

Ye say their conelike cabins  
That clustered o'er the vale,  
Have disappeared like withered leaves  
Before the autumn gale;  
But their memory liveth on your hills,  
Their baptism on your shore;  
Your ever rolling rivers speak,  
Their dialect of yore.

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### DANIEL BOONE'S LAST DAYS

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The account of Col. D. Boone's death, published in a Chillicothe paper, is entirely a fabrication, probably framed for the purpose of introducing the fanciful incident of the heroic woodsman, breathing his last with his cheek pressed against the butt of his favorite rifle. We have lately seen a gentleman who was at Col. Boone's house in August last, when the old gentleman was perfectly healthy, and wore the appearance of not being over 65 years of age, although he is between 80 and 90. His sight has failed him so much as to unfit him for his accustomed amusement and business of hunting. This is almost the only symptom of old age which appears to affect him. The chase with him was a passion which he indulged to extravagance. When the periodical hunting season arrives, he represents himself as laboring under the most restless anxiety for some days, and he declares that nothing can compensate him for the pleasure he is deprived of in not being able to pursue the buffalo and deer as formerly, to the center of the Missouri deserts.

The family of Col. Boone, consisting of his sons and daughters, with their wives and husbands, live near each other, and form a most interesting group. So far from the characteristics of savage life which they have been represented to possess, the sons are described to us as well-bred gentlemen, distinguished by some of those grand features of mind which are so often found in our native sons of the forest. They own a fine estate of land granted to the individuals of the family by the crown of Spain. They are eminently useful to strangers who explore the lands on the Missouri and Osage, and the hospitality of every branch of this family is the theme of every traveler who extends his journey to the neighborhood of the settlement. The *Register* copies the foregoing from the *Pittsburg Gazette*.—Niles' *Weekly Register*, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 26, 1818. (In the State Library, General Department, Des Moines, Iowa.)

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