KENTUCKY PIONEER WOMEN

Compliments of the author

Mary Florence Taney.

KENTUCKY PIONEER WOMEN

COLUMBIAN POEMS AND PROSE SKETCHES BY MARY FLORENCE TANEY

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CONTENTS.

To the Memory of

Mary Hopkins Cabell Breckenridge,
Susanna Hart Shelby,
Keturah Leitch Taylor,
Rebecca Bryant Boone,
Jemima Suggett Johnson,
Elizabeth Callaway Henderson,
Elizabeth Cook,
Esther Devee Fowler,
Ann Harrod,
Betsey Montgomery,
Jane Montgomery,
Mrs. Wm. Coomes (the first school-teacher),
Nancy Hanks Lincoln,
Mary Blair Rice,
Sally Shelby McDowell—

Types of the Pioneer Women, whose names a grudging history has handed on to this generation—who established homes, founded families, introduced refinement and culture, and made civilization and sound morals permanent occupants of our State.

To them and their descendants, and to the descendants of their co-workers, the good women of Kentucky, this little work is reverently and lovingly dedicated.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Among the kind and generous friends to whom the author is indebted for historic facts, accurate dates, encouragement, and oftentimes inspiration, pre-eminent is Colonel Reuben T. Durrett, president of the Filson Club. Early in the preparation of the work the writer visited the famous Durrett Collection of Kentucky Relics, which are not surpassed, if equaled, in historic interest and variety by any collection in the United States. Portraits of Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, and other of the hero pioneers look from the walls upon ancient relics which were their contemporaries

and mute witnesses of their deeds. Among the interesting relics of a nearer and more personal nature, preserved with loving care by her distinguished son, is the saddle upon which Elizabeth Rawlings Durrett, the mother of Colonel Durrett, rode over the mountains from Virginia to Kentucky in 1810, by the classic wilderness road, so graphically described by Captain Thomas Speed.

Also, to Judge William B. Kinkead for interesting reminiscences of pioneer life while the writer visited Lexington, going over the files of the *Gazette* for 1784 to 1792, to get in touch with the spirit of pioneer times; to his two daughters, Miss Nellie Talbot Kinkead and Miss Elizabeth Shelby Kinkead. Also, to Mrs. Judge James Mulligan.

Among the historic portraits of great in-

terest to the author was that of Mary Hopkins Cabell Breckenridge, wife of Hon. John Breckenridge, and the progenitor of the distinguished Breckenridge family. The sweet, strong face, firm and fearless, impressed the writer strongly as to the characteristics of this remarkable woman. The writer held for a moment, with reverent and loving touch, her little white satin wedding slipper of London make.

Also, to Prof. N. S. Shaler, of Harvard University, and lastly to the descendants of the pioneers, the ladies of Kentucky, for their sweetness and cordiality, their goodness and beauty, which were ever a source of inspiration.

Also, to the following members of the Filson Club: Reuben T. Durrett, Thomas

Speed, Edmund T. Halsey, J. Stoddard Johnston, Richard W. Knott, Horatio W. Bruce, John B. Castleman, Basil W. Duke, Andrew Cowan, William H. Whitsett, William J. Davis, and James S. Pirtle.

INTRODUCTORY.

Every state takes its character very largely from its first settlers. They establish and form its first institutions. They organize its society and give it tone. They form the nucleus around which growth is made, and the growth is arranged and permeated by their spirit. They transmit their qualities to their children, by whom subsequent accretions are directed and controlled. They fix the mold for coming society, cut the channels for law and history.

The spirits of Boone and Callaway, of Henderson and Dandridge, of Slaughter and

Jouett, are as potent in our state as if they still walked the earth clad in complete steel. Our system of laws is but the expansion of the Acts of the Rustic Parliament. The influences that control society and direct public opinion, are only a multiple of the influences set in motion by the handful of settlers in the wilderness.

It is therefore fitting and appropriate that we revive their memorials—hold their virtues in remembrance, and acquire some degree of elevation by our appreciation of their work and character.

Any effort, however humble, in such a cause has the sanction of a good purpose, the praise of a noble aim.

I can not, dare not, assume that I have written worthily; but if my feeble effort shall

suggest to any one, whose lips have been touched with sacred fire, that a theme worthy of a noble poem has lain neglected for many years, I will have accomplished a worthy purpose. If such a one should be inspired to sing into the people's hearts the character and achievements of the founders of our State, I will have realized my highest wish.

THE RUSTIC PARLIAMENT.

Among all the incidents of the early settlement of Kentucky none is more significant than the Rustic Parliament which convened at Boonesborough, May 24, 1775. Seventeen delegates from as many settlements met, without other warrant than a common reverence for justice, through established institutions and public law. Without authority from King or Parliament, five hundred miles from organized society and civil government, scattered so widely that they might assume to enjoy unrestrained natural freedom, they speedily bound themselves by legal contracts

and laid the foundation of an organized State.

They were nominally within the jurisdiction of Virginia, as they were nominally subjects of the British crown. They had not heard of the battles at Lexington and Concord, and the Declaration of Independence was yet hidden in a swift-coming future. They had come to the wilderness without a charter, and under the popular imputation of fleeing from the control of law and the restraints of orderly society. But the fountain of justice was open to them. They had higher authority than charter or enabling statute. They replied to their calumniators by the enactment of laws for the establishment of courts of justice, for the common defense, for the collection of debts, for the punishment

of crime, for the restraint of vice, for the encouragement of good husbandry. The best work of their descendants has been done by building upon their foundations. They held their sessions under the "Divine Elm," the lonely giant, standing "on a beautiful plain, covered by a turf of fine white clover which made a thick carpet of green to the very stock of the tree. Its first branches sprang from the stem about nine feet from the ground, reaching uniformly in every direction, so that the diameter was a hundred feet. Every fair day its shade describes a circuit upward of four hundred feet in extent. Between the hours of ten and two, a hundred persons could comfortably recline under its shade."

Nothing in the situation or surroundings,

or in far-reaching effects and influences, is wanting to the picturesque beauty or the historic significance of this memorable assembly. It has been justly said that Marietta, Ohio, is the gateway by which law entered the great North-west Territory; but the fact ought not to be overlooked, that law entered the Mississippi Valley by way of the mountain passes, carved by the headwaters of the Cumberland and Kentucky rivers, and set up its perpetual standard at Boonesborough.

Equally suggestive is the other service held under that "Divine Elm." Those pioneers were not learned in history or philosophy, but they knew the full meaning of the word "duty," and their courage and resolution reverently bowed before the mighty

power above them. They had not sophisticated themselves into the belief that God can be ignored, or his laws safely dispensed with. On the Sabbath they met in "God's first temple," and in prayer and praise acknowledged their own dependence and gave thanks to the Giver of all good.

In both respects they are an example; laying the foundation of a State reverently and in righteousness.

The names of the seventeen delegates, worthy to be associated with the "pilgrims" who ordained civil government on board the Mayflower, with the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the noble company of wise founders of States, are as follows:

Squire Boone, Daniel Boone, Samuel Henderson, William Moore, Richard Callaway,

Thomas Slaughter, John Lythe, Valentine Harmon, James Douglass, James Harrod, Nathan Hammond, Isaac Hite, Azariah David, John Todd, Alexander Spotswood Dandridge, John Floyd, and Samuel Wood.

THE RUSTIC PARLIAMENT.

I.

Canopied by the majestic, sheltering elm,
God's promise and foretaste of bounty to this realm,
A chamber for council, a temple for praise and prayer,
They adored their fathers' God in love and fear;
And in His name framed their just and equal laws,
And craved His gracious favor for a worthy cause.

II.

Divine Elm! Its stately beauty graces all the scene,
Its circling shade moves noiseless on the broidered green,
Its pliant, trailing branches drink the morning dew,
Its towering crown reaches far in heaven's blue,
Nobler far than Bashan's Oak, or orient palm,
By night or day, in heat or cold, in storm or calm.

III.

Far from lands of law, they firmly held to all that's just,
And builded quick the stately dome of equity,
To shield and guard the innocent, and smite to dust
The haughty crest of heartless tyranny.

REBECCA BRYANT BOONE.

Rebecca Bryant, who married Daniel Boone about 1755, in the Yadkin settlement in Western North Carolina, and her daughter, Jemima, are said to have been the first white women to become residents of Kentucky. Perhaps no woman of our State ever had a more varied experience of the hardships, privations, and tragedies of pioneer life.

In 1773, in company with her husband, who had previously visited Kentucky, she set out for the new Canaan. In Powell's Valley they were joined by five other families and forty armed men. Near the Cumberland

Mountains the company was attacked by Indians, and six of the men were killed, among whom was her eldest son.

They retreated to the valley of the Clinch River, where Mrs. Boone lived with her remaining children until September, 1775. During this period, her husband, under employment of Governor Dunmore, had conducted a surveying party from tide-water to the Falls of the Ohio, a distance of about eight hundred miles. He also visited Central Kentucky, and took part as a delegate in the Rustic Parliament, held in May, 1775.

He returned to the Clinch River and brought his wife and family to Boonesborough, arriving September 8, 1775.

In February, 1778, he was captured by the Indians while leading a party attempting

to secure a supply of salt. He was carried north of the Ohio River, and adopted by a noted chief, through the ceremony of plucking out all his hair except the scalp-lock, and a thorough washing in a neighboring brook.

His wife hearing no tidings of him, naturally supposed that he had been killed, and taking her children, returned to the Yadkin, in North Carolina. In June, 1778, at extreme peril of his life, he escaped, pursued by Indians, and returned to Boonesborough to notify the station of a coming Indian raid. "I left old Chillicothe," he says, "on the 16th, and in four days reached Boonesborough, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, having eaten but one meal during that time."

In the following autumn he joined his wife and family, and returned, bringing them with him, to Kentucky in 1780.

In 1782, Mrs. Boone was again bereaved by the death of a son killed in the memorable massacre at Blue Lick Springs, where another son was seriously wounded. Her later days were spent in Missouri, where she died in 1813. In 1845 her remains, with those of her husband, who died in 1820, were returned to the State, whose history they had so signally illustrated, and buried at Frankfort. This was done in pursuance of concurrent action by the citizens of Frankfort and the legislature of the State.

Like a majority of the greatest heroes, REBECCA BRYANT BOONE has had slight notice from history. Glimpses of her are

caught only as her famous husband opens the door to come or go. But it requires little imagination, and little loving sympathy, to restore her to view. Her lonely and heroic life, her long, wearisome waiting for the return of husband to wife and children, her heart-rending bereavements, her endurance in perils and journeying, her patience and equanimity by which she could sustain such efforts, until she had passed the allotted three score and ten, confer upon her a much higher distinction than the accidental one of being the first white woman to take up her abode in the State.

They mark her as the most complete type of the wife and mother, who made the pioneers settlers in homes, and not mere bush-rangers, who pass and leave no trace. She and others

like her were the complement of the adventurous Saxon, who always came to stay, to subdue the land, to build the home, to inaugurate the family, to enforce justice, and over all to spread the beneficent canopy of established order.

REBECCA BRYANT BOONE.

I.

September's sun with mellow beam smiles upon the plain,
All is silent, save the south wind rustles in the cane,
And the wood-pecker beats the hollow-sounding tree,
Or the ivory-bill screams his piercing minstrelsy.

II.

Down the trace, through the cane, strides the mighty
hunter, Boone,
Homeward, shod with silence, as the sun touched
the noon;
Wife and child, eager waiting, greet him at the door,
And the hero's heart leaps as he clasps them o'er
and o'er.

III.

Then a vision of the Yadkin, where first they met,
And the shining of her eyes he never can forget;
Of the home she had left, to become a faithful wife,
And glorify the wilderness with the blessing of her life.

IV.

All within is neat; brightly shines the puncheon floor,
For Rebecca had been trained in useful household lore;
And the simple table, piled with nature's gifts, was spread
With bear steak and wild lettuce, and venison for bread.

V.

The wild plum, and pawpaw, and the grape crowned the board,
And freedom, love, and health, beyond the miser's hoard;
All honor to Kentucky's primal mother, wife,
The worthy harbinger of coming love and life.

Capture of Elizabeth and Frances Callaway and Jemima Boone by the Indians.

The capture and recovery of Elizabeth and Frances Callaway and Jemima Boone, is a striking illustration of the dangers amid which the pioneers lived, and of the promptness and intrepidity with which they met and overcame them.

At Boonesborough, on Sunday, July 14, 1776, late in the afternoon, these three girls, aged sixteen and fourteen years, were amusing themselves in a canoe on the Kentucky River. Suddenly five Indians rushed upon

them and made them prisoners. The girls fought desperately, one of the Indians being gashed to the skull by the blow of an oar in the hands of Elizabeth Callaway, the elder of the three.

Their capture was made known only by their failure to return, and it required no prolonged inquiry by the experienced woodsmen to decide upon the fact, or to ascertain the direction and route taken by the Indians. Callaway and Boone, the fathers of the captured girls, and three young men, namely, Samuel Henderson, John Holder, and Flanders Callaway, their affianced lovers, set off at once on foot in pursuit. They were soon followed by William B. Smith, Catlett Jones, Bartlett Searcy, and John Floyd, on horseback, who overtook Boone and his compan-

ions before nightfall about five miles from Boonesborough.

It being impossible to follow the trail in the darkness, the pursuers were compelled to halt during the night. From the first clear light next morning to the last glow of day, they swept on in the pursuit, following a trail as clear to them as the king's highway, but indistinguishable by untrained senses.

The captive girls, not doubting of pursuit, contributed broken twigs, bits of cloth or any other token to mark their way, though threatened with instant death, and sometimes menaced with the upraised tomahawk.

The pursuers were compelled to halt for another night, but not long after starting on the third morning, they came upon the camp they had so eagerly sought. Their great fear

was that the girls might become too much wearied to keep pace with their captors, and be murdered to secure their scalps as trophies.

The Indians and their pursuers each saw the other about the same time. The latter knew the extreme need of instant action, lest the Indians might murder the girls to prevent their recapture.

Four of the pursuers discharged their guns instantly, and all made a rush for the camp. The Indians fled without resistance, and without securing any thing but a shot-gun without ammunition. The effect of the firing by the whites was never known, but it was afterward learned that but one of the Indians ever reached his tribe. The pursuers were too intent upon rescue, and too

well satisfied with their success, to hunt to the death the fleeing Indians.

The following incident of the capture has thrilling interest:

Elizabeth Callaway had a dark complexion, which was rendered more swarthy by fatigue and exposure. Sitting by the roots of a tree, her head bound with a red bandana, she comforted her younger companions in misery, who reclined with their heads in her lap. One of the pursuers, mistaking her for an Indian woman, clubbed his musket and raised it to dash out her brains. Another of the rescuers who had recognized her, seized his arm in time to prevent the horrid tragedy. The narrow escape, with its suggestion of terrible possibilties, gave a melancholy tinge to their rejoicing.

CAPTURE OF ELIZABETH AND FRANCES CALLAWAY AND JEMIMA BOONE, BY THE INDIANS, JULY 14, 1776.

I.

'T was late one quiet Sabbath day,
The westering sun hung low;
Three maidens fair in joyous play
Were floating in their light canoe.

II.

All nature seemed at perfect peace,
The water mirrored back the hills,
The stately trees with quiet grace,
Looked down upon the sleeping rills.

III.

The sun aslant sent down its beams
To tint the waters with its gold,
They feared not man nor wraith upon the stream,
Until the yell that made them cold.

IV.

Five savage men on serpents' trail,
Into that scene of peace had crept,—
Their hideous yell, the maidens' wail,—
And hills and trees in horror wept.

V.

The cry for help went out in vain,
The cliffs sent back a mocking sound,
In vain they battled might and main,
Worthy the hero blood they owned.

VI.

Across the stream, and o'er the plains
Through wood and brake, o'er hill and brook,
In captive bonds they dragged their chains,
Their way in savage thrall they took.

VII.

The sun went down, the woods grew dark,
The pitying stars look dimly down;
Kind nature seemed to feel and mark
Their rayless sorrow for her own.

VIII.

Exhausted nature called surcease;
The captives, held with cruel care,
Sank down to rest, but not in ease,
For doleful sounds disturbed the air.

IX.

Another day,—a summer's day,
Through forest drear they northward sped,
Till darkness barred the hopeless way,
And night brought naught but grief and dread.

X.

With wakeful hours and fitful sleep,
The night was passed in doubt and fear;
Why should they painful vigils keep?
Why should no help or friends be near?

THE PURSUIT.

I.

The settlers, busy with their toils and cares,
Felt no concern and knew no cause for fear,
Like soldiers trained, with peril long acquaint,
They felt at ease though danger might be near.

II.

The hallowed hour of quiet evening came,
When all things harmless seek for safe repose,
The absent ones sought out their sheltering homes;
But three came not, and deadly, sickening fear arose.

III.

No witness saw the jewels rapt away,
In vain the eager quest, the loud halloo;
Alas! the cruel truth was plainly told,
By the drifting, tenantless canoe.

IV.

One house bereaved, had lost a first-born son,*
Who fell before the hard, relentless foe,
But this dark captivity is harder yet,
Surcharged with all that men call grief and woe.

V.

No time to weep,—action instant and alert,
This is the creed of men who built our state;
Stern duty, rescue first; then loving tribute,
All that pours from generous hearts, with joy elate.

VI.

Two fathers, three lovers, husbands yet to be,
Seize their trusty rifles, enduring no delay,
Stride forward, keen as wolves and fleet as deer,
On the trail, with lingering light of day.

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* Boone's eldest son was killed on the first attempt to reach Kentucky with his family.

VII.

"Who rides may follow," rang their bold farewell,
Time hastens, and love ne'er waits for man or horse.
They 'll track the fleeing savage while they may,
And leaving tokens on the trail, mark their course.

VIII.

Into the forest dark, scanning every leaf,
And twig, and blade of grass, and ground between;
They swiftly follow, without halt or doubt,
Like "hound sagacious on the tainted green."

IX.

Darkness hid the trail; they waited for the day,
As men cast away watch for morning light;
Their burden dire of mercy and of wrath
Allowed them nothing but the *horrors* of the night.

X.

The livelong day they kept the dim-marked trail,
Another night of dismal doubt and fear,
But faith and hope were kept aglow
By tokens left in hope by those most dear.

XI.

But hearts of oak and thews of finest steel
Shall win and wear the victor's oaken wreath,
And high-bred Saxon vanquish savage men,
And love is stronger still than hate or death.

CONCLUSION.

I.

On Tuesday morn, as daylight touched the skies,
The little band in haste took up the obscure trail,
With rapid stride, and piercing watchfulness,
Fearing their urgent zeal might sadly fail,
Or time misplaced make free their deadly foe,
And dearest friends consign to unknown woe.

II.

Soon their joy was full,—joy stern and deep,
As when the hero, generous and brave,
Forgets his hardships, dangers, struggles, toils,
The helpless and the innocent to save;
And wreak just vengeance full and free
Upon the devotees of cruelty.

III.

The clear rifle's ring, the soul-stirring cheer,
The headlong rush, the craven, coward flight,
The joyous hail, the tender, sweet embrace,—
Sorrow turns to joy, gloom to purest light.
Courage and love had won their victory,
The foe had fled, the captive maids were free.

IV.

Their lightsome homeward march in safety sped,
No conqueror e'er won such goodly fame,
For homes were filled with love and life,
And gratitude and love hand down their name.
From all there came the gladsome sound,—
The dead is alive and the lost is found.

Women Carry Water to the Fort.

On the night of August 14, 1782, Indians estimated to be six hundred in number, surrounded Bryant's Station. Their approach was so stealthy that the garrison had no intimation of their coming. On the morning of the 15th they showed themselves, and made demonstrations on one side of the fort. The men able to bear arms had been mustered, ready to march to Hoy's Station, from which a rumor had arrived the evening before, bringing an announcement of danger from Holder's defeat. If the enemy had remained concealed a few hours the fighting

men would have been gone, and the fort would have been scarcely defensible.

The source of supply of water was from a spring at the distance of several rods from the fort. It was soon observed that every thing was quiet in that direction, though in the opposite direction the enemy was aggressive and noisy. It was readily concluded that an ambush had been prepared, and the enemy hoped to attract the garrison to give battle outside, while those concealed near the spring might storm one of the gates.

Mr. McClung, in his "Sketches of Western Adventure," has preserved an anecdote of female intrepidity connected with the siege.

"The more experienced of the garrison felt satisfied that a powerful party was in ambush near the spring, but at the same time

they supposed that the Indians would not unmask themselves until the firing on the opposite side of the fort was returned with such warmth as to induce the belief that the feint had succeeded.

"Acting upon this impression, and yielding to the urgent necessity of the case, they summoned all the women, without exception, and explaining to them the circumstances in which they were placed, and the improbability that any injury would be offered them until the firing had been returned from the opposite side of the fort, they urged them to go in a body to the spring and each of them bring up a bucketful of water. Some of the ladies, as was natural, had no relish for the undertaking, and asked why the men could not bring the water as well as themselves, ob-

serving that *they* were not bullet-proof, and that the Indians made no distinction between male and female scalps.

"To this it was answered that women were in the habit of bringing water every morning to the fort, and that if the Indians saw them engaged as usual it would induce them to think that their ambuscade had been undiscovered, and that they would not unmask themselves for the sake of firing at a few women, when they hoped, by remaining concealed a few moments longer, to obtain complete possession of the fort. That if men should go down to the spring the Indians would immediately suspect that something was wrong, would despair of succeeding by ambuscade, and would instantly rush upon them, follow them into the fort, and shoot

them down at the spring. The decision was soon made.

"A few of the boldest declared their willingness to brave the danger, and the younger and more timid, rallying in the rear of these veterans, they all marched down in a body to the spring, within point-blank shot of more than five hundred Indian warriors. Some of the girls could not help betraying symptoms of terror, but the married women, in general, moved with a steadiness and composure that completely deceived the Indians. Not a shot was fired. The party were permitted to fill their buckets, one after another, without interruption, and although their steps became quicker and quicker on their return, and when near the gate of the fort, degenerated into a rather unmilitary celerity, attended by some

little crowding in passing the gate, yet not more than one-fifth of the water was spilled, and the eyes of the youngest had not dilated to more than double their ordinary size."

WOMEN CARRY WATER TO THE FORT.

I.

Husbands, wives, and helpless little ones,
Were roused from sleep at break of day
By roaring guns, and savage shouts,
To find their fort beleagured, and the fray
With foes whose touch is cruel death,
Was loudly told with every passing breath.

II.

And yet from one direction comes no sound,
But silence there proclaims to all
The hidden foes, and deadly ambuscade
Prepared for those who come at morning call,
To bring from out the dell, the day's supply
Of water, without which all there must die.

III.

To disappoint the lurking, savage foe,
And overcome with wiser guile,
To save their warrior men for greater need,
And gain sore needed time the while,
Matron and maid were marshaled at the gate,
For daring enterprise, defying fate.

IV.

Equipped with pails, instead of guns and swords,
They took their usual trodden path,
And naught in voice or gait betrayed their fears,
Though well they knew they walked with death.
They safely passed the deadly ambuscade,
And safe returned,—their stout hearts undismayed.

V.

The little fortress now secure and strong,
Defiant shouts go out afar,

The valiant men, and maids and matrons brave,
Make ready for the shock of war;
No hope of mercy weakens their resolve,
From victory to death their thoughts revolve.

KETURAH LEITCH TAYLOR.

Born, Keturah Moss, September 11, 1773, in Goochland county, Virginia. Her father, Major Hugh Moss, formerly of the Revolutionary Army, died while she was a child. In the spring of 1784, she, with two sisters, aged fourteen and ten, was brought to Kentucky by an uncle, Rev. Augustine Eastin, her mother having previously married Captain Joseph Farrar.

During this journey, at nightfall a party of about forty emigrants passed Mr. Eastin's camp, disregarding his invitation and warning to remain until morning. About daybreak a

woman with an infant in her arms aroused the camp with the horrible tidings that Indians had broken in upon the advanced camp, murdering many and dispersing the others. Mr. Eastin's company buried the dead bodies and gathered up the scattered remnants of the adventurous pioneers whose caution fell so far short of their intrepidity. The dreadful spectacle witnessed by the little girl remained all her life, especially the scalp of a fair-haired girl, "all dabbled with her blood."

In 1790, she married Major David Leitch, a cultured Scotchman. He died four years afterward. In 1791, she and her husband journeyed to Maysville and Cincinnati, thence to Frankfort by way of a stockade at the mouth of the Kentucky River.

At the stockade they were furnished an

escort for twenty miles. Mr. Thomas Lindsay was of the company. An Indian was discovered lurking in the bushes, a sure indication of danger. The men rallied around Mrs. Leitch and endeavored to hurry her forward. But Mr. Lindsay was some distance in the rear and unconscious of danger. Mrs. Leitch refusing for the moment the gallant efforts of the escort, rode back rapidly to warn Mr. Lindsay—an act most characteristic of her, in its evidence of courage, thoughtfulness, and self-sacrifice.

To quote from her own letter, written in 1858:

"I was well acquainted with Generals Harmer, St. Clair, Wilkinson, and Wayne, and was at Fort Washington when St. Clair marched against the Indians in 1791, and

assisted the ladies of the fort in making knapsacks and preparing coffee for the soldiers who served in that unfortunate campaign."

In 1795, she married James Taylor, of Newport, formerly of Virginia, who had settled on his father's estate two years before.

Her descendants are well known under the names of Ward, Foote, O'Fallon, Van Voast, Jones, Abert, Taylor, Saunders, Hodge, (Geo. W.) Jones, Timberlake, Mrs. Crozet, Williamson, Price, and Bowler.

MRS. GENERAL JAMES TAYLOR.

I.

My lady rides the forest through,
And mounted guards are at her side;
My lady, joyous in her youth,
Kentucky knew no fairer bride.

II.

What sudden darkness dims the day?
The lurking red man bars the way.
The guards alarmed: "O lady, fly,
For if o'ertaken, thou must die."

III.

A backward glance my lady took,
And there beside the purling brook,
Not knowing of his dreadful need,
Caressing his gentle faithful steed,

IV.

Who drank the waters clear and cool,
From out the dark secluded pool,
Her kind, good friend of other days,
Loitered, unlearned in savage ways.

V.

Back rode my lady, the signal gave,
And risked her life a friend's to save.
She went and came and had no harm,
But love and courage make the charm,
And not the great resounding name
From deeds of strife which men call fame.

KETURAH LEITCH, AFTERWARD MRS. GENERAL JAMES TAYLOR, MINISTERING TO GENERAL ST. CLAIR'S SOLDIERS AT FORT WASHINGTON, IN 1791.

I.

The soldiers had gathered for war,
They met in a wilderness wide,
A fort by the beautiful river,
A way through the forest untried.

II.

A merciless foe is before,
Unpitying nature around,
The hardships of camp and of march,
And the horrors of battle abound.

III.

There was no mother's tender care,
Nor sister's watchful, loving pains,
Nor could a people's ministry
Cross mountains high and desert plains.

IV.

One lady, loving and beloved,
With love entire a lesson taught,
Of lowly service, love divine,
Bestowing all and asking naught.

V.

She nursed the sick with studious care,
Upheld the right, rebuked the wrong;
With tender grace and courage high,
She cheered the weak and warned the strong.

VI.

The first to give her cares and pains
To men who bow at freedom's shrine,
She leads the host of shining ones
Whose deeds have made their lives divine.

SUSANNA HART SHELBY.

Susanna Hart was born in Caswell county, North Carolina, February 18, 1761, and died at Traveler's Rest, Lincoln county, Ky., June 19, 1833, aged seventy-two years.

She was the daughter of Captain Nathaniel Hart and Sarah Simpson. Nathaniel Hart was the son of Thomas Hart of Hanover county, Virginia, and Susanna Rice. (Susanna Rice was a member of the celebrated Presbyterian Rice family.) Nathaniel Hart was born in 1734, and at an early age removed with his mother to North Carolina. In 1760, he married Sarah Simpson, daugh-

ter of Colonel Richard Simpson and Miss Kinchelo, and resided at his country seat, the Red House, in Caswell county, North Carolina, until his removal to Kentucky, in 1779.

The Harts were very wealthy people for those early times. Nathaniel Hart and his two brothers, David and Thomas (Thomas was the father of Mrs. Henry Clay), with two others, formed the company known as Henderson and Company, proprietors of the "Colony of Transylvania in America."

This purchase from the Indians consisted of almost the entire state of Kentucky. However, the legislature of Virginia made null and void this first transaction, but assigned to them 200,000 acres of land—for which they paid 10,000 pounds sterling—for the import-

ant service they had rendered in opening the country. This company first sent Daniel Boone to Kentucky to pioneer the way for them.

In April, 1784, she was married to Colonel Isaac Shelby, who became the first governor of the State. It was largely due to his unflinching patriotism and courage that the State was safely piloted through the troublous times of adjusting early complications, especially those caused by the conflicts with the Spaniards over the navigation of the Mississippi River, and the treasonable efforts to abandon the American Union and coalesce with Spain.

Colonel Shelby had visited Kentucky in 1776, but was occupied with faithful and distinguished service in the Revolutionary War until after the capture of Cornwallis. In 1782,

he again visited Kentucky, and in the fort at Boonesborough met Susanna Hart, then an orphan, her father having recently been killed by Indians.

The marriage took place in the stockade fort at Boonesborough. The incident is striking and suggestive. We can with difficulty picture the wedding scene—among the most primitive surroundings, and these suggesting war and not peace. Of one thing we are sure, that there was quite as much of honest love, and of confidence and trusting faith, as if the ceremony had been heralded by the pealing organ, and celebrated amid banks of costly flowers, and graced with charming maids and gallant attendants.

With all the trials and dangers of early colonization there was never any interruption

of the family. At this time the state was not formed. Orderly government existed only in vigorous germs. The church was not organized. Loyal and devout men were ready to organize, build, and maintain both, but there was no man a partaker in those labors but that a woman was his helper, exposed to greater dangers and severer hardships. Wives came with husbands, sons and daughters with the families to which they belonged, and marrying and giving in marriage went on, never doubting permanent occupation, even when the battle was most strenuous.

It is this feature that has made the Anglo-Saxon the colonizer of the world, enabling him to seize and hold continents, and extend his language and literature and institutions around the world. It was the want of this

characteristic that made French and Spanish and Portuguese colonization a half success, or a dismal failure. The Saxon will continue to seize and govern the world only so long as a pure family and heroic women are his unfailing allies.

As soon as more peaceful conditions made it possible to live in the open country the Shelby family fixed their home in Lincoln county, upon a generous domain, where was built the first stone house in the State. It was a far-famed residence; from its wide hospitality known as "Traveler's Rest."

It is said that Governor Shelby was the only one of all the pioneers who retained until his death the lands which he preempted. "Traveler's Rest" still remains in possession of his descendants.

The mistress of "Traveler's Rest" gave assurance before her marriage that she expected to be a helper and not a burden to her husband, in the preparation with her own hands of her bridal attire, and doubtless much else of use in coming years. It is an authentic fact that she raised and pulled the flax which she spun and wove into her wedding gown "with an art so clever that she could draw the widths through her wedding ring." The ring and gown are still preserved. From infancy she had, by precept and example, learned and practiced self help and help to others.

Her likeness tells at once of strength and balance in her character. A pleasing face, without wrinkles, an expression quiet and settled, suggests a rare combination of en-

ergy and repose. No lines indicate worry or care. It is the face of one who with equal composure, could perform or endure, who wasted no strength of body or mind in hurried action, or distracted feelings; who could be kind and helpful without oppressive demonstration, and commanding without offensive assumption. It is a face to summon and retain confidence, a temperament to hold beauty into venerable age, and transmit its charms to her descendants.

She was the mother of ten children, all of whom grew to adult age. Her descendants are scattered widely, and in a large degree they still exhibit the traits of character which belonged to Governor Shelby and Susanna Hart—courageous, self-reliant, and public-spirited.

MRS. GOVERNOR ISAAC SHELBY.

I.

The April skies are soft and blue,
The service trees are all abloom;
The crab-tree blossoms fill the air,
With beauty fair and sweet perfume.

II.

All earth is fair, and fairer still
The youthful bride, whose radiant face
Proclaims the coming of her lord,
The bridegroom famed in war and peace.

III.

The bridegroom found a worthy bride,
Whose courage high, and lofty aim,
Made her the queen of "Traveler's Rest,"
Whose history is in its name.

IV.

The heart, like steel in battle's fray,
Was soft beneath the magic spell;
The ungloved hand that smote the foe
Would her protect, whate'er befell.

V.

With distaff, needle, spindle, loom,
From flaxen wool of lordly lands,
Her robe of silken thread and sheen
Was wrought complete by her fair hands.

VI.

Secure within the strong stockade,
With prayer and benison of hope,
The hand that held the deadly sword
Received the hand that wove the robe.

VII.

Not robes of silk, nor viands rare,
Nor garments wove beyond the seas,
Nor vain parade, nor empty pomp,
Nor luxury, nor selfish ease,

VIII.

Subdued the desert wide and drear,
And made its wilds rejoice and sing,
But men and matrons strong and free,
Whose deeds were all their offering.

Mary Hopkins Cabell Breckenridge.

Mary Hopkins Cabell Breckenridge was born in Virginia, in 1768, and died at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1858, at the unusual age of ninety years. She married Hon. John Breckenridge, who was about eight years her senior, in 1785, and removed to Lexington in 1793. Soon after they made their home at "Cabell's Dale," the well-known name of their country home.

Her illustrious husband devoted much of his time to public duties, and died in 1806, soon after his appointment to be Attorney-General of the United States. Her girlhood

and youth of seventeen years, and her married life of twenty-one years, was followed by a widowhood of fifty-two years! At thirty-eight years she was left with six children, four sons and two daughters, and the care of the estate of her deceased husband.

The situation in itself was not so unusual as to confer distinction, but it afforded her a conspicuous opportunity to win distinction by the exceptional courage and fidelity with which she assumed her duties, and the signal success which she achieved. Few women in the state have made or deserved such a name. Without other stage than her home, without going beyond the sphere of a faithful and wise mother, without literary trumpet to sound her deeds, or to commemorate her noble character, she has nevertheless become fa-

mous. Passing from one to another in social conversation, her strongly defined individuality, her racy speech, her strong common sense, her incisive opinions, her devotion to duty and disregard of pretenses and shams, have become more widely known than the traits of most of those who have been elaborately written in books, in the vain hope of perpetuating their memory. Her fame endures and increases because it is of those things "that posterity will not willingly let die."

It has been said that talent is not generally hereditary, but rather courage and character are transmitted as a family heritage. Without attempting to decide as to hereditary talent, is there not abundant evidence of the transmission of courage and character

in the numerous and widely scattered descendants of Mary Hopkins Cabell Breckenridge? Not only in those who bear the honored name of Breckenridge, which for generations has been a synonym for courage and character, but the traits appear in many other names—Porter, Castleman, Bullock—who inherit the same blood through the female line. She was not only the "founding mother" of a worthy and distinguished family, but one of the founding mothers of our State.

Her descendants may justly be said to belong to an aristocracy of courage and character, the only aristocracy possible in our country, an aristocracy whose sinews have strung the republic, whose blood has circulated, warm and pure, through the heart of the country, elevating and sweetening society.

It has been said with much truth that the world knows nothing of its greatest men. Their work was not performed to the sound of trumpets, and before the gaze of the world. The historic muse never took them under her patronage. While their names were "writ in water," their influence endures forever.

However this may be, it is beyond doubt true of earth's greatest women. From Rachel to Victoria a few have attained fame and immortality. But the greatest are not upon the scroll of history. Their names are hidden in the works they have achieved, and in the children whose character they formed, only to be fully made known when the day dawns and the shadows flee away.

Six of her children lived to maturity and left descendants. Her four sons rose to emi-

nence. Three of them were eminent preachers, noted for eloquence, courage and patriotism, namely, Robert Jefferson, John, and William Lewis. Their descendants are found in Missouri, Kentucky, and Arkansas. One son, Joseph Cabell, the father of Vice-president John C. Breckenridge, became a lawyer and died comparatively young, but not until he had held important positions, and shown commanding character and ability.

Of her two daughters, Mary married David Castleman, and Letitia Preston married General P. B. Porter, of Niagara Falls. One of her descendants was the General Peter A. Porter who fell in the terrible assault upon Coal Harbor.

A granddaughter, Margaret E. Breckenridge, daughter of Dr. John Breckenridge,

during the Civil War gained the name of the "angel of the hospitals" by her gentle and self-sacrificing ministry. It was she who said: "Shall men die by thousands for their country and no woman risk her life?" She lost her life, but gained it in a divine work.

At the end of her long widowhood, the grave of her husband at Cabell's Dale in the family grave-yard, which had been undisturbed for fifty-two years, was opened to receive the remains of Mary Hopkins Cabell Breckenridge. In a few years their bodies were removed to the cemetery at Lexington, where they sleep with the dust of many of those whose lives made our state illustrious.

MRS. HONORABLE JOHN BRECKENRIDGE.

The red haws are ripe on the white thorne trees,
The boughs at the casement sway soft in the breeze;
The shadows of evening, the quiet of repose
Bring life's feverish haste to a grateful close.
A sound breaks the silence; 't is the hour of prayer,
The voice of a mother implores divine care;
To the God of the fatherless she lifts up her voice,
The God of her fathers, the God of her choice;
And her voice on the white wings of faith soars above,
Reaching heaven with a mother's petition of love.
That prayer has been answered,—the promise of old,—
"Thou and thy children generations untold,
Because thou hast sought thy help from above,
Shall live in my fear and be safe in my love."
Her children's children we have seen, a noble line,
In whose fair renown her strength and beauty shine.

Spouse of a noble lord, she exalted his name,
Bereft by his death, she heightened his fame,
The lot of the widow gave room for her powers,
Shining most brightly when darkness most lowers.

HENRIETTA HUNT MORGAN.

Henrietta Hunt Morgan, daughter of Colonel John W. Hunt, and sister of Honorable Francis Keys Hunt, one of Kentucky's greatest lawyers, was born in Lexington, Ky., in 1805, and in 1823, married Governor Calvin C. Morgan, who came of old Virginia stock. The family line of the Morgans, like that of the Hunts, reaches back into New England and New York, including many distinguished names of Revolutionary fame. Mrs. Morgan was the mother of two of Kentucky's most famous sons, Colonel Cal. Morgan and General John Morgan. Also of Colonel Richard

Morgan, Major Charlton H. Morgan, Lieutenant Thomas Morgan, and of the wives of General Basil W. Duke and General A. P. Hill.

A lady of devout religious character and broad charity, she left the impress of her kind and loving spirit not alone on her immediate family, but upon a large number of devoted friends.

Mrs. Morgan died in Lexington, Ky., November 15, 1891, at the age of eighty-six, at the family mansion where she had resided for half a century.

MRS. GOVERNOR CALVIN C. MORGAN.

I.

Heir of a noble line, thy worth shall memory keep,
And at thy tomb the "gallant remnant" come to weep;

II.

At eve, when the last ray is fading in the west,
At morn, when earth in glorious light is dressed,

III.

O'er thy sacred dust they drop affection's tear,
And mourn for thee and for the cause lost but dear.

IV.

Thy life in all good things did have a part,
Thy name will linger long in many a loving heart.

SUSAN LUCY BARRY TAYLOR.

Of the same generation, a friend and classmate of Mrs. Morgan, was Susan Lucy Barry Taylor, daughter of the eloquent William T. Barry and Lucy Overton. She was born in 1807, at Lexington, Ky., and was educated at the La Fayette Academy at that place.

It was prophetic of her life work, that in 1822, when but *fifteen* years old, she delivered at the annual examination of her school a fervid plea for the higher education of woman. Modestly claiming only "that she is capable of receiving instruction, of comprehending the

science of numbers, of learning languages, of following the explorations of science, and of mental discipline through logic and philosophy," the young girl pleads that "proud man" will permit women to spend some of their hours in improving their minds.

It is greatly to be regretted that the following thought expressed by the enthusiastic girl had not a more ample fulfillment in the pioneer history of our own State. She says in her essay:

"History is no longer confined to the exploits and achievements of men, but is proud to have its brightest pages adorned with the names of women distinguished for learning, for patriotism, for high and heroic virtue."

No better field was ever offered than the

pioneer women of Kentucky for the historic muse to celebrate "the patriotism and the high and heroic virtues" of women.

Susan Lucy Barry was married to Colonel James Taylor, at Frankfort, Ky., in 1824, and afterward made her home at Newport. Her whole subsequent life was a daily practice of social and domestic virtues. With dignity and firmness to enforce respect; with culture and grace to win and hold admiration; with a sense of duty that ennobled even ordinary household work, she was unconsciously a model and an instructor. Her religious convictions were deep and abiding. Her dislike of affectation and pretense was open and undisguised. This feeling applied especially to "fashionable education," to artificial manners, to pretended friendship, and to the whole

round of things hollow and insincere. With ample wealth to gratify every desire, she found satisfaction only in an unostentatious and useful life. Recreations without improvement, and amusements undignified or frivolous aroused no interest in one so elevated and serious; but her kindly sympathy with others, and her desire to add to their enjoyment made her participate and even aid in all innocent pleasures. This was especially true of the pastimes of children and youth. For her own part she kept up her knowledge of the classics, was a reader of history, and had Milton and Shakespeare for her favorite poets.

She looked well to the ways of her household, helped the helpless, and pitied the suffering. She died at the old family mansion, Newport, Ky., December 8, 1881.

Her children living are Mrs. Colonel Thomas L. Jones and Mrs. Colonel James W. Abert, ladies of culture and refinement, and Colonel John B. Taylor, widely and popularly known. Her children deceased were Mr. James Taylor, Colonel Barry Taylor, and Mrs. Dr. R. W. Saunders, who was greatly beloved.

SUSAN LUCY BARRY TAYLOR.

Heir of genius, taught in lofty ways,
Where great affairs were daily themes,
A fitting pioneer in later days
In noble things and worthy aims;
Thy name is now upon the scroll
Of those who worthily have wrought;
And so with loving hand, we thee enroll
With those who lived the better life,
The highest purpose sought.

MARY YELLOTT JOHNSTON.

Mary Yellott Dashiell was born September 13, 1806, at the parsonage of St. Peter's Church, Baltimore, Md. Daughter of Rev. George Dashiell, D.D., rector of St. Peter's Church, Baltimore, and a man of great learning and piety. Her mother's maiden name was Esther Handy. She was a neice of Governor Winder, of Maryland, making Mrs. Johnston a great niece of that distinguished gentleman.

Mrs. Johnston was married three times. Her first husband was Jacob Madeira, a prominent lawyer of Cincinnati, O. Her second

husband was Isaac Greathouse, of Kentucky. Her third husband was Phillip Johnston, of Kentucky. Her children living are Mrs. Lewis Casey, Rev. Addison Madeira, D.D., and Mrs. Stephenson.

Mrs. Johnston is connected with a number of prominent families. Among them are the Dashiells, Handys, Harrisons, Hancocks, Bayards, Randolphs, Warders, and Percys.

Mrs. Johnston is a woman of strong religious convictions and perfect faith. She was raised an Episcopalian, but coming west at an early day, where there was no Episcopalian Church, she united with the Presbyterian Church, of which she has been a member for fifty years.

MRS. MARY YELLOTT JOHNSTON.

I.

Surrounded by true love and care
The evening of your life draws nigh;
The ruddy firelight glints your hair,
The old time light is in your eye;
As you recall those olden days,
The friends you loved, the deeds you praise,

II.

The portraits mute upon the wall,
Look down as if they would recall
Some scene, some words you 've left unsaid
In memory of the honored dead.

III.

One portrait smiling from the walls,
On which the dancing fire-light falls,
With chestnut hair and eyes of blue;
Looks wonderingly, 't is surely you.

IV.

And now a soft hand smoothes your hair,
'T is Eleanor's, the good and fair.
What lovelier picture could the canvas show,
A glimpse of heaven here below.
Beautiful in youth, beloved in age,
Your name in honor 's writ upon the page.

MARGARET WICKLIFFE PRESTON.

The following sketch by Colonel R. T. Durrett gives such a correct and graphic picture of Mrs. Preston that it is inserted entire:

Mrs. Margaret Wickliffe Preston is one of the first grand ladies of the olden time now left among us. She was born in Lexington, Ky., in 1819, and as the daughter of Robert Wickliffe had every advantage which ancestry, social position, wealth, and education could confer upon her. She was a bright girl, and enjoyed the full measure of the high educational advantages of her day. But few

of the girls of her time were as capable as she of taking the full advantages of the higher branches of education, and but few women have since equaled her in the use of the culture and accomplishments, which made her a shining light wherever she went. When her husband was appointed minister to Spain, Mrs. Preston appeared as brightly in the polished society of Madrid and Paris as she did at home. She was so intellectual, so bright, and so cultured that she was as much at home in the Spanish and French courts as she was in her native Lexington. Among my most pleasing recollections of Louisville society are the entertainments by the Prestons during the fifties. No one ever arranged more elegantly for a dinner party, or presided with more grace than Mrs. Preston. She is now

advanced in years, but still, with her wonderful conversational powers, is so entertaining that she is the center of attraction wherever she appears. She resided in Louisville after her marriage to General Wm. Preston, in 1840, until she went with her husband to the Spanish court, in 1858. After the Civil War, in which she suffered greatly, she settled in her ancestral home in Lexington, where she now resides—in such a home as a princess might covet; and no other princess is needed to make it a princely abode.

MRS. GENERAL WILLIAM PRESTON.

I.

Daughter of a noble line, princess by right divine
Of gracious womanhood, fair and good;
A child, thy path was strewn with flowers,
In girlhood's opening, sunny hours.

II.

The stately lily, fair and sweet,
The modest violet at thy feet;
The blushing rose in crimson dressed;
Are types of loveliness by thee possessed.

III.

Our first grand lady of the olden time,
Whose name is writ on history's page sublime;
In Spanish courts, grandees of highest birth
Bent low the knee in homage to thy worth.

IV.

In Paris, among the flower of the young noblesse,
What high-born dame could match thy gay finesse?
Walking through palace halls with courtly tread,
Kentucky's daughter, but a princess bred.

V.

Home again, the fair City of the Falls
Has witnessed gatherings in thine own halls,
At which, presiding with a princess' grace,
The honored guest felt honored in his place.

VI.

And now, when sunset's gold around thee throws
A warmer coloring, as at evening's close,
The gold and crimson, softened by twilight's pensive ray,
More beauteous seem than all the garish light of day;
We sing thy praise, while evening's golden light
Its benediction sheds upon the coming night.