

Excerpt from *History and Progress of the County of Marion, West Virginia . . .*, by G.A. Dunnington, 1880, p. 49–51.

(<https://archive.org/details/historyprogresso00dunn>)

Early in the month of March, 1781, a party of Indians raided upon the settlements of this neighborhood, and on the night of the fifth arrived at the house of Captain John Thomas, on Booth's creek, near the site of the town of Boothsville. Elizabeth Juggins, daughter of the John Juggins whose murder is chronicled in a previous chapter, was visiting at the house at the time. When the Indians arrived at the house the occupants were engaged in family devotion to God, and Captain Thomas was in the act of repeating the lines of the hymn, "Go worship at Emanuel's feet." Scarcely had he commenced when a gun was fired at him from without and he fell. The Indians then forced open the door and commenced the most dreadful tragedy that had yet taken place in this neighborhood. It was in vain that Mrs. Thomas implored the mercy of the savages for herself and children. She was answered with a blow from a tomahawk in the hands of a brawny warrior, and in quick succession six of her children lay weltering in their blood around her body and that of her husband. The savages then proceeded to scalp their victims, and to plunder the house, after which they left, taking with them one little boy as a prisoner. Miss Juggins, as soon as she observed Captain Thomas fall, realized the danger and threw herself under a bed, where she remained hidden from the view of the Indians all through the terrible tragedy. When the savages had departed she came out from her hiding place, and found that Mrs. Thomas was still alive, though unable to move. She asked Miss Juggins to hand her the body of her murdered infant that lay a short distance from her, and the young lady afterwards said that her pitiful glances around upon the bloody scene were enough to melt the stoutest heart. What a terrible contrast between the scene now and the one of a half hour before! The unfortunate mother of the murdered family begged Elizabeth not to leave her; but, anxious for her own safety, the girl left the house and took refuge the rest of the night between two logs. In the morning she spread the alarm among the neighbors, who hastened to the scene of the enormities. Mrs. Thomas was found lying in the yard, where she had crawled and died during the night. Her body was terribly mangled by the tomahawk, and had been torn by hogs. The Indians had evidently made the place a second visit, for all that remained of the house and the bodies of Captain Thomas and his children was a heap of ashes.