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LEGENDS OF THE SKYLINE DRIVE AND THE GREAT VALLEY OF VIRGINIA

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Содержание

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Foreword

Tucked away among the hills and valleys in and near the Shenandoah National Park and the Great Valley of Virginia are stories of the beginnings of the white man's life beyond the comparative ease of early Tidewater Virginia. These stories are true ones and they depict something of the courage and hardihood of the early Virginia pioneer. Perhaps in reading of their lives we may catch something of the majesty and charm of their surroundings which were reflected to a marked degree in their way of living. Surely they must often have said, "I will look unto the hills from whence cometh my strength" or how else may we account for the developments which came as the result of their constant struggle for survival?

Stories of colonial Virginia on the eastern seaboard are numerous and usually exciting but they are quite different from the tales beyond the Piedmont. A combination of them may

enable us to know Virginia as a whole in a more appreciative way.

Long before the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe ever set foot in the wilds of Virginia, intrepid explorers had passed through various parts of the Valley country.

In 1654—more than sixty years before the Governor's expedition—Colonel Abraham Wood received permission to explore beyond the mountains. His purpose was to establish trade relations with the Indians. His journey carried him through the lower Blue Ridge, crossing the range near the Virginia-North Carolina line.

Reference is made elsewhere of the explorations conducted by the one-time monk, John Lederer, whose journal of the trip was first translated from German and published in London in 1672.

Let us plainly understand however that each of these trips was of a migratory nature; not a thought was entertained by any of the participants of remaining in the Virginia mountains. Any white man found in these sections at this time was there because of good hunting grounds, hopes of good trading, the zeal of a missionary spirit or love of adventure and exploration.

The earliest settlers in the Valley in most part came either from Maryland or Pennsylvania. They came in search of rich, cheap land or for economic reasons or in the hope of establishing greater freedom for themselves and their children.

Two nationalities invaded the Great Valley almost simultaneously: the Germans and Scotch-Irish—both fine, sturdy, healthy and thrifty stock which is reflected in marked

degree among the present inhabitants of the region. Their real interest in the new settlements may truthfully be said to have begun about 1730 when land grants were obtained. About two years later the actual move into the country and the house building commenced in earnest.

The German settlers located chiefly along the territory extending from Winchester to Staunton. The Scotch-Irish on the other hand selected Staunton and the valley south of the town for their claims. No nice distinction can be made so easily, for we shall find the two groups interspersed all along the entire length of the Valley. But generally speaking their domains may be defined thus.

So much fighting during the wars of our country could not have been fought in this section of the State without leaving in its wake the stories of chivalry, courage and accomplishment, a few of which are included.

It is our desire that the trips along the Skyline Drive and in the Great Valley country may be enriched and the imagination stirred because of the accounts included in this small book.

Knights of The Golden Horseshoe

Alexander Spotswood was the first Virginia Governor to become interested in the glowing accounts which the hunters and trappers brought back from the hill sections of the colony. He determined to see for himself those distant blue ridges.

And while historians have not told us who guided him to the upper or western boundary of what was then Essex County, we are told that he became enthusiastic over the rich iron ore which he found in the peninsula formed by the Rapidan River. He decided to build iron furnaces at a point near the river. Later he had his agent, Baron de Graffenreid, go to Germany and bring master mechanics and their families to Virginia.

The first German colony came in 1714 to Virginia and journeyed to Germanna, as they called their new home on the bank of the Rapidan River. They were made up of twelve families and numbered forty-two people in all, men, women and children.

The Virginia Council passed an act which provided protection for the Germans. A fort was built for them, ammunition and two cannon were sent and an order was given for a road to be made to the settlement.

These men and women were brave, loyal and deeply religious. They belonged to the German Reformed Church, which was a branch of the Presbyterian family of churches. Here they organized the first congregation of that faith in America and

here they built their church. They had come from Westphalia, in Germany, and of course had brought their own customs and manners, which are not entirely gone even in our modern Virginia. Later, as we shall see, many of this first colony left Germanna and settled on Licking Run near Warrenton.

In 1717 came a second German colony to Germanna. They too were brave, loyal, and devout; but were different from the first, being Lutherans and representing twenty families from Pennsylvania.

Two years later, the third colony of Germans came to Germanna and from there they settled in Orange and Madison counties.

If Governor Spotswood earned the title of "Tubal Cain of America", it was because these Germans were industrious, thrifty and honest.

The Governor liked the neighborhood so well that he had a palace built for his family. There was a terraced garden, which one may trace in the ruins found there today. A courthouse was built there, for a new county had been cut from Essex and was called Spotsylvania, in the Governor's honor. Nearby was a bubbling fountain spring at which tourists stop today to quench their thirst. This has been marked by the Colonial Dames and over it there is a hand-wrought iron standard, giving the legend of the spring.

In 1732, Colonel William Byrd of Westover visited Governor Spotswood at Germanna. He was one of the Commissioners who

ran the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina. He held many positions of honor and trust in the colony. His writings give an intimate picture of Governor Spotswood's settlement:

Progress to the Mines

"Here I arrived about three o'clock, and found only Mrs. Spotswood at home, who received her old acquaintance with many gracious smiles. I was carried into a room elegantly set off with pier glasses, the largest of which came soon to an odd misfortune. Amongst other favorite animals to cheer this lady's solitude, a brace of deer ran familiarly about the house, and one of them came to stare at me as a stranger. But unluckily spying his own figure in the glass, he made a spring over the tea-table that stood under it, and shattered the glass to pieces, and falling back upon the tea-table made a terrible fracas among the china. This exploit was so sudden and accompanied with such a noise, that it surprised me and perfectly frightened Mrs. Spotswood. But it was worth all the damage to show the moderation and good humor with which she bore the disaster. In the evening the noble Colonel came home from his mines, who saluted me very civilly, and Mrs. Spotswood's sister, Miss Theky, who had been to meet him *en cavalier*, was kind too, as to bid me welcome.

"We talked over a legion of old stories, supped about nine, and then prattled with the ladies till it was time to retire. In the meantime, I observed my old friend to be very

uxorious and exceedingly fond of his children. This was opposite to the maxims he used to preach before he was married, that I could not forbear rubbing up the memory of them. But he gave a very good natural turn to his change of sentiments, by alleging that whoever brings a poor gentlewoman to so solitary a place, from all her friends and acquaintances, would be very ungrateful not to use her and all that belongs to her with all possible tenderness.

"We all kept snug in our apartments till nine, except Miss Theky, who was the housewife of the family. At that hour we met over a pot of coffee, which was not quite strong enough to give us the palsy. After breakfast the Colonel and I left the ladies to their domestic affairs, and took a turn in the garden which has nothing but three terraced walks that fall in slopes one below the other.... I let him know that I had come to be instructed by so great a master in the mystery of making iron and that he led the way and was the Tubal Cain of America.... He assured me he was not only the first in this country, but the first in North America who had erected a regular furnace, that they ran altogether upon bloomeries in New England and Pennsylvania, till his example had made them attempt greater works.... At night we drank prosperity to all the Colonel's projects in a bowl of rack punch, and then retired to our devotions....

"I sallied out at the first summons to breakfast, where our conversation with the ladies, like whipped sillibub, was very pretty, but had nothing in it. This it seems was Miss Theky's birthday, upon which I made her my compliments, and wished she might live twice as long a married woman

as she had lived a maid. I did not presume to pry into the secret of her age, nor was she forward to disclose it.... She contrived to make this a day of mourning for having nothing better at present to set her affections upon."

It was really from Germanna that the Great Expedition to the Mountains began. Of course we know that Williamsburg was the scene of great excitement when the Governor and some of his staff gathered for the first start. The party consisted of the Governor, Fontaine, whose diary gives us accounts of the journey, Beverley, the historian of Virginia in 1703, Colonel Robertson, Austin Smith, Dr. Robinson, Messrs. Talor, Brooke and Mason and Captains Smith and Clouder. Others were gentlemen, servants and guides. All were delayed when an old trapper told them that their horses' feet would be ruined if not shod. In the sandy soil of eastern Virginia it was not necessary to shoe one's horse, but the rocks, as one travelled inland, would ruin the horse's feet. The party made the best of the long wait by drinking the health of the King, toasts to the maids left behind and in other farewells.

The party, after five days, reached Germanna and it is from Fontaine's journal that we are told of the details of the trip. He relates the hardships; some, including the writer, had fevers and chills and drank Jesuits' bark tea. Their beds, made of boughs, were not soft enough and the men slept badly and were sore the next day after camping out in the wilderness. They made about six miles a day. Their food was bear's meat, venison, and wild

game, which they roasted on long wooden forks over glowing coals. And each time they ate, they also drank the King's health, not forgetting any of his children in their toasts. Fontaine writes —

> "We saw when we were over the mountain the footing of elks and buffaloes, and their beds. We saw a vine which bore a sort of wild cucumber and a shrub with fruit like unto a currant. We ate very good wild grapes.... We crossed a river which we called the Euphrates. It is very deep, the main course of the water is north, it is four score yards wide in the narrowest part.... I got some grasshoppers and fished … we catched a dish of fish, some perch and a fish called Chub. The others went ahunting and killed deer and turkeys.... I engraved my name on a tree by the river's side and the Governor buried a bottle with a paper inside, on which he writ that he took possession of this place in the name of King George the First of England....
>
> "We had a good dinner, and after it we got the men together and loaded all their arms and we drank the King's health in champagne and fired a volley, and the Princess's health in Burgundy and fired a volley, and all the rest of the Royal family in claret and a volley. We drank the Governor's health and fired a volley.
>
> "We had several sorts of liquors, viz Virginian red wine and white Irish usquebaugh, brandy, shrub, two sorts of rum, champagne, canary, cherry punch water and cider."

It was thirty-six days after leaving Williamsburg that the party finally reached the mountain and scaled Swift Run Gap and for

the first time a group of Englishmen looked down into the fertile valley beyond.

The Governor was a romantic person, as well as practical, so he wanted to have something tangible by which all of his party might remember their thrilling trip. He asked some of his men what they thought of the idea and someone suggested, no doubt in fun, that they call themselves the "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe".

Anyway, historians relate that when he returned to Williamsburg, he promptly wrote a letter to His Majesty and told him of the wonderful country "beyond the mountains". He also asked for a grant for the Order of the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe. In due time a proclamation arrived from England creating The Order of the Golden Horseshoe and also fifty tiny golden horseshoes inscribed in Latin "*Sic jurat transcerde mantes*". There was a seal and a signature and the title of Knight was conferred upon the Governor.

The King also had his own sense of humor and included with all the rest, the bill for the golden horseshoes! And we are told the sporting Governor paid for them out of his own pocket without any regrets.

Let us start our journey from this historic spot and drive along the recently built Skyline Drive. As we go we may look down upon the first settlers' homes, around which are built the thrifty towns of today.

Adam Miller and His Neighbors

Among the earliest settlers in the valley were young Germans, Adam Mueller and his wife and his sister. Adam, as was his family, was born in Germany. Like many others, he had left because of religious persecution, devastating wars and social unrest. His first home in the new country was in Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Adam Miller (as his name was soon after spelled) journeyed to Williamsburg, Virginia. There, he told someone, he wanted to make his home. It was not long after the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe had returned with their glowing accounts of the land beyond the mountains. Adam listened with deep interest to the descriptions of the Valley where a native grass grew on which buffalo fattened, where game lived all year and where a forest fringed the fertile valleys. He decided to go with some hunters and he found the kind of land which he wanted. Before he returned to Lancaster he had built a rude log cabin. He returned home by way of Williamsburg, and soon his wife and sister were getting ready to set forth. Many of his German neighbors were interested also, and historians claim he was the first German to build near Massanutten Mountain.

His neighbors were Abram Strickler, Mathias Selser, Phillip Long, Paul Long, Michael Rinehart, and Jonathan Rood. Some give the date of this settlement as early as 1726. Adam Miller

took out his naturalization papers a few years later and today, the visitor may read the quaint document hanging on the walls of the Miller home, near Elkton, Virginia.

His log cabin was soon outgrown. He was a good farmer and his wife and sister helped him. His crops were larger each year. Besides, Adam was a business man. He secured a large land grant and he soon was selling off farms to other Germans who came from Pennsylvania and from Germany.

The Millers built a larger home and they bought some good sturdy furniture to replace the crude tables and chairs which were home-made. They took pleasure in getting the home all ready before they moved into it. They had even spread the beds with the new hand-woven coverlets which his wife and sister had made during the long winter nights. The next night they would sleep in their new home. But during the night, a fire broke out—no one ever knew its origin—and everything was destroyed before the family woke up!

The Millers were undaunted, so they built again. We are told what good neighbors there were in those days. The men took their own axes and cut down the trees. They dressed the lumber, sawed the timbers by careful measurements, laid foundations, and built chimneys. It did not take so long to build a house. The visitor today will see a big white house on the road between Luray and Elkton, almost beneath the shadow of old Massanutten Mountain. He will see the marker which tells him that this house was built by the Miller family. Inside, the visitor will see

priceless early American furniture. He will see rosewood and later Empire furniture, too, as other generations added to their heritage. But when one goes into the log cabin kitchen he will stand in reverence before a collection of early Dutch tables, chairs, platters, plates of Delft and pewter, spoons of the same ware. There is a huge corner cupboard which everyone would like to have for his own. This house no longer has a direct descendant of Adam and his good wife to occupy it, for the last one of his line recently died.

Adam Miller was not only a good neighbor to his German friends but we are told they did not have much trouble with the Indians during the first years he lived in the Valley. However, he was a brave fighter during the Indian Wars and his record is given in *Henning's Statutes*. He lived through most of the Revolutionary War and no doubt longed to fight in behalf of the country which had given him the opportunity to develop it.

> "On Sunday evening, Dec. 3rd, 1749 a young Franciscan went with us (*Diary of Leonard Schell, a Moravian Missionary*) to show us the way to Mathias Schawb, who immediately on my offer to preach for them, sent messengers to announce my sermon. In a short time a considerable number of people assembled to whom I preached. After the sermon I baptised a child of Holland's. We stayed overnight with Mathias Schawb. His wife told us we were always welcome and we must come to them whenever we came into that district.
>
> "Toward evening a man from another Dutch settlement,

Adam Miller passed. I told him that I would like to come to his house and preach there. He asked if I were sent by God and I answered yes. He said if I were sent by God I should be welcome, but he said there are at present so many kinds of people that often one does not know where they come from. I requested him to notify his neighbors that I would preach which he did.

"On Dec. 4th we left Schawb's house commending the whole family to God. We travelled through the rain across the South Shenandoah to Adam Miller's house who received us with much love. We stayed over night.

"On Dec. 5th I preached at Adam Miller's house on 'Whosoever thirsteth let him come to the water and drink.' A number of thirsty souls were present. Especially Adam Miller took in every word and after the sermon declared himself well pleased. In the afternoon we travelled a short distance, staying overnight with a Swiss."

Joist Hite, the Pioneer

When Joist Hite arrived in Virginia he and his family were required to settle on the land bought from the VanMeters. His purchase was made in June 1731. In October of the same year, he and Robert McKay obtained a grant from the Colonial Government to have 100,000 acres of land surveyed on the west side of the mountain, with the agreement to bring in one hundred settlers within two years. During that year, Hite moved in and settled on that land, but he got an extension of time for bringing in other settlers. By Christmas of 1735 Hite had brought in fifty-four families.

All this land was in the County of Spotsylvania and Hite found that he and his brothers were too far away from the courts so he became interested in getting a new county organized in 1734. This was named Orange, in honor of the Duke of Orange. Later on, having acquired more land, he found himself again too far removed from a court house. And again he applied for a new county. In fact he needed two counties for all his lands and ever-increasing settlers. In 1738 Orange County was divided into three counties, namely: Orange, Frederick, and Augusta to the west of the mountain. With Joist Hite and his wife Anna Maria came their daughters, Mary, her husband George Bowman, Elizabeth and her husband Paul Froman, Magadelena and her husband Jacob Chrisman, and their sons John, Jacob,

Isaac, Abraham and Joseph. Hite, we are told, allowed his sons-in-law to choose their own homesteads.

His wife, Anna Maria, died in 1738 at Long Meadows and soon he married again. We read the following quaint marriage contracts between him and his second wife:

> "In the Name of Jesus
>
> "Whereas, we, two persons, I, Joist Hite and Maria Magadelena, Relict and Widow of Christian Nuschanger, according to God's holy ordinance and the knowledge and consent of our Friends and Children and Relations are going to enter into the holy state of Matrimony. We have made this Nuptial part one with the others. First promise to the aforesaid Maria Magadalena all the Christian Love and Faithfulness. Secondly, as neither of us are a moment secure from death so I promise her Home or Widow Seat so long as she lives and the Heir to whom the said House shall fall shall provide the necessary Diet and Cloathes and if that do not please but that she rather desire to have her commendations in any other place, so shall the foresaid Heir to the House yearly pay her Six Pounds ready money and this is my well considered desire.
>
> "Joist Hite."
>
> "And Likewise wife, I Maria Magadalena promise the aforesaid Joist Hite. First of all, Love and Obedience. Secondly, I am designed to bring with me to him some cattle, money, household goods which in agreement with attested witnesses shall be Described and should I die before the said Hite so shall the said Hite have the half thereof and

the other half shall be delivered back again to my heirs and this is also my well considered desire. Thirdly and Lastly, whoever of the aforesaid persons shall die first the half of the portion the Woman brings with her shall go back to her heirs."

The following goods were brought by the said Mary Magadelena to Joist Hite:

"1 In ready money, twenty two pounds seventeen Shillings and four pence.

2 Two mares one colt value of fourteen pounds.

3 Two drawing steers value three pounds, ten shillings.

4 Two coarse beds Cloathes in all three pounds, Sixteen Shillings and six pence. And said money is adjudged to be in Virginia Currency the 16th day of November, 1741, also one horse mare, six pounds."

Another neighbor pioneering in the Valley was Jacob Stover who secured land grants. History records that he resorted to unusual methods in obtaining them. Upon application, it was necessary to convince the authorities that the applicant could furnish a sufficient number of families to settle the land requested. Stover did not have the required number. He took himself to England to petition the King and in order to be convincing he gave names to every living thing he possessed —dogs, sheep, horses, cows and pigs! After his successful trip which resulted in receiving the land grant, he commenced selling small acreages to the new-comers. He enriched himself

materially, but incurred the wrath of his associates.

German Neighbors

Quakers

Long ago, a shrewd trader from New York, John VanMeter, came into the Valley. He made friends with the Delawares and often went with them on their hunting trips. Once he even fought on their side against their enemies, the Catawbas. While on this visit South, he saw for the first time the fertile native grass, which grew "five or six feet high", in the Valley. When he returned to New York he told his sons about the rich country, far to the South, and advised them to secure some of it. One of them, Isaac, took his father's advice and came to Virginia in 1736-7 and with a tomahawk cut certain trees, thus making his original claim. This was called the "Tomakawk Right".

Isaac and his brother John secured a warrant from Governor Gooch for forty thousand acres of land. Later on they sold or transferred part of their grant to Joist Hite who was later called the "Old Baron". The latter was one of the hardiest pioneers and in 1734 was appointed by the Virginia Council to act as magistrate. This gave him authority to settle disputes, and to uphold the laws of Virginia as well as to punish all offenders.

Hite soon built a stone house on Opequon Creek and his sons

and daughters grew to be splendid men and women. His sons-in-law, George Bowman, Jacob Chrisman and Paul Froman and their families had come with him from Pennsylvania. Robert McKay, Robert Green, William Duff, Peter Stevens and several other families helped each other select land, build homes and a fort.

We are told that the Indians had heard of the kindly relations which existed between the Indians and William Penn's colonists. We know he paid the Indians for their lands, and records show that many of the Germans, especially the Quakers, who settled on Apple Pie Ridge also bought lands from the Indians. These settlers were never disturbed by the Indians. However, when it came to the lands which we now call the Great Valley of Virginia, the Indians were agreed among themselves that no one tribe was to possess any of it. The lands were so fertile and so much game feasted there, that all should be at peace when in the Valley.

So when the first Quakers came we find these names recorded: the Neills, Walkers, Bransons, McKays, Hackneys, Beesoms, Luptons, Barretts, Dillons and Fawcetts.

Another Quaker, Ross, obtained a warrant for surveying lands and his lines were run along the Opequon, north of Winchester, and up to Apple Pie Ridge. Soon many other Quakers from Pennsylvania were moving into the Valley to settle on Ross's surveys. By 1738 these deeply religious people had built homes and were holding monthly meetings to worship God. They had tiny settlements up and down the Valley. They cultivated their

farms, took little interest in politics, cared very little for worldly intercourse and made excellent neighbors. Their manners and dress were plain, their furniture only what was necessary, their homes were crude, but their barns were large and their cattle were well protected.

They refused to pay taxes during the Revolutionary War or to bear arms. Then their neighbors began to ridicule them, calling them cowards, and were no longer friendly. Officers came and seized their crops or property and sold them to raise funds with which to carry on the War against England. The Legislature enacted a law whereby a Quaker either had to fight or pay a substitute to fight for him. Their personal property was put under the hammer and soon they were reduced to poverty. One incident will give us a picture of those far-off days. James Gotharp lived with his neighbors on Apple Pie Ridge. One day during the Revolutionary War officers came, demanding that he should march away with them to join the militia; he refused. The men forced him to come along and later he was made a guard. He was placed beside a baggage wagon and told to let no man go into the wagon who did not have a written order from the commanding officer. Along came an officer who started to climb into the vehicle. James called to him and demanded to see his order of authority. The officer cursed him and stepped up to climb in. James caught him by his legs and pulled his feet off the step. This caused the officer to fall, striking his face against the wagon, bruising his nose and mouth severely.

The dress of the Quakers is still picturesque and many are to be seen in certain sections of the Valley. They wear a broad brimmed hat, a long frock coat, generally black. The women wear full skirts, down to their ankles, black hose, plain black shoes, with round toes. Their bodices, usually black or gray in color, are severely cut, with long plain sleeves, with a high neck, relieved by a white collar. They usually wear a small cap, made of the same material as their dress.

Dunkards

Lending an air of uniqueness yet to the Valley towns is that religious sect called Dunkards. One sees the women of that denomination, with their little black bonnets, on almost any street in any town along the Lee Highway.

At one time the sect was called Tunkers. They are an offshoot of the Seventh-Day Baptists and had their beginnings in the Valley a little after 1732.

When Dr. Thomas Walker passed through the section on his way westward he noted in his journal on March 17th, 1750, "The Dunkards are an odd set of people, who make it a matter of religion not to Shave their Beards, ly on Beds, or eat Flesh though at present, in the last, they transgress, being constrained to it, as they say, by the want of a sufficiency of Grain and Roots, they having not long been seated here. I doubt the plenty and deliciousness of the Venison and Turkeys has contributed

not a little to this. The unmarried have no private Property, but live on a common Stock. They don't baptize either Young or Old, they keep their Sabbath on Saturday, and hold that all men shall be happy hereafter, but first must pass through punishment according to their Sins. They are very hospitable."

The Dunkards built a part of their faith around their disapproval of violence, even for self-defense, and their submission to fraud or wrongdoing rather than resorting to court trials.

The Scotch-Irish in the Valley

Many reasons caused the people of Europe to emigrate during the eighteenth century. In Ireland and Scotland an unrest was spreading as seen in the story of John Lewis.

He was born in Ireland and was a thrifty gentleman. He fell in love with and married Margaret Lynn, daughter of the laird of Loch Lynn, a descendant of a powerful Scotch clan. They were very happy with their three little sons and soon John Lewis rented more lands from a landlord. These lands brought him more and more wealth and the landlord grew jealous. He told Lewis that he would not let him continue to cultivate them, although the lease was not expired.

One day the landlord came to the Lewis home. He brought many of his hirelings and demanded that Lewis vacate the house at once. At the time, Lewis' brother was ill and could not help him defend his home. Margaret, his wife, and a few servants quickly barred the doors and windows and defied the landlord to enter.

The infuriated man began to fire into the house and one shot killed John Lewis' brother and one wounded Margaret. John could not stand such an outrage any longer, so he rushed out and in the fight which followed, he killed the landlord.

His family and neighbors, knowing the influential Irish would not give him a fair trial, urged him to flee the country. At last he consented to go, but before he did, he carefully wrote down all the

details of the trouble and sent it to the proper authorities. Then he hastily left the country and soon was on his way to Virginia. Lewis went to Williamsburg after landing in Virginia. There he met a weaver, Salling, who told him some of the wildest stories he had ever heard.

The weaver had known a peddler, named Marlin, who took his pack far into the land beyond the mountains and traded his pewter ware, beads, compasses and other small articles to the Indians for furs. He told Salling such marvelous stories of the Indians and country that the weaver asked to let him go on one of his trips with him. This he did, and the weaver had plenty of adventures before he finally got back to Williamsburg.

The two men reached the Valley and were far beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains when the Cherokee Indians, thinking they were spies, took them prisoners. Marlin had the good fortune to get away, but Salling was carried farther across another mountain range into what is now Kentucky, where the Indians went to hunt buffalo. Here the Cherokees were attacked by their enemies from Illinois. Salling was again captured and carried off to the southwest. He was adopted by an old Indian squaw as her son and for some time he lived with her. At last a Spaniard bought him and took him as an interpreter to Canada. There he met the French Governor who sent him to New York and after six years, he at last reached Williamsburg.

You would think Salling after this would have settled down and become a weaver again. But life was too tame. When Lewis

asked him about the lands in the Valley, Salling decided to take him and the Englishman, John Mackay, who also wanted to go. Lewis found the country all that Salling had promised him and he decided to settle on a creek which bears his name today.

He obtained authority to 100,000 acres of land in and near the ground on which he built his fort-like house. Before very long, many of his friends and neighbors from Ireland were on their way to Virginia to join him. Many of them settled in Western Augusta near Fort Lewis. One can imagine how happy it made John Lewis to be told that the authorities, upon investigation, had granted him a pardon and absolved him from all blame in the killing of his landlord before he left Ireland. These Scotch-Irish, like their German neighbors, did not have very much trouble from the Indians for several years.

Thomas, a son of John Lewis, studied and went to represent his county in the House of Burgesses. He was a man of sound judgment and voted for Patrick Henry's celebrated resolutions.

Andrew, another son, was a soldier, and made his home in Botetourt County. During the Indian Wars, he was made a General but not until he had proved his worth in many a battle. He served with George Washington on July 4th, 1754 when Fort Necessity was taken, and he was present when the articles of the treaty were agreed upon. When Washington was made Commander-in-Chief, it is said he asked Lewis to accept the commission of brigadier-general. In 1776 he commanded the Virginians when Governor Dunnmore was driven from Gwynn's

Island and we are told he gave the order for attacking the enemy and he himself lighted the match to the eighteen-pounder.

General Lewis resigned in 1780 and on his way home was taken ill with fever. He died near Bedford, about forty miles from home.

We cannot give all the accounts of William, Andrew and Charles, the other sons, but if one would read interesting captures and escapes from Indians, he will find that of Charles most exciting.

The sons of John and Margaret Lynn Lewis helped to develop the Valley of Virginia and their name is an honored one wherever it is found.

Indians

Early historians give us some accounts of the various Indians in Virginia. Opechancanough, a warrior chief from the East, went to war with Sherando, a member of the Iroquois tribe. Opechancanough in crossing the mountains on a foraging expedition was once attacked by Sherando who felt his tribe should not have to share its hunting grounds with anyone else and resented the invasion. A fierce battle took place, with no one victor.

Opechancanough liked the country, so when he returned to his town below Williamsburg on the Chickahominy, he left his son and a few warriors to watch the hunting grounds which he had found so rich in game. This son, Shee-wa-a-nee, with his band soon had to fight the main body of the Iroquois and Sherando drove the Chief east of the mountains.

Opechancanough left the lowlands as soon as the news was brought to him by runners. He gathered his warriors and set off with a large force. He fell upon Sherando and in the fierce battles which followed, he slowly drove him from his grounds, and he never returned from his home near the Great Lakes.

Sheewa-a-nee was left again in charge of the Hunting Grounds and from that day the Shawnees held the lovely Valley until the coming of the white settlers.

The settlers kept many of the Indian names for both mountains

and streams. Opechancanough river was so called for the Great Chief. Legend and history tell us that in his later years he became blind and could no longer hunt in the lovely Shenandoah Valley.

There were many tribes of Indians in the country and though they did not all speak the same language, they did have a common tongue and could understand each other.

After 1710 all the lands west of the Blue Ridge Mountains were spoken of as Indian Country. The different tribes evidently had understanding among themselves about certain boundary lines as individual tribes had certain domains. When one violated these rights, there was a war in which whole tribes sometimes would be completely wiped out.

The Shawnees, the most powerful and warlike of all, claimed all the hunting grounds west of the Blue Ridge and as far west across the Alleghany as the Mississippi. They had three large towns in the Valley. One was near where Winchester stands today, one on the North River in Shenandoah County, and one on the South Branch, near where Moorefield is situated. They did allow other tribes to visit them in the Valley on condition they pay them tribute in skins or loot.

The next tribe was the Tuscaroras, and they spent most of their time in what is now West Virginia.

Another tribe was an offshoot from the Sherandos and were called Senedos. They were completely wiped out by the fierce tribe of Cherokees from the South, in 1732.

The Catawbas were from South Carolina and had their towns

along the river which still bears that name.

The Delawares came from Pennsylvania and their villages were along the Susquehanna River. The Susquenoughs were a large and friendly tribe on the Chesapeake Bay and they were good to the white settlers until their enemies, the Cenela tribes, drove them away from Tidewater Virginia. Then they went to the upper Potomac River. The Cenelas soon followed them to the same region. Another tribe, the Piscataway, lived along the headwaters of the Chesapeake Bay.

The Cherokees had their villages on the Tennessee River down in the Carolinas and Georgia and Alabama. This tribe was made up of the nations of the South, the Muscogluges, the Seminoles, Chickasaws, Choctaws and Creeks. At certain times, all these Indians made forages into the Valley. Besides these there were those from New York—the Senecas, Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas and Cayugas. These were called the Five Nations and they too claimed the right to hunt in the Valley. These Indians believed, we are told, that the Great Spirit had given this Valley to all Indians and it is not surprising that they resented the coming of the white men who soon began to build homes, barns and fences and who claimed the right to shoot the Indians if they came on their property.

Then the French about this time began to build forts along the St. Lawrence River, the Great Lakes and on down the Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico. The French made every effort to make friends with the Indians and told them the British had no

right to take their lands. The French said they would protect their rights if the Indians would let them. Consequently, they became allies of the French and they began to move their villages and towns toward the French lines. They continued to keep a part of their homes and to send back bands of hunters to look after the hunting grounds beyond the mountains.

If the Indians had not been friendly to those pioneers who dared to build homes in the Valley, there would not have been any civilization there until a much later date. But as we have seen, many of them came from Pennsylvania where William Penn and his colonists had dealt so fairly with the Indians. Naturally then, the Indians thought all the settlers would be like those. Besides, there were so few of them, they did not at first realize that their hunting grounds were being taken from them. Consequently, the Delawares and Catawbas in hunting did no harm, though they were bitter enemies and the settlers often saw them with prisoners from the other tribes.

There were Indian villages on the Potomac and on both branches of the Shenandoah. Numerous Indian mounds and graves are still to be seen in certain sections of the Valley. Many of these have been opened and skeletons found to be in a wonderful state of preservation; utensils, pipes, axes, tomahawks, pots and hominy pestles have been found. Their pots and utensils were made of a mixture of clay and hard shells, very crude as to workmanship but very strong.

After twenty or more years of comparative peace, the Indians

suddenly left the Valley. In 1753 messengers came from the Western Indians into the Valley and invited them to cross the Alleghany mountains. Historians claim this was done through the influence of the French and later consequences seem to establish the point.

Indian Tales

In the year 1774 the Indians began to give serious trouble to the settlers on New River. One day several children, those of the Lybrooks' and the Snydow's, were playing down by the river. They heard a dog barking and upon looking up, saw some Indians approaching. One of the boys ran along the edge of the stream trying to make his escape and warn the family. But one of the Indians ran ahead and cut off that means of escape. He also fired at two boys who were farther out in the stream, but fortunately missed them.

While the Indian was aiming at the boys, one of them ran up a rough path which had been made by the animals as they went back and forth to drink. The boy scrambled up this path and darted by the Indian who tried his best to catch him. The Indian gave pursuit and the boy ran until he came to a wide gulley about ten feet wide. This the boy easily jumped, but the Indian hesitated and threw a buffalo tug which struck his head and hurt his back. But he never stopped running until he reached his father's home and slipped into the fort where he told the parents of the attack.

In the meantime, five of the children who were playing in the river climbed into the canoe. The Indians waded out, then swimming to the side of it, pulled out the children, killed them, and took their scalps.

An older girl, about thirteen years old, turned over the canoe and swam downstream, then jumped to the opposite bank. One of the Indians pursued her and she screamed loudly for help. A faithful guard dog came to her rescue and as the Indian reached out to grab her, the dog jumped at the Indian, tearing the flesh in his thigh, and threw him down. This gave the girl time to make her escape.

The Indian struck the dog a blow with his club which finally made him let up on the man. The faithful dog went to the canoe and stood guard over the five scalped children until their people came to take them away for burial. Then the dog refused to leave the spot and began to howl in a most pitiful way. He ran into the woods and back again, keeping up his cries until one of the men followed him to see what was troubling him. There near a tree, he found a little boy of six years, bleeding to death from a scalp wound.

In 1760 two Indians were seen hiding around Mill Creek. Mr. Painter, his brother John and William Moore went in search of them. After some time they came to a newly fallen pine tree which had a very bushy top.

"We had better be careful," Mathias Painter said as they neared the fallen tree. "There may be Indians hidden in it." As he spoke, an Indian fired from the tree. His bullet grazed John's temple not injuring him. Then the other two white men fired at the Indians, striking one of them who fell to the ground. They supposed him to be dead, so they pursued the one who had fled,

leaving his gun and loot behind him.

But the Indian was strong and he outran the two men. Imagine their surprise when they returned, and found the Indian gone whom they had supposed dead, taking the guns and pack of skins with him. The white men picked up his trail and followed him. He hid himself in a sink-hole and when the men came near he opened fire on them. He poured out his powder on the dry grass in front of him so he could reload his gun more quickly. He fired at least thirty times before the two men finally were able to kill him.

The Indian who had gotten away met a young woman of the neighborhood who was riding horseback. He tore her from the horse and forced her to go with him. This happened near where New Market stands today. They travelled about twenty miles or more. The Indian became impatient because she complained of being so tired. People near Keesleton heard cries in the night. The next day when they went to see who had made them, they found a pine knot on which blood was still fresh. Nearby, they found the poor girl, already dead from the cruel blows and from loss of blood.

The Moore Massacre

One of the most beautiful sections in Southwestern Virginia is called Ab's Valley, in Tazewell County. It was first settled by Captain James Moore, one of the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, who had moved from Rockingham County in 1775. There was no river running through the ten miles of fertile grounds, but several springs watered the tall grass which afforded fine grazing for stock and game. Captain Moore's brother-in-law, Mr. Robert Poage, came to live nearby, but they were the only settlers in that neighborhood. Their nearest neighbors and a fort were over twelve miles away.

In the Spring of 1782 the Indians came to Mr. Poage's house and burst through the heavy door without any warning. They did not expect to find any men there and when they saw there were three they did not attempt to enter the house. The next morning, a man named Richardson, who worked on the place, went out to look at some deer skins which he had soaking in a nearby pond. The Indians crept up and shot him, taking his scalp.

Two years passed before the Indians attacked the Moore family. James, a young boy of fourteen, was sent by Captain Moore to get some horses from a field about two miles from his home. He wanted James to go to the mill and for this he needed an extra horse.

James had gone only a short distance when three Indians

sprang from behind a log and caught hold of the boy. He screamed and the Indian laid his hand over his mouth and in the Indian language told him to keep still.

Black Wolf was the name of the middle-aged Indian. His son was about eighteen years old. The other Indian seemed to be one of Black Wolf's men. James said he was not so very much frightened after he was told he belonged to Black Wolf, though he was one of the sternest looking men he had ever seen. Black Wolf gave James some salt and told him to catch some of his father's horses for him. James said he would, meaning he would catch two, and try to make his escape on one of them. But every time he caught a horse the Indians ran up and frightened it so it would get away. At last the Indians gathered up their blankets and pots where they were hidden in the grass and motioned for James to fall in line. The young Indian went first, then the Indian man, then James, followed by Black Wolf.

James tried to break off pieces of bushes so his father could tell which way he had gone. Black Wolf tapped his shoulder and shook his head. Then he tried to leave signs by digging his toes down into the soft earth. Again Black Wolf shook his head.

After they had gone a long way, about sundown Black Wolf gave a long war-whoop. He did the same the next morning at sunrise. The Indians did this to show they had a prisoner. They gave one cry for each prisoner taken. If they had taken scalps, the cry would have been a different kind.

Before they lay down in the thicket that night, Black Wolf

searched James to see if he carried a knife. Then he took out a halter and tied it fast to James' neck and wrapped the other end around his hand.

The next morning Black Wolf left James with the other two Indians and went off to get a Dutch oven which he had taken on one of his other expeditions. He gave this to James to carry. He fastened it to James' back, but after it rubbed a sore place, James threw it down and refused to carry it further. Black Wolf then took off the huge bundle which he carried and told James to take it. But he could not even lift it from the ground. The Indian then pointed to the Dutch oven, and he found it was not so bad to carry after he padded it with leaves.

He found out how long the Indians could go without much food. For three whole days they had only water in which poplar bark had been steeped. On the fourth day they shot a buffalo. They took a small bit of the meat and made a clear broth which they drank but Black Wolf did not let them eat any of the meat until the next day, this being their custom after fasting.

James said he travelled the whole way barefooted. Of course his feet became sore from bruises. He saw many rattlesnakes, but he was not allowed to kill them as the Indians considered them to be their friends.

James knew that the Shawnees, of whom Black Wolf was a member, lived far to the West. He believed they must be nearing their town after he had travelled for twenty days. He told of how they made a raft of logs on which they crossed the Ohio and other

streams. He learned how to twine the long grapevines around the logs to make the raft. He saw how the Indians made crude pictures in the banks of the streams to let other Indians know they had a prisoner. Black Wolf stopped and drew three Indians and a boy.

When the Indians came near their town they painted themselves black. They left him white as an omen of safety. Black Wolf traded James to his half-sister for a horse. James later found out why he was not taken into the town. It was a time of peace and if they had seen the new prisoner, they might have made him run the gauntlet. The old squaw was kind to him and sometimes left him alone in the wigwam for days at a time. He said he prayed to God to keep him safe. We cannot give all his experiences with the Indians, but he was finally sold to a French trader from Detroit. His name was Baptist Ariome and he liked James, for he looked like his own son. He gave the old squaw fifty dollars' worth of silver brooches, beads, and other trinkets in Indian money.

James met a man who was a trader from Kentucky, a Mr. Sherlock. This man promised to write to James' father and tell him of his capture, of his being sold and of his being taken to Detroit. After some time, as we shall see, he did get back to Virginia.

But in the meantime, many other things were happening to the Moore family. In July 1786, several of the hundred head of horses which belonged to Captain Moore came in to the salt

block to get salt. Captain Moore went out to see them, about two hundred yards from the house. Nearby were two of his children, William and Rebecca, who were coming from the spring; not far away was another child, Alexander. All at once a stream of bullets began to fly. Thirty Indians had hidden themselves in the tall grass which almost surrounded the Moore home. William and Rebecca were killed instantly. Captain Moore ran to the fence which separated the lot from the house and as he climbed over, he was struck by several bullets. The Indians then ran up and scalped him.

Two men who lived with the Moores were not far away in a field, reaping wheat. When they heard the shooting they ran toward the house but when they saw it was surrounded by Indians they made their escape and went off to give the alarm to other settlers who were six miles away.

Mrs. Moore and Martha Evans, the girl in the house with her, quickly barred the door when they saw the tragedy. They took down the rifles which had been fired the night before and gave them to an old Englishman, John Simpson, who was ill, to load for them. But the old man could not help them, for he had been struck by a bullet as he lay sick.

Martha Evans soon decided to hide under a loose board in the floor of the cabin. Polly Moore, a little girl of eight, was holding her baby sister who was screaming with fear. Martha told Polly to get under the board too, but she decided to stay with the baby.

Then the Indians burst down the door and lunged in. They

took Mrs. Moore prisoner and four children, John, Polly, Jane, and Peggy. They took everything they fancied, then set the house on fire.

Poor Mrs. Moore saw the Indians kill her son because he was sick and could not keep up with them. They killed the baby because it cried so pitiously. They had to have their hands tied, as had James, and they, too, fasted.

When at last they reached the Indian town, Mrs. Moore and Jane were killed by torture and death at the stake. Polly was treated more kindly and was finally sold to a man near Lake Erie, for a half gallon of rum!

Now fate seems to have taken a hand in bringing Polly and her brother James together in that far-away country. While on a hunting expedition James heard about the destruction of his family. He was told that his sister Polly had been bought by a Mr. Stogwell, a man of bad character. It was in the Winter, so James waited until Spring when Mr. Stogwell moved into the same section of the country where he was living.

When James went to see them he found Polly very miserable. Her clothing was only rags and she had almost lost hope of ever seeing any of her people again. James found that Mr. Stogwell was unkind, too, so he went with Simon Girty to Colonel McKee, Superintendent of Indians, to get her release. He had Mr. Stogwell brought to trial, but they did not have enough evidence and Polly could not leave him. However, after much trouble, James was able to get passage for Polly and himself on

a trading boat and came down the Great Lakes. They landed in a Moravian town where they met some friends owning horses. They journeyed to Pittsburgh and stayed until Spring. Then they set off for Virginia, sad, of course, knowing how few there would be to welcome them. Yet they were delighted to find their brother Joseph was still safe. He had been visiting his grandfather in Rockbridge County at the time of the massacre.

Polly met and married the Reverend Samuel Brown, a Presbyterian preacher. They had seven sons, and five of them were ministers.

Washington's Boyhood Friend—Lord Fairfax

"The Proprietor of the Northern Neck," Lord Fairfax, lived at "Greenway Court" after first having a country seat at Belvoir near the Potomac River in what is now Fairfax County.

An interesting character this Fairfax must have been. Born with a title in England, he moved in intellectual circles there, was acquainted with men of letters such as Addison and actually contributed some articles to the *Spectator*. Either through boredom or a disappointment in not winning the lady of his choice he decided to leave his country and come to Virginia.

It may be of passing interest to learn that Lord Fairfax, although proprietor of thousands upon thousands of acres, lived in a comparatively simple way. His home was an unpretentious story and a half frame building, situated in a large grove of trees, and surrounded by smaller homes for servants and tenants. "Greenway Court," the name given the home, very probably lacked more indications of elegance and grace because of Fairfax's bachelor state.

A mile from the house he had erected a white-oak post which served as guide for those in search of his dwelling. At White Post, the village which derived its name from the signpost, one may see a replica of the original, located on the site of the first one

placed there in 1760 by the proprietor.

His domain, called the "Northern Neck of Virginia," comprised the present counties of Lancaster, Northumberland, Richmond, Westmoreland, Stafford, King George, Prince William, Fairfax, Loudon, Fauquier, Culpeper, Clarke, Madison and Page in Virginia and numerous counties in West Virginia.

Lord Fairfax was exceptionally interested in fox hunting and reserved great tracts for this sport. Sometimes he spent weeks at a time hunting. He made a rule that whoever caught the fox should cut off its tail and hold it aloft and should have no part of the expense of the subsequent frolic. As soon as a fox was started all the young men would gallop off at a great rate, while Fairfax waited behind with a servant familiar with the hills and streams and who had a good ear; following the servant's directions he frequently stuck the fox's tail in his hat and rejoined the hunters!

Familiar to everyone is the fact that Lord Fairfax engaged Washington, a boy of about sixteen, to survey his vast lands beyond the Blue Ridge. Through this undertaking the latter gained a thorough knowledge of frontier life and a reputation for dependability and self-confidence. These attributes were to be needed later for participation in the French and Indian War. A warm and lasting friendship grew up between the proprietor and Washington.

Being British by birth and sympathy the course of the Revolution was watched with mingled hopes and anxieties by Fairfax. When news of the final capitulation at Yorktown arrived

late in October 1781 the feeble, disappointed and tired old man called his servant and asked to be put to bed since he felt the time had come for him to die. In December of that same year the great proprietor of the Northern Neck of Virginia died.

Winchester—The Frontier Town of the Valley

The first inhabitants of Winchester were a large tribe of Shawnee Indians. Two houses occupied by white men are supposed to have been standing as early as 1738.

Known as Old Town and Fredericktown it was named Winchester in 1752 in honor of the English home of its founder, Colonel James Wood. The settlement grew so rapidly it was necessary several times to enlarge its boundaries. Colonel Wood and Lord Fairfax both donated additional lots in order to extend the corporate limits of the town.

During the French and Indian War Colonel George Washington was asked to go to Winchester to defend the Valley. He found refugees overrunning the place and determined to build a fort on the outskirts of the town which would afford protection in case of raids. He imported his own blacksmith to do the foundry work, so anxious was he to speed the construction of the fortifications. Fort Loudon was the name given, after Lord Loudon the commander of the colonial forces, and a successful defense was made against the French there. It may be of interest to learn that the fort's bastion still remains and the well which supplied water during the French and Indian War is still in use today.

No account of Winchester would be complete if the story of General Daniel Morgan were omitted. Of Scotch-Irish extraction he came with his parents from New Jersey to the new settlement. As a youngster he was considered something of a bully. The story goes that around "Battletown," an intersection in the roads where toughs used to fight for the joy of combat, young Morgan was in the habit of placing large stones at strategic points. In case he had to retreat he was able to draw on this supply of ammunition!

Tradition has it that on one occasion young Dan Morgan had just arrived in Winchester from the Western settlements on the South Branch—as a driver of a pack for the fur traders. George Washington was ready with his small party to go to the Ohio Country with a message to the French officials not to continue their fort building on English property.

Washington's journal gives the following notes: "On Ye 17th day of Ye month of Novemo,—the party consists of one guide and packer, one Indian interpreter, one French interpreter and four gentlemen." We know now that the celebrated Gist was his guide and Vanbraam his interpreter. It is said that Morgan offered his services too as a guide, and was accepted. It was on this perilous trip, perhaps, that each of these young men realized the fine traits of the other.

It was Daniel Morgan who, at the outbreak of the Revolution, marched a hundred men with one wagon of supplies to Boston to report to General Washington. He fought at Quebec and Saratoga and defeated Tarleton at Cowpens. He had charge of Hessian

prisoners captured at Saratoga and there are evidences yet of his supervision of construction of stone walls and homes and the mill at Millwood built with prisoner labor.

"Saratoga" is the name he gave his home near Boyce; it was built mainly by the Hessian artisans. On his way to Gettysburg in 1863 General Lee used the fine old house as headquarters. This estate is on the road between Winchester and Boyce and is in full view of the highway.

There is a wealth of amusing tales told about the old city, some dating as far back as its conception; others have to do with the activities of later times.

The story is still heard in Winchester of the time when guests and village loafers were congregated in one of the taverns at the close of a day to discuss weighty topics over their glasses of ale. From a window they saw an old man get out of his gig, taking with him luggage for overnight accommodation. The gig was comparable to the famed One Horse Shay in its state of near collapse. Comments were passed among the group inside as to the man's shabby appearance, his business and ultimate destination. He was soon forgot in the midst of the ensuing conversation between several young lawyers, one of whom remarked that he had heard a sermon delivered which equalled the eloquence and fluency usually reserved to lawyers pleading their cases. This brought forth eventually a heated discussion of the merits of the Christian religion, argued pro and con by those present lasting from six in the evening till eleven.

Finally one young fellow turned to the quiet old traveller. The latter had sat with apparent interest and meekness throughout the five-hour debate and had not joined in. The question was asked, "Well, old gentleman, what's your opinion?"

The reply lasted almost an hour; he answered argument for argument in the exact order in which each had occurred and with the greatest simplicity and dignity. At the conclusion no one spoke for some time. At last inquiry was ventured as to his identity. He was Chief Justice John Marshall.

In his *Virginia: A History of the People* John Esten Cooke relates this story. An Irish laborer and his wife came in 1767 to the lower valley country and stopped at the home of a Mr. and Mrs. Strode, German landowner. For several years they lived with the German family and during the time a son was born. When they decided to push on farther south the Strode children followed, begging that they leave the little boy behind with them. They had become very much attached to the baby and were reluctant to see him go away. The parents naturally refused the request. While stopping for a short rest they placed the baby on the ground and the children would have run off with him if they could.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.