

What a Boon, What a Doer

WHAT A DREAM COME-A-TRUE-ER WAS HE

By Susan McCrobie, newsletter editor

Aristotle once said, 'character is that which reveals moral purpose, exposing the class of things a man chooses and avoids. In the study of Samuel Haycraft, Jr. I have found much can be said of his character based upon written words and deeds that exemplifies Aristotle's theory on the subject.

Haycraft's History of Elizabethtown is one short story after another about people and places that came to mind of the town's first real historian in telling about the town's founding and early days.

Haycraft's Diary is a collection of personal thoughts on his relationship with God, family, local citizens and current affairs that truly highlights the man.

In his diary, Haycraft is meticulous in recording the age, goodness of spirit and passing of many individuals. He goes to great lengths to create a fine new burying ground and move his own beloved children to it in order that they be well tended and not forgotten.

His core values in honoring the dead and living life in accordance with God's law irregardless of popularity with visions of current lawmakers are essential parts of a speech he delivered to the Kentucky Senate on the bill to erect a monument to Daniel Boone and wife on February 15, 1860.

You have to hand it to old Haycraft, sometime speaking from the heart and telling it like it is without any apologize for how you feel can deliver you from a bad spot in the road when the odds are not in your favor going into a fight. As the originator of the bill, Haycraft had a personal agenda set forth to honor Boone as the true soldier and pioneer that he was. Read for yourself....

[The bill to erect a monument to Daniel Boone and wife had been reported against by the Committee on Finance. After some discussion, it was referred to the Committee on Internal Improvements, who reported



Photo Courtesy of Anita Goodin
Monument erected at the gravesite of Daniel Boone in the Frankfort Cemetery.

it back to the Senate without expressing any opinion. It was then, on the motion of some Senators, again referred to the Committee on Finance, with directions to report on the next day, in writing, with a view that they might be placed right on the record. On the 14th day of February, Mr. Dehaven, the Chairman of the Committee, reported in writing adversely to the bill. The report was ordered to be printed, and made the special order for the next day, at 10 o'clock. The report is not in hand, or it would be inserted. The substance was about this: That it was wrong in principle to take the taxes collected from the people to build monuments. The report contained quite an eulogy on Boone, but he was not the kind of man to build a monument over, and if alive, he would despise it; that Nature made the best monument for Boone; the cedar stumps around, the can, the quite scenery, the trees, &c., made the most appropriate monument, and that any other kind would destroy the scene. February 15th, Mr. Rust moved that the ten minute rule be suspended, in order to enable Mr. Haycraft to speak upon the question. Adopted.]

Mr. Haycraft said:

Mr. Speaker: From the day on which the remains of Daniel Boone and wife were removed from the State of Missouri and brought to Kentucky, I have ardently desired that a monument should be erected to their memory by the State. For, if Daniel Boone was not the discoverer of the "dark and bloody ground," he was at least the first explorer.

He was the first man who entered fully upon its dark bosom, its trackless deserts, and its illimitable forests. It was he who first scaled the mountains and descended upon the level of this great state. He was the first to encounter the savage beasts of prey, and still more savage Indians, and first to break it upon that innumerable herd of wild game that roamed the grandest forests in the world. He opened the way, and hastened the period of the permanent possession of this smiling and glorious land, which, from the wilderness and solitary place, has been made to rejoin and blossom as the rose.

When I had the honor of obtaining leave to bring in this bill, I did not anticipate opposition, and particularly in a Kentucky Senate, and when that opposition arose I could not imagine the case of it; surely I could not entertain the thought that it was because the measure originated on the wrong side of this Chamber; although I knew that there were a few who held the doctrine that nothing good could come out of Nazareth; but if there was a remaining doubt about the existence of such a feeling, it vanished when I found many Democrats standing with me on this measure. But should there be a lurking misgiving

on the part of any Democrat or Whig in relation to Daniel Boone's political proclivities, I will say on this floor, that, although he was no great scholar, and knew but little of the great political machinery of the world, or of its fastidious fashions and forms, yet I now pledge my honor as a gentleman that he was not a Know Nothing.

I suppose that if Murray's Grammar had been in existence in Daniel Boone's day, and on presenting him a copy he had been told that it was intended to teach him the correct and harmonious use of the English language, he would have considered it of no use, and most likely would have pronounced it a humbug, if that word then existed.

Book learning was not the measure of men in his day; good common sense, a good constitution, a brave and true heart, ability to endure heat and cold, hunger and fatigue, and the adroit use of the old fashioned rifle, were the leading traits which then pointed out the useful and reliable man-and, indeed, the great man. I will, by way of illustration, give an instance of olden times. When Kentucky belonged to Virginia, and a small settlement was made on the Ohio river, at the mouth of Beargrass-the same spot where the proud city of Louisville now stands-that infant settlement was subject to frequent inroads from the savage Indian, and men were dependent for their daily food, and for the preservation of life, upon their trusty fire-arms. And just at this stage of things news arrived that the Governor of Virginia had appointed one of the settlers a Justice of the Peace. An Irishman, hearing of the great event, exclaimed- "Faith! And it's a good appointment; for he's a hand many till a gun."

Mr. Speaker, the world was never without great men-great for the times; but in past centuries learning was confined to the few-the clergy-and so highly useful was it regarded, that its possessor was permitted to plead its benefits in bar of capital punishment.

Even kings could not write their names. All royal decrees, grants, and behests, were prepared by the clergy; but as the king's hand was necessary to the validity of such instruments, a colored fluid was prepared, into which the king laid his open hand, and then laying his hand upon the documents, left its impress; after which a seal was affixed, and thus, if I may supply a link in history, originated the formula at the close of all grants and other public writings, "Witness my hand and seal."

But Daniel Boone would write; and by reference to Collins' History of Kentucky, following the 186th page, you will find a fac simile of a letter written by him to Judge Coblen, of St. Louis. It bears date October 3, 1809. The spelling is not exactly suited to this date, but will compare well with the orthography

of the time of James the Second, and is far ahead of that used in Wickliffe's Bible. It was written in a bold, large hand, indicative of the man.

But, Mr. Speaker, Daniel Boone was one of God Almighty's noble, brave and magnanimous, yet as gentle as a lamb; true to his friend, whom he never deserted in danger. I have no positive evidence whether he was regarded as a Christian or not. But if I was to regard circumstantial testimony, I should say that he was a Christian.

In speaking of religion, I am reminded of the fact that I asserted on this floor on a former day—that it was a religious duty we owed to the memory of Boone to build him a monument; when an honorable Senator, rather tauntingly, I will not say sneeringly (for he is too much of a gentleman for that), called upon me to infuse some of my religion into the bill. That's a subject that should not be trifled with, or lightly spoken of. I do not profess to have a great amount of religion. I wish I had more. I have none to spare, but what little I have I would not exchange for a kingdom. But, unfortunately (perhaps) for my religious reputation, I never learned to put on a sanctimonious look, or to make my face as long as a fence rail, but generally enjoyed myself in company with my friends in a social manner.

But, Mr. Speaker, I find that I have digressed from the subject.

Veneration for the dead is of ancient date. I pass by the Pyramids of Egypt, for there is no tradition showing by whom or for what they were built, and I come to the times of which Moses writes. When Abraham lost his wife Sarah, he purchased of the sons of Heth a field containing the cave of Machpelah—a cavern in a rock constructed by art or formed by nature; but it was an enduring monument; and in the recital of that purchase by Abraham a scene of politeness was enacted that exceeded even the most brilliant fancy of Chesterfield.

There Abraham buried his wife, and there was Abraham buried by his son Isaac; and in the same cave was Isaac buried by his sons Jacob and Esau. About that time Jacob's favorite wife Rachael died, and she was buried near Bethlehem; and Jacob set up a stone pillar at the head of her grave, and it was spoken of by Moses as the pillar of Rachael 420 years after as existing at that day. In after years, when Jacob went down to Egypt and found that he was about to be gathered to his people, he charged his son Joseph to bury him with his father in the cave of Machpelah. For, says Jacob, "there they buried Abraham and his wife, and there they buried Isaac and Rebecca his wife, and there I buried Leah;" and in obedience to his command, his body being embalmed, was carried with mourning and lamentation into Canaan, and

buried in the cave of Machpelah. After this, Joseph died; but first took an oath from his brethren, that when they left Egypt they should carry his bones up to the promised land, and bury them in the cave with his people; and Moses, 400 years after, looking upon the oath of Joseph's brethren as binding on him, on his exodus from Egypt carried the bones of Joseph with him. They were sacredly kept in the forty years sojourning in the wilderness, when Moses died and was buried by God Almighty. Then Joseph's bones were committed to the care of Caleb and Joshua, and no doubt were buried in the same cave of Machpelah, the great mausoleum of the Father of the faithful and his descendants.

I have been dealing in a few scriptural examples, for which I presume no apology is necessary here. I was to show the veneration of the ancients for the dead, and even the solicitude of the living that they should, after death, be properly cared for.

A few historical facts, and I will be done with that part of my argument.

Distinguished Romans were burned on funeral piles, and their ashes carefully collected and preserved in urns.

The Egyptians, by a process not lost, have transmitted their dead in a preserved state down a line of 3000 years.

Nations show their gratitude to their kings, great generals, admirals, poets, and statesmen, by erecting monuments to their memory.

Look at our military monument, the pride of our State; look upon that tall column of marble, elaborately carved, and see emblazoned the names of our mighty dead, and the locality pointed out where they shed their blood, and gave up their lives for Kentucky and our common country.

Go to Lexington, and look at that tall and beautiful column erected to the memory of the illustrious Clay by his admiring countrymen.

Go to our national capital, and see that colossal marble shaft rearing its head to heaven in honor of the Father of our country. It is all right, and I glory in it.

This veneration for the dead infuses itself into all ranks of society. Go to the beautiful and romantic cemetery of this city, and wander along its tasteful serpentine walks, overshadowed by the life-inspiring evergreens, leading enchantment to the spot, and almost robbing death of its terrors; examine there, and you will find some token of respect, from the costly vault, the showy monument, down to the humble stone at the head of every grave—except that of the immortal Boone.

But, Mr. Speaker, some Senators have grown sentimental and poetical when they meet my application with such arguments as this—that the

solitary, lonely, unmarked spot, except by the sycamore trees at the head of the grave, the little green mound over the grave, the cedar stumps piled round in wild disorder (and a cave, says a correspondent of the Louisville Journal, but there is no cave there), are better suited to the character of Boone than a stately monument.

We call for no high, polished shaft; we want a modest but massive stone, that will stand the heat of summer and blasts of winter a thousand years, with a panel of marble on which to chisel or engrave some appropriate devices descriptive of the time of Boone—his camp, his gun, the buffalo in the cane-brake, and in the distance the lurking Indian.

But, Mr. Speaker, if the little quite scenery around Boone's grave makes the most appropriate monument, why erect a marble one to the Sage of Ashland, or the Father of his country? Why not place it on a more magnificent scale?

This grave body will pardon me for carrying out the honorable Senator's poetical fancy to its legitimate results, in building up a monument rather grandiloquent in its conception. Let this vast continent be the base; the highest snowy peak of the Rocky Mountains its pedestal; the rays of the sun at noonday its shaft; the blue sky its capital; the stars in the firmament the jewels to deck its coronal. Then pluck from its orbit the moon, that silver lamp hung out in the heavens, and place it upon the apex, to be the crowning glory of this magnificent monument. Then let the vivid lightnings, which play in fiery circles around the bow of Heaven, be its great chandelier; and the deep-toned thunders, which reverberate, the echo, and re-echo through the vault of immensity, be the loud anthem of praise to the memory of the deeds of the great when living. Then let the dark and solemn waves which lash our Atlantic and Pacific coasts be an eternal solemn dirge, singing requiems to the repose of the mighty dead. This, indeed, would be a monument grand and sublime! But what planet or distant orb should be our standpoint from which to view it? It is too vast, too great for human comprehension. It would require Omnipotence to plan it, Omnipotence to erect it, and Omnipresence to scan it in all its vast proportions.

Mr. Speaker, we simply ask for something that comes down to earth and points significantly to heaven-something that can be understood without an interpreter. A picture, representing the primeval forest of Kentucky, would not be complete in representing the times of Boone unless the figure of Boone stood in bold relief surmounting it. And the scenes of nature around the grave of Boone might make a handsome landscape, but would otherwise be unmeaning.

Mr. Speaker, we will not always live. After ages

will be treading on our heels, and following generations will ask to be shown the spot where the great pioneer of Kentucky reposes.

An inquirer will be told that five hundred years past some cedar stumps were placed around his grave, he looks for them in vain; the stumps were not galvanized; they are rotten, they are decayed, and mouldered back to earth; not a vestige remains.

He is told that two small mounds of earth were raised over the bones of Boone and his wife, and to seek for them; but the summer's rains and winter's frosts of five hundred years have worn them away.

He is told in history that two beautiful sycamore trees stood at the head of the grave; that those trees reared their heads heavenward, while their white arms, emblems of purity, were interlocked, fit emblems of the union of Boone and his wife in their eternal abode. He seeks those trees; but alas! The lightnings of heaven have riven them, and they are gone.

He reads that many noble statesmen, able ministers of the Gospel, revolutionary soldiers, civilians, and thousands of citizens, were at the burial, and they could point to the spot. He cries out, where are they? Where? Echo sys, where?

He then impatiently asks, why was not a monument erected to guide the stranger to their resting place? He is told to consult the history of the times. He searches in the archives of our State, and finds in the journals of 1860 that an application was made for \$1,400 to erect a monument, and was voted down. Now, Mr. Speaker, can you stand for this? If you can, I am not prepared for it; and should such an interrogative ever occur, I am glad that I shall be dead and forgotten before that time; for if there, shame, would cover me as with a red mantle. But, Mr. Speaker, I have an abiding confidence that we shall not be subjected to that shame and obloquy; for here are Kentuckians, with hearts where all Kentuckians have them, in the right place, and it will not be expecting too much to look for a unanimous vote for the scheme.

A word or two more about Boone, and I am done. He suffered much for Kentucky. What his ulterior views were, I can not say. But for six months at one time he was entirely alone in the deep, dark wilderness, without hearing the sound of a human voice to cheer his desolation; and he might have sung, with Alexander Selkirk, when cast upon the Island of San Juan:

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the center, all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute."

He was three years without tasting bread or salt. He

entered land sufficient for a dukedom, but by the technicalities of law he lost all, and in mortification he expatriated himself, and removed to Missouri, then in the Spanish dominion.

There is one scene near the close of his life, grand and sublime, and particularly shows his own wishes in regard to his body after death. In this new home, true to his antecedents, he took an annual hunt, many miles from home, but always took a man with him bound to bring back his body in case of his death. I allude to his last hunt, in his 87th year, I believe. At the distance of one hundred and twenty miles from home, he was taken sick, and concluded that he was to be gathered to his people. Picture to yourself, that noble man leaning on his staff, his noble form bent with age, oppressed by sickness. See his white locks streaming in the wind, deliberately marking out the spot for his grave, and charging his man to bury him beyond the reach of wolves, as a temporary interment, until help could be had to remove him home. Boone must have been a Christian.

Bear with me a moment, that I may speak of his bravery-introducing a comparison.

Abraham, when Lot was taken by the five kings, pursued them without counting their number, retook his brothers, and all the spoil. It was a brave act; but he had with him three hundred and eighteen trained servants, all born in his own house.

When Bonaparte seized the colors and ran across the bridge of Lodi in range of the enemy's cannon, it was a brave but rash act; but his army was in sight and following his steps.

When Alexander scaled the walls of Tyre, and sprang in the midst of his enemies, it was a fool-hardy act of bravery; but his innumerable army and Macedonia phalanx were at hand, and came to his relief and conquered.

But when Daniel Boone stood on the top of the Blue Ridge and looked over the vast wilderness, its trackless wastes and towering dark forests inhabited by Indians and savage beasts, who stood at his back? The Almighty God himself, who endowed him with strength, health, and capability of great endurance; and put within him such a heart as rarely throbbed in the bosom of man. He accomplished a work for you and myself and our children. But he is now dead.

Mr. President, since I arose to address the Senate on this occasion, Col. Orlando Brown sent to my table a note, which reads thus:

"A correspondence was opened by the Cemetery Company with Col. Nathan Boone for permission to remove the bones from Missouri; and one of the inducements held out to him was the promise that a suitable monument should be erected to his memory. The application came just in time to anticipate the

Legislature of Missouri, which was about to erect one over the grave. Had that been done, Daniel Boone would not now be resting in the Frankfort Cemetery."

I thank Col. Brown for the hint. The sons of Kentucky asked for the bones of Daniel Boone and wife. The delicate request was granted by their relatives. They were borne here on our arms and deposited in our soil; and all they ask is a redemption of our pledge: six feet square of ground and a decent stone to mark the spot. Senators of Kentucky, will you give it to them?

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NOTICES OF THE PRESS

(The following is the Report of the Kentucky Yeoman.)

Mr. HAYCRAFT then addressed the Senate, in support of the bill providing for the erection of a monument to the memory of Boone, in a speech full of zeal, power, and frequent flashes of genuine poetry. It was a beautiful and worth tribute to the worth of the brave and the true-hearted old pioneer, and did honor to the head and heart of the genial and venerable speaker. It is but due to the Senator to state that his speech elicited frequent bursts of applause.

Mr. READ moved to amend the bill by striking out "\$1,400." and insert \$2,000. Adopted.

Mr. DEHAVEN opposed the passage of the bill.

Mr. PENNEBAKER advocated its passage.

The question being upon the passage of the bill, it was passed by the following vote:

YEAS-Messrs. Andres, Bruner, Cosby, Davidson, Denny, Gibson, Billis, Glenn, Brundy, Haycraft, Johnson, Lyon, Marshall, McBrayer, McKee, Pennebaker, Read, Rust, Taylor, Wait, Walker, Walton, and Whitaker-23.

NAYS-Messrs. Speaker (Fisk), Alexander, Anthony, Barrick, Cissell, Darnaby, DeHaven, Grover, Irvan, Jenkins, and Rhea-11.

(From the Commonwealth.)

The attention of our readers is called to the able and eloquent speech of Senator Haycraft, to be found in our columns, upon the proposition to appropriate \$2,000 for the erection of a monument commemorative of the life and services of Daniel Boone. To the distinguished Senator are due the thanks of every Kentuckian for his earnest and constant advocacy of this important measure. He was the originator of it, and by his untiring energy he succeeded in obtaining an endorsement of his proposition by the Senate. That body passing the bill several days since.

What will be its fate in the House? We join with many others in the fervent hope that that body will pass the bill without a dissenting voice. Every Kentucky Representative should feel it not only to be his sacred duty, but a pleasure, to do this justice to the



(From the Elizabethtown Democrat, Feb. 23, 1860.)

The Legislature has, we believe, passed a bill appropriating \$2,000 for the erection of a monument over the grave of Daniel Boone and his wife. Our Senator, Capt. Haycraft, introduced the bill, and made a most eloquent and powerful speech in its favor. The speech is highly creditable to our old friend and to the Senate, and he is entitled to the thanks of all who venerate the memory of Boone.

(The Correspondence of the Louisville Journal, in the issue of March 3d, thus speaks of the passage of the bill.)

The House this morning passed the Senate bill to erect a monument over the grave of Daniel Boone and his wife. I am doubly gratified at this result; first, on account of its evident justice, and secondly, because it is a merited tribute to the eloquence and persistent support of Senator Haycraft, of Hardin, who has labored with all the zeal of his honest heart and all the vigor of his persuasive powers to procure the appropriation.

On the 16th of February, the bill was reported to the House of Representatives, and referred to the Committee on Ways and Means, and places in the hands of Gen. William Johnson, Chairman. The greatest press of business delayed the report, and in consequence of the late period of the session, the bill was despaired of. Still, fortuitous circumstances gave some hope.

The liberty is taken of extracting from a letter, written by Mr. Temple Poston, a venerable and worthy gentleman of Elizabethtown, to Senator Haycraft, bearing date Feb. 29, 1860:

"I received the paper, and read your speech with pleasure and pride, as I have always been proud, when asked of my nativity, to say Kentucky; and that respect paid to Boone will add to that pride, and more so as to his wife, as, on the first of October, 1788, she might have been found in a block-house (not a stable by a manger), performing the first acts of humanity for me. But, as the hearts of all men are in the hands of the Lord, I will try to check exultation or State pride, and say, you have been the instrument, in His hands, to do a righteous act."

"T. POSTON."

On the second day of March, the last business session and not more than seventy members in Frankfort, and to pass the bill a constitutional majority of fifty-one was necessary, when, providentially, the following letter was received, and read in the House of Representatives from the Clerk's table:

"CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 29, 1860

"The Hon. Sam'l Haycraft,

Senator of Kentucky, Frankfort, Ky.:

"SIR-I see by the proceedings of the Legislature of

to the memory of Daniel Boone. Who can estimate the value to Kentucky and the West of the services of Boone? Are they less important than those rendered by the soldiers of the Mexican war? If not, upon what just principle is the erection of monuments to those soldiers proper, when the same respect is denied to the memory of the brave Boone-the great Pioneer of the West?

(From the Louisville Journal, Feb. 23d, 1860)

In the Commonwealth of Saturday we find a speech of the Hon. Samuel Haycraft, delivered in the Kentucky Senate on the 15th inst, in support of the bill appropriating \$2,000 to erect a monument over the grave of Daniel Boone and his wife. Mr. Haycraft was the originator of the bill, and his speech is one of almost matchless beauty, eloquence, and patriotism. If is alike honorable to the heart and to the intellect of its distinguished author. If our columns were not so crowded, we would gladly lay the whole of it before our readers this morning.

The Senate passed Mr. Haycraft's bill, and we hope that it will pass the House of Representatives.

Kentucky, that on your motion it is proposed to erect a monument over the remains of Daniel Boone and his wife in the public Cemetery at Frankfort. It affords me great pleasure to see that the noble and chivalrous State of Kentucky is about to redeem the pledge given at the interment of their bones, although no promise had been given at the time of their removal from Missouri by the State authorities that a monument would be erected at the expense of the public treasury, still the universal understanding was to that effect, and I think the remains would not have been removed from the State of Missouri under a contrary expectation.

"I am eighty-five years old, and probably the only survivor of the pall-bearers on the occasion of the re-interment at Frankfort, and the only person present on the occasion who knew Boone personally.* It was assigned to myself the duty of bearing the coffin containing his bones from the hearse to the grave-those of his wife being in a separate coffin.

"Col. Hodge, of your Legislature, knows me. My address here is Col. John Johnston, Box 527, Cincinnati, O."

"I have the great pleasure in addressing you on this occasion, and trust you may be successful to the full extent of your wishes.

"Query.-Is not \$2,000 to small a sum for an appropriate monument?

"With great respect, I have the honor to remain your most obedient servant.

JOHN JOHNSTON."

*Col. Johnston was mistaken about being the only man present who knew Boone. An old man named Ellison Williams walked from Covington barefoot to see Boone's bones buried, but he was a silent mourner and spectator in the vast crowd. He left, as his dying request, that he should be buried by Boone, and as a

religious duty, the Legislature, at the present session, appropriated ninety dollars for that purpose.

But this opportune letter from Col. John Johnston, a veteran of eighty-five years of age (and we take pride in laying it before the public) saved the bill from dying a natural death.

The bill was reported by Gen. Johnson, and with his characteristic goodness of heart, supported by a speech with tears running down his face. Mr. Shawan, a very old gentleman, supported it with great feeling. Mrs. Goodlow, Dr. Sherrill, John G. Carlisle, and others, with zeal advocated the bill. It was opposed in an able speech by Mr. Coleman.

On the final passage the vote stood thus:

YEAS-Mr. Speaker (Merriweather), C. S. Abell, Wm. B. Acree, R. M. Alexander, Henry Bohannon, Richard A. Buckner, O. H. Burbridge, Joshua Burdett, Harrison G. Burns, C. G. Burnam, R. A. Burton, Jr., John G. Carlisle, A. B. Chambers, W. W. Cleary, J. L. Cleveland, M. J. Cook, Joseph Crozton, William Day, H. B. Dobyns, A. Dunlap, John Ellis, E. A. Falconer, J. A. Finn, Wm. Fisher, Wm. Gogle, G. L. Forman, R. H. Gale, S. L. Gaiger, Abijah Gilbert, T. L. Goheen, J. K. Goodloe, Lafayette Green, J. H. Gudgell, John Hunter, G. B. Hodge, W. C. Ireland, Richard T. Jacob, Wm. Johnson, G. A. Larkey, J. G. Leach, L. S. Luttrell, James Mann, J. G. McFarland, J. H. D. McKee, W. L. Neale, F. Neel, J. T. Ratliff, J. M. Rice, W. C. Richardson, F. Riddle, Samuel Salyers, Jo. Shawhon, U. C. Sherill, Nelson Sledd, H. D. Smith, A. H. Sneed, Jr., Joshua Tevis, Harrison Thomson, R. A. Walker, J. W. White, and Nathaniel Wolfe-61.

NAYS- Shelly Coffey, Jr., Virgil Coleman, John W. Cook, John Griffen, Jo. Hill, Ben. M. Hite, Y. A. Lynn, and Ishmael H. Smith-8.

During the vote, it was a scene of unparalleled enthusiasm, and the only objection by the yeas was, that the sum ought to have been \$5,000.



Daniel Boone's gravesite and monument at the Frankfort Cemetery overlooks the Kentucky River and State Capitol.



Memorializing the Man

SCAVANGER HUNT 2014—A hot day in mid-June and Kenny Tabb was in search of a memorial to Samuel Haycraft somewhere in the city cemetery. A memorial that he had never seen or heard of before a sheet of paper outlined his mission, one that he accepted and successfully found in under a hour. Thanks to cell phones he brought back photos to share!

Now for the rest of the story...

In 1937, seventy-seven years ago, a bronze tablet commemorating the life of Samuel Haycraft, Jr., was erected in the northwest corner of the Elizabethtown cemetery by the Hardin County Historical Society along with assistance from the Elizabethtown Women's Club, and Judge Julius E. Haycraft, of Fairmont, Minnesota; Gustavus D. Pope, Detroit, Michigan, and Col. Benjamin Helm Pope, of Belvedere, California, the three being relatives of Samuel Haycraft, Jr.

The marker was mounted on two old French Burr millstones which came to this country from France and were used as ballast on ships in the early days. The stones were landed in Virginia during the Revolutionary war period and later were moved to Nelson county and used in an old mill in the vicinity

of the Churchill Downs Distilling Company, who gave them to the Hardin County Historical Society when an appeal was made for stones to use in the memorial construction. The reason for the use of the mill stones as a base for the marker is that Samuel Haycraft, Sr., was a pioneer miller and he erected the first mill in the county near the railroad along Seversn Valley creek.

The 18 by 24 inch tablet bears the following inscription: "SAMUEL HAYCRAFT, JR. 1795 - 1878 "Interred in this cemetery are the remains of Samuel Haycraft, Jr., who was born in a double round-log cabin in Elizabethtown during the pioneer period. His father, Samuel Haycraft, Sr., a Revolutionary soldier and pioneer miller was the donor of the adjacent cemetery acres. Samuel Haycraft, Jr., served as Clerk in both the Hardin County Court and the Hardin Circuit Court, was a member of the Elizabethtown bar, State Senator, supporter of the Union, sponsor of the State monument to Daniel Boone, an acquaintance of Thomas Lincoln, and correspondent of Abraham Lincoln. AUTHOR OF A HISTORY OF ELIZABETHTOWN, KENTUCKY, AND ITS SURROUNDINGS (Written in 1869.)

side they had left their signs, and traveled upward of 30 miles. We then supposed they would be less cautious in traveling, and making a turn in order to cross their trace, we had gone but a few miles when we saw their tracks in a buffalo path, pursued and overtaken them in going about 10 miles just as they were kindling a fire to cook.

Our study had been how to get the prisoners without giving the Indians time to murder them after they discovered us. We saw each other nearly at the same time; four of us fired and all of us rushed on them, by which they were prevented from carrying away anything except one shot gun without any ammunition. Mr. Boone and myself each had a pretty fair shot as they moved off. I am well convinced that I shot one through the body. The one he shot dropped his gun—mine had none. The place was covered with thick cane and being so much elated at recovering the broken hearted little girls, we were prevented from making further search. We sent the Indians off almost naked—some without their moccasins and some of them without so much as knife and tomahawk. After the girls came to themselves sufficiently to speak, they told us there were only five Indians—four Shawnees and one Cherokee. They could speak good English and said they should then go to the Shawnee towns. The war club we caught is like these I have seen of that nation. Several words of their language which the girls retained were known to be Shawnee. They also told them that the Cherokees had killed or driven all the people from Watauga or thereabouts and that 14 Cherokees were then in Kentucky waiting to do mischief.

If the war becomes general, which there is the greatest appearance, our situation is truly alarming. We are about finishing a large fort, and intend to keep possession of this place as long as possible. They are, I understand, doing the same thing in Harrodsburg and also on Elkhorn at the Royal Springs.

The settlement on Licking Creek, known as Hinkstones, has been broken up. 19 of the settlers, including Hinkstone himself, are now here on their way in. They all seem deaf to anything we can do to dissuade them. 10 at least of our own people are

going to join them, which will leave us with less than 30 at this fort. I think more than 300 men have left the country since I came out and not one of them has arrived except a few cabiners down the Ohio.

I want to return as much as any person can too but if I leave the country now there is scarcely a man who will not follow my example. When I think of the deplorable conditions a few helpless families are likely to be in, I conclude to sell my life as dearly as possible in their defense, rather than making an ignominious escape. I am afraid it is in vain to sue for any relief from Virginia, yet the convention encouraged the settlement of this country, and, should not the extreme part of Fincastle be as justly entitled to protection as any other part of the country? If an expedition were carried out against those nations which are at open war with the people in general we might in a measure be relieved by drawing them off to defend their towns. If anything under heaven can be done for us I know of no person who would more likely engage in forwarding us assistance than yourself. I do, at the request and on behalf of all the distressed women and children and other inhabitants implore any who may have it in his power to give us relief. I cannot write. You can better guess at my idea from what I have said than I can express them.

I am, dear sir, yours most affectionately to my last

JOHN FLOYD

* * * * *

We can only speculate on how Alfred MacKenzie Brown came by this letter. The newspaper article did state that John Floyd was the uncle of Elizabethtown's J.W. Bowling. Bowling's mother was Ann Eliza Floyd. Perhaps Brown purchased the letter from Bowling?

A.M. Brown died in 1903. Brown's daughter, Bell, the wife of Dr. Robert Burns Pusey and mother of Dr. William Allen Pusey and Dr. Brown Pusey came into possession of his worldly goods.

Perhaps that letter is still at the Brown Pusey House? I can assure you that they are looking for it with great interest. It's not everyday you discover a letter quite that old and of great value to Kentucky History.



COL. JAMES JOHN FLOYD

moments.



Message From The President

Greetings to all members,

I feel so inadequate to serve as president of such an important fiber in our community. I want to thank all those that lead this excellent organization.

A few things that I want to highlight as we approach our July 28 meeting.

1. MEMBERSHIP. It is so important that you renew your membership for the year and your continued support of the society.

2. REBUILDING OF THE WALL AT HELM CEMETERY. Our society voted at the April meeting that we would support and fund raising to restore the wall. It is in very poor state. Please give this your earnest consideration; maybe drop a check to this project. The total cost will be around \$3000.00

3. ATTEND THE MEETINGS. Our attendance has been extremely slack in my first two meetings. I feel it is me! We have great programs, but would welcome your suggestion as to what type of program you desire. Contact Twylane and let her know.

4. OUR BOOKS FOR SALE. Promote and encourage the use of our valuable resource.

We have been blessed with the generous and caring members and have contributed to the preserving of our heritage. This is important and we need not let down our efforts. As I said in the beginning, I feel that I do not measure up to the task as this is my first leadership role in the society, but with your help we will continue to do good things.

Be sure to pay your dues and attend the July 28th meeting.

See you all on the 28th of July.

Kindest Regards,
Michael L. Bell

Reprint - December 11, 1934 The Elizabethtown News.

WOMAN'S CLUB

At the Woman's Club on this Friday afternoon, Mrs. Ward Darnell, impersonating Rebecca Boon, the wife of Daniel Boone, gave a program in commemoration of the bicentennial of the birth of Daniel Boone.

The scene was laid in the Boone cabin in the upper Louisiana Purchase. The living room of the cabin was furnished with antique chairs, tables and a spinning wheel. Ears of maize hung on both sides of the old-fashioned fireplace. In the center of the mantle was a miniature log cabin on each side of which stood candle molds. The red glow of the fire on the hearth and the mellow light of the candles burning in the old brass candlesticks added to the charm of the scene.

Rebecca Boone (Mrs. Darnell), wearing a frock of brown homespun (once the property of Mrs. Sallie Smith's mother), a white collar, apron and cap, sat in a low chair by the fire. One her lap rested a great wooden bowl into which she shelled maize. While her fingers actively removed the hard, dry kernels from the ears, her mind actively recalled old memories, which she harped with her audience.

Rebecca Boone, sitting in the firelight and candlelight, painted a vivid word picture of the day when she and Daniel had left their old home in Virginia. They were the first persons to cross the upper Mississippi River, for the purpose of making a permanent home in the West.

When Daniel Boone left Kentucky he was heavily in debt. He was granted 1,000 arpents of land in the new territory. Because he was an honest man and greatly worried about his debts, Daniel Boone sold all but 181 acres of this grant of land, and with the money thus obtained, went to Kentucky to pay his debts. He was gone long time and finally returned to his wife and children with only 50 cents in his pocket. He remarked that

he was happy and ready to die because his debts were all paid.

The Spanish Governor gave Boone another grant of 10,000 arpents of land, and in 1800 appointed him Commandant. After the United States bought the Louisiana Territory from Spain in 1803, Boone had trouble about the title to his land. The Land Commissioners thought he should not have the land. Letters were written, and after three years of consideration and reconsideration, a large portion of the land was given back to Boone.

Mrs. Darnell said that she obtained some of her material from a rare old history of Missouri, "Pioneer Families of Missouri," by Rose, purchased from the author by Mrs. Darnell's father, Mr. D. F. Graham. This volume is now the property of Mrs. Darnell's father, and is valued at not less than one hundred dollars.

Mrs. Darnell showed pictures of Daniel Boone, Nathan Boone, Daniel's son, and of the cabin in St. Charles county, Missouri, where Daniel and Rebecca Boone are supposed to have lived. This cabin was built on Grant No. 1,695. She showed a picture of the second house, remodeled, is the home of Mrs. Darnell's parents, and was her girlhood home.

The Daniel Boone Bi-Centennial is of particular interest to Pennsylvania, the Carolinas, Missouri, Kansas and Kentucky. Mrs. Darnell proposed that the assembly sing, "My Old Kentucky Home" as a toast to "Daniel Boone and Rebecca Boon, his faithful companion whose labors made possible our 1934 security."

The program was enthusiastically received by the Club. Mrs. Darnell received sincere commendation for the excellence of her program, the interestingness of her material, and the artistic skill with which she presented it.

Mrs. Darnell's program was preceded by old songs sung by the assembly, and by "I Come From Alabama With My Banjo On My Knee," sung by a quartette, Mrs. Irwin, Mr. Founts, Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Duncan.

Historical Society announces next meeting



Dan Lee

The Hardin County Historical Society will meet Monday evening, July 28th, 2014, at the STATE THEATER GALLERY, 209 West Dixie Avenue, in downtown Elizabethtown. The buffet dinner, catered by HEARTLAND CATERING, will be served at 6:30 PM. The price is \$9.00 per person. Call Twylane VanLahr at 270-765-2515 by **Friday, July 25th**, for dinner reservations; later reservations for the meal cannot be guaranteed.

The dinner is followed at 7 P.M. by a program, *Camp on the Nolin-Rousseau's Camp Nevin* presented by Dan Lee.

Lee was born in Louisville, but raised in Hardin County. He earned his bachelor's degree in history from Murray State University and his master's degree in history from Western Kentucky University. He taught social studies in the Hardin County Schools for 27 years before retiring in 2005. About that time, he began writing self-published books of local history, but since 2010 he has written four books of Civil War, non-fiction which were published by McFarland & Co.

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