Kentucky and, if I recall correctly, introduced some very likely legislation having to do with the protection of game and the improvement in the breeding of horses. In the following year he was at the Falls of the Ohio with his brother, Squire, to survey land for the Transylvania proprietors Richard Henderson, Nathaniel Hart & Co., but I believe this land was never taken up. In the fall of this year, 1776, when the inhabitants of Kentucky were granted their petition to set up a county government, Boone was appointed a captain under Colonel Bowman and. . . ."

"But, Colonel Mulligan," interposed the young man, "you surely have not forgotten Boone's encounter with the Indians and his recovery of his daughter, Jemima and Betsy and Fanny Calloway, during the midsummer of this year?"

"No indeed," replied the other, "for I have been on the very spot some thirty-five miles from Boonesborough—as a result of natural curiosity—where Boone and Calloway and others surprised the Indians while asleep and released the young women. And furthermore, I have not forgotten that part of Kentucky's pioneer story which tells of the lively wedding in the following month of August when Betsy Calloway married Samuel Henderson at Boonesborough. This was the first marriage in Kentucky. No one can say Daniel Boone opposed this wedding though he did not give the bride away, as would have been quite customary, since he was her father. You see he had far more important business, for he acted in place of the preacher, there being none. As Justice of the Peace it was Daniel Boone who actually tied the knot.

"In 1777 Indian troubles, which had already been a source of much worry in central Kentucky, began to increase and in the latter part of April Boone, while heading a sortie of pioneers from the Fort in an action against the Shawnees, was shot in the ankle. Then it was, as you will recall, that Simon Kenton, who was Boone's second in this little thrust, saved the great scout's life by carrying him back to the Fort where he lay seriously ill for several months."

"But what about the capture of the salt makers? Wasn't that in the same year of '77?" queried the young man.

"Yes, I was just about to come to that," replied the Colonel as he re-arranged himself in his chair to devote himself with increasing interest to his subject, "it was in January of 1777 that Boone lead a party of thirty pioneers to the lower Blue Licks to make salt. Toward the evening of February 7, while returning to camp, he was captured by the Shawnees. To avoid immediate scalping he, with the others, agreed to be taken north to the Indian villages on the Little Miami, three miles north of Xenia, Ohio. Here he was adopted as a son of the Great Chief Black Fish. Later he was carried on to Detroit and subsequently returned to the lower waters of the Scioto River. Learning, as a captive, of a proposed attack upon Boonesborough, he effected a miraculous escape from the Indians at Saline Springs on June 16 and in four days was back at Boonesborough.

"If my young iconoclastic visitor thinks that eight hundred miles in sixty days is too great a distance for our hero, just what will he say to 160 miles in four days through an untrammeled wilderness. Scarcely any sturdy, well trained college athlete today could cover so great a distance under so many handicaps. But such was the fortitude of Daniel Boone and such was his courage, that in August he led a company of thirty settlers on a raid against the Indians in the Southern Ohio country; and in September he successfully commanded the defense of Boonesborough during a siege which lasted from the eighth to the seventeenth. In this desperate engagement he faced his foster-father, Black Fish, and his four hundred Indian warriors and French-Canadian troops."

"True enough," the other replied, "but wasn't all of this the occasion of Boone's greatest disgrace?"

"Why, yes and no," replied the Colonel. "I suppose you mean his arraignment and court martial at Logan's Fort at the time Colonel Calloway preferred charges against him relative to the surrender at Blue Licks and some of his actions subsequently."

"Yes, indeed," the other replied, "I well recall that Boone told Governor Hamilton at Detroit that he would, in due time, turn over Fort Boonesborough to him with all of its inhabitants; these to be brought as prisoners northward to Detroit for custody. I recall also that Boone is said always to have worn his commission as a captain in the British forces at Point Pleasant in a little leather sack about his neck. May this not be taken to mean," the reportorial instincts of the young man prompted him to interpose, "that he was quite as much a Tory, when the

occasion demanded as he was a Patriot of the infant United States of America?"

"Quite the contrary, my dear boy, no, no, certainly no. A man's character may not always be summed up in one act or statement. It is more safe, it seems to me, to make a guide of circumstances running through the actions of the greater part of his life. If we thus examine the acts of Daniel Boone, we find that he was always addressing his actions to the best interest of the pioneers and the expanding West. He surrendered at Blue Licks to save Fort Boonesborough which he knew was poorly protected at the time. Later he carried on what must certainly have been a trivial conversation with Governor Hamilton at Detroit to gain time for his friends and his family at Boonesborough. Nothing could be more sure than this because when the time came for a great concerted movement of attack he promptly escaped and with the greatest difficulty and self-sacrifice, including the loss of food for two days, traversed a great stretch of wilderness to notify his compatriots at Boonesborough. Subsequently in the terrible Indian attack, he bore himself like the courageous and daring pioneer leader that he was. Personally without fear, he eventually succeeded in discouraging that great army of blood-thirsty savages and Canadians in the most effectively planned and protected siege ever led on any pioneer forts in Kentucky.

"In the autumn of this year," continued the Colonel, "Boone was not only acquitted of the charges which had been preferred against him, but was honored by being named major of the militia of the County of Kentucky. His differences with his fellow settlers now composed, he headed southeastwardly over the Wilderness Trail back to the head of the Yadkin River where he joined his wife, Rebecca, and their family. They had left Boonesborough after many months of patient waiting, thinking that he had been slain by his Indian captors.

"It is interesting to depict the return to Kentucky of Boone with his family in October of 1779. He was at the head of a considerable party of pioneers, among whom may have been Abraham Lincoln—the grandfather of the President. The immigrants made their way over the heads of the Tennessee and the Cumberland into the Bluegrass region. But this time Boone returned not to Fort Boonesborough merely but to the town of Boonesborough, in the County of Kentucky, for the legislature of Virginia had recently incorporated this settlement in his honor.

"Then followed the hard winter, and Daniel Boone and Jim Harrod were employed as hunters, for the food supply of the settlers of Fort Boonesborough and Fort Harrod ran very low. About this time, that is, shortly after his return to Boonesborough—the old scout moved his family to a new location on the waters of what has come to be known as Boone's Creek across the Kentucky River and several miles north of the Fort. The site of this station is now in Fayette County, but a few miles removed from the little town of Athens. Here the station of the celebrated pioneer was a haven of rest, with a door always unlatched and open to any weary and hungry settler who chanced to pass that way.

"In the spring of 1780, Boone returned to Richmond to purchase treasury warrants for the procurement of additional land in Kentucky for himself and some of his friends. On the way he was robbed of all he had. Tradition says he carried $20,000, much of it in gold; but it hardly seems possible that this could have been the case for anything like such an amount of money in gold would have been difficult for him or any person to carry.

"In October of this year our hero while boiling salt with Edward Boone, a nephew, at Grassy Lick in what is now Montgomery County, was set upon by Indians. Edward was slain and scalped but Daniel, again having recourse to every known trick of the forest, foiled his pursuers and returned safely to his station. Subsequently he was made lieutenant-colonel under Colonel John Todd when Fayette County was created, and a few years later was made deputy surveyor of Fayette County under Captain Thomas Marshall."

The old man stopped short, reached for a cob pipe, filled it with some loose crumpled light Burley from his pocket and puffed silently away for a moment or two, deeply immersed in his own thoughts. The young man watched him intently, lovingly, but said not a word. Across adjacent fields of blue grass and the campus of the neighboring State College of Kentucky, the bright, brassy rays of the rapidly setting sun shone almost horizontally, bathing in golden light the two friends seated under the old elm. From a not distant point on the homestead came the richly melodious voice of a colored house servant singing the refrain of "Old Black Joe" as she went about her work. In the top a great pine tree overhanging the waters of a little rivulet that found its way into the town branch of Elkhorn Creek a mocker was pouring out his soul in liquid notes against the deepening evening sky.

"I've been thinking," the Colonel said, like one who has suddenly awakened from a pleasant reverie, "about Boone's last days in Kentucky. It was the quiet and the calm of days like this that he loved and hoped to enjoy. The bright sunshiny days, the moonlit nights. But they never came to him as a fitting and a lasting reward in old age for all that he did to merit their enjoyment. He always seemed fated to take some leading, some active role in the rough frontier life of his day. Later when, as a result of his many dangerous missions and continuous explorations, he might have expected to have enjoyed the bounties of the lands he had pre-empted along with other settlers, the heartless courts took them all away from him. Legal technicalities were his undoing, and the early breed of Kentucky land lawyers left him very poor indeed."

"But, Colonel Mulligan," the younger man interposed, "was this not due to the fact that Boone was a very poor surveyor, one who gave but scant attention to important details affecting the lands he surveyed? I recall seeing one of his plats and descriptions. It seemed to be most rudimentary."

"No doubt," the other answered, "Boone, like many another pioneer, was too busy dodging Indians or planning a bear hunt to give his surveys and their recordations proper attention. Nevertheless, and in spite of all his failings, he was highly regarded by his contemporaries. You know in 1781 he was sent to Richmond in old Virginny to be one of the first representatives of Fayette County in the State Legislature. While there he was captured by some of Colonel Tarleton's troops—a pretty and exciting story in itself.

"In the warm midsummer of 1782, Boone again asserted his leadership in the bloody battle of the Blue Licks. the last Revolutionary engagement, as some have said, and I think correctly. Following with others the fiery Major Hugh McGary as he crossed the Licking, he soon found himself and his son, Israel, ambushed, the latter mortally wounded at his feet. With the boy in his arms he swam the river, hid the body and successfully escaped his pursuers, but he never recovered from the sorrow of this terrible and unnecessary slaughter. Shortly after his return

to his Station on Boone's Creek this fall he was made high sheriff of Fayette County. This position of distinction he continued to hold during the next year as well as his previous offices of county lieutenant and deputy surveyor of Fayette.

"In March the legislature of Virginia created the District of Kentucky out of Jefferson, Lincoln and Fayette counties. Danville was selected as a regional capital. Thousands of new settlers, townspeople, land tradesmen and others now began to engulf the blue grass country. They knew little of Boone except by reputation as an Indian hunter. Among these and his old friends he was regarded as a leading pioneer, but in the newly forming society, he was beginning to lose distinction. As it became increasingly difficult to support himself with his rifle and his Jacob's staff, Boone's heart turned in sorrow away from the Elkhorn country. In the spring of 1786 he finally removed to Maysville where he kept a tavern for some time, and in 1787 became one of the town's trustees. Later, divested of his lands and influence in the virgin territory he had opened to settlement, he removed from Kentucky in 1788 to the lower waters of the Kanawha River at Point Pleasant, a broken and disappointed man.

"This part of Boone's life always fills me with great sorrow. The land he had opened to the world had turned against him. The many rich acres he had wrested from the wilderness, and for which he had many a time risked his life, and in the winning of which he had lost two fine sons, young men in the prime of early manhood, James and Israel—was all legally entangled if not already in the possession of others. Game with which in the early days he had so easily supplied his table was now difficult if not impossible to obtain as a dependable item of family support. As his brother-in-law Daniel Bryan once said, 'He never took any delight in farming or stock-raising during his younger days' and he could not now. Past the prime of life and impoverished, he resolutely turned again to the wilderness, first to the lower Kanawha country, then a few years later to the waters of the Missouri where he died a broken old man. Although known and mourned by the whole world, he was a cast-off by his own state, Kentucky."

The younger man stirred in his chair, shoved his pencil and pad in his coat pocket, and rose to his feet. "Colonel Mulligan, I am much indebted to you," he said. "Your thoughts have given me a new attitude toward Boone. What a vigorous figure in middle manhood, at the time of his first Kentucky exploration; what a pathetic figure in his broken old age in the West! I believe I'll visit his grave at Frankfort, the next time I'm over there. They say it is in an idyllic location, under broad forest trees that he loved so much, on the edge of the great cliffs high above the beautiful Kentucky River."

As he spoke he looked about him. Daylight had gone and the twilight was fast fading into night. Over the great black bulk of Maxwell House the pale silvered moon hung in the darkening eastern sky. Both men for a moment turned as if by common instinct to view the beauty of the great nocturnal orb in silence.

"Boone may have stood here once and at such a time. He may have seen exactly what we now see," the younger man ventured.

"No doubt, he did," the Colonel replied as he gathered up his precious books and papers and made ready to go to the house. And his friend added:

"He loved Kentucky so, he must have loved the beauty and the silence of the moonlit vistas of the unbroken wilderness."

"Indeed, indeed," replied the Colonel, "Boone could not well have missed loving Kentucky bathed in crystal moonlight, for . . ." and he nudged his friend with his armful of books as he grasped his cane and the two moved arm in arm under the sweep of the great trees toward the house.

" 'The moonlight falls the softest in Kentucky,
The summer days come oftest in Kentucky.'

"These are the beginning lines of the new poem I'm writing on Kentucky, your Kentucky, my Kentucky and Boone's. May his bones rest in the peace he so fully deserves. He was the greatest scout, the most fearless, the most famous leader in the annals of the West! It is his fate to have become the most loved and the most romantic figure in American history."

Editor's Note: The poem referenced in this story was written and published by Judge Mulligan in the *Lexington Herald* in 1902 under the title, "In Kentucky". Original, racy, and humorous, it has found its way around the world.

The Daniel Boone Bicentennial Celebration

(*Continued from page* 161)

Secretary of the Interior as necessary or desirable for national monument purposes and for the proper commemoration of the valor and sacrifices of the pioneers of 'the West,' shall have been vested in the United States, said areas and improvements shall be designated and set apart by proclamation of the President for the preservation as a national monument for the benefit and inspiration of the people, and shall be called the 'Pioneer National Monument.' " These two laws were sponsored by Senator Alben W. Barkley and Representative Virgil Chapman and the other members of the Kentucky delegation in Congress.

The half dollars will contain a likeness of Daniel Boone on one side and a corner of the fort at Boonesborough on the other side, with appropriate dates and lettering. The proceeds from their sale will provide funds to pay the expense of the 1934 celebration, the cost of purchasing the sites for the "Pioneer National Monument," and the initial expense in the development of this monument. At Boonesborough, for example, fifty or more acres will likely be purchased, the old fort will be restored, and other things done in keeping with such a project.

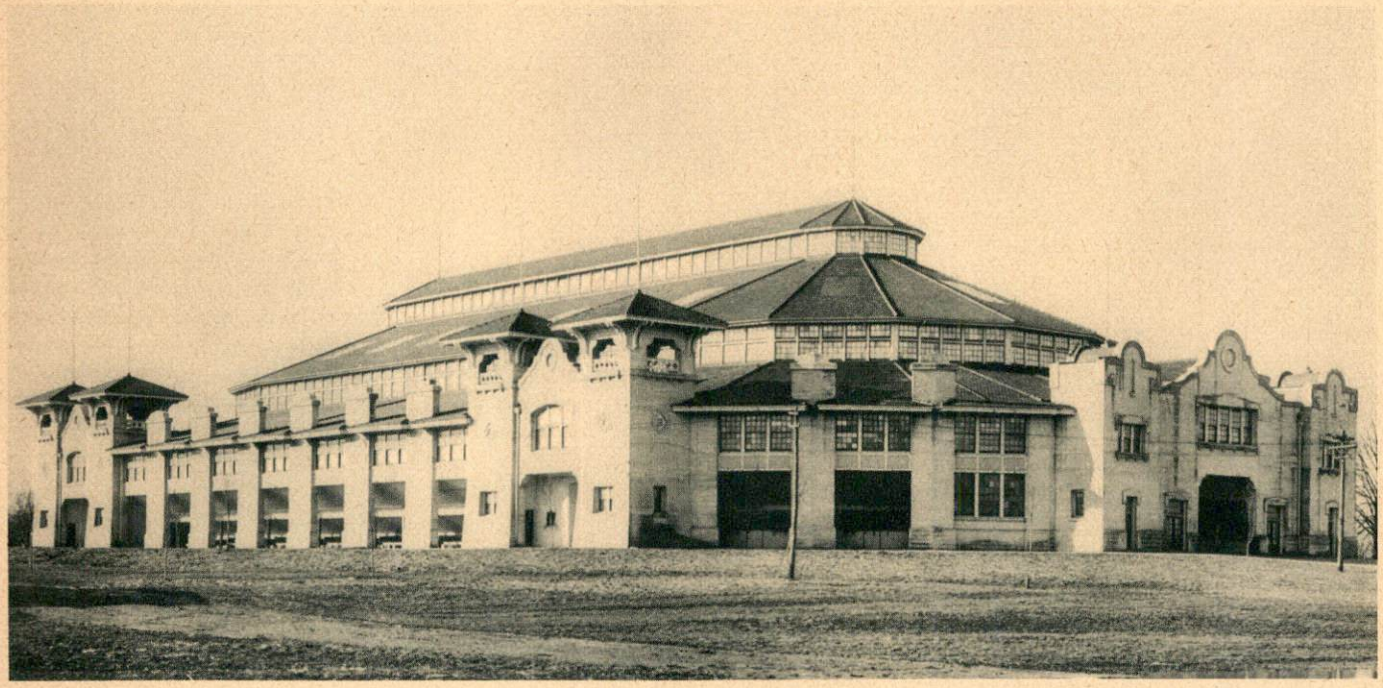
The Daniel Boone Bicentennial Commission, therefore, has projected a program which will run through a period of years before its final completion. The Federal Government, however, will undertake the development of the "Pioneer National Monument," when titles to the coveted historic sites are obtained.

A Patriotic Pilgrimage that Followed Daniel Boone into Kentucky

(*Continued from page* 159)

tucky. So discouraged were the would-be settlers by this misfortune that they turned back.

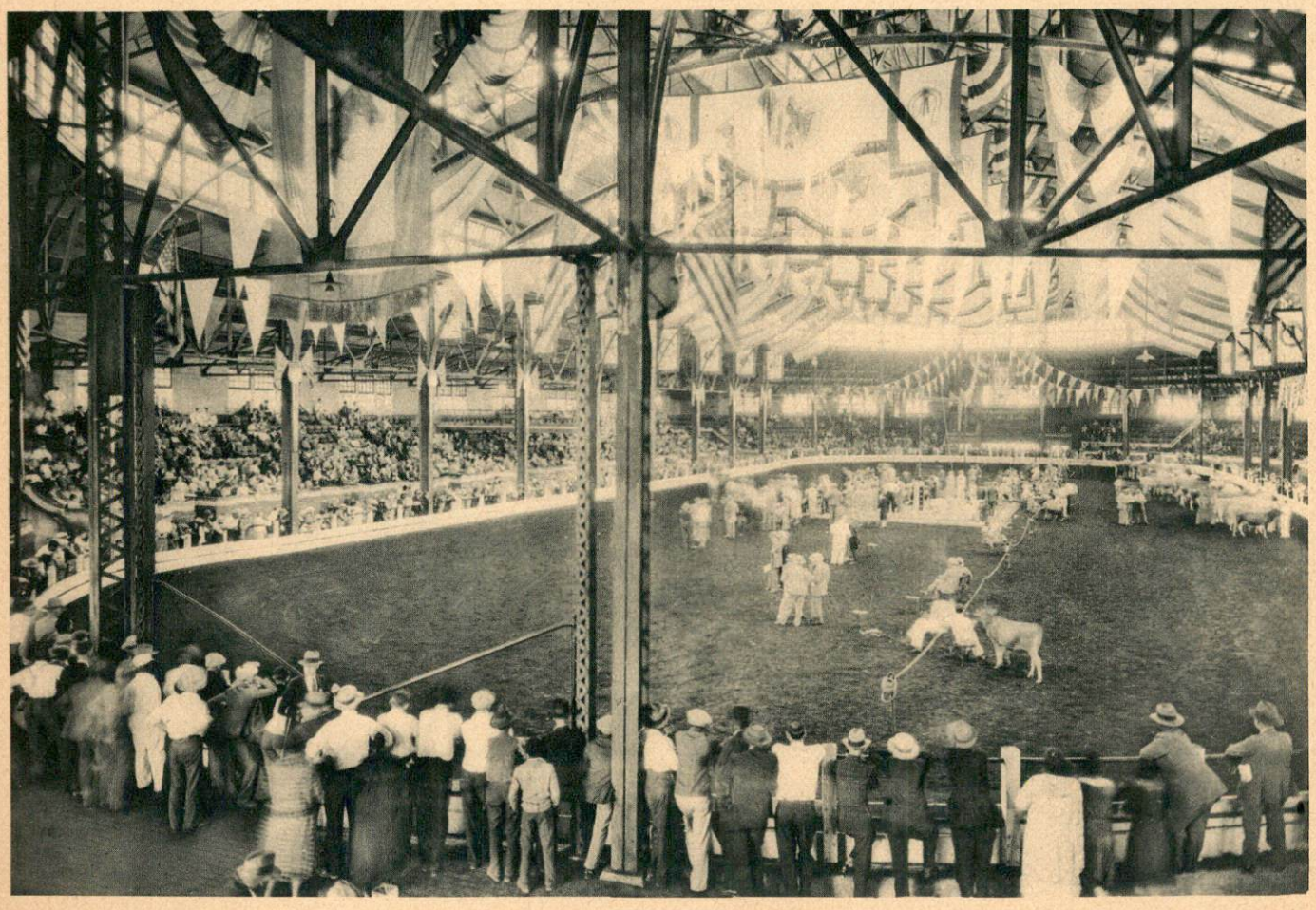
Boone returned with Michael Stover in 1774, making a trip of eight hundred miles in sixty-eight days and warning hunters of the approach of hostile Indians. In 1775 the Cherokees sold to the Transylvania Company for ten thousand pounds sterling their claim to Kentucky, and Boone with a party of thirty axmen blazed a path to the newly acquired land. Legend is that the Cherokee chief who accepted the purchase price spoke of the land as the "Dark and Bloody Ground," a name which has clung to that part of Kentucky to this day. . . .



At the Kentucky State Fair

Above, The Live Stock Pavilion.
Below, Judging the Stock.

©Caufield & Shook



The Stage is Set for a Gala Fair

THE Kentucky State Fair will celebrate its thirty-second anniversary, September 10 to 15 inclusive. Although not as hoary with age as some of the fairs of the nation, the Kentucky State Fair is one of the most prominent and in many respects is outstanding. The Horse Show held in the spacious and modern pavilion is looked upon throughout the nation as the leading event of its kind and ribbons and stakes won at this show are recognized as having been procured in keenest competition with the nation's best horseflesh. Competent judges have said that the 1933 show was the best ever put together in this country and the management this year expects to improve on last year's show.

The management predicts the largest attendance in many years, and believes the 1934 State Fair will be acclaimed the best in Kentucky State Fair history. Better and more attractive prizes have been set up in the catalogue and exhibitors are preparing herds for more extensive exhibitions of cattle, hogs and sheep. The poultry exhibit will be one of great interest this year and is being given especial attention by the management. Many novel features have been added to the Fair's program for the 1934 Fair, which promises a diversion from the usual attractions of Fairs. The management has procured as a free attraction, Graham's Western Riders, whose acts have been contracted by the International Live Stock Exposition at Chicago for four consecutive years. This will be an entirely new feature and is expected to be immensely popular with State Fair patrons. Pasco's sheep dogs will also perform to the delight and appreciation of Fair visitors who will marvel at their intelligence and training.

A State Boys Band Contest will be another feature new to Fair visitors this year, and boys bands from various sections of Kentucky will compete for prizes and honors. A State-wide beauty contest is under way and prizes for the winners, consisting of a trip to the World's Fair at Chicago for the winners of first and second honors, will be awarded, and there will be other attractive prizes offered for third, fourth and fifth honors.

Since the last Fair, in September 1933, great improvements have been made upon the grounds of the State Fair property, in the electrical equipment. The center field of the Race Track, has been leveled and converted into a modern athletic field. These improvements were made possible through the Federal Government's C. W. A. projects and was sponsored by the Louisville Athletic League. The Louisville Athletic League in conjunction with the management of the Kentucky State Fair is arranging for an Amateur Athletic meet during State Fair Week, when some of the outstanding amateur athletes of America will be brought together in various contests of physical skill and prowess.

Under a recent arrangement with the F. E. R. A., men are to be furnished to repair buildings, roads and to do painting and make general improvements to State Fair property before commencement of the Fair in September. These improvements will add to the natural beauty of the Grounds and will give a gala appearance to the entire set-up at Fair time.

The management has undertaken to make the Fair increasingly attractive and at the same time reduce the price of admissions, so as to make it possible for every citizen of the State to attend and share in its benefits and pleasures.

The M. & M. Building at Night.

The Capture of the Daughters of Boone and Callaway

(*Continued from page* 188)

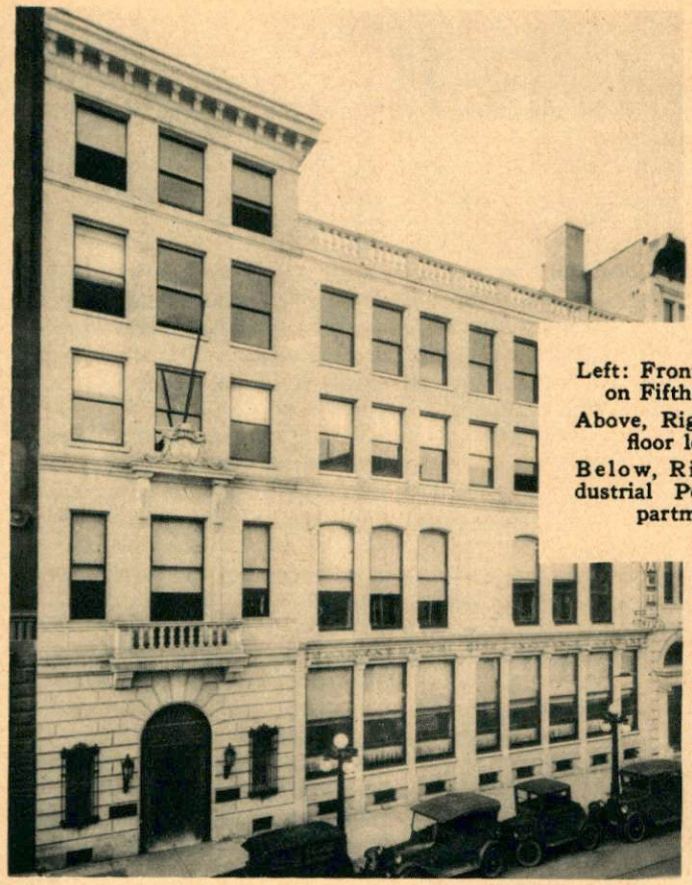
were dragged rapidly into the forest, and were soon too far away for the sound of their voices to be heard.

Let us leave the little captives and return to the fort. Here all was alarm. Boone and Callaway were both absent. The inhabitants supposed a large body of savages were concealed on the opposite bank. The canoe was gone, and the only means of crossing was to swim. This would expose them to the deadly rifles of the savages. In the meantime night came on, and rendered immediate pursuit impossible. The night, however, was spent in active preparations. Boone and Callaway had returned; and a choice company of kindred spirits enrolled themselves sworn to deliver the young captives, or perish in the attempt.

At dawn of day they started upon their perilous expedition. Crossing the river, they struck the trail of the Indians, and, like the bounding deer, dashed forward in the pursuit. The account of this thrilling adventure, given by Mr. Flint, is highly wrought, and some portions of it somewhat apocryphal. The Indians, according to their custom, had taken so much precaution to hide their trail, that the party found themselves exceedingly perplexed to keep it, and they were obliged to put forth all the acquirement and instinct of woodsmen not to find themselves every moment at fault in regard to their course. The rear Indians of the file had covered their footprints with leaves. They often turned off at right angles; and whenever they came to a branch, walked in the water for some distance. At a place of this sort, the pursuers were for some time wholly unable to find at what point the Indians had left the branch, and began to despair of regaining their trail. In this extreme perplexity, one of the company was attracted by an indication of their course, which proved that the daughters shared the silvan sagacity of their parents. "God bless my dear child!" exclaimed Colonel Callaway; at the same time picking up a little piece of ribbon, which he had recognized as his daughter's. At another time, in passing places covered with mud, deposited in the low places on the way, the foot-prints of the captives were distinctly traced, till the pursuers had learned to discriminate not only the number, but the peculiar form of each foot-print.

It was the aim of the pursuing party to come suddenly upon the Indians—well knowing that their first movement, if they found themselves pursued, would be to murder their captives. This required extreme caution. Late in the evening they came upon the Indians just as they were kindling a fire to cook their supper. The discovery was almost simultaneous by both parties. Four of the pursuers fired; and quick as thought the whole party rushed upon the savages. That was a happy movement. The Indians had not time to gather up their arms or moccasins, much less to tomahawk their captives. The poor girls seemed to be overwhelmed by their sudden and unexpected deliverance. So exultant were the party that they made no search for their slain or wounded enemies; but began to retrace their steps immediately; and the next day reached their homes in safety.

Our engraving, we think, does justice to the scene of the capture; we must leave to the imagination of the reader to conceive the distress and alarm of the fair captives, or the painful, agonizing suspense of their mothers for more than forty-eight hours.



Left: Front entrance on Fifth Street.
Above, Right: First floor lobby.
Below, Right: Industrial Policy Department.

—Photos © Caufield & Shook

COMMONWEALTH LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF KENTUCKY

The first meeting of the stockholders of the Commonwealth Life Insurance Company was held February 15, 1905, at which time a Board of Directors was elected, composed of J. D. Powers, T. L. Jefferson, J. W. Guest, S. B. Kirby, W. W. Thum, W. J. Nisbet, P. C. Smith, Leon L. Solomon, Herman F. Monroe, Darwin W. Johnson, Thos. Bohannon. A. E. McBee. Matt O'Doherty, John Droege, J. T. Gathright, and Norbourne Arterburn.

This Board held its first meeting on February 21, 1905, and elected the following officers:

J. D. Powers, President.

Darwin W. Johnson, Secretary and Treasurer.

Judge Matt O'Doherty, First Vice President.

The Company began operations shortly thereafter and commenced writing both Industrial and Ordinary life insurance. Mr. Louis G. Russell, who had been with the Western & Southern Life Insurance Company for quite a number of years, was given the responsibility of organizing the Industrial Department and became first Manager, first Superintendent, and he wrote the first policy.

The records of the Company indicate that during the year 1905 total premiums collected on Industrial insurance amounted to $9,018.00, and total premiums collected on Ordinary insurance amounted to $32,448.00.

From this meager beginning the Company gradually increased its Agency organization and its territory until today its combined agency force operating in ten states; namely, Kentucky, Alabama, Ohio, Indiana, West Virginia, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi and Tennessee, exceeds 600 men, and the annual premium income exceeds $3,000,000.00, and its assets are in excess of $15,000,000.00.

It is significant to note that from the time the Company was incorporated up until the present it has never absorbed by consolidation or re-insurance the business of any other company and that the entire volume of insurance now in force, in excess of $121,000,000 has been obtained through the efforts of its own men.

From its inception the officers of the Company decided to give to the insuring public the maximum benefits available under a life insurance policy. Industrial life insurance policies were issued with full and immediate benefits —with paid up and extended values, and with named beneficiaries in the policy contract. These constructive measures adopted by an infant company reflected the confidence and vision of those chosen to guide its destiny, and as a result the growth of the Company, while conservative, has been sound.

Through its investment policy the Company has contributed materially to the growth of many of the communities in Kentucky and the other States in which it operates.

The Company, today, exclusive of its agency organization, employs in its Home Office approximately 175 people, and from its small beginning with an office in the basement of the United States Trust Company Building, from thence to a location on Chestnut Street, it now owns and occupies what was the old Fidelity Building, to which has recently been added a four-story annex with a frontage on Main Street.

The Company is controlled by its stockholders, who number approximately 650. Its Capital stock is $1,500,000.00 and its statement of December 31, 1933, shows a surplus to policy-holders of over $2,400,000.00, and indicates a ratio of $1.20 assets for every $1.00 liability, which is significant of its strength.

The Management of the Company is essentially the same as it was 29 years ago. Mr. Darwin W. Johnson, who was the first Secretary and Treasurer, is its President. Mr. Louis G. Russell is Vice President and in charge of the Industrial Department. Mr. I. Smith Homans, who was its first consulting Actuary in 1905 and who became Resident Actuary of the Company in 1908, is likewise a Vice President and in charge of the Ordinary Agency Department. The Secretary is Mr. Jos. R. Hoffman, who started with the Company as an office boy. Its Treasurer is Mr. Thos. J. Johnson, who was first employed as Cashier. Mr. D. G. Roach is a Vice President and in charge of the Investment Mortgage Account. Dr. W. F. Blackford is Medical Director. Mr. C. Krayenbuhl is Vice President and in charge of Claim and Conservation Department. Mr. J. Herbert Snyderis, Director of Agencies, and Batson & Cary is its General Counsel.

The Company enjoys a favorable reputation in the entire territory in which it operates and, likewise, enjoys a rating of "Excellent" by Best's for the manner in which it conducts its business.

A Kentucky Book Is Reviewed

By BASIL DAVENPORT

Reprinted from The Saturday Review of Literature

The South In Pride And Degradation

Ridgeways. By Frances Renard. New York: Frederick A Stokes Co. 1934. $2.50.

IT IS easy to romanticize over the South, and difficult to see it truly; and no wonder, for the South, like Greece in the time of the Persian and Peloponnesian Wars, is a true Aristotelian protagonist of tragedy among nations. That the South made a life which, whatever its fatal flaws, was very lovely, and that after the Civil War the South was so beaten down as to give up the struggle to rise, finding excuse in circumstance for indulging herself in weakness, and adding, like the Euripidean Hecuba, the tragedy of the soul to the tragedy of circumstance—this story seems to call for rhetoric and exaggeration. And so we have had innumerable sabers-and-roses tales in which every gentleman's house seems to be the size of Blenheim Palace; or we have the stories of Mr. William Faulkner, whose characters, with their idiot sons, their uncontrollable passions, and fantastic conceptions of honor, are as plainly the decadent aristocrats of the extreme romantic tradition as are the inhabitants of "Udolpho" and its brood of crumbling castles on the Rhine or the Apennines. The writers who have avoided romanticism have too often been carried into the embittered naturalism of Mr. Thomas Wolfe, who will hardly call Lee brave or Monticello fair. But in "Ridgeways," a novel which touches five generations of the life of a Kentucky family, Miss Frances Renard has achieved the honor of showing, in her characters, the great days and the degradation of the South, and of showing them truly and clearly.

Ridgeways itself is the house of the Hardison family, who, under the system of slavery, are gentlemen farmers, representatives of what was perhaps the only class that could without affectation claim both parts of that phrase. Ridgeways is not presented as a palace, but it is a well-built, well-proportioned, neo-classic house, it is the scene of a good and gracious life, and it is the motive force of the book. When at the end of the Civil War Ben Hardison, who had gone off at fifteen to join the Confederates, comes back, painfully lame from a shrapnel wound and broken in health from a military prison, to find himself an orphan, the slaves gone, the place deserted, it is the look of Ridgeways, looted and wantonly defaced by the Northern army, that completes his despair. It is its stateliness which is still enough to attract Ellen, the daughter of some nomadic squatters, and to make possession of it become the reason of all the rest of her life.

Miss Renard keeps throughout her story her integrity of truthfulness. She sacrifices nothing to the neat shaping of a tragedy; nothing, either, to a conventional happy ending. The first chapters of her book show the life of the slave-holding South, without excess of admiration or blame; the life of Ben, who, we see so clearly, might have saved something of his fortunes if he could have plucked up an ounce more energy in his shot-shattered soul, shows the story of the post-war South, without excess of pity or blame. And the book to the end is equally sincere and sound.

Its faults, however, are undeniable. It has a strong tendency to break up into three or four successive stories; Miss Renard has not quite succeeded in carrying over the interest from Ben to Ellen, from Ellen to her daughter Noncie, from her in turn to her daughter, or to make their stories overlap sufficiently; and the presence of Ridgeways in the background is too remote to hold the book together as it should. Closely connected with this is the tendency to rely too much upon accident; again and again accident comes in, taking at least an important share in settling all the issues of the novel, and in doing so emphasizing its disunity.

Nevertheless, although the book has difficulty in moving as a whole, all the parts are fine, honest work; and even of the movement of the whole we can say that it is wholly convincing in showing Ridgeways as the symbol of a life that was so beautiful, so satisfying to the instinct, that merely working toward it was enough for a whole life. That, when we read the book, we believe; and though we have gone much further than that life, we wonder if we have fared so much better that any of our symbols will be as strong.


Kentucky's
GREAT ANNUAL
GET-TO-GETHER
and
SHOW WINDOW
for her PRODUCTS
The
KENTUCKY
STATE
FAIR
LOUISVILLE
SEPTEMBER 10-15
Let's all Go!