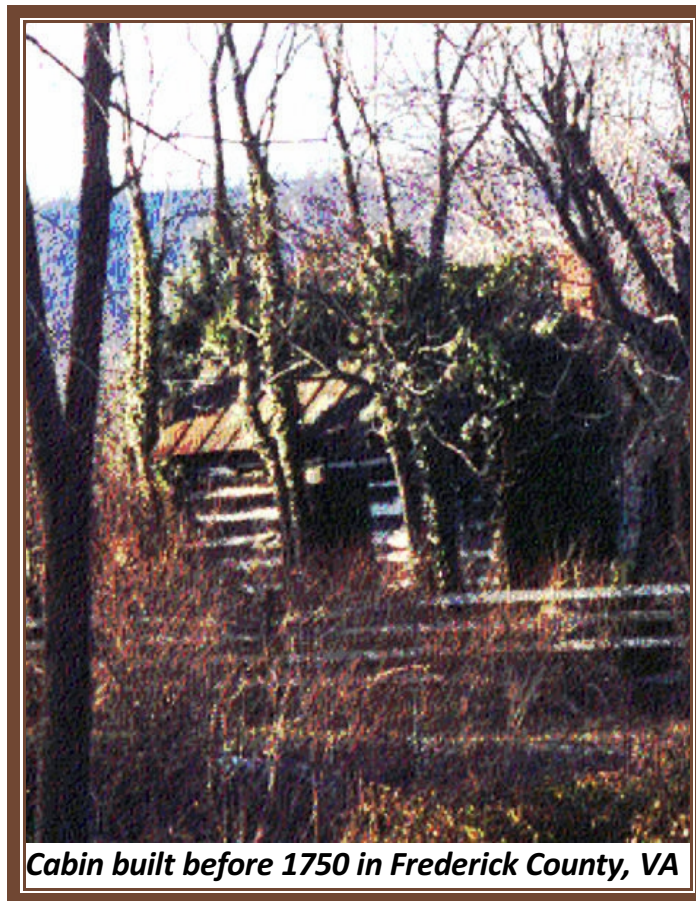


Pricketts, Connected Families, & Native Americans

by
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Winchester, Virginia
2016

Introduction

Recently it occurred to me that there was a lot of interaction between American Indians and people on the paternal side of my family, so I decided to compile all the relevant information I've accumulated over the years. As it turned out there were even more interactions than I'd realized.

Relationships ran the gamut – from humorous to horrifying; from marriages to massacres – there is even one family connection who was famously burned at the stake.

The first known interaction involves one Thomas Prickett (whether he's related to our Prickett line, I do not know, but I'm including that story as well). As Indians vanished from the East in the early nineteenth century so too, of course did the interactions

I hope you'll find the details that follow of interest, and that you will gain a deeper appreciation of the trials your ancestors endured so that we might live our own relatively easy lives.

First, a word about terminology. I think we can rest assured that our colonial ancestors never used the term "Native American." They were probably most likely to call them "savages" or "Indians" or "redskins" or "natives" or sometimes by their tribal names – or they used terms like "braves" and "squaws." I have used the term "Native American" in order to be politically correct and also because I like the rhythm of the title.

Next, a word about organization. I tell the stories in roughly chronological order, then geographical, and finally by surname. The dates following the name in the heading refer to the years of interactions between the subject and Indians.

I think it's important to show the relationship to our family and I have used our ancestor Capt. Jacob Prickett (1722-c1797), my four times great grand-father, and his wife, Dorothy Springer Prickett (1716-1785) as the lynchpins. I include his and Dorothy's ancestors, children, grandchildren, nieces, nephews, and their connections.

Jacob and Dorothy moved from New Jersey to Back Creek in Frederick County, Virginia, (now Berkeley County, West Virginia), probably in 1747. There they lived alongside others from New Jersey, most notably for our purposes Dennis Springer (1712-1760) and his wife, Ann Prickett Springer (1715-1778; she married a LaRue after Dennis died). There is no extant documentary proof, but it is ordinarily assumed that Jacob and Ann were siblings and that Dennis and Dorothy were also. I am making the same assumption in this paper. At or near the beginning of each new story I show how the person or family to be discussed is connected with Jacob and/or Dorothy.

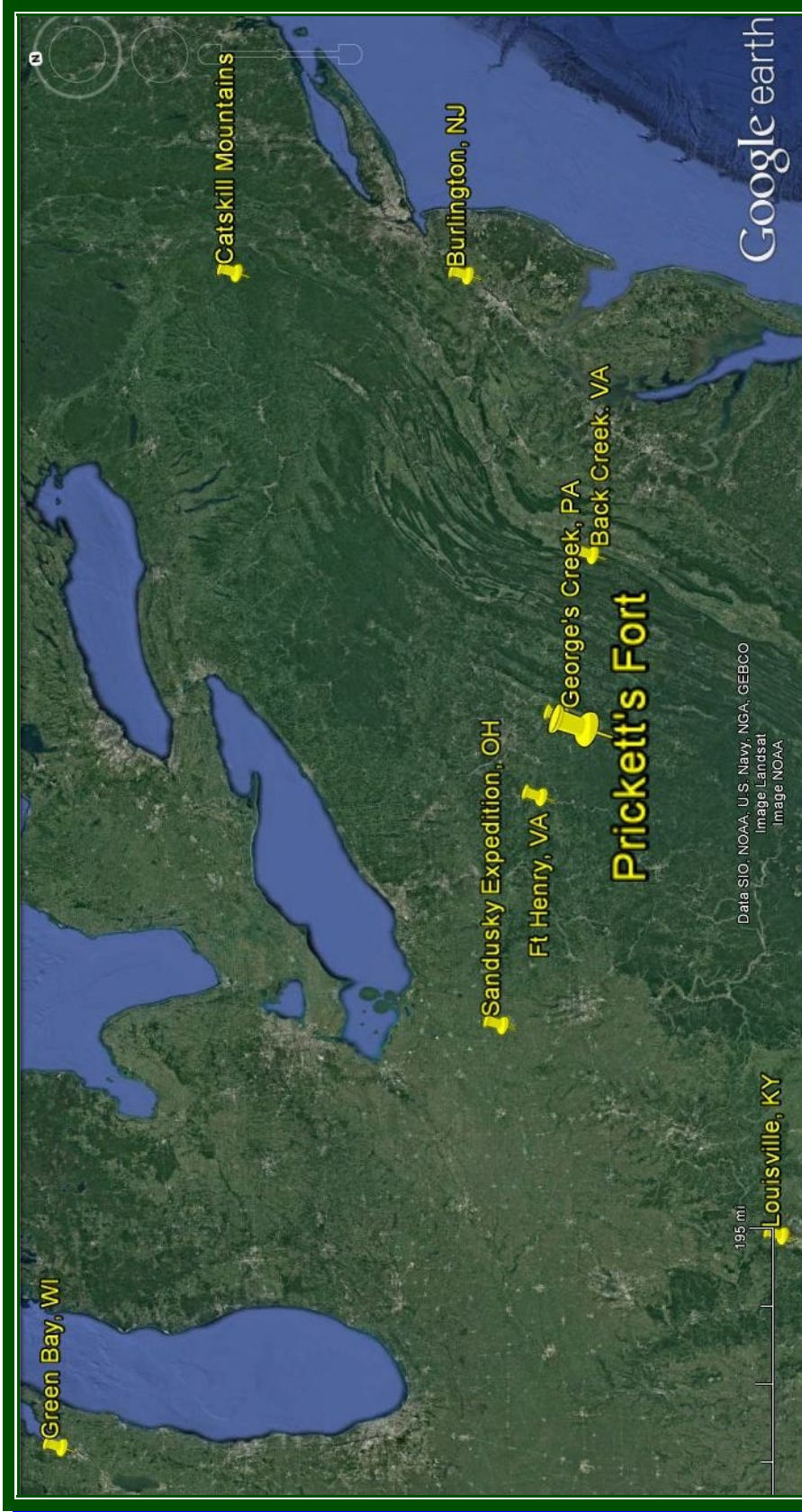
After the French and Indian War both families moved from Back Creek to southwestern Pennsylvania (thought at the time to be within the bounds of Virginia). A few years later, in 1771, Jacob and his family moved south up the Monongahela River to the area of present-day Prickett's Fort State Park.

Thanks go to my cousin, William Franklin "Bill" Bedwell for proof-reading this despite the heat of the summer and a broken air-conditioner.

I have tried to put quoted section within quotation marks but I fear I have not always done so.

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Some locations mentioned in the text

The first Pricketts in America

The first known Prickett to settle in the New World was Miles Prickett (c1591-1637), a baker of Canterbury, England, who migrated to Jamestown in 1610 and became salt maker to the Virginia colony. Apparently his brother William came too for they owned adjoining land on Hampton Roads



near the Hampton-Newport News line. You can see approximately where on the maps above and at left.

Nothing is known about their interactions with the Indians except what

can be inferred from the fact that a great many Indian artifacts have been found on the land they owned. Nor do we know much about the Prickett brothers. A Thomas and a John Prickett may have come on the same ship. William seems to have had a wife named Margery; otherwise we know nothing about him. William disappears, but both Miles and Margery are known to



No doubt the Pricketts traded with the natives, as this 20th century depiction illustrates.

Celeys was, of course, occupied by the Indians before the white man came. On the land now owned by him just west of Curle's Creek, Capt. J. C. Robinson has found many evidences of Indian occupancy. He has collected about one hundred and fifty arrow heads, thirteen spear heads, a hoe, several mortars, a pestle, and other Indian utensils. A few feet below the surface, Capt. Robinson discovered a clay bowl. A hole had been dug in the ground, the bowl deposited, and fresh dirt filled in on it. Marks on the bowl indicate that it had been molded by hand in a rush or grass basket and then baked. The arrow heads and spear heads are made of stone not native to these parts and, therefore, must have been brought from afar. There must have been a small Indian village where Capt. Robinson now lives, or perhaps a hunting lodge. It is known that one of the best deer stands in the county was near Capt. Robinson's house.

have survived the infamous Indian Massacre of 1622. Miles returned to England soon thereafter, perhaps because he was in failing health. His will,

written on 30 November 1626, was probated on 30 June 1627. In it he mentions brothers John and Thomas and William's two children.

So it must have been another Thomas Prickett, who was killed east of Jamestown at "Warwick Squeak" (Warro-squoake Shire, renamed Isle of Wight County in 1637), in the Indian Massacre of 1622.

Wikipedia describes the event thusly: "Captain John Smith, though he had not been in Virginia since 1609 and was not a firsthand eyewitness, related in his *History of Virginia* that braves of the Powhatan Confederacy "came unarmed into our houses with deer, turkeys, fish, fruits, and other provisions

to sell us." The Powhatans grabbed any tools or weapons available and killed all the English settlers they found, including men, women and children of all ages. Chief Opechancanough led a coordinated series of surprise attacks by the Powhatan Confederacy that killed 347 people, a quarter of the English population of Jamestown."



Artist's depiction of 1622 massacre.



*Painting of Catskill Mountains
Asher Brown Durand*

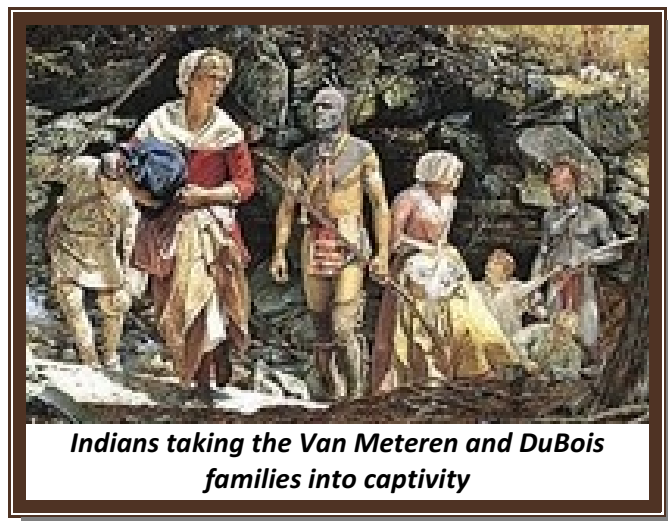
New York

The Van Meters (1663-)

(The Van Meters are connected with the Pricketts through Jacob and Dorothy's nephew Levi Springer (son of Dennis and Ann), whose second wife, Sarah Shepherd Duke, was the granddaughter of Elizabeth Van Meter Shepherd, who was the grand-daughter of Joost Jans Van Meteren and Sarah Du Bois, below. (For Van Meters in Virginia, Kentucky, and Ohio, 1715-c1810, see further below.)

The first Van Meters (Van Meteren then, with the first *e* pronounced like a long *a*) arrived in New Amsterdam from Holland in 1662 and settled near what is now Kingston, on the Hudson River about 90 miles north of New York and 60 miles south of Albany. The family of seven (Jan, his wife Maycke, two children plus three from her first marriage) did not have to wait long to encounter trouble with the Indians. On 7 June 1663, while the men were away working in the fields, the Minnisink Indians (an especially warlike branch of the Leni Lenape Indians) entered several villages under the pretext of selling vegetables and suddenly began murdering their unarmed victims. They took all they could find of value, set the villages on fire and took about forty-five women and children captives.

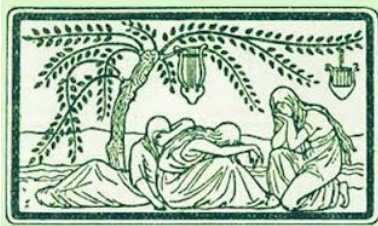
Among those captured were Jan's wife and children, five-year-old Jooste Jans being one of them, as well as Catherine du Bois, the wife of Louis du Bois, and their daughter Sarah. They were taken to the Catskill Mountains and remained in captivity for months.



For three months the men searched the Catskills looking for them, but had no success until a friendly Indian gave a clue to the location of the captives.

Immediately Louis DuBois and Capt. Kreiger formed a rescue party. Kreiger's journal relates the event.

About this time, he wrote, "The Indians decided to celebrate their own escape from pursuit by burning some of their victims and the ones selected [to be burned first] were Catherine du Bois, and her baby Sara. A cubical pile of logs was arranged and the mother and child placed thereon; when the Indians were about to apply the torch, Catherine began to sing the 137th Psalm as a death chant. The Indians withheld the fire and gave her respite while they listened; when she had finished they demanded more, and before she had finished the last one her husband and the Dutch soldiers from New Amsterdam arrived and surrounded the savages, killed and captured some, and otherwise inflicted terrible punishment upon them, and released the prisoners." The psalm that Catherine Du Bois allegedly sang as the Indians prepared to burn her and her child to death goes like this, in part:



By the rivers of Babylon, there we captives sat down, yes,
we wept when we earnestly remembered Zion
the city of our God imprinted on our hearts.
On the willow trees in the midst of Babylon we hung our harps.
For there they who led us captive required of us a song with words,
and our tormentors and they who wasted us required of us mirth,
saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.
How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?

(Some nineteen years later Joost Jans and Sarah were married.)

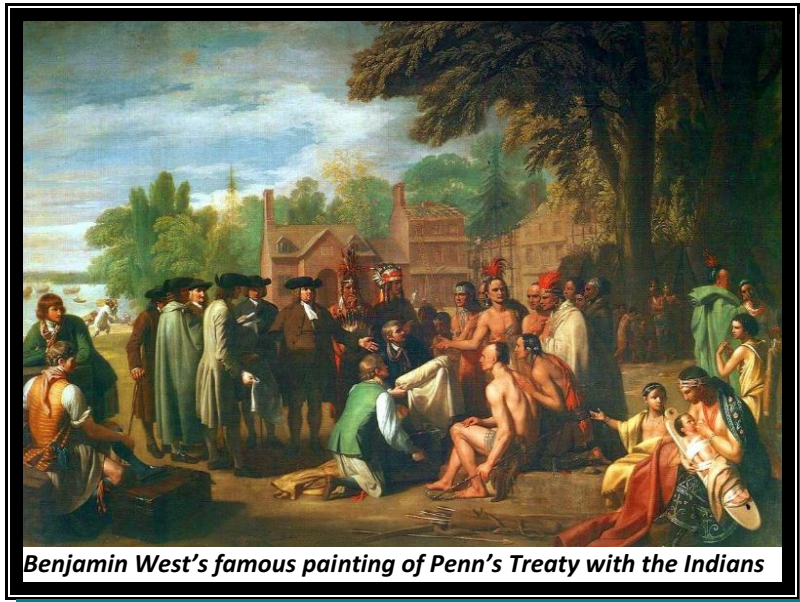
Little Joost (c1658-1726), too young to be much affected by the horrors of captivity, thoroughly enjoyed his three months of Indian life. Later as an adult he frequently left home to spend many weeks at a time with various tribes and in this way he was among the first whites to explore the wilderness areas to the west of the coastal settlements. He was particularly impressed by the beauty of the Valley of Virginia. We shall learn more about his activities there in later pages.

New Jersey

Thomas Budd (1678-1688)

In Pennsylvania and New Jersey, the Quakers went to some lengths to cultivate peaceful relations with the Indians. Among prominent New Jersey Quakers was one Thomas Budd, who was active there as a proprietor for the Friends, particularly in Indian affairs. *Thomas's*

brother, Judge William Budd, Sr., was the grandfather of Ann Clagput Budd, who married Benjamin Springer, who in turn was probably Dorothy Springer Prickett's brother.



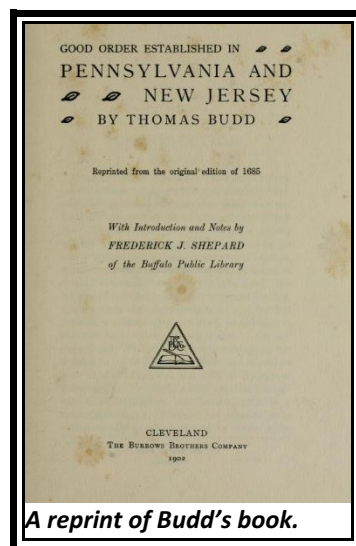
Benjamin West's famous painting of Penn's Treaty with the Indians

Thomas Budd was in his early twenties when he migrated from England to New Jersey in 1678. A few years later he and one Francis Collins were voted each 1,000 acres, "parts of lands to be purchased of the Indians above the falls" in return for building a market and court house at Burlington. It was good land, the site of present-day Trenton. In 1685 Budd was appointed Indian land commissioner. In 1687 several New Jersey proprietors conveyed to Thomas 15,000 acres of land, "he to pay the Indians for their rights." This land "was allotted said Budd by the Country for Satisfaction of a Debt "which they owed said Budd; it is said to be the best Land in the Province."

At about the time that Thomas settled at Burlington, the Indians were causing a good deal of alarm. Thomas and several others held a conference with them in Burlington to ascertain their grounds of complaint.

In 1685 Thomas published a pamphlet describing the country, and quoted a speech made by one of the Indian chiefs at the conference.

"We are your brothers and intend to live like brothers with you. We have no mind to have war, for when we have war we are only skin and bones; the meat that we eat doth not do us good; we always are in fear; we have not the benefit of the sun to shine upon us; we hide us in holes and corners; we are minded to live at peace. If we intend at any time to make war upon you, we will let you know of it, and the reasons why we make war with you; and if you make us satisfaction for the injury done us, for which the war was intended, then we will not make war upon you; and if you intend at any time to make war upon us, we would have you let us know of it, and the reason; and then if we do do not make satisfaction for the injury done unto you, then you may make war upon us, otherwise you ought not to do it. You are our brothers, and we are willing to live like brothers with you; we are willing to have a broad path for you and us to walk in, and if an Indian is asleep in this path, the Englishman shall pass by, and do him no harm; and if an Englishman is asleep in this path, the Indian shall pass him by, and say, "He is an Englishman, he is asleep; let him alone, he loves to sleep." It shall be a plain path; there must not be in this path a stump to hurt our feet.



A reprint of Budd's book.

The Springers

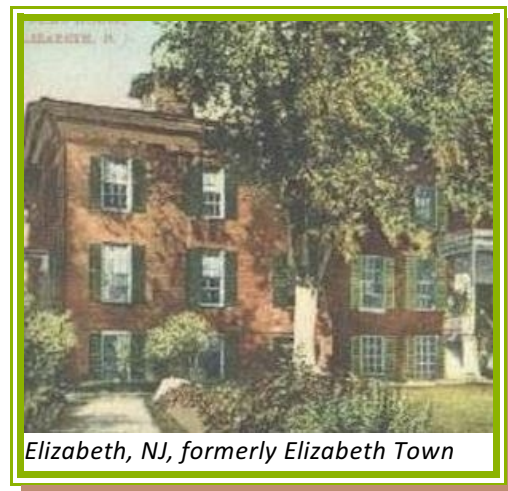
Benjamin Springer (1747-1780)

Benjamin is thought to have been Dorothy Springer Prickett's brother.

Benjamin was captured by Indians in 1756. He managed to escape and make his way home. An article describing something of his ordeal appeared in *The Pennsylvania Gazette* on 9 September 1756:

We hear from New Jersey, that on Sunday Night, the 29th last past, 3 Men arrived at Elizabeth Town in a poor, weak, and starving Condition, to wit, Thomas Sherby, Benjamin Springer, and John Denite, who had been Prisoners among the Indians, and were almost naked, having only old Indian Blankets about them to cover their Nakedness.

They made their escape from the Indians at a Place called Jenango or Venango, an Indian Town, situate near the Head of Susquehannah, and were 32 Days in the Woods, during which Time they suffered great Hardships, for want of food, and were obliged to eat Rattlesnakes, Black snakes, Frogs, and such Vermin; and sometimes they could find nothing to eat for Days together. The first Settlements they made, where they found any Inhabitants, was the upper Fort, upon Delaware River, in New Jersey, called Cole Fort; and from thence they were sent under a Guard to Elizabeth Town, for fear the White People should annoy them, they looking more like Indians then Christians, being very swarthy, and their Hair cut by the Savages after the Indian fashion, and dressed only in Indian Blankets.



Elizabeth, NJ, formerly Elizabeth Town

Springer says, that he was taken Prisoner the 22d Day of May last, when being at Work at one Anthony Swartwout, in Sussex County, New Jersey. [A]bout ten o'clock in the Morning two Indians attacked the House, and shot Swartwout[s] Wife dead upon the spot. They then seized Swartwout and Springer, and three of the Indians drove Springer away with a Negro, who they had taken the Night before at one Capt. Hunt[s] in said County, making them run all the Way, until they came to the River Delaware, which

they crossed on a Raft of Rails, about 8 Miles above Col. Van Campen.

When they were got about a Mile and a Half into Pennsylvania, they waited in the Bushes for the two Indians who were left behind with Swartwout and his Children; and in about an Hour and a Half the said Indians came to them with only two of Swartwout[’s] Children, a Girl about 12 Years old, and a Boy about 9. These Children told Springer that the Indians had killed three of the Children at the House, and had killed and scalped their father about seven Miles from the House, near a Brook, where they likewise killed their little sister, and threw her into the Brook.

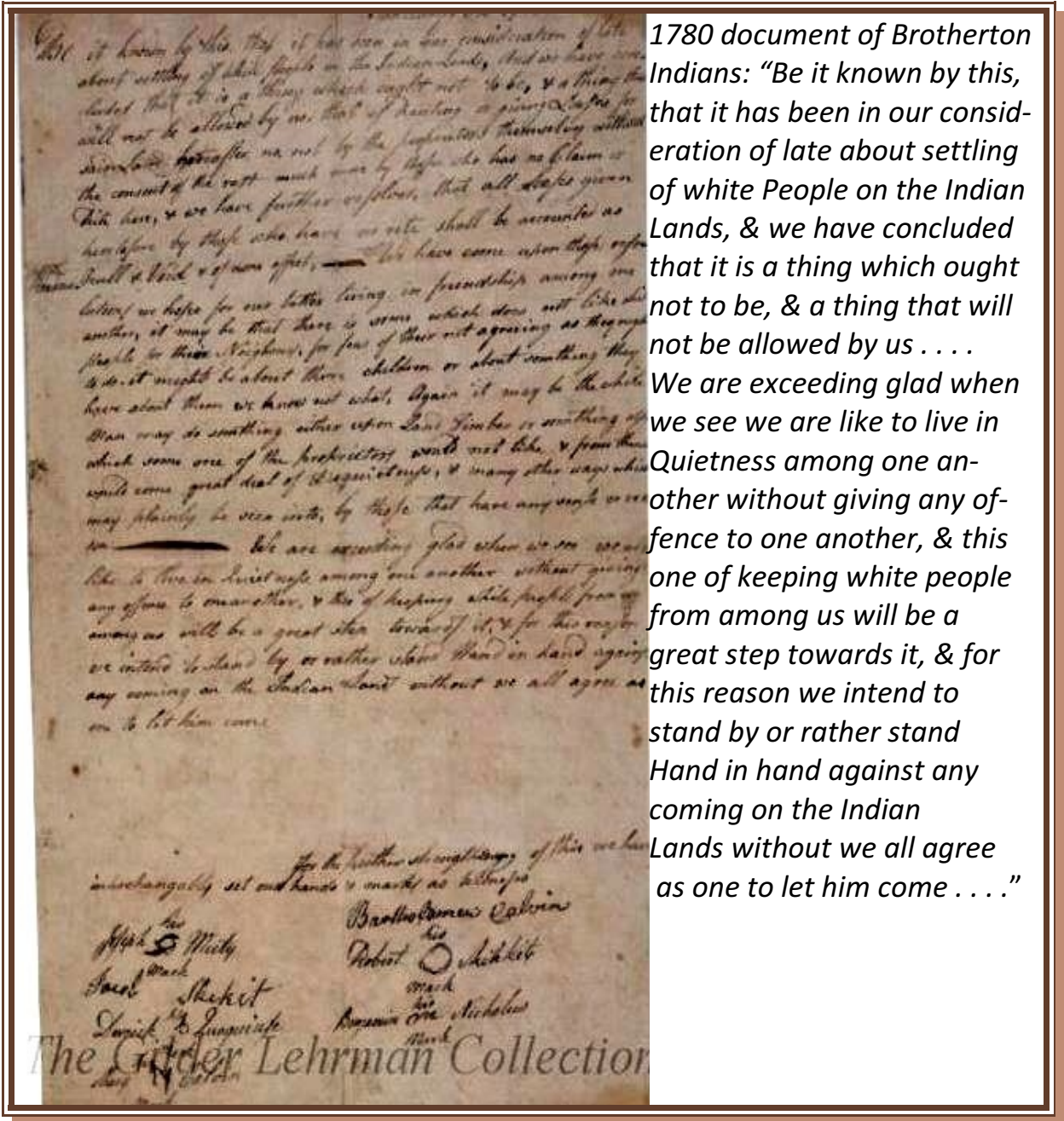
The Indians then carried Springer, Swartwout[’s] two Children, and the Negro, to the Indian Towns, where they were dispersed about. [The] Negro told Springer That young Hunt, Brother to Capt. Hunt, who was also taken Prisoner with him, was killed by the Indians in endeavoring to make his escape from them.

This is the first Intelligence we have had of Swartwout and his Children, and of young Hunt and the Negro, since they were missing in May last, when Captain Hunt[’s] House was burnt to the Ground. . . . They were all three taken care of at Elizabeth Town, and a Collection was made for them to cloath them, and to enable them to travel to their several Places of Abode.

In 1747 and 1749 Benjamin SPRINGER bought land in Evesham Township in Burlington County, which he sold on 9 August 1758 to colonial New Jersey commissioners acting as a result of an Indian claims act. This land



became the very first Indian reservation in the colonies and was called Brotherton by the New Jersey governor. It was located in what is now Shamong Township about twenty miles southeast of Philadelphia. On the map above, it would be located near the top of the “E” in the word “New.”



1780 document of Brotherton Indians: “Be it known by this, that it has been in our consideration of late about settling of white People on the Indian Lands, & we have concluded that it is a thing which ought not to be, & a thing that will not be allowed by us We are exceeding glad when we see we are like to live in Quietness among one another without giving any offence to one another, & this one of keeping white people from among us will be a great step towards it, & for this reason we intend to stand by or rather stand Hand in hand against any coming on the Indian Lands without we all agree as one to let him come”

The Gilder Lehrman Collection

Most but not all of the 200 or so Indians remaining in New Jersey went to Brotherton. In 1780 they complained about the encroachment of whites on their lands (see above). (In 1802 those few who were left moved to western New York and later went to Wisconsin with a number of New England and New York Indians.)

(For more details, see

<http://www.accessible-archives.com/2013/08/colonies-first-new-jerseys-indian-reservation/>

and https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Brothertown_Indians

and <http://www.brothertownindians.org/>.

Virginia

The Van Meters (1715-1808)

Joost Jans Van Meteren urged his two sons (John “the Indian trader,” 1681-1745, and Isaac, c1691-1757) to settle in the Valley of Virginia, which they eventually did.

In fact, John and his brother Isaac Van Meter and their father are considered to be among the first white pioneers to enter the Valley between the Blue Ridge and Allegheny mountains (German physician John Lederer had explored there in 1669 and a John Howard had discovered the South Branch Potomac River). The area was controlled by the Shawnee Indians, who were considered to be highly dangerous. John and Isaac were both Indian traders who explored frequently and various dates are found as to how early they first visited this area.

A family legend claims that as early as 1715 Joost Jans (he usually went by the name John) was on an expedition with the Delaware Indians. He equipped the Delawares at his own expense and explored with them in the Shenandoah Valley. The Delawares met the Catawba Indians coming from the south and both tribes disputed the right of entry to the Valley. A major battle occurred and the Delawares suffered a devastating loss. The whole tribe would have been annihilated had it not been for the return of their allies, the Shawnees, from their annual



The South Branch of the Potomac flows northeasterly through Moorefield and west of Romney and joins the North Branch about a mile east of Oldtown, Maryland.



The South Branch of the Potomac River

hunt on the South Branch of the Potomac. The Shawnees overwhelmed and slaughtered the Catawbas. A remnant of the Delaware tribe and John managed to escape. But he had noticed how fine the land was. It is said he explored the Valley again the next year. On one occasion he went in command of a band of Cough Indians on a trading expedition to Virginia, and on this excursion he

explored country almost unknown to white people -- the valley of the South Branch of the Potomac, known then by the Indian name Wapatoma. When he returned home he urged his sons to lose no time in possessing that land, declaring that it was most beautiful and fertile.

John and Isaac soon developed a plan to settle their relatives and friends there. They applied to the Governor and Colonial Council of Virginia for land and received a grant for 40,000 acres on the South Branch, much of it located in present-day Berkeley County, West Virginia. They soon sold most of the land to their cousin Jost Hite, who settled near present-day Winchester, Virginia. John also settled in Winchester, while Isaac attempted to move to a spot near present-day Moorefield, Hardy County, West Virginia, on the South Branch of the Potomac River.



Winchester in the 1750s

After two unsuccessful attempts (the Indians burned his cabin on at least one occasion), Isaac finally succeeded in establishing a settlement on the South Branch and moved his family there by about 1748, when a young (sixteen-



Fort Van Meter was built for the protection of the Van Meters and their neighbors about 1754.

year-old) George Washington visited him on a surveying trip for Lord Fairfax. Isaac's nephew Henry Van Meter moved nearby and when the French and Indian War broke out, Isaac had a fort constructed on Henry's property. It was a simple stone structure, designed as a haven for his family and also for his neighbors. It is doubtful that any troops were ever stationed at this place because it was too small to house a garrison. The stone walls made it impervious to musket or rifle fire,

and those inside, so long as they had food, water, and ammunition, were safe from the attack of even a large body of Indians. The work of constructing Fort Van Meter is attributed to Nathaniel Kuykendall or his son, Isaac, as both were skilled stone masons living along the South Branch River at the time.



Washington gave written instructions for the building of Fort Pleasant

In 1756, with the outbreak of the French and Indian War, George Washington, now a colonel, directed that a larger fortification be built near Isaac. The new fort and its supporting structures were erected on Isaac's property by Captain Thomas Waggener under Washington's orders. The fort was first known by the name of the Van Meter family, who assisted in its construction and maintenance. It was a

substantial palisaded defense enclosing a blockhouse and log houses. (Washington's written instructions indicated a quadrangular shape with 90-foot-long walls, bastions in the corners, barracks, and a magazine.) Fort

Pleasant was one in a chain of forts that ran along the frontier of the Allegheny Mountains and for a time it served as the local headquarters for the Virginia Regiment on the South Branch. (Eventually, Isaac's son Garrett Van Meter (1732-1788) had most of the old fort and original family cabin removed and built a strong brick structure half above ground and half below for defensive purposes.)

Indians never attacked Fort Pleasant directly but several raids occurred nearby. Soon after its construction, a disastrous skirmish took place about a mile and a half to the north in and around the large river gorge known as The Trough. In 1757, while working unprotected in his fields near his home at Fort Pleasant, Isaac Van Meter was attacked, scalped, and killed by Indians of the Delaware and Shawnee tribes. (The existing Federal style Van Meter house known as Fort Pleasant was built about 25 years later, just after the American Revolution.)

John and Isaac had other brothers about whom very little is known. Abraham (c1721-c1783) and his family lived briefly in Chester County, Pennsylvania before joining John's in Berkeley County, Virginia. Jacob (1723-1796) settled near Isaac in Hardy County, but he too was murdered by Indians within a few years after settling there.

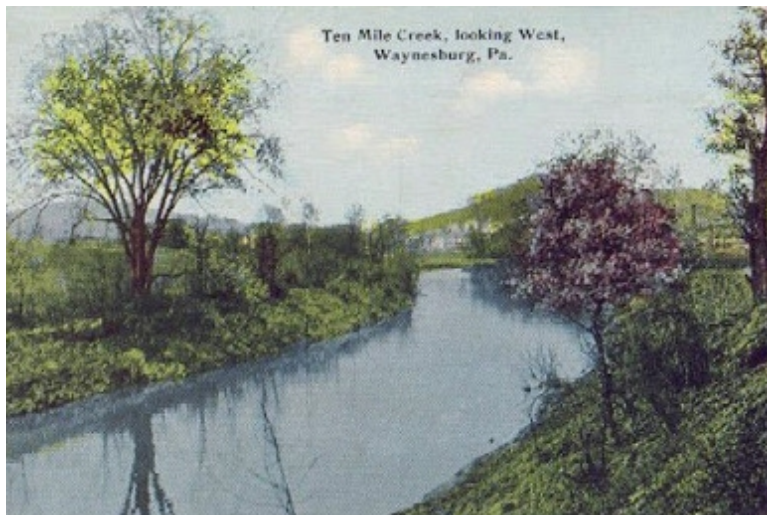


A year after the fort was built a battle was fought at the Trough, a mile and a half away.

Isaac's children prospered, and his descendants became prominent horse breeders and cattlemen. His grandson Jacob was a partner with Chief Justice John Marshall in the breeding of thoroughbred horses.

Turning back to John Van Meter's Berkeley County clan we find an especially interesting person, Polly Van Meter Evans, wife of John Evans (who built Evans Fort, completed in 1756 during the French and Indian War). Despite

being a mother of twelve, she was doctor and nurse of the region, traveling with a big dog and carrying a heavy rifle strapped to her shoulder. It left an indentation there which she carried to her grave. The Indians respected and dreaded her because she had shot several in defense of her home, but they never captured her scalp. One day when only women and children were in the fort near her home, the Indians attacked. She made the women load rifles while she did the shooting from one porthole after another until the Indians were driven off.

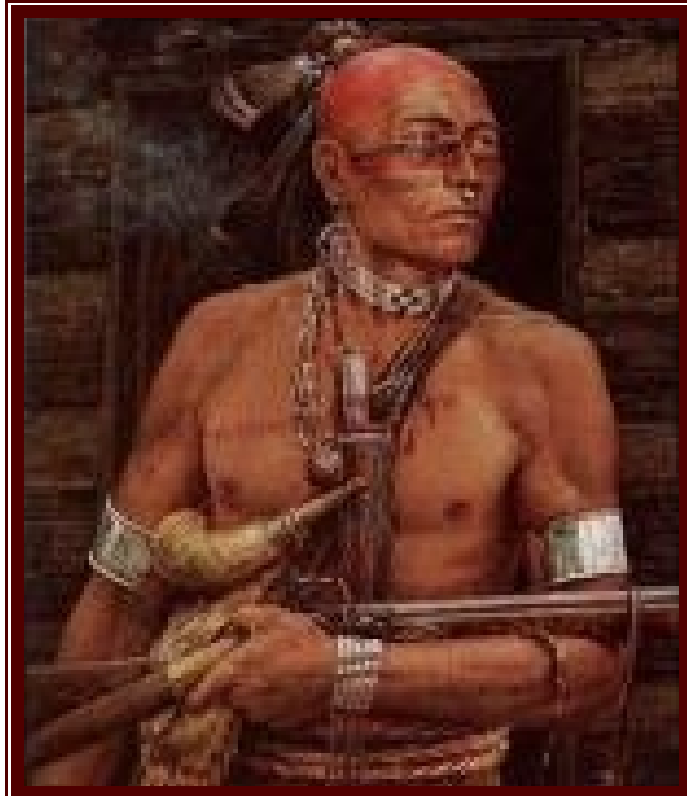


Van Meters in both Berkeley and Hardy counties were restless after the war, and several sold their land and prepared to move west to the Monongahela Valley, where Jacob Van Meter and others received land in southwestern Pennsylvania as compensation for fighting in the French and Indian

War. They settled on the west side of the Monongahela River in what is now known as Ten Mile Country because of its proximity to a tributary of the river called Ten Mile Creek. They "tomahawked" their claims (that is they marked the land they claimed by using an iron tomahawk to cut identifying notches in trees) along Muddy Creek in what was then the District of West Augusta, Virginia. There they took their families, slaves, "and such household goods as could be carried on pack horses." Altogether, they numbered about fifty people. To protect themselves against Indian attack, particularly during and after Lord Dunmore's War in 1774, many of these settlers constructed stockaded "forts" around their log cabins.



Artist's depiction of pack horse



Chief Logan

The original refuge fort on Prickett's land was built by civilian militia in the spring and early summer of 1774 in response to an uprising of the Mingo and Shawnee tribes sparked by the murder of Chief Logan's family by a band of rogue frontiersmen.

This would lead in turn to Lord Dunmore's War, in which the Prickett's Fort militia were active participants.

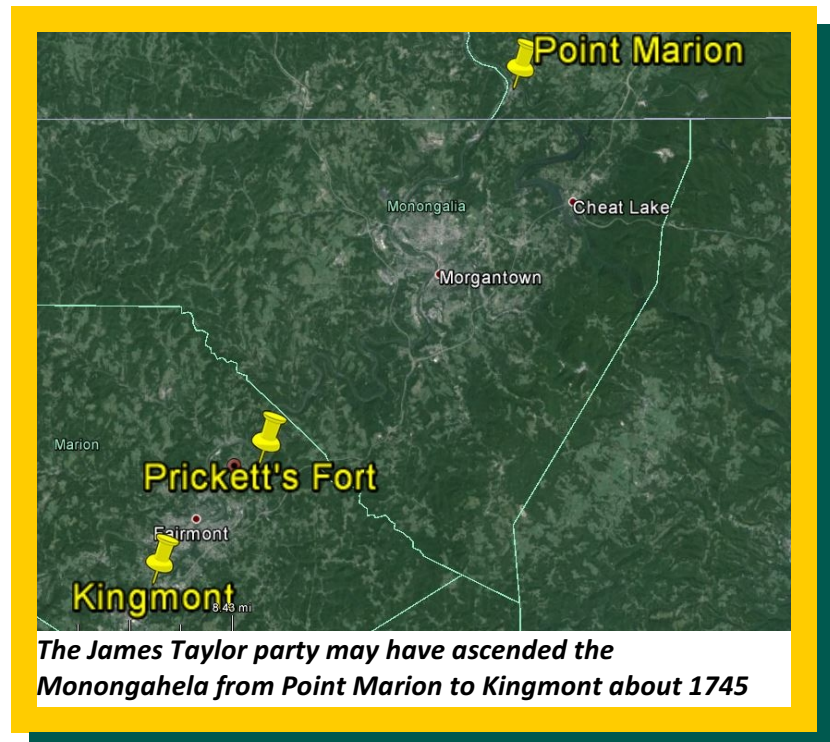
Virginia (the Monongahela), Kentucky, and Ohio

Pricketts, James Taylor (1745-1769)

Meanwhile many New Jersey Quakers became Indian traders, including the progenitor of most Virginia/West Virginia Pricketts, Captain Jacob Prickett (who was probably engaging in the trade by the mid-1740s). About 1747, Jacob left New Jersey to settle on the Virginia frontier north of Winchester. He had married Dorothy Springer in 1745 and their first child, Josiah, was born in October 1746. Jacob is thought to have gone on an interesting expedition to the Monongahela River (see below), about the time he moved to Virginia.

Before he went on that expedition his newly-born son's future father-in-law may have attempted to settle in the area. James Taylor was living on the South Branch of the Potomac near present-day Romney, West Virginia, when, according to tradition, he and a friend by the name of John Nichols, their wives and several children, left their homes in 1745 and traveled westward to the confluence of the Cheat and Monongahela rivers at the present-day town of Point Marion, Pennsylvania, about 10 miles north of present-day Morgantown, West Virginia.

There the families paused long enough to construct three large canoes, in which they ascended the Monongahela (then called the Muddy River) to the mouth of the present Tygart Valley River. Near present Kingmont, Marion County, southwest of present-day Fairmont, the families made temporary camp.



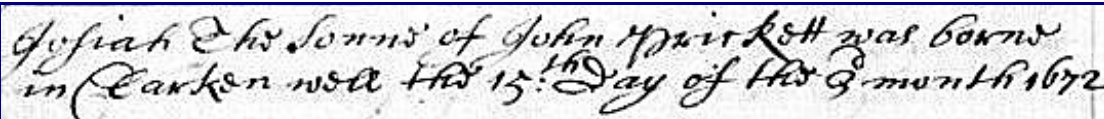
A few days later, while out hunting, Nichols and Taylor discovered what they are said to have described as "a cracked-stone pavilion, made solid with mortar composed of crushed mussel shells." After examining the curiosity, and believing it to be the work of Indians, they decided to use a part of it as the floor for the cabins they were wanted to build. There they erected two small cabins about ten feet apart and joined them with a gallery or "dog-walk." These twin cabins were often referred to as an Indian fort.

In 1767 James Taylor's daughter Charity married Captain Jacob Prickett's oldest son, Josiah, and it has been said that in 1769 their second daughter, Ann, (who married John Dragoo c1792, *see below*) was born in "an Indian Fort" neat Hoult, about 1½ miles from Prickett's Creek. (This may be erroneous; the Pricketts were living on Georges Creek in southwestern Pennsylvania at that time and are not known to have moved up the Monongahela until 1771.)

Later, near Prickett's Fort, Josiah built a house of half-hewed logs, which is said to have had windows a half-log high so the Indians could not see inside the house. They were probably used as holes for rifle firing at any Indians lurking about.

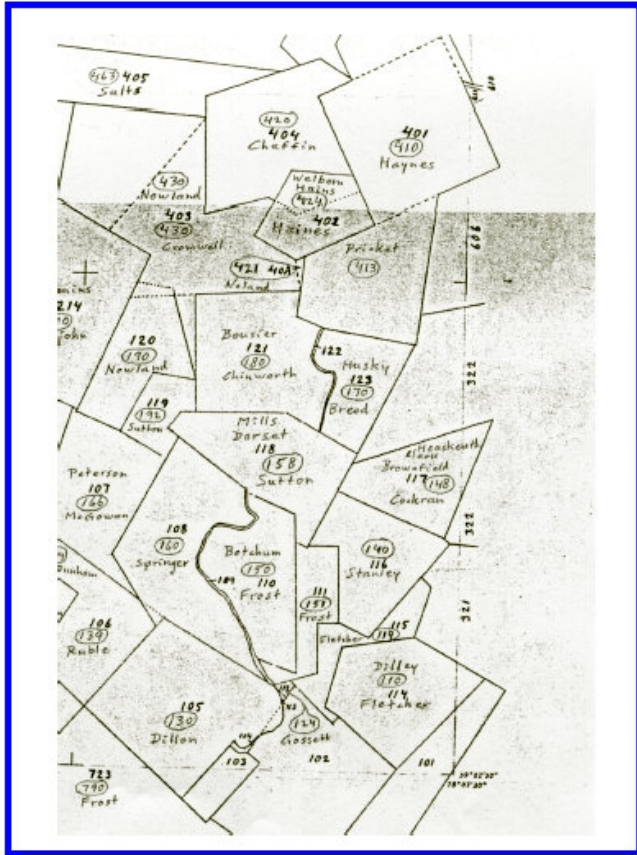
Captain Jacob Prickett, Sr. (1722-c1799)

The Pricketts, who were Quakers, had come to New Jersey from England in the late decades of the seventeenth century. There were at least two brothers, Josiah and Zachariah, born in London in 1672 and 1674, and perhaps their father, John (the name of their mother is unknown).



*Josiah the Son of John Prickett was born
in Carkeon wale the 15th Day of the 3rd month 1672*

The original record of Josiah's birth. Clarkson is in London.

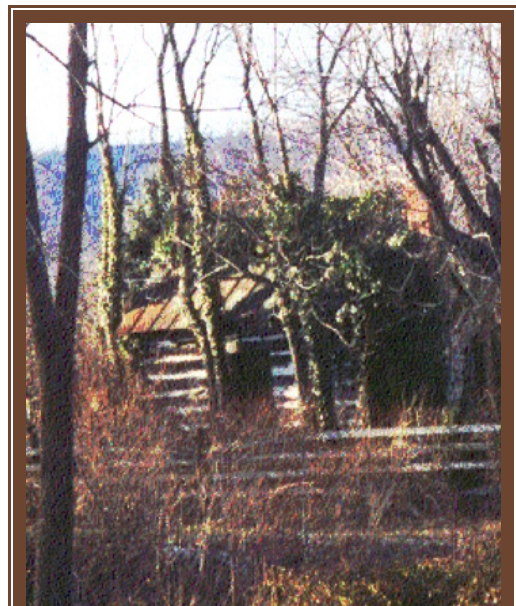


Dennis Springer's land can be seen to the west of Back Creek (lower left center); the Chinworths [i.e., Chenoweths] in the upper center, and [Abraham] Prickett to their northeast. Jacob's deed was never recorded.

Both brothers had sons named John and one of those Johns became the father of "our" Jacob. We think our John was the son of Josiah because there are many Josiahs among his descendants but no Zachariahs.

Nothing is known of the appearance of any of them except that Jacob is said to have been about 5'10" tall with black eyes and "stiff black hair." He is said to have "loved children" and that "children loved him." So far as we know, he moved his small family to Back Creek, in present-day Berkeley County, West Virginia, about 12 miles north of Winchester, Virginia, in the spring of 1747, when his first child was

about six months old. His brother Abraham and two sisters Ann Prickett Springer and Mary Prickett Chenoweth and their families, as well as other New Jersey natives, had recently moved to the area or would soon do so. One John Springer, who may have been a relative or even a brother of Dorothy's, lived a few miles away near present-day Gerrardstown and built a log cabin that is still standing. This was raw country in those days and they were the first white people to settle on the land.



The John Springer cabin



Lawrence Washington

In the spring of 1747 Jacob joined two friends (who were also connected with him by marriage), David Morgan and Nathaniel Springer, and others to make an exploring trip west for Lawrence Washington (the older half-brother of George Washington), who was interested in acquiring western lands. The party traveled to the Monongahela River around present-day Clarksville, Pennsylvania, where they happened upon some Mingo Indians – a chief called Guyasuta with eight warriors and four young squaws, all of whom they found friendly. (Six years later, Guyasuta accompanied 21-year-old George Washington when the latter carried a letter from the Virginia governor to French authorities in western Pennsylvania insisting that they leave the area.)

Jacob asked Guyasuta the name of the stream that entered the river at their camp, and the chief said it had no name that he had heard of. Jacob declared he would name it in the chief's honor, and thus it was called Guyasootha Creek for many years. (It is now known as Ten Mile Creek.)

The expedition apparently brought home a favorable report of the lands they had seen. Their expedition was followed by another, which led to the founding of the Ohio Company: that company's claims to western lands conflicted with French claims in the Ohio River Valley and precipitated the French and Indian War, which in turn led to the ouster of the French from Canada. (Guyasuta, incidentally, sided with the French in that war and with the English in the American Revolution, but after the war he worked to establish peaceful relations with the new United States.)



Guyasuta

During the French and Indian War, Jacob is said to have served under Colonel George Washington (who was still in his twenties) and to have been present at Fort Necessity on July 3rd, 1754, when nine hundred French soldiers, along with numerous Indians from various tribes, forced the Virginians to surrender. Jacob may also have taken part in General Braddock's campaign a year later when the English suffered another major defeat at Fort Duquesne (and the death of General Braddock himself).



The statue of Col. Zackquill Morgan was unveiled in June 2016

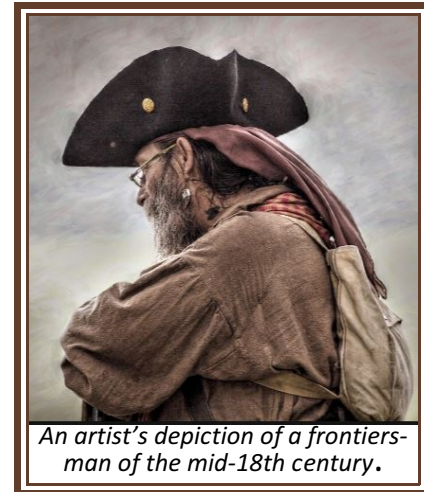
I know of no written evidence to that effect, however, although Jacob had apparently forgotten his Quaker pacifism and *was* in the Frederick County militia during the war. He served first as a private and – in the latter years of the war – as a sergeant under the command of Zackquill Morgan (who was to marry Jacob's niece Drusilla Springer in 1765 and found present-day Morgantown, West Virginia, soon after).

At some point, perhaps even during the war, Jacob may have established a trading post with the Indians near present-day Prickett's Creek, exchanging herbs, fur skins, etc.; it has been said he was there by 1759. He is known to have dealt with leading merchants at Winchester: Thomas and Robert Rutherford and James Wood.

Otherwise we know few details of his Indian activities during the war. We do know that when war broke out people from the Shenandoah Valley poured over the Blue Ridge to get away from the Indians. Whether the Pricketts were among them we do not know. After the war was over, relations with the Indians were relatively peaceful for a decade or so and Pricketts, Springers, and other families moved west to settle in the Monongahela River valley.

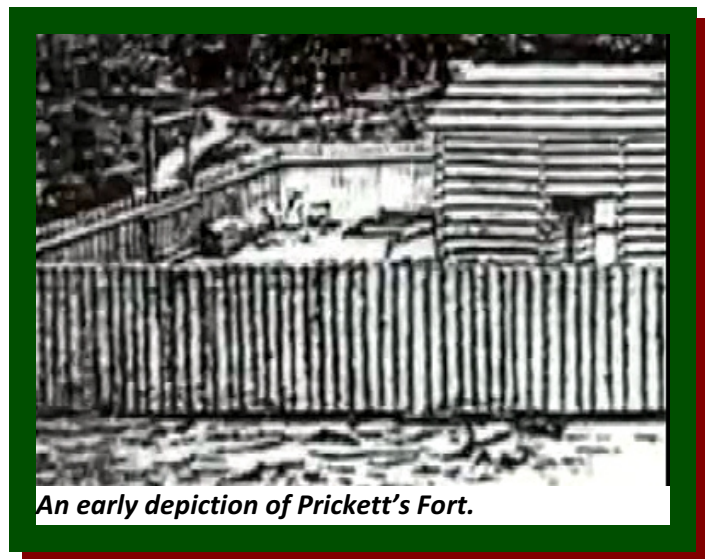
Our ancestors were real sure-enough pioneers. Of them and their contemporaries it has been written:

“The backwoodsmen of Pennsylvania and Virginia were a special class, formed chiefly of Scotch-Irish and German settlers [the Pricketts were English], whom Lord Dunmore, governor of Virginia, characterized thusly: ‘They acquire no attachment to Place: but wandering about seems engrafted in their nature; and it is a weakness incident to it, that they should forever imagine the Lands further off are still better than those upon which they are already settled.’ Into the vast transmontane region [*i.e.*, west of the Allegheny Mountains], . . . these men feverishly pressed, eager for fresh hunting grounds and virgin farms. Collision between them and the aborigines, many of whom denied the validity of the cessions, was inevitable. (Thwaites, *et al.*, *Documentary history of Dunmore's war.*)



An artist's depiction of a frontiersman of the mid-18th century.

Jacob and his family settled in the Georges Creek area northeast of present-day Morgantown near Uniontown (where Pennsylvania and Virginia disputed ownership) but in 1771 they moved south up the Monongahela to Prickett's Creek, among the first whites to settle in the area. But soon the Indians, who were subjected to some unwarranted attacks by whites and resented white encroachment on their hunting lands, became restless. Fearing hostile attacks, in 1774 Jacob and his neighbors built a refuge fort on his land. At first, no doubt, it was a simple affair, merely a stockade fence around a cabin. Built where Prickett's Creek empties into the Monongahela, it was within ten miles of three major Indian trails.



An early depiction of Prickett's Fort.

At the time the Monongahela valley was thickly covered with huge oaks and chestnut trees.

It was a Herculean task to clear enough land for a crude cabin and garden, to say nothing of a fort. Wagons were not used because of the forest, so settlers carried what little they could on pack animals and on themselves.



Reconstructed Indian wigwam.

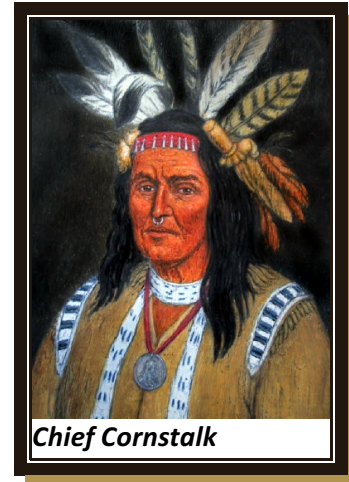
(For more information on Native Americans of the day, visit <http://www.nativetech.org/> and <http://www.nativeweb.org/>.)

Construction of the fort was not enough to prevent tragedy. Josiah (the oldest son of Jacob's older brother John) was killed by Indians at Dunkard Creek (about eight miles north of Prickett's Fort) in September 1774. Just days later, on 3 October 1774, Jacob's teenage son Isaiah went out from the fort with a neighbor, a Mrs. Susan Ox, to look after their cattle. (Born in 1757, Isaiah was the seventh of Jacob's eleven children.) They did not return. Isaiah's body was found scalped; Susan Ox was never seen again.

In her old age, Jacob's oldest daughter-in-law, Charity Taylor Prickett, said that Isaiah's scalp had been found and that a grieving Jacob had asked her and another woman to sew the scalp back on his head and they had done so.

"Testimonies from the earliest traders and settlers in the region make clear that there were small Indian settlements scattered throughout the region in the first half of the 18th century. There were extensive trade relationships between the Indians of the Ohio River Valley and the European frontier settlers during those years. [M]any treaties were made and wars were fought. Often times, land ownership was at the root of these confrontations. Documented evidence suggests that some of the primary Indian inhabitants of the middle Ohio River Valley during the 1700's and 1800's were people who spoke two general languages: Macro-Siouan, particularly Iroquoian languages, and Macro-Algonquian. These people can be traced to the ancestors of modern day Shawnee, Delaware, and Iroquois people."

Soon after these occurrences, Virginians defeated the Indians in the Battle of Point Pleasant (October 1774) and, following the negotiation of a treaty with Indian chief Cornstalk, tension diminished for a brief time.



But hostilities flared up again with the outbreak of the American Revolution, and Jacob is said to have been “an active spy,” presumably among the Indians. Prickett’s Fort continued to be a place of refuge for settlers within a radius of fifteen miles or so. Some eighty families are said to have sought protection there in the 1770s and early 180s. After the war it fell into disuse and disappeared; no archaeological remains have been discovered.

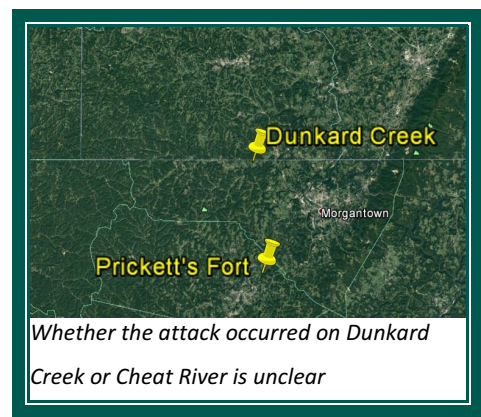
During the war, about five years after Isaiah was killed, Jacob’s nephew Elias (son of his older brother John), still in his mid-teens, was wounded by Indians.



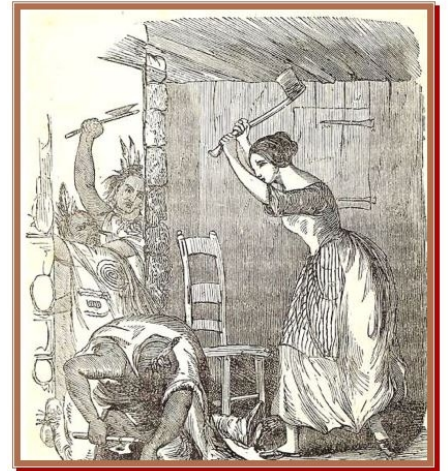
Glenn Lough in *Now and Long Ago* records the story as told by James Morgan:

“Just before we moved to Deckers Creek, John Bozarth and family [*Dorothy’s first cousin John Nathaniel Springer was married to Elizabeth Bozarth, the sister of John Bozarth*] went down to Cheat River to visit Mrs. Bozarth's sister's family named Smith ... Seventeen and

seventy-nine. The bad year for all of us around. George, John's boy, and I were good friends. Mrs. Bozarth was there at Smith's when Indians raided on Cheat. I heard Uncle Dave say there was about thirty of them, broken in little bunches. Jacob Prickett had a brother settled in that country, and his boy Elias was at the Smith's [*sic.*] that day. He was about twenty years old, I think. The children were playing outside right after dinner, and yelled that Indians was coming.

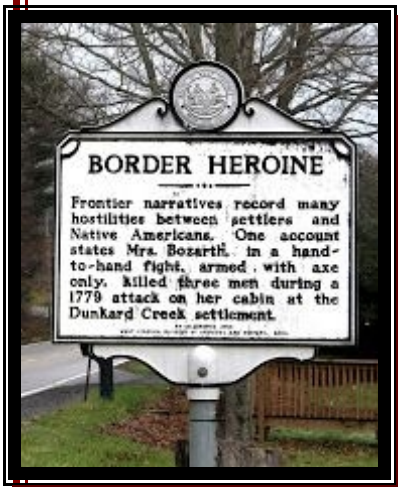


"Elias Prickett was outside and was shot in the hip. He fell back into the door. The Indians ran inside. Dick Dotson was in there and he jumped the Indian and threw him down on the floor, yelling for something to kill him with. Mrs. Bozarth picked up an axe and chipped open the Indian's head. Another Indian ran in yelling and shot Dick Dotson. It's been in the papers and in books that Dotson was killed, but he wasn't. It's been in the papers and in books that the Bozarchs lived on Dunkard Creek. But they didn't. Just like about Uncle Dave's fight with the Indians here, a pack of lies has been told and printed about that trouble there on Cheat...



Artist's depiction of frontier woman killing an Indian

"Mrs. Bozarth hit the Indian that shot Dotson in the head and knocked him down and chopped his belly open; his entrails went dragging after him as he crawled out of the cabin. One of the Indians helping his friends murder the children in the yard, ran to help the hurt one, and Mrs. Bozarth axed him, splitting his head open to the chin. . . .



"Elias Prickett became conscious and got a gun and ran to the door and shot at the Indians, who were then running for the woods. If he did any damage it wasn't known. I have read stories that say that the people there stayed shut up in that house with the dead Indians and Dick Dotson for several days, but this isn't true. This house was relieved within the hour, I've heard Uncle Dave and Jacob Prickett say, and John Ice was with those who relieved it, and helped bury the dead children of the Smiths, Dotsons, and Bozarchs, six in all."

Alexander Withers is quoted by Lough as saying in *Chronicles of Border Warfare*, "The time occupied in this bloody affair, from the first alarm of the children to the shutting of the door, did not exceed three minutes. And in this brief space, Mrs. Bozarth, with infinite self-possession, coolness, and intrepidity, succeeded in killing three Indians."

Ironically, Mrs. Bozarth was brought up as a Quaker and her first name was "Innocent."

The episode above may be the same as one mentioned below, which is said to have occurred in July 1780. *Isaac Beesley is thought to have been the brother of John Beasley (see below), who married Rachel Prickett, the widow of one Isaac Prickett of Monongalia, whose parents and siblings are unknown.*

ISAAC BEESLEY, born in 1753, was a private in the Monongalia County militia in the Revolution. In 1778 he was involved in skirmishes with several Indian parties. After six months Isaac was discharged, but he was induced to re-enlist because of the “frequent interruptions of the savages upon the settlement that year.” During his second stint in the militia, his unit marched into the Ohio territory, hoping to drive the Indians from their position. He saw action against the Indians on a number of occasions, and at one time was in a battle surrounded by attackers with his unit losing fourteen men.

After being discharged in April 1779, Isaac returned to Monongalia County and volunteered as a private and Indian spy under the command of Captain [Uriah?] Springer, in Col. [Zackquill] Morgan’s regiment. He was stationed at Pricket’s Fort, conducting “spying excursions” on Dunkard and other creeks in



Monongalia County. He was discharged in November 1779 but returned to active service in April 1780, re-enlisting as an Indian spy and was again stationed at Pricket’s Fort. That year proved to be particularly violent,

according to Isaac’s own account, and in July, a party of Indians attacked the settlement of Dunkard Creek, killing two children and stealing some horses. Isaac joined a party of soldiers who overtook the raiding Indians at Fishing Creek, killing five and rescuing the stolen horses.

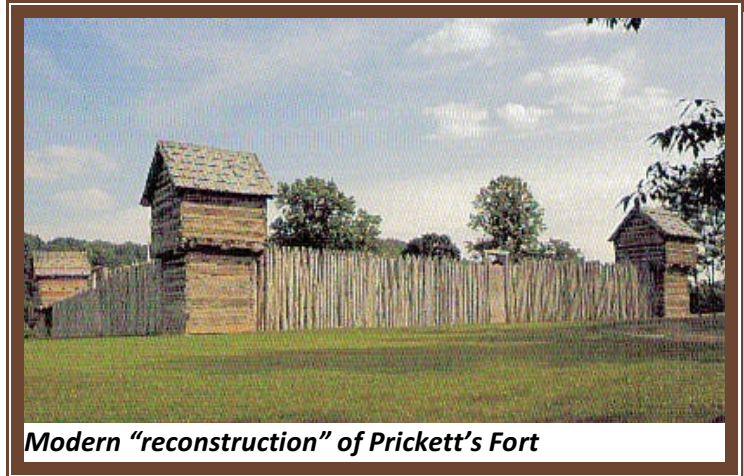


After serving seven months, he was discharged, but in May 1782 continuing problems with the Indians induced him to volunteer again as an Indian spy for a period of six months. As before, he was stationed at the fort and followed the same spy route. On one occasion an Indian party surprised Isaac and his companion, James Coon, while they were spying on Benaman Creek. Coon was shot in the left arm, while another ball struck Isaac's hunting shirt, passing through it but leaving him uninjured. The two men attempted to flee their attackers, but the loss of

blood from Coon's injury caused him to fall and he was killed and scalped. Isaac made his escape back to the fort. He was discharged from further service in September 1782. Little is known of Isaac's life subsequent to the Revolution.

Prickett's Fort (1774-c1790)

For the Bicentennial of American independence, the state of West Virginia established Prickett's Fort State Park and built an elaborate "reconstruction" that incorporates features found in frontier forts. It has become the Williamsburg of the Mountain State and offers



Modern "reconstruction" of Prickett's Fort

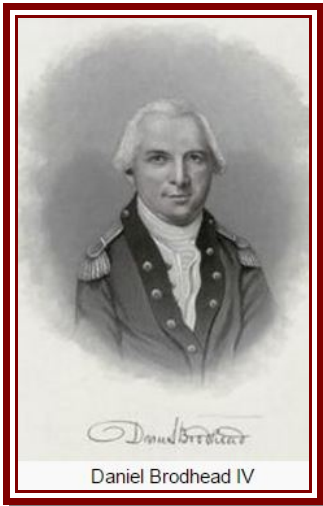
reenactments, tours, and interpreters in costume. To quote from the Prickett's Fort website, "the 'new' fort serves as a living history site where interpreters recreate late 18th century lifestyle through period attire and demonstrations of a variety of colonial crafts. Throughout the season, visitors may find blacksmiths, spinners, weavers and other traditional artisans at work, and a gun shop which features the only public demonstrations of 18th century firearm manufacturing in the state."

See (<http://www.prickettsfortstatepark.com/>) and (<http://www.prickettsfort.org/>).

Jacob Prickett, cont.

There is another story told about Jacob and Indians that Jacob's good friend David Morgan liked to tell. (*Jacob's oldest daughter, Mary Drusilla, married David Morgan's 2nd oldest son, Capt. Morgan "Mod" Morgan*). David was a renowned Indian fighter in his own right (see below). He claimed that one day he and Jacob came upon an Indian brave, but were out of ammunition so Jacob loaded his weapon with beans and shot the Indian in the bottom. The Indian began to "dance around," screaming in pain, whereupon Jacob hit the brave with his fist, and knocked him out. Together they tied him up

and took him to Fort Rogers, where he was later exchanged for a neighbor's young son, who had been captured and living with the Indians for a year.



Jacob may have been with troops that went on an expedition to Indian towns west of the Ohio in 1778. This may have taken place in April, when Lt. Col. Daniel Brodhead, IV, led a successful expedition against the Lenape bands around the Muskingum River in the Ohio Country.

In 1785, the year his wife died, Jacob found the body of a neighbor, Thomas Stone, in one of the few natural clearings in the "Big Shade," as the area was called because of the density of the forests. Indians had apparently surprised him, then killed and scalped him. Jacob rounded up his friends and kinsmen David Morgan, John Bunner, and Nathaniel Springer, and "they trailed the savages for two days and nights, to Middle Island Creek," where they lost the trail in a rain storm. (They would have been about 75 miles from home by this time.)

Toward the end of his life Jacob followed a number of his children and his sister Mary Prickett Chenoweth and family, who had moved west to Kentucky near Maysville. Perhaps he had encounters with Indians there too. Members of his sister's family certainly did, as we shall see.

James Leggett (c1777)

Jacob's grandson Job (son of Josiah) married Mary Ann Price. Mary's father's third wife, Elizabeth Leggett was the daughter of James Leggett.

James Leggett, born about 1740 in Baltimore County, Maryland, was reputed to be a noted Indian fighter. Not long after moving to Monongalia County, he embarked on a journey eastward and was never heard from again. (I have not found any details of his exploits.)

Virginia (the Monongahela)

David Morgan (1757-1779)

Both Pricketts and Springers intermarried with the Morgans. Captain Jacob's oldest daughter, Mary Drusilla, married David Morgan's second son, Captain Morgan "Mod" Morgan III. Jacob's and Dorothy's niece Drusilla Springer was the second wife of David's brother, Col. Zackquill Morgan. Jacob's grand-daughters Dorothy and Sarah Prickett (daughters of Jacob's oldest son, Josiah) married Zackquill's sons James and Uriah. David was also one of Captain Jacob's best friends.

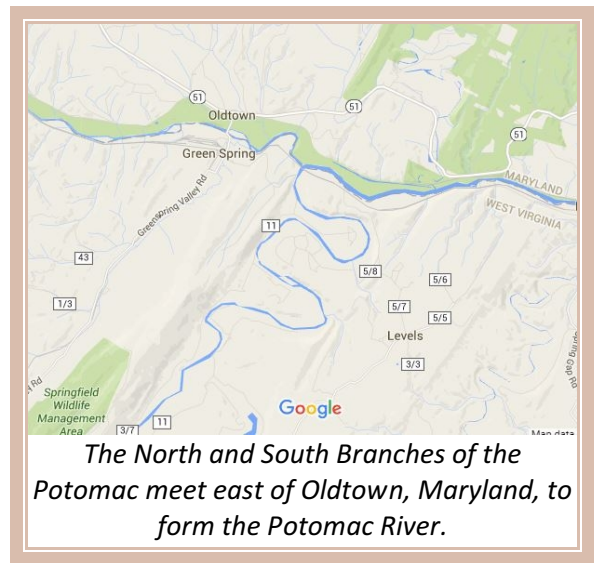


There is said to be a description of David at the age of 19 in George Washington's journals but I have been unable to find it. Since George would have been only eight years old at the time, it seems unlikely. David is also said to have fought with Virginia troops during the French and Indian War, to have been among the defenders of Washington's Fort Necessity, to have fought under Gen. Edward Braddock in the disastrous march on Fort Duquesne and in other important battles of this war, but there are no extant documents to prove any of these activities.

In appearance, David must have been a striking man. He is described as standing six feet, one inch tall, weighing about 190 pounds, being powerfully built, and having black hair with dark brown, nearly black, eyes.

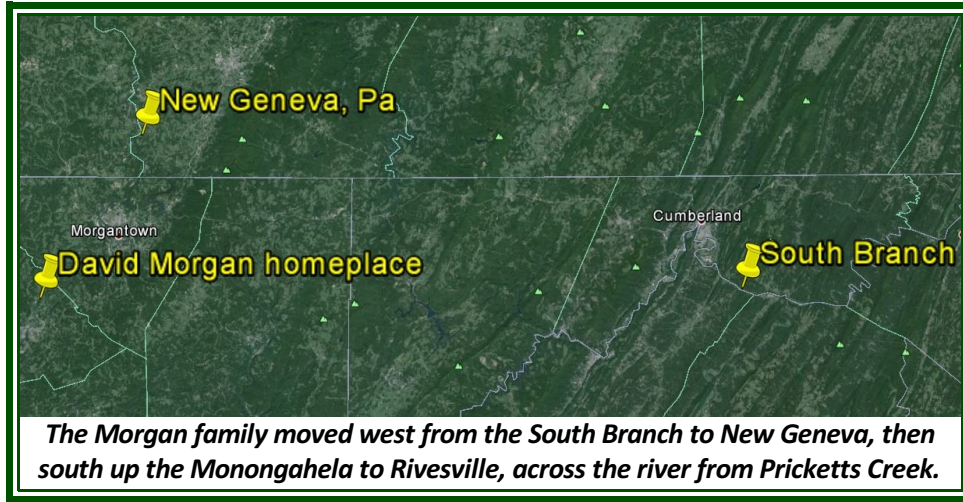
In later years David's son Stephen (1761-1840) said, "My father traveled the frontier wilderness from boyhood, from Canada . . . to South Carolina, and fought the Indians and other enemies of our country as often as became necessary. Before the fight at our homestead [see below], he had fought and killed seven Indians in single handed combat. Others there were, including French and British soldiers, wounded and killed by him as a soldier in battle. He well understood the Indians and their method of warfare, and could speak the languages of the Delaware, Shawnee, and Wyndotte nations. In his manner of living and defending himself and others, he was no different from his contemporaries. I certainly would not class him an Indian-fighter, no more than I would class Jacob Prickett . . . as such. He was a Christian, a patriot, a soldier, a surveyor, and a very good farmer, the profession of which he is most proud, and a loving, and most times, a too indulgent parent." (Glenn Lough, *Now and Long Ago*, pp. 521-522).

In 1833 one George Cox told a young cousin that in May 1757 his father and others including David Morgan trailed about twenty Indians and two Frenchmen from the South Branch of the Potomac River--where these Indians had murdered six white men and carried off another-- across the Allegheny Mountains and onto Cheat River, where they overtook and skirmished with them, killing seven Indians and one Frenchman. This happened about five or six miles above the Ice family ferry (about five miles east of Morgantown). They then pursued the fleeing French and Indians to Bingaman Creek on the West Fork



The North and South Branches of the Potomac meet east of Oldtown, Maryland, to form the Potomac River.

River where they lost the enemy's trail. Morgan and the others then returned home to the South Branch, where they camped for about two weeks at the mouth of Deckers Creek.



By about 1768, the Morgan family had moved from the South Branch and were living in the area of New Geneva, Pennsylvania; in 1771-1772,

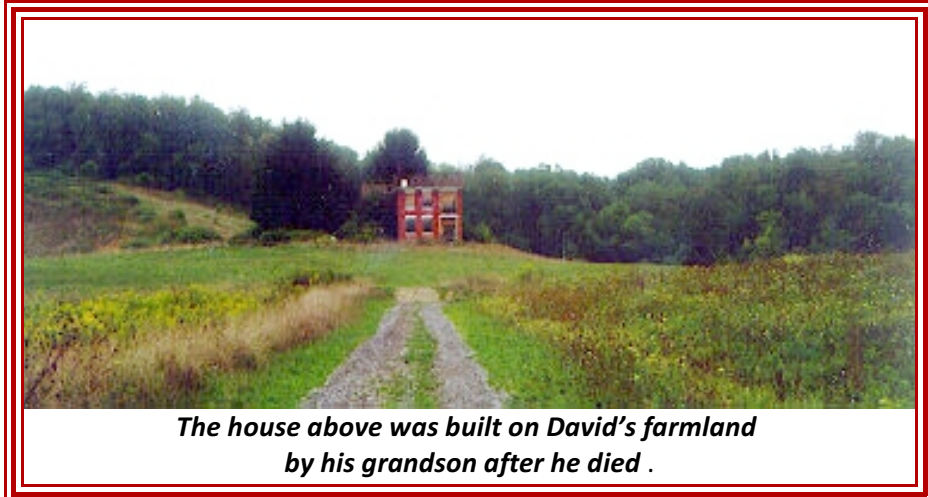
they moved again, this time up the Monongahela to settle on well-lying land about a half mile west of the river, near the present village of Rivesville. The Indians were troublesome during this period, and the settlers erected a fort in 1774 at the mouth of Pricketts Creek, as we have seen, on the opposite side of the river from David's farm, and about a mile distant.

No record has been found of David's being molested by the Indians until the spring of 1779, when he had his famous encounter with two of them at his home place, the story of which was recorded by contemporary writers. A monument was placed to remember the site where David Morgan fought the two Indians to save his children.

There are several versions of the story (an account and transcription of the first one in print can be seen at http://www.wvculture.org/history/journal_wvh/wvh23-2.html). In any case David was not feeling well that day and had taken his family and gone to Prickett's Fort. "He soon sent his son Stephen, age 17, and a daughter, Sarah, 14, home to feed some stock. While they were gone he fell asleep and dreamed

that they had been scalped. He was so disturbed by the dream that he rose, seized his rifle and started after them.

As he neared his children he caught sight of two Indians skulking behind trees intent on their capture. Morgan spoke to his children in a careless manner, telling them of their danger and



The house above was built on David's farmland by his grandson after he died .

directing them to run to a ford near by, which command they obeyed. When the Indians saw the children running they started in pursuit, but Morgan showed himself and they took shelter behind a tree.

“Morgan then sought safety in flight, but was pursued, and owing to the fact that he was advanced in years and could not run fast they soon gained on him, and when he turned to face them they again sought shelter behind trees. He did the same, and, taking advantage of an incautious moment when one of the Indians had exposed himself, shot him but not fatally. The Indian, fearing death at the hands of his enemy, stabbed himself and fell dead.

“Morgan again took flight and as the remaining pursuer shot at him jumped aside and the ball passed him. The two men closed, and a hard hand-to-hand conflict ensued, in which Morgan received a blow from a tomahawk. Morgan succeeded in throwing his adversary, but the latter soon turned him, and was feeling for his knife when Morgan managed to get the Indian's fingers in his mouth and while thus holding him was able to secure the knife himself and with it succeeded in dispatching the red man. This is merely one of his many encounters with Indians. This occurred on the Monongahela River, and a monument was erected there in his honor.”

Stephen was the sheriff of Monongalia County when he made this statement to the *Monongalia Gazette*, of Morgantown, in October of 1808:

“Some historians have asserted that my father killed three Indians in the fight at our homestead in 1779. He was responsible only for the death of two Indians; they were of the Delaware Nation, and about thirty years old. One was very large, weighing about two hundred pounds; the other was short and stocky, weighing about one hundred and eighty pounds. My father (David Morgan) was six feet one inch tall, and at that time weighed one hundred and ninety pounds, about.

“It has been published that my father tomahawked and skinned the savages. This is not true. He left one Indian alive, but dying, and returned to the fort and to his bed, which he had left less than an hour before, where he remained for the remainder of the day. The oft' made statement that he attempted to escape to the fort by flight is not true. He did not run a single step with the exception of getting away from the savages. The running he did was done to gain an advantage over the enemy, and this he accomplished.

“When he died, at 93, he was still pretty robust, and most of his hair was still black. He only lost his teeth in extreme old age. When he died, his body was held for five days to allow time for his friends and family from all over to get there.”

Others claim that refugees at Prickett's Fort tanned the brave, making two shot pouches and one girth from the leather; then presented them to David.



When he was almost 80 David carved this gravestone for his wife, Sarah Stevens

Horatio Morgan (c1798) *Horatio was the son of Zackquill Morgan and Drusilla Springer, Jacob and Dorothy's niece (daughter of Dennis and Ann Springer Prickett).*

This passage about Horatio is from George Dunnington, *History and Progress of the County of Marion, West Virginia*, who comments, "The bloody deeds committed by the Indians, created within the hearts of the settlers a bitter enmity toward them, and often led them to retaliate by the commission of about as barbarous acts as the savages themselves were guilty of, as in the case of the Indian with whom Morgan had the [following] encounter. Their vindictive passions once aroused they would forget for the moment that they were civilized men, and the bare sight of an Indian, whether friendly or otherwise, would arouse this spirit of revenge in their hearts, and they would be led to commit acts which in their thoughtful moments they regretted. A striking incident of this kind occurred, in which Horatio Morgan, of Prickett's [F]ort, was the principal actor."

"While hunting one day, he unexpectedly come upon an Indian seated near a fire built on the river bank. Concealing himself behind a tree, Morgan watched the scene for some moments. Over the fire was suspended a pot in which an Indian boy was stirring a mixture of herbs and water. The first mentioned savage—an old man—sat upon a log with his head bowed in his hands, evidently very sick, and the boy was boiling the gruel to relieve his sufferings, which appeared to be intense. Not a considerate thought for the pitiable condition of the old Indian seemed to enter the mind of Morgan, but raising his gun, after watching the scene awhile, he fired. The ball went crashing through the brain of the sick man, and he was forever freed from his sufferings. The boy, frightened at this sudden evidence that an enemy was at hand, took to the woods and made his escape.

Morgan was overcome with remorse the moment after he had fired the shot, and would have given the world to have been able to recall it. So stricken with shame was he at the cowardly advantage he had taken of the Indian, that it was not until years afterwards that he related the circumstance; and then it was with a feeling of deep regret at what he had so thoughtlessly done."

Nathaniel Springer (1757)

Nathaniel Springer was a good friend of Captain Jacob's and may have been the son of William Springer and Margaret Morgan, who was the daughter of Col. Zacquill Morgan and Nancy Paxton. Zackquill's second wife was Drusilla Springer, niece of Capt. Jacob and Dorothy. There may be another Springer connection but I don't know it, though Cliff Radcliff, a careful Springer genealogist, thinks that Nathaniel was Dorothy Springer Prickett's brother..

In May 1757, Nathaniel Springer, David Morgan, and others tracked a party of Delaware Indians who had killed six settlers and captured another, from the South Branch settlement in Hampshire County to Decker's Creek in Monongalia County. Their rescue of one George Delay was carried out, but he died of his wounds on their return to the South Branch.

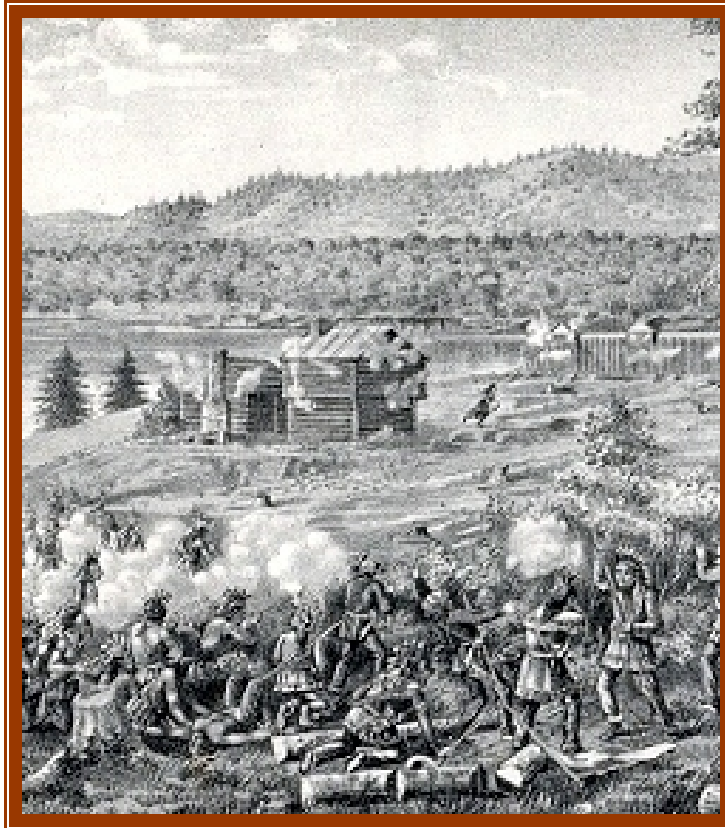
It is said that Nathaniel had fifty-three notches on his rifle from Indian warfare and was considered by many to be the best hunter in the Monongahela Valley.* He was a hunter, trapper, trader, Indian fighter, scout, and frontiersman. According to local West Virginia histories, both Jacob Prickett and Nathaniel had established camps or "squat outs" on the Monongahela in the 1760s. Nathaniel's was at Catawba (about a mile northeast of the mouth of Prickett's Creek, where Jacob's was located).

Nathaniel was described in Rev. Levi Shinn's journal as a true pioneer woodsman, "with a beard all the way to his crotch."

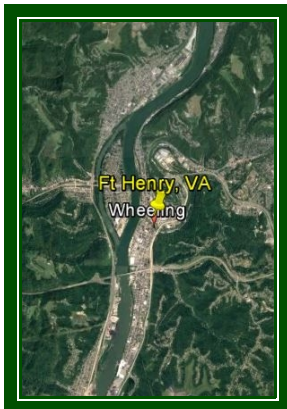
* When one killed a deer or an Indian, it was customary to cut a notch in one's rifle.



Log house of the Rev. Levi Shinn



***Fort Henry, located on the Ohio River at present-day Wheeling,
West Virginia, in the Revolution.***

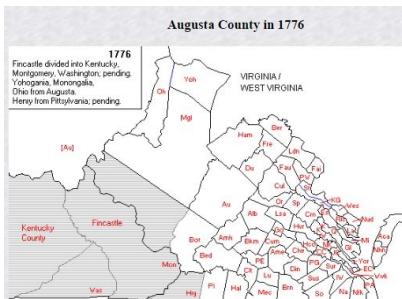


***When the fort was besieged by Indians in September 1777,
Colonel David Shepherd, lost both his son-in-law
Francis Duke and his oldest son, William.***

Virginia (Ohio River) **The Shepherds-Dukes** **David Shepherd (1775-1782)**

David Shepherd was the father of Sarah Shepherd Duke, whose second husband was Captain Jacob's nephew Levi Springer (see above). Her paternal grandmother was a Van Meter.

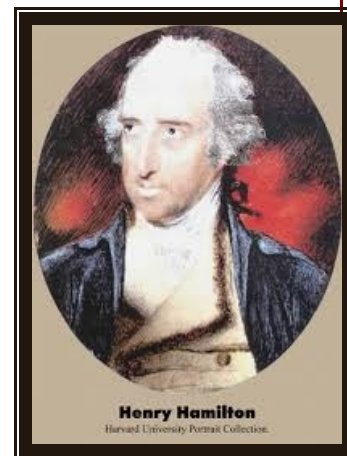
David Shepherd (1734-1795) was the son of Thomas Shepherd (1705-1776), a native of Wales who founded present-day Shepherdstown, Berkeley County, West Virginia, in the mid-eighteenth century. In 1770, David left home to settle in what became Ohio County. For a time his wife was the only white woman in the bounds of the county.



In 1775 war broke out between the colonies and England, and in September, 1776, Colonel Dorsey Pentecost, the militia commandant in the West Augusta district of Virginia, wrote to David Shepherd, apprising him of a decision to station detachments of militia at different places on the Ohio between Fort

Pitt and the mouth of Grave Creek (about ten miles down river from present-day Wheeling), and appointing Shepherd as commissary for victualing the militia employed in this service. Ohio County was formed in October 1776 and Shepherd was soon named county lieutenant (*i.e.*, the chief militia officer), county colonel, and high sheriff of the county.

Murders and raids by Indians on the border during the fall of 1776 were arousing the whole frontier. At Detroit (about 180 miles northwest as the crow flies), British Colonel Henry Hamilton directed the activities of the British and Indians. By July 1777, he had sent out fifteen distinct raiding parties against the American frontier. Shepherd's house was designated as the proper place for a magazine and one Thomas Jones was appointed "to open



shop for the making of arms and the repairing of tomahawks, scalping knives, etc.”, at David’s house.

In August some friendly Indians reported to General Edward Hand, the American commander at Fort Pitt, that the renegade Simon Girty was leading an Indian attack against Fort Henry. Shepherd was warned of a pending attack about the 10th of August and on the 22nd he sent most of his family away from Fort Henry. For a time things were quiet. Shepherd’s oldest son, William, and his oldest daughter, Sarah Duke, who was pregnant, and her husband, Francis, who was Shepherd’s deputy, remained at Fort Henry.

(Fort Henry, built in 1774 and located in what is now downtown Wheeling, was originally called Fort Fincastle. The fort enclosed about ½ acre and was defended on three sides by the topography. On the river sides to the south and west, a bluff prevented or greatly hindered assaults. On the north, a ravine provided protection. The only level ingress was protected by a blockhouse which attackers had to pass by to attack the fort.)

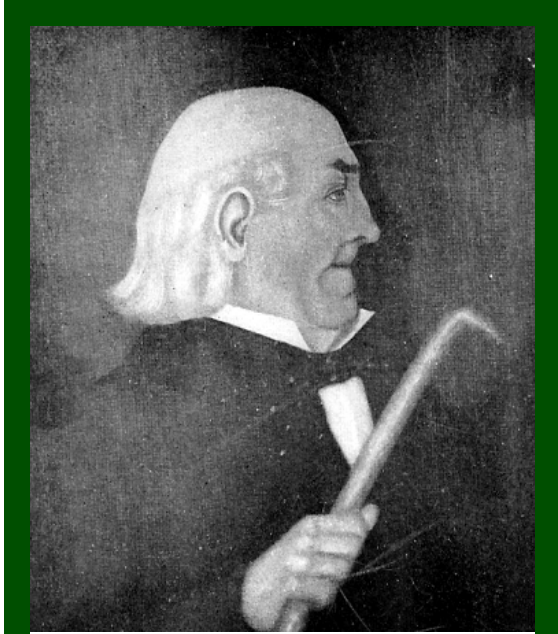
The stroke fell before the garrison could be reinforced. In September, the Shawnee, Wyandot and Mingo tribes joined to attack settlements along the Ohio River, including Fort Henry, one of the three principal forts on the Ohio River. The date is unclear; most researchers say the fighting began on September 1st; some say it took place on the 21st. Residents about the fort were occupying their cabins, located mostly on the east and north sides, and did not take refuge in the fort until the attack began.

The Indians began with attacks on those surrounding cabins.

An especially interesting incident occurred when one Major Samuel McColloch, who has been described as “the most famous Indian fighter and scout of his day,” led a small force of men from Fort Vanmetre along



Artist's depiction of McColloch making his famous leap.



Isaac Van Meter married the granddaughter of the McColloch who made the famous leap

Short Creek to assist the besieged Fort Henry. McColloch was separated from his men and was chased by attacking Indians. Upon his horse, McColloch charged up Wheeling Hill and made what is known as McColloch's Leap -- 300 feet (91 meters) down its eastern side to safety. The Indians rushed to the edge, expecting to see the Major lying dead in a crumpled heap at the bottom of the hill. To their great surprise they instead saw McColloch, still mounted on his white horse, galloping away from them.

(There is a family connection with McColloch/McCulloch: He was the father of Hannah McCulloch, who

married Joseph Inskoop; their two daughters married two sons of Colonel Garret Van Meter, who was a first cousin of David Shepherd's mother, Elizabeth Van Meter. David Shepherd's daughter of course married Capt. Jacob Prickett's nephew Levi Springer.)

(Travelers through present Wheeling may note a marker at the site of McCulloch's leap.)

Less fortunate was David Shepherd's son-in-law, twenty-five-year-old Francis Duke, the husband of David's oldest daughter, Sarah (1755-1832). Born in Ireland, he was at nearby at Shepherd's fort on 1 September 1777 when they received news of the Indian attack on Fort Henry. Alexander Withers tells the story: "A party was immediately detached from it, to try and gain admission into the besieged fortress, and aid in its defence. Upon arriving in view, it was found that the attempt would be hopeless and unavailing, and the detachment consequently prepared to return. Francis Duke was . . . unwilling to turn his back on a people, straitened as he knew the besieged must be, and declared his intention of endeavoring to reach

the fort, that he might contribute to its defence. It was useless to dissuade him from the attempt;—he knew its danger, but he also knew their weakness, and putting spurs to his horse, rode briskly forward, calling aloud, ‘open the gate — open the gate.’ He was seen from the fort, and the gate was loosed for his admission; but he did not live to reach it. Pierced by the bullets of the savages, he fell, to the regret of all. Such noble daring, deserved a better fate.” Another wrote, “For his patriotism and self-sacrificing devotion to the interests of the besieged in Fort Henry, the name of Francis Duke should be ever held in grateful remembrance by the descendants of the defenders of that fortress.” Sarah was one month pregnant at the time with their second son. Their older son was about three.

On the same day that Francis Duke was killed, his nineteen-year-old brother-in-law, William Shepherd (oldest son of David Shepherd), and two other men started for the fort, and as young Shepherd “neared the fort, his foot caught in a grapevine and threw him, and before he could recover, the Indians tomahawked and scalped him.”

“The enemy maintained his menacing attitude until night, and at midnight made another unsuccessful assault. Two more attempts to storm the fort were made during the night, but the gallant defenders kept to their guns, and the noble women giving their encouragement and assistance the whole night through,” the assaults failed.

“The siege was continued until the morning of the third day, quite a number of furious attempts to storm the fort being made, but unavailingly.” Subsequent attacks, planned in 1781 and the summer of 1782 were abandoned or thwarted. The last siege of the fort, in September 1782, is regarded by some as the final battle of the Revolution. The attack lasted for three days, after which the Indians were thoroughly discouraged and gave up the attack.

Fort Henry thus not only saved a large proportion of the inhabitants of the young colony at Wheeling, but played a role in the closing days of the American Revolution. The Second Siege was also the last major raid of Indians into what became West Virginia.

Kentucky, Ohio ***Van Meters (1779-1810)***



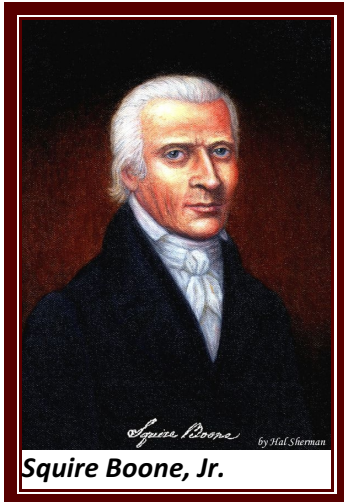
In 1779, the Van Meters left Pennsylvania and moved on to Kentucky, going down the Ohio River in flatboats. Under the direction of

Jacob Van Meter, Sr., twenty-seven house boats floated down the Ohio, carrying the families and all their household goods, livestock, and anything they could pile on the boats.

All of the Van Meter children with the exception of one daughter accompanied their parents, together with their husbands and wives. One babe in arms was in the party, the little daughter of Lieutenant John Swan, Jr., and his wife, Elizabeth Van Meter. A short distance below Fort Pitt, Swan was sitting on the deck of one of the boats fast asleep with his young daughter in his arms, when he was shot through the breast by an Indian arrow, fired from the river bank. Those aboard were unaware of the incident until the child cried out: "Oh! Papa has been shot and warm blood is running over me." His wife grabbed his gun and began helping the men ward off the attack, loading guns for Joseph Hughes, brother-in-law of the dead man, until they drove off the raiders. The party then sadly proceeded to their destination.

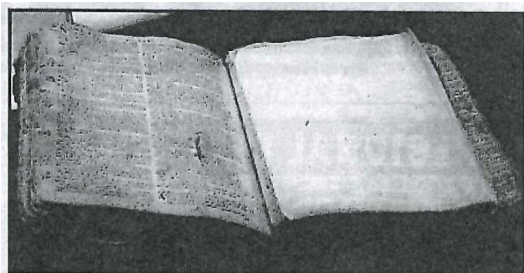
A great number of people moved to Kentucky in 1779, and nearly exhausted their food supply before the end of the winter. Meantime, wild meat, the game of the forest, was the only solid food to be had; and this with milk and butter but without bread, was the daily diet of men, women and children for some months. Delicate or robust, well or ill, rich or poor,

black or white, one common fare supplied all. As usual the spring season brought out the Indians, and danger of life and limb was added to whatever else was disagreeable in the condition of the people.



Abraham Van Meter's land grant was near Shelbyville, about 30 miles east of Louisville, and he and his family were stationed with Squire Boone, Jr., (Daniel's brother) at Boone's fort, when it was attacked by Indians. The Indians were repulsed but Abraham was struck by an arrow; he was only grazed and thought nothing of it, but apparently it was poisoned. A few days later he became violently ill and died. The Van Meter family Bible, with a bloody foot track and a spear hole in it, was found next to a dead woman at the fort after the raid. It was later handed down by Abraham's daughter, Letitia, to her

descendants. It is now known as the Harrison Bible, and is in the Iowa Historical Library in Des Moines.



The slash made by the Indian's spear can be seen on the left.

Yet another story of the Bible goes like this: One of Isaac Van Meter's second cousins, Letty Van Meter, was nine years old at the time of the attack. She cowered behind a tree, then fell into a creek and was rescued by her hair. Her family and friends had heard that the Indians under Simon Girty were about to attack. Being too few in number to fight such a large

band they hastily gathered up their most treasured belongings and started on horseback for Louisville. The Indians overtook them and many were killed. After the survivors reached Louisville the garrison turned out to bring in the dead and all belongings they could find. Amid the carnage near a dead woman was found an old Van Meter family Bible belonging to Letty's parents. An Indian had thrust his spear into it, then placed his bloody foot upon it to withdraw. Handed down in Letty's family, the Bible, now known as the Harrison Bible, is in the Iowa Historical Library In Des Moines.

Two families of Negro slaves "belonging to the senior Van Meter" also made the trip to Kentucky. Yet another slave who traveled to Kentucky in the party was "General Braddock" (named for the famous British general killed in the French and Indian War), who had belonged to Abraham Van Meter. The slave had gained both his nickname and a degree of fame for killing nine Indians. He moved with Abraham's widow and was appraised at 100 pounds. Many years later, on 19 March 1797, "General Braddock" was "set free forever." (He afterward married a woman named Becky Swan, apparently a slave or former slave belonging to the Swan family, and settled on and lived on a small farm near Elizabethtown, Kentucky.



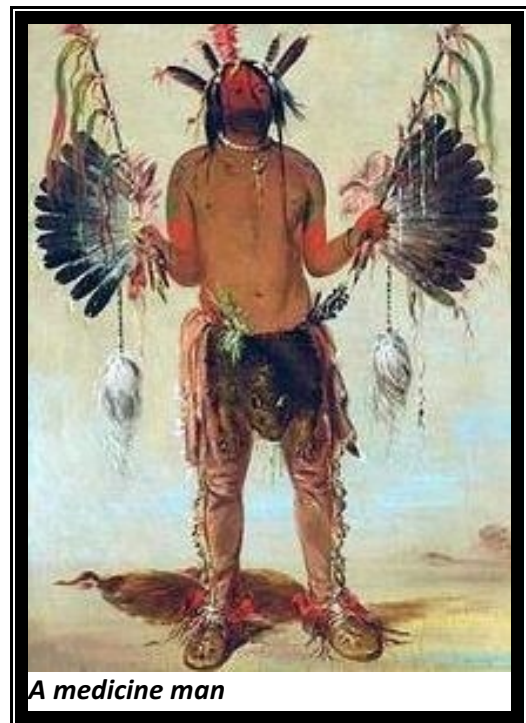
A John Van Meter, captured by Indians, married a Seneca girl said to be a relation of Mohawk Joseph Brant, above.

Meanwhile, back in Ohio County, Virginia, John Van Meter's cabin was raided by Indians while he was away. His wife, Rebecca, and two small sons were murdered in their cabin, which was burned. Their beautiful 15-year-old daughter, Hannah, was washing at a nearby spring where she was axed. This spot is still known as Hannah's Spring. Son John was captured, but other sons Abraham and Isaac escaped. The captive John grew up with the Indians and married a Seneca girl related to the famous Joseph Brant, the Mohawk leader who in 1787 completed translation of portions of the Bible into the Mohawk language.

On 29 April 1817 a treaty was signed between the United States and the Indian tribes of Ohio which ceded all of the Indian lands within the limits of Ohio to the United States forever. A reservation in the treaty was made to John Van Meter, his Seneca wife, and her three brothers of 1000 acres near Tiffin, Ohio, where they lived. John died on this "Van Meter Reserve," leaving it to his only son, John, who sold it in 1828 to move west of the Mississippi with the remnants of his tribe.

Yet another Van Meter from Virginia made the first settlement in what is now Sandy Township, Stark County, Ohio, in the spring of 1805. He came with a wife and child and accompanied by his father-in-law. They brought along only several cooking utensils, a few tools, a little bedding and some provisions, carried on pack saddles. On reaching the land, Northeast Quarter Section 29, they made a temporary shelter for Mrs. Van Meter; then clearing away a small piece of ground, and with the help of several friendly Indians, they soon had a cabin raised and covered. Their furniture was such as could be made in the woods with axe and auger. They constructed a sort of plough with a wooden mold-board and made home-made “gears” out of bass wood and hickory bark. After a fashion of that day, they broke several acres of ground and planted it in corn and garden vegetables, after which the father-in-law returned to his family in Virginia. At that time only one other white inhabitant lived within ten miles. There were a few scattered families about 15 miles away, too far for social intercourse. The winter of 1805 to 1806 was passed without the family seeing the face of another white person. They had frequent “calls” from Indians then roaming over the country but their visitations were not especially welcome.

The oldest son in the family, James, was born a year before they moved to Stark County. In 1808 when he was four years old and was climbing over a fence he pulled the top rail over and broke his thigh. There was no doctor within reach. A neighbor and several others, adjusted the leg to a natural position while an Indian medicine man prepared a splint of white elm bark which he bandaged on the limb with a strip of like material, leaving a space immediately over the fracture for the application of stewed herbs which an old squaw would apply every day at the same time assisting the cure by a pow-wow. The treatment worked and James recovered almost full use of his leg.



A medicine man

Pennsylvania-Ohio ***William Crawford (1782)***



Col. William Crawford was not an ancestor of ours; he was not even a kinsman, but we do have two connections with him:

- 1. His daughter Sarah's second husband was Uriah Springer, the son of Capt. Jacob's sister Ann Prickett Springer and Dorothy's brother Dennis.*
- 2. Uriah was also the uncle of William S. Jolliffe, the second husband of Charity Taylor Prickett, whose first husband was Jacob's oldest child.*

(First, an aside: What a sad life William's daughter Sarah Crawford Harrison Springer must have had! Her first husband and father were both scalped and killed by Indians (just two days apart) while on the same expedition in 1782; her second husband, Uriah Springer, was in ill health and impoverished. Uriah described the situation in his pension application of 18 April 1818:

"I am by occupation a farmer and hold a farm of forty five acres (situate in Dunbar township in Fayette county) as tenant at will which farm is now under execution and will not satisfy the demand against it - of course my tenancy will expire on the day of the sale of the same . . . My wife Sarah aged sixty six years very weak and infirm and cannot render me any assistance. [Our] daughter[s] Anna aged thirty one years and Matilda aged twenty nine years who are [both unmarried and are] not more than able to support themselves and who are very sickly and are wholly incapable of rendering me any assistance but the reverse. I have two sons John Harrison [a step-son] and William [Springer] who are idiots[,] the former aged forty-four[;] the latter aged thirty four, both of whom are entirely dependant on me for their support being wholly incapable of ever taking care of themselves and not affording any hopes of their ever being able to support themselves.

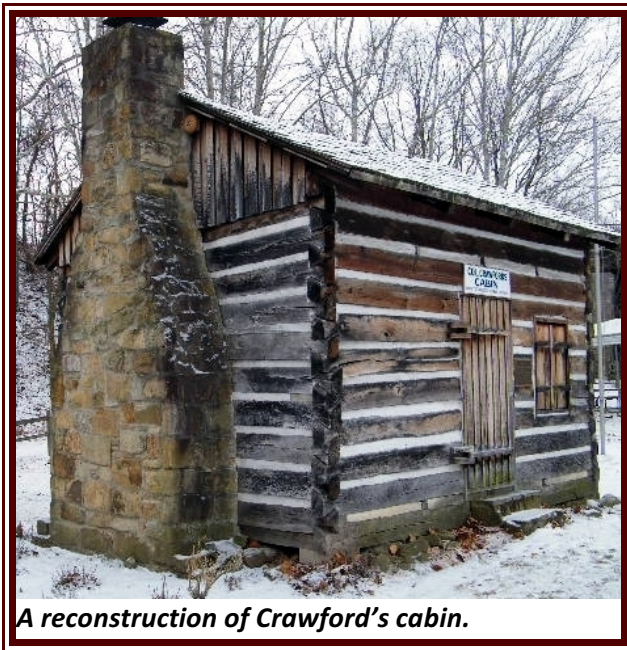
"Sign'd. Uriah Springer")

At any rate, Sarah's father, Colonel William Crawford, led an ill-fated expedition against the Sandusky Indians in June of 1782; he was defeated,

captured, and burned at the stake on June 11, 1782. He was not the only American killed in this way, but his was the most famous case of what people called the “barbaric cruelty” of Britain’s Indian allies in the Revolution. The war ended shortly afterward, but his “horrific execution” was widely publicized in the United States, and worsened the already bad relationship between European Americans and Native Americans.

(Incidentally, if you’re squeamish you don’t have to read the details of his gruesome death. I’ve put them in slightly smaller print.)

Col. William Crawford was born in 1722, north of Winchester, Virginia, in what is now Berkeley County, West Virginia. He was a farmer in the 1750s when he became acquainted with young George Washington, who was ten years his junior. He accompanied Washington on surveying trips and learned the trade. He received his first military appointment from Washington in 1755, as an ensign in a company of scouts that were defeated by the French and their Native American allies.



A reconstruction of Crawford’s cabin.

Crawford served throughout the French and Indian War, got acquainted with western Pennsylvania and the Ohio country and liked it. After the war, he surveyed a tract of land on the Youghioghny River in Pennsylvania and erected a one-room log cabin there. The following year, Crawford, his wife, and their four children moved into the cabin. It was a “humble dwelling, fourteen by sixteen feet in size, yet many illustrious men were entertained within, including [Virginia’s Lord

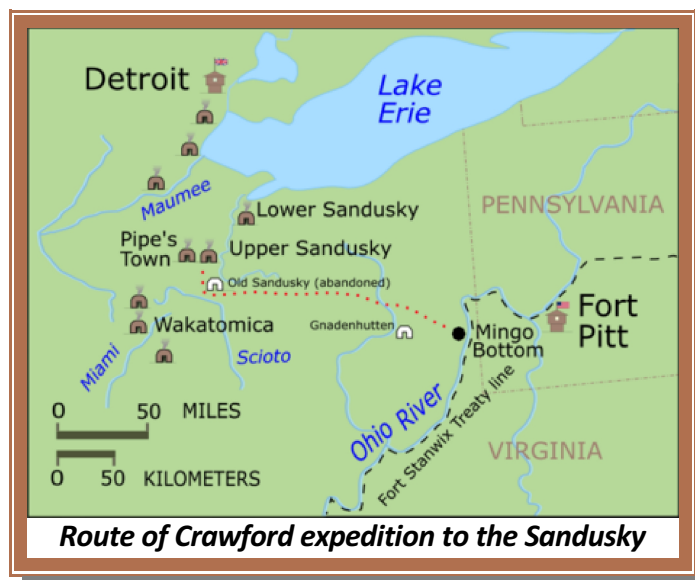
Dunmore and] George Washington, Crawford’s life-long friend.”

Crawford became a leader in civil affairs, serving as a justice in succeeding western Pennsylvania counties. In Lord Dunmore’s War, he distinguished

himself as “a formidable Indian fighter,” most notably against the Shawnees of the Ohio Valley. He made three expeditions to the Indian territory, in the second of which he built Fort Fincastle (later named Fort Henry [see above], near the Ohio River in present-day Wheeling, WV). He was a major in Dunmore's division, and commanded a side expedition which destroyed several Mingo towns. In the Revolution, he became colonel of a Virginia regiment, fought alongside Washington at Long Island, then crossed the Delaware with him and fought at the battles of Trenton and Princeton.

As the Revolution drew to a close, he retired to his cabin in western Pennsylvania. In 1782, he came out of retirement reluctantly, to lead the expedition against pro-British Indians in northern Ohio.

Because this was a volunteer expedition and not a regular army operation, the men elected their officers. Crawford had one rival for the spot, David Williamson. (Williamson, a militia colonel had commanded an expedition in March that had shot — from behind — the women and children of a group of pacifist Christian Indians as they knelt in prayer at a Moravian mission in east central Ohio. Indians throughout Ohio were enraged by the slaughter.) As a veteran of many expeditions against the Indians, Crawford “won” the election by five votes.



In May, Crawford led some 500 volunteers into north central Ohio, hoping to surprise the Indians. But on June 6 his supply chain disintegrated and the Wyandot Indians surrounded him and his men. The Wyandots took their revenge for both expeditions by torturing the members of Crawford's party. Crawford and his son-in-law William Harrison were scalped and burned at the

stake; Crawford finally died after two hours of torment. At least 250 members of Crawford's party were killed in the disastrous encounter. (One member who did go on the expedition and returned home safely was Isaac Prickett, 1752-1827, Jacob's third son; another was William S. Jolliffe, see below).

Here are two gruesome and somewhat conflicting descriptions of Crawford's torture and death:



Col. William Crawford was burned at the stake.

He was tied to a post and "seventy shots of powder were fired at his body. Indians then cut off his ears, prodded him with burning sticks, and tossed hot embers at him. [He] continued in the extremities of pain for an hour and three quarters or two hours longer... when at last, being almost totally exhausted, he laid down on his belly; they then scalped him. An old squaw got a board, took a parcel of coals and ashes and laid them on his back and head, after he had been

scalped. Colonel Crawford then raised himself upon his feet and began to walk around the post; they next put a burning stick to him as usual, but he seemed more insensible of pain than before." Crawford finally died from his wounds, but not before begging those around him to end his misery with a bullet.

"The morning after the defeat, Col. Crawford was taken by a scouting party of the Indians, and led in triumph to their encampment, on Tomochte creek, about 3 miles west of Sandusky river, where among a very extensive assemblage of Indians he was prepared for the torture. He was fastened to a tree by a grape vine; the vine being first tied around his neck, and then around the tree, so as to give him an opportunity of walking round a small distance from it; a circle of burning coals was then placed at a proper distance from the tree for him to walk upon; this fiery circle the intrepid commander was compelled to traverse barefooted. This however, did not elicit so much as a groan, or a sigh, which much exasperated his enemies; as it is well known that

nothing is so pleasing to them as to see their victim shrink from the torture. After trying in vain for some time to subdue the dauntless spirit of the hero, one of the Indians indignantly seized upon him and tore off his scalp. But still unsubdued he continued to traverse the burning circle with a firm and dignified step looking defiance upon the savage host that surrounded him. At length one of the chiefs in a rage at the unexampled hardiness of the dauntless warrior, seized a large fire brand and placing it upon his skinless head, held it there for a time; when (probably from the heat communicating with the brain) he fell and instantly expired.”

“Thus perished,” wrote a sentimental contemporary, “the gallant Crawford, the early friend and companion of Washington. This story is well authenticated by the white persons who were suffered to survive that fatal event, and were present at the scene of their commander’s suffering; and also by many of the old Indians who still inhabit the neighborhood.”

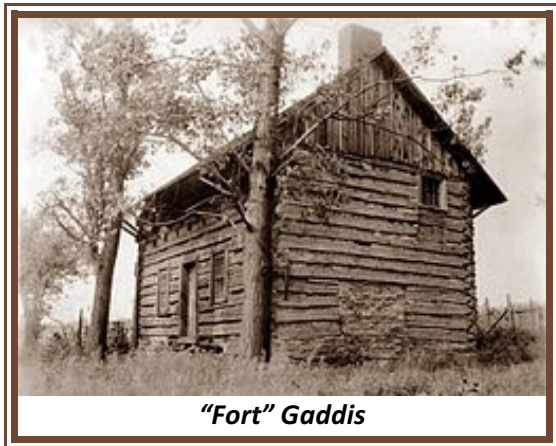
Crawford’s horrendous death ensured that he would be remembered as a martyr. The site of his execution is included on the National Register of Historic Places and a monument has been erected there in his memory. Counties in central Ohio and western Pennsylvania also bear his name.



*Note - Among the participants of the Sandusky campaign was William S. Jolliffe of southwestern Pennsylvania. A private in the Revolution who is thought to have been wounded in 1782, William enlisted as a private in the Sandusky expedition against the Indians. In the mid 1780s William moved his family to the Monongahela at the mouth of PawPaw Creek about a mile upstream from Prickett's Fort on the opposite side of the river. There he operated a general store. *Three of William's children married Jacob's grandchildren (two were the children of Josiah, one was the son of Jacob, Jr.). In 1808 William himself married Josiah's wife, Charity, after the deaths of their respective spouses.*

Thomas Gaddis (1766-1782)

Thomas Gaddis's younger sister Anna married Levi Springer, nephew of Capt. Jacob and Dorothy Springer Prickett, who was also the older brother of Lt. Col. Uriah Springer (the second husband of Sarah Crawford Harrison, see above). Levi married Anna shortly after the Pricketts and Springers moved to southwestern Pennsylvania from Back Creek.



"Fort" Gaddis

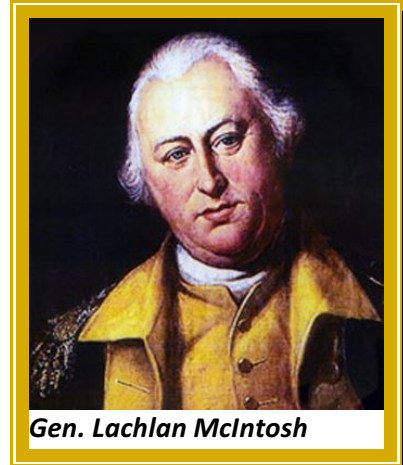
Thomas Gaddis (1742– 1834) was an officer in the American Revolutionary War. He was born 28 December 1742 in Frederick County, Virginia, west of Winchester but moved to southwestern Pennsylvania in the 1760s where, in his early twenties, he married Hannah Rice and built Fort Gaddis as a refuge from the Indians. It was located on the Catawba Trail, part of the Great Indian warpath that led from the Carolinas northerly into Pennsylvania and Ohio

and was used by the ancient Native Americans of the area for trade and raiding.

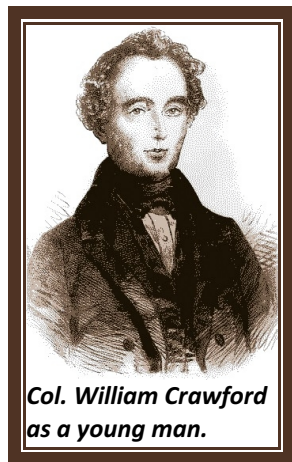
Thomas had been in the area several times previously, with Washington and Braddock in their campaigns in 1754 and 1755. He was one of the very first pioneers to become a permanent resident of the Redstone country, where Pennsylvania and Virginia had conflicting claims. He has been described as "a resolute, determined man, of powerful build, [who] was recognized as absolutely without fear. Intellectually as well as physically he was a born leader of men."

With the outbreak of the Revolution, Gaddis enlisted as a private and served under his sister's brother-in-law Uriah Springer (Levi Springer's younger brother), assisting in the construction of several forts. Gaddis was appointed captain of the militia in Monongahela in August 1776. For several months, he was stationed about ten miles north of Fort Henry (near

Wheeling), where he scouted the countryside for hostile Indians. In February 1777, he was commissioned a lieutenant colonel. Soon promoted to full colonel, Gaddis took command of several forts in the area, including Prickett's Fort, where he scouted for hostile Indians. With the hope of putting an end to Indian attacks on American settlers, Gaddis took part in General Lachlan McIntosh's incursion along the Ohio River in September 1778, to no avail.



Gen. Lachlan McIntosh



*Col. William Crawford
as a young man.*

By the spring of 1782, he was living in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, just south of present-day Uniontown, in Fayette County. Gaddis was elected a field major and third in command of the ill-fated 1782 Sandusky Expedition led by Colonel William Crawford, that set out to destroy Indian towns along the Sandusky River. After Crawford's execution, Gaddis and David Williamson, the other officer in command, led the survivors safely back to their homes.

Gaddis was always in the vanguard to protect the frontier, and his daring, skill and bravery as an Indian fighter was the talk of the frontiersmen, who selected him as their leader during a number of Indian forays.

(He was a colonel as late as 1792. He opposed the whiskey excise tax of Washington's administration and was a principal leader of the Whiskey Rebellion in western Pennsylvania. When "Lighthorse Harry" Lee, commanding the expedition to put down the rebellion, arrived in Pennsylvania and



*An artist's depiction of the forces sent
to subdue the Whiskey Rebellion*

approached Gaddis to asked his opinion, the old colonel immediately drew himself to his full height in his saddle, and replied: "Give me a hundred men and I will whip the whole of you." The prime movers in the insurrection were taken to Philadelphia, then the seat of government, where Gaddis met President Washington, gave bail, was released and returned home. The case was discontinued, and was never taken up again.)

In 1816 Colonel Thomas Gaddis sold his farm at old Fort Gaddis and moved with his family to Ohio, near Cincinnati, where he died in 1834 at the age of ninety-four years.

Kentucky Chenoweth family (1789)

Jacob's sister Mary Prickett Chenoweth was married to Thomas Chenoweth, the uncle of Richard Chenoweth (below), who built Fort Nelson in 1781 and is hence known as one of the founding fathers of Louisville, Kentucky.



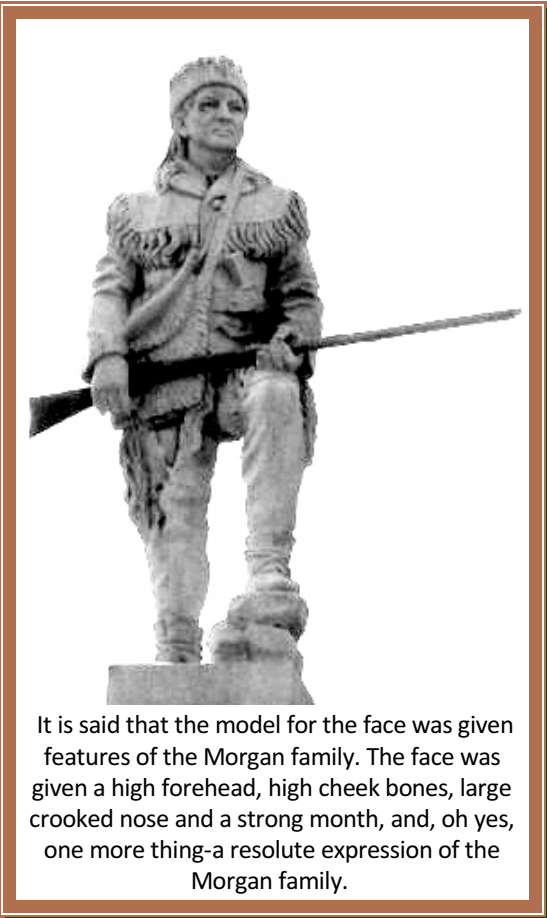
***Chenoweth spring house,
where massacre took place in 1789***

On 17 July 1789 Shawnee Indians attacked Richard and his family at or near their home near Floyds Fork, Jefferson county, Kentucky, about fifteen miles east of present-day Louisville. Richard and his son James were wounded. Accounts vary; most say that three of their children were killed in the massacre. Two soldiers guarding them are also said to have been killed. Richard's wife, Margaret "Peggy" McCarty, was scalped and left for dead by her attackers, but managed to crawl to the spring house where she was found early the next morning by a rescue party. She lived to a ripe old age, always covering her hairless scalp with a dainty cap.

There is a graphic account of the raid and the scalping at <http://www.chenowethsite.com/chenmass.htm#mass>.

Kentucky-Ohio

Levi Morgan (1766-1825) *Levi was David Morgan's nephew and the grand-son of Jacob and Dorothy's siblings Dennis and Ann Prickett Springer).*



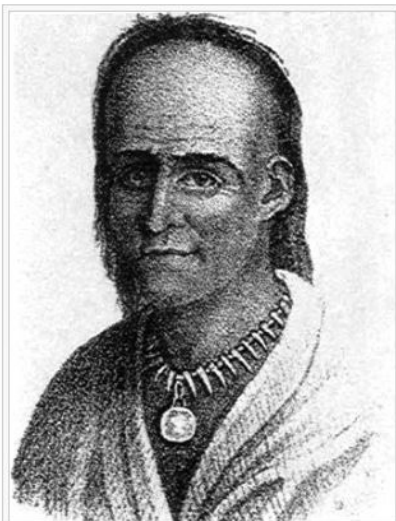
Born 26 June 1766 in Morgantown, Augusta County, Virginia (now Monongalia County, West Virginia), Levi Morgan was the son of Colonel Zackquill and Drusilla Springer Morgan. Levi grew up around the Delaware Indians, in Monongalia County (Harrison County after 1784), Virginia, and learned to speak their language. As a grown man he was 5'9," of stocky build and with black hair. He served in the military and was a noted scout. He was an Indian fighter most of his adult life, and several of the stories that were attributed to Simon Kenton in Allen Eckert's book, *The Frontiersmen* (1967), are said to have actually happened to Levi.

There is also a story about him while he was still living in Virginia, told by Alexander Withers, in his *Chronicles of*

Border Warfare: In 1787 the Indians again visited the settlement on Buffalo, and as Levi Morgan was engaged in skinning a wolf which he had just taken from his trap, he saw three of them —one riding a horse which he well knew, the other two walking near behind —coming towards him. He recognized the horse and at first thought the riders were his neighbors. He soon realized his mistake and seized his gun and sprang behind a large rock. The Indians took shelter by a large tree. As soon he was hidden he turned, and seeing the Indians looking in the other direction as if expecting him to appear there, he fired and one of them fell. He instantly tried to reload, but the stopper had fallen out of his powder horn on him, he dropped it hoping that it would attract the attention of the Indian and give him a better chance to escape. The savage passed heedlessly by it. Morgan then threw his shot pouch and coat in the way to tempt the Indian to a momentary delay. But his pursuer

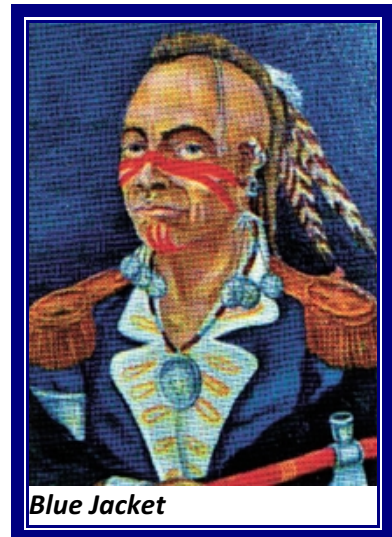
did not falter for an instant. He now had recourse to another expedient to save himself from captivity or death. Arriving at the summit of the hill, he halted; and, as if some men were approaching from the other side, called aloud, "come on, come on; here is one, make haste." The Indian did not doubt that he was really calling to some men at hand and turned and retreated precipitately; and when Morgan exclaimed, "Shoot quick, or he will be out of reach," the Indian vanished. Pleased with his success, Morgan hastened home, leaving his coat and gun to reward the savage.

George Dunnington tells this story about Levi: "A small company of settlers, including Horatio and Levi Morgan, . . . and several others made an expedition [in 1791] . . . to an Indian town . . . in Ohio for the purpose of destroying it. Arriving there they found the village deserted by the warriors, and the only remaining inhabitants a few women and children and old men. They stole up to the outskirts of the town, where they could obtain a good view of the situation. Observing an old man sitting quietly smoking a pipe in the door of his wigwam, Levi Morgan told the rest of the party to watch him exhibit his extraordinary marksmanship, and taking steady aim at the center of the old man's forehead, fired. The ball did not vary a hair's breadth from the spot, and the old Indian rolled over dead. This was the signal for the attack and the men plundered the village and returned home, bringing with them several prisoners."

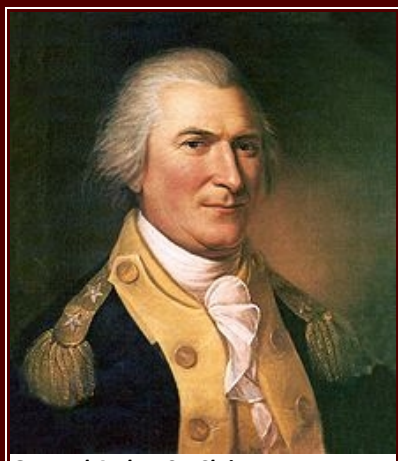


This lithograph of Little Turtle is reputedly based upon a lost portrait by Gilbert Stuart, destroyed when the British burned Washington, D. C. in 1814.^[1]

On 4 November 1791, Levi was with General St. Clair, who had been made governor of the Northwest Territory in 1788, when they were routed in battle by a tribal confederation led by Miami Chief Little Turtle and Shawnee chief Blue Jacket. More than 600 soldiers and scores of women and children were killed in the battle, sometimes



Blue Jacket



General Arthur St. Clair

known as "St. Clair's Defeat." The frontiersmen (probably including Levi) had tried in vain to tell the generals how to fight the Indians, but they used formal lines, which did not hold. In some cases the soldiers panicked as the Indians came at them howling loudly and with hatchets, tomahawks, and painted faces. Many were hacked to death or beheaded. It remains the greatest defeat of a United States army by Native Americans in history, with about 623 American soldiers killed in action and about 50 Native Americans killed.

At some point Levi moved to Kentucky. During the next few years he was in various battles and may have become a spy with General "Mad Anthony" Wayne in his successful campaign to wrest the Ohio country from the Indians.

Despite his reputation as an Indian fighter, Levi objected to provoking the Indians unnecessarily. On 14 November 1795 he wrote to Virginia Governor Robert Brooke, "[W]hen I was on my way home from escorting prisoners I met with two men who live in Mason County in the State of Kentucky on the Ohio near a place called Limestone, who told me they were on their way to the Indian Country to steal horses from the Indians. I strove to dissuade them from it telling them we and the Indians had now made peace and a conduct like they were about to engage in might irritate the Indians and likely provoke them to distress some hapless families, on the frontier . . . before I left that country . . . I saw one of the same two men who then told me they had taken off three of the Indians' valuable horses, two of which they got into Kentucky and sold them, and they had pushed up river until the alarm (if any should be made) was over."

Levi may have lived on 650 acres near the confluence of the Salt and Ohio rivers. This was apparently one of his hunting grounds. In late 1825 he was hunting in this area and an early blizzard caught him unprepared. He was found some time later frozen to death in a sycamore tree. He was fifty-nine when he died. His last child, Elizabeth, was born nearly eight months after his death. His place of burial is unknown.

Ohio

James Prickett (c1790)

Jacob's youngest son, James Prickett (1765-1838), with his wife, Mary "Polly" Springer Prickett, moved to Ohio about 1786. After living a short time near the Ohio River, they moved to a farm above the present site of Arnheim, now in Brown County. A county history reports the following: When he came, he found the land on which the present house stands covered with huts or wigwams made of poles and bark, left by the Indians. Thinking that the easiest method to get rid of them was to burn them, he acted accordingly, and, after clearing the ground, put out an orchard, some trees of which are still living. The spring near the house is still called "Old Indian Spring." After living on the farm for many years, James sold it about 1830 and moved to Vermillion County, Illinois, where some of his fifteen children were living.

John Beasley (1790s)

An Isaac Prickett, whose relation to other Pricketts is unknown, was married to Rachel (whose maiden name is also unknown). Isaac was killed in an Indian raid in the Monongahela area by 1785. Rachel then married her neighbor John Beasley.

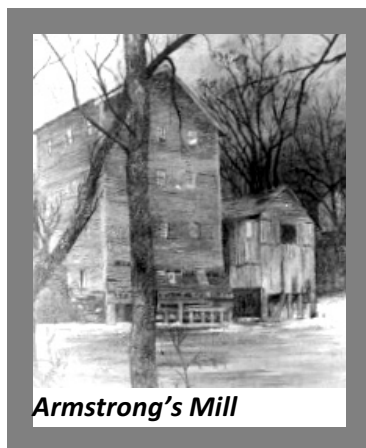
After moving from Monongalia County to southwestern Ohio, John Beasley had his own encounter with Indians. A county history tells the story:

"The 1790s were turbulent years in southern Ohio, and the early settlers faced opposition to their settlement from the Native American population. Four years after John Beasley's arrival, a party of Indians attacked his house in a famous battle that has been enshrined in local memory, perhaps with some distortion in the telling. John D. Shane, a local settler, provided possibly the most complete narrative version.



"Old John Beasley had 3 stepsons, Pricketts, and 3 of his own sons, all pretty well grown. [He] built a blockhouse at Armstrong's Mill (about eight miles east of Cincinnati) . . . sometime in 1793. About April 1796,

Mr. Beasley went out (having heard the dogs bark) in his shirt on a drizzly morning. When he got to the door, the Indians shot at him and missed. He ran in, got his gun, and ran up the stairs to shoot. He was taking aim to fire, when he was shot in the arm, through the porthole, the ball entering right in among the tendons of the arm and lodging in the skin, passing diagonally to the inside of the right arm. There was a large sycamore, the Indian was behind, and he could see his breast just enough to shoot. [He] had seen the Indian's gun, and he hadn't moved when Beasley pulled his trigger. The Indian was not found till some years after when his gun and blanket were found up the run a piece, and Beasley said he knew he shot him. The bark of the tree was not grazed, the things were bloody, and he was shot right through. They found a piece of his breast. The boys . . . made so much noise going after them, the Indians thought the house was full of men and fled."



The Draper Papers contain two variants of the same story. Joseph Sampson recalled that "John Beasley was shot in his own door" the same day that he (Sampson) had been out scouting. James Bousby, another early settler, dated the incident to the summer of 1794, rather than April 1796, and erroneously names the shot man as Isaac Beasley, rather than John:

"In the morning he got up and went back and forth, till he could see if he saw anything of them, yet moving so they couldn't fire. As many as 7 or 8 guns were fired at him, all missing, as he ran to the door. His wife [i.e., Rachel], hearing the guns, supposed he was dead and was pushing it to, but he prevailed, and he got in, and then got his gun, and ran upstairs to shoot. Here he was seen through the chink and shot in the arm, the bullet entering above the wrist and coming out at the elbow. By this time his sons were up and fired at the Indians, who fled." One Indian, supposed to be killed, was never found.

Ramona Kaiser gives two additional accounts of Indian troubles involving the Beezleys, both of which may have occurred after the above event. One story involved an unnamed daughter of John, who was apparently an expert marksman. Kaiser writes:

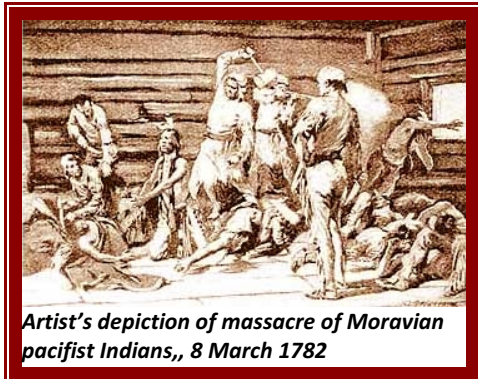
“One day, shortly after the completion of the Beasley home, the Captain's young daughter looked from her window and spied an Indian lurking about the big elm tree to the north of the present site of the old Plainville tavern. By his actions, she determined that he meant no good; and so she quietly picked up her father's rifle, aimed it through the north port hole; and with one decisive shot, the Indian fell to the ground.”

Like his daughter, John was adept with a gun and is also recorded as making an important shot, though he did it with little provocation:

“On one occasion, Captain Beasley was just returning to his home an evening in 1795, having gone to the spring to bring home water for the family. He was surprised to see an Indian close by at the spring. Annoyed at seeing the savage so close to the settlement's water supply, he aimed his rifle and fired. The bullet met its mark, for the Indian fell into the spring and died. This caused such comment that thereafter the spring was known as 'Indian Spring.'”

Pennsylvania- Ohio-Michigan **Other Pricketts: Josiah Prickett (1782-1783)**

A great-nephew of Jacob's named Josiah, born in 1764 in Maryland (grandson of Jacob's older brother Abraham), moved with his parents and grandparents to Frederick County, Virginia, and then to western Pennsylvania. He is said to have been an Indian spy while still in his teens. He had begun serving in the military at age fourteen. In 1782 or 1783, he began six months of service as an "Indian Spy" under a Captain Theophilus Phillips and a Colonel Williamson; then he did another stint of "one month as spy, no officers stated." (The Col. Williamson referred to was probably Col. David Williamson, who

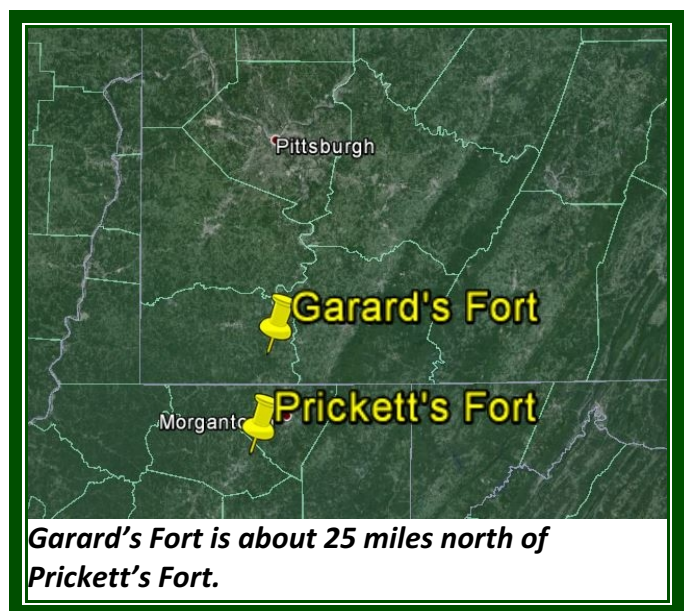


commanded the infamous massacre of Moravian pacifist Indians at Gnadenhutten in eastern Ohio on 8 March 1782--although Williamson himself may have opposed the killing).

According to "The 1782 Volunteer Militia from Washington County, Pa., and Their Moravian Indian Victims," compiled by George C. Williston (see <http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~gwilli824/moravian.html>), neither Prickett nor Captain Phillips was on that notorious expedition, but Josiah is said to have been in many other skirmishes with the Indians.

Richard Prickett (1782-1847)

Josiah's younger brother Richard was captured by Shawnee Indians, perhaps about the same time that Josiah was serving as an Indian spy. Both the place and the time frame are murky. Some say he was captured at



Garard's Fort is about 25 miles north of Prickett's Fort.

Garard's Fort, Pennsylvania; others say he was captured about 120 miles north on Bear Creek, northeast of Pittsburgh.* He is said to have been born in 1777 and captured at age 13-15.

But the 1820 census shows him as over 45, which (if accurate) means he was born before 1775.

1820 United States Federal Census for Richard Pischel
Michigan > Brown > Not Stated

Free White Males						Free White Females						Persons not at home		Persons engaged in Agriculture		Persons engaged in Commerce		Persons engaged in Manufactures	
Free white males under ten years	Free white males of ten and under sixteen	Free white males between sixteen and eighteen	Free white males of sixteen and under twenty-five, including heads of families	Free white males of twenty-six and under forty-five, including heads of families	Free white males of forty-five and upwards, including heads of families	Free white females under ten years	Free white females of ten and under sixteen	Free white females of sixteen and under twenty-five, including heads of families	Free white females of twenty-six and under forty-five, including heads of families	Free white females of forty-five and upwards, including heads of families	Persons not at home	Persons engaged in Agriculture	Persons engaged in Commerce	Persons engaged in Manufactures					
10 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 18	16 to 25	25 to 45	45 & c.	10 to 10	10 to 16	16 to 25	25 to 45	45 & c.									

The 1820 census shows Richard's age as over 45, which means he was born before 1775. It also shows one son under 10, one 10-16, one 16 to 18; three daughters under 10 and no older females. There seem to be three people engaged in agriculture (Richard and his two older sons.)

The census was originally mis-indexed as Pischel; Prickett has since been added.

From AncestryHeritageQuest.com, 15 May 2015.

1830 United States Federal Census for Richard Prickett
Michigan Territory > Brown > Not Stated

NAMES	HEADS OF FAMILIES													OTHER PERSONS													
	MALES						FEMALES						MALES						FEMALES								
	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & over	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & over	
Thomas Thomas																											
Richard Prickett	1	1																									

In 1830 Richard (line 2) is shown with one son under 5, one son between 5 and 9, one son between 15 and 19, and himself in his 60s.
He has one daughter between 5 and 9, one between 10 and 14, one between 15 and 19; his wife apparently is in her 30s.

If Richard was 60 or over in 1830, then he was born before 1770.

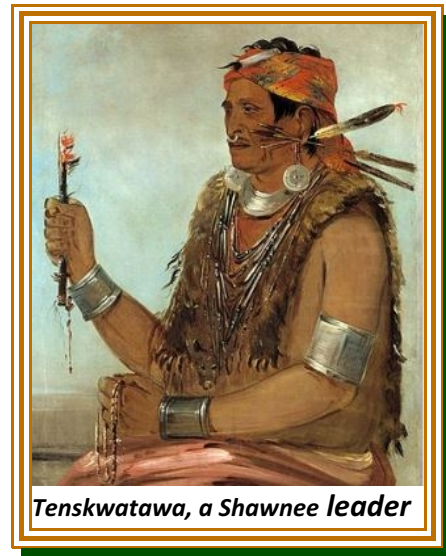
And the 1830 census shows him in his 60s (and therefore born before 1770),

CENSUS YEAR: 1840		STATE: Wisconsin Territory	COUNTY: Winnebago	MICROFILM#: M704-580	ENUMERATOR: David Johnson																															
PG#	LN#	Name of Head of Family LAST NAME FIRST NAME	FREE WHITE MALES										FREE WHITE FEMALES										TOTAL	OCCUPATIONS												
			5	10	15	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	5	10	15	20	30	40	50	60	70		80	90	TOTAL	MIN-ING	AGR	COM	MANFG	NAV	NAV	PROF			
128	1	Caldwell Archibald	1	2	.	1
	2	Dickenson Clark	.	.	1	.	1	7	.	2
	3	Lua Cughler	1	2	.	1
	4	Perry Nathaniel	1	2	.	.	.	1	5	.	1
	5	Johnson David	1	2
	6	Jourdain Joseph	.	.	.	1	2
	7	Prickett Richard	2	.	2	1	8	.	2



The 1840 census also shows him in his 70s, both thus suggesting that he was born before 1770. There was an Indian massacre of a neighboring family at Garard’s Fort in 1782; perhaps Richard was captured at the same time. If he was 13, he would have been born about 1769, and that date fits in with the 1820-1840 censuses. In any case, he was captured by Shawnee Indians, taken by their allies, the Mahician (Stockbridge) to Ohio, and was later given to the Ojibwe (Chippewa) tribe.

By 1798 he had made his way to Green Bay, Wisconsin, which was then part of Michigan, where he became a fur trapper and interpreter. In Ohio or Michigan he married an Ojibwe (Chippewa) woman and had at least 3 children by her. He next married a Menominee woman named Wa-mo-saw-quaw, by whom he had a large family. His fourth son, Joseph, also married a Menominee woman; her name was Phillisia Keakeusaoum. Richard subscribed to the Episcopal seminary school at Green Bay and sent two of his children there. He may have married a third time, to another Indian woman.



In the war of 1812 he was based out of the trading post at Michilimackinac Island and was an interpreter for the Wyandots. In 1816, he went with the



Indian Agent to Green Bay. From 1818 to 1834, he was the government interpreter for the Indian Service with the Menominee tribe. In 1823, he claimed a section of land on the west bank of the Fox River near Green Bay, Wisconsin, and an affidavit from a witness attested that he had lived on that claim since 1798.

Richard was one of several American interpreters for the 1831 treaty with the Menominee tribe. When the Senate modified the treaty in 1832, he interpreted for the second one. He spoke the Chippewa language but did not speak the Menominee language, but he was able to interpret because most Menominee chiefs also spoke Chippewa.

Richard is said to have prospered, although he seems not to have been a very pleasant man. At least he was not particularly liked by the Episcopal missionaries in the area. One, Jackson Kemper, called him a "boaster" and noted that he lived "like an Indian." Another, R.F. Cadle, stated that "he was violent & abusive" and that the "evil" his children learned at home would "neutralize the good they might acquire at [the mission] school." Of course, some of this may be because Richard opposed the mission school to begin with, but it is not known if this was because of his religious beliefs (he was Roman Catholic) or based on his relations with the Menominee tribe.

Indian Affairs about 1912. Richard's descendants still live in Michigan and many are members of the Grand Traverse Band of Ottawa and Chippewa Indians.

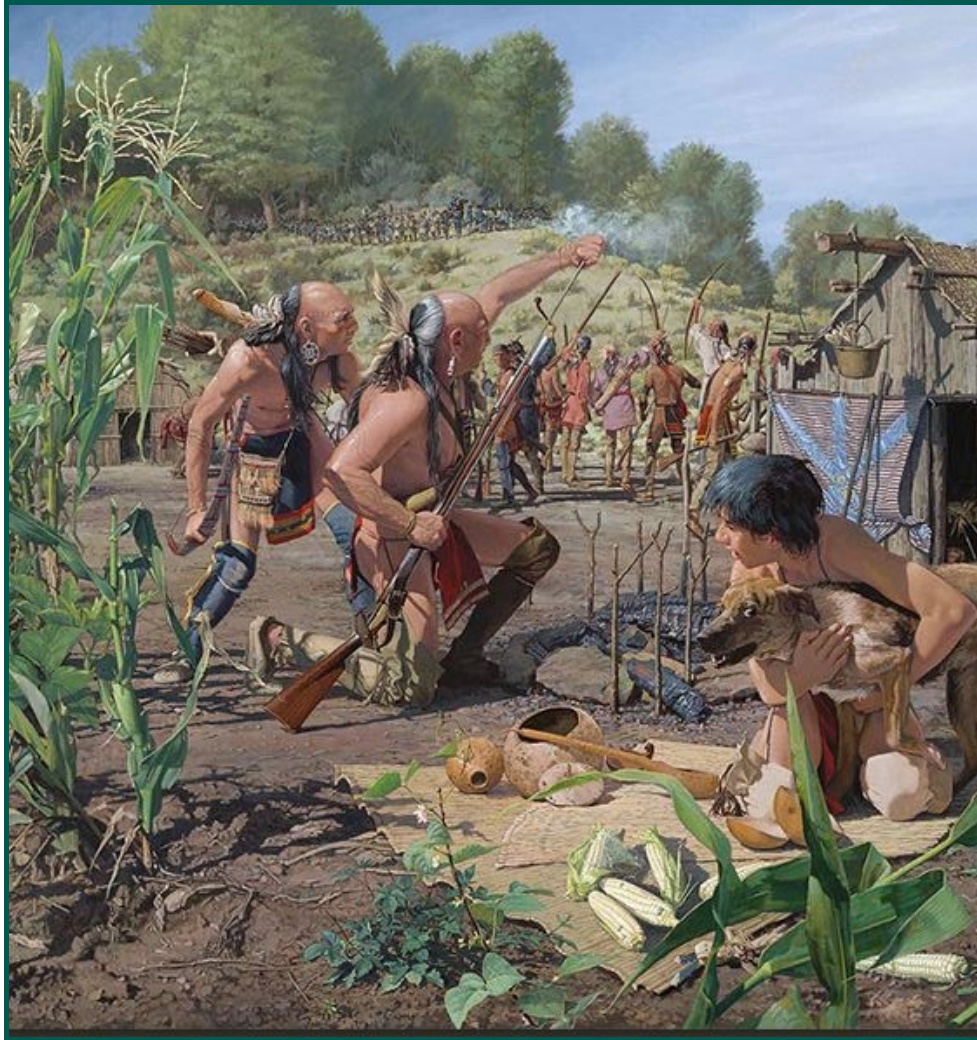


When Richard died in 1847 in Manitowoc, Wisconsin, he was noted as “the wealthiest man on the reservation.”

Josiah Prickett settled on the north side of Stonelick, on the farm now owned by W. Roudebush, in the spring of 1801. He was a native of Virginia, and came to Geraul's Station in company with his parents in 1791. In 1792 his youngest brother, Richard, was stolen by the Indians while he was hunting the cows a short distance from the station. He never returned to the whites, having married an Indian woman and raised a large family. In the war of 1812 he was an interpreter for the *Wyandots*, by which tribe he had been adopted. He died at an advanced age, in 1847, and was the wealthiest man in the reservation. Josiah Prickett was a soldier of the Revolution and was in several battles.

* Some of the controversy over when and where he was captured:

Captured by Indians age 13, 14, or 15. Capture was either near Garard's Fort on Big Whiteley Creek, Washington County, Pennsylvania or on Bear Creek, in Armstrong County, Pennsylvania. He may have been captured by Shawnee Indians, taken by Stockbridge Indians to Chillicothe, OH, and later given to the Chippewa Indians. He was then taken to Mackinaw, Wisconsin, among the Ottawas, where he served as an interpreter. Another report showed his capture in 1792 or 1796 while hunting cows near Geraul's (or Gerrard's) Station, Hamilton, Ohio, on the Little Miami. Yet another report shows capture at Fort Hutson in the last year of the Revolution, [*i.e.*, 1781-83].

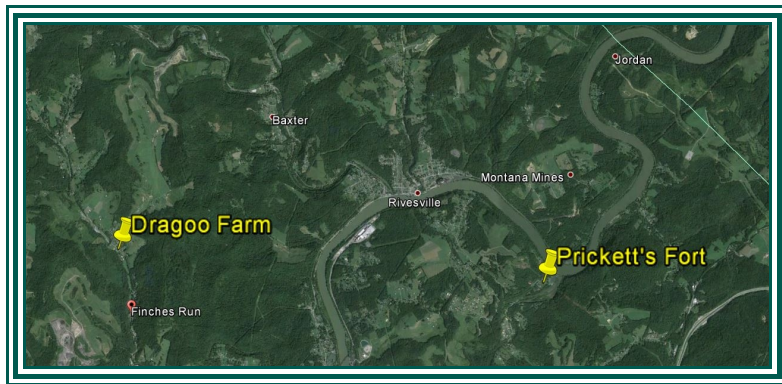


*Painting by John Buxton depicting a Shawnee village
being attacked by Virginia troops in 1780,
a few years before Shawnee Indians
captured Billy Drago.*

Virginia-Ohio

William “Indian Billy” Dragoo (1786 ff)

Ann Prickett, born 10 December 1769 was Jacob’s second oldest grand-daughter (and Josiah’s 2nd oldest daughter). Ann married John Dragoo (of French origin, John’s surname was originally spelled Dragaud, or some variation thereof) about six years after his first wife, Elizabeth “Betsy” Straight Dragoo was killed by Indians and their son taken into captivity.



Betsy and Billy were captured on the Dragoo farm, about 3 miles west of Prickett’s Fort.

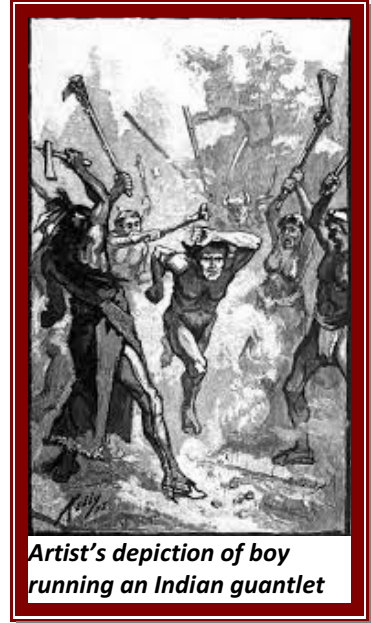
One of her descendants told the story like this: “On a September day in 1786 Betsy and her son, William, then aged nine years, and her young baby were captured by the Indians on the old John Dragoo farm,” near Barrackville, where they were gathering beans.

“At the same time and

place the Indians killed Nicholas Wood and Jacob Straight, a brother of Mrs. Betsy Dragoo. . . . The Indians at once started with their captives to their villages in Northern Ohio; but the continued cries of the Dragoo baby angered them and when they got to a big rock on Buffalo Creek [about eight miles west of present-day Fairmont], one of the savages took the baby by the heels, swung it around over his head, and then dashed its brains out against that rock. . . . In some way Mrs. Dragoo's thigh was broken, and she was unable to travel further and for that reason she was tomahawked and scalped in front of her son somewhere between that rock and the Ohio River. The son, William Dragoo, was carried into captivity. He traveled on with his captors to a Shawnee village in west central Ohio, where he successfully ran a gauntlet between two lines of people who tried to beat him as hard as they could.”

Del Osborn, a descendant, tells the story of his running the gauntlet and the days after ward:

After eating, they moved on until they were about three hundred yards from the village. They stopped and Billy was told in hand signals (he knew none of their language) to dismount and proceed up the path that led to the village. Billy was so weak from lack of food and tired from the long journey that he could barely stand. They had traveled more than two hundred miles in a matter of a few days, but with some difficulty, he managed to walk up the path. Needless to say, he was terrified of what lay ahead. Billy would look back at the others and they would motion to him to "run." He could see several Indians standing around their council house and there were quite a number of lads about the same size as he. They were lined on each side of the path and each one of them had sticks and clubs. Their fun began. One would hit him from one side and another would hit him from the other side.



Artist's depiction of boy running an Indian gauntlet

This went on for quite some time and eventually an old man came and led Billy away to the council house. The old man's name was Logan[; he was] a white man who did not speak English. Billy was led into the council house, covered with bruises over most of his body and blood dripping from his nose and from cuts that had been inflicted on other parts of his body. In the middle of the room was a post, with a hole through it, about three feet from the ground. He was placed by this post and given hominy and boiled pumpkin to eat. After he had eaten, an Indian took a tomahawk and danced around him, swinging the tomahawk and pretending to hit him with it. Billy was scared to wits' end. When the first Indian was done, another Indian repeated this event with four or five more to follow.



After these Indians had their fun, an old Indian went to him and told him to "come". Billy followed him to his hut on the edge of the village. This was his adopted father and this was his new home. When they reached the hut, the man's wife took Billy, washed him with homemade soap and water with

herbs in it. She then dressed him in a calico shirt, breech cloth, leggings and moccasins. Billy's job around the camp was to gather wood and carry water; sort of a lackey-boy for the women.

. . . . [A] few days [after] his arrival [in] the village, Billy was going about his business of gathering wood and carrying water when he noticed an uneasiness among the people; however, Billy was not familiar with their language yet and couldn't tell what was going on. One day, without saying a word to him, his father and mother packed up all of their belongings and left with the rest of the people in the village. Billy remained alone for the whole day, not knowing what to do or where to go, lonely and very scared. Late in the evening, an Indian woman came and made signs for him to follow. She was a welcome visitor, for as bad[ly] as he had been treated by the

Indians, her company was far better than none. Billy followed the woman several miles into the woods to a lean-to. There was a man, the woman and two or three children. Several times a day, the man would take his gun and go off in the direction of the village that they had just left. He stayed here with these folks for three or four days with each day the man leaving several times in the direction of the village. Finally, they gathered their belongings and returned to the village, only to find it burned to the ground and all of their corn destroyed. Billy said that he thought it was some soldiers from

Kentucky, but did not know who. (This would have been October 1786 when General Benjamin Logan and 800 men made a sweep through the Mac-O-Chee valley in Ohio and burned all of the Indian villages destroying their corn.

. . . . In a few days, his father and mother came back and set up their tent and Billy went back to live with them. Not long afterward, all of the Indians returned to their burned-out village. (Wapatomica was never fully rebuilt.)



Artist's depiction of burning Indian village.

In a few days, Billy and his adopted father along with twenty braves, started for Detroit. With them, they had several bundles of scalps that had been forwarded to them by Blue Jacket and Black Snake from their raids on the whites along the Ohio River. These scalps were to be traded for supplies.

As they were passing through Frenchtown, Billy was very tired and hungry and had fallen behind the others. As he passed one of the cabins, the residents happened to see him as he walked by. Seeing that he was tired and cold, they invited him inside. Billy had hardly time to sit down when one of the Indians from his company came in and forced him to go. They traveled further north from Frenchtown to Brownstown (this was a Wyandot village south of Detroit). There, they stayed for about three weeks. While there, Billy made the acquaintance of two white men by the names of Walker and Whitaker. They became close to the young Drago and at one point tried to buy the lad from the Indians, but to no avail because the Indians had other plans for young Billy.



After their stay in Frenchtown, the party set off north toward Detroit. (At that time, Detroit was nothing more than a fort along the Detroit River and a bunch of cabins inhabited mostly by French trappers, most of them had Indian women and they farmed long narrow strips of land called Ribbon Farms. Indian slaves, mostly Pawnees from the far west, helped the settlers work the land.)

After the party had been in the Detroit area for a few days, there was a meeting among several of the Indians. In a special ceremony, Billy was given to an Ottawa Chief to replace one of the Chief's relatives that had been killed at the Siege of Shawneetown. This ceremony was as follows: Billy's old father led him up to the Ottawa Chief and pressed on his shoulders until he sat down by his new father, then a Mulatto man came to Billy and said, "When that man leaves, you must follow, he is your new father." And when the Chief left the ceremony, Billy followed. The Ottawa took young Drago to his home in Canada, where he was expected to stay. Young Drago had a different opinion. Disliking his new family, he decided to return to the Shawnee village of his original captors in Ohio.

At early dawn, on a warm May morning in 1787, Billy quietly slipped away from the Ottawa people in Canada and returned to Detroit. He stayed in Detroit for a few days and then . . . set out for his old home on the Mad River. Billy had a little difficulty with the walk being so long and he did not have much to eat except for what some Indians in Detroit had given him. Billy spent several days walking by himself. Every creek or river that he had to cross, if he could not wade it, he had to swim it. To keep his clothes dry, he would undress and place all of them on a piece of wood, floating them across ahead of him. The waters were cold and some were high and muddy, but Billy had grit. Upon his arrival at the old village, all of his old friends and acquaintances gathered around him and expressed great joy to see him



By now, Billy's outlook on things had completely changed. The things that he had once hated, he now loved. The people that he looked upon and loathed, a few years ago, he now embraced as his dearest friends. How he could have become so intrigued with those cruel savages who had taken him from his real home in Virginia (present day West Virginia) at the tender age of twelve years, inhumanely butchered his mother and forced him to quit everything that was calculated to make him happy, and causing him to drag out a miserable term of years cold and hungry is very hard to understand, but so it was. He now loved their society and never once did he think of returning to enjoy the society of his aged father and his dear brothers and sisters.

(Billy was probably a victim of what is now known as Stockholm syndrome, or capture-bonding, a psychological phenomenon in which hostages have positive feelings toward their captors. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stockholm_syndrome.)

Soon after he had returned from Detroit, the Shawnees were still trying to recover from the damage that General Logan had inflicted upon them. Most had already moved to the northwestern part of Ohio to land that had been given to them by the Ottawas and the Wyandots. By now, it was time for the rest of them to move also and so Billy was taken with them. They were still in need of supplies so Billy was sold to the Ottawas and taken to a camp on the Raison River, just off of the shore of Lake Erie. . . .

In the words of a later account, Billy Dragoo became a “thorough Indian in habits, customs and inclination. The first thing that Billy's new father did was to bore a hole through the bridge of his nose. This was a very painful operation, but being

young, Billy healed quickly. [Then his ears were slit so that he could wear the usual ornaments.]



Artist's depiction of St. Clair's defeat

They stayed there for a short while and then moved to the mouth of the Maumee River for a winter's hunt. The village they moved to was an Ottawa village by the name of Agushawas (the mouth of the Maumee is present day Toledo, Ohio). While they were camped at the mouth of the Maumee, all of the men were called upon to go meet St. Clair's army. Billy's uncle was the leader of a band of braves and his

Ottawa father accompanied him. They told Billy that they were going to fight the white men. Billy stayed at the camp and hunted for the family. The braves were gone from the encampment for about twenty-two days. When his uncle returned with some of the braves, they were about one-fourth of a mile away from camp when everyone at camp heard him give out a shout of victory. Billy very distinctly heard him as he hallooed thirty three times. They all knew that the Indians not only had gained victory, but that his uncle's company had killed thirty-three whites. When the old man came to the camp, he was carrying a long pole that had been stained red and he had several scalps attached to it. He took the scalps and trimmed them round, washed the inside of them and scraped them. He then hemmed them around a hoop. Billy never did know what he did with them.

As the old man told of their adventure, he said that they had a battle and the "big knife" nation (the whites) turned their backs and ran; the Indians caught and killed all that they could. It was several days before his father would return, he could hardly walk and showed signs of being in a fierce fight (this was St. Clair's defeat). Life was pretty normal for the Indians and Billy at the camp, hunting, fishing and just trying to stay alive. In a few weeks, a Frenchman came along and hired Billy to take a horse to the mouth of the Huron River (present day Huron, Ohio). He took the horse and without returning to the mouth of the Maumee, he decided to look up one of his [Indian] uncles that lived on the southwest side of the Sandusky Bay.

This turned out to be a terrible experience for the young white lad who was now a white Indian. On the morning that he started, it was raining and continued to rain all day. He traveled most of the day without seeing anyone. Late in the afternoon, he came upon a single family living alone in the wilderness. Billy was invited into their shelter where he was offered some fresh venison, boiled pumpkin and bread.

After he visited awhile and rested, they told him where he might find his uncle. He traveled until almost sundown without finding his uncle's wigwam. It was almost dark now and he decided to stop for the night. He then thought that he might be close to camp so Billy fired his rifle three times (this was a signal that Indians used when they were lost) in hopes that his uncle would hear.

After receiving no answer, he knew that he would have to spend the night at this location. He found some sticks, some hickory bark and constructed a small lean-to. He then found some wild grape vines and pulled some of the bark from them in order to start a small fire to try to dry out and warm up a bit. (Wild grape vines will shed water and can be used for kindling even when it's raining.) Wet and cold Billy sat with his back against a tree under his little lean-to and slept until morning. That morning, he found his uncle without any great difficulty. Billy spent the winter with his uncle, hunting for food and trying to keep warm. The lake-effect snows that would come off of Lake Erie would dump several inches of snow at a time and some days they would have to eat whatever they had in the wigwam. Some days they had close to nothing to eat. All there was to do on days like this was to sit around a small fire in the middle of the wigwam and try to keep warm. . . . In the spring, two of his cousins decided that they would have their ears split for the purpose of hanging



Wigwam made of large sheets of bark.



A split ear

ornaments from them. The procedure went as follows: One of the boys drove a stake into the ground, cut the top off so that it was flat and then one would [lie] face down and place [his] ear on the stake. The other then took a sharp knife and slit the ear. After the two of them had done theirs, they said that Billy must have his done also, so he submitted to the operation. (The pain of this was nearly unbearable and this custom along with boring a hole through the bridge of the nose had become obsolete before Billy left to go back to live with the whites.) After he had his ears split and they had healed, Billy and his uncle returned to where his father was now living. They had moved from the mouth of the Maumee back to their old village at the mouth of Stoney Creek (present day Woodland Beach, Michigan). It was not long after Billy and his uncle had arrived at Stoney Creek, that it was time to move back to the mouth of the Maumee River.

A couple months after they had settled in this place, Billy met a widow woman that was somewhat intoxicated and she hinted that he should live with her daughter. The old woman was poor and had no one to hunt for her so he went and asked the daughter what she thought of the matter. She said that she would like to live with him and it was so that Billy lived with her as her husband. Billy was about nineteen years old by this time and had developed a skill for hunting and it was a good thing for when he started to live with the Indian woman, he had to supply meat for his wife, her mother, his wife's brother, two sisters, who were widows, and several children. This turned out to be quite a chore for Billy. After awhile, it was time to move again.



Billy had been living with the Indians for about eight years. He was completely satisfied with the way of life that he was now living. He had three children, a wife, had become a very good provider for the family and never once did he think of ever returning to the family that he had been taken away from in the hills of . . . Virginia. It was now about 1804 and Billy was in need of a new rifle. He had saved up enough pelts to buy one so he left his home on the Maumee and went to Pittsburgh to do so. Pittsburgh, at that time, was a bustling western town. Supplies were coming from the east by wagon train and then being sent down the Ohio by flat boat.

Anything that came up the river was brought by keel boat.

While in the big city, he made acquaintance with a young man that knew his father in Virginia. The man tried very hard to talk Billy into returning to see the old man. The man said that they were only eighty miles from his old home. He had seen his father but awhile back and that the old man had a great desire to see his son, but Billy was completely satisfied with living in the wigwam with the savage company. He gave the man some kind of an excuse and left him, never thinking of it again. The next year, he had been to Pittsburgh and developed a great sore on his leg. It was some kind of an open sore where infection set in and he suffered everything but death. His wife would take no care of him, he couldn't go hunting or fishing and he came very close to dying. With a little help from a medicine man, however, he was able to completely recover and once more living as usual, hunting and fishing.



Maumee River rapids at Waterville, Ohio today

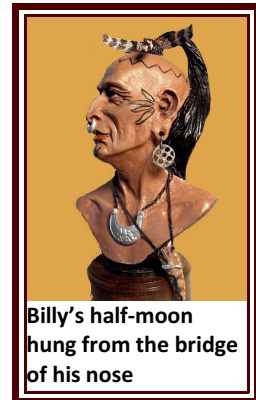
Three years after he had taken the trip to Pittsburgh, Billy took his family to visit some relatives near the rapids of the Maumee (present day Waterville, Ohio). They stopped one night and were about to spend the night with a French trader when some old acquaintances of Billy came along and offered them to go to their wigwam and spend the night.

Billy was in the process of catching his horses to make the trip to his friend's wigwam when two men from the other side of the river called over and asked for a canoe so that they may cross. Billy looked, but could not find one. So Billy and his family traveled down the river to spend the night with his friends.

Soon after dark, the French trader came and told him that one of his brothers was at his place and would like to see him. Billy borrowed a canoe from his friends and paddled up the river as fast as he possibly could. When they met, the brother took Billy by the hand and said, "Are you William Dragoo?" "Yes," Billy said, "are you Ben?" The two brothers hugged and kissed each other as they wept. The two Dragoo brothers talked all night without any sleep. Ben told Billy about his father, his brothers and his sisters. This was such a happy time for the both of them. The next morning,

Ben tried over and over to get Billy to return home with him, but he refused. Finally, Ben suggested that the two of them would meet in eighty days at their brother John's home, which was three miles below the falls (Rock Dam), on the Licking River and about one mile north of the river. John had just moved there with his wife, Mary Coverdale Dragoo, and her family. Billy agreed and the two brothers parted.

Billy went to his family that he came to visit and spent a few days. After that, he returned to his home on the Maumee, where he soon began to make plans to keep his promise to his brother. When it was time for Billy to leave his home for the visit to Virginia, he asked one of his brothers-in-law (Bonnisui) to accompany him on his journey. Bonnisui agreed and the two of them were off to visit another world to them. By this time, Billy Dragoo was an Indian in every respect except for the color of his skin. He had silver half-moon ornaments hanging from his nose and silver ornaments hanging from his ears.

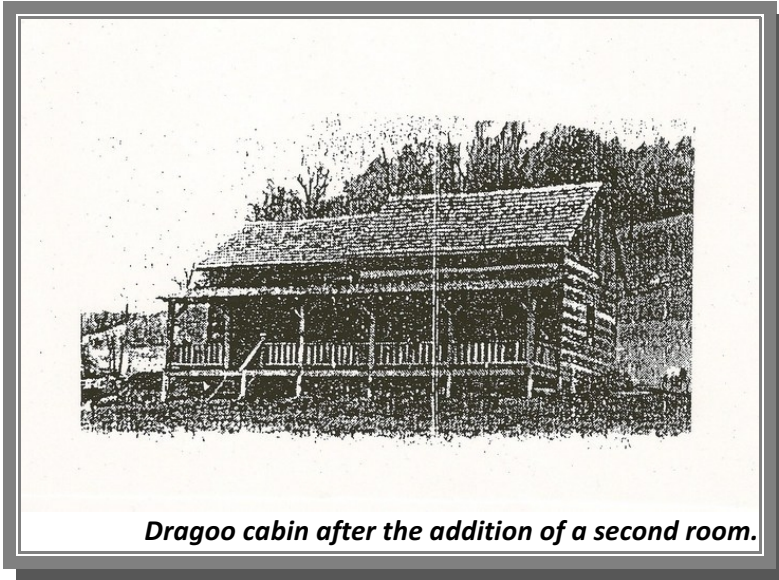


The first settlement they passed through was Negrotown on the Sandusky River. Then it was a long trek through the wilderness until the next settlement was reached. It was about six or eight miles north of Newark on the north fork of the Licking River. There, the pair stayed the night with a man named Hughes. Mr. Hughes had been an Indian fighter and he entertained the pair with stories of his exploits and Billy told him of his travels and of being first



taken by the Indians. (This was Elias Hughes. He and his nephew, John Ratliff, were the first settlers in Licking County. They had settled on the Bowling Green, just east of present day Newark--close to present day Marne. Elias now owned an inn at present-day Vanatta, Ohio.) The next morning, the two of them started on toward their meeting place on the Licking River. They passed through Newark, which consisted of a few log cabins. That night, they made camp along the Licking.

The next day, they reached John's place and they found John and Ben waiting for them. They stayed there for about three weeks and then they



Dragoo cabin after the addition of a second room.

(Billy, John, Ben and Bonnisui) started their journey to Virginia. Four days later, they were a few miles from Billy's old home. His father, John Dragoo, and some 40 or 50 others had come to meet them as they knew that they were coming. The old man grabbed Billy and hugged him. He was glad to see his long lost son. Although Billy had not seen his father in some twenty one years, he recognized him at once. All

were glad to see Billy and Bonnisui. If Billy had been raised from the dead, there would have not been more astonishment.

Billy had a feeling deep inside that he had not experienced for years. This feeling was the love for his father that was returning after being hidden for so many years. In just a couple of weeks, Billy was starting to forget his Indian friends. He felt as if he had entered into another mode of existence. His father, brothers and sisters now felt dear to him. He could talk with his English-speaking friends, but he had forgotten the meaning of a lot of the words. In only a short time, his old language had returned to him. Billy stayed with the old family for two months. While there, they took him to a revival meeting at a church tent (tent meeting). There, he heard the Gospel preached by a man that would play a part in his life in later years. The preacher was the Reverend Levi Shinn.

They concluded their visit and Billy and Bonnisui started their journey home to the banks of the Maumee River in northwest Ohio. They went back the same route that they had come a few months earlier, through Newark, up the north fork of the Licking and again spending the night with their new friend, Mr. Hughes. In a few days, they were home. His children were very glad to see their father and his wife was not as glad because she had expected him to bring her a present, but Billy brought her nothing for it was

too far to carry anything. The woman was not a very friendly person. Billy said, "She was a cross, ill-mannered woman to say the best." They lived as usual after Billy returned and by this time, Billy had four children, two boys and two girls.

The ways of the white people's life stuck in his mind and he had heard the word of God. This also was heavily on his mind. He was very unhappy now with the life that he was so accustomed to. Many times, he tried to talk to



Shawnee Indian village in Ohio

the Indians about the Christian religion that he knew and tried to tell them that it was wrong to violate God's word, but they paid him no heed. He knew that the life they were now living was not a good way to raise children so he finally made up his mind to return to the white way of life and take his family with him if that was at all possible. He talked this matter over with his wife and she would have nothing

to do with moving and leaving her people. Before leaving his adopted tribe, he religiously divided his fortune, consisting, all told, of four children and eight horses, with his wife; and brought back to Virginia with him two of his children, both sons (John and Isaac), and four (some say two) horses. Without exchanging further words with his wife, he left. He felt bad for leaving the two girls behind. This time, he took a different route than the



one he and Bonnisui had taken when they went for the visit. He came almost straight south, to where the old Shawnee village had been, this was where he was first taken by the Shawnees when he had been abducted.

...

They found white people every few miles and the people were very kind to him

and the boys, offering them food and shelter. (Just picture in your mind; a thirty six-year-old man, a ten-year-old boy and a two-year-old boy, traveling on two horses in the wilderness.) They passed through Newark on their way to his brother John's place, just east of the Rock Dam on the Licking River. Billy and the boys stayed with John and Mary for about a month. While they were at John's place, there was a camp meeting and the family attended. There, Billy was baptized by the Reverend Levi Shinn [several days later]. . . . Billy and the two boys were well-rested now and it was time to move on to Virginia. They passed through Zanesville, going back almost the same trail that he had passed over twenty-four years earlier.

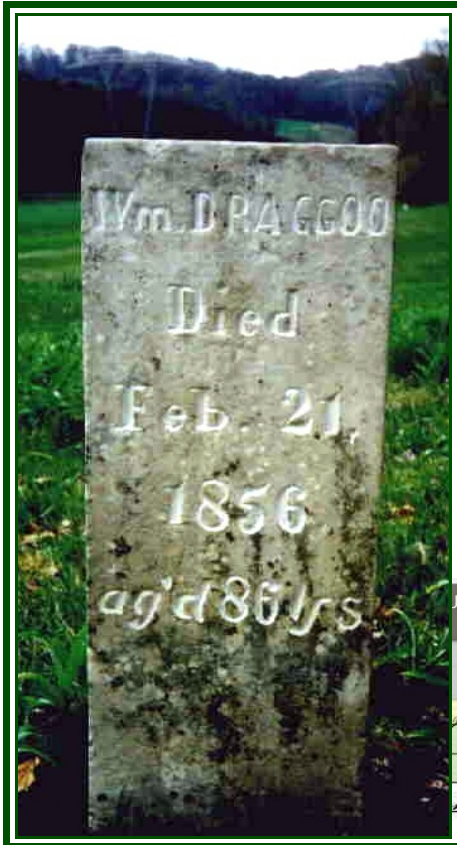
The big difference was that this time, he knew where he was going. They camped along the trail every night, crossing the Ohio River at the mouth of Fishing Creek and traveling on to what is now Wetzel County, West Virginia. They stayed with his sister Elizabeth and her husband, James Hayes while Billy and the two boys stayed with the Hayes family.

He then moved in with his father on the old Dragoo farm near present-day Barrackville, West Virginia. Billy's father gave him 43 acres of land. On December 1, 1814, [when he was close to 45,] Billy married fifteen-year-old Rebecca Matheny. . . .

The oldest half-Indian boy, John, stayed with his grandfather. He became quite skilled as a wood worker and . . . Isaac returned to the Indians to become a preacher. . . . John continued to work on the farm and do wood work while Billy and Rebecca were starting a new family. On September 13, 1815, he and Rebecca had their first son which they named Jacob. Their second born was a girl, named Elizabeth, born May 19, 1817. All the while, Billy struggled to make a living at farming and trapping. Then, on April 30, 1819, they had another son, Peter. For four more years, Billy and Rebecca worked hard at making a living on the hillside farm in present day West Virginia.

In 1823, the half-Indian son, John, died from tuberculosis. This was somewhat of a setback for Billy. For the last thirteen years, the two daughters that he left behind when he left the Indians, still weighed heavily on his mind. Billy, having been in touch with [his brother] John, packed up his family, sold his 43 acres to his brother Jacob Dragoo and moved to Perry Township, Licking County, Ohio. He knew that the future in Ohio was brighter than that of Virginia.

. . . . Billy worked his little farm there and did some hunting and trapping, and had



more children. In 1846, when the Mexican War broke out, Billy's youngest son, Peter, enlisted. The troops were paraded around downtown Newark. The tallest and best built soldier always led the parade and because of his tall and manly physique, Peter Drago was the man to always lead.

Billy appeared in the 1850 census for Perry Township (indexed on Ancestry.com as William Dagool). He spent his last years in Licking County, where he died in 1856.

United States Federal Census for William Dagool

Ohio > Licking > Perry

	Sex	Race	Occupation	Real Estate	Birthplace	Married I Attended	Cannot R	Con
✓	M	W		400	W.V.			
	F	W			W.V.			
	F	W						
✓	M	W		500				

A 19th-century local history described his later years:

“He never wholly abandoned his half-civilized habits and mode of life, but continued until his death to spend most of his time fishing and hunting. He was a quiet, peaceable, inoffensive man, and was greatly esteemed for his many excellent qualities.”

William is buried in Pleasant Grove Cemetery, Newark, Licking County, Ohio. His son Isaac, after the return of his father to Ohio and the death of brother, went back to northern Ohio as a missionary among the people and the tribe of his Indian mother, and was never afterwards heard of in Virginia. Ohio. The husband of Isaac's half-sister Nancy, Henry Boggess became intimately acquainted with this half-breed nephew of his wife. He is reported to have said “that although unlettered, Isaac Drago was the noblest man in natural intellect, bearing, politeness and dignity he ever met, that he had a splendid presence, deep musical voice and when he spoke at church or the muster or other gatherings, no man of his day in all that country was listened to with more respectful attention. No doubt he was a great success as a missionary after he returned to his tribe.”

Billy's wife Rebecca lived until 1876. She returned to Virginia and in 1859 she remarried, to a Merriman Price. He is shown in the 1860 census as a farmer with \$1000 in real property and \$75 in personal. In the 1870 census he is shown as a stone mason and farmer with \$475 in real property and \$125 in personal property. Rebecca is buried in the Dragoo Cemetery, Barrackville, Marion County, West Virginia.



The display case holds items on loan from Del Osborn which used to belong to Billy Dragoo.



Painting of a typical frontiersman

New England to Ohio ***The Washburns (1631-c1835)***

Jacob and Dorothy's grand-daughter Rebecca, (the third daughter of Josiah and Charity), married (1793) Nicholas Washburn; his brother was Cornelius.

John Washburn, a London tailor migrated to the Plymouth Colony in 1631. The land for the town was bought from the Indian sachem Massasoit for an assortment of coats, implements, skins and cotton.

A dozen years later John moved to Hempstead, Long Island, following a 1643 treaty between English colonists and the local Indians.

Although the settlers were from Connecticut, the authorities in New Amsterdam issued a patent after the settlers purchased land from the local natives. The transaction is depicted in a mural in the Hempstead post office.

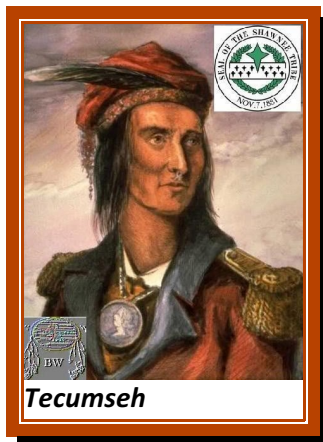


In 1653, a William Washburn and others bought land at Oyster Bay, Long Island, from the Indian Asiapum.

In 1774, before the Revolutionary War, Jeremiah Washburn (the four times great grandson of the original Washburn migrant), whose father had moved the family to Sussex County, New Jersey, moved again. With three children and a pregnant wife, he made the long journey west to the Ft. Pitt area, the most western frontier of the colonies. While "on the trail" west, Jeremiah's wife, Rebecca (Devore) Washburn, gave birth to Cornelius. (This is uncertain; it seems more likely that he was born in 1765, probably in Sussex County, New Jersey.)

A half dozen years later, they moved again, this time to Mason County, Kentucky, settling a few miles below Limestone (now Maysville), where they lived in a fort at Kenton's Station while their cabin was being built.

Jeremiah was quite a religious man, becoming a Baptist minister in later years. His children were baptized in the Ohio River while the Indians watched from the Ohio shore, probably wondering what strange thing the whites were doing.



Cornelius ("Neil") spent his childhood and youth as a member of a family of hunters and trappers living on Ohio River. Even as a lad, Neil loved the outdoor life. His father gave him a gun and he soon became an expert marksman. The family always said, "Neil had a disposition to the woods."

He grew to be a skilled woodsman and a dead shot with his rifle. He and his family knew most of the major frontier personalities of this historic time: George Rogers Clark, Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, General William Henry Harrison, and others. In addition, Neil also understood his opponents, the Indian chiefs-- Little Turtle, Blue Jacket, Cornstalk, Blackfish, Tecumseh, and others. His militia and war exploits were to become legendary.

It is said that Neil would have been a handsome man except for a hawk nose that detracted from his looks. He was blonde and blue-eyed (the Indians called him "Yellow Hair"), six feet tall, broad of shoulder, slim of waist and with small hands and feet. He always wore moccasins and trousers made of buckskin. He could step on a dry twig without a crackle to alert an unwary Indian or wild beast. He was able to read and write, although there were instances when he signed legal documents by making his mark.

In about 1780, at the age of sixteen, Neil killed his first Indian. He and his father had crossed the river to the Ohio side to visit a deer lick get fresh meat to replenish their larder. They came upon an Indian in a tree removing bark to make a canoe. With one shot Neil killed the Indian; proudly he took the scalp home to display.

Neil's younger brother Nicholas (who married Rebekah Prickett in 1793) was a private in the company commanded by famed frontiersman Capt. Simon Kenton in the Indian War of 1786.



Simon Kenton

One day in 1789, as Jeremiah and Neil were in their cabin, they heard cries coming from the direction of the river. A band of settlers, moving by boat down the river were being attacked by Indians on the Ohio shore. The

Washburns launched their big canoe and went to help the travelers. They succeeded in driving the Indians away but not before one man named McAllister was killed. They escorted the travelers on down the river where they settled.

Traveling by river was very dangerous at the time, and in 1790, at the age of sixteen, Neil was sent to Gallipolis to give notice to the occupants of boats descending the river of the hazards and that they should beware of Indians. Once his horse was shot from under him, but he took to the river and swam safely to the Kentucky shore.

In the following year, 1791, Neil was employed by government agents as a spy between Maysville, Kentucky, and the mouth of the Little Miami, to watch for Indians, who were accustomed to cross the Ohio into Kentucky. While so engaged he had several encounters with them, in which his unerring rifle dealt death to many of the "red skins." Two of these encounters were in Clermont, the county where he afterwards lived for years. When scouting near what is now the village of Cedron, in Franklin township, on Bullskin Creek, and some three miles from its mouth, where it empties into the Ohio, Washburn spied five Indians. He instantly fired and killed one. The four remaining "savages" pursued him, and, about half a mile beyond, when one of them got within a few steps, Neil wheeled about and shot, and then continued the retreat. In less than a mile farther a second one came so close to him that as he turned to fire he caught the

muzzle of his gun. After a severe struggle, Washburn brought it to his chest and discharged it and his antagonist fell dead. Neil continued on his course, pursued by the two Indians, all three being pretty well fatigued, and often stopping and resting. After going something more than a mile, Washburn took advantage of an open ground over which the Indians were passing, and stopped suddenly to shoot the foremost, who thereupon sprang behind a small sapling. Washburn fired and wounded him mortally, and the remaining savage then gave a little yell and exclaimed, "No catch that man! Gun always loaded!" and retreated back into the forest, leaving Washburn to proceed to the Ohio unmolested. He served until June 14, 1793, for which he was paid 53£, 5p..

In 1792 Indians invaded Kentucky again, stealing horses, burning houses and killing some of the inhabitants as they had done before. In March, Neil



joined Simon Kenton, who had been called upon to head a party of thirty-seven men to follow the savages and avenge the deaths of those who had been slain. He selected Cornelius because of his reputation as "a young man whose nerves and pulse were as steady and regular while taking aim at an Indian, as when he was practicing with his rifle at a target." He had been with Kenton on several expeditions, and always distinguished himself as a bold soldier. They crossed the Ohio

River a short distance below Limestone and followed the trail in the direction of Little Miami River. When they neared the east fork of the river, they heard the tinkling of a bell and the party halted to determine its meaning. Kenton with Neil accompanying him advanced cautiously and saw an Indian on horseback slowly approaching. The bell on the horse's neck was used to attract the attention of deer, for strange as it may seem, these animals will stand stock still, listening to the bell, until the horseman is almost upon them. Washburn, described as "a young man of tried courage and deadly aim," took deliberate aim and shot the approaching horseman through the heart.

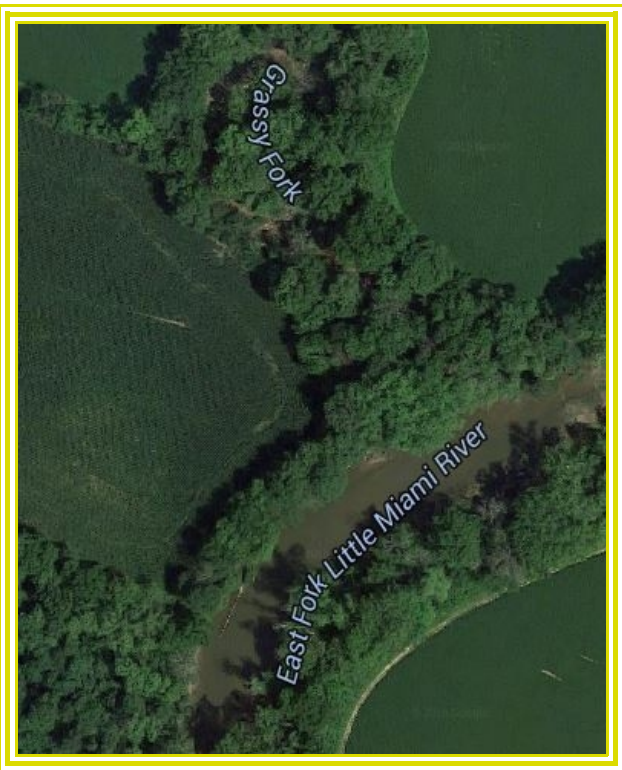
Kenton felt certain that this Indian was not alone, and that the main body was not far away. Sending Washburn in advance, Kenton's party moved silently forward. Washburn soon returned with the information that about a mile in advance he had heard the sound of many bells and concluded that the horses were feeding, and the Indians encamped not very far from them. Calling a halt and arranging his men in position to defend themselves if attacked, Kenton, accompanied by Washburn, set out to locate the camp. It was near dusk when they came in view of the enemy, encamped on the bank of the east fork of the Little Miami.



What ensued has come to be known as the Battle of Grassy Run. This fierce battle between approximately

100 Indians and two dozen white men took place on the East Fork of the Little Miami River and resulted in opening the area east of present-day Cincinnati to settlement by the whites.

In 1793, Neil, with his friend William Dixon, crossed the river at Logan's Gap and built a hut on Eagle Creek, one mile from the river. This cabin was one of the first to be built in what later became Brown County, Ohio.

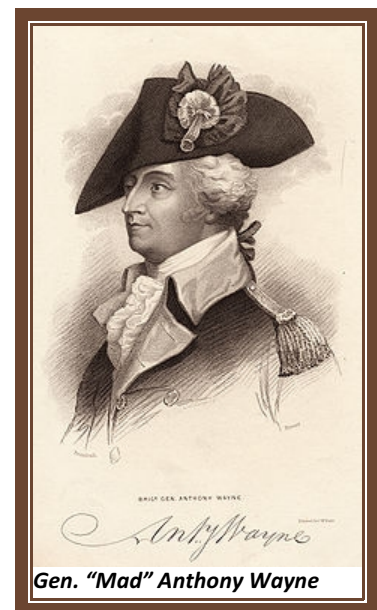


Cabin built by Neil Washburn and a friend in Brown County, Ohio.

In 1794, when General “Mad Anthony” Wayne’s made his expedition to Ohio, Neil joined Kenton’s Battalion and served under Kenton at Fallen Timbers, where the Americans won a decisive victory against an alliance of Indian tribes aided by a unit of Canadian militia.

In 1804, Neil Washburn led a search party of over one thousand men in a hunt for a lost child, Lydia Osborn, who became confused as to directions when she went to fetch her father’s cows from a distant pasture beyond a grove of woods. Traces of the child were found -- where she had slept-- and where she had eaten wild blackberries. At the end of fifteen days the search was called off when her little bonnet was found at an abandoned Indian campsite, but Neil continued on alone for three months, during which time he lived on wild berries and game that he killed. However, the child was never found.

Some years later, in 1832, Neil’s wife died and in the fall of 1833, he was hired by a fur trading company to head a hunting and trapping expedition to the Yellowstone River. At the end of the season, in March 1834, the party left for home. Some of the group wanted to travel overland; but Neil and a companion chose the river route. They were to meet later at a designated location. The land party reached the place of rendezvous and waited five days for Neil and his companion to arrive. Finding some of Neil's hunting gear and his friend's clothes in the possession of some Indians, they realized the two had been ambushed and killed by the Indians. But a descendant, a Mrs. Merrifield, says that she received letters from him after that date, the last in February 1839, in which he said he would be home in May 1840.



We will never be certain of his fate; we can only be sure that his bones lie somewhere in the West.

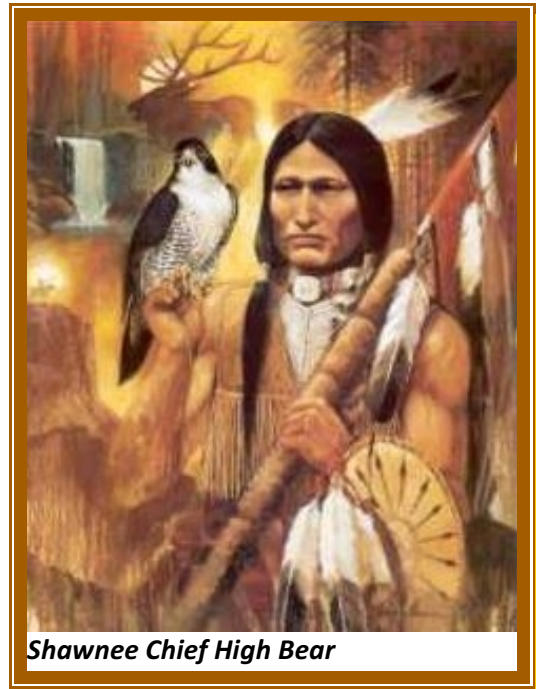
Unknown Washburn girl (1790s)

An unknown Washburn girl who was probably a cousin of Neil and Nicholas was said to have been captured by Shawnee Indians and kept prisoner for ten years. According to the story, she was rescued in the 1790s:

In the 1790s scouts attached to the command of General Anthony Wayne, sent out to spy on Indians who were expected to attack, were hiding in caves near a summit overlooking an Indian council of war. When they ran out of drinking water, they went down to a spring to fill their canteens. At the spring they happened upon two squaws. Fearing the women would give an alarm, they drowned the older one in the spring and her body floated down stream.

The other squaw cried out, saying she was white, and that her name was Washburn. She told her story -- that ten years earlier the Shawnees, led by Chief High Bear, shot her father, tomahawked her mother, dashed their baby against a tree, burned their cabin and carried her off. She had been held by the Indians for ten years. Her brother Eli had escaped harm as he had not been home when the Indians came. She begged to go with them -- anywhere to get away from the Indians.

As they went back up the slope, they heard the war whoops of the Indians who had discovered the squaw's body. The whites prepared for an attack as the Indians advanced, moving from tree to tree. At last one warrior exposed himself for a moment and was shot; his body rolled into a ravine. The girl disappeared and the scouts thought that she had left them and gone back to the Indians, but she soon reappeared with the rifle and ammunition that she had retrieved from the dead Indian. She took her place beside the scouts, firing at the oncoming Indians. The second one she killed was Chief High Bear -- and thus she avenged the killing of her family.



Shawnee Chief High Bear

Night fell and the Indians withdrew, but the scouts knew they would attack again the next day, so they decided to leave their post. With the girl as a guide, they passed safely through the Indian encampment. Dogs barked and squaws looked out from their lodges, but the girl spoke to them in Indian tongue and assured them that everything was alright, so the whites passed safely through the heart of the village, and a few days later, arrived at General Wayne's headquarters.

The Indians, not knowing how much of their plans the scouts had discovered, or what had been revealed by their escaped captive, dispersed without carrying out their intention of making war. Thus the rifle and heroism of the "white Squaw" prevented for a time at least "the horrors of Indian outrage and depredation."



AN INDIAN COUNCIL.

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