

Adventures on the American Frontier

Westward Over the Blue Ridge Mountains

Part Five

Daniel Boone's Bluegrass Dream



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On a spring day in 1769, a peddler made his way down the Yadkin Valley in North Carolina, going from cabin to cabin to sell his wares. He rode his horse toward a cabin where a woman and four little girls heard the clanging and banging of the pots and pans he had for sale. They stopped to watch him, not knowing that with him came a pack of dreams—dreams that would change their lives and the lives of hundreds of other people. They were dreams that would open the trails to the western wilderness.





The peddler pulled on the reins and climbed down from his tired old horse. The clanging and banging stopped as the pack horse that followed him came to a halt.

“Howdy!” the peddler called out to the



dark-haired woman in the doorway. She held a baby girl in her arms. Another girl, about three years old, pulled at her mother's long brown skirt and half-hid behind her. Two more girls, five and seven years old, had been pounding corn into meal in a hollowed stump near the cabin. They stood staring at the peddler.

The peddler went on. "Winter's about over. The sunshine's nice and warm today." He took a battered beaver hat from his head and wiped his brow.

The woman nodded. "My husband's getting the field ready for planting now."

She looked toward the small clearing beyond the house. Two boys and a slender man in brown buckskins were crossing the clearing, coming to see who the caller was.

The boys were ten and eleven years old.

"Here he comes now, along with James and Israel," the woman said. "Won't you come in and have coffee with us? Or maybe you can stay for supper."

But she saw that the peddler wasn't



listening. He had been staring at the man coming from the field. Now he walked toward him a few steps. "Daniel? Is it Daniel Boone?" he asked.

The frontiersman was grinning. "Well, I'll be," he said. "I'd know that voice anywhere! John Finley, you old horse-trader, what are you doing here?" He held out his hand to the peddler.

Mrs. Boone spoke up. "He came to sell me some new pots and pans, but so far we haven't got past the weather."