

## Southern Campaign American Revolution Pension Statements & Rosters

Pension application of George Yocom R11941

fn16VA

Transcribed by Will Graves

7/15/11

Revised and annotated by C. Leon Harris

29 Jan. 13

[Methodology: Spelling, punctuation and/or grammar have been corrected in some instances for ease of reading and to facilitate searches of the database. Where the meaning is not compromised by adhering to the spelling, punctuation or grammar, no change has been made. Corrections or additional notes have been inserted within brackets or footnotes. Blanks appearing in the transcripts reflect blanks in the original. A bracketed question mark indicates that the word or words preceding it represent(s) a guess by me. Only materials pertinent to the military service of the veteran and to contemporary events have been transcribed. Affidavits that provide additional information on these events are included and genealogical information is abstracted, while standard, 'boilerplate' affidavits and attestations related solely to the application, and later nineteenth and twentieth century research requests for information have been omitted. I use speech recognition software to make all my transcriptions. Such software misinterprets my southern accent with unfortunate regularity and my poor proofreading fails to catch all misinterpretations. Also, dates or numbers which the software treats as numerals rather than words are not corrected: for example, the software transcribes "the eighth of June one thousand eighty six" as "the 8<sup>th</sup> of June 1786." Please call errors or omissions to my attention.]

State of Kentucky County of Montgomery: Sct.

On this 4 day of December 1843 personally appeared in open Court, George Yocom Sr<sup>1</sup> and for the purpose of obtaining a pension from the United States under the act of Congress passed and approved in June 1832, he makes the following declaration. That he is a citizen of said County of Montgomery & has so resided in said County for 55 years last past before which he resided in the County of Hampshire & State of Virginia. On the 3<sup>rd</sup> of December 1843 he was eighty years old. That on or about the first of March 1781, he volunteered as a private under Captain Daniel Cleverbaugh [possibly Daniel Tevebaugh] – the Lieutenant's name was Monroe, his given name not recollected. There was a draft to raise the said Company, but not enough were drafted & he volunteered. They were marched from Hampshire County where he joined the Company to Tiger's Valley [sic: Tygart Valley] on one of the branches of what is now called the Monongahela River – After being out 6 or 7 months the Company returned home & but with orders to hold ourselves in readiness to march at a minute's warning – immediately after our return home, we heard of Cornwallis being besieged at York town – The object of our being called out was to guard the frontiers from the Indian depredations and incursions. There was no other Company out with us. We went out to guard a Fort called West falls ["Westfalls"<sup>2</sup>], where we mostly stayed, but a part of the time I was at Cassidy's Fort [sic: Cassity Fort near present Dailey WV] & sometimes out on scouting expeditions. Declarant was quite young & small when I went out. I had determined never to apply to my country for a pension as I had considered my pecuniary situation to be such as not to need that aid, but recent misfortunes or difficulties have admonished me in my old age that I need the bounty which my country has liberally offered. But for the pressure of the time upon me, my pride has ever been such I should not have made this appeal for assistance. I hereby release all claim for a pension under or by virtue of any other law of Congress except the one of 1832. The company of Captain Cleverbaugh was militia in the State of Virginia.

Given under my hand & seal this day & date above written.

S/ George Yocom



An Interview With George Yocom Circa 1843.

From the Lyman Copeland Draper Manuscript Collection, Wisconsin State Historical Society.

<sup>1</sup> My guess this man's name was more traditionally spelled Yoakum, Yokum, or some other variation.

<sup>2</sup> "A stockade fort erected by Jacob Westfall in 1774, located on the southern border of the site of Beverly, Randolph County, near mouth of Files Creek. Scene of an Indian attack in 1782." (A copyrighted publication of West Virginia Archives and History) Virginia Frontier Defenses 1719-1795 by Roy Bird Cook Volume I, Number 2 (January 1940), pp. 119-130 [http://www.wvculture.org/history/journal\\_wvh/wvh1-2-4.html](http://www.wvculture.org/history/journal_wvh/wvh1-2-4.html) [viewed 7/15/11]

<http://www.wisconsinhistory.org/military/draper/>  
Draper Mss 12CC150

Transcribed and annotated by C. Leon Harris and David Armstrong. 29 Jan 2013.

### Montgomery.

9. Geo. Yocum. on the state road to Prestonsburg, 3½ ms. from Jeffersonville.

Born, Dec. 3 1763. "I think mamma said at Harness' fort [on South Branch Potomac River], or close by." My father was married on Dan River, N.C. My grandfather, Matthias Yocum, Michael Harness, and Geo. Stump [George Stump], were the 1<sup>st</sup> 3 men that ever brot waggons down to the South Branch. They came by way of Winchester; then up Big Capon [Cacapon River]; Lost River; and to the mountain. Crossing over the mountain, they came to the South fork of the south Branch. Grandfather Yocum settled about a half a mile from the mouth of (the) South fork. Michael Harness, moved down on to the main South Branch; 4 ms. above the fork, or where now Moorfield [sic: Moorefield] is. Had a station there. Michael Harness ((son?)) went down from his father's, H'ss, to Vanmetre's fort [Van Meter Fort = Fort Pleasant], and was shot on the road, as he was riding home. The Cunninghams aftwds. lived above the Harness', on the South Branch.

What was called Buttermilk Station, was in a flat of land, at (& in) the conjunction of the south-fork and South-Branch. The Coffmans, Hornbacks, and Cutwrights, were there. B. S. had plenty of cattle there. Capt. Chas. Lynch [Charles Lynch], (3 bros., came from Ireland.) had a fort ½ m. from the fork, or where Moorefield now is. We spent one summer there. They had a powerful Battle in what was called the Trough of the South-Branch [Battle of the Trough near present Old Field WV, Mar or Apr 1756]. From where the the upper part of S. B. ran into the mountains to where it came again into fertile land, was 6 or 7 ms. The mouth of this Trough, (on the upper side,) was just opposite to Col. Vanmetre's fort; where one Waggoner [Waggener] commanded at this time. 36 men had collected and started from Lynch's fort. At the falls of the South-fork, right where one Moore lives, brother to my Lord Moore, they parted. 18 continued on up the south-fork. The other 18 turned, went back, and came on down to the trough. As they came, they saw the fires of 36 indns [fires of 36 Indians]. cooking at the mouth of the Trough. The indns. ran to the bushes, and the 18 went right up to the fires; when the indns. opened on them. The battle lasted all day; and their guns got right hot in the fight. It was about a mile from the Battle-ground to the fort, across a bottom (where the men at last found that they wo'd send them no help) although in sight, they threw their guns into the River, swam over, and ran through the plantation(s.) When they got to the fort, Waggoner wo'dn't open the gates. they had to run up to Lynch's fort; and Buttermilk fort, (about 2 ms. above ours. They called this part of the S. Branch Holland. Most of the people were low Dutch, from Holland.) Geo. [George Reid] and Leonard Reid, bros. were killed; and Dick Burns, Capt. Parsons, and John Harness, (son of old M. H.) wounded. Waggoner aftwds. sent for some of the men to come to the fort; when he got them there he had them whipped for calling him a coward.

Capt. Job Welton and one or 2 Delays, were killed on Looney's Cr. 10 or 15 ms. from Moorfield(s.) 4 of them, who had gone out to put up hay, staid all night in the meadows, sleeping in the hay. Just before day they were fallen on and killed by about 14 indns. – Lord Fairfax [Thomas Fairfax, 6<sup>th</sup> Lord Fairfax of Cameron] did not leave this country, in the time of the Revolution, and therefore did not forfeit his estates. [Note in margin: "South-Branch belonged to my Lord Fairfax & was never confiscated. He sold for 99 years, but the people bo't out the interest from his heirs."] A company was made up by Col. Neville, Col. Abraham Hite (who died

at Bear-grass,) and old Major Randall; who bo't the lots of the town of Moorefield, and paid the quit rent of and to Coonrod Moore [sic: Conrad Moore], Manor Lord. It was Manor Lands. I was then about 6 yrs. old. They distributed the lots by lot. I was chosen to draw the lots from the hat; and drew for my f. Jacob Y. the lot adjoining the Court-House: the best lot in the town. (The Co'y. laid out the town.)

In 1782, I went with a company of men to the Big Meadows to find silver. We (were) hired by some men who had discovered an ising-glass [isinglass = mica] hill. In the year 1781, I went down with 40 or 50 men, under Capt. Tieverbaugh, to supply the stations in Tygert's Valley. We passed, on our way, one Gregg's, on Seneca [Seneca Creek in present Pendleton County], a branch of the North fork of the S. Branch. 2 or 3 days before we came along while the old man G. was out hunting his horses, the indns. came to the house, and shot Gregg's weaver, at the loom, through the window. They then came in and tomahawked Gregg's little daughter, that was quilting [quilting] for him. While this was doing, another daughter, (Jesse Gregg's sister,) and the only other person at home, came in, shut the door, went by the indn. and stood in the jam, by the fire – as if stunned with affright. When she saw what was doing, she went out again, and ran over to Paul Keeter's [sic: Paul Teter's], 3 ms. When old Mr. G. came towds. home, from the back of the plantation, & saw the house, set on fire – and the indns. with the trenchers out in the yard, eating he halloed out & cursed them – for &c. When they got there from Paul Keeter's, the little girl was scalped, and crawling away from the fire. She died in consequence of the heat of the fire before for by the time she co'd be gotten to his house. There were but 4 forts in the that valley – Wilson's [near present Arnold Hill], Westfall's, Cassedy's – and the 1<sup>st</sup> I forget. 2 days before we got there, within a ½ m. of Westfall's we saw there laying the body of Capt. Adam Stonemaker [sic: Adam Stalnaker]. Had on an officer's coat and Maccaroni-hat. In the evening of the day before, they went to Wilson's fort, and were on their return, when the indns. shot him; right in the small of the back: missing his friend, who got into the fort, and gave the alarm. His horse gave 3 jumps before he (Westfall's.) fell off.

We crossed Cheat 9 times before we got to Wilson's & Westfalls. We went in March to Westfall's – staid about half the time at Cassedy's, and returned back in Augt. we were not interrupted any after we got to the stations.

In March 1783 14 men of us, with 2 negro boys, started from the Monongahela; some of them surveyors; to lay pre-emptions in the indn. country. Congress had forbid such entries, and when we got to Louisville, Martin, Elliott, & I came up to Harrodsburgh [sic: Harrodsburg KY], by McAffees Station, alone, unhurt. We started on the 1<sup>st</sup> of March, and I got home on the 25<sup>th</sup> day of July. 5 of us came through the Wilderness together. About a days travel from the Crab-orchard, we met an old man alone, on foot, his head whitened with age. He had left his family in Powell's valley, and was on his way to make provision for them in Ky. We gave him provision (a supply) to carry him through.

On Greenbriar [sic: Greenbrier River], perhaps, about a m. from some fort was one Bingerman, his wife, her father, and a young man. the indns. got into the house, and one of them was endeavouring to tomahawk her father, an old man, that lay in the bed down stairs. Every time he went to strike, Mrs. B. wo'd catch his arm, so that he co'dn't effect his purpose; till at last B. bro't. him a blow, which killed him, with his shoe-hammer. The indns. wo'd hand him all up on their shoulders, sometimes. He scuffled and fought with them untill he had killed 7. The young man staid up stairs all the time of the fight. Mrs. Bingerman was shot through about the nipple of the right breast, and out on the same side of the back. Mamma saw a silk handkerchief drawn through her several times, to cleanse the wound. She lived, and was a great hearty woman.

The last of the 7, that was killed, had started, with 2 or 3 others that had gone off; but when they got onto a pine hill, in full view, about 300 yds off (in a straight line,) this one showed his posterior side, and Bingerman fired and killed him. After the war closed, Washington made a tour to Western Va to see his lands. Returning he called on Capt. Joe. Logston [Joseph Logston], on Difficult Cr. Hardy Co. In the morning, when about to start W. asked him what was to pay; which had like to have insulted L.; but he got on his horse, and rode 30 or 35 ms. with W. to Col. Abraham Hite's within 5 ms. of Moorfield. W. commended him aftwds. as a brave man. Logston aftwds. lived in the edge of the Barrens. Was riding along near the Lick, one day, when 2 indns. fired on him. the one creased his horse so that he fell. The other took him across the breast bone – which in him projects remarkably – on each side, and just deep enough to graze the skin on the hollow between. L. fired and shot the little one. the other then made up to him and after a desperate struggle, he succeeded in drawing the blade of the indn's. knife thro' the hand in which he was just getting it, and running it into him. He now loosed his hold. The little indn. whose back was broke, stood ballancing against a tree, & was trying to get an opportunity to shoot. Logston had had a great struggle, and was glad to get off. (Besides, in getting his gun, the little indn. might have shot him.) When they came out the next day, they found the little indn. had stabbed himself. David Allington, was one of us; under David Tieverbaugh – to Tygert's Valley, in 1781. His sister it was, Nancy A., that was taken by the indns. & married and had 3 children by one. She then left them, & come home. (Had repeatedly wished to come, before she got off.) When she got here, she refused to go back. The indn. came twice after her, and then sent, and made a threat to kill her, for not coming. Some indn. was aftwds killed out upon Licking which was thought to be him. Jimmy Young's wife was taken too, at the same time. These Cutwrights had a station on Stoner? where Hornback's mill is – Philip Hammond was in the defeated camps on flat Cr. He, his wife, and their little child, were in the company. They had undressed and lain down. He sprang, snatched up the child, and his gun, and his wife followed after. His money was safe in a belt that was round him. He was moving to this country. His pension papers were destroyed, when the Capitol was burned in the late war [sic]. I waggoned at Bullit's Lick [Bullitts Lick] for 6 or 7 years, after I came out with my family. I lived in Mercer. Waggoned at the Licks every fall till I got a load of salt. Sometimes they wo'd give me 2 bushels for going out 3 ms. in the night, for one load of woods. I gave \$2. down there, and wo'd get \$4. a bushel up here. One Cassy that worked about Bullit's Lick, was caught by the indns. & tied & whipped, on top of the Knob, right in sight of the Licks. The 1<sup>st</sup> or 2<sup>d</sup> night, he got away, without being taken over the river. Tullis, an apprentice to the gun-smithing business, to my cousin Bob Shanklin, between Bullit's & Mann's Licks, was taken a little before night, passing from one place to another. It got dark & they passed through a thicket of spice bushes, some being before, and some behind, T. just dropped down beside the path; till those behind had gotten by; then crept off through the bushes. The presently missed him, and he heard them owl & whistle round; but got in safe that night. Two ms. from Grant's Station, towards Paris, was a widow and 6 children. The indns. came and knocked. One of the children went to open the door, but the mother forbid, till they sho'd know who it was. They then began to tomahawk the door. The boys shot thro' the port-holes, and killed 2 indns. It was a double log-house, and 2 of the children had gone to bed in the other part of the house. In it there was a parcel of tow. the indns. set the house on fire; and their room was filled with smoke so that they awoke & cried down, that they co'dn't stay there. The family then knew that the house was on fire. Part went out at one door, and part at another. The old woman was killed, crossing the fence. One of the girls was taken prisoner, but being too closely pursued, was tomahawked on

the way. Nearly all the indns. were killed. A snow had fallen. A little before this, they took a whole team of horses, of one Fisher. One Goodnight got back about this time. He had been taken at Martin's & Riddle's S [sic: Martin's and Ruddell's stations]. Saw an indn. taking his horse. Ran after him, and hallooed for them to come on as if there were a great many with him, till he made so much noise they got frightened, and left the horse go.

In the Spring of 1793, 60 of us went in through the wilderness: choosing Capt. Blueford [Buford?] as our leader. We went to the Crab-Orchard. The night before, they had been out from the fort, and buried 13 in one grave. McFarlan, who was coming to see Enoch Smith, a surveyor at Mt. Sterling, was along. He killed 2 indns. and a white man that was with them. A wounded man was carried in on a blanket between 2 horses. Another man that had no gun, snatched up a little girl, and carried her till night; and then hid her in a hollow log; telling her to stay there till he came again. He wandered all night, and in the morning found himself coming by the same hollow log. He then took out the child, (which in all probability he never wo'd have found,) & carried her along till he found his way to the road & then went to the Crab Orchard

Some five days before this, a man named Drake, who had taken a woman, (his miss,) and a little girl that called her aunt, and was coming along alone, through the Wilderness, was fired upon by the indns. Drake put the woman on her horse 3 times; but at last let the niece go, or the indns. wo'd have had them all. Where they took her, each indn. gave her a broach; one had none, and he took a pewter plate they had dropped in the road, and made her a rude pewter broach & gave her. And this made 18 in all. In this way we knew the no. of the indns. that attacked the company that McFarlan was with. Where these indns. made the attack on the Co. they left her behind; and she wandered off & got away on Laurel Cr. 12 ms. from Racoon Cr.

In the attack, the indns. left a little girl, about 9 or 10 years old, at the fire. When they began to kill she run. Mr. F. saw its tracks and hunted for it. She went to Laurel Creek, and could get no farther. He wandered up and down the Creek without meeting with it, but said he was determined to hunt till he found it. While looking for her, they found another little girl that had been of the Company. It had been carried back on its grey horse so far as Laurel creek, and there co'd get no farther & had to stop & was found. Torrence, at the Crab-orchard, took it home and gave it to his mother who received it with every mark of affection, and took it to raise. The 1<sup>st</sup> little girl ((& the two spoken of before are the same)) had hid in a hollow log, which McF had passed once, but she was too fearful it was indns. to come out, she sd. when he asked her. When he returned along by where she was, she saw him and came out. She was the larger of the two, and both had been out now 5 days. We have enumerated all, of this Company, that escaped. This woman, called Mrs. Drake, lived down in Fleming.