

## 17. The Thirteen Fires

**T**HE battle of the Blue Licks practically closed the Revolution, and opened a relatively peaceful period in Daniel Boone's troubled life. It was a needless battle, for the British were slowly losing ground in the East and were gaining nothing on the frontier. In November, 1782, preliminary peace negotiations were opened and about this time Sir Guy Carleton officially notified Washington that American independence could be taken for granted. Long before the treaty of peace was signed and while battle, murder, and sudden death still reigned in the frontier forests, American fishing vessels were peacefully casting their nets in the Gulf of St. Lawrence under license from an accommodating British commander. The treaty was actually signed April 19, 1783, and Daniel Boone had his first news of it from a mounted messenger who rode into Boonesborough stockade with a paper bearing the word "Peace" stuck in his cap.

There was an immediate slackening of Indian raids but not by any means an end of them. The British ceased to arm and encourage the warriors, and the wiser chiefs began to reflect ruefully what might happen if their Great Father across the Big Lake withdrew his redcoats and the Long Knives of the Thirteen Fires came to take revenge. Even so, it was by no means easy for the British to control the Indians or to stop the attacks entirely. Savage warfare is easier to launch than to halt.

The woods were dangerous for years afterward, and the flat-boats which bore immigrants down the Ohio were in nearly as much danger as ever. Sporadic Indian raids continued until Mad Anthony Wayne defeated all the northern tribes and forced a treaty on them in 1795. Even George Washington had to abandon his proposed visit to the Kanawha Valley for fear of Indians. One settler deposed that "The Indians were in continual warfare from my first coming to Strouds Station in year 1783 or 1784 Till Waynes Treaty in 1795—& some people had ventured out & settled stations & that none of them that had so Settled out, did Escape being attacked"—with a few exceptions.

About this time Daniel Boone had one of the narrowest escapes of his life. He had raised a small patch of tobacco at some distance from his cabin. Though he is said not to have been a smoker, he could still profit by his crop. Tobacco was as good as cash. Surveyors' reports were payable in tobacco at the legal rate of a penny a pound; and the State of Virginia issued currency against it.

To cure his green stalks Boone had built a small tobacco shed with a roof of cane and grass and an enclosure of rails. It was usual to split the stalks, run slender sticks through them, and hang them up to dry, one tier above another. Boone's curing shed had three tiers. He had filled one tier some time before and, finding this tobacco nearly dry, had begun lifting the stalks to the second tier, preparatory to moving new stalks in below. He was standing on the poles above when four stalwart Shawnees stalked in grinning derisively.

"Now, Boone, we got you. You no get away any more. We carry you off to Chillicothe this time. You no cheat us any more."

The white man was practically helpless. He was unarmed, high in the air, and at some distance from his cabin. If he refused to surrender, the Indians could very easily shoot him and

escape. If he did surrender, they could just as easily rush him into the forest and make for the Ohio.

Again the redoubtable Sheltowee played for time, while he did some fast thinking. Glancing down with assumed friendliness, he recognized braves of the very Shawnee band that had caught him near the salt camp in 1778.

"Ah," he exclaimed affably, "old friends! Glad to see you."

But the Indians knew Boone's tricks too well. They wanted him to come down and were emphatic about it. From the rafters above, their fellow-tribesman Sheltowee explained to his red brothers just how much he would enjoy visiting dear old Chillicothe again. Sheltowee would be glad to go with his tribal kinsmen, but he really must finish his tobacco first. They could watch him closely. There was no reason for them to be suspicious, for it must be obvious that this time they really did have him.

The Indians grunted assent and Sheltowee went on with his work, quieting their suspicions by inquiring after old Shawnee acquaintances and offering to give them the tobacco when cured—though just how this would be possible if they took him off to Chillicothe is not by any means clear. At least it was conversation; and in the meantime, while Sheltowee kept up his friendly chattering, he was quietly gathering a number of sticks laden with tobacco. Suddenly he tilted them up. The pungent leaves fell directly in the upturned copper faces below as Boone leaped down, dragging with him as much dry tobacco and tobacco dust as possible.

Pushing the blinded and half-strangled braves aside, he ran for the cabin. From a safe distance he could not resist the temptation to look back and see what had become of his would-be captors. They were still there, half-blinded, feeling about in all directions, cursing themselves for fools and Boone for a scoundrel.

Nearly forty years later, just before his death, the old pioneer told the story at a granddaughter's wedding, imitating the voices and gestures of the hapless aborigines with high glee.

Soon after the Revolution Boone left Boone's Station which he had cleared and fortified in 1779. He moved to his farm on Marble Creek, a few miles west. He probably knew already that there was another claimant to the land at Boone's Station, though the Boones were not formally ousted until 1785, and members of the family may have been living there in the meantime.

Some years earlier Boone had realized the advantages of living on the Ohio River, a main artery of future trade and travel, and had looked over the ground at Limestone. He raised a crop or two on the farm at Marble Creek, but he had always hated farming. He turned the farm over to his son-in-law William Hays, and moved to Limestone. The loss of Boone's Station, though a blow, was not really serious. He still claimed thousands of acres. Nevertheless he began to be a little anxious and wrote to a business associate: "We must submit to providence and provide for the Living and talk of our Lands."

Limestone was an ideal spot for trading—an ideal spot, too, for a man interested in locating, surveying, buying, and selling land. Immigrants were entering by the Ohio River, coming ashore at Limestone, and going cross-country into Kentucky. Between October 10, 1786, and May 12, 1787, one army post along the river counted 2,689 people, 1,333 horses, 786 cattle, and 102 wagons floating down the Ohio on 177 huge flatboats en route for Kentucky.

Soon after Daniel Boone moved to Limestone the Indians became so bold that it was evident something would have to be done. As early as 1784 Boone is making a business agreement contingent on the scalping knife: "I will Bee accountable for any money put into his hands inless kild by Indians." An-

Sir Hanover County, Va. the 18-1788  
Inclosed you have a few Lines from Coll  
Marshall I Shew'd him the order your son  
Bobby gave me but he says he thinks he  
ow'd you nothing and if he Dos his son John  
Will Settle Withe you Sir Donot be uneasy  
about the Balance Due me untill a Conve-  
nent opportunity serves We are all Well at  
Present My Respects to your family I am Sir  
your omble Servant  
Daniell Boone  
To Capt Charles Yancey

A BOONE BUSINESS LETTER

To his friend and business associate, Captain Charles Yancey. Reproduced by permission from the original in the possession of Mrs. A. C. Pendleton, Warren, Ohio. The letter passed from Captain Yancey to his descendants, and has never been out of their hands.

other of his letters, dated August 16, 1785, reports two men killed at Squire's settlement, and adds:

a Deal of Sine Seen in Diferent placis in purtickuler at Limston in Short an Inden Warr is Exspcted We are Cradetaly [credibly] informed that three Nations from the Waboush [Wabash] are unrighted aginst us and Whatever may be the Case inLess an actul invasion it is out of the power of any ofiser of the Milititia to gave the fruntteers any asistence Know Sir I hope to Receve Such instructions from Your Honer as Will in able me to force out Scouts Spies or to Do mounthly towers at Sum of the fruntteers Stations at Least at Limston and the Blue Lick that the Salt Works may Still go on.

Agitation to make Kentucky a state had already begun, and Boone feared that the Virginia authorities might make this an excuse for refusing military aid.

"I Hope," he wrote, "our petisoning for a new State Will Bee No Baryer aganst any asistenc goverment Might gave us as it is intirely against the voce of the peepel at Large."

In the autumn, a settler near Limestone was writing: "ye indians was continually amoungst us trying to take our horses & they are so impudent. I am afraid they will take lives if opportunity suits them. there is scarcely a day but they are seen in one part of our neighborhood or another." There was a perpetual series of small raids. On May 23, 1786, a band of two hundred warriors attacked flatboats on the Ohio near the Kentucky River.

The government had been doing its best to persuade the Indians to give up prisoners taken during the Revolution, but with no great success. Some of the Shawnees defied their chiefs and insisted on keeping their captives, who were useful slaves or had been adopted into the tribe. Some of the prisoners also defied the chiefs and refused to leave. One prisoner had to be forced to part with his red friends. Others escaped from their

Kentucky rescuers and slipped back to the Indian life they had grown to love.

The Kentuckians decided that with so many captives still in Indian hands it would be advantageous to have some Indian prisoners. It was also necessary to retaliate vigorously in order to stop the perpetual raids. George Rogers Clark led one column to the Wabash, while Benjamin Logan led another to the Miami. All summer long the most careful preparations were made at Limestone. Boats, ammunition, and provisions were collected. Just before the expedition started, the women at Limestone worked all night cooking meat and "journey cake"—the modern johnnycake—and parching corn.

On the night of September 29/30, seven or eight hundred men started to cross the river. It took all night and the next day to ferry them over. Logan's advance caught the Indians at a disadvantage, since a great many warriors had hurried off to meet Clark. Those that were left fled so rapidly that it was hard to find them. At length somebody saw dogs. Boone told the men with him to follow the dogs and they would find Indians. As usual, when Indians were in question, Boone was right.

They soon encountered a small band. Boone recognized one of them with a start.

"Mind that fellow," he yelled, as the warrior ran with the whites giving chase, "I know him." It was Big Jim, who twenty-four years before had tortured young James Boone to death in Powell's Valley. As the white men closed in on him, Big Jim turned around and fired, killing one of his pursuers, then dodged into a canebrake. In its shelter he reloaded and fired again, killing or wounding another man. But not even a canebrake could conceal him long from so many enemies and he was soon run down and dispatched.

The expedition killed about twenty warriors and captured

seventy or eighty prisoners, including Daniel Boone's old friend Moluntha and his squaw. The white men were exultant when the old chief himself appeared, wearing a white robe of office and a cocked hat, and surrendered. Moluntha was not particularly disturbed by his capture. He had been working for the Americans for months, trying to get prisoners exchanged, and actually had some kind of American certificate of character in his possession. Logan had given orders about the care of Indian prisoners, and Moluntha probably knew it.

After the old man had been brought in, however, Major Hugh McGary appeared and walked up to the place where Moluntha and his squaw were standing.

"Do you remember the Blue Licks defeat?" he asked. Placidly cutting up tobacco leaf in the palm of his hand, and probably not in the least understanding the question, Moluntha replied,

"Yak, I do."

It is doubtful whether Moluntha had been present at the battle, but his words were enough to infuriate McGary.

"Damn you," he bawled, "I will show you Blue Licks play."

Seizing a small "squaw axe," he split the prisoner's head with two blows. As the chief sank to the ground McGary turned on his defenseless squaw but was stopped before he had been able to do more than slash off three of her fingers.

There was a good deal of similar brutality. One man knocked a young Indian prisoner down and scalped him alive. Clark's men are said to have shut some Indians in a cabin and killed them all. It was no worse than what the Indians had done often enough, but it horrified many Kentuckians, and Boone especially deplored it.

McGary was already regarded in Kentucky as the man really responsible for the Blue Licks defeat, and those who had lost friends and relatives in the battle still hated him. The slaughter

of Moluntha was a violation of orders, which weakened Logan's position in the exchange of prisoners that was to follow. As soon as the expedition was home again McGary was court-martialed and deprived of his commission.

As a tavern- and store-keeper at Limestone, with some staunch friends in the government, Boone did a lively business provisioning the exchanged prisoners, red and white.

By October 15, 1786, Logan's redskins began to arrive under guard at Limestone, where they were treated with hospitality if one may judge by Daniel Boone's first bill to the government:

october the 15th 1786

State of Virgania Dr to Dal Boone for 19 gallons of Whiskey  
Delivered to the Indins priseners on there first arrival at  
Limeston ..... £3-0-0

A squaw and a French Canadian were selected from among the Indian captives, given horses, equipped for the woods, and sent back to the Shawnee country with an offer to exchange. Boone "Furnished the Frenchman & Squaw" with the equipment for their journey in February—one gun, two horses with saddle and bridle, a pound of powder and two pounds of lead, twenty pounds of bread, twenty pounds of beef, and a "gard" of two men. The guards were needed to make sure no Kentuckian with a few scalped relatives to avenge should kill the returning prisoners. Apparently the pair lived briefly at Boone's tavern; his bill for them includes charges of £1.4 "To 4 Days Diett."

Backwoods diplomacy moves as slowly as the more civilized variety and occasionally Daniel Boone did what he thought the occasion required. He rescued a little girl named Chloe Flinn from the Indians. She was hardly more than a child. Her mother had died under the hardships of Indian captivity. Her brother was still a prisoner. The rest of her family had been

nearly wiped out. Since no one knew quite what to do with her, Daniel and Rebecca took her into their own family and looked after the child for a year or so. Then, having located her relatives, Daniel took her up river, back to them. There is still some doubt whether Chloe was legitimately exchanged for Indian prisoners or whether Daniel made a stealthy trip to the Indian villages and stole her.

Cutting through militia red tape, Boone got a boy back in March, 1787. The Indians trusted Sheltowee, and handed the captive over when Boone offered personal pledges. Some guard-house lawyer among the militia officers protested that this was irregular. The officer may have been technically right but Daniel, who had small respect for technicalities, delivered himself of a blast to Colonel Robert Patterson: "I am hire With my hands full of Bisness and No athority and if I am Not indulged in What I Do for the best it Is Not worth my While to put my Self to all this trubel." The matter ended then and there. Daniel had saved the boy months of squalid captivity.

It was April before Naomohouoh, a Shawnee chief, arrived with a message from Captain Johnny, a young Shawnee leader who was just beginning to come into prominence. He brought four prisoners with him in token of good faith, and promised that the Indians would bring all the other prisoners to Limestone within a month. It required time to collect the captives from the scattered forest villages.

Later in April, Captain Wolf and other Shawnees came to Limestone with nine captives, for whom Boone and Patterson exchanged Indian prisoners. During the negotiation preceding these exchanges, Boone had been entertaining a Shawnee diplomat at his tavern board for nearly three weeks. One gets a general view of what was happening from his bill of April 27, 1787:

Daniel Boone Furnished the  
Indians With the Following provisions

21 Gall'ns Whisky .....	£6. 6.0
230 Lb Flower .....	2. 6.8
100 Lb Bacon .....	4. 0.0
100 Lb Dry Beef .....	1.13.4
John Riggs Express Eight Days, Man & Horse.....	2. 8.0
and 9 men	
George Mifford an ascort 4 day .....	5. 0.0
Cash to Bare the Frenchmans Expence to Danville ...	1.12.0
one Beef for thir Return Home .....	3.10.0
Micagy Callaway Served twenty days as an Interpreter	6. 0.0
Shanee Chief 20 days diet .....	1.16.0

Micajah Callaway, brother of Boone's son-in-law Flanders Callaway, and nephew of Colonel Richard Callaway, had been one of Boone's men, captured at the Licks in 1778. He had spent five years and five months in Indian captivity and had naturally learned Shawnee very thoroughly.

By July Boone was feeding Indians so steadily that he opened a special account book, which he made by folding several sheets of paper, fastening them together, and labeling it:

Daniel Boones  
Indan Book

It is an alluring title, but the contents are strictly business. Three pages are required to list the "Indan purvistian" which he supplied. One amusing entry is "20 lb Backer" and "2 quarts Whiskey" for the Indians and exactly the same amount of each "for the gards."

In August he was supplying Indian prisoners with "flower" in lots of one and four hundred pounds at a time and a single order of "30 galans Whiska."

The redskins, highly pleased with the treatment they had re-

ceived, promised that all future prisoners from Limestone should receive the best of care. There was a certain menace in the promise, but the Indians meant it to be friendly enough.

On August 20, 1787, Captain Johnny, Blacksnake, Wolf, and other Indian diplomats appeared opposite Limestone, ready to make a formal peace. Logan, Boone, Kenton, Todd, Patterson, and others rowed over to meet them. It was almost exactly nine years since Boone had gone out alone to meet Blackfish at Boonesborough.

Captain Johnny, in ceremonial paint and feathers, made a flowery speech. It was a typical bit of Indian eloquence: "All say, let us take pity on our women and children, and agree to make peace with our brother the big knife, which our brother the big knife has always said was in our power. If we want peace we shall have peace, to which we are agreed, to come to where our old town was burnt and live brothers. These Indians who are for war, they will always be out on the Wabash, and we will make a distinction between them and ourselves, to let our brother the big knife know we are really for peace. Here will be five little towns of us that will be for peace."

Logan replied with a note of warning: "Brothers, you may see plainly, how your father over the water, who engaged you in so long and bloody a war, has treated you; that although you lost many brave warriors, yet when he gotten [sic] beaten by the great men of the United States, he made peace and gave your country away, and said nothing about you, but left you to the discretion of the Americans to treat you as they pleased. Brothers, you and all the red people may plainly see, that when your father and all his forces added to all yours, could not conquer the Americans, that it will be in vain for you (the red people) to continue a war yourselves alone."

A dance and feast, lasting most of the night, followed the exchange of prisoners. Then the Shawnee chief Blue Jacket and

young Daniel Morgan Boone went hunting together to prove that at last peace really did reign beyond the Ohio.

It was not, however, a very secure peace, for the villages which had refused to sign the treaty continued to send out war parties, and even the villages which were officially friendly could not resist a slight inclination to horse-stealing. The militia continued to keep scouts out, just as they had done during the Revolution. Occasionally even these alert woodsmen were surprised or simply vanished. A report in 1790 says: "the spies put out on the frontier of Slate Creek has not been heard of these three weeks, therefore I am much afraid they are killed."

Even in 1792, when Kentucky became the fifteenth state, Isaac Shelby, the first governor, found that "the country was then in a state of war," and that "every part of Kentucky, was a frontier infested with a savage foe." In the following year stray scalping parties were still ranging far eastward. On the Cumberland River "they ware weekly, Nay I may add daily a Murdering men weomen and childring." Along Boone's Wilderness Road, which now had been a white man's thoroughfare for nearly twenty years, it was still necessary to keep a guard of twenty militiamen moving back and forth.

Under these conditions the Indians' continued esteem for Daniel Boone was at times just a little embarrassing. Particularly so when a raider, caught red-handed, appealed to Big Turtle for aid in his predicament.

Less than a year after the treaty, in the spring of 1788, Chief Blue Jacket came down to Strode's Station, stole eight or ten horses, and fled for the Ohio. Pursued by a party of white men "who usually followed on such occasions," the raiders were caught north of the Licking River. When the whinny of the horses betrayed the approach of the white men, the Indians scattered and escaped. But Blue Jacket, happening to be on

foot on a bare, open hill, had to run for it in plain sight and was quickly ridden down.

The moment the white men caught him, he exclaimed: "Boone! Boone!" and pointed emphatically in the direction of Maysville. The white pursuers were feeling good natured; they had recovered all their own horses besides some other strays that the Indians had picked up. Blue Jacket was told to pilot his captors to Maysville by the quickest way; and he knew a great deal better than to try any tricks. The captive was handed over to Boone.

It was a trifle disconcerting to a prominent member of the legislature to have his son's hunting mate brought in for horse-stealing, but Dan'l did the best he could. He saw that Blue Jacket was well tied and then put him into a new cabin for the night. It was supposed to be the securest place in the village.

Someone—was it really an accident?—had left a knife sticking in a log. Blue Jacket squirmed over to it in spite of his bonds, cut the ropes, hacked his way out of the cabin, and escaped about daybreak. His disgusted captors pursued, found his leggings where he had dropped them in the woods, but never got their horsethief back. Some days later Blue Jacket limped into his village almost naked and badly scratched by brambles. A white captive still in the village was edified to hear him adjuring his younger braves to steal their horses some other place in future.

With the treaty signed in August of 1787, Boone was free to attend the October opening of the legislature. Before he left, however, he had Logan audit his accounts and certify: "The within mentioned Artickels was nessassary for the Indians & I think the Accounts is just." The total of Boone's charges was £101.1.6 and for once he got his money promptly. The governor laid his papers before the council October 22, and the state auditor was immediately "directed to settle the account of

Daniel Boone for supplies furnished the Indian prisoners, as certified by Colo. Logan." Boone was luckier than John Crow, another commissary, who had to feed seventy hungry redskins at his own expense for thirty days, and then petition for his money.

Boone was occupied with legislative details for the rest of the year, until the legislature closed January 8, 1788.

Daniel Boone was now one of the richest men in Kentucky. His land claims reached at least fifty thousand acres and probably a hundred thousand. Hunting and trade added to his income. His services as a surveyor were in demand on all sides.

He, who had grown up in an obscure cabin on the Yadkin, was now one of the most famous men in the nation. His reputation was beginning to reach across the sea. Strangers sought to meet and talk with him, and the Kentuckians, who knew him best, elected him to one office after another.

Now—now at last—he was reaping the reward of those years of danger, toil, privation. Again and again he had thought prosperity achieved, only to have it snatched away. His trip with Finley in 1769 had laid up a goodly stock of furs; but the Indians had robbed them. Finley had given up, but Boone had gone doggedly back and laid in a second stock. Again the Indians had robbed him of everything. Still indomitable, in 1773 he had led his little band of immigrants toward the promised land of Kentucky, only to be driven back after the murder of his son.

Grimly he tried a third venture in 1775, turned back to Kentucky with Henderson, won land for himself at last, only to lose it with the failure of Henderson's schemes. Once more he sought land, this time from the state itself. The robbery of 1780 swept all those gains away.

He had made still another struggle to rebuild his fallen fortunes. Now he had won through at last. His new land claims complied with every legal formality. Landed estates were his

at last—really his own. Kentucky was a white man's country now. Immigrants were coming in. That meant the value of his lands would rise. Business was looking up. A creditable family was growing up around him. All was for the best.

With his sons, Daniel Boone engaged in general business at Limestone, ready to do anything that brought in an honest penny. He dealt in skins, furs, lands, horses, general merchandise, ginseng, and anything else that anybody wanted. He kept a tavern. He located and surveyed lands. Sometimes he was rich enough to lend amounts like £20, £4, £3.0.6, or 12s. to his friends. At other times he had difficulty raising ready cash—of which there was very little in the country anyhow. But after struggling all his life with debt, Daniel Boone belonged to the creditor class now. When he needed money himself, he could put a little pressure on those who owed him, though he was usually very mild about it.

In 1784 Boone found that he would have to “pay a Large Sum of money at Cort on tusday,” and hastily wrote a man who owed him money to “Satel on monday.” A year later he was writing Colonel William Christian, a prominent Virginian:

Dear Col the Land Bissness your father Left in my Hands is Cheffy Dunn and Rady to be Returned Sum I have Regestered and I have at your Requist payd by a Later payd Sum money for that bisness and Not thinking of this opertunity have Not time to Draw up your acoumpt Requist the faver of you to send me by the bearer James Briges ten pound and this Shall be your Resite for that Sum and you Will ablyge your omble sarvent

DANIEL BOONE

NB

I have a Number of plats to Regester at the general Cort and am Scarce of Cash Plese to oblyge me if posible

D B

august the 23 1785

To Cl William Cristen

Sad to relate, the bearer got only three guineas.

In another letter of this summer he finds times "a Litel Difegult" because of Indians and also because of slow collections. "I must be plan With you," he writes. "I am intirely out of Cash and the Chane men and Markers Must be paid on the Shot and I want 2 or 3 ginnes [guineas] for my own use." His "Litel Sun" was to bring back the money.

Boone was lenient with friends who owed him money, as witness the following letter:

Hanover County Ja the 18 1788

Sir

Inclosed you have a few Lines from Coll Marshall I shewed him the order your Sun Bobey gave me But he Sayes he thinks he owes you Nothing and if he Dos his Sun John Will Satel Withe you Sir Donot be oneaysey about the Balance Due me untill a Convenient opertunity Sarves We are all Well at present My Respets to your famly I am Sir your omble Sarvent—

DANIELL BOONE

To Capt Charles Yancy

"The Land Bissness" promised well. He laid out land claims for himself and his family, for his friends, and—on shares—for others who engaged his services. People were glad to have his opinion on land titles and land values. "The Lands Mr. Mcfadden is ofering you is in Qulaty Eacqul to any you have Seen on the South Side the Cantuck," he writes a client, "and never had been Dispueted by any man as it was known to be the first Clames there by Satelment and preemtion and I believe his Wright to be good."

Everyone in the East was eager to own some of the rich land that a bounteous government was selling for a song. But not many wanted to plunge into the forests to find it. Instead, wealthy gentlemen purchased treasury warrants and entrusted

them to Daniel Boone. He guaranteed to endure all the hardships, run all the risks, and find them good lands with clear titles. They guaranteed in turn to give him half of what he gained for them. His brother Squire sometimes engaged to clear forest land on much the same terms.

In 1783 Daniel was made deputy surveyor of both Fayette and Lincoln Counties. It was no very great distinction, since in about three years Fayette County had nearly a hundred deputy surveyors. But newcomers were entering Kentucky in large numbers, all eager for land. More than a decade of scouting and hunting had taught him where the best land lay, and the immigrants were well aware of that. A man who not only knew where the best land was but also how to lay it off was much in demand.

Surveying came naturally. His grandfather, George Boone, had been a surveyor. Young Daniel as a child must often have seen him at work. He himself begins to appear in the Kentucky Land Records as a surveyor by 1782, and had borrowed instruments and surveyed for himself as early as 1780. From 1783 to 1786 he made nearly 150 surveys for new settlers, and his name appears in the Fayette County records as "chopper" and chain-carrier as well as surveyor. His survey papers, still preserved, are about as good as those of the average surveyor of the time, and in one respect better. Daniel Boone is careful to include all important landmarks. Many of the others omit a few. Sad to say, Boone usually spells his assistants' names differently in all surveys. This is true even when they were made the same day.

At first assistants were any available hands; but the survey parties soon became family affairs. The eleven-year-old Jesse Boone and the fifteen-year-old Daniel Morgan Boone were chainmen. Joseph Scholl, Levina Boone's husband, was land marker, or "chopper," who marked the trees. Daniel rendered his bills in British currency. At the exchange value of the

period his charges work out at about \$2.75 a day for his own services, plus fees for his men and provisions for the tour (rendered by Daniel as "purvissions for the tower"), which were provided by the client.

A letter still extant describes a typical surveying trip:

July 20th, 1786

Sir:

The Land has Been Long Surveyd and Not Knowing When the Money would be Radey Was the Reason of my Not Returning the works however the may be Returned When you pleas But I must first have a Nother Copy of the Entry as I have Lost that I had When I Lost my plotting Instruments and only have the Short field Notes Just the Corse Distone and Corner trees pray, Send me a Nother Copy that I may Know how to give it the proper Bounderry agreeable to the Location and I Will send the plat to the ofis a medetly if you Chuse it , the Expensis is as follows viz

	£	s	d
Surveyors fees .....	9	3	8
Ragesters fees &c .....	7	14	0½
Chanmen and Marker 11 Days ea .....	8	0	0
purvissions for the tower .....	2	0	0
	<hr/>		
	26	17	8½

you will also send ma a Copy of the agreement betwixt Mr. Waler overton and my Self When I Recd the Warrants I am Sir your omble Sarvent

DANIEL BOONE

None of these activities, however, were absorbing enough to make him give up hunting. He managed to get a shot in now and then, even on survey parties. There was one stirring occasion when the surveyors knocked off work to drive a herd of buffalo into the Licking River, just for the fun of seeing them swim. Daniel Boone stood on the bank counting the number as the great beasts, snorting in terror, plunged into the water and swam across. There were, he reported, three hundred.

Though not a slave trader, he occasionally bought or sold a negro. Everyone in Kentucky kept a slave if he could afford it. The Boones usually owned a few, as tax lists show both in Kentucky and Missouri.

In this period of prosperity Daniel Boone had at least three slaves. In 1784 he secured from his relative John Grant a negro girl named "Easter," worth about seventy-five pounds. On March 4, 1786, he bought "one Negro gurle Named Loos" for ninety pounds.

A letter to a certain William Haris, dated March 3, 1791, shows pretty clearly that he once sold a negro woman and her child together. At least it is pretty hard to make sense of the letter otherwise:

Dear Sir

My Sun Dal [Morgan] Boone Wates on you for the Balance Due me for Rose and hir Child Which is 32 pounds virganea money Besides the Intrust Which I hope you will not fail to pay him and Not put me to the trubel of Coming Down my Self and he will gave you a full Resete for the Same I am Sir your omble Sarvent

DANIEL BOONE

His books and correspondence show that he did a large business but most of it was in barter rather than in cash. The fur-traders with whom he dealt acknowledge a single consignment of 1,790 deerskins, 729 bearskins, four otter, five black fox, and two barrels of ginseng. The account books show charges for cloth, groceries, buttons, hardware, ammunition, and a vast deal of rum and whiskey. His store gives

Cradet by Baar Skins .....	0.13.6
Cradet by 1 Bote .....	0.12.0
Cradet by 58 lb Bacon at Sixpence per pound.....	1. 9.0
by a Cat and Cune Skin .....	0. 5.0

Dear Sir      March the 9<sup>th</sup> 1791

My Son Dal Boone Wates on you  
for the Balance Due me for Rose and  
his Child Which is 32 pounds virganeq  
money Besides the Intrust Which I hope  
you will not fail to pay him and  
Not put me to the trubel of coming  
Down my self and he will gave you a full  
preset for the Same I am Sir your  
omble Servant  
Mr      Daniel Boone  
William Haris

DANIEL BOONE TO WILLIAM HARIS

(MS. HM 22393)

[By permission of The Huntington Library, San Marino, California]

Boone sometimes exchanged his pelts at a local bank, or "keep," at Louisville in return for a promise to pay cash when the skins were sold. The remarkable commercial document thus obtained could be passed from hand to hand as a kind of currency. Boone dealt with a certain John Sanders, who had set up his "keep" in a houseboat which a flood had stranded at Louisville. The "keeper," or banker, cannily took his commission first:

Know All Men By These Pre'nts that Daniel Boone hath Deposited Six, vi, beaver Skins in My keep in good order and of the worth of VI shillings each skin and i Have took from them vi shillings for the keep of them and when they Be sold i will pay the balance of XXX shillings for the whole lot to any person who presents this certificate an delivers it up to Me at My keep Louisville, falls of ohio, May 20 1784

JOHN SANDERS

The ginseng trade, to which Boone had given a little attention in his early days in North Carolina, was profitable here too. The root of this common American woods plant had long been a staple of Chinese medicine. Some of the root was probably also used by Colonial physicians and apothecaries. Ginseng has real medicinal value, though modern medicine has long abandoned it for subtler drugs. American ginseng was not quite identical with the Korean plant, but it could be exported to China all the same.

Boone may have bought from his neighbors, but he also went out into the woods and gathered "sang" himself. In the winter of 1787/88 he had nearly fifteen tons, which he took up the Ohio expecting to send it overland to Philadelphia. But on the way the boat capsized, the carefully dried ginseng got wet, and before Daniel could get to Philadelphia with it the price had fallen. He persevered in the trade and that same fall had "15 caggs of ginsang" on hand.

Horse trading was also a disappointment. The Boones tried buying "loose horses" in Kentucky and driving them overland to markets in the East. The journey was too arduous. The nags arrived in wretched condition and brought poor prices. Boone lost money on the enterprise and soon gave it up.

Another business venture was tavern-keeping. Boone's was a remarkable establishment where two months' board cost but £4.12. A traveler a year or two later pays tribute to the bountiful board Rebecca spread: "I took Breakfast with Colo. Boon and his family being the best I had Eaten for many days." Presumably Daniel and Rebecca ran a better establishment than the dreadful hovels some travelers describe. One man complains bitterly of an establishment where he was entertained. Nothing to eat but bear meat and "corn-meal dodgers." Nothing to drink but whisky at fifty cents a pint—Kentucky was already Kentucky!—and coffee "composed of an article that grew some eight hundred or one thousand miles north of where coffee tree ever did grow." This beverage was brewed from the pod of the Kentucky "coffee tree." The resulting fluid was described by a charitable geographer of the period as "not unlike coffee." Another traveler, still more charitable, described it as "a pod in which is good coffee-seed." In 1790, after the Boones had moved away, Limestone's tavern was so bad that it could provide neither "food, fire, or bed, or any other nourishment except whisky."

After statehood had been achieved the Kentucky government regulated these little frontier hotels. The keeper was required to "find & provide in his said Ordinary, good wholesome & cleanly Lodgings and Diet for travellers, and Stablage, Fodder & provender, or pasturage and provender, as the Season shall require for their Horses." Neither must he "Suffer or permit any unlawful gaming in his House nor on the Sabbath day Suffer any person to Tipple & drink more than is necessary." On weekdays, apparently, there were no limits.

More civil and military honors came to Boone in these years. In October, 1786, an act of Assembly named him trustee of the town of Washington, near Limestone in what is now Mason County, a post which he held until 1790, when he had moved away. The next year, 1787, Daniel Boone, his relative Jacob Boone, and his old friend Simon Kenton are all made trustees of Maysville; and in this year he is again a member of the legislature and complaining bitterly about the quality of the arms sent to the Kentucky militia.

Some time in 1789/90, the restless Boone moved again, this time to Kanawha County, Virginia (now West Virginia), and settled at Point Pleasant. His name appears on the county list of tithables for 1792, '93, and '94. Later he moved to Charleston, acted as pilot for immigrants, contracted to victual the militia.

He made a second trip back to the old home in Pennsylvania, too, early in 1788, and with his wife and son Nathan spent a month with the stay-at-home Boones in Berks County. Several hundred miles of the journey were on horseback, with the eight-year-old Nathan hanging on behind his father. Distance had long separated the families, but they had never wholly lost touch. Quakers do not approve of family estrangement. A letter is still extant, dated 1790, in which a friend of the Pennsylvania Boones writes back from Kentucky to send them news of Daniel. Even in 1816 old Daniel Boone is writing affectionately to an aged sister-in-law in Pennsylvania, whom he was never to see again, to give family news and to discuss religion.

In 1789 Boone is at Monongahela with a drove of "loose horses" for sale. In July of the same year he writes a client that he expects to be in Philadelphia. In October, on popular petition, he was recommended by the county court to be lieutenant-colonel of the Kanawha County militia, then just being organized. His commission did not arrive until April 1791.

Always he hunted and trapped, ranging the Kanawha and Ohio and far into the wild and dangerous country north of the Ohio after beaver. This trading and guiding and tavern-keeping and these municipal honors were all very well; but a man needed the feel of a rifle in his hands now and then, and what were town victuals to a man who had grown up on venison?

He had a few narrow escapes. In spite of the peace there were still Indians about, and north of the Ohio and even south of it, in Kentucky and what is now West Virginia, there were a good many raids. But everyone knows what Indians are like. A scalp is always a scalp, even if there is no longer a British lieutenant-governor to pay for it. An occasional brush with the redskins lent a flavor to hunting. It was interesting to hear a rifle crack, now and then, at a target that had two feet instead of four.

The Indians likewise enjoyed these innocent diversions. Raiders in Kanawha County in 1793 captured a couple of negro slaves (always welcome prisoners in the Indian villages, where ordinary labor was despised) and may have killed one or two white men. The rumor spread that "Colonel Boone and another person were killed or taken." It was officially reported that he had been captured and one son killed. In his later years someone was always spreading reports like that. All the Boones were perfectly safe. Daniel had not forgotten his old maxim: Never look for Indians in ambush—they are too well concealed. Instead, look for the rifle barrels that they can't conceal.

This is probably the alarm occasioned because Daniel stayed out on a hunting trip longer than he expected. He did, however, have a really narrow escape in 1794, on a hunt during which his son Nathan killed his first deer. One foggy night out, Daniel was wakened by the sound of distant chopping. They were near the river and he felt sure the Indians were building a raft. He roused Nathan. They loaded their canoe, and returned to the fire until the chopping ceased. Slipping down to the canoe, they

hid for ten minutes until they heard the Indians paddling across the river. With the boy lying prone in the canoe, his father pushed out into the swift current of the Ohio—peering along the surface of the river between the fog and water, to see if he could detect their enemies—and slipped silently away.

He turned up one evening, a total stranger, at the home of Daniel, or "Paddy," Huddlestone, below Kanawha Falls, near the modern town of Boone, West Virginia, carrying rifle and pack and asking for shelter. No one had the least idea who he was, but of course he was taken in after the usual frontier custom. Quiet as usual and apparently tired, he went to bed soon after supper, but when morning came he was gone, though pack and rifle remained. By breakfast time he was back, with news of beaver in the river—two saplings had been gnawed down.

"Well, come, young man," he said to young Jared Huddlestone, "get your trap and go with me, and I will show you how to trap beaver." They caught five the first day, a dozen before their trapping was over. Boone presented a trap to the Huddlestones who carefully preserved it. It still exists in the West Virginia Historical Collection.

In 1791 he was a rather silent member of the Assembly, for Kanawha County. He served on the committee on religion, and another on "propositions and licenses." On December 12, 1791, just after his appointment, Lieutenant-Colonel Boone, as a member of the Assembly, advised on the defense of the county:

For Kanaway County, 68 Privets, Lenard Cuper, Capt. at Pint plesent, 17 men; Joell Dane, Insine at Bellville, 17 men; John Young, Scout at Elke, 17 men; John Morris, Insine at the Bote yards, 17 men.

Two spies or scutes will be Nesesry at the Pint \* to sarch the

\* This is almost certainly Point Pleasant, at the junction of the Kanawha and Ohio Rivers. A writer in the *Register*, 28:153 Ap 1930, however, identifies it with Maysville.

Banks of the River at the Crossing places. More would be Wanting if the could be aloude. These Spyes must be Com-poused of the inhabitence who Well Know the Woods and waters from the pint to Belville, 60 mildes—No inhabitence; also, from pint to Alke [Elk River], 60 Miles, No inhabitence; from Alke to Bote yards, 20 milds, all inhabited.

This from your most Obedient

In December he offered to take ammunition back to Redstone (Brownsville, Pennsylvania), if given the contract to victual the Kanawha County militia. He wrote to the Governor:

Monday 13th Dec 1791

Sir

as Sum purson Must Carry out the armantstion [ammuni-tion] to Red Stone if your Exelency Should have thought me a proper purson I Would undertake it on Conditions I have the apintment to vitel the Company at Kanhowway So that I Could take Down the Flower as I paste the place. I am your Excelency most obedent omble Sarvent,

DAL BOONE

He got the contract, but it would be idle to pretend that Daniel Boone was a conspicuous success as a quartermaster. On December 22 he gave his receipt to state officials for four hundred pounds of powder, sixteen hundred pounds of lead, and a barrel of flints. These were supplies for his own and other militiamen, which he "engaged to emply without change or barter, solely in the service of the Commonwealth." He was still delivering ammunition along the Ohio River and elsewhere as late as March 4, 1792, when he turned over sixty pounds of powder and "2 Piggs of Ladd Sepoused to be 3,010 pounds," for use along the Potomac.

He waged a private and enjoyable warfare with a militia cap-tain, Hugh Caperton, whom he had himself recommended as "a fitt & proper person," but in whom he was speedily disap-

pointed. On May 2, 1792, Caperton formally complained to the county lieutenant that he had been directed to raise a company of volunteers, but "Col. Daniel Boon, the person appointed by the Executive of Virginia, did not agreeably to orders provide provisions for the support of said Company." On May 26 a certain William Clendenin also complained. He understood Boone had received the powder but had failed to deliver it, and he had had to buy 105½ pounds at his own expense. The Indians were active, and by September 21, 1792, Kanawha County began to have grave doubts about its lieutenant-colonel's talents as a supply officer. He was in charge of supplies for the whole western militia of the state and was operating from Richmond and Point of Rocks. Three officers, including Caperton, waited till he was at the mouth of the Kanawha, and then went down to upbraid him. A little later Colonel Clendenin, representative in the Assembly, was again complaining of supply troubles, which he blamed on the "default of the Contractor, Colonel Boone."

There was a lively set-to over the conduct of Daniel Boone himself. Caperton complained to the authorities, October 30, 1792, that when he took command of the company defending Greenbrier and Kanawha Counties, "Col. Boon Contracted to furnish these men with rations, but for some cause or other failed. This put me under the necessity of employing other persons to do the business, making myself responsible for the money, & now stand bound for the amount of rations furnished my Company, no part of which has been paid. The Executive also directed Col. Boone to convey the ammunition allowed from Point of Fork to Greenbrier, in this he also failed, this compelled me to purchase and supply the men myself."

In 1793 Lieutenant-Colonel Boone's relations with Caperton again proved less than harmonious. The commissary simply walked out of camp with his rifle and was not seen for days.

Scouts operating on the Ohio bumped into him and complained that the rations (for which he was responsible) were exhausted. But the insubordinate quartermaster replied only: "Caperton did not do to my liken,"—which was apparently all they got out of him. Under any known system of military law, they would have been justified in taking him out and shooting him; but in the Virginia militia of those days these little differences were politely ignored.

Other officers shared Daniel Boone's objection to Caperton. He presently went before a court-martial and was relieved of his command. He admitted: "My conduct has in some degree been reprehensible during my command." So perhaps there was justification for Boone's attitude.

During these minor campaigns Boone, always a skillful healer, sometimes served as a kind of informal medical officer. He nursed one wounded man in his own home and cannily billed the state twenty-five dollars for medical services. The militia officers certified the bill, but the state auditor held it up and inquired of the Executive Council whether he ought to pay the "Claim of Colonel Daniel Boone for curing a wounded man." The record ends there. Dan'l very likely never got his money.

Though Boone was now approaching sixty, he was still the very model of the muscular frontiersman. People noticed him; they plied him with questions; and they pointed him out to one another. It must have grown a little tiresome—an acquaintance who spent four nights in the same house about 1792 observes that "there were a number of strangers, and he was constantly occupied in answering questions." There was at this time "nothing remarkable in his personal appearance." A tendency to grow fat afflicted him later, but now he was still lean and lithe: "He was about sixty years old, of a medium size, say five feet ten inches, not given to corpulency,—retired, un-

obtrusive, and a man of few words. My Acquaintance was made with him in the winter season, and I well remember his dress was of tow cloth, and not a woollen garment on his body, unless his stockings were to that material." Buffalo had vanished and their wool was now unknown on the frontier; sheep had not yet come.

There is still a more personal—indeed, a very personal—description of him a few years later. A visitor at his home says: "I recollect to see him strip off, and go to bed. He had a fair skin—a Roman nose—rather high cheek bones, rather reddish tinge. The fairest skin, for his amount of exposure, of any man you ever saw."