

Wayne's Treaty—was signed. This Treaty was quite long and I will not read it - but the Indians were to cede to the U. S. 25,000 square miles of territory plus the 16 tracts for Government reservations within the Indian Territory. Most of these tracts were to be 6 sq. miles each and located at strategic points. For those cessions the Indians would receive goods to the value of \$1,666 for each of the 12 tribes represented, plus an annual allowance to each of the tribes of \$25.00. It was a bad deal for the Indians and unfortunately this sad treatment of the Indians continues to this day.

~~At this time Simon had built a fine red brick home near Maysville, This marked the~~
 Maysville

At this time Simon had built a fine red brick home near Maysville, This marked the heart of Kenton's 1000 acre estate and reflected the affluence of its owner. Here the Frontiersman and his family and friends lived in comfort. He was known as one of the richest and most notable men in Kentucky. A crew of Negro slaves kept the house in perfect condition and his cornucopia indulged with their treasure. If a tenant's own supply gave out he could take as much as he wanted from Simon's store—everybody took advantage of his generosity and of course he soon lost a great deal of money. Money, however, meant nothing to him. He was only interested in obtaining land—after he received it he gave it away many times. He did not even care about developing it although he liked to see it settled by newcomers free to do as they wished with it.

Simon and his old friend Daniel Boone had a lot in common—neither one was a very good husband in many ways. They would be gone long enough to begot another child and then they would be off on a scouting trip—maybe for months at a time. The poor wives would not know whether they were dead or alive. One day the husband would casually appear and just as casually take up family life again for a short time. Martha was a little unhappy with all of this but she got no sympathy from Simon's Mother who told her that "she should have know how it would be before she married Simon". I doubt if a 16 year old in live would have given much thought to that aspect of marriage.

At the age of 26 when she had been married 10 years and was expecting her 9th child Martha was tragically killed in a fire in the red brick house and the child was stillborn. Simon was away from home as he had spent nearly all that summer making tomahawk improvements in the Ohio Country ranging from the Great Miami River in the West to the Scioto River in the East. When he returned home it was too late. The house was completely gutted by the fire but the neighbors helped him build a log house. Martha's relative the Jarboe

family who were living in the home at the time of the fire, included a cousin of Martha's named Elizabeth. Elizabeth took over the care of the four children and when the terrible grief over Martha's tragic death had diminished somewhat, Simon became aware of Elizabeth's intelligence and quiety and soon asked her to marry him. Elizabeth's reaction was "I thought you would never ask". They were married in 1792-1793 and on their honeymoon went to Missouri to visit Daniel Boone -with the possible thought of settling in Missouri. However, the country did not please them and on the way home they decided to leave Kentucky and go to Ohio. When they returned home Simon sold off the lion's share of his Kentucky holdings and that which he did not sell he assigned in trust to his brother John with which to meet his engagements. He retained his land around and including B Kenton's Station. After 28 years and after having been among the first of a handful of white men to thrust their way into the uncharted swamplands of Kentucky, Simon left behind him a quarter million citizens of a peaceful and settled and civilized state and struck out once again for the frontier fringe.

They settled first in Cincinnati where they remained until his 6th child (Elizabeth's first) was born. Then west on- The trail which Kenton cut through the wilderness in 1783 to his new land in Ohio would be called Kenton's Trace-later this trace would become a wagon road. The settlers were again on their way to take possession of Indian country. The place he picked for his new home was a beautiful spot. He had staked out a 1000 acre tract four miles north of where Springfield would be located. His wife later named the town of Springfield because of the large springs near-by.

The face of the Ohio Territory was rapidly changing. Early in the year of 1796 had come the sale in Pittsburg and Philadelphia of other parts of the 7 Ranges for nearly \$50,000 and eager settlers were flocking to the new land.

TO THE WEST ALONG THE GREAT WASH RIVER THE FIRST OF THE SETTLERS HAD BEGUN TO ARRIVE IN DAYTON BOTH BY LAND AND SEA WATER. THE FIRST PARTY CAME BY BOAT AND WAS LED BY BENJAMINE VAN CLOVE ARRIVING ON APRIL 17th 1796 TEN DAYS AFTER PUTTING OUT FROM CINCINNATI (The note states that they landed at the foot of present St. Clair St. on the Southeast bank where Monument Avenue now runs just below the confluence of the Mad River.

1801 continued to see the rapid settlement of the lower Ohio. On March 17th a new town had been laid out near where Kenton had blessed his land at the mouth of Buck Creek and Elizabeth

was asked to name it. She said "On account of the ~~xxx~~ many delightful and valuable Springs within and around this place located for a town, I suggest that it be called "Springfield".

In 1802 Cincinnati was incorporated by the Territorial Legislature. In 1803 on the organization of the State government, Montgomery Co. was established. Dayton was made the seat of justice at which time only 5 families resided in the town, the other settlers having gone on to farms in the vicinity or removed to other parts of the country. A land office was opened at the new settlement of Steubenville and one of the most spectacular events of the year came on Aug. 27th as the first sea vessel equipped for ocean travel - a 500 ton ship built in Marietta cast loose and passed down the Ohio River carrying a cargo of produce to New Orleans - it slipped quietly past huge crowds which gathered at Manchester, Maysville, Cincinnati and Louisville.

All of these changes were not pleasant for Simon - he suffered a severe blow when Judge John Van Cleve Symmes was finally forced to admit to the Government that he was unable to pay for his long pending "Symmes Purchase". Congress at once cancelled the sale and Symmes lost everything including the money various buyers had paid him for lands within the purchase. Overnight Simon's quarter million acres within this Purchase area were vanished. When he found he could do nothing about it he merely shrugged and turned his interests elsewhere.

In 1802 he made a treaty with Tecumseh for nearly all the land between the Miami and the Wabash, near half of Ohio and some of Indiana in return for considerable goods and provisions paid to the Indians and the promise ~~of~~ to pay more money or goods as long as the grass grows and the water flows - and other stipulations similar to other Indian treaties. However, Ohio became a State the same year and that instantly made Simon's treaty invalid. Of course the infant Government would not allow any one citizen to own near half of Ohio and some of Indiana by a private treaty with Tecumseh and his chiefs. Simon hoped to be able to retain at least part of his new holdings but this wish was not to be granted. You can well see that Simon was not a very realistic business man.

The second most important person in this narrative was Tecumseh. A great deal is written about him. He was a foster brother of Daniel Boone and of Stephen Riddle- a friend of James Galloway of Old Chillicothe. An account of his romance with Rebecca Galloway is given. He was the Indian champion of his time- he died its martyr. There is a book by Glass Tinker called "Tecumseh: Vision of Glory" that tells of this remarkable man. I am sorry I do not have the time to tell more about him.

In 1806 Simon had at Lagonda on the North bank of Buck Creek and it was operating so well he decided to leave it in charge of James Robinson an employee. However, Robinson immediately began defrauding his employer. When Simon returned practically all his merchandise had gone. He was furious and immediately set off after Robinson. He was gone 8 months and when he returned he found a new son. Poor Elizabeth didnt fare much better than Martha had.

There is an interesting account of the first court to be held in newly formed Green County and that you might enjoy--It was a proud day for Benjamin Whitman as he had been named Associate Judge in the Co. Court and he reached the log cabin "courthouse" simply bursting with enthusiasm. A crowd was there but no cases to be tried. What a let down..... There was however a case of whiskey to celebrate the opening of the Court and a good supply of tin cups. In a short time the whiskey level had become low and the crowd high. Songs were sung and more was drunk and then one bleary eyed settler equated at another and for some obscure reason mumbled "You know something-you aint no better than a gr hog thief" The man so accused reached in his pocket and took out his purse-he turned to the Judge and said "How much will it cost me Judge to beat hell out of a gr liar?" Immediately a wild melee broke out and the first day in the Green County court turned out to be a roaring success- 18 cases of assault and battery were tried.

Simon had sold some of his Ky lands for \$36,000-then turned right around and bought a "Spanish Grant" paying \$15,000 down and promising to pay \$20,000 more. This amount he planned to pay out of profits from two stores he had set up with his son John and one of his sons in law -both stores were mismanaged and there were no profits. He was

unable to pay the \$3,000 so he lost not only the land but the large down payment he had made on it. This was the story of his life... For nearly a year he had been living in the shadow of imprisonment on the old debtors law which he considered unjust. He refused to pay and the law was invoked. It was decreed that he must go to jail. The Champaign jail was in Urbana and the County was settled largely by his "boys" who had been with him when he defended the frontier, his blood relatives and more or less in laws. These people quickly elected Simon to be his own jailor. He took the oath of office as jailer and he and his family lived in the Co. jail bldg. Five rooms above and 1 below. As soon as he was released from jail he resigned his position as Champaign Co. jailer and set off for St. Louis. It was not a happy arrival as not a trace remained of the St. Louis store in the Kenton name. His John was just as poor a business man as his father. Thus with everything in Missouri gone except his New Madrid lands, he once again headed his horse home.

Then came the War of 1812- In Sept the first of the Ky troops passed thru Urbana to join General Harrison on the frontier. From that time on, as one of his friends wrote--

"Kenton's home was an inn where the guests did not pay. His house was a home to the sick and afflicted. He visited the camps and if any needed assistance he gave it without accepting payment. His family were almost like servants from the time Hull came thru until peace was made.

His Urbana house has been described as: "A log house of most primitive style with a dirt floor and a stump left standing in the center, which, properly dug out formed the then necessary equipment of a heavy mortar. This was the family room of a double cabin, the other being 10 feet behind it and divided into sleeping chambers with sleeping platforms. It can be imagined what these cabins were like when to Kenton's large family were added old friends, sick soldiers and packhorsesmen from Kentucky to be bedded and fed. Poor Elisabeth.

As Simon became poorer he became desperate and frequently went off on land trading trips. He would sell lands by quitclaim deeds and take in exchange whatever he could get-horses, cattle, wagons or cloth. These he would bring back by wagon and trade for food or whatever else the family needed.

Later in 1820 Simon was sent for to testify in a land case. It was a trick. No sooner was he in Ky than he was seized and imprisoned in the Mason Co. jail for a debt. A number of Simon's friends offered to pay the so called debt but he refused to let them. They did insist upon paying his security that he would keep his bounds, which at first comprised 10 acres but was later extended to the town limits and then to the county boundaries. He had to report to his jailer each night and was supposed to sleep at the jail and eat at the jailers table. But he often did as he pleased. It was not strange that the jailer was so lenient- he was his old friend Thomas Williams with whom he took "planting possession in Mason Co. One of his friends who was a member of the Ky Legislature from Mason Co. was ~~imprisoned~~ was so furious at the injustice to Simon that he was finally able to have the hated debtors law repealed.

Finally Kenton returned to his home in Ohio only to be put in the Urbana jail for the old debtors law still held in Ohio- He probably would have stayed in jail for the rest of his life but an old friend Henry Bacon cleared him of the charge.

Late in the Fall of 1826 Simon at last made up his mind to request a favor of the State of Ky - to ask her to give those mountain-wastes back to him. None of these were his original holdings but he had taken them for bad debts. When he reached Frankfort his friends came to his aid and in 1827 his lands ~~which had been taken~~ in the mountains which had been taken for non payment of taxes were returned to him. Following the release of his Ky lands a ~~new~~ concentrated movement was started to get a pension for him. Finally the " Act for the relief of General Simon Kenton "was approved and signed by his old friend of Rvolutionary days - President Andrew Jackson. He would receive for the rest of his life \$20.00 a month and at that time he could live comfortably on that.

By 1835 His mind began to fail and on April 29th, 1836 his great life was ended.

In 1854 The Ohio Legislature appropriated \$1000.00 for a monument to be erected over his grave after it was removed to "some suitable place". Finally in 1865 They got around to appropriating \$5,000 for a monument over his permanent resting place in Urbana. There his bones were reinterred and the old Indian Scout was at rest.

The brick house at Washington, Ky which had been sold long ago had never actually been paid for and

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chapter is so interesting in itself and such an integral part of our pioneer history that the reader would perhaps not think of the book as a compilation if the author had not called attention to it in his preface.

It is not our purpose to enter into a detailed review of the book but to mention especially Chapter I, "The Discovery of Kentucky," read before the Filson Club in 1922. One of the very valuable features of this discussion is a "Chronology of Early Exploration of Kentucky" grouped under two headings, "Hypothetical Explorations" and "Actual Explorations." This classification with the accompanying discussion will prove of great value to the student of history desiring to separate facts from tradition.

Other outstanding chapters are those devoted to the "Founding of Harrodsburg," the "John Levi Todd Narrative" and "Barber's Map of Kentucky." The volume has 149 pages, twenty-six well chosen illustrations, is well printed, handsomely bound in red and gold cloth, is from the press of the C. T. Deane Company, Louisville, Ky., (price \$4.00). The edition is limited but copies may yet be secured from the author at Frankfort.

There have been many biographies of George Rogers Clark and Don Dono but until recently we have had only brief sketches of Simon Kenton the other member of the group of three outstanding Kentucky pioneers.

The long wait for a biography of this picturesque crusader of Clark and Boone is in some measure compensated for by the excellence and rare character of a book just off the press, "Simon Kenton," by Edna Kenton, a final descendant of Simon. The book is not the product of the untrained impulse of a loyal member of the family. The author brought to her task the experience acquired in the writing of a number of other books, one of which, "Indians of North America" was to some extent similar in character to the later undertaking. The desire to do the long delayed task well sent the author to every known source of material, the Draper Manuscripts affording the richest field.

The first chapter, devoted to "Kentucky, The Strange Land," does not discuss the different types of service rendered Kentucky by Clark, Boone and Kenton. Following a fine tribute to the contribution of the latter two she portrays Kenton as one who in all the stirring drama of frontier life in Kentucky "remained in the background and 'on his own hook'".

"She (Kentucky) needed, too, a free agent, a man on his own, with the ability to adapt himself on the instant to whatever was, and with the will to accept the golden rule—to perform the duty laid by a free man upon himself. She found him in Simon Kenton and for twenty years he never failed himself or his country. . . . It is doubtful if there was a man, woman or child living between the Kentucky and Ohio Rivers during the dangerous years but owed to him—more than to any other—if not life, at least the chance of escape from slavery."

He always remembered what others forgot, that tireless watchfulness was the price of life, and until peace was made and the land was comfortable he stood at his self-appointed post—guardian of the Northern border."

The book is a real biography and will be welcomed by students of history as a valuable contribution to their Kentuckiana and as a long delayed and well deserved tribute to the memory of one of the most daring and picturesque of Kentucky pioneers. The volume is carefully indexed, carries a comprehensive bibliography, nineteen illustrations, has 323 pages (9250), published by Doran & Company, New York.

Through the courtesy of the North Carolina Historical Commission we have secured one of its recent publications, Volume I, of "The Showell Papers," edited by J. G. de Routhan Hamilton with the collaboration of Rebecca Oatis. The work is a compilation of the papers of the late Randolph Abbott Showell, editor in his latter years of the "Farmer and Mechanic," Raleigh, North Carolina, and editor of other North Carolina newspapers.

The papers are an account of the writer's service as a Confederate soldier and as a prisoner of war and of his experiences during reconstruction days in North Carolina. The compilers frankly admit some inaccuracies in the papers, partly due to the author's "fiery and impetuous nature," partly to the intense confusion of the period when he lived and wrote, and partly due to his "acceptance without verification of information concerning matters of which he had personal knowledge." They consider these defects as of minor importance however, when considered in connection with the work as a whole which they regard as "of great value as a contribution to the history of those troubled years between 1861 and 1878, years which were in every sense times which tried men's souls."

Volume I has 502 pages, is well indexed, handsomely bound in red cloth and may be obtained from the North Carolina Historical Commission, Raleigh, North Carolina.

The Register and the Kentucky Historical Society are deeply interested in the effort being made by the Audubon Memorial Society of America to have erected at Henderson a suitable memorial to the great naturalist, John James Audubon. It is the purpose of the organization to have the monument take the form of a fireproof building in which to house and preserve everything that can be gathered bearing on Audubon's life and works.

Audubon spent about ten years of the most active part of his life at Henderson. Three of his four children were born at Henderson and three of them are buried there. Audubon Mill Park, now a city park, lies on the bluff over-

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Kenton Family

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THE FRONTIERSMEN BY ALLAN ECKERT (SIMON KENTON)

As you will remember, Mrs. Erdyce reviewed the first half of Mr. Eckert's book "The Frontiersmen" at our last meeting. She told of the early life of Simon Kenton and his many experiences as one of the first Indian Scouts in the Kentucky Wilderness.

Mrs. Erdyce and I agreed that we would omit the detailed descriptions of the Indian battles and also the very brutal and graphic accounts of the tortures inflicted upon the settlers by the Indians and also I am sorry to say there were also accounts of the cruelties inflicted by the settlers on the Indians.

First, I would like to refresh your memory as to Simon's personal appearance. Apparently he was a very handsome man- fair complexion- Auburn hair- 5 feet 1 inch in height - gray eyes- 190 pounds- with a very pleasing personality. It was said that he was absolutely honest and that his confidence in his fellowmen was such that the same man could cheat him 20 times and if he professed friendship, he might cheat him still. It was this trait that caused him and his family untroble all of his life.

Simon and his friend Thomas Williams had cleared and patented a small piece of ground near Mayaville in 1777 and in the Fall of 1781 he returned there and built some block houses. In the course of the Winter of 1781-5 many families joined them. His Station was erected several miles from Limestone (Mayaville) on the Ohio River across from Abordena, Ohio and near where Washington in Mason County, Ky now stands. This was the first permanent settlement on the ^{that} East Side of the River. Mayaville became on all the principal landing places.

At the age of 25 Simon fell in love with a 14 year old girl by the name of Martha Douden and wanted to marry her immediately. However her Mother very wisely insisted that they wait until her 16th birthday before tying the knot. At the age of 30 when he was almost twice the age of Martha they were married in the first wedding celebrated at Kenton's Station and virtually everyone within a 30 mile radius attended.

By 1795 Simon had acquired over 400,000 acres of land but according to the book "Old Kentucky Entries and Deeds" only about 30,000 acres were legally recorded - the rest of it was in what was called "Tomahawk Rights" The four boundaries were simply marked by notches cut in trees with a tomahawk. You can well imagine the confusion this caused when the land was sold and resold.

1795 was also the year in which The Greenville Treaty or as it was sometimes known

Wayne's Treaty was signed. This Treaty was quite long and I will not go into it except to say that the Indians were to cede to the U. S. 25,000 sq. miles of territory plus the 16 tracts for Government reservations within the Indian Territory. Most of these tracts were to be 6 sq. miles each and located at strategic points. In another account I read that the value received by the Indians was never more than 25 cents an acre. The going price when sold to white settlers was \$2.00 an acre. Gov. Harrison made \$5,000,000.00 profit for the U.S. at these prices in the P. Wayne Treaty alone. The profits from the sale of Indian lands so purchased were retiring the national debt. In two decades such profits amounted to \$25,000,000. It was a very bad deal for the Indians and unfortunately this treatment of the Indians continues to this day.

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by far the favorite. Records come down to us of the scouts, wagons, and pack horses that were unceasingly hurrying over it. It seems one of Fate's ironies that while Virginia did more road building to the West than all the other colonies combined, both Forbes' and Braddock's Roads lay without her touching.

It was the Forbes' Road that in 1758 carried the soldiers that relieved Fort Pitt in the Pontiac rebellion. All roads were bad beyond belief. According to the season they choked with dust, or held the traveler prisoner in mud, quagmires. On all roads too was exemplified the age old struggle between old and new methods of locomotion. First it was between packhorse men and waggoners. These last were regarded as upstarts, and if possible crowded into a ditch. The waggoners retaliated later on the drives of pigs and stags, whose rhapsody occupants dreaded meeting these enemies above the other perils of the journey. Meals in the primitive taverns along the way included honey and milk, and Indian bread and venison. One Irish traveler comments "I shined and shined me in a dark house without a window."

But however the emigrant came, and finally peril lurked for him along the dark waters of "la belle riviere," if he wished to reach the interior of the District of Kentucky, the practical harbor was Limestone. Also their mode of journeying is of interest. The day of the canoe, a hollowed out tree, and of the pirogue, two joined and hollowed trees, was passing. The canoe had been supplanted, the pirogue pushed by oars, or setting poles. Now had dawned the day of the flat boat, or Kentucky broadhorn, and the batteau, which was a barge tapering at the ends, that could be managed by two men with wing poles. Horses, cattle, fowls and household goods were carried amidships, all were roofed over, as much for protection from the Indians as from the weather. Batteaux and broadhorns were alike down river hounds. Into Limestone boats drove the watering fleets.

Some stayed. Mefford's fort still stands in the vicinity of Limestone. Its floor is made from the timbers of the old broadhorn George Mefford stood down the Ohio. Close at hand was Fox's station, later to be known as Washington, and that was for so long to overshadow Limestone. It was not until 1797 that Limestone was established as a town by the Virginia Legislature. Now to be "established" was a dubious advantage. Characteristics of the mouth of Lawrence Creek, and probably Liberty, afterwards Madison, the dream of Judge John Coburn, were an "established," and came to nothing.

But in the case of Limestone, the town was laid off on a hundred acres of ground, preempted by Simon Kenton and John May, its lots containing half an acre to be sold at auction. The trustees were Daniel and Jack Boone, Henry Lee and Arthur Fox. Thomas Brooks and George Mefford, gentlemen. A deed from these trustees in beautiful, copperplate handwriting now lies at the Public Library. From this time on the program of the settlement

February 20, 1791, the Englishman Francis Bailey, President of the New Locomotion Society, passed four hours at Limestone and called it "the leading place to Kentucky." He said furthermore it was built on the western side of the creek, and at the bottom of a hill. "It may contain thirty or forty houses, mostly log."

In 1805 we find the settlement became a Post Town on that road, originally a buffalo trace, and Indian trail, later Smith's wagon road, and finally the Lexington and Maysville turnpike. Also October 16, 1803, Josiah Egger, an emigrating Philadelphia merchant, describes it as "a little town, but the greatest landing place on the river. It contains fifty dwellings." He seems to have been an optimist, as we find Dr. F. A. Michaux, the celebrated French naturalist who visited it the same year saying "Limestone consists of not more than thirty or forty houses built of planks."

In 1811 John Mallis, English traveler stopped at Limestone and found it "not a bustling place." And lastly, on Thursday, June 28, 1812 another English traveler arrived, and records "Limestone is situated on a high bank, and is not by high limestone land. It is laid out in several straight streets, and the appearance of increase and business. The houses, perhaps one hundred in number, are most of them brick. Here are some good stores and taverns. The inhabitants are Virginia descendants."

At just what date the name was officially changed from Limestone, or as it was sometimes locally called "The Point," is highly indefinite. John May, who ever with Simon Kenton of the site, was killed by Indians while ascending the Ohio, March 20, 1790, one of many who lost their lives on the Western Venture. But as early as 1788, as the deed in the Public Library testifies, the settlement was also known as Maysville. So both names must have been in use. Daniel Boone lived in Limestone September 1788, as early as 1787, and was probably in the summer of 1786. He and his wife, Rebecca Bryan Boone, are reported to have kept a tavern on Water, now Front street, near the corner of Market. The oldest house in the present town, and also situated on Front street is Jack Boone's, a cousin of Daniel's and a trustee of the settlement.

Simon Kenton never lived in Limestone. His station was about three miles away near the Lexington road, as a marker set up by the Washington County Club, the pioneer of such enterprises in our community, Grimsale comments. But he was on the landing with great frequency recruiting business for his marine. And he went and came through it as those awaiting expeditions that saved the infant settlements from annihilation. Relics of Simon Kenton, his gun, his Betty lamp, the last Indian scalp he took, are on view at the Public Library. His descendants are still among us.

Even in the pioneer era an enormous amount of merchandise found its way to the Ohio, and through Limestone over the Lexington road to the river. Very early too we hear of men in freight arriving on the river from

wearious journey. Here Kenton remained till July, 1784. Nothing took place worth noticing. Peace appeared to bless the country, and immigrants came pouring in. From the falls of the Ohio up Bear Grass, on Salt river, on Kentucky river up to Bonn's and Logan's stations, on Elkhor, and through the country, as far as the neighborhood of where Paris now stands, was checkered with gations.

It will be recalled by the reader, that Kenton and Thomas Williams had cleared and plowed a small piece of ground near Maysville, in 1777, and from this place they went and joined Col. Boone and his friends on the Kentucky river. In July, 1784, Kenton once more collected a party of adventurers, and went to his old camp near Limestone, now Maysville. The Indians were then spread over that part of the country. Kenton and his party thought it too dangerous to remain here, and they returned again to his station on Salt river. In the fall of this year, 1784, he returned to his old camp near Limestone; built some block-houses; and, in the course of the winter 1784-5, many families joined them. This station was erected about three miles from Limestone, and one mile from where Washington, in Mason county, now stands. This was the first prominent settlement made on the northern side of Licking river. As the Indians made no disturbance this winter, many new settlements were commenced in Mason county, in the following spring. Limestone, now Maysville, was settled by old Ned Waller, Lee's, Warren's, and Clark's stations were made; and new settlers were constantly pouring in. During the whole of the year 1785, no interruption was given by the Indians to this infant settlement. The detachment given them on the late expedition by General Clark, had in some measure broken their spirits.

1786. The country round Kenton's station continued to receive a throng of emigrants; numerous new stations

were made, and Limestone (Maysville) became one of the principal landing places. This year Kenton said, or rather gave, Arthur Fox and William Wood, one thousand acres of land on which they laid out the present town of Washington, which now soon received a great number of inhabitants. Although the Indians still, occasionally, came down from this infant settlement, yet they did nothing serious enough to check the growth of the society.

As it was supposed that they were the Indians from Metchubock and Pickaway, who had been sending their horses, an expedition was resolved upon to chastise them. The inhabitants from all the stations sent out a great many men, and the new town of Washington was appointed the place of rendezvous. Col. Logan had the chief command. The detachment consisted of about 700 men, armed and equipped at their own expense, as usual. They crossed the Ohio at Limestone. Kenton commanded a fine company, and was the pilot to direct their march. No secret and expeditions were their movements, that they arrived at the Indian towns without being discovered. These towns were about a mile from each other. The whites were divided into two columns, and attacked both towns about the same time. A number of Indians were killed, and a number of prisoners made. Their weapons and other property were destroyed. As some of the Indians escaped, the alarm was given to the other towns, and the Indians made for the woods. This little army marched through the Indian country without further resistance; they burnt four other towns, destroyed their corn and every thing which might render the Indians aid or comfort. On this expedition, which had done the enemy a great deal of harm, they lost about one man.

1787. This year the Indians kept the inhabitants around Kenton's station in perpetual alarm, with their

engaged in any particular scrape worth detailing. He now became rich in land, and stock of every kind; owned up near Washington, a fine brick building, upon the site where his blockhouse had formerly stood in times of peril. His hospitable mansion was the welcome retreat of his friends and relatives. His hospitality was as boundless as space—his manners easy and pleasing. All his visitors (and they were numerous) felt themselves perfectly at home at his friendly dwelling. In the year 1799, the writer of these sketches first became acquainted with Kenton; and although young, was with him on many expeditions after Indians. Notwithstanding the many difficulties and dangers which the early settlers had to encounter, they, in the general, were so happy and merry people as ever lived. Their stores of security and plenty (they sometimes enjoyed both) was a real feast of body and mind.

1799. In the spring of this year the Indians were very troublesome, occasionally killing some of the settlers, and stealing their horses. In April a party of Indians crossed the Ohio some distance below Lancaster, and took off a number of horses. The alarm was given, and Kenton raised a party of thirty-seven men, who immediately went in pursuit. These were all young men of intrepidity, of his own training, bold, dextrous, and cautious. The Indians took the direction towards the head of the Little Miami. Kenton pursued; and when near the east fork of the Little Miami, suddenly perceiving the Indian trail, he heard a bell at a distance. He immediately stopped his party, and as was his custom, he went in person to reconnoitre. He took with him Washburn. Among these he selected, was Cornelius Washburn, a young man whose nerves and pulse were steady, and regular while taking aim at an Indian, so when he was practising with his rifle at a target. He had been with Kenton on several expeditions, and always

distinguished himself as a bold soldier. Kenton and his companions were variously forward towards the bell. After they had gone some distance, they saw an Indian rising, moving toward them. (The Indian was beating with his bell upon, as does any one alarmed at the sound of a bell; on the contrary, they stand still upon at the house on which the bell hangs.) As soon as Kenton saw the Indian approaching, he concealed his little party, till the Indian came as near them as the direction he was travelling would admit. He selected Washburn to shoot the Indian. When he came into an open space in the wood, Kenton called, it made a noise. The Indian, as was expected, stopped to listen. The moment the Indian stopped his horse, Cornelius Washburn drew his head upon him—drew his hair trigger—the rifle fired clear, and down fell the Indian. Kenton then returned to his main party, and a consultation was held on the subject of their future operations. They were satisfied this Indian was not alone in the woods—his comrades were not far distant. As they were satisfied they were in the neighbourhood of the enemy, circumspection in their movements was indispensable. They were still on the trail of the Indians who had stolen the horses. Cornelius Washburn, with another choice and confidential spirit, moved on the trail some distance in advance. They had not traveled far before Washburn was seen returning hastily to meet the party. He gave Kenton intelligence that about a mile ahead, he had heard a vast number of bells, and that he was convinced the bells were near the Indian camp, as they appeared to be scattered as if the horses were feeding in different directions. A council was immediately held, to make arrangements for the coming combat. It was now late in the evening and darkening rain. Kenton, after placing his detachment in a proper situation to defend themselves should they be attacked, took Cornelius Washburn, and went to recon-

Kenton of the Kentucky troops, and Maj. McMahon of the regulars, to take an excursion towards the lake. This Maj. McMahon was one of the first settlers about the Mingo bottom, on the Ohio, above Wheeling. He was about the same age and experience with Kenton. McMahon and Samuel Brady were the admitted chiefs among the frontier men, from Wheeling to Beaver creek. When among the pioneers, McMahon was sure to be obeyed, but who would hold the commission. Kenton and McMahon were both now with Gen. Wayne, and both were majors. These men, though the bravest of the brave, knew nothing about the slow, cautious movements of armies, whose intention was to maintain the conquest they might make. They bitterly complained of Gen. Wayne's dilatory movements; declared they might defy the Indians much easier, and with less labor, than build forts. Gen. Wayne apprised of their discontent, concluded that he would permit these two distinguished and celebrated majors, to have a detachment of about three hundred men, and let them push forward till they would find a fight. Kenton's and McMahon's detachment consisted of 150 men each—120 regulars, and 30 volunteers. This detachment went on till they were near the mouth of the Aughisee, near Fort Defiance, where they began to find Indian signs plenty. Though McMahon was equally brave, Kenton was far the most cautious and discreet soldier. The scouting parties from this detachment, found numerous large trails of Indians, coming from different directions, and appearing to center not far from them. Kenton did not like the signs about him, and thought it would be most prudent to retire. McMahon, who was very brave, and very abundant in his opinion, said he could not think of retiring without fighting. Kenton told him that he thought it very imprudent and very hazardous to go further; but if it were determined to have a fight at all hazards, that he would

join him; that all should be done that men could do; that if a rapid retreat became necessary, he (Kenton) and his men were mounted, and consequently would have some advantage in a rapid retreat. Nothing was concluded that night. Next morning before day, McMahon went to Kenton, and said, that after weighing all the circumstances in relation to the apparent concentration of the Indians, that appeared to be gathering around them, that he thought his (Kenton's) course of proceeding the best, at least the safest. This detachment then returned to Greenville, without having struck a blow. General Wayne said that he thought more of his two majors now than he did before; that he now found they had some conduct with their courage. Kenton lay at Greenville with Gen. Wayne all winter set in, when he was discharged, and returned home. Thus closed Kenton's military career, till 1813. Maj. McMahon commanded Fort Recovery when the Indians attacked that place. Not content with defending the fort, he rushed out upon the Indians and was slain, 1794.

The Indian war being now happily terminated, the emigration to Kentucky pushed forward in a constant stream. Land became valuable; and as there was great irregularity, and want of precision, in the first entries and surveys, the law became made their entries and surveys of land very special. Although Kenton was then thought to be one of the richest men in Kentucky, in land, yet one of his land claims failed after another, till he was completely bewildered in a labyrinth of litigation. As Kenton was unlettered, and consequently unacquainted with legal proceedings, every advantage was taken of his ignorance, and in a few years the glorious technician and uncertainty of the law, stripped this honest man of his blood-bought earnings, and sent him in the evening of his days, penniless and dejected, to spend his few remaining years in poverty and want.

About the year 1802 he settled in Urbana, Champaign county, Ohio; where he remained some years, beloved and respected by all who had any regard for patriotic worth. While in Champaign county, he was elected a Brigadier-general of the militia. About 1810, he became a member of the Methodist church, of which he remained a respected member till the day of his death.

In 1812, when Governor Shelby came to Urbana, at the head of the Kentucky troops, Kenton would not remain in "inglorious ease," when his country required defenders. He shouldered his rifle, mounted his horse, and joined the army as a private, but a privileged member of the Governor's military family. He crossed the lakes, and accompanied General Harrison to Michin in Upper Canada; then throne up lake St. Clair and the river Thames. He was present at the glorious battle of the Moravian Town, and played his part with his usual intrepidity. Here ends the military career of the famous Simon Kenton—a man who, it is probable, passed through more hair-breadth escapes than any man living or dead.

About 1800, he moved to the head of Mad river, in Logan county, near to the site of Old Wapenamika, one of the places where he passed through scenes of suffering, indelible, while a captive with the Indians in his youth. Here, in the midst of a bush forest, was passed, in humble poverty, the evening of the life of this illustrious man. If a long life of hardy adventures—with a courage that never quailed in danger, and patriotism that never ceased its exertion in his country's cause, deserves the title of illustrious, then stands the name of General Kenton in the first rank of worthies.

About 1824, through the exertions of Judge Samuel C. Cincinnati, (then a member of the United States senate) and of General Yates, the present Governor of Ohio, (then a member of the house of representatives, in 1824-

1825) a pension of twenty dollars a month was obtained for him. This sum, though small for such services as he rendered to his country, secured his declining age from actual want.

In the month of April, 1836, this great and good man* breathed his last. In the Western Christian Advocate, of June 24, 1836, I find the following appropriate and graphic notice of his death, by Mr. W. L. Ellsworth.

"After the din of war had ceased, and savage barbarity was no longer decalred by the parental enigrants, General Kenton retired to private life, to enjoy the sweets of domestic happiness. He settled a few miles north of Old Wapenamika, (now Zanesfield) Logan county, Ohio, where he spent the last of a long and, we trust, a useful life. The frosts of more than eighty winters had fallen on his head, without entirely whitening his locks. During the last few years, he declined rapidly; not so much from the effects of disease, as by the influence of early hardship and toil. He was for more than eighteen years a respectable member of the Methodist church; not a regular attendant on the ministry of the word. When his trembling limbs would no longer perform their wonted functions, he would solicit some kind friend to lead him to the house of God. I visited him a few hours before his decease, and found him perfectly willing to die. His death, though not triumphant, was peaceful; and we trust he has exchanged a world of care and grief, for a voice of holy and uninterupted joy."

He lived to see the "din of war hushed," and give the peace returning. He lived to see changes more extraordinary. He lived to see farms, towns, and schools of learning, and temples of worship constructed, where

* I am aware, that, by the name of the present day, some unconsidered men, but such as are capable of protecting and retaining wealth. Such men as Commodore, Krumpholtz, or Millard, would now be viewed as poor devils.

the solitary hunter to days past pitched his lonely camp; and in the silent and dark forest pursued his game. What a change! He was permitted to live a long life as a connecting link, to illustrate the manners of two eras as dissimilar as if they were one thousand years distant from each other. He had lived to see moral revolutions as surprising as those extraordinary changes. These mutations in manners and in morals have been gradual in their progress, but most important in their results; and they have been introduced in our country in less than fifty years. Every sketch of them, however slight or detached, should be treasured with pious care.

General Kenyon was of fair complexion, six feet one inch in height. He stood and walked very erect; and, in the prime of life, weighed about one hundred and ninety pounds. He never was inclined to be corpulent, although of sufficient fulness to form a graceful person. He had a soft, tremulous voice, very pleasing to the hearer. He had laughing, grey eyes, which appeared to fascinate the beholder. He was a pleasurer, good-humored, and obliging companion. When excited, or provoked in anger (which was seldom the case) the fiery glance of his eye would almost curdle the blood of those with whom he came in contact. His rage, when roused, was a menace. In his dealing, he was perfectly honest; his confidence in man, and his candor, were such, that the same man might cheat him twenty times; and if he professed friendship, he might cheat him still.

I have now related the principal incidents in the eventful life of this extraordinary man; with truth only for my guide. I am aware that my composition will require the indulgence of my readers; and it is believed that those who know me best, will not hesitate to pardon my want of method, and the coarse style of my writing. Although I am ambitious to please the reader, vanity, or a false estimate of my acquirements, or talents, did not induce

John Mc Donald of Poplar Ridge
Rear co. 4th
2nd Regt. Kentucky - 1852

me to write these sheets. My aim was to be useful, by recording the scenes of men, in whom Kentucky and Ohio owe a debt of gratitude. How could the rising generation set a correct estimate on the character of men of whom they had only heard by common fame?

In 1820, I paid a visit to General Kenyon, and from his own words, and in his presence, commenced to writing the principal incidents related in the foregoing narrative. In a life so long and full of events, there is no doubt but many interesting events escaped the old man's recollection. The writer of this narrative, in his youth, accompanied him on several minor expeditions, of which no notice is taken. But enough is written to show the genius and enterprise of the man, who first planted corn on the south of Kentucky.

I will close these narratives, by quoting a few lines from a western ballad.

"Say, shall the rough wood-cut pioneers,
Of Mississippi's wide-extended vale,
Claim no just tribute of our love and honor,
And their names vanish with the passing gale?
With veterans since the forest they subdued,
With western arms subdued the savage foe;
Our country, purchased with their valiant blood,
... Claims to show all that gratitude can do.
Their western blood gave us wealth and power;
Fate has been followed from their doubtful wars;
Their well-earned restlessness gave us leading power,
And all the good blessings of life,
Then to their offspring, mindful of their claims,
Grant their best homes to the tyrant land,
O' mine from dark Africa's gloomy reign,
The brave, the worthy fathers of our land."

THE END.

John
Mc Donald's Western Sketches