Boone Leading the First Settlers into the New Territory
DANIEL BOONE

Great American Pioneer

John Hancock
Mutual Life Insurance Company
of Boston, Massachusetts
THE history of the western country has been my history," declared Daniel Boone, the great American pioneer. Of all the frontiersmen who penetrated the early West, none played so conspicuous, so romantic, or so useful a rôle as this adventurer. Expert rifleman, famous hunter, and heroic Indian fighter, Boone believed that he was ordained by God to open the wilderness. "Something hid behind the ranges" was always calling to him.

Boone's contribution to his country's development includes his services in the French and Indian War; his leadership in the building of the Wilderness Road; his defense of the backwoods settlements during the Revolutionary War; his pointing the way of his countrymen ever westward toward the land of the setting sun. He was among the first of the early colonists to explore the vast region between the Allegheny Mountains and the Mississippi River, a region of great beauty and fertility, which, because of Boone's activities in trail making and defense, the American colonies were able to obtain from England by treaty at the close of the Revolutionary War.

YOUTH

Daniel Boone, the fourth of seven sons, was born in a log cabin on the banks of the Delaware River, about twenty miles above Philadelphia. Authorities differ as to the exact date of his birth, some giving November 2, 1734, and others February, 1735. His parents, plain, hardy folk, were Quakers. When Daniel was three years old, the family moved to a frontier settlement, now the city of Reading, on the border of the Indian country. Here Daniel spent his boyhood and early youth, and here he gained an intimate knowledge of wild game, the woods, and the Indian, which was invaluable to him in later life.

Of regular schooling, Daniel Boone had little or none. He probably never saw the inside of a school-room. From a sister-in-law he learned "the three R's," and later, by self-teaching, he acquired sufficient knowledge to enable him to read understandingly and to write interesting, if badly spelled, letters, and to earn his livelihood by surveying.
While he knew practically nothing of books, Daniel did receive some vocational training. His father kept looms to make "homespun" to sell, and established a blacksmith-shop on his farm. Daniel learned to weave and to work at the forge; between the two, he greatly preferred the forge—possibly because it gave him opportunity to repair broken guns, rifles and traps; for Daniel Boone was, even as a small boy, passionately fond of hunting and trapping. His real school was the forest. Boone's first weapon was a knob-rooted sapling, which, at the age of ten, he could hurl with remarkable dexterity, slaying squirrels, chipmunks, and grouse. At twelve, he had his first rifle. Every summer he herded cattle, and each winter went hunting. Far into the forest he wandered, pursuing the deer and wild turkey for food, the bear and wolf for fur; exploring the country for miles until practically every foot of it was familiar to him; seeing many Indians and studying their traits and habits. Even at sixteen, there was no better woodsman in all eastern Pennsylvania than Daniel Boone.

In the spring of 1750, Daniel's father started for the Yadkin Valley in North Carolina, five hundred miles to the southwest. They began the journey, but, according to tradition, camped several months on Linnville Creek, near Harrisonburg, Va., reaching their destination about 1752. The elder Boone chose a claim at Buffalo Lick. Daniel, now eighteen, was obliged to help clear the land and build a log house, but at every possible excuse, he went hunting. Buffaloes, bears, wild turkeys, beavers, otters, muskrats, wolves, panthers, and wildcats were plentiful. Daniel not only furnished meat for the family, but he sold the skins.

FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR

Up to this time, the Boones had lived undisturbed on their frontier lands. In 1754, however, the French had entered the Ohio Valley, and, with the Indians as their allies, were opposing the westward advance of the English. The result was five years of fighting known as the French and Indian War. It is reported that Daniel, at twenty, served in the Pennsylvania Militia, which protected the frontier from Indian forays. In 1755, Daniel did serve as wagoner and blacksmith to North Carolinian frontiersmen who joined General Braddock's army in its attempt to capture Fort Duquesne. At the famous defeat of Braddock, when the Indians,
led by French officers, centered a fierce attack upon the baggage-train, Boone cut the traces of his team, mounted a horse, and escaped.

While in Braddock's army, he met John Finley, and he listened with eagerness to his tales of the country west of the mountains, where the latter had undergone many perilous adventures while bartering with the Indians. The description of rich soil, balmy climate, noble forests, and big game in this wonderful country, which the Indians called "Kentucky," fired Boone with a desire to explore it.

But back in the Yadkin Valley, Boone soon married Rebecca Bryan, built his own log cabin, and for the next few years planted and garnered his crops, pastured his live stock, served as wagoner or weaver, and hunted wild animals. In their rough cabin of logs, the chinks stuffed with moss or clay, with one door and perhaps a single window, the Boones lived in the simplest and most primitive manner. Rebecca Boone was a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl of seventeen; and Daniel a stalwart, broad-shouldered, dark-haired youth, five feet eight inches in height, his gleaming blue eyes arched with yellowish eyebrows, his manner one of abounding energy and fortitude. Theirs was a life of rigor and rude experiences, but one to which they had been hardened since childhood, and which made them able to endure later the perilous adventures and arduous life of the far-away frontier. Only a woman of resolute courage and hardihood could have faced the dangers and untold hardships of the journey into Kentucky, and the subsequent life there. But such a woman was Rebecca Boone, whose fearlessness and enthusiasm equaled that of her husband.

Although the Yadkin settlers lived in constant fear of Indian raids, it was not until April of 1759 that the Cherokees attacked the Valley, destroying crops, burning cabins, murdering settlers, and dragging women and children into cruel captivity. Daniel Boone took Rebecca and their small children in a wagon to Culpeper County, Virginia, where for a time he worked as wagoner. Within a few months, however, skirmishes had taken place at nearly all the frontier forts, and Boone returned to the border to join a regiment of North Carolinians. Eventually, the Cherokees were completely crushed, and on November 19, 1761, signed a treaty whereby the Indians were to "keep the chain of friendship bright so long as rivers flow, grasses grow, and sun and moon endure."
HUNTING AND WANDERING

Having penetrated the western territory in this campaign, and now fearing no attack from the red men, many frontiersmen entered the mountain fastnesses, hunting big game. Daniel Boone brought his family back to the Yadkin, but could no longer settle down to farming. His passion for adventure, as well as his desire for game, took him on long and perilous journeys. In 1760, he had threaded his way through the Watauga wilds, where the first settlement in Tennessee was later established. Until recently there stood on the banks of Boone’s Creek, a tributary of the Watauga River, a beech tree bearing this inscription, cut by a hunting-knife: “D. Boon cilled A BAR on this tree in the year 1760.” Boone’s wanderings have been traced very largely by his name and hunting feats, which he constantly cut on trees.

In 1761, Boone led a hunting-party across the Alleghenies; three years later, he was again in Tennessee. With seven companions, Boone, in 1765, went on horseback as far south as Florida, exploring from St. Augustine to Pensacola. He almost decided to settle in Pensacola, but the rain, extensive swamps, and lack of game forced him to abandon the idea. On hunting-trips near home, he sometimes took with him his little son James, then about eight years old. More often, however, he journeyed in solitude, pressing eagerly westward on the trail of beasts of prey. Always he traveled a little farther west, always he dreamed of the hunter’s paradise—just beyond!

KENTUCKY

Boone’s earlier hope of visiting Kentucky was soon to be realized. John Finley, his adventurous companion of Braddock’s army, now appeared in Yadkin Valley. All winter he stayed in Boone’s cabin, telling tales of the western land. With the coming of spring, Boone no longer was content in the Valley; so, leaving his family and crops in the care of his brother Squire, he, with Finley and four other men, set out, on May 1, 1769,
for the land beyond the mountains. Each man was well armed, and dressed in deerskin shirt and trousers, with tomahawk, hunting-knife, powder-horn, and bullet-pouch attached to the belt. Day after day, they rode through the forest. They scaled the lofty Blue Ridge, the Stone and Iron Mountains, proceeded through Moccasin Gap of Clinch Mountain, forded rivers and crossed hills until they came to Powell’s Valley, where the foremost white settlement was then located. Following a hunter’s trail through Cumberland Gap, and an Indian warrior’s path across the hills, they reached a tributary of the Kentucky River, in Estill County, Kentucky, now called Station Camp Creek.

Here Boone and his followers hunted happily from June until December, scraping and curing skins for fur, "jerking" buffalo, bear, elk, deer, and wild turkey meat for the winter’s food. Although all this region was claimed by Cherokees and Shawnees, the hunters saw no Indians until the twenty-second of December. On that day, Boone, with another hunter, Stuart, was climbing a small hill when suddenly they were surrounded by Shawnees, seized, hurled to the ground, and taken prisoners.

The Indians forced them to lead the way to their camp. Here they robbed the hunters of their furs, provisions, horses, rifles, and ammunition, and then informed them that this was the Indian hunting-ground, and that if they hunted there again, "the wasps and yellow jackets will sting you severely."

Enraged at having lost their year’s work, Boone and Stuart chased the Shawnees for two days, regained four or five horses, were again captured by the Indians, but escaped after seven days. As if sent by fate, Boone’s brother Squire and a companion arrived at this time, with a fresh supply of horses and ammunition. Nevertheless, five of the men set out for home. Stuart was killed by the Indians. (Five years later Daniel found his bones in a hollow tree, recognizing them by Stuart’s name on the powder-horn.) Daniel and Squire were thus left alone. They lived in the woods, hunting and trapping, until May 1, 1770, when Squire started home, laden with furs, skins, and jerked meat.

Left alone in the Kentucky wilderness, "without bread, salt, or sugar, without company of his fellow-creatures, or even a horse or dog," Daniel Boone hunted, studied the woods, and watched for the Indian. Of a savage whom he saw fishing from a fallen tree, he said: "While I was looking at the fellow he tumbled into the river and I
saw him no more.” (Undoubtedly Boone shot him.) On another occasion, when exploring Dick’s River, he was suddenly surrounded by Indians. Leaping over a sixty-foot precipice, he landed in a sugar-maple, slid down the tree, ran under the overhanging bank, swam the stream, and escaped. Frequent adventures of this kind added spice to his solitary life.

Squire, having sold the furs, paid their debts, and purchased new supplies, rejoined him in July. In the fall, Squire again took the well-laden horses to the home market, but returned in December; and the brothers spent another winter in the deep forest. In March, they started back for the Yadkin Valley, with the spoils of a good winter’s hunt. Near Cumberland Gap, they were attacked by a war party of Northern Indians, who robbed them of their packs. Daniel and Squire reached Yadkin Valley safely, but with no game. Daniel had been away for two years, and now returned poorer than when he had started, but with one of his greatest dreams realized; he had at last seen Kentucky.

The next two years and more, Boone worked his farm in summer and made long hunting-trips in winter—often venturing far west into Kentucky. Finally, overcome with the zeal of the frontiersman, he decided to make a settlement in the western country.

**SETTLEMENT IN THE WESTERN COUNTRY**

Daniel Boone sold his farm, took his wife and eight children, and, with five other families of the Yadkin, started on September 25, 1773, to found a new home in the West. With men, women, and children alike traveling on horseback or afoot (they had no such comfort as a canvas-covered wagon), the caravan proceeded over narrow trails, which often led over dangerously steep hills, and through dense woods. They camped in the open, feeding chiefly on the game they caught. In cold or stormy weather, their only shelter was a tent-cloth or “bedcoverings stretched between upright poles.” But they journeyed on happily until they came to Powell’s Valley, where they were to be joined by other home-seekers.

Upon reaching Powell’s Valley, Boone sent his son James, then sixteen, with two other men across country to a Clinch River settler, Russell, to obtain supplies. Several Clinch River people offered to help James carry the supplies back to Daniel Boone; and the whole
party was within three miles of Daniel's camp in Powell's Valley, when they were attacked by the Shawnees, and all but a white laborer and a negro were killed and scalped. After this pathetic tragedy, most of the pioneers turned back, and Boone, filled with grief at the loss of his son, decided not to go into Kentucky for the present. The Boones, with a few faithful followers, took possession of some deserted cabins in Clinch Valley, and settled there.

In the spring, when the Cherokees and Shawnees were making war upon the frontiersmen, the white men erected forts in each of the valleys, and sent scouts to warn backwoods hunters and surveyors that the Indians were on the warpath. Daniel Boone and Michael Stoner were selected as scouts to notify several surveying parties in Kentucky of the Indians; because, wrote Captain Russell, "If they are alive it is indisputable but Boone must find them." Starting on June 27, 1774, Boone and Stoner penetrated Kentucky to the Ohio River (where Louisville now stands). In two months they traveled eight hundred miles through practically unbroken forest, (they dare not keep to trails) overcoming many difficulties, and experiencing great danger from the Indians, but they led the surveyors safely back to civilization.

During September of the same year, several white men in Clinch Valley were wounded or captured by the Indians. In October, Boone, as Lieutenant, with twenty men, was in command of Moore's fort on the Clinch River. Besides defending his own post, he was usually the first to give aid to near-by forts when they were attacked. He is described as a familiar figure throughout the Valley, as he hurried to and fro upon his military duties, "dressed in deerskin, colored black, and his hair plaited and clubbed up." On October 10, the Shawnees, under their famous chief, Cornstalk, attacked Point Pleasant. The bloody hand-to-hand battle ended in a victory for the frontiersmen, which practically ended the border war for the next two years. Because of his courageous leadership, Boone had been made Captain. In November, however, the militiamen were discharged, and Boone returned to his home and to the hunt.

The Wilderness Road

Boone was now more than forty years old. His life in the forest, whether on the hunt or in battle, had moulded his character and strengthened his sinew for the hard tasks which were still con-
fronting him. Perhaps his greatest accomplishment was the building of the famous Wilderness Road, "which for many years thereafter was to swarm with the emigration to the West."

Colonel Henderson of North Carolina, through the organization of the Transylvania Company, planned to buy Kentucky from the Cherokees, to offer it to settlers on terms, and himself become the proprietor of all. He solicited the aid of Boone. Boone advised the Indians of Henderson's offer, and led twelve hundred of them to the great council held at Sycamore Shoals on the Watauga River, in March, 1775. At this council, for $50,000 worth of clothing, utensils, ornaments and firearms, the Cherokees ceded all the country between the Kentucky and Cumberland Rivers, as well as "a path of approach from the East through Powell's Valley."

When the goods were divided among the Indians, there was little for each warrior, and great dissatisfaction arose. This did not promise well for the safety of the settlers, and chiefs of the tribe warned Boone that "a black cloud hung over the land."

Daniel Boone now undertook to mark a road through the forest to the Kentucky River and there found a capital for the Henderson colony. A group of "thirty-guns" was organized, with almost every man an expert woodsman and Indian fighter. The road-builders promised to proceed "under the management and control of Colonel Boone, who was to be our pilot and conductor through the wilderness to the promised land."

No one less skilled in woodcraft than Daniel Boone could have directed this road over the mountains. They went through Cumberland Gap, and forded Rockcastle River in Southeastern Kentucky, then turned north, "into a region of dead brushwood, through which not even the buffalo had penetrated." Chopping and burning their way onward through the Kentucky wilderness, which in later times was to be covered with the famed "blue grass," they must have felt the thrill of new paths untrodden and new lands untilled. The night of March 24, when asleep in their camp near Silver Creek, and not more than fifteen miles from their goal, they were
aroused by wild yells and a volley of musketry from an Indian war party. Two of the road men were killed, and a third wounded. Despite this loss, the expedition went on until it reached Big Lick, on the Kentucky River. Here Boone decided to build the town to be called Boonesborough, and here ended the Wilderness Road—the narrow, blood-won path that stretched back for two hundred miles. Little did Boone realize that within a few years his path would be taken by thousands of men and women, hurrying westward to "lay the foundations of powerful, progressive commonwealths."

Boonesborough  
Daniel Boone surveyed the site of the new town, marking it off into two-acre lots; and with his men began building the frontier village. It consisted of nearly thirty one-story cabins, arranged in a hollow square and enclosed by a log stockade, part of which was formed by the backs of the cabins. Two-story block-houses stood at each corner. Block-houses, cabins, and stockade were provided with small port-holes for rifles.

The settlers were to make their homes within the stockade in times of danger; but for farming they took up lands in much larger tracts in the surrounding country. Daniel Boone laid claim to several hundred acres, and later received from Henderson two thousand acres for "the signal services he had rendered to the company."

With their homes practically established, the settlers' next step was to form a government. There were now four settlements in the Transylvania grant: Boonesborough, Harrodsburg, Boiling Spring, and St. Asaph. In May, 1775, delegates from these settlements met and decided on a proprietary form of government. As one of the delegates from Boonesborough, Daniel Boone was chairman of the committee which framed a law for the preservation of game. He also suggested a law for improving the breed of horses, thus laying the foundation for Kentucky's future fame as the land of fine horses.

Convinced that the village was strongly fortified, Boone went East, and in early September, 1775, returned to Boonesborough with his wife and family. His wife and daughter, Jemima, were the first white women to set foot on the banks of the Kentucky. Several other women, however, soon arrived in the village.
Indian Troubles

Although the Revolutionary War was now on, and the Cherokees, Shawnees, and Mingos, incited by British agents, had declared war upon the American borderers, it was not until July 17, 1776, that Indian troubles began at Boonesborough. On that day three girls, Jemima Boone, fourteen years old, Betsey and Fanny Calloway, sixteen and fourteen respectively, were canoeing on the Kentucky River when they were captured by Indians. As soon as the girls were missed, the settlers, Boone among them, started in hot pursuit. They were able to follow the trail by scraps of clothing and broken twigs which the girls had dropped while the Indians were not looking. On the morning of the second day they came upon the Indians about their campfire. At a signal from Boone, the men fired, set the Indians to rout, and rescued the captive girls.

Boone sought to prepare against an attack upon the village by securing supplies of powder and lead from the East. Twice during the next year, 1777, Boonesborough was besieged. On the second occasion, the Indians, hidden in the long grass near the stockade, enticed the settlers to give chase. As Boone and the majority of his twenty-two riflemen rushed out of the garrison, the Indians, one hundred and fifty strong, surrounded them, cutting off their retreat. Seeing the trap they were in, Boone shouted to his men to turn about, dash for the gate, and fire as they ran. A deadly hand-to-hand conflict followed. Several white men fell, among them Boone, his leg broken by a bullet. With a whoop of triumph, a brave leaped at him with uplifted tomahawk. Quick as lightning, one of Boone’s men, Simon Kenton, fired, shot the Indian through the breast, lifted Boone, and carried him safely to the fort. With characteristic terseness, Boone thanked him with, “Well, Simon, you have behaved like a man—you are a fine fellow.”

As an Indian fighter, Boone was in his element. No other white man knew so well the red man and his ways, and no Indian chief was a better fighter or more cunning woodsman than he. No other frontiersman of his generation could beat the Indian at his own game as could Daniel Boone.
As the Indian troubles increased, there was less and less travel along the Wilderness Road, and the settlers, therefore, found it difficult to get provisions. Most of their food they supplied for themselves, but one article they could neither supply nor dispense with—salt. It was a serious deprivation for people whose principal diet was game, in the curing of which salt was necessary. In January, 1778, Boone, with a party of settlers, went to Blue Lick (a salt spring), and while some men hunted, others watched for Indians, and others kept fires under the salt-kettles. Toward evening of February 7, Boone was returning from a hunt, with his packhorse heavily laden with buffalo meat, when out of the blinding snow-storm sprang four Indians. Boone sought to escape, but was seized, bound, and a second time taken captive. He was led to the Indian camp, some miles distant, where the Shawnee chief, Black Fish, had one hundred warriors. Knowing that the Indians would not leave the warpath and return to their villages without taking at least a few prisoners, and wishing to lure them from an attack upon Boonesborough, Boone led them to Blue Lick, and there advised the salt-makers to surrender peacefully. (He was later court-martialed for this as an act of treason, but was acquitted). The march back to the Shawnee town of Chillicothe, Ohio, caused great suffering to prisoners and captors alike. The cold was severe; for food, they were forced to eat some of their horses and dogs. From Chillicothe, the prisoners were taken to Detroit, to the British Governor, Hamilton, who paid the Indians a liberal sum for them all, save Boone. Even though Hamilton offered one hundred pounds sterling for the great frontiersman, the Indians shook their heads, while the Chieftain, Black Fish, declared that he would take Boone back to Chillicothe and adopt him into the tribe as his own son.

Boone, realizing that his safety lay in agreeing with the Indian, calmly endured the ceremony of adoption, which usually included the plucking out of the hair, a single hair at a time, except for the scalp-lock, which was decorated with feathers, the washing and rubbing of the body in a river, “to take all his white blood out,” the painting of the head and face. For four months, Big Turtle, as Boone was christened, lived and hunted with the Indians. Although the Indians admired Boone, they watched his every movement, even counting the bullets given him to hunt, and requiring him to return those not used in shooting game. All the time, Boone was patiently planning his escape, and he acquired ammunition by dividing his
When, in June, the Indians began preparations to take to the warpath to destroy Boonesborough, Boone knew that he must leave at once to warn his comrades. On the morning of the sixteenth, obtaining permission to go hunting, he began, afoot, the one-hundred-and-sixty-mile journey through the forest to Boonesborough. He knew that at nightfall, when he was missed, the Indians would follow in hot pursuit, and that nothing but excruciating torture and death would appease them for his great ingratitude and deceit. Doubling on his trail, making blind tracks, wading down creeks, making use of every device known to woodsmen to throw the Indian off his trail, he at length reached Boonesborough. During this four-day journey, he had eaten but one meal—from a buffalo which he shot at Blue Lick. Great was Boone’s disappointment, as he staggered into Boonesborough, where he was "welcomed as one risen from the dead"; for Mrs. Boone, believing him dead, had returned with their children to the Yadkin.

Although Boone would fain follow his family, he knew that his duty lay in the village. Under his command, the fort was prepared for the oncoming of the Indians. In early September, when the Indians came and demanded surrender, Boone replied that they would "defend the fort while a man was living." Against a band of four hundred warriors, the frontiersmen, numbering about fifty, held their own for ten days. Firing from trees and hillocks into every porthole and crevice of the stockade, hurling firebrands upon the cabin roofs, even attempting to dig a tunnel under the wall, the Indians sought in vain to capture Boonesborough, and finally retreated. This marked the last attack of the Indians upon the village.

Now that the town was comparatively safe, Boone hastened to join his family, but returned to Kentucky with them the next year. Although unmolested by large parties of Indians, the frontiersmen were continually troubled with small bands of them. The story is told that, one day, Boone, while hunting, was startled by the whistling of a rifle-ball past his ear. Dashing under cover of cane-brake, he sighted two Indians, took careful aim, and fired, sending his bullet through the head of one savage and into the shoulder of the...
other. The first fell dead; the second, with yells of terror, fled into the forest.

In August, 1782, Bryan's Station, to the northwest of Boonesborough, was attacked, and Boone, at the head of a company, which included his son Israel, now twenty-three, went to the relief. In the fight which followed, Israel Boone was among the first to fall. Boone was overcome with despair at the loss of a second son. His brother, Edward, had also been killed in an Indian invasion. With the close of the Revolutionary War, the Indians lost the support of the English, and never again invaded Kentucky in force.

All during the Revolutionary War, Daniel Boone had been a conspicuous figure in the border fights. Through his efforts and those of his kind, the settlers had held their ground, and now, when peace was signed, the Independent Colonies were able to demand and get from the English the border region from the Alleghenies to the Mississippi. Hence, Daniel Boone not only helped to open the early West to the thirteen colonies, but during the War of the Revolution he was a strong factor in holding the frontier; hence it became the property of the United States of America.

AFTER THE REVOLUTION

Although thousands of pioneers emigrated to Kentucky during the first few years after the Revolution, Boonesborough did not thrive, and today "no remnant of the battle-scarred old fort remains." Deer, buffaloes, and other fur-bearing animals were being driven farther west, and Boone no longer found Kentucky the "hunter's paradise." It was too "uncomfortably populous" for him. Taking his family, pack horses, and dogs across the Kentucky River, he lived at a place later known as Boone's Station, until 1785. In 1786, he moved to Maysville, where he opened a small store and tavern, he and his sons bringing the merchandise by pack horses from Maryland. But Boone was soon to suffer great disappointment. In the years he had spent in Kentucky, he had preempted, in one way or another, several thousand acres of land. Unfortunately, Boone neglected to record his claims as the laws required. Scheming land-seekers, noting this omission on Boone's part, "jumped his claims," and succeeded in taking most of his land from him.

Even though a few acres were spared to him for the time being, Boone, vowing never to live in Kentucky again, went to Point
Pleasant, Kanawha County, Virginia, in 1788. He was a highly esteemed member of this frontier settlement. By popular petition, he was made lieutenant-colonel of Kanawha County, and in 1791, he was elected to the Virginia Assembly. Twice before, he had been a member of the Assembly, once from Boonesborough, and again from Maysville. But as evidences of civilization were always distasteful to Boone, he soon moved again, this time near the present city of Charleston, West Virginia. Penetrating the woods and hunting as of yore, he often visited small western settlements along the Ohio River. His heart was ever on the frontier, and when, in 1798, his few remaining acres were sold at auction because he could not pay the taxes on them, Boone denounced the civilization that had treated him so cruelly, and, though an old man, homeless and in debt, he once more set forth for the borderland to the west.

With his family, he went from Kanawha to the Ohio River, and in a flatboat sailed down the Ohio to Missouri, where his son, Daniel Morgan Boone, had already settled. It is said that when he stopped at Cincinnati for provisions, he was asked why, at his time of life, (he was well past sixty), he chose to endure the hardships of the frontier. "Too crowded!" he replied. "I want more elbow room."

IN MISSOURI Missouri was then a Spanish possession. Boone asked the Spanish authorities at St. Louis for a grant of land, and was given, free of charge, nearly eight hundred and fifty acres in Femme Osage District. But the venerable, kindly-disposed frontiersman could not long be in a community without taking part in public affairs. Thus, in 1800, he was appointed syndic, or magistrate, and held office as long as the Spanish were in control of Missouri. As syndic, Boone acted as judge, jury, and counsel, with unfailing fairness. No public office, however, could keep him from hunting. Every winter he set out from his cabin on Femme Osage Creek and wandered far. His sharp eyes were somewhat dim, and his powerful hands were less steady, but for a time his days were happy and his soul content.

In 1804, when the United States, having made the Louisiana Purchase the year previous, took control of the new territory, Boone ceased to be a syndic, and, furthermore, he soon afterward ceased.
to be a landholder. Because of some technicality of the requirements of settlement, his Missouri lands were taken from him. Thus the great pioneer and explorer was left, at the age of seventy-five, without an acre of land to call his own.

Hunting was still good, however, and, in 1810, after great success in trapping beavers, he returned to Kentucky to pay off debts that had long been held against him. The story goes that he returned with only fifty cents, but with the happy thought that "No man can say, when I am gone, 'Boone was a dishonest man.'"

In 1813, the United States Congress, recognizing that Boone had rendered his country "arduous and useful services," returned to him his land on the Femme Osage. That same year, Mrs. Boone died. Boone spent the remaining seven years of his life with his children, Jemima, Daniel Morgan, and Nathan, all of whom lived in Missouri. Almost to the last, he made long hunting trips. When eighty-two, he was in Nebraska, "in the dress of the roughest, poorest hunter." When nearly eighty-five, he was asked if he were ever lost, and he replied, "No, I can't say as ever I was lost, but I was bewildered once for three days."

In September, 1820, Daniel Boone died at the home of his son, Nathan. The Missouri Legislature adjourned for a day, and wore a badge of mourning for twenty days in honor of him. The name of this lovable and picturesque pioneer will live in American history as that of the man, perhaps more than any other of his generation, who aided most in leading the advance of civilization across the Alleghenies, and in pushing the borderland ever farther west.
Boonesborough—The Stockade against Indian Attack