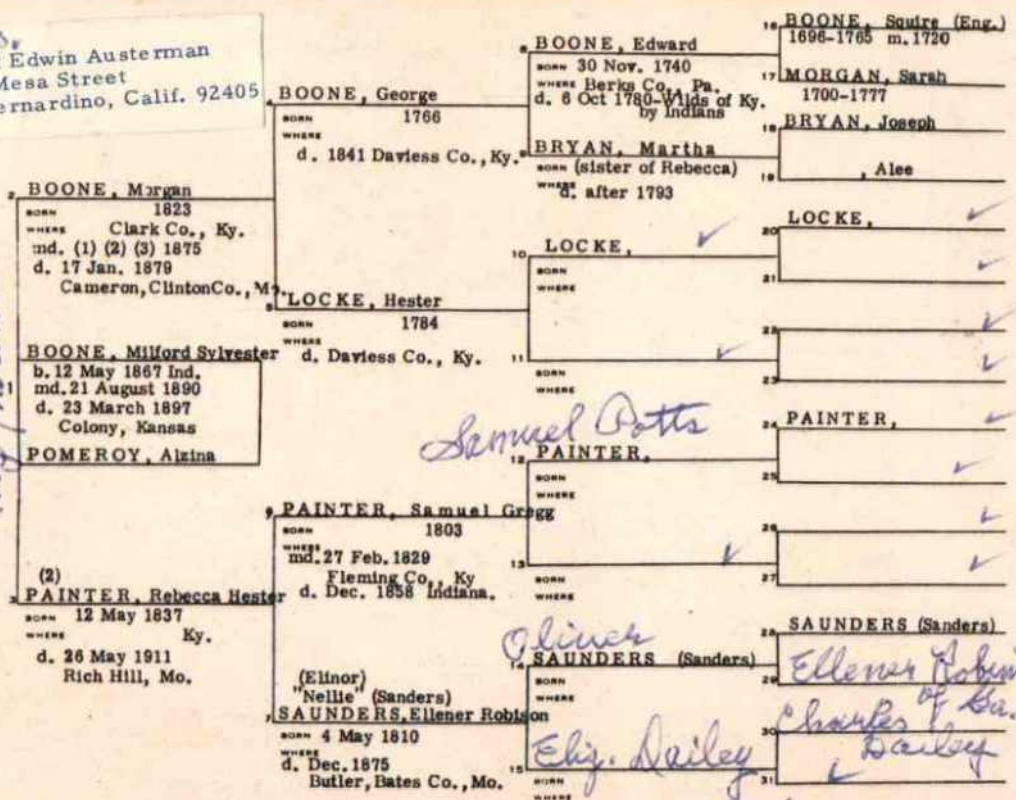


mother
 Alfred Edwin Austerman
 2045 Mesa Street
 San Bernardino, Calif. 92405

my parents



Samuel Potts

Glinch

Eliz. Dailey

(2) Lucene Dailey

Ms Catherine Owen
423 E. Broadway
Winchester, Ky. 40391

23 Aug 1979

Dear Mrs Owen.

Several days ago I was in Winchester for a brief visit and I had a few minutes to spent at the library. The librarian told me that you are the most knowledgeable about Clark Co. and its early residents. I am interested in George Boone, son of Edward Boone who was a brother of Daniel. George lived in Clark Co. but where he was b. and where he d. I do not know. Nor do I know where he is bur. George first m. Patty Hazelrigg on 9 July 1793, but I don't know where. They had four children, Ann, David, Edward, and William. I know nothing about them. Next George m. Hester or Esther Locke on 15 Oct. 1801, but I don't know where. They had nine children; Jesse, John, Squire, Levi, George, Morgan, Richard, Beverly, and Levina. I know nothing about them except for Jesse. Jesse m. Susan Sharp on 24 Dec 1824, but I don't know where. In 1850 Jesse was in Pendleton Co. and in 1860 he was in Bracken Co. Seven of his children were Rebecca, Marinda, John, Tarlton, Weeden, Caroline, and Fletcher. I know nothing about them except for Marinda who m Benjamin Rotan Calvert. They are both bur at Lennoxberg. My wife is a descendant of Benjamin and Marinda.

I would greatly appreciate any information you have on the families of George and Jesse Boone, on their wives Patty, Hester, and Susan, and on Benjamin Rotan Calvert. All I know about Benjamin is that his father is thought to be Jesse Calvert who came from the Mason-Fleming Co. area.

I realize that I have asked too many questions but I did not know what to omit.

Sincerely

Wilson M. Zaring

Wilson M. Zaring
2208 Meadow Valley
Champaign, Ill. 61820

P.S. Mrs William Daden of Winchester is my wife's sister.

Following are the names of George Boone Sr.'s, children and the name of the one they married. *

Sarah—married Jacob Stover.
Squire—married Sarah Morgan.
John—a teacher, never married.
Benjamin—married Ann Farmer.
George, Jr.—married Deborah Howell.
Mary—married John Webb.
Joseph—married Catherine

James—married Mary Foulke; 2nd, Ann Griffith.

Samuel—married Elizabeth Cassell.

Our relationship comes down through Squire Boone.

On July 23rd, 1720, in the Gwynedd meeting house in Pennsylvania in accord with the Quaker ceremony, Squire Boone was married to Sarah Morgan, daughter of John Morgan, and afterwards became the parents of eleven children, whose names are as follows: Sarah, Israel, Samuel, Jonathan, Elizabeth, Daniel, Mary, George, Edward, Squire, and Hannah, with the following record of their marriages:

Sarah, married John Wilcoxson, mother's great grandfather.

Israel, not recorded.

Samuel, married Sarah Day.

Jonathan, married Mary Carter.

Elizabeth, married William Grant

Daniel, married Rebecca Bryan.

Mary, married William Bryan.

Edward, married Martha Bryan.

Squire, married Jane Vancleve.

Hannah, married John Stewart, 2nd, Daniel Pennington.

George, married Ann Nancy Linville.

Daniel stands out in history as the most prominent one of the Boone family, and was among the first to help settle the state of Kentucky. He was noted for his daring exploits against the Indians, also by his extensive surveys and explorations of the state. He built the first fort at Boonesborough, Kentucky, where the first legislative body of the state assembled. He was also a colonel in the U. S. service and was considered one of the most successful of the enterprising American pioneers of the

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Sam Boone 15 new st is possessor of copy of family record showing sons + daus of Thomas and Sallie Boone. The record was written in old letter by Jephtha Boone grandf of Mr. Boone

Record of Sons + daus. of Thomas + Sallie Boone

Squire Boone	b	Dec, 27, 1804
George Boone		Dec 14, 1806
Geo Boone		Apr 17, 1809
Harriet Boone		Dec 2, 1811
Polly Boone	Sept	22, 1814
Samuel Boone	Mar	5, 1817
Harvey Boone	Aug	19, 1819
Melton Boone	Mar	8, 1822
Jephtha Boone	Jan	3, 1825
Thomas M. Boone	May	10, 1827
Cyrus Boone	May	13, 1830
Isaiah Boone	Feb	14, 1832

Thomas Boone b Dec 24, 1785 d Sept 22, 1855
Sallie Boone b July 27, 1780 Dec 31, 1861

Jephtha Boone states "my great grandfather Squire Boone was born Oct 13, 1760, my great grand father's name was Squire Boone his sons were Israel, Jonathan, George, Edward, Samuel Daniel, Nathaniel and Squire. Of these Samuel was my grandfather. Signed Jephtha Boone

George Boone Sr
Sons; George Jr
Squire Sr wife Sarah Morgan

Squire Sr
ch. Israel, Jonathan, George III, Edward
Samuel, Daniel, Nathaniel, Squire II

Samuel
son, Thomas B, dec 24, 1785 & Sept 22, 1855

Thomas ch

Cyrus ~~May 13, 1830~~

Squire III dec 27, 1804

George dec 14, 1806

2nd Apr 17, 1809

Samuel Jr Mar 5, 1817

Harvey Aug 19, 1819

Milton Mar 8, 1822

Jeptha Jan 3, 1825

Thomas M May 10, 1827

Isiah, Harriet and Polly

May 13, 1830 Dec 2, 1811 b. Sept 22, 1811

Squire III Sons James Sidney, Cyrus, Henry
Symion, Levi D, Isiah and
Squire T

Daniel Boone - Arthur Gutterman

Daniel Boone at twenty one
Came with Comatawd, knife and gun
Home from the French and Indian war
To North Carolina and the Yadkin shore,
He married his maid with a golden band,
BUILT his house and cleared his land
But the deep woods claimed their son again
And he turned his face from the homes of men,
Over the Blue Ridge, dark and lone,
The mountains of Iron, the Hills of Stone,
Braving the Shawnee's jealous wrath
He made his way on the Warrisor Path,
Alone he took the shadowed trails
But he was lord of a thousand valleys
As he roved far and near
Hunting the buffalo, elk and deer,
What joy to see, what joy to win
So fair a land for his kith and kin
Of streams unstained and woods unheurn,
"Elbow room!" laughed Daniel Boone

on the Wilderness Road that his axmen made
The settlers flocked to the first stragade,
The deer skin shirts and the Coon skin caps
Filled through the glens and the mt. gaps,
And hearts were high in the fateful spring
When the land said "Nay!" to the stubborn King
While the men of the East of farm and town
Strone with the troops of the British Crown
Daniel Boone from a surge of hate
Guarded a nation's Westward gate
down in the fort in a wave of flame
The Shawnee horde and the mingo came

And the stout logs shook from a surge of hate
But Boone stood firm and the Savage fled
Pshaw! And the settlers flocked anew
The farm lands spread, the town lands grew,
But Daniel Boone was ill at ease
When he saw the smoke in his forest trees,
'There'll be no game in the country soon,
'Elbow room', Cried Daniel Boone

Straight as a pine at sixty five
Time enough for a man to thrive
He launched his balau on Ohio's breast
And his heart was glad as he dared it west
There was kindly folk and his own true blood
Where great meadows rolls his flood,
New woods, new streams and room to spare
And Daniel Boone found comfort there
yet far he ranged toward the sunset still
Where the Kansas runs and the Smoky Hill
And the prairies toss by the south wind blown
And he killed his head on the yellowstone
But ever he dreamed of new domains
With vaster woods and wider plains
Never he dreamed of a world-to-be
Where there are no bounds and the soul is free
at four-score five, still stout and hale
He heard a call to a farther trail
So he turned his face where the stars are strewn
'Elbow room', Sighed Daniel Boone

Down the milky way in its banks of blue
Far he has pladdled his white canoe
To the splendid quest of the tamerless soul
He has reached the goal where there is no goal

Now he rides and rides an endless trail
on the hippogriff of the flaming tail
or the horse of the stars with the golden mane
As he rode the first of the blue-grass strain,
The joy that lies in the search he seeks
On Weather's hills with Crystal peaks
He makes his camp on heights untrod
The steps of the shrine, Alone with God
Through the woods of the vast, on the plains of space
He blunts the pride of the mammoth race
and the Dinosaur of the triple horn
The Manticore and the unicorn
As once by the broad Missouri's flow
He followed the elk and the buffalo,
East of the Sun and West of the Moon
"Elbow room! laughs Daniel Borne."

Mary Boone Bryan, Sister Of Daniel Boone, Buried In Northern Kentucky

Bryan Family Was Among First To Come To Pioneer Kentucky

Dear Editor: I have received many letters wanting information about the grave site of Mary Boone Bryan since The Explorer ran my letter. I have been back to the grave site and took better pictures.

Her grave is located at the Oakland Cemetery in Grants Lick, Campbell County, Kentucky. It is grave lot #12. The stone reads: "To the memory of Mary Boone Bryan, wife of Captain William Bryan and sister of Colonel Daniel Boone, 1736 (D.A.R. emblem in between dates) 1819, erected by her grateful descendents, 1930."

I also found a very interesting article at the Newport Branch of the Campbell County Library. The information was given by Mrs. J.B. Smith, a great, great granddaughter of Mary Bryan.

Betty Estep

Mrs. J.B. Smith

The Bryan family descended from "Bryan" who was king or ruler in Ireland. Descendents of this Bryan came to the new world from Great Britain. Among them was one named Morgan Bryan and also a family by the name of Strode who were Hollanders, but were living in France. The Strodes were Protestants and had to flee from their homes on account of religious persecution, and came to America on the same boat.

The Strode parents died on the voyage, leaving their children: Martha, Jeremiah and Daniel. These children were given homes among their shipmates in Pennsylvania.

Later, Morgan Bryan and Martha Strode were married in 1719. They moved to Virginia in 1730 where they lived until most of their children, 7 sons and 2 daughters, were married.

Martha died in 1747, and Morgan died in 1763 in Rowan County, North Carolina. Their children's names were James, Thomas, Joseph, Samuel, William, John, Elinor, and Mary.

After the arrival of the Boone family in North Carolina in 1750, the history of the two families intermingle. William Bryan, the fifth son of Morgan, married, in 1755, Mary Boone, who was born November 14,

1736, and died in 1819. Daniel Boone, the famous Indian scout and colonel in the Revolutionary War, married Rebecca Bryan, granddaughter of Morgan.

In 1775 William Bryan with three brothers and some neighbors came to Kentucky and located near Lexington where they cleared the land and planted 60 acres of corn, then returned to North Carolina to get their families and return in the fall.

During their absence, a war with the Cherokee Indians broke out, and they were delayed for three years. Eventually they came with their families and built a fort known in history as Bryan's Station, on the Elkhorn about five miles out of Lexington.

It seems the fort must have been well located and equipped, as so many people came that it was a bit hard on the supply of food and prices soared. It is said that



Daniel Boone's sister, Mary (1736-1819), is buried at Grants Lick (Campbell County), Kentucky. (Estep Photo)

corn went as high as \$125 per bushel, sometimes even a horse was traded for a bushel of corn. It seems that the Bryans were of importance in the founding of this settlement for the name of both William and Mary Boone Bryan are carved on the stone wall the D.A.R. erected around the spring which supplied water for the early settlers.

In April 1780, William Bryan, who was captain of the fort, was shot by Indians while out hunting for meat for the residents of the fort. He died about a week later and was buried under a giant sycamore tree near the fort.

In December 1779, his son John had died, in March 1780, his son William had been killed by the Indians, and in April of the same year his son Abner had died. This so discouraged the Bryans who were left that they (Samuel, Daniel, and their mother, Mary Boone Bryan) returned to North Carolina and remained until the Revolutionary War.

When Mary returned to Kentucky she lived with her son, Samuel, on his farm on the east side of the Licking River about five miles from Grants Lick, at Bryan's Ford.

At her death in July 1819, she was buried on his farm, now owned by the Stevens Brothers, and her remains were undisturbed until the year 1930 when her

descendents had them removed to the cemetery at Grants Lick and interred on the family lot of Thomas J. Baker where the D.A.R. emblem is engraved upon a bronze tablet and erected by her descendents to her memory.

Like most pioneer women Mary Boone Bryan helped defend the fort while her husband and the other men were away on the various duties of their rugged pioneer life, and this service has been proven. Her name is now on the Honor Roll of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, as having given Revolutionary service.

When her remains were disinterred a huge stone to a depth of about four feet was removed first, for in those days that was the custom to prevent wild animals from disturbing the grave. Then three feet of soil was removed before they reached the remains. The skull bones were in perfect condition, under which was a coil of hair that had not decayed. All of the large bones of her body were found, but nothing of her coffin except some old fashioned iron cut nails.

This information was given by Mrs. Jesse B. Smith (nee Baker) whose mother's maiden name was Minerva Bryan, Mary Boone Bryan was a great great grandmother of Mrs. Smith.

Obituary Of William And Sophia Williams

Editor's Note: The following obituary was found in an old edition of The Beattyville Three Forks Enterprise of 1885.

William Williams, Esq., was born in Garrard County, Kentucky, August 14th, 1797, and died in Owsley County, December 3rd, 1879, aged 82 years, 3 months, and 19 days. He was born and reared of parents who were natives of Virginia, and who moved to Kentucky while her territory was yet a wilderness; while white men were few and red men numerous. After his marriage with Sophia Langley, they moved to the mountains of Kentucky, which was then a new and comparatively unsettled region, and was beginning to be divided up into counties. He became a very useful and popular citizen, serving in various capacities in several of the mountain counties when they were still in their infancy, and when it was a real honor to be an officer. He died as he lived, a typical gentleman, generous, kind and considerate, with politeness in his manner and thanks upon his lips in the very last hour of his life.

Sophia Williams, consort of Wm. Williams was born at Port Tobacco, Charles County, Maryland, September 17, 1803. Her father, Capt. John Langley, was of English origin, probably born in England, but lived in

St. Mary's County, Maryland, at the time of his marriage to Amelia Milstead, who was also born in Maryland. He was Capt. and owner of a merchant ship. He died while Sophia was yet a child, and his widow, Sophia's mother, was married the second time to Nathan Browner, who about the year 1812, removed with his family to Garrard County, Kentucky. On June 5th, 1823, Sophia was married to Wm. Williams, and removed to the mountains of Kentucky where at various points she continued to reside up to the time of her death, at about 6 o'clock p.m., November 6, 1885. She was 82 years, 1 month, and 19 days old. She survived her husband 5 years, 11 months and 3 days. She was an exemplary wife, as kind and considerate a parent as ever lived, and as true a Christian lady as ever died. She was noted for her watchfulness for the welfare of all about her. She was never known to stoop to dissimulation or hypocrisy, in fact, she was as nearly perfection in character, both morally religious as it was possible for a human to be. In all honesty, all goodness as a citizen, all faithfulness, all hopefulness as a Christian, and as she lived, so she died; and as sure as there is a future state, passed from earth to Heaven, from hope and faith to their reality, from suffering and grief to happiness and glory.

601 Sorenson Rd. #15
Hayward, California
28 Aug. 1966

County Clerk, Clark County
Winchester, Kentucky

Dear Sir or Madam:

I would like to obtain a photostatic copy of the will of

MARTHA (Bryan) BOONE
will believed to be dated May 12, 1793

I will very much appreciate knowing how to obtain this
information, and will be eagerly awaiting your reply.

Martha was the widow of Edward Boone who was killed in 1780.
Perhaps this will help to identify her.

If you do not have a will perhaps you do have a death certificat.

Any information you have, or that I can send for will be very
much appreciated.

Thank you.

Very truly yours,

Karen B. Whitlock
Karen B. Whitlock

The Missouri Boones

The Boone Family Research Association of Missouri was formed on October 4, 1958, in the Pioneer Room of the Kansas City Museum. Over 50 descendants of the Boone family of America attended. The object of the association is to help all descendants of the Boone family to trace their family trees (free of charge) through a mutual exchange of family records. A complete record will be kept of all



persons joining the association, copies of which will be placed in the historical division of the Truman Library at Independence and the Historical department of the Kansas City Library and in other libraries throughout the state.

The great pioneer, Daniel Boone, died in 1820 at Defiance, Mo., and many of his descendants as well as the descendants of his brothers and sisters are still living in the state. The old home at Defiance is now well preserved and is a historical landmark to visit. It is opened every Sunday.

All descendants of any branch of the Boone family of America are eligible for this non-profit organization and all monies received will be used to secure and preserve records of the Boone family as well as photostat copies and photographs. Later they hope to preserve old landmarks. A bulletin will be mailed quarterly to the members.

The officers are Miss Beulah Boone, Independence, Mo., Mrs. Lawrence Kellerman, Overland Park, Kans., and Mrs. Ivo Castillo, of Liberty, Mo., vice-presidents, Mrs. George Wilson, of Kansas City, is secretary. Any descendant desiring to join may make application by mailing their family record to 1106 S. Main Street, Independence, Mo. The next meeting will be on Saturday, January 17, 1959, in the banquet room, Gibbons Cafe, South Side Square, Independence, Mo., at 2 p.m.

BEULAH BOONE, President.

Independence, Mo.

6 September 1982

The book, GEORGE BOONE, SON OF EDWARD BOONE, KILLED BY THE INDIANS IN 1780, AND NEPHEW OF DANIEL BOONE, THE FAMED EXPLORER, is nearing publication. It is the result of over six years of research and has been compiled by Dorothy Spears Campbell and Shirley Spears Nowicki. The book contains:

Boone Family History.

Previously unpublished data about Edward Boone, including a list of his children and their issue, with extra information on his son Joseph and all available data on his son George.

Thirteen children of George Boone by Patty Hazelrigg and Hester Locke (Ann Boone, m. Eliphalet Muir; Daniel Boone, m. Mahala Wells; William Boone, m. Caroline Linville; Edward Boone; Jesse Boone m. Susanna Sharp; Levina Boone, m. Moses Spencer; Squire Boone, m. Jasynta Horton; Doctor George Washington Boone, m. 1) Persis Karn, a descendant of Josiah Boone, and 2) Ann Haynes Purcell; John Boone, m. Ruth Karn, sister of Persis Karn; Levi Boone, m. Susan Evans, and 2) Emily Browning; Beverly W. Boone, m. Sarah "Sally" N. Ford; Morgan Boone, m. Rebecca Hester Pointer and Nancy Catherine Myers Daggett; and Richard Boone, m. Hannah Adams), and issue for twelve of the foregoing, with up-to-date data from many descendants. (George Boone's first marriage was in 1793.)

Numerous copies of documents proving the family line, such as wills for Martha Bryan Boone, George Boone IV, Alexander Cleveland, Morgan Bryan, Joseph Bryan, and John Hazelrigg; lawsuits involving the children of George Boone; petition for division of Kentucky County (showing signatures of Daniel, Edward, and Israel Boone, and William Bryan, and many other early Kentucky settlers); land records; Civil War records; and photographs (including one of Sarah Boone Hunter, daughter of Edward Boone).

Chapters on allied families of: Cleveland, Hazelrigg, Josiah Boone, Bryan, Morgan, Bohun, Bouchier, and other royal lines. Hundreds of surnames are included among the descendants of George Boone. Some are: Austerman, Baker, Bourland, Burton, Fisher, Ford, Gragson, Gibson, Hunter, Horner, Miller, Nunn, James, Fisher, Perkins, Reedy, Shain, Spears, Sellers, Wilson, Wood, Wright, Wynne, Stevens.

Cost, including mailing, is \$35.00. Please send checks as soon as possible, and give addresses for mailing. Order by November 15, at the latest, please. Send checks and mailing addresses to:

DOROTHY SPEARS CAMPBELL
6109 Calcutta Court
Arlington, Texas 76016

You may keep this Enclosed

Letter # 4,026

February 16, 1970
2568 Gazelle Court
Cincinnati, 45239, Ohio,.

Dear Miss Owen:

Thank you for your lovely letter today. Thank you for saying you feel I have done a creditable job, so far, in my 8 years of family research. I hear often from kin, saying the same thing, but then they really don't know how hard the work is, and they still question, how can I know so much of their family background, when they felt they knew, all there was to know, from "family tradition".

I tell them all, when I began my search, for the facts of fathers families, I soon learned, I could not assume a thing. I had to start with me, who I was, when born, etc., my Parents, their, theirs, etc. on down to 1600.

I ran smack into closed doors so many times, but I kept on and kept track of everything I learned, and bit by bit put the minute pieces together. Soon the giant puzzle started to shapen up.

I am enclosing a sheet I compiled, after a years work, of the names etc of the 19 children, of the family of my Great Grandparents, REVEREND GEORGE GREEN BOON and his two wives, 1st MARY BERKLEY BOON and 2nd, JANE PLUNKETT BOON. I know something in detail of every one of them, but one, JOHN BERKLEY BOON who I only know when born and died.

I am enclosing a copy of an old diary writing of my Reverend George Green Boon, I assume shortly before he died, in 1854, in Athens, Kentucky. It tells of his family line from the north of England, I am sure he knew other names, as to his maternal grandmother, etc, but feel who ever copied this old diary, found torn spots and could not make out some of the names, so left them blank.

1838
This was copied 1st, by the 1st son of his 2nd marriage, who was WILLIAM WATSON BOON, a half brother to my own Grandfather who was his 10th child of his 1st marriage, JESSE DANIEL CREATH BOON. Jesse was born in 1830, William in 1838, as sheet shows, in detail. WILLIAM WATSON BOON was the Father of the now JUDGE ORVILLE BOONE of Lexington Kentucky. His Father also kept an old note book, which was given to me, with his writing as of 1892, showing at that time some 52 grandchildren had already been born to the children of REVEREND GEORGE GREEN BOON.

I think it would be very important for you to publish, if possible, all your hard work and findings, for those of Clark County, for the future.

Is it possible for me to have a snap shot, of the Hotel, which you say now stands, where the old FLANAGAN INN stood, back in the early 1800's, where my Great Grandfather said he played the fiddle. Do they have post card pictures of

Page 2

it available? I would so like to have it, for my big white books, in which I keep all the important things, so they will keep.

The other evening my daughter Snowma and I were talking, and I said "I wonder if any one will ever learn of my hard work, a hundred years from today?" She said "Mother think of the hundreds of letters you have written, to about 23 states, think how they will be saved, passed on down, as materials, we have been given, some written in 1803 and all through the 1800's." That makes the hard work worth while

Two things I worked out made me happy. I had heard of and from a COL. DANIEL HUNDLEY in St. Louis, about 1963, heard of a DORIS RICE, last year, from same city. One was a BOON kin, on the line of MAJOR WILLIAM BOON 2nd, an older brother of my REVEREND GEORGE GREEN BOON, the girl of the line of ELIZABETH BOON (MRS JAMES NELSON, Sr.,) older sister of my Reverend Boon. They belonged to the same church, for some 15 years, yet till I started mentioning names, etc, did it dawn on Doris, she knew Dan Hundley. So they got together the next Sunday and had a photo made of them and their families, for my walls.

Now in Stanford, Ky, lived JUDGE LEONARD B. BOON#(E) and in Hustonville lives a Bankers wife, MARGARET LEWIS MOORE. They sent me a picture of them, together, at some Board meeting, and I had to tell them two years ago, how they were both BOON, both related (a fact they did not know all their lives) and both kin to me and mine.

I note you mention REVEREND GEORGE GREEN BOON as (GREENUP). May I ask where you found that name? It is GREEN. His maternal Grandfather was RICHARD GREEN who died 1788 in King George, Virginia, His Mother was KEZIAH GREEN who in 1779 married his Father, our WILLIAM BOON 1st.

MAY I PLEASE SEE THE MATERIAL YOU HAVE, WHICH MENTIONS REVEREND BOON? I would be so grateful for any of it you can send me. I am enclosing a picture of him, not good, but plainly him/ PLEASE SEND IT BACK TO ME AT THIS TIME, all I have.

I am enclosing a copy of an old original letter he wrote to his oldest sister MARY BOON WALKER who lived in Perryville Kentucky, in 1821. He is speaking of his 1st wife, my Great Grandmother, MARY BOON (BERKLEY) when he says Polly. PLEASE RETURN ALL THINGS I AM ENCLSSING. THANKS.

As I told you, from materials from the King Book of old Richmond County, Va, records from 1600 on, I learned who I descended from, back to my 7th Great Grandparents.

I hoped to go further back, than my 3rd on the Boon line, never expected to go further back on MARY BERKLEY BOON lines. But I am very grateful.

On the next page, I will list how I found our REVEREND GEORGE GREEN BOON from 1810 to 1850 in the Census.

I found this 1962. Wm Watson Boon was half brother to my own Grandfather, JESSE DANIEL CREATH BOON.

DAILY OF REVEREND GEORGE GREEN BOON
My Great Grandfather

This is an exact copy of the diary as copied by his son William Watson Boon of Lexington, Kentucky, 1892

I, GEORGE GREEN BOON, was the son of William Boon and Keziah Boon, King George County, State of Virginia. My Grandfather by Father's side was named John Boon, who was born in the north of England. My Grandmother by Father's side was named Jane, who was from Sweden. My Grandmother by Mother's side was . . . My Grandfather by Mother's side was Richard Green. My Father and Mother had seven children, three sons and four daughters. I am the youngest and last child of my father and mother. My Father and Mother were both Baptists before I was born, and if a son venture to say it, were Pillars in the Church of God. My Father died when I was between 11 and 12 years of age. He died with the small pox perfectly in his senses, and resigned to the will of God. My mother lived some years and died in the state of Kentucky of the dead palsy, after being some time afflicted with it, but bore all of her afflictions with patience and resignation, she lost the power of speech some time before her death, but never lost her senses till she died.

Just before her death, I sat beside her and said " Dear Mother you must soon leave this World, and I want to know how you feel, I hope you will pardon your youngest child, the question he wishes to ask you." I said " You have lost the power of speech but you can signify Yes or No by the raising of your head for Yes, and the shaking of same for No. Mother, you have long professed to believe in Jesus, do you believe that you will go to Heaven, feeling resigned to his Will?" In answer to these words, she squeezed my hand, and raised her head and the tears of joy beamed in her eyes. She died that night and I believe went to Heaven. Being the youngest child, I was much doted upon by my parents.

My father was a man who sometimes exhorted in the congregation and prayed in public, being a very zealous man, prayed twice a day in his family and would often exhort his children and his servants to try to get religion. And would often talk to me privately about religion when I was no more than 5 or 6 years old. I do believe those impressions, those early lessons my Father and Mother gave me, will never be forgotten by me, then as young as I was, I was convinced of the necessity of religion and as I grew older, often these impressions were stronger and stronger. At about 10 years of age my Father put the new Testament in my hands, and my Teacher taught me to read it. And often when reading about Jesus, and when hearing preaching which I often did, for the Baptist Preachers and the Methodist preachers would preach at Father's house, for my Father loved good men of all denominations, my heart would be affected and sometimes I would try to pray, but my Father dying and my Mother being left a widow, I missed his pious prayers and exhortations, although my Mother would sometimes lecture me

Property of Mrs Thelma Boon Sellards
2568 Gazelle Court Cincinnati, Ohio.
45239

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with tears in her eyes, and falling company with wicked boys, my heart became hard, and I grew wicked, and only when I thought of dying, and that was but seldom, then would I pray to God to spare me, and I would do better but when danger disappeared, I soon became careless, I soon learned to curse and swear, and as I grew up I learned to gamble, and play the fiddle perhaps the worst of all vices, and sometimes, but seldom thought of religion, although this hardened me, sometimes I would think of Father's and Mother's admonitions and I would feel sorry and again promise to amend and thus it continued with me.

When I was about 24 years of age, I married Polly Berkley who was about 16 years of age. Our marriage took place on the 4th of Dec. 1805. The 14th day of November, the previous was my birthday, for I was born in the Year of our Lord, 1781. I early imbibed the notion to move to Kentucky, and especially if I got married. So, the next spring following, my wife, mother, and all of my sisters living and the only brother living, for my other Brother died in Virginia, started for Kentucky and arrived in Lexington, the 20th day of May, 1806. My friend, Hezekiah Harrison had rented for me a small plantation, 4 miles from Lexington, on the waters of Hickman Creek, where I lived that year.

But in the next winter, I purchased 304 acres of land in the same county, on Floyds Fork, of Boonescreek, of George R/ C. Floyd and moved to it the same winter or spring, and commenced clearing the land, and building houses, for the land I purchased was all in wood, when I purchased it, and now being married and having a family to provide for, I began to work, and concluded if industry and frugality would do, I would be a rich man, or would try to get enough for the support of my family, and to treat my friends well, when they came to see me. But, alas, I still continued swearing and playing the fiddle, but had left off gambling in Virginia; but as I grew older, I became more settled, and at times would think of my Parent's admonitions, and some of my early promises or vows that I had made to the Lord when I lived in Virginia.

The 4th day of July, 1810, I attended as musicianer at Major Montgomery's Spring, and that night at Flanigans Tavern in Winchester, for which I got \$28.00, but thank God, it was the last Ball, I attended.

Coming home the next day, I felt very solemn, and began to think of what I had been doing, and my conclusion was that I was engaged in the Devil's Cause, and if I continued in it is cause, I should be damned. I thought also of my early convictions and the many promises I had made to the Lord, and also the admonitions of my Parents, and the more I thought of these things, the worse I felt. Sometimes, I would think I surely would be lost, for I remembered one text of the Scripture which said "There were few, that would be saved".

I would begin to think of how many of my relations had professed religion and I thought of my father and mother, Bro. William, a sister and my afflicted brother who had died in Virginia. I had reason, as I thought, to believe they all would be saved, and that I had no right to complain. In the meantime, I thought much upon the goodness of God, in my preservation, and the vows I had made him, and as often broken them. At length I concluded something must be done, but to vow again to the Lord, it seemed like that would not do, for if I did, I should fall as I had done and that would be adding sin to sin, and indeed I was afraid to trust myself. I concluded something must be done, or I would be lost.

These reflections continued several days and I felt very bad but shed no tears, sometimes my heart would feel full, especially when I would think how good God was and had been to me. At length, I came to this conclusion, that I would no vow or promise the Lord as I had formerly done, but if the Lord please, I would do better. The thought then occurred to my mind, what can you do. Why I concluded with the help of the Lord I could leave off playing the fiddle... I could quit swearing... I could get and read the Bible, as yet, I had none.. I could go to Meeting, and I could try to pray to God.

Thus I continued a day or two in the meantime did not play the fiddle, or swear, and did try to pray as well as I could and was determined to go the the 1st Meeting I heard of, if in reach.

At length my Bro. William Boon sent me a letter, I was sitting with my family when I opened the letter and began to read it but could hardly read it at all, my heart was so affected for he wrote me on the subject of religion and informed me that on the 4th of July he was at Capt. E. Darnaby's where Reverend J. Vardeman preached and the power of God seemed to be so displayed that it looked like all the people felt it and then went on to inform me that he was pained at heart to think his only Brother was in the ballroom and went on to beg and beseech me to come to Meeting the next Saturday and Sunday at David's Fork to hear Vardeman and to try and get religion.

I instantly concluded in my own mind that with the help of God, I would go accordingly and I went and the house was crowded and I went into the Gallery and sat right front facing the preacher and was determined to hear as for Eternity.

* * * * *

The above is an exact copy of part of a Diary of the History of my father's Life was written by himself.

But for some reason, I know not why, he never finished it, probably on account of ill health, for he was for several years before his death, afflicted with a rupture of the bowels which caused his death, November 3rd, 1854, Athens, Fayette County, Kentucky.

Signed

William W. Boon

July, 1882

Will Book I-page 7
Clark County Courthouse

In the name of God amen, I Martha Boone of Clark County and State of Kentucky, being sick in body but in perfect mind and memory, thanks be to Almighty God, and calling to mind the certainty of death and that all people once must assuredly die when it shall please God to call, do make, constitute, ordain and declare this to be my last will and testament in the form and manner following and disannuling by these presents all and every testament and testaments, will and wills heretofore made by me, either by word of mouth or writing and this only to be taken for my last will and testament and none other to be considered as my will, intent or desire and as for what worldly goods and chattels it has pleased God to bless me with shall be disposed of in form and manner following. First, I do positively order that all just debts _____ I owe either by right or conscience to any person or persons shall well and truly be paid as soon as convenient after my decease by my son George Boone. Item I give and bequeath to my daughter Charity Ellege all my right and interest of that tract or parcel of land on which she now lives, containing by estimation one hundred and twenty-five acres more or less with all its appurtenances to remain free to her and her heirs forever. Item- I give and bequeath to my daughter Jane Morgan my negro woman, named Lilly. Item- I give and bequeath to my daughter Mary Scholl one horse colt one year old at present came of the dove mare. Item- I give and bequeath unto my son Joseph Boone one sorrell filly three years old and one young cow and calf. Item- I give and bequeath unto my daughter Sarah Hunter one sorrell mare named Bon and the colt to her son Joseph Hunter.

Will of Martha Boone-continued

Item- I give and bequeath all of my wearing apparel to my four daughters, they taking choice of garments by seniority according to their age. Item- I give and bequeath unto my son George Boone all the remainder of my lands, negroes, goods and chattels whatsoever that is not mentioned. Lastly I do make, constitute and appoint John Morgan Sen. executor of this my last will and testament and trustee for the same. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 12th day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety three.

Martha ^{her} Boone
mark

Teste:

John Morgan
William Craycraft
John A Skillwell
his x mark

Will of Martha Boone probated July 23, 1793)

THE FILSON CLUB HISTORY QUARTERLY

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No. 3

BICENTENNIAL OF DANIEL BOONE'S FIRST GLIMPSE OF CENTRAL KENTUCKY

1769 - 1969

It was on June 7, 1769, that Daniel Boone, "in company with John Finley [Findley], John Stewart, Joseph Holden, James Monay [Mooney], and William Cooley, from the top of an eminence, saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucke," as related by John Filson in "The Adventures of Col. Daniel Boone" (1784). The "eminence" is now known as Pilot Knob, Kentucky, and is on the line between Powell and Montgomery counties and near the Clark County line, not far from Indian Old Fields on State Highway 15. In Clark County and within the view from Pilot Knob was the area where the old Shawnee Indian village of Eskippakithiki had been, which we may be sure was of great interest to Boone.

Each year on June 7, the Kentucky Historical Society, Frankfort, Kentucky, celebrates "Boone Day," in honor of Daniel Boone and the occasion of his visit to Pilot Knob. This year of 1969 is the two hundredth anniversary of that historic event, and the Boone Day celebration at the "Old State House" in Frankfort, the home of the Kentucky Historical Society, was of special significance and interest.

In addition to the 1969 "Boone Day" celebration, the people of the Pilot Knob vicinity are observing the bicentennial of Boone's first glimpse of Central Kentucky. Boone was "piloted" to this area and vantage point by John Findley, who has been called "The First Pathfinder of Kentucky."

Accordingly in honoring Boone, it seems fitting that honor should also be paid John Findley. His story has been told by the late Colonel Lucien Beckner in an article published in *The History Quarterly* of The Filson Club of April, 1927, Volume 1, No. 3. It is, therefore, with pleasure that, at the suggestion of Mr. James H. French, of Clark County, Kentucky, we now republish Colonel Beckner's article in commemoration of this two hundredth anniversary of Boone's visit to Pilot Knob and in memory of the Colonel who, at one time, was Editor of *The Filson Club History Quarterly*. The article follows on the next page. — THE EDITOR

JOHN FINDLEY: THE FIRST PATHFINDER OF KENTUCKY*

BY LUCIEN BECKNER

In this paper I shall try to tell, with tardy justice, the story of the first Kentucky "boomer": the first man to appreciate the rich cane lands of central Kentucky; the first Anglo-Saxon to build a cabin on them; and the man whose eloquence induced many people to wish to see them. This man, who piloted Daniel Boone thither, and taught him many of our topographic names on the way, was John Findley.

He was born in northern Ireland in 1722, but early removed to Pennsylvania with his parents. The Findleys settled near Lancaster, where the boy grew to manhood, learning the languages and trading customs of the nearby Delawares and Shawnees. In 1744, at the age of twenty-two, John received from the colony of Pennsylvania a license as Indian trader; and on September 16 of the same year, signalized his entering manhood and business by his marriage to Elizabeth, daughter of John Harris, the Indian trader and ferry owner. Findley received licenses in 1745, 1746, and 1748, but not in 1747, the year in which Pennsylvania granted him land in Paxtang township. It may be that he spent that year in hewing out his farm and installing his young wife and their growing family in a home.

The Indian trade, because of its seemingly great profits, attracted many bold spirits, but its dangers were so many that none but the most dauntless persisted. The Indians produced only skins and furs, which, purchased with fire-arms, trinkets, cloths, kettles, toys, and the like, were taken to the seaboard markets, where they were sold to the foreign shippers. Deerskins brought 22 pence a pound, beaver 6 to 8 shillings a pound, and bear skins 4 shillings each. The looking-glass, with which the poor Indian was cheated out of his skins and often his skin, cost the trader in Lancaster a little over a shilling, whereas a fifty-pound brass kettle cost only 4 shillings, a doll 1 shilling 4 pence, and a gun 30 shillings. Trade was not the peaceful affair it is today. When a French trader offered a Wyandotte a single bullet and a charge of powder for a beaver skin, the warrior became so infuriated that he split the Frenchman's skull with his tomahawk. This is an exceptionally sad story of profiteering.

A few Indian traders had permanent storehouses in or near an Indian village, but most of them had packhorses or canoes by means of which they and their assistants visited Indian towns as far as the south shore of Lake Erie, the prairies of Illinois, or even west of the

*First published in the April 1927 issue of *The History Quarterly* (Vol. 1, No. 3).

Mississippi. France claimed all the waters of the Ohio by virtue of an alleged exploration by LaSalle. England claimed the same westward to the Mississippi, because the Iroquois who rendered allegiance to the British king, claimed to have conquered all of the tribes inhabiting that area. Such overlapping of claims produced the expected friction; and, as neither nation wished to resort to arms to enforce its authority, both sought to gain advantage by diplomacy among the tribes. The St. Lawrence River and the lakes gave the French the easier approach, but French trade was official, whereas English trade was practically free, and each English trader was a potential diplomat, dependent on his tongue, manners, and prices for his supremacy and often for his life. Among the English themselves a rivalry existed, for both Pennsylvania and Virginia claimed the Ohio territory. However, the Quaker government of the former was so supine that it lost its natural advantage of position.

By 1748 Findley was trading as far west as the Allegheny, towards which stream the eastern Indians had been drifting since about 1730. He made his headquarters at Shanopinstown, a small trading post at the site on which Pittsburgh was later built. Thomas Cresap, Virginia's agent in the Ohio territory, wrote Governor Dinwiddie in 1751 that "one James Findley and another are suspected to be taken and carried off by the French, who make a practice of carrying off our men every year; therefore I think it highly necessary to take the French that are at Logstown and detain them till those of ours taken last year, as well as those suspected to be taken this year, are restored." The above "James" was our "John," and Logstown was a post located a few miles below the present Pittsburgh. Where this outrage or attempted outrage occurred is not known, but had it been at Shanopinstown, Cresap would have known the details. It was doubtless in eastern or southeastern Ohio—perhaps at Shawneetown, the present Portsmouth—for one month after Cresap's letter, Findley, together with Hugh Crawford, John Gray, David Hendricks, and Aaron Price, was a witness to a letter which the chiefs of the town sent to Governor Hamilton of Pennsylvania.

In 1752 Findley, Paul Pierce, and William Bryan were partners in a commercial adventure to Pickawillany, the big Pict town near the present Piqua, Ohio. Their stock was valued, according to an affidavit given by Pierce four years later, at £1,142 worth of goods. In an attack on the town—where English traders were being harbored—the French confiscated or destroyed these goods. Whether or not Findley was there does not appear, but he is not mentioned in the rather full account of this affair which has come down to us. Pierce says that after this occurrence Findley left Pennsylvania, discouraged. Although

Findley was now only thirty-two years of age, he had twice lost what was then considered a fortune. He probably returned to Pennsylvania, where the tax books show that he became a property holder in Pennsboro township, across the river from Paxtang.

In the fall he bought a stock of goods and with four assistants paddled down the Ohio, stopping awhile at Shawneetown. He then went to the falls of the Ohio, where, finding no Indians, he turned back to the mouth of Big Bone Creek. There he met a party of Shawnees, who, returning from a hunt in Illinois, invited him to go with them to their town of Eskippakithiki in the Kentucky Plain, on the waters of the Kentucky River, near which they then were. There they assured him he would find a rich harvest of furs and skins by spring. This town of Eskippakithiki was in the present Clark County, Kentucky, and was the most southerly town of the northern Indians. It was just the sort of place Findley was looking for, as it was hidden in the deep woodlands, far away from both French and English.

There he built a cabin and surrounded it with a stockaded pound, so that he might shelter his horses at night and protect himself from his Indian neighbors when they were excited. His gate-posts and cabin were still standing when the whites came in 1775. A story has come down to the effect that he packed his goods at Lancaster with English or Bluegrass—a seed which had been brought by European colonists to that rich limestone region—and when he unpacked his goods at Eskippakithiki, he threw the hay out in his yard, where it sprouted and spread throughout our central limestone region. (Japanese clover, *Lespedeza*, also had such a history.)

Eskippakithiki was on the great Warriors' Trace, a trail between the northern and southern Indians. The Trace entered Kentucky above Vanceburg and ran south to Cumberland Gap. Along it were regular camping places, a day's march apart. One was at the Upper Blue Lick; another in the Kentucky Plain (the present Old Fields in Clark County); another in the caves of the Pictured Rocks at the head of Station Camp Creek, Jackson County; and another at Flat Lick in Knox County. There were, perhaps, one or two others. In the fall Findley gathered all this information and learned the names of the leading topographic features: Licking River, Kentucky Plain, Pilot Knob, and Wasioto Pass. Pilot Knob was important because it directed to the Kentucky Plain; Kentucky River, because it was the route to the Kentucky Plain. Findley later handed this information on to Boone.

While Findley was busy gathering his furs around Eskippakithiki, enjoying the society of his Indian neighbors, and figuring his profits, there came down the Warriors' Path a band of Ottawas and Caghna-wagas—French Praying Indians—on an expedition to attack the Chero-

kees and Catawbas. Soon after these warriors had passed Eskippakithiki, they came, on the afternoon of January 29, 1753, to the Pictured Rocks at the head of Station Camp Creek. There they found a band of Pennsylvania traders encamped, and after an altercation with them, took them prisoners. I shall let the records tell the story.

The first one quoted is part of a letter from Major William Trent—one of the leading traders—to Governor Hamilton. It is dated April 10, 1753:

"I have received a letter just now from Mr. Croghan, wherein he acquaints me that fifty-odd Ottawas, Conewagos, one Dutchman, and one of the Six Nations, who was their captain, met with some of our people at a place called Kentucky, on this side Allegheny River, about one hundred and fifty miles from the Lower Shawneetown. They took eight prisoners, five belonging to Mr. Croghan and me, the others to Lowry: they took three or four hundred pounds worth of goods from us; one of them made his escape after he had been a prisoner three days. Three of John Findley's men are killed by the little Pict town Eskippakithiki, and no account of himself."

It is interesting to note that this is, perhaps, the earliest appearance of the word "Kentucky" in a public document. The word is spelled just as we now spell it. The English called the Ohio River "Allegheny" as far down as the mouth of the Wabash, and designated by the phrase "this side Allegheny" the southeastern or English side. All maps made before this incident call Kentucky either the Shawnee country or Ohio. Kentucky (an Iroquois word meaning "level place") was restricted to the big level on the Warriors' Trace, located in the present Clark County, and to the river that drained it. Its wider areal usage grew out of the Virginian and Carolinian custom of speaking of the country beyond the mountains as the "western waters," and out of the further fact that the first settlements were made on the Kentucky River.

The captured company to which Major Trent referred consisted of David Hendricks, leader, James Lowry, Alexander McGinty, Jabez and Jacob Evans, William Powell, and Thomas Hide, together with some servants. The French Indians, feeling that they had already precipitated trouble, decided to do a thorough job. They accordingly returned to Eskippakithiki, and the next day tried to rob Findley also. In the attack three of Findley's servants were killed, after which Findley and John Falkner, his fourth servant, made their escape, leaving all their goods and furs behind. They crossed the snow-clad, wintry mountains to Findley's home in Pennsylvania. James Lowry and his Cherokee servant, about whom the altercation had arisen, escaped on the third day, near the Ohio River, and made their way back to the settlements. The others were taken to Canada, whence two of them, Jacob

Evans and Thomas Hide, were sent to France and thrown into a Rochelle dungeon. They were later rescued by the British government and sent home. The rest of the prisoners were taken to Montreal and adopted into Indian families, but were finally brought home by the New York and Pennsylvania governments. Hendricks wrote three letters from his Indian lodge to the Mayor of Albany, the accredited New York official for such business. The second one is dated "June ye 12th, 1753," from "Ye Conawagoe Town," and says:

"I am an English trader of ye Ohio River, was taken on ye twenty-sixth of January last; lost forty horses, whereof 35 was loaded with skins and goods to ye value of £110 or upwards; me and six of my men was taken. Three of us are in this town. One more is in another town about seventeen miles distant in custody of ye Indians, as I am; and two more of us are in jail in Montreal, in a dungeon. In a manner, sirs, we see that there is no way that we can see for to get away, but by your means—to demand us of them. * * * I pray that you may take it in consideration and deliver us from this life of misery, of dying a thousand deaths, which is death itself, is preferable before life to me in this place. For Christ's sake, do what you can for us, and your petitioners, as in duty bound, shall ever pray of your healths. I am of an ancient race of the inhabitants of Pennsylvania. Sirs, do your endeavor. If you expend anything, I am still able to make you restitution for it if I was got to Philadelphia."

Conrad Weiser, the Pennsylvania Indian agent, was sent to see what could be done. In the course of his duty, he took the statement of the Indian squaw who had adopted Jabez Evans. The document reads as follows:

"She being asked how it came that these poor people were taken prisoners in time of peace, she made answer, that some of the Caghnawagaw warriors went to fight the Oyadackuch-raono [the Iroquois word for 'flatheads,' in this case the Cherokees], and happened to meet some of them at some distance from their country, accompanied by these white men, who, when they saw that the Caghnawagaw would or had a mind to kill or take the Oyadackuch-raono, they, the English, made resistance and wounded one of their men with a musket ball in the arm, upon which they resolved to take the white people as well as the Indians; and brought them away to Canada, leaving their horses and things upon the spot; and when they presented the said prisoners to the Governor General, and told him how things happened; and that the Governor made answer; he would have nothing to do with these prisoners; upon which, they, the Indians, took them to their towns, and three of them were given to an Indian living at Canassatogy; and two were imprisoned at Quebec, for what reason she did not know."

McGinty deposed on his return that they were returning from a trading expedition to the Cuttawas and were taken by seventy French Praying Indians and "one white man called Phillip, a low Dutchman," twenty-five miles from the Blue-lick Town (Eskippakithiki), on the south bank of "the Cantucky river"; and robbed of goods, skins, and furs to the value of £700 Pennsylvania currency; and that they stripped him of everything—even his clothes. (January!) This is the first Indian outrage which we know to have been committed on the soil of Kentucky. The deed was wantonly done by Indians who had no shadow of a right there, but were bent on a criminal expedition at the time.

With another fortune swept away, Findley, still undaunted, returned in a few months to the frontier. In June, 1753, we find him at Shanopinstown, where on the fifteenth he makes an amusing affidavit upholding the sobriety of Colonel Russell, the Virginia commissioner. Colonel Russell was a famous man on the southwestern frontier of Virginia; his son was a leading pioneer on the Kentucky frontier; and his grandson became one of the first American officials of California.

The Kentucky outrage inflamed the colonial frontiers from New York to the Carolinas. Although the border was already aflame, war was not declared until the next year (1754), the same year in which Fort Necessity was surrendered by young Major Washington. In the fast coming excitements, Kentucky was forgotten. In 1755 John Findley enlisted in General Braddock's army, either in the corps of western scouts gathered under Colonel George Croghan, or in the company of his brother-in-law, Captain John Harris. One of Braddock's pioneer soldiers was the young chauffeur of a supply wagon, Daniel Boone. Boone and Findley met and became friends—Findley, as usual, capturing his friend's interest with stories of Kentucky.

For the next two years John Findley is lost to history. As war had put an end to trade, he doubtless spent these years at home, becoming better acquainted with his family. In 1758 he joined Captain Charles McClung's company—a company mustered in his home neighborhood—for the defense of the frontier. It was from Findley's enlistment papers that his age and birthplace were rescued from oblivion.

In the census of Fort Pitt in 1760, Findley appeared as a civilian resident. He doubtless owned a trading store there, for times were still too squally for him to go afield with goods. As he was there so early, he perhaps helped to build the fort. The next year he was again listed—this time as a householder with two men in his house. These men were doubtless clerks. Whether his family was present or not remains unknown. Many people in the fort at that time later went to Kentucky; therefore, we may safely credit Findley with a good part of the interest that induced them to go. One of them, John Campbell, became

one of the first citizens of Louisville. Campbell was not in the lists of those killed or robbed in the Pontiac uprising, but was probably in Fort Pitt when it was besieged by Pontiac's forces in 1763.

By a peace made with France in February of that year, England secured all of the St. Lawrence and Ohio valleys. The next year Colonel Bouquet went against the Ohio Indians, in order to punish and pacify them. As Findley's name is not in the Fort Pitt census, it is possible that he went with Colonel Bouquet as interpreter or trader. One of the captives that Colonel Bouquet's company rescued was Anne Finley, but her connection with our hero—if she were related to him at all—is not known. A number of the rescued prisoners—Harpers, McCrackens, and Sovereigns—afterwards settled in Kentucky. Probably they had heard Findley speak on his favorite subject.

In 1764 Findley took a leading part in another great adventure, thereby making himself one of the first Anglo-Saxon citizens of another state. The great Philadelphia trading house of Baynton, Wharton & Morgan sent a fleet down the Ohio and up the Mississippi to the former French fort, Fort Chartres. This fleet consisted of *The Ohio Packet* under Commodore John Jennings; *The Beaver* under Captain William Long; *The Dublin* under Captain Joshua Moore; *The Good Intent* under Captain William Davenport; and *The Otter* under Captain John Findley. It left Fort Pitt on March 8, 1766, and reached Fort Chartres about the first of April. On the way down *The Otter* had trouble and had to be lightened. This was Findley's usual luck. How long Findley remained in Illinois is not known. Filson says he was in Kentucky in 1767, trading with the Indians; but if this was so, it must have been while he was traveling the Ohio River, for there were no Indian towns in Kentucky in that year. Filson was doubtless thinking of what Boone told him about his effort to get into Kentucky in 1767.

Findley perhaps returned to Lancaster and, with the money he had earned, outfitted a new business, of which Indians were not to be patrons. He engaged in horse-trading, and in the fall of 1768 wandered south, where he spent the winter on the Yadkin, with Daniel Boone, his old comrade-in-arms, in the Braddock campaign. Judge Moses Boone, a son of Squire Boone, in a statement to Dr. Draper, told how Findley used to leave his spare horses with the Boones while he went out to trade; and how upon his return he sat around the fire and told about the wonder-place, Kentucky, where he had traded with the Indians.

These dreamers of adventure and the unappropriated wealth of the great west soon formed an exploring company, composed of Findley, Daniel and Squire Boone, and their brother-in-law, John Stewart. Throughout the winter preparations were made, equipment collected,

and methods discussed. The men employed Joseph Holden, James Mooney, and William Cooley as hunters and camp-keepers; and on May 1, 1769, set forth for the promised land. Squire Boone stayed at home to defend and help the women until the corn crop should be laid by, after which he was to go on with fresh supplies. The equipment of the exploring party consisted of rifle, tomahawk, hunting-knife, and traps; hunting-shirt, leggins, buckskin drawers, and a fur cap; a blanket or bearskin for the night's comfort; a camp-kettle; salt and store of provisions; powder-horn and bullet-pouch; ammunition; the tools for casting bullets; extra powder in a gourd; and a few other small articles, such as flint, steel, and tinder, completed their outfit. With such equipment they set out to lead the Anglo-Saxon race across the barriers that stood between it and the conquest of the continent—with an equipment with which a modern hunter would hardly dare to go into the north woods for a week's outing.

After scaling the Blue Ridge, they passed over the Stone Mountain at the "Stairs"; over Iron Mountain and through the Valley of the Holston; through Moccasin Gap in Clinch Mountain; into the Clinch River valley; across Walden's Ridge, Powell's Mountain, and Powell's Valley to the Hunter's Trail; and along it to Cumberland Gap, where they entered the Warriors' Trace. This they left after a distance, and from it went westward to the headwaters of Roundstone Creek, Rockcastle County, where they made a camp near a gap still known as Boone's Gap.

Only those who have seen the southwestern Virginia valleys in the springtime, seated like emerald gems in their encircling mountain ridges, can appreciate what our explorers saw and felt. In that spring the beauty of the wilderness was the primeval beauty of a forest before the hand of man has desecrated it to the purposes of livelihood. As the men passed along, wild flowers carpeted their pathway; the newly dressed shrubs and towering trees gently filtered the hot rays of the spring sun on them; the voices of birds and streams and fluttering leaves spoke to them; and wherever they lifted their eyes, they saw the purple mountains haloed with drifting clouds. No wonder that men who walked amid such scenes found will, courage, and honor amplified; and though small in numbers, but great in faith, boldly stepped beyond the bounds of civilization and braved the dangers of the unknown that they might build their future upon foundations so good and beautiful.

Leaving his comrades in camp, Boone climbed to the top of a big hill (probably the present Bear Mountain in southern Madison County), and got his first glimpse of the levels of Madison and Garrard counties. This convinced him that Findley was right about the proximity of Kentucky. This question had been so vigorously discussed during

their long passage through the laurel-clad mountains that Findley had grown nervous and sick from anxiety, and was beginning to wonder whether or not the promised land was ever going to be found. Boone's report brought the men new courage, and they moved eastward to the waters of Station Camp Creek, on which they built the camp from which the creek takes its name. Leaving the camp in charge of Stewart and others, Findley and Boone set out "in quest of the country of Kentucky," where the former had had a trading post. On this trip Findley's health gave way; so Boone built him a shelter, put food beside him, and set out alone for the top of Pilot Knob (near the corner of Montgomery, Powell, and Clark counties), which Findley assured him was the traveler's landmark for the Kentucky Plain, and from the top of which he could locate the goal of their journey. Filson, in telling of this, quotes Boone as saying, "from the top of an eminence saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucky." This is still one of the most charming views in our State.

Hurrying back to Findley, Boone cured him with his good news; and, bringing up the others, they made their permanent camp beside Lulbe-grad Creek in Clark County, a mile and a half from Findley's old cabin. This was the hunters' paradise, which they had come so far to seek, and of which Filson says, "we found everywhere abundance of wild beasts of every sort, through this vast forest. The buffalo were more frequent than I have seen cattle in the settlements, browsing on the leaves of the cane, or cropping the herbage on those extensive plains."

But there was trouble even in such an Eden, as Filson's next paragraph tells, for it says: "In this forest, the habitation of beasts of every kind natural to America, we practiced hunting with great success, until the 22nd day of December following. On this day John Stewart and I had a pleasing ramble, but fortune changed the scene in the close of it. We had 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. * * * In the decline of the day, near the Kentucky river, as we ascended the brow of a small hill, a number of Indians rushed out of a canebrake upon us, and made us prisoners. The time of our sorrow was now arrived and the scene fully opened." We must overlook the love of grandiloquent speech which prompts Filson to say that trees were gay with blossoms on the twenty-second day of December.

Their captors were a band of hunting Shawnees, under a chief named Captain Will, who forced Boone and Stewart to lead him to their camp, took from them everything save just enough to get them back to the settlements, and ordered them to leave. Boone and Stewart, unwilling to lose their horses, followed them, and several nights later stole back