



America's Children



Hannah of Kentucky

by James Otis

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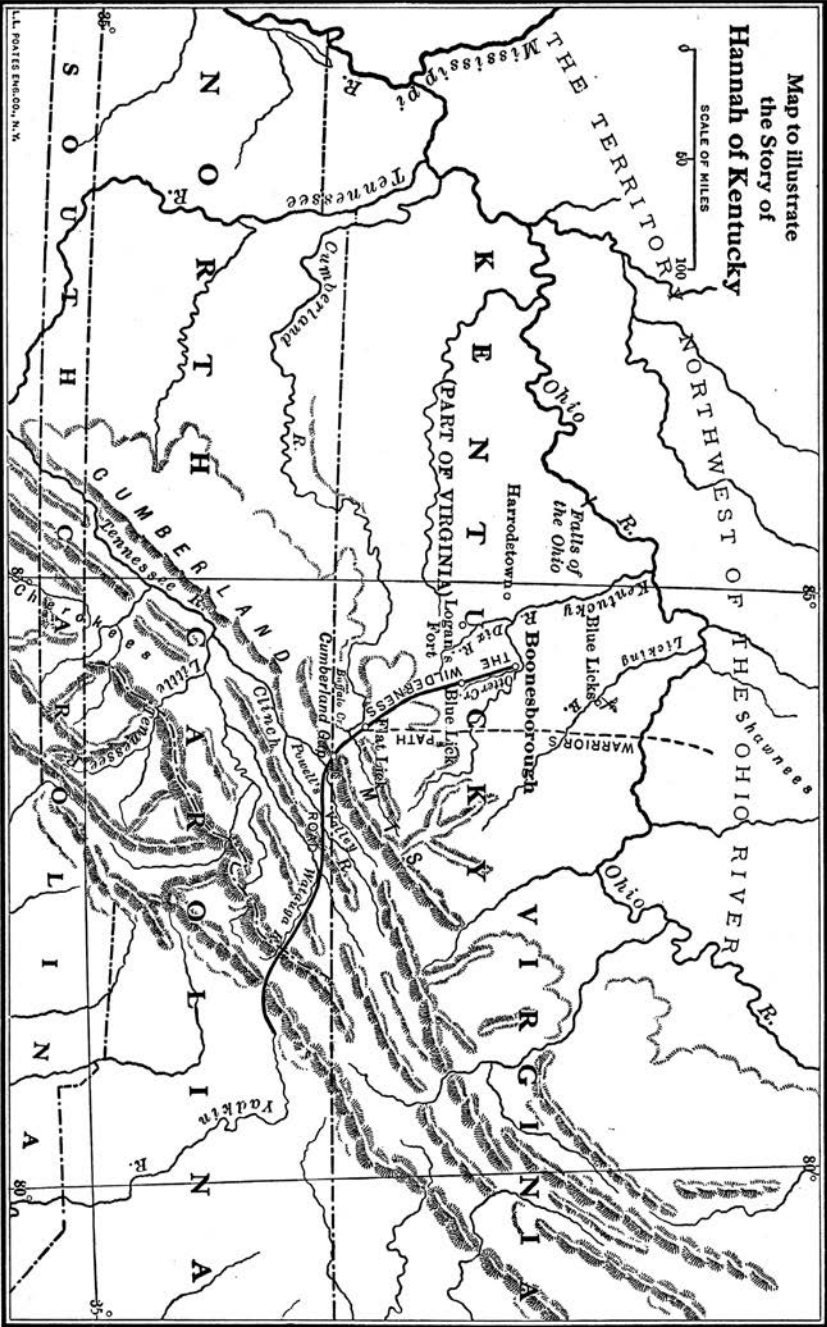
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Map to illustrate
the Story of
Hannah of Kentucky

SCALE OF MILES
0 50 100



L. L. PORTER, ENGLAND, N. Y.

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by

JAMES OTIS



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A NOTE TO THE READER

This book was written in the early 20th century, a time when societal attitudes and language were significantly from what we recognize today. As you delve into its pages, you might come across terms and descriptions that our modern sensibilities find offensive or inappropriate. These echo the beliefs and biases of that era, some of which were fueled by ignorance, fear, and misunderstanding.

We've chosen to preserve the original text, providing an unvarnished window into the past. It's essential to approach this reading with an open heart and mind, recognizing the historical context that shaped these terms and views. While we've made progress as a society, the shadows of these old attitudes sometimes persist.

By recognizing and reflecting on the profound impact such perspectives have left on our culture, we can deepen our understanding of history and chart a course towards a more inclusive and compassionate future.

AT BOONESBOROUGH

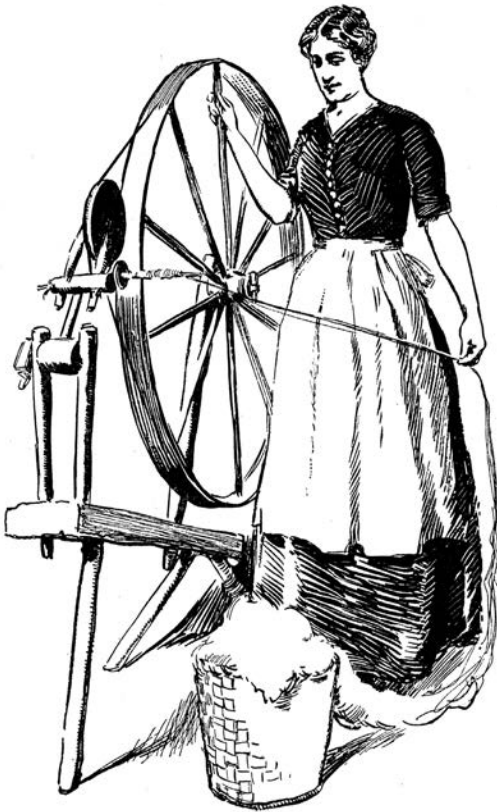


WHEN a girl fourteen years old, who has never been to a real school, sits down to write a story, she ought to explain her boldness. More than two years ago my family came to Boonesborough over the Wilderness Road with Mr. Daniel Boone. We believed then that it would not be very long before the Indians would be driven out of Kentucky; but they are making even more trouble for us now than when we first came here.

It may not seem possible that the Indians, who are surrounding our fort and forcing us to stay inside, could have anything to do with my writing what mother says will be a story such as the children on the other side of the mountains have never read. Yet, were it not for them, I should be at work in the flax field to-day rather than sitting here in the cabin. Mother says it will help to keep my mind from the dangers which beset us, if I tell how we happen to be in Colonel Boone's fort on this day of August in the year 1777.

BEGINNING THE STORY

THE greatest difficulty in writing a story of this sort is in beginning it. I do not know what to say first, and mother has no time to help me, for she is too busy spinning threads of nettle flax. This kind of work is very hard, but she must do it or we shall soon be without cloth for garments. The Indians are prowling around so thickly that we women and children may not venture into the flax field even though all the men and boys in the fort go to guard us.



It isn't to be supposed that any one outside our own family will ever see what I am writing, and yet I ought to begin it properly. Mother makes me laugh when she says that my grandchildren will be interested in reading of our life out here, where everything would be so beautiful but for the savages. The idea of a girl only fourteen years old writing something for her *grandchildren* to read!

MR. BOONE ON THE YADKIN

My father's cabin stood next to the one built by Mr. Daniel Boone, near the Yadkin River in North Carolina, and I was born there a year after the birth of Mr. Boone's daughter, Jemima. I cannot begin to tell what a venturesome life Mr. Boone has led. Even before he married Rebecca Bryan, he went, some say, with General Braddock to fight the French and Indians. To this day I do not believe any one can explain how he ever came out alive from that terrible slaughter. Mother says he must have had enough fighting then, for he came back meek as any lamb and married Rebecca, expecting, I suppose, to become a planter.

But he must have soon given up all idea of settling down, for I have been told that he spent the greater portion of his time with his brother, Squire, isn't that an

