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~another excerpt from the book My Father Daniel Boone, The Draper Interviews with Nathan Boone~

You may be interested in a story about Tom Hood, the son of Major Andrew Hood. In 1799 while working on the family pirogue [the boat that would transport the Boone family from Greenup County to Missouri] some dogs chased a bear into the Little Sandy River near where Tom was standing. Tom, by way of his bravado, instantly leaped on the bear in the water. The bear didn't like this and with his paw pushed Tom under the water every time he came up until he almost drowned him. Jesse Griffith was on the bank of the stream but was unable to render any aid. The bear finally left the water and went up a tree where Tom and Griffith killed him.

At another time while his dogs were hotly engaged finding a buffalo, Tom climbed up a small linden tree and as the buffalo passed he jumped down astraddle the animal. Apparently half-frightened and half out of its wits the animal bounded off at the top of its speed. Tom finally had to draw his knife and cut the enraged animal's hamstrings to put a stop to the frightful ride. Tom was simple and sought this kind of notoriety.

In the spring of 1799 I went hunting fifteen or twenty miles up Tygart's Creek with two Irishmen, George and Robert Buchanan. The dogs flushed a buffalo and the men shot it several times but when enraged the buffalo seems more tenacious of life and hard to kill. Robert Buchanan proposed to knock the buffalo in the head while the dogs kept it at bay. This was tried, but his first blow seemed to land in the thick bunch of hair hanging down in front. He tried again and the buffalo turned on him. Buchanan leaped behind a tree just large enough to shield him as the buffalo turned on him it several times.. Robert urged me to shoot it, but I was laughing so hard I could not aim the gun. George who was rather green in the woods was having all he could do to take care of himself. I finally recovered enough to call off the dogs and the buffalo dropped from weakness and his wounds.

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In the spring of 1793 I started for the mouth of Little Sandy River with Jonathan Bryan. (He was the son of James and a brother of Joseph Bryan, the father-in-law of my father, Daniel Boone.) We planned to open an unimproved tract of land owned by my family, which was located about half a mile above the mouth of Little Sandy, on the southern bank of the Ohio. When we got there we found it pretty heavily timbered, so they decided to raise our first crop upon a nearby unoccupied tract which would be easier to clear. So we went up the Ohio River about ten miles and found a rich bottom with a small growth of timber and began preparing for a crop. This clearing, because of the numerous grapevines tangled in the tops of the small trees, proved to be

much more laborious than we had expected. However, we finally got in eight acres of com and raised a fair crop.

During the spring, I decided to take a couple of traps and go over to Blaine Creek and catch some beaver where I had seen some beaver signs. I went alone on horseback with four or five of my dogs. I traveled up the east fork o Little Sandy River a little way above the fork, where I unexpectedly met six or eight buffaloes. My dogs chased one and had him flat upon his side. Instead of shooting the buffalo, I took my knife and went up to stab it, but the knife struck a rib, and being thin, the blade bent at the handle. When the buffalo regained his feet and loosened himself f from the dogs, he turned his attention toward me. I was forced to jump and climb into a thorn beam bush nearby. The buffalo's feet were resting upon the lower limbs some four feet from the ground, and in his anger he made several thrusts with his horns to hook me. The animal struck the trunk of the tree and came near to throwing me off. Fortunately, my dogs continued to worry the buffalo, who finally went off to join its group. I was glad to have escaped and let him go, although the dogs chased him for some time.

A little later there was a severe rain- and windstorm, with lightning and thunder; the storm took down a great deal of timber. I was then near a cliff on the east fork, so I got under the overhanging rocks, safe from the storm and the falling timber. It is generally said by old hunters that bears do not leave their holes in the spring till after they hear heavy thunder and when weeds have gotten started several inches for them to feed upon. Soon after this heavy storm, the very same day, I met and shot a flne bear. Then I saw several others, but before the storm I had seen no bear signs anywhere. At that time I decided to load up my bear meat and go home. Thus I postponed my beaver hunt.

We were not there long before Jonathan Bryan's father came out from the old Kentucky settlements to join his son. The old man and a young stepson, named William Kenshaw, started with me on another beaver hunt to Blaine Creek. One rainy evening, well up the east fork of the Little Sandy and at camp, James Bryan started out alone to hunt. He saw some buffalo and pursued them. Finally he got lost, and the weather continued to be rainy and cloudy for several days. We waited three or four days for him; then young Kenshaw and I retuned home with the horses and traps to organize a search party. While so doing, the old man returned. he had followed a creek emptying into the main fork of the Sandy River, following it until he reached the salt works.