

HISTORY OF THE HARDIN FAMILY  
in the Early Settling of Kentucky

By: Jack Hardin, Jr.

1915

Baptist World Publishing Company,  
Louisville, Kentucky

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INTRODUCTION

I am several generations removed from the author, but think a few words of explanation not out of place. As you will see, after reading the book, the author was exceedingly anxious that the daring acts and brave deeds of the Hardins in the early settling of Kentucky be perpetuated, and finding no other member of the family willing to undertake the task, he did it himself. He was in delicate health at the time and passed away shortly after finishing the manuscript.

From time to time, the question of its publication has been agitated; but with the different members so widely separated, it was hard to get enough interested to bring this about. After many years, his wish has been realized; and this volume is now in your hands.

I recognize the fact, and so will you, that it might have been published in more modern, up-to-date language, and its literary form somewhat improved, yet it has been thought best to reproduce the manuscript substantially as it was written. It is believed that its unique and original style will appeal to all who read it, but especially to those through whose veins courses the Hardin blood.

Thomas J. Hardin

Below will be found exact copies of the inscriptions found on the tomb stones of Robert and Elenor Hardin, illustrated in this volume. To the left of the inscription on the former, there is a hunting scene showing a hunter, seated on a log, with gun in hand and a dog by his side, suggestive of the early pioneer days.

ROBERT HARDIN  
Born in Penn., May 6, 1776  
Married Elenor Sherrill, 1799  
In Washington Co., Ky.  
Departed this life March 10, 1840  
In Meade Co., Ky.  
Aged 63 yrs., 10 Ms., 5 Ds.

ELENOR  
Wife of  
Robert Hardin  
Born in North Carolina  
May 23, 1780  
Departed this life Nov. 5, 1869  
Aged 88 yrs., 5 Ms., 12 Ds.



HISTORY OF THE HARDIN FAMILY IN THE  
EARLY SETTLING OF KENTUCKY

NUMBER I

Owensboro, Ky., June 16, 1879

Cousin Ellen:

Yours of the 6th came to hand and with it your battle of Saratoga. I am doubly thankful for your kindness in your warm Hardin-like expressions in your letter, and the pleasure it gave me to read your work. The straightforward, strong style you write satisfies me that no better pen is needed to write up old family history than yours. I am glad, indeed, that you have undertaken it.

I have not received the sketches of Uncle Martin and Capt. William Hardin (Indian Bill) that I spoke of in my last, but I am sure of them. Uncle Martin's two grandsons, Martin and Ben, will collect all of him possible to be found amongst the old family in Hardin County, and the descendants of Indian Bill of Breckenridge County will of him; but for the present, they are not needed, as I don't propose in this number to write anything but early traditions and generalities.

The tradition handed down to me by the old men and women of the family differs from many of the written traditions I have seen. Sam Haycraft says "there were three of the French Hardins reached this country and from the three sprang the race." I have heard the old members talk back their traditions many times and all went back to Ruffle Shirt Martin.

I am of the opinion that the race mainly sprang from him. Some of the name may have crossed over from England. I will give you my reasons for this opinion. All agree that three brothers escaped from France in 1572, and got over the channel to England. The tradition I was taught is that one of the brothers stopped in England and is the father of the race now in that country. The other two came first to Canada, stayed but a short time there, thence to Virginia; that Martin fell in love with an English girl named Walters on the passage from England and married her soon after landing in America; that his brother (his name I never heard) was killed soon after they settled in Virginia. I never heard of any descendants left by him, or that he had a wife. All of the old race traced themselves back to Martin and his English wife. I have met many of the name in my rambles over a number of States and always found them men and women of the same sturdy family traits. I applied to all of them the same test, to start him or her back on pedigree. The summing up was always the same; they either went back to Martin or to the Monongahela, which were of Martin's stock. I have never found one that placed himself anywhere else. I said above that I thought the stock mainly sprang from Martin. I will amend that and say, all that were in America up to forty years back. I have heard of men of the name in Missouri and other Western States that claimed to be English, though of French origin, whose features and strong points of true manhood show them to be tainted very strongly with the blood of the old Virginia race. Mark Hardin of

Nevada told me that he had met a number of the name in California and Nevada from England whom he believed to be descendants of the brother left in England, as they claimed to be of French stock; but enough of my speculations as to our origin. We are here and if we are not all the sons and daughters of Martin, it is a comfort to think so. I for one am not ashamed to claim kin with either of the old Frenchmen. I will now turn my attention to first settlers of the name in Kentucky, and here again I will come in conflict with a number of writers of late date and some that have established themselves as good authority in early history of the first efforts made by the family to reach Kentucky.

In the fall of 1779, Mark Hardin, known as short Mark, and little John visited the Falls and scouted the country as far out as Salt River, in what is now Bullitt County, and up to Harrod's Creek, in what is now Oldham County. This embraced nearly the whole of Jefferson County and parts of the other two, nearly the whole of the territory passed over by them, and is the finest land in Kentucky. They were so pleased that they determined to search no farther, but go home and return with their effects and locate as much of the fine land as possible. Neither of them had families. The glowing account they gave of the country fired the restless spirits of the whole race on either side of the Monongahela, and general preparation commenced to move to and take possession of the rich lands on and near Bear-grass Creek, which empties into the Ohio River, or did originally, at the foot of First Street, in the (now) center of Louisville.

A number of them were still in the old Continental Army; these were summoned home for the move. Two flatboats were rebuilt during the winter of 1779 and spring of 1780. On the first of March, fifteen families, composed entirely of kindred by blood or marriage, embarked with their effects, bade farewell to their old homes and floated down the Monongahela, many of them never to see the proposed new homes. They had one large boat. This was loaded with their horses, cattle and heavy movable property. The other was a small, light boat prepared especially for their families and lighter effects. The heavy boat required nearly all the strength of the party to navigate it and care for the stock on it. It was arranged that the family boat should be manned by two of the men and some boys, and that it should keep immediately in rear of the heavy boat in order that any assistance should be needed in managing it, it would be in reach, or in case of an attack by the Indians it could be defended.

All went well with them up to the 20th of March, when near the mouth of the Limestone they were furiously attacked by a large force of Indians of the tribes from the Sandusky towns and Chillicothe or Scioto. The men steering the family boat were both killed by the first volley fired. The other boat was being riddled with balls. The men near half were soon killed or crippled. No assistance could be given to the family boat. It soon drifted on to the northern shore and was stormed by the Indians after one of the most heroic defenses possible. The Indians were kept at bay until the last man and boy were killed on board the boat. The last to fall was Stephen Hardin, a boy of ten years old, a son of John Hardin (Jack Hardin, Sr.). This little fellow had been

exposed through the whole fight, but had loaded and fired his rifle over twenty times. When the Indians had killed all but him, he abandoned his place and planted himself by the side of his mother, saying, "Mother, the last shot shall be in your defense." The words of the brave boy were hardly uttered when the Indians came pouring into the boat; two of them, tomahawk in hand, rushed in on him; he shot one of them dead, the other one paused and at that moment another Indian shot Stephen through the head and he fell dead at his mother's feet.

The Indians now had things their own way. Having lost a number of their warriors, killed and wounded, they were infuriated to the highest degree. They killed the wife and little child of Jacob Shively and a young woman whose name I have forgotten. Two of the brave boys lay badly wounded at the bow of the boat; these they had scalped and then chopped to pieces with their hatchets. The dead, they scalped and mangled their remains. The brave little Stephen, they tore and chopped literally to pieces in the presence of his mother. His bloody scalp was slapped in her face and over her head as a last indignity. His clothes were torn off him and his bleeding remains were thrown on the shore. The Indians, mangling the remains of the dead to their satisfaction, turned their attention to plundering the boat and soon dragged everything out that they could carry away. Amongst the plunder taken was a trunk that contained all the money of the party, the larger part of it, Continental, of little value except to buy land with. Two dollars and fifty cents of it was good for one hundred acres; of this I will speak hereafter. This misfortune led to events of the greatest importance to the family and some of the most daring feats ever performed by men.

The women and children were huddled on the shore in full view of their husbands and friends, who were more than a mile off and on the Kentucky side of the river, with two killed and four wounded out of fourteen men on board the large boat. They succeeded in securing their boat to the shore, when four of the remaining eight, Jack Hardin, Thomas Harding, Jacob Shively and Samuel Payne started out in a canoe. Harding and Payne were unmarried men. Harding was the brother of Mrs. Hardin, Jack Hardin's wife. They reached the middle of the river when the Indians, seeing them, quit their plundering, seized their guns, forty or more of them, and ran down the river bank opposite the canoe and opened fire on the four men. Thomas Harding, Shively and Payne were wounded the first volley fired. Hardin ordered the wounded men to use their guns as best they could while he pulled the canoe back to the Kentucky shore. The wounded men did as ordered and succeeded in bringing down two Indians. The canoe got back to the Kentucky shore, stuck full of bullets but no other injury to the party. The three men were not seriously hurt, but too much disabled to give any further assistance in molesting the Indians. The party was now reduced to five able to perform any duty. Chafing like chained tigers, they had to stand and see the helpless women and children dragged off in the midst of a howling pack of savages.

Can the feelings of a brave man be told? Can they be imagined under such circumstances? I can do neither. After the canoe with the four reckless, frantic men was driven back, the Indians went howling back to their prey

and commenced beating and abusing the prisoners most cruelly in retaliation for the loss of the two braves in the attack on the canoe. They then packed up such of the plunder as suited them, fired a volley in the direction of the crippled party on the shore, and with continuous whoops of defiance they left the scene of carnage and ruin, not even caring for their own dead. The above is as near as my memory serves me, the facts of the terrible disaster of the 20th of March, 1780, often related to me and in my presence by my grandmother Hardin, her son Robert who was with her on the boat and during her captivity, and by my grandfather, Thomas Harding, the father of my mother.

As soon as the Indians left the family boat the men that were able to, crossed over the river. The scene that met them on reaching the boat I give as related by my grandfather, Thomas Harding. He and Shively, though wounded, crossed with the party, the two above named and four of the five unhurt men, Jack Hardin, little John Hardin, Mark Hardin and Robertson, who was related to the family. As they neared the shore where the boat lay, the terrible havoc opened to their view. Two brave men lay dead on top of the boat. Mrs. Shively lay dead and mangled in the edge of the river, her babe a few feet from her, its head split open. The brave little Stephen, son of Jack Hardin, lay on the rocks stripped, and chopped and gashed all over. The interior of the boat was strewn with the slain. Near the center lay the grim form of the Indian Stephen had killed. Robertson found the dead body of his two sons. The unfortunate Shively found his wife and child, Jack Hardin, his son Stephen. Others were standing by their dead. Silent and terrible was their grief. Little John Hardin at last broke the spell that bound them all by saying in a loud voice: "It's done; let us bury our dead and take unsatisfied revenge on the murderers as long as we can raise an arm to slay an Indian." A general Amen was the response. Silently but vigorously the party went to work. When their mournful task was completed, their agony was renewed in contemplation of the miseries of the living death of the women and children they had seen driven off by the savages. Jack Hardin's wife and four-year old son, Robert, were with them. Robertson's wife and two children were gone. The wife and two daughters of one of the brave men lying dead on the top of the boat were gone. Others that I do not recollect were gone. Jack Hardin and Robertson were crushed, helpless and unmanned. They sat by the pile of earth that covered their dead. Their grief was too deep for tears; their comrades could not disturb them. At last Shively took each of them by the hand and said: "Boys, I lost all that is worth living for except my duty to my fellow-man. There lies my wife and child; they are better off than yours, but as I hold you both by the hands, I pledge myself to do all in my power to rescue your wives and children." Every man of the party stepped forward and made the same pledge. The grief-stricken men joined the party and crossed over to the boat. A counsel was held and it was determined to gather what the Indians had left at the boat and carry it all to the large boat and proceed to the Falls of the Ohio. As their arrangements were now all broken and blasted they could determine there, each for himself, what to do. All agreed to make war during life on the Indians. A terrible pledge but kept to the letter. And that they would risk everything but honor in helping Jack and Robertson in their efforts to rescue their wives and children. This pledge, too, was kept to the letter by these brave men. It



cost the brave Shively his life and Thomas Harding a deep and dangerous wound. Martin Hardin and Mordecai Lincoln, they were not of the party, but volunteered afterwards to be of the pledged party to incur hardships and dangers that seem so fabulous that had I not had it from the parties themselves, I would think it a fable. None that knew the men ever dared to say that they spoke falsely of themselves or others.

The terrible ordeal that these men passed through from 1780 to 1786 I will give in future pages.

The misfortunes of the 20th of March, 1780, settled the destiny of the Hardin family in Kentucky. It was the cause of their not locating near Louisville as the loss of their money and families put it out of their power to make locations, besides it destroyed their plans and disorganized them. Again it was the cause of reuniting them three years later and of their settling in what is now Washington County.

It led to some of the most daring deeds and desperate risks ever performed by man and escape with their lives; all of which I will relate in their proper places.

Of my grandmother's trials and adventures during the three and a half years of captivity, I will give her own history of it as near as my memory serves me. From her capture on the fatal 20th of March to her return in the spring of 1784. You will no doubt ask the question that has been often asked before and never publicly answered. Why such a tragic affair, attended with such consequences as the 20th of March, 1780, never found its way into history? And why men capable of performing such deeds of heroism as talked of have only been lightly mentioned by writers? I will explain why, as I believe I know better than any other man now living. During the lives of the principal actors no effort was made to collect and group together facts of their lives and deeds to enable any person to write a history, if anyone felt disposed to do so. Then again, all the old family were familiar with the history of all and never thought it necessary to write things that they thought everybody knew. Then again, the scraps of so-called history have been generally gotten by men that knew little or nothing about the family. For instance -- when my brother, Judge M. R. Hardin, died, a perfect cloud of scribblers rushed forth; each knew all about the Hardin race. I saw at least a dozen and not one of them was correct, and of Uncle Martin, Mark, Ben and Charles Wickliff it was the same. These imperfect scraps have to some extent got to the world as good history.

In 1833, my grandmother died; soon after my grandfather and some of the other principal actors in the first settlement of Kentucky. It occurred to me that if material ever was collected to preserve family history that no time was to be lost, as the old men and women that could give the necessary facts were passing away. I saw Ben Hardin of Bardstown and Charles A. Wickliffe about it. Ben assured me that he was then at work at the very thing I proposed doing, and would finish it up complete; that he knew exactly

where to find all of the material; and Wickliffe thought that Ben could and would do it better than any other man. I thought he could, but did not believe he would, and told them so. I stopped. Ben and Charles never did anything. The old men and women that had their heads full of the very material needed and would have been glad of an opportunity of emptying out all that their heads were stored with are now dead.

## NUMBER II

I will now go back to the party on the Kentucky shore. The women and children were in the hands of the Indians.

The day was now spent; the two dead men on the boat were buried; night was on them, and with the night the party expected a second attack from the Indians. It was determined to pull the boat well out in the river and anchor till next morning before collecting the plunder from the family boat left by the Indians. They did so and prepared for defense. After the preparations were made for the night and the wounded men made as comfortable as possible, it was agreed that the next day should be given to two of the party to ascertain all they could of the locality and the route the Indians had taken. The night passed quietly and at daylight Jack and little John Hardin were landed on the Ohio shore.

Their first object was to ascertain if any Indians were in ambush near the family boat, which still lay at the place of capture. They soon satisfied themselves that no danger was to be apprehended; that the Indians were gone. Their hurry was afterwards explained by my grandmother: That the Indians were mistaken in the strength of the party left on the Kentucky side of the river; they moved rapidly through the woods the remainder of the day till late in the night, fearing an attack themselves, as their party had suffered severely in their raid on the boat; they had left a number dead and had eight or ten wounded with them, several badly. The two Hardins, after telling their friends that all was safe, took the trail of Indians and followed it to where they had camped without halting. There they found a child of one of the men that was killed on the boat with its brains beaten out. The child had been so frightened during the massacre on the boat that its mother could not quiet it. Its constant crying alarmed the Indians, thinking its cries might lead a pursuing party to their camp. To free themselves of it, they killed it. The two men scooped out a grave with their hatchets and hands and buried it.

They resumed the trail and followed it until late in the day without making any other discovery other than to determine the course the Indians had taken. They were wholly ignorant at the time of the country or where the Indian camps or towns lay. They afterwards learned the locality and that the Indians were making towards their towns on the Scioto and upper portions of the Miami Rivers. The two men were now about thirty miles from their boat

and friends, the day nearly spent and they had to retrace their steps, the greater portion of the distance in darkness and through a dense forest. With heavy hearts they turned their backs on the helpless captives and retraced their steps, which they accomplished after many hours of tedious toil. About daylight the next morning, they reached the river and found the boat still in its old place, hailed it and were taken on board completely worn out by their long tramp and want of food. The boat was turned loose and about the first of April reached the Falls. But how different from their expectations! The 20th of March had changed bright hopes and happy smiles into ruin and sorrow. Instead of building up happy, peaceful homes and prospective plenty for their wives and children, these men panted for and thought of nothing else than the spilling of Indian blood that caused their ruin.

On their arrival at the Falls, several of the wounded men were in a very critical condition; one of them died a few days after their arrival and was buried on what was Corn Island, now washed away, all but the bed of rock it rested on. The railroad bridge now passes over where the island and old fort once were.

The first efforts of the well men of the party were to make their wounded companions as comfortable as possible. This done, the most of them disposed of their effects as best they could, as they now wanted nothing that would be an incumbrance to them; for they were determined to devote themselves exclusively to try to rescue their wives and children and kindred from the Indians, and to spare the life of no red warrior that fell in their power.

As soon as it was possible, the first rescuing party was formed. It consisted of Jack Hardin, little John Hardin, Thomas Harding, whose wound was so far healed that he could go, and Robertson. It was arranged that Mark Hardin and the other unhurt man should take charge of their camp effects and wounded friends. About the middle of April the four men started on their desperate adventure. They had got all the information possible of the country inhabited by the Indians and the location of their towns as well as they were known at that time.

Their object was to find their way to the Indian towns on the upper portions of the Miami and Scioto Rivers. They first prepared disguises, and, as the old men used to say, made very good Indians of themselves. This precaution was their salvation and served as a decoy that was fatal to a number of Indians in their raids for four years afterwards. To shorten their tramp, they traveled very nearly the route now run by the Louisville and Cincinnati Short Line Railroad. They carried no supplies, nothing but their arms and ammunition. The woods was their commissary department. A couple of logs tied together was their ferryboat to cross rivers too deep to wade. They tied the logs together with bark or vines, put their guns and ammunition on them, swimming by the side or behind to the other shore. This was the usual way of crossing deep water by the old hunters when on foot. In the latter part of the month, the party found themselves back to the place of their disaster of the 20th of March, and crossed the river. There they

found that the heaps of dirt they had thrown over their dead over a month before, had not been molested. I have often heard Thomas Harding say that he had passed through many scenes of carnage, had seen many battle-fields; but nothing ever worked up his feelings up to such a degree as the graves he looked on that day; of the brave men, boys, women and children who had been killed by the Indians, under the eyes of their husbands, fathers and friends, that would have risked a thousand lives to have saved them, but were powerless to do so. They at once took the trail Jack and John had followed and their dangers and hardships on this daring raid properly commenced. After the party had traveled several hours and had seen no signs of Indians, they killed a deer and prepared three days' rations of broiled venison in order that they might not be under the necessity of firing a gun or making a fire.

Their march now began in earnest. The track was familiar to Jack and John Hardin and they moved forward rapidly. They soon reached the camp where the child had been killed. The little grave had not been molested. Night stopped them on this spot. A few hours walk next morning carried them to the point where the two Hardins had stopped. Now the early training of these men was of the highest use to them. By the way, they were no novices in woodcraft and Indian warfare.

Their lives had been one continual round of warfare and dangers. They had been trained to the use of arms and the crack of their rifle was the death knell, nearly certain, of anything they aimed at.

The trail was now more than a month old, but to the eye of those experienced woodsmen, it was visible. Little John and Thomas Harding undertook to follow it, while Jack Hardin and Robertson should act as flankers to look for Indians and their signs. They moved on for several hours, when they came upon an old Indian camp on a small stream, a branch of the Scioto, in what is now Highland County, Ohio. The signs showed that a large party had rested there for a short while; then had been occupied for several weeks by a small party. Their search soon told the tale. They found where two dead Indians had been buried Indian fashion, by placing them on the top of the ground and then covering them with earth and leaves and brush. They opened one of the graves to be certain, and found a warrior shot through the shoulder. He had the appearance of having lain there some ten or twelve days. Grandmother explained it afterwards: That the two wounded Indians belonged to the Scioto tribe and that they could not travel any farther and that the party halted for three days, hunting and quarreling over the division of the plunder and prisoners. The wounded Indians grew worse and they left them in the care of two others and moved on.

The Scioto Indians took her and three other women and some children, six or eight, and started for their town, where Chillicothe now stands. The Miami Indians took Mrs. Robertson and some others and started for their towns on the Little Miami. The four men soon found that the party had split, and they also found signs that told them that the prisoners had been divided between the two parties. A council was held, and they agreed to



form two parties themselves. That little John Hardin and Robertson would follow the trail of the Miamis and Jack Hardin and Thomas Harding would take the trail of the Sciotos. Fortune so arranged that Hardin and Robertson were each to follow the trail that led to their captive wives, but not to be rescued by them.

The party arranged their disguises and separated, hardly hoping ever to meet again, as they well knew the dangers before them. I will follow Hardin and Harding first. They were necessarily slow in their advance, as the length of time since the trail they were following had nearly obliterated every trace of it. Now and then some impression of the foot in soft ground, a broken twig, or a casual mark on a tree was sufficient for these sharp-eyed men to follow it.

The morning after the party separated, they came on a camp where the Indians had evidently spent a night, as marks of camp fires were plenty. Here Hardin found part of an old shoe that he knew at sight to be one that he himself had made for his wife. "This old shoe," he often said, "was the richest find of his life," for it told him that his wife was with the party he was trailing and nerved him up to take risks that he probably could never have taken if he had been in doubt of her being before him. Up to this time, they had seen no Indians nor very fresh signs. But soon after leaving the old camp, they found signs in abundance to satisfy them that they had more to do than follow the trail.

Discovery was certain ruin to their adventure, if not the loss of their lives. Not knowing the ground they were on, nor where the Indian villages were located, it required the most rigid caution in moving forward. They determined to conceal themselves until night and then explore. This precaution saved them, as the woods were full of Indians. They had not been long concealed when they heard several shots in different directions, one of them very near them. They cautiously crept out in the direction and saw an Indian in hot pursuit of a crippled deer. This explained to them that the Indians were on a general hunt and that they were liable to fall in with them any moment and that they were no great distance from their general headquarters.

They lay close and watched the Indian and deer until they saw the deer butchered, and the Indian shouldered it and moved off in a northeasterly direction. This gave them a clue to the course of their camp. Night came on, they took the course the Indian had gone with his deer, and after two hours' walk they struck the Scioto River. While consulting what course to take, they discovered a canoe coming up the river. They at once laid their plans to follow the canoe to its place of landing. They found that it was manned by two braves. They let it pass and then slowly but cautiously followed it for several hours, when they came in sight of a large village.

The work now before them was to ascertain whether the captives they sought were there; and if there, next to rescue them if possible. They spent several hours in reconnoitering, then as day would soon be on them, a secure place

of concealment must be found. Knowing nothing of the surroundings, this was no easy matter for them to decide.

At a venture, they decided to cross over the Scioto; they did so and walked about two miles back, when they stumbled on a dense thicket and concluded to risk the day here. Daylight coming on, they soon found a place that suited them; and they prepared to spend the day. They had a few pounds of half-raw venison; of this, they breakfasted. They slept, one at a time, the other keeping guard. They frequently heard Indians during the day, but saw none. Night came on; they crept out of their hiding dens with the wolves. They spent the night in prowling around and in the suburbs of the village. All they learned this night was the locality of the place and that the Indians were curing a large amount of deer meat, which they interpreted to mean a raid on the white settlers of the frontier. They were entirely out of provisions and must have a fresh supply, so they recrossed the river and tramped some eight or ten miles back by daylight. They soon found camping ground that suited them in a deep ravine. They were not long in finding game to supply their wants for the present and for several days to come. After broiling their meat, late in the evening they started back to the village. They reached the river opposite the place soon after dark and found the town full of busy Indians. There seemed to be more warriors than would belong to any one place of the size, which was true, for they had come in to make arrangements for a raid on the Ohio River. They had had a notice given them that a number of boats were preparing to descend that river. The adventurers determined to find some safe place that they could watch the town through the next day and determine whether those they sought were there, and if there to rescue them if possible. They examined the locality on both sides of the river and finally settled on a clump of trees on the bank of the river on the east shore nearly opposite the town. They examined the trees and found a large, thick-topped one that promised to answer their purpose. One of the men climbed it and found that he could see well over the village and could not be seen himself. They waited till day, when they went up the tree and each selected his place. As the morning opened, the Indians came out of their huts; the squaws busied themselves preparing the morning meal. Some of them came to the river for water and to bathe their children; but few of the bucks appeared until near the middle of the day. They did not see anyone but Indians until after the turn of the day; then Jack Hardin became satisfied that he saw a little boy near the middle of the town playing around a miserable hut, and that the boy was his son, Robert Hardin. He called Harding's attention to the place and both watched it for a time. The little boy still played around. After an hour or so all doubts were cleared away by a woman coming out and taking the boy by the hand and leading him back into the hut. This woman Jack Hardin knew to be his wife, and Thomas Harding knew her to be his sister. The two from their tree had a full view of the river, town and shore. They laid their plans for the rescue. They selected their route into and out of the town, that they would take a large canoe that lay tied before them, marked out the spot where they would leave it, etc. Four or five hours of daylight was still before them, and midnight must come before the raid could be made. As night approached, the sun

was obscured with clouds; this the men looked upon as fortunate -- the thicker the darkness, the better the chance of success. They lingered in the tree until late to note all the land marks possible by night. About nine o'clock, they came down, crossed the river and stealthily passed over as much of the ground as it was possible to do without coming in contact with Indians. About twelve o'clock, they made their final arrangements, secured the canoe, dropped it down to where they wanted it, placed their rifles and shot pouches in the roots of the tree they had selected as a guide back to the river. All was now ready for their perilous undertaking. These two men were about putting themselves in the very center of a large Indian camp, relying on their skill, tomahawks and butcher-knives. Each knew the unflinching courage of the other; thus each was a power to the other. With hatchets in hand they noiselessly glided into the camp and had nearly reached their object when a fierce Indian dog flew out at them, barking furiously. This called up other dogs, and their united barking aroused the Indians and they rushed up, most of them unarmed, or only with their camp clubs, one of them demanding in his own language who they were, mistaking them for Indians. Though disguised as Indians, they could not talk the Indians language.

The Indians, seeing this, rushed on them, calling others to put in. They were rewarded for this by Harding sinking his hatchet to the helve in one of their heads. This brought about a general howl from a number of Indians that startled the whole camp, and they swarmed from all around, yelling like demons. The two were attacked from all sides, and one of the most unequal battles that was ever fought on the continent began. Fifty or more braves, backed by a multitude of squaws, boys and dogs, against the two men. The beauty of this fight was the mistake the Indians were laboring under; they never once suspected that their enemies were white men, but thought they were thieving Indians from a town higher up the river. This mistake, coupled with their disguise, let these two reckless white men out. As the Indians, but few of them, were armed, our heroes had but little trouble in driving them before them; but while they were clearing their front, the Indians would close on their rear. They had knocked down several and were in a fair way to cut their way out when several Indians appeared on the scene with muskets. The two saw at once that they were lost unless the most desperate efforts were made. They rushed on the Indians in their front and were literally hewing out a road for themselves when one of the muskets was fired in the rear. The charge struck Thomas Harding in the thigh about two inches below the hip joint, inflicting a deep and bad wound; the ball passed outside the bone. The shock threw him to the ground and for a short time, the limb was paralyzed so that he could not rise. Jack Hardin, seeing his brave friend down, thought all was lost, and determined to sell their lives at the highest price possible and began work in earnest, striking everything in reach of him. Harding, by this time, regained his feet and pitched into the fight. Here a mistake of the Indians saved the two men again. Jack had struck down an Indian, who got up crazed from the blow he had received on his head, and, pitching into the nearest Indians to him, the other Indians mistook him for a new foe or one of the old ones and closed in on him.

A furious family fight ensued in the dark which attracted so much of the attention of the Indians that the two men, taking advantage of it, cut their way out and made good their escape to the river, got their arms, boarded their stolen canoe and pushed down stream, leaving the Indians running, howling, and fighting in the village.

As soon as the canoe was at a safe distance, they turned their attention to Harding's wounds. He had bled so profusely that his strength was fast failing. Hardin dressed it as best he could in the dark by tearing strips from their scanty clothing for bandages; this done, he with a heavy heart applied himself to paddling the canoe as far as possible down the river before daylight. They had gone some twelve or fifteen miles before dawn; safety now required them to look for a secure hiding place. They discovered the mouth of a small stream with water enough to float their canoe. Up this they paddled until they found a safe place to hide their canoe. This they did and filled it with water. Hardin prepared a bed for Harding by scraping leaves together and carried him to it; his wound and loss of blood by this time had rendered him nearly helpless. Hardin now applied himself to the redressing of Harding's wound. Few of the present day understand backwoods surgery, how they set bones or dressed wounds. A broken bone, after being pressed in place, was wrapped with thick, soft moss found on the roots of old trees or logs, then stripped with stiff bark hickory, generally, then tied with bark peeled from small trees or strips of deer skin. The moss answered a double purpose, was soft to the wound and retained moisture well. On wounds they spread over, first the smoothest leaves they could find, then the moss; to this they applied water freely. There is no application of the present day better calculated to keep down fever and assuage swelling than the old hunter's poultice.

Hardin dressed Harding's wound in this way until they reached the Falls. The day passed in sad meditation; all was lost for the present. Harding lay on a bed of leaves helpless; Hardin must stay with him and care for him. Their toils, privations and dangers were for nothing. They had made an almost superhuman effort and had failed. What their feelings were they used to say they could not tell themselves. Several times through the day, they heard the Indians on the river, but none ever found their camp.

I will digress and give Grandmother's account of the attack. Her husband was not mistaken. She was the woman he saw from his place in the tree. She was aroused by the noise of the dogs and Indians and at once knew that something very unusual had turned up. She and a young woman of Dutch origin were occupying the same hut. (Of this woman, I will tell hereafter.)

She and the woman went to the entrance of the hut and saw a struggling mass of men furiously fighting about fifty feet from them. The darkness was such that they could not distinguish one from another. The Indians were in great commotion, running from all quarters to the place of the uproar. When the gun fired, the light for a moment gave her a clear view, and she saw the two men fighting in the midst of the mob and knew they were not Indians. The forms of the men she thought she knew and a feeling came over her at once



that they were her husband and brother. She saw the tall one fall with the flash of the gun; saw the man still on his feet dealing terrible blows around him and over the fallen one; saw the tall man up again; and in the fight saw the crazy Indian in his wild fight with his friends; saw the two men cut their way out of the mob and disappear. She said the noise, fighting and uproar were appalling; that the Indians all seemed crazed, and in the darkness they mistook each other for enemies and a general knockdown ensued for a time.

The next morning revealed a bloody scene. Three were killed and near twenty wounded, some of them badly. With light next morning, they missed the canoe and tracked Hardin to the river by the blood from Harding's wound. Runners were pushed off down the river and also up the river to the camps above. They were clearly of the opinion that their trouble was caused by bad Indians from above, not dreaming that a white man dared set foot in their camp, and then the disguise worn by the adventurers effectually deceived them. In the evening, the party sent down the river came back, having met with Indians from below that assured them that no canoe had passed down. Meantime the excitement in the village ran high, and threats of vengeance were freely made against the Upper Indians, and a quarrel ensued between them that ran so high it completely broke up the proposed raid on the Ohio and frontier settlements they were preparing for.

If you will pardon me for this digression, I will now get back to my subject.

At night, Hardin carried Harding back to the canoe, and after freeing it of water placed him as comfortable as possible in the bow; he took his place in the stern and paddled out of their hiding place to the river. Harding could still be of use. He could watch and use his rifle. He kept both their rifles by his side and had the full use of his eyes and ears.

As quietly as possible, they pushed on down the river. They say nothing until about midnight, when they passed a camp-fire on the bank. They were not noticed by the party on shore.

The morning still found them on the Scioto and they again found shelter in a cove behind a large drift pile. Hunger was now the master of the situation, and Hardin was forced to leave Harding to procure something to eat. After making him as comfortable as he could, he took to the woods and went back about two miles, killed a deer, built a fire, broiled and roasted near half of it and carried it back with him. Nothing had disturbed Harding in his absence. At night the canoe was again put afloat and in a few hours they floated out on the broad Ohio. Hardin was now in great want of sleep, and they agreed to pull out in the middle of the river and let it float while Hardin slept. Harding would watch. He slept some hours, when Harding saw something in the river that looked suspicious and aroused him up. It proved to be a canoe with several occupants, evidently pulling out to cut them off. They lay quiet until in good range, when Hardin hailed them, thinking they might be white men, but receiving no answer he aimed his rifle and fired. That

told the tale; an Indian's howl of pain was the response; soon two shots were fired at them from the Indians. Harding returned the fire while Hardin loaded his rifle. The Indians were now making for the Ohio shore, and Hardin gave them a parting salute and they were troubled no more that night. Morning found them not far from the place of their disaster of the 20th of March. Early in the day, they came in sight of the place of their misfortune and floated sorrowfully and silently by.

Nothing worthy of note occurred to them the rest of the way to the Falls, which they reached in a deplorable condition, having been exposed for a month to dangers, privations and hardships almost incredible to tell of. Their Indian costumes were worn and torn nearly off of them. Hardin's powerful frame was haggard and wan, while Harding, from his wound and hardships, was reduced to a skeleton, and the old men used to say that the worst of all was that they had to tell their friends that they had found the captives but had failed to rescue them.

They found but few of their friends at the Falls. Mark Hardin and all of the party that was able had left a few days before their arrival with a party in pursuit of a band of Indians, that had crossed the Ohio River near the mouth of Slat River. Two or three of the disabled men were there, among them Jacob Shively. He had not recovered from his wounds.

There were no tidings from little John Hardin and Robertson. They were gladdened with the news that Col. George Rogers Clark was actively at work organizing a force to move on after the very Indians they had just been engaged with. This was glad news to Hardin, for it gave him high hopes of recovering his wife and son, as well as to wreck vengeance on the hated Indians. Harding's condition was very bad; exposure, want of nourishment and proper treatment was telling on him fearfully. The people of the Falls provided the best quarters they had for him and did all they could for him, but near a year elapsed before he was able to take the war path again.

About the first week of June the party in pursuit of the Indians returned. They had followed them back to the Wabash, at the mouth of White River, in Indiana, found them in camp, had made a night attack on them and drove them across White River, doing them some damage. Soon after this, little John and Robertson made their appearance on the river bank where Jeffersonville, Indiana now stands. A canoe crossed over after them and brought them to Corn Island. Their ludicrous appearance on landing was a source of laughter to the old men as long as they lived. The Indian toggery they had put on when the party started out had worn off of them and they had replaced it with whatever they could lay their hands on from the Indians that they killed on their long raid; everthing conceivable of Indian dress was on them, as well as ornaments. John was a wild, reckless fellow with a big vein of humor running through him, cunning as a fox, but the very essence of bravery. When he scented an Indian and took his trail, that Indian was about the same thing as dead and scalped. John's ornaments attracted more attention than all the rest. He had killed an Indian who was evidently a great dandy, for he was

covered with toggery. On his head, he wore a cap made of the skin of a bear's head, the ears, nose and front teeth left on it. In the center of the cap was a hole made for the scalp lock to pass through. On each side hung a paw of the bear, on the back part hung about six inches of a wolf's tail. On his neck he wore a necklace made of owl claws. These pretty things John took a fancy to wear home and robbed the red warrior of them, and to complete the cap he cut off the scalp locks of the Indian and fastened it securely in the hold. After smoking it well, he rigged himself out in the cap and owl claw necklace and strutted forth to new conquests.

### NUMBER III

I will now follow little John Hardin and Robertson from the time the party separated to their arrival at the Falls, but I cannot trace them with as much accuracy as I did Hardin and Harding. All that I have heard of their exploits on their raid reached me through second and third hands, for I never had the pleasure of hearing it from themselves as I have from my Grandfathers Hardin and Harding; but the main portions of their adventures are well fixed in my mind, except the exact localities of the scrapes they got into. After the separation, John and Robertson followed the trail in the same way as described of Hardin and Harding. They had gone through the first and second days without any trouble from Indians; but on the third day, when about the lower part of what is now Warren County, they were surprised by the flash of a gun from the Indians within twelve or fifteen steps of them. An Indian from a hunting party had discovered them and had crept so close to them that he saw through their disguise and attempted to fire on them, but fortunately his gun flashed. This was a piece of impudence that John could not put up with, and without a moment's hesitation his gun was up and the Indian down, but not dead. He set up such a terrible yelling and kept it up until Robertson silenced him with his tomahawk. His yelling had been heard by others in the woods and was answered by several at no great distance off. "Discretion now was the better part of Valor." John was unfortunately lacking in discretion, but of valor he had an overstock. Robertson was a man that combined both. He at once urged John to retreat out of the way of the Indians, knowing that discovery was ruin to the object they had in view. But, no. John could not miss so good a chance to bleed an Indian, and would move no farther than to conceal himself for a good shot, saying the very best way to rescue Mrs. Robertson was to kill off the Indians. Robertson, finding him fixed to stay, could not do otherwise than stay and fight it out with him, so he concealed himself as near as he could and waited the coming of the Indians. The Indians were somewhat at fault in finding the place where the dead brave had given the yell of distress. John, seeing this, tried his hand at Indian yelling by answering them, as he said, to call them up. In this he succeeded far better than he expected, for some half-dozen were coming up; soon three appeared running through the brush and one of them blundered on the dead one and raised a howl that could be heard for a mile around. The others came up

and joined in the row. John and Robertson fired on them; one fell and the other two made for fight. Other Indians were coming up, and John agreed now that they had as well fall back far enough to reload their guns.

No sooner did they move than they were fired on by the two Indians. John now considered all hands even and raised the whoop and charged on them. Robertson, seeing what he was at, went with him. The Indians broke cover and ran in the direction of the other Indians that had not yet come up. John, seeing this, thought a little discretion might be advisable, and followed Robertson at double-quick for a half-mile or more, when he said, "He got to thinking he was disgracing the family by running from a handful of red varmints" and he would run no farther. Robertson knew the Indians were still hunting them, trailing them without noise, urged John to move on, but not a foot farther would he go until he got another shot, and settled himself in a place where he could be concealed and at the same time watch the route the Indians were coming. Robertson determined to reserve his rifle for protection after John got his shot. He had not long to wait, for several Indians hove in sight. John, as he said, picked out the best looking one and downed him. This shot was unlooked for by the Indians and they at once disappeared in the woods. Though out of sight, John and Robertson knew very well that if they showed themselves they would be shot at. Robertson had not very much trouble in keeping John still, as he expected every moment to see an Indian's face peering through the bushes. Time passed and no Indian appeared. John grew restless; told Robertson that if the Indians had not politeness to call on them it was their duty to see what was the cause of their being so unneighborly towards new-comers of such high standing as they. Robertson reasoned with him that he would be most certain to be shot if he showed himself, and that to hunt and kill Indians was not the object of their tramp. He was on the hunt of his wife and children, and that John must be discreet and help him. John agreed to all this and promised to be directed and governed entirely by Robertson, provided "the Indians behaved themselves and did not meddle with them in their search for Mrs. Robertson and others; and that the Indians should not stand guard and keep him squatted in the bushes like a sitting goose." These were the best terms Robertson could make with him and had to appear satisfied. John could not lie there concealed any longer, saying "If they were there, they should show up, or he would stir them up," and stir them up he did. He did not move over a rod before two rifles were fired at him; one ball cut off his top-knot or scalp lock. The other struck the barrel of his gun within a few inches of his face. In a flash his gun was up and fired. Robertson flew to his side and ordered him to follow. John said that "for a moment he thought he was back in his old place in 'Morgan's famous Virginia Rifles,' the order seemed so positive." Back he went at the heels of Robertson for more than a mile, when Robertson halted and turned to him with "Load," "Shoulder Arms" and "Follow at quick time." John followed without a word of dissent, not even thinking of the discredit he was bringing on his family and name by making the hasty retreat in the face of an enemy. But he always insisted that his duty as a soldier forced him to obey orders. Robertson kept up his retreat for several miles, then



altered his course for the purpose of getting back on the old trail again, and moved on until nearly night, when they struck a well-beaten Indian trail, leading up the country the same course the old trail had led them. They determined to hunt a secure shelter and camp for the night. They had been settled but a short time when several Indians passed up the trail in haste. These they afterwards learned were of the same party they had been skirmishing with and were hastening back to the village to give the alarm. Robertson was a cool, calculating, brave man. He at once saw that their presence in the country would soon be known throughout the whole Miami tribe, and to effect anything towards a rescue and escape with them was hopeless. He determined to go forward in hope that he might learn something of their whereabouts. At all events he and John would acquaint themselves with the country and the location of the Indian towns and camps. Having settled this in his mind, he communicated it to John and they determined to follow the Indians that had just passed them to their camp. They followed them for a couple of hours, when they came on a small village of huts on the bank of the little Miami River, in what is now Warren County. Just as Robertson calculated, these fellows were hurrying home to spread the news of the day's trouble. The camp was in the highest excitement and a grand pow-wow was going on. After while they saw three runners start, one up the river, and two across; this they knew was to alarm other camps. They determined to stop the one up the river and took his trail; they followed him as close as possible without alarming him for five or six miles, when he raised a yell as a signal to the camp he was approaching. This they understood and determined to silence him before he reached the camp. Robertson gave the word and off they went for him. John was as fast as a deer and soon took the lead, and in his headlong impetuosity alarmed the Indian.

He took to his heels and ran for all he was worth, yelling at every jump. His yells roused the camp and a general howl came out from it. About a quarter of a mile intervened between the running Indian and the camp. Robertson had ordered John not to fire his gun, but to silence him with his tomahawk. John, for a wonder, obeyed the order to the letter and was fast overhauling the Indian, but was at the same time leaving Robertson and still faster meeting the Indians running on from the camp. Robertson was straining every nerve to reach him and at the same time calling at the top of his voice to halt and fire his gun. He had as well tried to stay the wind, for that Indian John was going to have on a square race. The loud squalls of Robertson and the yelling of the Indian alarmed the Indians from the camp and they halted. This was fatal to the running brave, for had they come they would have met before John got in striking distance of him, but, as it was a short distance intervening between them now, John made a reach and got him down and had put him apast telling tales when Robertson overtook him. The darkness prevented them from seeing the strength of the Indians in and about the camp, but from the uproar they judged them strong. Robertson thought the boldest plan the best now. If he could control John, he thought they might with the help of darkness get out of the scrape they were in. So in the most commanding tone he could master, he turned to him and said: "John, you must obey me and not move

only as I order. Will you do it?" John as once more under control and in the most submissive manner answered that he would. "Then," said Robertson, "keep by my side and fire on them Indians, then raise the whoop as though you were twenty men." John implicitly obeyed and both men fired at the dark moving mass in front of them, then yelling with all their might as though they were charging on the Indians. This ruse astonished the braves to such a degree that they broke, some towards the camp and others to the woods. They knew of no enemies being in their country and could not account for this trouble.

Robertson now saw his chance to get off, and stopped John who was by this time getting his mettle up so high that he would soon have been past control again, but turning off to the right they took to the woods.

Now a serious question was to be decided by them. Where were they, and what was the danger before them, and how were they to extricate themselves? All they knew was that they were on the little Miami River and in the midst of the Indians. They were fully convinced that with the light of day the woods would swarm with keen-eyed warriors in pursuit of them. They at a venture determined to strike a north course and keep it until daylight, and then make the best of it they could. Their main object was to put all the distance possible between them and the alarmed Indians. They struck out and by morning they had made full twenty miles, from the best information I have been able to gather. They must have been in the country where Xenia now stands. Having no knowledge of the country, they had to depend on their own sagacity in coursing themselves out of it. They turned west, aiming to strike the little Miami River, which they did, and crossed it that evening. Soon after crossing they got a glimpse of an Indian a long distance behind them, and were suspicious from his movements that he was trailing them and they knew that, if he was, he was not alone. They at once laid their plan to ascertain the fact and counteract on them. Their plan was to push rapidly on for a few miles, then change their course to the right so as to form a circle of several miles coming back on their trail, thus placing themselves in the rear of the Indians, giving themselves a very decided advantage. They made their circle and found that they were followed by several. They moved up as fast as their safety would permit and had nearly completed their circle the second time when they came in sight of the Indians. They had grown suspicious that a trap had been laid for them, as they were moving with great caution, peeping and peering into every place that an ambush was possible. They followed them till they reached the point where the circle closed. The Indians, six in number, held a long consultation and seemed to disagree as to their plan. The sun was now about down. The Indians, be their plan what it may, did not relish the looks of things and turned back on the trail, and after walking back to a small stream of water, prepared a camp, Robertson and John watching them with the greatest of pleasure. It proved a double pleasure to them, for in addition to their having them in their power, they saw the Indians unroll a good supply of dried buffalo and venison meat, articles they were standing in the greatest need of, as they had been fasting for two days.

Robertson said he had great trouble with John to keep him still when he saw the Indians slicing and eating their meat. He insisted that it was a waste, that the Indians did not need it, as he intended to shoot them as soon as it was dark, anyway. John had to wait until the second table, hungry as he was.

As dark came on the Indians became very watchful. One of them crept back on the trail and was gone for a long time, came back and reported evidently satisfactorily, as the party stretched themselves on the leaves for a night's fast. Robertson and John had only to keep still a few hours, then break their rest, and John put his teeth to the coveted meat. When all had grown still, they like two panthers crept on their prey, got in each distance, selected his Indian and fired, then with a yell they drew their tomahawks and bounded on them; the unhurt Indians were in the act of rising as they bounded on them; each struck down one, the other two got on their feet and took to the woods. John pursued one and Robertson the other for a short distance; both made their escape. When the two men returned the two wounded Indians were gone, the other two dead. The Indians had left their guns, ammunition and meat to the victors. They broke the guns, scattered the powder and balls, gathered up the meat and left, expecting to be hunted again with the light of day. They resumed their course, feasting on the meat obtained from the Indians, and tramped the rest of the night.

I do not know for certain the route they took, but think they must have passed near where Dayton now stands. Morning found them on a large stream of water and in sight of an Indian town on the Miami River; here was a dilemma they must quickly get themselves out of. By the dim light of morning they could see Indian huts and signs in every direction. John was now willing to retreat without stopping to think of family honors or dishonors. Off to the thickest woods went the two adventurers and took care not to stop for some miles; they ran into a dense thicket and put up for the day. They were badly in want of sleep and rest; not knowing where safety or danger lay, they determined to rest here, one watch while the other slept. They passed the day in safety and at night they came out of their hiding place much refreshed from the day's rest and determined to spend some of the night in examining the town or camp they had discovered that morning. They found their way back and found it quite a lively place, covering several acres of ground and well filled with Indians. They slipped through and around the place for a time to see if there were any whites amongst them. On peeping through, John got his eyes on one sitting by a camp light that did not look like the rest, and pointed him out to Robertson. They crept up near enough to see distinctly and found that he had on a white man's shirt, and at once pronounced him as one of the party that had robbed their boat and caused in part all their trouble. In a moment that Indian's death warrant was sealed by both of the men. No risk was too great in the eyes of these two desperate men to deter them from shooting that Indian. They held a whispering consultation and settled it that John was to plug him and then keep by the side of Robertson. John took deliberate aim and fired and the Indian keeled over. In a moment the howling raised by those in the shanty stirred up the whole town. Robertson

said he could compare the wild, raging uproar to nothing better than a hornet's nest rudely disturbed. The Indians were running and yelling from every quarter to the fallen Indian.

They took advantage of this first commotion to slip off in the darkness and soon gained a safe place to watch the wild uproar they had raised. They, after watching the camp for a short time, went down the river a few miles and effected a crossing. Soon there set in a furious storm that lasted most of the night. The fury of the storm coupled with the darkness made it impossible to travel. They sheltered themselves the best they could under the trees until near daylight, when they struck the course they wished to go; but in the thick darkness and flood of water on the ground they soon got lost and tramped at random till daylight, when they found themselves not a mile from the Indian camp. They struck back for the thick woods and had gone but a short distance till they were stopped by a small stream, so swollen and overflowed that they could not cross unless they took time to make a raft. They took up the stream and had gone several miles when they came face to face with a party of Indians. The Indians at first sight were deceived by the disguise and hesitated long enough to give John and Robertson the first shot, and two of them went down. Their guns now being empty and no time to load, they drew their tomahawks and charged them. As they came the Indians fired on them, doing no harm to them except a ball struck John's powder horn and burst it wide open, spilling his powder. The parties now stood all unloaded, and three to two, but the two had the advantage of being the charging party, which equalized them. The Indians threw down their guns and drew their tomahawks and met them squarely. Each party knew that no quarters were to be expected or asked. The fleetness of John brought him first in contact with the Indians, and had Robertson been a moment slower John would have been on his way to the happy hunting ground, as he came headlong on the Indians.

The three dashed forward to meet him, and all of them were in the act of striking when one of them stumbled on a log and fell. John and the other two met and all struck at the same time. John aimed at the arm of the Indian in front of him and struck his wrist as the Indian blow fell aimed at John's head. The Indian's arm was broken and his hatchet fell to the ground. John was in the act of striking when the other Indian aimed his blow at him and threw his head forward as he struck the Indian's arm; this brought him too close to Indian number two and he struck over so far that only the handle of his hatchet struck his head and did him no injury. John paid no attention to him and was striking another blow at the Indian he had crippled when the other one was in the act of striking a full blow on John's head, when Robertson gave him a blow that split his head wide open and settled him for all time. John at the same time got his Indian down. The third Indian had recovered himself and was coming into the fight when Robertson got up and struck at him, inflicting a slight wound on the shoulder, and the moment he saw the other two were down he bolted like an arrow and was lost in the woods. Robertson, knowing that there was no time to be lost, as the running Indian would soon give the alarm, wanted



to be off. But John was not ready; he had discovered the loss of his powder and must have a new supply from the Indians. Taking his time, examining the different horns on the dead Indians, he finally selected one to suit him, then filled it as full as it would hold from the other horns and replenishing Robertson's horn, he seemed ready to go, but just then he thought they might need more bullets than they had, so he must make a search. In this he succeeded beyond his expectations, for he not only found balls that suited their rifles, but what pleased him better, a good chunk of dried venison in each of their shot pouches. While making search he discovered that the Indians had a number of things about them that they needed. He found two pairs of good moccasins and leggins; theirs were worn out and they must swap; this done he found some fancy ornaments which they could not go home without. Thus he whiled away a full half-hour before Robertson could get him off.

Now what were they to do, where to go and how to go, were questions too tough for them. They knew that in a very short time the Indians would be swarming in on their trail. They were hemmed in with overflown streams and were wholly ignorant of the country and Indian settlements. The wet, soft soil would show every track they made so plain that the Indians could follow them on a run, and their knowledge of the country would enable them to head them off at all points. These things they talked over as they plunged through the swampy woods. Fortunately for them, rain commenced falling freely; this would obliterate their tracks to some extent and delay the Indians probably till night. This was the case. They pushed forward with all the speed possible, but not being able to see the sun they were not following their right course; they were working up the country instead of crossing it, thus burying themselves deeper in the Indian nation. The day wore away, the rain falling heavily on them; late in the evening they found themselves completely hemmed by water. They had gotten into a low bottom that was overflown as far as they could see except the track they had come in on. To go back was out of the question; to stay there was almost certain death; so they waded and walked logs for a long distance, when they struck a small patch of dry ground. As night was now on them, they camped for the night. The only tenant on the little island was a starved gray wolf; this they forced to take to the water, and John declared that the island was a first-class republic, and he and Robertson the government, able to defend it against all enemies, Indians in particular. They had no fears of being disturbed, as the water and darkness would protect them. They cut some fine brush and made them a bed on the driest spot their republic afforded. Soon these iron men were asleep, and would have slept till daylight if the rising water had not taken possession of their republic. An enemy had taken possession that John had not thought of. Their first care was to secure their arms, the next to get out of the water. This they did by climbing a tree and settling themselves down on a limb like turkeys at roost. They nodded and snored until daylight. Let them take a look at the surroundings. Water everywhere was all they could see. From here they must go, and to work they went. After an hour's work they succeeded in getting together some logs for a raft and pushed out from their republic. After most of the day had been spent in pulling through the trees they struck land, whether an island or a continent they little cared just then, so it was dry land that they could stand

on. Finding a good place, they determined to camp till the weather cleared up and they could lay their course for the Falls, and that the water might go down. They shot a deer, built a fire and took the first square meal they had taken for many a day. They stayed here for nearly a week, scouting, resting, and roasting venison, so that when they did move they could have a clear field. Nothing occurred to disturb them till the last day of their stay. One or both of them were scouting all the time of their camping to guard against surprises. John on this day was on the lookout and got his eye on an Indian evidently scenting up their camp. No sooner than John's eye lit on him his fate was sealed. He slid up to him in a very quiet way and downed him. This Indian proved to be a prize to him. He was carrying a very fine German rifle of half-ounce balls. It was evidently one of the guns then in use in the British Army, strapped ready to be slung on the back. John, thinking the Indian would have no further use for it, appropriated it to his own use and kept it as long as he lived. That gun bled many a warrior before the Indian trouble was over. He also got some fancy ornaments from the Indian.

Shouldering his gun and tricks he hurried to camp and he and Robertson packed at once to leave that night, which they did as soon as the sun set. They must have been at this time not far from the lower part of Miami County. From their description of the country they passed through they must have traveled out of Ohio and into Indiana. From this point, they traveled of nights and lay by in the day for about a week, when they struck White River somewhere near where Indianapolis now stands. They now thought it safe to change from night to day for traveling, but the morning walk showed them Indian signs plenty. They were determined not to skulk any longer. John had two guns and Robertson one. They considered themselves equal to any Indians they could meet that near home, so on they went. In crossing an open piece of woods they saw an Indian slipping up on them. They trapped for him at once and soon caught him. They walked on as though they had no suspicion until they were out of sight, then doubled back a short distance on their track and lay in ambush for him. He soon came up, anxiously peeping ahead for them. This was the first time John had had a chance to use his new gun and Robertson must let him try it on that Indian. Robertson, knowing that the Indian could not get away, let John try. When the fellow got in good range, John pulled the trigger and the Indian went down with the report. John pronounced it a fine gun and a fine shot. It was from this Indian that he got the beautiful cap and necklace that I have told you about before.

They had no further trouble until they had crossed Blue River; between this and Flat Rock they fell in with a large party of Wabash Indians and made some of the best running of their lives. Night enabled them to make good their escape across Flat Rock and to put so much distance between them and the Indians that they saw no more of them. They reached the Falls without any further trouble from Indians.

Thus closes the first efforts at rescuing in utter failure. All things considered, I don't think more daring feats were ever performed by any men on earth, or ever will be equaled again.

The raids of the Scioto and Miami threw all the Indians on both rivers and up to the lakes in a perfect state of fermentation, so Grandmother Hardin and Mrs. Robertson used to relate. Grandmother was on the Scioto and Mrs. Robertson on the Miami at the time. Grandmother said that for a few weeks after the row Jack has raised at the Scioto towns, the quarrels among the Indians ran very high and she thought they would soon have come to blows if the news had not come over from the Miami of Little John and Robertson's pranks among the Miamis. This created a profound sensation and runners were flying in every direction. Council was held, war parties were speedily formed and sent in pursuit of them. The audacious, impudent daring of the two raids, coupled with the mysterious coming and going of Hardin and Harding, and the slaughter of so many of their braves by John and Robertson, set all the tribes in a perfect broil on both rivers and up to the lakes -- as is the case with all people when great excitement prevails; everything was exaggerated. John and Robertson were multiplied to a host, and many of the Indians came forward with their superstitions and declared them evil spirits that could appear and disappear at will; proving this by the failure of the bravest warriors failing to capture or kill them.

The heavy rains with general overflow, their long encampment and accidental place of concealment saved them. The two old ladies said the woods were alive with Indians, and had they been moving, or could the Indians have penetrated the swamp they had blundered into, their destruction would have been almost certain. The Indians looked upon the raid as a most unheard of, outrageous piece of impudence, the like had never occurred before, no white man had ever dared to set foot in their midst and shoot down their braves in their towns and in their very wigwams. For more than a month the uproar lasted. Threats of terrible vengeance were the constant cry till they heard of the coming of Gen. George Rogers Clark with a cloud of long knives to destroy them. When they heard of Clark's coming, they at once went to speculating as to their chance of driving him back.

Their experience with the Hardins had a very discouraging effect on them. If two (for they now believed that there were but two) could do so much mischief to them, what were they to expect from a thousand of the same sort. This scare is why Clark found all the lower Scioto towns deserted. As all of our party were with Clark except one (Thomas Harding), I will briefly follow them to Piqua and of their adventures through the hard winter following.

#### NUMBER IV

It was the latter part of June, 1780, that the party was again reunited at the Falls. As they severally made their appearance they were told the

good news that Gen. George Rogers Clark was preparing an expedition on a large scale for the invasion of the Indian country on the Miami and Scioto rivers. The news was received with shouts of delight. Hating most intensely all Indians, but these of the Miami and Scioto more than any, they one and all joined in and commenced preparing for the expedition. One only could not go, Thomas Harding. He was still helpless from the wound he had received in the night adventure he and Jack Hardin had in the Indian town on the Scioto. A feeling ran through the party that now the greatest desire of their lives would be accomplished. First, the rescue of their wives, children and friends; second, the destruction of the Indians they most hated. War then in Kentucky was a far different thing from the present time. Then, every man armed and equipped himself. He looked to no government for bounty, pay or rations. He needed but little, and for that he was but little disturbed, as he was sure to pick up enough as he went to satisfy his wants.

In July the hunters assembled at the mouth of Licking River from every settlement in Kentucky, or stations, as they were then called. The men from each station formed a company and were led by a captain of their own choosing. The party from the Falls was split at the start. The Hardins declared their purpose to form a separate squad and act as advance scouts. Clark objected to this and wished them to act with and form a part of the Falls Company. A lively row was growing up fast and promised to be serious, when the great favorite of all classes of backwoodsmen, Simon Kenton, marched into camp with his company from Harrod's Station, now Harrodsburg in Mercer County. It was known that the brave hunter, "Simon," as he was called, would lead the little army; rather that he would command the scouts and pilot Clark to the Indians. The Hardins at once agreed to march under Kenton, provided they were put and kept in advance. To this Kenton agreed, provided they would obey his orders and go where he wished them and no further. To these terms they all agreed and all trouble ceased. Clark got his force, a thousand strong, and after erecting a stockade fort where Cincinnati now stands, as a rallying point in case of disaster, put his army in motion for the Indian camps, Kenton with wild, unruly scouts in advance, seventy-odd in number.

The Hardins, per agreement, led. Kenton said that he gave them but one order that they ever obeyed, and that was to advance, learn all they could and report back to him. He never saw one of them after the march began on the bank of the Ohio River till the storming of the Indian stronghold at Pickawa, on the Miami. There they reported to him and joined in the general assault that drove the Indians. They from the start had pushed far in advance of the main body for a treble purpose: First, to learn all they could of the movements and position of the Indians; second, if possible, gain some information of the captives; third, the thirst they had for Indian blood. More than a week was spent in hard scouting before they struck any Indians. Jack and Little John Hardin and Shively struck for the town on the Scioto that Jack had visited before; found it, to their



surprise, with not a single inhabitant. All were gone and the appearances were that the place had been evacuated for some days. They searched the hut that Jack had been so near reaching in his and Thomas Harding's night raid and found undoubted evidence that the hut has been the home of a white woman or women. Jack found pieces of old clothes that he recognized as being part of his wife's clothing. In the search, they found a piece of bark, scratched on it with a fire coal, "Driven off up the river. M.H." Mary Hardin; no date. All doubts were now at an end as to who had been there. But Jack knew that she still lived; he also found signs of his little boy, Robert. They set about hunting the trail the Indians had made in their retreat and soon found that they had made two. One up the Scioto, and from footprints and other signs they were made principally by women and children. The other bearing off to the left and pointing across the country towards the Miami, and was made exclusively by warriors. The solution of these two trails was this: The women and children had been sent high up the country to some safe place, while the warriors were making for some place of rendezvous and concentration on one of the Miami rivers. Shively agreed to go back until he met some of the advance and send back a report, which he did. Jack and John followed the trail of the warriors. Here I am again butting square against established history. Collins, Marshall and others say that Gen. Clark managed so skillfully that the Indians were taken by surprise. Long before Collins or Marshall ever wrote and before Collins was born, I have heard my grandfather relate the events of that campaign; tell of the deserted villages, camps and many times have I listened to my grandmother and Mrs. Robertson tell of the movements of the Indians and of their councils, war talks, etc. That the Indians knew of the preparations made by the Kentuckians before they assembled at the mouth of the Licking; that the white renegade, Girty, and other white men that were with the Indians, were some of them in Kentucky all summer spying and bringing, or sending back news of all the preparations being made; that the Indians knew how many men Clark had gathered together on the banks of the Ohio, and the Indians, as soon as they heard of the proposed raid on them, "settled it" that the raid of Jack Hardin's company was a spying excursion and that they had marked out the route that Clark would take; Hence the evacuation of all the lower towns and country, and their concentration at Piqua. The old ladies said the Indians made every possible effort for defense. Runners were sent to all the tribes from the Wabash to the lakes calling for help. They sent to Montreal for powder and lead, and asked the British commandant at that place to send re-enforcements and officers. They sent them powder and lead, but no braves. The Indians sent the old men, women and children to a village on the headwaters of the Miami. Here Mrs. Hardin and Mrs. Robertson met for the first time since their capture and separation. Mrs. Hardin had been on the Scioto and Mrs. Robertson on the Miami. It will be seen that the two ladies were in a position to see and know all that was going on among the Indians. Several sketches of this campaign say the lower towns were deserted. Jack Hardin and other scouts found them vacated. Why should these towns and camps have been deserted with their corn and pumpkin patches, if the Indians had been ignorant of Clark's coming? Why send

runners to Canada and the Wabash? The ladies knew better what the Indians were about than the kid-glove gentry that Collins and Marshall consulted. I will drop for the present the adventures of the scouts to relate the exploits and adventures of the young woman alluded to in a former chapter. She, it will be remembered, was captured on the 20th of March, and in the division of the prisoners she went to the Scioto with Mrs. Hardin and others. On their arrival at Chillicothe she was taken by the wife of the brave that claimed her as his captive, for her nurse, she being the mother of twins six months old, stout, hearty young Indians with good lungs and full of good will for squalling. These young beauties caused this young woman unheard of trouble and daily whippings and beatings when these young imps would get up a squall. The squaw-mother would pound and beat the girl because she could not keep them quiet. These troubles and multiplied cruelties so infuriated the young woman that she determined, let the consequences be what they might, she would attempt making her escape.

A short time before Clark's invasion, the Miami and Scioto Indians formed a party of over four hundred strong and marched on the frontier settlements of Pennsylvania. This force was met and defeated by the Pennsylvanians and the routed party came back by the Chillicothe town, leaving a broad and well-marked trail back to the settlements. This heroic young woman grasped the idea of following this trail back to the white settlement. But before an opportunity of getting away the Indian retreat before Clark's advance was begun. She, seeing all hope of escape gone with the retreat, became utterly desperate and made up her mind to brave all danger and make the effort. When the Indians vacated their camps they loaded the squaws and prisoners heavily with plunder and dried meats. The young woman, in addition to her load of young Indians, had about fifty pounds of dried venison packed upon her. No cargo could have been more loaded on her that she would have so willingly received. In attempting her escape, the want of something to eat on her proposed effort to find her way to Pennsylvania had been her trouble for some time. This want the Indians unknowingly put in her hands. On the first day's march up the Scioto the squaws were in great fury at being forced to give up their homes, and gave vent to their rage by beating the captives. The mother of the twins was found beating the young woman often during the day. Late in the afternoon, they were passing through a very thick bottom on the river. The trees were overrun with grape vines. The woman selected this as the place to make the effort to escape. She told grandmother that she would drop back out of sight, kill the two young Indians, then climb to the top of some thick tree, hide until dark, and after all was quiet take the back trail. No persuasion could stop her. She lingered and fell back out of sight. The Indians did not miss her for an hour or more, when the mother of the twins came looking for her, found that she and the two cubs were gone. The squaw at once set up the howl of alarm. This called the rest all back and a general howl was raised and a scampering back to look for the young woman. Before night the squaws came screeching and bellowing back, carrying the two young Indians with their heads beaten to a jelly. The hunt for the woman was

kept up till next evening, but no trace of her was found. Her history of the affair was this: That when the party got into this thick bottom she saw she could hide securely in the leaves and vines of the trees; that as soon as she was well out of sight and found a perfect tangle of vines, she threw down the load of Indians and venison, seized a club and beat the brains out of both babies, then secured some ten or twelve pounds of the meat about her person and climbed a small tree to the limbs of a large one, up that to the top and among the thick vines here she lay watching the frantic rage of the Indians below. The Indians never thought of looking over their heads for her, but were circling the woods and running back on the trail they had come up the river on.

She lay in the top of the tree until late the next night and all noise of the Indians had subsided. She came down, crossed the Scioto and coursing by the stars she struck across the country, bearing to her right, so as to strike the trail of the party from Pennsylvania. This she did the next day, she supposed some twenty miles from the river. For three weeks, this brave woman followed the Indian trail, wading and swimming with the help of logs, the water courses that crossed her path, often in danger of being torn to pieces, finally found her way to the settlement the Indians had visited. Her condition was deplorable; nearly naked, her feet and limbs one mass of sores. Her provisions had given out and she was starving. The kind backwoodsmen cared for her the best they could, and after a month's rest she with some help got back to her old home on the Monongahela. I greatly regret that I have forgotten this remarkable woman's name. She about 1785 married, came to Kentucky and lived somewhere above the Kentucky River. I have made this digression for the reason that this woman's report of the cruelties inflicted on the prisoners, and particularly the critical condition of Grandmother Hardin, led to the most desperate adventures during the summer of 1781 and to the burning at the stake of one of the bravest and noblest of the band, at one of the Sandusky towns, all of which I will relate in the proper place.

I will now resume the events of Clark's campaign, or the part taken in it by our men. I left Jack and Little John Hardin on the trail going towards the Miami. They had not gone far until they found fresh signs of Indians pointing in the same direction of the old trail. Soon they saw signs of white men following them. They pushed on with all the speed possible. After an hour's hard walking, they crossed a small muddy stream. Here they found the water still muddy, showing that both parties had crossed hastily. Soon after this, their ears were saluted with the sharp crack of a number of rifles fired as skirmishes. They dashed forward and soon reached the place of action. By accident, they came on the left of the Indians treed in their manner of fighting. The white party were treed in the same manner about fifty yards off, but one Indian was in sight, and as quick as thought Little John fired on him, breaking one of his arms. The other Indians broke cover and scattered. Jack got in a shot as they ran, and raising a yell they dashed after them. The other party sprang to their feet the moment the Indians broke, each man chasing the first

Indian he saw. A lively chase took place, all yelling like demons, and those that had loaded guns fired as they ran. Two Indians were overtaken and killed; one of them proved to be the fellow whose arm John had broken when out with Robertson. The chase over, the parties got together and found that old comrades had met. The new party was Mark Hardin, his brother John, Mr. Robertson and John Payne, all of them being Kenton's obedient scouts.

To prevent confusion of men and names, I must digress again and tell who this Mark and John Hardin are and what became of them. How they stood related to the others I don't know, but they were of the same family and closely connected, I am certain. John had come to Kentucky in 1778 or 1779 and stopped at the mouth of the Limestone River and had been engaged in exploiting and Indian hunting; during the spring of '80, he found his way to the Falls and became one of them, joining heartily in all their plans for warring on the Indians. Another brother came out about 1783 with his family. His name was Ben. In 1784 or 1785, the three brothers, Ben, Mark and John, pushed through to where Nashville, Tennessee now stands and established themselves there. They were strong-minded, vigorous, bold men. They prospered and raised families. Their descendants are still in Tennessee, Mississippi and Alabama. Ben and three of his sons became involved in a street difficulty in Nashville, about 1825 and all four died a tragical death. But one son of Ben's was left. That one was the celebrated 'Black Hardin.' He became famous in the early history of Texas and on down till age drove him from the field. He went to Texas about 1830 and established himself between San Antonio and the Rio Grande; established himself at once as the leader of the region where he lived, and was soon at the head of a company of Rangers, and was constantly in war with the Indians and Mexican Greasers. The Rebellion of 1836 found him with his trained Rangers, more than willing for the affray. He cut a broad swathe through the overthrow and capture of Santa Anna at Jacinto after the pretended peace with Mexico. The border warfare along the Rio Grande kept him constantly on the war path. He would not be bothered with commissions or superior officers. When a call was made on him to defend the frontier, he called in his troops; and without waiting for anyone else, dashed at them and either exterminated or drove them across the river. He took part in Gen. Taylor's campaign up the Rio Grande and to Beuna Vista.

Up to about 1855, I heard of him in the saddle. In the latter part of 1850 he was made the hero of a novel, "Black Hardin on His Coal-Black Charger." Many of his exploits were well and truthfully written.

I will now try and keep clear of digressions and follow the thread of my narrative to its close.

From the day of the above skirmish to the route of the Indians at Piqua the advanced scouts increased in number and became so blended together that I cannot treat them separately but as a whole. Kenton's company had by ones and twos pressed forward, not regarding his or Clark's orders,



till forty or fifty of them were up with the most advanced cutting away on their own hook. Others of the most daring spirits were constantly breaking away from Clark by main force and forcing their way to the front. News had gone back that the Indians had fled from their camps and towns on the Scioto and lower Miami. This led those daring men to think that the game was escaping beyond their reach, and as every man of the expedition had an account of his own to settle with the Indians, he was eager to be in front in consequence of this keen desire for revenge. More than one hundred of these desperate men were scattered up the Miami, each feeling himself a host and knowing the others equal to what he considered himself; they formed a host that broke down all opposition. As they swept forward, they were constantly meeting scouting parties of Indians and deadly contests were hourly occurring until they reached the Indian stronghold at Piquaway, where as the old hunters used to say, we "treed um."

Several days elapsed before Clark came up with his main force. During this time an unbroken skirmish was going on and a number of men fell on both sides. Clark up, he made the main attack and stormed their towns and fortifications. The Indians were swept out as if a hurricane had struck them. Contrary to Clark's orders, these wild men went pell-mell in pursuit of them and followed them well back to the lakes. Clark, for want of supplies to feed so large a number, was forced to find his way back to the Ohio, which he did after destroying all their villages and corn patches. The brave old Simon Kenton tried in vain to call back his wild scouts, but could bring but few of them to halt. Most of them were far out of his reach skirmishing in the rear of the retreating Indians. The greater part of them thought Clark was following them and that he would bring the Indians again to bay and hold them till the main force got up. Judge their astonishment when they learned that Clark was on his way back to the Ohio. Knowing that the Indians would soon learn this also, they hastily got together and followed him into the place of rendezvous where Cincinnati now stands. From there, the Hardins party made their way back to the Falls. Not a man in the party had been hurt in all this raid, though they were in front firing the whole advance and in the rear in coming in.

In many things in my versions and traditions of this campaign, I am square in the face of history. I believe the narrative given by the old men and women who were parties and actors through the whole of it, to be the true history. History says Clark lost seventeen men and the Indians about the same. The Hardins say that over one hundred men fell in the skirmish and main fight in Piquaway and that the Indians lost several hundred. Mrs. Hardin and Mrs. Robertson said that the Indians started in with eight hundred warriors and lost in killed and wounded over half their number.

NUMBER V

When Clark's campaign closed and our party had all gotten together at the Falls, their naked condition made it necessary first of all things to procure covering of some kind to protect themselves against the winter now close to hand. To buy was an impossibility with most of them, as they had nothing to buy with if they were to find anything for sale. They were not only out of clothing, but out of provisions as well. The woods they must look to for both. About the middle of October, they left the Falls; and after some time spent in exploring they formed a camp on a small stream near the mouth of the Rolling Fork of Salt River, in what is now Nelson County, some seven or eight miles below Bardstown. Here they stayed about three months, hunting for provisions and skins to dress to make clothing and bedding. The deer skins they dressed and fashioned into shirts, trousers, hunting jackets and leggings. They made their beds and blankets of bear skins. Their moccasins and caps were made of bear, wolf and wildcat skins. Contemplate the camp life of the band through these winter months. See them around their rude homes cooking their meat without the aid of any kitchen furniture. The whole outfit in this department was their butcher knives, a fork cut from a bush. The fork, a stick three or four feet long with one end sharpened, stuck in the ground in front of the camp fire. Their meat they sliced and strung on this and roasted to their tastes, then ate it without bread, salt, sugar, coffee, tea or any other accompaniment now thought to be indispensable. Then view them as they stretch themselves on the bed of leaves and skins for a night's repose. Look at them when they quit their camp in February, 1781, and set their faces towards the Falls, unshaven, hair uncut and uncombed and no doubt their faces unwashed, dressed in skins cut with their knives, fitted to the fashion that each fancied, put together with buckskin whangs. Look at them all over. See their dark, piercing eye, if you can for beard and hair, their bodies covered with the skins of wild beasts. Look at the manly, self-defiant tread as they shoulder their rifles and walk off before you. In the veins of these wild, uncouth looking men runs the proudest blood in all America. From these men and others of the same blood and type, has descended a race of men and women that can compare their record with any other race on earth.

The party on their arrival at the Falls were gladdened to find themselves re-enforced by three of their relatives from the Monongahela in the persons as Captain William Hardin (Indian Bill, as he was called), his brother Jesse and big John Hardin. They were at home from the continental army, when the young woman whose adventure I have given, got home and gave her narrative of the terrible disaster of the 20th of March and of the cruelties and sufferings of the captives in the hands of Indians. Coupled with the reports of the efforts the party had made to rescue them and the deadly struggle the men of Kentucky were in, fired up the Hardin race to make common cause with their kindred. Their nature then was the same as now, and ever has been, to back his kindred in everything; espouse his quarrels and fight it to death if needs be. This clannish

trait goes with them wherever they go and always develops itself when occasion offers. The above three pushed off down the river the moment they could complete their preparations. They left others preparing to follow them in the early spring. These three men were thoroughly armed and skilled in Indian warfare. They, as all the rest, were fresh from the battlefield of the Revolution. Among other news these men brought the news that Mrs. Hardin would become a mother in the fall. This was true; on the 29th of October, 1780 a daughter was born, seven months and nine days after her capture. This happened at Sandusky, or rather at a camp in the woods near that place. The daughter lived and was carried back to the Monongahela by her mother. ("Her mother named her Mary Hardin, for herself.") She came to Kentucky with her parents on their return in 1785, and when grown became the wife of Cuthbert Harrison, of Virginia, lived to old age on the banks of the Ohio River, in Meade County, Kentucky, about two miles above Flint Island, where she and her husband are buried.

She left two sons and two daughters. This news added heavy weight to Jack Hardin's troubles, and the whole party volunteered to aid him and Robertson in any enterprise without regard to danger for the recovery of their wives and children. Indian Bill, Jesse and Big John Hardin joined in the covenant made on the 20th of March. Bill was of Little John's opinion, that the best way to reach the women was to kill the Indians out of the way, then there would be no trouble in bringing the women and children home. A very good idea, but hardly practicable. For himself, he was going to work on that plan and would not let an Indian live that he could kill. He stuck to his plan as long as an Indian was in reach of him. Though full two months must elapse before it would be possible for them to penetrate the Indian country with any hope of success. So eager were these men to get the helpless women and children out of the hands of the Indians that they at once began the discussion of their plans. The trouble was not who should go, but who should stay. Every man of the party was urging his claim to be one of the two parties they proposed to form. All agreed that Jack Hardin and Robertson had first claim, but as only one should accompany each, the trouble was who those two should be.

It was finally settled that Hardin and Robertson should pick their men and no hard feelings should grow out of their choice. Hardin selected Shively and Robertson, Mark Hardin. Hardin and Shively decided to make their venture up the Scioto. Robertson and Mark Hardin were to follow up the Big Miami. When this was announced, Indian Bill Hardin shouldered his rifle and called Little John Hardin to step by his side. Then he made known that a third party had a right to take part, and that a large tract of vacant country lay on the Little Miami, right between Jack and Robertson. He and Little John would fill that space and help either side. Bill's proposition, all knew, admitted of no discussion or appeal, for none would be allowed by him. A fresh council of war was now called and it was agreed that the three parties act on Bill's plan; that if no discoveries of the prisoners were made on either of the rivers, the parties should get

together on the divide between the head waters of the Big Miami and the waters of the Scioto and Sandusky Rivers. There they lay their plans for future operations. They passed the time in discussing plans, preparing disguises and hunting till the latter part of March, when hunters came in with news that a large party of Wabash Indians were raiding on and below Salt River. This news was a God-send to these restless spirits. They one and all, with some twenty others, pushed for the seat of danger. They crossed Salt River some miles below the place the Hardins had camped in the early part of the winter. They scouted the country down to Otter Creek, in what is now known as the upper part of Meade County, before they struck the trail of the Indians. They followed the trail with all possible speed till they struck the Ohio at the mouth of Clover Creek, where Cloverport now stands, in Breckenridge County, but to their mortification the Indians had crossed and were out of their reach. The party camped a short distance up the stream for several days, hunting and exploring the country. This expedition was a total failure as far as the Indians were concerned that they were in pursuit of, but it had a vital importance on one branch of the Hardin family, as it led to the first permanent settlement of any of the race in Kentucky.

After the party had rested a few days, they broke up camp and separated into several squads and arranged the route each should take through the country back to the Falls. Captain (Indian) Bill headed one squad and was to take the outer route, which led him to where Hardinsburg now stands. Here the Captain camped and explored the country around. He was so pleased with all he saw that he determined to make a location there as soon as possible. He selected the place to build his cabin, cleaned out the spring he afterward drank water from to the end of his life, marked out the bounds of the land he afterwards owned. Another reason why the fiery Captain selected this advanced position was his ambition to be in front of the others where he could give and receive the first blows with the Indians, and at the same time be himself generalissimo of the settlement, he proposed drawing around his station which he christened with his own name. All this he did and imprinted his name so deeply in the history of the frontier that it will remain through all time. Of him I will treat in future, as his actions had connections seriously with a number of the family before they finally settled. Indian Bill, never in a hurry unless in pursuit of the Indians, was the last of the party getting back to the Falls. It was about the middle of April, 1781, that the party re-assembled at the Falls. The spring was now opening, the trees and bushes putting out their leaves, which the six daring adventurers had impatiently been longing to see.

About the 20th of April, they left their friends at the Falls and took their course for the mouth of the Limestone and reached it the first of May. They met some hunters there that informed them that the Indians had re-appeared on the two Miami rivers and on the Scioto; that they were making some efforts to rebuild their camps at and around Old Chillicothe, on the Little Miami



That I may be understood about these Chillicothe towns on these rivers, I think best to make a digression and tell how the old people spoke of them. When they spoke of the towns or camps near old Chillicothe<sup>7</sup>, they called them Chillicothe towns or one of the Chillicothe towns; the same of the Scioto towns, designating them by the river they were on, Miami or Scioto. Sometimes they would say Big Miami or Little Miami; Scioto and Sandusky towns; calling all the towns on each of the rivers by the name of the river they were located on.

Our party crossed over to the stockade fort at Cincinnati that Clark had built the summer before, which was garrisoned by a squad of hunters. From these they gathered some further information of the Indians on the three rivers they proposed ascending. They had gained all the information they could expect. A last council was held. Their former agreement was considered and adopted, that is by Jack Hardin and Robertson. Indian Bill and Little John Hardin were silent, for they had no intention of carrying it out in part. The agreement was to avoid coming in contact with the Indians in any way if possible to do so; use every means possible to avoid discovery by the Indians and aim at nothing but secrecy and find the captives if possible and bring them home at all hazards. If no discoveries were made on these three rivers, to meet on the divide and explore the Sandusky River to the lake. Jack Hardin nor Robertson did not want Bill nor Little John with them, nor in any way connected with the expedition. They dreaded their rashness and impetuosity. In a square stand-up fight they would have gladly had them by their side, for they knew them of old, that they knew no fear, no danger great enough to make them turn their backs on an enemy or desert a friend; that they would ever try for a moment to avoid a fight with the Indians neither of them believed. The sequel proved them right, for Captain Bill and Little John laid their plans for a raid, the daring and seeming certainty of bringing on themselves danger that they could not possibly get through with their lives. They carried it through, but brought the whole party into danger equal to that of themselves. The Scottish Highlanders never performed deeds of greater daring and heroism. The plan of Bill and John was to take the middle, raise a perfect hurricane on the Little Miami, attract all the attention of the Indians to them so that Jack and Robertson could carry out their search with as little danger of discovery as possible. Could anything be imagined to equal the cool courage and seeming almost certain self-sacrifice of these two men in bringing down the whole strength of the relentless Indians on themselves that they could better aid their friends in their search?

I omitted to mention in its proper place, that on the return of the party to the Falls from their winter camp on Salt River, they found Gen. George Rogers Clark exerting himself to raise two thousand men to march through the Indian country to Detroit. They gladly, every man of them, enrolled themselves, hoping that as strong a force as Clark proposed moving with, they could have the satisfaction of helping to sweep their hated foes from the Ohio to the lakes; but they had the mortification of seeing the enterprise prove an abortion. This effort of Clark to invade their country was

known to the Indians long before the Hardins started on their raid. The wiley renegade, Simon Girty, and his spies, had discovered the movements of Clark and had reported to the Indians and to the British Commandant at Detroit. The British had used every means possible to bring out the Indians and embolden them to resist Clark's advance, hoping to so cripple his force in the passage across the country that he would not be able to reach his objective point, Detroit, or if he did that the Indians would so weaken him that they with the Indians' help that he would drive before him could defeat and destroy his army. This alarm had called together on the head waters of the Miami and Sandusky rivers a large force of Indians. Grandmother Hardin reckoned them at twelve hundred or fifteen hundred. These Indians were there ready for war, not yet fully apprised of the failure of Clark's enterprise, when the Hardins started on their raid; a thing the Hardins knew nothing of, hence long and bloody scuffles they had getting into and out of the country.

It was in the second week of May, 1781, that these six men started on their perilous enterprise. I might properly say their Quixotic enterprise. As the Hardins had no expectations of finding the captives nearer than the upper portions of the rivers, they pushed on together till they got near Old Chillicothe, where they separated and each party took the route planned.

As Indian Bill and Little John are the leading characters in this excursion until the party re-assembled on the head waters of the Sandusky River, I shall follow them mainly. Bill, as a matter of course, was Commander-in-Chief of his squad, for he never in his life recognized a superior. He would lead but never would be led by any man. His boast in his old age was that no man ever walked before him on the war path, which was true. A description of these two men will not be out of place here. Bill stood in his moccasins six feet four inches high; weighed 240 pounds; was a perfect model in form, not one pound of surplus flesh; broad and well-rounded shoulders; full and well-developed chest; well-formed head covered with a rich suit of Jet black hair; broad, high forehead, dark, penetrating eyes, overshadowed with heavy, black eyebrows; large nose, rather Roman, large mouth, unusually thin lips, beard rather sandy, complexion dark and swarthy; had remarkably small hands and feet for a man of his size; was as active as a cat; had the strength of two ordinary men. No man but Little John could beat him running. In the use of the gun he was perfect. Nothing could stay on its feet in its range if he wished it to fall. His armament was in proportion to his size. His gun was unusually large, too heavy for an ordinary man to handle. It carried ounce balls; with it he was a dead shot at double the distance of ordinary guns. His tomahawk was a small ax and his knife a small sword.

Little John, just one hundred pounds smaller, rather homely, well formed, light hair, black eyes, reddish whiskers and armed with his German rifle, hatchet and knife, was Bill's equal in courage and his superior in running.

Such were the seemingly unmatched two men that set their faces up the Little Miami ready and willing to meet any foe that would dare to impede their way; and if no foe got in their way, they were determined to get in the way of the foe. Up to the separation the party had seen no fresh signs of Indians. But soon Bill and John began to see that they would have work on their hands the nearer they approached the place Old Chillicothe had stood on (for the town had been destroyed; Clark had burned it the fall before), the thicker and fresher the signs were. A few miles below the old town they discovered a camp on the banks of the river. This they closely examined and found that the party was a small one engaged in hunting and fishing; that six or eight was their strength. They at once settled it, that right here with this bunch of Indians they would begin the dance of death. Wishing to see the full strength of the party, they concealed themselves in easy range of the camp to await the coming in of the occupants. As the day closed, the Indians came in by ones and twos, bringing in game of all kinds, till seven were in. They busied themselves in cleaning their game and preparing their supper. As the sun was about down, Bill and John thought it time to open the ball; and each selecting his Indian as his target, they fired on them. At the crack of the guns, two braves quit the war path for all time to come. The Hardins slung their rifles over their backs, seized their hatchets in one hand, their knives in the other, charged headlong into the camp. The Indians, though greatly astonished, were brave warriors; one only ran off. The other four grabbed their guns and three of them fired on the two men as they came down on them, but in their hurry, coupled with the skill Bill and John had acquired in dodging their aim, they made a clear miss. In a flash the two men were on the Indians and brained two of them; the other two broke, but Bill in a few strides stopped one, the other plunged into the river.

John unslung his rifle and went in after him, but Bill stopped to load his gun, and did load it before the Indian reached the opposite shore. As the Indian was climbing the bank, Bill shot him dead. John had got about half way across when Bill fired. He always insisted that Bill treated him badly in shooting his game out of his teeth. Six of the seven Indians lay dead, but one was enough to give the alarm, which he did, for the next day the river banks were lined on both sides with war parties that gave Bill and John fighting to their hearts' content, well as they both loved it. Bill and John turned their attention to the camp. John as usual found some Indian ornaments that pleased him, which he thought would look well on himself. These he appropriated. They fell, too, on the Indian supper and made a hearty meal. Among the provisions in camp they found a quantity of parched corn; with this they were delighted, as they now had a substitute for bread.

They packed as much of this as they could conveniently carry and added to it a supply of dried meat. They were in high glee over their evening's work and looked forward to having rare old sport before the expedition closed. After throwing the Indian arms into the river, they concluded

to walk up the river and see what the prospect was for a row the next day. The Indian that made his escape, they noticed, went that way, and they knew would not stop short of the nearest camp. They wanted to be on hand and if they wished, take part in what was going on. John had been here the fall before in Kenton's advanced scouts and knew something of the country. When they reached Old Chillicothe all was silent and deserted. On up the river, following the old trail, they went as they supposed some six miles, when they sighted a camp fire. Like a panther stealing on their prey they crept up to it. There was quite a number of Indians in this camp collected around the fire listening to a fiery harangue from one who seemed to be a man of some importance among them. He was ranting like a cross-road politician of our day, brandishing his hatchet, gesticulating and chattering at a furious rate. Bill and John were not pleased with his speech. They concluded that he had heard the news from below and was brewing mischief for a pair of inoffensive lambs like themselves. On the presumption that their conclusion was right, they thought it best to stop his speech, by Bill putting an ounce of his lead through his carcass. Bill took aim at him just at a time when he was on one of his highest flights of eloquence and spoiled the best part of his speech, for with one loud yell he tumbled to the ground and they heard no more of him. The listeners to this eloquent fellow seemed much astonished at the manner he closed his fiery address. At first they bounded away from him, but the boldest of them rallied in a few moments around their fallen orator and set up a furious babbling and chattering. Their lingo Bill and John did not comprehend. John was hurt with them thinking it bold manners on their part to use a dialect that their guests could not comprehend; so finding himself insulted he fired a shot into their midst that sent them howling in every direction. The Hardins thought that some of them would skulk back to get their arms, if nothing else, for the most of them in their hurry had forgotten to carry them off with them, concluded to lay close and watch the campfire for them. Several hours passed and no Indians came. They became satisfied the Indians were playing the same game and were hidden away watching for them to approach the campfire for the scalp of the dead orator. They, to make sure of how the play was going, commenced a cautious search of the hiding places in range of the camp and soon walked up on a fellow hid behind a log. His sharp ears caught the sound of the little noise Bill and John made in their approach and he gave a low chirp as of some kind of a bird, as a signal to those approaching that he was a friend, John answered it by trying to imitate the call, but either answered wrong, or in a bungling way so the Indian detected him as the wrong man, and sprang to his feet and gave a yell of alarm, then fired his gun in the direction he had heard the noise. The flash of his gun was death to him. Bill was ready with his great gun aimed on him waiting his fire that he could have the benefit of the light to make a sure shot. The two guns fired in quick succession. Bill and John had put themselves out of the Indian's range, but the Indian being put to a disadvantage, went down with the firing of the two guns. The ambushed Indians set up a general war whoop, but as they silenced the yelling one of them set up a howl for a rally. This Bill and John understood to mean, getting them to-



gether for a council to plan a concert of action in warring on them. They watched and listened to see where this assemblage would take place, as they wished to be on hand and take part in the deliberations. They were stealthily feeling their way in the direction of the call when it was repeated some distance up the river. This trick was too thin to catch such birds as they, for they interpreted this second call to be meant to decoy them into an ambush set for them, as they knew the Indians would expect them to be close by while they were in council, as they had in the previous skirmishes proved themselves to be rather meddlesome characters, and disposed to put in where they were not invited or wanted. They went into a brief council themselves, Bill as chairman of the council. It was unanimously agreed not to follow the route planned for them by the brawling Indians, who by the time Bill and John had adjourned their meeting, was calling a third time, still higher up the river.

The program Bill and John had agreed on was to make a turn to the right and get ahead of the Indians and trap them. They gained a point on the track running up the river about a mile, as they thought, above the camp, and settled themselves in the best place they could find on the path for trapping an Indian should one pass. Not until near daybreak did they hear anything of the Indians. Some half a mile below them they heard a shrill whistle made by blowing in a charger; but time wore on, day fast approaching and no Indians in sight. Their position was too much exposed for daylight, so they moved back and up the river a short distance and found a place of concealment that suited them for watching, defense or attack. Here, they established themselves to take a short rest, as daylight was at hand. After breakfasting on dried meat and parched corn, Bill put John on guard and stretched himself out for a nap. The sun was several hours high when John saw a large party of Indians passing down the river in a hurry, all well daubed with war paint. He punched up Bill and pointed to them, and asked him if he should stop one of them. Bill for once thought prudence the better part of valor and forbade him. They, or rather Bill, thought it best to rest until evening before mixing with them, and ordered John to take a nap while he would watch. Things all went smoothly with them till past the middle of the day, when Bill discovered a bunch of Indians stealthily creeping through the bushes on their trail. He at once awoke John and told him to make ready for a big evening's work. John was ready in a few seconds and as willing a soul as ever pulled the trigger, Bill not excepted. They took their position and each selected his mark and waited till the Indians got in easy range of their guns. Then Bill gave the word two Indians went to the happy hunting ground. The other Indians instantly treed and fired, but Bill and John, the moment they fired, changed their position and the Indians' balls went whizzing by through the bushes where they had been and did them no harm. Their guns reloaded, they crept back until they were in a position not to be seen when they in the quickest run they ever made circled around and came up in the rear of the treed Indians. One sharp-eyed buck saw them and raised the yell of alarm. The movement of the

Hardins had been so secret and quick that the Indians mistook them for new-comers, and thinking themselves about to be between two fires, raised the retreating whoop and dashed off to the left in as great a hurry as if a legion of devils had turned loose on them. Bill and John raised the Monongahela war whoop and dashed after them, but were brought to an abrupt halt by being fired upon by a large party of Indians coming up the river. They supposed these to be a part of the party they had just routed. The Indians had concealed themselves as soon as they fired their guns and were, they knew, reloading, and if they (Bill and John) stayed in sight they were liable to be shot within the next few minutes. The Indians that had just broken, hearing the firing, rallied and were coming, whooping back. Nothing but the quickest and most skillful movements could save the two Hardins now. Bill led the way, dashing back in the direction of the old hiding place. They were soon from between the two parties, but had the whole pack howling after them. Their great speed and endurance enabled them soon to be out of sight. They doubled back to their right and passed the yelling crew, wheeled again to their right and got on the trail and in rear of the Indians. This was one of the old hunter's favorite tactics. They soon came up with the Indians and put in two telling shots on them. This again confused the Indians and they broke right and left, not being able to account for the firing in the rear. The Hardins seeing the advantage they had gained, if they could use it, quickly flanked to the left, loading their guns as they ran. They were loaded and on the scattered Indians in one minute from their dispersal. They fired on them, cutting down one and crippling another. This fire sent this squad yelling back across the trail of the party on the right or lower side of it. The Indians, being again united, tried a new move. They spread out like a fan in squads of two for a still hunt. Bill and John were not to be caught napping, for as soon as they found out that the Indians did not advance and all grew still, they saw through the plan and prepared to turn it to their own advantage. They slipped off to their left far enough to let the skulking parties pass them. They got a position that enabled them to see a good distance and concealed themselves and kept a sharp lookout. They soon saw several dusky forms glide across the open space, moving very cautiously. When they were satisfied all had passed, they slipped off for the nearest pair of them. After some time slipping through the trees and bushes they spied one dodging through an open space. They commenced creeping up on him, hoping to reach and cut him down with their hatchets and not alarm the others. As the Indians moved, they moved. On they crept for some time till they were not over forty yards apart, when a deer jumped up near them and went crashing through the brush in the direction of the Indians. The Indians' attention being turned that way, they saw Bill and John and fired on them in an instant, just grazing Bill's shoulder. This was his last shot, for John fired on him in turn and settled him forever. These shots broke up the still hunt and the Indians commenced yelling their rallying calls like a pack of wolves. Bill listened for a moment and saw that they would soon be enveloped by the Indians unless they made a double-quick move. He and John pushed up the river for a mile or more and then turned to the

left, aiming to strike the Indian trail running up the same. They found it, and after following it for some distance they struck a densely wooded bottom that afforded all the concealment they wished. The day was now far spent, and here they would lay in ambush and see what was passing that way. The trail had the appearance of being much used that day. Soon they heard a party passing down on the other side of the river. Late in the afternoon, a party of ten passed them going up. It was a bitter pill to them to let those reds pass without stopping some of them; but their number and the circumstances surrounding them, they had to swallow the pill, bad as it was to them. Night coming on, they thought it best to follow up the trail a few hours and see what was above them. Acting on this idea, they as soon as it was dark, took the trail and followed it until midnight before they made any new discoveries. In the bend of the river they came upon a large encampment they thought several hundred. They had a number of horses corralled in the camp. This somewhat astonished them and they wished very much to solve the mystery. Their impression was that this large war party was on its way to Kentucky for the purpose of attacking the settlements. They thought it their duty, if possible, to see what they were for, and if their purpose was to strike Kentucky they would be in ahead of them and give notice of their coming. These Indians had been called out to meet Clark and had not heard of his failure; were still in the camps on the different rivers where they could best support themselves. For the purpose of seeing about these Indians the Hardins determined to lay by for a day or two in some safe place where they could watch their movements.

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They spent the night prowling around the camp, but could not satisfy themselves as to the meaning of this assemblage of so many warriors, all in their war rig and paint. That they meant war was clear to be seen. The absence of the squaws and children, coupled with their outfit, assured them that they meant mischief, but where they would strike was the problem. As I have said before, they were determined to solve the riddle if possible. As daylight was close they cast about for some safe retreat for the day where they could watch the movement of the Indians during the day. They established themselves about a half mile from the camp in a clump of trees and bushes as daylight was appearing. The Indian, when apprehending no danger, is a lazy, late sleeper, generally his nap lasting until the sun is several hours high. This morning the camp was astir with the sun, full of noise and bustle. Parties were pushing off down the river and to the right and left of it for several hours in an excited hurry, but no appearance of breaking up camp. Bill and John knew what all this meant. The Indians had heard of their exploits and these war parties were being sent out in pursuit of themselves. They enjoyed this very much, seeing the Indians setting their faces in every

direction but the right one to find them. They very much wished to have a hand in the hunt, as the opportunity to ambush and shoot Indians was all they could ask. But to watch must be their business of the day. By nine or ten o'clock in the day, the bustle in the camp ceased and the greater portions of the tenants of the camp gone. All was quiet till late in the evening, when the parties began returning. The noise and bustle of the camp gradually swelled till dark. Bill and John came out of their hiding places and crept up near the camp. The Indians were in a regular pow-wow seemed to be telling each other the particulars of their days' hunt. A look and air of disappointment pervaded the whole camp. Parties still came in till late in the night, when a rallying yell was raised near the center of the camp, a rush was made to the principal fire and soon a large circle was formed around it. Bill and John edged up as close as was safe to see all they could; hearing would do them no good, as they could not understand one word of the Indian lingo. A big fellow led off in a loud and excited harangue. His zeal and excitement seemed contagious, for soon the whole mass of red devils were cheering, yelling and bouncing up and down, brandishing their arms in the air as though they were in the midst of a furious battle. Seeing all this, the blood began to boil in the veins of the Hardins, and like Vesuvius, overcharged with gas, must blow off, John told Bill that he could not stand it any longer, shoot he must. Bill amended John's notion by not only giving them a shot, but taking the night with them. So telling John to keep at his heels, they fell back to a place that suited them and fired into the mass of dancing Indians. At the flash of the guns, the Indians were rent assunder as if a thunder bolt had fallen among them. Captain Bill often said that in all his Indian adventures, he never heard such unearthly yells as they set up. What damage they did they never knew, for in a moment the whole body of Indians came like a tornado to the spot where they had fired from. But Bill and John were not there. Bill led off obliquely to the left far enough to let the reds pass, and then ran in on the river just below the camp. The Indians, thinking them in front, pushed on to the woods, spreading out as they went like a swarm of bees, while Bill and John were quietly sitting on the bank of the river loading their guns and enjoying hugely the useless hunt through the bushes by the Indians.

The howling pack spread away soon for a mile around. Bill and John thought now a good time to change their base, crept up near the camp and saw that but few Indians remained in it and they were flitting about like ghosts. Soon the Indians began returning, but were not at all at rest. The fires were all put out and no noisy group got together. The shooting of the orator and the firing into them here made them feel that there was danger in the midst of the strongest camp. After watching them for a time, Bill and John crossed the river and watched them till near day. The camp seemed to have re-assembled, but no fires were kindled, no noisy uproar was heard. They could see glimpses of the Indians passing frequently to and fro in a stealthy manner. They went up the river several miles, and as day approached went into quarters in thickets. During the day, they never saw an Indian, but heard them most



of the day on the other side of the river. When night came on, they went back down the river to the camp. They found the Indians there, but evidently well on guard. No lights in the camp, no noise or crowding together. They saw no signs of moving. After watching awhile, and seeing no opening for them to creep up to the camp, they struck out up the river and tramped the rest of the night without seeing any signs of Indians. At daylight they lay by to rest and watch on the Indian trail up the river. During the day they frequently saw parties passing and re-passing along the trail; all seemed excited and in haste. At night, being well rested, they resumed the trail and followed it to a late hour of the night, when they came on a camp on a small creek not far from its junction with the main stream. They crept up to the sleeping braves and found but four, and they all sound asleep, showing that they apprehended no danger. Bill and John could not let this opportunity to draw Indian blood pass. They held a whispered consultation and determined to attack them with their tomahawks. Drawing them, they made a dash at the sleepers. John was a little in the lead when they reached the Indians and was in the act of striking one when Bill, who was a few feet behind, tripped his foot on a grub and pitched his full length of six feet four inches on top of John, mashing him down on the Indian he was attempting to kill. Bill rolled over John and fell square in between two of the Indians, who were in the act of rising, panic-stricken out of their wits at the sudden tumble into their bed by Bill with his two hundred and forty pounds of Indian-hating carcass. Bill in his fall had not only disarmed John by knocking his hatchet out of his hand, but had lost his own. His hand came in contact with one of the Indian's scalp locks, which he grasped and carried him down with himself. The other Indians and John got on their feet about the same time. The Indians as soon as up broke to the woods, John after them, but soon in the darkness made good their escape from him. Bill and his Indian took a few rolls on the ground, Bill still holding to his top-knot with one hand and trying to draw his huge knife with the other. The Indian in the scuffle got on his all fours and was rearing, plunging and bellowing like a chained, mad bull. He did not know, in the darkness, whether it was man or devil that had hold of him. He was a large, stout fellow and his terror gave him strength to drag Bill around, big as he was, at such a rate that Bill could not gain his feet or unsheath his knife. Bill, seeing John and the Indians all gone, commenced roaring himself to call John back. This made the Indian perfectly frantic. Bill's voice was in proportion to his great size and strength, and when he set up a yell he could be heard by all his neighbors for a mile around him. Bill said the Indian's struggles were such after he called that he often lifted him nearly clear of the ground. He seemed to have the strength of a buffalo. No Negro dancing a jig ever got around faster. At last Bill said he felt the hair begin to tear loose from his scalp, and as the Indian made one of his biggest lunges, the whole of his geasy and much prized ornament tore out by the roots, letting him loose. With a deafening yell, he plunged off into the woods, leaving Bill with the lock of hair as his trophy.

This adventure was a never-failing source of merriment among the old men. They liked to tell it and hear it told. By the time Bill got on his feet again, the Indian was out of sight; his plunging through the woods was all Bill heard of him, and soon this faded away.

Bill's call brought John back, and they gathered up the Indian arms and broke them to pieces; hunted up their hatchets, found a few pieces of dried meat and pushed off up the country on the old trail. They must put some eight or ten miles between them and the camp by daylight. They knew that the Indians they had so rudely waked up would alarm all the others in the neighborhood and a lively hunt would be made tomorrow in a few miles of the camp. At dawn they struck a place that pleased them and camped for the day. The day passed as the day before; parties passed each way. They had now idled all the time they could spare and must push on to the place of rendezvous, as they knew that the other parties must be there, or nearly so, by this time. They thought themselves now not far from it. They knew by the size of the streams and the lay of the country that they were approaching the source of the Miami or Scioto. The trail they had been following they were certain led over the dividing ridge to the head waters of the Sandusky River. To follow this was their plan, and they pushed forward as fast as possible as soon as night set in. They passed the night without seeing any Indians till near daylight, when they suddenly came on a party of twenty or more who had just aroused up from their night's sleeping and were rekindling their camp fires and cooking their morning meal. They were discovered by the Indians about the same time they saw the camp. The Indians were uncertain who they were and hailed them in Indian lingo. They did not understand the hail and made no attempt to, John as usual lost all discretion and answered them with his rifle, sending one of his balls crashing through the body of one of the braves. A yell of surprise and rage burst from the camp and each Indian scrambled for his arms. Bill reserved his fire and pulled John back to cover behind some trees. As soon as John reloaded his gun, Bill was ready for one of his artful moves. The Indians had scattered right and left of them and were forming a half circle around them, relying on the camp fires to close up the front. Bill knew there was no time to lose, told John to follow and keep by him, dashed forward and passed the camp fires; they cleared the lights of the fire before the Indians knew they were moving. They passed the camp some fifty yards and tried to watch a chance to make a good shot. The Indians were so sure they had them in their circle that they lay still, waiting for daylight or for them to show themselves. Thus, both parties waited and watched till the light of day. The Hardins knew that the Indians would skulk towards the camp as the light grew stronger, and kept their eyes and ears well open. It was near sun up when the Indians began showing themselves. One's face came in sight of Bill's sharp eye peering through the bushes. Bill told John to hold his fire till he ordered him to shoot, then put one of his ounce balls through the Indian's head. The report of Bill's big gun broke the morning's silence for miles around. The Indians broke cover and dashed forward, uttering the most demoniacal yells ever heard. Bill and John were now in for a day's skirmish, with fearful odds against them. They dashed off into the woods, looking for a place they could successfully ambush the Indians. The loud roar of Bill's big gun had reached the ears of others than the Indians, who were, if possible, as much excited over it as the Indians. A long digression here is necessary to follow briefly the other two parties, viz., Jack Hardin and Shively

up the Scioto, and Robertson and Mark Hardin up the Big Miami. After the separation of the three parties on the Little Miami, each of the two parties cautiously pushed their way to the rivers they wished to ascend and each reached their point without discovery. They each took the Indian road, or trail, as the old hunters called it, leading up the rivers and followed them so skillfully that only once were they discovered, then only by one Indian, and he was silenced forever by Mark Hardin. High up on the Miami River, they found numerous camps. Found camps on each of the rivers, but found no signs of the prisoners they sought, nor did they see a single squaw or child. This perplexed them as much as it did Bill and John. They saw that the Indians were in their war rig, but did not know why. And again they were constantly seeing parties and trails pushing and pointing towards the Little Miami. This was owing to the Hubbub that Bill and John had raised on their line of march. The news of Bill's and John's deviltry had spread far and wide through the Indian tribes on all the rivers. Runners had crossed the divide between the head waters of the Miamis, Scioto and Sandusky Rivers. War parties were pushed forward even from the lakes under the belief that the threatened invasion of Gen. Clark was on them.

The prisoners in their hands said the greatest alarm pervaded and hundreds of their warriors poured up the Sandusky and over the divide and down the Miami. The two parties, Jack Hardin and Shively from the Scioto, and Robertson and Mark Hardin from the Big Miami, had each reached the source of the river they had ascended. They each took the direction agreed upon when they separated on the Little Miami, one party turning to the right, the other to the left; each sought the main trail leading over the ridge to the head water of the Sandusky River. This was the trail that Bill and John were to be looked for on. They had each found this trail and fortunately got together two days before Bill and John came in hearing. They had carefully concealed themselves in a position they could watch the trail and see all that passed. The intimation they had of the approach of Bill and John was the heavy roar of Bill's big gun. They all knew the tone of it, for they had heard it on many occasions in the hills of Monongahela, on the battlefield of the Continental war. Bill and his big gun had been part of Morgan's famous Virginia Rifles down to the capture of Burgoyne at Saratoga. They had all been with him. The moment the sound reached them every man leaped to his feet with the shout, "There is Bill's big gun!" Soon they distinguished the report of several smaller guns, and again Bill's gun thundered afresh, and in a flash the four men darted with the speed of the wind for the scene of action. Soon they heard other reports of guns and the howling war whoop of Indians. Again Bill's big gun bent forth its roar of death, for rarely did his gun belch forth its heavy report but a foe fell. They were now nearing the combatants and could begin hearing distinctly the yells of the furious warriors. Mark Hardin could no longer restrain himself. He raised the yell, a peculiar yell known to them all as the Monongahela howl, which was answered by Bill in a tone not inferior to his big gun. The yell was repeated by all four of the advancing party. This yelling the Indians heard as well as Bill and John. They at once called off and concentrated. Bill and John followed



them up, Bill calling the four to follow them; soon they were up, when Bill took command and employed them as skirmishers, dashed forward to the attack. As they rushed forward, the Indians fired a volley on them. Bill was slightly wounded in the breast and Shively was shot through the left shoulder, entirely disabling him. Bill ordered him to keep in the rear, as the other five were too busy just then to give him any assistance. On went the affair from tree to tree, all the parties constantly changing positions. Soon they had swung clear around, the Indians on the ground the whites had occupied first. Here the Indians found the brave Shively, who had grown too weak and faint from loss of blood to follow his party. With loud yells they rushed upon him and carried him off. The particulars of his capture were never known. The others heard the yells of rejoicing among the Indians but saw nothing of it. They missed Shively and guessed too well the fate that befell the unfortunate man. They rushed in the direction of the noise, but found they were receding. Stopping a moment to look for some signs of the missing man, they discovered some blood on a trail leading off in the direction of the retreating party of Indians. Supposing this to be Shively's blood, they took the trail in hot pursuit. After following it a short distance, it separated from the main trail, bearing off to the right. The signs showed that there were several with the wounded man. On they pushed, sure of soon overtaking their unfortunate companion, but after a chase of several miles they came up with the party and to their great mortification found that they had been wasting precious time in following a wounded Indian. The Indian had received a shot in the skirmish that broke one of his legs, and two others were helping him away to safety. The sound Indians saw their pursuers and abandoned the cripple in time to save their skins. Bill was in a towering rage, all the fury of his fiery nature was in full blast. The long fight he had been engaged in, the wound he had received, the loss of his old comrade in many a hard fight with British and Indians made him utterly furious. Finding the crippled Indian hid in the bushes, he at one blow of his ax split his head to his shoulders. Wheeling to his companions with his bloody ax whirling over his head, in a voice of thunder he roared, "Back to the true trail!" and off he went at a pace that kept the rest of them in a brisk run to keep up with him. On he went, striding over every obstacle till he struck the trail of the main body of Indians. Taking it without a word, he broke into his famous Indian lope. This put all the party but Little John to their best run. Soon the slowest of the party were left behind, but on went Bill and John till they had the hindmost ones out of sight. Bill must be stopped, but who could do it? Mark Hardin undertook the task, and putting himself to the top of his speed overtook him after a run of a mile, hailed him to stop till the others got up. At first Bill paid no attention to him, but strode on as though he did not hear him. Mark hung to him and got up by his side, caught him by the arm and positively ordered him to halt. Bill to be ordered by any man? Never. His fury rekindled. He was grossly insulted, and that, too, by his own kinsman. Halting with his bloody ax in hand, he was in the act of knocking Mark off the war path forever, when Mark sprang out of the way. John put in a word and the Captain paused a



mement to take in the situation, when he cooled down enough to condescend to ask what Mark wanted. Hearing how matters stood, and seeing the others coming up, broken down and out of breath, he with a look of scorn and contempt surveyed them panting like a pack of tired hounds, as they gathered around him. After looking at them a few moments he quietly said: Well! I thought I had men following me, but as I have nothing but a pack of short-winded lubbers, I shall have to be more slow." Soon he recovered himself and apologized to them for his language and rash behavior. A brief council was held and all agreed that to find and rescue Shively was their first duty on hands. Where to look for him was the problem. The time they had lost in trailing the crippled Indian and the rash, wild run Bill had made had thrown them in confusion and at fault. The Indians had cleared out and the woods were as still as if no skirmish had ever taken place. Their first search was for some trace of their wounded companion. A part of them went back to the place where they had last seen Shively, while the rest searched the woods. Several hours were thus lost. All this time, the Indians were making off towards the camps on the Sandusky River with the unfortunate man. When the party reassembled they had found nothing pointing better towards the route taken by the Indians than the main trail leading down the Sandusky River. They took this and followed it till night without coming up with the Indians. They learned afterwards from Mrs. Hardin and Mrs. Robertson that the Indians had suffered severely in the fight with the Hardins, and when they found Shively wounded they made off with him as fast as possible. They were now doubly anxious to get away. First they were tired of the fight, and second they wanted to get away with their captive to wreck vengeance on him by burning him at the stake. During the night, they fell in with a party of mounted Indians and lashed Shively on one of their horses. The help of the horse enabled them to move with him with such rapidity that the pursuing party never overtook them. The Hardins followed the trail all night and at daylight next morning they saw that it was hopeless to follow the Indians with the expectation of rescuing their friend; for they found the trail well marked with horse tracks and a number of fresh moccasin tracks, all pointing down toward the lake. The country was strange to them. None of them had ever seen the Sandusky River before. They had no idea where the Indian towns or camps were located and were liable at any time to walk into some of them and be entangled in some difficulties they might not get out of easily. A council was held and agreed that they follow down the river as far as possible something might be gained. At all events, they would learn something of the river and Indian towns that might be of some use to them in the future.

## NUMBER VII

I will now relate the sad fate of Shively as I have heard it related by my Grandmother Hardin. You will remember that Shively's misfortunes began on the fatal 20th of March, 1780, when his wife and two children were

massacred with others on that day. Shively was only related by marriage. His wife was a Harding, a cousin to my Grandmother Hardin and my mother's father, Thomas Harding. I have not told you, I believe, that my mother and father were first cousins, but that is a small matter compared with Shively's troubles. Grandmother Hardin and Mrs. Robertson were at one of the principal Sandusky towns on the river, they thought about twenty miles from the lake. The Sandusky River had a number of towns and camps on it. Which of these towns they were at I am not able to state, as the old people rarely ever spoke of them other than as Sandusky towns, or one of the towns. The first intimation grandmother had of the approach of Shively was a hideous yelling up the river by a large party of Indians about sunrise. This proved to be two days after Shively's capture. The yells roused the Indians in the towns. Answering yells went up meeting those coming down. The population turned out enmasse and all went scampering off up the river, howling and yelling like so many demons. Soon the roaring pack came back with Shively tied naked and fainting across a horse, the Indians offering him every indignity, particularly the squaws and children. They marched him around through the town for some time, yelling and exulting as though they esteemed him a great prize. Finally they took him to their council house and cut him loose from the horse. A council was called and a general pow-wow began. Soon the fate of the brave, high-toned Shively was made known, by a hideous old hag running to him with a gourd filled with pounded fire coals and bear's grease and smearing it over him with her hands, blacking him as the first preparation for burning at the stake. Next, they dragged the unfortunate man to the place selected on the bank of the Sandusky River and tied him to the stump of a sapling they had cut the top off of for the occasion. A grand war dance now began around him. None but the braves were allowed to participate in it. The squaws and prisoners were ordered to carry dry wood and brush to form a ring around Shively about ten feet in circumference. Often, often have I heard Grandmother relate the terrible suffering of Shively and of her feelings when witnessing it, with tears streaming over her face. She compelled at the peril of her life and the lives of her two children to pack wood to torture to death the husband of her cousin, the friend and playmate of her youth. And more than all to add to her agony Shively managed word at a time as she brought her loads of wood, to tell her that he was suffering for her and others. That he had been with her husband in his vain effort to find and rescue her. He dropped the names of all the party one at a time to her and Mrs. Robertson and where they were. He made them understand without the notice of the Indians that there was being made a determined effort to relieve them and told them to watch for the signal. As long as he was able to speak, he never lost an opportunity to drop a word in their ear to encourage and cheer them up. He never once complained of his own fate. His wound was one that would have proved fatal.

Grandmother described it thus: The ball struck about half way between the shoulder and neck on the left side, breaking the collar bone, passed through and out of his back; his shoulder was terribly swollen. He was

so far exhausted that the Indians had to lash him to the stake to hold him up. By the time wood sufficient was collected to form the desired ring, the yelling dancers had pretty well exhausted themselves. A grand and imposing ceremony was gone through with by the chiefs or head men in applying the fire. This was kindled at the four cardinal points as near as they could guess, by four of the oldest warriors. The squaws and children were let loose as soon as the fires were burning and allowed to amuse themselves by throwing bunches of dry grass and leaves blazing on him and thrusting burning sticks in his flesh. The dance was begun anew as the fire blazed up, and was kept up till the wood had burned to chunks and coals. Shively was yet alive, his flesh roasted, his mind had given way and he was raving like a maniac. His eyes were blinded by the heat. The Indians heaped the burning chunks and coals around him and soon he sank to suffer no more. When Shively was dead, the Indians cleared away the fire, leaving the charred remains hanging to the stake. They then called up their boys and allowed them to amuse themselves by throwing their hatchets and shooting arrows at the body till it was literally cut to pieces. Then they cut the rawhide thongs that bound him to the stake and tied a rope around his neck, dragged the body around and through the town, inflicting every imaginable indignity on it. After exhausting their stock of insults they dragged the body off to the swamps and left it for the wolves to devour. All this horrid and sickening scene the captive women were forced to witness and participate in by being forced to carry the wood that built the fire.

I have related the above tradition, horrid as it was, not that I like to tell such appalling things, but that my family and kindred may know the great cause for the deadly hatred the men of the family of that day had towards the Indians and why they relentlessly hunted and shot them down. It has been said by men that never heard the war whoop of an Indian, the howl of a wolf, or saw a hunter's camp fire; men that would quake and turn pale at the screech of an owl; men that never had the courage to sleep out of call of their mothers, that the Hardin race were incarnate fiends, devils let loose on the world to revel in blood; that they relentlessly hunted and slew the Indians only to gratify their thirst for shedding blood. These slanderers of the old men either did not know the reason of the warfare or were incapable of doing justice to brave men. I am certain that a man capable of uttering the above never would risk his velvety skin in a rat den to rescue a wife, much less in the heart of a powerful Indian tribe.

I have said in former pages that the quarrel of one was the quarrel of all. The massacre of the 20th of March, 1780, the retention and cruelties inflicted on the women and children of the family had already raised the hatred to a boiling heat. But now the death of Shively! The particulars they learned soon after their return to the Falls from a man that was a prisoner at the time, but made his escape soon after the occurrence and found his way to the Falls and told the story of Shively's death and sufferings and the distress of Mrs. Hardin and others. This man's narrative aroused the boiling caldron to its overflowing, all of which I will tell in

its proper place, as a number of the family had come down and were at the Falls when the party returned. Every man of the new-comers made common cause with the first-comers, and all combined made a phalanx of the most dangerous men (as far as Indians were concerned) that ever stood on the banks of the Ohio. I knew nearly all of them and will name them in proper order after awhile.

I must now go back and follow the five reckless adventurers on their daring and dangerous march down the Sandusky to Lake Erie and around the head waters of the Wabash, through the Indians to the Falls.

I left them on the upper portion of the Sandusky hopeless of reaching and rescuing Shively. All hope of concealment was now gone. The Indians were notified of their being in the country and would be on the alert. A new plan was formed; instead of skulking and dodging as Jack and Robertson had done up the two rivers, they would all stick together, make an aggressive war on the first Indians or camps they found, stir up a general row for a few days on the upper part of the river or anywhere they could on it, draw the Indians from below as high up as possible, then flank them by making a hard night's travel, get below them, and while the Indians were hunting for them on the upper river they would be hunting for the captives on the lower portions of it. They at once set out on the old trail, running down the river, seeking game to begin with. All the signs they saw were fresh and pointing down the river. The Indians on this trail had all joined the party that had Shively, and had gone down with them to enjoy the burning. In the evening, they came upon a camp of thirty or forty lodged in the bend of the river. They stealthily examined it and found that all the occupants there were in it were squaws, children and a few old, decrepit men. Nothing could have suited them better. This camp they could annihilate without much trouble or danger. They rested till dark, went into the camp, set up a tremendous yelling and knocking things about, set fire to the wigwams, chased squaws and children off down the river to tell the news to the camps below. They found a quantity of provisions and skins, all of which they threw into the burning huts, except such as they needed. They had, they knew, done enough to put the ball in motion. The next move was to seem to retreat up the river, let the Indians think they were in close pursuit of them towards the head of the Miami, then break for below. They concluded to spend the night in sight of the burned camp watching by for the Indians. Early next morning a small party came in sight from below, skulking and peeping around very cautiously. After dodging and squatting from one hiding place to another for an hour or more, they ventured up to the burned camp, fully exposing themselves to be shot by the party in ambush. Indian Bill, as usual, assumed command. He ordered the other four to reserve their fire for closer range, as the distance was too great for any of their rifles but his. He would send them one of his peace offerings from his big gun by way of a hint that he was about and wished to form a close acquaintance with them. His orders were that as soon as he fired the party should break from their place of concealment, charge home



on them, but they must let one or two escape to tell the news of the attack to the Indians below, as they wanted to send the most exciting news possible down the river. All arranged to Bill's satisfaction, he let off his big gun at one of the Indians. But to his great astonishment and chagrin no Indian fell, a thing that rarely ever happened when he had a clear shot. At the loud report of Bill's gun the Indians seemed to bounce from the earth and cut dirt down the river at race horse speed. The Hardins broke after them. The Indians had about two hundred yards the start and a big scare on them to give speed to their legs. Bill and Little John soon took the lead and held together for a mile, when John began to draw ahead of Bill in spite of all he could do with his long and powerful legs. All this time the Indians were not only holding their own, but several were gaining ground running through some open ground. John fired his German rifle on the hindmost of the running reds, but instead of stopping any of them his shot seemed to double their speed, for in running a half mile farther, the Indians had gained so much ground that John had to acknowledge himself beaten and stopped. Bill was some distance behind, coming up with all the speed he could put in. Soon the others came up. John was tramping around using some very ugly language about a gentleman called Little John for letting the Indians outrun him and get away. Bill sat on a log blowing, silent and gloomy as an angry thunder cloud. They all looked at him slightly, but none dared to speak to him. They knew his mood too well. His pride was too deeply cut to admit any familiarity.

Still he sat and occasionally looked at his gun. After awhile, he got up and without a word examined his gun minutely, then loaded it, stepped a few steps, raised it and fired at a spot on a tree a hundred yards off. When he fired, bark flew from the center of the spot; he stood a few moments looking at the shot. The dark sullen look faded away; he for the first time spoke. "Boys, had I missed that spot I would have broken this gun around a tree and have gone home and spent the remainder of my days nursing children, setting hens and at such work as women do." But I find it was not my fault or my gun's that I missed that red devil. It was some unaccountable accident that I can't account for. As for John's outrunning, I can bear that, as he is my cousin and I am very proud of him for his good fighting qualities. But the disgrace I feel is that we have allowed the Indians to outrun us all. It may be that we are not in good running order today. So let's think no more of it and hunt a good place to watch for the "varments when they come pouring up the river looking for our scalps." Bill's speech ended, they soon found a place that suited them for the double purpose of watching and ambushing. They did not see or hear anything till late in the day, when Jack Hardin, who had located himself on the bank of the river some distance from the rest of the party, saw several Indians pass on the other side. They were moving as Indians do when they are on the war path. He slipped back to the party and reported what he had seen. Mark Hardin and Little John volunteered to cross and see what was going on, on that side of the river. They succeeded in getting across without being seen and soon found that a large number had

passed up very recently. They recrossed and reported. Bill assumed the right to hear and dispose of the report of his subordinates with the dignity of a Major General. When the two scouts came in, Bill was masticating a piece of tough Indian meat he had got hold of at the burned camp. He went ahead with his meat and divined and explained the plan of the Indians in their campaign against him and his command. His idea was that Indians were passing on both sides of them, that they would connect above the burned camp, form a half circle to prevent their escape up the river while a heavy force would sweep up on both sides of the river, closing with those above, thus forming a circle around them. To determine what the Indians were about, Bill detailed Little John and Mark Hardin to scout the woods back of them while the other three kept a lookout on the trail, river and other shore. Everyone took his place as ordered by the Captain. At sundown, they re-assembled and reported. John and Mark had found plenty of tracks a few miles back from the river. Bill had crossed the river and examined the trails John and Mark had seen. All agreed that Bill was right in his conjecture, and if they stayed where they were till tomorrow they would be put to some trouble to get out of the net the Indians would draw around them. This was plain to them. Their wish was to make the Indians believe they were making for the Ohio River. To do this, they must get ahead of the Indians without being seen by them, open a skirmish with them from above, then fall back to the dividing ridge between the Sandusky and Miami. Favored by the darkness, they pushed up the river and tramped some fifteen miles above the burned camp before they saw any signs of Indians. In a deep cave under the river bank, they discovered the light of a camp fire. On a careful examination of the surroundings, they found that they were up with the Indians and actually in the camp. They in their springing around saw several stealthily gliding about from place to place doing duty as camp sentinels. Being satisfied that they had found the gentry they wished to see, they slipped through their line and established themselves some distance above to wait for daylight. To spend the few hours left of the night was an easy matter for four of the party, as Bill ordered them to turn in and sleep while he watched. To turn in was only to tumble over on the ground as their bed. Bill watched till long after the sun was shining, not seeing or hearing anything of Indians, aroused one of the others to watch while he took a nap. The middle of the day came and still no Indians appeared. They proposed finding the Indians late in the afternoon and commencing their work by firing on them, then make a hasty retreat in such a manner as would draw the Indians in hot pursuit after them. Their provisions were running low; they had only a few pounds of meat among them. Not knowing what kind of company they would have to entertain on the lower part of the river, they concluded to move back a few miles and look up some game for a better supply. By evening, they had a good supply and a square meal over, now to their work as the sun was growing low. They found the Indians about the same place they left them the night before, loitering about in eager expectation. The Hardins selected their grounds and notified the reds of their presence

and desire to make close acquaintance with them by sending five rifle balls whistling in among them. The report of the guns hardly had time to die away when war whoops seemed to fill the woods.

The Hardins purposely showed themselves to the Indians, feigning to retreat. The Indians broke after them like tigers, but soon had cause to stop for reflection. For a few hundred yards the Hardins ran very well, but finding suitable ground for a skirmish to advantage, they turned and fired on the most advanced, sending some of them to their long homes. The whole pack halted, ceased their howling and treed. The Hardins only stopped long enough to load their guns and form some idea of the whereabouts of the Indians in the woods below. The yelling in various quarters told them plainly that they were calling together and moving up in their direction. This was what they wanted, as night was close at hand. They wanted to get the Indians in full sweep up the river on a "fool's errand," while they would cut around them and make tracks down stream, complete their search and be out of the country before they would discover the ruse played upon them. The next step they took was to get in the track or in some place where the Indians would see them, then show their heels as though they were hurriedly running off up the country. Soon the reds saw them and set to yelling, giving notice to the rest that the game was in sight. A number of shots were fired at the Hardins, but the distance was too great to do them any harm. On came the Indians and on went the Hardins, only trying to keep out of reach. As dark was approaching, Bill called a halt and ordered every man to get ready to give them a parting salute, then to follow him. In a few seconds, the Indians were in sight, coming on in high spirits; when at short range, Bill gave the word and several Indians gave their last yell. They halted and treed as before. The yelling at a distance still continued and all seemed coming up. Bill took a few moments to listen, then slid off towards the river. They soon reached it and crossed over. As soon as they were satisfied that no Indians were prowling around, they stopped to enjoy the babble going on among their neighbors on the other side. The howls of rage and fury were loud and long around about where they delivered their last shots. The pack was crowding up from below and far off below they heard loud yells, calling and answering, which told them that Bill's conjectures were right and the ring that the Indians had been at so much pains forming was broken. The best of friends must part, so it was with these brethren. The Indians went furiously up towards the source of the Sandusky and the Hardins down it. The night was spent in hard walking. At daylight they found themselves on ground that had been freely used by men and horses' tracks were plentiful, though they saw neither men nor horses. They thought best to lay by for awhile and see what was going on and who was about. So seeking out a place that suited them for concealment, and at the same time gave them a good lookout, they halted. Till the middle of the day, they neither saw nor heard anything that gave them any clue to the place or its occupants. The first signs they saw of life was a bunch of squaws and children passing between them and the river; the squaws seemed to be on the hunt of something, and after rambling about for some time went back the same way they came. This move of the squaws and their papooses told them plainly that they were close to a

town or camp, the sort of place they wanted to look into. To see who was there they must wait till night, as they did not want their presence known. To be seen was to be known, for their disguises they put on when they started out were worn and torn off of them; the ornamental paints they decorated their faces with had from the rains, sweat and many plunges they had taken in swamps and water courses they had waded and swam through long since been washed off. And beside losing their toggery and paint, their beards had grown to such a length that no Indian could see them without knowing what they were. It may not be known to the young that the Indian has no beard, and when Indians see a man with a beard, they know he is no Indian, no matter how he may be dressed or painted as one. The Hardins rested till dark, then took the route they saw the squaws go, and soon hove in sight of a considerable village on the south bank of the river. They spied around till the inhabitants settled down for the night, then crept through and through the place, saw but few braves, a large number of squaws and children, but no prisoners. They knew where braves were, but the captives must be looked for somewhere else. They left the town without being seen and pushed on down stream. After a walk of some five miles they discovered a village on the opposite side of the river from them. They crossed over and found all sleeping quietly except the dogs; of these they found a great abundance, and they were very noisy and very troublesome to them in their search. Frequently the old braves and squaws would be roused up from their naps and lazily poke their heads out of their huts and peep out, scold the dogs, then grumblingly crawl back to their beds. The party dodged, listened and peeped through the lodges until they were satisfied that none they wanted were there, left the Indians there to finish their naps to their own liking. In all their looking through the two towns they never saw an able-bodied brave. These were busy in the wild hunt for the Hardins on the upper part of the river. When day opened they found themselves in an open, exposed tract of country much used by Indians. No suitable place was in sight for concealment and watching. For the purpose of finding ground such as they wished they moved on a mile or more, but instead of finding the desired shelter they walked square out in the view of a party of squaws and children. These dames and their cubs set up an unearthly screeching and howling and scampered off down the river as fast as their legs could carry them. The Hardins knew too well the effect this discovery would have on them. The alarm would be spread from town to town as fast as the fleetest Indian could carry it, and in a very short time every warrior in a hundred miles would be on their trail.

All hope of finding and rescuing those they were after was gone for the present, and they must prepare for self-preservation. To baffle the Indians and defend themselves successfully would require all their courage and skill and endurance, for it was not to be a skirmish for an hour or a day, but for days, and over a large tract of country, most of which they knew nothing of except that there were three hundred miles of it filled with furious, blood-thirsty Indians between them and safety. To men not familiar with danger and hardships their situation would have



seemed hopeless, and they would have fallen an easy prey to their foes. But to these men, with their strength and courage rising in proportion to the danger thickening around them, it did not seem so bad. The yelling squaws were no sooner out of sight than the Hardins fell to planning to extricate themselves from the dangers they knew were before them. They were on the south side of the river, at what point they had no idea; except from the size of the stream, how the country lay or what surrounded them in the shape of danger or obstacle they were equally ignorant, but self-reliant of their ability to cut a road for themselves through anything that might impede their way. They planned first if they could elude the Indians that they knew would soon be in hot pursuit of them, to find some safe place for concealment and lay by for a few days resting and laying in some provisions till the hunt was over and the Indians quieted down, then resume their search on the river; but if not able to do this to fight their way out of the country on any route they could. As soon as this hasty agreement was made, they struck out from the river, concealing themselves as best they could from the opening down the river, as it was from this direction that they expected trouble. They had proceeded but a short distance till they discovered Indians on their right mounted and riding rapidly towards them. Bill, who by common consent was looked up to as the Commander-in-Chief of the party, ordered a hasty retreat in order to draw the reds confidently on. He and the rest of them knew the nature of the Indian to be brave at all time, but doubly so when attacking a fleeing foe. This pretended flight brought the Indians confidently on at full speed, yelling triumphantly and expecting an easy victory. When they got as near as Bill wished them, he halted the party and ordered them to fire on the Indians. No sooner said than done and two Indians and the horse of another fell to the ground, the other four (there were seven) wheeled with a yell of dismay and broke back; the one whose horse was killed got on his feet and attempted to catch one of the riderless horses, but failed in this as the horse broke by him and followed the others. Bill, seeing this, broke after him. John put out after Bill, and the other three after John and one of the liveliest races on record took place. The Indian had all he was worth staked and put in his best licks. Bill wished to wash out the stains he conceived that were put on him a few days ago by letting John and a bunch of Indians outrun him at the burned camp. John gloried above all things in his ability to outrun Bill in a square race, and besides he wanted the pleasure of drawing the running Indian's blood. The other three knew they had no chance for honors in the race, as their legs could not keep pace with the other two. The Indian had a long start, but all that he could force his legs to do was to crowd his carcass out of sight and danger. Bill gained on him and John faster gained on Bill. On they went over logs, brush and every other impediment the Indian casting a look back now and then at Bill to see what time he was making, and no doubt mentally calculated how much longer he would live. Bill would peep over his shoulders to see how far John was behind him, then let himself out a few licks faster to reach the prize before John could pass him, which he knew he was able to do; running up a small hill John up by Bill's side, the Indian only

a few jumps ahead. Coming on a level the three put out the strength of every muscle they carried and the speed of all seemed equal for a hundred yards or more when they reached a descending piece of ground that gave Bill the advantage of his long legs and heavy weight forcing him forward. He gained rapidly on John and overtook the Indian and stopped his useless waste of strength with a blow of his battle ax. Bill's exultation over John knew no bounds. It gratified him more to beat John than to catch the Indian. Getting these three Indians relieved them of a source of uneasiness that had been pressing on their minds for several days. Their ammunition was getting low; they started from the Falls with one hundred rounds each, but from the skirmishes they had been in, the rounds they had fired at game and the waste by reason of getting it wet in their guns had run their stock alarmingly low. They found each of the dead Indians with a good supply of powder, balls and flints. In those days caps were not known; the guns were all flint locks. Another prize they drew was several pounds of dried venison and a pouch of parched corn, articles they badly needed. The old hunters used to rely a good deal on drawing their provisions from the Indian pouches when at war with them, if they could get one down that had not been too long out of camp. They were pretty sure of drawing enough to pay him for his ammunition it cost him to kill him. Captain Bill knew that time was precious, that the squad they had just had the scrape with was only the forerunners or scouts of the main body, and that the four bucks that got away would soon report their whereabouts and pilot others to the place. As soon as they had gathered up all that was of any use to them and had broken up all the Indians arms, the party moved on in the direction they were going when they were disturbed. They had not gone far when they saw an Indian stealthily slipping through some bushes and finally settled himself down in such a manner that said to them that there was mischief brewing somewhere not far off from them. That their movements were being watched was now clear, and that they were liable to be fired on at any moment by parties in ambush. How to extricate themselves was a problem that called up all their wits to solve. Their total ignorance of the country was their greatest trouble in finding means of retaliation and escape from the dangers that surrounded them; but to stop where they were would give time for the Indians to collect and surround them and make an attack such as they could have no hope of defending themselves against. To go forward blindfolded as they were looked like certain destruction. In the midst of their cogitation, the clouds came to their assistance in the shape of a tornado of wind, rain and hail which lasted till night. Darkness was what they most wanted. Now that they had the help of night to cover up their movements from the keen eye of the Indian, they had no fear of Indian traps; but could and would move on at will. The rain continued to fall in torrents and the darkness was such that they soon found it impossible to make any headway at all. Indian or no Indian, they must lay by till the storm lulled. They huddled together under some trees for several hours, when the rain ceased and the light improved so they could see sufficiently to move on slowly. They pushed on all night, guessing their course, not being able to see the stars, the old hunters' guide by night. They bore away to their right instead of

their left as they wished, and were heading towards Lake Erie instead of the Ohio River. When morning came, to their astonishment they saw some miles away the broad waters of the lake. Where they were they did not know, except that they were on a considerable elevation overlooking a broad expanse of country nearly destitute of timber and the lake. Seeing no signs of Indians, they decided to camp for the day where they were, and to rest and try to determine their locality when the sun shone out. They knew that they were between the mouths of the Sandusky and Maumee rivers, of course nearest the former. Again Captain Bill called a council of war to see what should be done. The object of their pursuance in the country was to help Jack Hardin and Robertson hunt for their wives and children. Should the hunt be continued, and was there any hope of success now that the Indians were thoroughly aroused and on the war path? Unless the party could lay concealed for several weeks and the Indians quieted down? Hardin and Robertson answered Bill's query. That they had scarcely any hope of finding them as things stood now, and if found, it would be impossible to get out of the country safe with them. That they felt it their duty to hazard their lives in search, but ought not to ask the other three to take any further risks. The generous Shively was enough to lose, unless there was some promising hope of success. They would release the three and would go with them over the most dangerous part of the country they would have to pass through. Then they would come back to the Sandusky River and either find their wives and children and bring them back with them or finish their lives in trying. Bill, John and Mark all in one voice said "No" to this. If two stayed, all stayed; if three went they must all go. It was, they said, their duty, though not as husbands, to take any risks to rescue the prisoners; first they were their kindred and the wives of their friends; and second, that they were helpless white women and children in the hands of cruel savages. Jack and Robertson agreed to turn their faces towards the Falls. And it was so settled. The route agreed upon was to bear towards the head waters of the Maumee, cross the dividing ridge to the head waters of the Wabash and get on the route that Robertson and Little John had come in by on their first raid up the Big Miami. These things being settled, they busied themselves in drying themselves and cleaning their guns and napping by turns through the day. They saw several parties of Indians pass and repass between them and the lake during the day, but none came near them. When the sun went down they laid their course by the setting of the sun, started for the Falls. Silently and sadly they took their first steps towards home. All their toil and privations and dangers had been of no avail in relieving those they sought to help. And the loss of the noble, brave Shively cast a great gloom over them. Silently they tramped till daylight next morning with Bill in the lead. Coming onto a small stream they found fresh Indian tracks in the soft ground. Bill called a halt, pointed to them and said, "The savages that made these tracks are a part of the race that has caused all our trouble. Let every man renew his pledge over them, to spare none of the race that is able to do us mischief." All pledged and terribly was that pledge kept.



Many an Indian war whoop was silenced forever in carrying it to the end of their troubles with them. Bill, after a short consultation as to the propriety of following the trail, decided it was best not to follow it, as it was pointing towards Sandusky and would lead them out of their way and probably raise the Indians in hot pursuit of them. They crossed it and struck their course for the head waters of the Maumee as nearly as they could guess. They had only a vague idea of the river. None of them had ever seen it or even a map of it. All that they knew was that, report said, it was there and to follow its source would lead them in the direction of the Falls or the Ohio. To give an idea of the danger and narrow escapes the Hardins passed through from the time they struck the Sandusky River to their exit out of the country, I will tell what I have heard often related by my Grandmother Hardin and Mrs. Robertson of the efforts the Indians made to capture them or kill them. I have stated already that the Indians were apprised of Gen. George Rogers Clark's preparations and were expecting him. The news of Bill and Little John's exploits on the Little Miami, coupled with the deadly affray on the upper Sandusky, the capture and torture of Shively, all these things had excited the wild passion of the Indians to the highest pitch of their savage nature. When runners came down the river telling of the fresh outrage of the burned camp their fury knew no bounds and every warrior able to shoulder arms sprang to his feet as fast as the news spread, and they came rushing up from all the towns and camps below and even from the lakes. As they assembled, the chief formed them into bands and led them off on the hunt. The old ladies from their own observations were satisfied that Bill divined correctly the plan of the Indians; from all they saw and heard he was right. Runners came back with the news that the "Long Knives," as the Indians called them, had broken the circle and were fleeing towards the Ohio and hundreds of braves after them. But soon the scene changed, the yelling Indians the party met spread the alarm anew among the towns and camps, now nearly empty of defenders. Unknown to the Hardins, they were but a few miles from the village that contained the captives they sought. The prize they had risked so much and fought so many battles to win was in their reach and at that moment in their power. There was nothing at that time in their way that could have offered them any serious resistance. A few old and sick warriors was the strength of the camp. When the squaws came howling in the Indians' first impulse was to make a general stampede down the river; but a few hunters came in at the time, two of the best runners of them started up the river to call the warriors back, while the others, with a few of the stoutest in camp, mounted ponies and pushed out to reconnoiter. The result of this I have already told. When the survivors of this band came back at break-neck speed to the village, reporting the fall of their companions and multiplied the Hardins into a host, the fright of the squaws and old men was such that the town was evacuated as soon as it was possible to pack themselves. The prisoners were loaded with plunder and were driven in front of the raging gang. They had made but a few miles down the stream when they met a strong party of lake Indians coming up on their way to join the grand hunt on the upper part of the



river. The squaws returned under this escort to their huts; as soon as they were settled back in their dens the party of warriors started off in hunt of the Hardins piloted by the braves that ran out of the fight. These were the Indians the Hardins saw encircling and ambushing them; being blind-folded as to the number of their foes and ignorant of the country, they were perplexed and undecided when the storm came on them, as I have told you. The runners up the river soon fell in with the party returning, and in camp told their stories, much excited as they were. Soon a large number were racing down the river to protect their squaws and exterminate the hated invaders. By the middle of the next day the country was swarming with parties hunting exactly in the wrong direction to find the Hardins. No Indian ever thought of looking towards the lake for them. The rain had washed out all trace of the route they had taken. The Indians sought them towards the Ohio River. It looks like a protecting hand led them off in the darkness out of reach of the savages that were racing and raging for blood. Grandmother said her heart stood still all the next day and night following, knowing whom the Indians were hunting, expecting every moment to hear the yells of triumph and see the bloody scalps of her husband and kinsmen brought into the village or see one or more of them dragged helpless and wounded to the stake, as she had seen Shively, and be roasted alive. And through all this torturing suspense she and Mrs. Robertson had to appear calm and unconcerned, for had the Indians known that the men that had done them so much mischief and caused them so many alarms were their husbands and friends, death in the most cruel form would have been their certain fate. Days passed and the Indians gave up the hunt. But the suspense of these women was not over. Shively had told them what they were there for. They knew the daring and craft of the men, and they did not think that they had gone out of the country, but thought they were concealed somewhere not far off waiting for the hunt and excitement to pass away. Then they would re-appear. Night after night they sat watching and listening for them. The slightest noise was eagerly listened to, every form that passed was critically scanned. Hope would rise at the humming of insects or the chirps of a cricket. Time rolled on and no help came; where their friends were they knew not, but they were comforted to know that men that dared to move where these men had been would return again, and maybe with better success. Their hope for the present died out, but hopes for the future sustained them. I must reluctantly leave these good, old ladies, for I only knew them as such, in the hands of their tormentors and follow Captain Bill and his party homeward. As I said, they were bearing for the upper portion of the Maumee. Not knowing the lay of the country, they bore too much to their right and struck the river as they supposed near its center, guessing from the size of it. Here they became involved in a series of skirmishes with the Indians of the river and entangled in the swamps. Over a week they fought the Indians and floundered in the swamps before they got clear of their persistent foes and the miry swamps, and reached the high land between the heads of the Maumee and Wabash they camped for a few days, to rest and kill some game. They had suffered badly for want of food for some time and were worn and

tired. When well fed and rested, they resumed their tramp for home (as they called the Falls). They reached one of the upper branches of the Wabash without any trouble with the Indians. Here they came on Indian tracks bearing in the same direction they were going, and determined to follow them up and raise a row with them. They soon found that the party was a general hunting one, and of course had a camp not far off. They followed the track for some time, or at least Little John did and the rest followed him. John was the sleuth hound of the party. A trail he could not follow was too bad for any of the rest to try. In the evening they came in sight of two bucks leisurely tramping along, each with some game tied on his back. Bill ordered the party to move carefully so as not to alarm them, follow them to their camp, then they could bag the whole gang. For awhile all moved on to Bill's satisfaction. But luckily for the Indians, Bill, in dodging through the brush, caught the hammer of his gun on something and fired it off. The loud report bounced the Indians to a run. The Hardins went pell-mell after them, firing as they ran. In the thick woods the Indians made their escape and Bill's plan of bagging them in their camp went with them. The Hardins supposed that there must have been a large party near that these two roused up, for the next day they would have some hot work on their hands by their impudence in tracking up these fellows for the fun of raising a row with them. Early the next morning, they were fired on by a party of some six or eight, but the distance was too far for the Indian guns and did the Hardins no harm. These poor reds did not know whom they were addressing or they would have kept at a greater distance, for before the echo of their guns died away, Bill sent one of his ounce peace offerings through one of them, ordering a charge, leading the way himself. Two of our party got in telling shots that brought down two Indians and the rest broke ground, but raised a yell that the Hardins had got to understand to be a call to others to concentrate or close up. Bill called a halt till they could see what the Indians were up to. Soon they saw one skulking around to their rear, and well they knew that he was not alone. How many were around and where they were was the trouble. A brief council was held and Bill, as usual, decided to move to their right far enough to be outside of the ambush they were getting into, and trap for the Indians in turn. Off he went, the rest at his heels, for a few hundred yards, then wheeling to the left he circled around till he was in the rear of the Indians, ordered every man to cautiously advance, Slowly they moved, watching and listening as they went. After working through the bushes for some time, they found a dead warrior and a bloody trail made by a crippled one dragging himself off. But no live Indian was in sight or hearing. Bill ordered them to fall back and conceal themselves closely and watch the dead Indian, expecting that his friends would soon come back to carry off or cover him up. But they waited in vain. No Indian came. They then circled around and found tracks making off. They followed this for some miles, but as the trail led them out of their course, they abandoned it and resumed their route. This was the last trouble they had with the Indians on their route home. It was in the forepart of June that they reached the Falls. They had been nearly two months

making this dangerous round, had lost Shively, and Bill had blood drawn from him by a wound in his breast at the time Shively was lost. The rest came in unharmed. Their clothes were worn and torn off of them. Take them all in, all they looked like a race of wild animals that had appeared for the first time, ; and the object of their search a total failure. The only thing they had to console them was the great mischief they had done the Indians. Loud and long were the congratulations and rejoicings among the rough hunters at the Falls when they made their appearance, but deep grief at the loss of Shively and the manner of his death. The hot blood and hatred of the Hardins towards the Indians were raised to a burning heat at the report of Shively's sufferings. Vengeance was on every lip. On the arrival of our party, they were welcomed by a large number of their kindred who had come down from the Monongahela to the Falls during their absence.

As some dispute sprang up about the time some of them reached Kentucky, I will give the names of these new-comers of the family this spring of 1781. The coming of a number of them to Kentucky had been dated at the time of their making a settlement. I will begin with Col. John Hardin, as he was the most prominent man of the family at that time and their recognized leader and counselor. Collins, in his history of Kentucky, says that he was in Kentucky and located lands in 1780. This may be so, but if so, I never heard it mentioned by the old men and women of the family that settled in the same neighborhood, a part of them at the same time and with him, and all on land surveyed and located by him.

These lands were surveyed in the winter of 1782 and the early spring of 1783, or a large part of them. The circumstance that led to the discovery of the "Pleasant Run" country by Jack Hardin and Martin Hardin, a brother of Col. John, in the fall of 1782, I will relate in its proper place. I have no tradition that he or any of the family ever saw the country before Jack and Martin blundered into it and told his brother John of it. The first I ever heard of Col. John was in the spring of 1781. He stayed several months exploring the country from Salt River to the Kentucky River, and after many efforts to induce the family to locate and stop their predatory warfare, he went back home. In the fall of 1782 he was back again and got all the family together in a settlement in Washington County except two branches of them. Captain Bill led several with him to his station, where Hardinsburg now stands. Ben Hardin, and his brother went to Nashville, or the place where Nashville now stands. But as I will have to write of this in the future, I will drop it for the present and give the names of the new-comers: Col. John Hardin and his brother, Martin; Mark Hardin, known as "Horse-racer" Mark; Harry Hardin, known as "Short Harry"; his two brothers, Ben known as "Stiller" Ben, and Mark known as "Stumpy" Mark; Big Harry, who lived near the mouth of the Cumberland River, in Livingston County; John Hardin, a cousin to "Stiller" Ben, known as "Flat-head" John. Of the family of Hardings there were three brothers of Thomas Harding -- Abraham, Stephen and Jonathan. And of the men whose wives were Hardins or Hardings there was John Summers, whose wife was Mollie

Hardin, a sister of "Stiller" Ben; John Hollett, whose wife was Hannah Harding; Samuel Payne and Patrick, his brother, both related by marriage. All these men were inured to hardship and war. They all came to cut their way through every obstacle and settle on Kentucky soil.

When they got to the Falls and were told by their kindred of the outrages of the Indians and the many struggles they had had with them, they, one and all, except Col. John went into the league to exterminate the Indians first of all things. All the influence Col. John had over the family could not control them or change their purpose of spilling Indian blood to atone for the wrongs they conceived the Indians had done their kindred. As soon as Capt. Bill had rested, he commenced making preparations to work his "garden of Eden" he had discovered. He procured a small boat that some of the family had come down in and put all his estate on board. His load consisted of a half dozen axes, an old saw, a ten-gallon keg of rum to be used in case of sickness, or on occasions that he might think it necessary to set it out; a bunch of tin cups and two frying pans, These articles comprised his outfit to build a fort, cabins, clear land and build his proposed town, Hardinsburg. He had secured a lot of Indian rifles to be used in case of necessity in defending his fort and cabins. About twenty of the family volunteered to go with him, help to build his fort and defend the working party. They had no expectation of working in peace, for the Wabash Indians were doing all in their power to prevent settlements being made in the Green River country. Some time in July, they embarked and pushed off down the Ohio to make the first Hardin settlement.

They floated merrily till they got into the narrows near the mouth of Wolf Creek, when they were fired into by the Indians from the Indiana side of the river. No damage was done them, but this insult was too much for these men to take quietly. They landed, confident in their strength to whip any force that might be on the hills to oppose them. Leaving a force on the boat to defend it should it be attacked, they mounted the hills in pursuit of these impudent reds; but no foe could be found. These shots were the first of hundreds that were fired by the contending party, all growing out of Bill's settlement. They reached the mouth of Sinking Creek and pulled their boat up the stream within eight miles of their destination. The only means of transporting their effects was on their backs. Bill divided out in lots to each one his load. The boat was torn to pieces and the planks such as they would use were to be carried, too. For his share of the cargo he lashed the keg of rum to his back, thinking no doubt that such precious freight would not be safe in any other hands than his. When all were ready, Bill took the lead and piloted the party to his haven of rest. That night they spent in a grand carousal. Bill opened the keg and treated so freely that the first drunken spree ever enacted on Breckenridge soil came off celebrating Bill's first night at his new Kentucky home. I will in the future trace Bill and the party that stopped with him through several years of hard times and harder Indian fights. Bill established himself not only as the head and leader of his kindred, but of all others that settled around him. Right here I will correct Collins a few months as to when Hardinsburg was laid out. Jack Hardin, my grandfather, was



there and carried one end of the grape vine they used as a chain in surveying out Bill's and his brother's lands. The town was planned and surveyed out without compass or chain in the fall of 1781. The only instruments used were a vine measured by guess and their axes to mark out the streets. Their night's frolic over, Capt. Bill organized his force for business. He first made a detail of four of the most expert hunters, whose business it was to do the double duty of guarding his camp, and working force and kill game for provisions. The man he most trusted was Little John. To him he gave a separate and independent command. He assigned him the duty of scouting between the camp and the Ohio River and along the river watching for war parties. Bill knew that he and his party had to fight for the ground they were occupying, and made all his arrangements to that end. Every man of his party, let him be engaged at what he might be, was required to carry his arms with him, and never to put them for a moment out of his reach. At night, guards were posted around the camp and each man slept with his arms by his side, that he might be ready for battle at any moment. His main force went to work, cutting trees for cabins, logs and posts for his pickets for his fort. Some carried the logs while some built. Others were busy digging trenches for the posts for the fort, or station, as they were then called, and setting them in place. All were at work like beavers under the supervision of Capt. Bill. In a week's time, his work was so far completed that he had no fears of any Indian forces that might attack them. As some of the kid-gloved gentry of the present day are somewhat skeptical as to the ability of men to go into woods, live on wild meat, build houses and forts with no tools but a rifle, ax, butcher-knife and tomahawk, I will tell for their instruction. By the way, I must step aside a moment and jot down what I heard one of these wise Alex say at a dinner table not long ago on this subject. This young hero had the misfortune to get into and out of the Confederate army alive, and is of very loud pretensions with very small mental caliber, is very fond of being seen and heard, looks wise and talks loud to attract attention. I can't name him, but he may be seen around Owensboro. He, on this occasion, threw back his shoulders and said: "Why, it's preposterous to talk to me of men doin' these things. Fust, a man can't live on meat alone. I've tried it in the Confederate army, and know he'd die. And how'd you reckon a man can dig holes in the ground 'thout pick, shovel or spade? These things can't be done 'thout tools. Ye see, I've been there and seen too much trenched to be gulled by sich yarns." He was not talking to me. I looked at him and was sorry that his ma was dead and he left in helpless orphanage. But this is not telling how the Hardins built Capt. Bill's fort without tools other than axes and an old saw. The posts were cut twelve or fifteen feet long, a narrow trench dug generally two and a half to three feet deep, the posts set side by side as closely as possible, the earth packed around them to hold them firmly in their places. A log cabin was built at each corner or angle. The outer wall was the highest, the roof sloped to the inner side for protection against the Indians throwing fire on it, and in case they did, men could get from the inside on it with safety. These outer walls were often raised three or four logs above the roof and were used as breast-works for sharp-shooters in time of siege or attack. The walls of these houses and the pickets were perforated with

holes just large enough for a rifle to be aimed through. But I have not told my friend of the dinner party how on earth these trenches or holes were dug in the ground. These old fellows had their axes to begin with. All around them were young trees of all sorts and sizes. He cut one that suited his purpose, cut and shaped it to dig with, then used his ax to cut the roots with as they came in his way. Another one of these old stalwarts would find him a suitable piece of wood and fashion himself out a shovel; with this he would follow the man that was doing the digging, heave out the dirt and the ditch was done. Everything else was done equally as easily and simply.

I must with regret leave Bill and his band for the present, but I would like to stay with them, for they have some lively times before they rest quietly, "under their own vine and fig tree."

When Capt. Bill's fort and cabins were made secure and his land and town had been surveyed in their rude way without compass or chain, they laid their course by the sun, their distances were taken with a vine measured by guess, he no longer needed the strength of all the party. Jack Hardin, Robertson, Thomas Harding and Martin Hardin, brother of Col. John Hardin, all left them and went back to the Falls. These four men determined to try their fortunes once more in the Indian country and find Mrs. Hardin and Mrs. Robertson and their children. The terrible adventures that had already been made had resulted in nothing further than that the Hardins and Robertson had gained some knowledge of the country, and this they hoped might enable them to succeed, and on this slender thread they determined to brave all peril and privation. I have often thought that there could be no obstacle too great for a truly brave man to attempt to surmount, when the object to be gained warranted the effort. A wife and children in the hands of cruel savages should, if anything would, call up all the daring of his nature and lift him above all personal thought of danger or hardship. I am not disposed to laud Hardin and Robertson for doing their duty and hazarding their lives a thousand times over in attempting the rescue of their wives and children. But when I think of the cool, self-sacrificing heroism that is displayed by men with their eyes fully open to the perils and hardships to be overcome in the venture before them, with scarcely a hope of success even in being able to find the captives, and if they did find them, was there one chance in a hundred that they could live and bring them home with them through a country three hundred miles wide, swarming with furious Indians that must be met in deadly combat every foot of the way? For if they succeeded in getting possession of the women and children they would be an encumbrance that would deprive them of the advantage they could avail themselves of in eluding pursuit, of a hard night's march, ambush, etc. They would have been forced to hover around the women and children all the time in their defense and at a disadvantage. All this they knew and were willing to take their chances. I do not wonder at Hardin and Robertson being willing to lay down all; but when I turn my thoughts to Little John, Mark and Capt. William Hardin, and the unfortunate Shively and

Thomas Harding, he should have done all he did to rescue his sister. And now with all the lights before him, fully apprised of all the dangers and trials, the former expeditions they had encumbered, Martin Hardin volunteered at the Falls. Mordicai Lincoln took the place of Thomas Harding who was not yet well of the wound he had received on the Scioto in their first effort. These men, through feeling of friendship and humanity, had the cool courage without the incentive that prompted Jack Hardin and Robertson to dare all and everything in taking part in this expedition. It is true Mrs. Hardin and Mrs. Robertson were related to all these men except Lincoln. He had no tie other than friendship. I have heard it said that these men's great love for adventure and Indian fighting was the ruling motive in the part they took. This is wholly untrue. Had they only wanted the excitement of a free fight with Indians, they could have been accommodated almost any day nearer home, for in their absence the rest of the family were half their time engaged in skirmishing, often in hearing of the station. Their promptings were of the highest, viz., to aid their kinsmen and friends to help the helpless, and if there was one chance in a hundred, they would risk their lives for that one chance. I have no scale by which I can measure my idea of the greatness of the souls of these men. There is no place to begin or end in taking a measure of them. The party reached the Falls and among others they met there was their true friend, Mordicai Lincoln, an uncle of the late President, Abraham Lincoln. As soon as Lincoln learned the purpose of the party, he urged them to allow him to take Thomas Harding's place, as it was doubtful whether he could stand the fatigue and exposure of the trip, as he was not entirely well of his wound yet. Harding, after some persuasion, gave his consent. Lincoln was a man of cool courage, even temperament, equal to any emergency, an experienced woodsman and Indian fighter. No man could have filled Harding's place better. After spending some days making necessary preparations, they crossed the river and took their course, aiming to strike between the head waters of the Wabash and Big Miami; thence leaving the head of the Sandusky some distance to the right, passing down till they got near the point where Bill, John and the Indian made their grand race. There or near they would strike the Sandusky, hiding through the day and spying in and through the towns at night. If they could reach the river without being discovered they thought their chances good to work their way safely on up the river. They passed cautiously through the country and reached the upper branches of White River without seeing an Indian or any fresh signs of them. Here, Robertson, who had been complaining for several days, became too sick to travel. They selected the best place they could find and camped. The next day he grew worse, and so on for several days. A week passed and the sick man's condition did not improve. They had no medicine or nourishment to give him. All they could do for him they did. Another week passed and he was still sick. There was no hope of his being able to move for several weeks to come, if ever. A council was held and they agreed that one of the party should stay and take care of him and the other two go on. A choice was given to Robertson of which one should stay and care for him, and he took Martin Hardin. Lincoln and Jack Hardin set out then to make the venture alone. They pushed on safely till

the third day, when in crossing a patch of open ground they were discovered by a party of five Indians and a skirmish immediately ensued, but at long range. The Indians would not come to close quarters, but so managed that Hardin and Lincoln could not get out of sight of them. It was several hours before they got clear of these Indians; and why they did they never could tell, as they drew off out of sight and never showed themselves again. The old men used to say of this scrape that the conduct of the Indians differed from any they ever saw; barely keeping in sight and firing their guns at such a distance that their balls did not come near them and made no effort to get nearer than was necessary to watch them. But this fight, though a bloodless one, was a Waterloo defeat to Hardin and Lincoln, for soon after the Indians went out of sight, Lincoln discovered the lock of his gun was broken and he more than two hundred miles in the Indian country unarmed so far as his gun was concerned. Here was a dilemma and something must be done. They first came to the conclusion that they would reach the great trail leading from the Miami to the lake, waylay it and shoot an Indian, get his gun and re-arm Lincoln, but on second thought this could hardly be successful, as they knew that the Indians rarely traveled far from their camps alone, and if they attacked more than they could kill, the alarm would be given and all hope of success be at an end. This plan was abandoned and all that was left for them to do was to retrace their steps to the camp where they left Robertson, and this they did, and found Robertson not so sick, but too weak to sit up. Martin, during their absence, in hunting had found fresh Indian tracks plentifully on a small stream not more than a mile from the camp. He was satisfied that there was a camp of Indians close by, and that they were liable to be attacked at any time. He was greatly relieved at the return of the two; but how were they to get away was the question before the house. Robertson was too weak to stand on his feet and he was a large man of near two hundred pounds. They could not carry him any distance, and to think of them leaving their camp now was out of the question. Night came on and Martin and Lincoln took it into their heads to make a night's search out on the creek and see if any camp was to be found. The tracks Martin had seen were going both ways. They first hunted up the river for several miles and found nothing; then they took down stream and walked some ten miles, when at the junction of another stream they found a hunting camp with some twenty or thirty Indians coiled up asleep. They came back satisfied that the Indians knew nothing of their camp, and all they could do was to keep a close watch and fight if necessary. They kept a close watch for several days, but no Indians troubled them. Robertson had improved rapidly and thought he could with some help travel by easy walks. They broke up their camp and went on their way to the Falls by moving a few miles at a time. Robertson got along for several days; when his strength would fail him, the others would carry him on their backs by turns. In this way they made some twenty-five miles a day. On they traveled till they got within forty miles of the Falls, when Robertson became so exhausted that he could not be moved any further. They built a camp and made their sick friend as comfortable as possible. At daylight next morning Lincoln started to the Falls for help to



bring the sick man in, leaving Jack and Martin to guard and care for him. Such was Lincoln's strength and endurance that at sundown he crossed the river and reported his mission. Nearly the whole population offered their services to start that night. But Lincoln must rest and have something to eat. All was made ready for a start with the light of the morning. This incident brought to the front the true nobleness of the pioneer women. Numbers of them urged that they be allowed to go back with the party to help with their skill in giving such nourishment as they knew the sick man needed, which men could not give. When the lords of creation refused to let them go, they, as the next best thing to do, came forward with their strongest flax linen sheets to be used in making a stretcher to carry him in on, and their softest blankets for him to lie on, everything portable that they had in the way of delicacies that they thought a sick man could eat was offered. These were the kind of women that were the mothers of Kentucky's greatest men and women. At dawn the party, fifteen strong, crossed the river to the Indiana shore and set off at a swinging gait, piloted by Lincoln. Late in the evening they reached the camp, and that night a stretcher was made ready, and at daylight next morning they started back with the sick man. The strength of the party was such that the carrying was a mere trifle. As they would tire, fresh men took him, and so on alternately through the day. At night they reached and crossed the river. The women, the good Samaritans, met the canoe at the water's edge and took charge of the sick man and nursed him back to health and strength. Thus ended this the last effort to find and liberate the captive women and children. I said in the beginning of my history that I doubted if the world ever could produce any other men that had or could perform deeds of daring and escape with their lives. Through all these expeditions for hundreds of miles surrounded with deadly foes, skilled in all the arts of skirmish warfare in their own country and homes, these men passed and repassed most of the time blindfolded, as it were, for through most of this adventure they were on ground they had never set foot on before, with all the odds and ends against them. They pressed forward, giving blow for blow, disconcerting well-laid plans and ambushes. Often they had the audacity to be the attacking party. Through all these dangers they passed unscathed except the death of the brave, magnanimous Shively, the bad wounding of Thomas Harding and the slight wounding Capt. William Hardin (Indian Bill). The tenacity with which they clung to their purpose, against all odds and dangers, showed them to be men that no obstacle that man could place in his way would turn him aside for a moment from the purpose he had in view. When the party left on the expedition above related, the Hardins were badly disorganized and scattered. They found them on their return more so. A few had gone back to Monongahela, a part were with Capt. Bill, others were off in different bands hunting and skirmishing with Indians. The family band seemed utterly broken. Those lingering around the Falls were discouraged and down-hearted. Martin Hardin was at a loss and could do nothing until his brother, Col. John, came back. Jack Hardin, now thought his last hope of recovering his family was gone, and he without one cent of money or property; his arms were

all he possessed in the wide world. The only purpose he had now was to make war on the Indians to the end of his life. I will now as briefly as possible follow the leading characters to their locations on Pleasant Run and tell how they happened to get there.

## NUMBER IX

After a few days' rest at the Falls, things being dull, Martin Hardin, Jack Hardin and Horse Racer Mark Hardin concluded to walk over to Capt. William Hardin's new home, pay him a short call, see how things were going on with him generally, and if there was anything they could lend a hand in they would put in. On their arrival they found all things snug and safe. The Captain had cleared away the brush, logs and everything from around his fort that would afford shelter to an Indian or in any way obstruct his view for a long distance around him. He was more than delighted with his location. Everything pleased him. The woods abounded with all kinds of game. The streams were full of fish. He had unlimited pasturage for all kinds of stock if he ever had stock to pasture. At this time, he had not a hoof of any kind. His prospects for plenty of Indian fighting were as good as he could ask them to be. The Indians had already discovered him and they had had several smart little skirmishes with fair prospects of plenty more. Billy was quite happy. Little John was in all his glory in his independent command. He was at liberty to move where he pleased. The only restriction on him was to keep well between the station and the Ohio River. This gave him wide play ground and elbow room to amuse himself as he pleased. He had a chance of falling in with Indians almost any day and taking a fine knock-down with them. He had already had the pleasure of several scrapes with them and had the pleasure of laying at the feet of his Captain the scalp and arms of one big brave that had ventured within his lines. John was perfectly at home. He wanted no better situation. He was free to roam over the range allotted him, get into as many scrapes as he pleased and get out of them as best he could. He was proud of the honor conferred upon him by his Captain in placing him as the outer guard to his settlement, trusting in his courage and sagacity against surprise. John felt his great importance and was happy. After spending a few days with their host, spinning yarns and feasting on fine game, they started back to the Falls in two parties, viz.: Martin Hardin and Horse Racer Mark Hardin took the most direct route by way of Bee Knob, and Jack Hardin, accompanied by a distant relative, names John Carlisle, started for the town where Elizabethtown now stands. They had passed about half way from Hardin's station to Elizabethtown, following a buffalo trail leading in their course, when they were fired on by a party of five Indians who had hid themselves in the tall, barren grass but a few feet from the trail they were following. The Indians were so close that their guns nearly touched the two men. Carlisle was killed instantly. Hardin had his buckskin cap torn to frag-

ments from his head and half of his hair shot and burned off. Hardin instantly fired into one of the Indians who was making a spring at him, running square with his breast on the muzzle of his gun, the charge passing through him and he fell across the dead body of Carlisle. The other four closed in on Hardin and a most desperate fight ensued. Hardin, clubbing with his gun, broke it the first blow over an Indian's head, sending him off of the warpath forever; wheeling on the next nearest him, he dealt him a furious blow with the barrel of his gun, breaking one of the Indian's arms. The other two fell back out of his reach and commenced loading their guns. Hardin, seeing the disadvantage he was under, grabbed Carlisle's rifle. The Indians, seeing this and knowing the gun had not been fired, broke for cover. Hardin fired on them as they went squatting through the grass and missed his aim. The Indians, as soon as the gun was fired, raised the yell and came back at him. By this time, the fellow that had the broken arm had got on his feet, full of fight, shaking his bloody foretop and bellowing like a mad bull. Three to one was more than Hardin thought he could stand with his gun empty, and no reserves to call up. A retreat was in order at this time, if ever. To stay was to lose his scalp, almost certainly. So off he went in the direction of Elizabethtown, the three Indians in hot pursuit after him. On and on they went, Hardin gradually gaining till he thought he had put space enough between them for him to load his rifle as he ran, but to his dismay, when he got the powder in and tried the ball, he found it too large for Carlisle's gun. No hope of shooting any of them now, so all the chance he had left was to outrun them. During the time he had been trying to load his gun, the Indians were gaining on him and had got quite near, so close that the foremost one of them threw his tomahawk at his head, barely missing him. With this hint he let himself out to his best licks and soon widened the distance between them. They were now some eight or ten miles below Elizabethtown and running across open barrens. Off to his right, Hardin saw two hunters running in full speed towards them and he turned to meet them. The Indians were so intent in their pursuit that they did not see them. Soon they were near enough together for the hunters to fire. They dropped one of them. The report was the first notice the Indians had of their presence. The scene now changed. The two remaining Indians were as anxious now to get away with their scalps as Hardin had been to save his. Away went the braves and the three white men after them. All their guns were empty and no time to load them. The issue of battle now turned on the strength and swiftness of legs. Though the Indians had wasted a great deal of their wind and strength in chasing Hardin, they still showed good running qualities. For more than an hour they were able to keep out of reach of their fierce pursuers. Hardin was completely blown, and the other two were nearly as bad off. They halted and loaded their guns, thinking that a ball might do what their legs were unable to do, to overtake and stop a running Indian. This delay gave the Indians a start that the whites could not overcome; getting on some broken ground they lost sight of them entirely. Night was close by and the three held a brief council and agreed that the two hunters who belonged to the Elizabethtown Station should go back to that place and raise all the men

and get on the trail at light next morning. Hardin was to go to Capt. Bill's Station and turn him and his men out to head off the Indians from crossing the river. The two parties took their way. Hardin got to Capt. Bill's an hour before day and roused the camp. When the fiery Captain heard the news, all the fury of his nature was stirred up. Carlyse was one of his old associates and friends, a man he admired on account of his many good qualities as a citizen, but more on account of his coolness and courage, which Bill had seen tested many times. Without a moment's delay, he called out every man in his camp. He had eleven more with himself. Of these he sent five to different points on the river to see that no Indians crossed. Of the remaining six, he sent four to scout the country on the routes the Indians generally travelled in and out of the country. When all the details were made and their orders given them, Little John found himself shorn of his command and he reduced to a common private. Bill took him and Jack Hardin with him and moved off at his briskest gait to get on the trail of the marauders. Though he had near thirty miles to travel, before noon he was on the trail, though not first, for the men from Elizabethtown, being nearer, were first on the ground and had begun the hunt. The three followed with all the speed they could and soon trailed the party to the dead body of Carlyse. The body had been stripped of a new buckskin hunting shirt and scalped. The dead Indian had been carried some distance off and covered over with brush and grass. This showed that the Indians had spent some time there during the night. The men from Elizabethtown were ahead of them on the trail, but not far, as their tracks were fresh. Bill looked at the mangled remains of his friend and ground his teeth with rage. In husky words he said: "Carlyse must be avenged first and then decently buried. Come, boys!" These were his only words. Off he went at a speed that a horse could hardly have kept up with him. Soon they overtook the men in front. Bill put Little John to follow the Indian trail and broke up the squad in twos, directing each the route to take, and each to go forward as fast as possible. The course the trail ran would strike the Ohio River near Flint Island. He started four of the fastest men on the most direct route to strike the river near the island, to take all the ground they could on the river bank and watch it closely. Late in the evening the game was roused when Daniel Payne, one of Capt. Bill's men, sighted them some miles above the mouth of Sinking Creek. One of them had on Carlyse's hunting shirt and had his scalp dangling by his side. Payne got a fair shot at him and killed him. The others dashed off towards the river, but soon ran into the arms of another party and shared the same fate of their companion. The broken-armed Indian could never be found; he probably got back to the Wabash to tell the fate of the party. The remains of Carlyse were brought in and the first grave dug at Hardinsburg. Till now the Captain had not thought of a cemetery. He was much perplexed in laying off a spot that suited him. After walking and looking around for some time, he settled on the spot that now holds his remains. After resting a day, Capt. Bill furnished Jack a good gun and a supply of balls and he started alone for the Falls.



The season was growing late and Hardin was thinking of where he would establish himself for the winter. He wanted to be in a position that he could avail himself of every opportunity that might offer to do mischief to the Indians. His object in getting back to the Falls was to organize a party of the most daring men he could induce to camp with him and select a place. On his arrival at the Falls, things had taken a turn that settled his plans for the present, and in fact for all time; not only for him, but for all the rest of the family that settled in Washington County. I told you at the beginning of these sketches that the misfortunes of the 20th of March, 1780, blasted all the plans of the family for the time and was the cause of their dispersal and great confusion that reigned supreme among them for so long a time; and finally was the means of re-assembling and locating them. George Rogers Clark had managed to reach the Indian tribe living on the upper waters of the Wabash and induced a large number of them to come to the Falls for the purpose of holding a peace talk and trying to make a treaty of peace with them. The Indians were coming in in small squads when Jack Hardin got there. Quite a number of the Hardin family were gathered in at this time, all speculating as to the consequences of the Indians being allowed to come into the camps around the Falls and acquaint themselves with all the localities and defenses. Not a man of them had the slightest faith in any treaty or promise the Indians might make. A feeling ran through the whole of the Hardin tribe that mischief would grow out of their presence there. They were in the best mood for rebelling and mutiny. When Jack Hardin came in and told of Carlisle's death and his narrow escape, showed them his head with the hair shot and burned off of it, this was "the feather that broke the camel's back." They commenced drumming through the camps to enlist a force, pledged to shoot or drive the Indians back to their dens. Clark soon got wind of this and issued an order commanding everybody to treat his guests with the most profound respect, and threatening to inflict heavy punishment on any that should have the hardihood to violate his order by insulting or in any way injuring the persons of one of these lambs he had called in. Clark wielded a great influence over the frontier men. This order from him silenced at once the greater portion of them and carried them over to side with Clark and against the party disposed to mutiny. The Hardins, seeing how things stood, quietly formed a club among themselves and resolved to appear content, and when the Indians all got in and Clark got under headway singing psalms to them of the blessings of peace, they would take to the bushes and canebrakes, and shoot everyone they could draw bead on. The only way they thought and believed to be at peace with the Indians was to kill them. Clark got enough of them together to begin his love feast in his council wigwam. The Hardins went to their deviltry in the woods and soon quite a row was raised around Clark's ears by the chiefs charging him with perfidy in inviting them in under pretense of peace while he had his braves hid in the bushes shooting them. In witness of what they said they proved that one had been killed and another crippled on the first day of the love talk. Clark was not a man to be trifled with. He had an idea who was at the bottom of the trouble and laid his plans to get his hands on the offenders. His first step was

to quiet the Indians as much as he could. Next he put a number of men that he could trust to spy the movements of the Hardins. The trap caught Jack Hardin the first day after it was set. He had gone out on the point between Beargrass Creek and the Ohio, less than a mile from where the Galt House now stands, had killed one of Clark's pets and was dragging his carcass into the cane when he was caught by a party of Clark's spies. They hurried him down to Clark's headquarters and reported him. A scene ensued. The Indians clamored for him to be given up to them to be dealt with in their own way. A party rose up and swore that he should not be turned over to the tender mercies of the Indians. Nor should Clark be allowed to punish him. Things got very hot all around. Clark announced that Hardin would have a fair trial before a regular court-martial, and that any man that dared to interfere would be shot. They all knew that he meant what he said, and that a majority of the fighting men would back him. They now determined to do by strategy what they could not do by force, i. e., get Jack out of Clark's hands without bloodshed if it was possible for their ingenious men to do it. Clark set the next morning for the trial and ordered Jack put in the guard house, a small log cabin within the fort, to be safely guarded until he was wanted the next day. Jack as yet had had no chance of talking with his friends and was ignorant as to what their plans or purposes were. He knew that a big row was on hands and a good chance for bloodshed before Clark would inflict any punishment on him for killing the Indian, though he knew he had violated all rules of war in doing the act when the Indians were protected by Clark's flag of truce. He quietly submitted to being led to prison, intending to take advantage of the first chance that offered to free himself. Four men were stationed at the door to keep him company through the night. Late in the night one of his friends, Patrick Payne, (Paine) managed to work his way into the cabin and informed him that Martin Hardin was making arrangements for his rescue if Clark's court put any sentence of punishment of a disagreeable nature. That the plan was to get him away, if possible, without a fight; but if forced to the last resort they would knock down the guards and let him out and fight their way to the woods. Paine gave him a tomahawk and told him in case he was sentenced, Martin and others would arrange plans and clear the way for him to get out of the fort. Martin would give him the signal when all was ready by clapping his hands in front of the prison door. As soon as he saw the signal he must knock down any man that chanced to be in his way, get out of the works and into the cane-brakes on Beargrass, hide till night, then meet Martin at a spring about three miles up the creek, well known to him. During the night Martin arranged two plans and had twenty men ready for either. One was to clear the way for Jack to escape by getting in the way or stopping any who might attempt to stop or pursue him. The other was to dash suddenly on the guards, knock them out of the way, then in a body override all that were in their way, make to the woods where they knew Clark would not attempt to pursue. Paine crawled out and Jack rested easy. He had known from the first that the Hardins, their kindred and friends would brave everything to get him out. He often said he prayed more fervently that night for big Bill

and Little John's presence than he ever did for his soul's salvation. Not that he doubted the courage or ability of those present to relieve him, but he had a longing for their presence. Morning came and Clark's drumhead court convened, Clark sitting as presiding judge. The prisoner was brought in. Clark stated the charge against him and asked him what he had to say to the charge. Hardin frankly told him that he killed the Indian, and would kill another one, truce or no truce, if he got a chance. The trial was ended and the court ordered Hardin back to prison till three o'clock that evening, when the court would announce the decision. In the interval all manner of rumors and speculations were afloat as to what the sentence would be. Three o'clock came and the court ordered the prisoner brought in. Clark, in a very blunt and military way gave the opinion of the court, vis: That the defendant, by the law of war, had forfeited his life by killing the Indian, when said Indian was under the protection of a flag of truce. But in consideration of many brave deeds the defendant had done, the court would deal leniently with him, and instead of the death penalty they sentenced him to receive five hundred lashes, to be paid in ten installments of fifty daily at sunrise till the five hundred were dealt out, the first to be paid tomorrow morning. Thereupon the court adjourned, ordering the prisoner back to the guard house. Martin and company prepared for the worst. The men all took the places assigned them. Mordecai Lincoln began the dance with a bottle of rum. Pretending that he wanted to treat Jack, he approached the guards, bottle in hand, and in his rollicking way proposed that all hands drink Jack's health. No backwoodsman was ever known to refuse a drink when offered. These fellows readily agreed to Lincoln's proposal and laid hold of the bottle greedily. Lincoln was a great wag and could talk a fellow off his guard in a few minutes, especially if backed with a bottle. He soon got them all outside the door but one and managed to get between them and the door. While they were sucking away at the bottle, Martin Hardin gave the signal and in the twinkling of an eye Jack knocked down the guard that was still on the inside with his hatchet, and darted out like a shot. So quick was it done that Jack was half-way out of the fort before the guards that had the bottle knew what was going on. One of them made a lunge forward as if he meant to shoot, but Lincoln threw one of his legs in the way and threw him full length to the ground. Martin, Mark and all the rest got in the way so as to hinder pursuit till Jack got off. As soon as Jack's escape was known a big hubbub was raised throughout the fort. Clark came out foaming with rage and ordered every man concerned in the scrape arrested and instant pursuit made after Jack. The Hardins (I include in speaking of the Hardins all their relatives and friends that acted with him) knew what was coming and had prepared for it. They all had their arms in hand and were ready for any emergency. In answer to Clark's orders they informed him that no arrests would be made without bloodshed and that no pursuing party after Jack would ever live to get back to the fort. With this announcement they left the fort in a body. Clark knew the men too well to think of trying to control them. The men of the fort, though disposed to obey Clark's orders, were mainly in sympathy with the Hardins, and not disposed to risk their lives in trying

to prevent them from leaving the fort in peace. Clark, after the Hardins were some distance off, sent a runner after them instructed to say to them "that he had no intention of carrying out the sentence on Jack; that his seeming severity was all feigned to conciliate the Indians that he might effect something with them, and invited them to return and stay until the Indians were disposed of and all would be hushed up." The Hardins sent word back to him that the insult he had offered them was irreparable and that all his acts were void, as he had no authority to call the Indians into the heart of the settlement to treat with them; that his act drumheading Jack was usurpation, and the summing up of the whole thing was that they were not coming back nor would they ever again recognize him as in any way their superior.

Here ended all friendship between Clark and the Hardins. Clark's troubles were not over with the departure of the Hardins. During the row that raged through the fort the Indians were not idle spectators. They evidently enjoyed it hugely, thinking it would end in a fight and the whites would weaken themselves in it to such an extent that they would hold the balance of power and become masters of the situation. But when they saw the Hardins set Clark at defiance and march out of the fort, they began to think things might turn out badly for them. They had learned to some extent the feelings of the Hardins toward them, and now they saw Clark could not protect them, from their deadly foes now running at large in the woods and ready and more than willing to shoot everyone of them that showed himself. Night had set in and they were huddled in the fort demanding that Clark see them safe across the river immediately, that they might make tracks for their dens before the Hardins had time to cross and set ambushes for them. Clark tried in vain to assure them that they were safe and urged them to stay and proceed with their talk of peace and good will. But the braves' only talk was that Clark see them safe in canoes and off from the Kentucky shore. Clark saw that all his hopes of a friendly talk were blasted, and he gave the orders to see his red brothers on the other shore. Pell-mell they went, and as they touched the other shore, they vanished into the woods. While this muss was going on between Clark and the Indians, Martin Hardin had gone with his and Jack's arms and ammunition to the spring agreed upon and found Jack already there. They consulted where they should go to be safe till the storm blew over. They concluded to go first to the old camp on Salt River, and there lay some plans for the winter. They moved some distance that night in that direction and camped until next morning. The next day they reached the Salt River camp and made preparations for staying as long as suited them. The main party camped that night on some high ground above Beargrass. The next day they broke up into small parties and scattered, some to one station and some to another. A few of them went to the salt works on Salt River; a bunch to Capt. Bill's Station. Again the family was broken up in fragments and dispersed without any plan and hardly a thought of settling. A second time had Jack's troubles rent them asunder. Though he was the cause of all this trouble, it was the means



of reuniting and settling the family on one of the finest tracts of land in Kentucky. Had this scrape of Jack and Clark not occurred, the Hardins in all probability would never have known of the fine land in what is now Washington County.

Martin and Jack spent several days at their camp hunting and dressing skins for their winter clothing and bedding. When they were clad to their notion, being gentlemen of leisure, they concluded to take a walk of a few days' duration up the country to see what discoveries they could make. They crossed the river and tramped up to the mouth of Rolling Fork, crossed that and leisurely passed through a part of what is now Nelson and Marion Counties. They passed over and camped on what is known to this day as the old Wickliffe farm. The report they, or rather Martin, gave of this section led Horse Racer Mark Hardin and Charles Wickliffe, the father of the family in Kentucky, to locate there. They strolled up Hardin's Creek, so named from Horse Racer Mark making first location on it and building a station. They crossed over into what is now Washington County and passed a few miles above where Springfield, the county seat, now stands. They struck Pleasant Run near where the road from Springfield to Perryville crosses it. They were so delighted with all they saw that they determined to camp and make a thorough examination of the lands on the stream. They soon found a place that suited them and made a temporary camp. Their first rambles were up the creek. In a few days, they blundered upon an old and deserted station a few miles above their camp. This was the first mark of man they had seen in all their wanderings. Who had been there before them and where they had gone they had no idea. Afterwards, they learned that a man by the name of Sandusky had led a small party there and built the station several years before and then abandoned it. After satisfying themselves on the upper part of the stream, they turned down it, and the most beautiful country they ever beheld opened to their view. They were more and more enchanted; the farther they went, broad sweeps of slightly undulating lands spread out before them, covered with pea vines and small cane. The growth of timber, the finest they had ever seen; and what pleased them most, the country was swarming with game, from the buffalo down to the gray squirrel. The streams were alive with fish. They spent some days feasting on the beauties around them and determined to build them a permanent camp in the heart of this fascinating spot. They had found a cold, pure spring on a small stream that emptied into Pleasant Run, which they named Lick Run, because they had found a deer licking at the mouth of it, which suggested the name to them. They also named Pleasant Run the surroundings. These streams bear the names they gave them to this day. But to their camp. The ground around the spring was all they could ask for forming a winter camp. On it was a dry, level sort of cove sheltered on two sides by a small bluff completely hidden by the timber and small growth of spice wood and cane. They went to work with their hatchets and knives and soon with the help of poles, bark and switch cane, had themselves snug quarters for the winter and established themselves in it. This camp was about two and a half miles from Spring-

field, near the folks (forks?) of Lick Run and about two hundred yards from the turnpike on the south side, about one mile from where Martin Hardin settled and spent the remainder of his days. I have many times visited the spot and contemplated the place as it was when the old hunters were there. I have scratched up the charred earth where their camp fires once burned; have knelt on the rocks their knees once pressed and drank from the sparkling spring where they once quenched their thirst; have stretched myself on the ground where the old men once slept in their rude beds made of leaves and skins; have put my fingers in the marks made by them in the barks of trees with their tomahawks. Hours on hours have I hung around the spot with something of a feeling akin to awe. I, when around the old camp, could realize that the men that once rested there had built their last camp fire, had fought their last battle, and were done with earth forever. It has been said that I am an enthusiast in my admiration of the men of that day. It may be so. I challenge the world to produce their equals.

They spent the winter in ramblings around the country within a circle of ten miles. Spring was now opening and their ammunition was running short. It was now necessary that they should break up camp and find some place where they could get a fresh supply, and they were beginning to be anxious to know what was going on with the outside world, their kindred and friends in particular. It was now the latter part of March. It had been over four months since they left the Falls, and all this time they had not seen a human being. They knew they were not far from Harrodsburg Station. Neither of them had ever been there, but they knew they could find it. So off they went, guessing their course. They blundered about for several days and at last found it. Their camp was about thirty miles southwest from the station. When they got to Harrodsburg they got news that opened a new page in the life of Jack Hardin. He was told that his wife and children had been ransomed and were probably then at their old home on the Monongahela. Martin also learned that his brother, Col. John, was expected about that time at the Falls. They also learned that their kindred were suffering great uneasiness on their account, thinking they had been killed by the Indians, as no trace of them could be found at any of the stations; also that the messenger who had come through hunting Jack Hardin and Robertson with the good news had gone back to meet Jack's wife with the sad news that he and Martin were almost certainly lost. With haste they prepared to leave, Martin for the Falls and Jack for the Monongahela to meet his long-lost wife. As soon as it was known through the station who the new-comers were, and the man that had met with such great misfortunes and made such heroic efforts to recover his lost ones, was among them and preparing for the long and lonely journey before him, all their sympathy was aroused and every possible assistance was offered him in the way of his outfit. For the first time since the clothes he had on when he lost his all on the 20th of March, 1780, had worn off of him, he was dressed in a decent suit. The good people presented him with a new suit of buckskin made by the women at the station. One of these good Samari-

tans gave him what was then a fortune in Kentucky, a new flax linen shirt, a luxury he had not enjoyed for a long time. In the first week of April, 1782, Jack and Martin parted. Jack took his first steps on his long and dangerous journey. Martin set his face towards the Falls. Jack laid his course on a bee line as near as he could guess for his old home on the Monongahela. He had full three hundred miles to pass over, through a solid wilderness infested with bands of war-like Indians and wild beasts. Among the beasts they had the bear and wolf to contend with, and these animals at this season of the year were often more to be feared than the Indians. They were now fresh from their winter dens in a half-starved condition. The she ones, nursing their young, ravenously hungry, would attack anything that would give them food. Another danger and great trouble to be surmounted was the many water courses he had to cross, a number of them large, and at this time swollen and overflowed from the heavy spring rains. These he had to cross by wading and swimming. He had to pass up through Kentucky to the lower point of West Virginia and travel the entire length of that state to reach his place of destination. The entire route was strange to him except a small portion on the Monongahela in the upper part of West Virginia. With an iron determination to overcome all difficulties, this man went on and on, day after day, till the first of May, forcing his way through and over everything that opposed his progress. Hunting his way through an unknown wilderness, swimming and wading the water courses as he came to them, often drenched with rain, sleeping on the wet ground when not forced into the trees by the wolves, which was often the case. He had to depend upon the game he shot as he went for his supplies. When he would camp and strike fire to broil his meat the scent of the broiling meat would be sure to attract the wolves if any were near. One was enough to call up a host by his howlings. With his fire and gun he could keep them at bay as long as he could keep awake. To sleep on the ground was to be eaten by the wolves. To sleep he was often compelled to ascend a tree and form a bed for himself in the limbs by cutting other limbs and crossing them until they would bear his weight. In this way, he took many sound naps. A faithful recital of all these difficulties and sufferings and privations he encountered on this trip, as he used to relate, would fill many pages and would read like a romance. Few men of the present day believe that it was possible for men to do what seemed to them impossibilities. But to the men that broke the way to Kentucky it was not only possible, but nothing very remarkable, for such feats were common with them.

In the fore part of May, Jack Hardin reached the settlement on the Monongahela and learned that his wife had reached his half-brother's, Nestor Hardin, who lived a day's journey down the Monongahela in the edge of Pennsylvania; that the messenger sent, or rather volunteered, to go to Kentucky after him had returned with the news of his trouble with Clark; of his and Martin's disappearance and the strong probability that they were dead; that his wife was mourning him as dead. The news of his arrival spread from cabin to cabin. The hardy men of the country

rushed out to meet him and to hear of his adventures. A plan was soon made to carry him the rest of the route in true backwoods way of triumph. The canoes along the river were manned and he was given a seat in one of the best. As they went down the river and the settlers heard the news, canoe after canoe was added to the fleet until the party grew large. These rough men had not forgotten to bring on board their canoes the first essential in their judgment to a grand jollification, all the jugs and bottles of rum they had on hand. These aids added to their rejoicings soon put them in a high state of glee. On they floated, spreading the news on either shore as they went that a grand jubilee was on hand which was sure to enlist all those along the shores. Those that had no canoes took the nearest foot path to Nestor's cabin. These runners got there long before the canoes and spread the good news that Jack Hardin was coming, escorted by nearly half the men on the rivers for twenty miles up. A large party of men, women and children were collected on the bank in front of Nestor's cabin when the fleet of canoes rounded the bend above and the two parties came in view of each other. The parties in the canoes being well warmed up with the rum they had taken, set up a general yell, which was answered by the party on shore. Shout after shout was given and answered until the parties met. In the midst of all this uproar, Jack Hardin and his wife met. They had parted over two years before in a storm of battle and death. Of their feelings at this meeting I have often heard her try to tell, but she always broke down and failed. The people manifested their great joy at this (as they called it), "Jack and Mollie's second marriage," by engaging in a two days' frolic. They brought in their best provisions and drinks from the cabins around, and all hands, old and young, engaged in feasting, dancing and telling of their adventures. When their frolic was over, the old men proposed "that to finish the affair in grand style they must take steps to start the new couple to house-keeping." An empty cabin was offered by one of them which was gladly accepted. The old men led the way and all hands joined to make some repairs they deemed necessary.

Young Hardins (I mean the descendants of the old people), don't elevate your heads if any of you ever read the following description of the style in which your ancestors went to housekeeping. I will tell all about it. I am older than any of you and I can bear to tell it without any fears of being lowered in good society.

The cabin was built of round logs, covered with boards just high enough to allow the door to be cut under the eave, no floor or loft, a mud chimney reaching about half-way up one end of the cabin. The furniture was made up of the following articles: By driving a fork in the ground one post of the bedstead was formed. Then small poles were run from this fork to the cracks in the wall of the cabin; rough boards were put across from the long pole into the cracks of the wall and the bedstead was completed. One of the kindred gave a flax linen bed tick filled with straw, and another some quilts, and the bed was completed. Six three-legged stools were made for seats. A long, rough slab was put up in one corner for a table.



One of the friends presented them with a five-gallon whisky keg to be used for a bucket by knocking one head out. Others furnished them the kitchen and table furniture. It consisted of three tin cups, six pewter spoons, one long-handled frying pan which stayed in the family till about thirty years ago, and one skillet. This was the entire outfit for housekeeping at this, their second beginning. When everything was fixed to their satisfaction and the pair installed in their palatial abode, surrounded with all the comforts I have enumerated, the good people went to their homes well pleased with all they had done and the grand frolic they had enjoyed. Jack and his wife were living together again. Each had passed through almost unheard of dangers and hardships. They were housekeeping, but in the very extreme of poverty. None but the stoutest of hearts could have forced away the dark cloud before them. The first steps they took in life Jack went to the woods to lay in a supply of provisions; she to a neighbor's and bargained for a lot of flax and tow to spin on the shares, and to another and borrowed a wheel to spin on, shouldered them all and carried her load home. Jack came in at night with a load of game and found her spinning. The next day, Jack hired to a neighbor as a day laborer to get corn for bread. Thus they went to work and stayed at it to retrieve their fortunes.

After sketching Grandmother's release from the Indians, I will return to Kentucky and follow the other members of the family.

The war was at its close and a general exchange of prisoners was going on. Efforts were being made to get those the Indians held out of their hands. They refused to bring them in unless they were paid a ransom for them. The British authorities at Montreal and Quebec were very tardy and indifferent about them in every way and said they could take no steps to force their allies to deliver them up; and as to paying a ransom they had no orders from headquarters. Some French gentlemen at Quebec, seeing how matters stood, formed a club on their own account and responsibility and opened up negotiations in the fall of 1781, through an agent at Montreal, with the Indians on the Sandusky River, and succeeded in inducing them to bring a number of women and children into Montreal in the month of November. Among the number were Mrs. Hardin and Mrs. Robertson. The prisoners, as fast as received, were sent to Quebec. The Indians were paid a small sum for each in blankets, trinkets, powder and lead, etc. When they reached Quebec such as could travel to their homes through the winter weather were sent on; but those that could not were cared for at the expense of the kind-hearted French people. Of the latter number, Grandmother was one; she, being encumbered with two children, had to stay till some means of transportation offered to help her on to her old home. It was in February, 1782, that chance offered means for her to get to Philadelphia, the then seat of the new Government. When she got there, a number of the officers of the old Continental Army were there, some that knew the family she belonged to. These men raised a small sum of money for her and found means to send her to her friends. Her liberation was known on the Monongahela long before her arrival. Other prisoners found their way to their old homes on the river early in

the winter and told them where she was. When it was known that she was free, the first impulse of the family was that Jack Hardin must know it. Harry Hardin, brother of "Stiller" Ben, who had gone back to the Monongahela to settle some affairs of his and his brothers, volunteered to go to Kentucky and find him. With what success I have already told you. Martin Hardin left Harrod's Station at the same time that Jack did. He was very anxious to see his brother, Col. John. First, to allay all fears that the family had on his account, and second, to inform them of the fine country he and Jack had found on Pleasant Run. He took the most direct route to the Falls. On his arrival there, he found Col. John in great trouble on account of his and Jack's supposed death and the dispersed and confused state he found the family in, all growing out of the trouble with Gen. Clark. None of them would for a moment obey any orders from Clark direct or emanating from him through others. They were scattered in small bands for a hundred miles around, hunting and warring with Indians by way of recreation.

None of them had any thought of locating except Indian Bill and a few of his near relatives. All the rest seemed to act and think that their mission in this country was war and nothing else. Their purpose of choosing homes on the fine lands had been lost sight of entirely. And instead of enriching themselves and children by locating and taking possession of favorite situations, they were wasting their strength and hazarding their lives in defending the country while others sheltered by them from Indian balls were gobbling up the prize. Martin found Col. John endeavoring to get them together for the purpose of making an organized location, where he had no settled idea. When Martin told him of his and Jack's discoveries, Col. John saw his way through the difficulties surrounding him. He knew that all the race had implicit confidence in Martin's judgment and that all that was now wanted was for Martin's report to reach them, and one and all would readily enlist to take possession of the country. Runners were sent to every point to call them together for a grand enterprise. Col. John was too shrewd to let the real purpose be known, for fear of the surveying parties that were swarming through the country at that time in the employ of land speculating companies crowding in before them. He and Martin kept the real purpose to themselves and let the idea go abroad that Col. John was fitting up a war party. As the news reached the parties that Col. John was at the Falls and wanted to get the Hardins and connections all together for a grand secret enterprise, and that Martin had turned up at the Falls alive and full of good news for them, their curiosity was aroused to know what Col. John was planning and what Martin had found in his long retirement and had to tell them of. All the preparations they had to make in order to obey Col. John's summons was to tie on their moccasins and shoulder their rifles. They were not encumbered with wordly goods, but like the turtle they carried their whole estate on their backs, and could be ready to move at a very short notice. In a short time, he got together all but those that were with Indian Bill. Bill knew

not what Col. John wanted with him, but he knew that he had some deep plan and that his influence with the family was such that if he once got them with him that he would have no difficulty in leading them into any enterprise he wished. He was invited with the rest to be at the grand conclave and join with them, but he refused and set about stopping all that he could influence and succeeded in keeping a number of them with him at and around his station. About twenty of them assembled at the Falls, consisting of Hardins, Hardings, Paines, Davises, Jacob Shively and James Carlisle. I will arrange their names when I reach their permanent settlement in what is now Washington, Marion and Taylor Counties. When all were in that the Colonel hoped to get together, he and Martin explained to them the project they had in view. Martin took the floor and painted in glowing colors the rich and beautiful country he and Jack had been in and explored. He knew what would please them better than fine land -- the game. On this subject he dwelt at length. He used to say that he could not help being more drawn to the country himself by the game than the fine land. When Martin had told all he knew and Col. John proposed that they go in a body to Martin's promised land, survey it out and take possession of it, one and all agreed to start without delay. Col. John came prepared to survey and locate land. He was a practical surveyor, and brought his compass and chain with him. He proposed that they go as an organized body, camp together and each select his lot of land as he liked. He would survey for them all and arrange their surveys so as to secure them patents. They would mutually work together in surveying, building cabins, etc., to hold their claims. All was satisfactorily arranged and they moved off, piloted by Martin, over nearly the same ground that he and Jack had passed over the fall before. They travelled slowly, exploring the country on each side of their line of march up Salt River, a part of the Beech Fork of Salt River and the Rolling Fork. When they reached Martin and Jack's old camp in Marion, on what is now known as the old Charles Wicliffe farm, they camped for a couple of days and made a thorough examination of the land on Hardin's Creek and a part of Cartwright's Creek. While here, Horse Racer Mark Hardin selected his land and marked out his boundaries, selected his spring and place for his cabin and fort. The party helped him to clear off a patch of a few rods square, plant a few hills of corn, cut poles and build a cabin. This was the second Hardin settlement in Kentucky. Mark had many of the traits of Indian Bill and, in fact, of all the race in this particular. He, in selecting this location, isolated from the rest of the family, had the same idea in his head that prompted Bill in his Hardinsburg location. He wanted to be the head of the settlement and give it his name. Again he, like Bill, must rule where he lived, and, like Bill, he never could bear to be overshadowed by any man in anything.

He, while in camp, saw that Col. John would not locate on that creek and the rest of the party would follow him to Pleasant Run. He knew to settle with John was to stand second in the list, as John was the recognized leader of the race. He saw his opportunity to free himself of the shadow

of the Colonel, and, without seeing Martin's Eden, planted himself at the head of an independent colony. His first step in fastening his name to the spot was by naming his location Hardin's Station, and the creek Hardin's Creek, which it bears to this day. Bill and Mark were not alone in this particular of refusing to stand behind, or in the shadow of others. It belongs to all the race, and where the blood is mixed with other races they have, clear back to their French ancestors, backed each other, right or wrong, in everything; helped to build and hold up each other in honorable positions; always ready to lead others but never ready to be led themselves by others. As soldiers they have universally been brave, but never obedient to orders from officers, no matter what grade the officer bore. The whole race has been and is today rebellious when placed under restraint or in any way under the control of others. They are ready to lend a helping hand in anything honorable without regard to personal danger or consequences. Ask one of them to come and he will come; order him and he will not come; try to force him and you will get a fight. Martin piloted the party to his and Jack's old camp on Lick Run. He found it as they had left it, but it was too small for the present party. So the first thing to be done was to build a suitable one for the party to all stay in till they had made permanent cabins. They had, in passing from Mark's settlement to the camp, a distance of fifteen miles to satisfy the most of them that they need not look for a better location. The mass of them felt that they were at the end of their long and dangerous journey; that the dark cloud that had so long hung threateningly over them was passing away and that the dawn of rest, peace, plenty and domestic happiness were opening before them. Here was to be their homes and their children's homes. When their camp arrangements were completed, they spent some time in exploring the country around them before they commenced surveying. When they were satisfied with looking and planning, all of them were satisfied selected their location. Most of them were governed more by the springs and range than the quality of the land they located. The first survey made was Col. John's famous thousand-acre tract. This fine tract is located in a long square about two miles from Springfield. On this he built his house. He made a number of other surveys. On the west of him his brother Martin located. On the northeast of him Short Harry and John Davis located. On the southeast "Stiller" Ben Hardin and John Summers, whose wife was a sister to "Stiller" Ben; John Hollett, whose wife was Hannah Harding; Samuel and Jonathan Paine, Flat Head John Hardin; Jacob Davis, whose wife was Nancy Hardin, a sister to "Stiller" Ben. And above the Colonel's, on Pleasant Run, Daniel and Patrick Paine. These comprised the first occupants of the land on Pleasant Run and the Beech Fork. Others of the race soon followed and located with him. While these locations were being made a squad, embracing the Harding wing, led by Thomas Harding, crossed the country south to the Rolling Fork, near where Raywick, in Marion County, now stands. Here Stephen Hardin and several others found land, game and range to suit them and selected their locations. Thomas Harding, his brother Abraham, Jacob Shively and James Carlisle not being pleased, crossed over Muldrough's



Hill, an arm of the Cumberland Mountains that sweeps down the Rolling Fork, into what is now Taylor County, explored the country around where Campbellsville, the county seat now stands, on Pitman's Creek, and found all they thought they wanted, rich land, fine, bold springs of pure cold water and the woods alive with all kinds of game. They selected their locations and blazed them out with their hatchets. The Hardings went back to the camp on Pleasant Run and joined in with the rest in building cabins and starting the improvements. At the close of the year they had provided cabins on all their claims and considered themselves not only well-to-do, but rich. What astonished them most was in all their ramblings through the country they had seen no signs of Indians or traces such as Indians make on their routes of travel. This led them to think that a fort was not needed and that they could with safety bring their wives and children to their new homes. The families of all these men were still on the Monongahela, in Virginia and Pennsylvania. The disaster of the 20th of March, 1780, had warned them of the danger their wives and children were exposed to on the road to Kentucky, and of the inability of the men to defend them. They knew that if the men that were present at the disaster failed to protect their wives against the Indians, others had better not try the experiment by exposing them to the dangers they were certain to have to face on their way and after their arrival.

They made the best provisions they could for their families in their old homes and left them till they could clear the Indians out of the way and made what they called a start in the country. This start was to find a place that suited them in the woods and build a camp or cabin where water and game were plentiful. These points secured, they considered themselves ready for housekeeping. The description of these cabins our forefathers built and lived so comfortably and independently in may not be amiss. I have seen and examined a number of them. Many of them were standing in a state of good preservation long after my day. I was born in one of them that was built in 1792. The old men and their children had great veneration for them. They watched over them and kept them standing as long as it was possible. A description of one will suffice for all, as they were all nearly exactly the same pattern. They were, as a general thing, sixteen feet square, built of round white oak logs, one story high, covered with four-foot boards. The boards were held on and in place with poles long enough to reach from end to end. These were called weight poles. The story was built high enough to give good room for dancing under the left, as the upper floor was called. This loft answered many purposes. It was bedroom, store room, wardrobe; in fact, a place for everything. It was made by placing strong poles five feet apart across from wall to wall. The floor was made by splitting out broad slabs five feet long and dressed off and fitted with their axes and hatchets. The lower floor, the same as the upper, one door usually on the south, one window opposite the door; this was made by cutting out one log as high up as possible for fear that the Indians might peep in. This window was generally one foot square and was

closed with a thick block of wood so arranged that it could be securely fastened when they wished. The door was made of broad, heavy slabs hewn out generally three inches thick. These slabs were strongly fastened together by doubling other slabs across them and pinning them well together. The hinge, for they rarely ever had but one, was a strong piece of timber pinned on the edge or side longer than the door; each end was securely set in the logs above and below so it would have the strength to resist heavy blows. The door and all around the walls were perforated with loop holes about four inches long and two inches wide to shoot through in case of an attack. These holes were so stopped that they could only be opened from the inside. The chimney was built of logs. The backs and jambs were walled with rock up to the funnel, which was made of sticks and clay. Such was the abodes of the fathers and mothers of the country at that time. The interior of these cabins showed in their furniture and finish that families can live, prosper and raise sons and daughters fitted for any station in life without the luxuries now thought indispensable. From these rude cabins, that contained nothing but the most crude articles, and but few of them, such as the backwoodsman could hew out with his ax, emerged a race of men and women equal in refinement and far superior physically and mentally to any race that ever spring from the lap of luxury.

I have closely watched the rising men and women for the last forty years and have seen twenty grow to eminence -- in the pulpit, at the bar, in the science of medicine and in the legislative halls of state and nation, to one that reached mediocrity that was reared in luxury and ease. The true manhood and womanhood rests with what is commonly called the middle class. Here is where the men and women of true worth and morals come from. Compare the men and women that lived the first fifty years of the present century, these that were reared in the cabins I have been describing -- compare them with the race that has come and is coming on the stage since 1850. Measure them morally and mentally in every station of life and see how the cabin class will loom above those that have slept in fine mansions and entertained in grandly furnished parlors. We have no such intellectual giants, nor the promise of them, as the latter part of the last century and the first of the present produced. Why, then they were self-reliant; now they are pa-and-ma-reliant. They get through college without an education and are too lazy and proud to apply themselves to any study or business; waste in dissipation, debauchery and idleness and savings of their fathers; sink down to pauperism, dragging with them those dependent on them. The men and women of the cabins taught their sons and daughters to be both self-confident and reliant in their own ability to overcome and ride over every obstacle they might meet in the path they chose to walk in. This iron will to accomplish their undertakings and self-confidence carried these men of the cabins to the highest rounds of the ladder of fame without rings of honored kinsmen to bolster them up, or of money and often without education. The pa-and-ma class, equally endowed by nature, go to their graves unknown to the world, unwept for by those that know them and are forgotten or only remembered for their vices.

I must get back to my narrative. When the cabins were completed, the surveys made and marked, these bold woodsmen were at their rope's end. Their cabins were built, but they had nothing in them or to put in them. Their wives and families were hundreds of miles away and but few of them had any means of bringing them to their new homes or of getting them to themselves without great danger and hardship. Then again, if they had their families there in their cabins they would have nothing else in them. The most of them had left but little at home, and that little in most cases had been used in their absence in Kentucky. They had all been in the Continental Army, and some of them as long as five years; others two, three and four years, before they came to Kentucky. Col. John, Martin and Horse-racer Mark were all of the party that had anything of much value left at home. Another trouble was, they had no horses, cattle or other stock, no farming implements of any kind and nothing to buy them with. You will say they were in a strait. How to overcome all these difficulties that looked so formidable before them required all their ingenuity. A long counsel was held and many plans proposed; but talk and plan as they would, the bone still remained. They wished to bring their families out the next spring. After long talking they settled it thus: That they all combine their strength and build one boat large enough to carry all the colony and the small plunder of the families; that half the party should stay to watch the cabins and hunt and lay in a large supply of provisions and skins for the new-comers; the other half would go home and come back as early next spring as it was possible. Col. John did not propose to bring his family so soon, but volunteered to bear his part of the expenses of getting the families through. Those that had horses, plows, hoes, etc., were to contribute the use of them to those that had none till they could supply themselves. There were several unmarried men among them and two that were disabled by wounds from making the long walk back to the Monongahela. These were Thomas Harding, who was wounded on the Scioto, and Clement Gillihan, who had a musket ball in his hip which he received in the early part of the revolution. They were voted to stay. Daniel and Patrick Paine and Stumpy Mark Hardin (a brother of Stiller Ben) had no wives. They were to stay. Three more were drafted; the lots fell on Jacob Davis, John Hollett and Stephen Hardin. Col. John Hardin went back to the Falls to finish the plats of the surveys he had made and take the necessary steps to secure legal titles to their lands. With high hopes the party bound for the Monongahela set out on their long journey. Many of them had been in Kentucky over two years facing danger and hardships every hour of the time, often engaged in deadly combat with Indians, where to be vanquished was to die. Their cabins built and they were going home for their wives and children to put in them. On and on over hills and rivers these hardy men sped, their loved ones before them, their cabins and rich lands behind them. The toil of climbing hill and swimming rivers and the dangers of lurking Indians were nothing to them. They reached the Big Sandy River without any trouble. Here they fell in with a strong party of Indians who had been plundering some of the settlements. A lively fight was the fruits of the meeting. The Indians were soon cleared out of the road, leaving three of men on the ground. In the affray Abe Hardin and John Davis were wounded,

not seriously, but disabled from walking. Fortune favored the party. As the Indians had several stolen horses with them, and one of these got loose from them during the fight and our party succeeded in catching it, the horse was appropriated to carry the two crippled men the rest of the trip. They had no further troubles and reached their old home about the first of November, 1782. A grand reunion took place. Their kindred and friends flocked in to see them and hear them tell their many adventures. Many of the parties found their families in utter destitution. They had from time to time been forced to part with piece after piece of their scanty property to buy necessaries of life till all was gone; some of their family had been imposed upon and robbed by greedy sharks, in their hour of want. These fellows were brought to account for their misdeeds in short order and made to wear sore heads and black eyes for their sins and to restore their ill-gotten gains to their proper owners. As soon as the season of rejoicing was over the party went to work building their boat and making other preparations for their move in the spring. I have omitted to mention in its proper place the absence of Col. John from the party while the cabin-building was going on. The news reached their camp of the disaster of Blue Lick and of Gen. Clark's efforts to raise a strong force to follow and punish the Indians on the Miami and Scioto rivers. Col. John wished very much to lead his colony in a body with Clark; but the quarrel with Clark still rankled in their minds and not one of them would serve under him. In September, Col. John left alone for Clark's headquarters at the mouth of the Limestone. Having no command, Clark appointed him Quartermaster. On the return of the expedition he came back to Pleasant Run. This was first act as a soldier in Kentucky that I have any tradition of. This was in September, 1782.

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I will now follow the Hardins back to Kentucky and tell you of their dangers and hardships in the first year of their settlement in their new homes in the woods. Early in the spring of 1783, their preparations being completed, they set out on their return to Kentucky. How many of them brought their families out at this time I am not able to state. I only remember certainly the following. I will try to distinguish the families so you will know whom I mean. First of all I will take the family of Stiller Ben, he being the oldest of the family and the recognized leader of that branch. He came out at that time, was not married then, but soon after married Miss Elizabeth Clark, a relation of Gen. Clark. His brother Harry, known for distinction as Short Harry, was married; his wife was a Miss Davis. He brought his family. Stumpy Mark, another brother, came. He was never married, but spent his life a bachelor. He did not settle in Washington County, but helped the rest of the family to make a start, and then some time about 1790 he settled in what is now Henry County, near Newcastle. Two sisters of Stiller Ben came out, Mrs. Nancy



Gillihan, wife of Clement Gillihan, and Mary Summers, wife of John Summers. John Davis brought his family. His brother, Jacob Davis, with his wife, who was Susan Paine; Samuël, Patrick and Daniel Paine, three brothers. The two former were married and brought their wives. Among them came Sallie, a daughter of Samuel Paine. She soon became the wife of Thomas Harding and was my grandmother. This Paine family became so linked by marriage with the Hardins, Hardings and Davises that they were reckoned one of the branches. They reckoned themselves as a party to everything that concerned any of the other three families. They were brave, enterprising, high-toned men. They were cousins to the renowned Tom Paine, but did not second his infidelity. Of the family of Hardings, Abraham and Stephen brought their wives. My impression is that Indian Bill and his brother brought their families out at this time, though I am not sure. None of the families of Col. John Hardin's branch came unless his brother, Horse-Racer Mark, did. Mark's family came before the rest, but when, I am not certain. Those of the party that did not move their wives out came back themselves and brought all the working force and property they could to improve their lands. Some of them owned negroes. Among them the Davis brothers each brought several with them. Col. John, Martin and Mark all had Negroes at work on their land in 1783 and 1784; and William Robertson, whose wife was a sister of Col. John; her name was Mary. She had been married to Robert Wickliff. He died and she married a second time. She had no children. Robertson had Negroes on his land adjoining Col. Hardin several years before Mrs. Robertson came out. Here I think best to make some explanation as to this name. I have had a great deal to say about the Robertson that lost his wife and children on the 20th of March, 1780. He was a brother of this William Robertson, and the captured wife was related to the Hardins. While I am running at large I will devote some space to the Negroes and tell what I know of them and their masters and mistresses. I have seen it in print and it has gone to the world as history that Col. John Hardin and his family moved to Kentucky on account of the emancipating law or act of the state of Pennsylvania; that when the line between Pennsylvania and Virginia was corrected and established, they were on the Pennsylvania side. The implication of what I have seen is that if they stayed in their old homes they would lose their Negro property and defraud those that were entitled to their freedom under the gradual emancipation act and save others that might be born under it. They hurried away to Kentucky. Now to clear those noble old men and women of all such implication or shadow of it, I will tell how I know these Negroes were treated. Col. John had a number of them that were scattered among his children. Charles Wickliff had some, and Barnabas McHenry some that I knew. Martin Hardin brought two and Mrs. Robertson three to the country that I knew. Now so far were those honest people from defrauding these ignorant, helpless slaves out of their freedom, they were fully told of their rights by birth under the act of Pennsylvania, and when they would attain the age the act prescribed, nothing was kept from them. The first of these Negroes that came of age belonged to Mrs. Robertson, now a widow, Robertson having died. She regularly emancipated them in compliance with the act of

Pennsylvania. She freed three, one man, named Jim, and two women, named Estor and Sallie, with their children.

She had them comfortable homes built on a part of her land and secured it to them for and during their lives. The next was Martin Hardin. He had a man named Peter and a woman named Juda; these he set free and settled them on a good farm of fifty acres of land and furnished them all the necessary things to make their own living. Next was Barnabas McHenry; he had two men, Harry and Spencer. These he furnished good, comfortable homes on a good, productive farm with stock and tools to work it. The above I know. I knew all of them, have been on their farms and in their houses many times, and these Negroes lived comfortably in their homes their old masters and mistresses provided for them till they died of old age, except Harry and Spencer McHenry; these, after the death of the McHenry family in 1833, had to move. They went to Iowa. Mark Hardin and Wickliff treated their slaves in the same kind and humane way.

I have wandered a long way from my subject, but I hope you will appreciate my motive in doing so.

I will now try and keep along with the returning parties, for they formed into two parties. The families, with all the plunder that could not be carried on pack-horses, were loaded on the boat to be floated to the Falls. The immigrants had gathered all the horses they could; these were loaded with as much plunder as they could conveniently carry; some twelve or fifteen horses in all. The most experienced boatmen were allotted to the boat under the command of Stiller Ben Hardin. The land or pack-horse company, as they called it, was made up of the most active and expert woodsmen under the leadership of John Davis. In March, 1783, the parties bade farewell to their old homes on the Monongahela and started for Kentucky, none of them bringing any money or property of much value; most of them not one hundred dollars worth of worldly goods. But they all had fortunes stored away in their strong arms, indomitable wills and dauntless courage. These qualities carried them through and over poverty, danger and every conceivable hardship and finally enabled them and their children to rest in peace and plenty. The party that descended the river had the good fortune to reach the Falls without any accident or trouble with the Indians. They reached the Falls about the first of April and at once made their preparations to transport their families and effects to their cabins. This was no easy matter, as they had no means of transportation only on their backs. The plunder they could carry was made in packs of twenty to fifty pounds. These packs were allotted to each in proportion to their strength to carry, a distance of sixty-five miles through an unbroken wilderness, and this at a season when the water courses were at spring tide. Their plunder that could not be carried was stored away to await the coming of the pack-horses. The arrangements all complete, they each shouldered his or her pack, and the toilsome march through the woods began. Though the distance is now traveled in three hours, these immigrants were two weeks in making the trip. They were scarcely out of

hearing of the Falls when the clouds gathered and torrents of rain poured down on them. This was a small matter with the men, but a very serious thing with the women and children, who were not accustomed to it. The party was compelled to camp and make such shelter as they could for their protection. The rain was a general one and lasted several days. When fair weather came to their relief and the party and their packs were dried out, they were stopped every few miles by the overflowed lands and water courses. These they crossed, the small and fordable ones by the men wading and carrying the women and children and packs on their backs. The streams that were too deep to wade, they built rafts to cross on. These crossings were to be made every few miles, and often at great labor and risk, for the streams they had to cross had a very heavy fall and flowed with a heavy current that rendered them dangerous and difficult to cross. In addition to the difficulties with the elements, woods and waters, the men had to scout the woods to guard against the Indians and kill game for provisions for the party. It was near the first of May, 1783, when the party reached their cabins on Pleasant Run and these women and children were the first of their race that set foot on Pleasant Run soil. The exposure and hardships these women and children had passed through in getting up from the Falls had seriously affected the health of most of them. They were in their new homes, sick and without medicine or anything in the shape of comfort. The men that had been left to guard the cabins and hunt game had passed the winter undisturbed by Indians and had been very successful in killing game, drying meat and dressing skins. They had an abundant supply, such as it was, to answer all their wants for the year; but meat and skins for moccasins and clothes were all. They had no cow to give them milk, no sugar, tea, coffee, no salt or pepper, no bread and nothing to make it out of; no cooking vessels but frying pans and sharpened sticks to roast their meat on before the fire; no soap, wash-tubs or flat irons; very few clothes to wash if they had the means to wash them. They had the greatest plenty of meat, wood, water, air, chills and fevers and an abundance of good land. Not a horse, hog, cow or sheep was in the colony. No domestic fowls, no vegetables or fruits of any kind. They had these in prospect, though, for they had brought the seeds with them. But "where there is a will there is a way." These people saw the mountain before them and boldly prepared to climb it. The men sharpened their axes and hoes and went to cleaning away the woods and planting seed; the women to arranging necessaries and comforts about their cabins, such as women alone can devise from seemingly nothing, and making hunting shirts, leather breeches, bear-skin caps for the men out of the rougher skins, and of the finer, softer ones they made dresses for themselves and children. One of the devices of these women to supply their families with linen for underwear is worth preserving. They had no flax, hemp or cotton to spin and they began a search for a substitute among the wild weeds and the bark of trees. They found to their great satisfaction that they could make thread and linen from two sources. The inner bark of the lynn tree, peeled and well soaked, would separate from the outer bark, and after being well pounded became soft and strong as flax. Of this they made strong, good thread for sewing and a coarse linen for shirts. The other substitute was the nettle. This



they pulled when in bloom, arming themselves with buckskin gloves so they could handle it. The nettle was treated the same as flax, spread out to dry and rot and the lint dressed. The nettle made a softer, better linen than the lynn. Of these substitutes for flax and cotton, some of the early brides were dressed in and proudly boasted that she had pulled the nettle, dressed the lint, spun, wove and made the wedding suit all herself while her lordly husband, rigged out in buckskin, thought none the less of his bride and was ready to shoot any man that would not swear that his "gal" was the smartest "gal" in all "Kaintucky."

The pack-horse party was several weeks later getting home. The highwaters had detained them; and another cause of delay, they had overloaded their horses in their anxiety to carry as many necessaries as possible. They had made but a few days travel till their horses began to give out on them and they were compelled to camp and rest them. With these rests and delays on account of swollen streams they were a full month in getting through. This loss of time was a severe blow to the new settlers, for they were depending on these horses to plow up their land and to bring up their farming tools and seed corn from the Falls. But few of the horses were fit for any kind of work and had to be turned out on pasture for several months to gather flesh and strength sufficient to be of any use. None of them were in condition without some days rest to make the trip to the Falls and bring back a heavy load. By the time their plows, seed corn, etc., were gotten home the season was so far advanced that they could do no more than plant each a few acres of corn and a small quantity of potatoes. The corn did them but little good, for as soon as it was in good roasting ears, the wild animals, particularly the bear, robbed them of it. All they got of it was enough for seed the next year. They passed the remainder of the year in clearing land, fencing and building cabins. Winter coming on, the men busied themselves, part of them in making salt at Bullitt's Lick, while the rest guarded the settlement and killed game for the winter supply of meat. While they were thus separated a band of Cherokee Indians, part of a tribe that lived between the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, blundered onto the settlement and stole some of their best horses. The Indians made no attack on the settlers, got their horses and made off toward what is now known as Muldrugh's Hill. The Indians had managed so cautiously that the Hardins had no suspicion of their presence till they had the horses and were gone. It was by mere chance that they knew where their horses went. Stephen Harding and Daniel Paine happened to be on a hunt up on the head of Pleasant Run and met the party square, face to face in a buffalo trace, leading over from Pleasant Run to the head of Pope's Creek, in what is now Marion County. The Indians, as soon as they saw Harding and Paine, charged on them at full speed. They fired their guns on them and tried to reload, but the Indians had a clear road and galloped off. Harding and Paine knew the horses and hastened to the settlement, but found all quiet there. From these men the settlers got the first news of their loss. This was the first inroad any Indian had made on the settlement. At no time previous had there been any signs of them. The colony could have been murdered in detail by this band. They felt so entirely secure that they had ceased to even notice for tracks



or heed any unusual noise. When Harding and Paine told them of their loss they could not at first believe that Indians had prowled through among them and robbed them and had gone without their knowing it; but a search of the woods revealed signs they well knew to be made by Indians. The first thing thought of was to follow their trail and retake their horses and get the Indians' scalps. But the Indians were a full day's ride away and on better horses than they could mount, so to let them go was all they could do. This incident had a good effect for awhile. They kept strict watch, but no Indian tracks appearing, they relaxed their watch and were again robbed by these same Indians. Nothing worthy of note occurred until the next spring, 1784. During the month of May the settlement was thrown into a whirl of excitement by the appearance of a small party of Indians near where Springfield now stands. Two men passing from one of the stations in the neighborhood of Bardstown to the Hardin settlement were fired upon and chased about two miles to Short Harry Hardin's settlement. Fortunately, John Davis and two other men were at Harry's when the two fugitives came tumbling in sight with the Indians close behind them. Harry and his friends appearing with rifles, the Indians became as anxious to see their friends as the two Bardstown men were to see theirs, and turned their faces without orders and took the back track with all speed possible. Harry Hardin told his wife to make her way to John Davis' house about one mile away and send runners to the other houses and give the alarm, then they dashed off in pursuit of the Indians, who had taken nearly a bee line to the west. Several times during the day the party got near enough to fire on them at long range and be fired on in turn. The Indians passed about two miles above Horse-Racer Mark Hardin's settlement. One of the pursuing party ran down the creek to Mark's and found Mark and four men at work on a cabin. These five grabbed their arms and joined in the chase. In the afternoon the party crossed the Rolling Fork of Salt River near where New Haven now stands. The course the Indians now took satisfied the party that they were making for their favorite crossing of the Ohio, where Brandenburg now stands. When night closed in on the party they were running a course that would take them some five or six miles above Elizabethtown and some ten or twelve miles below the settlement around where Bardstown now stands. When it grew too dark to follow the Indians the party halted for a consultation. They knew from the run the Indians were making that they would not fall short of the Wabash if they could help it; and if the pursuing party stopped them at all, now that the Indians had the night to dodge in, it must be done by reaching the river first. To do this they must travel all night. They had now traveled full thirty miles. Most of this distance had been made in a run. To get to the crossing they thought the Indians were making for, they must travel thirty-five or forty farther and it must be done in a few hours. To do this they determined to turn to the left and push for the Elizabethtown Station, there get horses and as many men as they could and get to the river by daylight and watch as many points as possible. They reached Elizabethtown and soon had over twenty men ready for the run to the river; but the run had to be made on foot, as but few horses fit for use were to be found at night, as they were out on the pastures. The party numbered over thirty men. They were divided into four or

five squads and assigned different points on the river. The men from Elizabethtown, being fresh, were sent to points farther off. The party from the Hardin settlement had now traveled forty miles. They were sent to the mouth of Salt River, it being the nearest point. The parties took the route for their point on the river allotted to each, and by the middle of next day the river was guarded for over fifty miles. For two days the watch was kept up, but no Indians appeared. The Indians played a sharp trick on them, for as soon as night set in they turned square to the left and pushed for the Cumberland River. They crossed Green River near where Munfordville now stands. This route was discovered and followed by a second party from Pleasant Run. The alarm was given from John Davis and by noon as many men as could be spared from the settlement took the trail and followed it till dark. They had crossed the Rolling Fork and were near twenty miles from Elizabethtown. They, when too dark to follow the trail, determined to go to the stations, expecting to hear there of the Indians and the party pursuing them. They got to the settlement a few hours after the parties had left, but they found a party about to start for the place where Davis and party had left the Indian trail, proposing to follow it, expecting that the Indians would discover that preparations had been made to head them off at the river, and would either change their course or hide in the barren brush till the hunt was over. The Pleasant Run party joined the Elizabethtown party and were on the ground at daylight. They found the spot described and after a little search found that the Indians had followed Davis and party nearly to Elizabethtown, showing that the Indians were fully aware of their movements. The Indian trail led the party to Green River, as I have told you. This was the only effort Indians ever made to take the lives of any of the settlers of Pleasant Run, only in defending themselves when their thieving parties would be pursued and attacked. I have followed the details of the alarm and pursuit as closely as my memory serves me, to show the endurance and determined natures of these hardy men and how hazardous it was for an enemy to disturb them in their cabins. Nothing worthy of note transpired during the rest of the year. The settlers succeeded in raising considerable corn and vegetables. Their living was greatly improved, and with their improvements in table comforts their health was improved, particularly the women and children. They had corn, but no mills to grind it. Here they found a way to overcome this difficulty. They made mortars and pounded their corn as fine as possible and the handy backwoods wives manufactured sifters and sifted the fine portions out, and of this they made bread, and what would not go through the sifter they boiled and made hominy. At the close of the year they were in as comfortable circumstances as it was possible to be in their isolated location. There was nothing in their reach to buy, even if they had anything to buy with. A new era opened to them with the year 1785. Quite a number of new settlers came with the opening of spring, several of them men of means to pay men to work for them in making improvements. This put money into circulation, a thing unknown in the colony up to this time. Besides the cash brought, they had a few cows and hogs. The increase of population was such that the old settlers reaped quite a harvest in the sale of seed corn and potatoes.

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The emigration to Kentucky this spring of 1785 was large but scattered over so large a territory that for defensive purposes and rapid improvement of the country, the additional numbers amounted to but very little. The Hardin settlement on Pleasant Run received quite a number of the Hardin family and their relatives, but the bulk of them soon scattered. Some went to Indian Bill's settlement, and some to the Harding settlement, in what is now Taylor County. Others were led off during the summer by their desire for adventure with exploring, hunting and war parties. Some of them were lost and others settled in different parts of the country. Among the new-comers of the family that settled on Pleasant Run was my grandfather, Jack Hardin. He, you will remember, left Kentucky in the spring after he and Martin Hardin had explored the Pleasant Run country and had gone back to Monongahela to meet this lost family. He had been at work during this interval like a galley slave to feed his family and accumulate something to return to Kentucky with. To be able to settle in Kentucky was his only thought after the wants of his family were provided for. In the fall of 1784 he was the proud owner of two hundred Spanish-milled dollars, one horse, two cows and a few horse-back loads of household plunder, a good new gun and a good supply of ammunition. He felt himself rich enough to accomplish the great desire of his life, to own a home in Kentucky. In the fall of 1784, he and his wife determined to risk their all again in trying to reach Kentucky. They, by terrible experience, knew the dangers of the road they had to travel to reach the land of their hopes. But they reckoned that because they had met with misfortune and defeat in 1780 there was no proof that they would not succeed in 1785. Jack Hardin set about making arrangements for a start early in the spring. First, he informed himself as to who was going down, and from these he recruited a company of fourteen men, about half of whom had families. He took none in his company but men that he knew to be of unflinching courage and the best of marksmen. They built a boat of sufficient capacity to carry all they had, of horses and cattle as well as tools and other plunder. They built the boat of unusual strength. In every part they doubled the timbers in the sides and ends to a thickness that no rifle or musket ball would go through. In this they cut port holes and arranged everything for managing the boat from the inside. In a word, they could navigate the boat and defend it in almost perfect security against any attack the Indians could make. Near the middle of March, 1784, the party -- men, women and children -- over thirty -- embarked and unloosed their boat to the current, whether for "weal or woe" they knew not. Of this party there were Jack Hardin, his wife and three children, viz., Robert, the son that was led off into captivity with his mother, March 20th, 1780; Mary, born in the Indian camp in the woods, on the Sandusky River, October, 1780; Nancy, an infant babe, who was afterwards the wife of Judge John Stephenson of Pennsylvania; John Hardin, known as Flathead, and his family (I don't know how many there were); Jonathan Harding and his family. It so happened whether by accident or design, I never heard explained, that the boat floated on the 20th of March, 1785, and at the same hour of the



day to the same spot on the river where the massacre and capture took place five years before. They anchored the boat and Jack Hardin, his wife and about half the party went ashore to take a look at the graves of the slain of the fatal 20th of March five years before. Jack Hardin led the party to the graves and pointed out each. The party erected rude stones with the initials of the name at each, then heaped up fresh earth on the graves. The mother watered the grave of brave little Stephen with her tears, then planted an evergreen at the head of his rude grave, took a long, farewell look and all went aboard. About the first of April the party landed safely at the Falls. After a few days rest the party packed their goods on horses and went through to Pleasant Run in safety. The trouble of packing their estates was not great, as Jack Hardin's estate was a fair sample of all the rest. The arrival of the party was celebrated by a season of feasting and frolicking from cabin to cabin for a week. Mrs. Hardin had to tell and retell her adventures over and over for days till all were conversant with the narrative of her captivity. There were but three of the party that settled here; the others scattered as I have stated. The reason of their dispersal was that the choice land on and around Pleasant Run had been located and occupied. The three that settled were Flathead John, who located on Beech Fork, just below the mouth of Pleasant Run; Jack Hardin selected his land on Cartwright Creek, two miles below Springfield, where the St. Rose Catholic Church now stands, and built his cabin about one hundred yards above where the mill now stands at a large spring on the bank of the creek; Milbourne Hogue settled near where Macksville now stands. I shall not attempt to follow the fortunes of but few of the settlers in future and will confine myself mainly to the career of my two grandfathers and some of the most prominent members of the Hardin family. To trace the tradition of all or half of them would be a life-time job, for there were none of them that were not busy from boyhood to old age in the wildest adventures of the times. Each of them participated in the revolution largely and never missed an opportunity of taking a hand with the Indians when it was possible for them to do so. Each of them left an unwritten history that, if it could be fully written, would fill several hundred pages. Jack Hardin, as I have said, established himself on Cartwright Creek. The Pleasant Run settlers turned out and helped him build his cabin and gave him a big lift in clearing a few acres of land around it. The spot is now occupied as the Catholic cemetery, a beautiful city of the dead, populated with the ashes of thousands of the descendants of the old pioneers, and was partly cleared by the men of the old Hardin family. Here the old people hoped to rest in peace and by their labor to enjoy plenty; but they were doomed to disappointment. The black cloud of misfortune that had hung over them, for so many years, again closed over them, for in the fall, I think it was in September, a strong marauding party of Wabash Indians penetrated the country by way of Salt River, doing considerable mischief along the river to the settlements around where Bardstown now stands and up to Pleasant Run. In their sweep through they struck Jack's clearing in the night, stole his horses and killed his two cows. They did not approach his cabin, and he knew nothing of their presence until morning, when his dead cows,



missing horses and Indian tracks told him who his guests were and knew that he had not been the only one that had been honored with a call from them, and that to take the war path was the first thing in order. Without waiting for breakfast he started with his family for Pleasant Run settlement, four miles off, to put them in as secure a place as possible, his wife carrying the baby and he carrying the next youngest and his gun. They reached Harry Hardin's and found his cabin was closed and the tracks of his family pointing towards John Davis'. They went on to the home of Davis and it, too, was shut up, and the trail of the combined families led Jack to Sam Paine's, near the mouth of Pleasant Run. Here he found the most of the settlement collected and getting ready for war. Soon all the women and children were collected at Paine's and a detail made of men least able to join in the pursuit to guard them. The pursuers took the trail of the Indians and followed it to the Ohio River at the mouth of Otter Creek, in Meade County, where the Indians had crossed and were in sight on the Indiana side, exulting and taunting the whites by riding the horses they had stolen from them around on the bank where they could see them. The Indians brandished their guns and yelled their war whoops. This was more than backwoods blood could stand without boiling over. A majority of the pursuing party, when they found the Indians on their own side of the river and ready to contest the crossing, were for abandoning the chase; but the bravadoes and insolence of the Indians warmed them to the fighting point and all were for crossing and exchanging lead with them. But stratagem must be used, for to cross on rafts, as they would have to do in the face of twelve or fifteen keen-eyed Indians, was almost certain death. They arranged that they would seem to give up all idea of further pursuit and go back the way they had come till well out of sight; then part of them go some miles down the river and out of sight and prepare light logs and vines for making rafts as soon as night set in; others would, part of them, hunt game for their suppers, the rest scatter along the river and watch the movements of the Indians as well as they could across the river. Each party betook themselves off to their allotted work. The watchers along the river bank soon saw that the Indians looked on the movements of the whites as a ruse and were sharply looking out to penetrate the design. The Indians scattered a long way up and down the river and were seen skulking from point to point till dark. That night, after satisfying their hunger, they went to work putting their rafts together. They built three, and nine men were allotted to each raft. The party from Pleasant Run was reinforced at different points along Salt River till their number, when they reached the Ohio, was twenty-seven. There were several men in the party that could not swim. These were put with several others on the rafts with rude oars to pull them while the best swimmers swam by the sides and behind and aided in pushing their crafts over. About midnight they landed and set about finding the Indians. But the wiley game was not so easily trapped. They hunted till daylight, but found nothing but their empty camps. When day came they found the trail the Indians had made, showing that they had left early in the night and were by this time well on their way to their dens on or beyond the Wabash. The party had to acknowledge

themselves beaten, and all they had left for them to do was to hunt their way back home again. They crossed back to the Kentucky shore that evening and camped for the night, cooler from their long bath in the river, if not wiser men. The party got home and gathered their wives and children back to their cabins, cursed the Indians for their good luck in getting away with their horses, and settled down hoping for a chance to wreck vengeance on them. Soon after this Jack Hardin was attacked violently with fevers, which held him prostrate for many months. All the assistance was given him by the others that was in their power. This amounted to shooting game and carrying it to his cabin. As for medicine, there was nothing of the sort in the country, nor a doctor. The women were the doctors. They had acquired a knowledge of roots, herbs and barks that they mastered, or thought they mastered, all diseases; at least they claimed that their "yerbs" cured every patient that got well. Those that died they said were incurable, or the "yerbs" would have cured them.

Jack lingered and lived in spite of fever and "yerbs" till late in the winter when he was moved on a horse litter to Mark Hardin's, on Hardin's Creek, where he remained until the next spring, 1786. When the spring opened he was too weak and feeble to perform any labor. All that he could do was to sit about in the woods and shoot deer and turkeys that would walk within reach of his gun. This spring of 1786, it may be said, was the completion of the Hardin settlement on Pleasant Run. This year, Col. John Hardin and the branches of his family settled permanently on their lands. Marshall, Collins and other histories of Kentucky have such full and complete sketches of these families that I will not attempt any further sketch of them, having already told the part they took in exploring, locating and making the first settlement. The arrival of these families was a source of much strength to the colony in every respect. They brought considerable money and property with them. With this means they were able and willing to help and strengthen the weak. But the greatest strength of all was Col. John Hardin. He was the recognized head of the family. To him they looked for advice and counsel. He was the man they looked to as their leader in their warfare with the Indians. They would follow him wherever he would dare to lead, and he would lead where any man would dare to follow. He was the only man living that could govern and control the larger portion of the Hardin race. He was the only man the mass of them ever acknowledged or obeyed as their superior. His coming to stay gave new life to the settlement. New life, new energy and enterprise sprang up, not only with the Hardins and their relatives, but all partook. Churches, roads, schools, mills, etc., were planned and put in existence. Things began to take shape all around. A head that governed all things was located among them, and that head was Col. John Hardin. I have said the above of Col. John not from my own knowledge of him, for he was killed twenty years before I was born. I am telling in substance what I have heard the old men and women that knew him say hundreds of times of him.

During this year, my grandfather, Jack Hardin, made a permanent settlement on Pleasant Run. He, like all the rest of the family, looked to Col. John for advice. He was again in utter destitution. The little money and property he had gotten through to Kentucky with was all gone. His arms, wife and three children were all that was left to him. He turned to Col. John to find a way for him to live when he could find none for himself. He was not disappointed, for soon Col. John arranged for his location. Gen. Matthew Walton had a survey of one hundred and sixty acres on Pleasant Run lying between Mrs. Robertson and Samuel Paine. This tract John saw was the place for Jack. It placed him nearly in the center of the family settlement. The Colonel saw Walton and bought this land for Jack Hardin. The terms he made were that Jack was to pay Walton \$100.00 without interest. He was to pay it in any way he could and when he could. Walton bound himself to take from Jack any kind of trade that he might offer at its cash value when brought to him. Money was not expected, but if offered would be received, Walton to retain a lien on the land till paid for. But the most singular part of the trade was that Jack's note to Walton had no day of maturity. It was to run till Jack was ready to pay it off. The Colonel used to say the reason he slipped in the latter clause was that he expected Gen. Walton to be killed in some of the Indian raids, and knowing that Jack had no money or means of paying till it was made, and he wanted Jack protected against Walton's representatives. As soon as this trade was closed the men and women of the settlement turned out enmass, as was the custom at that day, felled trees and by night had a cabin built and ready for "warming up," as they called it. This "warming up" meant a free backwoods dance, a night's feasting, frolicking and general hilarity. When this frolic was over Jack and family were duly installed as housekeepers and a part of the colony. The women took part in all these cabin buildings and arranged things for housekeeping. They cooked and prepared provisions for the day and night's feasting on the ground at or near the spring. No cabin was ever built in early times unless it stood near a good spring. Other conveniences or inconveniences must and could be dispensed with or endured, but a good spring they must have and their cabin built as close to it as possible. The women each brought to this cabin building something as a present or loan to grandmother to aid her in furnishing her house, for Jack had nothing to put in his house but his wife and three children. Thus, it was that this old pair was finally settled in Kentucky. They had reached the goal of their desire. They were in a cabin on Kentucky soil in the midst of friends who, most of them, had suffered misfortune, hardship, confusion and dangers that seemed incredible on their account. The misfortunes of Jack Hardin and his friends on the 20th of March, 1780, was the cause of all the confusion that the family passed through for three years. Then the trouble Jack fell into with General George Rogers Clark at the Falls was the means of leading the family together out of the wilderness of confusion they were in and settling them where they spent the rest of their lives in peace and plenty. In getting to Kentucky, Jack Hardin had literally waded through blood. His wife had passed through a hell on earth; but few women, if any, ever passed through such terrible ordeals as she did, and but few women would have

had the nerve to a second time face the dangers she had passed through to reach Kentucky or any other country. But knowing all the risks, all the privations, had they been able to bring money and property with them, which lay before new settlers, she had the courage to brave all in utter poverty, knowing that if they succeeded in reaching Kentucky they would have nothing but themselves and that they were liable to be killed by Indians at any hour. They were now settled, but the cabin they were in was not theirs until the land it stood on was paid for. How was this to be done? A full year must elapse before they could gather anything from the earth. Their cabin was walled in by forest trees that must be cleared away before seed could be planted, and when cleared they had no horse to plow the ground with. The larger portion of their neighbors were as poor as they, and had no horses to loan them. Then again, Jack Hardin had but little time to devote to clearing. He had to hunt game to feed his family and furnish skins for their clothing and bedding. He had to help his neighbors build houses and roll logs. He had to join all the war parties that were formed to repel the Indians and pursue them into their own country to recover stolen horses and chastise them for their impudence. All these things combined made farming go on very slowly. But he, like all the rest, accepted the situation willingly. He was no exception to all the other settlers. They, one and all, met and overcame every obstacle that presented itself.

The Spring of 1787, Jack Hardin had about five acres of land cleared and ready for the plow, but he had neither horse nor plow to work with. In the midst of this dilemma his old friend and crony, Mordecai Lincoln, called in at his cabin to spend a few days with him. Lincoln was a smart, shrewd fellow and as brave as he was shrewd. He listened to Jack's grievances and in a moment had a plan formed to provide for his necessity. It was that they go to the Indian country, there get Little John Hardin with them and capture as many horses as they could get away with. They did not put it on the footing of stealing. If they could get their hands on a horse in the Indian country they would capture him. I have sometimes thought the Yankees must have caught the idea of capturing property from our gallant forefathers. Lincoln's idea was no new one, for it was often practiced by the early settlers. Jack closed in at once with Lincoln's proposal. He put his family at Samuel Paine's and he and Lincoln "cut out". On their arrival at Hardinsburg they found Little John, who was more than willing to join them. He had scouted the country between the Ohio and Wabash rivers, knew exactly how to get in and out of it. Indian Bill at first refused to let them cross, for the reason that they would stir up the Indians and bring them across to make a raid on his settlement. He did not want a row with them at this season of the year, as his men were all busy preparing for their crops. But after talking the matter over, Jack's great necessity coupled with John's entreaties, Bill consented. They hastened off for fear Bill might change his notion, for they found a number of Bill's men violently opposed to their going. They feared it would bring on war at a season they could not spare the time to fight them. John led the way to the river a few miles below the mouth of Clover Creek, where he had a canoe buried in



the sand. This canoe was one John had prepared for his own use and was too small and light to carry more than one man. He had trimmed it out so thin and light that he could carry it on his back and bury it when he pleased. They unearthed John's boat, stowed their arms in it with John to paddle. Lincoln and Jack went in tow, resting one hand on the canoe and swimming with the other. In this way they crossed. The canoe was securely hidden and the party took the war path led by John. They reached the path before they saw any signs. On the banks of this stream they found tracks of several horses. They followed them till night up the stream. When too dark to track them, John's knowledge of the country and the Indian camping grounds enabled them to go forward. John was certain he could find them in a few hours, which he did. Towards midnight they saw their fires in a sheltered place on the bank of the stream. The first thing they did was to find the horses. This was soon done; the horses were hobbled and turned loose on the brush. They secured four of them about a mile from the camp, then John must have some fun with the sleeping Indians, which his two companions were as willing to take a hand in as he.

They got back and found the camp all quiet. They crept up near enough to see where the Indian's arms were; then they arranged that they fire on them, dash in and grab the guns, thus disarming the Indians. All was ready. They fired on them, dashed in among them, yelling like fiends, knocking down several with their gun barrels. The fury of the attack, wholly unexpected by the sleeping Indians, threw them into such a panic that they thought of nothing but getting away with all speed possible. Like a flash the camp was cleared of its sleeping occupants. The attacking party was raging and yelling after them through the woods. The victors came off with five rifles and four horses; they got back safe across the Ohio River with the help of John's canoe. At Hardinsburg they parceled out the captured property. Jack Hardin and Lincoln took three horses and two rifles. John took one horse and three rifles. On their return home Lincoln presented Jack his half of the odd horse. Jack was now rich. His horse proved to be a good one, working well and kindly. He borrowed a plow and in a few days had his patch plowed and planted. After his crop was planted he had no use for more than one horse, and the idea of keeping a spare horse when he was in debt for the land his cabin stood on, he thought bad policy. He made haste to Gen. Walton's with one of them and made his first payment of \$50.00 with him. The rest of his land debt was paid in the next three years in dressed bear and deer skins in part and flax and tow linen spun and woven by my grandmother, Mollie Hardin. This is the way the foundation of the old homestead was paid for. It was doubled in size by Jack Hardin. At his death in 1818 it passed into the hands of my father Mordecai Hardin. He enlarged it to near 600 acres. At his death in 1860 it was sold for division among heirs, and the old home passed into the hands of strangers to the family after seventy-four years' occupancy by my grandfather and father. I love the old place and were it in my power I would restore it to the family and fasten it through all succeeding generations. Here rest the

ashes of my grandfather, grandmother, my father, mother, brothers, sisters, wife and two sons. In the old original cabin my father was born. On these broad fields he spent his days and reared his family. In a cabin built by my Uncle Robert Hardin in 1792, I was born. Here my early life was passed in the midst of a happy family, surrounded by old family relatives and friends. But I must away from this train of thought. It saddens me.

All things prospered with the new settlers. Their crops, though small, were abundant for their wants. But in the latter part of the fall the Indians raided the settlement and stole most of their horses. Jack Hardin lost his hard-earned one he had captured from the Indians in the spring and he was again afoot. The Indians had played their game in the night and were off before the whites were aware of their presence. But though they had robbed the Hardin settlement, their plan had been so badly laid that they arranged for their own ruin. They robbed the settlement around Bardstown the same night and the alarm was spread from there to the settlements along Salt River to Elizabethtown and Hardinsburg and the country from Pleasant Run to the Ohio River was in a few hours swarming with armed men that knew no fear nor cared for any pedigree. These old settlers can well be compared to a hornet's nest rudely shaken, the moment they heard the cry of Indians they sprang to arms and stopped for nothing till their hated foe was destroyed or chased out of the country. As soon as the loss of their horses was known and Indian tracks seen the men of Pleasant Run shouldered their rifles, and as if by attraction hastened to Col. John Hardin's. They by common consent looked to him to lead them in pursuit of the robbers. All the horses that the Indians failed to get were gathered together and some eight or ten men mounted. Col. John took command of the party and pushed off on the trail, directing those that had no horses to follow on foot as fast as they could. The women and children were to be gathered at his house under the protection of a few disabled men. In a few hours these men that yesterday were quietly resting with their wives and children, were today tearing through the woods like infuriated tigers in quest of their prey. But before them were the men of the lower settlement, equally fierce in their pursuit. These men overhauled the Indians on Otter Creek, in the upper part of Meade County, and dispersed them, capturing two horses. The Indians were in two parties. The party that had robbed the Hardin settlement was met by a party from Mark Hardin's, headed by him, and a lively skirmish took place below Rolling Fork, in the edge of Larue County. The report of the guns reached the ears of a scouting party from Elizabethtown. These men, unexpectedly to both parties, took in the rear, stampeding them. Instantly the Indians jumped from their horses and scattered in the brush. Mark Hardin, detailed a few of the men to catch the horses. Then uniting with the Elizabethtown men, he spread out his men in skirmish line and pushed in pursuit. A most exciting chase ensued for some miles and a number of desperate hand-to-hand fights took place. Night stopped the affray and the Indians were lost sight of till next day, when a few of them were run down near the Ohio. The old

people thought that full twenty of them never crossed the Ohio. Their horses were all recovered. The Hardins all got back home and were well pleased with the pursuit the Indians had received and the fun they had had in the "big frolic" with them, as they called it. I had hoped to close with this number, but as I unroll in memory the events of the times, aided by my old scrap-book, I see I have much yet to write that I ought not allow lost, as I want to leave these things as a keepsake to my children and relatives.

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The year of 1787 closed quietly and plentifully over the new settlers. They had raised corn abundantly to supply their wants for bread. The woods furnished in a great variety the finest of meats, as well as skins for clothing and bedding. Cattle and hogs had found their way into the county in sufficient numbers to insure in a few years an abundant stock of these animals. On the whole the colony was strong and prosperous. The people were as brave and energetic in felling trees and clearing land as they were in warfare with Indians. The spring of 1788 opened propitiously on them. They had no calls from home to engage in their favorite amusement, Indian hunting. They spent the winter, all the time they could spare from hunting and frolicking, in clearing their farms and building cabins. Nothing worthy of note occurred during the year. There was no disturbance by the Indians except a few horses were stolen by the southern Indians. This year of peace was the first rest from war the settlers had enjoyed since they had occupied the country. But this quiet was broken with the putting out of the leaves in the spring of 1789, when the Indians swept over a number of the settlements. They struck the Hardin settlement and robbed it of nearly all the horses the settlers had. Some few that had strayed off in the range escaped the hands of the Indians. As soon as the robbery was discovered the settlers rushed enmass to Col. John's, but he had fared as bad as any of them. The robbers had got all he had. He proposed to them that as no horses were left for them to follow on, they at once take the trail on foot. There was a chance to overtake them at the Ohio before they could effect a crossing. He would lead if the rest would follow. The proposition was accepted and they took the trail led by Col. John. That night they reached the station at Elizabethtown. Here some twelve or fifteen horses were obtained and as many men mounted. Col. John led these men for the river without stopping longer than was necessary to catch the horses, directing the rest of his men and some recruits that had joined them at Elizabethtown to follow as fast as possible. Such was the endurance of these hardy men that they travelled from their homes to the Ohio River below where Brandenburg now stands, a distance of over eighty miles, in thirty hours, eating one meal at Elizabethtown and resting none at all on the way. Their long walk was all for nothing, for when they reached the river the

Indians, horses and all were safe on the other side. Col. John, when his tired men all got together, ordered a camp and took some of the best marksmen with him to the woods to shoot game to feed his tired, hungry and swearing men. Here they rested for a day and then tramped back to their homes. Col. John had some little difficulty in controlling his unruly troop. The mass of them were for crossing the river and following the Indians to their dens, shoot all they could of them and gather all the horses possible. Some of them swore they would never darken their cabin doors again unless they could carry back with them an Indian scalp or a good horse. But finally Col. John quieted them and got them to agree to go home by promising them that he would as soon as possible organize a large and well mounted force and lead it into the Indian country on the Wabash, when he hoped to strike such blows and display a force that would deter the Indians from ever molesting them again. The confidence they had that John would do all that he promised, led them back home. True to his promise made to these wild men on the banks of the Ohio, as soon as he got home he set about organizing his force for the invasion. All the men in the Pleasant Run settlement enrolled themselves, near forty, and were clamorous to be led on at once, thinking and saying that they were enough to face all the Indians on the Wabash. But fortunately for John, he was at this time appointed County Lieutenant, with the rank of Colonel, which gave him the command of the militia of the country. He was now clothed with the authority to call out as many men as he deemed necessary and strike with them where he thought best. He made his arrangements to move with two hundred men, well armed and mounted, as soon as possible after the men had completed their crops. About August he made the move with his two hundred men, and with him all the Hardin race and connections that were in Kentucky except Indian Bill and his. He crossed the Ohio at Louisville and went over the country to the head branches of the Wabash. Indians fled before them, carrying everything they could with them. He divided his little army into four squads and swept over a wide breadth of country, destroying all the huts and truck patches of corn, pumpkins and potatoes until he had marched about a day beyond White River and some distance to the left of Indianapolis, when his advance scouts discovered several parties of Indians in bunches of from ten to thirty, maneuvering as spies and scouts. He ordered his scouts to lead him the shortest route to the largest band. He succeeded in finding their encampment and charged on them before the Indians were aware of their approach. The Indians were routed so quickly that they left everything in the hands of the victors. They left all their arms except their knives that they carried in their belts. Between thirty and forty horses and as many rifles were captured. Among the horses there were six or eight that were stolen from the Pleasant Run settlement in the spring; three of them were Col. John's. The Indians lost ten, in killed and wounded, that fell into Col. John's hands. The whites had a few slightly wounded with cuts from knives in hand-to-hand fights that took place in the pursuit. Soon after this affair his force was united. He crossed the Wabash and marched several days toward the Illinois River. He could not find any body of Indians but squads of squaws and children fleeing for life. These he left unharmed, except to take from them the horses that were often found with them.



He deemed it unsafe to press farther, as he was now near two hundred miles in the enemy's country. He bore to the left and swept the country back between Vincennes and his route out. They laid waste everything as they went. Not a hut, corn or bean patch in a belt of a hundred miles long and fifty miles wide in the Indian country proper. Aside from Col. John's fight, parties had a number of small affairs, and a number of Indians were killed. In a short campaign, Col. John enabled settlers to restock themselves with horses and strike a stunning blow to the Indians. The captured horses were, a large majority of them, the ones that had been stolen from the settlements on Salt River and Pleasant Run, showing that the Colonel had struck the identical Indians that had been so long depredating on them, and ruined them so effectually that they never crossed the river afterwards. For no Indians ever molested these settlements any more. Among the captured horses, Col. John recovered three of his. Jack Hardin had got back the one that was stolen from him in the spring, and was fortunate enough to get his hands on a large, well-formed black mare that proved to be very valuable to him and his family. From her he started a race of horses that for longevity and durability was not surpassed by any stock of Kentucky. The blood of the old Wabash mare lived on the old homestead down to the death of my father in 1860, and still lives in Washington County. From this time forward the family was able to devote nearly all their time to improving their land, raising crops and stock. They were seldom called from their homes. They were nearing the end of their career of warfare and were fast transforming themselves from fierce warriors to peaceful, industrious husbandmen. They were as energetic in the vocation of domestic life as they had been fierce and untiring on the war path. They being the oldest settlers and having something to spare, found a ready market for all they had to sell.

But their entire rest from arms and bloodshed had not yet come, for in the midst of their quiet the cry of war was again heard through their settlement. Gen. St. Claire was ordered to raise a force and invade the Indian country of the lakes and crush their power to do any more mischief to the frontier settlements. Col. John Hardin, being County Lieutenant, was called on to raise his quota of men and join the expedition, but unfortunately, he was crippled at the time and unable to move only on crutches. The deadly hatred the Hardin family cherished towards the Indians brought out every man of them that could possibly leave their cabins. But who was to lead them? Col. John could not and they would not be led by any other man. They assembled at Col. John's cabin and a long talk was held. The Colonel tried every means to get them officered and organized, but to no purpose. None would agree to lead or to be led, but go they would, and must have a hand in the campaign which promised, as they thought, a rich harvest of revenge. The Colonel had exhausted all his persuasive powers and could do nothing better than agree to use his influence with Gen. St. Claire to allow them to join the expedition as Independents, and that they be allowed to act as advance scouts, free to go where they pleased. They were pleased with this arrangement, and if St. Claire would take them on these terms they were heartily in favor of going; if not, they could come back home. The Colonel knew that no better men

could be found on the face of the earth for the service they proposed engaging in than they. He readily recommended them to Gen. St. Claire. A number of them had been in and through the country in former excursions and were well acquainted with it. Some thirty-odd of them were recruited by St. Claire on the terms above, except that St. Claire's orders were that they be supplied by the commissary with all they needed in making up their outfit. In this unfortunate expedition these men had many adventures and narrow escapes. I shall not attempt to narrate any of them but a brief sketch of their desperate struggle in getting away with their lives from the battlefield. As this miserably managed expedition is a matter of history and better told than I can tell it, I will pass over the whole down to St. Claire's final defeat. After a day's terrible fighting night closed over a remnant of St. Claire's brave little army that had escaped the frightful massacre. Among the few survivors were my two grandfathers, Jack Hardin and Thomas Harding. They with ten others of their company, late in the evening when all semblance of order was lost, took shelter in a clump of fallen timbers and defended themselves till it was too dark to see a foe or to be seen by one. They were all experienced soldiers and knew that St. Claire was hopelessly ruined, and that all that could not escape the wall of Indians that surrounded them that night would be massacred as certain as the light of another day came on them. They determined to go out of the ring at all hazards. The first step they took was to secure a good horse apiece. This they easily did, as quite a number of riderless ones were loose within the wall of Indians. About the middle of the night their preparations were completed. They had selected the point they proposed breaking through, and each understood his ground. Slinging their rifles to their backs, their butcher knives in their teeth and their tomahawks in their hands, they started on this fearful run for their lives. As soon as they began to move the Indians saw and heard them. The nearest ones commenced firing on them and yelling. As the party were running their horses at full speed, they got clear out of the way of the first Indians they met; but the alarm these had given called the red demons to swarm in front of them from every direction. Soon they were completely enveloped with a howling mass, firing their guns, striking and hacking with their hatchets, clubs, and gun barrels. In the midst of this unearthly and horrid din, several of their horses were killed and the riders fell with them in the midst of the howling mob. Among these was my grandfather, Thomas Harding. Fortunately for him, he was between Daniel Paine and Jack Hardin when his horse fell, and at this moment their horses were checked by the Indians in front of them. The two desperate riders were hewing themselves a road through the Indians with their tomahawks. Harding in a moment was on his feet, and, seeing his chance, leaped on behind Paine, unslung his gun and fired it in the face of an Indian that was in front of Paine's horse. The terrible din and the wounds the horses had received rendered them frantic with terror. They plunged forward with such wild fury that they bore down everything before them. This struggle lasted for over a mile before the party was free from their immediate presence. Paine's horse had done his last; he lived just long enough to carry his two riders out of immediate danger, when he fell from wounds

he had received in the desperate charge. Jack Hardin's horse was badly hurt with cuts from hatchets, and could not go much farther. Harding and Paine were both wounded in several places, but not seriously. In this forlorn condition these three men stood over two hundred miles from their homes, with several thousand blood-thirsty savages in hearing of them, that with the dawn of day would spread over the country like locusts and spare none that were so unfortunate as to fall into their hands. When Paine's horse fell the party was for the moment clear of the Indians. But it was only a pause of the storm, for they had but a few moments to think till the howling, dusky forms of hundreds of the savages were coming down on them. Jack Hardin's horse was a poor one at best, and was badly hurt, and there was no hope of any assistance from him. Paine and Harding were both wounded and bleeding, but not disabled. Their plan was quickly laid, to abandon the horses, take their chances together and fight their way through anything that opposed them. Several Indians were in sight and coming on them at a full run. They emptied their rifles on the nearest of them and took to their heels, and with the help of the darkness they were soon clear of their bloody pursuers. At daylight they thought they were full twenty miles from the battle ground. But with the light came swarms of Indians in scouting parties, mounted and in search of stragglers like themselves. These they must avoid if possible. To add to their trouble, Harding and Paine's wounds had by this time become so sore and swollen that it was not possible for them to make any very active exertion. To find some safe retreat was their only hope. This they found in a ravine they chanced to find. They crept under its shelving banks through the water till they found a clump of bushes overrun with vines and tall grass. In this place they spent the day. Several times during the day they heard parties of Indians pass their place of concealment. When night came on they crawled out of their hiding places and resumed their weary tramp towards their homes, but their progress was slow, for the wounds of Harding and Paine by this time had nearly put them past walking. That night they made but little progress, not more than twelve or fifteen miles. At daylight they again sought a hiding place. The party was suffering for something to eat; they had been very short before the fatal battle took place, and since they had nothing but a few scraps they chanced to have in their pockets, this scant supply was gone and something must be done. In the evening Jack Hardin ventured out to hunt some game to supply their wants. He soon succeeded in shooting a turkey and commenced reloading his rifle when he was fired upon by three Indians, doing him no injury except tearing away a part of his hunting shirt. His gun being empty and three Indians running upon him, there was nothing for him to do but outrun them till he could get some advantage of them. Hungry as he was he left his turkey and took to his heels. The race for some time was about even, but he saw a gap was opening among the Indians. Two of them were falling back gradually.

The leading buck seemed to have both the speed and bottom. Jack saw that this was the one he had to deal with. He was a powerful fellow, and he had some doubts about tackling him in a hand-to-hand combat. He com-

menced loading his gun as he went, and after a time got a ball in it loose, but could not risk this load at any long distance, so he slackened his speed and allowed the Indian to run up to within some twenty yards of him, wheeled and presented his gun. The Indian was taken by surprise and came to a sudden halt, which gave Jack a fair fire and he let him have it square in the breast and tumbled him to the ground. The other two were some fifty yards behind, evidently badly tired out, when the big buck fell. These fellows stopped and went to work loading their guns. Jack seeing this, took to his scrapers again and soon by some unevenness of the land got out of sight of them. He could now have things pretty much his own way. As soon as he was far enough out of sight to ensure safety, he wheeled into a hiding place and loaded his gun. Here he lay in ambush waiting for his foes to show themselves till night; but no Indians presented themselves to receive the ball. What became of the Indians he never knew. When night came on he went cautiously back to where he had left Harding and Paine. He found the camp empty. He called them by the signal used for night rallying, but got no reply. He groped his way about for several hours hunting for some signs of them, but no trace of them was to be found. He next took the course they would travel towards home, hoping to overtake them. He traveled all night, but saw nothing of them. What had become of them he could only guess. He determined to push forward as fast as possible for the Falls, judging that Harding and Paine were still alive, and, if so, he knew they were able to take care of themselves. Hardin reached the Falls without any accident. There he found a number of stragglers from St. Claire's ill-fated expedition, among them being Stephen Harding, a brother of Thomas Harding, and several men from Pleasant Run. When Jack told them how he had got separated from Harding and Paine and the circumstances they were in, the men demanded, one and all, that Jack lead them back in search of them. This he readily consented to do, and a party of eight was formed and crossed the river that night. The next day they met Paine following Jack's trail in. He and Harding, when they heard the Indians shooting at Jack, seized their guns and started to his assistance. But they had got but a short distance from their hiding place when they ran in full view of a party of mounted Indians who were driving in full speed in the direction of the firing on Jack. The Indians, the moment they saw them, wheeled and dashed at them. They were on a swampy and rather brushy piece of ground difficult for horses to get through. They availed themselves of this at once by getting into the thickest place within their reach. The Indians, seeing the advantage the two men had, dismounted, all but two, and spread out as if they were going to surround them. Availing themselves of the brush as much as possible to hide their movements, the two men began a brisk retreat. In doing this they got separated and Paine saw no more of Harding. Paine skulked about all night in hopes of falling in with the others, but heard nothing of them. And he, too, struck for the Falls. When Paine finished his story he volunteered to go back with the party on the hunt for Harding. That night soon after dark they were hailed by Harding. He was exhausted and had lain down under a fallen tree by the side of the trail to spend the night. Harding, after he and Paine got separated, unfortunately ran into an open glade and several



Indians saw him and gave notice to others, and soon the whole pack was after him. His limbs being stiff and sore from his wounds, and he weak from hunger, it was all he could do for several miles to keep out of their way. But as he warmed up his speed increased till he gained distance enough to give him room to plan. His pursuers were scattered and offered him some good openings to shoot some of them. He was some eighty or one hundred yards ahead of them, so far off that the Indians had not thought worth while to shoot at him. He began to cast about as he ran for a place to ambush. This he found in a sharp ridge, the sides thickly covered with brush and fallen timber. Finding himself out of their sight, he dropped behind an old root and where he could see back some fifty yards. He did not more than get ready for them when two of them came foaming in view. He stopped one of them instantly. The other bounded back with a yell when he saw his companion fall. Soon four or five were howling a round the one down.

Harding could not wait to see what they were at, as his gun was empty and he was liable to be shot at any minute. He dashed off in the bushes and concealed himself. Hardly was he out of sight when the Indians went tearing through the brush in the direction they thought he had gone. As soon as he saw them well past him, he moved back a few hundred yards, parallel with the route he had come, and lay down to rest and watch. Towards night he heard the Indians in a pow-wow over the fallen one, but saw no more of them. When darkness rendered it safe for him to move, he, too, went in search of his companions; finding none after spending most of the night, he bore off a few miles and lay down to sleep. The next day, as he was cautiously working his way toward home, he came across a boy about fifteen years old that had gone out with St. Claire and by some good fortune had escaped the massacre and had got this far on his way home. The boy was starving and Harding had nothing to give him. The boy was the son of a widow who lived on the Kentucky River. His father had been killed by Indians a few year before. The little fellow had been dodging the Indians through the woods since the battle and was working his way towards home. He had not eaten a mouthful for four days. Harding dared not fire his gun to kill game, for the report was sure to bring Indians on him. His own situation was bad enough before he found the boy. His bruises and cuts were very sore and much swollen, and he, too, was starving. With the starving boy to get along with him added largely to his dangers and must impede his progress toward home, but leave him he would not, let the consequences be what they might. He would stick to the boy and save him if possible. Fortune favored them in finding food. A few hours after he fell in with the boy he saw signs of Indians who had been running over the soft ground. He took the trail and followed it to try to learn what they had been after. Soon he discovered a dead man that had been killed and scalped, apparently, the day before. A coon was feasting on the dead man's flesh and had so gorged itself that he and the boy easily caught and killed it. On this coon he fed the boy and saved his life. Though starving himself, I have often heard him say that he could not put a piece of the coon to his mouth. The thoughts of the

repast he had seen the coon taking rendered the meat obnoxious to him. He, when his friends found him, was nearly past traveling from hunger and the inflamed state of his wounds. Of the Pleasant Run party all the Hardins got back to their home completely used up. They straggled in by ones and twos, nearly all of them battered, hacked and shot. Half of them came in without their arms, horses or clothing. In their desperate effort to outrun the Indians they had been compelled to throw away everything that encumbered them. For the first time in their lives they were compelled to acknowledge themselves badly, very badly whipped. Till now they had never felt themselves humbled and disgraced. None of them ever liked to hear St. Claire's name mentioned. I have often amused myself by introducing the subject, in order to check their flow of spirits and talk and see the cloud that would gather over their wrinkled faces. Language that is not often heard from the pulpit was heard from their lips. Short Harry was the most violent of them all. He would fly into a rage if any of the young brood (as he called the younger members of the family) dared mention St. Claire in his presence. Harry had fought many hard battles and had received two honorable wounds while he served with Morgan's famous Riflemen in the Continental Army; these wounds he was fond of boasting of, and often displayed the scars, but he had one that he got at St. Claire's defeat that he never spoke of. He was running manfully when he got a ball planted in his back which he carried to his grave. It was at the risk to raise a furious storm to mention this. I have often tried it and always had to run to escape his cane and tongue.

From this up to the death of Col. John Hardin nothing worthy of note took place. The fall of Col. John was the heaviest blow that fell on the family through all their struggles. Nothing ever cast such gloom and sorrow over the family. In the latter part of 1791, news spread through the Pleasant Run settlement that the government was seeking to bring about a treaty with the Indian tribes of the Scioto, Miami and the Lakes, and was casting around for a man suitable in point of knowledge of Indians, courage to go into their country, and sagacity to induce them to listen to friendly overtures of peace, and induce them to collect their chiefs in council for settling the differences between the two races and quit shedding each other's blood, and that Gen. Wilkerson had recommended the government to appoint Col. John Hardin as the envoy. He, in Wilkerson's judgment, was the man possessing all the qualifications the government desired. This news threw the settlement in quite a ferment. Col. John was pressed to say what course he would take in case he was called on to take this terrible risk of his life in trying to execute the wishes of the government. He frankly admitted that he felt that he would throw his life away to no purpose, but that it was his duty to disregard all personal dangers and obey the call of his government and effect the object desired, if possible. Soon the settlers knew that the call had been made and that he had accepted the perilous mission.

A gathering was called and the whole mass assembled at John Davis' and unanimously resolved that Col. John should not go in the capacity proposed,

but if go he must, their plan was that he be escorted by a sufficient force of well-armed frontiersmen to insure his safety and coerce the Indians if necessary. The idea of his going alone among these tribes looked to them as suicidal and unreasonable. They felt that Col. John was certainly lost to his family, the settlement and the country at large if he obeyed the order. They waited on him enmasse and besought him to reconsider and recall his consent in the terms he had given it and offer to go if the government would allow him to select an escort such as he deemed safe and prudent to enter the Indian country with. They urged him to this course, pledged themselves unanimously to be the escort or a part of it. They called to his mind his knowledge of the treacherous and fickle nature of the Indians. And as another, and one of the strongest reasons why he should not go, was his name, as it was well known that the Indians had a deadly hatred of all who bore the name of Hardin. They knew him and knew that he had often been the big chief that led war parties, that had done them great mischief. His raid on the Wabash tribe was fresh in their minds. The names of Indian Bill, Mark, Little John, Long Harry, Jack Hardin and a host of others of the name were impressed on their memory in a way that made them thirst for the blood of all the race. They argued that, for the above reason, if he escaped with his life he could not effect anything. The hatred of the name he bore would be a bar to any terms of peace. But they had no hope that if he went alone of ever seeing him return; for, they urged, as soon as his name was known and he in their power his fate was sealed. To all this Col. John mainly agreed. He freely admitted that the risk was great and that he felt that he was throwing away his life without any equivalent to the country in return; that to take an armed escort would be taken by the Indians as an act of war and not of peace; that to impress the Indians with the idea that the government wanted peace, he must go alone and put himself wholly in their power. In answer to the proposition to recall his acceptance he answered that he could not; that he was a soldier and belonged to his country and must and would go where his government ordered, and do, or attempt to do, whatever he was ordered without regard to personal considerations. He expressed great regret that the lot had fallen on him for many reasons, but he would go as ordered. When Col. John announced his purpose as above, his kindred and neighbors knew that the die was cast. He was going, as they believed, never to return. A great sorrow and gloom spread over the family and settlement. The man they loved and venerated above any other on earth; the man whose courage and skill had led them safely through many dangers; the man whose sound sense and good judgment had, a few years before, collected and led the broken and confused family to their homes on the rich lands of Pleasant Run, surveyed and secured their titles, surveyed roads and aided in everything that would advance the interests of the family, must lay down his useful life in obedience to an order of his government in attempting to perform a duty they thought useless, to say the least of it. They were too well posted in Indian logic to believe for a moment that they would regard or be bound by any treaty or agreement longer than they had an opportunity to violate it. Their idea of treating with

Indians was through the medium of powder and lead. Shoot him down and he would ever after keep his peace. This was the logic of the old men and the only true one of solving the Indian problem. The black year of 1792, as the old people called it, the year of Col. John's murder, was a year of uneasiness and doubt that unsettled all business. Their crops were neglected, all merry-making and frolicking was suspended. They passed from cabin to cabin discussing the probabilities of Col. John's fate. At long intervals news would come from him. A few letters from him reached the family. Now and then rumors of him would get afloat; whether true or false, they were greedily taken up and passed from house to house. The last positive news of him came to his wife in the fall written by himself. The fall passed and winter came, but no more tidings of Col. John. Messengers were sent to the Falls, but could learn nothing. As winter deepened many rumors reached his friends; one of them that he had been burned at the stake; another, that he was held a captive and a ransom asked for his liberation; and another, that he had been murdered while in an Indian camp, the latter being true, as it turned out that he was killed while in camp where the town of Hardin now stands, in Shelby County, Ohio. These rumors went to the hearts of his family and friends like daggers. The torture of suspense was most crushing on his wife and children. At last the sad tale was told. After long months of waiting the truth came that Col. John was killed in December. None were surprised, for all were expecting to hear of the sad tale from the first that his life was uselessly thrown away.

From the departure of Col. John up to the spring of this year, 1793, when the certainty of his fate was known, the Hardin race had virtually given themselves over to gloomy forebodings. They were like a ship at sea without a rudder. They looked to Col. John for advice and counsel in everything. They looked to him as their leader in case of Indian raids. In a word, Col. John was the only man that the great mass of them ever acknowledged as their superior or leader. No other man could control them as soldiers and get them to obey orders further than suited their ideas of warfare. They had implicit confidence in everything he said or did, and would, as they often said, risk their lives in obeying his orders without a moment's thought or hesitation. When the full facts of his cruel murder were known, it was like uncovering a smouldering fire. The fury of old hatred to these Indians broke loose afresh. This last stroke, in their estimation the hardest of all, coupled with their defeat, and, as they felt, their disgrace in St. Claire's miserably managed campaign and still back through the years to 1780, they had many causes for hatred and old scores to settle up with these Indians.

All thought of clearing land and planting crops was lost sight of. There was but one feeling running through the whole race: that was to avenge the blood of Col. John and wipe away the disgrace of St. Claire's defeat and a few hard licks on old accounts. They went to laying plans for keeping up a constant guerrilla warfare by forming squads of eight or ten to



make raids by regular turns. With each of these squads a portion was to be made up of men that had been in and through the Indian country on former raids and were well acquainted with the places and routes into and out of the country. These bold backwoodsmen had no thought of taking the government into partnership with them in this war, for they looked upon the quarrel as their own and proposed to carry it on in their own way and with their own men and resources. But in the midst of their planning and preparations news was spread among them that Gen. Anthony Wayne ("Mad Antny" as they called him) had superseded St. Claire in command and was about to organize a heavy force of ample strength to sweep the Indian country to the lakes. This put a new face on the affair; it it was true, they felt that they had an ally they might safely join forces with, without hazarding their reputations as soldiers, as they had done with St. Claire. Many of them knew "Mad Antny" well in the army of the Revolution. They knew his mettle and ability to lead the old Indian fighters that would rally at his call and follow him to the lakes or anywhere else he wished to lead. To know the truth they sent Daniel Paine to Cincinnati to see Wayne, and know when the expedition would be ready to march, if the report was true and to notify him that they were in as scouts, and would be on hand and claim their places when he gave the order to advance. Paine made all haste and returned with the glad news that Wayne was at work collecting material to equip a large force, not less than one thousand five hundred, and as many more as possible; that the move would be in October if all things could be gotten ready so as to make success certain; that he did not intend to make a St. Claire job of it, and that he would gladly take them into the service as they wished; and that notice would be given them in ample time to be on hand. Every able-bodied man of the connection went to work preparing for the expedition. I have often heard them say that they did more work in the next two months than was ever done in the settlement in the same length of time. The men laying in ample supplies of necessaries for their families during their absence. The women cleaning flax, spinning, weaving, dressing skins, cutting and making shirts, trousers and hunting shirts, etc. All things were ready by the first of October, but no notice had reached them to start. Growing impatient, they sent to Harrodsburg to make inquiry. Their messenger returned with news that the expedition could not move before the next spring. This news was like a cold bath to them. Their eager anxiety to get to their much-hated Indians and wreck vengeance on them was hard to restrain. The idea of waiting along six months before they could see their blood avenged seemed to them next to impossible. They called a council to consider what was best to be done. The question to be settled was, "Shall we wait the tardy motion of the government which may never come to anything, or let the government go its way and organize our band and carry on war on our own hook?" This council met at the mouth of Pleasant Run, where the Harrodsburg road now crosses. On this occasion a new branch of the Hardin family came in with them. These were the four sons and two sons-in-law of Col. Moses Hardin of Virginia. These men came to Kentucky in 1790. They had all served in and through the Revolution and were brave, powerful men. They were of the old

French stock and were true to their blood. They settled in the extreme northern part of Washington County and were known for a long time as the North Men. From this family a large number of highly respectable men and women have descended. Gov. Hendricks, of Indiana, is of that family from his mother's side. Three men -- John Stephens, Tom and Charles Hardin -- with their brothers-in-law, Chesser and Keeling, came over and joined their fortunes with the rest of the race. They had not had a quarrel with the Indians as the rest had done, but they felt bound by the ties of blood to assume the quarrel as their own. On learning the sad fate of Col. John and the desire of his near-kindred to avenge his blood, they threw themselves heartily into all the quarrels of the family. And to this day the descendants of these men have never failed to back their blood in everything. So much for these men of the North. I will now get back to the council. Two days were taken up in discussion, sometimes very warm. The council was tolerably well divided between waiting on Wayne and the guerrilla warfare. As a compromise it was agreed that Daniel Paine be sent back to see Gen. Wayne, and if he said that it was reasonably certain that he would move in the spring, then they would suspend and all be ready; but if Wayne manifested any doubt they would make war on their old plan. Paine made the trip and reported on his return that the expedition would certainly move as early in the spring as the weather would permit, and that "Mad Antny" said, "Stay at home and be ready to move with the early spring." Much against their will, they accepted the situation and again applied themselves to their home duties. The past two years now had virtually been thrown away. Seventeen Hundred Ninety-Two, the black year, was spent in grouping together and speculating as to the chances of Col. John to succeed and his return. A dark foreboding hung over them that their worst fears would be realized. A gloom and restless discontent hung over the settlement. Their farm work was neglected and the consequence was a short crop. The next year, 1793, was spent in laying plans for war, and less crops were made than the year before. The condition of most of them was becoming rather straightened from two years idling away their time. Now that it was certain that the whole able-bodied portion of the settlement would be on the war path during the cropping season of the next year, they went to work with a will to get their crops planted before they left home. By the first of May they were ready for the summons and Dan Paine was again sent to see "Mad Antny", and came back with an order for them to report for duty as quickly as possible. Their preparations were complete. Their arms and ammunitions had all been put in the best possible order. Their wives had long ago put their hunting shirts, belts, haversacks and moccasins in readiness for use at a moment's notice. Runners were sent to the different settlements with the order to assemble at Sam Paine's. By the middle of May they were on their way to Cincinnati. Over fifty of the kindred, composed of Hardins, Hardings, Davises, Paines, Carlysles and a few not related. Among those were Mordecai Lincoln and two of the Shivelys. These men, with some fifty others, were divided off into squads. To each squad was assigned a certain section of country to scout over; some up the Scioto and some up the Miami. Twenty men

were detailed to penetrate the country to the upper waters of the Wabash to watch the motions of the tribes of this river and its tributaries. This company was ordered to so handle themselves that they would cover the country from White River, where Indianapolis now stands, to Lake Michigan, a long reach for twenty men. Yet these hardy hunters did it and reported valuable information to Wayne of the movements of the tribes from the Wabash and Illinois Rivers and those on and around the lakes. Long before Wayne's army moved these scouts had penetrated to the heads of the rivers and the lakes. Could a full and correct narrative be written of the many narrow escapes, skirmishes, night attacks made on Indian camps, deadly hand-to-hand combats, laying in wait and ambushing, of these scouts, it would make a volume of very interesting reading. I can call to my mind many of these exploits as I have heard them related by the old men that took part in them. Both of my grandfathers were in this scout of twenty on the head of the Wabash; Martin, Mark, the two Harrys, Ben and Flat-Head John Hardin; the Paines, Thomas, Abe and Stephen Harding. All lived till I was a grown man. All of these men were in that scout; and all did every possible mischief to the Indians they could. This was their last campaign, and they thought their greatest, as they felt that they had fully washed off the stain they brought home with them from St. Claire's defeat and had done a big work in paying off old scores. Above all, they had had the pleasure of assisting largely in the work of annihilating the tribe that murdered Col. John. They had swept through the country inhabited by these Indians and their fury knew no bounds.

They left nothing alive that came in their reach. They burned every wigwam they found and tore up or cut down all the truck patches around the huts. If any of these Indians escaped they never re-inhabited their old homes. This large force of desperate men had so thoroughly cleared the country of Indians from the Ohio River to the upper portions of the Miami that Wayne's march was wholly undisturbed until he reached their stronghold at the falls of the Upper Miami, where the Indians had prepared to give them war. The terrible havoc the scouts had made for two months before Wayne struck them had virtually whipped them. These old, experienced fighters had been strewing the country with fallen braves from the Ohio to the lakes. All the trails the Indians traveled were beset with hidden foes; by day firing on all small parties that ventured to travel them. The parties that were too strong to be attacked in open day were tracked to their camp and attacked at night. Their couriers in many instances were shot down; their squaws and children were hidden away in swamps and starving. No hunters could hunt game to feed them on and live. Many of the warriors from the Wabash and Illinois Rivers were seen going back to guard their own homes. These hundred scouts had about ruined the Indians before the battle was fought. In the latter part of August, 1794, Wayne struck the blow he had so long been preparing to strike. In one day the power of the Indians to molest Kentucky settlements was broken forever. As Gen. Wayne neared the Indian fortifications these wild scouts closed in around them, shooting every Indian that

ventured out of reach of the main force to carry messages or hunt for game. As Wayne neared the Indians' main force these pestiferous scouts drew in closer every day and hourly grew more independent and audacious until they had edged up close enough to form as skirmishers. For several days before Wayne reached the ground an almost unbroken skirmish raged day and night. When shielded by darkness they crept up near enough often to fire into the main camps. When Wayne came in contact and routed the Indians, these deadly scouts took them on the wing as they were fleeing from Wayne and slaughtered them without mercy. They pursued the broken Indians for several days, cutting down several, fifty miles from the battlefield. The campaign closed, and with it the military career of the old men of the Hardin family and their relatives closed forever. Many of them were far advanced in age. All of them had reached the middle stage of life or passed it. From boyhood up they had never known peace only at intervals of short duration. All their active life had been spent in war, turmoil and hardships. A new life now began with them. The realities of a domestic life of quiet and repose were unknown to them. What were they to do with themselves now that they had fought their last battle and laid by their arms forever? I will try to tell you what they did and how they spent the rest of their lives.

Among the company of scouts that scouted the country on the upper waters of the Wabash were my two grandfathers, Jack Hardin and Thomas Harding. The company of twenty was split up into five companies of four men each, and the country from White River to the lakes was divided into as many sections and four men allotted to watch each section. Thomas Harding was with the four that scouted the country crossing the Walnut Fork of the Eel River, in what is now Hendricks County, Indiana. In their scouting on this river they established a camp at the foot of a beautiful and very singular mound that rises up on the level bottom about fifty feet high in the shape of a haystack, covering not over a half acre at its base. The country around was exceedingly rich and very beautiful. Harding was so delighted with all he saw that he worked out a large tract of land as his and cut his name with his butcher knife on a number of trees as a mark of his claim; also the date, July 20th, 1794. This I have seen on a beech tree at the head of his and his wife's graves on the top of the mound I have been describing. They were buried there in after years. In 1830 these lands were brought into market by the government and he, though old, hastened off and entered all he wanted. In the following year he moved to the country and took with him a large number of his relatives. This move of his took to Indianapolis and the country beyond, the Hardin race.

The campaign over, the old men returned to their homes safe and sound except a few of them slightly wounded, but none seriously disabled. A session of great rejoicing followed their return. The finest game was brought in from the woods. Feasting and frolicking was the order of the day. Each of these old veterans fought his battles over again and told of his exploits in the late campaign under "Mad Antny." Each had brought



home some trophy peeled off of unfortunate braves. They had brought down these to be exhibited and all the circumstances of their capture were fully told at all their gatherings. Each felt that he had fully recovered his standing as a soldier and that the stain of St. Claire was forever wiped out.

Each felt that he had been a host and done a big work in avenging the blood of Col. John. All looked on their achievements as the grandest of their lives. They had aided in the capture of Burgoyne at Saratoga. Of this achievement they were very proud, but that grand affair was not, in their estimation, equal to the annihilation of these hated Indians. When they were through with their frolicking and rejoicing they settled down in their homes and went to work to recuperate their losses of the past three years. From the departure of Col. John in the early part of 1792 up to the close of 1794, very little work had been done on their farms. Three short crops in succession had fallen heavily on the large majority of them. The fortunes of all of them had run quite low, and, with a number of them, to the bottom. They had to look mainly to the woods for a support till a crop could be made and things generally rebuilt and set to rights. The year 1795 was a prosperous year. Crops of all kinds were very abundant and the settlers had a large surplus to sell to newcomers in the country. This year was always referred to by the old people as the year they made their start (as they called it). They had enough to sell to enable them to lay by something either in money or property, a thing they had never done before. From this time on they accumulated property very rapidly, having no wars to call them from home and business. They had now no opportunity to be on the war path, and as the next resource to gratify their ambition to be in the lead, they turned their attention to money-making and extending their landed estates. Their energy in this new life pushed them rapidly forward, and by the time old age began to tell on them, they without a single exception had laid by ample means for their ease and comfort in their old days. Their houses were large, roomy and well built of the best and most lasting timber. Many of these houses are still standing, sound and strong. Uncle Martin Hardin's, that he built between 1795 and 1800, is still there, and John and Jacob Davis' houses are today occupied. Sam Paine's house is still sound and is used as a house of worship. In the role of things this venerable old house became mine and I donated it with the beautiful lot to the Baptists and Methodists as a house to worship in and to establish a cemetery. The house of Barnabas McHenry is standing, sound and substantial. The house of Col. John Hardin built in 1790 still lives -- the marks of his ax are still plain on the logs -- but not as a dwelling. Near fifty years ago, this house passed into the hands of Charles Cameron, who still lives, hated and despised by every one of the Hardin race that knows him. And they have good reason to hate him and all his race. This vile, heartless man bought the Col. John Hardin farm from Hilery Hays. On this farm Col. John had located the first cemetery ever opened in the settlement. Here all the dead were buried. Many of the brave old pioneers, their

wives and children were put away there, reckoned not less than two hundred. After the removal of Col. John's family, Hays, the next owner, watched over the graves carefully. He was a man in no way connected with any of these dead. Yet he watched it, kept a good fence around it, kept the rude stones in their places and did all he possibly could to preserve the marks put up to tell who rested underneath. This man of heart and soul sold to Cameron, a follower of St. Peter; a man that asked the Virgin Mary and all the saints twice a day to bless him; this man that went to church every Sunday and asked God "to bless him and give him grace to do unto others as he would have others do unto him and his"; this man Cameron came on the lands as master of all these broad acres once owned by Col. John. In swelling around viewing his possessions, his eyes rested on the humble resting place of all these dead people, the nice grove of spreading sugar trees and the sod of grass under them; the idea came to his mind that on all the farm no place was so well suited as this to establish a mule lot. The stones that were put up to mark the resting place of fathers, mothers, children, were broken down and hauled out to make room for his mules to stretch their weary limbs under the shade of the trees. When this more than brute was remonstrated with for his vandalism, he replied that he had bought the land and it was his to do what he pleased with; and as to the dead that were in the ground, they were nothing but dead heretics, and he was under no obligation morally or religiously to furnish ground for them. I know this man Cameron and have often looked at his damnable work and often said hard things; but I will try to let him rest, as he is now ninety years old and the devil will soon pay him for his vandalism.

I will now go back to my subject. As time rolled on these frugal people grew strong in wealth. They had ample means to gratify their wants. Schools were built and their children were sent to them, giving them all the chance they would to acquire an education, a thing the fathers and mothers were sadly deficient in. These children, educated in the round log cabins in the woods, under teachers not much better educated than the children they taught, made the men and women that contributed so largely to giving Kentucky its great name of being the mother of statesmen and soldiers. No ten miles square on earth can boast of being the birth-place and training-ground of so many prominent men and women as the old Pleasant Run settlement. Some of the most prominent were not born there, but were built up, schooled and trained, in a word, they were made there. Time passes on and these hardy old men and women began to feel the wear of old age and a new life began with them. They relaxed their efforts to accumulate property and turned their farms over to their sons and sons-in-law and they took on for the first time a life of ease, and from this time on to their graves a more jovial, jolly set never lived. The rest of their lives was spent in visiting each other and feasting and fighting their battles over and over again, with a little apple brandy occasionally to loosen their tongues, freshen their minds and warm them up to their work. Often these reunions would last several days, especially when they met at Martin Hardin's. They were all very

fond of fine horses and racing. Martin had appropriated one of his finest fields of forty acres to a race track and cow pasture. He said that he never would, of course, have used the ground for racing if he was not obliged to have pasture for his cows. Be this as it may, Martin had a broad and well laid out and well kept track, plenty of the best of horses and two well-trained Negro riders. Martin's hospitality, well-filled larder, apple brandy, cider oil and race track drew these jolly old fellows of high leisure often together, and frequently held them together for a week at a time. Racing of mornings and evenings; not for money -- betting was not allowed, for Martin was a thorough-going Methodist. It was to test the speed of their horses and the fun it gave them. On all of these occasions their exploits in the various wars they had passed through had to be retold, often all talking at one time, none listening. These truly were times that tried men's souls; but these iron men, that had passed through so many storms and overthrown so many obstacles in their paths, to this life of ease and pleasure they were now living, had an enemy lurking close around them that they could not resist. They had lived out their allotted time and must rest. One by one they tottered over the brink and were mournfully carried to their graves by the younger men, while their old comrades staggered sorrowfully after them. As time sped on these noble old men passed away, till Martin Hardin alone was left. Of all the hosts, he alone was left standing -- the last weather-beaten old oak of the forest. The storms of ninety years had beaten over and around him. Still he stood shattered and broken in frame, but grand and majestic; his mind ever a tower of strength undimmed, unclouded, fresh, strong and vigorous. He was living, moving history of everything that transpired during his long life. He forgot nothing. He could unroll year by year the regular succession of events; tell you what each did and how and where. Many days have I sat and learned the family history, and history generally, from him.

In 1840, at the age of ninety-three, this grand old man passed away. The last of the grand old race of dauntless men that braved every possible danger, hardship and privation to hold and settle the country as a heritage to their children. Yes, Martin Hardin was the last to go. He had followed all his old associates in arms to their humble graves done all he could to cheer and comfort them in their last days, and now he must go alone without the sympathy and comfort of the men and women that had lived with him through all the storms he had passed through during his long life. I saw him often in his last days, heard him talk of his old friends that had passed away, and saw the tears roll down his cheeks as he talked of them. He never spoke of his brother John and his sad fate that his voice did not falter and his eyes fill. He would say John was the noblest of the race and to know that he died as he did. I have seen him, in his days of decrepitude, when talking of his lost brother, rise on his crutches and hobble to and fro across his room with a look that awed all in the room into silence. When he would regain control of his feelings he would resume his seat and lead the conversation to some other subject. No man ever lived that could boast of

higher and more noble traits of character than Martin Hardin; true to every principle of honor and manliness in everything himself, he could not tolerate anything else in others.

This is the history of my older relatives from the early settling of Kentucky to the death of the last, but not the least, Uncle Martin Hardin.

Written by Jack Hardin, Jr., grandson of Jack Hardin, Sr.,  
and Thomas Harding.

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John Hardin and Mary Harding married and were the parents of Robert Hardin, who was born in Pennsylvania, May 6, 1776, and taken captive by the Indians near the Falls in 1780.

Robert Hardin and Elenor Sherrill were married in Washington County, Kentucky, in 1799. They afterwards moved to what is now Meade County. There they lived, reared a large family, and are buried on their farm, near Roberta Post Office.

To them were born children as follows:

Elizabeth Hardin, December 4, 1799  
Lydia Hardin, August 21, 1801  
Stephen Hardin, October 17, 1803  
Ruanna Hardin, February 3, 1806  
Rebecca Hardin, June 14, 1808  
Emeline Hardin, April 18, 1810  
Mary Hardin, June 18, 1812  
Catharine Hardin, June 25, 1814  
John Hardin, January 7, 1817  
Nancy Hardin, July 29, 1819  
Sarah Hardin, September 21, 1824  
Norman Hardin, January 21, 1827

Robert Hardin died March 10, 1840. Aged 63 yrs., 10 mos., 4 days.

Elenor Sherrill Hardin, wife of Robert Hardin, died November 5, 1869. Aged 89 yrs., 5 mos., 12 days.