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# 1) Descendants of Daniel Boone,

We have met today to place a marker at the intersection of the Boone's Ferry and Jaylo's Ferry roads. It is an occasion wherein the descendants of Daniel Boone and friends have come to do honor to one of America's great frontiersmen and pioneers <sup>and</sup> to commemorate the achievements <sup>in part</sup> of his descendants.

2/ The building of roads is as old  
as the history of humanity itself.  
As the world through the ages  
traces the migration of peoples as  
they moved over the face of the  
Earth to strange lands and  
to newer fields of adventure. The  
trade routes of the old world  
mark the advance of civilization  
and leave upon the earth  
the winding story of how and  
where men fought their way  
over the dangers, difficulties

3/

and Trails that beset their <sup>path</sup> ~~way~~.  
The roadways of the world are  
among the master achievements  
of the human race and it is  
eminently fitting that we  
assemble here today to do  
honor to one who was a  
road builder and a pathfinder  
in the pioneer times of Old  
Oregon.

4)

Jesse Van Boone in whose honor  
this marker is placed was the  
great grandson of Daniel Boone.  
He was born in Montgomery County  
Missouri on January 25<sup>th</sup>, 1824<sup>and</sup>  
crossed the plains to Oregon, arriving  
in the fall of 1846. The next year in  
the fall of 1847 he and his brother  
Alphonso D. Boone began ferrying  
people across the Willamette River

5 five miles below Butterville at a  
place now known as Wisonville,  
At first they used two Indian canoes  
and then to cross wagons and cattle  
they placed boards over these  
canoes. Later they built a flat boat  
pulling it back and forth with ropes.  
Jesse Blazed and cut a trail for  
pack horses from the ferry landing  
to Portland. This trail gradually  
improved in time became what  
is now known as the Boone's  
Jenny Road, and on the north end  
of this road we are placing this  
marker to day x

6) Jesse Boone ran this ferry mentioned until his death on March 25<sup>th</sup> 1872. He married Elizabeth Judge and his family consisted of three sons and three daughters; only one son living, who resides at Yaquina, Lincoln County Oregon.

Jesse V. Boone had a brother George L. Boone who was the father of Emma Boone Hale, now the President of the Boone Family Association of Oregon, the moving

7) spirit in keeping up the traditions of the family and in erecting this marker. George R. Boone came to Oregon in 1849 and helped carry all of the material on pack mules and horses over trails from Corvallis to build the Yaquina Head Lighthouse near ~~the~~ Newport, Oregon. Alphonso D. Boone of whom we have spoken who helped to carry on the ferry for a time, left Missouri in April 1846. His father Alphonso Boone, his older brother

8. / Jesse. James. Morris, and his  
three sisters, Chloe, Mary and  
Lucy, and his brother-in-law Thomas  
Morris who had married his sister  
Mary. His brother George L. having  
gone to the Rocky Mountains the  
year before. They started for  
California, joined at the rendezvous  
by their Uncle Ex Governor Boggs of  
Missouri and the Donner party  
and began the long weary march  
across the plains. The Pious met  
at Fort Hall <sup>at Fort Hall</sup> all influenced by him.  
Jesse Applegate <sup>and so</sup> <sup>work</sup>



9/ the ~~Southern~~ route that led  
into Southern Oregon. Then through  
that awful ~~road~~ defile only twelve  
miles in length near Canyonville.  
There they left and lost nearly  
every thing they had. But prized  
above every thing else was the  
Compass given to their ancestor  
Daniel Boone by Governor  
Dunsmore who gave it to him  
when he was sent to the falls of  
the Ohio to bring in the <sup>party</sup> Surveyors.  
But it is a strange sequel to the

10/ to the life of Daniel Boone  
that his Compass should have  
been stolen by the Indians in  
far off Oregon,

Yet this is but an incident in the  
pioneer life of America. George  
Boone came to America from England  
Oct. 10, 1717, bringing with him two Daughters  
and seven Sons. One Son Squire Boone  
became the father of Daniel Boone  
who was born in Exeter Township  
Berks County Pennsylvania July 11, 1735  
there were 6 brothers and 4 sisters in this  
family. <sup>On</sup> Oct 15, the family moved to  
Daniel was

11) to North Carolina, where  
Daniel married Rebecca Bryan.  
Then began one of the most interesting  
stories in our American life.

Everyone should read the life of  
Daniel Boone, of whom it was said,  
he was - "Gentle, kindly, modest, peace-  
-loving, absolutely fearless, a master  
of Indian warfare, a mighty hunter,  
strong as a bear, and active as a panther,  
his life was lived in daily danger,  
almost perpetual hardships and  
exposure, yet he died in his bed at  
nearly 90 years of age." He had  
spent his life in the frontiers.

12) of Pennsylvania, North Carolina  
Kentucky, Ohio, and the States bordering  
the Mississippi River. What wonder  
that his descendants should  
have followed his example  
and pressed forward, in the  
long march that led to the  
shores of the Pacific Ocean.  
As warriors, as soldiers in  
the Mexican War, as emigrants,  
as frontier settlers, as miners  
in the days of '49, as Indian  
fighters in the Oregon Territory,

13 / <sup>home</sup> As builders, as road makers,  
as useful and patriotic  
citizens we find the descendants  
of David Boone taking their  
place in <sup>the</sup> dramatic and  
romantic history of the  
winning of the West.

We have spoken of the men in  
this western march of the Boone  
family across the Atlantic Ocean,  
then across the North American  
Continent to its western boundary  
on the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

14/ What of the women who shared the dangers, privations, <sup>and</sup> hardships of the men in this magical-working migration to the far sunset. Rebecca Bryan, the wife of Daniel Boone went with him into the wilderness of Kentucky. The women of the Boone families were the companions of the men on their way to the West. So to them must go the glory <sup>and</sup> the honor due to heroic womanhood in this tragic life span of our national history.

15/ This is, but a brief sketch  
of the history of one of the  
outstanding families in our  
American life. It tells the story  
of the fiber, strength and character  
of those who helped to make  
the United States the greatest nation  
of all the Earth. This is a memorable  
day in the romantic story of  
the Oregon Country. It is but an  
earnest of what we all should do to  
preserve the history of those who fought so  
well the battles of the frontier days of  
our Republic. The story shall

16/ be theirs and the honor shall  
be ours +



## DESCENDANTS OF DANIEL BOONE

Address delivered by Col. Robert A. Miller at the unveiling of a marker to Jesse V. Boone at the intersection of the Boone Ferry Road and the Taylor Ferry Road, October 24, 1937.

We have met today to place a marker at the intersection of the Boone Ferry and Taylor Ferry roads. It is an occasion wherein the descendants of Daniel Boone and friends have come to do honor to one of America's great frontiersmen and pioneers and to commemorate the achievements in part of his descendants.

The building of roads is as old as the history of humanity itself. Down through the ages we trace the migration of peoples as they moved over the face of the earth to strange lands and to newer fields of adventure. The trade routes of the old world mark the advance of civilization and leave upon the earth the winding story of how and where men fought their way over the dangers, difficulties and trials that beset their path. The roadways of the world are among the master achievements of the human race and it is eminently fitting that we assemble here today to do honor to one who was a road builder and a pathfinder in the pioneer times of Old Oregon.

Jesse Van Boone, in whose honor this marker is placed, was the great-grandson of Daniel Boone. He was born in Montgomery County, Missouri, January 25th, 1824, and crossed the plains to Oregon, arriving in the fall of 1846. The next year, in the fall of 1847, he and his brother, Alphonse B. Boone, began ferrying people across the Willamette River five miles below Butteville at a place now known as Wilsonville. At first they used two Indian canoes and then to cross wagons and cattle they placed boards over these canoes. Later they built a flatboat, pulling it back and forth with ropes. Jesse blazed and cut a trail for pack horses from the ferry landing to Portland. This trail, gradually improved in time, became what

is now known as the Boone Ferry Road, and on the north end of this road we are placing this marker today.

Jesse Boone ran this ferry until his death on March 25th, 1872. He married Elizabeth Judge and his family consisted of three sons and three daughters; only one son is living, who resides at Yaquina, Lincoln County, Oregon.

Jesse V. Boone had a brother George L. Boone, who was the father of Emma Boone Hale, now the President of the Boone Family Association of Oregon, the moving spirit in keeping up the traditions of the family and in erecting this marker.

George L. Boone came to Oregon in 1849 and helped carry all of the material on pack mules and horses over trails from Corvallis to build the Yaquina Head Lighthouse near Newport, Oregon.

Alphonso V. Boone, of whom we have spoken, who helped to carry on the ferry for a time, left Missouri in April, 1846. His father, Alphonso Boone, his older brother, Jesse, James, Morris, and his three sisters, Chloe, Mary and Lucy and his brother-in-law, Thomas Morris who had married his sister Mary. His brother George L., having gone to the Rocky Mountains the year before. They started for California, were joined at the Rendezvous by their uncle, ex-Governor Boggs of Missouri and the Donner party, and began the long weary march across the plains. The Boones met Jesse Applegate and Fort Hall, and influenced by him, took the route that led into Southern Oregon, then through that awful defile only twelve miles in length near Canyonville. There they left and lost nearly every thing they had. But prized above every thing else was the compass given to their ancestor Daniel Boone by Governor Dunsmore, who gave it to him when he was sent to the falls of the Ohio to bring in a party of surveyors. But it is a strange sequel to the life of Daniel Boone that his compass should have been stolen by the Indians in far off Oregon. Yet this is but an incident in the pioneer life of America.

George Boone came to America from England October 10, 1717, bringing with him two daughters and seven sons. One son, Squire Boone, became the father of Daniel Boone, who was born in Exeter township, Bucks County, Pennsylvania February 11, 1735. There were six brothers and four sisters in this family. When Daniel was fifteen the family moved to North Carolina, where Daniel married Rebecca Bryan. Then began one of the most interesting stories in our American life. Every one should read the Life of Daniel Boone, of whom it was said he was "Gentle, kindly, modest, peace-loving, absolutely fearless, a master of Indian warfare, a mighty hunter, strong as a bear and active as a panther, his life was lived in daily danger, almost perpetual hardship and exposure, yet he died in his bed at nearly 80 years of age." He had spent his life in the frontiers of Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Kentucky, Ohio and the states bordering the Mississippi River. What wonder that his descendants should have followed his example and pressed forward in the long march that lead to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. As trappers, as soldiers in the Mexican War, as emigrants, as frontier settlers, as miners in the days of 49, as Indian fighters in the Oregon territory, as home builders, as road makers, as useful and patriotic citizens we find the descendants of Daniel Boone taking their place in the dramatic and romantic history of the Winning of the West.

We have spoken of the men in this western march of the Boone family across the Atlantic Ocean, then across the North American continent to its western boundary on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. What of the women who shared the dangers, privations, hardships of the men in this miracle-working migration to the far sunset. Rebecca Bryan, the wife of Daniel Boone went with him into the wilderness of Kentucky. The women of the Boone families were the companions of the men on their way to the West. So to them must go the glory and the honor due to heroic womanhood in this tragic life span of our national

history.

This is but a brief sketch of the history of one of the outstanding families in our American life. It tells the story of the fiber, strength and character of those who helped to make the United States the greatest nation of all the earth. This is a memorable day in the romantic story of the Oregon Country. It is but an earnest of what we all should do to preserve the history of those who fought so well the battles of the frontier days of our Republic. The glory shall be theirs and the honor shall be ours.

# RAINIER

By Colonel Robert A. Miller

Rainier, art child of Mother Earth, God's monolith,  
Nameless gift of Time, plaything of the elements;  
Eternal as the countless cycle of the stars;  
Why stand at guard at the portals of the dawn  
Burdened with the mystery of God's creative plan  
And builded with the cast-off dust of stellar worlds?  
Thou monarch of the matchless mountains of the North,  
What secret holdest thou of time and tide and birth?

Wrapped in cloud and mist, target of the thunderbolt,  
Consort of the glacier and the avalanche,  
Playground of the snows, wrecker of the storms,  
What knowest thou of fear, or strife, or death?  
Whited guardian of the wilds, pale and pure and cold,  
What nameless whisper comes to thee when Winter chides?  
What is the guarded secret of thy reddened cheek  
When Summer comes and leaves a kiss upon thy brow?

Regal despot of the mountains, what is thy claim  
To the trackless reaches of the wild Cascades—  
To thy dominion over misted sea and land?  
Who set that kingly crown upon thy matchless brow?  
Who marshaled the cedar and the fir in legions brave  
To guard thee in thy high estate, supreme and lone,  
Defying the embattled hosts of Heaven and Earth  
To challenge thy place among the things most high?

The day-star and the comet's train of golden light  
Are in thy heavens as gifts of rarest phantasy;  
What carest thou if clouds beset or night is dark,  
When day stands in the purple margin of the dawn,  
Full-armed to issue forth in high and mighty quest  
To battle 'gainst thine ancient enemies and ours?  
Earth stands at pause, while this query waits for answer,  
Mountain of God, what answer canst thou give?