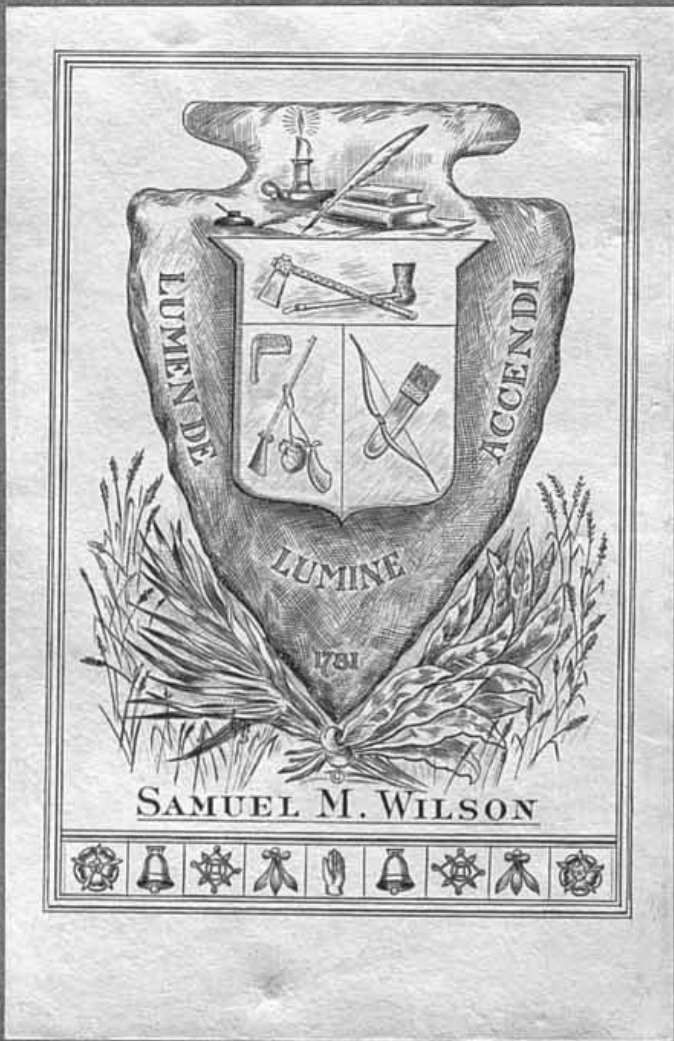


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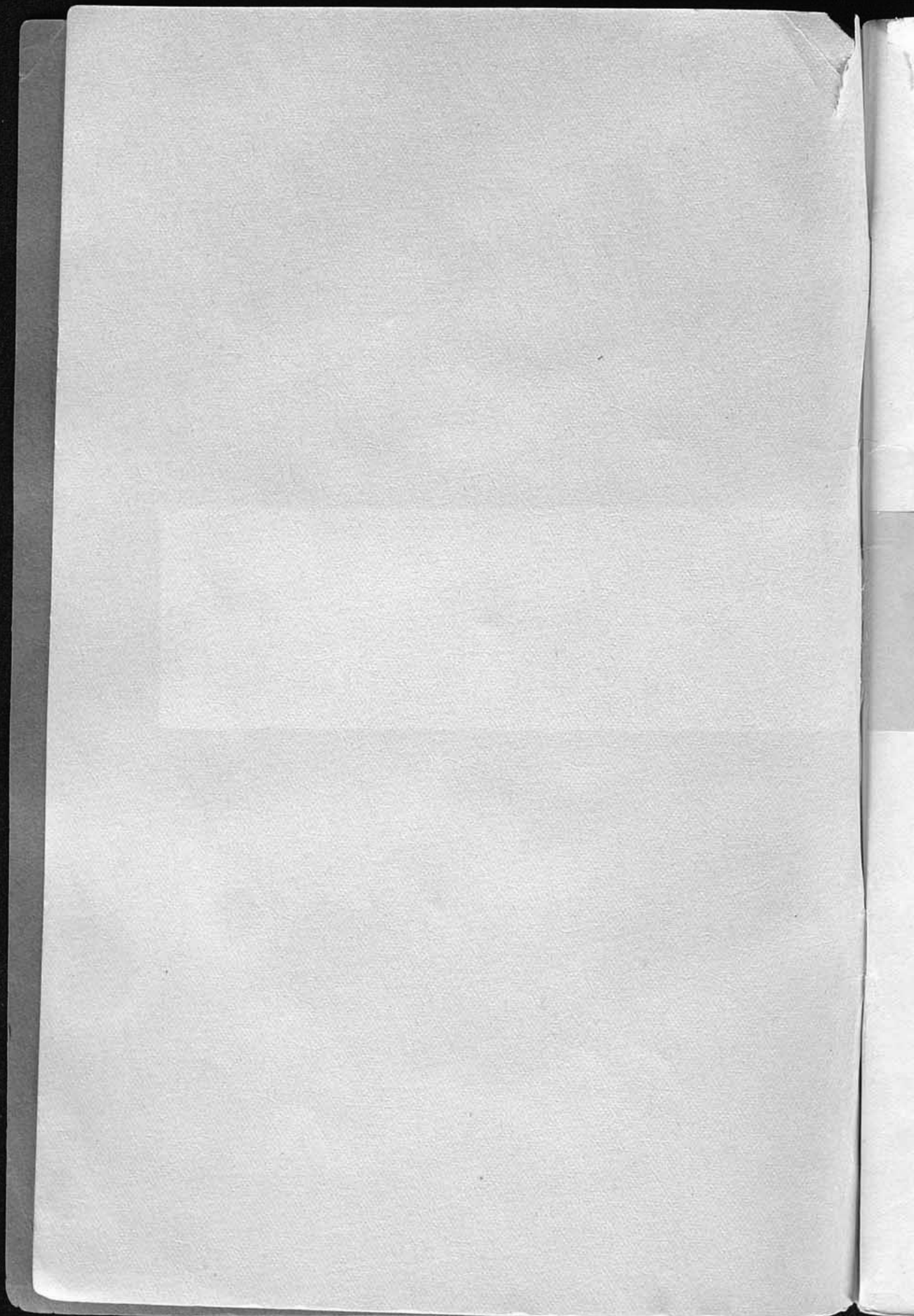
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OCTOBER 3, 1877



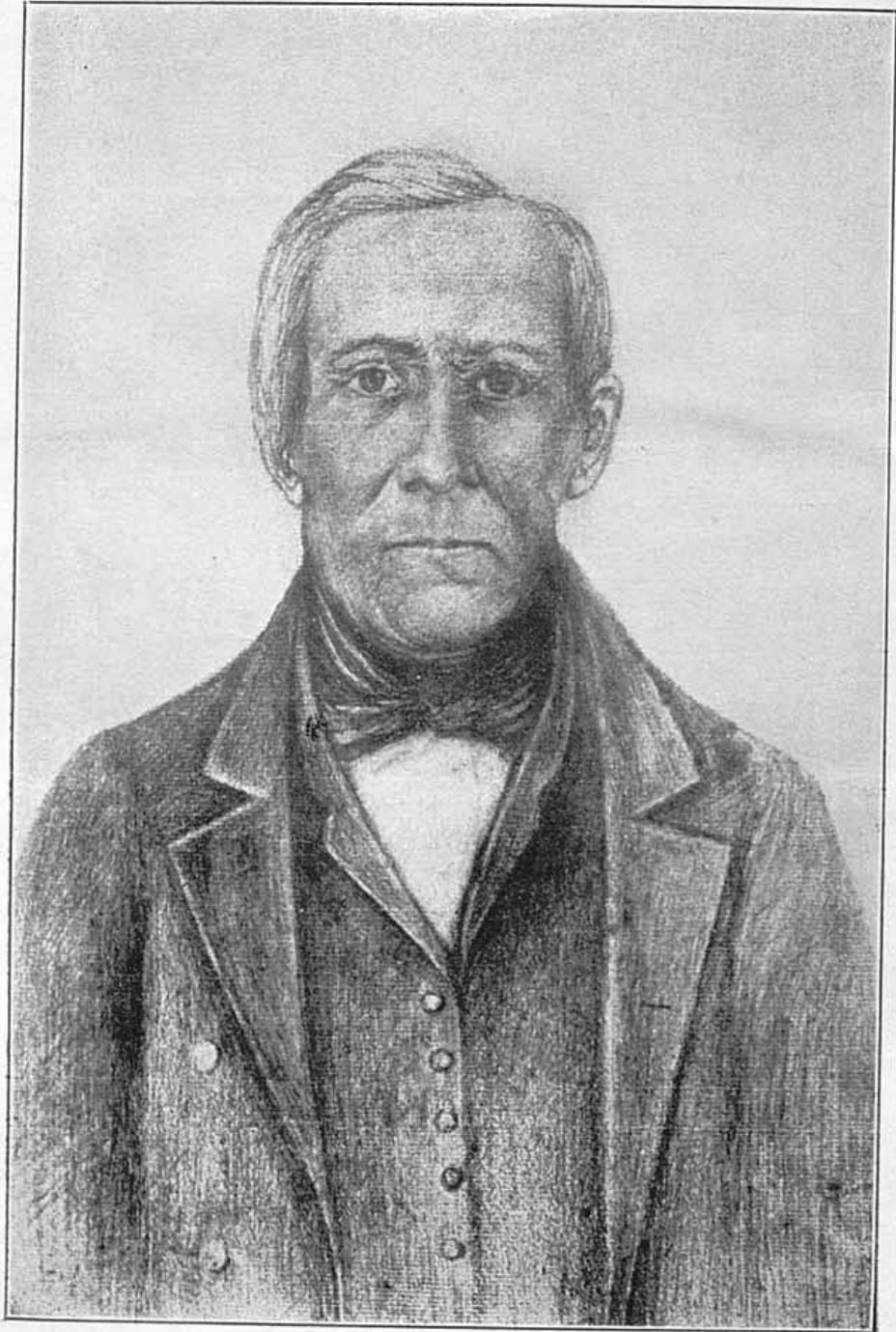


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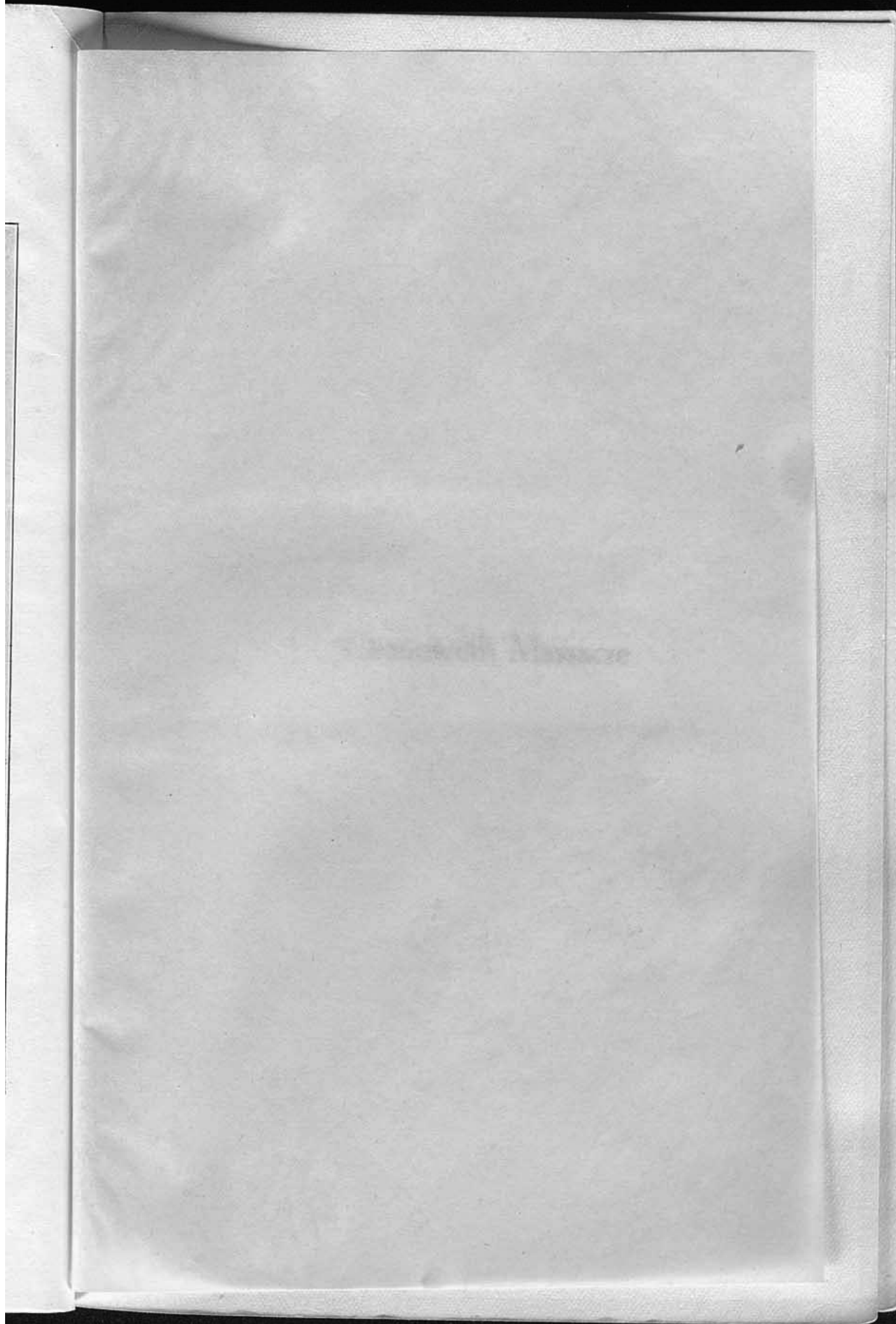
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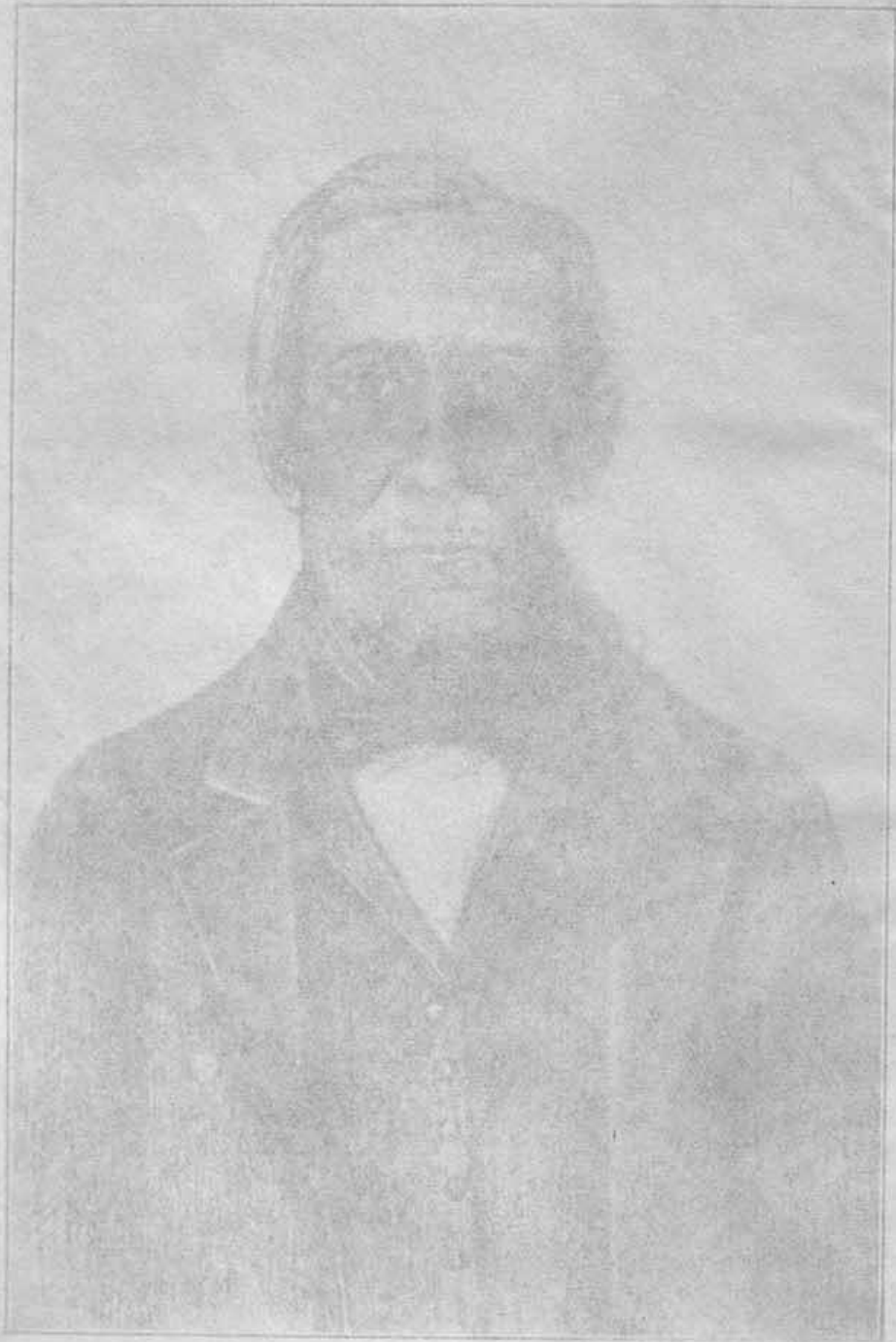


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RICHARD CHENOWETH
The Famous Pioneer





RICHARD CHENOWETH
The Famous Pioneer

Chenoweth Massacre

1971 * Spec. coll. gift Wilson

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Introduction

THIS historical account of the "Chenoweth Massacre," near Louisville, in 1789, was read by its author, Mr. Alfred Pirtle of Louisville, Ky., at the meeting of the State Historical Society on the third of October, 1911. It was listened to with profound attention by the large audience. A number of the Chenoweth descendants were present, and were gratified to hear an historical account of the terrible tragedy that to them had been a handed-down tradition.

It will add another interesting book to our series.

We combine with it the Petitions and Appeals of the Pioneers in Kentucky to the Honorable Continental Congress, 1780-1783.

These Petitions were to have been read at the meeting of the State Historical Society on the third of October, also, but were omitted on account of the limited time.

These valued memorials were obtained for the Kentucky Historical Society from the Mss. of Continental Congress, State Dept., Washington, D. C., by our valued contributor to the Register, A. C. Quisenberry, and are published for the first time, because of the value to Kentuckians of the list of names of the pioneers, from whom so many families in Kentucky are descended, and some of them are ignorant of the nationality of their ancestors.

as many of them are of their sacrifices, their privations and their splendid courage to found a home and an inheritance for their descendants in the then wildernesses of Kentucky, surrounded by savages and wild beasts.

MRS. JENNIE C. MORTON,
Editor The Register.

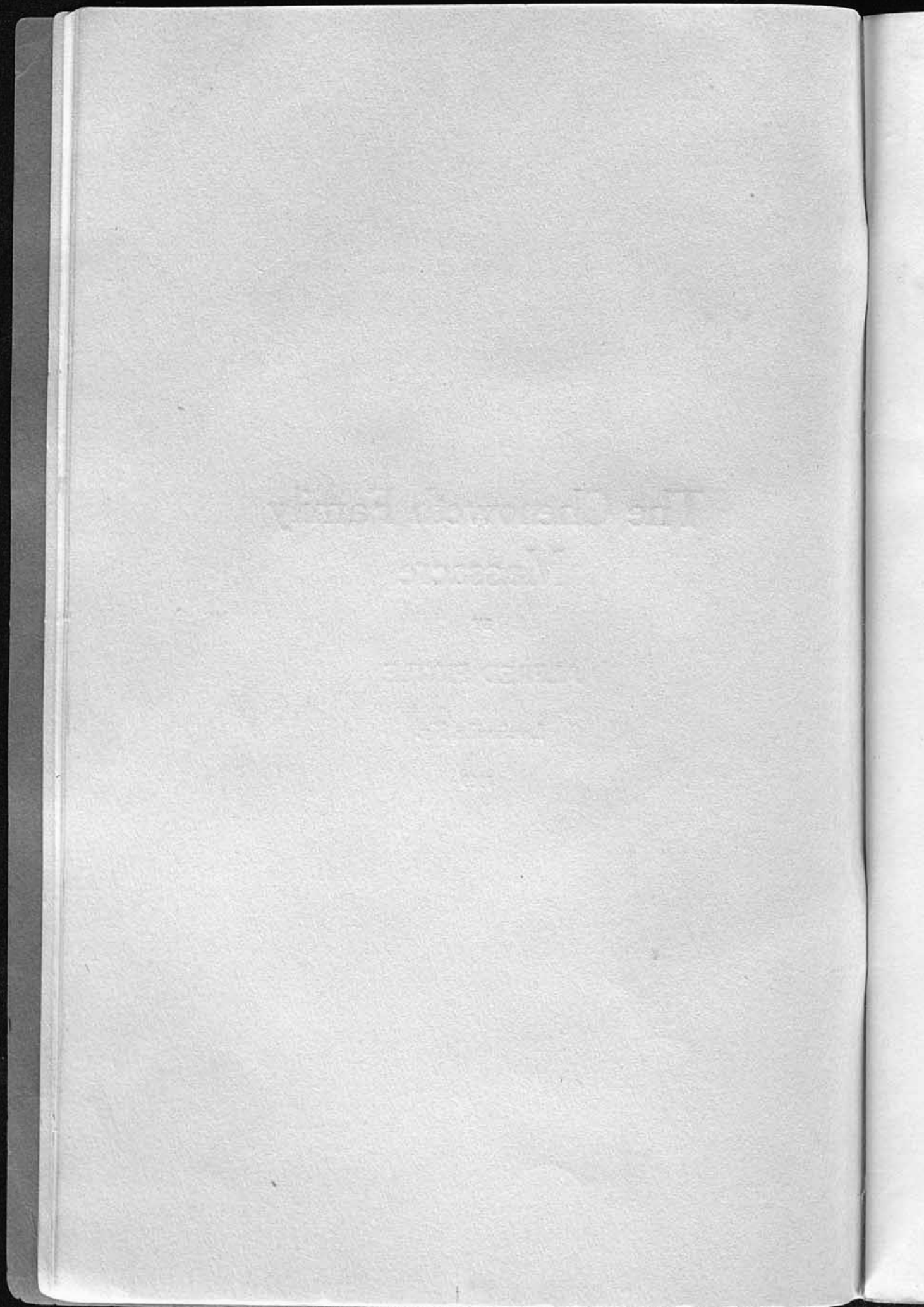
The Chenoweth Family
Massacre

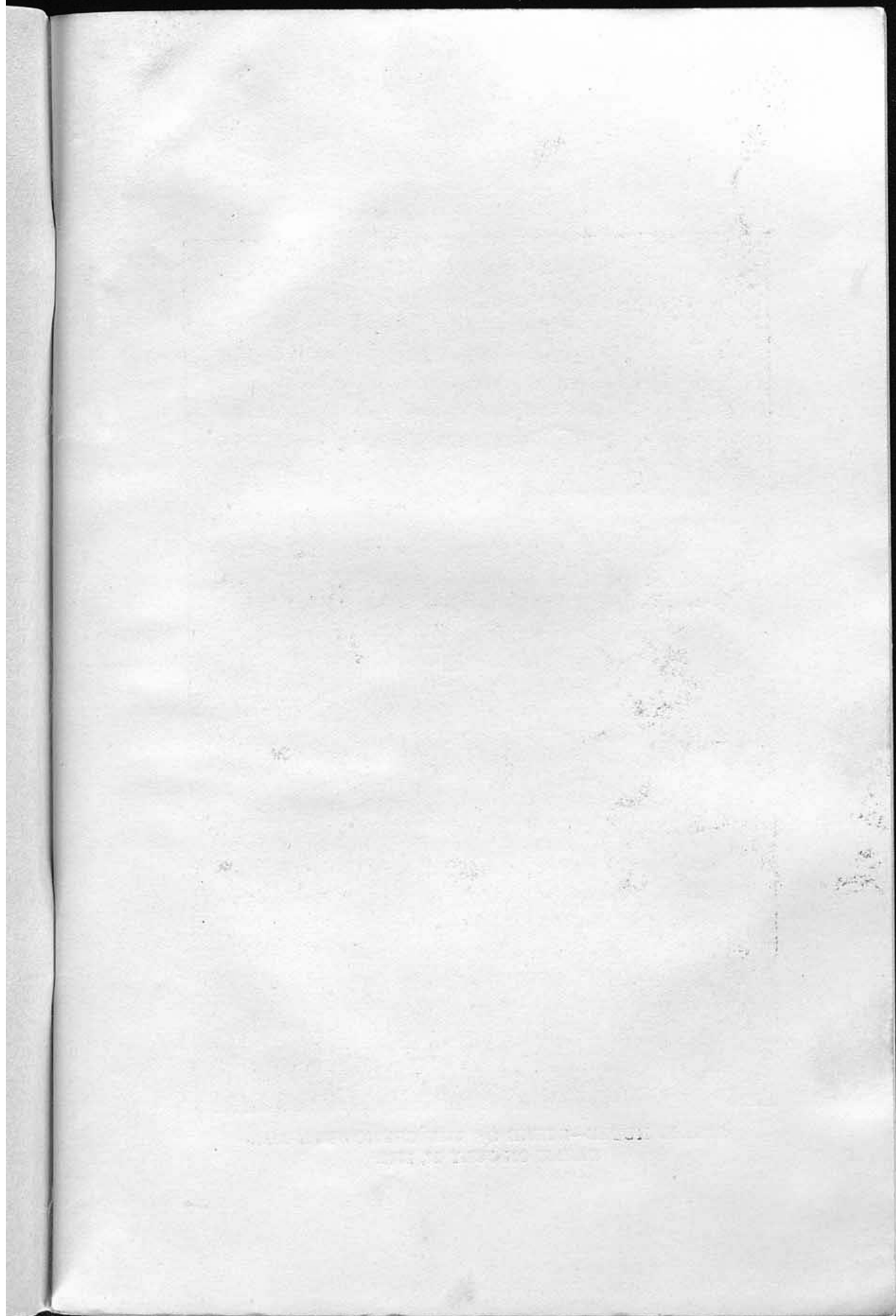
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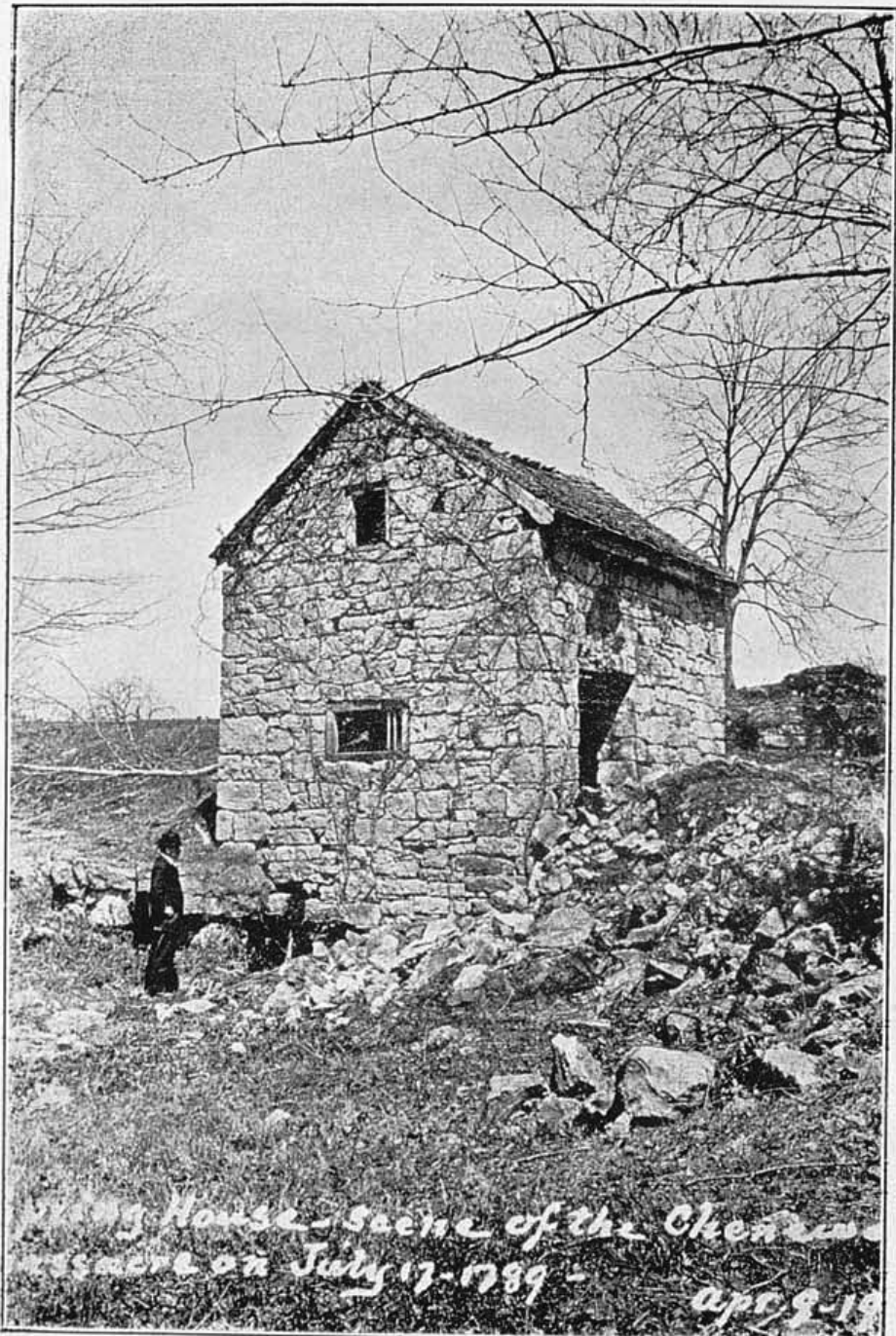
ALFRED PIRTLE

Louisville, Ky.

1909







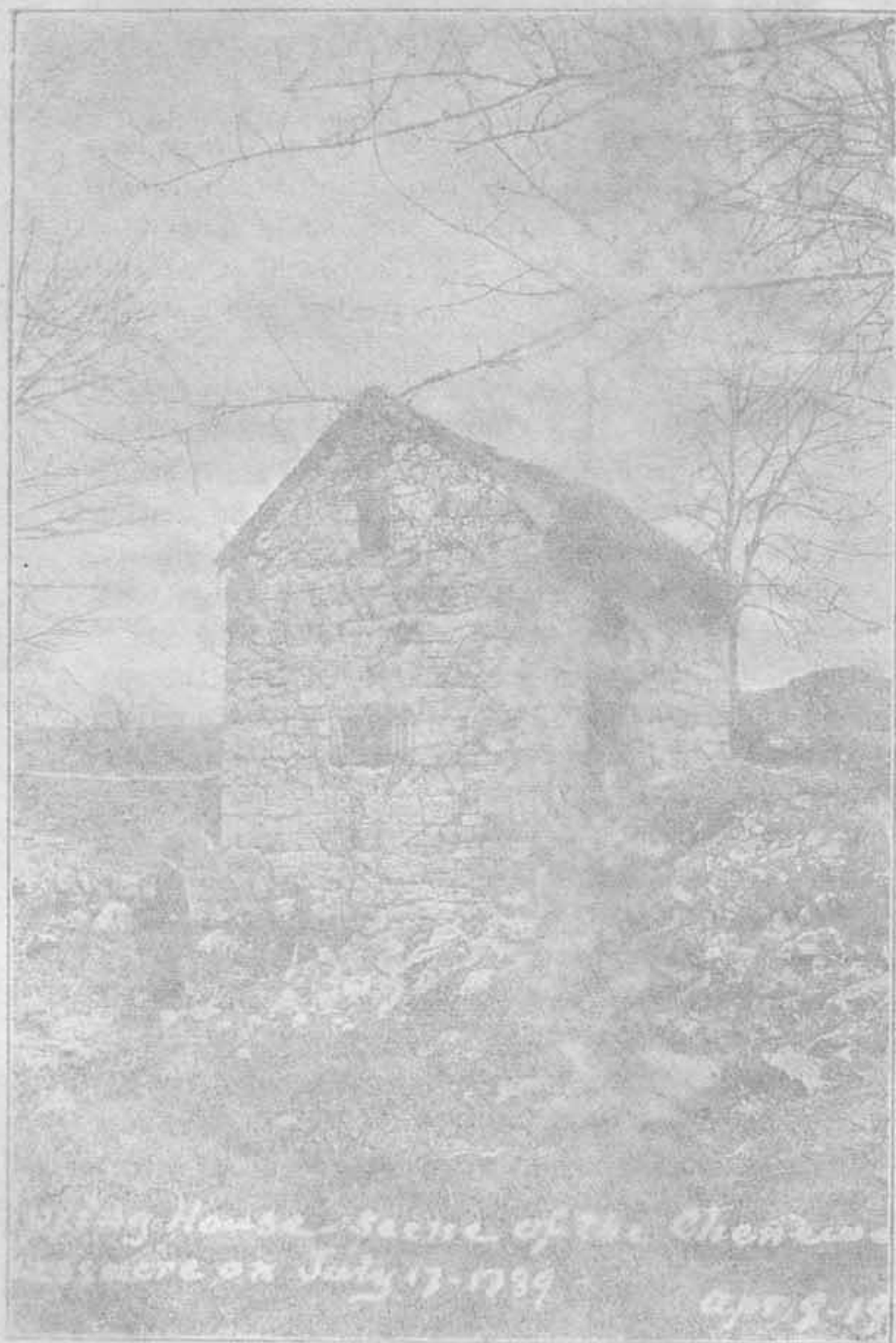
SPRING HOUSE—SCENE OF THE CHENOWETH MAS-
SACRE ON JULY 17, 1789.

The Chenoweth Massacre

THIS event was the end of the organized inroads of the Indians into Jefferson County, Kentucky, and made a decided sensation at that date, but records of it, at this length of time, since its happening, are not full nor easy to find.

The name Chenoweth is of uncertain origin, though known since 1700, in America, when John Chenoweth came over from Wales. Family tradition has it that the name is a false pronunciation of the French word *Chenevix*, meaning originality, whose foot, a nickname given to one whose toes, two or more, grew united. There lives now one of the name, who says, as a matter of fact, the second and third toes of his father's feet were united at the base, that his are, and some of his descendants.

Be that the cause of the family name or not, the John Chenoweth, mentioned above, married in Maryland, a daughter of the third Lord Baltimore, by whom he had two sons and two daughters. Arthur Chenoweth, the eldest son, became the father of a large family, whom he raised in Maryland. Richard, the other son, born in 1700 or 1720, migrated about 1750 to Tennessee, and lived a great while after married Elizabeth (or Mary) McCarthy. While the Revolutionary war was in progress, glowing accounts reached the family of



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the richness and beauty of the country beyond the mountains, becoming known as Kentucky, where lands could be had almost for the asking.

The growing family had wants that must be supplied and Chenoweth realized that his knowledge of his craft as a carpenter and builder would be in demand in that new country, where the structures would largely be of wood, right from the forest in which the settlements were being made.

Lt. Col. George Rogers Clark was in Virginia in the winter of 1777-8 urging on the governor his plans for the invasion of the British territory north of the Ohio river, contemplating a grand scheme of capture that would embrace Detroit, Kaskaskia and Vincennes. His plans were approved and men and money provided.

We do not know how it came about, but Richard Chenoweth, his wife, Margaret, and his children, Mildred, Jane, Thomas and James, embarked with other families, at Redstone, now Brownsville, on the Monongahela river, and under the protection of Clark and his force of almost two hundred men, floated down to Fort Pitt (now Pittsburgh) and thence on the Ohio river, until May 27, 1778, they landed on Corn Island, in the edge of the falls of the Ohio. With the assistance of the soldiers, a small enclosure was raised on the island to protect the families, those soldiers who were selected to remain, and the military stores, Col. Clark had decided to leave behind when he started on his way down the

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Ohio, which he did June 24th.* The settlers immediately on their arrival had planted corn on the island which gave it its name.

When Clark sent dispatches from Kaskaskia, telling of his capture of that position he included in the message an order for the soldiers and settlers, to begin at once, and as soon as possible erect a fort on the main land. Richard Chenoweth was the man selected to build the fort, which was located at a point on the highest bank of the river, near a spring, just where the Conrad Shoe Company's factory now is, on the south side of Rowan street, not far east of Twelfth street.

This fort, the first within the confines of Louisville, was about two hundred feet long by one hundred wide, having eight log cabins on the east and west sides, the length of the enclosure, and four cabins across the ends. Although it was not entirely finished, it was sufficiently so to have a house-warming and the first dance given in the new settlement December 25, 1778.

In 1782 Clark, raised to the rank of brigadier general, began a fort some distance up the river bank from the first fort, and Richard Chenoweth is said to have been a contractor for work or materials in its construction, and the State of Virginia, not paying him, he failed financially.

“The fort here mentioned** was in 1782, succeeded by a larger one, built by the regular troops,

*This date has been given as June 24th, June 26th and July 4th. The writer takes it that it was June 24th, because the capture of Kaskaskia was early in July.

**It was on the bank of the river, near what is now the Northeast corner of Twelfth and Rowan Streets.

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assisted by the militia from all the settled parts of the district. It was situated between the present Sixth and Eighth streets, on the northern side of Main street, immediately on the bank of the River. In honor of the third Republican governor of Virginia, the fort was called Fort Nelson. Seventh Street passed through the first gate opposite to the headquarters of General Clark. The principal military defence in this part of the country deserves a few more particulars. It contained about an acre of ground, and was surrounded by a ditch eight feet wide and ten feet wide, intersected in the middle by a row of sharp pickets; this ditch was surmounted by a breastwork of log pens or enclosures filled with the earth obtained from the ditch, with pickets ten feet high planted on the top of the breastwork. Next to the river, pickets alone were deemed sufficient aided by a high slope of the river bank. Some of the remains of these pickets were dug up in the summer of 1832, in excavating the cellar of Mr. John Love's stores on Main Street opposite to the Louisville Hotel. There was artillery in the fort, particularly a double fortified brass piece, which was captured by Clark at Vincennes. This piece played no inconsiderable part in the military operations of this period, insignificant as it may appear to the eyes of a regular military critic." This description is taken from Butler's History of Kentucky, edition 1836, pp. 63-64.

Richard Chenoweth was more or less prominent in the early history of the Falls of the Ohio, afterwards called Louisville. He was the Sheriff

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of Kentucky County, Va., at the time Clark headed the expedition from Kentucky, that assembled at the mouth of Licking River, marched into Ohio, and did such severe damage to the homes of the Indians that fall of 1782, that the savages never again invaded Kentucky with as large and well organized body of warriors, though they kept up the horrors of such warfare for about ten years. The story goes that Clark seized a barrel of liquor, and took it away on his boat that formed part of the expedition from Louisville. That liquor had not been paid for, when Clark returned, and the citizen who owned the liquor, got out some kind of a paper for the sheriff to serve on General Clark, but the sheriff was too wily to try to take the general before the court, and directed one of his deputies to serve the paper. General Clark said he took the liquor in the public service, for the use of men defending the home of the owner, and he was ready to go to court if the deputy could take him, and he had better not try it.

The deputy was convinced that he could not take the General, under the circumstances. This incident is mentioned to show that Richard Chenoweth was well known then. Not long after the return of Clark's expedition, Chenoweth, about 1785, became a part owner of a fine tract of land on one of the tributaries of Floyd's Fork, not far from Col. Floyd's station or fort. Jefferson County at that time had quite a number of small forts or stations, as some of them were called. They were none of them forts in the usual sense of the term, because the most

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part of them was usually wood, cut by the woodman from the trees felled for the purpose, and made into rude cabins or stockades, which were logs split, sharpened at the upper end, tall enough to keep a foe from climbing over unless assisted by a ladder, and put so close together that the edges met, and the wood was heavy enough to stop the rifle balls then in service. Such fences were of no avail against cannon, but it was a fortunate thing for the early settlers that artillery did not accompany but one incursion of the savages into Kentucky in the long years that such warfare was so cruelly waged.

Chenoweth's lands were on a rolling country bordering a small stream, not more than two miles, or three, perhaps, east of Middletown, and some miles northwest from Floyd's Station.

He built a substantial and for that time a good sized log cabin, erected a stone spring house over the spring nearest the house, making it a kind of fortress in case of attack by the Indians, and putting in rafters, made a loft to it, and entered from below by a ladder, or by a window from the outside, if one could scale the wall. He cleared considerable land, and was raising crops the summer of 1787. A great-grandson now living, Dr. W. J. Chenoweth, of Decatur, Ill., says:

"The family had now been living at their cabin long enough to plant corn, sow wheat and rye and build fences, and feel secure from Indians."

A daughter Naomi was born after they settled in Louisville, but the date is not obtainable, and she was at least about six years old.

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Dr. Chenoweth says: "One morning in June, 1787, after a shower of rain in the night, they (the family) discovered that their horses were not in the barn. Seeing plain tracks along the road, they followed them about a mile when they discovered the animals grazing at the junction of the corn field and a field of rye, and while leisurely approaching them were suddenly shot at from a sink hole not many feet distant. James Chenoweth, grandfather of Dr. Chenoweth, then ten years old,* accompanied his father and uncle in their hunt for the horses and seeing the Indians as they arose from their hiding places, struck out for home, the Indians following, evidently intending to capture him. But finding he ran too fast for capture, shot at him with bow and arrow, the arrow carrying an iron head. Pulling the arrow from his hip while running, he met his mother (who had heard the report of the guns) with two guns in her arms speeding to meet her husband. Jim, as he was called, cried out to her: "They killed Dad and Gid, but they didn't catch me." He had made what he claimed in telling the story, "a straight shirt tail"—his only clothing was a tow linen shirt.

When James pulled the arrow from his wound after being shot, as before stated, he did not realize that part of the head remained in the wound, which for a long time pained him so severely that he was convinced that something

*Born in Berkley County, Va., May 17, 1777.

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had been left in his hip, and Dr. Knight from Louisville was called in to remove whatever might be the object.

The following account given by him to a grandson, shows how dreadfully our ancestors suffered when a surgical operation was performed.

“The doctor placed him on a chair, with his face to the back of it, and without giving an opiate or making any attempt to alleviate the pain, cut down to the object and removed an iron arrow head which had penetrated to the bone, and turning, was coursing its way out. The wound healed rapidly and he soon became stronger than he had ever been.”

He was mistaken; his father and uncle had evaded the Indians by hiding in the rye field. His mother had heard the shots, and divining the cause, had hurried out to give aid.

Thomas Chenoweth, the boy older than James, (some time before the adventure of James with the Indians), was riding one day homeward from the mill with the meal made from the corn he had taken to be ground, mounted on a gentle horse to which he was so much accustomed that he was lying back on the bag of meal with his legs stretched out towards the horse's head. Though barefooted, he had fastened a pair of spurs to his ankles, which were hanging on each side of the neck of the animal, which stumbled, throwing Thomas forward onto the horse's neck. Instinctively Thomas clasped his legs around the neck, causing the spurs to gouge the horse,

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which sprang forward, depositing the boy on the ground. Rising to pursue the horse, Thomas found several Indians around him, who made him their prisoner, and took him to the home of their tribe in Ohio, where he remained for years until exchanged for an Indian chief, who had been held in captivity by the whites some time. Thomas therefore, could not have been at home when the Indians made their foray upon it. He had become so much of an Indian in manner and habits that it required years of residence among the whites to remove the most of the traces of his life among the savages.

It is far from easy to extract from the various accounts preserved and told, the story of what happened to his family two years after the attack stated above.

Let us see if we can imagine the family at supper on July 17, 1789.

Richard Chenoweth and Peggy, his wife, Mildred, James, Jane, and Naomi, and a man named Bayless, who with John Rose, a well known man in the neighborhood, were either guards or working men. There were, besides, several slaves on the place, for the hard work of farming was largely done by the negroes who immigrated with their masters' families from Virginia. You must never lose sight of the fact that all the face of the country was covered by great trees that had to be removed with hard labor, before buildings could be built, roads opened or fields made ready for farming. We of the present day cannot estimate the arduous, never end-

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ing, continuous struggle waged by our ancestors to give us the land we live in, under the skies of Old Kentucky. The negroes are not mentioned in the accounts of the attack and resulting disaster to them save most casually, as if they were units only in the general result.

While the family were at supper on the evening of July 17, 1789, lingering over the table, they were surprised by a party of sixteen Shawnee Indians, suddenly opening the door and rushing in. As the door swung back, Mr. Rose jumped behind it, and in the dreadful confusion he slipped out undiscovered and escaped. The children, except Naomi, who was in bed, and the rest of the party, struggled out of the house at various points. Richard Chenoweth and Millie were wounded, the girl in the arm, but they made their way to the spring house, or into the woods. What became of Jane, does not seem to have been recorded. James was asleep in a chair near the door, leaning against the wall, but he was thrown to the floor, and he fled, but not before the Indians had given him a terrible blow with a tomahawk, making a wound from the hair almost down to his cheek. Dr. Chenoweth has printed a brief statement of the tradition given him by his grandfather, James (the boy). "He first hid in a log-heap of fire wood, and an Indian dog walked over the woodpile evidently scenting him, but finally left without finding him. After the Indians had left the cabin he got from his hiding place and started for the block house at Middletown, but lost his way, and crouched between the roots of a large beech tree. He had

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been there but a few minutes until his dog came up and licked his hands and face. Putting his hand to his face to ward off the dog he discovered his face was so covered with blood, that he was certain he had been cut with a scalping knife; putting his hand to his head, expecting to come in contact with the raw surface of his skull, he was greatly relieved to find his scalp had not been taken. When daylight enabled him to find the road, he started for the fort. He had gone but a short distance when he met an armed company, going to look for the dead at the scene of the massacre."

Mrs. Chenoweth (Peggy) had been shot with an arrow as she fled and fell some distance from the house in the direction of the spring house.

It becomes necessary now to bring in here an account of the awful torture of this remarkable woman, which the writer of this sketch found in an unfinished manuscript now in the hands of Col. R. T. Durrett, written by the late Gov. Charles Anderson who lived at and founded the town of Kuttawa, Ky., and was for years a member of the Filson Club. (See Appendix.)

He intended to write the life of his father, Richard Clough Anderson, of Virginia, whose family have been so illustriously connected with the history of Kentucky and Ohio, but it seems Gov. Anderson, either did not complete the work, or the manuscript has been partly lost.

In 1789, Richard Clough Anderson lived in a fine double log cabin, at a place he named "Soldier's Retreat" about two miles west of Middle-

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town, which would make it nearly five miles from Chenoweth's station, as that spot was northeast of Middletown about three miles.

Gov. Anderson tells the story in the style peculiar to his pen, in such an interesting manner, that it is all introduced here. The letter he speaks of is one to some member of the family back in Virginia.

From an unfinished manuscript left by the late Ex-Governor Charles Anderson, of Kuttawa, Ky.:

"This letter contains another perhaps valuable historic point—the massacre at Chenoweth's Station (some two miles northeast of Middletown on "the divide" between Beargrass and Floyd's Fork.) By this letter we discover that its date was just before August 22, 1789.* My father led the company to attack the savages if accessible and to rescue and to save, if possible, the captives or wounded.

"The Battle of Blue Licks (Aug. 18, 1782) closed the epoch of great warfare between the Indians and the pioneer settlers in Kentucky. Occasional forays by small volunteer parties of Indians still for a few years continued to alarm, plunder and often to massacre our people. Such a party in the summer of 1789 had penetrated the Pond settlement and with Little Mischief had recrossed the Ohio River above Salt River. Another like savage foray was made in the Pond settlement. They were pursued into Indiana Territory by Col. Wm. Christian (the beloved

*The official report to the Government makes it July 17, 1789.

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brother-in-law of Patrick Henry) with Alexander Scott Bullitt and other friends. In this unfortunate expedition the gallant, generous and pure-minded philanthropist and hero, Col. Christian, was slain. Col. (Major?) Hardin marched with a small body of volunteers to punish that party and they killed two Indians and returned in safety. The former event was a tragic and grievous one to our nearest neighbors and best friends, the mourning Christian and Bullitt families. But this expedition to i. e. Chenoweth Station came still closer to Col. Anderson's family. William Clark then sixteen (?) years old, was an apprentice in the surveyor's business in his office. "Little Billy" as his sister calls him in her contemporary letter, volunteered and was permitted by his governors to march in this hazardous affair. But a better fortune than the Christian expedition ensued, and so it turned out that Master Billy's very red scalp was saved to invite the admiration of the Indians long afterward from the mouth of the Missouri River to that of the Columbia. The hero of the Lewis and Clark expedition has told the writer that his red hair was often fingered and felt by warrior hands to discover if its wonderful color was painted or real, and their mouths seemed almost watered at the thought of lifting such a scalp-trophy as that. Of all their many and grand surprises of this pioneers' expedition of civilization, its cannon, etc., nothing so amazed and delighted all these nations clear to the mighty Oregon, "which hears no sound save his own dashing." excepting alone Captain Clark's black

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slave (York), as did these gloriously red scalp locks. They often imitated its brilliancy by vermilion paints on the horse hairs of their calumets but, thank God, the genuine article was permitted by a special Providence to be worn on the honored head of this most genial and kindest of uncles to his honored tomb at St. Louis on Sept 1, 1838.

And this brings us to the Chenoweth Massacre of our letter. It must have occurred, as before noted, in July or August, 1789, and was probably the very last of these tragic disasters in Kentucky. I give as much of the tradition as I can recall. My father was then living in a double log house at Soldier's Retreat. A little before midnight his vigilant wife heard moccasins approaching the door and awakened her husband with the alarm of "Indians!" He took his rifle from its rack at the head of the bed and demanded "Who's there." The instant reply was (as I remember it) "John Rose." The inquirer knew the voice, but being a little doubtful whether Rose as a pioneer of an Indian party might not be overawed by his captors in order to save his own life, to gain free admittance for them, started to cross question his neighbor, when Rose cut short all doubts and fears by vehemently exclaiming "For God's sake, Colonel, let me in. I am just from Chenoweth's Station where the Indians have massacred every living soul." There was a traveller from Virginia, one William Elliott, asleep upstairs. He was instantly awakened and his horse ordered, and he was sent to some more distant station down the Creek—Floyd's or Sturges, perhaps—and Rose

The Chenoweth Massacre

was sent afoot to Lynn's station at the Big Spring, some half a mile away across the Valley. The county records claim the name of Lynn's Station for my father's purchase of the 900 acres from Col. Peyton Short. Nevertheless the then actual station was at the site afterwards and so long owned and occupied by his brother-in-law, Ensign Robert Tompkins and his charming family. In a few hours the little party of rescuers or avengers were on their march for the expected dreadful scene of carnage, and being only some four miles distant they reached it about the morning dawn. As they were approaching the clearing they discovered a little fugitive boy of some six years old trying to hide or escape from them. My father recognized little Jimmy even through the matted blood on his hair and face. He had a horrid gash from a tomahawk which extended from the roots of his hair, through his forehead and down perhaps across his cheek. He calmed the child's fears, who was only afraid, he told them, that supposing him for an Indian boy from his red face the white soldiers would kill him. My father took him on the pommel of his saddle and rode on to the station. There was a scene of more silent desolation. The cows and calves, dogs and hogs, were apparently slaughtered. The house had been set on fire but the flames had died out. I have no recollection (strange to say) of the corpses, if any, seen there. I must refer to the histories, if any, to settle their numbers, but my recollection, contrary to the statement in such matters later, was that the man killed or captured was a travel-

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ing soldier who had reached the station only that day and not a hired hand, but he may have been both soldier and a hired hand. And the other story was only colored into a proper romance by the free fancies of us traditioners—white or black. In the house they saw a little girl, some three or four years old, sitting on a mattress on the floor in a corner of the room, with her pussy in her lap. Our tradition in order to make the tragedy as perfect and charming as possible almost always had it a tomahawked kitten. Some of the repeaters of this “o’ertrue tale” kept pussy alive for better ending, but this little girl certainly did speak and say, “we are all dead here, Colonel, but me.” Our worthy traditioners always add “and my pussy,” and this is how she escaped the universal fate, as she and Rose then believed. An Indian seeing the mattress on the floor but seeing no one on it lifted it by the near edge, ripped it open with his scalping knife and threw it back, with its loosened enfranchised feathers upon the floor. This awakened poor little Jimmy (if that was his name); one vigorous slash of the tomahawk into his thin little skull sufficed to finish him as the warrior supposed, and his little scalp was too little to brag or dance over. But as we have seen and shall soon see, little Jimmy was by no means finished by that blow. As for little Naomi his bed-fellow, she blissfully and therefore safely slept through it all and so was saved with or without her pussy, as the case may be, or otherwise, as the reader may prefer the different memories of these two factions in the respective ver-

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sions, and each reader may select for him or herself. As for this historian, he spoils Naomi's speech in complete justice to those Indian heroes. He could not in his childhood believe that they would leave any creature alive upon which they had their eyes, and, besides, is it not a most pathetic picture that of Naomi's constancy in loving and petting her dead "pussy?" But let the readers "take their choice."

After some searching they found poor Mrs. Chenoweth lying more dead than alive in the upper story of a little spring house. She had been shot as she ran, with an arrow between her shoulder-blades and stumbling, fell. The Indian, probably supposing her killed, drew out his arrow and at once placing his foot upon her, began his triumphant work of the scalping, and as her full head of jet-black hair composed a grand trophy, he cut from her that entire crown of woman's glory and as she told my father, that savage surgery was executed by the very dullest and jaggedest knife she had ever felt. Doubtless she was made to regret that the benevolent British Indian traders had not supplied the Indians with whetstones along with their scalping knives of better metal. At last, however, this "Love's shining circle" was finished throughout its ruby line just above her ears, and thereupon, taking his bloody blade between his teeth, he leaned his entire weight upon the foot upon the arrow-wound in her back and by main force of both hands intertwined in her "gory locks" he tore off and stripped away the entire scalp from her naked skull.

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He then struck it twice with the butt of his tomahawk, and all this time of her flight, wounding, fall and scalping, this woman was more than perfectly—she was vividly conscious of its every moment and she feared and suffered throughout all without a shriek or murmur to suggest to her foe that she was living. You may cant in your speeches or poetise in your writing, to the fullest extent of your enthusiasm or affectations of it, ye gushing orators and poets, but where amongst your male heroes “from the Macedonian to the Swede” can you parallel the heroism of this backwoods woman? It was a rare instance, indeed, in all history! But it must not be forgotten that these pioneer forests shadowed perhaps many women of that type—her like though perhaps not her equal.

My father, who is said to have occupied some of his “too much time” as a pioneer in studying medicine and surgery, dressed Mrs. Chenoweth’s and little Jimmy’s wounds and speedily set forth with his little band in pursuit of the Indians. But they were too well aware of their extreme danger in so late and distant an expedition to delay much “in the order of their going.” Indeed, they rather fled than marched in their shortest time to their own part of the wilderness, beyond the Ohio. They were easily pursued to the crossing of Floyd’s Fork due north, where the footprints confirmed their other signs that their numbers were at least equal to those of their pursuers, and as the opposite hills and thickets would give them the infinite advantage of a safe ambuscade should

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they desperately elect to delay for battle, the Colonel (painfully remembering doubtless not only the ambushment and destruction of his friend Floyd's party in that immediate neighborhood, but the still more recent and terrible massacre at Blue Licks) decided with unanimous votes of his followers (for such was then the usage of military discipline in pioneer warfare) that discretion "was here" the better part of valor. Wherefore, and (let us hope) being also urged by the promptings of his ardent pity for the suffering woman and boy behind him, decided on not a retreat but a return. These sufferers were accordingly conveyed to "Soldier's Retreat" where under the surgical supervisions and prescriptions of the host and loving nursing of his young wife, they were soon restored to their pristine health and spirits. But the woman was, and but for the early use of caps would have remained, a startling if not funny spectacle. Our Bible avers that the woman is the glory of man, and if a woman have long hair "it is a glory to her." "It is a shame for a woman to be shorn or shaven." But here had these Godless, impious savages shorn for her lifetime this, her crown of glory, as sleek as a peeled onion. The grotesque oddity of her appearance was said to have been beyond any picturing by words. The first excitement and alarm from this bold and lately expected foray was both great and wide-spread. Partly from the extreme haste of these dusky warriors and in part, perhaps, from a sort of timed prudential policy, comparatively little harm was really done, but Rose's extrava-

The Chenoweth Massacre

gant panic was not singular. Our childhood's tradition assured us (and what child at all doubts his own precious traditions?) that Milly Chenoweth was at the cow-pen (always pronounced "cuppen") with a beau as a guard, engaged in milking, when they heard the horrid onset at the house. Whereupon both fled in wildest terror to Soldier's Retreat, where still bereft of their senses, they hid themselves in our spring house. Doubtless, this tradition, whether of black or white origin, with the customary and native aversion of traditions to the truth, was a great exaggeration if not a lie cut out of the whole cloth. But the coining of it (if it were false) proves at least the extent of the first general terror, upon which the inventor of it relies for an easy credence. To finish for various kinsfolk our little romance—"an o'er true tale", indeed—the Chenoweths soon left Jefferson County and settled in Lincoln, as I always heard, having no idea then where "Lincoln" was. I never received the published tradition, that my father in his trip to Virginia, by a mere accident fell upon his early friend and patient in her far off Virginia home, though of course it may be true. She once certainly visited our later family, almost within my memory, but (and?) my eager romance-loving imagination fondly pictures it as a personal memory. Naomi, now become an old maid, somehow and somewhere or other attracted the veteran love of an old neighbor, one of the most sensible, honest and worthy citizens of the county near Bruners-town (Jeffersontown, it is now more elegantly

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called) and they were married. I suppose our probate records will show that one of the first suits my brother Larz had in his large law practice (Pirtle and Anderson) was in the settlement of her side of the good estate of that most excellent man—she left no children. When and where she died I do not know. But some time late in the fifties our little Indian-faced boy, Jimmy Chenoweth, again suddenly emerges into the clean light of history. His son, a friend and client of the writer, brought his aged father, with no trace or shadow of the Beargrass life upon him except that tomahawk gash in his forehead and cheek, to close his long life in the more welcome home of his excellent and pious son. And, strange accident of chances, that home was on Pike Street, in Cincinnati, just opposite to the residence of my brother Larz. Unluckily for me—and a few readers may surmise for themselves, also—I was absent in Texas during that interesting episode, but my brother and his crowd of little boys always athirst for “real, sure Injun stories” most industriously pumped dry all the good old man’s memories and traditions about this tragedy of Chenoweth’s Station. I have reserved for this connection one of these which I first gathered from this last memoir. After describing the general details pretty much as above given, old Mr. Chenoweth said that his mother often told him that she fully believed that her life was, after all, saved by the special interposition of Providence, in this wise: With her eyes almost blinded by the blood from her torn and naked skull, with her con-

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sciousness for the first time greatly disturbed if not actually paralyzed by those hard blows of the tomahawk upon her head, then unshielded by hair or skin, and in a state of consequent half reckless despair, crawling along, she felt her dark, or dark red, way to her chosen hiding place over the spring house. But when at last, so wearily, faintly and painfully (for each stretching out of that arm or a leg gave a spasm of keenest pain to its wounded shoulder blade), she had reached the end of her narrow plank bridge, she found herself utterly unable to rise for walking above it or to crawl upon it over the rocky chasm. "What shall I do—what can I do—to save my life from these fiends in human shape?" she said to herself, (was her despairing but most silent last thought.) And there she lay in hopeless, blank despair, when two very different events startled her attention. The first was the wide flashing light from the kindling flames of the bed straw with which the Indians attempted to burn her beloved home, and their loudest war whoops with which they greeted this finishing of their deadly and triumphant devil's work. And the next event (for it became one) was as she now beheld in this living illumination that narrow pathway upon the plank and actually felt herself impelled by those horrid yells into a more resolved effort to escape over it. Just at this strange crisis between blindness and vision, between despair and a faint and fearful hope, without the least link or clue of association—there gleamed into her very soul a flash of memory, far brighter than the flames of

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her kindling home—these lines from a dear but forgotten old hymn—“Jesus can make my path to shine”—and she ever said that she knew this was an inspiration from her Saviour, and therefore she firmly and as an act of faith, like Peter’s walk upon the water, holding his Savior’s hand, arose and safely walked that plank into salvation. Some of us lack the faith to accept hers. We may doubt, therefore, the divinity of that message or inspiration, but our coolest or most skeptical common sense need not doubt that the natural influence of these two conspiring events might have at once encouraged and empowered her to undertake and perform that final effort. As for myself, I must think that this real heroine’s explanation is by far the nobler of the two.

Although in my other odd literary tastes I have a peculiar fondness for the exalted poetry of olden religious poems, I am and have been wholly unable to remember or to find this line from Mrs. Chenoweth’s treasury. Neither did my brother remember it. It may be that my quoting of it from him is erroneous. His own memory of words or in philology in general was so very wonderful that I know if there be an error in this repetition of it, that it must be my own, but I leave it for other living lovers of our old hymns to track up this now precious line to its native bed. It ought to be made classic with the devotees of Kentucky Pioneer History.

Captain Chenoweth seems to have been one of the very first pioneers to the Falls of the Ohio. I think he was with Patton C. Bowman, etc., un-

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der Colonel George Rogers Clark in the encampment on Corn Island. Of his fate the author knows nothing, but in order as usual, to connect the story of these times with as many families as possible, we add that this son of "little Jimmy" married, besides other marriages, Julia Rogers, a daughter of our most worthy and eminent physician, Dr. Coleman Rogers, Senior, and they left one daughter, but he had also one or two sons, and their descendants, wherever they are, if any survive, are the offspring from that Station Root." The last sentence ends the paper by Governor Anderson.

Dr. W. J. Chenoweth, you will recall, is a grandson of Jimmy, of whom Col. Anderson speaks, and his narrative varies a little from the tradition in the Anderson family which Col. Anderson so graphically tells.

You will remember that John Rose said the whole family had been killed, and that brings us to the further remarks of Dr. Chenoweth.

"They had no hope of finding anyone alive. The only person found was a little girl six years of age, sitting alone on the hearth, with petticoat thrown over her head. As soon as she saw that the intruders were not Indians, she asked them not to shoot her, and told them that everybody was dead. She had been asleep during the attack, and the Indians had pulled off the bedclothes from the bed on which she slept, rolling her to the floor. This did not wake her, so that she knew nothing whatever of the massacre of the family, only taking it for granted that their absence

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meant death at the hands of the Indians. Not finding anyone in the house, they searched the spring house, as before described, a stone building two stories in height. The Indians had removed the ladder that was used to reach the upper department, but on examining the lower, they found Peggy, as she was familiarly called, lying prone on the floor of the room with her hands raising water to her mouth, to quench the intolerable thirst caused by loss of blood. Fortunate it was that their water supply was a spring instead of a well, for with blood flowing from seven knife cuts in her body, and the numerous blood vessels opened by loss of her scalp, it would have indeed been a miracle to have saved her life. At her best looking more like a girl of twelve than a woman of thirty, she had the endurance of a giant and the courage of a pioneer, who knew no such word as fear. She not only recovered with life, but with health and energy, and bore two children before the death of her husband in 1796."

It will be noticed that the accounts of Governor Anderson and Dr. Chenoweth differ in some particulars, yet they agree on the general result, that the attack was sudden, unexpected and fatal to quite a number. The report to the Government at Washington* says three of the family were killed and seven wounded. Bayless, the companion of Rose, was tortured and burned to death, somewhere between the house and spring house. Richard and Peggy Chenoweth, Millie, James

*Indian Affairs, Vol. 1, page 185.

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and a woman named Rachael and two others wounded. The Indians plundered the premises of everything they could carry away, making good their escape across the Ohio.

Richard Chenoweth fully recovered and followed farming and house building until he met his death in 1796, as has been mentioned, while raising a house for a neighbor. The heroic Peggy lived for twenty years, bearing two girls to her husband, one of whom was called Tabitha; the name of the other is now forgotten. She lived after her husband's death near a place called Big Spring, some five miles east of Shelbyville, Ky.

She was not much larger than the usual girl of twelve years, and was always in a cap, for she was permanently hairless. Being very intelligent, she had a way of saying things to people that conveyed a lesson or a criticism, in such terms as could not be taken as offensive, her smile and kind expression showing she was not angered.

It was not possible to be neater in person or dwelling place than she—everything was in perfect order. Tradition says nothing made her angry quicker than for anyone to enter her cabin with muddy shoes.

Naomi, the baby of the massacre, married a Mr. Kalfus, and there she disappeared from the records. Tabitha in the 1840's went as a missionary to the Indians in the West.

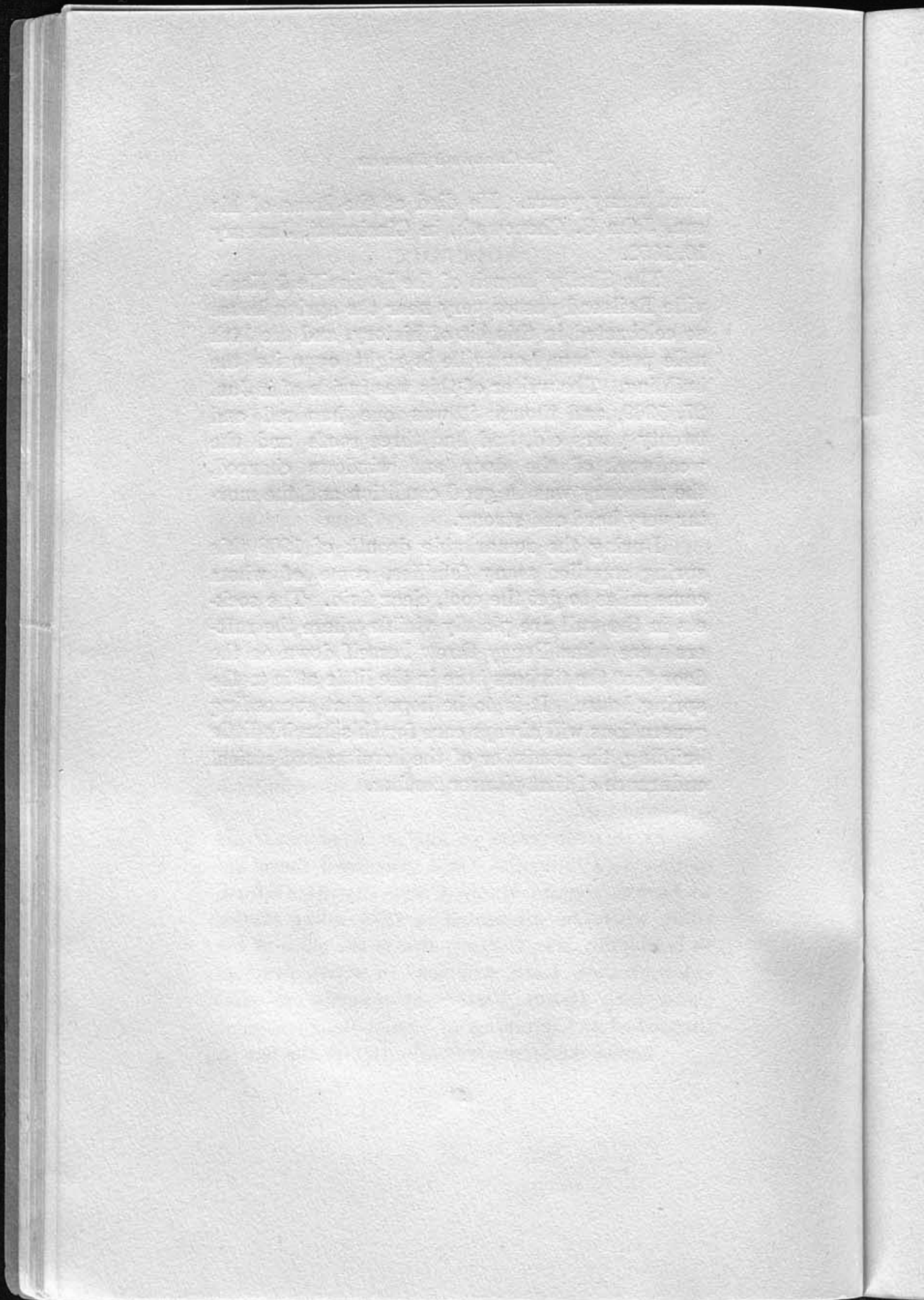
James in time became a married man, and spent his early married life in the Big Sandy Country, but removed to Mercer county, where he

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lived many years. He died at the home of his son, John S. Chenoweth, in Cincinnati, January 10, 1852.

The Shelby branch of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad passes very near the spring house so celebrated in this bit of history, and the 14th mile post from Louisville is right opposite the building. The writer of this was inside of it Jan. 27, 1909, and though it was one hundred and twenty years old, had had three roofs and the woodwork of the door and windows charred, the masonry was in good condition and the mortar very hard and strong.

During the remarkable drouth of 1908 this spring supplied many families, some of whom came miles to get the cool, clear fluid. The sockets in the wall are plainly visible where the rafters were when Peggy threw herself down on the floor that the timbers bore in the little attic to the spring house. It is to be hoped that succeeding generations will always care for this humble little building, the reminder of the heroism and stoical endurance of that pioneer mother.



Appendix

Charles Anderson was the seventh child of Richard Clough Anderson, Sr., and Sarah Marshall, both natives of Virginia. Born in Jefferson County, Kentucky, at his father's homestead, known far and wide as "Soldier's Retreat," June 1st, 1813, he became so marked a man of genius, numerous talents, and admirable in every way, that it is not possible, in the space that can be devoted to his history here, to give anything like a picture of the man, that will do his memory justice. His father's home was visited by all the distinguished men of the day, nay, even the chiefs of the Indian tribes made it a stopping place, in those days when its fame of hospitality was widespread. Little Turtle, the great chief of the Miamis of Ohio, was a guest there several times.

Charles was brought up in the society of the highest type of men and women of the day, and through life maintained an eminent place in such surroundings.

At thirteen years of age he went with his mother to Chillicothe, Ohio, remained there until he was sent to Miami University at Oxford, Ohio, where he graduated in 1833, going thence to Louisville, Ky., to study law in the office of his elder brother, Larz, who was in active practice there with Henry Pirtle, afterwards so distinguished as Chancellor of Louisville.

Charles Anderson was admitted to the bar in

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1835 and removed to Dayton, Ohio, where he subsequently became prosecuting attorney, followed by election as State Senator. In politics, at that time, he was a Whig and a devoted follower of Henry Clay. He served several terms in the Legislature of Ohio. After his marriage he remained but a short time in Dayton, going to Cincinnati, where he formed a partnership with Rufus King, under the firm name of Anderson & King, which firm rapidly advanced to the front ranks of the Cincinnati bar. It is said that King attended to the preparation of the papers, while Anderson entered the forensic arena, soon becoming known for that eloquence of speech which afterwards made him famous. But he later developed asthma, which became a foe to his platform speeches for the remainder of his life, yet he made innumerable speeches, though always burdened by the attacks of asthma.

In the presidential campaign of 1856 he supported Buchanan, rendering such valuable services in Kentucky and Ohio that he was tendered a foreign mission for his work, but had to decline because of his health, which became so indifferent that he was compelled to give up the law, removing to the vicinity of San Antonio, Texas, to try the effect on his asthma of the change of climate, when he entered into live stock raising for occupation. Both changes proved to be successes.

He kept out of politics in 1860, tho the next year became well known as a Union man. At the nullification meeting in Austin, he made so definite a speech against the resolutions that he was

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arrested, being thrown into prison as a political prisoner. He was befriended by some Germans, assisted to escape, furnished with a hunting garb as a disguise, a rifle and an old gray horse. Shaving off his full beard, which he always wore, he darkened his sandy complexion, and made his escape into Mexico, thence he traveled to Havana and New York. After many adventures, his family finally reached him in Ohio. Not long afterwards he was sent by the United States on a confidential mission to England to that government, but did not remain long. In the summer of 1862 he was made Colonel of the 93rd Ohio Infantry, served gallantly and was severely wounded at Stone River Dec. 31, 1862. The next summer, he was nominated for Lieutenant Governor of Ohio on the ticket with Gov. John Brough, which was successful. Gov. Brough died early in his administration and Gov. Anderson served the term until 1866. The next year he removed to Lyon County, Ky., for his health, where he founded and built up the prosperous town of Kuttawa, which name he gave it to perpetuate one of the Indian names for the state. He lived to see it developed into a fine little city, beautified by his taste in using the natural advantages given to the site.

Gov. Anderson was a man to love and be loved—he was the friend of the public schools wherever he went, he befriended the negro race just as he found them, having been the author of the bill in the Ohio Legislature that first gave the negro the right to testify in the courts of that State, before the war.

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He was an eloquent speaker, a ready and fluent writer and one of advanced ideas.

He was a member of a most distinguished family, which he never forgot, yet never brought that fact into disagreeable prominence. The Clarks, Andersons, Logans and their descendants in Kentucky and Ohio, all came from the same stock.

Loved and admired by his town-people, surrounded by his children and grand-children, he died at Kuttawa, Ky., September 2nd, 1895.

John Chenoweth came to America from Wales, in the year 1700, and settled in Baltimore. He married a Calvert, daughter of Lord Baltimore. He had two sons, Arthur and Richard. They both acquired land: Arthur first in 1741, afterwards in 1747; Richard in 1746.

Arthur was born in 1716 and died in 1802.

Arthur's children, James, John, Abraham, Thomas, Arthur, Richard and William.

Richard's children: Gideon, Thomas, Mildred, James, Peggy, Polly, Levi, Anna, Naomi, and Tabitha. He was probably born about the year 1718. Came to Kentucky in 1778. James Chenoweth being at that time three years old. This would make him sixty years of age when he landed at Corn Island. He was killed at a house-raising about the year 1793 or when 75 years of age. James Chenoweth was about ten years old at the time of the massacre of the family, which would make that event about the year 1788. And as his mother bore two child-

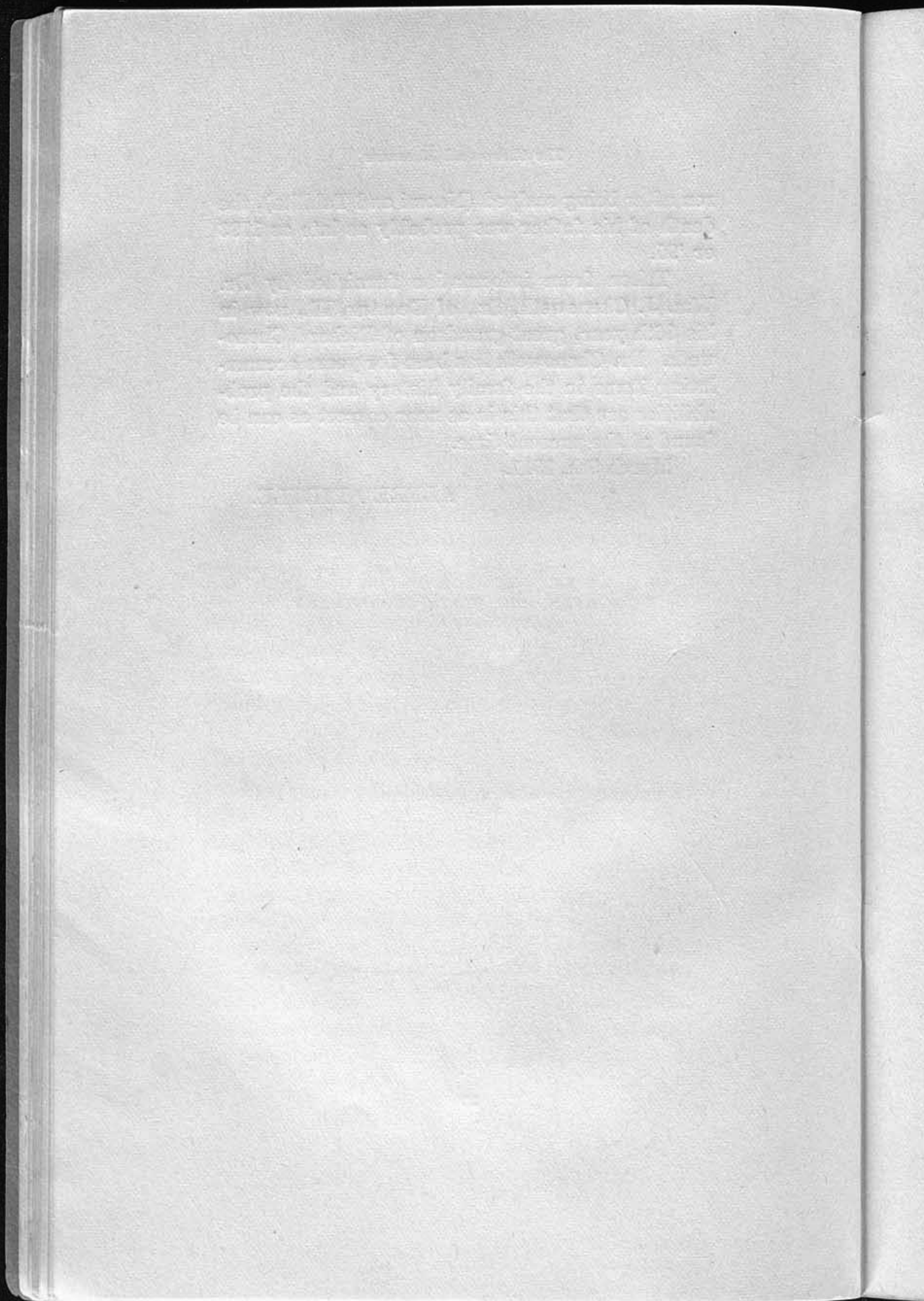
The Chenoweth Massacre

ren after being scalped (Naomi and Tabitha), the death of his father was probably as late as 1793 or '95.

Taken from information furnished by Dr. Wm. J. Chenoweth, Sr., of Decatur, Ill., now in his 86th year, great-grandson of Richard Chenoweth. Dr. Chenoweth has been for years accumulating items in the family history and the probabilities are that this is as near correct as can be found at the present time.

March 9th, 1911.

ALFRED PIRTLE.



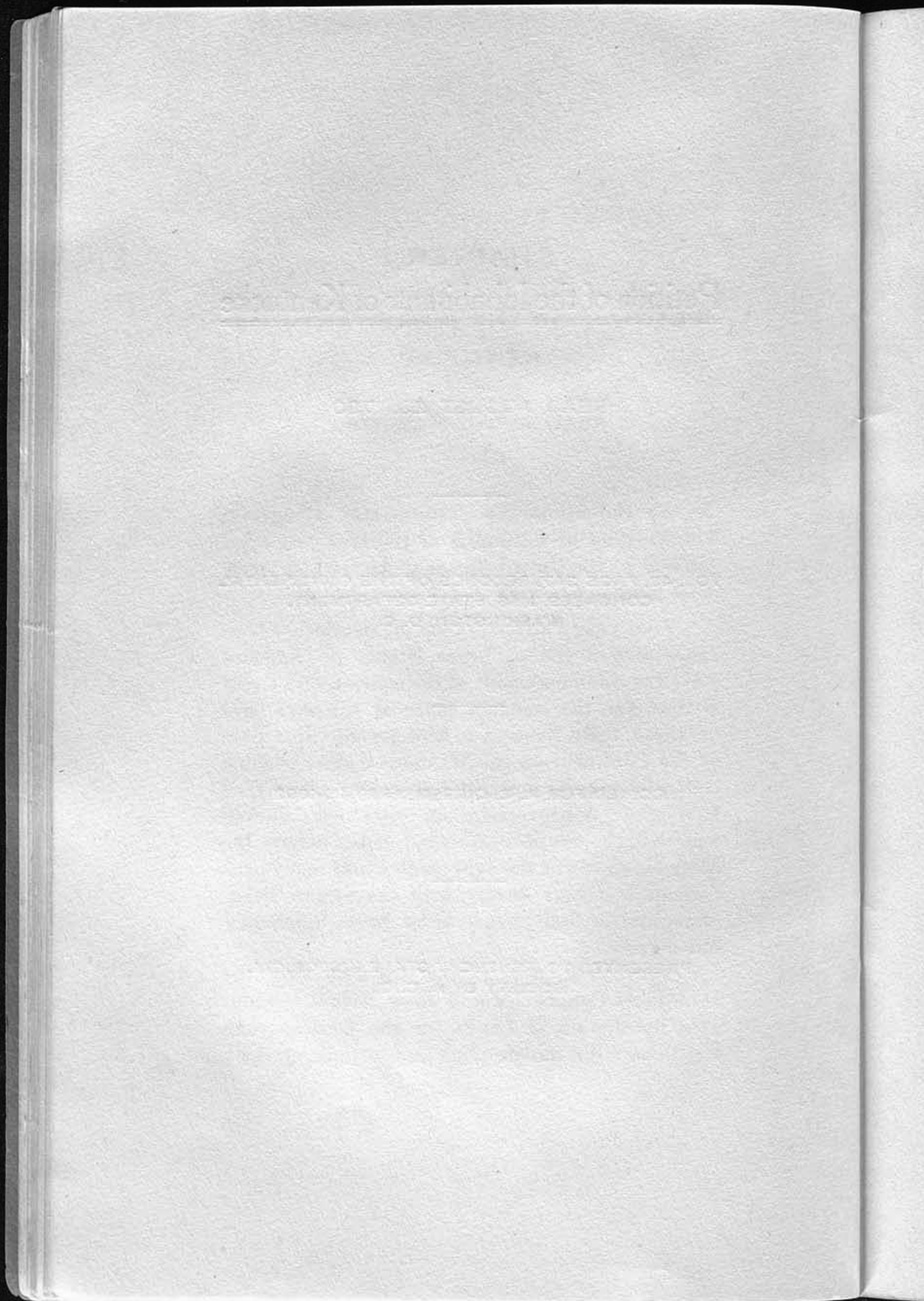
Petition of the Inhabitants of Kentucke

READ AUGUST 23, 1780

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CONGRESS, MSS. STATE DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

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CHAPTER I

PETITION OF THE INHABITANTS OF KENTUCKE

READ AUGUST 23, 1780

To the Honorable Continental Congress:
The Petition of a number of the true and loyal
subjects of the United States of America at large,
most humbly Sheweth —————

That your Petitioners having heretofore been
Inhabiters of the different States of America
since the commencement of the contest with Great
Britain for the common cause of Liberty; have
ventured their lives in a wild uncultivated part
of the Continent on the Western Waters of Ohio
called by general name of Kentuckey, where they
have made improvements on what they allowed
was King's unappropriated Lands, before the
commencement of the said contest and that in the
face of a savage enemy with the utmost hard-
ships and in daily jeopardy of being inhumanly
murdered—

Your Petitioners further allowed that the
Honorable Congress would allow them a Reason-
able Retaliation in Lands for the services your
Petitioners did in defending and settling, on their

Petition of Kentucky Pioneers

own expense, the Country aforesaid to the weakening of the enemy and the strengthening the United States, whenever the common contest with Britain should be decided in favour of America,—In the full assurance of which your Petitioners sold all their livings in the settled parts of the Continent and have removed with their wives and families and all their effects to the Country aforesaid in order to take possession of their improvements aforesaid.—But when they came found almost all their Improvements granted away by a set of men which acted or pretended to act under the late Act of Virginia, which act also allowed large grants without any reserve of settling and improving the same.—By which means almost the whole of the lands in the Country aforesaid are engrossed into the hands of a few Interested men, the greater part of which live at ease in the internal parts of Virginia, while your Petitioners are here with their wives and children daily exposed to the murders of the Savages to whom sundry of their Acquaintances has fell a sacrifice since their arrival though as yet but a short time. Again the late Acts of Virginia require your Petitioners to take a new oath of allegiance to that State, renouncing all their Kings, Princes and States, and be true to the State of Virginia only, and the prospect of Military Government taking place shortly in this place give your Petitioners the greatest apprehension of the most severe usage unless they comply with their mandates.—

Your Petitioners considering all those griev-

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ances would gladly return into the settled parts of the Continent again, but having come seven hundred miles down the River Ohio with the expence of the greater part of their fortunes find it impracticable to return back against the stream with their wives and children were they to suffer the most cruel death. — — —

Your Petitioners being drove to the extremity aforesaid have but three things to choose, One is to tarry in this place, take the Oath of Allegiance to Virginia, and be true to that State only, and also become Slaves to those Engrossers of Lands, and to the court of Virginia. The other is to Remove down the River Ohio, and land on some part of Mexico and become subjects to the King of Spain. And the third to Remove themselves over the River Ohio, with their wives, children and their small effects remaining, which is now in possession of the Savage Enemy, to whom they are daily exposed to murders. The two former appearing to your Petitioners to have a Tendency to weaken the United States and as it were Banish the Common Cause of Liberty. Humbly pray the Honorable Continental Congress to grant them liberty of taking the latter choice and removing with their wives, families and effects to the Indian side of the Ohio and take possession of the same in the name of the United States of America at Large, where your Petitioners propose to support themselves in an Enemy's Country on their own risque and expence, which they humbly conceive will have a tendency to weaken the power of the

Petition of Kentucky Pioneers

Enemy, strengthen the United States at large, and advance the Common Cause of Liberty.

Your Petitioners further pray the Honorable Congress to allow them Liberty of making such Regulations amongst themselves as they shall find necessary to govern themselves by, being subject to the United States at large and no other States or power whatsoever—

Your Petitioners humbly pray the Honorable Continental Congress to consider their case and grievances in their true light and grant them such Relief as they in their great wisdom shall see meet, and as your Petitioners in duty bound shall ever pray.

Robt. Holmes	William Drennen
Thos. Roach	Robt. Brown
Allen Griffin	John Shaw
George Power	Edward Welsh
John Johnston	Ephraim Gilding
Willm. Cumins	William Armstrong
Andrew Coin	Jacob Banta
Richard Moore	Thos. Hart
Jeremiah Johnston	George Gilmore
Albert Banta	David Langhead
John Thickston	James McElharton
Hugh Jackson	Thos. Cunningham
George Coin	Cornelius Banto
Peter Demaree	Arthur Park
Jonathon Thickston	James Burk
John Banta	George Cuavenston
Burgis White	Anthony Jenkins
Jeremy Hardise	Charles Mason
William Sutherland	Samuel Mason
	William Mitchell

Petition of Kentucky Pioneers

Basil Stocker	Henry Woson
Willm. Galoway	John Brookil
John Glasher	Samuel Griss
John Write	Matthew Rogers
Eduard Rewalno	John Cadlett
John Mitchell	William Mitchell
George Heal	Adam Row
James Brown	Hardy Hill
Charles Young	Charles Black
Jas. Miller	Patrick Gordon
John Huewes	John William Province
William Brown	Frederick Bawfd
Alex. Tutch	Adin Harten
William Mitchell	William Sweden
Isaac Tun	Edward Tyll
James Huard	David Johnson
Lewis Hickman	Evan Wilson
James Judy	John Dorland
Samuel Kelly	Benjamin Lin
William Crenwell	Jacob Conaway
Philip Mason	Jeremiah Trefar
Jas. Mathews	Joseph Kenig
John Galoway	Joseph Wm. Province
Moses Williamson	John Williamson
Mike Tendenhasen	Benjamin Hook
John Ruth	Joseph Vanmatar
James Galoway	John Turner
Peter Young	John Keath
Abraham Bonta	John Jail
James Johnson	Samuel Harris
Thos. Johnson Cornelius	
Henry Hoos	John Redley
Cornelius Vorhes	John Miller

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Henry Wade	Daniel James
Stephen Harris	John Light
Joseph Green	Andrew Gradey
Michel Woods	William Weelweed
Jesse Crark	William Lookn
John Mayhue Haris	William Little
John Green	Seneca McRakin
Andrew Dodds	James Gilmore
Joseph Griffinwalt	James Delany
——— Harris	Jonathan Harned
Austen Miller	James Adams
Rocheb Kenedy	Samuel Gilmore
Adam Grounds	John Greenben
James Haris	Samuel Wells
Samuel Mason	William Logsdan
Thomas Collings	James Logan
John Felty	Martin Stull
Thos. Welch	Peter Newkirk
Thos. Putnam	David McQuale
Thos. Putnam	John Logan
John Williams	John Martin
Frederick Fox	Tobias Newkirk
John Campbell	William Lin
Samuel Wadmes	John Massey
George Rays	Robert Gilmore
Jonathan Cunningham	Moses Cane
Charles Masterson	Adam Money
Benjamin Caselman	Eduard Poomes
Francis Roach	Jacob Westeroeb
William Burnes	John Nelson
Joseph Borth	Gerardis Rekid
John Baley	Peter Buszard
David Kirkwood	John Jones

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Ezekiel Hickman	Reuben Blackford
John Cline	John Wilkeson
Jasyrk Greenwalt	Matthias Hook
Thos. Applegate	———— Newkirk
Thomas Banfield	John Finn
David Beach	Dinis Davis
John Unsel	George Hinch
Michol Paull	Nathan Sellad
Thomas Patten	Jacob Funk
Thomas Stansbury	Joseph McClintock
Mikel Toetus	James Steward
William Irwin	Thomas Pownser
William Welch	Geo. Steward
John Vantreas	John Pringle
William Onie	Joseph Inlow
Joseph Qurteronus	Jacob Spears
Nielos Thirly	Abraham Rammod
John McGee	James Anderson
John James	William Bennett
Peter Pohone	Abraham Powell
Mathew Logan	James Johnson
Thomas Hargis	Joseph Kirkpatrick
John Capps	James Hamilton
Joseph Borth	Mathew Jaferes
Samuel Felin	Samuel Watkins
John Moore	John Moires
Elisha Qurtermus	Jacob Barkman
John Light	John Kenedy
John McLam	John Hamilton
Henry Brenton	Daniel Spears
Samuel Gordon	Edward Irwin
James Dunbar	John Miller
——tini Swell	William Ewing

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Benjamin Doslie	John Beson
John Irwin	Charles West
Adam Wall	Martin Colmore
James Boys	Jas. Dougherty
George Black	Benjamin Coselman
Elijah Hart	John West
Michal Thomas	Charles Crump
Joseph Sulavan	Ulunik Heonbunk
John Sumet	Elward Liston
Thos. Spencer	Martin Kurtz
Michael Little	Jacob Dosson
Jacob Brennon	John Cleer
Thomas Boyd	John Liston
Paul Humble	Peter Bordmess
John Seller	Jacob Doom
Thos. Dillen	Josey Stuart
Rudulph Hufenan	Josiah Walis
Daniel Jones	James Foye
Nathan Sellers	Samuel Glass
Jacob Huffman	John Averill
David Brinton	John White
Kobi Hamilton	Mickel Kintner
Christian Hufman	John Little
Joseph Olden	Peter Loves
John Stuart	John Ainwin
Jacob Coseman	Peter Paul
Conrad Carito	David Davis
Jacob Salmon	Denis Downing
Jas. McLoughlin	John Dongen
William Winter	John Williams
John Gross	James Hamilton
John Yery	Isaac Boulden
Samuel Lee	Charles Davis

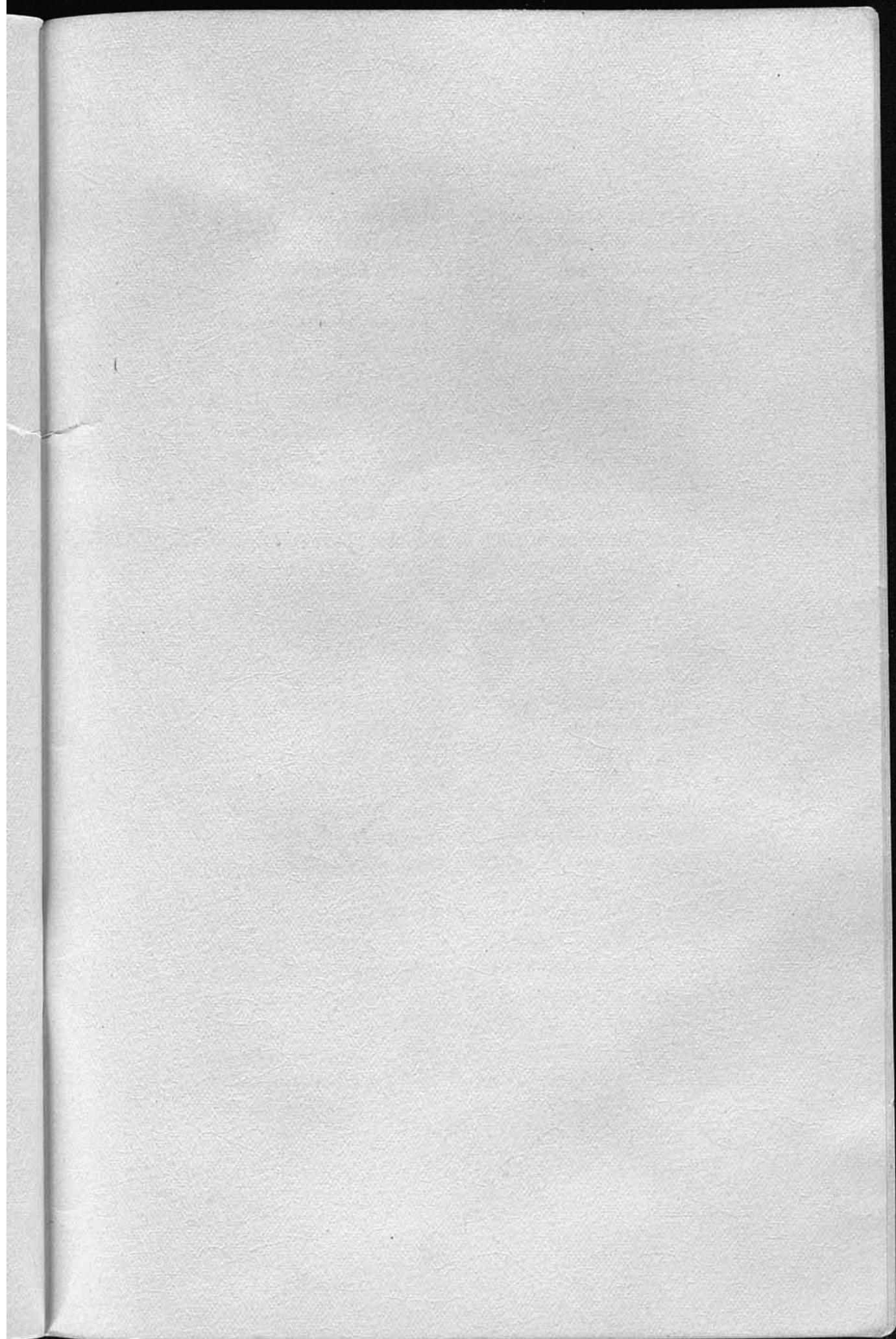
Petition of Kentucky Pioneers

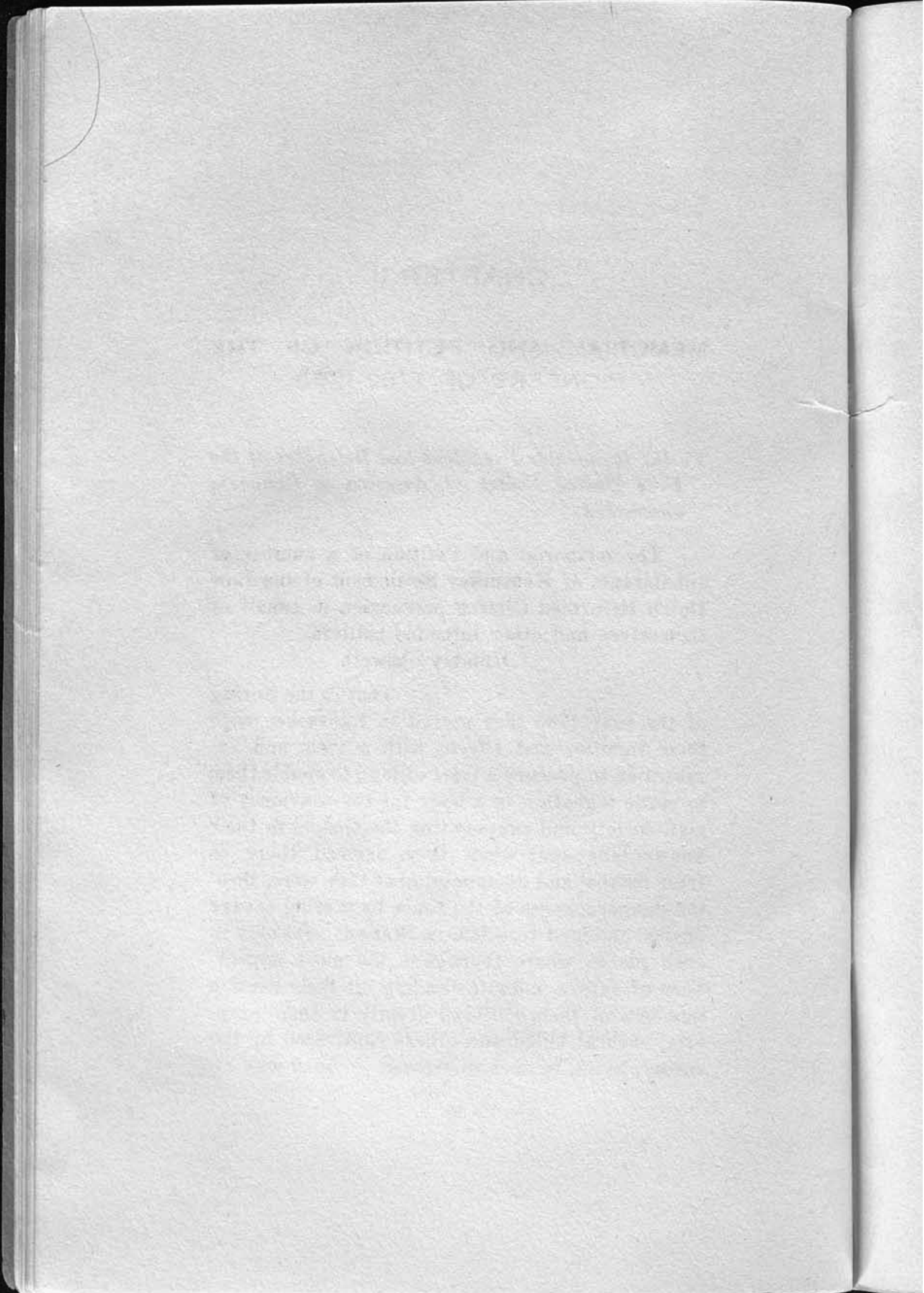
Spencer Collings	William Houghland
Henry Richards	William Collings
Cumfort Busler	Benjamin Byard
Robert Insworth	John Lee
Christian Schultz	John Houghland
Thos. Dowdell	Henry Prayed
Henry Hanglan	John Townspend
John Frigas	George Cueard
George Reading	Squier Boon
James Purse	John Rice
Honkerson Ashby	Benjamin Patten
Joseph Brown	Benjamin Cleaver
Thos. Talbot	John Heast
Joseph Thompson	Theophilus Coxe
Samuel Miller	William Harker
John Johnson	Thos. Hamilton
Joseph Liston	Zachariah Holder
Thos. Pursel	Jas. Purseley
Frederick Dulpeld	Jacob Bilderbak
Reuben Cass	Mashesh Carter
Isaac White	David Hawkins
Aaron Rawlings	Hugh Begarstof
Solomon Resiner	William Chraven
Judiah Huntington	William Greathouse
Charles Bilderbok	Zacheric Dye
James Neavil	Joseph Johnston
Charles Dunkin	John Thompson
Thos. Kennedy	Charles Secomp
Jacob Bilder	John Hunter
Amasa Frisel	John Greathouse
George Crist	John Grundy
Dinnes Pursel	Robert Sweny
Gabriel Melted	James Thompson

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Herman Greathouse	William Clave
Thos. Whithedge	Cornelius Bogard
Moses Speed	Henry Campbell
Joseph Grundee	Joshua Cleaver
Smith Harsborough	Samuel Dunn
David Hockins	John Puck
Joseph Tumblestone	Robert Brusler
Wiliam Averall	Francis Daves
Jas. Brown	G——d Campbell
Harrison Averall	James McKee
Joseph Little	Robert Thirkman
William Hopkins	John Hase
John Tumlinson	Samuel Thirkman
William Collings	Hector Simpson
Daniel Williams	William Lawrence
(2) William Collings	John Wager
Jesse Tumlinson	George Clark
George Grundy	Isaac Froman
John Ligwald	Michal Kirkham
Thos. Phillips	Paul Froman
William Rice	George Taylor
Thomas Stone	Joseph Mounts
Benjamin Tamlinson	John Hunt
Thos. Senderson	Jas. McCollach
Thos. Cavet	James Campbell

Petition of the Inhabitants
of Kentucke
Read August 23, 1780.





CHAPTER II

MEMORIAL AND PETITION OF THE PIONEERS OF 1782-1783.

*To the Honorable President and Delegates of the
Free United States of America in Congress
assembled:*

The memorial and Petition of a number of
Inhabitants of Kentuckey Settlement of the Low
Dutch Reformed Church persuasion in behalf of
themselves and other intended settlers.

Humbly Sheweth

That in the Spring
of the year 1780 they moved to Kentuckey with
their families and effects, with a view and ex-
pectation to procure a tract of land to enable them
to settle together in a body for the conviency of
civil society and propogating the Gospel in their
known language; when they arrived there to
their sorrow and disappointment they were, thro'
the dangerousness of the times by a cruel savage
enemy oblided to settle in Stations or Forts in
such places where there was the most appear-
ance of safety, notwithstanding all their caution
numbers of them suffered greatly in their prop-
erty, several killed and others captivated by the
enemy, living in such distressed confined way al-

Petition of Kentucky Pioneers

ways in danger, frequently on Military duty, it was impossible for them to do more than barely support their families with the necessaries of life, by which means they are much reduced, and what adds more to their disappointment and affliction is that, contrary to their expectations before their arrival and since, the most or all the Tillable Land has been Located and monopolized by persons that had the advantage of your Memorialists by being acquainted with the country, and your Memorialists being strangers and confined as aforesaid, and being so reduced are rendered unable to purchase Land at the advanced price, and especially in a body conveniently together agreeable to their wishes.

Whereas, Providence has been pleased to prosper and support the virtuous resistance of the United States in the glorious cause of Liberty, which has enabled them to obtain an Honorable Peace whereby they have obtained a large extent of unappropriated Territory. And whereas, it is currently and repeatedly reported amongst us that Congress has broke or made void Virginia's right or claim to Land in Kentuckey Settlement.

Your Petitioners therefore humbly pray (in behalf of themselves and other intended settlers of that persuasion) the Honourable Congress would indulge them with a grant of a Tract or Territory of Land in Kentuckey Settlement: if the Virginia Claim thereto should be made void, or otherwise in the late ceded land on the Northwest side of the Ohio river; whereto there is not any prior legal claim to enable them to settle in

Petition of Kentucky Pioneers

a body together, on such reasonable terms as Congress in their wisdom and prudence shall see just and reasonable, they complying with and performing all reasonable conditions required, to enable them to put their intended plan in purpose and execution, they having principally in view the "Glory of God," the promotion of Civil and religious society, educating and instructing their rising generation in the principals of religion and morality; hoping the Honorable Congress will give all due encouragement to such a laudable undertaking. The premises duly considered.

Your Petitioners as in duty bound shall ever pray, &c.

Inhabitens.

Hendreck Banta	John Vorhis, Jun.
Benedick Yury	Luke Vorhis
Henery Yury	Samuel Demaree
Peter Demaree	Peter Demaree, Jun.
Cornelius Bogart	Henry Shively
John Demaree	Saml. Demaree, Jr.
Cornelius Banta	John Vancleave
Samuel Durie	John Harris
Albert Durie	Peter Banta
Marga ——— widow	Samuel Westervelt
——— Durie, widow	Mary Westervelt (widow)
Daniel Banta	Saml. Lock
Albert Vorhis	David Allen

Intended Friends

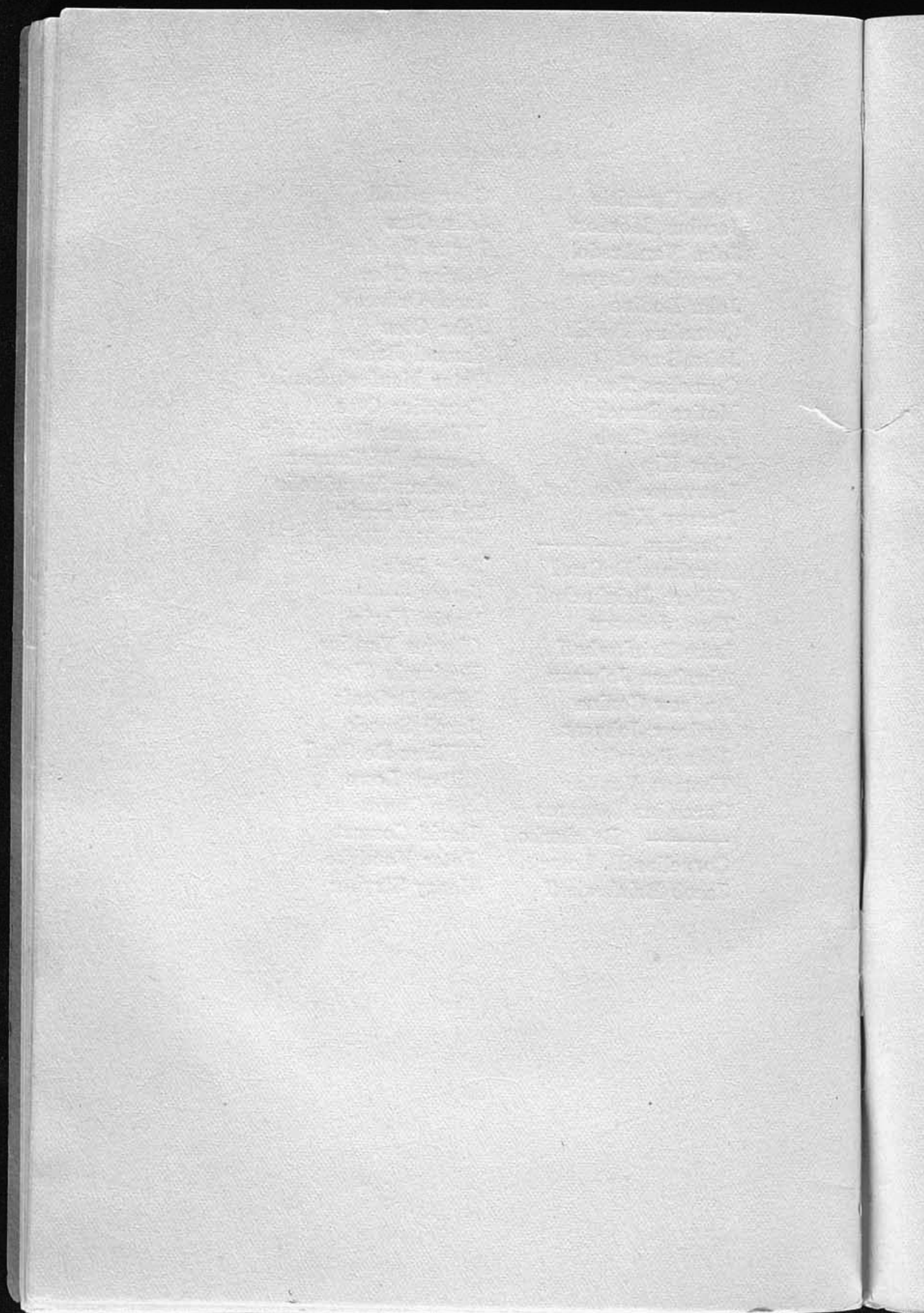
——— Armstrong	John Voreis
Samuel Banta	William Seabourn
John Vanasdale	Simon Vunosdol
James Cook	Derrick Conine

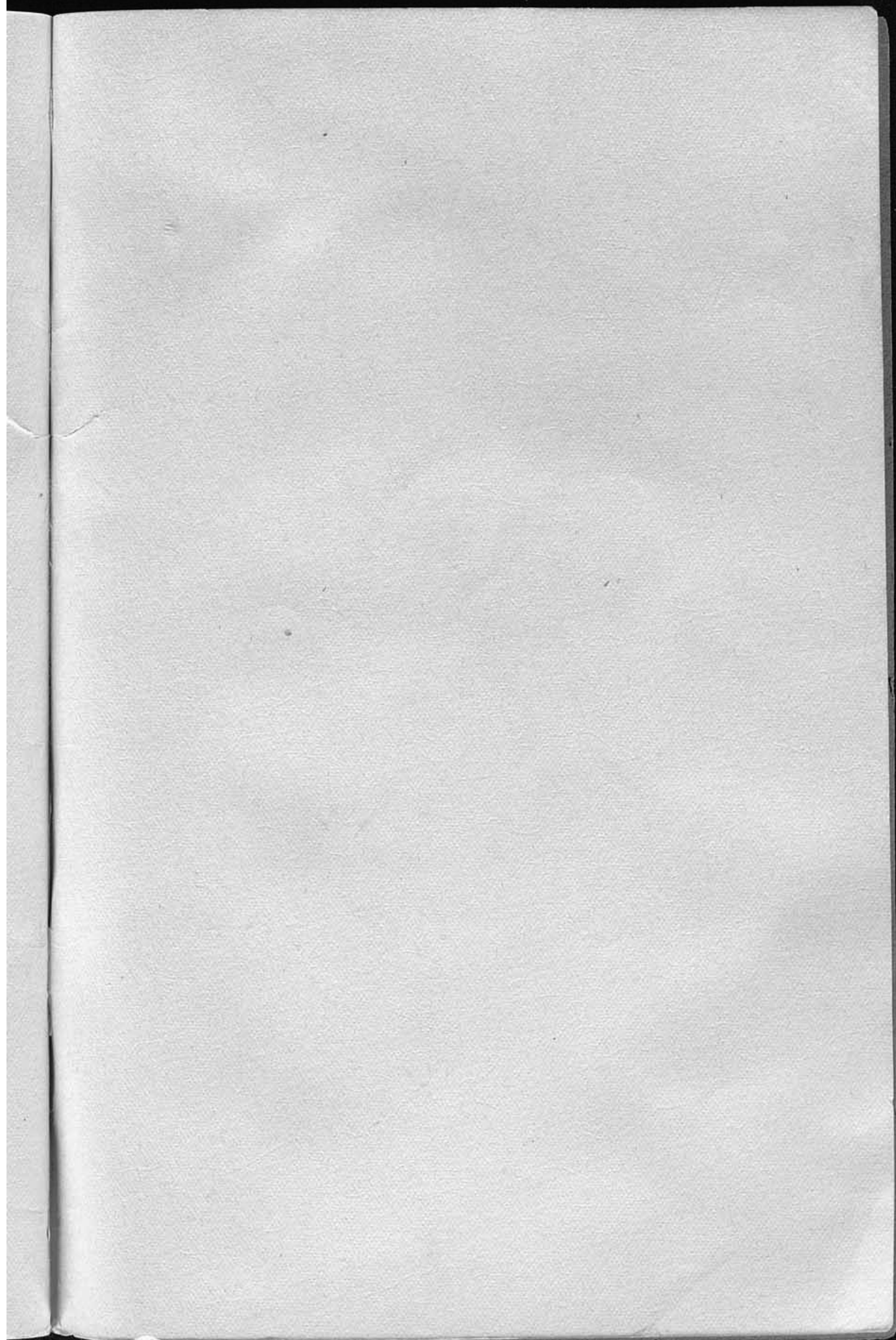
Petition of Kentucky Pioneers

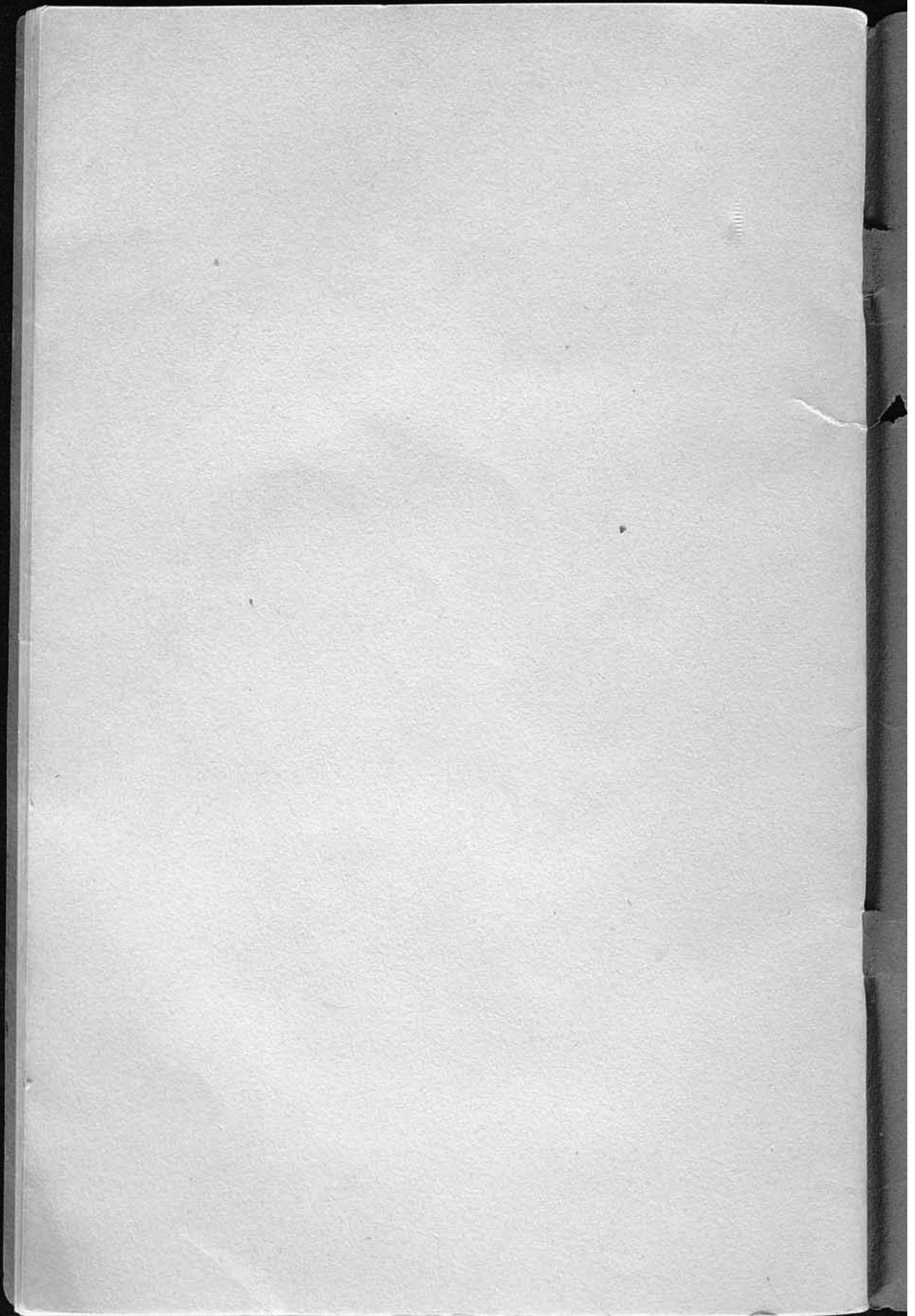
Sophia Voreis (widow)	John O'Bleanes
Bergen Conert	Abraham Banta
Francis —————	Peter Monfoort
Derrick Kooesen	James Stagg
Aaron Rawlings	Garret Dorland
Peter Wickoff	George Burnett
John Ryker	Jaquish Vantine
Henry Bogart	Daniel Brower
Cornelius Voreis	Francis Monfort
James Westervelt	Rulef Vorhis
Henry Banta, Jr.	Samuel Demarest
Tunes Vanpelt	John Brewer
Abraham Banta, Jr.	John Knight
Andrew Shoe	Daniel Brewer, Jr.
Peter Banta, Jr.	John Conrad Knight
Mattis Shoe	Henry Comminger
John Banta	
Garrit Vanarsdale	John Comminger
William Vancleave	Martin Neavons
Joseph debaen	Samuel Bogart
Catherine Darling (widow)	
Abraham debaen	William Jervel
Lambert Darling	Peter Seabourn
Peter Banta	John Monfort
John Darling	George Seabourn
Cornelius Conzine, Jun.	John Monfort, Jr.
James Voreis	David Seabourn
John Conzine	Francis Cossaart
Johanna Seburn (widow)	
Lucas Vanarsdale	Jacob Seabourn
Albert Banta	Jacob Cossart
Barney Smock	Simon VanArsdol
Jacob Banta	George Brinkerhof

Petition of Kentucky Pioneers

Peter Carmicle	George Hall
Jacobus Monfort	John Oten
John VanArsdol	Begun Spader
Cornelius Cosyne	Adrian Oten
John Bodine	Jacob Orbacow
Cornelius Vorhis	John Oten
John Smock	Samuel Briten
Cornelius Tueb	Peter Monfort, Senior
Maties Smock	Cornelius Oten
Laurens Tueb	Wilhelmas Houghtelin
John Kip	George Williamson
Lawrence Montfort	Abraham Houghtelin
Barney Kipp	Richer Berssly
Abraham ———	Hezekiah Houghtelin
Abraham DeGraff	John huls
Gilbert Brinkerhoff	James ———
Thos. Johnson	Daniel Haris
Luke Brinkerhoff	Charles Vantine
Abraham Johnson	Benjamin Sloom
Andrew Conine	Mikel DeGraft
Andrew Johnson	Jacob Smock
John Persyl	William De Graff
Thomas Vantine	Gilbert Lowe
Cornelius Demaree	John Cownoven
——— Brinkerhoff	David Cossart
Cornelius D. Lowe	Peter Vandyke
Jacob Brinkerhoff	Henry Stryker







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