CHAPTER I

Country west of the Blue Ridge, and the first settlers of Southwest Virginia – Their trouble with the Indians – Frontier warfare – Gradual formation of the various counties until 1861 – Primitive life of the early settlers: their laws, morals, etc.

SOUTHWEST VIRGINIA AND SHENANDOAH VALLEY

The Blue Ridge Mountains, as a landmark, have played an important part in Virginia's history. Long before the fertile valleys and mineral hills west of these mountains were discovered, or the gaze of the white man rested upon New River, the eastern portion of the State had some 80,000 people, and Shenandoah Valley three or four hundred souls. The forefathers of the latter came into this valley by way of Harper's Ferry from Pennsylvania, of whom we shall have more to say in the second part of this work.

The threading of the labyrinth of Rosamond's bower could scarcely have been more difficult than the tracing of the footsteps of these earlier settlers, in any chronological order, who first came into that country now known as Southwest Virginia. The want of all records, which the early settlers failed to preserve, reduces the chronicler of events to groping in the dark, and learning from uncertain sounds the paths trod by our forefathers. Several reasons may be assigned for this unfortunate state of affairs. The primitive, struggling life of those earlier pioneers was not conducive to the recordation of events, and the constant destruction of their settlements by the Indians was often a clean sweep, where the inhabitants could not even escape with their lives, to say nothing of records, if any were preserved. Tradition, therefore, plays an important part in this earlier history, for out of chaos it is difficult to extract facts with any degree of certainty, or bring chronologically down events which have only the palest light to disclose the landmarks as we descend the corridors of time.

In the year 1734 the county of Orange was formed. It then embraced not only its present area east of the Blue Ridge, but all the undefined claims of the Colony of Virginia west of the Blue Ridge Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. The western portion of this territory at that time was the home of the Indians and wild beasts, which in a great measure preyed upon each other.

In the year 1738 Orange county was diminished in territory by the formation of Augusta and Frederick counties, which comprised all the territorial limits west of the Blue Ridge Mountains. With the exception of the small area of country in the lower part of Shenandoah county, called Frederick, Augusta comprised all the territory west of the Blue Ridge. In 1763, by the treaty with France, its western boundaries were limited by the Mississippi river, and it contained all that section of country west of the Blue Ridge, and the states of West Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin.

The first white persons who ever trod the wilds of western Virginia were not Governor Spottswood and his "knights of the Golden Horseshoe," as many would have us believe. Although he was knighted and immortalized for having discovered what he then described as "God's Country," yet others before him had penetrated those wilds, of which he took only a cursory view. A careful examination, by aid of the best light we have upon the subject, clearly indicates that Colonel Wood was in southwest Virginia sixty-two years before Governor Spottswood.

In 1654 Colonel Abraham Wood, being of an adventurous and roving disposition, obtained permission of the Governor of Virginia to explore the country west and open a trade with the Indians. He was a resident of Appomattox, dwelling somewhere near the present *sight* of the city of Petersburg. There is

neither a record of the number he took with him on this expedition, nor as to the particular route chosen by him; but from the fact that "Wood's Gap" lies in the Blue Ridge between Smith's branch of Dan river and the Little River branch of New River, in Floyd County, we may reasonably suppose that he first struck the river now known as New river not far from the Blue Ridge, near the line of Virginia and North Carolina. There can be but little doubt as to this gap being named after him, and if so, this must have been his tread through what was then a howling wilderness. Following Little River he must have first discovered New river at the mouth of the former, and finding a stream undiscovered before, doubtless called it then and there "New River," which name it nears to this day.

As to the result of Colonel Wood's trip, or the fate of his party of humble hunters whom he carried with him, but little if anything is known. That it was not a successful one, so far as any treaty with the Indians went, we are satisfied, because they were extremely unfriendly to the next expedition which went out, the guides refusing to conduct Captain Henry Batte's followers into a certain section of the Southwest, inasmuch as the Indians were unfriendly to the whites. As Colonel Wood's crowd of traders, with himself, were the only whites who had crossed the Blue Ridge, then it was to this very party the Indian guide was referring. So we naturally conclude that Colonel Wood's efforts to establish anything like friendly relations were fruitless.

In 1666, Sir William Berkeley dispatched a Captain Batte, with fourteen Virginians and fourteen Indians, to make an exploration – all of whom started from Appomattox. What route they pursued is not exactly known; but, as we have stated, when they reached a certain point they refused to go farther, under advice from their Indian guides. In his account of this expedition mention is made by Captain Henry Batte of a river flowing westward, which he pursued downward until he came to some salt springs. Mr. John P. Hale, in his work, "Trans-Alleghany Pioneers," supposes this to have been in the Kanawha Valley, and the sale made at Campbell's Creek Salt Spring. Nothing authentic has been obtained to support this except extrinsic facts which Mr. Hale has so sensibly based his supposition upon. At all events, it is known that Henry Batte and his followers returned to the eastern portion of the colony, for he made a report to Governor Berkeley of such a flattering nature that the latter announced his determination of investigating the country himself, which would have been of infinite service to the future descendants of these people, all of whom have groped in darkness concerning the early history of the country.

Governor Spottswood and his "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe" penetrated this section, or at least the valley, at a point known as Swift Run Gap, in 1716. In 1732, Joist Hite, John Lewis, Bowman, Green, Chrisman, McKay, Stephens, Duff, and others came in by way of Harper's Ferry: and in 1734 Morgan, Allen, Moore, Shepherd, Harper, and others settled in that portion of the valley known as Shenandoah. From 1735 to 1738, Beverley, Christian, Patton, Preston, Burden, and others settled west of the Blue Ridge. This Patton was the Colonel Patton who in 1736 obtained a grant of 120,000 acres of land west of the Blue Ridge, in the Valley of Virginia. He and his son-in-law, Colonel John Buchanan, located these lands on James River, in what is known as Botetourt now, and the villages, Buchanan and Pattonsburg, which sprang up on the opposite sides of the river, were respectively names after them. A great many of their descendants now reside throughout this section of Southwest Virginia.

About 1744 one Thomas Ingles and his son William, then a young man, made an exploration west of the Blue Ridge, and while on this trip became acquainted with George Draper and his family, who were residing at Pattonsburg, Virginia, on James River. Some time afterwards, George Draper went on a hunting expedition, and as he never returned, his family thought that he was killed by the Indians. The after lives, history, and fate of the Drapers and Ingleses were so intimately mingled and blended that anything touching them is of interest.

The next expedition of which we have any chronological evidence was that of Dr. Thomas Walker, Colonel James Patton, Colonel Buchanan, and others, in the year of 1748, when they travelled into Kentucky through Southwest Virginia. It was during this trip that a pass was discovered by Colonel Walker, who named in Cumberland Gap, in honor of the Duke of Cumberland. The creek which flows into New river near Major Cecil's, in Giles county, beyond Pembroke station, on the New River Railroad, was discovered during this expedition, and to this day bears the name of "Walker's creek." The parallel ranges of mountains nearby were also called in honor of Colonel Walker. This party travelled across the Flat Top Mountain, which has since become celebrated for the quantity and quality of its semi-bituminous coal. The object of this expedition was to gain some insight into the country with reference to obtaining a grant; for on their return "The Loyal Land Company: was organized, based on a grant of 800,000 acres north of the line of the Carolinas and west of the mountains, and the company was incorporated June, 1749.

Heretofore these explorers went west of the Blue Ridge merely for the purpose of discovery, and then returned east. None of them crossed into the trackless wilderness for a permanent residence, until some of the most daring and adventurous ones determined at last to make a settlement in this beautiful but wild country.

In 1748, after the return of the Patton party, Thomas Ingles and his three sons, Mrs. Draper and her son and daughter, Adam Harman, Henry Lenard, and James Burke moved westward, with the determination to cast their fortunes farther west and make a permanent settlement. They chose one of the loveliest spots imaginable for their home – that beautiful and level plateau of fertile land on which the site of Blacksburg, in Montgomery county, is now located. This point was called west of the Alleghenies, but it was west of the divide, or floor of the valley raised just as Massanutton Mountain divides Shenandoah Valley in two parts. Here these pioneers settled and erected their crude residences of rough hewn logs, naming the place "Draper's Meadows." Things went prosperously along with them, and by their econiums upon the fertility of the country, splendid scenery and balmy climate, other settlers were induced to come, among whom may be mentioned William Harbison, George Hoopaugh, James Cull, and the Lybrooks, who settles on Sinking Creek, a short distance below the New River White Sulphur Springs. All the settlers were steadily at work engaged in clearing their lands and making themselves as prosperous and happy as the state of their circumstances would permit. They were on the friendliest terms with the Indians who occasionally passed and repassed the settlement, without any hostile signs whatever. In fact, except for one or two small depredations made against Herman and Hoopaugh, there was perfect unanimity between the two races.

But this pleasant state of affairs was not to continue. On July 8, 1755, the day before the English army was so ignominiously defeated under General Braddock, the red-skins made a raid upon this peaceful settlement, killing and wounding or capturing every living soul. Colonel Patton, Casper Barrier, Mrs. George Draper, and a child of John Draper were killed, while Mrs. John Draper and Mrs. Cull were severely wounded. Mrs. William Ingles (nee Mary Draper), Mrs. John Draper and Henry Lenard were captured prisoners. James Burke would doubtless have shared the fate of these people, in 1754 he removed to that portion of the country now known as Tazewell, and made a settlement in the fertile valley, hemmed in by the mountains, known as "Burke's Garden," and justly celebrated as one of the loveliest and most charming places in Southwest Virginia.

In connection with this raid there is recorded an incident concerning Mrs. William Ingles which is sad and touching to the last degree. This lady, one of the whites captured in the Draper's Meadows raid, was the daughter of George Draper, and married William Ingles, the son of Thomas Ingles. She, with her children and another lady, they were conveyed by the Indians down New river, thence by the Kanawha on into Ohio to the camp of the Indians. During this trip Mrs. Ingles, by her own useful knowledge, adroit acts, and pleasant address, won the esteem and respect of the Indians, who hoped

also to obtain a handsome ransom for herself and children. During this journey into Ohio Mrs. Ingles gave birth to another child, and yet continued her march with the rest, exhibiting a nerve and fortitude rarely seen in a woman. Being of an observant nature, she watched the streams closely as she was marching out, and so placed them in her mind as to remember them distinctly. Her final destination, Big Bone Lick, was at last reached, and her sons having been previously taken from her, she reached this place in company with only one white woman and her infant babe at her breast. Here at this place she again made herself very useful in making salt, and shirts for the Indians out of the checked cloth purchased from the French traders. While residing here, some seven hundred miles from Draper's Meadows settlement, by the circuitous route which they had to come by the rivers, she meditated and planned an escape. She communicated her plans to the other woman, who, although opposed at first on account of the dangers they would have to encounter, finally consented. The parting from her infant, which on the first blush might seem to savor of a want of motherly feeling, was to save herself from a more degrading and worse fate had she remained. With only a blanket apiece and one suit of clothes on their backs, these females plunged into the tractless forest and turned their faces homeward, to walk seven hundred miles. To detail their various adventures and sufferings, their wanderings up and down the streams, their subsistence on berries, wild fruits, and the productions of the forest, their sore feet and intense physical suffering and mental anguish, would transgress our space. For forty days Mrs. Ingles travelled, until worn out and exhausted, she passed around the Anvil Cliffs at New River White Sulphur Springs and came to Adam Harman's place, who hearing her cries in his corn-patch, recognized her, and took the tenderest care of her until she could be reunited with her family. Her travelling companion, who during their journey had threatened to kill Mrs. Ingles, was afterwards found by Harman and safely conducted to the white settlement. This Adam Harman's place was located on the plateau where the hotel and buildings of the New River White Sulphur Springs are situated at present.

During the year 1755 Vass Fort was raided by the Indians and some of the whites murdered. This stronghold was located about ten miles from Christiansburg, on the head waters of Roanoke River, in Montgomery County. It was near this place that Colonel Washington, Major Andrew Lewis, and Captain William Preston escaped from being attacked, in a wonderful manner, by a mistake of orders given a band of Indians by their chief, who had been stationed to attack Colonel Washington and party. In return for this raid and other depredations committed by the Indians, in March, 1756, General Lewis, with several gentlemen and Captain Montgomery's volunteer company, made what is known as the Big Sandy expedition. They all met at Camp Frederick, and starting out, proceeded by way of Clinch river, Bear Garden, Burke's Garden, over Tug mountain, and down Tug fork of Big Sandy, now in West Virginia. For some reason this mission accomplished nothing, being unsuccessful, or perhaps ordered back. Certain it is, these Ohio Shawney Indians were never visited with the punishment they deserved for their unwarranted attacks upon the peaceful white settlers.

About this time the Ingleses, with their families, moved up on New River, and constructed a fort at a place called Ingles' Ferry, which point is about one mile from the present site of Radford, up the River. The place is still in the possession of Captain Ingles, a descendant of the family. During those earlier days this point and Drapers Meadows settlement were the places for departure for those seeking homes farther west.

In 1770 the county of Botetourt was formed from Augusta, taking its name in honor of Lord Botetourt. Mr. William Preston, who, in 1761, married Susanna Smith, of Hanover County, was made surveyor of the county, which in those days was a most lucrative post. He first resided at his farm known as "Greenfield," near Amsterdam, but subsequently removed near the Draper's Meadows settlement to an estate which he acquired in 1774, and in honor of his wife changed the name to Smithfield, which name it bore to the third and fourth generations of the Preston family. The descendants and connections of this family threw out its branches in all directions from Smithfield, and settled much of

this country around, among whom may be mentioned the Pattons, Prestons, Buchanans, Thompsons, Madisons, Breckenridges, Peytons, McDowells, Floyds, Bowyers, Harts, Crittendens, Bentons, Hamptons, Johnsons, and many other noted people, who assisted in building up their country and became worthy representatives of Roanoke, Botetourt, Montgomery, Washington, and Smyth counties, as well as other states.

Near Greenfield, in Botetourt County, a widow by the name of Cloyd resided, with one son. She was killed by the Indians prior to 1773, and when William Preston, with his family, moved to Draper's Meadows settlement young Joseph Cloyd accompanied them.

He afterwards settled on Back Creek, west of New river, in that section of country which lies in the county made in 1839, known as Pulaski. He was the father of General Gordon Cloyd, David and Thomas Cloyd, who, with his family, owned the fine estates on Back creek, at the mountain known as Cloyd's mountain, in 1864. These Cloyds were among the first of settlers in Pulaski, and from that family, by intermarriage, connection, and descent, have sprung the Cloyds, McGavocks, and Cowans – all settled in Pulaski County, and are representative people of Southwest Virginia.

Prior to 1758, one Colonel John Chiswell, who had killed a man in a personal encounter, and who died in jail awaiting his trial, discovered near New river, in that section known as Wythe county, some lead mines. These mines (now better known by the name of Austinville) were the cause of a fort being constructed in 1758 by the State, under the supervision of Colonel William Boyd [Byrd?], who named it in honor of Colonel Chiswell, his friend. In 1772 all of this section of country was formed into a new county, known as Fincastle – named in honor of Lord Botetourt's country home in England – *Fin-castle*. This county was only in existence four years, for in 1776 it was abolished, and the territory divided into new counties, called Montgomery, Washington, and Kentucky. The latter afterwards became the State known by that name.

It appears that from the scanty records we have that some time about the year 1763 the Indians were instigated by the French who dwelt east of the Mississippi river to resist as much as possible the settlement of the whites upon their western territory. The French, being now out of all reach of the settlements, could give such advice with impunity. Their red allies, into whose ears the poison of revenge had been poured, bitterly resisted the white men in their onward march westward, and, although the tide continued to pour steadily in that direction, each trail was marked with the blood of some pioneer, drawn by the arrow or tomahawk of the Indian. As time rolled on the disposition of the Indians grew more determined to resist each footstep made upon their happy hunting-ground by the pale-faces coming west. From first defending their land, the Indians, finding the superiority they possessed, and the knowledge they had of the country, became aggressive and committed every imaginable kind of depredation upon their white neighbors. In order to check these, an expedition under Colonel Bouquette was sent out, which resulted in staying their atrocities for a while and the recovery of three or four hundred white prisoners who had been captured. In the following year (1765) a treaty of peace was concluded with them, made under the auspices of Sir William Johnson, which for some time caused a cessation of hostilities between the two races. This treaty gave an impetus to western emigration, and by 1772-74 settlements of the country were being made all along this western region by the whites as far as the Ohio River at several points, and the main tributary streams and their smaller branches.

The levying of taxes by England at this juncture to support the expenses of the French and Indian wars occasioned an outcry from the colonists, who deemed such measures not only unjust, but onerous to the last degree. They protested strongly against such legislation, and charged the English with instigating the Indians to resist, in order that a sufficient excuse might appear for their withdrawal of the forces of the colony from the east, where it is said the English desired to carry their

oppressive measures through. Although such may have been the bona fide belief of the colonists, there is no evidence of any such action by the English. Such a policy would have been self-destructive on their part at that time.

At all events, bad feeling rose again between the races, and several murders were committed. A white man was killed by the Indians while he was in a trading boat above Wheeling creek, and within a few days afterwards Captain Michael Cresap and party killed two Indians. This same captain and followers surprised an Indian camp lower down, and killed nearly all, at the mouth of Captina. Some week or two afterwards, in April, Daniel Greenhouse with a party of whites attacked an encampment of Indians near the mouth of Yellow creek, and, after dosing them with whiskey, killed nearly all. Some of the Indians slain at each of these places were members of Logan's family, and it was he who charged Captain Cresap with the death of his kin. And about this time, to add fuel to the flame, Bald Eagle, an old and friendly Delaware chief, was unjustifiably murdered by some whites straggling around, and set up in his canoe with a pipe in his mouth, and the barge sent drifting down the Monongahela River. The Indians became furious at these murders, and it was evident that they meant to revenge them. In the spring of 1774 they combined for aggressive action.

When the Indians seemed bent on hostile measures, messages were first transmitted to the governor, Lord Dunmore, who dispatched Colonel August McDonald with four hundred men to make an expedition of a hostile nature into the Indian Territory to occupy them at home and prevent their raids upon the border settlements of the whites. But as this move failed to accomplish its intended object, messengers were again sent to Governor Dunmore, who afterwards summoned General Andrew Lewis, of Botetourt County, with whom to advise concerning a campaign against the Indians. The result was an army of two divisions was organized at once, one of which was to be commanded by General Lewis, the other by Lord Dunmore himself.

Organizing his forces in Augusta, Botetourt, and Fincastle counties, General Lewis and his brother, Colonel Charles Lewis, took command of the army and rendezvoused at Camp Union about September 1, 1774, and were to march from there to the mouth of the Kanawha. Governor Dunmore was to collect his army in Frederick and Dunmore (now Shenandoah) counties and those adjacent thereto, go to the northwest trail over Braddock's route, by way of Fort Pitt, and thence down the Ohio River, and meet General Andrew Lewis at the mouth of the Kanawha.

On the 2nd day of October General Lewis reached the Kanawha River and waited anxiously for Lord Dunmore, who was to have joined him at that time. Hearing nothing further from the Governor, he sent some messengers up the Ohio River to learn his whereabouts. Before these returned several scouts arrived at his camp, on October 9th, with orders from Lord Dunmore to cross the river and meet him in the Indian Territory in Ohio. For reasons substantially good Lewis disregarded these messages, and at an early hour on the morning of the 10th gave orders for a general break-up of his camp, intending to proceed at once across the river into the villages of the Indians. But the red-skins saved him that irksome journey. When ready to start he was confronted by an army of a thousand braves commanded by their leaders, Logan, Red Hawk, Blue Jacket, Ellinipsico, and several others. Here took place the largest battle ever waged in this section of the country between the whites and Indians – the memorable Battle of Point Pleasant – in which General Lewis won additional laurels and came out victorious. In this fight Colonel Charles Lewis, Colonel Field, and several other prominent gentlemen were killed, and the wounded numerous, among whom were Colonel William Fleming, John Field, Captains Murray and McClanahan, Samuel Wilson, and others. Fifty three were killed and eighty-seven wounded in the white army. The losses by death and wounds were greater among the Indians.

The result of this battle was the bugle sound for the retreat of the Indians before the whites. A substantial fort was established at this point, and a kind of military school for the training of the white

settlers under Colonel Lewis introduced. The Indians receded farther west, and the whites continued to pour in. We hear of no further trouble in this section, except occasional depredations of each race upon the pother on the frontier lines of civilization.

The man and general who so ably espoused and conducted the cause of his race in those troublesome times deserves more than passing notice. He was a man of stalwart frame and stern manner and appearance. At the treaty of Fort Stanwix, the Governor of New York said of him: "He looks like the genius of the forest, and the very ground seems to tremble under him. " His military career was a memorable one. It began with General Washington at Great Meadows and Fort Necessity, ending with his death just before the surrender of Yorktown, from a fever. He started for his home in Botetourt – now Roanoke – but falling ill stopped at Colonel Buford's, east of the Blue Ridge, where he breathed his last in the midst of kind friends. He was brought home and entered on his estate, "Dropmore," just outside of what is now the corporate limits of Salem. No stone marks his resting place, nor points to the stranger where he lies, and the weeds and grass around his grave heave a gentle sigh, as if rebuking Virginia and Roanoke for failing to mark the resting place of one who died for his country. His acts have lived, and many worthy descendants now residing in Roanoke and other counties revere his memory and his deeds of greatness.

One of the descendants of General Andrew Lewis married a Miss Tosh, of Roanoke County, formerly a part of Botetourt, from which it was taken in 1838. Between the years 1747 and 1767 George, III, King of England, granted to one Thomas Tosh all that boundary of land from near Tinker Creek across to Roanoke, containing some 1650 acres. This family was among the earliest settlers in this section, and Miss Jane Tosh, the mother of Major Andrew Lewis and Thomas Lewis, his brother, married a lineal descendant of General Andrew Lewis of Revolutionary fame. Among the landed possessions of this Tosh family was a grant from Thomas Jefferson, the President. Many branches of this family are throughout the country and assisted in settling it.

Among the depredations made by the Indians after the Battle of Point Pleasant was the raid on Burke's Garden, situated in Tazewell County, which was taken from western Augusta in the year 1799. James Burke, the original settler of this lovely spot, had been killed; and subsequently, under the license of the "Loyal Land Company," William Ingles had taken up the land. His son, Thomas Ingles, who was given an education notwithstanding his roving disposition, married Miss Eleanor Grills, of Albemarle, and then located in Burke's Garden. He lived contented and happy here until the year 1782, when a raid was made on his home by some Indians commanded by "Black Wolf."

Thomas Ingles was away when their attack was made, and they carried off his wife and children and two Negro slaves, after firing his buildings which were soon reduced to ashes. Going to the nearest settlement, which was in the "Rich Valley" on the north fork of the Holston River, he gathered together some sixteen men, and, returning, met Joseph Hix with a squad. Both forces were placed under the command of Captain Maxwell, and hot pursuit began after the red-skins. Five days passed before the Indians were overtaken, when they were attacked. Two of Thomas Ingles' children were killed, and his wife, with her infant, barely escaped. Captain Maxwell was shot, and died shortly afterwards. The slaves escaped uninjured. The little girl died on their way home from her injuries, and but for a surgeon who met them at Clinch settlement, in company with William Ingles, father of Thomas, from New river, Mrs. Ingles would have probably died.

This blood-thirsty Black Wolf did his part faithfully in the annals of raiding, by attacking and capturing white settlers, who were powerless to resist him. The lovely spot known as Abb's Valley, in the northern part of Tazewell County, and which derived its name from Absalom Looney, who came from Pattonsburg, in Botetourt County, was the scene of Black Wolf's invasions on two occasions. In 1784 he captured James Moore, a son of James Moore, Sr., a resident of the valley, and conveying him to

their territory in Ohio among the Shawanee towns, kept him awhile, and then sold him to a white family near Detroit, Michigan. Two years later a party of Shawanee Indians, led by Black Wolf, made a second expedition into Abb's Valley and shot James Moore, Sr., who was salting his stock, and rushing to his home, killed William and Rebecca Moore, his children, and Mr. John Simpson, a hired man. Two hired men fled and made their escape, but Mrs. Moore and her four remaining children, with Mrs. Martha Evans, from Augusta, were captured and carried off. In their rapid retreat, the boy John, being feeble and unable to proceed with ease, they killed him in his mother's presence, and the baby was brained against a tree a few days afterwards. On arriving at an Indian town on the Scioto River, they learned that several of their braves had been killed in an engagement with the whites, and in a spirit of brutal retaliation, Mrs. Moore and her eldest daughter were tied to a stake, to be tortured to death by cremation. An old Indian squaw, taking pity upon Mrs. Moore's sufferings, killed her with a tomahawk, while the daughter was burned to death. Mary Moore, Miss Evans, and James Moore, Jr. , who was captured in 1784, were subsequently ransomed in 1789, and restored to their Virginia home.

Regarding the Point Pleasant battle and the subsequent raids of the Indians, many writers have expressed the opinion that they were justified in their attacks. Without going so far as to re-echo this opinion in full, justice compels the statement that the Indian chieftain, Logan, had much to exasperate and anger him. Always friendly to the white race; ever ready to aid and assist them, even though his countrymen taunted him; furnishing them with meat and clothes when requested; giving them at all times the hospitality of his cabin and town, we do not wonder that his blood boiled when the members of that very race he so signally defended killed his family at Captina and Yellow Creek, apparently without cause. That the Indian chieftain smarted severely under it there can be no doubt; for though afterwards he assented to the treaty of peace, his celebrated speech is only too indicative of his harrowed state of mind. As a piece of oratory this speech will bear repetition. He said:

> I appeal to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in the cabin, an advocate of peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as they passed and said: "Logan is the friend of the white man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it; I have killed many; I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I filly rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.

Dr. Doddridge's account of Dunmore's war clearly exculpates the Indians from any blame whatever, saying that the killing by Cresap and Greathouse was cold-blooded murder. The reason assigned by the Doctor (and denied by him as true) for the whites attacking the Indians was the Indians were reported to have stolen some horses from land-jobbers on the Ohio and Kanawha rivers. He says:

In the month of April, 1774, a rumor was circulated that the Indians had stolen several horses from some land-jobbers on the Ohio and Kanawha rivers. No evidences of the fact having been adduced, led to the conclusion that the report was false. This report however, induced a pretty general belief that the Indians were about to make war on the frontier settlements: but for this apprehension there does not appear to have been the slightest foundation.

The Doctor, however, does not prove, in his account of the war, that a white man was not killed by the Indians in a canoe two days before Captain Cresap attacked the Indians at Captina. The weight of evidence is very strong in favor of the fact that the slaying of the white settler in the canoe was the moving cause of Captain Cresap's attack. Nothing, however, can justify Greathouse in his mode of procedure when he made the Indians drunk at Baker's and murdered them.

After the raids made by the Indians in Abb's Valley, which we have averted to, peace seemed to have been restored in a measure throughout this section, and the tide of emigration steadily moved westward. The Indians are like the rattlesnake in two particulars. They are extremely treacherous, and always mysteriously disappear before settlements made by the Caucasian race – not, however, though (like the rattlesnake), before they have given many a poisonous sting. Gradually all that section of Augusta County now composing several counties, was settled up and various names given them. In 1786, Russell County was formed, which lies in the heart of the Blue Grass country. In 1790, Wythe County was inaugurated, in 1793, Grayson; in 1806, Giles; in 1814, Smyth; in 1842, Carroll; in 1858, Buchanan; in 1861, Bland; in 1880, Dickenson. These latter counties, with the ones already discussed, compose Southwest Virginia, as we will see later on. All of these counties were settled by the same class of hardy, honest, worthy people pouring in from the East to take up lands and establish a permanent abiding place for themselves and families.

In the earlier days, before civilization fled westward and carried in its train the comforts and luxuries of life, these people were crude and primitive in the extreme. Necessarily, having no courts of justice, they were in a measure a law unto themselves. Did any member commit a crime, or injure a neighbor, he was treated with such contempt by the rest of the settlers that he either amended his ways or left the community to avoid the open contempt exhibited towards him. Every man was expected to uphold law and order, and the small number of people living in those earlier days made each and every one a conspicuous character in the eyes of his neighbor. It was impossible for him to commit a civil or moral wrong without his being seen and known by all near that settlement. Debts, which in our day create such an uproar of excitement, bothered the earlier settlers but little, for having no legal tender except an exchange of labor, products, and rude manufactures, a man only required to fill his bargain. Contracts were held by public sentiment inviolate, and an implied agreement was well settled between each and every one that all should band that all should band together in defending themselves from the Indian, whom they held as their common foe.

In matters of morals these earlier settlers were in many things staunch and true. Honor was regarded as a purchasing commodity, and so treated – that is, binding on each and every one. Female chastity was protected by a most stringent code – the shedding of the blood of the betrayer or seducer by the relatives of the girl ruined, with impunity. Sabbaths were observed by the assembling together of the settlers in some particular house, where prayers were said and sermons heard. For lying, any dishonesty, idleness, or ill-fame, the punishment was what we might term "hating the offender out," as the earlier settlers expressed it. This savors somewhat of the old-time custom of the Greeks.

The first settlers, so far as we have any light upon the subject, mortally detested anything in the nature of theft, and said peremptorily: "A thief must be whipped." They carried out their ultimatum in this respect and inflicted this punishment upon the offender, as Moses directed, by giving him forty lashes less one. This punishment was followed by exile of the guilty party. When magistrates came into power in the west, they kept up this punishment always for petty thieving until the barbarism was duly abolished by law.

Ladies who were given to evil speaking, lying, and slandering were accorded the same right they have to this day – to speak as much as they desired, and the punishment was the same as now – nobody believed one word they said.

Those people were freely given to hospitality in those rude days to all entering their houses. Be he ever so much a stranger. Their homes, bread, raiment, and property were ungrudgingly given, and every shield of protection thrown around the guest. In their settlements and forts they lived, worked, feasted, fasted, prayed, and cursed in one cordial harmony, never betraying or injuring one another

wantonly in name, reputation and fame, until the small envies and jealousies of refined civilization came – the latter always having its evils with the good.

The means of subsistence of these earlier pioneers were scanty in the extreme when compared with the luxuries of the present day. Hunting was more an occupation of necessity then than of pleasure, and after summer seasons, when all had been extracted from the ground that was possible in the way of breadstuffs, the men became impatient at home and formed hunting parties, encamping out for weeks, and preyed upon the plentiful supply of game in the forests in those early days. Often they were without bread and had to go out in the morning to find their breakfast. As the country became more populated and civilization advanced, game, with the Indians, gradually receded, and the cultivation of the soil and raising hogs, poultry, and cattle took the place of hunting, and much more than supplied the want caused by insufficiency of game.

The mechanical arts, too, were seen and carried on in their infancy. The dwellings were constructed of logs, in their forest nativity, after being cut; and who is it that does not remember the many tales of "house-raisings"? The clapboards covering the dwelling, and flooring of the same, were rude and uncouth, while the very furniture itself was constructed on the same principles. Knots of trees and timbers were curiously wrought into bowls of all sizes and shapes; wooden spoons and platters were the order of the day; and all other vessels used in a domestic way were manufactured from the products of the forest. Labor, produce raised, and wild game were given in exchange for these manufactured goods, and the only currency which these people used in trading with the East were furs and peltry. They were primitive in the extreme, yet on the whole hale, happy and hearty, when not actually engaged in Indian warfare. All farming utensils were made of wood – the plows, harrows, cooper ware, and sledges. The stripe of red and white cedar wood was regarded as beautiful and deemed a kind of luxury. The looms which made the cloth were constructed by the inhabitants of wood, and from them the simple material was made which covered their nakedness; and the shoes worn were made by themselves, from the thread they spun from the cotton and flax to the hides tanned in their own vats. The medicines used in cases of sickness were extracted from various kinds of herbs and roots, the medicinal properties of which were always familiar to some member of each community.

In the latter part of the eighteenth and earlier part of the nineteenth century the onward march of emigrants in Southwest Virginia, with the gradual departure of the Indians farther west, opened up a new era for this country. These forefathers of the present people, who displayed rare powers of endurance and patience under extreme suffering, who battled every inch of ground they tilled with a savage race, proved themselves in time of peace industrious, energetic, and worthy citizens. They gradually improved and cultivated their lands so dearly earned until peace and plenty crowned them with success and they possessed surplus of the productions of the soil, which they exchanged with their eastern neighbors for many of the comforts and luxuries of life. The means to gratify suggested wants to the descendants which never occurred to the forefathers. The dwelling houses were constructed on a larger and better scale; the furniture was more comfortable and luxurious; their dress, as well as manners, continued to improve, until the year 1860 found the people of this section in a comfortable, improved condition every way – blessed with soil of plenty, and numerous advantages unknown to themselves or unheard of as yet. Municipal law had come in to protect the weak and punish the wrong; schools were opening up in which the minds as well as morals of the youths were trained; and houses of religious worship sprang up on all sides, disseminating the seed of Christianity in every direction, which has ever been the one purifying element in this world. Slavery, a badge of intense wrong, was the only blighting wind which retarded the growth of the country, and soon that was to be swept away amidst carnage and smoke, the disappearance of which left the horizon clearer than ever.