

EASTERN KENTUCKY PAPERS

THE FOUNDING OF

HARMAN'S STATION

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF

THE INDIAN CAPTIVITY OF MRS. JENNIE
WILEY AND THE EXPLORATION AND
SETTLEMENT OF THE BIG SANDY
VALLEY IN THE VIRGINIAS
AND KENTUCKY

By WILLIAM ELSEY CONNELLEY

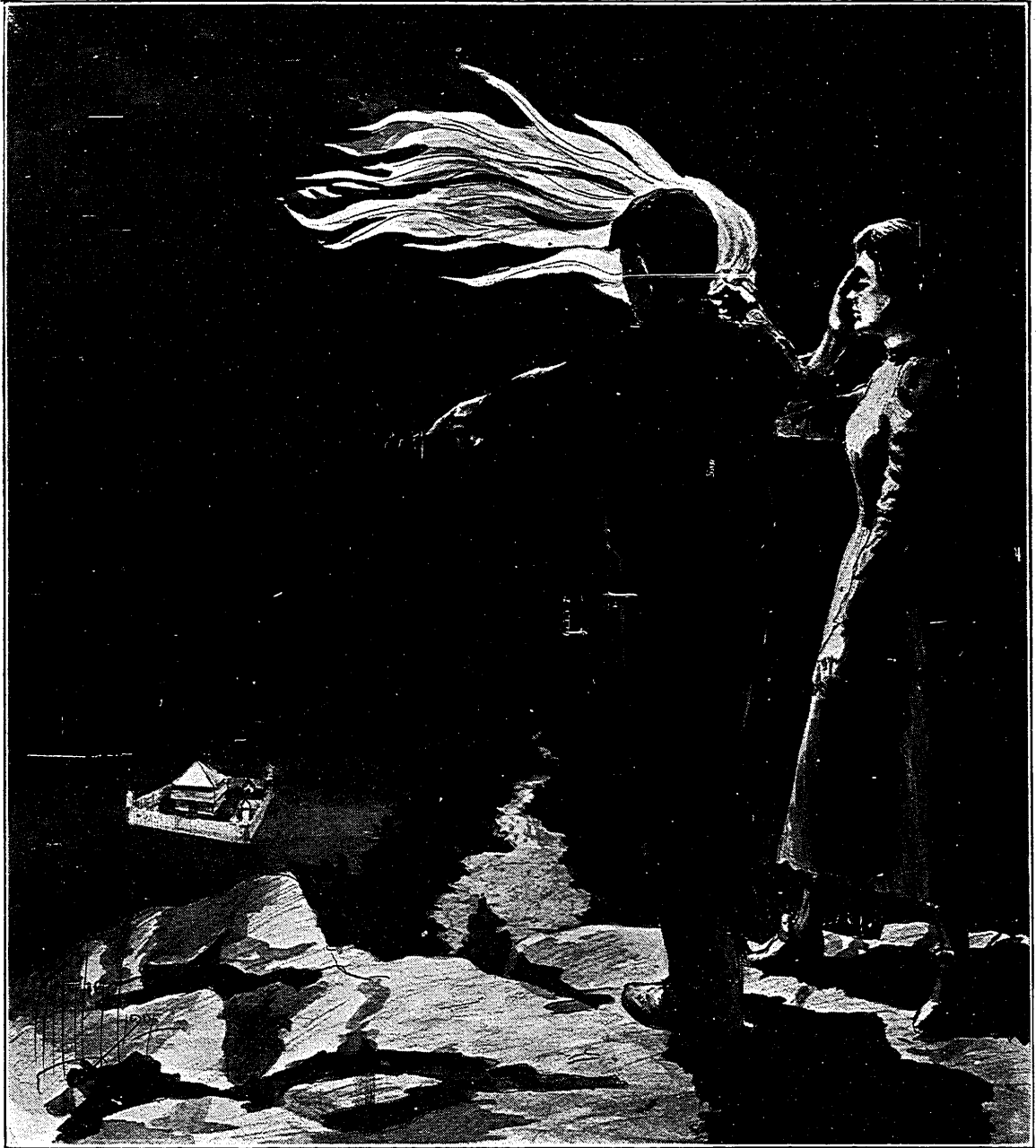
AUTHOR OF QUANTRILL AND THE BORDER WARS: THE HECKEWELDER NAR-
RATIVE: JOHN BROWN: WYANDOT FOLK-LORE: THE PROVI-
SIONAL GOVERNMENT OF NEBRASKA TERRITORY, ETC.

TO WHICH IS AFFIXED A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE CONNELLY
FAMILY AND SOME OF ITS COLLATERAL AND
RELATED FAMILIES IN AMERICA

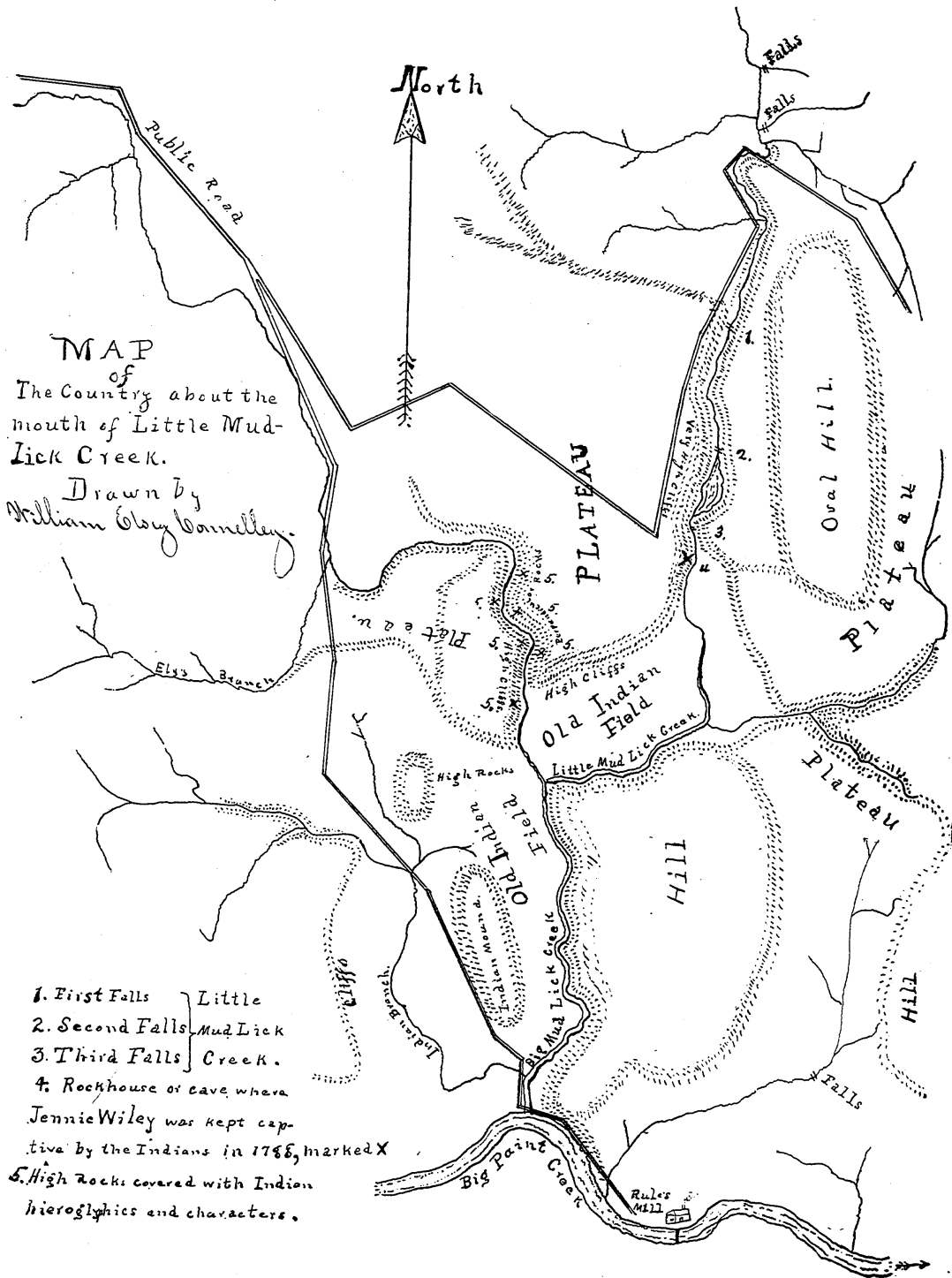


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THE
CONNELLY
FAMILY



In her dream Mrs. Wiley is shown Harman's Station



MAP
of
The Country about the
mouth of Little Mud-
Lick Creek.
Drawn by
William Eby Darnley.

- 1. First Falls } Little
- 2. Second Falls } Mud Lick
- 3. Third Falls } Creek.
- 4. Rockhouse or cave where
Jennie Wiley was kept cap-
tive by the Indians in 1788, marked X
- 5. High Rocks covered with Indian
hieroglyphics and characters.

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PREFACE

The introductory chapter to the history of most of the early settlements of Kentucky is the story of a tragedy. In many instances this characteristic of their annals is repeated, often deepened and intensified, for a number of years after their beginning. This feature does not apply to the history of one locality more than to that of another. It is the general rule and is found in the story of almost every community. The founding of Harman's Station on the Louisa River¹ was directly caused by a tragedy as dark and horrible as any ever perpetrated by the savages upon the exposed and dangerous frontier of Virginia. The destruction of the home of Thomas Wiley in the valley of Walker's Creek, the murder of his children, the captivity of his wife by savages and her miraculous escape were the first incidents in a series of events in the history of Kentucky which properly belong to the annals of the Big Sandy Valley. Over them time has cast a tinge of romance, and they have grown in historical importance for more than a century. While they have been treasured by the people in that portion of Eastern Kentucky adjacent to the Virginias for more than a hundred years they

¹ *The Louisa River was named by Dr. Thomas Walker on Thursday, the 7th day of June, 1750. The entry in Dr. Walker's Journal describing this event is as follows: "June 7th. — The Creek being fordable, we Crossed it & kept down 12 miles to a River about 100 yards over, Which We called Louisa River. The Creek is about 30 yards wide, & part of ye River breaks into ye Creek — making an Island on which we Camped."*

In the early days of the settlement of the Big Sandy Valley this stream was known altogether as the Louisa River. As late as 1825 it was generally called the Louisa River. After that time, and to some extent before, the name began to be corrupted to that of Levisa. The name Levisa is now used almost entirely. That the name is a corruption of the true name, Louisa,

are preserved mainly in tradition. Indeed, it is to tradition principally that we must look for the sources of much of the history of all Eastern Kentucky. For the history of Kentucky, so far as it has been written at all, deals almost wholly with events which transpired in the "blue grass region" of the State.

Thirteen years after the establishment of the first permanent white settlement of Kentucky at Harrodsburg a strong healthy settlement of hardy, bold, self-reliant backwoodsmen was made in what is now Johnson County. Among the founders of this settlement were a number of the most noted explorers, scouts, guides, riflemen, and Indian fighters ever developed by the harsh and dangerous times of the frontier days of Virginia and the Carolinas. Why some substantial account of the station founded by these men in that wilderness was not made a matter of record by some historical writer of those times is one of the strange things occasionally found in the annals of a State. In the company which made this settlement were Matthias Harman, Henry Skaggs, James Skaggs, and Robert Hawes, all members of that famous party known in history as the Long Hunters. These and others of the company had been in the front ranks of those audacious rangers of the wilderness who wrested the Ohio Valley from its savage owners. Through this settlement they seized and finally held the valley of the Louisa River. The contest was desperate, and they were forced to abandon their station for a time by fierce and frequent attacks made upon it by the Indian tribes living beyond the Ohio,

there is no doubt. It appears that the name Louisa once attached to the whole State of Kentucky, but the extent of the application of this name is not now known. There is reason to believe that as early as 1775 the name Louisa was corrupted to Levisa. Speed, in the Wilderness Road, says "that Felix Walker, with Captain Twetty and six others, left Rutherford, North Carolina, in February 1775 (according to Felix Walker's narrative), 'to explore the country of Leowvisay, now Kentucky.'" But the u was formerly written v, and it may have been so in this word Leowvisay; in that case it would be Leowuisay, an erroneous spelling of Louisa.

The Kentucky River was sometimes called the Louisa River by the pioneers and explorers, and it was called, also, the Cherokee River. In the deed

who destroyed the blockhouse. But these courageous hunters returned with reinforcements and rebuilt their ruined fort never again to yield it to any foe. There most of them spent the remainder of their days, and there they lie buried. Descendants of many of them live in that country to this day.

It was distinctly remembered by many old people whom I knew in my youth that Matthias Harman in company with his kinsmen and other forest rangers established a hunting station and built a large cabin of logs, prior to the Sandy Creek Voyage, on the identical spot which afterwards became the site of their blockhouse. It is probable that this hunting lodge was the first log cabin built in what is now the State of Kentucky which came to be the basis of a permanent settlement of English-speaking people. The settlement made there was self-supporting. No government took any notice of its existence until it was firmly established. It did not cost the States of Virginia or Kentucky a farthing at any time. Not so much as a pound of powder or bar of lead was ever contributed by either State to its equipment or defense, although it was repeatedly raided by Indians and the fort fiercely attacked, once so persistently and with such force that, as said above, the settlers returned to Virginia for a short time.

I recognized the necessity for some reliable record of the historical events in the settlement of Eastern Kentucky while but yet a boy. Seeing that no man set his hand to the task, and believing it the duty of every one to labor for the common good as best he can, I began then to collect from the Cherokees to Richard Henderson and others, proprietors of the Transylvania Company, conveying the tract of land known as the Great Grant, we find the description of the land beginning as follows: "All that tract, territory, or parcel of land, situated, lying and being in North America, on the Ohio River one of the eastern branches of the Mississippi River, beginning on the said Ohio, at the mouth of Kentucky, Cherokee, or what by the English is called Louisa River." This calling of the Kentucky River by the name Louisa was caused by a misapprehension. It was not certainly known what river had been called Louisa by Dr. Walker, as he traced none of the rivers, which he named, to the Ohio. But that he did not call the Kentucky River Louisa is shown by Lewis Evans's Map, 1775, on which the Louisa

and preserve such information pertaining to that subject as I could find. I knew personally many pioneers of that country; some of them were of my own family. Some of these old people could give little of value. Others could recite connected and interesting narratives covering the events of three-fourths of a century. Many of them had been through the stirring times of the early settlements made in the country about the New River and the head waters of the Clinch and the Holston. Of these events they told me.

Tradition alone does not constitute sufficient authority for positive historical statements. When, however, tradition is found well defined and uniform as to material facts throughout a large district it always preserves valuable material for the historian, and very frequently it is found to be more reliable than written annals. As a confirmatory medium it often renders the writer the highest service. In that capacity I have availed myself of its assistance in preparing this account of the founding of Harman's Station. The sources of my authority are far above mere traditional declarations. The pioneers gave me information of events of which they had, in many instances, personal knowledge, and all the events of which they spoke were so recent that their knowledge of them may properly be considered personal.

In all matters concerning Mrs. Jennie Wiley I have followed the account given me by her son, Adam P. Wiley. There are several reasons why I have adhered to his statements in that matter. I knew him intimately and long,

River is marked as flowing into the Great Kanawha, and the upper course of the "Tottery or Big Sandy C." is marked "Frederick R." Frederick's River was discovered and named by Dr. Walker on the 2d of June, 1750, five days before he discovered and named the Louisa River, and as it is now known that the Louisa River does not flow into the Great Kanawha, it follows that the west branch of the Big Sandy River was the stream upon which Dr. Walker bestowed the name Louisa.

Rev. Zephaniah Meek wrote me from Catlettsburg, Kentucky, November 19, 1895, as follows: "I called on Capt. Owens yesterday, formerly of Pike county, and asked him the origin of the name Levisa as applied to the west fork of the Big Sandy. He says that in the early settlement of this part of

and I never heard his reputation for truth and veracity brought into question. He was a minister of the Gospel. His mind was a storehouse of history and border story. He possessed fine oratorical and conversational powers. His memory was wonderful and it was not impaired by the great age to which he lived. He was thirty-three when his mother died. His opportunity for exact knowledge of what did actually transpire was far superior to that of any other pioneer living into my generation. When I saw him last he was past eighty, but he was erect and only slightly gray. He knew personally a number of the Long Hunters. He knew the Ingles family and could give a better account of the captivity and escape of Mrs. Mary Ingles than I have ever found in any published work. He was perfectly familiar with the topography of all the country over which his mother was carried captive, and this enabled him to identify localities and make his narrative complete and explicit. It is possible he may have been in error in some minor matters. It was long my opinion that Mrs. Wiley could not have marched to the Tug River in the time allowed by Mr. Wiley. But he insisted that he was right, and knowing the iron endurance of the pioneer men and women it came to be my conviction that Mrs. Wiley did make this march in the time stated. I was doubtful, too, of the ability of the Indians to cross the Tug and the Louisa rivers with Mrs. Wiley in the manner described by Mr. Wiley. Since then, however, I have become well acquainted with members of the Wyandot, Shawnee, Delaware, and Cherokee tribes, and have seen them per-

the State, a French trader by the name of *Le Visa* came to what is now Louisa, and owing to some experiences of his, that fork came to be called after his name, hence, *Americanized Levisa*.''

There may have been a French trader at the forks of the Big Sandy by the name of *Le Visa*, but the word of Captain Owens is all the evidence I have found of that fact. If there was such a trader he was not prominent enough to change the name of a river or to have his name attach to it. The *i* in French is *e* in English. Anglicized, the Frenchman's name would have been *Levesay* or *Levesy*. *Levisa* could not possibly have come from it. The explanation of Captain Owens is a very improbable one.

John P. Hale, in his *Trans-Allegheny Pioneers* says: "The *La Visa*, or

form feats in swiftly running water much more marvelous than that pictured by Mr. Wiley. In the matter of dates I have invariably followed Mr. Wiley. I believe it was sound judgment to do so. There are many circumstances to corroborate him, among the strongest being the mention of Harman's Station in the map published by Imlay in 1793.

Mr. Wiley was very anxious that the exact account of his mother's captivity and escape should be preserved. Although deficient in the matter of education he did try more than once to write it out. So unsatisfactory were his efforts that he did not preserve them. He exacted from me a promise that I would write the account of the trials and sufferings of his mother. This is the fulfilment of that promise. I have performed the work to the best of my ability. I believe there will be found no great errors, though I realize that I may have fallen into minor mistakes. If it should turn out so, I am confident any fault discovered will prove unimportant and immaterial.

Mrs. Wiley has many descendants living in Kentucky and West Virginia. The Indians murdered her brother and five of her children. After her return from captivity to her husband there were five children born to them—Hezekiah, Jane, Sarah, Adam, and William.

Hezekiah married Christine Nelson, of Lawrence County; moved to Wayne County, West Virginia, and settled on Twelve Pole Creek; died near his old home while on a visit, in 1882.

Levisa, fork is said to mean the picture, design, or representation. It was so called by an early French explorer in that region, from Indian pictures or signs, painted on trees, near the head of the stream."

These painted trees were to be found in early times all along the Lowisa River from the mouth of Big Paint Creek, where they were most numerous, to its head. Christopher Gist was on the Pound River in 1751. The entry in his Journal for Wednesday, April 3, is as follows: ". . . to a small Creek on which was a large Warriors camp, that would contain 70 or 80 Warriors, their Captains Name or Title was the Crane, as I knew by his Picture or Arms painted on a tree." Darlington says: "This was on the stream called Indian Creek, the middle fork of the Big Sandy, in Wise

Jane married Richard Williamson; also settled on Twelve Pole Creek; died there.

Sarah married first Christian Yost; moved to Wayne County, West Virginia. There, after the death of her first husband, she married Samuel Murray; died March 10, 1871.

Both Adam and William left families in Johnson County, Kentucky.

The full name of Adam was Adam Prevard Wiley. Prevard was a mispronunciation of Brevard. Mrs. Wiley was related by blood to the North Carolina family of that name. That is why she gave the name to her son. The name was often erroneously written Prevard, and even Pervard.

Mr. Wiley gave Matthias Harman due credit for intelligent leadership as this work will show. He believed few men on the border ever equaled Matthias Harman in Indian warfare and woodcraft.

Like all people who dwell in rural communities Mr. Wiley kept himself well informed on all subjects of local lore. He knew the locality from which almost every family had emigrated to Kentucky, and he knew what families had intermarried both before and after they left Virginia. He knew the number of children of most of the pioneers, their names, and when they were born. To this day when a number of Big Sandy Valley people meet they discuss the intermarriages of various families of their acquaintance, when they occurred, when and where the contracting parties were born, where the families came from to Kentucky. The Crane was a totem or badge of one of the Miami tribes; also of the Wyandots. A common practice among the Indian tribes, with war parties at a distance from home, was to paint on trees or a rock figures of warriors, prisoners, animals, etc., as intelligible to other Indians as a printed handbill among the whites.' Darlington is in error when he says there was a totem of the Crane among the Wyandots. But they had a chief named Tarhe, or the Crane, who was old enough in 1751 to have led a hunting party or even a war party into the wilderness. He became head chief of the Wyandots on the death of the Half King.

It might be possible that these many paintings suggested to some of the early explorers and hunters some such name for this stream as Device Fork,

tucky, and every other feature of the matter. The work on the history of the Big Sandy Valley by Dr. William Ely is made up of family genealogies. Rev. M. T. Burris wrote for me a manuscript of almost one hundred pages on the history of the Valley; nine-tenths of it is genealogy. I have been collecting information along that same line for forty years and am still at it. I believe I have material from which can be constructed a genealogical record of the people of that valley which will be more complete than can possibly be made of any other district in America of equal age and area.

This is a beginning in the work of writing the history of Eastern Kentucky. I am confident that no other part of the State has a more interesting history than that of the Big Sandy Valley. When the full record is made up it will show that Eastern Kentucky was settled almost exclusively by men who served in the patriot armies of the Revolution, and that no other community of equal size had so great a proportion of those heroic men. I mention that fact at this time because malice and ignorance in the "blue grass region" delight to speak in disparaging terms of the ancestry of the mountaineer. The blood of the mountaineer is the purest on the continent, and his language is the purest Anglo-Saxon speech to be found in America.

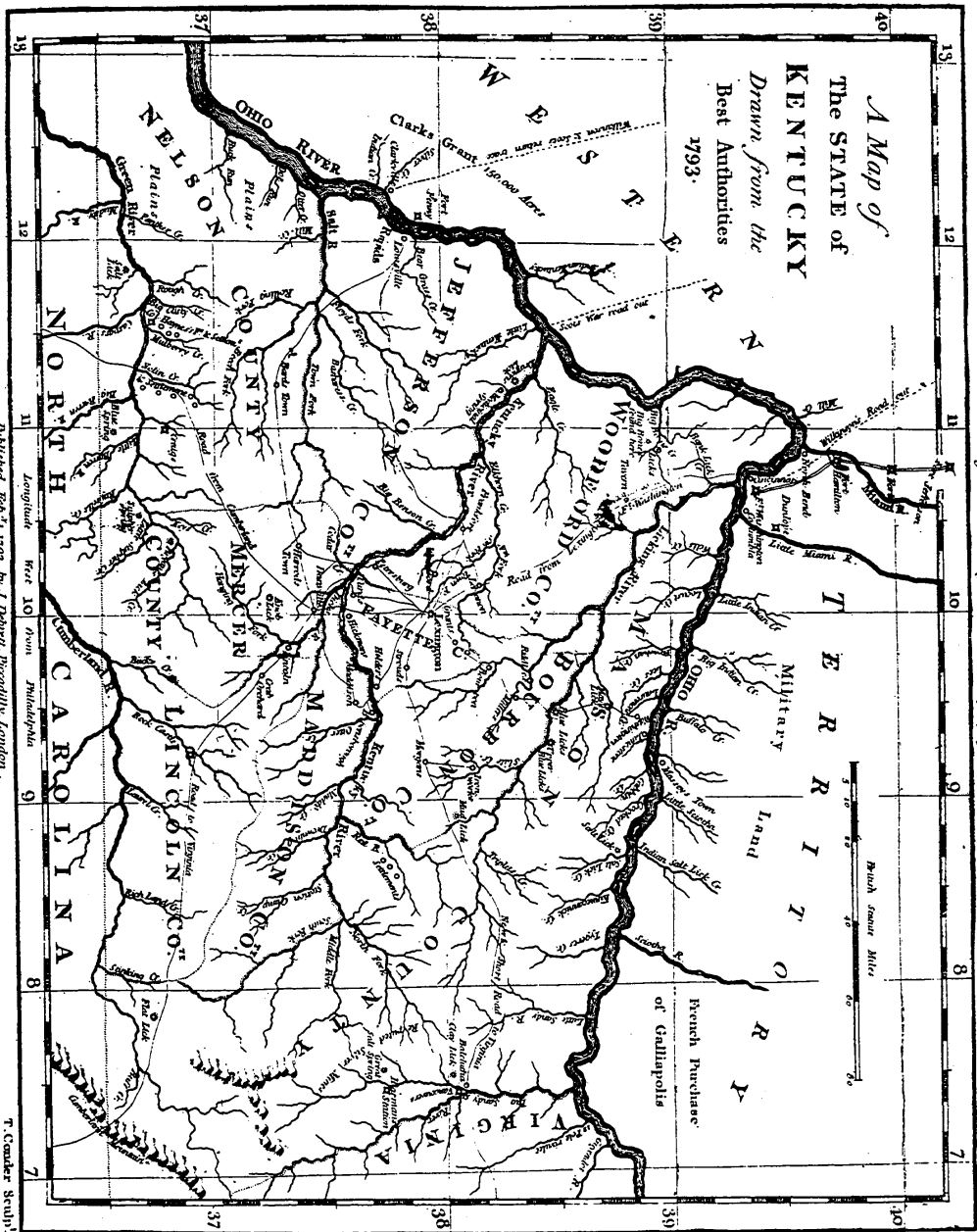
William Elsey Connelley

816 Lincoln Street, Topeka, Kansas,

July 7, 1910

or Device River, or Devices Fork, or Devices River, and that such name or names finally assumed the form of Levisa Fork, etc. This is only suggested as a remotely possible origin of the name Levisa. It is far-fetched; there is no probability at all that such is the origin of the name. That Levisa is a corruption of Louisa may be accepted as beyond dispute or question.

Dr. Walker gave this river the name Louisa in honor of Louisa, the wife of the Duke of Cumberland, it is said. Louisa is a good old English name, coming down from a more ancient people. It is a name of much beauty, and it was in great favor with our ancestors. It should be restored to the river to which Dr. Walker gave it. The Louisa Fork should be called the Louisa River. The Tug Fork should be called the Tug River. The river formed by their junction should be called the Big Sandy River.



A Map of
The STATE of
KENTUCKY
Drawn from the
Best Authorities
 1793.

Revised for India's American Topography.

Published Feb. 1, 1853, by J. Dobson, Proprietor, London.

T. Comber Sculp.

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CHAPTER I

By virtue of conquest the Iroquois claimed all the country between the Ohio and the Tennessee. They could not themselves occupy the land they had conquered. Other tribes stood in terror of them and did not encroach upon the territory to which they laid claim. Consequently few aboriginal settlements were found in what is now the State of Kentucky. Alien tribes seem to have roamed over it in search of game. Hostile nations sometimes met in the gloom of its great forests in deadly conflict. It came to be regarded as the common battle ground. In time the Cherokees formulated a shadowy claim to a portion of it which they disposed of to Henderson and his associates. This gave the English an ambiguous title to the soil which was never relinquished, although the French appealed to arms in contention for possession of the Ohio Valley. The defeat of Braddock left the English frontiers without protection from savage bands. Frequent and bloody invasions followed, and these were not ended by the final triumph of the English. The French inhabitants of Canada passed under the dominion of a government against which they bore the deepest enmity. The result was the Conspiracy of Pontiac, which carried the torch, the tomahawk, and the scalping-knife into the frontier settlements from Pennsylvania to Georgia. Painted warriors lurked on the skirts of every frontier community, save for brief intermissions, for the next thirty years. Blazing cabin-homes in the red glare of which lay murdered and scalped families, captive wives and daughters led away into the wilderness to degradation worse than

death, fathers and sons tortured at the stake — these were common occurrences all along the western borders of the English settlements until the peace of Greenville in 1795.

To oppose, and, so far as possible, to prevent these atrocities, and to occasionally perpetrate similar or more horrible ones upon the Indians, there was developed that class of hardy backwoodsmen, hunters, adventurers, riflemen, and forest-rangers who traversed the wilderness beyond the confines of civilization and afforded what protection they could to the exposed and defenseless pioneers.²

In 1763 the line defining the frontier extended from Ingles's Ferry on the New River to the Susquehanna. It followed along the crest of that range of the Alleghanies which separates the waters of the Ohio from the head branches of the Potomac and the James. Fort Pitt was an outpost far beyond the remotest settlements. A few pioneers were to be found on the head waters of the Monongahela and other tributaries of the Ohio.³ South and southwest from Ingles's Ferry there were at that time no settlements of English-speaking folk west of the Alleghanies on the borders of Virginia or the Carolinas. A chance settler or an occasional hunter, all trace of whom is now

² "They were a distinct, peculiar class, marked with striking contrasts of good and evil. Many, though by no means all, were coarse, audacious and unscrupulous; yet even in the worst, one might often have found a vigorous growth of warlike virtues, an iron endurance, an undespairing courage, a wondrous sagacity, and singular fertility of resource. In them was renewed, with all its ancient energy, that wild and daring spirit, that force and hardihood of mind, which marked our barbarous ancestors of Germany and Norway."—Parkman, *Conspiracy of Pontiac*, Vol. I, p. 158.

³ In his Journal Dr. Thomas Walker mentions one Samuel Stalnacker whom he assisted to build a house on the Holston River in 1750. He seems to have been an Indian trader and to have been in this region for a number of years previous to that date; but the house he built in 1750 never, so far as we know, became the nucleus of any permanent community. One James McCall is also mentioned by Dr. Walker as living west of the New River in 1750. A colony of "Duncards" lived on the west bank of the New River at Ingles's Ferry in 1750, so Dr. Walker says in his Journal.

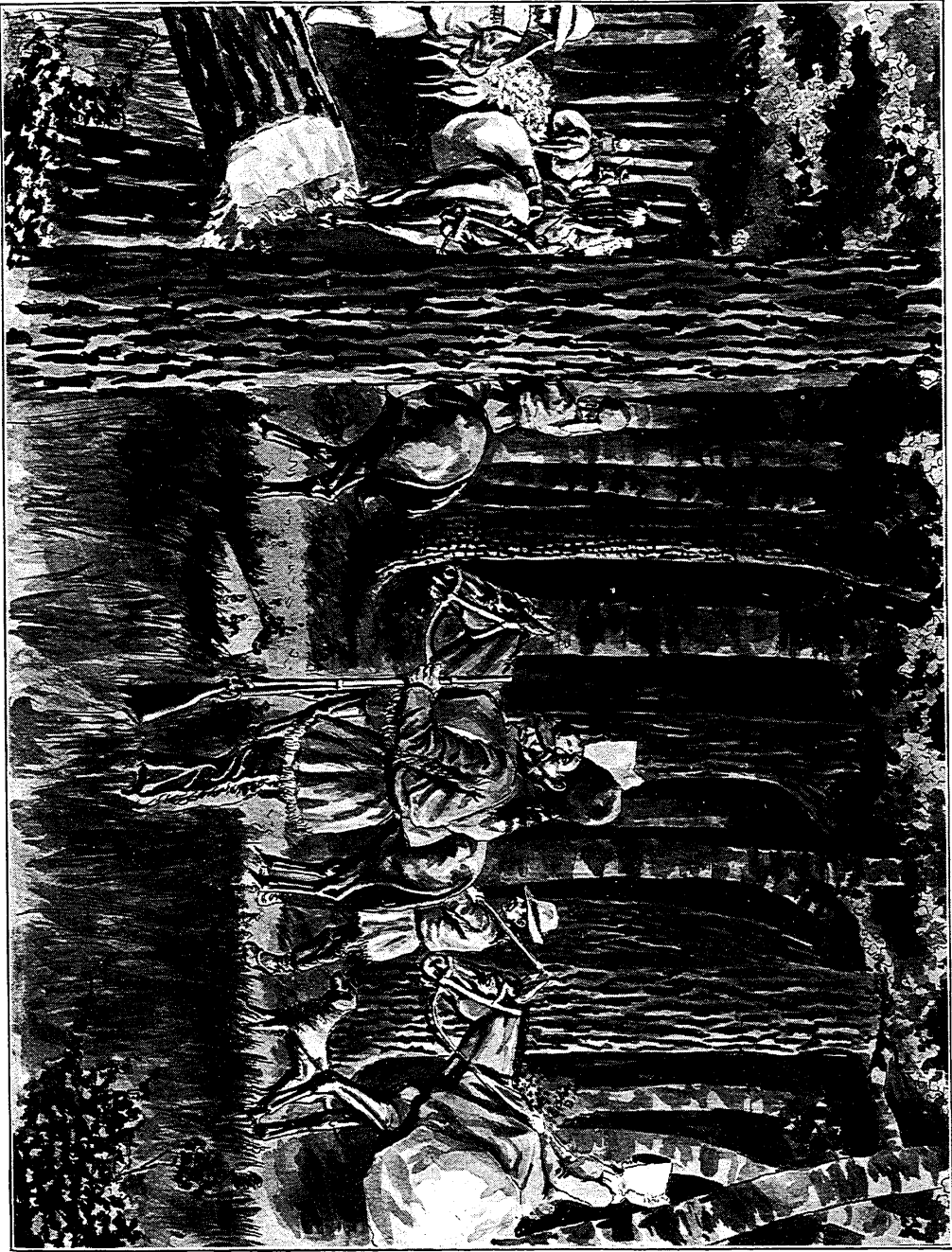
lost to us, may previously have taken up his abode in those regions. To the line indicated the vanguard of the English advance had pushed. Beyond lay the wilderness, deep, dark, dangerous, unexplored, unknown, but with a fascination wholly irresistible. Mongrel hordes of painted savages wandered through its forest reaches in search of the buffalo, the deer, the bear, and often in stealthy and deadly search for one another.

Here was a land having the inherent capacity for the development and maintenance of an empire unpeopled and wrapped in the unbroken silence of perpetual solitude. It was a desirable land, a land of plenty for even barbarians. Food was easily obtained by them, for unnumbered thousands of the American bison congregated on the treeless plains of the Illinois and the Ohio, and herds of deer wandered in the sunless mazes of the forest-clad ranges of the Cumberland and the Alleghanies. It was a land of enchanting beauty. Savage tribes of barbarians contended for it. The contumelious Frenchman buried leaden plates upon the wooded shores of its principal rivers in defiant challenge to the further advance of the stubborn Briton who was slowly but irresistibly pushing deeper and deeper into it from his compact habitat along the Atlantic seaboard with the immutable purposes of conquest and occupancy.

CHAPTER II

Hezekiah Sellards was a Scotch-Irish pioneer in the Upper Shenandoah Valley. He moved into that country from Pennsylvania. He built his cabin twenty miles from the nearest neighbor. He was a typical settler and a genuine frontiersman and backwoodsman. The location of his residence in the Valley cannot now be determined with any degree of certainty. It was in the mountains about the sources of the Shenandoah River. It was in a community where many Presbyterians afterward settled. Sellards himself was a Presbyterian of the strictest sort. He was a man of strong character and sterling worth. He was of such standing in his church that in the absence of the minister he could hold the services, and he often preached to congregations which assembled in his house upon his invitation. For his time and place he was a man of considerable property, industry, economy and thrift being strong characteristics of the old woodsman. He was a man of some learning, and at considerable trouble and expense he had his children instructed in the common elementary branches. His children were strictly trained in that severity of morals exacted of the old Covenanters. These religious principles were the foundation upon which they were expected to build correct lives.

The above makes up the sum total of what is known of Hezekiah Sellards in his residence on the Shenandoah. In addition to his farming he was a hunter. In company with his neighbors he made annual journeys into forests beyond the New River. The object of the hunter in those days was as much to find a desirable place in which to locate when next he determined to move as to secure meat



The Sellards Colony moving from the Shenandoah Valley to Walker's Creek

and skins. A more charming country than the western highlands of Virginia would be difficult indeed to find. Sellards and his associates hunted in that region about the head of Wolf Creek, and along Walker's Creek, going sometimes to the Clinch and the Holston. Their choice of locality finally fell upon Walker's Creek and Walker's Mountain. Long before it was safe to do so, perhaps before 1760, a colony of which Sellards was a member and perhaps the leader settled about Walker's Mountain. The date is not definite, but they were beset by Indians for thirty years. In their migration to their new home they drove their flocks and herds before them and carried their wives and children and their household effects upon pack-horses.

The names of the other families of this western migration are not now positively known. It is probable that the Staffords, Porters, Damrons, and others now represented in the Eastern Kentucky families came into that part of Virginia with Hezekiah Sellards. The number of persons and families cannot now be told, but prudence demanded that settlers going into the wilderness should go in sufficient force to withstand the Indian bands by which they were sure to be assailed. Sellards and his associates conformed to the type found all along the frontier. They were soldiers as well as settlers. They were armed with the old, long, heavy, hair-trigger, flint-lock rifle, and with that rude weapon their aim was true and deadly. In woodcraft they could circumvent the Indian. They were cool, positive, confident, alert, courageous, resourceful, and self-reliant.

Before going on with the work in hand it will be profitable to note a few features of backwoods life. The pioneers were their own tanners, harness-makers and shoemakers. They built their own houses and made their own furniture and agricultural implements. Salt and iron

were indispensable and had to be brought in upon pack-horses from the stations or older settlements where they were purchased with skins, furs, dried venison, and ginseng. Both were used sparingly. Often a cabin was completed without there being a single nail, bolt, or spike used in its construction. Flax and cotton were grown by almost every settler. These with the wool from the few sheep that escaped the wolves furnished material for cloth which was woven in looms in the pioneer homes. The feathers of ducks and geese furnished beds which found so much favor that they have not been discarded to this day. Clothing for the women was home spun, home woven, and home made, coarse, but substantial and comfortable. That of the men was of the same manufacture and often supplemented with skins, dressed and not dressed. The fringed hunting-shirt and leggings, fur cap and moccasins, made a picturesque garb, and for the scout, guide, hunter, trapper, explorer, or any other dweller in the wilderness it was the most appropriate that could have been devised.

For food the pioneer depended upon Indian corn, his hogs, and the fruits of the chase. The cornfields surrounded every cabin. Bacon was the favorite meat. Vegetables and fruits grew quickly and of fine quality; many edible fruits were found growing wild. Coffee was unknown, and tea was unheard of; substitutes were made from spicewood and sassafras. Chickens, turkeys, ducks, and geese were found about most cabins.

The division of labor was not so distinct as it is now. Women often worked in the field, plied the axe, sheared the sheep, pulled the flax, plucked the feathers from the geese and ducks and frequently did effective service with the rifle. These things were in addition to their ordinary work of preparing food, spinning and dyeing thread and yarn, weaving cloth therefrom, making the clothing, and attending to many other affairs amid all the

cares and anxieties incident to rearing large families on an exposed and dangerous frontier.⁴

⁴ The manner of living here described had not entirely changed in Eastern Kentucky even in 1875. Many of the features here described remained in the home of my grandfather, Henry Connelly, Esq., who lived on the Middle Fork of Jennie's Creek, Johnson County, until his death in 1877. Most of the cloth for the clothing of himself and his family was made by my aunts from cotton, flax and wool produced on his farm. I often assisted in this manufacture when a child. I could spin on the "big wheel," fill the "quills" for the shuttles used in weaving, and I have "reeled" thread and yarn, much against my will, sometimes, I must say, until my arms ached. My grandfather raised on his farm his own corn and wheat. He raised cattle, hogs, and horses. He cured his own bacon and dried and cured his own beef. He manufactured most of the agricultural implements used on his farm. He had large orchards. For more than forty years he made his own sugar from the maples growing on his land. He manufactured his own cheese. He was an industrious and independent American citizen, and his manner of life was the best. A return to it by the people would solve many serious questions now troubling the Republic.

CHAPTER III

Hezekiah Sellards had a large family, but all his children save four died before they were grown up. Two of his sons, Thomas and Jack, lived on the Buffalo Fork of John's Creek and died there, each at a great age.⁵ One daughter married John Borders, a British soldier who served under Cornwallis and was captured at Yorktown. During his service he had come to believe in America and in her cause and had resolved to make this country his home as soon as he could secure his discharge from the army. It is said that he had acquainted his officers of his intention. After the surrender of Cornwallis Borders soon contrived to be released, and he went immediately to the back settlements of Virginia to begin life in his adopted country. There he met and married a daughter of Hezekiah Sellards. He was an excellent man in every respect, so it is said. From his marriage with Miss Sellards are descended several families living now in Eastern Kentucky, one of the most numerous and respectable being that of Borders.⁶

The remaining daughter of Hezekiah Sellards was Jean, familiarly called by her family and others Jennie Sellards. Her son informed me that she had black hair through which ran a tinge of auburn in her youth. Others say her

⁵ Stated on the authority of Adam P. Wiley, also Rev. M. T. Burris, now of Golden, Mo. Mr. Burris writes me that he knew these brothers. He was born and brought up in the Leslie Settlement on John's Creek, and is a descendant of the pioneer Leslie.

⁶ The descendants of John Borders live now mainly in Lawrence and Johnson counties, Kentucky. They are scattered over all the Mississippi Valley. While many of them were farmers, they usually followed commercial life and were very successful.

hair was coal black, and they saw her many times and had opportunity to know. All agree that she was strong and capable of great exertion and great endurance. Until past middle life she was of fine form and her movements were quick. In her old age she became heavy and slow. She had then, too, heavy overhanging brows. Her eyes were black. She was above medium height. Her face was agreeable and indicated superior intelligence. She was persistent and determined in any matter she had decided to accomplish. She labored in her father's fields. She was familiar with every feature of woodcraft and was a splendid shot with the rifle; even after she settled in the Big Sandy Valley it required an expert to equal her. Before her marriage she had killed bears, wolves, panthers and other wild animals. She was at home in the woods and could hold her way over the trails of the country either by day or by night. She was endowed with an abundance of good hard Scotch common-sense. In spinning, weaving, and other work of the household she was proficient. I have set down what her son said about her. Most of it was confirmed by other witnesses. Her son insisted that until age began to tell on her she was a handsome woman.⁷

Captain Matthias Harman lived on Walker's Creek and not a great distance from Hezekiah Sellards. He was familiar with all the country along the frontier and this

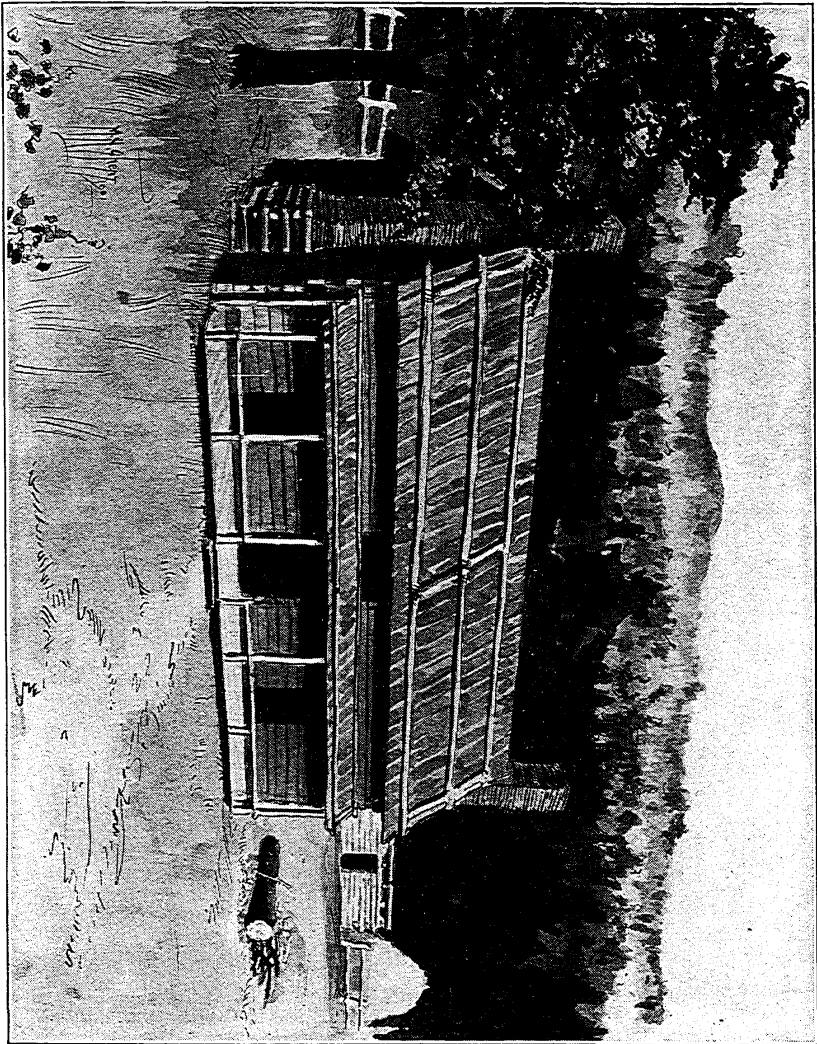
⁷Rev. M. T. Burris says "she was rather dark skinned, dark hair and heavy eye bones." He also says that Thomas Lewis, a pioneer in the Big Sandy Valley who knew Mrs. Wiley well, told him that she "had dark hair, rather heavy eyebones, and dark eyebrows." Joseph Kelley was also a pioneer in the Big Sandy Valley and knew Mrs. Wiley well; he told Mr. Burris that she had dark hair. Mr. Burris says that her brothers, Thomas and Jack Sellards, had black or dark hair. Mr. Burris did not know Mrs. Wiley. Adam P. Wiley was dark of skin, and his hair was black. My great grandmother, Mrs. Susan Connelly, knew Mrs. Wiley well; she told me that Mrs. Wiley had very dark hair, was tall, handsome form and face until old age made her heavy and slow, very intelligent, kindly disposition but firm and determined, and a devout and earnest Christian

brought his services into demand by persons seeking new lands suitable for settlements. It is said that in the spring of 1777 he led a number of settlers from Strasburg, Virginia, to Ab's Valley. Thomas and Samuel Wiley were members of this party. They were brothers, recently arrived from the north of Ireland. Samuel Wiley settled in Ab's Valley, but Thomas remained at the home of Captain Harman, of whom he finally purchased a tract of land. This tract of land was on a branch of Walker's Creek immediately north of the residence of Harman. Wiley built a cabin of two rooms with an open space between on his land and cleared a field. He courted Jennie Sellards and met with many a rebuff from her father whose hostility availed nothing, for Jennie looked with favor on the young man and they were married. This was in the year 1779.

There is nothing in the life of Thomas Wiley and his wife essential to this account the first few years of their married life. They labored to raise corn and other crops. Cows and pigs were among their possessions. Wiley did not become a good hunter, but he ranged the woods in search of ginseng. Children were born to them. They lived the simple lives of pioneers as did their neighbors. And their neighbors were few and far between.

It is necessary here to return to the transactions of Matthias Harman.⁸ Mention has been already made of the colony located by him in the vicinity of Ab's Valley.

⁸ Matthias Harman was born in or near Strasburg, Virginia, about the year 1732. His father, Heinrich Herrmann, came from Prussia to Pennsylvania, it is said, and from thence to the vicinity of Strasburg while yet a young man. Matthias Harman and his brothers, of whom he had several, early became hunters and ranged the woods far and near. They joined every expedition into the wilderness made up in their community, and it is said that their father also joined these expeditions, whether for hunting, exploration, or for war. The Harmans bore the Indian a bitter hatred and believed in his extermination. There came to America also, two brothers of Heinrich Herrmann, Adam and Jacob, but they came at a later date. These three brothers and their families were among the first settlers at Draper's Meadows in 1748. Michael Steiner or Stoner, was a cousin to Matthias Harman, and was also an early settler at



The Wiley Cabin on Walker's Creek. Drawn from description given
by Adam P. Wiley

He made a number of such settlements in the country west of the New River. It had been for thirty years his intention to make a settlement at the mouth of John's Creek on the Louisa River when the attitude of the Indians would permit him to do so with safety. The Indian tribes beyond the Ohio and the Cherokees living along the Little Tennessee had all to be taken into account. Some vagrant bands of Cherokees lived also along the Ohio River at the time. Harman was infatuated with the Louisa River country because game was more plentiful there than in any other region of which he knew. The great Indian trails between the Ohio River Indians and the Cherokees and other southern tribes lay up the Big Sandy, which accounts for the fact that the Indians roamed that country several years after they had disappeared from all other parts of Kentucky. For this colony Harman had enlisted a number of his old-time associates and companions in wilderness exploration. In 1787 he believed it safe to

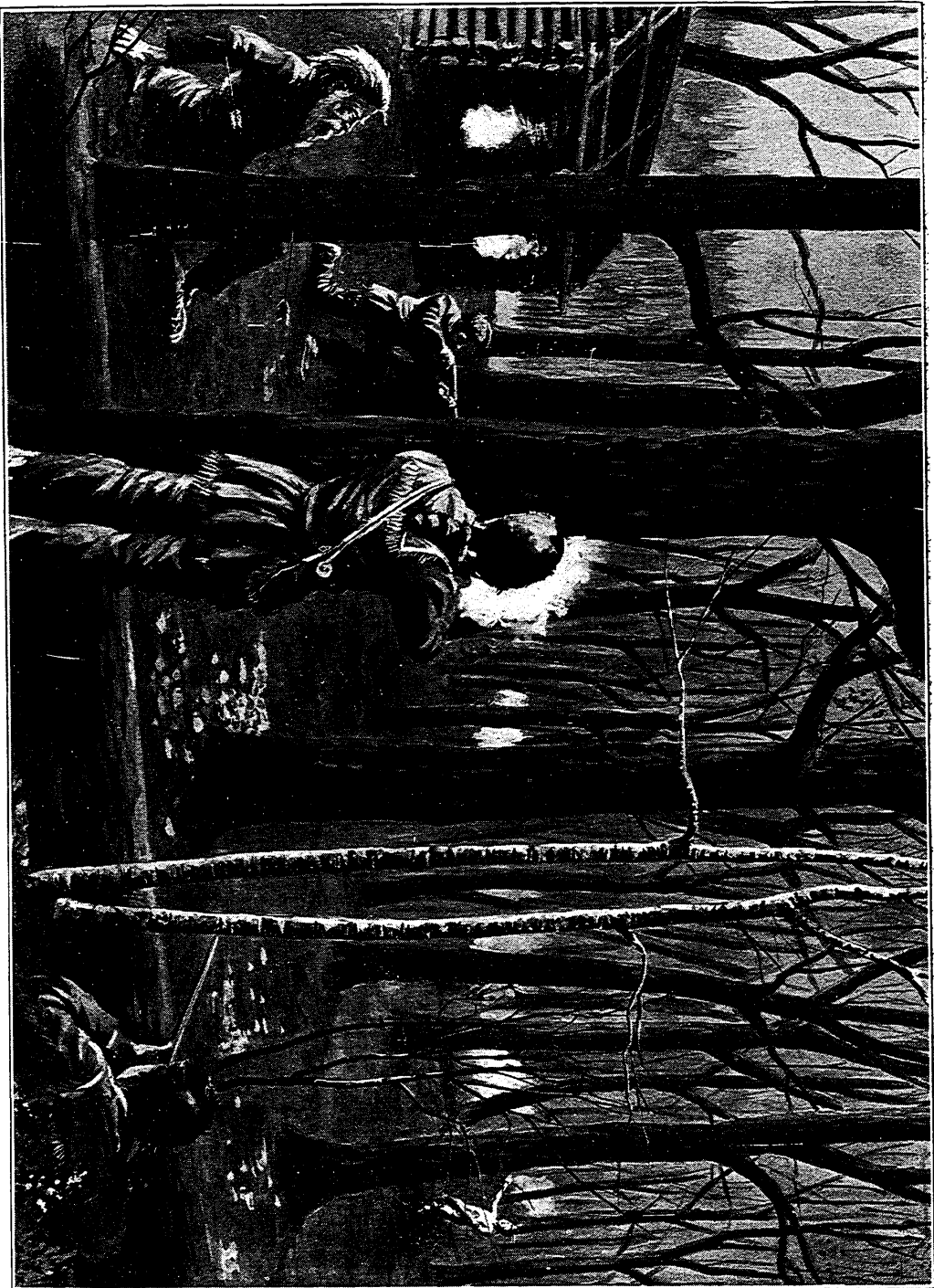
Draper's Meadows. It is said that Casper Mansker, the famous pioneer of Tennessee, was in some degree related to the Harmans. These men were called Dutchmen by the early settlers. They were all explorers of the wilderness, and hunting became a passion with them. Matthias Harman became infatuated with the life of the woodsman and the dangers of the frontier. In woodcraft and Indian warfare it is doubtful if he ever had a superior. He was one of the men employed to guide the Sandy Creek Voyage, and tradition says that if General Lewis had been governed by his judgment the expedition would not have failed of its purpose. He and his Dutch companions and relatives slew about forty Cherokees who were returning home from assisting the English against Fort Du Quesne in 1758, so tradition in the Harman family says, and they justified their action by affirming that the Indians had stolen horses and cattle from the settlers along their route. Tradition in the Big Sandy Valley said that Michael Stoner and Casper Mansker were with Harman in this foray, and that the party received pay from the colony of Virginia for the scalps of the Indians slain and that it amounted to a considerable sum per man.

These Germans and explorers with whom they were associated became familiar with every part of the Big Sandy Valley soon after settling at Draper's Meadows. They built a lodge or hunters' cabin on the Louisa River just below the mouth of John's Creek about the year 1755, and they went there to hunt the deer, elk, buffalo, bear, beaver, and other game animals and birds every year. Matthias Harman appears to have been the

establish his settlement, and it was agreed that it should be made in the winter of 1787-88.

Harman's father was yet living. He always went with the other pioneers to hunt in the Big Sandy Valley. Except for a few years during the Revolution this hunt had been made annually for twenty five years and perhaps longer. As the hunters would not return when they went out in the fall of 1787, and as Harman, senior, was now too old to go with the colony and was desirous of making a hunt with his sons this year it was arranged that a party would go out for a few weeks prior to the departure to build the fort on the Louisa. Where the hunters made their camp cannot now be determined. It was not far from the settlements, and it appears to have been near the head waters of both the Tug and Louisa rivers. It is said that about twenty hunters went out in this party. Henry Harman and his sons, Henry Skaggs, James Skaggs, Robert leader. Associated with him were Henry Skaggs and James Skaggs, famous hunters and explorers.

Matthias Harman was called "Tice" or "Tias" Harman by his companions. He was diminutive in size, in height being but little more than five feet, and his weight never exceeded one hundred and twenty pounds. He had an enormous nose and a thin sharp face. He had an abundance of hair of a yellow tinge, beard of a darker hue, blue eyes which anger made green and glittering, and a bearing bold and fearless. He possessed an iron constitution, and could endure more fatigue and privation than any of his associates. He was a dead shot with the long rifle of his day. The Indians believed him in league with the devil or some other malevolent power because of their numbers he killed, his miraculous escapes, and the bitterness and relentless daring of his warfare against them. He was one of the Long Hunters, as were others of the Harmans, and more than once did his journeys into the wilderness carry him to the Mississippi River. He and the other Harmans able to bear arms were in the Virginia service in the War of the Revolution. He is said to have formed the colony which made the first settlement in Ab's Valley. He formed the colony which made the first settlement in Eastern Kentucky and erected the blockhouse. He brought in the settlers who rebuilt the blockhouse, and for a number of years he lived in the Blockhouse Bottom or its vicinity. In his extreme old age he returned to Virginia and died there. It is said he lived to be ninety-six, but I have not the date or place of his death.



The Battle with the Indians at the Hunting Camp, in which Matthias Harman killed the son of the Cherokee Chief.

Hawes, some of the Damrons, and a man named Draper are known to have been of the party that went on this preliminary hunt.

As it was the intention of the hunters to remain some time in the woods they built a rough camp in which to sleep and to shelter their trappings in case of rain. The camp must have been near the Indian highway, for one day it was surprised and attacked by a roving band of Indians. Few particulars of this skirmish have been preserved, though the memory of it is widespread. It is said that the previous night had been rainy and the morning cloudy and damp. The men had not gone out early, and that fortunate circumstance saved the camp from destruction, in all probability. The hunters not being beyond hearing of gunshots returned at once, catching the Indian party in the rear and defeating the savages in a short time. Robert Hawes was wounded in one of his arms. The Indians were pressing the party at the camp when the other hunters returned. A young Cherokee, son of the chief and leader, was armed with bow and arrows only, but he came near killing Henry Harman and would possibly have done so had not Matthias Harman killed him with a rifle shot. The death of the Indian boy ended the fight. The chief carried the body of his son away with him. Matthias Harman recognized the Cherokee chief as one of the boldest raiders on the Virginia settlements to be found in all the tribes. He stole horses all along the frontier, murdered families, and carried off plunder of all kinds. Harman had followed him often and had met him in many a running fight. A bitter hatred existed between the two men, and the Cherokee had tried to destroy Harman's family several times when Harman was engaged in scouting and was absent from home, but his attempts had never been successful; he had frequently driven off horses and cattle belonging to Harman. It is said that Harman and

this chief had been friends at one time, and that they were both guides in the Sandy Creek Voyage.⁹

When the Indians disappeared Matthias Harman determined to return home at once. He was certain that the Cherokee would fall upon the settlements and inflict what damage he could, for he was a daring marauder and is represented to have been persistent in the pursuit of re-

⁹ The traditional accounts of this Indian attack vary much. In some of them little of what actually happened can be found. H. C. Ragland, of Logan, West Virginia, confuses it with the Sandy Creek Voyage. Matthias Harman, a nephew of the fourth generation from his famous uncle, for whom he was named, wrote me the following:

"William Harman and Aquilla Harman were once out hunting on a very cold day and the Indians made a raid upon the settlement in the Baptist Valley [and] about this time or 1780 gave the settlers some trouble. Henry Harman and his three sons, George Harman, Ed. Harman, Tias Harman, and a man by the name of Draper followed them down the Tug Fork of Sandy to what is now Warfield where they found the Indians camped by a log and Harman fired on them. Draper left them.

"The Indians shot the old man Harman in the breast with arrow spikes until he could not stand without leaning against a tree. His son, George, loaded his gun for him. There he stood until he shot six of the Indians dead. The seventh was wounded, ran into the Tug River and drowned himself."

Rev. M. T. Burris included the following account in the manuscript he prepared for me:

"Daniel Harman was a brother of Henry, George and Matthias Harman, the great Indian fighters and early explorers of Tug and Levisa Fork of Big Sandy. They had a terrible battle with Indians on Tug River, up near the Va. line. They came upon the Indians a little unexpected, George Harman commanded his squad, and the battle opened in earnest, it seemed at first that the Indians would be too much for them; Harman's boys said to him, 'Had we not better retreat and try to save ourselves?' (A man by the name of Draper ran at the first fire.) Harman replied in a determined voice, 'No! give them h—l! When you see me fall it will be time to retreat.' At that word the boys took fresh courage and loaded and kept blazing away. G. Harman was a brave man; the chief ran up close to him, made motions to Harman to throw down his gun so he could take him a prisoner but he would not, they closed in a scuffle, they were so near equally yoked in strength the Indian could not hold him down; in [the] scuffle Harman got hold of the Indian's butcher knife that was in his belt, and began to use it in earnest, having the Indian by the legs, Indian's head down, biting Harman's legs. Harman stabbed him 24 times before he dispatched him, the others took to their heels, as the Harman company was proving too much for them. The Harmans had a rock [house]

venge, which it was believed he would now seek for his son slain in battle. The absence of Harman and other riflemen from the settlements gave him an opportunity which the hunters believed he would not let pass.

A number of arrowheads remained in the wounds of Henry Harman, making his condition serious. On this account no pursuit of the Indians was attempted. A litter

or cave in that region where they camped when on Tug, hunting and exploring. (These facts I learned from Adam Harman)."

Adam Harman, here mentioned by Mr. Burris, was a nephew in the third generation, of Matthias Harman. While there is much error in these meager accounts, they evidently preserve some of the details of the battle between the hunters and the Indians. I heard many such accounts as those quoted above. The one written in the text was given me by Adam P. Wiley. There were some things of which he was uncertain, and my description of the encounter is deficient in the matter of detail. But I wrote down all that I was certain of.

It is believed that this battle with the Indians by Harman and his sons and others was in fact that which is described by Bickley in his *History of Tazewell County, Virginia*. Adam P. Wiley said that Bickley had this battle in mind when he wrote his account, and that he was in error in many things, particularly the date, locality, the number of persons engaged on each side, and the important developments which grew out of it.

The late Dr. Witten, of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, knew Bickley, and was in Tazewell County when his history was published. I have seen a letter from him to his son, T. A. Witten, Esq., a lawyer in Missouri, saying that Bickley fell into a good many errors, and that these were pointed out by the people there upon the appearance of the book. The same letter is authority for the assurance that Bickley was conscientious, and that the errors in his book were the result of insufficient research and investigation. He places the battle in 1784 and makes nothing of it more than an insignificant collision of stragglers, while in fact it was an important meeting of those contesting for the supremacy of the wilderness. I give his account:

"In the fall of 1784, Henry Harman and his two sons, George and Matthias, and George Draper, left the settlement to engage in a bear hunt on Tug River. They were provided with pack-horses, independent of those used for riding, and on which were to be brought in the game. The country in which their hunt was to take place was penetrated by the 'war-path' leading to and from the Ohio River; but as it was late in the season, they did not expect to meet with Indians.

"Arriving at the hunting-grounds in the early part of the evening, they stopped and built their camp; a work executed generally by the old man, who might be said to be particular in having it constructed to his own taste. George and Matthias loaded and put their guns in order, and started to the woods to look for sign, and perchance to kill a buck for the

was made and the wounded man was sent to his home, which was in the vicinity of Ab's Valley, so it is said.

The surmise of the hunters concerning the intention of the Cherokee chief proved correct. He went as directly to Walker's Creek as he could from the battlefield. It was the judgment of the hunters afterwards when all the facts were known that he divided his band and sent a part evening repast, while Draper busied himself in hobbling and caring for the horses.

"In a short time George returned with the startling intelligence of Indians. He had found a camp but a short distance from their own, in which the partly consumed sticks were still burning. They could not, of course, be at any considerable distance and might now be concealed near them, watching their every movement. George, while at the camp, had made a rapid search for sign, and found a pair of leggins, which he showed the old man. Now, old Mr. Harman was a type of frontiersman, in some things, and particularly that remarkable self-possession, which is so often to be met with in new countries, where dangers are ever in the path of the settler. So taking a seat on the ground, he began to interrogate his son on the dimensions, appearance, &c., of the camp. When he had fully satisfied himself, he remarked, that 'there must be from five to seven Indians,' and that they must pack up and hurry back to the settlement, to prevent, if possible, the Indians from doing mischief; and, said he, *'If we fall in with them we must fight them.'*

"Matthias was immediately called in, and the horses packed. Mr. Harman and Draper now began to load their guns, when the old man observing Draper laboring under what is known among hunters as the 'Buck ague,' being that state of excitement which causes excessive trembling, remarked to him, 'My son, I fear you cannot fight.'

"The plan of march was now agreed upon, which was, that Mr. Harman and Draper should lead the way, the pack-horses follow them, and Matthias and George bring up the rear. After they had started, Draper remarked to Mr. Harman, that he would get ahead, as he could see better than Mr. Harman, and that he would keep a sharp lookout. It is highly probable that he was cogitating a plan of escape, as he had not gone far before he declared he saw the Indians, which proved not to be true. Proceeding a short distance further, he suddenly wheeled his horse about, at the same time crying out, 'Yonder they are—behind that log.' As a liar is not to be believed, even when he speaks the truth, so Mr. Draper was not believed this time. Mr. Harman rode on, while a large dog he had with him, ran up to the log and reared himself upon it, showing no signs of the presence of Indians. At this second a sheet of fire and smoke from the Indian rifles, completely concealed the log from view, for Draper had really spoken the truth.

"Before the smoke had cleared away, Mr. Harman and his sons were dismounted, while Draper had fled with all the speed of a swift horse. There were seven of the Indians, only four of whom had guns; the rest being armed with bows and arrows, tomahawks and scalping-knives. As soon as they fired, they rushed on Mr. Harman, who fell back to where his sons stood ready to meet the Indians.

"They immediately surrounded the three white men, who had formed a triangle, each looking out, or, what would have been, with men enough, a hollow square. The old gentleman bid Matthias to reserve his fire, while himself and George fired, wounding, as it would seem, two of the Indians.

of it on to the Cherokee towns, perhaps with the body of his son. The hunters believed there were more Indians in the party which attacked their camp than in the band which fell upon the home of Thomas Wiley. It was known later that the party with which the Cherokee attacked the settlement was composed of two Cherokees, three Shawnees, three Wyandots, three Delawares, a total of eleven Indians — a mongrel band, a thing not uncommon at that

George was a lame man, from having had white swelling in his childhood, and after firing a few rounds, the Indians noticed his limping, and one who had fired at him, rushed upon him, thinking him wounded. George saw the fatal tomahawk raised, and drawing his gun, prepared to meet it. When the Indian had got within striking distance, George let down upon his head with the gun, which brought him to the ground; he soon recovered and made at him again, half bent and head foremost, intending, no doubt, to trip him up. But as he got near enough, George sprang up and jumped across him, which brought the Indian to his knees. Feeling for his own knife, and not getting hold of it, he seized the Indian's and plunged it deep into his side. Matthias struck him on the head with a tomahawk, and finished the work with him.

“ Two Indians had attacked the old man with bows, and were maneuvering around him, to get a clear fire at his left breast. The Harmans, to a man, wore their bullet-pouches on the left side, and with this and his arm he so completely shielded his breast that the Indians did not fire till they saw the old gentleman's gun nearly loaded again, when one fired on him, and struck his elbow near the joint, cutting one of the principal arteries. In a second more, the fearful string was heard to vibrate, and an arrow entered Mr. Harman's breast and lodged against a rib. He had by this time loaded the gun, and was raising it to his face to shoot one of the Indians, when the stream of blood from the wounded artery flew into the pan, and so soiled his gun that it was impossible to make it fire. Raising the gun, however, had the effect to drive back the Indians, who retreated to where the others stood with their guns empty.

“ Matthias, who had remained an almost inactive spectator, now asked permission to fire, which the old man granted. The Indian at whom he fired appeared to be the chief, and was standing under a large beech tree. At the report of the rifle, the Indian fell, throwing his tomahawk high among the limbs of the tree under which he stood.

“ Seeing two of their number lying dead upon the ground, and two more badly wounded, they immediately made off, passing by Draper, who had left his horse, and concealed himself behind a log.

“ As soon as the Indians retreated, the old man fell back on the ground exhausted and fainting from loss of blood. The wounded arm being tied up and his face washed in cold water, soon restored him. The first words he uttered were: ‘ We are whipped; give me my pipe.’ This was furnished him, and he took a whiff, while the boys scalped one of the Indians.

“ When Draper saw the Indians pass him, he stealthily crept from his hiding-place, and pushed on for the settlement, where he reported the whole party murdered. The people assembled and started soon the following morning to bury them; but they had not gone far before they met Mr. Harman and his sons, in too good condition to need burying.

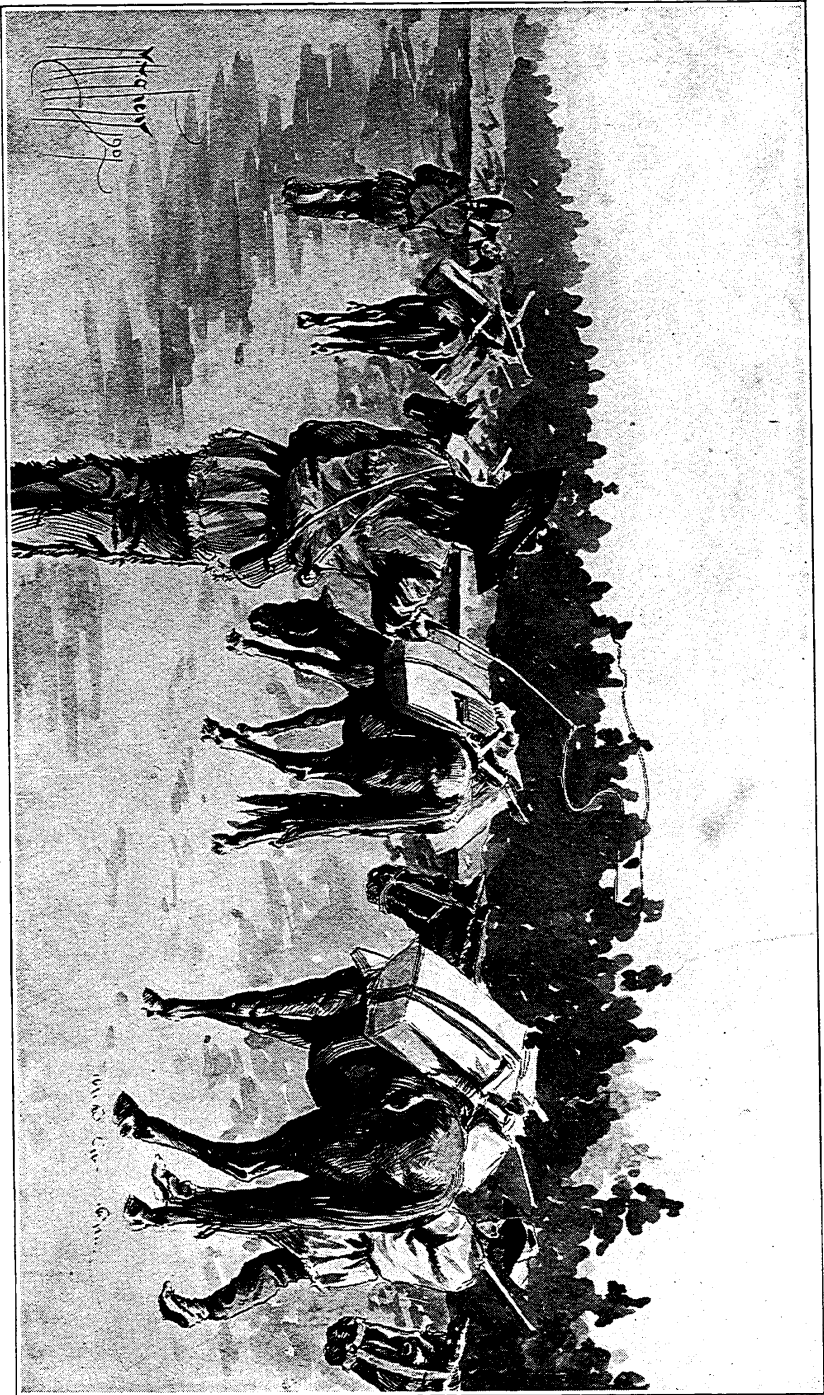
“ Upon the tree under which the chief was killed, is roughly carved an Indian bow, and a gun, in commemoration of the fight. The arrows which were shot into Mr. Harman are in possession of some of his descendants.”

time. It was also learned that the party was on the trail from the villages beyond the Ohio to the Cherokee towns on the Little Tennessee, and that they had come upon the camp of the hunters by chance. It was not a war party but a roving band such as might be encountered at any time in those days in the wilderness.¹⁰

Mrs. Wiley, upon her return, gave a good description of the Indians. She supposed the Cherokee chief to have been more than fifty years of age, possibly sixty. He was a large man, stern and hard of countenance, resourceful, full of energy and quick of mind and body for an Indian, much more cruel than his companions, and treacherous but bold and relentless. His ears and nose were decorated with Indian ornaments, among them silver rings of elaborate workmanship, some of them as much as three inches in diameter. He wore buckskin leggins and beaded moccasins, a shirt of red cloth, carried a knife and a tomahawk in his belt, had the shot-pouch and powder-horn of the white man slung over his left shoulder and under his right arm, and was armed with a long rifle which he carried muzzle forward on his shoulder. He was fierce and irascible, and Mrs. Wiley stood in much fear of him from the first. He had carried away a white woman from some Kanawha settlement a few years previous to this raid. Many years afterwards it was believed this was a Mrs. Tacket, descendants of whom live now in Johnson County, Kentucky.

Among the Shawnees of the band there was a chief. He was an old man and while a warrior he was also a sort of medicine man or priest. He was of grave and solemn mien, and like the Cherokee, had his nose and ears decorated with Indian gewgaws, but these he seldom wore while

¹⁰ The number of Indians belonging to the different tribes represented in the band Mr. Wiley had from his mother. This party was not on the war-path. The Indians were going to visit in the Cherokee country. Their meeting with these hunters was purely accidental.



The Settlers on their way to build the Blockhouse and establish Harman's Station

on the war-path, they being a part of his ceremonial regalia. He had a number of small silver brooches strung together in chains with which he ornamented himself, and he carried rings and other ornaments for his arms, wrists, and ankles. He worshiped the New Moon, or performed some manner of incantation at the appearance of every new moon. His songs were long and always recited with solemn dignity, often sung while he marched about a fire kindled for the purpose and upon which he flung some substance with which tobacco had been previously mixed. Age had not impaired his strength, although he was long since done with much of the ardor which had animated his youth. He was of a more kindly disposition than the other Indians. He did not make such show of his ornaments as did the Cherokee chief who carried a buckskin bag containing his silver ornaments, and another also which contained ornaments of shell, bone, brass, and copper. Mrs. Wiley gave good descriptions of the other Indians, but it is not necessary to repeat them here.

CHAPTER IV

Mrs. Wiley remembered well the state of the weather the day the attack was made upon her home. A heavy rain began at noon, and soon clouds of fog hung about the mountain tops and drifted up the valleys. The autumn frosts had turned the forests a sombre hue which showing under the dull and leaden sky aroused a sense of melancholy.

Thomas Wiley was absent from home that day. Before daylight he had set out for some trading station with a horse laden with ginseng and other marketable commodities which he would barter for domestic necessaries. Mrs. Wiley's brother, a lad of fifteen, remained with her in the absence of her husband. The trading station was a considerable distance from Wiley's residence, and it was not expected that he could reach home until late at night.

There had been born to Thomas Wiley and his wife four children, the age of the youngest being about fifteen months.

John Borders lived about two miles from the house of Wiley. Some of his sheep had broken from an enclosure and escaped into the woods. While they remained there they were in danger of destruction from wolves and other wild animals. In the morning of this day Borders had gone out to search for his sheep. He had not found them when the rain set in. After wandering awhile in the rain he found himself in the vicinity of Wiley's cabin and went down to it. He found Mrs. Wiley engaged in weaving a piece of cloth for use in her family. He called her attention to the cries and hootings of owls which could be plainly heard from different points in the woods around

the house. He said that he had heard these cries since the rain began to fall, but had not heard them before. While it was not unusual for the owls to call from mountain to mountain on dark and rainy days Borders was apprehensive that the hootings heard this day came from Indians signaling to one another. Indians always used the cries of wild animals as such signals. Borders urged Mrs. Wiley to take her children to his house and remain there over night as a matter of precaution. Mr. Wiley would pass his house on his return and could be hailed and remain there also. Mrs. Wiley agreed to go as Borders requested, but wished first to complete the piece of cloth, which would require but a few minutes. As her brother could assist her in bringing the children Borders returned home at once through the woods and made further search for his sheep.

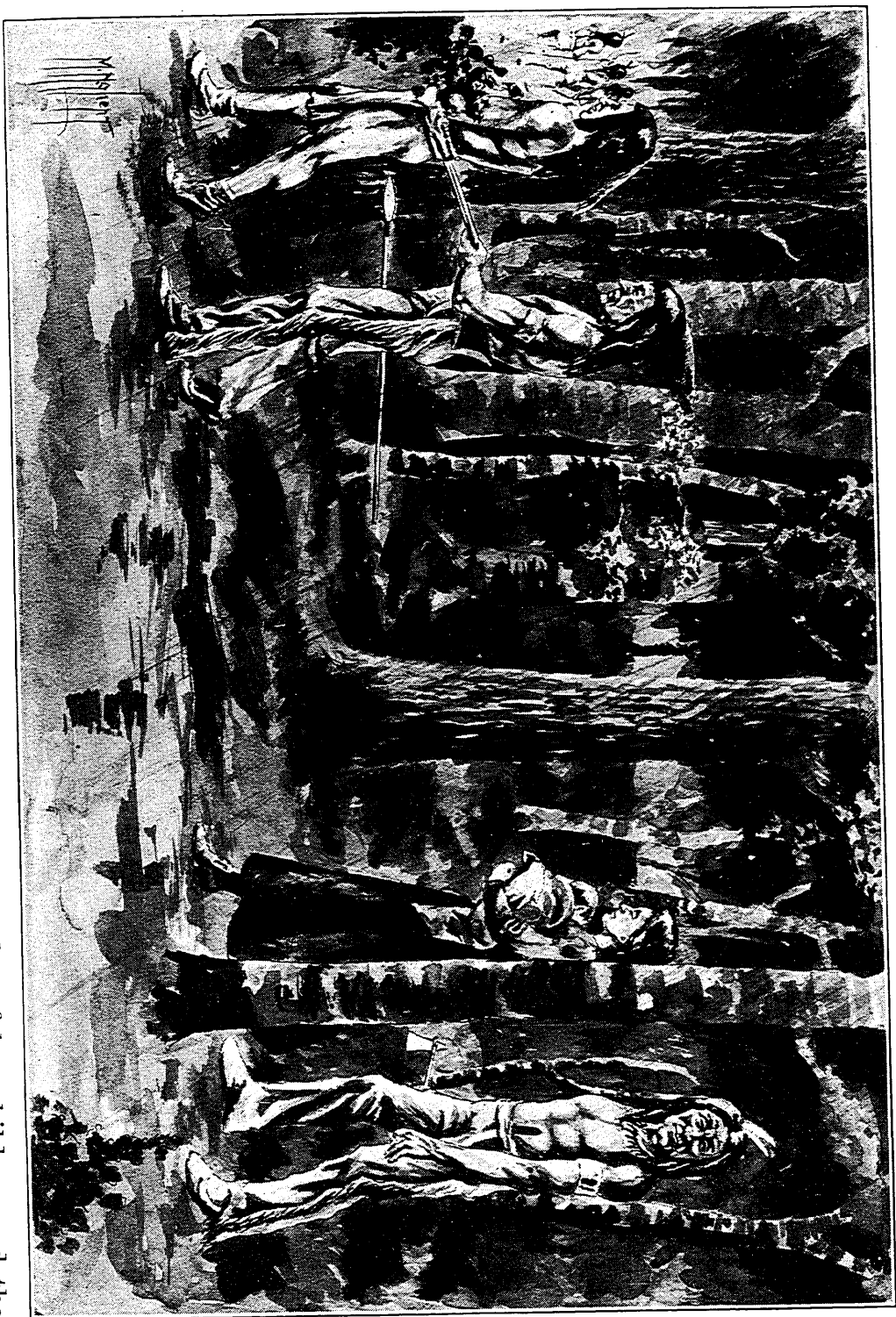
To follow along the course of the creek it was a mile from the cabin of Thomas Wiley to that of Matthias Harman, but by the path which led over a low hill the distance was less than half a mile. When standing in this mountain path on the top of the range if you went down to the south you came to Harman's house; by descending to the north Wiley's cabin was reached.

As soon as Borders departed Mrs. Wiley made all haste to feed and care for the domestic animals on the farm and arrange for her absence from home over night. The Indians were always expected in those days, but Mrs. Wiley felt no fear. It was her judgment that no attack would be made upon any settler until after night came on. Usually that course would have been taken by the Indians, but in this instance they were anxious to proceed as rapidly as possible.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when Mrs. Wiley and the children were wrapped and ready to start to the home of Borders. Suddenly the house was filled with Indians. They came in at the open door yelling

the war-whoop and began to strike down the children with their tomahawks. Little resistance could be offered by Mrs. Wiley. She realized the awful condition she was in, but she tried to save her children. She could not reach any weapon and could only struggle to protect the little ones. Her brother aided her as much as he could until he was brained with a tomahawk. Only the youngest child remained alive of her children and her brother. She caught up this child and fought off the Indians a few moments, after which the Shawnee chief found an opportunity to seize her and claim her as his captive. This angered the Cherokee chief, and a controversy arose. Mrs. Wiley learned in some way from the actions of the two chiefs and what they said that they supposed themselves at the house of Matthias Harman. She made haste to inform them that they were not at the Harman residence and told them her name. It appears that there had been some doubt as to which was Harman's house in the minds of the savages. For the time being Mrs. Wiley's life was spared, also that of the child she had in her arms. Her slain children and her brother were scalped before her eyes.

The Indians found that their plans had miscarried. The family of their arch enemy had escaped, though they had perpetrated a bloody deed in the settlement. The Cherokee insisted that Mrs. Wiley and her child should be killed at once and a descent made upon Harman's house. The Shawnee chief believed that the hunters would return that day and that they would meet with resistance at the Harman cabin. It was his opinion that they should make their escape from the settlements and continue their journey, for pursuit was certain. The Cherokee was equally certain that they would be followed by the settlers and was finally brought to the opinion of the Shawnee, but he pointed out that they could not escape if they carried any prisoners. The Shawnee chief contended for his right to



The Indians taking Mrs. Wiley into the Wilderness after the murder of her children and the destruction of her home

take a captive and carry her to his town. It was finally decided that the Shawnee might retain his captive for the time being, though it necessitated, as they believed, a return to the Indian towns beyond the Ohio. Their decision to follow this course saved Mrs. Wiley's life. She did not know what the Indians were saying, and only came to know what had passed long afterwards when she understood the Shawnee language. Both chiefs could speak English a little, but this discussion had been carried on in the Indian tongue. The Shawnee chief informed her that he had saved her life that she might take the place of his daughter who had recently died, the last of his children.¹¹

The Indians set the house on fire, but such torrents of rain were falling that it did not completely burn. They entered the woods at a point near the house. Darkness was coming rapidly on. Mists and the black clouds of night swallowed up the valley and shut out the view. Mrs. Wiley's dog came hesitatingly after them and was permitted to follow her. They ascended a hill north of the

¹¹ In all his recitals to me Mr. Wiley never omitted to include the fact that his mother was to be the daughter of the Shawnee chief. The formal adoption, he insisted, could not be made until the Indians reached the towns of the Shawnees, consequently she could not be given in marriage to any one before they reached there. Being, to all intents and purposes, the daughter of the chief, Mr. Wiley maintained that his mother was safe from violation and escaped that humiliation. I have heard statements to the effect that an Indian daughter was born to Mrs. Wiley after her escape and return to the Virginia settlements. Mr. Burris writes me that he has heard the same thing. I have been told that Adam P. Wiley was the son of the Shawnee. That was certainly untrue, for Mr. Wiley was born in 1798. Some versions of the captivity of Mrs. Wiley had it that she was carried to Old Chillicothe and that her sale to the Cherokee occurred there, after which she was carried to the old Indian town at the mouth of Little Mudlick Creek by the Cherokee as his wife.

There was never any uniformity in these versions, and they always appeared to me as mere conjecture of those having indefinite information. It was natural, of course, for Mr. Wiley to believe that his mother escaped violation. It is the province of the historian to state all the facts in his possession, and I have performed that duty to accuracy in historical accounts in this instance.

house, marching in Indian file headed by the Cherokee chief, the Shawnee chief being hindmost with Mrs. Wiley, her child in her arms, just in front of him.