Indian Raids and Massacres of Southwest Virginia

LAS VEGAS FAMILY HISTORY CENTER

by
Luther F. Addington
and
Emory L. Hamilton

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**NOTE:** The interesting story of Caty Sage, who was stolen from her parents in Grayson County, 1792, by a vengeful white man and later grew to womanhood among the Wyandotts in the West, is well told by Mrs. Bonnie Ball in her book, *Red Trails and White*, Haysi, Virginia.
CAPTIVITY OF MARY DRAPER INGLES

Of all the young women taken into captivity by the Indians from Virginia's western frontier none suffered more anguish, nor bore her hardships more heroically, nor behaved with more thoughtfulness toward her captors than did Mary Draper Ingles.

Mary was born in 1732 to George Draper and Eleanor Hardin Draper within the present limits of Philadelphia. Her parents had come from the north of Ireland.

The Ingles were dissatisfied with their home in Pennsylvania and removed to Col. James Patton's grant of land in the Valley of Virginia. Patton had also come from the north of Ireland and no doubt they were acquainted before coming to America. Patton's settlement at the headwaters of the James River was known as Pattonville.

This place also did not please George Draper; he wanted to move on again and make his home in the wilderness. So, one day he set out on a quest for a homesite, or to hunt game, and never returned.

Mrs. Eleanor Draper, not wanting to be left alone at Pattonville, followed some of her neighbors to a new homeplace on New River, later to be called Draper's Meadows. Beside her two children, a son, John, born 1730, and Mary, she was accompanied by
the family of Adam Harmon.

Here in the Draper's Meadows settlement Mary fell in love with young William Ingles, son of another settler, and they were married early in 1750, their wedding being the first one on this frontier.

At the time of her marriage Mary was eighteen years old. There was no woman living on this frontier blessed with better health, nor one more able to cope with the hardships of frontier life.

Dr. J. P. Hale, a descendant of Mary, writing in his *Trans-Alleghany-Pioneers*, said that he got much of his information about Mary from a sketch left to posterity by Mrs. John Floyd, wife of Governor Floyd of Virginia. Mrs. Floyd, who was born a Preston, had lived in the vicinity of Draper's Meadows and had long been a friend of Mary's.

So, from this source and from information left to him by his ancestors, Dr. Hale wrote of Mary as follows: "She spent much of her time in her girlhood days with her only brother in his outdoor avocations and sports. She could jump a fence or a ditch as easily as he; she could jump straight up nearly as high as her head; she could stand on the ground beside a horse and leap into the saddle unaided."

On July 30, 1755, a band of Shawnees swooped down upon Draper's Meadows and killed, wounded or captured every person there.

Col. James Patton, Mrs. George Draper, Casper Barrier and a child of John Draper were killed; Mrs. John Draper, and James Cull were wounded; Mary Ingles, Mrs. Bettie Draper, John's wife, and Henry Lenard, were taken prisoners.

At the time Mrs. John Draper was outside the house and was the first to see the Indians coming. Believing that they were up to mischief, she ran into
the house to give the alarm and to get her sleeping baby.

Picking the child up, she ran out opposite the approaching Indians and tried to make her escape. However, the savages saw her, fired at her and the ball broke her right arm, causing her to drop the baby; but she managed to pick it up and continued her flight. However, she was overtaken and made prisoner. The child was brutally brained against the end of a house log and left lying on the ground.

In the house at the time was Col. James Patton, who had large land interests in the area. His nephew, William Preston, had also been in the house but had gone to Sinking Creek to ask Philip Laybrook to come over to Draper's Meadows and help harvest grain the next day.

Col. Patton, who was in command of the Virginia militia serving the region, had just brought a supply of powder and lead to be used by the settlers. When the Indians attacked the house, Col. Patton was sitting at a table writing; beside him was his long broadsword which he seized upon the entrance of the Indians, and with it he began to fight. He cut down two of them but in the meantime he was shot by one of the attackers out of his range and immediately he died.

Quickly the attackers gathered up all the guns and ammunition and all the household goods they could get. Then, they set fire to the houses in the community.

At the time of the attack William Ingles, Mary's husband, was in the fields some distance from the house, looking over his grain field which was to be harvested on the morrow. Seeing the flames and smoke, he started running toward home, hoping he
could be of assistance in protecting his family. But when he drew near the flaming houses, he saw that the Indians who were loading plunder on the horses, were well armed; and he stopped. He could see that the Indians had not only captured his wife and others of the Meadows, but that they also had the horses in their possession and that pursuit would be impossible.

When two Indians with tomahawks in their hands dashed after William, he ran into the woods. In jumping over a log he fell; and there he lay while the pursuers ran around the roots of the upturned tree instead of jumping over it as he had. When the Indians passed on, still looking for him, he eluded them by running in the opposite direction.

After the Indians and their captives had gone, a company of settlers gathered and started in pursuit; but by that time the raiding party had got so far ahead that nothing could be seen of them.

Some distance out on their trail, the Indians stopped at the home of Philip Barger, an old white-haired man, attacked him and cut off his head. They put the head into a bag and carried it to the house of Philip Laybrook, on Sinking Creek, where they gave it to Mrs. Laybrook, telling her to look into the bag and she'd see one of her acquaintances.

Philip Laybrook, as well as young Preston, whom Col. Patton had sent on an errand, had left the house and had gone by a near trail back to the Meadows, else they might have met the same fate as Philip Barger.

It is most likely that Col. Patton, who had brought powder and lead to the settlement, had warned the people of possible Indian attacks. Already the French, moving down into the upper Ohio Valley from Canada, had incited Indian tribes living
in the valley to rise against the English who were slowly pushing over the Alleghanies.

Very little had been done in the new settlement at the Meadows to meet a possible attack; a few miles distant, at the head of Roanoke River, was Fort Vause but it was poorly fortified.

"On the third day out, the course of nature, which waits not upon conveniences nor surroundings, was fulfilled; and Mary Ingles, far from habitation, in the wild forest, unbounded by walls, with only the bosom of mother earth for a couch, and covered by the green trees and the blue canopy of heaven, with a curtain of darkness around her, gave birth of a daughter." 3

Owing to her strong physical condition, Mary Ingles was able next day to resume the journey. After mounting a horse, she was allowed to take the newly-born baby into her arms, although Indians ordinarily would have killed it to get it out of the way. Dr. Hale said that the most likely reason it wasn't killed was because the Indians wanted to keep Mary alive and as contented as possible so that she might live until they could demand a big ransom for her.

About forty miles down New River the party crossed to the west side, coming out near the mouth of Indian Creek. From the mouth of Indian Creek they continued to follow New River to the mouth of Bluestone River, up which they had to travel until they could find a suitable ford. Upon crossing the stream they went over the headwaters of Paint Creek and came to Kanawha River, the same stream whose upper portion was called New River.

Eventually they reached the mouth of Campbell's Creek where there was a salt spring. Here the Indians went into camp, wishing to hunt and get a supply of salt to take with them to their villages.
Some of the Indians set up the pots which they had stolen from Mary's home, built fires under them, filled them with briny water and directed Mary and the older captives to boil the water down.

Mary proved very adept at salt making; and her skill, the Indians knew, would prove of value to them after they reached their Ohio River homes. Since animals were plentiful in the woods around the salt spring, a sojourn of several days was made in order that enough game might be killed for their immediate need and have some left to take with them.

But much to the sorrow of Mary and her companions, the journey northward was resumed. In about a month from the time they had left Draper's Meadows, they arrived at the Shawnee town at the mouth of the Scioto River which flows into the north side of the Ohio.

Upon the arrival of the party, the tribe gathered to celebrate; there was much dancing and singing. The savages took much delight in making all the captives except Mary, "run the gauntlet."

Running the gauntlet was a sort of cruel game, or chastisement, inflicted upon whites whom the Indians took prisoners. It was done by forming an aisle made by lines of Indians and forcing the victim to walk or run through the aisle while the savages lashed out with sticks or rocks, beating and bruising the runner. Some victims failed to come out alive.

Mary was spared the ordeal because she had proved to be docile and cooperative, or because they yet wanted to ransom her for money or goods. Most likely two of the captives, Henry Lenard and James Cull, failed to survive the gauntlet for history gives no account of them afterwards.

Her turn to suffer came when the raiders
gathered to divide the spoils and dispose of the captives. Her friend, Bettie Draper, whose arm was yet in bad condition, was assigned to a hunter who said he’d take her further north. Then, a pang of anguish suffused Mary when a savage put a hand on the shoulder of little George and told the two-year-old boy to join a group of strange savages. George screamed and tried to escape, but the laughing Indians spirited him away forcibly. Next, Thomas, the four-year-old, was given to another group; and away they all went, leaving Mary sitting on a log, the baby in her lap.

Mary didn’t know but what she and the baby would be given to yet another group, but she was allowed to remain with the Scioto people. She felt though, that her fate was merely being postponed.

But nothing could happen to her that would fill her with more grief or cause her more pain than seeing her two little boys torn from her. Yet, she must sit silent and endure it.

She bowed her head, praying that some miracle might happen, giving her a chance to see them again. Oh, that they could all be back home in Draper’s Meadows, in their cabin, with their father! And she wondered what had happened to her husband. Had he escaped being killed? If so, what could he be doing now? Why hadn’t he and a company of men, whom she just knew had been marshalled, pursued and rescued her?

Mary knew that the French in Canada were determined to come down into the Ohio Valley and push the English out; too, these Shawnees were allies of those French.

Mary Makes Shirts

Although Mary had been cooperative with the
Indians, she felt she shouldn't change her attitude even after losing her two beloved boys; being gentle with them might mean that her life would be spared.

One day some French traders came into the Indian town bartering for things they wanted with checked shirting. The Indians prized no wearing apparel above checked shirts. But the squaws were very poor shirt makers. Mary, who had long been adept with a needle and thread, as well as cutting cloth, saw an opportunity to make herself useful; and she began to make shirts. As she turned them out, the Indians would hoist them atop sticks and run through the town proudly showing them.

The French, seeing how useful this woman from the Virginia frontier was, realized she was a great asset to them, as well as to the Indians; and they became very friendly and considerate. After a few weeks spent in shirt making, Mary was told that she was to go down the Ohio River about one hundred and fifty miles and make salt. They seemed to have remembered how efficient she had been at salt-making back at the salt spring.

At Big Bone Lick

So, Mary and her baby, together with an old Dutch woman, who had been brought here from the Pennsylvania frontier, were put into a canoe; and, then, a group of canoes, carrying hunters, set out down the river.

Every mile, Mary knew, was taking her still further from her home and her husband; yet there was nothing she could do to prevent the trip.

After days of travel on the river, the party arrived at Big Bone Creek, which flows into the Ohio
River from the south; then, they rowed up the creek about three and a half miles to the lick. It was within the present bounds of Boone County, Kentucky, down river several miles from the present town of Cincinnati.

This salt lick had long been the gathering place of wild animals hungry for salt; and over the centuries many had come here and died. Some of the largest mastodon bones ever found were here when white men came. It was here that Christopher Gist, on his exploratory trip for the Ohio Land Company of Williamsburg, had picked up some huge bones to take back with him.

So, just as Mary Ingles was the first bride of the southwestern Virginia frontier, also she was the first white woman salt maker west of the Kanawha River.

Leaving Mary and the old Dutch woman here to boil water until only salt was left in the kettles, the Indians went away to hunt.

And after they had gone from her sight, Mary began to dream of Draper's Meadows and longing to be back there. But, she knew she was now about eight hundred miles away. Finding her way back, even though she could get food enough to sustain her, would be most difficult. There'd be streams to cross and gorges to climb through up where the Great Kanawha roared through the narrows of the Alleghanies.

Autumn was on the land. Nights were getting cool. Soon winter would come. Therefore, if she should undertake returning home, she must set out at once. But, what must she do with the baby? She couldn't escape being detected by Indians with a baby in her arms for it would surely cry. Furthermore, she couldn't carry it on so long a journey.
But, death would be better than staying on here and doing the bidding of the Indians. Even yet, she might be killed or burned at the stake. But, to try to escape and get caught would surely mean burning at the stake; it was nearly always the penalty for such an act, she had learned.

After pondering the matter for some time, Mary mentioned her plan of trying to escape to the old Dutch woman, who told her it was foolhardy. If they should escape capture, fatigue and starvation would subdue them. They'd have to walk a hundred and fifty miles along the south bank of the Ohio River before reaching a point opposite the Scioto River where the Shawnee village was situated. And hadn't it taken them a whole month to make the journey from Draper's Meadows to Scioto?

Mary was well aware of this situation, but she definitely made up her mind that she would try to escape. It tore her heart out to think of having to leave her helpless baby; still, some Indian maiden or married squaw would perhaps adopt it. If she stayed, they both might die.

It seemed that a threat of death walled her in, nevertheless she would go, if the old woman would go with her. In order to convince the Dutch woman of trying to escape, she pictured to her the comforts of home with friends instead of existing among savages. "But, if we try to escape and are caught, it means burning at the stake," the Dutch woman reminded Mary.

Eventually, the Dutch woman made up her mind that she'd try escaping with Mary no matter what the outcome. So, they fell upon the scheme of going out from the salt pots each day to hunt grapes and nuts and taking their wild foods back to the Indians in camp,
but each day to remain away a little longer.

Day after day they went out and each time re­turned, the last time at sunset. Next morning, after tucking the baby in a blanket in its bark cradle, the women took a blanket each and, while the Indians were not observing them, stole away quietly as had been their custom. Instead of returning to camp at nightfall, this time they continued their trek along Big Bone Creek to the Ohio River and thence eastward.

Each of the women carried a tomahawk. In her story told later, Mary said she exchanged her broken one with a Frenchman who was cracking nuts on one of the big bones of the Lick. The Frenchman, not aware of her plans, exchanged with her, since a dull tomahawk would crack nuts as well as a sharp one.

The first day out, the two women hadn't got far from camp when the sun went down and darkness came. Knowing they could not travel at night in a strange forest, they raked leaves into a pile, wrapped their blankets about them and lay down.

And what did the Indians think about their not returning to camp? Dr. Hale explains, "The Indians became uneasy, thinking that they had strayed too far and lost their way or else had been killed by wild beasts.

"Some of the Indians went out in the direction the women had gone and fired guns to attract their attention, if they should be lost. They gave up the search that night, however, and did not renew it the next day. They did not at all suspect that the women had attempted to escape.

"These facts were learned by William Ingles (Mary's husband) many years later at an Indian treaty, or conference, held at Point Pleasant not long after the
battle of the Point, when the Indians learned for the first time what had become of the missing women."

Day after day the two women slowly tramped along the waters of the Ohio River; they subsisted on nuts, grapes, pawpaws and occasionally they found a small corn patch and they chewed raw kernels and swallowed them.

Yet, they were so tired and famished by the time they reached a point opposite the Scioto Shawnee camp they felt it would be impossible to go further. Already they had walked a hundred and fifty miles and there were several more hundreds ahead of them before reaching the upper waters of New River.

Fortunately for them, they found an old abandoned cabin at the edge of a corn patch. After pulling some ears of corn, they ate some raw and then lay down in the cabin to rest. And, while lying there, Mary let her mind survey the rugged mountains between this point and her home. She knew that they must cross the Big Sandy before reaching the mouth of the Kanawha; besides, there were smaller rivers to cross. There'd be no canoes, and the rivers would be so deep that neither she nor the old woman could wade them. When rested and strong, Mary could have swum the Big Sandy; but now in her weakened condition she knew an attempt would mean suicide. Yes, she was a month from home in time and already they were weak; besides, winter was coming on and there would be danger of sleeping out because of the likelihood of contracting pneumonia. Food would be more difficult to find for edible plants were already dying from frostbite. Had Mary known the trails over the mountains, many miles would have been subtracted from the long way home; but she didn't know them and her only hope was to follow the streams.
Next morning the weary travelers found an old horse grazing near the corn patch. Hung about his neck was a tinkling bell, the clapper of which they muffled with leaves. Then, gathering what corn they could tie in their blankets, they threw it on the horse’s back and resumed their journey, taking turns at riding. Slowly they proceeded up the river bank, taking care to remain out of sight of the Indian village on the opposite side of the river. There were times when both women would have to walk and one lead the horse for the terrain was too rough for a person to be safe on horseback.

But, day after day, they moved on, both humans and animal living on the corn they had brought along. After passing the points where the future cities of Ashland and Catlettsburg were to rise, they reached the Big Sandy. As Mary had expected, they couldn’t cross at its mouth; yet, they must follow the bank of the Ohio beyond the mouth of the Big Sandy. So, there was nothing to do but travel up the Big Sandy until they reached a place shallow enough for them to cross. Fortunately, it was a dry autumn and the rivers were at low ebb. Should a heavy rain come, flooding the rivers, they would perish in the forest.

Crossing the Big Sandy

After going up the bank of the Big Sandy for a few miles, the travelers came to a big drift of wood which extended all the way across the stream. They tried it by crossing on foot; and, then, they returned to the horse.

Mary said she doubted whether the horse could cross on it, but the Dutch woman contended that he could. Against her better judgment, Mary agreed to
let the horse try it. After all, they were a long way up stream from the mouth; and they'd have to go many miles more before they'd find the water shallow enough to ford.

So, they led the humble, obedient old horse out onto the drift, praying that he'd not break through the logs and brush. But their hopes were crushed when the horse's legs broke through, his feet in the rushing water below and his belly resting on top the drift. The horse tried to extract himself but failed; and there he lay, helpless.

Knowing that they could not get the horse out, Mary took from his back the meager supply of corn and started on. The old Dutch woman got the bell and the strap to which it was fastened. Then, saying goodbye to the horse, they crossed on the driftwood and started down the east side of the stream, headed once more for the bank of the Ohio.

Eventually, they found themselves plodding again along the Ohio. Now, without the horse to ride occasionally, the old woman became discouraged. In her desperation she villified Mary for having persuaded her to leave the Indians; then, she became so angry that she threatened to kill Mary. While the old woman was perhaps as strong as Mary, the latter was younger and fully able to hold her own in any physical struggle.

But, instead of physical combat Mary resorted to cajolery, telling her again that if they stuck to their goal they'd eventually reach friends. After all, it was too far to return to the Indians, furthermore returning would mean their being burned at the stake. So, the old woman waxed into silence and tramped on, foot past foot.

By this time the weather was getting cold. The
women were now barefoot for they had long since worn out their moccasins; also, their clothes were dirty and tattered.

But on they went, eating nuts when they could find them, pulling up plants and eating the roots. Once they came upon a deer head left by hunters; and they ate of the meat, although it was beginning to spoil.

In order to protect themselves from the cold winds at nights they crawled into hollow logs or under cliffs, if they could find them; otherwise, they slept in the open. Eventually, they passed the point where Huntington is now situated; but they were still far from the mouth of the Kanawha. But Mary, encouraging the old woman, continued to press forward, knowing that every step brought her that much closer home.

Their slow, plodding steps brought them to the mouth of the Kanawha.

Now that they were in the Kanawha Valley, Mary's spirits lifted; she had been over this land, and the river, she knew, came singing down past Draper's Meadows. But she was perhaps yet two hundred miles from home.

When it seemed that they could not go a mile further, they doggedly pressed on. They passed the future site of the city of Charleston, West Virginia. Then, as the days went by they came to places they well recognized: the mouth of Paint's Creek; The Falls of the Kanawha; then the mouth of Bluestone River; and, reaching this point, Mary felt a surge of hope, although she was weak and frail, whereas at this point on going down she was strong and healthy. But ahead lay home, and as long as she could get one foot past the other she'd keep moving forward.

A little way beyond the mouth of the Bluestone River, the old woman became desperate again, not so
much because Mary had persuaded her to leave the Indians but because she was so starved and tired that her mind was off balance.

She told Mary that she intended to kill and eat her. Mary cajoled her by saying, "Let's draw sticks to see which one is to become the victim." To this the old woman consented. They prepared sticks and drew. Mary was the loser. She'd die at the hands of the old woman.

But Mary, always diplomatic with the Indians, began to offer the old woman large rewards if they but could get home to Draper's Meadows. But the Dutch woman wouldn't agree; instead, she grabbed Mary and began to beat her. Mary, although feeble, managed to twist from the older person's grasp, who, of course, was also weak. Then, Mary started on up the river, leaving the old woman who had been exhausted by the struggle.

Once out of sight of her companion, Mary slipped under a bank and there remained until the old woman could recover and pass her. Already, it was sundown; and darkness was laying its deep shadows in the narrow valley.

The moon was out and spilling its dim slithers of light down through the tree tops when Mary emerged from her hiding place. Going to the river bank, she found a canoe half filled with decayed leaves. There was no oar or pole in it, but Mary was determined to cross the stream and, thus elude the old woman who would certainly attack her again.

Soon Mary found a slither of wood which had splintered from a tree blown down in a storm; with it she got into the canoe, bailed out the leaves, shoved off and managed to paddle across stream which at this place was not swift.
Once across, she went upstream a little way and to her delight found an empty cabin which she entered, lay down and spent the night. Next morning she started on and found a corn patch above the cabin, which, she knew, had been used by hunters. She searched the corn patch for remaining ears but found that wild animals haddevoured them. Though so hungry she thought she would collapse, she started wearily on her way. Further upstream she sighted the old woman on the opposite bank. They stopped and shouted across at each other. The old woman was very penitent. She begged forgiveness and asked Mary to cross the stream and continue the journey with her. But Mary refused, thinking it’d be wiser to keep the river between them. So, they continued their journey, each on her own side of the river.

Mary Comes to a Great Cliff

Mary knew that her remaining strength was gradually diminishing, but the fact that she knew she was within at least thirty miles of home renewed her courage and with tremendous will power she kept her tired legs moving.

Coming to a great cliff whose crags overhung the river, her trail seemed at an end and her life ready to ebb from her. She looked at the water rushing around the crags; she glanced up but couldn’t see the top of the precipice because snow was feathering down. Making her situation more desperate was a cold wind whistling up the gorge.

There were but two ways whereby she could get past this cliff: one was to wade around it; the other was to go over the top of it and come down to
the river again beyond it. She doubted whether she could wade the swift water; too, she doubted whether she had enough strength left to climb the steep hill at the side of the cliff to the summit.

But she'd try wading. Soon she'd know what she could do. She set her feet into the water, waded out. A swirl caught her, twisted her weak body around and slashed her against the bank. Further up, she knew, the water was swifter and deeper. No, she couldn't get around the cliff by wading. It would mean her death.

And now she wasn't strong enough to try the cliff edge; besides, it was getting dark and snow was falling. She was wet now. She had nothing to eat, not even roots of plants.

In despair she lay down on the ground and remained there through the night. When day came, she found her muscles slightly rested. She looked up at the steep cliff side; she must climb it if she was to continue her journey. There was no other choice.

Setting her face to the slope, she began to climb, a few inches at a step. As she ascended, she caught onto bushes and let her arms help her legs propel her higher and a little higher. She'd climb a few yards and rest, then climb and rest again. By sheer will power she reached the summit just before sundown.

After resting, she began descending the other side of the ridge. By stepping, setting her feet, falling and sliding, she went down much faster than she'd ascended. The sun was down when she regained the river bank; but she continued to move onward, believing she might be nearing habitation. And her belief proved correct. In the dimness of twilight she entered a corn patch. Here she hallowed as loudly
as she could and dropped to the ground. Night was on her again, and she knew she couldn't go further on her own.

She called out a second time; then, there came through the corn patch two men, rifles raised for shooting. The men proved to be Adam Harman and his son, whom she'd known at Draper's Meadows.

The men picked Mary up and carried her to their cabin where there was a fire roaring in the big fireplace. While the men tried to make her comfortable, Mary asked about her home and friends; they warmed water and bathed her swollen feet and legs. Then, they made venison soup; and, while she sipped it, they made a pallet for her in the corner of the room by the fireplace. Here she was wrapped in fresh, warm blankets. Although this pallet was not a bed, it was a luxury in comparison to the earthy, cold beds Mary had been lying on. For forty days and nights she had not even seen a fire, much less felt the warmth of one.

The Old Dutch Woman Again

Next morning Mary told Adam Harman about the old Dutch woman and her experiences with her. Then she asked him if he'd go hunt her and bring her in. But, after hearing how the old woman had attacked Mary, he refused to go.

Instead, he put Mary on one of his horses; and he, mounting another, set out for Draper's Meadows some twelve miles distant up the river.

Arriving at the Meadows, they found that there had been an Indian alarm and nearly everyone had already crossed New River to a small fort known as Dunkard's Fort; so, they also went to the fort.
The following morning Mary again begged Adam Harman to go in search of the old Dutch woman, and this time he agreed to go. He started right away, going down the west bank of the river.

And soon he came upon the woman riding a horse at whose neck a small bell was tinkling. He found the woman to be dressed in an old pair of leather breeches.

She at once told Harman what had happened to her after parting company with Mary. She'd come upon a hunter's cabin where she'd found a pot of boiled venison and some leather clothes. She'd eaten of the meat and had rested two days and nights; then, finding a horse nearby, she'd tied her bell to its neck, mounted and was resuming her journey.

Harman brought the woman to Dunkard's Fort and there she remained until she heard of a party traveling to Pennsylvania by wagon. She asked for a ride and was gladly taken aboard. When she was ready to start, she didn't forget her little bell. Of her Dr. Hale said, "I'm sorry that not even her name has been preserved. In the tradition of the Ingles family she is known and remembered only as 'the old Dutch woman.' "

The Rescue of Mrs. Bettie Draper

Mary had been greatly disappointed upon arriving at Dunkard's Fort not to find her husband there. She was told that he and her brother John, the husband of Bettie, had gone down among the Cherokees, who at that time were friendly with the Shawnees north of the Ohio River, to learn if any of them knew anything of those who had been captured at Draper's Meadows.
Unfortunately, they had learned nothing; but, when, within a few days, they returned and found Mary, they were elated and, also, surprised. It was a happy reunion, as well as a sad one, for both Mary and her husband, William, grieved for their "lost babes in the woods." William said he wouldn't give up trying to find and ransom them, so they could come home.

In an effort to get news of his wife, Bettie, John Draper, Mary's brother, made several more trips to the Cherokee Nation. In the year 1761 many chief from the Ohio River Valley, as well as from the Cherokee Nation, assembled to make a treaty, or an agreement with the whites, about the close of the Cherokee war.

John Draper attended the gathering and fortunately he met an old chief from the north who knew about Bettie. She was in his immediate family, he said.

With this news John Draper set out north, found Bettie and paid a handsome ransom for her relief. Thus, she had been in captivity six years.

On her way back to the white settlement she told her husband that she had tried to escape, as Mary had done, but was captured and sentenced to be burned at the stake, but that an old chief hid her away and saved her life.

Then, she decided against trying to escape again. Instead, she decided to be of as much service to the tribe as she could, so she taught the squaws how to sew better and to cook differently; she nursed the sick and attended the wounded. As a result of this service, she became known as 'heap good medicine squaw'.

Mrs. Draper brought back some sad news for Mary Ingles and her husband; she'd learned that little
George, who'd been two years old when wrested from Mary at Scioto, had died soon afterwards. And she'd never heard anything from Thomas.

Thomas, The Captive Boy

However, about six years after Mrs. Draper's return news was received about Thomas. It came through a man by the name of Baker, who also had been held captive among the Shawnees for several years. Baker had lived in the same village with the Indian who had adopted Thomas as his son, and he knew both of them.

William Ingles at once hired Baker to return to the Shawnee country and try to ransom Thomas. So, Baker set out up the Valley of Virginia, across the mountains to Fort Pitt, and thence down the Ohio River to Scioto.

He found the foster father of Thomas and bargained with him to release Thomas, paying about one hundred dollars for his freedom. But Thomas, who had come to love his Indian father and the tribesmen, didn't want to leave. He spoke their language and lived, himself, like an Indian.

More by force than by persuasion, Baker got the youth started and, in order to prevent his running away, kept him bound until they were forty or fifty miles from the Indian village. After being unbound, the youth pretended to be content; but he was merely laying a scheme to escape. And one night while Baker was asleep, the youth did escape.

Baker was afraid to go home without the boy, since he had paid out the ransom money; so, he returned to Scioto and again tried to find Thomas but the squaws had hidden him and Baker was helpless. Then,
without Thomas, Baker returned to the Ingles home, now situated several miles up New River from Draper's Meadows, and gave a report.

Yet, William Ingles and Mary wouldn't give up trying to get Thomas home. A year later William Ingles, himself, accompanied by Baker, made the same long journey up the Valley of Virginia, across the Alleghanies and down the Ohio River. Upon arriving at Scioto, they were told that Thomas had gone to Detroit with a group of Shawnees and wouldn't return for several weeks. William, determined not to be disappointed again, waited out the time.

When Thomas returned, the father was successful in convincing him that he was the real father and that he and the mother wanted him to return home. William paid a ransom sum of the equivalency of one hundred fifty dollars to the youth's Indian father; and, then, the three men, Baker, William and son Thomas, started home, home to Ingle's Ferry. This was in the year 1768. Thomas had been away from his parents for thirteen years.

Thomas could not speak English. He was dressed as the Indians dressed. With him he had brought his much beloved bow and arrow. Although his mother was overjoyed to see him again, she said he was more like an Indian than like one of his own family.

He very reluctantly put on clothes such as the white settlers wore. Nearly every day he'd go off into the woods with his bow and arrow and stay for long hours.

William and Mary Ingles were very disturbed about their son's behavior and were constantly afraid that he'd try to escape and return to his Indian friends. They were glad, however, that he began to learn
English and took an interest in it. They believed him to be a very intelligent young man, and they wanted him to be educated.

In order to have him educated his father sent him to Dr. Thomas Walker of Albermarle. William Ingles and Dr. Walker were close friends, they having roamed the forests together. Dr. Walker had made an exploratory trip into Kentucky in 1750.

Near Dr. Walker's home in Albemarle was a school called Castle Hill. Here young Thomas got acquainted with Madison, Monroe, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and many other distinguished people who were constantly in the neighborhood. In later years Thomas Jefferson made him colonel of militia.

While in Albemarle Thomas made the acquaintance of Miss Eleanore Grills, whom he married in 1775, after the battle of Point Pleasant — the war between the frontiersmen of Virginia and the Indians at the mouth of the Kanawha River.

Then, after taking a bride, Thomas himself moved out onto the Virginia frontier, in the upper Clinch River Valley; and there he, who had been a close friend of the Shawnees, suffered the agony of having his own wife and children attacked by them. This story will be related later in this book.

Bronze Tablet in Honor of Mary and William Ingles at Radford, Virginia

William and Mary Ingles spent the last days of their life at Ingles Ferry, almost at the place Radford College now stands. In the year 1915 a bronze tablet was placed in the Ingles Literary Society Hall by descendants of William and Mary Ingles.

At that memorial service the Hon. Allen T.
Eskridge, Jr., of Pulaski, gave an historical sketch of the pioneer woman. Capt. William Ingles, a descendant of the pioneers, presented the tablet. Miss Mary Davis, president of the Ingles Literary Society, accepted it. Master Andrew Lewis Ingles, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Ingles, Jr., pulled a cord that unveiled the tablet.

The tablet was placed in the Ingles Literary Society Hall. It shows the following words:

This Tablet is Presented September, 1915, to
The Ingles Literary Society at Radford, Virginia
by the Descendants of
William and Mary Draper Ingles
in grateful appreciation of
the honor paid them by the use of their name.

Mary Draper Ingles
Born at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 1732
Died at Ingles Ferry, Virginia, 1815

She was the first white woman married west of the Alleghany Mountains. Captured by the Indians, July 8, 1755, at Draper's Meadows, near Blacksburg, Virginia. She was carried to Ohio. Escaping from her captors, made her way home alone, in winter; came eight hundred miles through a trackless wil-
derness, guided only by the streams and subsisting on nuts and roots for forty days. No greater exhibition of female heroism, courage and endurance is recorded in the annals of frontier history.

1. This date is affirmed by a record in the Military Journal of the Preston Papers of the Draper Manuscripts. Dr. Hale was wrong when he gave the date as "the 8th day of July 1755, a Sunday and the day before General Edward Braddock's defeat at the Forks of the Ohio River..."

2. Hale, J. P., Trans-Alleghany-Pioneers
3. Ibid., p. 28
4. Hale, Trans-Alleghany Pioneers, p. 47
5. Ibid., p. 81
6. Radford Normal Bulletin, Radford, Virginia, September 1915 (Date of capture was July 30, 1755. Preston Papers.

Sources: Dr. John P. Hale, Trans-Alleghany Pioneers, Second Edition, 1931

Radford Normal Bulletin, Sept. 1915

Pendleton, William; History of Tazewell County, Virginia

Preston Papers of the Draper Manuscripts
This Indian Mound is located in Fort Blackmore and is protected by the community and Virginia State Law.
Henry Russell and James Boone were killed by Indians, October 10, 1773, near this marker located on U. S. Highway 58, atop Powell Mountain, at the Lee County line.
Although General Edward Baddock's army was defeated July 9, 1755 at the Forks of the Ohio and his army retreated eastward, the English persisted in renewing attacks upon the French and Indians until the French were expelled from the Ohio River Valley. However, this victory brought little relief from Indian attacks along Virginia's southwest border. To the contrary, the threat of attacks became more intense; threat of danger merely moved from one border to another.

The Cherokees who had befriended the English in the French and Indian wars were aroused to hating the southwestern Virginia frontiersmen even before they reached their home in the South. On their way they stole horses to replace those they had lost in the war. The white settlers ran down many of the returning warriors and killed them. This aroused among the Cherokees a deep resentment and hatred for Virginia's westernmost settlers. The treaty of peace signed between the English and French in Paris February 10, 1763 did nothing to allay the feeling.

Furthermore, the Cherokees, Shawnees and Mingoes realized that the Virginia settlers were fast encroaching upon their favorite hunting grounds in the Clinch River Valley, and they were determined
not to give them up without a vigorous protest.

It was while this resentment on the part of the Indians was beginning to boil that Daniel Boone spent considerable time hunting in Southwestern Virginia and Kentucky and decided to remove his family and some of his neighbors from the Yadkin River in North Carolina to Kentucky.

In the summer of 1773 Daniel Boone met Captain William Russell in Clinch Valley; and the two seemed to have agreed to unite a strong party for a settlement in Kentucky, which place they meant to reach by way of Cumberland Gap.

Boone, after making an agreement with Captain Russell for farming implements and seed, returned to his home on the Yadkin. There he persuaded his wife's people, the Bryans, and five other families to make the venture.

On September 25, 1773, they set out with what belongings they could take. Upon reaching Wolf Hills, now Abingdon, Virginia, Daniel sent his seventeen-year-old son, James, in company with John and Richard Mendenhall, also of North Carolina, northward across country to Captain Russell's at Castle's Woods to obtain flour and farming tools. Daniel said he and the party would follow the old wilderness trail through Big Moccasin Gap, over Wallen's Ridge, go into camp and let the women and children rest until James and his party overtook them. ²

At Captain Russell's home, Henry Russell, seventeen-year-old son of Captain Russell, a man by the name of Isaac Crabtree, and two Negro slaves, Charles and Adam, joined James' party in order to help with the load of flour and farm implements. Captain Russell, himself, said he must follow later, since he had some necessary work to do at home be-
fore leaving. He would join David Gass who lived eight miles down river where he had laid claim to 435 acres of land in the Sinking Creek vicinity on the south side of the Clinch.

James and his party set out October 8, following the old Fincastle trail down past David Gass' place and crossed Clinch River at Hunter's Ford, now Dungannon. From that point they passed through Rye Cove, and took the wilderness trail over Powell Mountain to the headwaters of Wallen's Creek.

James and his companions could see signs probably made by his father's party; he knew that the place of rendezvous was but a few miles ahead. However, darkness overtook them and, fearing they might lose their way, they went into camp the evening of October 9.

They built a fire and ate a scanty meal. Then, lying down beside the fire, they tried to sleep. Although weary from the long hard walk, they couldn't sleep for the incessant howling of wolves evidently disturbed by the firelight.

The Mendenhall boys were so alarmed at the weird howling that they walked up and down, listening and making no effort to conceal their fear. Isaac Crabtree, although he also may have been afraid, joked about the howling.

"You boys are cowards," he said. "Might as well get used to such noises. Over in Kentucky where we're going wolves — and even buffaloes — will howl from the tree tops."

The fire died down; its light dimmed. The howling reached further and further into the forest. Little by little day dawned. The men and boys sat up, stretched, listening. For a while there was no sound but the whimper of the waters of Wallen's Creek and
the eerie whisper of the wind in the trees.

But, suddenly, on the morning of October 10, that calm was broken by the war whoop of Indians who rushed up with knife blades raised and guns cracking.

Henry Russell was shot through the hips and brought down. Then, an Indian attacked him with a hunting knife and began to stab him. He grabbed the knife blade with his bare hands, trying to protect himself. But he failed. Soon he lay dead. Yet, the Indians shot arrows into his body.

James was immediately attacked by a big Indian whom he knew to be Big Jim, a Shawnee, who had roamed the Yadkin Country and had pretended to be a friend of his father. Big Jim seemed to delight in whacking James with a knife and pounding him with a tomahawk. Instead of killing the boy instantly, the big Indian prolonged the torture.

The Negro Adam who had escaped to a pile of driftwood heard James cry out, "Oh, Big Jim, please don't! I'm your friend. I thought you were my friend, too. Oh, Jim, have mercy on me!"

But Big Jim, gloating in his savage attack, continued to torture helpless James until he screamed out in agony, "Kill me, Big Jim! Quick! Get it over with!"

Big Jim was intent upon making death come with all the torture possible, and he continued to whack away with his knife. James would, like Henry Russell, grab onto the blade until his hands were cut to shreds. Even after death, the slashing went on until the bodies were horribly mutilated. Then, leaving a war club on the scene, the Indians slunk away into the forest.

All in the party were killed save Isaac Crabtree and the two Negroes. Adam, after watching the
massacre from the driftwood, ran into the woods, tried to find his way back to Castle's Woods but got lost and wandered alone several days before finding his way out.

Negro Charles was taken prisoner and forced to travel with his captors. About forty miles from the scene of attack, two Indians quarrelled over possession of him, each wanting to take him North to sell him. Unable to settle the dispute, the leader of the party slew Charles with a tomahawk; and, then, the disputants ceased to argue.

Isaac Crabtree might have continued on the trail to tell Daniel Boone what had happened to his son; but, instead, he took to the wood and returned to Castle's Woods. Because of the outrage he became deeply embittered toward all Indians and swore revenge; and later he did stir up trouble, which only made Indian threats on the settler more pronounced.

Later in the day Captain Russell, Captain Gass and their small party came upon the murder scene. A runner was sent forward to warn Daniel to watch out for a possible attack on his people. Others began to dig graves.

Upon receiving the bad news, Daniel Boone hurried his little crowd of people into a ravine for protection. They put out sentinels and scouts.

The shocked and grieving Rebecca Boone could do nothing for her slain son, but to show her respect she sent a runner back with a clean linen sheet in which to wrap his body and keep it off the ground.

Some writers say that Daniel pursued the attackers down a creek and then returned to camp to help defend the people there. At night a few of the Indians stole toward the camp, but Boone's defenders
shot at them and chased them away. Upon scouting the premises next morning blood was found, indicating that some of the bullets had hit their marks.

Although members of the party were alarmed, Daniel Boone still wanted to continue the journey. Captain Russell, however, persuaded him to take his family to the neighborhood of Castle's Woods and await a change in the warlike behavior of the Indians. Boone had sold his possessions on the Yadkin and could not well return there. So, he took Captain Russell's advice and went with him to the Clinch River Valley. The remainder of the party returned to the Yadkin or to the Holston settlements.

Boone said he didn't want to crowd the families in either Russell's or Moore's Fort, both of which were in the Castle's Woods vicinity. He said he could support his family during the autumn and winter with his trusty rifle; and, if he could find an abandoned cabin, he'd take it. 5

Fortunately, Captain David Gass had such a cabin on his farm situated about half way between Hunter's Ford, now Dungannon, and Castle's Woods, known as the Sinking Creek area. To this cabin Boone took his family and settled down for the winter.

It was believed that the Indians guilty of this attack were Cherokees and Captain John Stuart, British Indian agent among the Cherokees, urged them to give up the murderers; and, as a result, one chief was executed and another escaped only by fleeing to the Chickasaw tribe. It was learned later, however, that the maraudering band was composed partially of Shawnees because some of the books and farming tools carried by the James Boone party were found and brought in and delivered to the whites by the northern Indians as a result of the treaty following Dunmore's
Soon after the massacre of the James Boone party Isaac Crabtree, who managed to escape, threw the whole border into a state of panic when, keeping his vow to kill all Indians he could, began his killing foray at a horse race in the Watauga settlement in Tennessee. He shot and killed one Indian who was a mere bystander at the races.

This murdered Indian was Cherokee Billy, a kinsman of an influential Cherokee chief.

Settlers on the frontier were fearful of a revenge attack by the tribe. In order to prevent such a war some of the leading settlers hastened to assure the Cherokees of their disapproval of Crabtree's conduct. An award of 50 pounds English money was issued for Crabtree's arrest. To this amount Governor Dunmore of Virginia added 100 pounds.

Several settlers knew of Crabtree's whereabouts and could easily have collected the reward, but they had suffered so much from Indian attacks that they had no inclination to turn up a man who had killed one of the savages.

It was thought that no further trouble would come from Crabtree, but later hearing that a party of three Cherokees were hunting on the Nola Chucky River, he hurried thither with intent of attacking them. But, when upon arriving, he found thirty-seven instead of three. He returned to his father's home at Big Lick, now Saltville, Virginia.

In order to quell his yen for private warfare the county officers of Fincastle County persuaded him to join a military group whose job it was to defend the border.
1. Summer, Lew P., History of Southwest Virginia, p. 70
2. Addington, R. M., History of Scott County, Virginia, p. 14
3. Draper Manuscript, 6 C 14
4. Draper Manuscript, 6 C 7-20, 6 S 79-83, 11 CC 12, 13C 133
5. History of Scott County, Virginia op. Cit. p. 15
6. History of Scott County op Cit. p. 16
7. Draper Manuscripts
MASSACRE OF THE HENRY FAMILY

"While Daniel Boone and his scouts were going from fort to fort in the lower Clinch settlement, trying to protect the settlers from Indians, the family of John Henry on the upper Clinch was attacked.

"John Henry was living on the south side of Rich Mountain, in Thompson Valley, where he had bought land from the Royal Land Company, when a band of Shawnees struck his home. "1

"John Henry that 8th day of September 1774, evidently wanting to get a breath of fresh air, stepped to the door and unbolted it. He stretched his arms to inhale the odor of the morning breeze when a party of Indians who lay in wait fired a gun, and Henry fell on his face in the yard. He wore on the waist band of his pantaloons a large metal button which must have served as a target for the Indian's gun, as the ball passed directly through it.

"The savages then rushed over the supposedly dead body of Henry into the house where they tomahawked, killed and scalped Mrs. Henry and all her children but one little boy, who was made prisoner. "2

"He immediately ran to the woods and shortly after accidentally met with old John Hamilton who concealed him in a thicket until he should go and alarm the fort (Witten's) and bring him assistance. Hamilton
had the courage to go to Henry's house, but he saw nothing either of the Indians or the women and children."

This Hamilton (sometimes spelled Hambleton) was an enlisted man at Fort Witten. On his way back to the fort to get help he met a man by the name of Bradshaw, who, upon becoming alarmed at seeing Indian sign in his cornfield that morning, had started to Rich Valley, where his family had gone on a visit. He went on to Rich Valley to warn his family and the settlers of impending Indian attacks.

Now, returning to Bickley's account of the massacre as told to him by an old gentleman who had got the story from his ancestry: "A company was soon collected and preparations made to follow the Indians, who, it was supposed, had carried off the rest of the Henry family. But, when they arrived at the fatal spot, they found the wife and six children murdered, scalped and piled up after the manner of a log heap, on a ridge a short distance from the house. One child was not found, a little boy, whom it was supposed had been carried off. A large hole was opened, which became a common grave for the mother and her unoffending children.

"The identical spot on which John Henry was buried (he'd been taken to the fort, where he died a few hours afterwards) could not be found some years afterwards; but after the passing of considerable time the supposed place was opened and it proved to be the place as judged by the remains of puncheons and boards, which had been substituted for a coffin and they found the identical button through which the fatal ball had passed. The button is now in possession of someone in this county (Tazewell)."
1. Pendleton, William; History of Tazewell County, p. 435
2. Bickley, Dr. George; History of Tazewell County, Virginia 1852, reprinted in Summers' Annals of Southwest Virginia
3. Campbell, Major Arthur, Virginia State Papers
IV

THE INDIAN MISSIONARY

It seems very strange indeed that an Indian boy would want to become a missionary among the white people. But there was such a boy. His name was Dale, and he belonged to the Mingo tribe which lived on the Ohio River.

Patrick Porter, who had a fort near Falling Branch on Clinch River, went with the Clinch Valley troops to fight Cornstalk at Point Pleasant in 1774. One night after the troops were told they could go home, there came to Patrick Porter's campfire the notorious Chief Logan.

Chief Logan, tall and reddish-brown, clad in a hunting coat, moccasins and leggings, tapped Patrick Porter on the shoulder and said, "You are Patrick Porter. You live on Clinch River. I have been to your fort. Many times I could have killed you, but I would not. You good man. You good father to children who lived near your fort."

Patrick Porter reached out a hand. The Indian chief shook it.

"What can I do for you, Chief Logan?" Patrick Porter asked.

"Much," said the chief. "Not for me but for a friend of mine."

"What is it, Chief Logan?" Patrick Porter held to his long rifle. A coon tail hanging from his cap
flapped in the wind. The air was chill. Leaves rustled as they swept along over the woodland floor. It was autumn.

Out of the dark came an Indian boy. He was naked, save moccasins on his feet and a piece of deer skin about his loins.

"This is Dale," the Indian chief said. Patrick Porter shook hands with the boy. "Glad to know you, Dale," he said. The boy merely grunted.

The campfire crackled. A flame leaped up, lighting Dale's tired face. Away in the woods an owl hooted.

Chief Logan put a hand on Patrick Porter's shoulder again.

"White people kill all of Dale's family. Kill all his kin. Now he wants to go with white men and learn to read from their books. He wants to preach the word of God."

Patrick Porter was amazed. He said, "The white people kill your relatives, yet you want to go and live with them?"

Dale nodded.

"He want to go with good white people, like you, Capt. Porter. And I know you are good. I pick you to take him."

Patrick Porter stooped and threw a fresh stick of wood onto the fire. Sparks flew. Smoke twisted up in a spiral and was snatched by the wind.

"Chief Logan," Patrick Porter said, "we white people need to do some kind deed for your people because the whites have been cruel. Especially have they been cruel to your people, Chief Logan."

"Uh! Very cruel," Chief Logan grunted. He folded his arms across his big chest.

"Then Patrick Porter will take Dale?"
"I should like very much to take him," Patrick Porter replied. He paused and leaned heavily on his gun. Then he added, "But I am afraid to take him. The Mingoes are still angry with the white people. They will follow me to my home and kill me for taking the boy."

"No, no! said Chief Logan, shaking his head. "We will fix that someway."

"I'm afraid we can't," Patrick Porter said. "Now you take him away before your tribesmen come. The war is over. Let's spill no more blood."

Chief Logan and the Indian boy went away into the woods. The trees seemed to cry. Patrick Porter felt bad. He lay down by the fire, but he could not sleep. He wondered whether Chief Logan would bring Indian braves and attack his camp.

Early next morning Patrick Porter, lying near the campfire, heard the leaves rustle. He leaped up, gun in hand, ready to shoot. But after one close look he let the gun barrel drop. There before him stood the boy Dale, alone. In his hand was a scrap of paper. He reached it toward Patrick Porter who took it, turned to the firelight, and read in English which he knew a white man had written. But to the note was Chief Logan's name. The note read:

"Mr. Porter, I ask you again to take Dale. I have fixed it so Mingoes won't follow. I told them that Dale had been drowned in the river while crossing."

Patrick Porter shook his head.

"I cannot take you," he said. "I tell you the Mingoes will find you. They will kill me and all my people."

The Indian boy reached out his hands, pleading. He did not speak.

Patrick Porter's heart was touched too deeply
for him to keep on saying no.

"Very well," he finally said. "I will let you go. I shall risk it. Now lie down here by the fire and rest."

Dale traveled all the way to Clinch River with Patrick Porter and lived with him at the fort on Falling Branch near the river. He was a happy lad, and he really tried to learn. Little by little he came to understand English words. Then he begged to be taught to read and write. Patrick Porter saw to it that he had a tutor.

Patrick Porter was himself a student of the Bible, and he interested the Indian boy in its stories. After a few years, Dale was able to read for himself.

"You need more name than Dale," Patrick Porter told him one day. "And I am giving you the name Arter. From now on you are Arter Dale."

"Good," said Dale, thumping his youthful chest. "I like the name Arter Dale."

The boy grew to manhood, and there on Clinch River he married a white girl. Today, many are the people who pride themselves in having in their veins the blood of Arter Dale.

Arter became a leader in his community. He became a convert to Christianity and later joined the Methodist Church. For many years he served the Church as a minister preaching to the white people along the river valley.

Source: History of Scott County
CAPTURE OF JANE WHITAKER AND POLLY ALLEY

During the spring of 1777, a party of Indians, under the leadership of the half-breed Benge and a savage white man by the name of Hargus, crossed the range of hills north of Clinch at High Knob and made their way to Fort Blackmore at the confluence of Stony Creek and Clinch River in Scott County, Virginia. The white man, Hargus, had been living in the neighborhood but had joined the Indians to evade punishment for crime and became an inhumane persecutor of his race.

The Indians, having cautiously and stealthily approached the river down Stony Creek and fearing they might be discovered, crossed some distance below and came up in the rear of a high cliff south of, and opposite, the fort, concealing their main body in the bushes at the base. In order to command a view of the fort, they sent one of their number to the summit of the cliff to spy out the condition of the fort and to act as a decoy. He ascended in the night and climbed a tall cedar with thick foliage at the top, on the very verge of the precipice, and just at the break of day he began to gobble like a wild turkey. This imitation was so well executed it would have been successful but for the warnings of an old Indian fighter present by the name of Matthew Gray. Hearing what they supposed to be a gobbling turkey, and desiring him for breakfast, some of the younger members of the company
This marker located on U. S. Highway 58 at the foot of Powell Mountain.
High Rock on Clinch River at Fort Blackmore where Indian imitating turkey was shot from tree.
proposed to go up the cliff and shoot him; but Gray told them if they wanted to keep their scalps on their heads they had better let that turkey alone and if they would follow his directions he would give them an Indian for breakfast.

Having promised to obey his instructions, he took several of them with him to a branch which he knew to be in full view of the Indians and told them to wash and dabble in the stream to divert the attention of the enemy for half an hour, while he went to look for the turkey, which still continued to gobble at short intervals.

Gray, having borrowed an extra rifle from David Cox, crouched below the bank of the stream and in this manner followed its course to where it emptied into the river, half a mile below at a place known as Shallow Shoals. Here he took to the timber, eluding the vigilance of the Indians by getting in their rear. He then crept cautiously up the ridge, guided by the gobbling of the Indian in the top of the cedar on the cliff. Getting within about seventy-five yards of the tree and waiting until his turkeyship had finished an extra big gobble, he drew a bead upon him and put a ball in his head. With a yell and spring the Indian went crashing through the tree-tops and over the precipice, a mangled mass of flesh and bones.

Then commenced a race for life. Gray had played a desperate game, and nothing but his fleetness and his knowledge of savage craft could save him. He knew that the Indians in ambush would go to their companion on hearing the report of the rifle and that they were not more than two hundred yards away. He did his best running and dodging, but they were so close upon him that he would have been captured or killed had not the men of the fort rushed out to his rescue.
The Indians, finding that they had been discovered and that they were not strong enough to attack or besiege the fort, started in the direction of Castle's Woods. The people at the fort, knowing that the settlement at Castle's Woods was not aware that the Indians were in the vicinity, determined to warn them; but the difficulty was how this was to be done and who would be bold enough to undertake it, as the Indians were between the two forts.

When a volunteer for the perilous expedition was called for, Matthew Gray, who but an hour before had made such a narrow escape, boldly offered his services and, getting the fastest horse and two rifles, started out through the almost unbroken forest. Moving cautiously along the trail, he came near Ivy Spring about two miles from the fort, when he saw signs which satisfied him that the Indians had halted at the spring. There was no way to flank them, and he must make a perilous dash or fail in his mission. Being an old Indian fighter, he knew that they seldom put out pickets. The trail made a short curve near the spring; he at once formed the plan of riding quietly up to the curve and then, with a shot and a yell, dash through them.

He arrived at the settlement in safety and, thus, in all probability saved the lives of all the settlers. The Indians, however, captured two women on the way—Polly Alley at Osborn's Ford, as they went up the river, and Jane Whitaker near Castle's Woods.

Finding the fort at Castle's Woods fully prepared for their reception, the band had to abandon their murderous purpose and pass on with their captives, without permitting themselves to be seen. Reaching Guess' Station, they remained part of the night; finding it well prepared for defense, they con-
continued their journey to the "Breaks," where the Russell and Pound forks of Big Sandy pass through the Cumberland Mountains.

After this, they traveled every day, resting at night, until they reached the Ohio at the mouth of Sandy. Crossing the river on a raft of logs with their prisoners, who suffered more than can be described or conceived on the long march, they reached their destination at Sandusky. The two young women were closely confined for some time after their arrival, though they were eventually stripped and painted and allowed the liberty of the village. They were closely watched for a month or more; but, seeing they made no attempt at escape, the Indians abated their vigilance. Observing this, the girls determined to make an effort at escape. Having been permitted to wander about at pleasure from time to time and punctually returning at night, the Indians were thrown off their guard. Having wandered one day farther from the village than usual and being in a dense forest, they started out on the long journey toward their home.

After traveling all night, they found themselves only about eight miles from the village; and, finding a hollow log, they crept into it, with the determination of remaining concealed during the day. They had been in it but a few minutes before Hargus and two or three Indians came along in pursuit and sat down upon it, and the girls heard them make their plans for the next day's search. Returning late in the afternoon, having lost the girls' trail, the Indians sat down upon the same log to rest; and again the occupants beneath them heard their plans for pursuit. These were, that a party should pass down each of two rivers which had their sources near their village and emptied into the Ohio.
They became very much enraged at having been baffled by two inexperienced girls and threatened their victims with all sorts of tortures should they be recaptured.

Hargus, more furious than the Indians themselves, struck his tomahawk into the log to emphasize his threats and, finding it return a hollow sound, declared the girls might be in it, as they had been traced thus far. He sent one of the savages to the end of the log to see. The savage went and looked; but, seeing that a spider had stretched its web across the aperture, he made no further examination. This web, which probably had not been there an hour, saved them from recapture and it may be from a cruel death.

After the Indians left, the girls, having heard their plans, left the log and resumed their journey, taking a leading ridge which ran at right angles with the Ohio and led them to it not far from opposite the mouth of Sandy. They could hear the yells of the Indians in pursuit each day and night until they reached the river, when, from a high promontory, they had the satisfaction of seeing their pursuers give up the chase and turn back towards their village.

They had nothing to eat for three long days and nights but a partially devoured squirrel from which they had frightened a hawk. On the night of the third day after the Indians had quit the pursuit, they ventured to the river, where they were fortunate enough the next day to see a flat-boat with white men in it descending the stream. The men took them aboard, set them across at the mouth of Sandy, and furnished them with a sufficiency of bread and dried venison to last them two weeks. Also, they gave each girl a blanket.

The girls took their course up Sandy on the same
trail they had gone down some months before, but in one of the rapid and dangerous crossings of that stream they lost all of their provisions, as well as blankets. This, though a great calamity, did not discourage them. They pushed on with friends and home in view. They found their way through Pound Gap and reached Guess' Station about the middle of September, having been on the journey about a month. Here they found friends who gave them food and, after they had rested, accompanied them to their homes.

Source: Cole, Life of Wilburn Waters, pp 153-154
This story is found nowhere save in above source, consequently it is sometimes referred to as a traditional tale.
ATTACK ON THE EVANS FAMILY, 1779

John Evans and his son, Jesse, came to the upper Clinch River Valley from Amherst County in 1773 and settled some eight miles northeast of the present town of Tazewell.

Jesse Evans and his little family were happy in their cabin home. Fearing that Indians might attack and thinking that a fence built around the house with slabs from a sawmill might prove of some protection, Jesse had made such a fence. The slabs, or wattlings, as they were called, were close together, forming a wall which was six feet high. Just beyond this fence at the rear of the house was a vegetable garden.

One day in the midsummer of 1779, four of the children asked Mrs. Evans to be allowed to go out and play; and she told them they might but to watch out for Indians.

Mrs. Evans and her eldest daughter got busy weaving cloth; as Mrs. Evans wove, her daughter filled quills.

Suddenly Mrs. Evans heard a child scream; then another and another.

"Oh, Mamma!" came a plaintive cry into the house.

Mrs. Evans jumped up from her weaving and started to run outside when she saw eight or ten
Indians knocking slabs off the fence and pouring through. They had guns, scalping knives and tomahawks in their hands. They made the valley roar with a war whoop.

When she got to the door, she saw her children being tomahawked and scalped. She instantly believed that the four children outside were now dead and there was nothing she could do for them. But she might save herself and her eldest child.

She slammed the door and dropped the long bar in place. But the door was too small for the opening, and she knew the Indians could poke a gun through it and fire at her. She told her daughter to get in a corner away from the door and sit down. The girl did as told and sat crying.

Presently, a gun barrel was thrust through the crack at the side of the door and an Indian outside was using it as a lever to pry the door open. Seeing what the attackers were trying to do, Mrs. Evans came up beside the wall to the edge of the door and grabbed to the gun barrel. She, like most frontier women, had worked in the fields and was strong.

With both hands she jerked at the gun barrel and brought it through as far as it would come. She now had slight advantage because she was in possession of more of the gun than the savage.

A tug-of-war ensued. She jerked, and the Indian outside jerked. She could hear shouting and laughing. But she held on to the gun barrel, straining her every muscle to keep the Indians from getting the door open.

Soon the gun relaxed. Now, Mrs. Evans wondered what would be tried next. A moment of silence came; during the time she stood trembling. She wished that Jesse might happen in from the fields
with the workmen. They surely could chase the Indians away.

But her wishes went to naught. Whatever was done she herself must do, she, one woman against nearly a dozen Indians. Soon the Indians threw themselves against the door, hoping, she knew, to burst it off its hinges.

They pounded and pounded. They yelled and yelled. Meantime, Mrs. Evans clung to the gun barrel. She thought of turning loose and making a try at shooting her husband's gun which hung to deer antler over the fireplace. But if she let loose the Indians would have the gun to which she held. Then, they'd surely pry open the door with it.

Another tug-of-war ensued. The Indians jerked the gun toward them. But the trigger guard had caught on the door facing; and it would not go out unless turned, which they didn't seem to think to do.

Now, just what else could she do? She couldn't get the gun over the fireplace. And even though she could they'd get in and tomahawk her and her only surviving child.

Then it occurred to her to try an old ruse.

"Oh, Jesse!" she yelled. "Come on to the house quick. But watch the Indians. Hurry!"

She knew that the Indians couldn't well see over the fence, and she thought they might believe that her husband was approaching the house somewhere beyond it.

This yelling did work. The Indians outside let go the gun, and she thought they were retreating. For a moment she still stood holding to the gun barrel. But soon learning that no one held to the other end, she pulled the weapon through. Then, she looked out a small, high window and saw the savages hurrying away
across a field.

For a moment she relaxed, sat down on a home-made stool and felt her strength wane. Then, her little
girl came and stood holding to her, weeping and	
trembling.

And, while she sat grieving for her dead
children, she heard something outside again. She
sprang alert, grabbed the Indian's gun and was ready
to defend herself the best she could. Then, a familiar
voice called, "Oh, Jesse!"

Now she opened the door. Standing outside was
a Mr. Goldsby who lived a little way up the valley.

"Oh, Mr. Goldsby!" the woman wailed. "Indi-
ans have been here. They've killed my children. Four
of them. And Jesse is out working. Him and other
men."

Mr. Goldsby's eyes popped out; and without a
word he turned and ran through the slab gate, which now
stood ajar, and hurried up the trail and out of sight.
After his departure, Mrs. Evans closed the door and
latched it again.

"I know he'll go find the men working in the
fields," she said to her daughter. "They'll come.
They'll save us, if the Indians come back."

She waited and waited. But her husband didn't
come. Neither did Mr. Goldsby or anyone else. The
Indians had killed all of them. If so, the attackers would
be back at the house soon. She'd better leave and hurry
to Major Taylor's about two miles distant. She picked
up the gun which she had wrested from the Indians and with
her surviving daughter set out toward the home of Major
John Taylor. She reached her destination in safety and
was herself the first to arouse help.

But before men arrived at the Evans cabin, Jesse
himself returned to his home from work, entered by the
open gate on the side of the house opposite the place where the children lay dead and suspected nothing wrong. He was tired from his labors in the field and sat down to rest.

While he sat, he picked up a book and began to read, just to pass time. But, soon he began to wonder where his wife and the children could be. Perhaps they had gone to the spring for water, or they were down in the vegetable garden back of the house.

When they did not return in what he thought was reasonable time, he started out to look for them. He circled the cabin, and there at the back found three of his children killed and scalped.

Dashing back into the house, he took down his gun and started for Major Taylor's to get help. He believed that his wife and two children had been captured and he must summon a company of men to go on pursuit of them.

When he arrived at the Major's, his grief became tingled with joy for there was his wife and eldest daughter, alive. He wept. Then, he laughed nervously and thanked God that not all of his family had been killed.

It was already dark, but men came and offered to go after the Indians. A council was held, and it was considered futile to start out in the dark in pursuit of Indians whose direction of retreat they didn't even know.

"They were all killed, weren't they, Jesse?" Mrs. Evans asked her husband. "Our other children?"
"I saw three bodies," Jesse said.
"Only three?"
"Three, yes."
"Then, they've got the other one. They've taken her away. Poor child!"
Before daybreak next morning the men who had gathered at Major Taylor's started out for Jesse's cabin. Upon arriving they buried three little bodies. Just three. Believing, like Mrs. Evans, that the other one had been carried away, they were on the verge of starting out to hunt the trail of retreat, when they heard a child crying beyond the vegetable garden.

Jesse, hearing the cry, ran toward the sound. And down there near the springhouse was Mary, her face covered with dried blood. Sweeping her into his arms, Jesse kissed her. She said, "I waked up. I want a drink. I went to the spring."

"And you got a drink, didn't you?" Jesse said consolingly.

"I got a drink. I was thirsty."

Jesse trembled in sympathy for the child as he looked at her scalp hanging hideously over her forehead. Mumbling consoling words and hugging the child to him, he went to the house; there he had one of the neighbors get a horse ready. Soon he was in the saddle, holding the little girl in his arms. He rode to the nearest frontier doctor who sewed her scalp back in place.

The girl recovered, grew to womanhood, married and reared a large family of her own.

Later it was learned that Goldsby managed to get home, but the excitement and exertion he experienced brought on a hemorrhage of the lungs; as a result he had to stay in bed for a long time afterwards. But he slowly recovered.

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1Pendleton, History of Tazewell County, p. 437
Sources: Bickley and Pendleton
ATTACK ON THOMAS INGLES’ FAMILY

Thomas Ingles, who was captured at Draper’s Meadows July 30, 1755 and taken north with his mother, Mary, when he was four years old, stayed among the Indians thirteen years and learned their language and their customs. He so loved his Indian father and his Indian father’s children that he did not want to return to his blood father and mother when the opportunity arose. But return he did.

Years later, after marrying an Albermarle County, Virginia girl, he moved to Burke’s Garden in the Clinch River Valley; and later his own family was attacked by the same tribe of Indians with whom he had lived when a boy.

However, it was the notorious chief, Black Wolf, and a band of outlaw Shawnees, whom he’d never got acquainted with on the Ohio, that attacked his home that April, 1782.

Thomas Ingles and his Negro man were in the field plowing when Thomas saw a band of Indians surround his cabin, rush inside, and immediately come out with his wife and three children. Also, some of them were carrying house plunder.

Mrs. Ingles and the children were screaming for help as they were led away. Thomas left his horse standing hitched to the plow and hurried toward
home, which was but a short distance away.

Thomas drew fairly near his family, now captives, and paused. Neither he nor his Negro had a gun. So, Thomas knew it would be suicide to attempt a fight and went no further.

Now, Thomas, who had once lived among the Shawnees and so liked their ways that he didn’t want to return with his father to their home on New River, saw members of this same tribe marching away with his dear ones.

Thomas knew that he could get help no closer than the North Fork of the Holston, perhaps thirty miles away. But he’d go there and ask for help. Unhitching his plow horse from the plow, he mounted and set out on the trail toward Holston. From Burk’s Garden he rode down the little valley and took the trail through Little Moccasin Gap and to the river.

Arriving there, he found it to be muster day. A group of men had assembled and were being drilled by Thomas Maxwell, who had formerly lived at the head of Bluestone River.

About the same time that Thomas Ingles had seen the Indians taking his family away, a Joseph Hix and his Negro man, coming across a ridge, also saw them. They, likewise, knew that a fight was useless, so Hix hurriedly walked through Burk’s Garden, crossed Brushy Mountain to a small settlement in the present Bland County, where he got a small group of men to accompany him back to the Garden. They arrived about the same time Thomas Ingles and Maxwell did.

The two companies of men were formed into one, and Captain Maxwell was put in command. At once they started out on the well-known Indian trail. At the head of Clinch River they saw signs which
indicated the savages had just passed with the captives.

Here on the very headwaters of the Clinch, where a few houses dotted the landscape, more settlers joined the little army. From here on every precaution was taken not to dash upon the Indians and surprise them lest they kill their prisoners.

On the fifth day after the attack the pursuing party were at the headwaters of the Tug Fork of the Big Sandy River. Two advance scouts stole forward, looking and listening. Then, in the night, a light was seen. Stealing closer, they saw that the Indians had gone into camp for the night.

Now, the scouts backtracked and reported what they had found. The white men held a council. It was decided that if they hurried on and tried to rescue the woman and her children that night the Indians would have the advantage since they were familiar with the camp ground and could easily kill the prisoners and slink away into the dark.

So, a plan for a dawn attack was made. Captain Maxwell would take half the men and during the night circle far around the Indians and come back toward camp, cutting off escape. Thomas Ingles would take charge of the other half of the company and steal up from the rear.

Maxwell and his party made their circle through the dark woods too big, got lost and were not in position to help Thomas and his contingent when daylight came. Knowing that the Indians would soon break camp, Thomas Ingles decided to make an attack anyhow. And following is the story as told by J. P. Hale, great-grandson of Thomas' parents:

"As soon as he fired a shot, some of the Indians began to tomahawk the prisoners, while others fought and fled. Thomas Ingles rushed in and seized
his wife just as she had received a terrible blow on the head with a tomahawk. She fell, covering the infant of a few months old, which she held in her arms. The Indians had no time to devote to it. They had tomahawked the little five-year-old daughter, who was named Mary, after her mother, and his little three-year-old son, named William, after his father. His Negro servants, a man and woman, captured with his family, escaped without injury.

"In making their escape, the Indians ran close to Captain Maxwell and party and, firing on them, killed Captain Maxwell, who was conspicuous from wearing a white hunting shirt.

"The whites remained on the ground until late in the evening burying Captain Maxwell, who was killed outright, and Thomas Ingles' little son, who died from his wounds during the day. Mrs. Ingles and the little girl were alive though badly wounded.

"It was not known definitely whether any of the Indians were killed, but while the whites remained on the scene they heard groans from the adjacent laurel thickets that seemed to be made by persons who were suffering or dying.

"After burying the dead and giving such attention as was possible to the wounds of Mrs. Ingles and her little daughter, Mary, the party began its return march to the settlements. Owing to the critical condition of Mrs. Ingles and her daughter, the party had to move very slowly; and it required four days for them to reach William Wynne's fort at Locust Hill, one and a half miles east of the present town of Tazewell.

"William Ingles, father of Thomas, received the news of the capture of his son's family a few days after it occurred; and he immediately left his home on
New River for Burke's Garden. Anticipating that there would be dire need of surgical attention, he took with him the best surgeon he could get in the New River settlements. He reached Wynne's fort about the same time that Thomas Ingles with his wife and children arrived there. No relief could be given little Mary, and she died the morning after the rescue party reached the fort. The surgeon was more successful with the case of Mrs. Ingles. He extracted several pieces of bone from her skull, and treated the wound so skillfully that she was able to travel on horseback in a few weeks, when she, with her husband and babe, returned with William Ingles to his home at Ingle's Ferry, on New River. Very soon thereafter, Thomas Ingles, with his wife and infant daughter, moved to Tennessee and settled in succession on the Watauga River, at Mossy Creek and at Fort Knox, now Knoxville. There his daughter, Rhoda, who escaped death at the hands of the Indians, grew up to lovely womanhood and became the wife of Patrick Campbell, a prominent citizen of Knoxville. Some time subsequent to his daughter's marriage, Thomas Ingles moved to Mississippi, where he remained until he died. "1

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1 Hale

Sources: Hale, Trans Alleghany Pioneers
Pendleton, History of Tazewell County
Bickley, History of Tazewell County
INDIANS AND THE MOORE FAMILY

No family on Virginia's western frontier suffered more at the hands of Indians than that of Captain James Moore, who moved with his family from what is now Rockbridge County to Abb's Valley in 1772. "In September, 1784, a party of Indians entered the present limits of Tazewell County, Virginia and divided themselves into small parties to steal horses and to annoy the settlers; three of them came to Abb's Valley, in which resided Captain James Moore and a brother-in-law named John Poage. The Indians had been for a day or two lurking around, waiting and looking for an opportunity to seize horses or murder the settlers.

"These three Indians were Black Wolf and two youths about eighteen years old, one of them a son of the Wolf. While they were lurking around in Abb's Valley, Captain Moore one morning sent his son, James, Jr., a lad about eighteen years old, to a distant pasture to get a horse to take a bag of corn to mill. While James was on his way to the pasture, he was suddenly set upon by Black Wolf and his companion. "1

James, like his father, was a hardy frontiersman. He was as expert at shooting as was his father who had shown his bravery and marksmanship in the
Revolutionary War not long since closed.

Wolf told James to catch one of the horses, which he did; but, when the Indian insisted on holding to the bridle, he slapped the horse's withers and made him dash away. Unable to catch the horse again, Wolf made James start walking. The two young Indians went in front, Wolf behind, covering their tracks as they went.

When a short way out, James began to break bushes, hoping to leave sign; but Wolf surmised his intention and made him quit. Next James made tracks in muddy spots - he was barefoot; but the old savage noticed his tracks and, shaking a tomahawk, told him to walk outside the path.

When night came, Wolf led the captive into a laurel thicket, where his arms and feet were bound with rawhide thongs. Then, a long strap was tied about his body; and the other end Wolf tied to his own arm.

While he lay there in the thicket, James wondered what was happening at home. Would there be a party trailing his captives? Wolf had been so careful to blot out all trail sign, it was doubtful whether his father could find the direction they had taken. But James knew he was young and strong and he could endure hardships and, perhaps, sometime get a chance to escape captivity and make his way back through the mountains.

At dawn Wolf started again, making his way to Maxwell Gap in a high ridge. In this gap, Wolf brought from its hiding place an old iron Dutch oven which he gave to James, demanding that he carry it. With a rawhide strap he slung it to his back without protest; but, when he grew tired, he threw the oven down. Seeing what he had done, Wolf ordered him to
go on carrying it. Knowing that he must do as bidden or be brutally chastized, he filled the oven with leaves, put it on his head, over his hat, and resumed walking.

Some miles north of the gap when rain began to fall, one of the young Indians stopped James, removed the oven from his head, and reached for his hat. This infuriated the captive; and he struck the savage, showing he would rebel at any such robbery of his clothes. Then, the Indian made signs to his gun lock; and, learning that the hat was wanted to keep the gun lock dry, James handed it over. Then, they went on. When the rain ceased, the young Indian returned the hat.

The party traveled along the crest of a ridge which pointed toward the Ohio River; on this high ridge no game was to be found; neither were there berries; nuts were not yet ready for eating. Therefore, James, as well as his captors, became very hungry. But, Wolf knew how to relieve hunger temporarily; he skinned bark from a yellow poplar, took out the inner part and boiled it in the Dutch oven. This bark tea they drank.

On the fourth day out they killed a buffalo, made broth and drank freely of it. They took along some meat which they broiled the next day.

Soon they were so far on the trail that Wolf believed they were out of danger of pursuit. Then, he slowed down, killed game and feasted on it until their hunger was gone.

Reaching the Ohio River, they crossed by means of a raft which they made from dead timber found in a drift. Once across, they went to the Shawnee town at the mouth of the Scioto River. During the trip James had suffered from exposure; he
was wearing clothing fitting only for warm weather and the nights had been cold. He wore neither shoes nor moccasins, and his feet were covered with blisters.

At first, Wolf did not take the boy into the Indian village lest the celebrating savages do him harm; Wolf wanted to keep him alive in order to sell him to become someone's slave. And later he was sold. Wolf traded him to his sister for an old horse. Winter set in early, bringing a deep snow. During the while, hunting parties killed very little game; and it was necessary to live on parched corn. James, as well as the Indians, felt the pangs of hunger.

But endure the winter the lad did. All the while, he hoped to escape and return home. But, in April of the following spring he found that a chance to escape was made almost impossible, when his owner attended a festival with him.

At this festival a French trader, Baptist Ariome, decided he wanted him; and a trade was made. For a bundle of goods, the Frenchman bought him and took him to his home in Canada, not far from Detroit.

Not long after James was bought by Mr. Ariome, he met a Mr. Sherlock, a trader from Kentucky, who had once been a prisoner in this same tribe. Through Mr. Sherlock's help, a young man named Moffat, whose father lived in the same region as James' father, had been freed from captivity and was going back home. So, James asked Moffat to tell his father that he had been moved from Indian captivity to a white man's family in Canada.

Mr. Moffat took the message to Captain Moore, and it was the first he'd heard from his son since his capture.
Captain Moore Plans to Go Get James

Upon learning of James' whereabouts, Captain Moore began to make plans to go get him; but obstacles seemed almost insurmountable. Scheme after scheme was planned, but each one fell through. Yet, Captain Moore was consoled in one thing: James was now living with a kind man, so Moffat had told him.

Black Wolf Strikes Again

Time ticked along. Then, in June 1789, nearly two years after James' capture, Black Wolf with forty warriors started out to make another attack upon the Abb's Valley settlement. On July 13, just after nightfall, the party came to the vicinity of Captain Moore's house and lay in hiding through the night.

Early next morning two men, William Clark and Irish John, began reaping wheat near Captain Moore's home. Captain Moore himself went out to salt some horses. Two children, William and Rebecca, had gone to the spring for water. Another child, Mary, ten years old, went to call the reapers to breakfast. A boy, Alexander, was also outside somewhere.

Just then, Indians swarmed down from a ridge, some going to the place Captain Moore was salting horses, and the others surrounding the house. Upon seeing the onrush of savages, Mary ran into the house where her mother, Margaret, John and Jane were. Also in the house was Martha Evans, a visitor from Walker's Creek, now in Giles County.

The doors of the house were of heavy timbers,
which a bullet would not penetrate; the windows were small and high and equipped with heavy shutters. In the excitement Mrs. Moore and Martha Evans closed and barred the doors, not thinking about Captain Moore and part of the children being outside.

Captain Moore started running to the house and could have got in had the doors been open. Upon seeing the closed door, which he would have entered, he ran past it and stopped at a fence. Just as he paused, several bullets struck him; he ran a few steps and fell dead. Immediately he was scalped.

The three children, William, Rebecca and Alexander, who were outside, were immediately slain. There were several guns in the house; two of these Martha Evans took upstairs, hoping that John Simpson who was up there ill might be able to point the muzzles out a crack and fire at the savages. But upon gaining the upper room she found Simpson already dying, having been shot while he looked out a crack.

Coming down from the upstairs room, Martha raised a puncheon in the floor and crawled through the hole. Mary, who had called the reapers to breakfast, started through the hole also, the youngest child, an infant, in her arms. The child was crying as the result of a wound in its shoulder.

Martha told Mary not to bring it down since its crying would betray them. But Mary would not go down without it. Then, the puncheon was replaced, hiding Martha.

Fortunately, one child, Joseph, was away from home at his grandfather Poage's at Lexington, and thus escaped the tragedy.

The Indians managed to batter a door down, entered and took Mrs. Moore and her four children
Prisoners. Then, the attackers gathered up what spoils they could carry and piled them outside; but they did not immediately leave. Instead, they gobbled up the breakfast which was on the dining table.

The reapers had gone to the few scattered houses in the vicinity to get help, but the Indians seemed to know that help would not be here for some time; so, they went about dividing the plunder. Then, they killed all the cattle and horses, save three, in the nearby fields.

While this was going on, Martha Evans stole from her hiding place and ran outside opposite the Indians; in a nearby ravine she again hid, this time under a shelving rock on which rested the end of a log.

When the savages were about ready to leave, one of them seated himself on the log and began to work with his gun. Martha thought the Indian had seen her and was getting ready to shoot her, so she came out and gave herself up. She was not killed but was taken prisoner and made to join the others.

When help reached Captain Moore's cabin, the Indians had gone with their captives, so they buried the three slain children and Simpson; then, they departed to get a larger company of men to pursue the Shawnees. One of the men went seventy miles to notify Colonel Cloyd who was in command of the nearest detachment of militia. On the fourth day after the attack a company of forty men arrived at the Captain Moore cabin, found the body of Captain Moore, which the first party of men had missed, buried it and then started northward in pursuit of the raiding party.

Of the three horses the Indians started away with, one was a vicious young stallion called Yorick.
No one had been able to manage him but John Simpson. On the second day on the trail some of the Indians who had been leading him decided to ride him. One who mounted him was thrown and stomped to death. A second young Indian who prided himself in being able to manage wild horses mounted Yorick, was thrown and while down was bitten and kicked until dead. Then, the vengeful nature of the savages asserted itself; and they shot and killed the unmanagable animal.

The terrain between Abb's Valley and the Ohio River bore an unbroken forest, and the journey brought almost unbearable fatigue to the prisoners. The Indians were always in fear of pursuit and the possible escape of the prisoners, each of whom they tied with a leather strap at night; and an Indian guarded each with the strap in his hand and a tomahawk within easy reach.

And on this grueling journey the Indians began to kill off the laggards. Little boy John was the first casualty. An Indian held him back out of sight of his mother, killed and scalped him and, then, took the scalp to show his mother what had happened. But this did not end the cruelty. The infant whom the mother had been carrying was one day snatched from her arms and brained against a tree and the body tossed out of the trail.

Eventually the party gained the mouth of the Big Sandy, and here they crossed the Ohio River and soon they were in the Shawnee camp at Scioto.

There was much dancing, singing and celebrating when the party entered the Scioto village with so many scalps, prisoners and plunder. But one old chief called a council and warned his people that they were making a mistake by plundering the
homes of the settlers on Virginia's frontier. Such might bring war with the whites, and their own country would be invaded. But the plunderers disagreed with him, shook their heads and went away in sullen silence.

In a few days the captives were separated, Martha Evans and Mary were taken to one village, Mrs. Evans and her daughter Jane to another. Their being allowed to stay two together gave them some comfort. Mrs. Moore in one camp and Martha Evans in another, talked with the younger ones about possible rescue or escape; but the days came and went and no hope came.

One day there came into the two villages a party of Cherokees who had attacked settlers in western Pennsylvania and had been routed. Still bitter from the defeat, they saw the white captives and at once threatened to kill them just to avenge their hatred of whites.

They planned to get the Shawnees drunk and then persuade them to kill their captives. But some of the squaws heard the plotting and stole Martha and Mary away and hid them until the Cherokees left. However, Mrs. Moore and little Jane were not so fortunate; they were put to death, but just how, history does not record.

Afterwards, when Martha and Mary were brought to the village where her mother and Jane had been left, they were shown an ash heap in which lay human bones. Mary inquired about Jane and her mother; and no one would tell her anything, so she felt certain that they had been burned. Although Mary was then but ten years old, she secured an old hoe from the Indians, dug a hole and buried the bones.

Then, there were just Martha and Mary left
among the savages. They wondered what would become of them. Mary knew that in Canada far to the north she had a brother, James; but would she ever see him?

Whites Make a Raid On Shawnee Villages

Late in the autumn of 1786 a party of whites made an excursion into Shawnee territory, destroying villages as they went. Those of Mary and Martha's village heard about the approaching whites and decided they must move out. Knowing that they were going to move, Martha Evans wrote words on trees and rocks which she thought the invading whites might see, and pursue and thereby rescue her and Mary.

But nothing came of the written words. The white men came and burned the villages and went back east. They, like the Shawnees in their attacks on the Virginia frontier, settled nothing; they merely aroused the savages to a greater state of fury. Upon their return to the vacant towns, the Indians found that they had neither shelter nor food. Therefore, there was nothing left for them to do but travel north into Canada and hope to find shelter and food among the French whom they had once aided in war.

Already winter was upon them, and they must move as fast as possible. Immediately they set out on the long journey. Everyone was poorly clad, and each suffered from cold. Oftentimes the squaws cut down huckleberry bushes, boiled the twigs and the members of the party drank the water.

Despite the hardships they encountered, December found the Shawnee refugees in Detroit,
from which place they crossed over into Canada and spent the winter on the peninsula between Detroit and Lake Erie.

Here during a frolic, when most of the Indians got drunk, Mary was sold for a few gallons of rum to an unscrupulous man named Stogwell, who had been a Tory in the Revolution and had escaped to Canada to save his life.

Martha Evans was bought by a man by the name of Caldwell, who also was an unprincipled man. Fortunately for her, though, she was traded to an Englishman named Dolson, a wealthy and quite respectable man.

James Finds His Sister

In the family of Mr. Ariome, James had been treated as one of the family. Also, Mr. Ariome told him not to give up his idea of returning to his home in Abb's Valley. On one of his trips he had learned, through a Shawnee hunter who had been in the party which made the attack on his father, what had happened at his old cabin home.

And the winter afterwards he learned that his sister Mary and Martha Evans were in Canada. He at once made plans to visit Mary, but she was sixty miles away; the winter was cold and traveling was hazardous.

Then, one day he chanced to meet Mr. Stogwell who now owned Mary. He told the Englishman that he wanted to see his sister and meant to set out on a journey for that purpose. Mr. Stogwell told him that after winter was over he would move to the same community in which Mr. Ariome was living, so James decided to wait.
Then, next spring James got to see his sister, yet a mere child. It was a happy reunion, though James was very sad because of the bedraggled way Mary looked. Her clothes were old and ragged. She was emaciated and care-worn, showing that she had been starving for food and suffering mental anguish.

Mr. Stogwell, James learned himself, was a cruel and base man. He showed his little white slave girl no compassion whatsoever, Mary soon indicated. She explained to James that she had often become so hungry that when she washed dishes she'd gather the crumbs in the dishwater and eat them.

Simon Girty, known for his cruelty and ruthlessness, did one noteworthy act. He had seen Mary Moore at the home of Stogwell and knew how she was suffering, and he advised James to make a complaint against Stogwell to Colonel McKee, the British agent for Indian affairs. James did as advised, thinking that Colonel McKee would get Mary away from Stogwell. The colonel did not force Stogwell to give the girl up, but he reprimanded the cruel man severely; and from then on he was not so harsh with her. Also, the colonel told Mary's owner that should a time come when she could be sent back to her homeland, he, Stogwell, should give her up without ransom.

In this neighborhood was Martha Evans, also. Soon all of them managed to get together and talk over their different situations. There was a difference because James was happy in his home; besides, he was in love with a charming young lady. All his homefolk were dead save Joseph who had gone to live with a grandfather and Mary who was here near him. Mary, on the other hand, was very unhappy because she was treated like a slave; she was hungry and ill
clad. And Martha knew that her family yet lived and would like to have her home as much as she'd like to be home.

Martha’s Home Folks Worry About Her

Martha Evans' family lived on a branch of the Bluestone River in what is now Giles County. They were desperately worried about her. No one was certain which way the captives had gone, although it was thought that the Shawnees had taken them northward.

Martha had a brother, Thomas, who planned day after day to take a gun, a few clothes, mount a horse and go in hunt of her. But what an undertaking! To go alone into a land inhabited by hostile Indians would most likely mean his death.

But Thomas set out and traveled to the Shawnee towns about the time Mary and Martha were taken to Canada. He found Girty and Conoly, two renegade white men, who traded among the Indians and knew pretty well what went on among them. But these men said they knew nothing about Mary or Martha; they didn't even believe that they had been brought to any Indian village. And, most likely Girty didn't know about them until they were taken to Canada, although Thomas said later that he believed they knew but were concealing information from him.

Eventually Thomas heard that there was to be a meeting of Indians and white people on the border of Kentucky, and the main purpose of the gathering was to ransom prisoners. Thomas was in hope his sister would be brought there, so he attended. His sister was not present; but from one who had long been a prisoner among the Indians he
learned that Martha was in Canada, not far from Detroit.

Since he was now about out of money and thinking he'd have to pay a ransom for his sister before he could get her, he returned home. He told his parents where Martha was; also, he told of many narrow escapes he himself had had on the trip.

Although Thomas was given what money he'd need to go to Canada, winter was approaching; and he thought it best not to start again until next spring. And, when spring came, he set out, riding horseback. Although he came near losing his life at the hands of the savages several times, he continued to travel until in August he arrived at the home of Betsy Dolson, where Martha was living.

It was a happy Martha who dashed into her brother's arms. As soon as a burst of emotion subsided, she calmly asked, "Are all the folks alive?" And she was extremely happy when he said yes.

The Dolsons were good enough to let Thomas stay with them while he rested from his long journey. Meanwhile, he learned from Martha that James and Mary Moore were in the neighborhood, although each was at a different place.

Planning to Go Home

Thomas, although having come the long journey, found a greater problem before him: that was getting Martha safely home. When he saw Mary Moore, he learned that she was anxious to go back also, although her parents were dead. But James, since he was in love with a girl of the community and was being treated well by his owner, didn't much want
to go; but, when he saw that Thomas Evans would be carrying a great responsibility in trying to get the two girls home, he said that he'd go along, help them back to Virginia, then he'd visit friends and relatives and return to Canada.

It was well up in October when the four people were ready to start back for Virginia. James and his sister Mary went with hunters across Lake Erie by boat, taking the luggage of all four of them. Meanwhile Thomas and Martha Evans, taking three horses, rode around the end of the lake and met the others where the boats landed.

On the southern edge of Lake Erie the travelers found themselves among friendly Indians who had been taught the principles of Christianity by Moravians. Since some of these Indians were going on a hunting trip, the Evanses and the Moores went for a considerable distance with them.

And it was well that they did for they learned that a son of Simon Girty had planned to kill James Moore and Thomas Evans and take the girls back with them. But the presence of friendly Indians fouled them, and the would-be murderers returned to their homes.

After leaving the hunting party, the travelers went southward, knowing that it would take them about five days to reach white settlements in Pennsylvania. These days, they knew, they would be traveling through an area inhabited by hostile Indians. When they lay down to rest at night, Thomas always gave the rest instructions on how to travel should they be separated. He himself would try to engage the savages, should they be attacked, while the others escaped. He told them to follow streams and watch out for certain mountain peaks. The
general direction would be toward Fort Pitt.

After a month on the way, the party arrived in mid-November at the home of relatives of Thomas and Martha. Here they stopped to rest. While they were there, Thomas dislocated his shoulder and in an attempt to reset it broke his arm. This delayed their going out immediately. And during the wait winter set in, and travel was made more difficult.

It was yet a long way home. Thomas was almost without money again and must get some right away. James knew that if they could reach relatives of his near Staunton, Virginia they could get help. In James' own words, handed down to posterity, here was the situation: "Mr. Evans got his shoulder dislocated. In consequence of this we remained until spring with an uncle of his in the vicinity of Fort Pitt (Pittsburgh). Having spent nearly all his money in traveling and with the physician, he left his sister and proceeded on with Mary and me to the house of our uncle, William McPhaestus, about ten miles southwest of Staunton, near the Middle River. Here he (Thomas) received from Uncle Joseph Moore, the administrator of father's estate, compensation for his services, and afterwards returned and brought his sister in."2

Home Again

After returning to his home, Thomas Evans married his old sweetheart, Ann Crow. Soon thereafter he moved to the Big Sandy River Valley, near the present town of Prestonburg, Kentucky. Later he moved again, this time to Salem, Indiana. He died there in 1829.
James Moore Marries

For a long time after returning to Virginia, James Moore felt an urge to go back to Canada; but little by little the urge faded and he fell in love with Miss Barbara Taylor who lived near his grandfather's in Rockbridge County, and on February 16, 1797 they were married.

James was staying with his grandparents (the Poages) near Lexington; also, Mary was staying there; Joseph who escaped the massacre of his family by having been left here by his father, Captain Moore, was still here.

James and his wife moved to Add's Valley and took up residence on the same farm where the massacre of the Moores had happened. Also, to this same place came his brother, Joseph Moore, and his wife.

Mary Moore Married Rev. Samuel Brown

Mary continued to live with her maternal grandparents for two or three years; then, she stayed with an uncle who had married her father's sister. In October 1798 she married Rev. Samuel Brown. To them were born ten children. Her husband died October 13, 1818.

Then left a widow with a large family of children, Mary found the struggle great; but she met it with as much fortitude as she had in living with the Indians. She died in the latter part of April, 1824

1 Bickley
2 Bickley
3 Pendleton, History of Tazewell County, p. 414

Sources: The Captives of Abb's Valley, by a son of Mary Moore (we do not know which son) published by the Presbyterian Board of Education, Philadelphia, 1854.

Pendleton's History of Tazewell County (1920)
Bickley's History of Tazewell County (1852)
The Harmans' battle with Indians on the headwaters of the Tug Fork of the Big Sandy River was a well-known story told around firesides in the pioneer days of settlers on Virginia's last frontier. It found its way into the stories told by Bickley of Tazewell County, Virginia, and into the stories of Connelley. However, dates and some events were confused by both of these writers, who might have checked reports made by frontier military men to the governor of Virginia.

Both these writers confused the names of Mathias Harman, the elder, with Mathias Harman, the younger, in their relationship with Indians. Perhaps this was because there was a tendency when in doubt to give the elder Mathias Harman credit for adventures really made by the younger Mathias.

The older Mathias, who settled in the upper Clinch Valley with his brothers, Henry and George, perhaps around 1772, proved such a fearless Indian fighter that the Indians called him "The little devil with the big nose." For short they simply said, "Old Skygusty."2

In the account of the Tug River fight with Indians, Bickley and Connelley gave credit to Old Skygusty when in reality it was Mathias, the younger,
a nephew of Old Skygusty, son of Henry Harman, who was involved. 3

Bickley dates the skirmish as having taken place 1784; Connelley dates it as having happened merely a few days before the attack on the Thomas Wiley home, when Jenny Wiley, wife of Thomas, was carried into captivity, and stated the Harman battle invited the Indians to an attempt to get revenge on Old Skygusty by attacking his home. But, as proved by the Virginia State Papers, the incident actually took place in the fall of 1788. A report from Lieutenant Walter Crockett to Governor Randolph of Virginia, dated February 16, 1789, stated that Henry Harman and his two sons had a skirmish with the Indians late in the fall and behaved like heroes. 4

Therefore, the Harman fight at the head of Tug River could not have come immediately before the capture of Jenny Wiley, October 1, 1789; however, there is evidence that the Indians thought Old Skygusty was the leader of the Harman hunting party and that they had killed him in the fight, but nonetheless many months later they made a foray on the upper Clinch Valley settlement with intention of attacking and destroying Old Skygusty's family, but through error attacked the home of Thomas Wiley instead.

But, as to the incidents in the Harman fight on Tug River, virtually all accounts agree. 5

And that story may be summarized as follows:

Henry Harman, a brother of "Skygusty" Mathias Harman, and his two sons, George and Mathias, together with George Draper, went from Clinch Valley over onto the headwaters of Tug River to hunt that autumn of 1778; they were going
particularly for bear and consequently they took along pack horses in addition to their mounts.

They thought it was so late in the season that the Indians would not likely be on the prowl, although they were to hunt in the woods traversed by a well-known Indian trail leading from the Ohio River to the Clinch River settlements.

Upon arriving at the hunting ground late in the afternoon, Henry Harman ordered the party to stop and pitch camp. In the matter of camp building Henry was skilled, and consequently he began building one to suit his own taste.

While Henry worked making camp, George and Mathias took their guns and went out, hoping to kill a deer for their supper. Meanwhile, George Draper was assigned the job of hobbling and caring for the horses.

In a very short time George Harman returned and said he had run upon an Indian encampment. The campsite was deserted; but a fire was still burning, which meant that the Indians were close about, perhaps also hunting.

Henry said, "And they may not be hunting just now. It could be that they are out there somewhere watching us."

George Harman exhibited a pair of leggings which he had found at the Indian campfire. Henry took them and looked them over. He queried his son further and came to the conclusion that the party of savages must number seven or more.

"We'd better pack up and hurry back to the settlement," Henry said. "They may be headed that way to attack some family. Maybe we can prevent it and save lives. Yes, we'll start back, although we'll have to travel into the night. Could be, too,
we'll run into them and have to put up a fight."

George Harman went into the woods and called Mathias, who, hearing his voice, came to the caller and returned to camp with him. Each man checked his gun and saw that it was ready for action. Meanwhile Henry Harman noticed that Draper who had what was known among hunters as "Buck Ague" was in a state of agitation because of the excitement.

Then, Henry said, "Young man, I fear you can't fight."

"I don't feel up to a fight," Draper said.

"Well, we'd better start," Henry said. "I'll lead the way. Draper, follow me." They mounted their horses and started out, the pack horses following. Mathias and George rode behind.

They had gone but a little way when Draper said, "Henry, I can see better than you. Let me ride in front, and I'll keep a sharp watch out."

So, Draper was allowed to take the lead. They had gone but a short distance when Draper, probably trying to be jocular, said, 'I see 'em! I see 'em!'

Henry made an investigation and found no Indians.

'It's no time to tell lies or make jokes,' Henry said.

The men rode on, peering to right and left, listening the best they could above the steady clop of the horses' hoofs.

Again Draper, halting his horse, called a warning. "There they are! They're just ahead. Behind a big log."

The whole party halted. The men listened and tried to look ahead. They neither heard nor saw anything. A big dog which they had with them ran
ahead to the log, reared up on it, but did not bark. This convinced Henry that no Indians were out there. But, Henry and his sons dismounted and ventured a little way toward the log. They still saw nothing.

Henry remarked to Draper, "Son, a man who'll joke once, or lie once, will do the same again. I tell you it's no time for either."

This time Draper was neither lying nor joking for in a moment a burst of flames came from the vicinity of the log. Draper, who was still mounted, dug his heels to his mount's flanks and made the animal dash on by the log.

Henry was still in front of the packhorses and his two sons. The Indians rushed upon him, now letting arrows fly. One thunked into his chest. He fell back to where his sons were. The horses nickered and showed signs of stampeding.

The Indians soon drew nearer the three Harmans, carrying tomahawks, knives and bows, as well as guns. Henry could see that there were seven of them.

"Mathias," Henry called, "hold your fire. Me and George will shoot."

So, Henry and George fired. They soon saw they had hit two of the attackers but failed to bring them down.

George Harman was lame as a result of having had "white swelling" in his childhood. He limped, and the Indians evidently observed it. His gun was now empty, as the Indians knew, so they rushed him with raised tomahawks.

Seeing the danger, George swung his gun barrel in order to defend himself against the attack. He succeeded in getting in a counting blow, bringing the nearest Indian to his knees. But he was down for
only a moment; he leaped forward, half bent, at George. George swung the gun barrel again and brought the attacker to his knees once more.

George then fumbled for his hunting knife. He couldn't get it from its sheath, but he did get hold of a knife which the Indian was carrying and whammed it deep into the attacker's side. Mathias, who managed to get hold of a tomahawk, pounded the same savage with it and finished him.

While this fight was going on the rest of the Indians were shooting arrows into Henry's chest. They kept maneuvering him, hoping, it seemed, to get a clear shot at his left breast. Meantime Henry was trying to load his gun again. He had the job almost done when an arrow point struck his elbow near the joint. It hit a vein or an artery and blood spurted. Then, presently another arrow flew and struck him again in the chest.

The gun loaded, he raised the muzzle, aimed at an Indian and pulled the trigger; but the gun failed to fire. He found that blood from his arm had got into the frizzin pan and wet the powder.

But the mere raising of the gun, which the Indians knew had just been loaded, caused them to retreat to a place where others stood with empty guns.

Mathias, whom Henry had told to reserve his fire, now asked if he might shoot.

"Yes," Henry said. "Quick, too."

Mathias singled out an Indian who appeared to be dressed as a chief, standing at a beech tree. He fired and the Indian fell away from the tree, throwing his tomahawk into the air.

Now, two Indians lay dead. Seeing that they were perhaps defeated or believing they could not
win, the others started running up the hill.

After they had gone, Henry fell upon the
ground, exhausted, and fainted from the loss of blood.
Mathias and George got water from a brook nearby,
Washed his wounds and bound his arm to stop the flow
of blood. Soon he rallied, sat up and said, "Boys,
we've whipped 'em. Give me my pipe."

One of the sons got his pipe, filled and lighted
it; and he began to smoke. As soon as he felt able to
mount a horse, the three Harmans reloaded their
guns and started on their way.

A little way out they found that Draper had
ridden his horse off the trail, dismounted and hid
behind a log. But, knowing he must not stay behind,
he mounted his horse again and continued on with
the Harmans.

1 Connelley, Harman's Station
2 Scalf, Henry P., Floyd County, Kentucky,
   Sesquicentennial, p. 18
3 Harman History P. 244
4 Virginia State Papers, Vol. 4, p. 564
5 Floyd County, Op. Cit. p. 17
Sources: Bickley
   Virginia State Papers
   Scalf, Henry P., Floyd County, Kentucky
   Connelley, Harman's Station
A FIGHT FOR LIFE

In Baptist Valley, on the headwaters of Clinch River, Richard Pemberton, April 16, 1785, took his long-barrel rifle down from its antler rack and carefully examined it.

"Are you going hunting?" his oldest son asked him.

"No, just to examine my fence. I'm afraid my cattle might be out and go astray."

"Then, why are you taking the rifle?"

"Son, I most always take it when I go out. There could be Indians about. Understand?"

"Then, if Indians should come while you're out, what would me and Mother and Brother do?"

Richard stood looking at his son. "Well, maybe you'd better come along. All of you. You'd be safer outside than in here if Indians do come. And they're bothering the settlers a lot these days."

So, with Richard went his wife and two children. They walked over the hill a distance of about two miles to a tract of land he had rented from William O. George and had planted to corn. He found that the fences were standing and no cattle had broken out.
The sky was clear and blue. Against it a few hawks circled, looking down as though watching for chickens. And, nearby, in a woodland other eyes were looking; eyes of Indians.

The Pembertons started back home when they heard feet padding the ground behind them. Turning, Richard saw two Indians bearing down on him and his family with bows and arrows set ready to shoot.

"Run, children!" Richard yelled. "Mother, take them and go to Mr. Johnson's." Mr. Johnson lived only about a half mile away and at the time he had several men working for him.

Mrs. Pemberton took the hands of her children and ran, but every few steps she'd look back. Richard continued to yell at her, telling her to hurry.

Richard had made up his mind to lag behind so his wife and children could get away. He gripped his gun in his hands, the muzzle pointed toward the attackers.

The Indians would shy away, hoping, it seemed, to lure Richard with them. But, he continued to keep himself between them and his fleeing family who were not heading toward Mr. Johnson's.

Making short steps, Richard continued to move toward Johnson's himself, hoping to hold the Indians off long enough for him to get there.

One of the Indians drew his bowstring and let an arrow fly. Then, a spike thunked into Richard's chest. He flinched but still held his gun in a threatening position. He took aim from his shoulder and pulled the trigger. There came only a dull click, No fire.

He retreated a few steps and began thumbing back the hammer, hoping the next try would bring
fire. But, on the next try the gun lock broke; and he knew the gun then was useless insofar as shooting was concerned.

But, the idea of pretending it would shoot entered his mind. Then, as he walked backward, he'd raise his gun and take aim. At each aim the Indians would dance about, knowing it was harder to hit a moving target. But, now and then an arrow would fly and another arrowhead would plunk into Richard's chest.

With two arrows in him, he still backed slowly away, now and then glancing over a shoulder to see if his wife and children were nearing the Johnson house.

Step by step, backward and sidewise, Richard moved on. As soon as he could see that the members of his family were safe inside the house, he began to move faster, pretending all the time that he was saving a bullet for just the right time.

Once he was close enough to the house to yell for help, he did so. But, no one came out with a gun. Yet, he knew that someone was in that house.

But, in a few minutes he saw some men running across the field from the house. They must have gone out a back door, seeking to save themselves first.

But, soon Richard reached the house. His wife opened the door, and he went in. Quickly, he barred the door. Then, he looked out a small window and saw that the two Indians were leaving. They thought, no doubt, that others were in the house and that guns were more powerful than bows and arrows.

Sources: Bickley
Major Crockett's letter to Gov. Henry, dated May 26, 1785, Virginia State Papers, Vol. 4, p. 31

Chief Benge and his band of frontier marauders were exterminated by settlers April 6, 1794, near this marker located within Norton, Va. city limits.
Archibald Scott was one of the pioneers of that quiet and beautiful little valley lying between Powell's Mountain and Wallen Ridge, now in Lee County, Virginia.

This little valley was selected by the first settlers because of its fertility, its water facilities, its superior range for cattle and its remoteness from the usual route of predatory Indians.

Mr. Scott married Miss Fannie Dickenson of Castle's Woods. (In the present Russell County). She had been reared among the dangers and excitement of frontier life, and hence she was a companion upon whose coolness and fortitude her husband could depend in their new home on the fringe of civilization.

They built a cabin here on Wallen Creek in 1782, soon after Daniel Boone had passed along the trace with his family on their way to the wilderness beyond the Cumberlands; and it was near his home that James Boone and his party had been attacked.

Archibald located a corn right to one thousand acres of land at the headwaters of Wallen Creek, which runs the length of the valley lying between Powell Mountain to the south and Wallen Ridge to the north.
On June 29, 1785, while Archibald was working in a cornfield not far from his house, he saw a band of Indians come from the direction of Wallen Ridge. The sight of them filled him with fear for his wife and children who were at the house; but, when the Indians passed over Wallen Creek, which is a mere brook at this place, he felt better.

However, taking his hoe, he went home and told his wife about Indians having passed.

"We settled here because Indians don't often come this way," Mrs. Scott said.

"Yes, I know," Archibald said. "But, Chief Benge has been known to come this way. He travels the trails little known to other Indians. When he attacked Fort Blackmore, he crossed Powell Mountain at its highest point and tried to attack the settlers there."

"And he'll keep on coming until he's killed," Mrs. Scott said. "And I'm afraid he and his band will hide in the woods until after dark and attack us."

"So am I afraid," Archibald said. "But, if we leave now, they'll see us and overtake us. It's a long way to habitation — on the Clinch. I think we'll have a better chance to stay here and bar the doors and keep the gun ready."

Twilight came. Then dusk. The Scotts did not go out that evening. There was no need of feeding the live stock for it was mid-summer and grazing was good.

Mrs. Scott prepared a scanty supper of vegetables and squirrel meat. The five children, hardly aware of the danger that lurked about the cabin, ate heartily; however, Archibald and his wife found their appetite gone.
Supper over, Mrs. Scott washed the dishes in a wooden pail, then stacked them on the crude table. They gathered about the fireplace, where only seed fire now smoldered in the ashes.

Soon the children went to bed. The parents still sat up, tense with fear. There was almost absolute quietness; only the whimper of the creek outside and a wind catching the edges of the roof of the house could be heard.

"It's too quiet," Mrs. Scott said. "It's a quiet before a storm. Oh, Archibald, what if they come?"

"We'll do the best we can, Fannie. We'll both fight. I'll shoot the first one who tries to get inside this house."

"But, let's pray they've gone on south and won't come back," Fannie sighed.

For a while neither of the Scotts spoke. To break the calm one of the children called out, "Have the Indians come yet?"

"No, dear," Mrs. Scott said. "Now, go to sleep. We hope they won't come."

But, they did come. They came with a heavy lunge at the door and broke it in. Through the opening they burst inside, yelling and wielding tomahawks. Mrs. Scott, who was undressing for bed, yelled to Archibald who was already in bed. He leaped to the floor and was shot. Wounded, he ran outside where he died.

The children screamed in their beds, to which the savages hurried and in a moment slew the three younger ones. A girl of eight ran to her mother yelling, "Oh, Mama! Save me!" But, her cries were in vain for the attackers tomahawked her in her mother's arms. Then, they quickly scalped
all four children.

The scalping over, they seized Mrs. Scott and carried her outside. Then, they began to carry out pots, pans, quilts and other plunder. As soon as they had as much as they could carry, they set fire to the house. A cloud of smoke belched high into the night sky. Soon the blaze spread over the entire house, crackling and licking up, consuming the six bodies within.

Mrs. Scott heard the name Benge spoken several times by some of the savages, and she knew then that he was the half-breed Cherokee who had been pillaging homes on Holston River and capturing white women and slaves.

Soon a white man came up to her, took hold of her arm and said, "So, we've got you. We'll take you home with us." He laughed. "Maybe you've heard of me. Hargus. And I'm not an Indian. Just live with them."

Mrs. Scott knew that this was the white man Hargus who had once lived on the frontier, who had committed a crime and, in order to evade punishment, had joined the renegade Indians who plundered the frontier homes.

So, they meant to take her, did they? Well, there was nothing left in the upper Wallen Valley for her. Her loved ones were now being made into ashes.

Soon the band of plunderers set out, walking in the night toward Wallen Ridge, headed northward. The night was warm; the stars winked down from the clear sky. But Mrs. Scott could enjoy none of the beauty of the world about her for within her heart a violent storm was raging. Would her parents at Castle's Woods hear about her captivity in time to marshal a force of men to come after her? What
would be her fate?

Slowly the Indians, in a long string, some ahead of her, some behind, moved up the trail to the summit of Wallen Ridge, then down the other side and up the valley of Powell River. Now and then they stopped to rest for they were burdened with their loot.

By daybreak they came to the forks of Powell River and then veered left, entering the rugged gorge known as Big Stone Gap through which the north branch of Powell flowed. Here great boulders lay strewn in the gorge, around which the stream tumbled, singing a deceptive song of peace. On either side of the stream rock cliffs jutted out like the jaws of some great machine.

The Indians were anxious to get beyond this area as soon as they could for they feared the small Lee County militia stationed in Powell Valley might come after them. So, they continued to move forward. At a point where the North Fork of Powell River turned eastward, a tributary came in from the north, flowing down from Black Mountain near the present Virginia-Kentucky line.

As they trekked up this rugged, narrow valley, wanting to get far ahead of any possible pursuers, Mrs. Scott, weary of muscles and almost sick with grief, began to lag. In trying to make her hurry her steps, the Indians would slap her in the face with the scalps of her husband and children.

There were thirteen Indians in this party. Before crossing the range of Pine Mountain, the chief had all the plunder divided equally, then he detached nine of the party to proceed to the Clinch River settlements for the purpose of stealing horses. The remaining four would travel on northward and
stop at a designated place in the forest.

Upon the eleventh day after Mrs. Scott's capture the four Indians stopped at a place where they would wait for the horse stealers. Here she was left with the oldest man of the group who would guard her while the other three went out to hunt.

One day, while the old man sat graining a deer hide, Mrs. Scott asked him if she might go to a nearby brook and wash the blood off her dress — blood which had spilled from the veins of her slain daughter.

Evidently thinking that the woman was so deep in the forest that she would not dare leave, the old Indian nodded his agreement and said in English, "Go on."

The woman traveled all day, going she knew not where. Then, as night approached, she became fearful of getting lost or not being able to live without food. She half wanted to return to the old Indian lest she perish alone in the wilderness. But she concluded after much reflection that she'd rather perish from hunger or be killed by wild animals than return to the savages.

After traveling for three days, Indians with horses passed her while she hid in the bushes; these, she believed, were the ones who had been sent by the chief to the Clinch to steal horses.

Hungry, tired, her clothes torn to shreds, Mrs. Scott became lost. In the dense forest she could not tell whither she was going. But, she came to a river which flowed sluggishly from the direction which seeming to her to be east. This river, she concluded, must be the Big Sandy, about which she'd heard her neighbors at Castle's Woods talk. If so, following it would eventually bring her out on the
mountains in the vicinity of her former home.

So, foot past foot, she plodded up this stream, into the gorge of a mountain. Here, it seemed, the river had cut the mountain in twain, leaving great jagged cliffs on either side. And the stream was still whetting away at the rugged riverbed.

Coming to a cliff which projected into the stream, she at this place must climb a steep cliff and try to get beyond it. She climbed and climbed only eventually to find herself blocked by another cliff. To go further this way was impossible; so she began to descend, hoping once more to reach the riverbed.

But, when within a short distance of the river, she found that she was standing on the top of a cliff some fifteen or twenty feet high. She was so exhausted she doubted whether she could retrace her steps back up the steep slope and down again to her original position; and, even though she could, where would she go from there?

After considerable meditation and thought, she decided she'd drop over the small cliff, come what might. So, she slid over. Her impact with the stones on the river's edge stunned her, and she lay there aching and thirsting. Her thirst was so intense she eventually decided to crawl to the water's edge and drink. Slowly she inched along, bent down and drank. Now she felt better. She sat up. There seemed to be no bones broken. Summoning all the courage and strength possible, she stood and began slowly to walk, following the water's edge.

Fortunately it was a dry summer and the river was low, thus making it possible by following its edge and sometimes wading shallow places to move slowly onward. She was two days ascending
the gorge, which she learned later was but a distance of two miles.

Tired and hungry, Mrs. Scott, who had for a long time subsisted on nothing but cane, barks and herbs, left the river. Coming to two valleys, she was puzzled as to which one to follow. While she sat pondering her dilemma, a bird came by and flew up one of them. She paid little attention to this; but, when a second bird did the same thing, she decided to follow the valley into which the birds had flown. Following it, she came out, two days later, August 11, to New-Garden in the upper reaches of Clinch River Valley.

Although hardy and courageous, Mrs. Scott, four months later, was still declared "in a low state of health and inconsolable for the loss of her family, particularly bewailing the loss of her little daughter."2

After some years Mrs. Scott married Thomas Johnson, for whom the county of Johnson, Tennessee, was named. She reared a large family of children, all of whom married and became useful and respected citizens.

Mrs. Scott-Johnson lived to an advanced age; upon her death she was buried in Hyter's Gap not far from the base of Clinch Mountain, in Russell County, Virginia. Her funeral rites were said by John Kobler, a Methodist minister, May 8, 1796.

1 Virginia State Papers, Vol. IV, p 40
2 Freeman's Journal, Philadelphia, under date Dec 15, 1785

Sources: Cole, Charles B., Life of Wilburn Waters
Freeman's Journal, Philadelphia, Dec. 15, 1785
Journal of Francis Asbury
Virginia State Papers, Vol 4, p. 40
THE CAPTIVITY OF JENNY WILEY

Jenny Wiley that rainy day October 1, 1789\(^1\), was busy at her loom in her big, two-story log house situated in upper Clinch River Valley, when John Borders, a brother-in-law, on his return from hunting lost sheep, told her that he'd heard in the woods what sounded like owls hooting.

"But Jenny, I've never heard owls hooting around here in the daytime, even though it's rainy and foggy. I believe it's Indians doing the hooting, and I think they're planning an attack on this house. Better take the young'ns and go with me."

In the house with Jenny were five youngsters. Four of them were her own children, the youngest of which was fifteen months old. The fifth was a brother who was fifteen years old. Her brother often stayed with her while her husband, Thomas, was away from home. On this particular day he'd set out for the trading post on New River with a load of ginseng. He'd be gone for several days, Jenny knew.

Jenny showed to Borders no great fear. She said, "As soon as I get this piece of cloth made, I'll do up the
chores and go."

John Borders left the house; and Jenny continued her weaving, believing that the Indians would not dare strike until nightfall, if at all.

Jenny was not easily stirred to fright; she was the daughter of Hezekiah Sellards, who, together with some families of Harmans and Wileys, had come from Strausburg, Virginia, to settle on the Virginia frontier; in a region where they knew hardships and dangers would be their lot.

The piece of cloth finished, Jenny went about feeding the chickens and livestock, although it was no later than four o'clock. She got the children ready to travel and concluded that she'd go to the home of Mathias Harman because his cabin was but a half mile distant. Mathias, she knew, was an old Indian fighter; and because of his exploits the savages had named him "Skygusty", which meant to them he was a dangerous man.

Jenny and the youngsters, however, had not yet left the house when the Indians burst their way inside, yelling and beating the little ones with tomahawks. Although a gun lay cradled in a rack at a joist, she couldn't reach it with the baby in her arms.

Within a moment her brother and all her children, save the one in her arms, lay bleeding on the floor, dead. Some of the savages lunged at the baby in her arms, bent upon killing it also; but a Shawnee chief grabbed her and claimed her as his captive. He told the attackers not to harm her or the baby.

This chief was an old man with a grave countenance. A string of silver brooches hung about his neck. Rings adorned his fingers. He had ornamental bands around his arms and ankles. Rings hung to his nose and ears.
When the Shawnee chief seized her, a Cherokee chief, who was also in the party, showed he was jealous. He gave signs to indicate that he wanted Jenny for his squaw. This Cherokee chief (so Jenny described him later) was about fifty years old. He wore buckskin leggings and beaded moccasins. His shirt was red. In his belt he wore a long, sharp knife. From a shoulder hung a powder horn and shot pouch. He carried a rifle. A fierce mien was on his wrinkled face.

The two chiefs quarreled over her. She surmised from their talk that they thought they were at the home of Skygusty Mathias Harman, whom they greatly feared, for she could understand the name Mathias. She knew that these Indians despised old Mathias, who had hunted some of their tribe down and killed them. So, she explained that it was not the home of Mathias Harman but the home of Thomas Wiley.

The attackers scalped Jenny's dead children and her dead brother. The Shawnee chief said something which led her to believe that he was fearful that Mathias might soon be after them and that they'd better flee. To this the Cherokee chief agreed but let it be known that they'd not have a chance to escape with prisoners. Yet, she could see that the Shawnee was determined to take her captive. He explained in a few words of English that he had saved her life and that she could take the place of his daughter who had recently died.

After leaving the house, the Indians set it on fire, but rain was falling so hard the blaze was slow in consuming the building. Leaving it ablaze, the party started out in the rain and fog. Jenny's dog followed, and the Indians did not try to kill it or drive it back.

The savages traveled to the head of Walker's
Creek, crossed Brushy Mountain to the source of Wolf Creek, where, after night was well along, they camped at a rockhouse. A rockhouse was nothing more than a shelter under a projecting ledge of a cliff. Many of these are found in the Alleghany Mountains. Not only Indians used them as dwellings, but many first white settlers also temporarily occupied such places.

At this overhanging rock the savages made a fire and broiled some venison which one of the number was carrying by means of thongs fastened to his shoulders.

After the meal they set out again, ever fearful that a pursuing party of settlers might overtake them. By daylight they were at the headwaters of the Bluestone River. The tributaries of this river were swollen from the rain; however, the travelers waded them and continued at a steady pace northward. Soon Jenny became quite fatigued because she had to carry her baby; but, when she'd falter, she was scolded by her captors and told that she must keep up or be killed.

Crossing the Great Flat Top Mountain, they came out on a long ridge which extended between the Guyandotte and Tug River. At the end of this day they camped again under a great shelving cliff rock and once more ate from the supply of venison that was being carried along.

Jenny was tired and hungry. Already, she had been walking continuously for twenty-four hours. The baby had become ill and fretful, which annoyed the Indians, for they knew that a crying child could reveal their hiding place to whites who might be following them.

This camping place became a scene of terror for Jenny: what she saw take place there aroused in
her a deeper state of despair. She saw the Indians make hoops of green boughs and over them stretch the scalps of her dead children and brother and hang them up to dry.

When it was time for the Indians to lie down to rest, they bound Jenny's hands and feet with strips of raw deer hide. She could not sleep, but she dozed into a state of nervous delirium; now and then she would scream out. It seemed to her that she could still see her children being tomahawked and scalped.

Her cries so disturbed the old Shawnee chief, who claimed her as his captive, that he got up, went into the woods and brought back some leaves which he crushed in a small vessel and made tea; this he had her drink. She didn't know whether the concoction was from a poisonous plant or not, but she drank it nevertheless. It did put her to sleep, although it was a restless sleep.

Next morning, after a scanty meal of venison and some parched corn, the party set forth once more. Rain still fell; and it was necessary to continue walking along Indian Ridge, which ran away toward the Ohio River.

Jenny was yet so sore from walking and fatigued from carrying the child that she found difficulty in keeping up. But, when the savages would threaten to kill the child in order to relieve her of her load, she summoned all her energy into use and doggedly plodded onward, foot past foot.

This day the Indian sent out back spies, fearing that they were still being pursued, although apparently the heavy rain had washed out all traces of their tracks. Had it not been for the Shawnee chief, the Cherokee chief, who was in great fear of Mathias Harman's catching up with them, would have killed
the child. The Shawnee chief seemed to have a little more compassion than the Cherokee chief, and so far he had defended Jenny's wish to save the child.

A slow march continued all through the wet day, and at nightfall the party went into camp again; as usual, a great rock shelf under a cliff was chosen. On the way one of the hunters had killed a fat bear; and everyone, save Jenny, was ready for feasting.

Jenny had no appetite; her suffering and fear that her child, now very ill, might die affected her emotionally and physically. The Shawnee chief again showed interest in the child and told Jenny to grease it with bear fat and, also, to have it swallow some. This she did, and the child soon seemed to improve.

Upon seeing that Jenny's feet were blistered, the Shawnee chief made a concoction from white oak bark and had her bathe them; next morning she repeated the application. A night's rest and the lotion helped, and she felt more able to set out on another day's journey.

Now, the bedraggled Jenny was not the beautiful, vivacious woman she had been before starting. A description of her, left by her son, ran as follows: "She had coal black hair. She was strong and capable of great exertion and endurance. She was of fine form, and her movements were quick. Her eyes were black with heavy overhanging brows. She was above medium height. Her face was pleasant and indicated superior intelligence. She was persistent and determined in any matter she decided to accomplish. She labored in her father's fields before her marriage. She was familiar with woodcraft and was a splendid shot with a rifle."
When night came on they camped as usual under a cliff. The back scouts came in and reported that they'd seen no whites pursuing them.

Settlers Pursue

Yet, the whites were pursuing; they just hadn't come into sight yet. Back at the headwaters of Clinch River John Borders had become uneasy about Jenny when she didn't come to his house by night fall, got a neighbor and went to see what had happened to her. He found the dead bodies; but he saw nothing of the Indians.

Next morning a company of men, among them Skygusty Mathias Harman, had gathered at the Wiley home and made plans for following the savages. Thomas Wiley, Jenny's husband, had not yet returned from New River; however, under Skygusty's leadership the party set out horseback in pursuit of the savages.

Skygusty was so confident of the direction the Indians had gone that he took near cuts across the ridges and came out at the headwaters of Tug River. There they found signs of the Indian party's having passed. Although the country was rough for horseback riding, nevertheless, the men continued on the trail.

On the morning after the evening when the back scouts reported no white men following them, the Indians started out once more. This day Jenny began to lag more noticeably than on any previous day. Noticing her lagging, the Shawnee chief warned her that the Cherokee chief was complaining considerably about her inability to keep up and that something must be done about it.

At the end of the day, scouts were again sent back; soon they returned to camp, saying that they
had sighted a large party of white men on horseback following them. This brought the Indians into a huddle. They talked about the best course to take. Some wanted to waylay the white men and kill them. The Cherokee chief proposed they immediately slay the child so the woman could keep up. Jenny cried out that she'd keep up, and the Shawnee chief demanded that they let her try it again. So, they continued their journey.

In an attempt to throw the pursuing white men off the trail, the Indians turned westward toward Tug River, intending to cross it and blot out their trail. Jenny exerted all the energy she had in an effort to keep up and thereby save the life of her baby, but soon she began to falter again. Meanwhile she prayed that the pursuing white men might overtake her and rescue her and her child.

Coming to a small stream, the file of Indians plunged into it and followed it down, wading. Jenny was hindmost in the line, save the Shawnee chief who was behind her. She couldn't carry the child and keep up; it was utterly impossible. And, when she saw the Cherokee chief stop and move back toward her, she felt she knew it would be the end of the child's life and maybe hers also.

Desperate to save herself and the child, she waded from the stream and ran back up the bank.

The old Shawnee chief hurried after her and caught to her just as the Cherokee chief came back. The Cherokee chief grabbed the child's legs, dashed its brains out against a tree drew his knife and took the youngster's scalp, while Jenny looked on in despair. Grief was of no help to the young mother. The cruel Cherokee chief shoved her back into the river and motioned her to go on. So, on she went, her feet
dragging on the rugged bottom, while the swift, cold water beat against her. She'd heard someone say that the big Tug River lay at the mouth of this creek and that they must cross it also.

Night was laying its inky shadows over the valley when they reached Tug River, which was swollen out of its bank from the incessant rain. But, the Indians knew, their getting across this stream was their only way to elude their pursuers.

Jenny was shocked with fear when she was told that she must swim this river along with the Indians. It was madly rushing onward, carrying logs and brush. Above hung a raincloud from which lightning flashed now and then.

The pursuing party came upon the body of Jenny's child, which, with new fury in their hearts, they buried. Then, they set out on the trail, following the small stream since, they assumed, the advance party had gone down it.

Just a short distance ahead of the pursuers, Jenny still stood on the bank of the wild Tug River, screaming in terror because her captors yet insisted she must swim it.

In spite of her protests, two of her captors caught her by the arms and dragged her into the water. Within a moment they were out in the stream. A savage on either side of her held to her arms and drifted with the current, treading water in an almost upright position. After being carried down stream a considerable distance, they were washed into the mouth of a creek where the water was eddy.

Now, they waded up the creek into the higher mountain which was covered with dense laurel. At the headwaters of this creek they topped the mountain and turned down the western slope.
Before nightfall the fleeting Indians found another big rockhouse and made a campfire under it. At dawn they left this camp and continued toward the Levisa River, larger than the Tug, but, like the Tug, a tributary of the lower Big Sandy. This was the largest stream they had yet encountered, but they swam it as they had the Tug and continued on toward the Ohio River.

Back at the Tug River, the party of pursuers led by Skygusty Harman, crossed on a raft. They made their horses swim.

On the west bank of Tug River they picked up the Indian trail, but they found traveling in the rough mountain difficult for their horses; and little by little they fell further behind the Indians.

Upon reaching the Levisa, also swollen from the heavy rain, they could see that the savages had already crossed. After a council was held, the party decided that further pursuit would be futile and, discouraged, they turned upriver. They traveled to the mouth of John's Creek where Skygusty had built a hunting lodge several years ago. Here they went into camp.

Indians Travel On

After crossing the Levisa the Indians, believing they had eluded their pursuers, traveled more leisurely. On the ninth day after Jenny's capture they reached the Ohio River, but it was so flooded they dared not try swimming it as they had the Tug and the Levisa.

So, hoping they could sooner or later find a way to cross, they traveled down the river and eventually came to the mouth of Little Sandy, which some of the
Indians swam; the rest started up its bank, headed into the mountains again for they yet saw no way to cross the Ohio.

From the headwaters of Little Sandy they crossed the divide to the Cherokee Fork of Big Blaine Creek. On the way down this creek Jenny became very ill. It being impossible for her to go further, the Indians went into camp and put Jenny in a small rockhouse a short distance away and left her.

At this rockhouse a son was born to her prematurely. For some time she was near death. The Indians, though, were considerate enough to bring her food and keep a fire going. But, as soon as she recovered, they left her to get her own wood. And they left her alone most of the time for now they felt she would not try to escape.

The Indians went into winter camp at the mouth of Cherokee Creek. For three months Jenny hardly knew one day from another, and all the while she was uneasy about the newborn babe lest the Indians destroy it also.

Then, one day the Shawnee chief came to the rockhouse, said that the baby was three moons old and that it was time to give it the first test a boy was supposed to have. Without explaining what he meant, the chief left.

But soon the chief returned, told her to pick up the baby and follow him. With fear tearing at her nerves, she picked it up and followed. She was led to a creek where all the Indians were gathered. Then, the Shawnee chief tied the baby to a dry piece of bark and set it adrift in the water.

As soon as the cold water struck the helpless infant it began to cry, which condemned it in the opinion of the savages. They shook their tomahawks
and grunted, looking at each other. In desperation Jenny dashed into the stream, recovered the child and returned to the rockhouse with it.

She had no more than arrived there when one of the savages came with a tomahawk, killed the baby and scalped it. Then, carrying the scalp, he turned away, not bothering Jenny. And there, alone, the weeping Jenny buried her child at the edge of the rockhouse.

Soon after the atrocious event, the Indians put Jenny on the trail again. They crossed into the present bounds of Johnson County, Kentucky, and wandered about until they settled at the mouth of Little Mud Creek, selecting once more a great shelving cliff for a temporary home.

Soon the savages went out to hunt. When they brought animals in it was Jenny who had to cook them. Also, she had to gather wood to use in cooking.

By this time, Jenny had learned enough of the Shawnee language to converse in it with the Indians; also, she had learned a few Cherokee words and phrases.

Now she began to plan running away and trying to get back to her homeplace on the upper Clinch River, but always she decided that she might not be able to find the way. But one day when she was told that sometime during the next summer, when the rivers were low, she'd be taken to the Indian towns north of the Ohio River, she began to think more strongly about trying to escape no matter what the consequence.

While at the Mud Creek rockhouse the Shawnee and Cherokee chiefs had some sort of a pow-wow with their band of savages on top of the cliff. When Jenny ventured atop the cliff herself, she learned
that another band of Indians had brought in a prisoner, a young man.

Seeing her, the Cherokee chief told her to go back to the rockhouse and cook a pot of meat. Fearful not to obey, she silently and hastily returned and filled a pot with bear meat and put it to cooking.

Later the party that had captured her brought the strange band of Indians to the rockhouse. They ate from the pot, danced and then threatened to kill her. However, they returned to the cliff top without harming her.

But after dark they came back, built a bonfire and again became boisterous. They grabbed her and tied her with rawhide to a tree. Now, she learned that the prisoner whom they'd brought to the cliff top had been burned at the stake. And it appeared that her fate would be the same. She appealed to the once considerate Shawnee chief to save her, but this time he ignored her.

Her courage appealed to the savages, and they didn't build a fire about her. But there was perhaps another reason for not burning her; they went into council and she could see the Cherokee chief gesturing and talking and the Shawnee chief listening.

Upon the termination of the pow-wow the Cherokee chief approached her and told her that he had bought her from the Shawnee chief and that right away he would start with her to the Cherokee towns on the Little Tennessee River where she could teach his wives how to write and to weave cloth.

He counted out from a buckskin bag many brooches and gave them to the Shawnee chief. Then, her new owner loosed her from the tree and followed the others to the cliff top.

One night early in 1790 Jenny, still planning to
try to escape, dreamed that the prisoner burned at the stake atop the cliff came to her with a sheep skull filled with tallow, in which was a burning wick. She thought that he made signs for her to follow to safety. She set out. On the way the wick flamed so bright and high that she could see the whole country below. She asked the man holding the lamp in her dreams who lived there. No answer came, but the light flickered and went out.

Next day the Cherokee chief told Jenny that in a few days he would be starting south with her. On the following night the Cherokee chief bound her, seeming to fear she might try to leave him. Then, the whole band of savages left the rockhouse.

Soon a rain came up. And, as it fell, she definitely made up her mind to try to escape.

Jenny Escapes

So, she rolled out to where the rain would drip from the cliff onto her bound wrists and ankles. Soon the rawhide, soaked with water, was easy to stretch. Eventually she slipped herself free.

Grabbing up a tomahawk and a scalping knife, she set out in the dark down the hollow through which Little Mud Lick Creek flowed. It was so dark that she had to go slowly and feel her way along, but foot past foot she kept making the distance between her and the rockhouse longer.

Next day she came to Big Paint Creek but found she could not cross it. Night was coming on again, but she kept walking. At the mouth of a creek, later named Jenny’s Creek for her, she crossed Paint Creek and, then, started wading up Jenny’s Creek. Leaving the creek, she crossed over ridges, and next
day came out upon Levisa River.

Looking across the river, she saw a blockhouse, or fort. She hollered and waved her arms until she was seen. Then Henry Skaggs, a man whom she'd seen in her home settlement, came down to the river bank opposite here.

There were no canoes on the river bank, since hunters had taken them down stream; but Skaggs went to work and made a raft, which he paddled across.

Jenny had no more than set foot to earth on the side of the fort, when a band of Indians appeared on the bank she had just left. They had probably known about the fort and had got the idea that she'd heard of it also, and they had come to look for her. Among the Indians was the Cherokee chief who had been planning to take her to Tennessee; also, over there was her dog but she could do nothing about it; it would have to go back with the Indians.

Henry Skaggs shot a gun to alarm the men who were down the river. Soon they came running, their guns in their hands; the Indians, seeing them, slunk back into the forest and disappeared.

Jenny stayed in the blockhouse a few days, recuperating from her ordeal. Then, a company of men, led by Skygusty Harman, for whom the fort had been named, escorted her back to her home at the headwaters of Clinch River.

After being united with her husband, Thomas, they settled down to making a living there on Walker's Creek. But in 1800, ten years after her return home, they moved to the Levisa Fort of the Big Sandy River and built a cabin about fifteen miles from the blockhouse. Here they lived out the remainder of their lives.

"Thomas died in 1810, but to Jenny came a long
widowhood. During the time she often visited her brother John, a resident of Buffalo Fork of John's Creek in the present Floyd County. She died in 1831. Both she and her husband were buried in the present Johnson County, not far from their last abode. 

The descendants of Thomas and Jenny Wiley are many, and today their homes are scattered throughout the Big Sandy Valley. They are upstanding and respected citizens. Now and then reunions of the Wileys of the valley are held in memory of the courageous pioneer captive woman. And, thus, the story will always be kept fresh in the hearts of her people.

1 Virginia State Papers, Vol. V, p. 42
2 Connelley, William E.; The Wiley Captivity
3 Connelley states that on this site the Harman fort was built in the winter of 1788-89. However, the correct date was the winter of 1789-90 for Jenny had been captured in the fall of 1789, as proved by the Virginia State papers; therefore, there could not have been a fort here when Skygusty and his party reached the place after pursuing the captors of Jenny — only a hut.

Note: In his recital of the Jenny Wiley story told to him many years later by a son of Jenny, Mr. Connelley says that Jenny remained at the last mentioned rockhouse until sometime in October, 1790. But this point is disproved by a statement of J. D. Daniel, then county lieutenant of Montgomery County (which then embraced the present Tazewell County, Virginia) to Gov. Randolph of Virginia. In an appeal to the governor to send more militia out onto the Virginia frontier, he said, 'I doubt not but your excellency has been informed
of Mrs. Wiley's oath, who was taken prisoner last fall and run away from the Indians late in the winter. I am credibly informed her deposition was taken in Montgomery County, and reports the Indians informed her they would bring four hundred Indians against the Clinch and Bluestone Rivers this summer."

The letter was dated July 4, 1790.

4 Virginia State Papers, Vol. V., p. 181
5 Scalf, Henry, Floyd County, Kentucky, p. 24


Virginia State Papers

Scalf, Henry, Floyd County, Kentucky
Mrs. Andrew Davidson and Children Captured

Mrs. Andrew Davidson in the early spring of 1791 was gathering sugar water from sugar trees near her home on the headwaters of East River, a few miles east of the present site of Bluefield, West Virginia, when she saw Indians approaching. Their presence filled her with sudden fear for she had no gun with which to defend herself. Besides, her husband had just left on a trip to Smithfield, now Blacksburg, Virginia, on a business trip.

Mrs. Davidson's three small children, two little girls and a boy, were at the cabin with two Broomfield orphans whom she had taken to rear. Looking back at the house she could see part of them playing in the yard, happy, unmindful of the danger which lurked about them.

The woman stood beside a big, gray-barked maple tree into which cedar spiles had been driven. The spiles were dripping water into a wooden trough. She set down a wooden pail containing sugar water which she meant to carry to the house and pour into one of the three big iron kettles where the water would be boiled, that is, "stirred off."

A stir-off was done by boiling the water first in the biggest kettle and then pouring the boiled-down water into the next biggest while fresh water was poured
into the biggest one. When the second kettle was boiled low, the contents were poured into the smallest one where it was again boiled, this time into a syrup so thick that when it was poured into cups it hardened into a brownish sugar cake. Tree sugar meant much to the family, both as a table food and as a product for sale.

The savages came close, stood about her, jabbering, while she stood trembling, not knowing whether to try to get to her children or not.

"Come," one said in English. He pointed northward, and she knew what he meant. They would take her to their town on the Ohio River as other settlers had been taken.

Leaving the water pail, she started walking slowly toward the house. This the savages did not seem to mind; she knew that they meant to ransack the house anyhow.

When she arrived at the house the children gathered about her, clinging to her linsey dress, and staring at the savages. Again the English-speaking Indian pointed and said, "We go."

"We can't go," Mrs. Davidson said. "The children are too small, and I'm not able." She was expecting another baby soon.

While she and the children stood there, some of the Indians went inside the house; soon they came out with such articles as they could carry: pots, pans, blankets, clothing. The children began to cry. They clung to the trembling mother, knowing that something bad was happening.

Presently some of the Indians put fire to the building. The blaze licked up, roared and cracked. Moment by moment the blaze leaped higher, came out through the roof, eating it away.

"Now, go!" the leader bade the woman and the
children. He prodded her with a stick. Then, her head down, she started walking, the children running around her, screaming.

The party moved out of the valley, going westward, through West Virginia. Prod her as much as they would, Mrs. Davidson could not walk fast. Sweat beaded on her brow. Her lips got dry. No one would come in pursuit for no family lived near her cabin. The closest neighbors would not know she and the children were gone. It perhaps would be when a passer-by saw the burned-down house that news of the raid would spread. Then, it'd be too late for a rescue party to overtake them.

The further they went through the mountains, the worse Mrs. Davidson felt. By the time they reached what is now Logan, West Virginia, she had to stop. And, while the party waited, the woman gave birth to a premature baby. Two hours after the birth, the Indians compelled her to continue the journey. In her weak condition she stumbled onward, carrying the newly born one.

This child, the Indians decided, was a weak one and was nothing more than a nuisance, so on the second day out they drowned it in a creek and left the body. After this episode they seemed to sympathize with Mrs. Davidson in her anguish and made a point to be kinder to her.

She was hopeful that this change in attitude would mean fair treatment when they got to their homes on the Ohio. Reach the Ohio they did, after a long and wearisome struggle. Mrs. Davidson and the children, as well, were so hungry they became ill. But a little rest, a little food would make them all feel better. May be soon they would get both.

But her hope failed to come true, for when they
reached the towns, the two little girls were tied to a
tree and shot to death in the presence of their mother.

Later, her son was given to an old squaw for
adoption. One day the squaw took the boy with her to
a canoe, bade him get in and hold to the gunnels while
she paddled. The boy was scared, but he knew of
nothing else to do but obey.

"We go for good ride," said the squaw.

The canoe was shoved from the bank, and the
squaw began to wield the oar. Soon she had the boat out
into the middle of the stream where a swift current
cought it and swirled it around. Scared, the boy
leaped up, toppled overboard and, not being able to
swim, sank. The squaw was not able to recover him,
and he washed down into deep water and drowned.

Mrs. Davidson was soon sold to a Frenchman in
Canada; and, then, she parted with the two Broomfield
boys, whom she never heard of again.

Two years after her disappearance Andrew
Davidson, hearing his wife was with the Shawnees north
of the Ohio River, went there in quest of her. But
Indians who knew where she was wouldn't tell him, or
he didn't chance to talk with those who did know. So,
he returned to the settlement and brooded through
another year; then, he went again to the Shawnee towns.

This time an old chief told him that his wife
had been sold to a Frenchman in Canada. This same
Indian was good enough to go with him on the northern
trail and take him to the village where his wife was
supposed to be.

Upon arriving at a French settlement, Andrew
stopped at the home of a wealthy French farmer to get
something to eat.

When he entered the house he noticed a woman
who bowed to him and went on about her work. When
he sat down at a table to eat, the same woman passed him in the room. He had taken but a few bites when he heard the woman say to her mistress, "I know that man."

In broken English the mistress of the house said, "Well, who is it?"

The other woman replied, "It's my husband." Then the woman ran to Andrew and fairly shouted, "Andrew! I'm your wife. Know me?"

Andrew got up from the table, stared at the woman a moment, wondering really if she was his wife. Yet, it must be. There was some resemblance. When he'd last seen her, she looked young; her hair was black. But, now it was white. She looked old, care-worn, wretched.

Andrew took her into his arms, and she cried as she pressed her face to his breast.

"Rebecca!" whispered Andrew. "My own dear Rebecca!"

After a while, she looked into Andrew's face, smiled and said, "You look well, Andrew."

"But I've suffered, Rebecca. And you, how you must have suffered!"

The French farmer came to the house and without protest gave up Rebecca to her husband. And the next day they started on the long journey southward. They returned to the vicinity of their former home and built a house at the end of Abb's Valley. Here they reared another family, and many of their descendants are now living in the same valley.

Sources: Bickley Pendleton
DAVID MUSICK TRAGEDY

The following narrative was prepared by Judge E. J. Sutherland of Clintwood, Virginia, for delivery at the dedication of the David Musick monument near Honaker, Virginia, August 19, 1956.

Judge Sutherland said, "I am indebted to my long-time friend, Reverend Grover C. Musick, for this story of David Musick. Grover Musick is a great-great grandson of the martyred David Musick. He secured this story from his great-aunt, great granddaughter of David Musick."

The story as told by Mrs. Fletcher is as follows:

My grandfather, David Musick, married Annie McKinney, of Russell County, Virginia and at the time of his death in 1792 his family consisted of his wife, their children, Elijah, Electious and Phoebe. They lived on a farm near the present town of Honaker.

Two of the boys, Abraham and Elijah Musick, went early one morning for firewood with which to prepare breakfast. They were surprised by a party of Indians (not known how many), but were able to reach their home. The doors were barred, and the defense of the home began. David Musick
had a flint-lock rifle. He found it would not fire, due to the fact his house had been burned previous of this, injuring the gun. Mrs. Musick touched fire to the gun, hoping to ignite the powder, but to no avail. Mr. Musick was shot through the thigh by an arrow from the bow of the Indians and fainted from loss of blood. The Indians broke into the home, killing and scalping him and making prisoners of his wife and children. They then plundered the house and ate what they found of prepared food, their hands gory with blood.

While the Indians were attacking the house, a neighbor, who had come to the Musick home to borrow a plow, on seeing the Indians, became so excited he ran with all speed possible. On reaching the yard of his home he fell dead. He must have had a weak heart.

The evening previous to the massacre of Mr. Musick the same band of Indians scalped a girl named Brumley, who lived in the same community. They came upon her late in the evening, while churning at a springhouse some distance from her house. Strange to say they scalped her alive, leaving her to die. The girl crawled some distance to an old stable and hid in some flax, which was stored in the building. She was found alive and recovered.

But to resume my story of the Musick family and the Indians.

Telling Mrs. Musick and the children to get ready, they started on the long journey back to the Ohio Valley. Before leaving the settlement, as they went through a field, they killed a steer. After skinning it, they encased part of it in the hide for a supply of meat. Then, they found a young mare; and, after securing her, they placed the meat on her and had young Abraham, the eldest son, mount her.
This boy, Abraham, had red hair; and the Indians were fond of him and treated him very fine. Not so, however, with Electious, the youngest son, who refused to eat the raw meat along the way and cried a great deal. As a punishment, they rubbed his face against an oak tree, cutting the flesh deeply. He carried the scars with him to his grave.

The course the Indians and their captives followed led over Big A Mountain into the present county of Buchanan, down a ridge which bears the name of Indian Ridge in memory of this event, following Indian Creek, which also takes its name from this event. They, then, came to Russell Fork River, down which they went through the Sand Lick section of Dickenson county to the Junction of Russell Fork River with Russell Prater Creek, where the present town of Haysi is now situated.

Night coming on, they decided to camp there. Crossing a knoll a few yards above, where Russell Prater enters Russell Fork, they forded the river to what was at that time a small island. An Indian brave, who could speak a little English, said as they were crossing; "White man no come here."

Little did they know about their peril, for close upon them was a posse of white settlers, who, a little later in the night, sighting their camp-fire, moved into hiding behind the knoll and anxiously awaited the coming of dawn to attack and release Mrs. Musick and her children. All the Indians undoubtedly would have been killed had the orders of the Captain of the posse been obeyed. One of the posse became so excited that he fired before the order to fire was given.

When Mrs. Musick heard the firing, she and the children rushed toward the whites, she carry-
ing the baby, Phoebe, in her arms. One of the Indians threw his tomahawk at her but missed, sticking it in an oak tree. Another Indian threw pieces of burning firewood at her. An overruling of Providence surely must have saved the family.

The result of the attack: One Indian killed, another seriously wounded but who was able to escape with his companions with much pain, as was indicated by his screams. Some years ago a human skeleton was found under a cliff not far from Haysi, supposedly that of the wounded Indian. Then began the long thirty-mile journey back to the settlements of the Clinch Valley in Russell County.

The posse being very much worn out by the long and arduous trip, when they reached the foot of Sandy Ridge, decided to camp for the night at a large spring. But Mrs. Musick insisted they cross the mountain to Clinch River side before camping. Later discovery proved her fear correct, for the party of Indians had turned back after the fight and pursued the whites, following them to the big spring and camping on the proposed camp site of the whites. They gave up the chase here and returned to Ohio.
April 6, 1794 the half-breed Cherokee, Chief Benge, and his band of frontier marauders entered the quiet little settlement fifteen miles west of the present town of Abingdon and attacked the home of Peter Livingston. At the time Peter and his brother Henry were out on the farm and the women folk, children and a few slaves were in or near the house.

Peter Livingston and Henry were the sons of William Todd and Sarah Livingston who had come to Botetout County, Virginia, around 1765 and had settled on the North Holston near the present town of Mendota. This area in 1772 lay in Fincastle County, 1776 in Washington County.

Over the ensuing years Peter became the owner of the entire estate; furthermore, he accumulated nearly 2,000 acres additional.

Because of his vast land holdings he needed many farm workers. This was done by relatives, neighbors and slaves. At the time of the Indian attack his brother Henry and Henry's second wife, Susanna, were living with him and his wife, Elizabeth. Also in the home was Peter's mother who at the time of the attack was tomahawked, resulting in her death four days later.

Chief Benge was particularly interested in
capturing and taking North Negroes whom he could sell for a price, and the presence of slaves on the Livingston plantation had interested him in risking the attack.

Now, let's have the story as told by Elizabeth Livingston, wife of Peter Livingston, to Arthur Campbell, military officer of the area, and certified by him to the Governor of Virginia, April 15, 1794.

It ran as follows:

"April 6, 1794, about 10 o'clock in the morning, I was sitting in my house when the fierceness of the dog's barking alarmed me. I looked out and saw seven Indians approaching the house, armed and painted in a frightful manner. No person was within but a child ten years old, another of two, and my sucking infant.

"My husband and his brother Henry had just walked out to a barn at some distance in the field. My sister-in-law, Susanna (Henry's second wife) was with the remaining children in an out-house.

"Old Mrs. Livingston (Sarah, Peter's mother) was in the garden.

"I immediately shut and fastened the door; they (Indians) came furiously up and tried to burst it open, demanding several times of me to open the door, which I refused.

"Then, they fired two guns; one ball pierced through the door but did no harm. I, then, thought of my husband's rifle, took it down; but, it being double triggered, I was at a loss. At length I fired through the door; but, it not being well aimed, I did no execution.

"However, the Indians retired from that place and soon after I found an adjoining house was on fire; and I and my children were suffering much from smoke. I opened the door; and an Indian immediately
advanced and took me prisoner, together with the two children. (There were three children in the house, one an infant; this one she carried herself.)

"I then discovered that they had my remaining children in their possession, my sister-in-law Susanna, a Negro wench and her young child, a Negro man of Edward Callahan's, and a Negro boy of our own about eight years old.

"They (Indians) were fearful of going into the house to plunder, supposing that it had been a man that had shot at them and he was yet within.

"So our whole clothing and household furniture were consumed in the flames, which I was then pleased to see, rather than it should be of use to the savages.

"We were all hurried a short distance, where the Indians were busy dividing and putting in packs for each to carry his part of the booty taken.

"I observed them careless about the children, and most of the Indians being some distance off in front, I called with a low voice to my eldest daughter (Susanna), gave her my youngest child (Henrietta), and told them all to run toward neighbor John Russell's. They with reluctance left me, sometimes halting, sometimes looking back. I beckoned them to go on, although I inwardly felt pangs not to be expressed on account of our doleful separation. The two Indians in the rear either did not notice this scene, or they were willing the children might run back.

"That evening the Indians crossed Clinch Mountain and went as far as Copper Creek, distance about 8 miles.

"April 7. Set out early in the morning, crossed Clinch River at McClain's fishdam (just below the present town of Dungannon) about 12 o'clock, then
steered northwardly towards the head of Stony Creek. Then, the Indians camped carelessly — had no back spy nor kept sentries out. This day's journey was about twenty miles.

"April 8. Continued in camp until the sun was more than an hour high; then, set out and slowly traveled five or six miles and camped near the foot of Powell Mountain.

"This day Benge, the Indian chief, became more pleasant and spoke freely to the prisoners. He told them that he was about to carry them to the Cherokee and Shawnee towns; that in his route in the wilderness was his brother with two other Indians hunting, so that he might have provisions when he returned; that at his camp were several white prisoners taken from Kentucky, with horses and saddles to carry them to the towns.

"He made inquiry of several persons on Holston, particularly Old General Shelby, and said he would pay him a visit during the ensuing summer and take away all his Negroes. He frequently inquired who had Negroes and threatened he would have them all off North Holston. He said all the Chickamauga towns were for war and would soon be very troublesome for the white folks.

"This day, April 8, Benge sent two of the Indians ahead to hunt.

"April 9. After traveling about five miles, which was over Powell's Mountain and near the foot of Stone Mountain, a party of 13 men, under command of Lieutenant Vincent Hobbs, of the militia of Lee County, met the enemy in front, attacked and killed Benge the first fire. I was at that time some distance off in the rear. The Indian who was my guard at first halted on hearing the firing. He, then, ordered me to run, which I
performed slowly. He, then, attempted to strike me in the head with the tomahawk, which I defended as well as I could with my arm. By this time two of our people came in view, which encouraged me to struggle all I could. The Indian at this instant pushed me backward; and I fell over a log, at the same time aiming a violent blow at my head, which in part spent its force on me and laid me out for dead. The first thing I afterward remembered was my good friends around me giving me all the assistance in their power for my relief. They told me I was senseless for about an hour.

"Certified this 15th day of April, 1794.

"A. CAMPBELL" 4

Eventually Peter and Henry Livingston saw smoke boiling above the low rolling hills between their barn and their home; they ran homeward but when they arrived the houses were nearly burned down. Lying on the ground were the bodies of Sarah Livingston and one Negro child, each having been tomahawked.

The Livingston men knew there were about three trails the Indians could take across Clinch Mountain, or they could go by way of Moccasin Gap and there take the Wilderness Road. Trail signs showed they had likely gone toward Hamilton Gap in Clinch Mountain.

The little settlement did not have enough men to pursue and hope to get in sight of the party. But, they could hurry to other settlements and get enough help to overpower the Indians if they cut them off somewhere to the north.

So, one man, John Henderson, was sent on horseback to alert the settlers in Powell Valley,
about seventy miles to the northwest on the Wilderness Road. The two Livingston men, Peter and Henry, set off in the direction of Castle's Woods to the northeast. It was their plan to get help at this settlement and to block all trails in the Cumberland Mountains.

The Livingston men, knowing that the Indians had taken white women, and Negroes whom they could sell, would not likely kill any of them on the march. Believing this, the men decided to risk going long distances for help rather than to try to pursue directly. If just a few men should have overtaken the savages, the women would have been killed, they knew.

Now, let's examine the records and try to straighten out a few points of contention existing even today in the area where Chief Benge was killed.

To begin with, several years ago a marker was put up just south of Norton, Virginia, saying that a little way above it, at the base of High Knob, the highest peak of Powell Mountain, Benge was slain by Vincent Hobbs of the Lee County militia. The little stream which flows out of the mountain at this point bears the name Benge's Branch.

The facts do not bear out the correctness of this marker. We can see by Mrs. Livingston's account of the 9th day's traveling that, after camping the night before at the base of Powell Mountain, they went about five miles, which was over Powell Mountain and to the foot of Stone Mountain, where Hobbs and his men met them. Stone Mountain has its beginning west of Norton and continues until it is broken by the well-known Big Stone Gap, situated just north of the town of Big Stone Gap. The mountain here has been worn into a great, rugged, stone gap by the northern tributary of Powell River.
Now, it was at this great Stone Gap that Chief Benge was most likely slain by Hobbs. Charles B. Cole in his account of Mrs. Scott's capture by Chief Benge in Lee County in 1785, said, "Benge was killed nine years later (after the Mrs. Scott captivity) as he was making his way to Big Stone Gap with the Livingston captives." 

Summers, quoting a manuscript letter of Benjamin Sharp, further states, "Vincent Hobbs was a lieutenant in the militia of Lee County, Virginia, and, at the time in question, he was attending court of that county which was in session. Upon the arrival of the express with the news of the Indian invasion, the court immediately adjourned; and a party was organized upon the spot, under the command of Hobbs, to waylay a gap in the Cumberlands called Stone Gap, through which the Indians were supposed to pass.

"In this party, besides Vincent Hobbs, were: John Van Bever, Job Hobbs, Stephen Jones, James Huff, James Van Bever, Peter Van Bever, Abraham Hobbs, Adam Ely, Samuel Livingston, George Yokum and Dotson."

Although Elizabeth Livingston in her account said there were thirteen men in Hobbs party, only twelve are named by Sharp. One of these had a blank instead of the first name. Since the writer of the letter was uncertain about the first name, he might also have been uncertain about the sir name. This was probably Captain William Dorton, a scout for Andrew Lewis, who was in the party.

Under date of April 19, 1795 Andrew Lewis wrote the governor of Virginia as follows: "The inhabitants in pursuit of the Indians retook the prisoners and killed two of them. The rest ran off. Captain William Dorton, one of my scouts, who was
with the party, endeavoring to head them off, fell in
with them that ran off, being three in number, two of
which he killed on the ground; the other ran off
mortally wounded. Only one escaped without a
wound."

"Prior to this battle, Lieutenant Hobbs on reaching
Stone Gap, discovered that Indians had just passed
through before him; he, therefore, pursued with eager­
ness and soon discovered two Indians kindling a fire;
these they instantly dispatched, and finding some
plunder with them, which they knew must have been
taken from the Livingston house, they at once came
to the conclusion that these two had been sent forward
to hunt for provisions and that the others were yet be­
hind with the prisoners."

Now, since Stone Gap was closer to Lee County
than any other Indian trail crossing the Cumberlands
and since Benge had come this way with Mrs. Scott
in 1785, it is hardly likely that Hobbs would have
gone beyond this pass up the North Fork of Powell
to the present town of Norton. Furthermore, Peter
and Henry Livingston, together with another posse,
had come around through Russell County to examine
other trails.

Summers states that Benge was most likely
slain at the present town of Dorchester, about three
miles northwest of Norton. However, Dorchester is
about as far from Stone Mountain as Norton is.

Further on this point, Andrew Lewis, military
officer in command of the southwestern Virginia
militia, wrote to the governor of Virginia as
follows: "By their (Benge and party) passing through
the Stone Gap in Powell's Mountain suspect they
were southern Indians."

It seems that Andrew Lewis knew that there
was a Stone Gap, but he was not acquainted well enough with the geography of the southwestern mountains of Virginia to know that Powell Mountain has no Stone Gap but that Stone Mountain, the next range north of Powell, does have one.

As to the trail Benge took after his camping at the foot of Powell Mountain (southern side) April 7, he must have gone down Hunter's Valley, alongside the southern foot of Powell Mountain until striking Cove Creek, thence up it to its headwaters, through Maple Gap, down Cracker's Neck to the present town of Big Stone Gap, and thence to the entrance of Stone Gap in Stone Mountain.

Now, let's view the site as described by the last surviving member of the Hobbs' party, Dr. James Huff of Kentucky, in an interview 1846 for the *Jacksonian*, a newspaper published in Abingdon and filed in the Draper Papers. "

"Some time in the month of April 1794, just before daylight, a man by the name of John Henderson rode up to Yokum Station in Powell Valley and informed the station that Indians had taken the wives of Peter and Henry Livingston.

"... the writer has seen this spot where Benge was killed; it is one of those deep, dark mountain passes where the ridge on each side seems to reach the clouds, and the center of the deep, gloomy valley below is covered with large masses of unshaken rocks, with a wild furious stream, tumbling and rolling in the midst.

"These backwoodsmen sat but a short while in their hiding places until two of them highest up the precipice, V. Hobbs and J. Van Bever, saw an Indian and the wife of Peter Livingston coming." However, it was not Peter's wife but Henry's.
Now, there is no such rugged terrain as described here just south of Norton: no great boulders, no great gorge; no cliffs, merely a small hump of stone which is claimed to be Hobbs' hiding place; no stream which could be called a furious one, just a small branch which today is called Benge's Branch. Now, it must be recognized that there were no white settlers in Norton until about 1890, nearly a hundred years after Benge's demise; consequently, traditional stories, and the failure to study facts as recorded in reports of responsible persons of the time, have led to errors in designating the scene of Benge's death.

Hobbs and Van Bever reached Elizabeth soon after she was struck with the tomahawk. An hour later she regained consciousness.

Shortly thereafter, her husband, Peter, together with Henry, arrived on the scene, happy that their wives had been rescued. Susanna, Henry's wife (his second wife) had been in the group immediately led by Benge.

As soon as Elizabeth was recovered sufficiently to travel, she and her kinsmen started back home. Settlers on the frontier rejoiced when they heard that the renegade, half-breed Chief Benge, was dead.

Arthur Campbell, in a letter to the governor of Virginia dated April 29, 1794, said, "I send the scalp of Captain (Why he used the term captain, it is not known) Benge, that noted murderer, as requested by Lieutenant Hobbs, to your excellency as a proof that he is no more, and of the activity and good conduct of Lieutenant Hobbs, in killing him and relieving the prisoners. Could it be spared from our treasury, I would beg leave
to hint that a present of a neat rifle to Mr. Hobbs would be accepted as a reward for his services, and the executive may rest assured that it would serve as a stimulus for future exertions against the enemy."¹³

In accordance with the recommendations of Colonel Campbell, the General Assembly of Virginia voted Mr. Hobbs a "beautiful silver-mounted rifle."

Although there was gladness at the Livingston home on the Holston over the return of the captives and the killing of the notorious Chief Benge, it wasn't long until the event brought a threat of war from the Cherokees and the frontier was again thrown into panic.

Of the pending trouble Arthur Campbell wrote the governor, April 21, 1794, "Although this success (the killing of Benge) lessens the apprehensions of the inhabitants, yet from the declared intention of the Chickamauga party of the Cherokees to go to war, and their actually having lately 200 warriors out in small parties, the western settlements of this county and the adjoining settlements in Lee County talk of moving off if there is not some protection by the government afforded them."¹⁴

The Virginia government seemed in no hurry to send military help to the settlers of Washington and Lee Counties and consequently the state of fear of revenge attacks grew more tense. In regard to the situation Arthur Campbell tried again.

On July 9th, the same year, he wrote as follows: "By intelligence from Knoxville, the uncle of Capt. Bench is out with thirty warriors to take revenge in Virginia. The necessity of having some men on duty near Moccison Gap, the former place of his haunts, and now we suppose of his avengers, seems urgent. Were Captain Lewis' company so arranged as
to cover that settlement, and he be active in ranging
the woods, it might in a degree appease the fears of
the inhabitants. That part of Lee County which turned
out so cleverly under Lieutenant Hobbs in pursuit of
Bench, is altogether exposed; that is, they have no
part of the guard on duty nearer than forty miles.
My own conjecture is that, Hobbs and his friends
may be the sufferers. All late accounts say that the
whole of the lower Cherokees are for war."15

The revenge threat, however, failed to mature;
and, to the joy of the settlers, Benge's was the last
invasion by a marauding Indian band on this,
Virginia's last, frontier.

1 Will book 1, p. 73, Abingdon Court Records
2 Summers, L. P., Annals of Southwest Virginia
3 Cole, Charles B., Life of Wilburn Waters
   111-112
5 Summers, L. P., Annals Southwest Virginia
6 Draper, L. C., 12CC60
7 Virginia State Papers
8 Summers, L. P., History of Southwest Virginia,
   pp. 441-442 further quoting Sharp's MS.
9 Ibid p. 441
10 Virginia State Papers, Vol. 7, p. 115
11 Draper 12CC60
12 Ibid
13 Virginia State Papers, Vol. 7, p. 118
15 Ibid, p. 210
INDIAN TRAGEDIES AGAINST
THE WALKER FAMILY

By Emory L. Hamilton

John Walker and his wife, Katherine Rutherford, first lived at Wigton, Scotland, later moving to Newry, Ireland, from whence they sailed from Strangford Bay in May 1726, landing in Maryland in August of that year. Soon he was settled in Chester County, Pennsylvania, where he died in 1734. His wife, Katherine, died the same year. Most of the family of John Walker, the immigrant, moved from Pennsylvania and settled in Augusta and Rockbridge Counties in Virginia, and from there they scattered westward.

Among the children of John and Katherine Walker was John Walker, Jr., who settled on the Clinch River in what is today Russell County; and Jane Walker, who married James Moore and settled in Rockbridge County.

John Walker, Jr., born 1705, married Ann Houston in 1734. He first settled in Augusta County, and later moved with the Hays family to Rockbridge County and settled on a stream still known today as Walker’s Creek. From Walker’s Creek he moved to the Clinch River in present Russell County, Virginia, where he settled in 1773 at the “sink” of Sinking Creek on a 300-acre tract of land which he named “Broadmeadows.” This land was surveyed and entered for him in old Fincastle County on April 2, 1774. At this time he was a
man of some 68 years and surely must have followed his children in their wanderings to the Virginia frontier. In spite of his advanced age, he still lived to see a son and son-in-law killed by Indians, and a daughter and grandson carried away into captivity, dying in 1778 before their return.

Ann Walker, daughter of John and Ann Houston Walker, had married Samuel Cowan, and they settled on a 284-acre tract of land in lower Castlewood on both sides of McKinney’s Run, now called Cowan’s Creek, which was surveyed for them on April 3, 1774, in Fincastle County, Virginia.

In June or July of 1776, news reached the frontier that the Cherokee were planning to attack Houston’s Fort on Big Moccasin Creek. Samuel Cowan rode from Castlewood to warn of this impending attack. Charles Bickley, who filed his Revolutionary War pension claim in Russell County in 1836, tells of Cowan’s death in this manner:

Information reached the fort [Rye Cove Fort where Bickley was stationed] through Captain Daniel Smith that the Indians were upon the waters of Moccasin Creek, whereupon Captain [John] Montgomery with his company, joined Captain Smith and his company and marched in pursuit of the Indians, and pursued their trail within a short distance of Houston’s Fort upon Moccasin Creek, where from their apparently having separated, they were unable to continue the pursuit further in that way and marched on the last named fort. Upon arrival at the fort they found no assault had
as yet been made upon it by the Indians and found there a man from Castlewood of the name of Samuel Cowan, riding as this declarant now remembers, a stud horse belonging to one Deskin Tibbs.

Cowan proposed to leave the fort and return to his family, but was admonished of the danger of an attempt to do so, as the Indians were in the neighborhood, but he persisted in his determination and set out, but proceeded but a short distance when the firing of guns was heard in the fort and the forces sallied out to attack. When they soon came upon the body of Cowan, shot from his horse and scalped, and although still alive, was taken to the fort and died the same evening.

Mrs. Samuel Scott of Jessamine County, Kentucky, whose family had taken refuge in Houston's Fort, tells the reason for Cowan's presence at the fort and generally corroborates the story told by Charles Bickley. She told her story years later to the Rev. John Shane (Draper MS), and referred to him as "Matthew" instead of Samuel, with a question mark after Matthew in the original manuscript as though she wasn't sure of his first name. She states:

Matthew (?) Cowan brought the express from Moore's Fort to Houston's Fort that 300 Indians were coming to attack Houston's Fort. The next morning he would start to go back and thought he could get through, but was shot. His horse got in safe
Castlewood]. His wife fainted when she saw the horse—a stud horse, all in a 'power of sweat.' He was brought in wounded and died. There my father, John McCorkle, was at the time. There were 300 Indians to 21 families [in the fort]. I think the men did not exceed 30. The Indians stayed there about eight days killing cattle. They were Cherokees. None of the people in the fort were killed. Relief came in from Holston and then they left.

The last record directly referring to the death of Cowan is a letter written from Tennessee to Dr. Lyman C. Draper by John Carr who, as a small child, was with his family in the fort at the time. He writes:

We forted in Houston's Fort in Washington County, Virginia, on a creek called Big Moccasin Creek, about 10 or 15 miles north of Clinch River. The Indians made an attack on the fort. They killed a man by the name of Cowan. After firing upon the fort for about half a day they were driven off. I recollect that my father sat me up so as to enable me to see through the port holes the Indians as they were firing upon the fort.

In May of 1778 a group of people were traveling from David Cowan's Fort (Upper Castlewood) to Moore's Fort in lower Castlewood, a distance of approximately two miles. They were attacked by Indians and Samuel Walker, son of John and Ann Houston Walker, was killed, and Ann Walker Cowan, widow of Samuel
Cowan, and her nephew, William Walker, were carried away as prisoners. Ann remained a prisoner for about seven years and her nephew, William Walker, never returned. For details of how they were captured, we go again to Mrs. Samuel Scott who lived on the Clinch from 1772 to 1783, and who was again present when this event occurred. She states:

One year while we lived on the Clinch we did not fort, and did not need to fort. Cowan’s Fort was about two miles from Moore’s Fort. We went to it [Cowan’s] one year, but it was too weak; but seven or eight families. The Indians attacked it. Miss Walker—then the Widow Cowan—was taken, going from it to Moore’s. Her and her sister’s son, William Walker, were taken—her sister married a Walker (???). Her brother, Matthew [really Samuel] Walker that went with her was killed, and the other man was shot at, but escaped and got into the fort. This Mrs. Cowan had just gotten back from this captivity as we passed the Crab Orchard [Lincoln Co., Kentucky] coming out to Kentucky. [It was 1783/84 that Mrs. Scott went to Kentucky.] Captain John Snoddy, William and Joe Moore’s wives were sisters to her [Mrs. Cowan]. They [Snoddy and the Moore brothers] werefortedthere[Crab Orchard]wheretheyhad moved from the Clinch. (Note by E. L. H.: Capt. John Snoddy’s wife, Margaret, really was a sister to Ann Walker Cowan, but I doubt that William and Joseph Moore’s
wives were her sisters; they may have been related in some other way.)

The will of John Walker, Jr., was probated in Washington County, Virginia, on November 17, 1778, and in this will he mentions his grandson, William Walker, who was perhaps the same who was captured by the Indians. The will was perhaps written before the capture occurred.

Judge M. B. Wood, of Estilville (now Gate City, Virginia), wrote to Draper in 1883, 9 MSS4C26(2), that Ann Walker Cowan was held captive for seven years, when she was ransomed and brought to Philadelphia, and that Patrick Porter went there and brought her home. This story seems questionable since Mrs. Scott says she was at the Crab Orchard in 1783/84, with her relatives the Snoddys and Moores, and at which time Patrick Porter was still living in Washington County, Virginia.

William Walker, who was captured by the Indians, was a son of John Walker III and his wife, who was a Miss Long. He was born around 1770/71 and would have been about eight years old when captured. William Walker, the captive, after growing up among the northern Indians, married Katherine Rankin, the daughter of John Rankin of Tyrone, Ireland, and his wife, Mary Montour. William died at Upper Sandusky, Ohio, on January 22, 1824.

William Walker, son of the captive, handed down the story of his father's capture by the Indians, as generally outlined below.

William Walker and his uncle, Samuel, were in a field plowing corn, young William riding the horse and his uncle holding the plow. When coming out at the end of a row, and in the act of turning they were fired upon by
Indians from behind the fence, wounding Samuel in both arms. The boy sprang from the horse and both fled, but he was captured before getting out of the field and his Uncle Samuel was overtaken and killed. The Indians then retreated and after traveling four or five miles, halted in a thick wood and a reconnoitering party returned to the invaded spot. In the afternoon the reconnoitering party returned laden with plunder and accompanied by another party of Delawares which the prisoners had not seen before, and with them as a prisoner, was his aunt, Ann Walker Cowan. Mrs. Cowan had been captured, as Mrs. Scott details, while traveling between Cowan’s and Moore’s Forts by the second party of Delaware Indians. While being the same group, the Indians had split into two separate raiding parties.

Then commenced the march toward Ohio, which was attended by many, many privations, hardship and hunger. The captives were looking backward and hoping and praying for a rescue party of whites, but none came. After crossing the Ohio River all hope of rescue vanished and, to add to their grief, the Indians again separated into two parties, each taking their own prisoners. Young William Walker never again saw his aunt.

The party having young Walker proceeded directly to the Indian town on the Scioto River. After resting here a few days they proceeded to their own settlement on the Whetstone (now Delaware), Ohio, where young Walker was forced to run the gauntlet. He was then adopted into an Indian family with whom he lived for four or five years.

While attending a council at Detroit with his Delaware friends, they met with a large group of Wyandottes, among which was an adopted white man named Adam Brown, who had been captured in Dunmore’s War,
and who had married an Indian woman and was influential in the tribe. The youth attracted his attention and a conversation in English occurred, young Walker not having forgotten his native tongue. Brown negotiated for his release and he was permitted to go with the Wyandottes after many obstacles were ironed out through the idea of kinship of the two tribes. No ransom was required and none given for his transfer since the exchange was through brothers and sale of a child was forbidden through brotherly ties. He lived with Brown until he was 21 or 22 years old, when he was married to Miss Katherine Rankin, daughter of a trader formerly connected with the Hudson Bay Company, whose name was John Rankin and whose wife was Mary Montour, half French and half Wyandotte Indian.

After marriage, he settled near Gibraltar, Wayne County, Michigan, about 1790. He later became a very important personage in working for the United States among the Indians. At the outbreak of the War of 1812, he was appointed Special Indian Agent and was successful in keeping the Indians as allies of the United States. His service to the United States government was outstanding and honorable and with much grief and misfortune to himself, including that of being a prisoner and a daring escape from the British. His son, William Walker, Jr., became the first governor of the Kansas Territory.

Jane Walker, daughter of the immigrant, John Walker, and his wife, Katherine Rutherford, and sister of John Walker of Broadmeadows, married James Moore in April 1734. They had a son, James Moore, who married Martha Poage, and moved from Rockbridge County, Virginia, to Abbs Valley in present Tazewell County, Virginia. He built a cabin in that lonely, isolated valley and moved his family there in 1772. In 1777, he was ap-
pointed a Lieutenant and in 1778 a Captain of Militia by
the Court of Washington County, Virginia, and from that
time until 1786 he was Commandant of Davidson’s Fort
on Cove Creek of Blue Stone River.

In July of 1784, the depredations by Indians began
on the family of Captain James Moore when his fourteen-
year-old son, James Moore, was captured by the Shawnee
Black Wolf, his son, and another Indian, when he went to
a field to get a horse to ride to the mill. He was carried
to the Shawnee Towns in Ohio and did not return until
September of 1789. The only source I know for details of
this capture is Pendleton’s History of Tazewell County,
and Pendleton lifted much of his material from Bickley’s
History of Tazewell, published about 1853. Pendleton
states: “In 1785 he was so fortunate as to get away from
the Indians, and several years after his return related the
following incidents in connection with his captivity.”

When we returned from hunting in the
spring the old man [Indian] gave me up to
Captain Elliott, a trader from Detroit. But
my mistress, Black Wolf’s sister, on hearing
this became very angry, threatened Elliott,
and got me back. Sometime in April [1785]
there was a dance at a town about two miles
from where I resided. This I attended in
company with the Indian to whom I be-
longed. Meeting with a French trader from
Detroit, by the name of Batest [Baptiste?]
Ariome, who took a fancy to me on account
of my resemblance to one of his sons, he
bought me for fifty dollars in Indian money.
Before leaving the dance, I met a Mr.
Sherlock, a trader from Kentucky, who had
formerly been a prisoner with the same Indians, who had rescued a lad by the name of Moffett, who had been captured at the head of the Clinch, and whose father was a particular and intimate friend of my father. I requested Mr. Sherlock to write my father, through Mr. Moffett, informing him of my captivity, and that I had been purchased by a French trader and was gone to Detroit. This letter, I have reason to believe, father received, and that it gave him the first information of what had become of me.

It was on one of these trading expeditions (with Mr. Ariome) that I first heard of the destruction of my family. This I learned from a Shawnee Indian with whom I became acquainted when I lived with them, and who was of that party on that occasion. I received the information sometime in the summer after it occurred.

In the following winter [1786/87] I learned that my sister Polly had been purchased by a Mr. Stagwell, an American by birth, but unfriendly to the American cause. He was a man of bad character—an unfeeling wretch—and treated my sister with great unkindness. At the time he resided a great distance from me. When I heard of my sister, I immediately prepared to go and see her; but it was then in the dead of winter, and the journey would have been attended with great difficulties. On being told by Mr.
Stagwell that he intended to move to the neighborhood where I resided in the following spring, I declined it. When I heard that Mr. Stagwell had moved, as was contemplated, I immediately went to see her. I found her in the most abject condition, almost naked, being clothed only by a few dirty and tattered rags, exhibiting to my mind an object of pity indeed. It is impossible to describe my feeling on the occasion; sorrow and joy were both combined, and I have no doubt my sister’s were similar to my own. On being advised, I applied to the Commanding Officer at Detroit, informing him of her treatment, with the hope of effecting her release. I went to Mr. Simon Girty, and to Colonel McKee, the Superintendent of the Indians, who had Mr. Stagwell brought to trial to answer the charges against him. But I failed to procure her release. It was decided, however, when an opportunity should occur for our returning to our friends, she should be released without re-muneration. This was punctually performed on application of Mr. Thomas Evans, who had come in search of his sister Martha, who had been purchased from the Indians by a family in the neighborhood and was, at the time, with a Mr. Donaldson, a worthy and wealthy English farmer, and working for herself.

All now being at liberty, we made preparations for our journey to our distant friends
and set out, I think sometime in the month of October, 1789; it being a little more than five years from the time of my captivity, and a little more than three years after the captivity of my sister and Martha Evans. A trading boat coming down the lakes, we obtained passage for me and my sister to the Moravian Towns, a distance of about two hundred miles, and on the route to Pittsburg. There, according to appointment, we met with Mr. Evans and his sister on the day after our arrival. He had, in the meantime, procured three horses, and we immediately set out for Pittsburg. Fortunately for us a party of friendly Indians, from these towns, were about starting on a hunting expedition, and accompanied us for a considerable distance on our route, which was through a wilderness, and the hunting ground of an unfriendly tribe. On one of the nights, during our journey, we encamped near a large party of these unfriendly Indians. The next morning four or five of their warriors, painted red, came into our camp. This much alarmed us. They made inquiries, but did not molest us, which might have been the case if we had not been in company with other Indians. After this nothing occurred worthy of notice until we reached Pittsburg. Probably we would have reached Rockbridge that fall, if Mr. Evans had not, unfortunately, got his shoulder dislocated. In consequence of this, we remained until spring with an uncle of his, in
the vicinity of Pittsburg. Having expended nearly all of his money in traveling, and with the physician, he left his sister and proceeded on with Polly and myself to the house of our Uncle William McPhaetus [McPheeters?] about ten miles southwest of Staunton, near the Middle River. He received from Uncle Joseph Moore, the Administrator of father's estate, compensation for his services, and afterwards returned and brought his sister.

On July 21, 1786, Walter Crockett, County Lieutenant of Montgomery County, Virginia, wrote Governor Patrick Henry the following:

I am sorry to inform your Excellency that on the 14th instant, a party of Indians supposed to be about 40 or 50 in number, came to the house of Captain James Moore on Bluestone, in this county, and killed himself, and his whole family, eleven in number, and carried off his whole stock, which was very valuable. They likewise burned the house and fencing, and left several war clubs and arrows and to all appearances are for continuing hostilities.

On October 25, 1970, this writer and Mr. L. F. Addington, President of the Southwest Virginia Historical Society, visited the spot in Abbs Valley, in Tazewell County, Virginia, where Captain Moore and his family were captured and massacred on that fateful July 14,
1786. Our conductor was Mr. William Taylor Moore, great-great grandson of Captain Moore, who explained the details of the attack thusly:

Captain Moore had gone across a small ravine some three or four hundred yards to salt his stock. The Indians came running down the hill above him and also down the hill behind his house, thus cutting him off from the house. He was shot down near a large uprooted oak, and when the soldiers came they wrapped his body in a sheet and buried him where the tree had uprooted, not having tools for digging a proper grave. The soldiers found the remains of two of his children and buried them beside him.

Mr. Moore has three pieces of native sandstone marker that someone had carved and erected at Captain Moore’s grave. They fit the remaining portion still at the grave. Carved into the stone was: “Captain James Moore killed by Indians 1786.”

One of the small graves near Captain Moore’s grave has a small stone at the head with no markings. The second little grave is not marked at all and its location would be only a guess. The head and foot stones of Captain Moore’s grave are now separated by a large oak tree growing out of his grave.

Down the draw a short distance from the graves, where a small fish dam now is, was once a miniature waterfall where the Moore family obtained their household water, and here two of the children were slain as they were returning to the house with water. Some fifteen or twenty
feet below the fall is an overhanging rock under which Martha Evans was hiding when she was captured.

After Mary "Polly" Moore returned from captivity, she married Rev. Samuel Brown of Rockbridge County, Virginia, and in that county at New Providence Church is a marker which reads: "In memory of Rev. Samuel Brown, 1766–1818, Pastor New Providence Church, 1796–1818, Mary Moore, his wife, 1776–1824."

Captain James Moore had first come to Abb's Valley in 1771, according to Mr. William Taylor Moore, and had lived the winter of that year in a cave with Absalom Looney, a sort of hunter and ginseng digger, and who had induced Captain Moore to settle in the valley. He returned to Rockbridge County and moved his family out the following year of 1772.

Abbs Valley then was a very isolated and lonely spot, then miles long and less than a half mile wide, being many miles from the nearest fort, which was Davidson's Garrison on Cove Creek, a tributary of Bluestone River.

The descendants of Captain Moore in 1928 erected a large and impressive monument of gray sandstone and placed upon it a large bronze placard engraved with the following:

"Erected to the memory of Captain James Moore, a soldier of the Revolution having commanded a company at Cowpens, Guilford Courthouse and Kings Mountain. Killed by Indians. July 14, 1786"

TO

Martha Poage and Jane Moore, wife and daughter who were captured and taken to Chillicothe, Ohio, and burned at the stake.
TO

William, Alexander, Margaret, John, and infant children of Captain Moore who were massacred.

TO

James and Mary Moore, son and daughter, and to Martha Evans, who were captured and carried to Canada, held captive for five years. Were rescued by Thomas Evans, brother of Martha Evans.

Though he slay me yet will I trust him. Erected by their descendants 1928."

Pendleton, in his History of Tazewell County, gives the following story, probably taken from the earlier Bickley history:

In July 1786, a party of 47 Indians of the Shawnee tribe, again entered Abbs Valley. Captain Moore kept five or six loaded guns in his house, which was a strong log building, and hoped by the assistance of his wife, who was very active in loading a gun, together with Simpson, a man who lived with him, to be able to repel the attack of a small party of Indians. Relying on his prowess, he had not sought refuge in a fort, as many of the settlers had; a fact of which the Indians seemed to be aware, from their cutting out the tongues of his horse and cat-
tle, and partially skinning them. It seems they were afraid to attack him openly, and sought rather to drive him to the fort, that they might sack his house.

On the morning of the attack, Captain Moore was at a lick bog a short distance from his house, salting his horses, of which he had many. William Clark and an Irishman were reaping in front of the house. Mrs. Moore and the family were engaged on the ordinary business of house work. A man named [John] Simpson was sick upstairs.

The two men who were in the field at work saw the Indians coming at full speed, down the hill toward Captain Moore's, who at this time discovered them and started in a run for the house. He was, however, shot through the body and died immediately. Two of his children, William and Rebecca, were returning from the spring, and were killed at the same time. The Indians had now approached near the house and were met by the fierce dogs, which fought manfully to protect the home of their master. After a fearful contest, the fiercest one was killed and the others subdued.

The two men who were reaping, hearing the alarm, and seeing the house surrounded, fled and alarmed the settlements. At that time the nearest family was distant six miles. As soon as the alarm was given, Mrs. Moore
and Martha Evans barred the door, but this to no avail. There was no man in the house at this time except John Simpson, the old Englishman already alluded to, and he was in the loft, sick and in bed. There were five or six guns in the house, but having been shot off the evening before, they were empty. It was intended to have loaded them after breakfast. Martha Evans took two of them and went upstairs where Simpson was and handing them to him, told him to shoot. He looked up, but had been shot through a crack and was then near his end.

The Indians then proceeded to cut down the door, which they soon effected. During this time, Martha Evans went to the far end of the house, lifted up a loose plank, and went under the floor, and requested Polly Moore (then eight years old) who had the youngest child called Margaret (who was crying) in her arms, to sit the child down, and come under. Polly looked at the child, clasped it to her breast, and determined to share its fate. The Indians having broken into the house, took Mrs. Moore and the children, viz., John, Jane, Polly, and Peggy, prisoners, and having taken everything that suited them, they set it and the other buildings on fire, and went away.

Martha Evans remained under the floor a short time, and then came out and hid herself under a log that lay across a branch, not far
from the house. The Indians having tarried a short time, with a view of catching horses, one of them walked across the log, sat down on the end of it, and began to fix his gun lock. Miss Evans, supposing that she was discovered, and that he was preparing to shoot her, came out and gave up. At this he seemed pleased. They then set out for their towns.

Perceiving that John Moore was a boy weak in mind and body, and unable to travel, they killed him the first day. The baby they took two or three days, but it being fretful on account of a wound it had received, they dashed its brains out against a tree. They then moved on with haste to their towns. For sometime it was usual to tie, very securely, each of the prisoners at night, and for a warrior to lie beside each of them with a tomahawk in his hand so that in case of pursuit, the prisoners might be speedily dispatched.

Shortly after they reached the towns, Mrs. Moore and her daughter Jane, about sixteen years old, were put to death, being burned and tortured at the stake. This lasted some time, during which time she manifested the utmost Christian fortitude and bore it without a murmur, at intervals conversing with her daughter Polly, and Martha Evans, and expressing great anxiety for the moment to arrive when her soul should wing its way to
the bosom of the Saviour. At length an old squaw, more humane than the rest, dispatched her with a tomahawk.

Polly Moore and Martha Evans eventually reached home, as described in the narrative of James Moore.

It is said that Mrs. Moore had her body stuck full of light wood splinters which were fired, and she was thus tortured three days before she died.

* * *

The killing of James Green by the Indians also touches on the Walker family, for his wife was Jane Porter, the daughter of Patrick and Susanna Walker Porter, and granddaughter of John Jr. and Ann Houston Walker.

James Green and two other men from Scott County, Virginia, had gone to the Pound River in present Wise County to hunt. They were surprised by Indians at their hunting camp, and James Green and one other hunter was killed, while the third man escaped. He returned to the settlement in Scott County and led a searching party for the bodies, found them, and according to tradition buried them in a hollow tree, near the mouth of Indian Creek, the creek probably being named for this occurrence.

That James Green was killed by the Indians is proven by two sources. The first of these is a letter written by Colonel Arthur Campbell to the Governor of Virginia, dated January 29, 1783, stating:
On Christmas day last [1782] the Indians attacked the house of John Ingles [English] on Clinch, in this county, scalped and otherwise grievously wounded a young man of the name of Cox, overtaken in the field. The second day afterward, as the Indians were making off toward the head of Sandy River they came on three hunters, two of whom they killed.

The second proof comes from Russell County, Virginia, Court Order Book 3, page 266, dated December 27, 1803, and reads:

Ordered that it be certified to the Registrar of the Land Office that it is proven to this court that James Green is the son and heir at law of James Green, who was killed by the savages on the 31st of December, 1872, and that the said James Green was born on the 12th of February, 1783.

That James Green, Jr., was born posthumously and the only child of James Green, Sr., proves that his father was a young man, and had been married only a short time when he was killed. In fact, his mother, Jane Porter, was born in 1761, and at the time her husband, James Green, was slain, was twenty-one years old. The son, James Green, Jr., grew to manhood in Scott County, Virginia, and married Dulcena Stallard, and many of their descendants live in Virginia and Kentucky. Not only the Greens, but Stuarts, Todds, Prices, Porters, and many other families of Virginia and Kentucky are descendants of the Walker family.