

extract from pages 103-104,
Annals of Tryon County; or the border war in New York during the revolution
(Campbell, W.W., 1831)

On account of their exposure to sudden attacks of scalping parties, the inhabitants joined together, and went round over the different farms. Some stood as sentinels, while others laboured. This course was not peculiar to this place; it was adopted along the whole frontier. William M'Kown, then a lad about 14 years of age, related the following interview which he had this summer with Brant. Contrary to custom, he was sent out alone to cure some hay. While engaged in raking, he heard some one walking behind him, and turning round, perceived an Indian very near him. He raised his rake to defend himself, when the Indian addressing him in English, said, "do not be afraid, young man, I shall not hurt you." He then inquired where Mr. Foster (a tory) lived. Having directed him, M'Kown inquired if he knew him, to which the Indian replied—"I am partially acquainted with him, having once seen him at the Halfway Creek;" (meaning Bowman's Creek, half way

between Cherry Valley and the Mohawk River.) The Indian then inquired of M'Kown his name. "You are a son of Mr. M'Kown who lives in the northeast part of the town I suppose; I know your father very well. He lives neighbour to Capt M'Kean; I know M'Kean very well, and a fine fellow he is too." This free, familiar conversation induced M'Kown to inquire of the Indian his name. After a moment's hesitation, he answered, "My name is Brant," "What! Captain Brant?" "No, I am a cousin of his." An arch smile played over his dark features, as he gave this reply; then turning he directed his course toward Foster's. It was Joseph Brant himself, who afterward gave the same account. M'Kown immediately informed the garrison, and a party went directly to Foster's; but he was not there, and Foster denied having seen him.