

A Collection of Articles on the Clendenin Massacre

Collected by Wallace K. Ewing and William E. Riddle

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James Ewing of Pocahontas

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[Source: This information was taken from the book put together by John W. Burris, *DESCENDANTS OF JOHN EWING (INDIAN JOHN)*. We appreciate having the opportunity to print this material.]

Introduction

Indian John Ewing was not an Indian and had no ancestor that was native American. He was captured by the Shawnee Indians when they made a raid on the settlements of then western Virginia. This is well documented in the history of Augusta County. He had something of an education and kept a record of his marriage and the birthdays of his children. Had it not been for this record it would be impossible to trace the family.

Dr. Alvin Enoch Ewing (1864-1945) spent a good part of his life researching the family of James Ewing. His articles appeared in many newspapers and magazines.

Nancy Hanks Ewing (Deceased) a granddaughter of A. E. Ewing spent about twenty five years researching the Ewing family. She collected a vast amount of material for a book called "James Ewing, Pioneer". Her untimely death brought an end to her endeavors and a lifetime of work, fourteen large boxes in all were put in storage. Almost by accident these were rescued and all her research material is now in the possession of Barbara Ewing Powell.

Ewing Family

[Dr. Alvin Enoch Ewing (1864-1945) spent a good part of his life in researching the Ewing family history and genealogy. He wrote a good number of articles on the history of the family and early America. His great grandfather was William (Swago Bill) Ewing. The following is the only one that he wrote and is copied exactly as written about 1936 (JWB)].

The exact year of James Ewing's birth is not at present known, nor do we know exactly the year he came to America. He was the first American ancestor of our Ewing line. Grandfather Enoch Ewing never saw his Ewing grandparents. A few facts about them [have] been handed down to him and these he handed down the line. He said Grandfather James was born in the north of Ireland, but of Scotch parents, and that he came to Virginia when a young man and soon after married an Irish girl whose name he did not remember but though lived to a ripe old age. James had two boys and three girls, John was born in 1747 and William in 1756. One of the girls Jean, married Moses Moore as late as 1786. Elizabeth married George Daugherty and is said to have moved to Tennessee. The other daughter, Ann, must have been older than her brothers for, in 1763 when her brother was but sixteen, she was the wife of Archibald Clendennen and the mother of three or four children. History records that in July 1763 the Shawnee Indians of what is now Ohio raided the Virginia settlements on the Greenbrier River, killed Clendennen, two little boys, and took prisoners Ann (Ewing) Clendennen, her little girl, Jane, her little boy Johnny and her brother John who was at that time living with the Clendennens. It was this tragic incident that helped fix matters in grandfather's mind and it was one of his stock stories, although it happened thirty six years before he was born. Since it belongs to our Ewing history, the story may well be related briefly here.

Ann (Ewing) Clendennen escaped from the Indians the first night of their march back to Ohio. She made her way back to the ashes of her home, buried the dead and started back to the older settlements east of the Allegheny mountains. She came near losing her mind, but recovered and lived to marry again. Her infant was killed by the Indians after her escape from them. Her daughter Jane, three or four years old, was taken by the Indians into the Ohio country and there adopted into a tribe of Delawares where she remained a captive for nearly two years. Her little boy Johnny was killed by the Indians after reaching Ohio to settle a quarrel between two squaws as to which of them should have him.

John Ewing, brother of Ann Clendennen, and uncle of Enoch Ewing was adopted into a tribe of Shawnee Indians in Ohio and remained a captive with them for nearly two years. He and his niece Jane were liberated at the same time and returned to Virginia. Jane grew up and married John Davis in Virginia and had a family.

John Ewing later married Ann Smith in Virginia and raised a large family of ten children. In 1802 John moved with his family to Gallia County, Ohio and settle on lands over which he had been when an Indian captive. His Indian captivity made John conspicuous in his day. He came to be called "Indian John".

What we know of John Ewing and his sister, Ann Clendennen, helps us to approximate the age of their father James and the date of his coming to Virginia. If Ann had four children in 1763 when John, her oldest brother, was sixteen, she must have been at least six years his senior, even if she married young. This would place her birth at about 1741. If she were the oldest of James's children and I believe she was, we can estimate that James was married about 1740. Then applying grandfather Enoch's story that his grandfather James came to this country a young man and soon after married, if we allow that James was at least twenty when he married, it would place his birth year at about 1720, and his coming to Virginia in about 1740.

Many attempts have been made to connect James Ewing with other well known Ewing's who came to America much earlier than 1740, but there is nothing yet to prove the relationship, whatever it may have been. Scotland was full of Ewings: as protestants and non-conformists, many of them fled from Scotland for safety, taking refuge in the northern counties of Ireland - Antrim, Londonderry and Donegal; they were known to be there prior to 1690. For the next thirty or forty years, the Scotch-Irish (Scotchmen born in Ireland) flocked to America, and among them were several Ewings who landed at various points along the Atlantic seaboard at different times. They were doubtless related to each other as fathers, sons, uncles, cousins, and nephews. Just what degree of relationship and of these bore to our James is not yet known, and the chances are good that it will never be known. The fact that James did not come over until about 1740, leads me to think that he came alone and that he left his parents -- dead or alive-- in Ireland.

It has also been claimed by some that our James Ewing was a soldier of the Revolution, that he was a captain, and that he fought at the battle of Kings Mountain in South Carolina in 1780. In my opinion these claims are unfounded. I have been unable, after years of research, to find a single proof of any such claim or claims. There was another James Ewing in Virginia during the Revolutionary period who was a soldier, and the names become confused. Besides this, grandfather Enoch Ewing stated time and again that he never knew of his grandfather's being a Revolutionary soldier. Had he been, I am sure that the fact would have been talked about and handed down to his grand children. Moreover, he was at least sixty years of age in 1780. Another claim that has been made is that James Ewing's wife was Margaret Sargeant. Although I have heretofore spread the statement as fact, I do not believe it was an error due to confusion over the two James Ewing's who lived in Virginia.

We do not know when James Ewing died or whether he lived to see the Revolution. A few facts have been gleaned from records. In 1760, James Ewing appears to have owned 254 acres on the upper waters of Jackson River where it is joined by Muddy Run in which is now Bath County, Virginia. To the best of my judgement [sic], this is where James Ewing raised his family of three girls and two boys. If you will turn to your map of Virginia and West Virginia, you will see that the two states are separated by the Allegheny divide. Jackson River is east of the divide, while Greenbrier River is west of the divide. The two rivers parallel each other and are scarcely more than twenty-five miles apart--as the crow flies. Apparently James sold this land, just when we do not know, but ten years later, in 1770, we find him selling land over on the west side of the divide, on Ewing's Creek (now called Knapps Creek) to one Moses Moore of Ewing (Knapp) Creek. If you find Buckeye marked on you map, that is the closest point to the old William Ewing home and the old Thomas McNeill settlement. Another small branch of the Greenbrier is a little north of Marlinton, is Stony Creek and it was upon this creek that John Ewing (Indian John) settled and raised his family. We also know that Ann Ewing Clendennin's home was in Greenbrier County, some 20 miles south of Buckeye. We also know that Jean (Jane) Ewing became the second wife of Moses Moore in 1786. The other daughter, Elizabeth, married George Daugherty--presumably there in Greenbrier County, and it is said they moved to Kentucky, so have no trace of their family, if they had one. It seems to me therefore, that there can be no doubt that James Ewing and his entire family left their Jackson River home sometime prior to 1770, but subsequent to 1763, and settled in Greenbrier County west of the mountain divide. At what point and in what years James Ewing and his

wife died, we do not know, but it is my opinion that they both died in Greenbrier County after the Revolution. Enoch Ewing, born in 1799, stated that he never saw either of his Ewing grandparents.

Now comes another bit of interesting news which prompted me to write this sketch. In the December 24, 1936, issue of the Pocahontas Times appears an article of considerable interest to those interested in our Ewing family history. From it appears that the lands once owned by James Ewing on Ewing Creek were included in a grant of lands surveyed October 11, 1751 for General Andrew Lewis. The grant of lands was not actually completed until June 2, 1780, when Thomas Jefferson, then Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia, executed the conveyance. It included 480 acres at the mouth of "Ewens Creek". It commences "Beginning at three white oaks near the east side of Ewens Creek. Then it runs this way and that from one tree to another, and ends up thence north 48 E 240 poles crossing Ewens house to the beginning". This doubtless had reference to James Ewing's cabin. If the house was there in 1751 when the original survey was made, it suggest that James Ewing may have "Squatted" there prior to 1751. It is my private opinion that James Ewing was very much a hunter, and that he may have established hunting and trapping headquarters on "Ewens Creek", spending much of his time there, while his family still remained on Jackson River.

The reason for my thinking that the James Ewing house was maintained on Jackson River to a later period is that when Ann Ewing Clendennen escaped from the Indians in the summer of 1763, in Greenbrier County, she made her way back to the old settlements on Jackson River. It would have been much nearer to "Ewens Creek" if her folks had been living there at that time. Again when John Ewing was liberated from the Ohio Shawnees in 1765, he returned to his old home and was greeted by his sister. I feel certain that this was the old Jackson River home.

General Andrew Lewis was of the famous Lewis family who also came to Virginia from the north of Ireland. They were land "boomers" and induced many Scotch-Irish to emigrate to America. I suspect they were the cause of James Ewing coming to Virginia. Each of James Ewing sons--John and William- had a son named Andrew, and I am disposed to think they were named Andrew in honor of Gen. Andrew Lewis.

Both John and William Ewing raised large families. John moved to Gallia County, Ohio in 1802, and William moved to the same county in 1810.

This is for your Ewing historical file.

Dr. Alvin Enoch Ewing

Clendenin Massacre, Greenbrier County, WV 1793

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This is a thrilling and chilling story of some early Ewings. Jeanet Ann "Jennie" Ewing Clendenin (Mrs. Archibald Clendenin) and the John Ewing in this story (later called "Indian John" Ewing) are brother and sister, the children of James Ewing (14 Feb 1721 - 31 May 1801) and Sarah Mays (or Mayes). James Ewing is thought to be the youngest son of John (of Carnashannagh) Ewing and Janet McElvaney.

The following is excerpted from an article which appeared in *The Scholarly Journal of the Ohio Historical Society*¹ which I found online at <http://publications.ohiohistory.org>. There, attribution is given to the Draper Manuscripts² in the possession of the Wisconsin Historical Society, Madison, Wisconsin. Evidently the author of this work obtained his narrative in 1824 from Mrs. Maiz, a step-daughter of Jennie (Ewing) Clendenin, and it was corroborated by several others.

[Chief Cornstalk of the "Shawanese" had been involved in the 1759 Carr's Creek massacre on in what is now Rockbridge County, VA, but it was thought that peace had been made. In June 1763 hostilities resumed when he led a party of about 60 warriors on attacks in Greenbrier County, VA (now WV), first against a German settlement on Muddy Creek, and then...] ...
Cornstalk's party passed over to the Levels of Greenbrier, where some seventy-five people had collected at Archibald Clendenin's, within two miles of the present locality of Lewisburg,

¹ Ohio History, The Scholarly Journal of the Ohio Historical Society, Volume 21, pp 245 - 262

² Draper MSS, Border Forays, 3 D, Chap XVIII,

and where Ballard Smith long resided. Here, as at Muddy Creek, the Indians were hospitably entertained; for none suspected any hostile intentions, save Clendenin's wife alone, who did not like the manner in which they were painted, as it differed from what she had been accustomed to see.

Clendenin had just returned from a hunt, having killed three fat elk; and, as the warriors asked for something to eat, a plentiful feast was promised them. As he had been very successful of late in killing large numbers of buffalo, elk and deer, he cut off the clear meat and salted it down for future use; while the bones and fragments were boiled up in a large kettle for the present supply. His wife was at that time cooking a kettle full, under a shed near the house. Handing her infant to her husband, she took a large pewter dish and meat-fork in her hand, and went out to bring some of the food for the Indians.

At this juncture, an old woman having a diseased limb, aware of the medicinal virtues of the wilderness supposed to be known to the Indians, explained her distress to one of the warriors, and asked if he could not suggest or administer some relief? He promptly said that he thought he could, and drawing his tomahawk, he instantly killed the poor woman, which was the signal for others to engage in the bloody work assigned them. Nearly all the men were quickly dispatched. Conrad Yoakman, who was some little distance from the house, being alarmed by the outcries of the women and children, made his escape. A negro woman, who with her husband, was working in a field near by [sic], started to run away, followed by her crying child; she tarried long enough to kill her little one, to stop its noise, and save her own life. With her companion, she made good her escape to Augusta.

Clendenin might have saved his life, had he either surrendered himself, or not been encumbered with the child, for he started to run, and was making an effort to reach the fence that separated the door-yard from a corn-field. Had he gained the field he would doubtless have eluded the pursuit of the Indians, as the corn was high enough to have concealed him, but he was killed in the act of climbing the fence, he falling one side, and the child the other.

Mrs. Clendenin has scarcely left the house, when she heard Mr. Clendenin exclaim, "Lord, have mercy on me!" when she dropped her dish and fork, and, turning back, saw an Indian with her husband's scalp in his hand, which he held up by the long hair, shaking the blood from it. She rushed upon the murderer, and, in a fit of frenzy, asked him to kill her too, even spitting in his face to provoke him to do so. She did not fail to reproach him and his fellows with baseness by every epithet known to her--even charging them with being cowards, the worst accusation that could be made against a warrior; and though the tomahawk was brandished over her head, and she threatened with instant death, and her husband's bloody scalp thrown in her face, she nevertheless fearlessly renewed uttering the several invectives her ready tongue could invent. Her brother, John Ewing, who was spared from the general massacre, said to the Indian, "Oh, never mind her, she is a foolish woman." Following this suggestion, the warrior desisted from making the intended tomahawk stroke.

Yoakum fled to Jackson's River, alarming the people, who were unwilling to believe his terrible report, until the approach of the Indians convinced them of its fearful reality; many saved themselves by flight, while not a few of the aged and helpless fell victims to their fury. The newspaper accounts of the time only refer to the Greenbrier and Jackson River settlements having been cut off, in June, 1763; but Carr's Creek received another visitation, and there, too, many families were killed and taken.

Near Keeney's Knob, not very far distant from Clendenin's, resided a family of the name of Lee, who shared the fate of the others--some killed, and others captured. All the prisoners, taken at the several places, were hurried over to Muddy Creek, where they were detained till the main body of the warriors returned from Jackson's River, and the Carr's Creek settlements with their prisoners and booty. An old Indian was left in charge of the captive women and children, Ewing having been taken with the war party. Mrs. Clendenin made up her mind to kill the old Indian, if the other women would aid her. Her first effort was (to) ascertain if the old fellow could speak or understand English; but making no reply to her inquiries, she took it for granted that he could not. She consequently made her proposal to her sister prisoners, but they were too timid to consent to any such heroic attempt. During the few days' absence of the warriors, Mrs. Clendenin was too narrowly watched by the vigilant old guard to effect anything. He had evidently overheard her proposition, and sufficiently comprehended its import; for when their ears were saluted with the whooping of the returning warriors, with the jingling bells of the

horses, the old fellow sprang to his feet, exclaiming in plain English, with an oath, "Yes, good news." Mrs. Clendenin now expected nothing but death for her plotting his destruction, but she heard nothing further of it.

The war party had been successful in their foray, for they returned with many additional captives, and a large number of horses loaded with booty, and every horse had on an open bell. Mrs. Clendenin still resolved on effecting her escape, even at the risk of her life. As they started from the foot of Keeney's Knob, the Indians mostly in front, the prisoners next, and the horses with their tinkling music bringing up the rear, and one Indian fellow prisoner to carry; and when they came to a very steep precipice on one side of the route, and the Indians carelessly pursuing their way, she watched her opportunity, when unobserved, to jump down the precipice, and crept under a large rock. She lay still until she heard the last bell pass by; and concluding they had not yet missed her, she began to hope that her scheme was successful. After some little time elapsed, she heard footsteps approaching very distinctly and heavily. They drew near the place of her concealment; and in her leaning posture, on her hands and knees, with her head bent forward to the ground, she awaited the fatal stroke of some unfeeling pursuer. She ventured, however, to raise her eyes, and behold a large bear was standing over her! The animal was as much surprised as she was, for it gave a fierce growl, and ran off at its best speed.

Soon missing her, the Indians took her child, and laid it on the ground, thinking its cries would induce her to return; but she was too far away for this, when the wretches would torture and beat the little thing, saying, "Make the calf bawl, and the cow will come." At length they unfeelingly beat out its brains against a tree, and went on without the mother; who remained under the rock till dark, when she sought her way back. Traveling all that night, she concealed herself the next day, and during the second night reached her desolate habitation. As she came in sight of the place, she thought she heard wild beasts howling in every direction, and thought she heard voices of all sorts, and saw images of all shapes, moving through the cornfield and, with an almost overpowering sense of mingled fear and desolation she imagined she saw a man standing within a few steps of her. She withdrew to a spring in the forest and remained there till morning, when she visited the place, found her husband's body by the fence, with his body shockingly mutilated, and her lifeless child nearby, and covered them, as well as she could, with a buffalo hide and some fence rails, finding her strength unequal to the task of covering them with earth.

Resuming her journey, Mrs. Clendenin directed her course for the nearest settlements in Augusta, from which the Greenbrier emigrants had originally set out. At Howard's Creek, some ten miles from the present locality of Lewisburg, she met a party of several white men, who had heard by the two negro fugitives that every soul was killed at the Greenbrier settlements, and came to drive away the cattle, and save whatever else was spared by the Indians. Among these men was one who was heir-at-law of the Clendenin family, who was evidently much disconcerted that she had escaped the general massacre. This wretch offered her no sort of sympathy, nor any relief whatever. Some of his companions, however, gave her a piece of bread, and a cooked duck; but the half-famished condition of her stomach loathed food, and she wrapped them up in her petticoat, and pursued her journey by herself, expecting she would enjoy them when her appetite should return. Unfortunately she lost them without ever tasting a single morsel.

While pursuing her lonely journey, she had the good fortune to find an Indian blanket, which proved of great service to her; as, when her clothes became torn, and her limbs lacerated by briars and brambles, she was enabled to make leggins of it for her protection. After nine nights' painful journeying, secreting herself by day to avoid the danger of recapture, she at length reached Dickinson's, on the Cowpasture River. During all this time, she ate nothing but an onion and a little salt, which she found on a shelf, in a springhouse, at a deserted plantation.

The history of the two children of Mrs. Clendenin who had been captured – a boy and a girl – require a brief mention. Her brother, surrendered probably at Bouquet's treaty the following year, narrated the particulars of the untimely fate of the little boy. He had been formally adopted by an aged Indian couple, all of whose children were dead, who became very much attached to the lad, and he in return to them. But one day, the old man became displeased with his wife on some account, and told the child, whom she directed to get some water, not to go; for if he did, he would kill him. At length the old Indian went out to the field, and the child,

glad of the opportunity to please his mother, picked up the vessel and set off for the spring; but the surly old fellow seeing him from where he was walked up behind the unsuspecting lad, and gave him a fatal blow with his tomahawk. "I was obliged," said the conscience-stricken Indian, "to approach him behind, that I might not see his face; for if I had, I could never have had the courage to kill him."

The little girl was seven years with the Indians, and when brought to her mother, the latter could recognize nothing whatever to indicate her as her child, and she disowned her, saying, "She is not mine." The little waif scampered off among other captive children, who had not yet been reclaimed. Thinking over the matter, the mother called to mind a mark on the body of her daughter, when she ran to her to see if she could find this evidence of identity. Upon examination, she found it. Her long-lost child was indeed restored to her; but with such thorough Indian habits, that it was a long time before the mother felt any particular attachment for her. It need only be added, that Mrs. Clendenin, returning from her captivity to her old neighborhood in Augusta, subsequently married a man named Rogers; and, when peace was restored, she again settled on the place where the massacre occurred, and, on looking about the old premises, Mrs. Rogers found the dish and meat-fork where she dropped them on the day her former husband was killed; and there she resided till 1817, when she died at the age of seventy-nine years. She is represented to have been a woman of strong mind, invincible courage and unequalled fortitude. Her daughter, an heiress to a valuable landed estate, had many suitors when she grew to womanhood, and at length gave her hand to a man by the name of Davis. One of her daughters became the wife of Ballard Smith, of Greenbrier, one of the first lawyers in the western country, and six years a representative from his district in Congress."

John Ewing and the Clendenin Massacre

West Virginia Historical Magazine, 1904

(available online at www.wvculture.org/history/settlement/clendeninmassacre01.html)

The following is a condensation of a sketch read by Hon. A. T. Holcomb of Portsmouth, O., at the Ewing reunion at Ewington, O., in August, 1901. The sketch was originally written by George P. Mathews at the dictation of Gen. A. T. Holcomb (1803-1877), uncle of Hon. A. T. Holcomb, and grandson of John Ewing with whom he was personally and intimately acquainted. The sketch is furnished to the Magazine by A. E. Ewing, of Grand Rapids, Mich., whose great grandfather, William Ewing, and John, were brothers.

John Ewing was born in Culpepper county, Virginia, December 25, 1747. The years of his boyhood were passed in quiet labor on his father's farm. At an early age he manifested a great love for books which never abated during his maturer years. Books at that time were a scarce article even among the rich, and to a poor farmer's boy they must have been a luxury indeed. He found a benefactor in the parish clergyman, a Presbyterian minister, who, admiring the good taste of the youth, extended to him the use of his library. This golden opportunity was not lost, and so assiduous was he, and so remarkable his memory that he used to repeat to his grandchildren many of the poems which he had committed to memory in his youth. He could repeat the whole of Milton's Paradise Lost. The history of England he knew as he knew his own life, and he could give in correct order the names and duration of reign of all the sovereigns of Great Britain.

His sister Nancy Ewing, married Archibald Clendenin, who lived on a farm about one mile from Lewisburg, Va., (now West Virginia). When he was sixteen years old, John Ewing went there on a visit, an event in itself trifling, but it proved to be the turning point of his life.

On the 27th day of June, 1763, John, in company with two negro slaves, was hoeing corn in a field on the mountain side, some distance from, and out of sight of Clendenin's house. About noon they heard a rifle shot in that direction. They were surprised but not really frightened, as Clendenin was a hunter and might be shooting wild turkeys or other game. However, they determined to go to the house. On arriving at the top of the hill they saw several Indians near the house. Even this did not alarm them, as it was common for friendly Indians to visit the settlements. One of the slaves refused to proceed, saying: "Dis chile don't like de looks ob dem ar yaller skins." He escaped capture to die a slave. The other negro was captured by the Indians to become free, for he became so charmed with the free, wild life of the savages, that he refused to return, even after the treaty of peace had released him from the Indian power.

John and this negro proceeded to the house fearing no danger. On their approach, two of the Indians met them in the most friendly manner, greeting them in broken English with "How de do?" and offering to shake hands. The boys found themselves in the clutches of a foe. Then they realized the horror of their situation. Mrs. Clendenin was bound to a shaving horse in the yard, her little boy and girl clinging to her in terror, while one of the Indians was swinging her helpless infant in the air. When she saw her brother she exclaimed: "Oh, John, they have killed Archie, why have you come, too!" Just at that moment one of the warriors came up with the reeking scalp of her husband and slapped it against the side of the burning dwelling.

Her story of the surprise was as follows: On the day of the capture, while she was getting dinner, a seemingly friendly Indian entered, and soon after him another, followed at intervals by still others, until the house was filled with nineteen Shawnee warriors. Then Clendenin saw their imminent danger, and determined to make his escape. Watching his chance, he darted through the open door and ran. But he was too late. Almost the same instant two Indians fired, both balls hitting him in the back, and he fell forward on his face dead. Then securing their plunder and their prisoners, they set fire to the cabin. In this situation John and the slave found them. Adding them to their already large train of hapless prisoners, the Indians pursued their way.

But Mrs. Clendenin escaped. She, with two of the captors, was in the rear. While passing over Sewell mountain, one of the pack horses fell down, and while her guards were assisting it to its feet she managed to allude them. She ran about half a mile, but knowing that safety was not in flight, she hid herself under the leaves in a ravine. The Indians searched in vain, and, as a last resource, one of them held up her infant by the legs, saying: "When the calf bawls the cow will come." But she heard it not, and the babe was offered a sacrifice to the mother's safety. John got leave to bury it, and took it up tenderly and buried it beside a mountain brook. Mrs. Clendenin took the backward trail and travelled all that night. Towards morning she fell into another sinkhole filled with leaves. Here she determined to remain all day. During the day she heard rapid footsteps approaching her hiding place. She feared it was an Indian, and, losing all hope of escape, she thought to deceive him by telling him that she was lost and was hunting for the band. So she suddenly jumped up, and instead of an Indian, she found herself face to face with a black bear. The surprise was mutual. Neither stopped to exchange greetings. The bear trotted off rapidly into the woods and she was safe again. After numerous hardships she at last reached her ruined home, seven days after the tragedy. Her husband lay unburied in the July sun, his faithful dog keeping watch and ward beside him. Just as the low mellow sunbeams were fading away in the red west, that heroic wife and mother, with her own hands buried her murdered husband. That night she slept in the wheat field, already yellow and ripe, waiting for the reaper. But the reaper, death had been there and now it was never to be harvested. The next day she started to the more inland settlements, and met a band of soldiers, aroused by the escaped negro, coming too late to their succor.

Another prisoner by the name of Wheat escaped, and in the following manner: One of the Indians who was on foot, shot and wounded a heifer grazing in a small field by the wayside. His companion on horseback, exasperated by his companion's lack of skill, sprang from his horse and fired, thus leaving both rifles empty. Wheat, an active, resolute man, quickly mounted the horse and fled from his chagrined guards.

Another prisoner by the name of Milligan also escaped. He was an expert at all kinds of card playing, and the Indians were fond of the game. One night while encamped at the falls of New River, having given all the Indians a turn, they had gradually fallen asleep, leaving him at almost daylight, playing with the last of their number, who, wearied, was also dozing. Milligan pretended to go to sleep, but with the stealthiness of a cat slipped away toward the river, carrying a small brass kettle to remove suspicion if discovered. At daylight the Indians were scouring the country for him, while he was concealed in a laurel thicket. His dog had followed him, and the Indians, knowing this, filled the air in every direction with their hideous whoops. Milligan sat there all day holding his dog between his feet, with his knife drawn ready to cut his throat if he uttered the least whine. But the sagacious animal well knew his danger and made no noise. Milligan reached home in safety and found his wife making him a new shirt. She said, "Milligan never got into a scrape yet, but what he came out all right."

The party continued to the mouth of the Kanawha, where they had sunk their birch canoes. Raising them, they crossed with their plunder opposite the mouth of George's Creek in Gallia county, Ohio, and again commenced the land journey. The general course, was up George's and Campaign creeks, crossing the dividing ridge near Porter, Ohio, then down Barren Creek to the mouth, then down

Raccoon to Adamsville, where they crossed. They took the best route for the Salt Licks at Jackson (C. H.) Ohio, passing on the way near Ridgeway's and Centerville, then an unbroken wilderness. At the Licks they found a message from a party of Marauders who had been down in Kentucky and Tennessee, and who had gone on before them. It was written after the usual manner, in hieroglyphics on the barks of trees. By this they found that the number of prisoners and scalps which they had secured far exceeded that of the southern party, an event that gave rise to a grand display of muscle and strength of lungs in the way of a general jubilee. They remained at the Licks two or three weeks making salt and curing meat.

About the middle of August Ewing arrived at Picawillina his captive home, situated on the Scioto river, three miles below the present city of Circleville. Here, after the trying ordeal of running the gauntlet, during which he said the squaws applied the hickory but lightly, while the boys laid on with unsparring [sic] and unmerciful vigor, he became the adopted son of the mother of Wabawasena, or White Otter, the name of the warrior who had taken him prisoner. The mother, he said, was a confirmed old scold, while the son who was a young war chief, was highly intellectual, and one of the most upright, honorable men he ever knew.

Clendenin's little girl who had been Ewing's special care during the long, tiresome journey, was adopted by a family in Delaware Town. He often met her during their captivity, a source of great pleasure to both.

The little boy, John, a namesake of Ewing's and a great favorite withal, for he was a bright, intelligent little fellow, just old enough to win the love and admiration of those around him by his pretty boyish ways, was presented by his captor to two squaws, who had a kind of joint interest in him. On a quarrel arising between them as to who should have possession, the Indian, to settle the dispute, struck him dead with his tomahawk.

Having a retentive memory and an observing eye, Ewing soon became master of the Indian language and manners. On one of their predatory excursions among the white settlers of Tennessee, the Indians became the unwitting possessors of two articles, the nature and uses of which they did not quite comprehend - the Bible and the smallpox. The Bible was delivered to Thobqaeb, (hole in the day), the great council chief of the Shawnees. His age which he reckoned by many hundreds of moons, was nearly one hundred years. He carried the honorable scars of many a border war, and had in his wigwam scalps and trophies innumerable. He commanded the Indians at the battle of Monongahela, and among his trophies from that field was a number of watches, shoe buckles, buttons and other ornaments taken from the ill fated officers of that disastrous day. Ewing represented him as a man remarkable for his sagacity in council, his constant zeal, his active spirit, and brilliant eloquence, all heightened by the impression of his personal appearance, which age made still more striking. But with all his cunning, the white man's book was to him a perplexing mystery. He summoned Ewing to his wigwam and commanded him to explain. John began at the first and translated it into the Indian tongue. All seemed satisfactory to the chief until he came to man's wonderful creation: "And the Lord God formed man out of the dust of the earth, and" - "Stop!" thundered the old chief. "You say the Great Spirit made man out of the dust of the ground, now was that man a white man or an Indian?" Ewing, in his natural simplicity, said he supposed it meant a white man, of course. The joke tickled Thobqaeb immensely, and he forgave the boy's presumption. Said he: "I pity your ignorance, but you ought at least to have sense enough to know that the Great Spirit never made the poor, ignorant, cowardly white man before he did the red man; but go on, I will listen to a little more of your nonsense, though I don't believe a word of it." All went well until he came to the description of the deluge. Here John was obliged to interpret the word *ark* by the Indian word *canoe*, and thus arose another stumbling block to the chief's understanding of the Scriptures. After reading the dimensions of the "great canoe" and the number of persons and animals put on board, the old chief exclaimed: "Now, you know that is a lie; there never was a tree on the Scioto Bottoms big enough to make such a canoe as that."

When the smallpox broke among them their fear knew no bounds. The most skillful medicine men among them, with roots and wondrous power, were unable to stay the sweeping pestilence. It carried them off by hundreds. The warrior whose heart was never wont to quake with fear, now threw himself into the river, preferring a speedy death, rather than fall at the hands of the ghastly foe. Ewing's adopted mother and sister were among the victims. When he felt the disease fastening itself upon him, he repaired to a field of growing corn and squashes which he had on the river bank a short distance below the village. Here beside a spring of sparkling water, he cut down a large dead shell bark hickory and set it on fire. With buffalo robe and blanket for a bed and roast squashes and cold water for a diet, with

neither nursing nor medicine, he passed through the ordeal in safety, with scarcely a mark to mar his features. He said he never found a better remedy for smallpox

He remained with the Indians about three years, perhaps four years, as near as he could recollect, but during that time he lost all account of the days of the week and month. He was employed, principally in farming and hunting, but he had a great deal of leasure [sic] time. At last by a provision of one of the many treaties of peace he was released, and started on his return to home and friends. The first white settlement he reached was Pittsburg. Here he was furnished with a shirt, pants and shoes. When he reached home, he found there his mother and sister. He asked for some dinner, which they prepared before he made himself known. His sister first recognized him. Their mutual joy at so unexpected a meeting after so long a separation, may be better imagined than described.

John married Ann Smith in Greenbrier county, and after raising a large family, removed to Gallia county, Ohio, in 1801, pursuing nearly the same course over which the Indians took him nearly forty years before. After his wife's death he lived with his son Andrew Ewing, and his daughter Sarah, wife of General Samuel R. Holcomb, where he died December 23, 1824. He was buried near Vinton, Ohio.

Cornstalk's Raid on the Greenbrier - 1763

A. E. Ewing, *West Virginia Review*, June 1936, pp. 266-168

The story of Cornstalk's Raid on the Greenbrier settlements in 1763 has been told by Stuart, Parkman, Withers, Doddridge, Waddell, Price, Lewis, Chalkley, Morton, and others. Captain John Stuart, who founded a new settlement at the Big Levels about 1770, seems to have been the first scribe to give the story to the world, and, apparently, he did not put the story in writing until more than fifty years after the event. He claimed to have received his information from relatives of Mrs. Clendenin, and it is entirely possible that he may have interviewed Mrs. Clendenin personally, as she remarried about 1767 and later moved back to the Levels from the Jackson River country. Moreover, he may have heard the story from Mrs. Clendenin's brother, William Ewing, who served in Captain Stuart's company at the Battle of Point Pleasant in 1774.

All the other accounts, except the Holcomb story, appear to be recasts of the Stuart version. The Holcomb story purports to have been dictated by a grandson of John Ewing, who had heard the story related by John Ewing, himself. John Ewing, a brother of Mrs. Clendenin, also a fellow captive and eyewitness to some of the atrocities, was well qualified to tell the story correctly.

The several stories agree on major points, but diverge somewhat on certain minor details. This sketch is drawn from all the authorities on the subject, with all doubts and discrepancies resolved in favor of the Stuart and Holcomb versions.

We may sing about our Georgia, Colorado, Michigan and other moons, but the Pontiac moon of May, 1763, had blood on it. The Algonquin chieftains, in secret council near Detroit, summoned by king Pontiac April 27, 1763, agreed to attack all the English posts recently surrendered by the French. A certain phase of the moon in May was to be the signal for a concerted attack. This was the beginning of Pontiac's War. The plan was so successfully executed that nine or ten English posts from western New York and Pennsylvania to northern Michigan fell to the Algonquins [sic] practically without a struggle. Fort Pitt and Detroit alone held out. That fact changed the history of the American colonies. Had those strongholds fallen, Pontiac's warriors could easily have swept the country clean of palefaces from the Mississippi to the Allegheny front. As it turned out, Pontiac's army was engaged in besieging Fort Pitt and Detroit. Meantime, as a part of the original plan, the interior tribes fell savagely upon the trans-Allegheny settlers nearest to them.

These settlers, be it remembered, had no business in those parts at that time. Virginia lands west of the "front" were not then open to settlement and could not be purchased at any price. The Indians, particularly the Algonquin tribes of Ohio, had never ceased to claim them. The vast region constituted their prize "game preserve." They even regarded Virginia hunters as trespassers, and permanent settlers as outlaws to be shot down at sight. Moreover, all this was well known to Virginians.

By 1760, however, the French and Indian War was practically over. Frontiersmen east of the "front," anticipating that the Indian border would be pushed back to the Ohio, lost no time in heading their wagon trains for new pastures on the Greenbrier and by 1763 were raising fields of wheat and corn, wholly ignorant of Pontiac's diabolical designs. Two or three years of quiet and safety had led them to

regard Indian troubles as things of the past. The Indians well knew of these growing settlements, having visited them as hunters, while the palefaces had come to regard the redskins as harmless nuisances.

The business of scalping the Greenbrier settlements fell to Cornstalk, the Shawnee chieftain, who, with his warriors, resided on the Scioto, in Ohio, some sixty miles from the Virginia border. The two white settlements which gained historical fame were the Muddy Creek settlement lying north of the Greenbrier and west of Muddy Creek Mountain, and the Clendenin settlement on the Big Levels near Lewisburg. They were about twenty miles apart, and the people comprising them have been variously estimated at from one to two hundred. Both settlements probably took root in 1760 and 1761.

Cornstalk did not strike the Greenbrier settlements when blood was on the May moon. Apparently he waited for the June or July moon. Historians have not been specific as to the date of the Cornstalk Raid. Holcomb's version of the Clendenin massacre as published in the *West Virginia Historical Magazine* in July, 1904, unequivocally states the date as June 27, 1763. Since that version purports to have been inspired by John Ewing, one of the captives, that date ought to be regarded as correct. However, Judge Chalkley, in his Abstracts of Augusta County Records, has uncovered two sworn depositions which seem to challenge the correctness of the Holcomb date. These depositions were used in a lawsuit about 1804. One of them was made by John Ewing himself subsequent to 1803, in Gallia County, Ohio, forty years after the occasion. In it he states that he and his niece, Jane Clendenin, were made captives and carried away by the Indians July 15, 1763.

The other was made by James Burnside of Monroe County, in 1803. In it he states that Archibald Clendenin was killed July 15, 1763. This, then, appears to be the correct date of the Clendenin massacre, and the Muddy Creek massacre was probably July 14, 1763.

On this premise, and allowing the Indians two weeks or more for covering the two hundred miles distance, they must have started on their tomahawking expedition on or before July 1, 1763. At that time Pontiac's main armies were besieging Detroit and Fort Pitt, from which fact it may be concluded that Cornstalk and his Shawnees were left to attend to western Virginia.

Authorities agree that Cornstalk's scalping band consisted of about sixty warriors. Crossing the Ohio in canoes, which they sank at the mouth of the Kanawha, they proceeded overland a distance of about 160 miles, to Muddy Creek, where several scattered families were living in imagined peace and security. Here they broke up into small parties and, under the guise of friendship, secured entrance into the various homes, where, according to Withers, "every civility and act of kindness which the new settlers could proffer were extended to them." Then, "in a moment of the most perfect confidence in the innocence of their intentions, the Indians rose on them and tomahawked and scalped all save a few women and children of whom they made prisoners." Thus, in one short day, the Muddy Creek settlement was literally annihilated. No one but the captives was left to tell the story and they had no one but themselves to whom to tell it.

It was a glorious day for the Shawnees. It is reasonable to assume that they encamped for the night at Muddy Creek and feasted on domestic fowl and beefsteak. Leaving a few Indians to guard the hapless captives, the band proceeded up the Greenbrier about twenty miles to the Big Levels.

Here the Shawnees had the time of their lives. The leading citizen of this settlement was Archibald Clendenin, who had but recently been appointed constable of the Greenbrier district. He had come over from the Cow Pasture about 1760. He had married Ann Ewing about 1756, and they brought with them their first child, Jane, born early in 1758. Two other children were born to them at the new settlement. John was about two years old at the time of the raid, the other a young baby. Clendenin was likely about twenty-eight, and was famed as a hunter. There may have been a dozen or more families comprising what was known as the Clendenin settlement, and it is reasonable to suppose they were scattered over considerable territory.

For one reason or another, it appears that all the settlers were assembled at Clendenin's on that fateful July 15, 1763. Several historians have it that Clendenin had bagged three fat elk and had invited his neighbors in for a feast. Another one states that the neighbors flocked to Clendenin's through curiosity to see the Indians. Strangely enough, the John Ewing story as handed down by Holcomb makes no mention of any feast or of any other prearranged meeting of the neighbors. Yet, the neighbors were there - all of them - as it has repeatedly been written that Con Yoakum was the only man of the settlement to escape slaughter. He hastened to the Jackson River settlements east of the divide and gave the alarm that frustrated the Indian attack upon the settlement at Carr's Creek. Otherwise, the

"cleanup" of the Big Levels was as complete as the one the day before at Muddy Creek. Certain it is that the Big Levels people had not heard of the Muddy Creek disaster. It also seems improbable that the entire neighborhood could have congregated after the Indians arrived, moved by curiosity, for how did they know the Indians were there? There is plenty of room for speculation pro and con, and the student of the event is free to draw his own conclusions.

Let Captain John Stuart speak: "From Muddy Creek the Indians passed over into the Levels where some families were collected at Clendenin's, numbering between fifty and one hundred persons, men, women, and children. There they were entertained as at Muddy Creek, in the most hospitable manner. Clendenin had just arrived from a hunt with three fat elk, and they were plentifully feasted." This massing of neighbors - whatever the reason - made it easy for the Shawnees. Instead of breaking up into small parties and visiting each household separately, as at Muddy Creek, they found their quarry rounded up for them. Great luck for the Shawnees!

Hear Captain Stuart again: "In the meantime an old woman with a sore leg was showing her distress to an Indian and inquiring if he could administer to her relief; he said he thought he could, and drawing his tomahawk instantly killed her and all the men almost that were in the house." Withers adds: "This seemed to be a signal of a general massacre, and promptly was it obeyed. Nearly every man of the settlement was killed and the women and children taken captive."

Hear Holcomb: "Her (Ann Clendenin's) story of the surprise was as follows: On the day of the capture, while she was getting dinner, a seemingly friendly Indian entered, and soon after him another, followed at intervals by still others, until the house was filled with nineteen Shawnee warriors. Then Clendenin saw their imminent danger, and determined to make his escape. Watching his chance, he darted through the open door and ran. But he was too late. Almost the same instant two Indians fired, both balls hitting him in the back, and he fell forward on his face dead."

Bear in mind this is the story claimed to have been handed down by John Ewing himself, and it is noticeable that no mention is made of any general slaughter. Nor did John Ewing witness the slaughter. As the story goes, he was out of sight of the house hoeing corn with two negro boys. About noon they heard a rifle shot (probably the two fired simultaneously at Clendenin) in the direction of the house. While surprised, they were not frightened, as they thought Clendenin might be shooting wild turkeys or other game. Hear Holcomb: "However, they determined to go to the house. On arriving at the top of the hill they saw several Indians near the house. Even this did not alarm them, as it was common for friendly Indians to visit the settlements. John and one negro (Tom) proceeded to the house, fearing no danger. On their approach, two of the Indians met them in the most friendly manner, greeting them in broken English with 'how de do?' and offering to shake hands. The boys found themselves in the clutches of a foe. Then they realized the horror of their situation.

"Mrs. Clendenin was bound to a shaving horse in the yard, her little boy and girl clinging to her in terror, while one of the Indians was swinging her helpless infant in the air. When she saw her brother, she exclaimed: 'Oh, John, they have killed Archie. Why have you come, too?' Just at that moment one of the warriors came up with the reeking scalp of her husband and slapped it against the side of the burning dwelling." As stated by Captain Stuart: "Mrs. Clendenin did not fail to abuse the Indians, calling them cowards, etc., although the tomahawk was drawn over her head with threats of instant death, and the scalp of her husband lashed about her jaws."

Without doubt, the "Clendenin Massacre" was a midday affair. The men were killed, the women and children made captives, the homes plundered and burned, and the horses stolen. It was a day of fiendish terror, especially to the survivors. Stuart says: "The prisoners were all taken over to Muddy Creek and a party of Indians detained them there till the return of the others (warriors) from Carr's Creek, when the whole were taken off together."

No writer has told us how long the Carr's Creek raiders were gone, but, as the distance covered by them going and returning was a hundred miles or more, the captives must have remained at Muddy Creek two or three days at least. But the "slaughter of the innocents" was not yet finished. On the first day of the retreat, Ann Clendenin escaped. This so angered the Indians that they promptly killed her little baby. Her little two-year old John was carried through to the Ohio County, where his captor turned him over to two squaws who quarreled over him. To settle the dispute, the warrior tomahawked him.

This, in brief, is the story of the Cornstalk Raid on the Greenbrier settlements during the Pontiac War in 1763. Scarcely a white man survived, and not a drop of Indian blood was shed. The only person known

to have offered even the slightest resistance was Ann Clendenin, the young wife and mother. The Greenbrier Valley was completely desolated and so remained for six or seven years.

Henceforth the frontiersmen of Virginia nursed an undying grudge against the Shawnees. Many of the soldiers who assisted in the defeat of Cornstalk at Point Pleasant in 1774, were but paying off an old score. And - from one way of looking at it - when Cornstalk and his son were murdered at Fort Randolph in 1777, the child-stealing, baby-killing old chieftain was but being paid an old standing debt in his own coin.

Clendennin Massacre

Terry and Nancy's Family History (Internet)

Exactly what happened at the Clendenin farm on 15 Jul 1763 is lost to history, but the various accounts agree on the major points. The Shawnee chief Cornstalk, and a band of perhaps sixty tribesmen, having attacked the settlers at Muddy Creek. The next day twenty or so proceeded to the Clendenin farm. They initially posed as friendly, asking for something to eat, and were offered some of the elk that Archibald, a noted hunter, had just brought home. Indians had visited with the Whites before, so this was not suspicious. Some accounts suggest as many as 100 settlers joined in the feast, but the more reliable sources suggest that only the Clendenins, Ann's half-brother John Ewing, and two slaves were there. At some point the Indians attacked, killing and scalping Archibald, and by some accounts also killing their infant son in the process, though this seems doubtful. While some accounts report others killed, none have actually been named. Two slaves working in the field escaped without being noticed. The buildings were burned, and the Ann and the children, including young John Ewing, taken captive and marched off to join the captives from Muddy Creek.^{14,15,16}

Jane, her two young brothers, and their mother were left in charge of an old Indian with the other women and children, while the rest of the band left for several days, taking her uncle John Ewing with them. When the party of Indians returned with more captives the group started their march northward, toward Ohio. While her infant son was in the care of another woman, Ann found opportunity to escape. By some accounts she slipped off the trail down a steep precipice, hiding under a large rock as the group moved forward. Another says a packhorse fell as they crossed Sewell Mountain, and she escaped in the confusion. When the Indians realized that she was missing, they made her infant child cry in an unsuccessful attempt to lure her back. Most accounts agree child was then killed, some offering gruesome versions of the story.^{17,18}

Jane and her uncle, John Ewing, continued with the other captives on a journey of 175 miles over the mountains to the Indian towns in Ohio. Once there she was "adopted" by an Indian family and lived with them for several years.¹⁹ She stayed with the family in Delaware Town, seeing her uncle only occasionally.²⁰ After a treaty was signed with the Indians Jane Clendenin and her uncle John Ewing were released on 10 May 1765 in Fort Pitt. While other accounts have John released long before the other captives, and Jane not released until 1770, records from Ft. Pitt prove both were released together. Several accounts agree that when Jane was returned to her mother, the mother at first said it was not her daughter. But after finding a mark on the girl's heel, she was convinced that it was indeed her child.

The Clendennin Massacre

Marsha Moses

(available online at www.angelfire.com/fl2/sandrag/clend.html)

Although the Clendenins who figure in the Massacre at the Big Levels in Greenbrier County are not my direct ancestors, I feel the need to include this in my family history narrative because I am quite convinced that this tragedy was a major factor in Charles (brother or uncle to Archibald Jr.), and his children's decision to persevere in their efforts to construct a fort at the present site of Charleston WV and without a doubt it was a major factor causing them to fight in the battle of Point Pleasant. I can imagine that the massacre put fear in the hearts of these families and added to their desire to provide forts to protect white settlers from further atrocities from the hands of what they must have



Photo by Sandra Griffith

Jane Clendenin Davis' Gloves

considered savages after an incident of such violence.

Before coming to Greenbrier, Archibald, about 1756, had married Anne McSwain (born 1732), and they had three children—the eldest, Jane, who was about four years old, a son, and an infant born either just before or just after their arrival. Anne McSwain's father had died when she was a baby, and her mother had then married a Mr. Ewing, to which union was born a son John Ewing, who evidently accompanied the Clendenins, making his home with them, and who has been frequently thought to have been one of their own children.³

Remember that this was the most western outpost of civilization for these people at this time. In 1745 twelve individuals, under the name of the Greenbrier Land Company had made application to the Governor's Council of Virginia for permission to take up 100,000 acres of land on "the waters of the Greenbrier." John Lewis made some of the surveys after November 1750. Of the one hundred or more surveys made by the Lewises in the Greenbrier Valley, was one for 360 acres in the name of Archibald Clendenin Sr. and another for the same acreage in the name of George See. These tracts were adjoining, and both were eventually acquired by Archibald Clendenin, Jr.—the first by inheritance from his father and the second by assignment from See. Archibald and his family were living on the survey by 1759 and by 1762, Archibald had been appointed constable by the Augusta County Court. By June 1763, there were more than thirty families living on Muddy Creek and in the Big Levels area.⁴

Archibald Clendenin, a brave man and mighty hunter, had taken particular pains to exhibit all possible signs of friendliness to the bands of Indians constantly roaming through this rich hunting ground. Having lived in the region a year, with no indication of Indian hostility to arouse his fears, he felt he was succeeding in his efforts to win their friendship. But the Indians were only waiting for the opportune moment.⁵ The Indians came apparently as friends, and the French war having been terminated by the treaty of the preceding spring, the whites did not for an instant doubt their sincerity. They were entertained in small parties at different houses, and every civility and act of kindness were extended to them. On June 27, 1763, Mr. Clendenin had just returned from a very successful hunting trip on which he had killed three fine elk, when a band of sixty Shawnoes [Shawnees], a particularly cruel tribe, led by their young chief, Cornstalk, appeared.⁶

The Indians began at Muddy Creek and killed Yokum and several others, captured the women and children, plundered the houses and burnt them to ashes. After this, they came to Clendenin's who had heard nothing of the hostility. When they came into the house, they asked for something to eat; but Mrs. Clendenin was suspicious of them, from the circumstances of their being painted different from what she had ever seen before. She expressed her fears to her husband in a low voice, but he replied "No danger." Mrs. Clendenin was in the process of boiling the bones from the game that Archibald had brought home from his hunt in a large pot under a shed or scaffold, constructed near the house, for that purpose. She therefore gave her infant to her husband, and taking a large pewter dish and flesh-fork in her hand, repaired thither to bring some for the Indians. But just as she turned the corner of the house, she heard Archibald exclaim "Lord have mercy on me." She dropped the dish and fork, and turning back saw an Indian with the scalp of her husband in his hand; he held it by the long hair, and was shaking the blood from it. She rushed upon him, and in a fit of 'phrenzy', requested him to kill her, likewise, spitting in his face to provoke him to do so.⁷ Mrs. Clendenin was a woman of little fear and long on courage.

³ Dayton, Ruth Woods. *Greenbrier Pioneers and Their Homes*, West Virginia Publishing Company (Charleston, West Virginia), 1942, pp. 225-235.

⁴ Handley, Harry H. J. *Greenbrier Historical Society*, Volume II, Number 2 (October 1970) , pp. 5-13.

⁵ Dayton

⁶ *Chronicles of Border Warfare or a History of the Settlement of the Whites of North Western Virginia and of the Indian Wars and Massacres in that section of the State with Reflections, Anecdotes, &c. by Alexander Scott Withers a New Edition edited and annotated by Reuben Gold Thwaites, Secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society, With the addition of a Memoir of the Author, and several Illustrative Notes by the late Lyman Copeland Draper*, 1908, pp. 93-96.

⁷ Royrall, Anne. *Sketches of History, Life, and Manners in the United States*, 1826. Anne traveled from Huntsville, Alabama through Virginia and on up through Washington DC, Philadelphia, New York, Boston...with a bit of travel information and stories about the places that she stopped. She begins the narrative with the statement that "Having been advised to try the mineral waters in Virginia for my health, I set out on horseback from St. Stephens, Alabama....." This makes me think that the reason for her including this narrative of our ancestors was a stop at the White Sulphur Springs – a renowned spa where southerners gathered to take the waters summer after summer. She credits her story to Mrs. Maiz who she says is a daughter of Ann McSwain Clendenin. She says: "I had the relation

She began to lash out at the Indians with her tongue, although the tomahawk was drawn back and held over her head, and she was lashed about the face with the bloody scalp of her dead husband, she showed no fear and remained defiant.⁸

Dr. Handley tells the story a bit differently.⁹ Clendenin had returned the afternoon before from a successful hunt on which he had bagged a fat elk, and as was the custom in that frontier community the word had gone around to the neighbors that come noontime boiled elk meat with all the 'fixins' could be had by one and all. This was no excuse for shirking the day's chores and the three teenaged boys, John Ewing, who was Ann's half-brother, Conrad Yolxham and a Negro boy named Dick Pointer, were sent out to the cornfield a quarter mile away from the cabin to chop weeds until the arrival of the guests.

By mid-morning Clendenin had a large iron kettle containing the elk meat boiling briskly in the yard as he had cut more wood to replenish the fire. Little Jane and her three year old brother John played nearby, and Ann was in the cabin tending the baby and talking to an old lady guest who had arrived early and was sitting on the doorstep as she stirred the batter for the corn pone which was to be cooked and eaten hot along with the elk meat, and dried fruit and buttermilk fresh from the spring house under the hill.

The scene became tense upon the arrival of the Indians. As Ann came into the courtyard to see what was happening an Indian killed the old woman. Then Clendenin grabbed his small son and tried to clear a rail fence. One of the Indians fired a shot, which passed through his body and killed both him and his small son. Ann was seized, tied and gagged. The boys in the cornfield came in and John Ewing and Dick Pointer were seized. Conrad Yolxham being a bit older and more suspicious made his way to his horse which was hobbled in the woods some distance away and rode away as fast as possible upon realizing what was happening, not stopping until he reached Fort Young, now Covington VA. where he reported that the Indians had ambushed the Clendenins and all were killed, and only he had escaped.

And still other sources, (Chronicles of Border Warfare and Indian Warfare and Dayton's book) have a large group of people gathered at the Clendenin's home to partake in the feast and with curiosity to see the "friendly Indians". Ruth Dayton says that as many as 75-100 people had gathered and as many as fifty died. Withers says that the roasting elks and the novelty of being with Friendly Indians soon drew the whole settlement to Clendenin's house. I have not done enough research to have an opinion on this as yet—the first question that pops into my mind is has Charles and his family moved to this area yet? If they have, and there is a large gathering why were they not in attendance. Perhaps they were still back at Cowpasture at this time and thus spared.

During the massacre, while Ann Clendenin was berating an Indian, he flouted the scalp of her husband in her face, she asked him to kill her also—even spitting in his face to provoke him to do so. So he raised his tomahawk to strike a fatal blow. Her brother, John Ewing, among the prisoners said to the Indian: "Oh, never mind her, she is a foolish woman." "Yes, responded the Indian—She damn fool, too." The Indians then plundered and fired the house, and departed taking prisoners. Among the prisoners were Ann, her three children, and her half-brother, John Ewing.¹⁰

The account given in a Bible in the possession of one of the descendants of Ann McSwain by her second husband, John Rodgers, is as follows: "John Ewing was captured with his half-sister when Archibald Clendenin was killed. Samuel Ewing and Dick Pointer (col) escaped, being in the field at work when the gun was fired that killed Clendennin giving them notice of the approach of the Indians."¹¹

Ewing has since said that Clendening might have saved his life, had he not been encumbered with the child; he started to run, and was making an effort to cross a fence that was near the door, which separated the house from a field of Indian Corn, which had he gained, he would have eluded the pursuit

from her (Ann Clendening) daughter, Mrs. Maiz, who now lives near this place, which is likewise confirmed by several others. Her relation begins as follows: " pp. 61-66.

⁸ Payne, Dale. *Indian Warfare and Massacres on the Virginia Frontier*, p. 21.

⁹ Handley

¹⁰ This information comes from the *Draper Manuscripts*: Draper Mss 21 U (microfilm edition 1980) State Historical Society of Wisconsin. Mr. Draper credits Ann McSwain Clendenin's daughter (I assume this to be the Mrs. Maiz who Anne Royall says was Ann Clendenin's daughter) from her second marriage with having supplied the information.

¹¹ Ibid

of the Indians; it being the month of June, the corn was high enough to have concealed him, but was killed while in the act of rising the fence; he fell on one side and the child on the other.¹²

After the terrible carnage of fifty or more victims at the Clendenin home and the firing of the cabins, the Shawanoes [Shawnees] assembled those of the women and children who had not been killed and made their way over Muddy Creek Mountain to Muddy Creek where they joined another small band of Indians and the survivors of the Muddy Creek massacre the day before. The Indians made camp and busied themselves with chores and hunting to await the return of the Indians who had continued their raid to Carr's Crossing, in Rockbridge County.¹³

While the women and children were for a while entrusted to a single old warrior Mrs. Clendenin conceived the idea of escaping, and thought before broaching the matter to her sister prisoners, she would ascertain whether this old Indian understood English. (Ann Royall's version says that the Indians took Ewing with them. And that they were gone three days.) And as he made no response, she concluded that he was ignorant of the English language. (Ann Royall's version says that she tried to get the other women to assist her to kill the old Indian and make their escape. But they refused to aid her) And so she spoke freely to the other women prisoners, but they were too timid to take any such risk. At length they heard the noise of an approaching party. The old Indian having charge of the prisoners, sprang to his feet and exclaimed in English at his joy in hearing his comrades returning with the spoils of their attack on Kerr's Creek in now Rockbridge County; and Mrs. Clendenin discovering by this exclamation that the old Indian had by his silence deceived her as to his knowledge of the English language, now expected to be killed, in perhaps some horrible manner, for her plot to escape. But no allusion was made to the matter. She resolved to watch an opportunity to escape.¹⁴

After return with more captives and booty, the Indians placed the prisoners in the center, with Indians in the front, the belled horses and one guard in the rear, and started on the exhausting journey of 175 miles or more over the mountains back to the Indian towns in Ohio, leaving the Greenbrier region completely depopulated for about seven years.¹⁵

When the party had traveled about ten miles and as they were crossing Keeney's Knob, Mrs. Clendenin asked a woman near her to carry her child for a little while. She thought the child would be spared; she knew that if she took it along and were caught, they would doubtless both be killed.¹⁶ (Handley says Keeney's Mountain and Draper says Keely's Knob) she, unobserved, darted to one side, and hid herself under a shelving rock. Soon after the Indians had passed, she heard some heavy footsteps; and expecting she had been missed, and was now pursued, and would be discovered she bent her head forward to receive the expected fatal stroke. In imagination, she already felt the fatal tomahawk on her head. And timidly making her eyes to her foe, she beheld a large bear standing over her, who seemed quite as much alarmed as herself—the animal gave a great snort, and darted off at full speed. It explains that the opportunity was rendered more favorable by the manner in which the Indians at the time were marching. They had placed the prisoners in the center, and dividing themselves into two companies, one marched before them and the other followed in the rear, having each flank open, and this gave her the desired chance of escape.¹⁷

The Indians missing her after some time, laid her child on the ground, and would go off from it for some distance, thinking its cries would induce her to return; they would torture and beat it, saying "make the

¹² Royall

¹³ Dayton

¹⁴ Draper Manuscripts

¹⁵ Dayton

¹⁶ Ibid

¹⁷ This information was found at the Greenbrier Historical Society Archives. It is labeled *Of the Destruction of the settlement of Greenbrier, Virginia together with the capture and surprising conduct of Mrs. Clendenin, who was among those who escaped the tomahawk of the Indians at that Massacre*. It then has a note saying "Whether the following was ever in print, except as it stands in Mr. Martin's Gazetteer of Virginia, I have never learned..." it was extracted from memoirs of Indian wars on the western frontiers of Virginia, communicated to the Philosophical Society of Virginia, by Charles A. Stuart, Esq. of Augusta County...then at the end of the narrative it says "Ref. Indian captivities or I Life in the Wigwam; being true narratives of captives who have been carried away by the Indians, from the frontier Settlements of the United States, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By, Pub, Miller, Orton, and Mullgan 1855 New York and Auburn.

calf bawl and the cow will come." At length they killed it and went on without her.¹⁸ She remained under the rock until dark, when she sought her way back. Other sources say that an Indian grabbed the child by its heels and brutally killed it against a tree, throwing its body on the ground to be trampled by the horses. Withers says the Indian grabbed the child by the heels, beat out its brains against a tree and the narrative mentioned in footnote #15 says "...and taking the infant by the heels, dashed out its brains against a tree! and as though this was not enough, the miscreant throwing it down into the van, the whole company marched over it, the hoofs of the horses tearing out its bowels, and the feet of the Indians tracked the ground as they went with its blood!"

All of the versions seem to have a bear incident in them at this next point. Ann Royall's version retold above has Ann Clendenin remain under the rock after the bear goes off until dark when she starts on her trip back towards home. Ruth Dayton also has Ann hiding under a rock. She then says that the Indians pursue her until their attention is diverted by a bear when they abandon their search for her in their eagerness to hunt and kill the bear. Handley's version says that the Indians followed her and just as she was in despair, she saw ahead of her a hollow tree which as she approached a large bear ran from the hollow and took off into the woods. Quickly she crawled into the hollow left by the bear and lay quietly. In a matter of moments she heard the Indians. One Indian even stood on the fallen trunk. But all went swiftly after the bear whose trail they had mistakenly taken for hers. She lay for a long time fearing the Indians would return and pick up her own trail if she left the log, but eventually night came on and she decided she could get away unnoticed.

She traveled all night, and concealed herself by day. The second day she reached her desolate habitation. When she came in sight of the farm, she heard (or thought she heard) wild beasts, howling in every direction; she thought she heard voices of all sorts, and saw images of all shapes moving through the cornfield; in short, these sights and sounds so intimidated her, that she withdrew to a spring in the forest, and remained there till morning. She then approached the place, and found the body of her husband with his eyes picked out, lying where it was when the Indians left him. She threw a buffalo hide over it, and vainly tried to cover it with earth; but her strength was so much exhausted for want of food and sleep that she found herself unequal to the task. She continued her route toward the settled part of the country, travelling at night only; in nine days she arrived at Dickinson's on the Cowpasture river with very little to eat.¹⁹

When she got as far as Howard's Creek, not more than ten miles from where Lewisburg now is, she met several white men. These men had heard that every soul was killed, and were coming to drive away the cattle and whatever else was left by the Indians. Among these men was one who was heir in-law of her family; he was displeased that she had escaped. This wretch offered her no sort of consolation, nor any relief, whatever. Some of the men gave her a piece of bread, and a cold duck but she lost it before eating it.²⁰ Handley says that at the ford on the Greenbrier River she paused to rest and bathe her bruised and brier scratched body, and was wondering if she could survive starvation and fatigue for the thirty miles which still lay between her and civilization.she was roused by the sound of approaching horses. Hiding behind some bushes until they came into view, she was overjoyed at the sight of some of her late husband's relatives among the group of riders. She...was taken back when they showed disappointment at finding her alive. Relying on Conrad Yoham's report that Clendenin and all his immediate family were dead, they had come to take possession of his farms, and were disconcerted on finding his wife still alive. Somewhat reluctantly, they gave her food and permitted her to share a ride on one of the horses back to Fort Young. This is the only account, however, which alludes to their actually helping her on her way at all.

One can imagine the thoughts of this lone woman, her stark terror of what lay behind, her distorted imagination picturing every sound a footfall and every shadow an Indian. Fear, grief, thirst, hunger, exhaustion, exposure, sleeping without shelter—all these she must have experienced, but she fought them all and won, and after nine days of travel, reached a settlement on Cowpasture River in safety.²¹

Unknown to Ann, a Negro man and his wife, working in the Clendenin fields at the time of the massacre, had made their escape, the woman in her fright and panic killing her young infant for fear its cries would

¹⁸ Royall

¹⁹ Ibid

²⁰ Ibid

²¹ Dayton

lead to their capture. Reaching safety at the Jackson River settlement, they spread the news of the massacre. The story soon reached the ears of Clendenin relatives, and a party composed of the "heirs-at-law"—the phrase is Anne Royall's—and others lost on time in setting out for the scene. Thinking the family destroyed, their chief objective was the salvage of any cattle or belongings that might have been spared by the Indians.²² Mrs. Clendenin arrived safe in her old neighborhood. She married a Mr. Rogers, the father of Mrs. Maiz (Ann's daughter by this second marriage who was the main informant for Ann Royall's version of the narrative—Ruth Woods Dayton refers to her as Mrs. Mays [Mayse]. Later they moved back to where her first husband was killed—peace being restored; and on looking about the old premises, she found the dish and flesh-fork where she dropped it, on the day her husband was killed.²³

Ann's half-brother returned before the general ransom of the prisoners. He informed Ann that an old Indian and woman, who had lost all their children, adopted her little son, and was very fond of it, the child likewise being fond of them. But one day, the old man displeased with his wife, on some account, told the child, whom she was sending for water, not to go, if he did he would kill him; the squaw said she would kill him if he did not. The child stood still no knowing what to do; at length, the old man went out to the field, and the child, glad of an opportunity to please its mother, picked up the vessel and set off to the spring, but the old man seeing him from where he was, walked up behind him, and knocked out his brains.

About 1770 a treaty was signed with the Indians and the captives were released. Ann Clendenin's daughter, Jane was returned to her. The daughter was seven years with the Indians; when she was brought to her mother as her child, she disowned her, saying "it was not hers," and the child was leaving when Ann thought to check for a mark on her body that convinced her that indeed it was her child. But it was a long time before she felt any attachment for this child.²⁴

There are a few more narratives that I have read reference to that I hope to read at some time: The massacre is graphically described by Hon. H.L. Holcomb, of Portsmouth Ohio. This narrative told by John Ewing after his captivity has been preserved in the Ewing family. Also I am in the process of reading the Statement made by James Wade that is recorded in the Draper Manuscript MSS 12CC 11-12 in which Archibald is described as So "scarified by past encounters with Indians that he looked like an old raccoon dog.

In addition I am going to add the following story that could be the beginning of the story of the Clendenin Massacre. In the summer of 1763, Thomas Athol and three other men arrived at the house of Archibald Clendenin. Under their protection was Hannah Dennis who had been captured three years before by a party of Shawnees and taken to Ohio. The Clendenins gave her shelter and cared for her. When she was able to travel they put her on a packhorse and sent her on to her relatives at Fort Young on the Jackson River.²⁵ Mr. Hale gives a very good account of Hannah Dennis' escape from the Indians.²⁶ He then narrates the tale of the Clendenin massacre and concludes: "These melancholy events, occurring so immediately after the escape of Mrs. Hannah Dennis, whom they (the Indians) were so unwilling to lose, induced the supposition that the raid was made in pursuit of her and another source that I fail to identify tonight suggested that Ann Clendenin's determination to escape had been in part caused by the stories that Hannah Dennis had told. The only other source that I read but did not use in this narrative is that found in *Memoir of Indian Wars, and other occurrences; by the late Colonel Stuart, of Greenbrier. Presented to the Virginia Historic and Philosophical Society, by Chas. A. Stuart of Augusta, son of the narrator. With an Introduction by Otis Rice Reprinted by McClain Printing Company Parsons WV 1971.* This was presented on January 15, 1833 by the son. The father, Col. John Stuart, had settled in the Greenbrier region in 1769 about ten miles northwest of Lewisburg. He served as County Clerk of the newly formed Greenbrier County (1778) from 1780 until 1807. The first meeting was held in his home. When he resigned, he was succeeded by his son Lewis. So this account is written by a man who was living in the area of the massacre as early as 6 years after the event. Remember that Ann Clendenin

²² Ibid

²³ Royall

²⁴ Ibid

²⁵ Withers

²⁶ Hale, John P. (ed. Harold J. Dudley). *Trans-Allegheny Pioneers, Historical Sketches of the First White Settlements West of the Alleghenies 1748 and After*, Privately published by Roberta Ingles Steele (Radford, Virginia) , 1971, pp. 243-246.

returned to the area to live with her second husband, so probably this man actually knew Ann. In one part of the narrative he says "She told me she returned that night, in the dark, to her own house, a distance of more than ten miles, and covered her husband's corpse with rails, which lay in the yard, where he was killed in endeavoring to escape over the fence, with one of his children in his arms." So it is quite possible that he had heard the story first hand.

His narrative is fairly short and not as painted with details as Ann Royall's and Ruth Dayton's, and I have chosen to outline it here at the end. He says: The chief settlements were on Muddy Creek. About sixty Indians introduced themselves under the mask of friendship at Muddy Creek and after accepting their hospitality, killed the men and made prisoners of the women and children. Thence they passed over into the Levels, where some families were collected at the house of Archibald Clendenin. There were between fifty and one hundred persons gathered. Again they accepted hospitality and proceeded to kill the men and take prisoners of the women and children. Conrad Yokhom only escaped, by being some distance from the house, when the outcries of the women alarmed him. At Clendenin's a scene of much cruelty was performed; and a Negro woman, who was endeavoring to escape, killed her own child, who was pursuing her crying, lest she might be discovered by its cries. The rest pretty much agrees with the other tales—including the part where they lash her with her husband's scalp and that she escapes at Keeney's Knob when she gives her infant to a fellow prisoner to carry. There is no bear in this version—she just hides in a thicket until they pass. However, the infant is taken by the heels and thrown against a tree and then thrown into the path to be trampled. The story then ends with the quote above in the introduction to this narrative.

John Ewing: Captive of the Shawnee

Jack Matthews

One of the very first white men to come into what is now Ohio was John EWING - my great-great-great-great-grandfather. I have encountered several brief references to him in history books and several more to his sister, (Mrs.) Nancy CLENDENIN, but none coincide exactly to the records preserved by our family and all of the other versions together do not give one-fourth of the detail of their story as it appears in these records.

Since the published accounts I have seen are vague and fragmentary, it seems likely that the family records are closer to the truth.

Here is the story.

On a June day in 1763, John EWING was helping his sister and brother-in-law, Archibald CLENDENIN, on their farm which was located about one mile from present-day Lewisburg, West Virginia. John, sixteen years old at the time, was hoeing corn with two Negro slaves on a mountainside. The three men heard shots from the cabin, which was out of sight, but they weren't particularly alarmed since the shots could easily have been CLENDENIN shooting a wild turkey. Nevertheless, John and one of the slaves decided to investigate.

Before they had gone very far, two Shawnee warriors confronted them, saying, "How de do" in the manner of the frontier and offering to shake hands. Then John saw his sister, Nancy, tied to a shaving horse by the cabin. There were 17 other Shawnee warriors in the party, and John and the slave were immediately captured.

The Indians had arrived while Nancy was cooking dinner. Seemingly friendly, they entered the cabin, one at a time, until all 19 were inside. They killed Nancy's husband, slapped his scalp dry against the log walls and set fire to the cabin.

Nancy, her children and John were taken at a rapid pace toward the Ohio River, where the Shawnees had sunk their canoes. While crossing Sewell Mountain, a packhorse fell, and in the confusion, Nancy escaped.

After a brief search, one of the infuriated Shawnee held up Nancy's baby by the legs, saying, "When the calf bawls, the cow will come."

Nancy didn't hear the baby's cries; however, and the Indian killed it. Nancy tracked her way back to the cabin and arrived exactly one week after her capture to find the corpse of her husband still lying in the July sun.

She buried his body and slept that night in the cornfield. The next day she started walking toward the nearest settlement.

Meanwhile, the Shawnee had raised their canoes at the mouth of the Kanawha and crossed the great river into Ohio. By this time, their pace was almost leisurely. They stopped at the salt licks (near what is now Jackson) for two weeks, and made salt and cured meat. Then they came north to their village of Picawillma, three miles below present-day Circleville.

At Picawillma, John was forced to run the gauntlet, in which he later said, the squaws used their hickory clubs lightly, whereas the young boys beat him fiercely. After this ordeal, he was adopted by the mother of WABAWASENA (White Otter), the brave who had captured him. The woman was apparently a terrible scold, but EWING always spoke of WABAWASENA with great respect for his intellectual and moral qualities.

After John had adjusted to his new life somewhat and learned the Shawnee tongue, a Bible was brought back to the village from a raid in far-off Tennessee. The great council chief of the Shawnee at this time was named THOBQUEH, which means "Hole in the day" (I do not know, but I would guess that this referred to a solar eclipse on or near the date of THOBQUEH 's birth.) The old chief was reckoned to be near a hundred years old at this time. He called the young boy to him and demanded that he translate the Bible to him and explain what it meant.

When John read of the creation, THOBQUEH asked if the first man was an Indian or a white man. John replied that it must have been a white man. THOBQUEH thought it was quite hilarious that anyone could suppose the Great Spirit made "a poor, ignorant, cowardly white man" before he made an Indian.

But in the account of the great flood, THOBQUEH was really dismayed. The only Shawnee word John knew with which to translate Noah's Ark, was "canoe" and when the grissled [sic] old chief heard of all the animals it held, he cried out, "Now you know that's a lie! There never was a tree on the Scioto bottoms big enough to make such a canoe as that!"

During John's three-year stay at Picawillma, there was a smallpox epidemic. The Indians, even the bravest warriors, were terrified by the disease. Many of them drowned themselves in the Scioto. John's adopted mother was one of the scores who died of it.

When John was infected, he isolated himself in a cornfield with a buffalo robe (there were scattered buffalo east of the Mississippi in the 18th century) and blanket and lived on roast squashes and cold water until he recovered.

John was freed by a treaty between the British and the Shawnee and he walked through the wilderness to Fort Pitt, which was the nearest white settlement. The rest of his life was relatively uneventful.

As an old man, he delighted in telling stories to his grandchildren. He had a prodigious memory. As a boy, he had gotten access to a few precious books owned by a frontier preacher. He had memorized a great many poems, among them the whole of Milton's Paradise Lost, and he was fond of quoting poetry to his children and grandchildren all his life.

Eventually, John moved to Ohio with his family, settled in Gallia County, where he died in 1824. This time, his life in Ohio was quite uneventful although the country was still wild and very much a frontier community. The small village of Ewington was named, not for John, but for his brother, "Swago Bill" EWING.

Apparently, the three or four years among the Shawnee as a boy had been quite enough excitement for one lifetime and John EWING was content to spend his subsequent days in the relative peace and obscurity of a small frontier farm.

Excerpt from: Historical Sketches of Pocahontas County, West Virginia William T. Price, 1901

The EWING family of Pocahontas County and vicinity was founded by James EWING, born near Londonderry, Ireland, of Scotch parents, about 1720. He came to Virginia as a young man, and there married Margaret SARGENT, of Irish birth, who bore him five children: Jennie, who married CLENDENNIN, Susan who married Moses MOORE, Elizabeth who married George DOUGHERTY, John, and William. John was born in 1747. At the time of the CLENDENNIN massacre in Greenbrier County, John, a mere lad, was taken prisoner by the Indians, and carried into the Ohio Country. There

he was adopted into an Indian tribe, baptized according to Indian custom, and given an Indian name. But John's Scotch-Irish blood was not easily converted to Indian, and when a returning party of warriors brought back as a curiosity an English Bible, he explained to them that it was the word of God. The Indians asked whether his God was an Indian or a white man, and when John answered that he was a white man, they would no longer listen to his reading the book.

John learned the Indian tongue, but he never loved the Indian. In his old age, at the mention of the word "Indian in his presence he would always say, "Curse and confound the Indian." He was released from captivity under a treaty with the Indians, probably in 1764, and delivered to the whites at Fort Pitt, from which point he made his way back to his old Virginia home.

The descendants of John EWING reverently refer to him as "Indian John."

Historical Sketches, No. 6: John Ewing ***Gallipolis Journal, April 21, 1870, Gallipolis, Ohio***

CLENDINEN'S little girl who had been EWING's special care during the long and tiresome journey, was adopted by a family in Delaware Town. He often met her during their captivity, a source of great pleasure to both. The little boy, John, a namesake of EWING's and a great favorite withal, for he was a bright, intelligent little fellow, just old enough to win the love and admiration of those around him by his pretty boyish ways, was presented by his captors to two squaws, who had a kind of joint interest in him. On a quarrel rising between them as to who should have possession, the Indian, to settle the dispute, struck him dead with a tomahawk.

Having a retentive memory and an observing eye, EWING soon became master of the Indian language and manners. On one of their predatory excursions among the white settlements of Tennessee, the Indians became the unwitty [sic] possessors of two articles, the nature and uses of which they did not quite comprehend - the Bible and the small pox. The Bible was delivered to THOBQUEB, (Hole in the day), the great council chief of the Shawnees. His age, which he reckoned by many hundreds of moons, was nearly a hundred years. He carried the honorable scars of many a border war, and had in his wigwam scalps and trophies innumerable.- He commanded the Indians at the battle of Monongahela, and among his trophies from that field were a number of watches, shoe buckles, buttons and other ornaments taken from the ill-fated officers of that disastrous day. EWING represented him as a man remarkable for his sagacity in council, his constant zeal, his active spirit, and brilliant eloquence, all heightened by the impression of his personal appearance, which age made still more striking. But with all his cunning, the white man's book was to him a perplexing mystery. He summoned EWING to his wigwam and commanded him to explain. He began at the first and translated it into the Indian tongue. All seemed satisfactory to the chief until he came to man's wonderful creation: "And the lord God form man out of the dust of the earth and" - "stop!" thundered the chief. "You say the Great Spirit made man out of the dust of the ground, now, was that man a white man or an Indian? EWING, in his natural simplicity, said he supposed it meant a white man of course. The joke tickled THOBQUEB immensely, and he forgave the boy's presumption- Said he, "I pity your ignorance, but you ought at least to have sense enough to know that the Great Spirit never made the poor, ignorant, cowardly white man before he did the red man. But go on, I will listen to a little more of you nonsense, though I don't believe a word of it." All went well until he came to the description of the Deluge. Here he was obliged to interpret the work ark by the Indian for canoe, and thus arose another stumbling block to the chief's understanding of the Scriptures. After reading the dimensions of the "great cane," and the number of persona and animals put aboard, the old chief exclaimed: "Now you know that's a lie, there never was a tree on the Scioto bottoms big enough to make such a canoe as that!"

When the small pox broke out among them their fear knew no bounds. The most skillful medicine men among them, with roots of wondrous power, were unable to stay the sweeping pestilence. It carried them off by hundreds. The warrior whose heart was never wont to quake with fear now threw himself into the river, preferring a speedy death, rather than fall at the hands of the ghastly foe. EWING's adopted mother and sister were among the victims. When he felt the disease fastening itself upon him, he repaired to a field of growing corn and squashes which he had on the river bank a short distance below the village. Here beside a spring of sparkling water, he cut down a large dead shell bark hickory and set it on fire. With buffalo robe and blanket for a bed and roast squashes and cold water for a diet, with neither nursing nor medicine, he passed through the ordeal in safety, with scarcely a mark to mar his features. He said he never found a better remedy for small pox.

He remained with the Indians about three years, as near as he could recollect, but during that time he lost all account of the days of the week and month. He was employed principally in farming and hunting, but he had a great deal of leisure time. At last, by a provision of one of the many treaties of peace he was released, and started on his return to home and friends. The first white settlement he reached was Pittsburg. Here he was furnished with shirt, pant and shoes. When he reached home he found there his mother and sister. He asked for some dinner, which they prepared before he made himself known. - His sister first recognized him. - Their mutual joy at so unexpected a meeting after so long a separation may be better imagined than described. He married in Greenbrier county, Va, and after raising a family of five children, he removed to this county in 1801, and settled on George's creek, where he lived until his wife died, when he went to Huntington township to live with his son, Andrew EWING, and his daughter Sarah, wife of the late General Sam'l R. HOLCOMB. Here amid the quiet enjoyment of a circle of loving friends and relatives he spent the remainder of his life. - Although quiet and unassuming, he possessed all the qualifications of a citizen of sterling worth. It is one thing to play an active part on the great forensic stage, it is another and often a nobler thing to act an honorable part in the humbler walks of life. In the latter John EWING was truly a bright star. He died on December 23d, 1824, and was buried on the estate of Gen. Anselm T. HOLCOMB, near Vinton. It is but just to state here that for all the information upon which the foregoing sketches are founded, I am indebted to Gen. A. T. HOLCOMB, grandson of John EWING.