

## 14. Red-Skinned Raiders

**B**OONE found Rebecca and the children living comfortably enough in a small cabin near that of William Bryan, Rebecca's brother, who had married Boone's sister. Soon after Daniel's return they moved to the dwelling of Rebecca's father, but it was not long before they were off again to Kentucky.

It had been difficult for news to get back to the settlements during the fighting with Blackfish; but a letter or two had been sent East before the siege began, announcing Boone's escape. Friends may have sent the word on to Rebecca. She was very likely expecting her husband when he walked in with the story of his escape, of new laurels in the defense of Boonesborough, of the charges against him, of his triumphant acquittal, of his promotion.

All the rest of the winter of 1778-79 and all the summer of 1779 Daniel and Rebecca remained in the East. No one knows quite what Boone was doing in this period. In the "autobiography" he himself says merely that "nothing worthy of a place in this account passed in my affairs for some time." The Virginia authorities must have wanted first-hand reports from Major Boone on the situation in Kentucky, on the British defenses at Detroit, and on the location of the Indian villages. Some have conjectured that Rebecca's Tory family pleaded with him to stay out of Kentucky and succeeded in delaying his return.

Because of this prolonged absence in the East, he missed Bowman's attack on the Shawnee villages in the spring of 1779, the first serious effort of the Kentuckians to carry the war into the enemy's country on a large scale. Four companies, about two hundred men in all, surprised Little Chillicothe one foggy night. The Shawnees were very weak at the moment. Louis Lorimier, with Chiefs Black Stump and Yellow Hawk, had taken four hundred warriors to settle on the Mississippi. Most of the warriors at Chillicothe fled. The women and children huddled into the council house while twenty-five men and fifteen boys fought as best they could, encouraged by the conjurer Assatakoma. Joseph Jackson, one of Boone's salt-makers who was still a prisoner, was hastily bound to prevent his escape and lay helpless listening to the fight.

Blackfish brought up reinforcements but was mortally wounded by a rifle ball that ranged along the thigh from the knee upward. For a time the grim old chief wanted to surrender, hoping that white medicine might save his life. Bowman withdrew after a few hours, however, having destroyed cabins and crops and taken a large drove of horses. There was no surrender, and Blackfish died of infection a few weeks later.

There was great excitement among the Indians and hasty appeals were sent to other villages for help. "Girty is flying about," says a white officer's report. But by the time reinforcements were ready Bowman had reached the Ohio, where boats met him and ferried his men across.

In October of 1779 the Boone family started back to Kentucky with two of Daniel's brothers and with a large group of immigrants, many of them from the Yadkin country.

Either with this party or with one that soon followed came Abraham Lincoln, grandfather of the President. He is said to have come on Daniel Boone's advice; and the story is plausible enough, for the Boone and Lincoln families had intermarried

and had been neighbors in Pennsylvania and probably also in Virginia.

"It was like an army coming out," said a man who saw the cavalcade. "The[y] would be camped for  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, all along in a string." It was a dangerous way to camp, but there were no attacks. Bowman had seriously damaged the Shawnees. It would be some months before they were ready to take revenge. The immigrants brought cannon with them—two "swivel guns," a personal gift from a North Carolina friend to Daniel Boone. Several horses died on the journey, however, and the heavy guns had to be left behind at the ford of the Cumberland River, where they lay for years. They remained as good as ever, for the artillery of that day was made of bronze, which does not rust, but no one could spare horses to get them to Kentucky, no matter how much they were needed.

Colonel Callaway had also been in the East, serving as Kentucky County's representative in the Virginia Assembly. He, too, started back with a pack train, forty men, lead, flints, and a little powder. "Men were very easy to get to go with the powder and lead," says Colonel Daniel Trabue, "as they wanted to see the country and get the land."

It was not a company which the Boones would have found congenial. After the court-martial Boone and Callaway met very little. Just as Boone set out, he and Callaway were both made "trustees" of Boonesborough, but refused to serve.

The other branches of the Callaway family were not estranged. At least, Daniel and Rebecca lived and traveled with Flanders Callaway in later life. But there is no record of any further friendly relationship with Colonel Callaway himself during the rest of his brief life.

Proud, sensitive, disinclined to quarrel, Boone did the only thing he could do. He moved away from the settlers he had led to Kentucky, and from the town whose site he had chosen

for his home when all Kentucky was a wilderness. He had a land claim a few miles north, near what is now Athens, Kentucky, and here he set to work building a new settlement of his own, Boone's Station. He lost no time in doing so. A traveler inquiring for him at Boonesborough that same autumn was told that Boone had gone "to settle a station," and following, found him hard at work.

Much had happened since Daniel had last been in Kentucky. The white men had temporarily the upper hand. Even before Boone's capture, George Rogers Clark had sent spies straight into the British garrisons and after receiving their reports had made an incredible march through the wilderness. His men came through very much alive and captured the British posts of Kaskaskia, Cahokia, and Vincennes during the summer. Hamilton, hurrying down to attack them, had recaptured Vincennes and then had been besieged in his own fort and compelled to surrender, February 25, 1779. An amazed Indian band returning from a raid on the settlements had walked straight into the arms of the victorious Americans to be captured and promptly tomahawked.

While Daniel Boone was still in the East, Hamilton had been sent overland as a prisoner and was sputtering indignantly in a Virginia dungeon. Boone is said to have visited him before setting out for the frontier again.

There was now good reason for hurrying back to Kentucky. Since the Transylvania Company had collapsed, the settlers' claims to its lands no longer held. The Virginia government was sending out a special land commission to hear all claims and determine which were valid. It had authority to issue certificates for four hundred acres where a settler's right of occupation was established, and a preëmption right to one thousand acres of land adjoining each claim. The settlers were to pay the

state ten shillings for each one hundred acres, plus ten shillings to the clerk for a certificate.

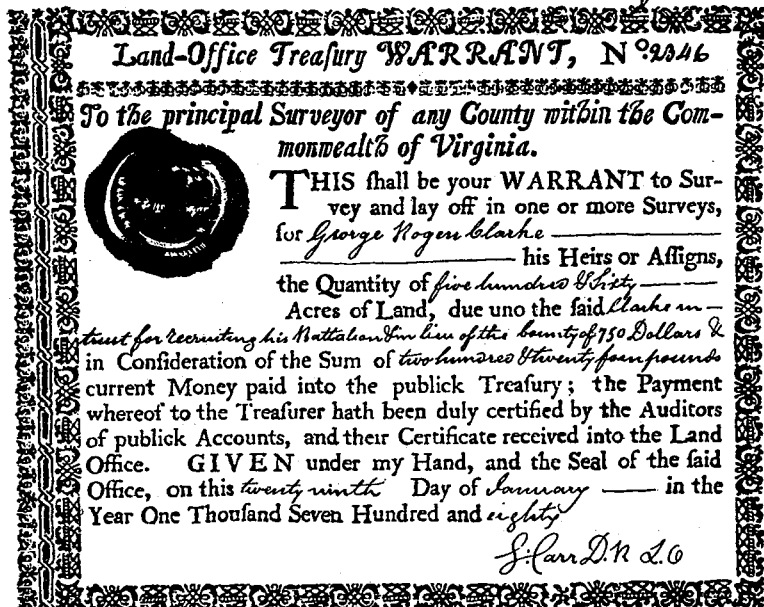
Hearings began October 13, 1779, and thereafter the commission moved about from one fort to another, awarding lands to the settlers in each. It held several sittings at Boonesborough, and Boone established what then appeared to be perfectly good claims to fourteen hundred acres for himself, another fourteen hundred for Israel Boone and one thousand acres for George Boone, besides appearing on behalf of six other settlers. In all, the commission issued certificates for 3,200 claims. It looked as if the vexed question of land titles had been laid to rest at last.

But for Daniel Boone the land title settlement was only the beginning of more trouble. Early in 1780 he set off for Virginia to buy state land warrants, which had to be secured before, surveys of new land claims could proceed. The original warrants of the Transylvania Company had now been worthless for some time, and all land would in future have to be held from the State of Virginia. Bitter cold had kept an army of land speculators in the East during the "hard winter" of 1779-80, but Nathaniel Hart's friends there warned him in the spring that the speculators would soon be arriving. Everyone in Kentucky wanted to get warrants as soon as he could.

Boone is said to have carried about twenty thousand dollars of his own money. Part of it he had raised by selling the Kentucky land he already owned to get funds to buy warrants for more land. Nathaniel Hart gave him £2946.10 of which Boone was to give Mrs. Hart as much as she needed, up to three hundred pounds, spending the rest for land warrants. Many of his other friends gave him such funds as they could scrape together. Altogether he must have had in his saddlebags between forty and fifty thousand dollars. It was all currency. There was no way to get checks and bank drafts.

However skillfully he could elude the wily Shawnee, Daniel Boone was no match for the still wilier rogues of civilization. With one companion, he halted for the night at an inn in James City, Virginia. When the two men went to sleep, they

June 29, 1780



A VIRGINIA LAND WARRANT

Issued to George Rogers Clark. Reproduced by permission from the Durrett Collection, University of Chicago Library.

carefully locked the door and placed the saddle-bags at the foot of their bed. All his life long Daniel believed that his father, who had died in 1765, appeared to him in dreams. If the old Quaker appeared angry, it boded evil; if he was smiling and cheerful, all would be well. "Each time when captured, robbed or defeated he thus dreamed unfavorably about his father," he used to tell acquaintances.

If ever a son needed ghostly admonition and warning it was

that night, for disaster hovered in the darkness. When the two men woke in the morning the bags were gone, and the door was unlocked. Boone's papers were scattered about, his clothing had been thrown into the garden, and the saddle-bags had been dropped at the foot of the stairs.

A search of the inn revealed a little of the paper money hidden in some jugs in the cellar. None of the rest was ever found nor was it possible to identify the thief.

The victim himself always believed that the theft was planned by the landlord and actually carried out by an old woman who hid in their room before they entered and then crept out to rob them in the night. Presumably both travelers had been drugged. Otherwise it is hard to imagine why the alert woodsmen, used to waking at the slightest noise in the forests, failed to hear the movements of the thief.

It was the old story: Success, the landed wealth of which he dreamed his whole life through, again lay just within his grasp. Then it was snatched away once more, as it always had been in the past, as it always was to be in the future. He had been rich the night before. Now he was "destitute"—it was his own word—once more.

Worse still, he had lost a great deal of money which was not his own. The loss was widely felt and criticism was inevitable, but the Harts, who were the heaviest losers, remained his friends. Thomas Hart wrote on August 3, 1780:

I Observe what you Say Respecting Our looses by Dan<sup>l</sup>. Boone I had heard of the misfortune Soon after it happen'd but not of my being a partaker before now I feel for the poor people who perhaps are to loose even their preemptions by it, but I must Say I feel more for poor Boone whose Character I am told Suffers by it, much degenerated, must the people of this Age be, when Amongst them are to be found men to Censure and Blast the Character and Reputation of a person So Just and upright and in whose Breast is a Seat of Virtue too pure to

admit of a thought So Base and dishonorable I have known. Boone in times of Old, when Poverty and distress had him fast by the hand, And in these Wretched Sircumstances I ever found him of a Noble and generous Soul despising every thing mean, and therefore I will freely grant him a discharge for Whatever Sums of mine he might be possest of at the time.

Thomas Hart meant what he said. He proved his faith in Daniel Boone's integrity a few years later when he went on a joint promissory note with him for £118.9.8—well over five hundred dollars. Boone continued to act as his agent and they did business together for years afterward. His brother, Nathaniel Hart, was equally generous. "I am to lose the money Boone was robbed of," he wrote, "except he recovers it by suit."

That never happened, and the Harts never demanded restitution of their money.

Other losers were not so charitable. They demanded satisfaction and Boone managed eventually to pay them off in land. Though no written record of their indignation has come down, some at least cherished rancor for decades afterwards.

Some of Boone's friends later secured their lands by satisfying the court that their land papers had disappeared when Boone was robbed. John Snoddy proved in 1781 "that he was possessed of a pre-emption for one Thousand acres of land in the County of Kantucke that he sent the same along with Daniel Boone and it was lost and that he never received a Warrant for the same."

Meantime, the captured Hamilton's successor as lieutenant-governor at Detroit, the Tory Major De Peyster, was planning simultaneous attacks on the Americans in Kentucky and the Spaniards along the Mississippi. He went at it on an ambitious scale, as his bills from the traders who supplied his "Indian goods" show. One of them about this time is for £42,989. An-



other is for £12,185. The stores which he thus collected included:

750 lb vermilion .....	£750
8000 " powder .....	£2000
14,975 ball, lead & shot .....	£1,123
476 dozen scalping knives .....	£428
188 tomahawks .....	£119

Then, as if to make sure that the Indians were sufficiently bedizened with their favorite color, there is an additional quantity of vermilion paint, 1,206 pounds, worth £1,206. No wonder vermilion is listed as "Merchandize absolutely necessary for the Savages depending on Detroit"!

As an incitement to war, De Peyster was merely supplying free and in unusual quantities the same goods that the white Indian traders had supplied in exchange for furs in time of peace. A contemporary list of "Goods Suitable for the Indian trade" includes vermilion paint, "New Painsylvania Rifles," and "Scallping knives good blades & solid handles."

Skilled and experienced British agents went out from Detroit to rouse the Indians, whose rapacious demands for presents were worrying the army officers. They knew they had to retain the good will of the red men at any cost. The Indians knew it too; and it was a situation of which they took full advantage.

According to De Peyster's plan one expedition was to go down the Mississippi and drive the Spaniards from St. Louis. Another would assail George Rogers Clark in Kentucky. It was to attack his fort at the Falls of the Ohio, create as much trouble as possible, and make sure that the Americans were kept too busy to aid the Spaniards.

This second expedition was commanded by Captain Henry Bird of the Regular Army. It was to have two cannon with a detachment of British "bombardiers" to fire them. No more

nonsense with futile Indian sieges, torches, fire arrows. Smash the stockade with solid shot, pour the Indians into the breach, and end the whole thing out of hand with tomahawk and scalping knife.

Both the Spaniards and the Americans learned all about it in plenty of time. Lieutenant Abraham Chapline, who had been captured by the Indians in October, 1779, saw the preparations at Sandusky, escaped on April 28, 1780, and reached the Falls of the Ohio on May 19. He reported the route of the proposed British advance and the alarming fact that they were bringing artillery. His news was promptly relayed to headquarters and was known in Virginia by early summer.

The same news was brought in by George Hendricks, one of the men captured with Boone two years before, who had already escaped once and been retaken.

Bird had already left Detroit on April 12, more than two weeks before the prisoners escaped, but he was forced to move slowly. He was having troubles of his own, transporting artillery up shallow rivers in canoes, and then portaging the guns over wilderness roads, with so few pack-horses that they had to make several trips back and forth over the portages.

His Indian allies were first late at the rendezvous and then mutinous. In fact, the British themselves were worried about Bird's personal safety at their hands, and General Haldimand, commander-in-chief in Canada, expressed concern over "the Fickleness of the Indians and their aversion to controul."

On May 31 Alexander McKee, expert in handling the northern Indians, caught up with Bird. Next day a band of three hundred warriors joined him and on June 5 there was to be a general rendezvous of all the tribes, coming from various directions, on the Ohio. On June 13, however, Bird was still delayed at the mouth of the Miami River, waiting for the Chilli-

cothe chiefs, though in the meantime a third band had brought his force up to seven hundred.

When the expedition got under way again there was more trouble. The Indians flatly refused to attack Clark, and insisted on going down Licking Creek and attacking the small settlements just beyond. These forts, they explained, were so far north that they were a serious threat to the Ohio villages. Bird accordingly started up the Licking, only to be delayed by low water. By June 20 Alexander McKee with the Indian advance guard had reached the northernmost settlement, Ruddle's Station. He arrived before daybreak. Surrounding the fort, he tried to keep his savages in hiding until the artillery could catch up.

A few settlers came out during the morning to cut grass; and the sight of scalps was too much for the Indians. They fired and gave the alarm. The little fort defended itself vigorously until noon. Then a light field-gun arrived and had already fired two rounds when the six-pounder came up. This went into battery in plain sight of the startled Kentuckians. It was now a matter of minutes before their stockade would be pounded to pieces, opening the way for Bird's hundreds of Indians. Defense was hopeless. For the first time in history a Kentucky fort surrendered.

A week later Indian scouts approached the next fort, Martin's Station, a few miles farther on. They intercepted two expresses, belatedly going out for aid, and brought one in alive. By ten o'clock next day (June 28, 1780), the Indians were all around the place and the captured messenger was sent back to the fort with Bird's demand for surrender. There was no hope. This little garrison gave up, also. Two other forts, whose settlers had left everything and fled, were burned.

The excited Indians were now eager to go on, but Bird, seeing how badly they were getting out of hand, insisted on re-

treating. His real motive was probably humanitarian, but some of his prisoners were killed in spite of his efforts, and Kentucky execrated him as an "inhuman wretch." He had several hundred captives, many of them women and children. British regulars honestly tried to avoid atrocities—and the Indians would soon be wholly out of hand. Many of his warriors were from the northern region around the Great Lakes. McKee was influential among the Shawnees, but there was no handling these other redskins.

After the first surrender, "the violence of the Lake Indians in seizing the Prisoners, contrary to agreement, threw everything into confusion, however the other nations next morning returned all they had taken back into Capt Bird's charge."

At Martin's Station Bird insisted that the Indians deliver all prisoners with at least a suit of clothes left them, and then quietly told the Kentuckians to put on as many clothes as they could wear, one suit above another. In spite of that, prisoners were knocked down and stripped. When the prisoners were removed under a guard of white troops, the Indians were indignant. "The great propensity for Plunder again occasioned discontent amongst them, and several parties set out towards the adjacent Forts to plunder Horses."

The expedition started back to Canada with its captives, loaded down with their own household goods. Most of them reached Detroit alive. Behind them lay an abomination of desolation created by the Indian raiders. Some time later a hunter stumbled by accident on the site of Ruddle's Station and saw: "Little wheels, plough irons, blacksmith's tools, feather beds ripped open, etc., scattered about there," where once there had been peaceful farms and homes.

But not all the prisoners were downcast by any means. A good many of them had not been ardent patriots to begin with. Some were just settlers who wanted land and happened to find

it in Kentucky. Others were Tories who had been driven out of the Eastern settlements for their loyalist convictions. Lieutenant-Governor De Peyster wrote to an army officer: "The Prisoners daily brought in here are part of the Thousand Families who are flying from the oppression of Congress." These families were not looking for more trouble in the backwoods; they kept their loyalist principles quiet. But when they found themselves out of Kentucky and in British hands again, these somewhat faintly held convictions came to the surface, and they went over to the British readily enough.

"I don't believe we have more than two Families really Rebels," reported Bird. Most of his prisoners, he thought, were "good Farmers with extreme industrious Families who are desirous of being settled in Detroit with some Land. They fled, they say, from persecution, & declare if Government will assist them to get on foot as Farmers, they will, as Militia, faithfully defend the country that affords them protection."

It is not quite fair to call these people turncoats. Some of them had already openly refused to take the oath to Congress. But it was surely carrying matters a little far for thirteen of the Kentucky prisoners, immediately after their capture, to join the Detroit Rangers who had captured them.

However, some of this protestation of loyalty to the British Crown may have been as hollow as Boone's had been two years before. One of Bird's prisoners, Captain William Hinkston, had given up his settlement after the Indian troubles of 1776, and had returned with his family in 1780, just in time to be captured. In conversation with Bird, he intimated (like Boone) that he had British sympathies. But three days after capture he had (also like Boone) escaped.

Such escapes as Hinkston's, immediately after capture, were extremely difficult because the Indians were still alert. In the Shawnee villages the captives had a little chance. They could

steal firearms and so get food on the long journey home. Without a rifle there was very real danger of starving to death in the forests, and some people nearly did starve. Of four hunters who blundered into Bird's expedition just about the time Hinkston escaped, one was killed and two were captured. The fourth, who got away, had either lost his rifle or did not dare to fire it. He wandered seven days in the woods with nothing to eat but "part of a squirrel which he took from a hawk" before he stumbled into Boonesborough, "the poorest object you ever see." Hinkston's willingness to face such hardships is evidence enough of his loyalty.

Persons who were known to have gone over to the British side had their Kentucky lands confiscated by the Americans. It was too soon to be sure about the loyalty of the captives who had been carried off by Bird, but about one man there could be no doubt. Alexander McKee, who had helped Bird bring the Indians down upon Kentucky, was still a Kentucky landholder with a claim of two thousand acres on the south branch of the Elkhorn, which he had held since 1774. It is small wonder that the indignant Kentuckians now prepared to seize his lands.

Bird, McKee, and their redskins were scarcely out of the country when Daniel Boone was one of a jury of escheat, sitting at Lexington July 1, 1780. Under a recently enacted Virginia law, the estates of Tories could be seized and sold for the public benefit. The jury was "sworn and charged to say whether John Conolly and Alexander McKee be British subjects or not within the meaning of the Act of Assembly entitled And [sic] Act Concerning Escheats and forfeitures from British Subjects' and in case they should find them to be such then diligently to enquire after a[nd] true presentment make of all Such estate both real and personal that they were possessed of on the 4th July 1774. Or at any time since."

Dr. Connolly, a notorious Tory, was in the well-known Tory corps, the Queen's Rangers. McKee had just been giving a pretty convincing demonstration of his own loyalist sympathies.

Boone and the other jurymen decided that they both were British subjects, and "after the 19th of April 1775, the said John Connolly and Alexander McKee of their own free will did Depart from the said States and Joined the Subjects of his Britanick Majesty." Each man lost his land. McKee's property was eventually devoted to public education by the state and to this day still helps to educate Kentucky youth at Transylvania University.

If the Indians had had their way, Boonesborough would have been one of the next stations attacked, but after Bird's withdrawal life went along fairly peacefully.

George Rogers Clark, in general military command in the West, was quick to retaliate. By the end of July orders were out for a rendezvous of Kentucky troops on the Licking, preparatory to another raid on the Shawnee villages. As Logan marched north to join Clark, a deserter slipped away to the British, who thus had plenty of warning. Bombardier William Homan, of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, was greatly distressed because the Americans advanced so fast he could not withdraw the guns which had compelled two stations to surrender. The Indians had left him only one horse. However, he "drew the Gun a considerable way into the Wood, not near any Road and digged a hole & buried it so securely, that no one could even suspect of such a thing being concealed there. The smaller Ordnance, loose shot, and shells & c we concealed in different parts of the Wood."

Boone and the other commanders brought their men up soon after Logan and the concentrated force of about eight hundred men moved across the Ohio. They had left Kentucky dangerously empty behind them but outlying settlers had been

concentrated at Bryan's Station and the Indians were busy enough defending their own country. Chillicothe was burned again together with other towns. There were some atrocities. The Americans killed a squaw "by ripping up her Belly & otherwise mangling her—they also opened the graves of the Indians that had been buried several months, and scalp'd them." By August 9 they were on their way back to Kentucky, beating off pursuing Indians.

There were minor Indian troubles all year long. Colonel Callaway and Pemberton Rawlings, whom Boone had refused to join as trustees of Boonesborough, had been surprised in March, 1780, just a mile and a half from the town. Callaway had been given a concession for the ferry across the river at Boonesborough, and had gone out to cut timber and build his boat. He was instantly killed. Rawlings, badly wounded, ran a quarter of a mile before he was caught, tomahawked in the back of the neck, and scalped. Two negroes with them were captured and never heard of again. A fifth man got away. Poor Callaway's body was scalped, stripped, mangled, and rolled in the mud. Rawlings, still alive when found, lived only a few hours. In the Shawnee towns Joseph Jackson, one of the prisoners captured with Boone's salt-makers two years before, saw Callaway's scalp as the triumphant warriors brought it in. He "knew it by the long black and gray mixed hair."

Just after Callaway had been killed, William Bryan, Jr., a relative of Daniel Boone by marriage, went out to look for his horse, heard the sound of its bell, walked toward it, and was killed. Indians had caught the horse, tied it up, hidden, and waited for a white man to come after it.

Some of the terror of those days lingers in a dilapidated scrap of a pioneer diary, now among the Bryan family papers. It was probably kept by Morgan Bryan, another of Rebecca's relatives. Yellowed, faded, and torn till it is barely legible, the



fragile old paper tells this series of horrors in a few matter-of-fact entries:

March the 8 day

Cornal Callway & pmbrton Rollans scalped the 9 day William Bryan Junr kiled the 9 day some Indians seen near lexanton & the 10 day Capt Ridel fort attacked the 11 some of our peoppel went to asist them 12 John Marton's Station the 7 John Denton wounded 13 Sam'l Grant & Squire [Boone wounded?] the same day James-& William Marshil fired at [i.e., by Indians] by our station The same Evening three Men fird at three Indians and made a Discovery of Many more Same day Benjman Coppe Thomas Todd & one Simmons Chased by a number of Indians with in one mile of our Station and got in to Lexanton & 29 men Came to pursew the Indians Same night We sent 3 men & they met in the way . . . shot til-14 in the moring 70 men turned out in purscut of the Inndins.

In August there was a small attack on Holden's Station, said to have been directed by Simon Girty and the indefatigable Alexander McKee.

Daniel Boone himself had three narrow escapes during the year. Hunting south of the Kentucky River with a party of twenty-five others, he detected the approach of Indians early one night. Under his directions the group hastily built a fire and rolled up their peltry in blankets to look like sleeping men. Then they retired to the underbrush and waited. At dawn the Indians fired on the camp and rushed in, only to be met by a volley from the white men safely hidden in the thickets.

Boone always did a good deal of solitary scouting. He had a habit of sitting silently at work—darning his hunting shirt, mending his leggings, molding bullets—while others talked. Just as silently he would disappear.

"And now," loungers by the fire would remark, "we shall know something sure; for old Daniel's on the track." Later a

gaunt, solitary shadow would slip into a cabin door, and Boone would be back with word of a new band of raiders, or with news that the woods were clear.

On one of these solitary tours between Boonesborough and the Blue Licks he turned east of the direct route and went down Slate Creek. He soon ran into Indian "sign." Working cautiously along for several miles of level forest, he reached a spring on a slope above the creek, still quite unmolested.

As he paused here for a drink, a rifle cracked in the woods and a bullet knocked the bark off a tree above him. Boone leaped into the bushes before there was time for another shot. He ran down the slope, crossed the creek, and slipped silently downstream through the cane on the other side, where he waited in ambush. Two warriors soon appeared.

As Boone had expected, the Indians had also worked down to the creek and were hunting for him there quite unaware that he now had at least one of them at his mercy. One of them—that was the trouble.

Daniel was in a quandary. No matter which Indian he shot, the other would see the puff of smoke and kill him in the act of reloading. Boone decided to make one shot do for two. Aiming stealthily from the canebrake, he drew a bead on the leading warrior and waited for the other to come in line. The instant the Indian did so, he fired. One warrior dropped, shot through the head. The other was hit in the shoulder. The wounded brave dropped his rifle and ran. Boone crossed at leisure, picked out the better rifle, threw the other one into the creek (where it was later found), and continued his journey to the Blue Licks.

In October of 1780 Daniel and Edward Boone went "on a tower to the Upper Blue Licks" to boil salt. On the way home they paused to let their horses graze and Edward idly sat down to crack hickory nuts on the stones. A bear wandered by within

range and Daniel fired. His shot was not instantly fatal. The wounded animal vanished down a little stream with the hunter in pursuit. Edward stayed with the horses, still cracking nuts and not keeping a very sharp lookout since there had been no sign of danger.

The bear dropped after a short run and Daniel Boone had just reached the carcass with an empty rifle, having carelessly failed to reload, when suddenly he heard shots behind him where he had left his brother. Then silence. Then the sound of a dog following his own trail. Realizing that Edward was either dead or a prisoner and that he could do nothing for him now, Daniel slipped into the nearest canebrake.

He eluded the Indians easily enough; but the dog caught up. Every time Boone turned on it, the animal ran back toward the Indians, then came yelping after him, a sure guide to his pursuers. To make matters worse, Boone had dropped his ramrod and was wearing new shoes, which grew so slippery that he could hardly keep his feet. It looked as if he would be unable either to defend himself or escape.

But keeping a sharp eye out as he ran, he saw a stalk of cane about the right size, snapped it off, used it as a ramrod, and waited for the dog's next approach. As the brute came on again he shot it and then, changing his course abruptly, moved silently on into the fastnesses of the cane. There was "a horrid yell" from the Indians as they came upon the dead dog. But the pursuit ended.

Emerging from the cane at last, the fugitive dodged quickly behind a tree and reloaded. Then he waited silently to see if any Indians came out of the canebrake on his trail. There was no sound and no sign of further pursuit. No Indians appeared. The red men had given up their man hunt.

Edward lay dead in the forest. They found his body next day, with the entire head cut off.

Daniel got back to Boonesborough, after losing his hunting knife, collected a party, and started out in pursuit of the Indians, whom he trailed as far as the Ohio. On the way back, Daniel and some of his relatives stopped to hunt as usual. They had done their best. Death was tragic but common. Meantime the settlement had to have venison.

Just after this, in November, 1780, Virginia divided Kentucky County into the three new counties of Fayette, Jefferson, and Lincoln. Within the next few months, Daniel Boone was chosen county lieutenant, lieutenant-colonel of the militia, sheriff of Fayette County, and representative in the State Assembly. He was also made one of the deputy surveyors.

It was the peaceful duties of a legislator which brought him once more into the enemy's hands. By April of 1781 he was back in the capital as Fayette County's representative in the State Assembly. Cornwallis' troops advanced and the legislators withdrew to Charlottesville. Sir Banastre Tarleton, the famous Tory leader, made a sudden raid on the town, drove in the small American detachment guarding a ford and was sweeping into Charlottesville with 180 dragoons and seventy mounted infantry before anyone realized what was happening. John Jouett, a Virginian who had been in Kentucky, gave the alarm and the legislators scattered. Thomas Jefferson, looking down from his hilltop of Monticello, saw the red uniforms and vanished hastily through the back door and into the woods. Boone was imperturbable as usual. He, Jouett, and others paused to load a wagon with public records, waited a little too long, and found British troopers riding toward them.

They turned their horses calmly and proceeded out of town at a leisurely walk, letting the British troopers ride up to them without the least concern. Unimpressed by Eastern fashions, Boone was still "dressed in real backwoods stile." The innocent Tory dragoons had no idea that the blue-eyed, fair-haired,

quiet-spoken, and entirely unimpressive figure in buckskin and homespun jogging along beside them was one of the most redoubtable fighters in the Virginia militia.

Everything went well. The two would probably have shaken hands with their pursuers and parted amicably had not Jouett grown nervous. By this time he had had all he could stand of the enemy's society. He attempted to make their parting at the next cross-roads seem natural by remarking casually:

"Colonel, this is our road."

The British officer pricked up his ears.

"Ah, a Colonel, ha?" he cried. "You are just such prisoners as we want."

The troopers marched them both back to Tarleton, who by this time had rounded up "some of the principal gentlemen of Virginia," plus a member of the Continental Congress. According to his own account "the gentlemen taken on this expedition were treated with kindness and liberality," but much depends upon the point of view. Boone was confined in a coal house and, as everything was damp, emerged next morning in very grimy condition. He is said to have whiled away the waking hours of his confinement by singing to himself as usual.

After Tarleton had rejoined Cornwallis the prisoners were released on parole. There is a story, however, that Boone was not paroled but escaped. Indeed it is doubtful whether any ordinary troops could have kept a prisoner who had already escaped from the Shawnees twice.

The exact facts as to the alleged parole are rather mysterious. Certainly Daniel went back to his Indian-fighting, parole or no parole, the following year. He may not have given his word at all. Or he may have given it merely not to bear arms against His Majesty's forces. One of the Tory Bryans, said to have been campaigning with Tarleton, may have intervened on Boone's behalf.

The legislators who escaped the raid resumed their law-making at Staunton, but Boone's name does not reappear on the records of the session. The British were still holding him on June 17, and the legislature adjourned on the 23rd. He had no chance to return. It is said, however, that at the next session objection was raised because he had taken a British oath.

While Daniel was absent in the early part of 1781, Rebecca bore a son; and two of their daughters, who had married very young, also had babies at nearly the same time. When the new father-grandfather returned, he was presented with a row of all the babies available and challenged to identify his own. Family tradition avers that he picked the right one. It was probably this innocent domestic prank that accidentally set afloat the cruel story about Rebecca's alleged illegitimate child.

No one knows where he spent the summer, but he was back in Boonesborough near the end of August. In September he made a trip up the Ohio and thence overland to the old home in Pennsylvania, which he had left as a boy in 1750. James Boone's family records have the entry: "1781. october 20th then Daniel came to see us the first time." He was sitting in the legislature again from November, 1781, until January, 1782, but he does not seem to have been very assiduous in his duties. In December the House ordered the sergeant-at-arms to take Daniel Boone and other absent members into custody.

By his prolonged absences in the East Boone escaped the new series of minor but bloody Indian raids that plagued Kentucky in 1781. At Bryan's Station the Indians killed the sentinel who stood guard over a man plowing corn and another man taking his horse out to grass. The settlements along the Green River were attacked and women and children carried off. As Colonel Benjamin Logan closed in on the Indians with the pursuing party a twelve-year-old girl prisoner exclaimed to her mother, "There's Uncle Ben!"—and was instantly tomahawked.

Squire Boone was forced out of his recently built station. He had left Boonesborough in 1779 and gone to the Falls of the Ohio to settle, then in 1780 had moved south to his land near Shelbyville. The first attack, in May, 1781, was led by Simon Girty. Squire himself rushed out half-dressed. As he happened to be wearing that rare garment, a white shirt, Girty was later able to boast that he had made Squire Boone's shirt-tail fly. In spite of that minor triumph, the Indians retired, leaving Squire with three wounds, including a broken arm which, when it healed after being roughly set by amateurs, turned out to be an inch and a half shorter than the other.

In September Squire at length decided to abandon his settlement and make for Linn's Fort, not far away. Indian scouts saw them, and about noon attacked from ambush. Handicapped by women and children, the white men fought off their pursuers as best they could, but a number were killed and it was dark before the survivors straggled into safety. Ten-year-old Moses Boone ran for his life with the rest, but presently stopped to defend himself. One of the men, George Yant, turned, beheld the valorous little figure, and asked what he was doing.

"I'm pointing at an Indian that is trying to kill me," said the child.

"Why don't you shoot him?"

"My gun is wet and won't go off," returned Moses.

"Where is he?"

Moses pointed to a claybank:

"There he is."

At this moment the Indian's painted face peered over. Yant fired and, as the warrior rolled dead into the stream, told Moses to run.

"What shall I do with my gun?" asked the boy.

"Throw it away," cried Yant. It was a bitter blow but eventually the boy did so and reached the fort in safety.

Men who went out to retaliate on the Indians were ambushed. Raiding Hurons and Miamis attacked Floyd at Long Run. The British Indian agent, Alexander McKee, urged another attack on Boonesborough, but the Indians refused. At Christmastime some Pennsylvania settlers were ambushed near White Oak Station, a mile from Boonesborough.

Most of this bushwhacking served no military purpose whatever. The British were slowly losing in the East. Cornwallis had been shut up on the Yorktown Peninsula. The war was really over, though no one knew it; but Kentucky had still to endure some of its harshest years.