

HISTORY OF THE HARDIN FAMILY  
in the Early Settling of Kentucky

National Society  
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By: Jack Hardin, Jr.

1915

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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, 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 embody 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

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; Samuel, 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 imigrants 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 wordly 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 imigrants 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 unearth and horrid dive, 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 fiew. 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; if 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.