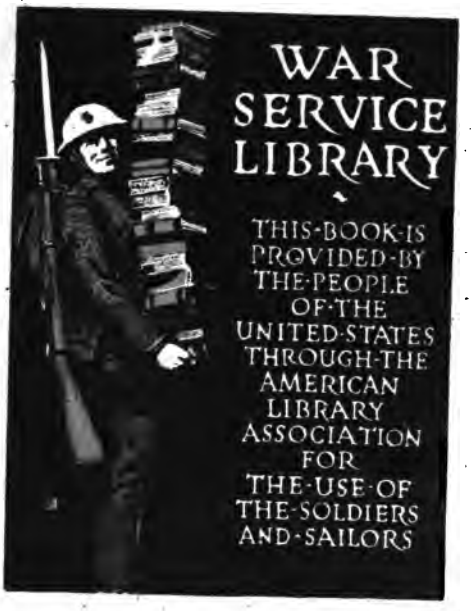

PORTRAIT OF FRANCES SLOCUM.
(AGED 67 YEARS.)

Slocum

of Wyoming

…and Written by
…Grandniece

…Bennett Phelps

…Children and
…Children

Second Edition

Wilkes-Barre Pa.
Published by the Author
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Frances Slocum

The Lost Sister of Wyoming

Compiled and Written by
her Grandniece

Martha Bennett Phelps

For her Children and
Grandchildren

SECOND EDITION

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Published by the Author
1916

VAIL-BALLOU COMPANY
BINGHAMTON AND NEW YORK

TO MY DAUGHTERS

WITHOUT WHOSE INSPIRATION AND ASSISTANCE

IT WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN WRITTEN

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

PREFACE

It is with a feeling of great reluctance that I commence this sad tale of woe and sorrow which befell an ancestor of my mother in Revolutionary times. My pen is not that of a ready writer, and in the making of books, of which Holy Writ tells us "there is no end," I have until now been guiltless. My only apology is that so many of my mother's family have gone to the great beyond. The youngest daughter of our grandfather, who, in her girlhood, visited the "lost sister," has recently passed away, and the last tie is broken connecting us with those who personally knew and appreciated the long-lost Frances. I find myself almost alone among those who have heard her story from our grandfather.

Several accounts have been written of the abduction and captivity of Frances Slocum, by different historians of Wyoming, as a history of our valley would not be complete without the twice-told tale of this sad tragedy.

Hon. Charles Miner had his account from our grandfather, and says of our mother:

" Her diary of the interviews with her Aunt Frances is of a most interesting and pleasing character. It is to be hoped she may be induced to give her journal and notes in the form of letters or a pamphlet." Rev. George Peck, D.D., in his " History of Wyoming " had his account from the family.

In 1842 Rev. John Todd visited Wyoming Valley, and was so interested in the story of Frances Slocum that he felt moved to write her life. He was a Presbyterian clergyman and a writer,— I rather think, of Sunday-school books,— and somewhat of a poet. Our grandfather was induced to give him papers, journals, and verbal accounts of his visits to his sister, in order to have them preserved in book form. This book, after long delay, came out for Sunday-schools, and the Rev. John Todd seemed more anxious to impress moral maxims on the minds of the young than to write a graphic or thrilling account of " The Lost Sister," as he called his book, and by which name she is generally known. The family were much disappointed in his work, and greatly displeased because he did not return the important papers and journals taken down with so much care through an interpreter from Frances' own lips.

In 1891 John F. Meginness, newspaper editor, and writer of a "History of the West Branch Valley of the Susquehanna, Biographical Annals," etc., says in his preface to his book, called "Frances Slocum," that while visiting Logansport, Indiana, he found his way to the Indian cemetery on the Mississinewa, and stood beside the grave of the captive. It was pointed out by a grandson, who seemed to entertain a holy reverence for the spot, and spoke in the most affectionate terms of his grandmother, whom he had never seen. While standing there, he resolved that, if he could obtain sufficient data, he would write the story of her life, and put on record fuller details of her wanderings, trials, and sufferings than had yet been given to the public. To Mr. Meginness we owe much valuable research. He unearthed official documents and visited both white and red relatives. The task was laborious; more than a year was devoted to the work of preparation.

In the following pages I have tried to give the tender personal traditions, on which as children we were nourished, so that our children and grandchildren may hear the story as told by their ancestors.

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ILLUSTRATIONS

From paintings in possession of the Slocum family

Following is a list of the authorities consulted in the preparation of this work:

"History of Wyoming,"
by Charles Miner.

"The Poetry and History of Wyoming,"
by William L. Stone.

"The Lost Sister of Wyoming,"
by Rev. John Todd.

"Wyoming,"
by George Peck, D.D.

"Frances Slocum, the Lost Sister of Wyoming,"
by John F. Meginness.

Also original documents in possession of descendants of the Slocum family.

CHAPTER I

FRANCES' ANCESTORS COME TO WYOMING VALLEY

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FRANCES' ANCESTORS COME TO WYOMING VALLEY

"On Susquehanna's side fair Wyoming."
CAMPBELL.

A BEAUTIFUL valley, quaintly nestling amid the Pennsylvania mountains, covered with forests of oak and pine, a winding river flowing through it,— secluded from the world in early days, like Rasselas' "Happy Valley"— such was Wyoming in 1773, when our story opens.

Though many of its lovely glens and hills, noted for picturesque views, are disfigured by blackened coal-breakers,— tokens of its famous industry,— it is still haunted by the tourist and the historian, and its sons and daughters ever return to it, proud of a home of such unsurpassed beauty.

This fair Wyoming was the pioneer home of the Slocums, and from thence was stolen the little girl,—"the lost sister," Frances

Slocum. Her inheritance from her ancestors formed a character at once strong and dignified, with which she was able, without any education, except from nature and the red man, to rule a fierce tribe of Indians and keep their love and respect.[1] Her ancestor, Anthony Slocum, the founder of the family in America, is recorded as one of the forty-six first and ancient purchasers (1637 A.D.) of the territory of Cohannet, incorporated March 3, 1639, under the name of Taunton, in New Plymouth, now Massachusetts. Although a man of means and ability, he was excluded from the rights of citizenship at Taunton by the newly arrived Puritans — who had themselves sought New Plymouth in search of "freedom to worship God"— because he had joined the Society of Friends, and he was driven to Rhode Island, the land of liberty, which was thereafter the home of the Slocums. There they intermarried with many of the leading families of the colony, and there was born in East Greenwich, Rhode Island, in May, 1732, to the Hon. Joseph Slocum, a son, Jonathan Slocum, the father of Frances.

In her ancestry it is shown that she could

[1] See Appendix E.

meet the requirements of a "Colonial Dame." But does not history prove her to have been a veritable suffering Daughter of the American Revolution?

In his Rhode Island home, Jonathan Slocum seems to have caught the Western fever severely, for in 1771 he visited Wyoming Valley with some Connecticut settlers. They were attracted by the fertility of the soil and the beauty of the country. Little even did his descendants know, until many years later, of the exceeding richness of the land Jonathan Slocum and his father-in law, Isaac Tripp, pre-empted. Their descendants owned lands where the city of Scranton stands, which was originally called "Slocum's Hollow," probably half its present site; large farms covering the site of North Pittston, also farms at Exeter, many acres in Wilkes-Barré and its vicinity, as well as at Tunkhannock. Most of these lands are in the anthracite coal-fields, from which millions of tons of coal have been taken, making some of the descendants rich. Many, not knowing the value of the lands, parted with them long ago for a song. After pre-empting the land, Mr. Slocum and Mr. Tripp returned to Rhode

Island, to bring the mother and nine children the long, weary journey to their new possessions.

Our grandfather, Joseph Slocum, in June, 1845, visited the ancestral farm, in Greenwich, R. I., which he had left an infant in his mother's arms. He thus described his visit: "I went first to see Mr. Miller, an aged man, ninety-two years old, who remembered my father, and remembered when the family moved to the valley of Wyoming. When I arrived at the farm, I told the owner my name, and that I would like to see the house in which I was born, and where my family had lived for many years. He kindly invited me in, introduced me to his family, and took me through the house, from garret to cellar. It is a very large house; is old, and the floors are much worn and settled. The wife inquired if my mother had lost any children while living there, as there were two small graves on the hillside. I told her I remembered to have heard of two children who died in infancy." Our grandfather evidently thought the dust of the wee babies might remain in the hillside, where they had lain for so many years.

I have no doubt the home was roomy and

comfortable, and it must have required a frontier mother's courage to transplant so large a family to the far-off wilderness. It was during the year 1777 that Mr. Slocum removed his family to their new home in the Wyoming Valley. He took them in a large covered wagon; the roads were bad, many rivers and streams had to be crossed, and the journey was long and tiresome. Isaac Tripp, the father of Mrs. Slocum, came with them. They settled on land in Wilkes-Barré, near the corner of North and Canal Streets, one hundred rods from the Wilkes-Barré Fort, which stood in the centre of the Square. As the Wyoming Massacre took place on the 3d of July, 1778, the family could not have had many peaceful months in which to lay the foundations of their new home. Many of the settlers who had moved into the valley about that time left after the massacre, traversing again the almost impenetrable wilderness to gain the safety of their New England homes.

Mr. Slocum, on account of his non-combative principles and many acts of kindness to the Indians, considered himself and his family free from danger. Mr. Isaac Tripp, also a Quaker, entertained the same opinion, as

he had frequently befriended the Indians during the raids; on more than one occasion they had avoided molesting him. He had also quelled riots between the Pennsylvania and Connecticut claimants, and seems to have exercised a restraining force by mild measures, among his neighbors, whether the white or the red man.

Thus these Quakers did not fly after the battle, and possibly they would not have been molested if the oldest son, Giles, had not taken part in the bloody conflict of July 3, 1778.

The Indians were always revengeful, and concluded the Slocums were deceiving them, or Giles would not have taken up arms against them, and they at once determined to seek revenge. After the massacre, straggling bands of Indians continued to visit the valley in search of scalps and plunder, until the conclusion of peace with England.

Our grandfather told us he had often heard his mother relate the story of some Indians who came to the house and saw their faces for the first time in a small mirror; to propitiate them, she gave it to them; if she had not done so, probably they would have taken it, so pleased were they with its mystery.

CHAPTER II

FRANCES STOLEN BY THE INDIANS

THE CAPTURE BY THE INDIANS.

CHAPTER II

FRANCES STOLEN BY THE INDIANS

"And in the chamber of her soul
One picture memory laid —
A child — one hand among the curls;
The other stretched for aid."

TODD.

ON a peaceful, quiet autumn day, the 2d of November, in the year of our Lord 1778, the men were at work in the fields, the women and children were busy in the few homes left in the lonely valley; for only four months before had been the terrible massacre, and almost all the settlers who could leave had returned to their New England homes. In a house on the edge of the woods dwelt the family of Jonathan Slocum. Near this quiet home trod stealthily three Delaware Indians, and, watching a favorable opportunity, approached the residence of Mr. Slocum. In the house were Mrs. Slocum and four young children, the eldest of whom was a son,

Ebenezer, aged about twelve; the second, a daughter, Mary, aged nine; the third, Frances, aged four years and seven months; and a little son, Joseph, aged two and a half. Near the door of the house were two boys named Kingsley, grinding a knife. These boys and their mother had been kindly taken in by Mr. Slocum and given a temporary home, as their father had been taken prisoner by the Indians, and was then in captivity. Dr. Peck, in his *History of Wyoming,* informs us that "the elder of the boys, Nathan by name, wore a soldier's coat," which it is presumed was a special reason of his being marked as a victim. The first hostile act of the Indians was to shoot down Nathan Kingsley, and take his scalp with the knife he had been sharpening. The discharge of the gun alarmed the family. Mary appears to have had much presence of mind, as she seized her little brother, Joseph (our grandfather), and ran off in the direction of the fort. True, she could not make rapid progress, for she clung to her brother. She was only nine, and he was two and a half years old, but not even the pursuit of the savages could induce her to drop her charge. The Indians did not pursue her far, and laughed

heartily at the panic of the little girl, while they could not but admire her resolution. Allowing her to make her escape, they returned to the house, helping themselves to such articles as they chose. On coming downstairs one of them saw the feet of little Frances protruding from her hiding-place under the stairs, and, seizing them quickly, drew her forth. I have heard this from our grandfather, and Mr. Meginness says: "It is also a tradition still preserved among the Miami Indians of Indiana." The mother saw the savages preparing to depart with young Kingsley, her son Ebenezer, and the little Frances. Imagine her horror! She rushed quickly out, imploring the Indians to spare her children. She frantically pointed to her son, showing them his lame foot, which had restrained him from attempting flight, saying, "He can do *thee* no good." How that mother begged for her children, on her knees, at the feet of their captors! I have heard my grandfather tell the story, when he was a very old man, and his eyes would fill with tears at the thought of his mother's agony. The savages were insensible to the feelings of humanity, but they saw that the lame boy would be a

hindrance on their hurried march, and the lad was left behind. Deaf alike to the cries of the mother and the shrieks of the child, a stalwart Indian slung little Frances over his shoulder as though she were a slaughtered fawn, and strode off into the forest. The long, lingering look which the mother gave to her child as her captors disappeared was the last glimpse that she ever had of her sweet face with its crown of auburn hair. As the Indian threw little Frances over his shoulder, her hair fell over her face, and the mother could never forget how the tears streamed down her cheeks when she brushed it away, as if to catch a last sad look of the mother, from whom, her little arms outstretched, she implored assistance in vain. The child's pleading cries the mother heard always in the hushed moments of her life, night and day.

CHAPTER III

THE FLIGHT THROUGH THE FOREST

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THE FLIGHT THROUGH THE FOREST

"Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

LONGFELLOW.

THE three Indians, with Frances and the boy, Wareham Kingsley, fled rapidly into the forest, and before the terrified mother and her children could clearly comprehend what had happened, they were lost to sight. The excitement had attracted attention at Wilkes-Barré Fort, situated near the Slocum residence. An alarm was given, but the wily savages travelled so swiftly that the few left to pursue could find no trace of them. The grief of the family, those only who have suffered thus can realize. What a sad home-coming for the father and grandfather! They found the door-stone drenched with the blood of their young guest, Nathan Kingsley, and little Frances gone. The pet of the house-

hold, with her merry ways and sunny hair, was a captive of the dreadful savages! These quiet, self-contained Quakers must have concealed their anguish in order to comfort the broken-hearted mother. It was a sad and impressive scene around that deserted hearth, as the gloom of night settled down. The agonizing thought, which no human reason could solve, was, what would become of their child. The mother cried, O that she had seen the Indians kill her, then it would have been well with the child. What would be her fate? Would she be cruelly murdered in the forest, and her body become the food of wolves, or would she be worn out with fatigue, and left to die a lingering death for want of food and clothing? The father sat with his head bowed in silent grief. Would not the Spirit move him to comfort his bereaved ones with these words of the Master, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee"?

Time dragged heavily in the stricken household; no tidings of the lost child could be obtained; searching parties went in every direction. The savages had left no traces of their flight behind, although tradition says they spent one night in a cave near Laurel Run Gap

on the Wilkes-Barré Mountain. It was unsafe for small scouting parties to venture far within the wilderness, because the Indians lurked in the thickets ready to pounce upon them with the fierceness of beasts of prey. Mr. Miner writes: "On the 16th of December, about forty days after the capture of Frances, allowing time for the war party to go to the Indian country with their prisoners, recruit themselves, and return, Jonathan Slocum, Isaac Tripp, with William, a youth, were foddering cattle from a stack in the meadow, in sight of the fort, when they were fired upon by the Indians. Mr. Slocum was shot dead; Mr. Tripp was wounded, speared, and tomahawked; both were scalped; William, wounded by a spent ball in the heel, escaped and gave the alarm, but the alert and wily foe had retreated to their hiding-place in the mountain. This deed, bold as it was cruel, was perpetrated within the town plot, in the centre of which the fort was located. Thus in little more than a month Mrs. Slocum had lost a beloved child, carried into captivity; an inmate of the family had been cruelly murdered; two others of the household had been taken prisoners; and now her husband and her father

were both stricken down to the grave, murdered and mangled by merciless Indians! Verily the annals of the Indian atrocities, written in blood, record few instances of desolation and woe equal to this." The bodies of the father and the grandfather now rest in the Hollenback Cemetery, in the city of Wilkes-Barré, where a monument marks their graves.

In moralizing upon the tragedy which had bereft this modern Ruth of both husband and father, Dr. Peck dwells upon the fact that though they were both dead, and their ashes reposed beneath the green turf, time gradually modified the poignancy of the widow's grief. She knew that the others were at rest; but what was the fate of the child? Our grandfather often said that the suspense which hung over the "lost sister's" fate was more terrible than death, and lapsing years only increased its vividness. One of the mother's little griefs was that Frances had a new pair of shoes, that were laid away as a matter of economy, to be used in colder weather. "She went away with bare feet," the mother would exclaim; "if the poor little creature only had her shoes!" To her she was always the little child.

Mrs. Slocum lived to see many bright and

sunny days in the beautiful valley, with her family growing up around her, but she always felt that Frances was living, and never gave up the hope that she would see her before she died. Alas! no tidings of her lost daughter came during her pilgrimage.

CHAPTER IV

THE FRUITLESS SEARCH

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THE FRUITLESS SEARCH

"They searched through many a forest wild,
And swelling rivers crossed;
And yet the years brought on their wings
No tidings of the lost.

"Age sprinkled on their heads its frost;
They cherished still that name;
But from the forests of the west
No tale of Frances came."

TODD.

AMONG the first acts of the Government of the United States, when peace was concluded with Great Britain in 1783, was the conciliation of the Indian tribes of the north. By 1784, two sons of Mrs. Slocum, grown to manhood, travelled as far as Niagara. This was an important point during the war for exchange of prisoners. They offered one hundred guineas for the recovery of the child. They returned disheartened and discouraged after an absence of several weeks. This was

a sad blow to the mother, but she did not abandon hope.

The first record discovered concerning the two captive children is found in a report of Col. Fred Fisher and John Harper, Johnstown, N. Y., under date of March 2, 1780. Among the prisoners are the following: "Hookam child; Kingsley child." "Hookam" evidently is intended for 'Slocum. This important record may be found in Governor Clinton's unpublished papers, vol. ix., No. 2736.

What a clue this would have been to the families of the captives, if they had had the good fortune to have found it! The brothers in 1788 again visited the Indian country. This time they penetrated the wilderness of Ohio. They were absent several months and secured the aid of Indian agents and traders, offering a reward of five hundred dollars for any information regarding their sister, but they returned home unsuccessful, to their disappointed mother. Hearing that children who had been captured by Indians were at Niagara, Mrs. Slocum in 1789, when fifty-three years old, made the long, toilsome journey, about three hundred miles, on horseback. She made a careful search among the captives, but she found no

one that she could recognize as her lost Frances. She returned home despondent, but still hopeful. Early in 1791, General Knox, then Secretary of War, commissioned Col. Thomas Proctor to visit the several Indian tribes inhabiting the country bordering on Lake Erie, and the Miamis of the Wabash, for the purpose of making peace and establishing friendly relations. Meginness in his journal writes that "on March 28th he was joined by Mr. George [Giles] Slocum to place himself under our protection in hopes of finding his sister, who had been in captivity twelve years." It seems strange that Colonel Proctor, in his journal of April 22d, should have written this item: "To cash paid Frances Slocum, *7s. 6d.*," and never have sent Giles Slocum information when he knew he was searching for his sister. She was at this time less than three hundred miles from the home of her mother, — was living with the Indians congregated at Cornplanter's town on the Allegheny River. How could the Commissioner of the War Department treat the matter so indifferently that she was immediately lost sight of when almost within the grasp of her friends? "In 1796, four of the brothers, including Isaac, started

from Wyoming, with a drove of cattle and a quantity of dry goods, on another search. They spent the entire summer among different tribes, offering a large reward, but with no better success. The following year they made another trip." These journeys were through an unbroken wilderness, inhabited by wild beasts, with here and there a trading post or fort. They spent many weary days and nights, surrounded by dangers, and much money in the search.

Our grandfather said his brothers were often near their sister, but she was such a favorite with the "brave" and "squaw" who had adopted her that she was spirited away whenever a white man came near, and no Indian would divulge her hiding-place. "A captive, hearing of the efforts made by the Slocums to recover their lost one, and hoping that she might be recognized as the real Frances, came to Mrs. Slocum and told her that she was taken prisoner somewhere on the Susquehanna when a child, and she was anxious to find her friends. She knew not the name of her father, she knew not her own name, but she had come to see if she, Mrs. Slocum, were not her real mother. Mrs. Slocum treated her with all possible care

and tenderness, was touched by her appearance, and fain would have claimed her if she could. She led the stranger about the house and grounds to see if there were any recollections by which she could be identified as her lost one. But soul did not answer to soul. 'Stay with me as long as thee pleases; perhaps some one may extend the like kindness to my dear Frances.' The unfortunate person, no impostor, an orphan indeed, felt in her own mind that these were not her people, and, taking presents, voluntarily returned to her Indian friends."

On May 6, 1807, aged seventy-one years, Mrs. Slocum slept in death, almost consoled by the belief that her child had long since ceased from among the living, still impressing upon the minds of her children that they must not give up the search for Frances. When she died, Frances had been lost to her twenty-nine years six months and four days; and of her ten children all were known by her to be living save one. Todd says, "the brightest smile that ever played upon her lips was saddened by the memory of her lost child."

CHAPTER V

THE STRANGE REVELATION

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THE STRANGE REVELATION

"He is great who confers the most benefits."
EMERSON.

WE must now pass over a long space of time. It was nearly sixty years since little Frances had been captured by the Indians. Two generations of men had passed away and no tidings had been heard of her. The mother had gone down to the grave, ever mourning for her lost one; the brothers and sisters had become aged, only four were known to be living of the large family — Mary, Isaac, Joseph, and Benjamin, and all hope of ever hearing of Frances had passed away.

Now the scene changes. It happened in the year 1835 that Colonel Ewing, a gentleman connected with the Indian trade, and also with the public service of the country, in traversing a remote section of Indiana, was overtaken by

night while at a distance from the abode of civilized man. When it became too dark for him to pursue his way, he sought an Indian habitation, and was so fortunate as to find shelter and a welcome in one of the better sort. The proprietor of the lodge was indeed opulent for an Indian — possessing horses and skins, and other comforts in abundance. He was attracted in the course of the evening by the appearance of the venerable mistress of the lodge, whose complexion was lighter than that of her family, and as glimpses were occasionally disclosed of her arm beneath her blanket-robe, he saw it was white. She seemed aged, and at that time very infirm; and was greatly revered by the household. He noticed her hair, and its fineness and softness convinced him that she could not be an Indian. As soon as the family had become still, or had retired, he began to converse with her, and at once was greatly interested in her. At her request, and, as he supposed, because she thought she had but a short time to live, she gave him the history of her life. *She was not an Indian.* She told him that, when a little girl, she had been captured by the Indians, had been adopted by them, and had never lived with the white peo-

ple since. In the course of her statement she mentioned that her family name was Slocum, and her father a Quaker, and that she had been stolen from somewhere in the valley of the Susquehanna. But of circumstances calculated to throw light upon her early history, she could remember no more. She did not remember her name and could not speak her mother tongue. Colonel Ewing conversed with her in the Miami tongue, which he understood. In the morning Colonel Ewing mounted his horse and prepared to set out on his journey for Logansport. He bade the old lady and family farewell with much feeling. In accordance with Indian customs, they refused to receive any compensation for their hospitality. On Colonel Ewing's return to his own home, he related the adventure to his mother, who, with the just feelings of a woman, urged him to take some measure to make the discovery known, and at her solicitation he was induced to write a narrative of the case, which he addressed to the postmaster at Lancaster, Pa., as that seemed the largest town near the Susquehanna River, with a request that it might be published in some Pennsylvania newspaper.

"LOGANSPORT, Ind., Jan. 20, 1835.

"DEAR SIR:—In the hope that some good may result from it, I have taken this means of giving to your fellow-citizens — say the descendants of the early settlers of the Susquehanna — the following information; and if there be any now living whose name is Slocum, to them, I hope, the following may be communicated through the public prints of your place.

"There is now living near this place, an aged white woman, who a few days ago told me, while I lodged in the camp one night, that she was taken away from her father's house, on or near the Susquehanna River, when she was very young — say, from five to eight years old, as she thinks — by the Delaware Indians, who were then hostile toward the whites. She says her father's name was Slocum; that he was a Quaker, rather small in stature, and wore a large-brimmed hat; was of sandy hair and light complexion and much freckled; that he lived about half a mile from a town where there was a fort; that they lived in a wooden house two stories high, and had a spring near the house. She says three Delawares came to the house in the daytime, when all were absent

but herself, and perhaps two other children; her father and brothers were absent, working in the field. The Indians carried her off, and she was adopted into a family of Delawares, who raised her and treated her as their own child. They died about forty years ago, somewhere in Ohio. She was then married to a Miami, by whom she had four children; two of them are now living — they are both daughters — and she lives with them. Her husband is dead; she is old and feeble, and thinks she will not live long.

"These considerations induced her to give the present history of herself, which she would never do before, fearing that her kindred would come and force her away. She has lived long and happy as an Indian, and, but for her color, would not be suspected of being anything else than such. She is very respectable and wealthy, sober and honest. Her name is without reproach. She says her father had a large family, say eight children in all — six older than herself, one younger, as well as she can recollect; and she doubts not there are yet living many of their descendants, but seems to think that all her brothers and sisters must be dead, as she is very old herself, not far from

the age of eighty. She thinks she was taken prisoner before the two last wars, which must mean the Revolutionary War, as Wayne's war and the late war have been since that one. She had entirely lost her mother tongue, and speaks only in Indian, which I also understand, and she gave me a full history of herself.

"Her own Christian name she has forgotten but says her father's name was Slocum, and he was a Quaker. She also recollects that it was upon the Susquehanna River that they lived, but don't recollect the name of the town near which they lived. I have thought that from this letter you might cause something to be inserted in the newspapers of your county that might possibly catch the eye of some of the descendants of the Slocum family, who have knowledge of a girl having been carried off by the Indians some seventy years ago. This they might know from family tradition. If so, and they will come here, I will carry them where they may see the object of my letter alive and happy, though old and far advanced in life.

"I can form no idea whereabout upon the Susquehanna River this family could have lived at that early period, namely, about the

time of the Revolutionary War, but perhaps you can ascertain more about it. If so, I hope you will interest yourself, and, if possible, let her brothers and sisters, if any be alive,— if not, their children,— know where they may once more see a relative whose fate has been wrapped in mystery for seventy years, and for whom her bereaved and afflicted parents doubtless shed many a bitter tear. They have long since found their graves, though their lost child they never found. I have been much affected with the disclosure, and hope the surviving friends may obtain, through your goodness, the information I desire for them. If I can be of any service to them, they may command me. In the meantime, I hope you will excuse me for the freedom I have taken with you, a total stranger, and believe me to be, sir, with much respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"GEO. W. EWING."

Though the postal facilities were slow at that day, compared with the present, the letter reached its destination. It happened that Mrs. Mary Dickson was postmistress, and owner of the *Lancaster Intelligencer*. Strange as it may

seem, she took no interest in the letter, throwing it aside, and it lay for two years among a lot of old papers and letters which were deemed worthless. At last, in examining these papers, the letter was found by one who appreciated it, and given to the *Intelligencer,* which had been bought by John W. Forney, then a young man, who afterward had a brilliant career as a journalist and politician. With his journalistic instinct Mr. Forney at once saw its importance, and published it in the issue of August, 1837. Providentially the letter made its appearance in a large extra edition of the paper, containing some temperance documents, and these were sent to the clergymen generally through that part of the State. One of these fell into the hands of Rev. Samuel Bowman, a native of Wilkes-Barré, and a distinguished Episcopal clergyman, afterward one of the Bishops of Pennsylvania. He knew the family of Slocums well, having been also a college-mate of Jonathan J. Slocum. Rev. Samuel Bowman immediately mailed one of these papers to our grandfather, Joseph Slocum, who lived at Wilkes-Barré, and the wonderful statement made by the letter threw, not only the family, but the community

into a state of excitement. They all wondered and pondered over the strange but gratifying news. The relatives at once took steps to collect all possible information they could for the purpose of verifying the story, and a correspondence was at once commenced between Jonathan J. Slocum, son of Mr. Joseph Slocum, and Colonel Ewing, as follows:

"WILKES-BARRÉ, Pa., Aug. 8, 1837.

"GEO. W. EWING, ESQ.

"*Dear Sir*:—

"At the suggestion of my father and other relations, I have taken the liberty to write to you, although an entire stranger.

"We have received, but a few days ago, a letter written by you to a gentleman in Lancaster, of this State, upon a subject of deep and intense interest to our family. How the matter should have lain so long wrapped in obscurity, we cannot conceive. An aunt of mine, sister of my father, was taken away when five years old, by the Indians, and since then we have only had vague and indistinct rumors upon the subject. Your letter we deem to have entirely revealed the whole matter, and set everything at rest. The descrip-

tion is so perfect, and the incident (with the exception of her age) so correct, that we feel confident. Steps will be taken immediately to investigate the matter, and we will do all in our power to restore a lost relative who has been sixty years in Indian bondage.

"Your friend and obedient servant,

"JON. J. SLOCUM."

Mr. Joseph Slocum was the child, two and a half years old, who was rescued by the intrepid sister Mary, nine years old. That sister also survived, as did a brother, Isaac, living in Ohio. Arrangements were immediately made by the two former, to meet the latter in Ohio, and proceed thence to the Miami country and reclaim the long-lost sister. "I shall know her if she be my sister," said the elder sister, "although she may be painted and jewelled off, and dressed in her Indian blanket, for one of you boys hammered off her finger-nail one day when she was four years old, and the scar would be on her finger." Preparations were being made for the then long, difficult journey. In the meantime Colonel Ewing replied. Although he was a busy man he sent the answer immediately to Jonathan J. Slocum.

"LOGANSPORT, Indiana, Aug. 26, 1837.

"JON. J. SLOCUM, ESQ., Wilkes-Barré,

"*Dear Sir*:—I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of 8th inst., and in answer can add, that the female I spoke of in Jan., 1835, is still alive; nor can I for a moment doubt but that she is the identical relative that has been so long lost to your family. I feel much gratified to think that I have been thus instrumental in disclosing to yourself and friends such facts in relation to her as will enable you to visit her and satisfy yourselves more fully. She recovered from the temporary illness by which she was afflicted about the time I spent the night with her in Jan., 1835, and which was no doubt the cause that induced her to speak so freely of her early captivity. Although she is now, by long habit, an Indian, and her manners and customs precisely like theirs, yet she will doubtless be happy to see any of you; and I myself will take great pleasure in accompanying you to the house; should you come out for that purpose, I advise you to repair directly to this place; and should it so happen that I should be absent at that time, you will find others who can take you to her. Bring with you this let-

ter, show it to John T. Miller, of Peru (Ind.), a small town not far from this place. He knows her well. He is a young man whom we have raised. He speaks the Miami tongue and will accompany you, if I should not be at home. Inquire for the old white woman, mother-in-law to Brouillette, living on the Mississinewa River, about ten miles from its mouth. There you will find the long-lost sister of your Father, and as I before stated, you will not have to blush on her account. She is highly respectable, and her name as an Indian is without reproach. Her daughter, too, and her son-in-law, Brouillette, who is also a half-breed, being part French, are both very respectable and interesting people — none in the nation more so. As Indians, they live well, and will be pleased to see you. Should you visit here this Fall, I may be absent, as I purpose starting for New York in a few days, and shall not be back till some time in October. But this need not stop you; for although I should be gratified to see you, yet it will be sufficient to learn that I have furthered your wishes in this truly interesting matter. The very kind manner in which you have been pleased to speak of me, shall be fully appre-

ciated. There perhaps are men who could have heard her story unmoved, but for me, I could not; and when I reflected, that there was perhaps still lingering on this side of the grave, some brother or sister of that ill-fated woman, to whom such information would be deeply interesting, I resolved on the course which I adopted, and entertained the fond hope that my letter, if ever it should go before the public, would attract the attention of some one interested. In this it seems at last I have not been disappointed, although I had long since supposed it had failed to effect the object for which I wrote it. Like you, I regret that it should have been delayed so long,— nor can I conceive how any one should neglect to publish such a letter. As to the age of the female, I think she herself is mistaken and that she is not so old as she imagines herself to be. Indeed, I entertain no doubt but that she is the same person that your family have mourned after for more than half a century past.

"Your obedient humble servant,

"GEORGE W. EWING."

The following extract from a letter written by the late Hon. Hendrick B. Wright, dated

December 31, 1877, and addressed to Mrs. Lord Butler, daughter of Joseph Slocum, of Wilkes-Barré, gives another version of how Frances Slocum (her aunt) came to reveal the secret of her history to Colonel Ewing. Colonel Wright says:

"While in Congress, the XXXIIId, I think, and probably in the year 1853, a gentleman of remarkably agreeable and pleasant deportment called on me at my hotel, in Washington, and introduced himself as George W. Ewing, of Logansport, Indiana. He said that he had been informed that I represented the Wilkes-Barré District of Pennsylvania, and he had come to speak to me on the subject of Frances Slocum, if agreeable to me. I told him that I was very glad he had called on me, and nothing could please me more than to have a narrative from his own mouth of a matter which I, in common with all the people of Wilkes-Barré, and especially the Slocum family, which was numerous and highly respected, felt so much interest.

"Colonel Ewing said: 'I had been on an excursion in the vicinity of the Deaf Man's Village, the residence of the white woman, widow of the chief whose name gave the title

to the village, was belated, and, darkness coming on, I concluded to remain over night at the house. I knew her well, and could speak the language of the people of her tribe. She provided me with a good supper, and ordered wood to be piled on the big hearth, which surprised me, as our supper was over, and the Indian bedtime had arrived. After sitting a half hour or so, and talking over ordinary matters about her family, her crops, and her cattle, and that she was well off in the necessaries of life, I told her that I would retire to my bed. She said, " No; I have something on my mind. I am old and weak. I shall not live long, and I must tell it. I cannot die in peace if I do not."

" ' Here followed a long pause, during which she kept her eyes constantly on the fire and her body moving back and forth in her big armchair, apparently in pain, at least in great agitation of mind. I did not wish to break the long silence. The family had all left us; she and I were alone.

" ' In this condition she remained at least half an hour. My mind was in an excitable state, for I could not of course divine what her secret was that she would disclose. Fi-

nally she motioned with her hand to the stairs, and before I reached the door she said, "Come back, I must tell it." I came back and seated myself. A half hour more elapsed and no sound came from the woman's lips. I at last told her she could reveal it to me at another time. "No, no," she replied, "I may die, I may die; and then I will have no rest in the Spirit World!" She said she did not wish to keep her secret for any other person, because if she made it public, her friends would come and carry her away from her home, and she wouldn't endure it — it would kill her. I now began to understand that her secret had reference to the subject that it finally resulted in. I then assured her that I would protect her in any attempt to remove her from her home or separate her from her children.' Col. Ewing then stated that, with great hesitancy she proceeded with her story, stopping often with her hand to her ear, and turning her head half round, as though some one was eavesdropping. When she had completed the narrative, she said, 'There now, I can die. Oh! you don't know how this has troubled me; something all the time whispered in my ear, "You must do it — you must do it," and now

it is done — and the great load I have carried over fifty years is off my shoulders; I am a free woman!'

"I have given as exact a statement as I remember, related to me by Col. Ewing a quarter of a century ago. I am almost certain that what I have written has never before been offered in connection with the thrilling narrative of the captivity and life of Frances Slocum. The events of it will be read with interest by the people of this valley (Wyoming) in centuries to come — and long after the Indian race has become extinct — and not one of them lives to repeat the traditions of their exploits on the warpath, and their wrongs by a higher race of civilized men. Col. Ewing's name will be blended with the story of Frances Slocum. When I met him he may have been forty years of age — of a tall, well-built frame; very fine personal appearance — intelligent and sociable. From this acquaintance, thus commenced, I would often spend leisure hours with him with much satisfaction, and our meetings, sooner or later, would always challenge some conversation about poor Frances Slocum."

This letter makes the narrative even more

pathetic. The weight of her secret, and the fear that she might be taken from her children, seemed to have increased on her mind with advancing years, and she could not rest happily until she had revealed it.

How considerate and tender-hearted in Colonel Ewing to perform such a duty in the interest of Christian civilization! He had his reward in the knowledge that he had brought comfort to many households, and made the declining years of the captive more peaceful by the loving acts of her sister and her brothers.

CHAPTER VI

THE FINDING OF FRANCES

PORTRAIT OF KICK-E-SE-QUAH, FRANCES' ELDEST DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER VI

THE FINDING OF FRANCES

White Rose of Miami

"Let me stay at my home, in the beautiful West,
Where I played when a child,—in my age let me rest
Where the bright prairies bloom and the wild waters play,
In the home of my heart, dearest friends, let me stay.

"Oh, here let me stay, where my chief, in the pride
Of a brave warrior youth, wandered forth by my side.
Where he laid at my feet the young hunter's best prey,
Where I roamed a wild huntress,—O friends, let me stay."

E. L. SCHERMERHORN.

IT was arranged by correspondence that Mr. Joseph Slocum should visit Ohio by private conveyance, take his sister Mary, Mrs. Towne, in his carriage, and that they should meet their brother Isaac somewhere near the Deaf Man's Village, the home of Frances, perhaps in the nearest settlement. Isaac, who lived in Sandusky, Ohio, less than two hundred

miles from the village of the Miamis, went on rapidly and arrived in advance of the others. He was anxious to meet his sister, and, becoming tired of waiting for Joseph and Mary, taking James T. Miller, the interpreter, proceeded to the lodge of the venerable woman so well described by Colonel Ewing. He found her a perfect Indian. She received him with stoical indifference, and did not manifest any surprise at his presence. He observed that her finger was disfigured; through the interpreter he inquired how it had been injured. "My brother struck it with a hammer a long time ago, before I was carried away," she replied. She said but little, she was reticent and suspicious, and manifested no confidence in the claims of the stranger to be her brother. Mr. Isaac Slocum was satisfied beyond a doubt that he had found the real Frances, for whom he and his brothers had long searched. He returned to Peru, a small village nine miles distant, and anxiously awaited the arrival of his sister and brother. At length, after hard journeying, most of the way over horrible roads, through a new country, the brother and sister arrived. For persons in advanced life, they had almost per-

formed miracles of endurance; they were fatigued. A nine-mile ride on horseback seemed too much for the sister to make, so, leaving her to rest, the brothers, the interpreter Mr. Miller, and Mr. Fulwiler mounted their horses and started for the momentous visit. It was a bright September morning in the year 1837. The route was only a trail, and along the banks of the Wabash and Mississinewa; when they reached the Mississinewa Village, they paid their respects to Godfroy, the second chief of the Miamis. His home consisted of some five or six two-story houses, much after the manner of the whites, within a square enclosure of about an acre. On entering the house, the interpreter introduced them with much gravity to the chief and informed him of their errand. He received them with great courtesy and real politeness, proffering any assistance in his power. He was a noble-looking man, apparently over fifty years of age, majestic and solemn in countenance, and very portly, but of fine proportions. He was dressed in a blue calico shirt, which came down to the knees, and was profusely covered with ruffles. The Indian legging covered the leg from the shirt downward. He was over six

feet high, and when he arose, with his long hair gracefully tied *en queue* down his back, he would have made no contemptible model for a sculptor.

Our party then left the chief, and hastened on to the Deaf Man's Village, so named from Frances' husband, the chief now dead. As they drew near, they became silent. To Joseph there was an expectation — the fulfilment of hopes which had been cherished for sixty years; his heart was full — would Frances be glad to see him? Would she have any recollections of him? He wished to take her to his heart and home, but would she return to the home of her kindred? At length they reached a large log-house, or, rather, two houses joined together by a shed. They found the mistress of the lodge sitting in her chair; with her were her two daughters, the one about twenty-three years old, and the other ten years older, and three pretty grandchildren. Before being introduced by the interpreter, they found themselves agitated and giving way to tears. "O God!" cried Joseph, "is that my sister?" The brothers walked the floor with emotions too deep and overwhelming for utterance. On being told who

they were, she received them with great reserve, coolness, and indifference. While they walked the room in tears, not a feature of her countenance moved; she evinced no emotion. Could it be possible that this Indian woman was the dear little Frances, whose sweet smiles lingered in their memory? Has she, our Frances, been metamorphosed into this stoical, iron-hearted, Indian woman,— old, wrinkled, and cold as an iceberg? But there could be no mistake about it. She said her father's name was Slocum; he was a Quaker, and wore a broad-brimmed hat; he lived near a fort by the Susquehanna River; she had seven brothers and two sisters; her brother hammered off her finger-nail; she was taken from under the staircase; three Indians took her, with a boy and a black girl, a great many winters ago, when she was a little child. The question was settled; this was Frances. She gave this brief account, but seemed utterly unmoved and not free from suspicion that there was some plan in operation to take her away or to get her lands. Mr. Fulwiler informed Mr. Meginness that the scene of this meeting was the saddest, most pathetic, and painful he had ever witnessed during his long life of seventy-eight

years, and he became so deeply impressed that he was compelled to leave the room. She was not disposed to converse freely. She was now a widow; of the two daughters with her, the younger was also a widow; the husband of the elder was a half-breed, his father was a Frenchman, and his name was Brouillette; he managed the outdoor affairs of the family, subject always to the views and feelings of the mother-in-law. The family circle followed the lead of the venerated head of the household, making no advances, exhibiting no emotion. On this occasion only one tender chord was touched. The long-lost sister had forgotten her own name; she was asked if she thought she could remember it if she should hear it mentioned? Her answer was, "It is a long time; I do not know."—"Was it Frances?" Something like emotion instantly agitated her features, and with a smile, she answered in the affirmative, "Franca, Franca." The hospitalities of the lodge were never denied to respectable strangers, and of course would be offered to the brothers. During this visit, the Indian queen went about her affairs, apparently with as much indifference as though nothing of interest had happened. The

brothers surveyed the premises, and were pleased to find much comfort and excellent order around this Indian home. Returning from a stroll, they observed their sister seated on the floor, at work at a deerskin, which was nearly ready for use. She was scraping the rough places with a knife, and reducing its rigidity by friction. She paid little attention to the strangers, only answering when addressed through the interpreter. The daughters evidently observed the strangers with interest, but, Indian-like, only cast at them side glances when they thought they were not observed. The brothers urged Frances to come to Peru to see her sister Mary; she would not promise until she had consulted the chief Godfroy. He advised her to comply with the request, that they, being her relations, had certainly visited her with none other than the most kindly intentions. She consented, and returned with the brothers, when a most touching scene took place between the two brothers and the two sisters. She had supper with them and returned home. The next day she arrived, accompanied by her son-in-law and her two daughters. They came riding in single file, on their Indian ponies,— a strange-looking

cavalcade, decked in gay, barbaric apparel, as was the Indian custom when an important meeting was to take place. My brother, George Slocum Bennett, says: "Many of the old residents of Peru now living remember this extraordinary meeting." They were met by the brothers with great cordiality and requested to alight, and were conducted into the inn. Before any intimacy could be entered upon, the strangers must receive formal pledge of friendship from the Indians. On being all assembled, the eldest daughter brought in a clean white cloth, carefully rolled up, and laid it on the table, and then, through the interpreter, arose and solemnly presented it as a pledge of their confidence and friendship. It contained the hind quarter of a deer, which they had probably just hunted and killed for this very purpose. The brothers and sister then arose and as solemnly received it as a token of friendship and kindness. But still they were not satisfied till the civilized sister had formally taken possession of the cloth and its contents. They then seemed at ease, and from that moment gave their new friends their confidence. The ceremony was beautiful and impressive, and was recognized by them as the seal of faith.

All this was done on the Lord's Day, which to these strict Quakers seemed out of place, but the newly found sister was a heathen and did not know when Sunday came; the thought was a surprise and an affliction to them. The best provisions were now made for the entertainment of the Indian party, and Frances was somewhat less stoical. She listened with interest to the history of the Slocum family, a part of which was the cruel murder of her father soon after her capture, and the deep anxiety of their mother, while she lived, to find her lost child. They assured her that Mrs. Towne was Mary, who ran away to the fort with the little brother in her arms, and that Joseph was the very little brother. It was not until the family had, with great efforts, obtained the confidence of the lost sister, that she could be prevailed upon to relate through the interpreter as much of her history as she could remember. She was especially cautious, when she saw them produce writing materials in order to note it down. People gathered in and around the inn, gaping and listening with amazement. They crowded the doors and windows, and so interrupted the free circulation of air that the Indians were almost suf-

focated. This circumstance had an injurious influence on Frances. She quietly stepped away, and in five minutes our grandfather found her, much to his mortification, with blanket pulled over her head, lying on the floor of the veranda, fast asleep! The two parties remained at Peru three days. They had frequent conferences, during which questions and answers were reported.

"Were you ever tired of living with the Indians?"

"No; I always had enough to live on, and have lived well. The Indians always used me kindly."

"Did you know that you had white relatives who were seeking you for so many years?"

"No, no one told me, and I never heard of it; I never thought anything about my white relatives, unless it was a little while after I was taken."

"We live where our father and mother used to live; on the banks of the beautiful Susquehanna, and we want you to return with us; we will give you of our property; and you shall be one of us, and share all that we have; you shall have a good house and everything you desire. Oh, do go back with us!"

"No, I cannot; I have always lived with the Indians; they have always used me very kindly; I am used to them. The Great Spirit has allowed me to live with them, and I wish to live and die with them. Your wah-puh-mone [looking-glass] may be larger than mine, but this is my home. I do not want to live any better, or anywhere else, and I think the Great Spirit has permitted me to live so long because I have always lived with the Indians. I should have died sooner if I had left them. My husband and my boys are buried here, and I cannnot leave them. On his dying day my husband charged me not to leave the Indians! I have a house and large lands, two daughters, a son-in-law, three grandchildren, and everything to make me comfortable. Why should I go, and be like a fish out of the water?"

Brouillette spoke and said: "And I know all about it. I was born at Fort Harrison, about two miles from Terre Haute. When I was ten years old, I went to Detroit. I was married to this woman about thirteen years ago. The people about here and at Logansport and at Miamisport, have known me ever since the country was settled by the whites. They know me to be industrious, to manage

well, and to maintain my family respectably. My mother-in-law's sons are dead, and I stand in their place to her. I intend to maintain her as long as she lives, for the truth of which you may depend on the word of Captain Brouillette."

"What Captain Brouillette says," added Frances, "is true. He has always treated me kindly, and I am satisfied with him, perfectly satisfied; and I hope my relatives will not feel any uneasiness about me. The Indians are my people; I do no work; I sit in the house with these my two daughters, who do the work, and I sit with them."

"But you will go and make a visit to your early home, and when you have seen us, return again to your children?"

"I cannot, I cannot; I am an old tree. I cannot move about; I was a sapling when they took me away. It is all gone past. I am afraid I should die and never come back. I am happy here. I shall die here and lie in that graveyard, and they will raise the pole at my grave, with the white flag on it, and the Great Spirit will know where to find me. I should not be happy with my white relations. I am

glad enough to see them, but I cannnot go. I cannot go. I have done."

"When the whites take a squaw," said Brouillette, with much animation, as if delighted with the decision of the old queen, "they make her work like a slave. It was never so with this woman. If I had been a drunken, worthless fellow, this woman could not have lived to this age. But I have always treated her well. The village is called Deaf Man's Village, after her husband. I have done."

The eldest daughter, whose name is Kick-ke-se-quah, or Cut Finger, assented to all that had been said, and said that "a deer cannot live out of the forest." The youngest daughter, O-shaw-se-quah, or Yellow Leaf, confirmed all, and thought that her mother could not go even on a visit, "because," said she, "the fish dies quickly out of water." The talk closed; the Indian sister was weary and anxious to return to her wilds, so congenial to her feelings. Dr. Peck says: "They had found the long-lost sister Frances: they found and left her an Indian. She worked like an Indian, lived like an Indian, ate like an Indian, lay down to sleep

like an Indian, thought, felt, and reasoned like an Indian; she had no longings for her original home or the society of her kindred; she eschewed the habits of civilized life, and could only breathe freely in the great unfenced out-of-doors which God gave to the Red Man."

Letter written at Peru by Joseph Slocum to his son-in-law:

"PERU, Indiana, September 24, 1837.

"W. S. Ross,

"*Dear Sir:*—

"I embrace this the first opportunity, since my departure from home, to give you a detailed account of my journey so far as I have gone, and such incidents concerning the 'object of my visit' as may prove interesting to you. In conjunction with a sister of mine, who resides in the West, and H. D., we left Ohio, taking an untrodden and unfrequented road through a dense wilderness. On the third afternoon, towards sunset, we passed an Indian encampment, where we were told the 'white woman' lived; not having an interpreter, and fearing we would be unable to make ourselves sufficiently known, we pressed on towards Peru, a small, flourishing town on the

Wabash. We found here a large river, sweeping along its gentle course through verdant and newly cultivated meadows, until its waters mingle with the Father of Rivers, the Mississippi. The country was rich in soil, redundant in the materials of nature, and wild flowers scattered around on every hill in plentiful masses, not yet drooping by the autumnal frosts.

"I found my brother at Peru, awaiting with anxiety our arrival; he had come on a short time previous and had paid his visit to his sister, had recognized her, and has been exceedingly solicitous to see us. As soon as we could arrange our matters, procure an interpreter, we started for the Indian encampment. On our way we tarried a few moments with an Indian chief, and found him quite friendly, but broken and destroyed by a habit unknown to the Indian when the white man had no communication with him — drunkenness.

"Passing by a number of Indian settlements, dotting the banks of the Wabash with their low, dingy wigwams, we came to the encampment where my sister lives. We tied our horses to the trees, and immediately proceeded to her separate wigwam, and a scene occurred

of such exciting nature that I found it impossible to restrain the outbursting of my feelings. I recognized her as my sister, and received her children as my nieces. One of them has brown hair, of fine texture; upon distributing your presents, she seemed pleased and greeted me with increased joy. The marks by which I supposed I would be able to recognize her were particularly evident; her bruised finger was strong corroborative evidence, and there remained no doubt in my mind of the exact identity. After sojourning a short time with them, and seeing all that could be seen, we returned, accompanied by the entire family, to Peru, and there ensued another scene that baffles description.

" My sister, Mrs. Mary Towne, did not go with us, but had remained in the village, being old and enfeebled by the long course of years which had glided over her head. We were all together in a separate room. Two sisters and two brothers, but just dawning on one who had lived a life of a nomad of the forest, and whom it was supposed had long since been buried (a green mound erected over her bones), but now suddenly restored to life, resuscitated as it were, and the first knowledge

of her condition opening to her view, the appreciation, the tender recollection of former years, but above all, the strong ties of nature and the thought of sixty years bondage — her very eventful life,— the sad tale of sufferings, and her knowledge of the Indian character all seem rushing through our minds. Our joy was silent, the steady, calm flow of feeling, but inexpressible. We separated, and the next morning they returned to their village.

"On Sunday the two daughters came down but were not at church; it being a day of which they are utterly ignorant, and consequently they pay but little attention to its solemnities.

"Capt. Brouillette, an Indian half-breed, is a respectable member of the Miami tribe. His features were strong, but finely formed, and he possesses an excellent exterior. He is quite rich and draws about him the importance of wealth.

"I cannot say how long we shall remain; we are getting the interesting incidents of the captive's history, and have tried every means in our power to induce her to return with us, to see at least the spot from which she was taken, but such are her manners, her habits

and customs, that I fear everything will prove ineffectual. She is perfectly conscious of her condition and feels the peculiarity of her history threefold. . . .

"Your obedient servant,

"JOSEPH SLOCUM."

The brothers and sister returned, unable to win back their tawny sister from her wilds even long enough to make a visit. They had much to comfort them; their sister was not degraded in her habits or character; there was a moral dignity in her manners entirely above ordinary savage life; her Anglo-Saxon blood bore itself gloriously amid the long series of trials through which it had passed. She was the widow of a deceased chief. She was rich; all that abundance and respectability could do for a woman in savage life was hers. She was not just what their hopes had painted, but she was all that an Indian could be in her circumstances, and their love for her was full of tenderness. While they had lived in comfort and luxury, she was a denizen of the forest.

Such was the former Frances Slocum, of Wyoming, now Ma-con-a-quah, the Indian queen of the Miamis.

CHAPTER VII

VISIT OF HER NIECES

PORTRAIT OF O-SAW-SE-QUAH, FRANCES' YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER VII

VISIT OF HER NIECES

"I had not thought to see thy face; and lo, God hath shewed me also thy seed."— BIBLE.

ON the return of our grandfather, the account of his visit was listened to with the greatest interest. He seemed never to weary of conversing upon the subject of the captivity and its mysterious history. He was restless, and not quite satisfied; he consequently resolved on another visit, and very wisely, as the sequel proves, took my mother, his eldest daughter, Hannah, the wife of the Hon. Ziba Bennett, and Harriet, his youngest daughter, a girl of seventeen, with him.

"The lost sister" and her daughters were delighted to see them, and much more communicative in their presence. They left home on this interesting journey, September 10, 1839.

From my mother's diary I extract the fol-

lowing account of this visit to her Aunt Frances.[1] . . . "The third week of our journey, after travelling constantly in almost every known conveyance, we arrived at Peru, Indiana, on Saturday. We did not go to the Indian settlement where our aunt resided until Monday morning. Father procured a lumber wagon with a pair of Indian ponies and a driver. Mr. Miller, the interpreter, accompanied us. The harness gave out several times; our charioteer carried his companion in his pocket, which did not add to our comfort. When we were a mile from the lodge, we were met by Captain Brouillette coming to meet us on horseback. He is a very tall, straight Indian. He was dressed with blue moccasins and leggings, a calico shirt, and a fine broadcloth frock coat. A large red shawl was attached to his head by one end, the other end hanging down his back. A red silk handkerchief put on top of his head in form of a sugar-loaf and gloves on his hands completed his costume. He was mounted on an Indian pony as fat as a seal, with an elegant saddle and bridle tied with red and blue ribbons.

"He greeted us cordially and then set off

[1] Appendix F.

on a quick canter through the woods to announce our arrival." The diary then goes on: "September 30th, 1839. This day I visited my aunt; found her living on the banks of the Mississinewa River, Indiana, in what is called a double hut. She is of small stature, not very much bent, had her hair clubbed and tied with worsted ferret; her hair is somewhat gray; her eyes a bright chestnut, clear and sprightly for one of her age; her face is very much wrinkled and weather-beaten. She has a scar on her left cheek received at an Indian dance; her skin is not as dark as you would expect from her age and constant exposure; her teeth are remarkably good. Her dress was a blue calico short-gown, a white Mackinaw blanket, somewhat soiled by constant wear; a fold of blue broadcloth, lapped around her, red cloth leggings, and buckskin moccasins. The interior of her lodge seemed well supplied with all the necessaries, if not with luxuries. They had six beds, principally composed of blankets and other goods folded together; one room contained the cooking utensils, the other the table and dishes; they spread a cloth on their table and gave us a very comfortable meal of fried venison, tea, and shortcake. Her elder daugh-

ter is large and fleshy; I should think she would weigh nearly 200 pounds; she is smart, active, intelligent, and very observing. She is 34 years of age. The younger is smaller, she is quiet and retiring and is twenty-four years of age. The mother's name is Ma-con-a-quah, a Young Bear. The elder daughter's name, Kich-ke-ne-che-quah, or Cut Finger. The younger, O-saw-she-quah, Yellow Leaf. The grandchildren's names, Kip-pe-no-quah, Corn Tassel; Wap-pa-no-se-a, Blue Corn; Kim-on-tak-quah, Young Panther. They have a looking-glass, and several splint bottom chairs, a great many trinkets hang about the house, beads and chains of silver and polished steel. Some of their dresses are richly embroidered with silver brooches; seven and eight rows of brooches as closely as they can be put together. They have many silver earrings. My aunt had seven pairs in her ears; her daughters perhaps a dozen apiece. They had saddles and bridles of the most costly kind; six men saddles and one side saddle. They have between fifty and sixty horses, one hundred hogs, seventeen head of cattle, also geese and chickens. Their house is enclosed with a common worm fence, with some outhouses, principally built of logs.

A never-failing spring of water is near the door, with a house over it. They have a section of land (which is 640 acres) given to her two daughters. The treaty was ratified by government this spring. The land near by, which is owned by the government, is now being settled by whites, which is not so pleasant for them, as intruders frequently help themselves to their stock.

"Captain Brouillette, her son-in-law, lives with her, providing for the family, by killing game, as he is a noted hunter. He provides the wood, which is rather unusual for an Indian, and lays up corn and hay for the winter. The husband of the younger daughter and he did not agree very well, as he was a lazy, indolent Indian; would not provide, but was ready to spend and eat what was provided. Brouillette left, was absent seven months, during which time the other died. Three years ago the eldest granddaughter died; it is supposed she was poisoned by Godfroy. His son wanted to marry her; her parents would not consent, as he was a drunken, worthless Indian, and as they always seek revenge, it ended in her death. Her parents still mourn for her. At present they appear to live happily and com-

fortably. My aunt's husband has been dead six years. She says she was taken by an Indian chief whose name was Tuck Horse, adopted by him and his wife in the place of a daughter they had lost a short time before. If there was anything to eat she always had it. They lived one year at Niagara. She lived three years near Detroit. She says the old man made chairs, which he sold. He also played on the violin, and he frequently went to the frontiers and played, for which they paid him. The old squaw made baskets and brooms, which they sold. The British made them presents of ammunition and food, which they had to go after under the cover of night. As to her religion, she believes in a Great Spirit and the necessity of living a quiet and peaceable life; she knows that if she does so she will be happy when she dies; this was taught her by her adopted parents. She says she is able to have a better house, but fears to do it on account of the jealousy of the Indians. She has money, some that has been saved since the treaty of St. Mary's eighteen years ago; she has lent $300 at a time. They moved from Detroit to Fort Wayne; after the victory they lived on Eel River, three miles from Fort

Wayne, where they planted corn and made preparations in case of defeat. They lived there about twenty years. She married a Delaware Indian by the name of Little Turtle; when the Delawares removed West she refused to go with them, and chose to stay with her adopted mother; and as the Miamis had treated her kindly she would not go. She then married a Miami, She-pan-can-ah. They came to this reserve about twenty-four years since. Her adopted father could talk English; she could speak it while he lived; during her captivity he was very careful to publish that she was dead, and the Indians generally promised to do the same."

CHAPTER VIII

HARRIET E. SLOCUM'S DIARY

PORTRAIT OF CAPTAIN BROUILLETTE, THE HUSBAND OF KICK-E-SE-QUAH.

CHAPTER VIII

HARRIET E. SLOCUM'S DIARY

"Suit thyself to the estate in which thy lot is cast."
MARCUS AURELIUS, 39.

MY aunt, Miss Harriet Slocum, in describing her visit, says: "When we arrived near the Deaf Man's Village, Captain Brouillette met us, greeting us cordially. He was a most remarkable-looking man of elegant appearance, tall and slim, jet-black hair; not handsome, but with a strong, clever face. His dress was most extraordinary; around his head he had a rich figured red shawl, or scarf, with the ends flying. He had on blue leggings, worked with narrow ribbons of bright colors; a handsome sash over his shirt, and a gay Indian blanket thrown over his shoulders. He was mounted on a fleet pony with barbaric trappings. After greeting us, he mounted his

pony and rushed through the forest to announce our coming. He was certainly a most romantic apparition, and I never ceased to be interested in him during our visit.

"On arriving at the lodge, we found our aunt seated in a chair, looking very much as represented in the water-color portrait now in possession of Judge Bennett — her two daughters standing by her. Father, after the accustomed salutation, told our aunt that he had brought his eldest and youngest daughters to see her. She expressed great joy upon the occasion of again seeing her brother, and particularly that he had brought his daughters so far to see her. The mother and daughters immediately commenced an animated conversation upon the subject of the family resemblances. Our aunt looked at us earnestly, passed her hand down her cheeks, stopping the motion at the posterior point of her lower jaw. There is an unusual fulness and prominence at that point of the Slocum face. The preparations for dinner were soon commenced. They spread the table with a cotton cloth, and wiped the dishes, as they took them from the cupboard, with a clean cloth. They prepared an excellent dinner of fried venison, potatoes,

shortcake and coffee. Their cups and saucers were small, and they put three or four tablespoonfuls of maple sugar in a cup. We told them that we were not accustomed to so much sugar. They seemed very anxious to please and would ask, 'Is that right?' The elder daughter waited on the table, while our aunt sat with us.

"After dinner they washed the dishes, replaced them on the shelves, and then swept the floor. We were surprised at these evidences of civilization. Our aunt said her mother used to do so, and she had always done it, and taught it to her daughters. In the afternoon we strolled over the premises, visiting the burying-ground, where we saw over the grave of the chief a pole twenty feet high with a white cloth at the top.

"A neighboring squaw came in to help to do the work, and our cousins kept close to us, all talking as much as we could through the interpreter. They supposed candles would be needed, and the squaw melted some tallow, twisting a wick on a stick, and with a spoon poured the tallow down the wick, until quite a respectable candle was produced. For supper we had the breast of a wild turkey, stewed with

onions, quite a delicate dish. When we retired for the night, father was given the only pillow. Age had great respect in that household. They had six beds, principally composed of blankets and other goods; — indeed they were made of almost anything. We slept sweetly, and had a comfortable breakfast. When we took out our knitting, Aunt Frances became very much interested; she went through the motions of showing her daughters how to spin and reel yarn, talking rapidly; — memory was recalling what she had seen her mother do years ago. The cousins must learn to knit and we had great pleasure in teaching them the stitch. If we could have had conversation without an interpreter, how much more pleasure we should have given each other! During the morning a man came to purchase a steer, and brought a colored man as interpreter; the colored man served so well that father kept him, as Mr. Miller had left us the night before. Our aunt was more free in her communications through him, and gave us many circumstances in her history which she had not previously given. She told us her first husband, a Delaware Indian, had gone off to the wars and had been killed; that she refused to go with him,

as she loved her Indian parents and would not leave them. Her second marriage was romantic. One autumn the family were voyaging down the Wabash River; to their surprise they came to the scene of a recent bloody battle. The dead were lying on every side. As they slowly paddled their canoe, they heard groans, which moved them to stop, and in a clump of bushes they found a wounded man, who had evidently been left for dead. He was not of their tribe, but belonged to a friendly nation, and his dress indicated a chief. They took him in their canoe, brought him to their lodge, where they cared for him until he recovered from his wounds, though he was ever after lame.

"As winter came on and game was scarce they began to suffer for want of food. The young chief in return for their kindness went to Fort Wayne to procure food. He was gone for several days. Frances saw him returning utterly worn and weary, staggering under his burden of food for the family. She ran to meet him; evidently her heart had been touched by the sufferings of the young chief, and for his gallantry in assisting the starving family her Indian father gave her to him as his wife.

"Early in the spring the recovered chieftain, taking his bride with him, returned to his tribe, living at Osage Village. When Frances joined the Miamis her name was changed from We-let-a-wash to Ma-con-a-quah, meaning, according to the Miami, 'young bear,' probably suggestive of her great strength and activity.

"The marriage proved happy. Four children were born to them, two sons and two daughters. The sons died in infancy, and her two daughters were the comfort of her declining years.

"Among the traders and savages of the Northwest she was known as the 'White Rose of the Miamis.' Her fine growth of chestnut brown hair was a novelty among the Indians, and they admired it almost to the point of worship. They had had their sorrows: the only child of the elder daughter had been poisoned by a desperate lover, son of chief Godfroy, because her family would not consent to her marrying him on account of his intemperance and idleness. The first husband of the younger daughter had died; the second had been killed in a fight with the Weas, an Indian tribe. They dressed me in the younger daugh-

ter's clothes; I asked if I would not make a good-looking squaw. The eldest daughter said very earnestly, 'Come and be my daughter, beautiful squaw; live with me.' Of course it could not be, but I know it would have been a joy to her, and my heart went out in pity and love to her. She had taken a great fancy to me, as I was about the age of the daughter she had lost.

"It had been arranged that Frances and her daughters, with Captain Brouillette, should accompany us to Peru. The Captain left after breakfast, promising to meet us at Peru, at three o'clock. Our aunt had but one side-saddle. She went to the brink of the river, and took off her moccasins and leggings, waded the river and went a mile and borrowed another side-saddle, that both of her fair nieces might be accommodated. As for herself, like the Indian women generally, she rode a man's saddle. About noon we were in our saddles ready to start, well mounted on fine Indian ponies. Our aunt went first, followed by her daughters; father rode next, followed by his two daughters, all in Indian file, and although we considered ourselves pretty fair horsewomen, our Indian cousins excelled us. We

forded the Mississinewa twice and the Wabash River once. It was a most memorable ride. Just before arriving at Peru, our aunt and cousins fell behind, wishing us to take the lead as we entered the white man's village. Punctual to the minute Captain Brouillette rode up at three o'clock. We were all seated in the parlor and talking briskly with the aid of our interpreter, Mr. Miller. We were closely watched by our Indian cousins, in order that they should do everything as we did. At night we all retired to the same room; they closely observed all our garments, and as far as physically practicable, tried them on. The elder daughter, who was stout, intimated if she had stays to wear she would be small too. When their curiosity was gratified, our aunt and cousins, not listening for a moment to our desire to take the bed prepared for them, rolled themselves in their blankets and lay down upon the floor, and in a few minutes were sound asleep.

"Father had prevailed upon our aunt to have her portrait painted. Mr. George Winter, an English artist, executed it in due time, also portraits of Captain Brouillette and his wife. The younger daughter, being decidedly

more of an Indian, refused, and the artist at that time only succeeded in getting the back of her head.

"Before leaving, our aunt urged father to come and live with her. She said she would give him half of her land, and this would have been very generous. No arrangement could be made by which the brother and sister so long separated could spend their last days together. Captain Brouillette gave father the most ample assurances that he would take good care of his mother-in-law while he lived. When the time of parting came, they bade us good-bye affectionately, assuring us of their pleasure at our coming so far to see them, and we rejoiced that our visit had been received with so much warmth and appreciation."

CHAPTER IX

FRANCES' STORY OF HER CAPTIVITY

FRANCES' MOCCASINS AND EARRINGS.

CHAPTER IX

FRANCES' STORY OF HER CAPTIVITY

"God plants us where we grow."
BROWNING.

IT was not till this visit that the lost sister could be prevailed upon to relate, through the interpreter, as much of her history as she could remember. She had related some of it on the brother's former visit, but with her nieces she seemed more inclined to reminiscences. She said that before her father removed to Wyoming, they lived by a great water; they had a large house, and she thought her father had sold it, as she saw a great heap of paper money counted out on the table. In a few days there was a large new wagon brought to the door, and they were all put in like a flock of chickens. The wagon had a sail or tent over it. They used to peep out sometimes, and her brother Giles, who rode on

one of the horses, would strike at them with a great whip. He called her "red head," and told her to keep her head in, or it would be knocked off against the trees. She said "they would take us out and feed us, and then put us back again under the tent." She remembered her mother, remembered seeing her spin; she was a large woman, and she would make her obey and make her work. When they came to Wyoming they lived by a large river near a fort. On being asked if they had any black people in the family, she said they had, and the Indians took a black girl [1] before they took her.

"I can well remember the day when the Delaware Indians came suddenly to our house. I remember that they killed and scalped a man near the door, taking the scalp with them. They then pushed the boy through the door. He came to me and we both went under the staircase. They went up-stairs and rifled the house, though I cannot remember what they took, except some loaf-sugar and some bundles. I remember that they took me and the boy on their backs through the bushes. I believe the

[1] This girl was afterward a servant in the family of the Tory, John Butler.

rest of the family had fled, except my mother. They carried us a long way to a cave, where they had left their blankets and travelling things. It was over the mountain and a long way down on the other side. Here they stopped while it was yet light, and we stayed all night. I can remember nothing of that night, except that I was very tired, and the Indians gave me some sugar to eat; I lay down on the ground and cried till I was asleep. The next morning we set out, and travelled many days in the woods, before we came to a village of Indians. When we stopped at night, the Indians would cut down a few boughs of hemlock on which to sleep, and then made up a great fire of logs at their feet, which lasted all night. When they cooked anything they stuck a stick in it, and held it to the fire as long as they chose. They drank at the brooks and springs, and for me they made a little cup of white birch bark, out of which I drank. I can only remember that they stayed several days at the first village, but where it was I have no recollection.

"The Indians were very kind to me; when they had anything to eat, I always had the best, and when I was tired, they carried me in their

arms. After they had been there some days, very early one morning two of the same Indians took a horse and placed the boy and me upon it, and again set out on the journey. One went on foot and another went behind, driving the horse. In this way we travelled a long way, till we came to a village where these Indians belonged. I now found that one of them was a Delaware Chief, by the name of Tuck Horse. This is a great Delaware name, but I do not know its meaning. We were kept here some days, when they came and took away the boy. I never saw him again.[1] Early one morning Tuck Horse came and took me and dressed my hair the Indian way, and painted my face and skin. He then dressed me in beautiful wampum-beads, and made me look, as I thought, very fine. I was much pleased with the wampum. We then lived on a hill not far from a river. I was now adopted by Tuck Horse and his wife, in the place of a daughter they had lost a short time before, and they gave me her name, We-let-a-wash. It was now the fall of the year, for chestnuts

[1] Wareham Kingsley was some time afterward released from captivity and returned to his parents.—(MEGINNESS.)

had come. There were a great many Indians here, and we remained all winter. The Indians were furnished with ammunition and provisions by the British. In the spring we went to Sandusky, and stayed there through the summer, but in the fall we came back, and we lived one year at Niagara. I recollect that the Indians were afraid to cross above the Falls, on account of the rapidity of the water. I also recollect that they had a machine by which they raised goods from below the Falls, and let things go down. [This was no doubt a tackle erected by the English.— Peck.] In the next spring we went down to a large river, which is Detroit River, where we stopped and built a great number of birch canoes. There was war between the British and Americans, and the American army had driven the Indians from the fort where I was adopted. In their fights I remember the Indians used to take and bring home scalps, but I do not know how many. When our canoes were all done, we went up Detroit River, where we remained about three years. I think peace had now been made between the British and the Americans, and so we lived by hunting, fishing, and raising corn. The reason why we stayed here

so long, was that we heard that the Americans had destroyed all our villages and cornfields. After three years, my family and another Delaware family removed to Fort Wayne. I don't know where the other Indians went; this was now our home, and I suppose we lived here as many as twenty-six or thirty years. I was there long after I was full grown, and I was there at the time of Harmer's defeat. At the time when this battle with Harmer was fought, the women and children were all made to run north. I cannot remember whether the Indians took any prisoners, or brought home scalps at that time. After the battle, they all scattered to their various homes, as was their custom, till gathered again for some particular object. I then returned to Fort Wayne again. The Indians who returned from this battle were Delawares, Potawatamies, Shawnees, and Miamis. I was always treated well and kindly by the Delawares, and while I lived with them I was married to a Delaware by the name of 'Little Turtle.' He went to the wars and did not come back. I would not go with him. My old mother stayed here, and I chose to stay with her. My adopted father could talk English, and so could I as long as he lived. It has

now been a long time since I forgot it all. The Delawares and the Miamis were then all living together. I was afterward married to a Miami, a chief, and a deaf man. When I became a Miami, my name was changed to Macon-a-quah. After being married to She-pan-can-ah I had four children — two boys and two girls. My boys both died while young. The girls are living and are here in this room at the present time. I cannot recollect much about the Indian wars with the whites, which were so common and so bloody. I well remember a battle and a defeat of the Americans at Fort Washington [which is now Cincinnati]. I remember how Wayne, or 'Mad Anthony,' drove the Indians away and built the fort. The Indians scattered all over the country, and lived upon game, which was very abundant. After this they encamped all along the Eel River. After peace was made, we all returned to Fort Wayne, and received provisions from the Americans, and there I lived a long time. I had removed, with my family, to the Mississinewa River some time before the battle of Tippecanoe. The Indians who fought in that battle were Kickapoos, Potawatamies, and Shawnees. The Miamis were not there. I

heard of the battle on the Mississinewa, but my husband was a deaf man and never went to the wars, and I did not know much about it."

Frances was a strong woman mentally and physically, and she held her family and tribe in awe and kept them in submission. She was a successful hunter. She was taught the use of the bow and arrow, and became an expert in all the wild sports of the squaws. She would mount an Indian pony and bring him to bay, and also ran as swiftly as a man. She had business ability, as she made the bargains for the family; indeed, there were not many affairs arranged in the tribe without the counsel and wisdom of their queen, Ma-con-a-quah, and her will was law with her family and tribe until her last days.

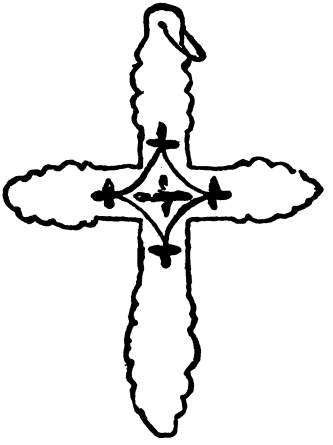
A number of mementos of Frances are in the possession of her family. There are portraits of herself, her children, and her home; moccasins and leggings of exquisite workmanship, garments of fine needlework, wrought with beads and interwoven with ribbons of bright hues. If it were not for the fact that the sewing on the garments was done over a hundred years ago, it would be difficult to believe that it was not done by the modern sew-

ing machine, for its fineness and regularity are wonderful. Frances' granddaughter, Mrs. Godfroy, says they ravelled silk ribbons in order to obtain the fine thread to do the work. The precision of the stitching is an example of patience and skill in handiwork.

Mrs. Slocum, wife of the Rev. George Slocum, says: "O-saw-she-quah once dressed me in Frances' best dress, with beaded moccasins and leggings, a fine felt blanket wrapped around me as a skirt, which was so completely covered with a scarlet and green silk ribbon an inch wide, and sewed so cleverly that you could see no felt on the right side; a short-gown of navy blue with extra cape covered all over with silver bangles, a sash of scarlet four yards long, with white tassels at the ends. My head was covered with a wreath of black feathers with silver brooches on the front."

Perhaps the most curious article in their collection is a silver cross, which Ma-con-a-quah wore on state occasions, 10¼ inches in height by 7⅝ inches in width. It was evidently a cross belonging to the Jesuit Fathers of the last century, to be worn on the back between the shoulders, and must have been given to the Indian Queen, or purchased by her.

She evidently did not know its value as a religious emblem, although the half-breeds whom her daughters married had French Catholic blood in their veins. If it had ever been



to them a sacred emblem, they had not wholly comprehended its meaning, and yet it is touching that Ma-con-a-quah had it on at the time of her death. Was it something sacred to this untutored one?

FRANCES SLOCUM'S HOME ON THE INDIAN RESERVATION IN INDIANA.

CHAPTER X

GRANT OF LAND FROM CONGRESS

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GRANT OF LAND FROM CONGRESS

"To think is to act."

EMERSON.

IN the treaty of 1840, with the Miamis, it was stipulated that they should abandon their home on the Wabash in five years from its ratification. From a once powerful tribe, they had become weak and defenceless, and the remnant of this great tribe now prepared to move to their new reservation west of the Missouri, in Kansas.

The departure of the tribe was a great grief to Frances. It was her earnest desire to remain in her happy home with her children and grandchildren around her, to be buried by the side of her chieftain husband. She appealed to her brothers, Isaac and Joseph, for advice and assistance; all the others were dead. Our grandfather consulted with the Member of Congress from Wyoming, the Hon. Ben-

jamin A. Bidlack, and it was decided to appeal to Congress and ask if she could be allowed to remain on the reservation in Indiana, which had been granted to her daughters by a former treaty. A memorial was presented.[1] Hon. Benjamin A. Bidlack made the following eloquent address. He said:

"No motion or resolution should intervene to prevent the passage of this resolution. The memorialist was taken prisoner in the Valley of Wyoming at an early age, during the trials and difficulties to which the early settlers were subjected.

"Her relatives are among the most worthy and meritorious of my constituents — they are my neighbors and friends; they searched after the captive with zealous and praiseworthy efforts and diligence, from the time of her capture until within a few years, and they have found her in the condition set forth in the memorial and report. The incidents set forth and connected with her eventful history would afford a beautiful theme for elucidation and remark.

"But as debate is not in order, I will not trespass on the indulgence and courtesy of

[1] Appendix G.

the House. What I desire is not to make a speech, but to ask the unanimous consent of the members for the immediate passage of the resolution.

" If the resolution is sent to the Committee of the Whole, I fear it will never be reached, and this earnest request of the memorialist will never be reached and granted.

" The proposition is intended to extend to her as the widow of an Indian chief the same privileges in relation to the payment of annuities due her and her family as are provided for by treaty stipulation in regard to certain of the Miami chiefs.

" Frances Slocum was taken from her white friends when a child. She is now desirous of dying among her red friends, where she has lived for half a century, without being compelled to remove west of the Mississippi. Let her first and last request be granted."

The resolution then passed.

Our grandfather always said that Hon. John Quincy Adams, then an old man, was much interested in the petition, and expressed himself eloquently over the thrilling story. Indeed, the resolution passed without debate or dissent.

On February 21, 1845, Hon. Albert J. White, Senator from Indiana, and Chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs, to whom it was referred, made the following report:

"That the joint resolution provides for the payment in Indiana of the annuities due this family, instead of requiring them to receive payment with the nation in the emigrant territory west of the Mississippi River. The reasons assigned are that former treaties have made similar provisions in favor of other families of this nation; that lands have been by treaty reserved to them in Indiana, to the personal enjoyment of which they have a right that cannot be embarrassed by requiring them to go west of the Mississippi for their annuities; and, thirdly, that the petitioner is by birth a white woman, who more than forty years ago, in her infancy, was captured by the Indians, transferred to their country, lost her mother tongue, affiliated and intermarried with the Miamis, has by this marriage reared a large family of children (who are named in the joint resolution) but some seven years ago was for the first time discovered by her white relations (who reside in Pennsylvania) whom she has refused to accompany, because her

whole nature has been changed by her strange destiny; and life out of the woods, and away from her husband and children, would have no charms. Yet these white relatives do frequently visit her, and minister to her wants, which they could not do if she were removed six hundred miles to the west.

"The committee cannot resist the force of these reasons, although in a conversation with General Milroy, the late intelligent agent of the Miamis, he expressed a fear that the adoption of the joint resolution might disincline other Miamis to remove to their new homes.

"This case has such a thrilling interest, that the committee beg leave to append to their report the petition itself, with the letter of Mr. Cole that accompanied it.

"They recommend that the resolution be adopted."

On March 3, 1845, the joint resolution passed in the following terms:

"A joint resolution for the benefit of Frances Slocum and her children and grandchildren of the Miami tribe of Indians.

"Be it Resolved, etc: That the portions or shares of the annuities or other moneys, which are now or may hereafter become payable to

the Miami tribe of Indians, shall be hereafter and forever payable to them and their descendants at Fort Wayne or Peru, or such other place in the State of Indiana as the Secretary of War shall direct, viz.: [The names of Frances Slocum and all the others attached to her memorial of January 17, 1845, are then recited.]

"And further resolved: That if any of the aforesaid Indians shall hereafter remove to the reservation of the Miamis west of the Mississippi, no portion or share of such annuities shall be paid to such person so removing." [1]

Our grandfather visited Washington to be present at the inauguration of Wm. Henry Harrison, on March 4, 1841. At that time he went to the office of the Indian agent, to inquire about the title to the land the government had deeded to his sister Frances, on the Mississinewa. The agent reported it to be the best of titles. When he paid his respects to the newly elected President, he informed him that he was from Wyoming Valley, where the great massacre occurred during the Revolution, and his sister had been taken

[1] See Appendix F.

prisoner by the Indians, and after sixty years was found on the Mississinewa. The President said, in his wars with the Indians, he had seen her a hundred times, and enjoyed her hospitality, and knew from the comforts surrounding her she must be a white woman. Grandfather remarks in his diary: "We had some pleasant conversation together, and shook hands quite warmly at parting."

CHAPTER XI

DEATH OF FRANCES

CHAPTER XI

DEATH OF FRANCES

"The spirit only can teach."

EMERSON.

MA-CON-A-QUAH, the Indian Queen, and her family, were now free to remain in their old homes, while the departing Indians sorrowfully bade adieu to the scenes of their childhood forever. Some of the army officers feared trouble, when these few Indians were allowed to remain, but the remnant was too weak to rebel against the will of the white man.

The 640 acres (a mile square) deeded to the daughters of Ma-con-a-quah were partly very rich land. Frances had a new log house built on the hill a few hundred yards in the rear of the old residence. The situation afforded a lovely view up and down the river. In time, the white settlers began to encroach on her preserves, running off her fine ponies and stock. She appealed to our grandfather

for aid. He was now an old man and could not go to her, the distance was so great and the journey fatiguing. She sent for her brother Isaac, who resided nearer, to assist her, as she was suspicious that her family might be robbed of the home the government had just granted her. He promptly obeyed the summons. She asked for his son, the Rev. George Slocum, to come and live with her. George, in 1845, had visited his aunt, who received him kindly and invited him to come again. He was a man of deep religious principles, and was much impressed with the family's heathenism. He felt interested in their spiritual welfare, and in the autumn of the same year he spent a week with them, and tried to teach them industry and frugality. The red man laughed at the idea of an Indian working,— the business of Indians was to hunt.

"I like George," said his aunt to his father; "let him live with me; he shall have my best horse, saddle, and bridle." The father needed him, his youngest son, in his old age, and it was a trial to him to consent, even for his long-lost sister's sake. When Isaac returned home and told his son his aunt's wishes, the

son consented, and in November, 1846, George took his wife and two young daughters and removed to the Miami Reserve, then a wilderness. It was no easy task for these relatives to leave refined society and civilization to dwell in the wilds with these untutored children of the forest. The sacrifice was made; and for them is the crown of glory in bringing many of these Miami Indians from moral darkness to habits of civilization and to Christianity.

The Rev. George R. Slocum arrived with his family at the Reserve, November 20, 1846, and occupied a cabin near the river.

He worked for many years most faithfully among these Indians. There were about two hundred of them left in this reservation; but six years passed away before he saw any practical impression had been made by his labors for their spiritual improvement. Captain Brouillette signed the pledge, and in time became a Christian. Peter Bonda, the younger daughter's last husband, also owed his conversion to him. Meginness writes "George died in 1860, but his name and his work still live."

> "His epitaph is graven on stone,
> But better, the savage hearts he won."

Mrs. Murphy, a daughter of the Rev. George Slocum, relates a curious experience with the descendants of Frances Slocum. She says: "I have auburn hair, with a light brown spot on the back of my head, like Frances, who thought I resembled her, and just before she died gave me the name Ma-con-a-quah. After her death all the family looked upon me as representing the deceased, according to Indian fashion, and O-saw-she-quah began calling me Mengiah (Miami for mother), and all the rest, even her gray-haired son-in-law, called me Ma-co-mah (grandmother). As I was a mere baby, my parents never liked it, and tried to discourage them; but they were immovable, and even now the grandchildren call me 'Mengiah.'"

Mrs. George Slocum says: "Frances and her daughters always seemed excited with grief when they spoke of the departure of the tribe from their reservation. They would describe them as weeping and gathering a little earth from a loved spot. When the rapacious whites before their eyes set fire to the piles of hollow logs in which their dead were buried, their pathetic sorrows seemed more than they could bear. This sad departure of

FRANCES' GRAVE ON THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSINEWA RIVER.

the Miamis weighed heavily on the spirit of Frances. They were her loved friends, and their deep distress saddened her last days and hastened her end.

Frances lived[1] over a year after the Rev. George Slocum arrived, and through his ministrations she came in a measure to realize the beneficent influences of Christianity. She had always believed in a "Great Spirit," and that by doing right she would gain his approval. It was a simple faith. Her last illness was short, she declined rapidly, and became very feeble. She refused all medical aid, saying that as her people were gone she did not wish to live any longer. She was resigned and happy and passed away peacefully, in the presence of her family, on March 9, 1847, aged seventy-four years. She had Christian burial, a prayer being made at her house by a clergyman, and there were also religious services at the grave. Afterwards

[1] The house on the hill which Frances occupied when she died was destroyed by fire in 1882, and a large number of her relics and antiquities that belonged to her perished. Many things were spared, but some of the most valuable and curious trinkets, the accumulations of a long life among the people with whom her destiny was cast, were lost forever.— (MEGINNESS.)

the pole was raised, with the white flag on it, so that the "Great Spirit" should know.

She sleeps on a beautiful knoll, near the confluence of the Mississinewa and Wabash, by the side of her chief and her children.

Frances was of English descent, an American by birth, and her fate was a result of the Revolution. For this cause she is sacred to its Sons and Daughters.

To the passer-by the grave of an Indian is not always hallowed, but if he gives pause before the little "God's Acre" wherein lies the Lost Sister of Wyoming, my story will not have been told in vain.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

FOUR days after Frances' death, her eldest daughter, Kick-e-se-quah, or Cut Finger, died from grief and care. The daughter, who resembled in ability the mother, and who was most in sympathy with her, soon joined her in the spirit world.

Kick-e-se-quah was only forty-seven years old when she died on March 13, 1847. Her first husband was a Miami Indian, and died soon after the marriage, leaving a daughter, who was killed by her lover because she refused to marry him. Kick-e-se-quah's second husband was Captain Jean Brouillette. This marriage was a happy one, though childless. The captain was attentive and devoted to his wife, with a great respect for his mother-in-law.

APPENDIX B

CAPTAIN BROUILLETTE

GEORGE WINTER, the English artist, pays a glowing tribute to Jean Baptiste Brouillette. His father was a Frenchman, and was made a captive in his youth. "Captain Brouillette was of elegant appearance, very straight and slim, of commanding mien; he stood six feet two inches in height. His *toute ensemble* was unique, as his aboriginal costume was expensive and showy. He wore around his head a rich figured crimson shawl *à la* turban, with long, flowing ends gracefully falling over his shoulders; silver ornaments or clusters of ear-bobs. His hair was jetty-black, and his face by no means handsome, but thoughtful and expressive of great power. He wore a fine frock coat of the latest fashion. His 'pesmoker,' or shirt, was white, spotted with small red figures, overhanging very handsome blue leggings 'winged' with very rich silk ribbons of prismatic hues, exhibiting the squaw's skilful needlework. A handsome red silk sash was thrown gracefully over

his left shoulder, passing over his heart and under the right arm, with clusters of knots and fringed masses, all of which gave point and style to Brouillette's tall and majestic figure. Intellectually, this Miami soared far above mediocrity. His mind was clear and strong. Captain Brouillette was the first Miami Indian that cultivated corn with the plow. He was a peaceable man, and a friend of the whites."

APPENDIX C

O-SAW-SHE-QUAH, Yellow-tassel, or Mrs. Bonda, was married five times, her husbands being killed in the many wars or in feuds. Wah-pah-pe-tah, or Peter Bonda, was her last husband. He survived her. She had twelve children. Some of her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren are still living on the reservation. She lived thirty years after her mother's death, during which time the country around her became filled with white settlers.

Indian habits and superstitions were largely banished from her mind, and under the pious teachings of her nephew she became a Christian.

In her habits and manners she was always a thorough Indian and never learned to speak the English language. She died at the age of sixty-nine, after a short illness, in the lodge on the hill, built by her mother, near the Indian graveyard. Christian burial services were conducted over her grave, and she lies by the side of her kindred.

Rev. Peter Bonda, the last husband of O-saw-she-quah, was of French and Indian origin. He was adopted by Al-lo-lah, the Black Raccoon, a

chief. In personal appearance he was dignified and commanding: he was intellectual for a brave, and was a mild and pleasant man. He spoke broken English. After his conversion he labored as a missionary among his people.

APPENDIX D

MIAMI INDIANS

THE Miami tribe was the oldest and most powerful in the Northwest, and occupied the territory now embraced in the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan. There were many other tribes known by other names within this territory, yet the great centre or leading tribe was the Miami; and in later years, for the purpose of repelling the invasions of European emigrants from the territory, all the leading tribes within the limits were united into one confederacy, known as the "Great Miami Confederacy," with headquarters at Ke-ki-ong-a, where Fort Wayne now stands. Next to the Delawares, they are entitled to be recognized as the leading branch of the Algonquin group. The first treaty ever held with the Miamis was at Lancaster, Pa., on the 23d day of July, 1748. Three of their noted chiefs were present from the Wabash country, and met the English commissioners, when a firm treaty of alliance and friendship was then agreed to between the parties. This treaty lasted for

sixty-three years. At the end of General Harrison's campaign in 1813, the power of the Miami Confederacy was almost crushed. In 1818, the remaining chiefs asked for a treaty to define the boundaries of their territories. It was held at St. Mary's, in Ohio; Gen. Lewis Cass was one of the United States commissioners. By this treaty a reservation for the Miamis was made of lands on the Wabash.— MEGINNESS.

APPENDIX E

"ANTHONY SLOCUM, the founder of the family in America, is recorded as one of the forty-six 'first and ancient purchasers,' A. D. 1637, of the territory of Cohannet, which was incorporated March 3, 1639, with the name of Taunton, in New Plymouth, now Massachusetts, and from which the present townships of Taunton, Baynham, and Berkley have been organized. The interests of the several purchasers were in the rates of six, eight and twelve shares.

Anthony Slocum's rate was eight shares. He was a freeman, juryman, and surveyor of highways. In 1664 he removed to Dartmouth and settled near Pascamanset River, which has since been more generally known as Slocum River. He was excluded from the rights of citizenship at Taunton because he had joined the Society of Friends. It is believed that the early settlers of Dartmouth either thought they were settling within the bounds of Rhode Island — the land of liberty — or sought that region, isolated from the settled parts of New Plymouth, for peaceable

enjoyment of their religious convictions. He married a sister of William Harvey, who was also one of the first purchasers of Taunton.

His son, Giles, born in Somersetshire, England, married Joan ——; came to Rhode Island in 1638; had grant of thirty acres of land in Portsmouth, September 14, 1648; freeman, 1655. Giles Slocum and his wife were early members of the Society of Friends.

Samuel Slocum, son of Giles, was born in 1657. Newport records were partly destroyed to 1779; name of wife unknown.

Giles Slocum, son of Samuel, was born at Newport in 1680. He married Mary Paine, daughter of Ralph and Dorothy Paine, of Freeborn, Mass. Died 1724.

Hon. Joseph Slocum, son of Giles, was Deputy to General Assembly of Rhode Island, in West Greenwich, in May, 1741, 1742, 1744; freeman in East Greenwich in 1732. He married Patience Carr, daughter of Caleb Carr, whose wife was Joanna Slocum. Caleb Carr's father was one of the original purchasers of Conanicut Island of six thousand acres. Patience Carr's grandmother was Phillis Greene, who was daughter of John Greene, who came over in Roger Williams's company, as also did the Carrs. John Greene was a man of character and force, well suited in those stirring times to assist Roger Williams in form-

ing his colony. He was many times commissioner between the colonies, and also sent to England, and held many offices in the colony: Major of the Main many years, Deputy Governor of Rhode Island from 1690 to 1700, etc."— Arnold's *History of Rhode Island.*

Thus the Slocums intermarried into the Greene and Carr families, two of the most noted families in the early history of Rhode Island.

Jonathan Slocum, son of Hon. Joseph, was born in East Greenwich, Rhode Island, May, 1733. He married Ruth Tripp, of Warwick, Rhode Island, February 23, 1759, daughter of Isaac Tripp, who was a descendant of John Tripp, who was admitted inhabitant of Island Aquidneck in 1688. He was a deputy to General Court thirteen years; commissioner in 1655.

Our special interest centres in the children of Jonathan and Ruth Tripp Slocum and their connection with Frances. These were, first:

I. Giles, born January 5, 1759, married Sarah Ross, sister of General William Ross. He took part in the battle of Wyoming when a boy of seventeen years old. He was one of the few who escaped the cruel slaughter by swimming to Monocacy Island in the river, rolling in the sand, and hiding under a fallen tree covered by bushes; while lying concealed he, with others, saw the fratricide when the "Tory" brother killed his

brother the "Patriot." The Rev. John Todd thus describes this act:

"After the battle was over, two men who had thrown away their guns in order to swim over to the island, lay concealed among the bushes. Presently there came over a Tory; he wiped and primed his gun. One of the concealed men was his neighbor and the other was his own brother. The Tory advanced carefully, examining the bushes on each side of him; at length he discovered his brother. The unarmed brother now came forward and on his knees begged for life, promising to become his slave forever if he would only spare him. 'So it is you, is it?' said the Tory, with an oath; 'but you are a rebel!' He raised his gun to the breast of his kneeling brother, pulled the trigger, and his brother lay dead at his feet. With the curse of Cain upon him, the murderer fled to Canada." On this incident John G. Whittier has written a poem, called *The Death of the Fratricide.*

II. Judith, born in October, 1760, married Hugh Forsman; died, 1814, in Cincinnati. Her husband was a subaltern in Captain Hewitt's company during the Wyoming Massacre, and was one of the fifteen who escaped the slaughter, and the only one who brought in his gun.

III. William, born January 6, 1762, married Sarah Sawyer; died October 20, 1810. He was

wounded in the heel by a musket ball December 16, 1773, at the time his father and grandfather were killed by the Indians.

IV. Ebenezer, born January 10, 1766; married Sarah Davis; died July 5, 1810; saved on account of a lame foot at the time his sister was carried into captivity.

V. Mary Towne, born December 22, 1768; married Joseph Towne; died April 5, 1844. She visited her sister, Frances, with her two brothers, making the long, hard journey when she was sixty-nine years of age.

VI. Benjamin, born December 17, 1770; married Phebe LaFrance; died July 5, 1832.

VII. Frances, born March —, 1773; died March 9, 1847. The Indian captive.

VIII. Isaac, born March 4, 1775; married Elizabeth Patrick; second, married Lydia Norton; died August 26, 1858. He visited his sister many times, and was of great assistance to her in the care of her farm, often protecting her from the dishonesty of her neighbors.

IX. Joseph, born April 9, 1776; married Sarah Fell; died September 27, 1855. Twice he made the long journey to visit his sister Frances, and obtained for her and her descendants, from the Congress of the United States, the right to remain on her reservation in Indiana when the Miami tribe was ordered to move westward.

X. Jonathan, born September 12, 1778; married Sarah Underwood; died September, 1842.

Of the ten children comprising this remarkable and historic family, all were born in Rhode Island but one, the last mentioned.

APPENDIX F

This is the memorial which was presented, in full:

"*To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled:*

"Your memorialist, Frances Slocum, a resident of Wabash County, in the State of Indiana, would to your honorable body most respectfully represent:

"That at the age of six years, about the close of the Revolutionary war, she was taken captive in the State of Pennsylvania by the Indians, and has ever since lived among them, and is now, and for the last thirty years has been, recognized as a member of the Miami tribe. That, from the time she was taken captive as aforesaid, she heard nothing of her white relatives and friends (the greater portion of whom reside at the place where she was taken, in the said State of Pennsylvania, and others in the State of Ohio and the said State of Indiana) until about seven years since. That she has entirely

lost her mother tongue, and can only enjoy the society of her adopted people, with whom she intermarried, and became the mother of a family, and with whose manners and customs she has assimilated. That she is informed that the greater portion of the Miamis will be obliged to emigrate to the home assigned them west of the Mississippi in the course of one or two years, where their annuities will thereafter be paid them. That she is too old to endure the fatigue of removing; and that, under any circumstances, she would deplore the necessity of being placed beyond the reach of her white relatives, who visit her frequently, and have extended their kindness towards her since she was discovered by them. That her children are the owners of a section of land granted to them by the treaty between the United States and said tribe of Indians of the sixth of November, A. D. 1838, who now reside upon and cultivate the same, and with whom your memorialist now lives; and that it is the wish and design of her children and their families, if it be the pleasure of the Government, to continue to reside upon and cultivate the same.

"Your memorialist further shows, that a portion of the annuities of said tribe, in pursuance of the 14th article of said treaty, is to be paid at Fort Wayne, after said tribe shall emigrate to the country assigned them west of the Mississippi;

and that the payment of the annuities due your memorialist and her family at Fort Wayne or Peru, in said State, would not increase the expense or add any inconvenience to the Government of the United States.

"Your memorialist therefore prays that Congress may by law direct that the following persons, to wit:

1. Ke-ke-na-kush-wa
2. We-saw-she-no-qua
3. Te-quoc-yaw
4. Ki-po-ki-na-mo-qua
5. Wa-pu-noc-she-no-qua
6. Ki-no-suck-qua
7. Ching-shing-gwaw
8. Pe-tu-loc-a-te-qua
9. Sho-quang-gwaw
10. Waw-pop-e-tah
11. So-eel-en-ji-sah
12. No-ac-co-mo-qua
13. Coch-e-no-qua
14. Po-con-du-maw
15. Tah-ki-qua
16. Ki-ki-o-qua
17. Te-quoc-yaw, Jr.
18. Soc-o-chu-qua
19. Peem-y-o-ty-maw
20. So-eel-en-ji-sah, Jr.
21. Pun-ge-she-no-qua,

children and grandchildren of your memorialist, as also your memorialist, and such children as they may hereafter have, shall hereafter receive their annuities at Fort Wayne, or at Peru, Indiana, as to your honorable body may seem most expedient and proper. And, as in duty bound, your memorialist will ever pray, &c.

"FRANCES SLOCUM."

"January 17, 1845."

Hon. Samuel C. Sample at this time represented in Congress the district where the memorialists resided:

"PERU, January 16, 1845.

"DEAR SIR: — I take the liberty of sending you the enclosed memorial, in the hope that you will give the matter your attention. It is a small matter, it is true, but it is one in which the subject of it feels a deep interest. You may have heard something of this Frances Slocum, whose history is briefly noticed in her memorial, as it attracted some attention at the time she was discovered by her friends; and a little volume of her life has appeared in print. She was taken, as she states, I think, by the Shawnee Indians, at the age of about six years, somewhere near Wyoming. Her friends made fruitless search for her for a great number of years, and she likewise for many years made every endeavor to return to them, but without effect. In the progress of time, she was sold to and became the wife of one of the head men of the Miamis, known as the Deaf-man, with whom she removed to the Mississinewa, where she has continued to reside for the last forty years. Her relatives still reside at or near the place where she was captured, and are among the most respectable families in that part of the country. They discovered her through the instrumentality of Colonel Ewing, to whom she related what

little she recollected of her early history. They visit her quite frequently, and it is upon this account, more than any other, that she does not wish to remove beyond the great river, where she feels confident she would never again see them. She says she has lived a life of hardships, and is now quite old, and wishes to spend the remainder of her days among her children, on their lands here; and she does not see why her great white father should not grant them the same privilege to remain here upon their lands, and receive their annuities here, as have been granted to some other families.

"I am well acquainted with the old lady, and all of her connexions which she alludes to, and feel authorized to say that they are respectable, honest, and, for Indians, uncommonly industrious people, and, in every sense of the word, good, orderly citizens.

"For my own part, I can see no reason why any person should object to granting the prayer of her memorial. Certain families are required to be paid here by treaty, and it cannot increase the expense to the Government, or add any inconvenience, to pay her and her connexions at the same time and place. It is a matter of no consequence to the Government, but is everything to her. I have no doubt she would more willingly meet death, than either to be obliged

to remove west of the Mississippi, beyond the reach of her white relatives, or to be left here alone by her Indian relatives. You will more readily perceive, from the memorial and what I have already written, what is required to be done, than I can tell you. We wish the bill to provide for the payment of the annuities due her, and those persons named in the memorial, and any children they may have, at this place or at Fort Wayne, forever hereafter, or at least until they or any of them see proper to emigrate to their possessions west. It is desired, in order that no misunderstanding may occur, that the bill contain all of the names.

"Please let me know what the prospect is, as soon as your convenience will permit after you receive this.

"Most truly yours, &c.,

"ALPHONSO A. COLE.

"Hon. S. C. Sample."

"HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

"January 30, 1845.

"DEAR SIR: — I have just received your note in relation to the Slocum resolution. I thought of the objection mentioned by General Milroy, but the peculiarity of the application overcame with me that objection. I will not here relate what she has set forth in her petition, which you will see when you examine the case. The

fact that the Government has given her children a reserve of a section of land implies a right in them to live on and enjoy it. Of this I entertain no doubt; they are by that act united with the soil, and this boon is giving them nothing more than other Miamis enjoy by the treaty. I will send Mr. Cole's letter. Mr. Cole is known to me, and is a gentleman of high standing at Peru.

"Yours, &c.,

"S. C. SAMPLE.

"Hon. A. S. White."

APPENDIX G

FRANCES SLOCUM died March 9, 1847, and was buried in a little Indian cemetery on the ridge a short distance from her home, near Reserve, Indiana. No stone or monument marked her grave. Members of the Slocum family, scattered over the United States, had frequently said that the memory of this woman, whose life forms such a remarkable chapter of early American history, should be suitably preserved.

Hon. James F. Stutesman, of Peru, Indiana, by correspondence and through the press, in 1899 called the attention of the Slocums of Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and other States to the matter.

A Monument Committee was formed of the following members:

Hon. Elliott T. Slocum, Chairman, Detroit, Mich.

Dr. Charles E. Slocum, Secretary, Defiance, Ohio.

Mrs. Mary Slocum Murphy, Treasurer, Converse, Ind.

George Slocum Bennett, Wilkes-Barré, Pa.
Joseph Slocum Chahoon, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. Elizabeth Slocum Rogers, Philadelphia, Pa.
Frank Slocum, Minneapolis, Minn.
Frank L. Slocum, Ph.D., Pittsburg, Pa.
Frank Slocum Litzenberger, Middletown, Ind.
Levi D. Slocum, Carbondale, Pa.
Joseph W. Slocum, Scranton, Pa.
Joseph A. Kenny, Converse, Ind.
Hon. James F. Stutesman, Peru, Ind.

The Committee, in the course of a few months, raised nearly one thousand dollars, a sum sufficient to erect a suitable monument and enclose the little cemetery with an iron fence. The monument is of beautiful white bronze — the least destructible of all known materials — upon a stone base. The four inscriptions upon the sides are as follows:

On the east face: "Frances Slocum, a child of English descent, was born in Warwick, R. I., March 4th, 1773, was carried into captivity from her father's house at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Nov. 2nd, 1778, by Delaware Indians, soon after the Wyoming Massacre. Her brothers gave persistent search, but did not find her until September 21st, 1837."

On the south: "She-po-con-ah, a Miami Indian Chief, husband of Frances Slocum —' Ma-

con-a-quah'— died here in 1833 (?) at an advanced age. Their adult children were: 'Ke-ke-nok-esh-wah,' wife of the Rev. Jean Baptiste Brouillette, died March 13th, 1847, aged 47 years, leaving no children.

"'O-zah-shin-quah,' or Jane, wife of the Rev. Peter Bonda, died January 25th, 1877, aged 62 years, leaving a husband and nine children."

On the north: "When inclined by a published letter describing an aged white woman in the Indian Village here, two brothers and a sister visited this place, they identified her. She lived near here about 32 years with the Indian name 'Ma-con-a-quah.' She died on this Ridge March 9th, 1847, and was given a Christian burial."

On the west: "Frances Slocum became a stranger to her mother tongue. She became a stranger to her brethren, and an alien to her mother's children, through her captivity. (See Psalm lxix., 8.)"

"This monument was erected by the Slocums and others who deemed it a pleasure to contribute, and was unveiled by them with public ceremonies May 17th, 1900."

Members of the Slocum family and others from many States came to Peru to participate in the interesting ceremonies of unveiling the monument to the memory of Frances Slocum. On Wednesday evening, May 16, 1900, the relatives who had

come from abroad assembled in the parlors of the Bearss Hotel and became acquainted with each other. They also listened to James B. Fulwiler, of Peru, who came to this section of Indiana in 1834, and is the only living witness to the meeting of Frances Slocum and her brothers, Joseph and Isaac Slocum, and sister, Mrs. Mary Towne. His recollection of the event still lingers clearly in his mind. He says that Frances Slocum was a medium-sized woman with a mild temperament and an intelligent expression. When she met her brothers and sister, after her long captivity, she was calm and composed, while they wept bitter tears and seemed broken-hearted.

The day of unveiling was all that could be desired. It was necessary to go in carriages to the Indian cemetery eight miles southeast of Peru. People from Peru and the surrounding country began to gather early, and soon the little village of Reserve was filled with vehicles of all kinds, and it was estimated that two thousand persons participated in the unveiling ceremonies. There were also a large number of Indians and half-breeds present, about two hundred and fifty, to do honor to "The White Rose of the Miamis."

At 10.30 o'clock, at the house of Judson Bonda, across the road from the cemetery, a business meeting of the Monument Committee was held.

At noon Hon. James F. Stutesman called the assembly to order. He spoke briefly of the Wyoming Massacre, the kidnapping of little Frances, her pure and noble life, and her death at her home here.

Hon. Elliott T. Slocum, of Detroit, Mich., a grandnephew of Frances Slocum, was then called to preside.

Arthur Gaylord Slocum, A.M., LL.D., President of Kalamazoo College, offered prayer.

Charles F. Slocum, M.D., Ph.D., of Defiance, Ohio, who has compiled a history of the Slocum family, delivered an interesting and eloquent address, telling the story of Frances Slocum's abduction, life in captivity, and the discovery of her by Col. George W. Ewing.

George Slocum Bennett, of Wilkes-Barré, Pa., was next introduced. It was his grandfather, Hon. Joseph Slocum, who came to Peru and identified Frances Slocum. His mother visited Frances a few years later. He said it was the intention of the Slocums of Wilkes-Barré to mark the spot, with a bronze tablet, where Frances lived and was captured.

At a signal given by the chairman, Mabel Ray Bonda and Victoria Bonda, great-granddaughters of Frances Slocum, unveiled the monument.

The beautiful ceremony of the unveiling con-

cluded, a number of prominent people present were called upon to speak.

Chief Gabriel Godfroy, the last lineal descendant of the Miami tribe, was introduced and spoke in the Miami Indian language; then in English thanked the Slocums for their kindness towards the Indians and for adorning their cemetery with such a beautiful monument.

Major McFadden, of Logansport, Ind., who saw Frances Slocum in her old age, gave his recollections of her.

Mrs. Lurena King Miller, of Washington, D. C., read an original poem on the story of Frances Slocum.

Col. Richard DeHart, of Lafayette, Ind., made an excellent address.

William Cane, who dug the grave in which Frances was buried, was present and made a few remarks.

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. William F. Slocum, A.M., B.D., of Montour Falls, N. Y.

A photograph of the descendants of Frances Slocum and the members of the Slocum family present, and standing on each side of the monument, was taken.

APPENDIX H

Being the diary of Hannah Slocum Bennett on the journey with her father to Peru, Indiana, in 1839, except such portions as are given elsewhere.

WILKES-BARRÉ, September 10th, 1839.

LEFT home at 8 o'clock in the morning in a very poor four-horse coach, loaded with passengers and baggage. Mr. Chas. Saylor, Mr. Courtright, Jonathan and Harriet Slocum, and Nancy Bird were our company to Niagara Falls. We found the roads bad; many of the bridges were down. We arrived at Tunkhannock at 5 o'clock to dine. We reached Montrose at 11 o'clock at night tired and weary, and found father, who had been waiting for some time.

He came by another road in his own conveyance. We stopped at Dr. Warner's, who keeps a temperance house. The stages do not run daily to Owego. We left my brother here, and father was our company. The proprietor sent us in a four-horse coach to Binghamton to accommodate us. We had a colored man in the coach, which some of the company did not like; we let the poor

fellow ride and he was very civil. We arrived at Binghamton at 11 o'clock to breakfast, which was good and very refreshing, as we had not eaten since 5 o'clock the day before. The roads were bad and our load heavy, which kept us so late. I called to see Rev. and Mrs. Stocking, who received me very cordially.

I found the town much larger than I expected. It has two banks, six churches, and is very flourishing, and is built on both sides of the Chenango River. At 3 o'clock we left for Owego, and arrived at 8 in the evening. After supper at Mr. Manning's, we called at Mr. Wright's; they kindly invited us to stay all night, which we did with pleasure. In the morning we called at Mr. Ransom's and Mr. Lanning's. Owego is a very thriving village. At 2 o'clock we took our seats in what ought to have been a comfortable railroad car, but proved to be an old, worn-out stage body, loaded with passengers and baggage. I was fearful lest we would be crushed. The horses were lame and broken-down. I thought, Is this proud, high-spirited New York? Such railroads, horses, and cars I never saw in Pennsylvania! The country from Owego to Ithaca is poor; in some parts low and marshy, in others broken and rough. It may not be the best part where the railroad passes. As you come in sight of the lake the view is very fine from a high hill,

where the railroad terminates. The lake and country around presents a beautiful prospect as the sun's last rays tint the horizon. We here took stage and found entertainment at Mr. Hall's who keeps the Clinton House. By the time we had taken our supper it was dark, it being cloudy. We went out, but were not able to see much, and returned not much wiser for our walk, as the town was not well lighted. At 6 o'clock in the morning we went on board the steamboat *De Witt Clinton*. The name is worthy of a better boat; she tows many freight boats, therefore her progress is slow. Captain Van Order was pleasant and very accommodating. They were soon to have a new boat for passengers, connecting with a locomotive on the railroad. Cayuga Lake is a very pretty sheet of water. We left the steamboat about four o'clock at Bridgetown; there is here a very long bridge; we went on board a small boat, which took us to Montezuma; we here passed the outlet of Seneca Lake, entered the Great Western Canal, and went on board a line boat for Rochester. The boat already was well supplied with passengers before we went on board; six of us added to the crowd did not increase our comfort. Some parts of the country were beautiful while others were broken and uneven. The fare on the line boat was poor, and much of the company would rank with the fare.

We were glad when we arrived at Rochester; it was half-past nine on Saturday evening. On Sabbath morning we took a short walk to see Genesee Falls, which are grand, but much injured by the improvements. There are several mills and manufactories erected on the river, which prevent more than half the water, which once formed the river, in spending its fury in dashing over these stupendous rocks. So nature must give way to art.

Rochester is a large, flourishing place. There are several fine-looking churches on both sides of the river. The Genesee Conference was sitting; it afforded us an opportunity of both hearing and seeing the preachers. I recognized Mr. and Mrs. Shipman, who seemed glad to see us. Bishop Hedding preached in the morning from this text: Ephesians iii: 8, and ordained fifteen deacons. Dr. Lucky preached an hour and a half in the afternoon, from Acts xvi., part of 17th verse, and the Bishop ordained twenty elders. Mr. Mason was to preach in the evening. We thought it best to take passage in the packet for Lockport; it was to leave at seven, but did not till ten. We were deprived of the pleasure of hearing him, and spent the evening in the packet. Our boat was crowded, but much more pleasant than the line boats, both as to company and fare. There was an attempt in the night, by one of the pas-

sengers, to rob father; he lodged under him, and he put his hand in his pocket, which awakened father, and therefore he did not succeed. He was a poor, worthless fellow. The canal lies on very high ground; it is a ridge formed by nature, but looked as though it might have been by art. The views of the locks and excavations are splendid, as you come in sight of Lockport; we landed our trunks in the lower town, rode up to the locks, and walked up them. The Captain invited us into a small building, where were shown to us some stones, excavated out of the solid rock, in the form of some small animals or beetles, which were curious. There are several mills and manufactories here. We left in the cars for Niagara at 5 o'clock and arrived at 7 in the evening amid the rush and roar of mighty waters. Before the cars stopped we were assailed with a host of servants applying for passengers and baggage. The cars stop half-way between the two hotels; it is difficult to make a choice; we went to the Eagle. In the morning after breakfast we crossed from the mainland over to Goat Island on a bridge not long since erected. I find no painter's pencil, nor the pen of the most gifted, has been able to describe the grandeur of the scene that is presented before the visitor as one stands on the bridge which connects the American side with Goat Island. As

far as the eye can reach the water comes tumbling and foaming over the rocks in such rapidity that before it reaches the falls it is wrought into a fury; it is in a complete foam before it dashes over the precipice, and is lost in the awfully sublime chasm below. We went to the tower, which is built of stone, 150 feet high, to take a view of the British side. The tower is built on the rocks some distance from the shore; we went down Biddle staircase about 300 feet; went as near the falls as we could on either side; on account of the spray it is dangerous, and not a very pleasant walk. The rocks overhead are constantly dripping, which makes it rough and slippery, with the bed of the river just below. We ventured and took every possible view, clambering over rocks and down staircases. The morning was delightful and the rainbow over the falls was to be seen. I like the appearance of our falls the best, although there is not such a quantity of water pouring over them. Perhaps one cause is we could get nearer them than the other. We crossed over the river a few rods below the falls, expecting to see the Queen's troops, as they were on parade to visit the Table Rock and the Burning Spring, but were disappointed. Before we reached the British shore it began to rain; we at first thought it was spray falling, but were

soon convinced to the contrary, and to our sorrow it rained incessantly. After landing on her Majesty's shores we were obliged to return wet enough without gratifying our curiosity. We took shelter in some miserable groceries. The Queen keeps a guard stationed at the landing. We had company — there were others that returned in the same predicament, as there are a great many visitors constantly coming and going.

We left the Eagle House at half-past six on Wednesday morning in the railroad cars for Buffalo; reached there just in time to eat breakfast and take passage on board the steamboat *Columbus,* under the command of Captain Dobbins. The wind was high when we left the harbor and continued to increase. After going twenty miles we were beaten back and anchored on Point Albino, on the Canada shore, where we lay for 36 hours, and we experienced all the delights of seasickness; the boat was kept in motion by the beating of the waves. The first dinner the Captain ate by himself, although there were many passengers aboard; I suffered very little in comparison with many; father and Harriet were both worse than I was. As soon as we put out again we began to get better. Thursday about 12 o'clock at night we weighed anchor and started; we touched at various ports along the lake; we

lay three hours at Cleveland, having much freight on board for that place, but it being in the night we were deprived of the privilege of seeing the town. Father went out to see the great and rapid improvements of the place. We landed at Sandusky City at 9 o'clock on Saturday morning. We here found Mr. Saylor, who had preceded us, and came down to the boat to take passage to Maumee; he had concluded we had gone there without stopping at Sandusky. The cars were ready in a few minutes, and we took our passage to Bellevue without any delay. At 12 o'clock we found ourselves at Uncle Isaac's; he lives a mile from where the cars stop. We found him in deep affliction; he buried his wife last Tuesday, 17th September. She started with one of her sons, a young man grown, to go to the weaver's; he had some business by the way, and before he left the wagon he proposed tying the horses. The mother said it was not worth while, she could hold them, and to hand her the lines, as they were old team horses and always perfectly gentle. He had not left them five minutes before they started and ran a short distance and struck a tree. She was thrown out against the tree, striking her head, which instantly killed her. The horses were soon caught, but did not appear frightened. The call is a loud one to uncle and to us all: "Be ye also ready."

We left uncle's at 2 o'clock on Sunday to take our passage in the cars for Sandusky City. It is very much against our principles to travel on Sunday; we did not like to detain our company; we might have kept the Sabbath, for we were compelled to stay in Sandusky until Tuesday morning, no boat coming into the harbor, and we might have spent our time much more pleasantly with our cousins than at a public house. The *Star* came into harbor on Tuesday morning, and at 4 o'clock we left Sandusky. The harbor is very large; they take a circuitous route to get in; it is five miles where they pass the point until they reach the wharf. I spent the most of Monday with my eyes stretched across this bay to welcome the first appearance of a boat, but it was in vain. It was a delightful day and there was nothing to interest us much at Sandusky; we were anxious to be off. The *Star* was the most unpleasant boat we were on; the accommodations were miserable; I could eat but little breakfast. It brought us safe to Maumee Bay on Tuesday afternoon; we passed Manhattan and Toledo; the latter is four miles in length; ten miles up the river we found Maumee City; it is two miles long; the buildings scattered so as to sound large abroad. We walked a mile and a half to reach the stage house, part of the way on a board walk. There is much sickness at this place; the whole

country is very unhealthy: fever and ague, congestive fevers, or Maumee fevers prevail. There were several very ill in the house where we lodged. We had not been at this place very long before there were five more passengers arrived for Fort Wayne; they were moving from Maine, which made ten passengers. In the morning it rained; our fellow travellers, Mr. McCullough, his wife and child, Mr. Spafford and his grandson, seemed to hesitate to start in the rain. We had concluded to prosecute our journey, rain or shine; they took courage from us, and we put out after borrowing a couple of umbrellas, through rain and mud, over hill and dale, almost at the risk of our lives. We arrived in safety at Fort Defiance at 8 o'clock in the evening. It was too late to see the fortifications. We started at 2 o'clock in the morning; stopped at New Rochester for breakfast, and miserable was the fare; we could scarcely make out a breakfast; the roads were bad and it was very dangerous traveling. We dined at a house on the line between Ohio and Indiana at half-past three o'clock. From this place we had a good driver and team, but came very near an upset into the canal. We reached Fort Wayne between ten and eleven, and found very good entertainment. The Court was in session, and the house was full. In the morning we walked round the town to see the fortifica-

tions, which still remain, and the blockhouses. Fort Wayne, on the Maumee is pleasantly situated on rising ground, has a commanding prospect, and bids fair to be a flourishing town. From this place to Logansport the canal is in operation; we took passage on board the packet at 10 o'clock for Peru. Captain Mahon was very accommodating. It was rainy and unpleasant. It is so unhealthy up the Maumee that at many places where settlements were commenced and improvements made, they are entirely vacated. We arrived at Peru at 3 o'clock on Saturday morning, September 28th, 1839. We found comfortable lodgings at Mr. Burnett's, a temperance house; this place has only been settled four years; the country is rich but unhealthy. Mr. Miller, the interpreter, called to see us, and is very kind; we passed the Sabbath here. . . . * * * *

Thursday night at ten o'clock we left Peru on our return home; we reached Logansport at four in the morning. The public house was not very neat; the women were all ill with the fever that prevails here. The location is pleasant and good; it has grown rapidly; is now rather at a standstill; the country is suffering from a drought; it is eighteen months since they have had any rain; we spent Friday at Logansport, and left Mr. Saylor, who has been an agreeable companion on our journey. On Saturday we left in the stage for

Indianapolis. Captain Mahon accompanied us. The road is very straight, a great part of the way through a dense forest; trees of immense size were constantly greeting us; the country is low and marshy; for the want of stones and earth, they are under the necessity of making their roads and bridges of split timber and poles, which makes traveling rough and unpleasant. The accommodations were tolerable for a new country.

We reached Indianapolis at eight o'clock in the evening; stopped at Washington Hall, kept by E. Browning,— a very good house and well kept. On Sunday morning there was a fire in the upper part of the town; one building was consumed without injuring any others. We went to church; heard an excellent sermon. Father left for Danville.

Harriet and I went to Sabbath-school, which is a very good one; in the afternoon the ordinance of Baptism and the Sacrament were administered. On Monday morning we walked all around the town or city; it is the capital of Indiana. The public buildings are here; they look very well. We left Indianapolis at 3 o'clock in the morning for Cincinnati. The inn at which we were to dine was so much of a grog shop we concluded to fast for the present. They here changed teams for one that had run away a short time before; there were plenty of loungers to see the fun; we, how-

ever, escaped unhurt. We found a comfortable place to dine at Greensburg. We lodged at Napoleon; the dust made the traveling very unpleasant; it rose sometimes in clouds, so much so as to intercept our view. We struck the Ohio River at Lawrenceburg, quite a pleasant town, and reached Cincinnati before dark; stopped at the Galt House. In the morning we, Harriet and I, walked all over the city, which is very pleasant and clean, very similar to Philadelphia. When we returned father had engaged our passage up the Ohio on board the boat *Royal;* went on board not expecting the boat to start before afternoon or evening, but it started at 11 o'clock, and we had not the opportunity of seeing any more of the city. We saw no more of Captain Mahon and Mr. Bickford. The Ohio is very low; it is difficult for small boats to run. The weather very warm and dry; our boat was rather small and contracted for so many passengers; we found the company pleasant and agreeable.

October 11th, we passed Maysville in the night; we passed Portsmouth at 2 o'clock; left some passengers and took some more; we ran aground several times. We reached Guyandotte on Saturday afternoon and several passengers went on shore. We lay there all night fast on a bar, from which they could not extricate us. The Captain and most of the crew and passengers engaged in

playing cards and drinking. On Sunday morning the *Forest* passed, a still lighter boat; they stopped a mile above us and sent a flatboat to take our baggage. Part of the passengers went on board, the others walked, after having landed with a good deal of difficulty. The Captain extorted from us the exorbitant price of $15.00 apiece, after having paid $7.50 to Guyandotte. We still met with difficulties in getting frequently on sand bars. Sometimes all the passengers except the ladies were on shore, sometimes on the deck for hours together. We were much frightened. The steamboat swung against the keelboat, which struck a log; with the great weight upon it it broke in; we were afraid some of the passengers were hurt, but it proved better than our fears, although some of the deck passengers were cooking under the deck; when it fell they put out the fire, and we were soon all quiet. When we came in sight of Wheeling the boat struck a rock and stove a hole in her bottom. The Captain turned her towards the shore, ordered her fires out, and she soon filled with water, but there was not much danger of drowning. We rode in a baggage cart up to the Virginia Hotel, where we found a house full. We had our lodging and breakfast; parted with our fellow-passengers, who had become quite like old friends, having been on board the boat a week

together. We hired a hack and in company with Mr. Evans, from Philadelphia, set out for Cadiz; we found the country very hilly and broken, yet rich and yielding abundant crops. We stopped for breakfast; I there missed my traveling-bag; it had been left at Wheeling; I wrote a note back and received it the next day. We reached Cadiz at four o'clock in the afternoon and found our friends all well and happy to see us. Cadiz is a flourishing town with a fine country around it; the town is on several hills. This country abounds in Bituminous coal. I dislike it very much; it is so dirty. We expected to return on Saturday; our friends would not consent, and we spent the Sabbath very pleasantly. On Monday they sent us in a carriage to Steubenville. On Tuesday we took the stage for Pittsburg, which is a rich manufacturing town, but not pleasant to live in on account of the dense smoke that is constantly settling over it. We here spent a day and met with Rev. and Mrs. Dunlap. We visited a glass factory and museum. The museum scarcely merited the name.

October 23rd, went on board the packet for Hollidaysburg; the canal passes through the Kisiminetas salt works, which are on both sides of the river and canal; they were a curiosity to me. The hills, which in some places were almost

perpendicular, afford coal; on the margin of the river they sink their shafts 70 or 90 feet deep and the coal is raised by steam. We reached the tunnel about three o'clock; it is a most stupendous piece of work; it is 907 feet through, and about one-half the distance it is arched. We reached Jamestown about two o'clock in the morning. We left in the cars at five o'clock; we came to the first inclined plane, then through the tunnel, which is similar to the other, 901 feet through; the inclined planes are five up and five down; we breakfasted on the Allegheny mountain, and reached Hollidaysburg at eleven o'clock, then went on board the Juniata River packet, which started immediately for Harrisburg. In 38 miles there were 53 locks. Captain Voglesong was kind and accommodating; he ran a mile to hail the Susquehanna boat that we might not be detained over Sunday, for which we shall ever hold him in grateful remembrance.

Mr. Wicks, a gentleman from Ohio, was our companion. The boat in which we came to Northumberland went up the West Branch of the Susquehanna. We came to the North Branch; stopped a short time at Danville. We reached Wilkes-Barré, about eight o'clock on Monday morning, Oct. 28th, having been absent seven weeks; travelled over 2,000 miles; had uninter-

rupted good health; no accident befell us; the weather was unusually pleasant, and we found our friends well at home, for which I shall ever feel grateful to Him whom the winds and seas obey.

HANNAH FELL BENNETT.

APPENDIX I

ADDENDA TO THE SECOND EDITION

THE desire for a memorial of Frances Slocum at the site of her last civilized home, the place of her capture, has been realized. This movement was led by George Slocum Bennett, resident there, and resulted in a bronze tablet 41 by 29½ inches in size being placed 2 November, 1906, the 128th anniversary of her capture, on the outer wall and just to the left of the main entrance of the building of The Wyoming Historical and Geological Society, Wilkes-Barré, Pennsylvania, on invitation of this society. This tablet reads as follows:

IN MEMORY OF
FRANCES SLOCUM
MA-CON-A-QUAH

"THE LOST SISTER OF WYOMING" CAPTURED BY DELAWARE INDIANS WHEN FIVE YEARS OLD, NOVEMBER 2, 1778, NEAR THE SOUTHWEST CORNER OF NORTH PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE AND EAST NORTH STREET, WILKES-BARRÉ, PA.

TABLET ON THE HISTORICAL AND GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY BUILDING, WILKES-BARRE

TABLET AT PLACE OF CAPTURE

SHE WAS THE DAUGHTER OF
JONATHAN AND RUTH TRIPP SLOCUM
AND WAS DISCOVERED LIVING NEAR PERU, INDIANA
BY HER RELATIVES SEPTEMBER 22, 1837
AND DIED MARCH 9, 1847
ERECTED BY MEMBERS OF THE SLOCUM FAMILY
NOVEMBER 2, 1906

Another tablet, 25 by 16 inches in size, was placed on the Public School building opposite the place of capture. It reads as follows:

FRANCES SLOCUM
MA-CON-A-QUAH
WAS CAPTURED
NEAR THIS SPOT BY
DELAWARE INDIANS
NOVEMBER 2, 1778

Ruben Nelson Bennett, member of the Council of the city of Wilkes-Barré, originated a Park Commission for this city; to forward the movement his father sent the following communication to its members, viz: —

"GENTLEMEN: —

"For some time I have been greatly interested in Parks and Playgrounds for my native place.

"In the more thickly settled portions of our city there is a great need of Playgrounds for the children. I wish to do something to help this

want. I stand ready to deed to the city of Wilkes-Barré, for Park and Playground purposes, the free and uninterrupted use and absolute control of the surface of the lot, now owned by me, at the northeast corner of North Pennsylvania Avenue and Scott streets, in the sixteenth ward of the said city, if this same shall meet with your approval.

"This lot is about three hundred feet on Pennsylvania Avenue and one hundred and thirty-seven feet on Scott street. This gift is made on condition that the said premises shall be used only for Park and Playground purposes and shall at all times hereafter be and remain open and unobstructed, and that the city of Wilkes-Barré shall continue its Park Commission and continue to make sufficient appropriations of money for the proper equipment and maintenance of the Playground. As this lot came to me from the Hon. Joseph Slocum, my grandfather, and is almost the identical spot where Frances Slocum, my great-aunt, was captured by the Indians, November 2, 1778, when five years of age, and whose capture and subsequent discovery was one of the most tragic events in the early history of Wyoming Valley, I desire that this Playground be called the 'Frances Slocum Playground' as a memorial to her. Very truly yours,

"GEORGE SLOCUM BENNETT."

FRANCES SLOCUM PLAYGROUND, DONATED APRIL 27, 1907, TO CITY OF WILKES-BARRE;
BY GEORGE SLOCUM BENNETT.

It was the first playground presented or obtained and it was received with joy. It was publicly dedicated 30 July, 1907, in the presence of several thousand people, fully half of whom were children. The Park Commission referred thankfully to the donor, also to the son who framed the Park Ordinance making possible the proud result.

THE END