It was ten years after the tragic death of President Lincoln that his family learned for the first time, the circumstances under which the pioneer Lincoln removed to the West, and discovered that he was related by blood to one of the greatest men in early American annals. Abraham Lincoln, of Rockingham County, married Elvis Harriet Lincoln whose mother was a half-sister of the famous Daniel Boone. The inducement which led him to leave Virginia where his standing and his fortune were assured, was doubtless his relation to the great explorer, the hero of the new country of Kentucky, the land of fabulous richness and unlimited ad-venture. At a time when the eastern states were ringing with the fame of the great hunter, who had won in the midst of those achievements which will forever render him one of the most picturesque heroes in all our annals, it is not to be wondered at that his own family should have caught the enthusiasm and felt the desire to emulate his career.

Boone's exploration of Kentucky had begun some ten years before his nephew Lincoln set out to follow his trail. In 1769 he made his memorable journey to that virgin wilderness of whose beauty he always loved to speak even to his latest breath. During all that year he hunted, finding every where abundance of game. "The buffalo," he says, "were more frequent than I have been cattle in the settlements, browsing on the leaves of the cane, or crossing the barbays on these extensive plains, fearless because ignorant..."
of the violence of man. Sometimes we saw hundreds in a drove, and
the numbers about the salt springs were amazing. " In
the course of the winter, however, he was captured by the Indians,
while hunting with a courage, and when they had continued to
escape they never found again any trace of the rest of their
party. But Boone’s brother Squire, with another adventurer
from North Carolina. But a few days later they saw two
new approaching and hailed them with the hunter’s caution. "Hallo!
strangers, who are you?" They replied “White men and friends.”
They proved to be Squire Boone and another adventurer from North
Carolina. The spring had made that long pilgrimage
through the backless woods, his by an instinct of doglike affec-
tion, to find his elder brother and to share his explorer’s pleasures
and dangers. Their two companions were soon waylaid and
killed, and the Bomes spent the long winter in that mighty
solitude undisturbed. In the spring their ammunition which
was to them the only necessary of life — raw meat and no other
means of return to the settlements to replenish the stock. It
need not be said which — the cast went uncompli-
ing on his way and Daniel spent three months in absolute
loneliness, as he himself expressed it "by myself, without bread, salt,
or sugar, without company of any fellow creature, or even a horse
or dog." He was not insensitive of the dangers of his situation.
He never came to his camp without the utmost precautions, and
always slept in the same place if the signs were unfavorable.
But he makes in his memoir this curious reflection which would seem like effusion in one less perfectly and simply heroic. "Now unhappy such a situation for a man to meet with, for which is vain if no danger comes, and if it does only augments the pain. It was my happiness to be destitute of this afflicting passion with which I had the greatest reason to be afflicted." After his brother's return for a year longer they hunted in those lovely wilds and then returned to the Lick to bring their families to the new domain. They made the long ride back, four hundred miles, in peace and safety, a fact which shows how sparse was the Indian population in those days.

Some time after this Boone took no conspicuous part in the settlement of Kentucky. The expedition with which he left the Lick in 1772 met with a terrible disaster near Cumberland Gap, in which his eldest son and five more young men were killed by Indians, and the whole party, discouraged by the loss, returned to the settlement safer region of the Licking River. In the meantime, the dauntless speculator Henderson had begun his occupation with all the pomp of vice royalty. Harrodsburg had been founded, and corn planted, and a flourishing colony established at the Falls of the Ohio. A party of surveyors were sent by the Governor of Virginia that post in Rome was called upon to escort a party of surveyors through the State and on his return was given the command of three garrisons, and for several years thereafter, the history of Kentucky is the record of his feats of arms. So one
ever equaled him in his knowledge of Indian character and his influence with the savages was a mystery to him, and to themselves. Twice, three times he fell into their hands and they did not harm him. Twice they adopted him into their tribes while they were still on the war path. Once they took him to Canada to show the Long Knife Chief to the King George that they could also win trophies of memorable prowess — but they refused to give him up even to their British allies. So in no quality of wise woodcraft was he wanting. He could out-run a dog or a deer; he could thread the woods without foot, day or night; he could find his way as easily as the panther could. Although a great athlete and a praying warrior, he hated fighting and only fought for peace. But his counsels when they were heard were always wise, and when they were rejected disaster followed.

In council and in war he was equally valuable. His advice was never rejected without disaster nor followed but with advantages; and when the fighting once began there was not a rifle in Kentucky which could rival his. At the nine days siege of Boonesborough he took deliberate aim and killed a negro runaway who was harassing the garrison from a tree 525 feet away. The mildness and quietness of men he had killed dozens of enemies with his hand and all this without malice and — strangest of all — without the personage. We will of those opposed to him.

His self respect enough but not a spark of vanity. After the fatal Battle of the Blue Licks, where
the only point of light in the day's terrible work was the wisdom and valor with which he had partly retrieved a disaster he foresaw but was powerless to prevent. When it became his duty as senior surviving officer of the forces to report the affair to Gov. Har-

rison, his bare and naked narrative gave not a single hint of what he had done himself, nor mentions the gallant son lying dead on the field, nor the wounded brothers whose gallantry might have justly claimed some notice. He was thinking solely of the public good, saying, "I have encouraged the people in this county all that I could, but I can no longer justify them or myself to risk our lives here under such extraordinary hazards." He therefore begs his Excellency to take immediate measures for relief. During the short existence of Henderson's legislation, he was a member of it, and not the least useful one. Among his measures was one for the protection of game.

It was doubtless under the auspices of this most famous of our pioneers that Abraham Lincoln set out from Rockingham County to make a home for himself and his young family in that wild region which Boone was wresting from its savage holders.