

ANCESTORS OF FRANCES LYNN LEWIS

In 1660 Jean Louis de Cartre fled from France to England (9). He settled in Wales and joined the British Army. William, his oldest son, a lawyer, settled first in Northern England, where his son Andrew was born. Later, the family moved to Donegal Ireland. Andrew and his wife Mary Calhoun were the parents of John Lewis, who married Margaret Lynn. She was a daughter of William and Margaret Patton Lynn, of Loch Lynn in Scotland. They were also the parents of Dr. William Lynn of Fredricksburg, Virginia. He refers to his sister Margaret in his will.

The following excerpts from the diary of Margaret Lynn Lewis tell a vivid story of their life before and after coming to America.

"THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF MARGARET LEWIS"

"The Common-place Book of me, Margaret Lewis nee Lynn of Loch Lynn Scotland, being a nest for my souls repose in troublous time that hath befallen. Here nothing burthening myself with style nor date, I can re-treat when toil and turmoil of the day is past, speaking as unto a faithful ear some of my woman's sorrow. So, shall I not add to their weight, who have, Heaven knows, enough to bear for themselves.

Margaret Lewis Bride of John Lewis, Donegal Ireland.

Bidding farewell to the bonny loch and knowes of Lynn, though alone with the gallant Huguenot I had taken for my husband, cause surely woman's grief to my heart, nay, something like a child's I might say. It was not for the bands of retainers, the powerful clans and castle splendor I had grown up withal surrounded, but I almost cried for my mother, for good Dame Barley our blessed English tutoress, and for Elliott my nurse. I thought the first night I came to my husband's mother's and was set up as a lady to receive court, I should blubber like a great child. This with remembrance that at that very hour, my mother was taking her cup of comfort, as she called her tea, the children were with her, in their places and my chair, the one which was my sainted father's, sat empty.

I stood as long as endurance was good, and then, stole away to a retired apartment. There they sought, and after a time found me, sleeping in a great chair, like an overgrown baby. I did not like to cause offence but, I thought then, as I have often since of the significance, of the blessed Apostles sleeping for sorrow and heaviness, as the Master's time drew nigh.

Well, so be it ... Loch Lynn and its rock crowned summits and purple heather are all past now, like as to when one goes on a journey, and beareth away, the memory only, impression of the landscape. The craigs to be sure had in them nothing loving, but that they grew by home, and for the blue heather, the eyes of my two boys, Andrew and William, and their sweet sister Alice, glad me more than acres of such. Thomas my eldest born, hath a defect in his sight, but for all this, he looks into his mother's heart deep down enough, leaving there, which is better than the shades of blue heather ... sunshine. He is a noble lad.

John Lewis Has Serious Trouble With Landlord

We have worse trouble come upon us now, I say, than that of a wench leaving her mother's fireside. My poor John is sorely belabored in soul with the grievous malice of ... Lord Clonmithgairn.

The contentious noble hath said to the good Dean of Ulster a few nights ago, how that my husband's leasehold on the estates of Clonmithgairn and Dunderly should be revoked at next assises, or (and he took a vile oath) blood should be spilt between the contenders. My husband has amassed much means, but he does not choose, (as what man of spirit would) to be driven to and fro in the matter of his rightful possessions.

So, I play with my children, and for John I have words cheery and careless like, but faithful Nora, she sees it is not in my heart. She essays compassionate sentences and looks for me, and I tell her my troubles, yet it is a foe to order and household authority when the heads thereof use to confiding greatly in even the best of servants. Now when a woman's tongue must not wag, some, corresponding member must

take its place. Here then comes in this book, which at one time served John Lewis for his tenantry accounts.

In this year of Grace 1730, what things are come to pass. Blessed Christ, pardon the souls of such wicked minded men as on the last Lord's Day would so rush to arms and blood, making havoc and murder, and sacrifice to evil passion.

I can no more now take this my book, my companion to the nook of a private withdrawing room in Clonmalla Castle. Drawing there, the crimson dark curtains shutting out the world and my noisy little ones. I liked that retirement where I could read or pray, or talk to myself in writing. My home lies in ashes, but worse, ashes lie on my heart too. My best beloved John is a fugitive from the law, and for me, I can not say why my poor sight was not blasted by what it four days since, beheld.

Lord Clonmithgairn Attempts To Eject John Lewis

And Is Killed

My husband had his family around him, as is customary when we go not to the evening service, (indeed our Chaplain was at home sick in bed) expounding for the soul's health of children and servants, texts of Holy Scripture. Edward, poor man, begged the reading should go on in the round tower room, where he lay... months he had been ailing, yet being somewhat on the mend, then, he had come with his wife and infants to his brother's house. Strange to say, as the passage "Are you come out as against a thief, with swords and staves?" passed John's lips, a rude shouting was heard without. On looking to the direction of the noise, we perceived the drunken Lord Clonmithgairn leading an armed force of ruffian clans. This to eject John Lewis from his rightful domain. The envious heart could not bear the sight of his neighbor's success.

Dark was the shadow upon Clonmalla, that evening my husband armed himself like a man; rallied our domestics around him, and even poor puny Edward girt on his arms right speedily. Poor soul, he had as well as not, maybe better, for he was the first victim of the

air ferocious raid. Ere he had come three steps one of the invaders cried out, 'Where will that white pigeon be going?' Then shot him through the head. He fell stark dead. Then, John looked like an enraged tiger surely. He wielded right and left, when lo, the obnoxious noble, then his favorite steward were dispatched. Finally, our men succeeded in driving off the interlopers. But some of our best were slain.

More than this, a great sorrow we had not looked for greeted us as the invaders dispersed, in the slain and trampled body of little Eubank, Edward's eldest son. He was eight years old. How he came among them we could not tell. His green tunic was stained with blood and trampling feet, and his white, marble face looked like a sculptured cherub, but on these or the portly prostrate form of his father, must we not stay to anger our eyes.

The Home Broken Up And John Lewis A Fugitive

Clonmithgairn was a man of power and weight, and we must hurry away from the scene of that brief bloody battle.

I and my little ones abide here (Duraven) with friends, while he, my best beloved of all, roameth I do not know where. Servants have buried our dead long before this time, while I sit weeping tears from different fountains. Of bitterest allegations for John dear ____, of gloom enough for Edward's bereft widow, and the two kin couples, darkening the memory of our house and home; tears of thankfulness that he my life was spared, and my sweet Christ forgive me, tears of joy that the persecutor, the mover of the Devil's work fell in his evil undertaking.

John Lewis Returns

Last night about sunset, Lady Clara sang to her kitar a low sweet song, this upon the south balcony. My soul seemed to leave the body as I listened, as though something strange should come to pass to me or mine. By and by she sudden stopped, and I recalled myself. A white kerchief was waved slowly against the dusky parkwood. News from my husband. This was to be his signal.

Lady Clara and I started in the direction whence the sign had come, but John, poor soul, had then hidden himself, lest the sounds he heard might be other than friendly steps. I thought, presently, to speak aloud, though my heart was in my mouth, so he knew the voice and came to the edge of the wood again. We three sat talking as long as we dared, and now, I know my destiny and he is gone. He has been to Portugale, so he tells, but likes it not much for living.

The Virginia Wilds Offer Safe Asylum

The Virginia Wilds hold out safe asylum, for our oppressed house, and thither we sail at once. The danger life we lead there is nothing to think of; safety from injustices, if we shall find it, covers all the ground.

So for seeing the way clear, the prospect darkens with doubt and fear lest some unknown evil overtake, and intercept our voyage. That God is better than our fears is truly said. I look at the top of my page and see what I last wrote there, in the dear land I shall never see again, and I say - Evil Heart - why can we not trust more?

Court Grants Full And Free Pardon To John Lewis

Not only are we safe come hither, but John Lewis standeth clear before the world, of the death of Charles Clonmithgairn. My Lord Finnegan, hath shown himself a good friend, and one worthy to be trusted with the concern of any proper man. When the right circumstances of the affray were made known according, to the written statement of my husband placed in his hands, His Majesty sent full and free pardon of land in this Eden Valley of Virginia.

Lewis Build A Log House

John Mackey, who has come all the way with us gives good aid in erecting our house, which I have some impatience to see done. This log cabin may do in times of peace. But should those savages change their policy of amity and good will, it will evil be if we have not wherewithal to meet them. It has been enough for me ever since, to hear John Salling tell, at

Williamsburg, when first we came to this country, how these people did ferociously treat such as fell into their hands.

John Lewis, was more taken with the, newly-freed captives account of the land in this part, the beauty and abundance of which has not yet been told, to say true. The broad praires before our door at the front look like miles and miles of gaudy carpeting, with its verdure and flowers.

Our cow Snowdrop, as the children call her, is fastened each day on the meadow border by a tether many fathoms long. They drive her in, when required, for the use of little Charlie, our new world baby, and her white feet are continually dyed with wild strawberries.

Thirty Of The Tenants Cling To Lewis

The new settlement begins to look quite lively, now, with the gardens around the cabins, the patches of grain and all. About thirty of our tenantry have clung to us through evil and through good report, and these are for the most part able and efficient, work people. Joe Nasby hath a neat rail to his garden ground, and some sort of ornament structure, on top of his house to entice wild pigeons, a cupola like.

A Gray Stone Dwelling Is Under Construction

When our gray stone dwelling is done, I shall feel something like ornamentation it may be, and for my children's sake, and especially Alice, I shall like to make things look enticing. I think people get beauty of soul with growing up with pretty things, particularly girls, but all, indeed should have their home beautiful so they may love to stay in it, or come to it, as the case may be. The Holy Pascal said not much of any more worth than these words; "Most of the evil of this world, grows out of people's discontent to stay home." That is true. Now how shall they love home if home is not made lovely? Here then we have the key to our family's destiny.

I will not wait for the new house for this. I will take Andrew, William and Alice, Thomas has gone

hunting with his father and John Mackey ...and plant this day, some of the prairie roses to run beside our door and on the roof.

The Lewis Children Play With The Indians

Oroomah came by while the children and I set the plants by our cottage. He shook his head, "Wrong", he said, 'The Great Spirit put herbs where want 'um,' and when Alice brought him a bowl of clabber he turned away in great disgust, while muttering, 'Rotten, no good.' The child gets used to him and the other Indians better than ever I shall. She has many friends among them, as have the boys, too, and they call her a sweet name, 'White Dove', ... but for all that they give the same feeling, as did those Montebanks, of the Christmas festivities at Barley. I am always startled when one of them appears before me.

John Lewis Locates 100,000 Acres Of Good Land

John Lewis prospered with his clearing, his crops and his buildings, and John Mackey helps him or anybody who will hunt with him now and then, but he lays up nothing for himself, and his household might gather many comforts around if he would act different.

My husband hath located one hundred thousand acres of good land, but when he goes out to explore and choose what is rich and best, poor Mackey will go along to hunt buffalo. John said to me Thursday, 'Peg' (he always calls me Peg, after dinner. Yet I should say that before he gets his bowl of toddy for dinner a more sober man is not in the Old Dominion), said he 'Mackey has laid up not a penny since he came to the settlement.' Indeed, I was sure he had not. Well if he lives at this gait, I suppose the Indian heaven will be good enough for him hereafter, broad hunting grounds and plenty of deer and buffalo.

Lewis Builds Staunton, The First Town In Valley

Our town of Staunton goes finely, thanks to John Lewis' enterprise and energy. It shall descend to his posterity, he has built the first town in the Valley. It is about four miles from our place of Beverly Mansion here, which some call Lewis' Fort.

Un-Gee-Wah-Wah and his tribe we find are not friendly to us, but still, if they make further demonstration (they captured three of our men yesterday, who made them drunk and then got away) we shall hold our own against them.

Beverly Mansion Called Lewis Fort

Our fort is formed of blockhouses, stockades, and cabins. The blockhouses are built at the angles of the fort, and project full two feet beyond the outer walls of the cabins and stockades. The upper stories of our houses are eighteen inches larger in dimension, every way than the story below, an opening being left at the commencement of the second story to prevent any lodgement of the enemy under the walls. We have port holes in all and the savages having no artillery, we should stand our ground, if they offered assault.

Omayah Crowns Alice Queen Of White Doves

Omayah, or Tiger King's son, a lad of sixteen, has crowned my Alice with a prairie rose wreath. Queen of White Doves, he calls her and has given her a fawn which has become domestic now. I did not like to hear Thomas say last night, (he is older than Omayah) 'Suppose sister Alice should grow up and marry Omayah'. Youth is romantic and thinks strange thoughts. I hope she may have none such. Then I set me thinking, the child is fourteen years old in May, and that is just two years younger than I was when I became a married woman. The reflection gave me pain. But I think of it no more. There is nothing gained by shunning the fixed truth, whatever it is. Look God's fact in the face, whether agreeable or not, it is like going to a white object, in the dark, taking hold of it and proving it no ghost.

Agent Of Lord Thomas Fairfax Visits Lewis

Last Spring, and this is 1757 now, John Lewis visited the seat of government, Williamsburg, met there one Burden, but lately come over for Lord Thomas Fairfax. John was pleased with his company and he with accounts of this fertile land, he needs must come back with him and explore and hunt. This was a gala

time for John Mackey, but Burden was a more provident hunter than he.

My sons took, in the chase, a young buffalo calf which the stranger much affected and it was given to him. This toward the end of his stay, for he made a pleasant inmate of our home some several months. He took the rude animal and made it a present to the most worshipful Governor Gooch, who having never seen, so comical a monster in Lower Virginia, did promptly favor the donor, by entering upon his official book, full authority to Benjamin Burden for locating 100,000 acres of land nigh to the James River and Shenandoah waters: this on condition that he should, within ten years, settle, at least, one hundred families within the limits. The Presbyterians of North Ireland, Scotland and adjacent portions of England do abide at home uneasily, and so they will freely come to Burden's bidding, for the peopling of this new settlement.

A Wedding In The Wilderness

While our friends in Lower Virginia much carouse and keep up the customs of the old country, we beyond the mountains are for the most part a sober set. So much the more does our departure, from our usual way of doing make a great event among us.

John Salling, one of the first explorers of this region, hath his land about fifty miles off, down in the forks of the James. A young nephew living with him has seen, and made proposals of marriage, to Joe Naseby's granddaughter. The girl has sometimes said him nay, saying it is poor comfort, one will find in a hunter's house. So playing on the word, for her name is Comfort, but, he is a well looking lad enough so, turning his perseverance to some account, in his favor they have married.

Thomas Salling brought many attendants to his wedding, all riding bareback and clad in rawhides. I laughed to see the nuptial procession approach and said to my husband and our Chaplain, the riders seemed to my eyes, something as did the Spanish equestrians to the unsophisticated Mexicans, as man and horse formed all one animal.

On this wedding occasion, it was an odd array of toilettes. Lindsey and brocades mingled grotesquely. Some old world relics placed beside ornaments newly, picked up here, produced a mingled effect, of savage life and civilization struggling one with another. I had given to Comfort, who is a much smaller woman than I the yellow brocade I wore the day the surveyors located the town, which was for me an unlucky day. No sooner, had we set to dinner, than Mr. Parks, who was one of them, growing animated in his talk made a gesture which over-set the gravy-boat upon my lap. I laughed it off right well, though my heart was ill at ease with thinking that I had no French chalk to remove the soil, but then, a woman early learns such lessons of self command. I forgive Mr. Parks heartily and do not even wish (while he gives me such a racy paper) that any one, may so misplace his ink, as to soil his hose and breeches. I hope the men will be going down in a few weeks and fetch another.

The Race For A Bottle

It is the common practice now to make whiskey, an intoxicating drink, from the Indian corn, and a part, of the wedding entertainment, is a race for a bottle of this stuff. When the guests are approaching the house of the bride, two of the young men most intrepid in horsemanship, are singled out, to run for the bottle. The victor, in the race is met at the door by some member of the family, who confers the prize. He hurries back to the cavalcade who are halting about a mile off, and gives first to the bridegroom, then to the other company, a dram, then, after forming again, they ride to the destined place. Our steeplechases are no more trials, of fearlessness, and good riding than these bottle races, seeing the competitors do come through mud, mire, woods, brush and over hill and dale.

Great mirth prevailed at Joe Naseby's, though the wedding table was only a rude board. This was spread with pewter and queensware, and covered with a substantial repast of meat and vegetables and fowls, and bread. The company sat down to it, as soon as, the wedding ceremony was over, and there was little more ceremony of any kind. These new world manners, are making queer innovations among our people.

John Lewis went back after conveying us home. He tells me that shortly after he returned, a deputation of young girls stole the bride off and conducted her to her bed up in the loft. By and by some young men took the bridegroom, and safely deposited him there. Late in the night refreshments, of bacon, beef and cabbage, and such like things, were sent up to them and along with all this — Black Betty, which meaneth a bottle of whiskey.

Many Scotch-Irish Presbyterians In Settlement

By this time, Burden's Settlement is fast filling up. There being some of the Established Church among them, but mostly our neighbors are Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. It soundeth like a gathering of the clans to call over the McKees, McCues, McCambells, McClongs, McKowns, Lyles, Stewarts, Wallaces, and Caruthers together with Browns, Prestons, Paxtons and Grishys with them associated.

I am led to think of them the more now by an incident which occurred here the last night. About sundown a traveler in hot haste, tricked out in the rough costume of the country, rode up and asked lodging. This was readily granted, together with such entertainment as we had at hand. He was an ungainly looking person, though setting his horse well.

An hour afterwards other horsemen came clattering up and rushed afoul this first stranger, who happened to be without doors looking after his horse, for there was quite a good light from the moon. I heard from my seat by the fireside hilarious voices, and the words 'Confess, Confess', echoed in a roughly jocose way, 'We have been seeking you some days'. I then heard and knew not what to think, but this story which the pursuers told as they came into the house, and to which the culprit did good naturedly attest, with somewhat of shame, too, explained all.

When Ben Burden, the younger, came to make deeds to such of the settlers as held cabin rights, the name of Mulhollin did so often appear as to be a matter of wonder to him. He set about making inquiry, and so found that Mulhollin had been a person most efficient in deeds of enterprises among them. Inquiry

was now made for one Polly Mulhollin, who to pay her passage from Ireland, had sold herself to James Bell who advanced the money for her. She served his family in all honesty, the time out, then disappeared. Now it turns out that this same Polly Mulhollin, did put on a man's gear, hunting shirt, moccasins, etc., and go into Burden's grant for the purpose of becoming a land proprietor, and erected thirty cabins. The thing hath caused much merriment wherever known. Polly with some chagrin and much meekness, hath gotten on woman's attire, borrowed from someone in the settlement and will betake herself henceforth to womanly pursuits.

Valley People Of Good Principles And Diligent In Business

Our neighbors in the valley are people of the most staid principles and habits and are very diligent in business. They commence their Sabbath on Saturday when the sun goes down, while I think it not a shame to have a hot turkey for my Sunday dinner.

Craig's wife was here a Sunday. She is a good soul, yet, like many other good people, hath charity too narrow, but to believe that religion is confined to the poor and obscure; to such as herself in other words. A handsome book of Common Prayer lay on the child's bed. The book was presented by our Governor Gooch, who was my father's friend, and it was handsomely clasped with gold clasps. She sneered saying, 'The thought of Governor Gooch's giving a present of a Prayer-book'. This because he lives in, what seems to her much gayety and splendor, as many, who condemn, like her, would do if they could, but as they have to practice self-denial of compulsion, they think it is accorded to them for piety. For my part I hesitate not in affirming I have seen as much sheer vanity go along with a grograin suit as ever with ermine and velvet, and more indeed of that spirit which says, 'Stand aside, for I am holier than thou.'

Father Of Omayah Seeks Alice For His Son's Wife

There have been distractions to draw me yet awhile therefrom. The father of Omayah has sought the father of White Dove, as he calls our sweet Alice, for

his son's wife. He says the Tiger King's eldest-born pines to hear her voice, cooing among the wild pines about his cabin. It made me tremble almost as though I thought John Lewis could be persuaded thereto, and give away my tenderly reared lamb. He wished to treat it as a joke. He seated Alice at the spinette whereon I taught her to play with some skill, 'That' he said, 'is all white women are good for and you don't want them, bah.' My husband still joked with him which was perhaps the best policy, but Oroomah retired discomfited, I could see.

A Trajic Frolic At Tower Rocks

Heavenly Father,— give us strength to bear what hath come upon us now. Last Monday was a holiday and many of the young folks, and their elders did take a repast, in their baskets, and go up to see the Tower Rocks as we call them, a few miles off. I being a stay at home body, remained with my domestic occupation while, John Lewis did take Alice, her eldest brother also going along, to join the frolic. Omayah was there, sad and silent, and brooding as he hath been of late. He has much attached himself to our race, as seemed his father indeed also to do.

Alice, The White Dove, In Vulture's Nest

The men and maidens were strolling about, and my daughter went with the young Indian, across a branch of a little stream, Lewis River, to gather Good Luck Plant, as we call it. But woe betide the luck to us and to her, poor dear lost one. No doubt it was a preconcerted signal. But as the last rock stepping stone was passed, a savage yell broke forth, a band of red men sprang from the pine woods, and they and Alice and Omayah disappeared in its thickness. Our men fired and ran but the tangled bush, and deep forest, which they will never learn like Indians, all combine to make the pursuit passing difficult. The females of the party returned home, under escort, of some of the men, for there was terror stricken to the hearts of all by what had befallen. Then my child's father and brothers, frantic with rage and distress, darted off after the artful enemy.

At nightfall, John Lewis came home alone, for he

feared to leave me longer, seeing what news the returning party had brought me. I had never showed such grief before him till now, no not when we made that little grave on the prairie and piled white rocks upon it. I was striding the floor as he surprised me wringing my hands, and may Heaven forgive me, almost reproaching the Most High, that he had mocked me, so to hear my prayer and raise her up from that dreadful fever, when she lay, a little one tossing in my arms, getting ready for flight, I thought. He soothed me poor man, well as he could, his own heart was nigh bursting, and the morning scarce dawned ere he set off again with more of the men to overtake the marauders. Alice's brothers have never yet, all these four days nor the men that were with them, turned to come home.

I cannot work, save what duty absolutely demands. I cannot talk, only here may I ooze out the suppressed stream of my sorrow, care carefully indeed lest it take possession of me.

I had thought Omayah above the cunning artifice, of his subtle race, but they must not be trusted, as individuals or in a mass, and all my instinctive dread of them in the beginning was but a forerunner of what I was destined to suffer at their hands. I and my Alice. White Dove indeed, in a Vulture's nest.

There is a terrible warfare going on between our settlers and the faithless Indians. What of my gentle child I cannot tell. Last night our fort was assailed for the second time, since this dreadful business broke out, but there was little damage done for they have no artillery. John Lewis and his sons are still away on the search, but those left at the fort managed artfully. I could feel no fear and the wild war cries waked no terror, for one strong feeling kept another at bay, and I was already possessed with dread and anguish.

Demented Mary Greenlee Offers To Recover Alice

Toward day, long after the savages dispursed, our men still having one eye open for them, did see creeping on all fours, from the wood and toward the settlement, nay indeed, close by my house; when it had been permitted to come so far, then Joshua Grant fi-

red on it. What seemed to be a stout Indian, all painted and bedizened in full war array, groaned and fell, dropping its bow and arrow on the ground. There all lay till someone should run up. William Stuart was first, and the victim turns out to be Greenlee's sister. Some deem her mad, that is to say a witch. She rideth all over the country alone, and talks strange at times. Months she has been missing from Burden's grant where her brother lives, and no one would tell ought of her. She has been captive she says. Indeed she will be more angel in my sight than flesh and blood, if she talks not idly in the news she bears me. She can bring me Alice, if I give her a swift horse. Her wound was not deep, though some painful. I could not entreat her to stay for its better healing but dressed it tenderly as I could, and gave her our best animal and prayed her speed.

I can see that Nora thinks the pony has gone for no profit. The woman does to be sure talk wildly of the palace under the earth, where she has hidden White Dove.

She knows something of her, giving proof that far in calling her by her Indian bestowed name. That gives me hope, while I ponder again upon her disconnected harangue of silver palace walls and pearly floor. She hath an apartment there, so she tells, where she holds communion with the dead, and their voices answer her. Her language is very good, and she commences her talk with so rational and plausible an air, that you find yourself listening, most intently, and rapt, indeed, then she becomes excited, that mind and tongue run riot together, and a brain of only healthy velocity cannot keep up. I can write no more.

There promises to be little peace between us and these savages again, scarce a day passes but chronicles some new depredation. Still they do us the justice to acknowledge, the red man was the aggressor. The Great Spirit, they say is on the side of the white man, and indeed our mode of warfare hath been destructive enough.

Alice Lewis Is Restored To Her Parents

My poor Alice looks infant-like and innocent wi-

th her bald head. A threatening fever followed the excitement and terror of her stealing away by the savages, and her roses in her cheeks are scarce recovered yet.

Mary Greenlee was good to her word, in bringing, the lost baby back to us, and for Alice, she told the strangest tale, the which, did I not have proof better, might almost make me think the child mad as Mary Greenlee. This latter was with the Indians in their assault the night before her discovery of herself to us. They had truly taken her captive, and she the more readily to pave the way to escape when time should offer, feigned dislike of the whites, and that she had run to them of her own will. She painted her skin like them and dressed like them. But the very night they brought White Dove home captive, her heart was stirred for her race. She watched her opportunity, seized her pony, they had captured with her, and taking the fear distraught child behind her, set out at a speed of the wind, so Alice tells, and so deftly did she manage that they were not pursued, to be conscious of pursuit. The witch, so some call her, betook her rescued prisoner and herself to a strange cavern somewhere, which none have since been enabled to find trace of, then let the pony go, so the red men might follow its tracks, nor halt at her retreat, which, indeed, it is a question if it is known to them.

Alice Tells Of The Virginia Caverns

I tell Alice that she has become daft, what with her capture, and reading the Arabian Nights, for she talks of a grand marble palace underground, - of its interminable galleries, of its statues and its fountains, and withal, of stars and moon peering through its roof. Now everyone knows no human head would contrive anything so silly as a princely hall, of this gait with any of its roof open to the sky. It must be a wierd edifice truly, and worthy the keeper, who feedeth herself, and chance guests on dried haws and chinquapines. But none of the Lewis name can forevermore carp at Mary Greenlee, or what she does. Blessed creature, I would walk on hands and knees, to serve her, to the latest day of my life.

That day of the last siege of our fort, while Al-

ice was lost, as she did demonstrate to us afterwards she showed more wit to give us tidings of our stolen one than we to make good use thereof. She had shot over the wall, fastened to her arrow, the words scratched in berry juice upon a white rag, the words 'The White Dove is safe'. She sought for, and found the same afterwards. How this strange being fell in with the savages again, after liberating herself, it hath been her freak not to tell. But she comes and goes like a spirit, and some do say, indeed, they are beginning to regard her with a sort of superstition.

Omayah Protests His Innocence

Omayah came with downcast looks to visit us again after the carrying away and restoration of Alice. He protests, and we are inclined to believe truly, that he had nothing to do with the treachery thereof. He too, was surprised, he says. He adds that he saw Mary Greenlee's contrivance for getting the White Dove away and kept his mouth back up, (shut tight). She bears him out in this, but we can not tell, from her evidence. At any rate, I am willing and glad to think the boy was not at fault. He has been the play-fellow of my sons so long I can but feel attached to him. Tiger King professes great penitence, but in him I feel less faith. In the old, I look for more stability, in the young, I look for more truth. This for red men and white. Omayah comes rarely.

The First Church In Shenandoah Valley

The Rev. Morgan Morgan, who has been chiefly instrumental in erecting the first Church in this Virginia Valley, takes much interest, in civilizing and Christianizing the savage race, and his labors among them have been, not altogether discouraged. Indeed if he might but win one, to the light of the Bible it would be great gain, yet I cannot be disabused of my thought that it is an uphill work, and that a preacher may always be prepared for an ambush, even where he thinks he has gained both ear and heart.

Charles Lewis Captured By Indians Escapes

Charles, my new world child, as I call him, being the first born here, is a daring spirit. The boy liv-

es in the chase and in war. Among the Alleghanies, he was captured some time since by a party of Indian who took the child on barefoot, some two hundred, or more miles, his poor arms girded behind him and driven on by threats; and brandishing of knives of those vile tormentors.

Traveling along a bank some twenty feet high Charles suddenly and by intense muscular force snapped the cords by which he was bound, dashed himself down the precipice into the bed of a mountain torrent below, and thus affected his escape. Not but that they followed him fast enough, yet, he had some little advantage of them. So, leaping the trunk of a tree which chanced, to lay prostrate in the way, a sudden failing of strength did come over him and he sank in the weeds and tall grass which surrounded it. His pursuers bounded over, sundry of them almost touching him as they sprang, but God be thanked, they did not slacken speed and hurried on still seeking him.

As soon as he deemed it safe he assayed to rise, from his grassy bed, but here was a new adversary to cope withal, a huge rattlesnake, lying in deadly coil, so near his face, he even must hold his breath, lest the bare movement, caused, by inspiration, bring the monster's fangs and his own nose, of which he hath a goodly allowance, in fatal contact. Once indeed, as he waved to and fro, his huge rattle rested upon Charles's ear. Let him but wink, let him move a muscle and lo the terrible thing would be upon him. He lay thus in painful movelessness many minutes, when the beast supposing him dead, crawled over the lad's body and went its way. It is a noble characteristic that they will not attack, that, which hath not life, and power to get away.

Conclusion

I wonder, if it be not a token of my death, that today wiping my spectacles and putting them on, I have taken up this book, after so long, laying it aside. I feel like a traveler whose way has taken a devious and uphill road, and now in some peaceful, sweet day when there are no clouds in the sky, turns to survey the way he has come, before entering, into his rest, closing the doors about him. I see my children here

and there settled around me, sons and daughters. Dear Andrew, who is known as General Lewis, still follows his great chief Washington. Thomas is in the honorable House of Burgesses, and my Alice bears her matronly honors well, and sometimes tells her oldest child how the dying Indian boy Omayah, Christianized at last, did wildly crave the wings of the White Dove to bear him up to the home of the Great Spirit.

There is a grave by the Great Kanawha's side which tells where Charles Lewis, my blue eyed American child fell, bravely fighting, honored and beloved, in the fierce affray at Point Pleasant, God rest him, the gentle at home are the bravest in war ever. A little hillock on the prairie, with its mound of stones, is not overlooked, though an insignificant object in the landscape to any but a mother's eyes. William is confined by sickness, so I hear today, also, his wife, noble woman, has sent off her last three sons, the youngest thirteen, to repel the British at Rockfish Gap. 'Go my children,' this Roman mother said, 'I spare not even my youngest, my fair-haired boy, the comfort of my declining years. I devote you all to my country. Keep back the invader's foot from the soil of Augusta, or see my face no more.'

When this circumstance was related to Washington his face lighted with enthusiasm and he said, 'Leave me but a banner to plant upon the mountains of Augusta, and I will rally around me the men who will lift our bleeding country from the dust and set her free!'

Men with such mothers are the men to form a nation. But, the wrangle of wars and rumors of war sound faint to me now, and I say to the one who standeth hand in hand with me on this height, who hath been a helpmeet every step of the way, only a little longer, John Lewis and the Lord of the mountain will open to us and we enter His door together.

* * *

Diary Believed To Be Authentic

The excerpts of the diary included here were taken from a typewritten copy graciously loaned by Mr. Charles T. Garth of Green County, Virginia. It was or-

iginally released by Anne Menzies Spears of Kentucky a descendant of Gen. Andrew Lewis.

A slightly different version appeared in January 1863 in 'The Land We Love', submitted by Fanny Fielding of Norfolk. Miss Fielding's real name was Mary Jane Stith Upshur, a daughter of William Stith Upshur of Accomac County, Virginia. Whether she was a descendant or friend is not known.

The two releases have been compared by three people. Each expressed the same opinion. Both are basically the same, the differences being merely variations in translation.

The 'Tower Rocks' where the picnic was held must be The Natural Chimneys at Mt. Solon. The cave where Alice was hidden was likely Weyer's Cave, today known as Grand Caverns. Then so completely overgrown even many years later, Mr. Weyer found it only by accident. So, it might easily have been unknown to the Indians, though used, by the intelligent and venturesome Mary Greenlee. Stories are told of Mary Greenlee on horseback fearlessly exploring the countryside and making friends with Indian and white. There is or was an old estate called 'Greenlee' possibly within Burden's settlement, on a branch of the James River.

In a letter written in 1808, John Edward Caldwell writes of "Wier's Cave 10 miles from Staunton". When Mr. Wier's hunting dog disappeared in 1806 he enlarged the hole to follow and found the cave. Mr. Caldwell's observation after being taken through the cave lead him to consider it the most remarkable formation of its type on the Continent, perhaps anywhere. He refers to the drawing room, beyond that the dining room where there are busts which look as though they had been carved, of chairs, "decorated like Bishop's stalls, that give it the appearance of a cathedral... and the huge ballroom with music gallery." All of this is convincing evidence that Alice did not exaggerate.

Mr. Parks who sent Margaret Lewis the racy paper was no doubt Mr. William Parks, of Williamsburg, editor and publisher of the Virginia Gazette, Virginia's first newspaper.

Of the gray stone dwelling she planned to beautify there can be no question. It was a landmark for centuries.

In 1748, John Lewis was one of a group, selected to survey eight hundred thousand acres in the southwest section of Virginia. His son Thomas, born 1718 in Ireland was also a surveyor. In 1744, Parliament made him Surveyor of Augusta, before the County, was formed.

Because of his failing health John Lewis went to Old Sweet Springs, found by his son William and a friend hiding from pursuing Indians. (29) They had concealed themselves in the marsh, leaving only, their heads above the water. When it was safe to leave they were astonished to feel so invigorated. So John Lewis sought its beneficial waters and according to some reports, it was there that he died, in 1762. (78) Others say he died at home.

Three of Thomas Lewis' sons were with Washington at Valley Forge. Thomas Lewis Sr. then in his fiftys had a long record of service to his country. During the Indian Wars he was invaluable as a negotiator. He knew the Indians well and they trusted him.

Fanny Lewis had five brothers John, Andrew, Thomas Jr., William and Charles, and seven sisters, Margaret, Agatha, Jean, Mary, Elizabeth, Anne and Sophia. She was one of the younger children. Since no description, or picture of her has been found, we turn to her father, whom some say she resembled. According to Lubensford Lewis (29) those who knew Thomas Lewis described him as "6 ft. tall, robust ... eyes and hair dark, complexion fair. A handsome, fine looking man, exceedingly nearsighted he was under the necessity of using glasses habitually ... grave and serious in temperament, strict, perhaps rigid in his notions of moral and religious duty. He was a supporter of the established Church and regular attendant upon its services. He was possessed of a liberal education, and was probably one of the best mathematicians in Virginia. He had a literary taste and when at home could usually be found in his library. His collection of books was very extensive and valuable."

It was in this atmosphere that Fanny Lewis matured, accumulating a wealth of memories and interesting experiences. A family tree compiled and documented by Mr. Thomas Dilworth, whose wife Helen Lewis, was from "Lynnwood", traces the family back to Alfred the Great and Charlemagne.



The Tower Rocks
now called
The Chimneys.

Courtesy of
Thelma Shaeffer.

This assemblage of very large turret-like formations which developed through millions of years under the sea are composed of sediment and the dead bodies of marine animals. The tremendous size of the "Towers" can be estimated from the woman in white standing at the base where two Towers are joined.