THE LOST SISTER AMONG THE MIAMIS

BY OTHO WINGER

E. W. Gardiner

from

Otto Winger

FRANCES SLOCUM

Ma-con-a-quah

"The White Rose of the Miamis"

THE LOST SISTER
AMONG THE MIAMIS

BY

OTHO WINGER

Author of The Last of the Miamis, etc.

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TO MY GRANDDAUGHTERS
VIVIAN AND REVA

Who have often gone with me to the grave of the Lost Sister and have listened with great interest to the remarkable story of her life

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The last view the mother ever had of Frances

CHAPTER ONE

A Child Stolen by the Indians

A long time ago, in the Wyoming Valley along the Susquehanna River in Pennsylvania, there lived a five-year-old girl whose name was Frances Slocum. She had seven brothers and two sisters. Her parents were Jonathan and Ruth Slocum. They had brought their family from the old home in Rhode Island a long way through the forest to their new home. Many of their neighbors also had moved here because of much good farming land.

The year in which our story begins was 1778. The Revolutionary War was going on. The American colonists were trying to win their independence from the English government. The Indians were helping the English fight the Americans. During the summer of 1778 the Indians and some of the English soldiers came into the little Wyoming Valley and killed more than two hundred men, women and children.

Most of the people who escaped fled to the neighborhood fort for safety. Some of them went back to their old homes in Connecticut. Jonathan Slocum did not fear the Indians and remained in his home with his family. He was a Quaker. The Quakers and the Indians had been

friends ever since William Penn, the Quaker, treated the Indians so kindly. Jonathan Slocum wore the broad-brimmed Quaker hat. The Indians knew that he was a Quaker and did not molest him nor his family.

The oldest brother of Frances was Giles. Though only eighteen years old he had gone with the neighbors to fight the Indians and save their homes. The Americans were defeated and Giles came near being killed. His father being a Quaker did not want him to fight. When the Indians heard that Giles had fought against them, they were angry. They did not know that he had fought against his father's will. So they planned revenge.

Everything was going well at the home of Jonathan Slocum on the morning of November 2, 1778. Mr. Slocum and his father-in-law, Isaac Tripp, were working in the fields. Mrs. Slocum was busy with her work about the house. Frances was playing with her three-year-old brother, Joseph. Her older sister, Mary, was helping her mother with the work. Two neighbor boys named Kingsley were grinding a knife in the yard. The older Kingsley boy, Nathan, wore a soldier's suit. All would have been happy but for the fact that so many of their friends had recently been killed. No Indians had been seen for a long

time and the people thought they were all gone.

Suddenly a gun was heard. The mother was horrified to see three Indians coming toward the house. They had shot Nathan Kingsley and were cutting off his scalp. The mother told the children to hide. She took the baby and ran to hide it in the thicket near by. Judith and Isaac followed their mother to the thicket. Frances hid under the stairway. But Mary took her little brother, Joseph, and started towards the fort. An Indian started after her, but seeing how brave she was, laughed and let her go.

The Indians went into the house and looked everywhere for sugar and other things they might like. As they came down the stairway, one of them saw the feet of little Frances at the closet door. He pulled her out and took her into the yard. Another Indian found her crippled brother, Ebenezer, twelve years old. The third Indian took Wareham Kingsley and all started for the woods.

The mother seeing her children being carried off by the Indians rushed from her hiding place to help them. First she pointed to Ebenezer with his crippled foot and said: "Why take him? He can't walk. He will do thee no good." The Indian then saw that Ebenezer was crippled and let him go. But one of them threw Frances over his

shoulder and started off with her. The mother pleaded but the hardhearted Indian paid no attention. Little Frances cried and called for her mother. With one hand holding out of her eyes her beautiful auburn hair, and with the other reaching for help, she cried, "Mother! Mother!" That was the last view the mother ever had of little Frances.

CHAPTER II

THE LONG SEARCH FOR THE LOST SISTER

"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.*

CHAPTER TWO

The Long Search for the Lost Sister

The news spread rapidly that Frances had been stolen by the Indians. Mary, with her little brother, soon reached the fort and told what had happened. A company of soldiers came at once to see about it. The father, grandfather, and older brothers came from the fields. The mother was wild with grief to think that her little Frances was in the hands of angry Indians. They might tomahawk her any moment. The brothers and sisters were crying. Jonathan Slocum was usually brave and calm but this was too much for him to bear calmly. He permitted the soldiers to help him look for his stolen child.

With Indians around it was not safe for individuals to go very far into the woods. Groups of soldiers and others searched everywhere in the neighborhood of the Slocum home. The Indians with their captives might be hidden somewhere in the mountains. They might have taken to their ponies and be far away by this time. But no trace of them could be found. No tracks of Indian ponies could be seen. As night came on all parties returned, but Frances had not been found.

That night was a sad one for the Slocum family. There were nine other children in the home

but little Frances, because of her beauty and cheerfulness, was the pet of the household. Now to think of her being in the hands of Indians who knew no pity when angry was enough to break their hearts. Jonathan Slocum was a quiet Quaker. He believed in God and silent prayer. He sat through that long night, wondering why it had happened, praying God to protect his child, and thinking what to do next.

The next day the soldiers and neighbors searched again but found no trace of Frances, neither that day—nor the next—nor the next. Because the war was on and the Indians were fighting the Americans, it was not safe even for soldiers to go far into the forests or mountains. Since the Indians had turned against their best friends, they might do anything at any time. Jonathan Slocum felt that he would have to trust his lost child to the care of God.

As the days grew shorter and the nights grew colder, Frances' mother thought much about her lost child. If she were living would she be getting anything to eat? Would the Indians treat her kindly? Would she have enough to wear? A few days before Frances was taken, her parents had bought her a new pair of shoes. She was barefooted when the Indians took her. Now the little shoes reminded the mother every hour of her

lost child. She would often say: "Oh, if Frances just could have these little shoes!"

More sorrow was to come to the Slocum home. Six weeks after Frances was taken, the Indians came again. This time they went to the fields instead of the house. They shot and killed Jonathan Slocum and his father-in-law, Isaac Tripp. They also wounded William, an older brother of Frances, but he escaped to the fort. Again the Indians fled before the soldiers could arrive. Then they came no more. They had satisfied their revenge in thinking wrongly that Jonathan Slocum had not been true to them because Giles had fought against them. The Indian, though kind to friends, never forgives what he thinks is an injury.

We will never know the grief and sorrow of the Slocum home in the days that followed. Father and grandfather were dead. No word whatever came from Frances. Was she living or dead? Where was she? The mother could be reconciled to the death of her husband and her father. She knew where they were buried. But she could not be satisfied about Frances. Somehow she believed that she was still living somewhere and that some time she would see her.

After three years this cruel war was over. The Americans had won their independence. The

English made peace. The Indians were more peaceful. The older Slocum boys were now young men. Their mother would have them go in search for Frances. In 1784 Giles and William went to Niagara Falls where there were many whites and Indians. Many white people were there who had been stolen, when children, by the Indians and were now looking for their people. But the brothers did not find their lost sister. They offered large rewards for some word about her, but they heard nothing. They returned home much disappointed.

One day something happened that stirred the Slocum home and all of the Wyoming Valley. You will remember that when the Indians took little Frances they took Wareham Kingsley also. His friends had given him up as dead for they thought the Indians would have killed him. Now after many years he returned home and told his story. He had been released from captivity. He told how the Indians had taken him and Frances. The first night they stayed in a deep cave not far from their home. Then they traveled many days to the Indian camp. They were together for some time. Then they were separated and he saw Frances no more. But he brought the good news that the Indians were kind to Frances. They would carry her when she was tired. They

would give her the best they had to eat. They dressed her well and gave her a pair of pretty Indian moccasins instead of her new shoes. They seemed very fond of her because she had such beautiful red hair. That, however, was years ago, for he had spent years with the Indians. What had become of Frances he did not know.

This bit of news caused Frances' mother to believe all the more that Frances was living. In 1788 she would have her sons go far out to Ohio which was then an Indian country. They made the long trip but could not find their sister. The next year she herself made a long and dangerous trip to Niagara. There she saw many white children who had been stolen, as Frances had been, waiting for some of their friends to claim them. Here Mrs. Slocum hoped to find Frances. She found no one she could claim as her own. She returned home disappointed.

Once more hope was to rise in the heart of this sad mother. One day a young woman came to the Slocum home. She said that she had been stolen by the Indians when she was a child. She did not know the names of her parents nor where she had lived. She was now free from the Indians and hoped that she might be the lost sister. Mrs. Slocum received her kindly, but could find no reason to believe that this woman was her lost child.

The Slocum brothers heard of an old Indian chief at Upper Sandusky, Ohio, who had married a white woman. Making a long trip through the wilderness to this frontier village, they found the old chief and his white wife, but she was not their sister.

Then they tried a new plan. They became traders among the Indians. They drove some cattle through the wilderness from Niagara to Detroit. They offered the cattle and other merchandise for trade or sale to the Indians. Their object at all times was to get some word about Frances. But the Indians could not, or would not, give out any information.

So the years went by, but no word came from Frances. The Slocum boys became men and were very successful in business. The Slocum sisters married well and were happy. On the Slocum farm the city of Wilkes-Barre was laid out. The mother had plenty of money, but she was never happy. She always thought that Frances must be alive and that some time she would see her. In this hope she was to be disappointed. She lived twenty-eight years after her child was stolen and her husband and father were killed by the Indians. She urged her sons and daughters that after her death they should continue the search for their lost sister.

CHAPTER III

A STRANGE STORY FROM THE FAR WEST

Ma-con-a-quah tells Mr. Ewing who she is

CHAPTER THREE

A Strange Story From the Far West

The incidents of this chapter occurred nearly sixty years after Frances was stolen. If she were alive she now would be an old woman. The brothers and sisters living were all old men and women. The mother had been dead thirty years and most of the old neighbors were gone too. Most people had forgotten the story about Frances. Her brothers and sisters thought she was dead. They had given up all hope of ever finding her.

The Indian wars were over. The red men had given up the fight to keep the white men out of their territory. Many people were moving from Pennsylvania and other eastern states out to Indiana and other western states. There were still many Indians left in Indiana but they were soon to be moved west of the Mississippi River. The first white settlers in Indiana learned to know and to like many of the Indians.

In 1835 at Logansport, Indiana, there was a young man by the name of George Washington Ewing. He was a merchant and a trader with the Indians. He sold goods to them and would purchase what they had to sell. He would often go on horseback along the Wabash, Mississinewa and Eel rivers where most of the Indians lived.

One day he was out along the Mississinewa. There were many Indian villages along this river. He became so busy talking and trading with the Indians that when night came he was seven miles from Peru, the nearest town. There was a large Indian trading post down the river, kept by a friendly Indian, Francis Godfroy. Mr. Ewing knew the Indians well and decided to ask to stay all night at one of their cabins. He came to one that was much better than the ordinary Indian home. It was a double log house near a large spring. A number of small buildings about made the place look like a village.

When Mr. Ewing asked to stay all night he was given a welcome. Two Indian women served him a good supper. The husband of one of these women talked to him quite friendly in the Miami Indian language. The other young woman seemed to be a widow with three little girls. The person who interested Mr. Ewing most was an old woman, the mother of the younger women. She was treated with greatest kindness by every member of the household. Mr. Ewing talked with her in the language of the Miamis. She could not talk English. Though she looked and talked like an Indian, he began to wonder whether she was not a white woman.

When it was time for the Indians to retire for

the night, the old woman asked her visitor to wait awhile. She said that she wanted to tell him something. She seemed very slow to begin. She waited a long time. When she was certain that all of the rest were asleep, she told Mr. Ewing a most remarkable story.

She was not an Indian. She raised the shawl from her arm. Where the sun and weather had not touched her she was as white as any white woman. She said that she had been stolen when a child by the Indians. She did not remember just where her home was but it was near the Susquehanna River. All she remembered of her father was that his name was Slocum, that he was a Quaker and that he wore a broad-brimmed hat. She had never seen nor heard of her folks after she had been stolen. She had spent all of her life with the Indians who had always treated her kindly. She had married an Indian chief. They had four children. Her husband and her two boys were dead. Her oldest daughter had a husband but no children. The youngest daughter, who had three little girls, had been married twice. The old woman had a good house, much land, and plenty to make her happy.

Mr. Ewing listened with intense interest to this remarkable story, asking her a question now and then. She said that the reason she had not told

her story before was because she feared her white relatives would find her and take her away from her Indian family. The only reason she told it now was that she was sick and thought she would not live long. She could not think of dying without telling her story to some one. She asked Mr. Ewing not to tell it while she was living.

The next day this young man returned to his home in Logansport. He could not forget the wonderful story that this old, white Indian woman had told him. He could not keep it to himself, so he told his mother. She told her son that he must try and get this story back east where some of the relatives of the old woman might still be living. But to whom could he write? Where could he write? Since the old woman had told him that when a child she had lived near the Susquehanna River, that helped him to think. He wrote a letter to the postmaster at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, for that town was not far from the Susquehanna. He told the postmaster the story of the old, white Indian woman who said that her father's name was Slocum. He asked the postmaster to try and get the information to some people by that name.

The letter reached Lancaster all right. Mrs. Mary Dickson was in the post office at that time and read the letter. It seemed so strange that she

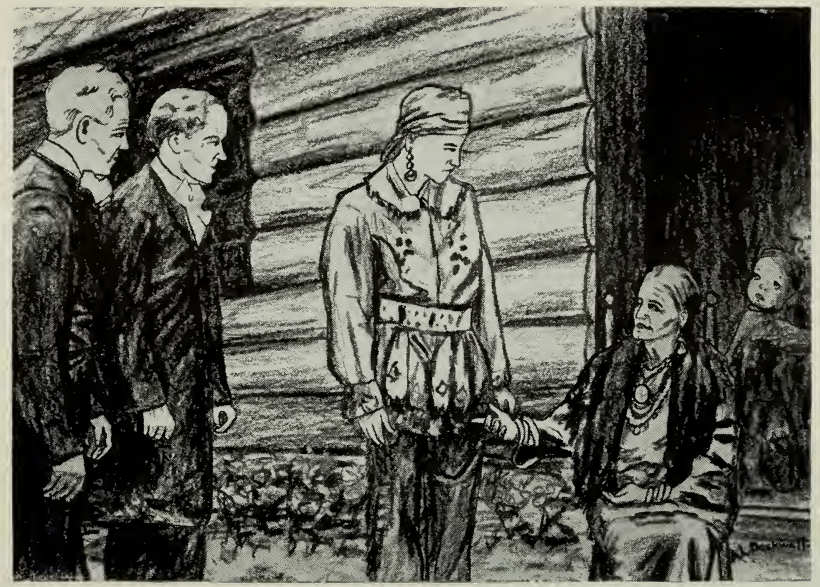
could not believe it. She laid the letter aside and soon forgot about it. There it lay for two years. Then a young man, John W. Forney, became postmaster. He found this letter and read it. He was interested in it. He published it in the town paper, The Lancaster Intelligencer. People read it and were interested. Slocum had become a prominent name along the Susquehanna. Rev. Samuel Bowman, a friend of the Slocums, sent a copy of the paper to Joseph Slocum, who lived at Wilkes-Barre. Joseph was the little brother whom his sister, Mary, took to the fort the day that the Indians stole Frances. That was nearly sixty years ago. Could it be possible that this was some real news about Frances?

Jonathan Slocum, son of Joseph, at once wrote Mr. Ewing of Logansport to know whether the old woman was still living, for this letter about her was written two years before. They could not expect a reply for some time, for letters traveled slowly in those days. The Slocums, however, had so much faith in this bit of news that they began correspondence with one another to make plans to find out whether the story was true. Joseph wrote to his brother, Isaac, and to his sister, Mary, who now lived near Bellevue, Ohio, telling them the news and suggesting that they make further investigation.

In less than three weeks, Jonathan Slocum, namesake of his grandfather, received a long letter from Logansport. Mr. Ewing said the old woman was still living and was in better health than she was two years ago. He gave rather a full account of the family and conditions of the old woman. From what Jonathan had written him, Mr. Ewing had no doubts but that this woman was the long lost sister. From what Mr. Ewing wrote, the Slocums were convinced that their lost sister was still living. There was much excitement and interest among the Slocums and in the Wyoming Valley. Preparations were at once made for Joseph Slocum of Wilkes-Barre, his brother, Isaac, and his sister, Mary Towne, to go in search once more for Frances.

CHAPTER IV

FINDING THE LOST SISTER



The Slocum brothers find their long-lost sister

CHAPTER FOUR

Finding the Lost Sister

A trip from Pennsylvania to Indiana today seems easy by railroad or by auto. But one hundred years ago there were no autos nor railroads. Canals had been built in many places, but a trip by the canals was long, slow and tiresome. The only direct route was by horse, or by horse and carriage, over very poor roads through the wilderness. This would be very hard for old people like Joseph and Isaac Slocum, who were more than sixty years old. Their sister, Mary Towne, was nearly seventy. Joseph came out to Ohio where the other two lived, and there they planned the rest of the journey. Isaac went before on horseback, while Joseph and Mary followed by carriage. In a few days they all met at Peru.

Mary was too much worn out by the journey to go with the brothers to see their Indian sister. She remained at the Bearrs Hotel. Joseph and Isaac, with an interpreter, Mr. Miller, rode on horseback eight miles up the Mississinewa River to where Mr. Ewing had met the old woman. They were met by a half-Indian, Captain Brouillette, who gave them a welcome to this Indian home. The old woman received them coldly. She could talk only in the Miami Indian language

which Mr. Miller interpreted. She would not talk much at all. She did not believe it when told that these men thought she was their long lost sister. She rather thought they were trying to deceive her and rob her of her home. Joseph and Isaac could not help expressing their emotions when they believed that they had at last found Frances. She was cold and indifferent. Was this old Indian woman really their sister, Frances?

The brothers said that they would know her by one mark. Before Frances was stolen one of them, while playing with her in their father's blacksmith shop, struck her finger with a hammer and cut off the end of it. Sure enough, this old woman had a stub finger. She said that her brother had cut it off before she was stolen. That was proof enough, but there was still more. She said that her father's name was Slocum, that he was a Quaker, and wore a broad-brimmed hat. She told how she was stolen. Her story agreed with the story of how their sister, Frances, was stolen. But it was difficult for them to convince her that she was their sister. She had forgotten her first name. "Was it Frances?" they asked her. "Franca, Franca," she said with a smile. This was the first sign of friendliness she showed. She now welcomed them to her home as her brothers. They had found their lost sister.

While the brothers were assured that this was their sister, they could hardly understand how she could be so changed. They were moved to tears at the thought of finding her. She was cold and showed little emotion. Could this old woman who looked like an Indian, thought like an Indian, talked and acted like an Indian be their sister who was once the sweet-faced, auburn-haired Frances? They could not realize what sixty years of living with the Indians had done for her.

Frances told her brothers something of the story of her life. The Indians had always been kind to her. An old Indian and his wife had adopted her as their own child. Though she had lived with them and wandered here and there with them for years, she had been happy. She was so young when she was stolen and so helpless that she soon forgot her parents and her home. She had worked hard all her life as all Indian women did. When the Indians had plenty, she had her share. When they did not have much to eat, she went hungry with them. When they fled from the white men, she fled with them. No doubt she had often rejoiced when the Indians defeated the whites. She knew the Indian was often cruel, but she knew also that the white man could be just as cruel. She herself was not cruel.

After years of wandering in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Canada and Indiana, her foster parents died. About that time she married an Indian chief. They lived together at Fort Wayne for a few years and then moved to the Osage Village near the mouth of the Mississinewa. Her husband was a war chief and a fighter. His name was She-po-co-nah. When he became older he lost his hearing. Since he could not lead the Indians in battle any longer, because he was deaf, he and Frances left the Osage Village and came up the river to this place. Here they built for themselves a home. The Indians called her Macon-a-quah. The name meant "Little Bear Woman" because she was so strong. She did much work in building this home. The Indians called it the Deaf Man's Village, because her husband was so deaf.

When found by her brothers, she had lived at this place more than twenty years. She had had four children, two boys and two girls. Her husband and her two sons were dead and were buried on the hill above her house. Her oldest daughter was married to this Captain Brouillette. They had no children. He was very kind to Frances and directed the affairs of the farm very well. Her youngest daughter had been married three times and now had three little daughters. Her

husbands were all bad Indians, and all had been killed in Indian fights.

After the brothers had learned this much about the family, they more freely talked to their sister and her family. The two daughters served a good meal for their visitors. The brothers tried to keep up the conversation with their sister through the interpreter.

Surely, they thought, she would want to go back home with them to their old home in Pennsylvania. Everyone would be so glad to see her. She should share with them all they had. But Frances said that she would not leave her Indian family and friends. When her husband died she had promised him that she would never leave the Indians. They had always treated her well. She had a good home, plenty of land, and much property. Besides, she said, she would not know how to act were she to leave her Indian home in the woods and try to live where her brothers did. She would be like a fish out of water.

Her brothers saw that their sister had spoken much truth. But surely she would want to go back just for a visit, to see where she had once lived, where her parents were buried, and to see many of her relatives. But here again their Indian sister said, "No." She would not know how to act. Everything would be so different. She

would get very homesick for her Indian home and family. Something might happen that she could not get back. She said she would be like an old tree that would die if you removed it to another place. Were she a young sapling as she was when she was stolen, she might be taken to another place and live.

The brothers made one more request. Their sister, Mary, was older than any of them. She was much worn out by the long journey and had remained at Peru. Would Frances go with them so that she could see Mary and all of them could be together once more? Here again she was cautious. She said she would have to ask her friend and adviser, Chief Francis Godfroy, who kept the trading post three miles down the river. Some one was sent to ask him his advice.

While waiting for the reply of Chief Godfroy, the brothers had opportunity to walk about the place. They saw that her home was much better than most Indian homes. It was even better than many pioneer white homes they had seen on the way. They saw that she had many Indian ponies, many hogs and some cattle. They noted that the Indians had raised corn and many other things to eat, such as pumpkins, squashes, and beans. They raised chickens and geese. They observed her home on the banks of the beautiful

river with the ridge of hills just beyond. Their sister was indeed living like an Indian princess. Her family and friends treated her like a princess. The brothers could now understand why she was happy and did not want to return with them.

Word soon came from Chief Godfroy advising Frances to go with her brothers to Peru. So she, her two daughters and her son-in-law went with them. The visit that evening was brief. Mary, like her brothers, was moved to tears to meet her long lost sister, but Frances showed little emotion. Since it was getting late in the day she was anxious to go back home for the night, promising to return with her family the next day. Her brothers and sister could hardly realize how their sister could be so cold when they were so glad at finding her. But after all it was a great joy that they had found her.

The next day was Sunday. True to the promise she had made, the Indian sister and her family came riding into Peru in Indian fashion. They had fat ponies and their saddles and bridles were of the best. They came riding single file with Ma-con-a-quah leading the way. She and her daughters were riding astride like men. They were good riders too. There were many decorations on both the ponies and the riders that made the whole look like a line of savages. This was

Sunday to the Slocums from the east but their Indian relatives knew nothing about Sunday.

When they came to the hotel they were a little quiet at first. The Indian knew how to be formal at times and how to make much of an important meeting. This was an important meeting to them. The oldest daughter was carrying a good-sized bundle wrapped in a clean white cloth. Before they could be friends, even to their relatives, they must give something. This was the hind quarter of a deer, carefully wrapped and ready to present. The interpreter explained how it was a token of friendship and kindness. Sister Mary must receive it with due thanks. When all of this was done, the Indian relatives dropped their formality and were at ease with their friends. The daughters were ready to talk as best they could through the interpreter.

Frances and her family listened with much interest to the story of their family and friends back east. They heard the Slocums tell about the murder of their father and grandfather and how their mother lived and died hoping to find her lost daughter. They learned about the long search that had been made for Frances. It was with difficulty, however, that they were able to get Frances to tell of her captivity and her long life among the Indians. She was still cautious, especially

when she saw her brothers taking down notes on paper. Indians never wrote anything on paper. She wondered what her brothers were doing.

Again the brothers urged her to return to the east with them just for a visit. Again she refused. She said she would not know how to act back there. She would soon get homesick for her family and Indian friends. She might get sick and die there. She wanted to die out here in the forest and be buried by her husband and sons. Her daughters also objected, saying that their mother would not be happy in any other place than her forest home. She would be like a deer out of the forest or a fish out of water.

Captain Brouillette told the Slocums how he had tried in every way to make his mother-in-law happy. He was not a drunkard, as many of the Indians were. He was not shiftless and lazy. He worked and managed that his family might have plenty to eat and be happy. He had always been kind to Frances and assured her brothers and sister that he would continue to take good care of her. Frances assured them that her son-in-law had told the truth. Her daughters and other members of the family were good to her and did the work. All she had to do was to help as she felt like it and give such advice as she thought best to give. She had a good family, a good home,

much land, plenty to eat, and everything to make her happy. While living and acting in many ways like an Indian, yet she was living respectable and upright. She was indeed living like an Indian princess, the widow of a great chief.

Frances and her family remained at Peru three days with her brothers and sister. They had the best rooms that the Bearrs Hotel of that day could provide. It was hard for these children of the forest to stay in town long or live at a hotel. In many ways Frances showed her Indian nature. On one occasion the people of the town crowded into the hotel until the air was no longer fresh. Frances was tired and left the room. In a few minutes her brother found her lying on the porch, wrapped in her blanket, sound asleep. Neither she nor her daughters would sleep in hotel beds but would wrap themselves in their blankets and sleep on the floor. During these three days the brothers and sisters had many pleasant moments together. They ate together, walked together, and talked together as best they could through an interpreter. But Frances soon tired of all this and was anxious to return to her home. After affectionate farewells she and her family returned to their home on the beautiful Mississinewa, while her brothers and sister returned to their eastern homes.

CHAPTER V

THE SLOCUM SISTERS VISIT THEIR INDIAN COUSINS

The Slocum sisters visit their aunt and Indian cousins

CHAPTER FIVE

The Slocum Sisters Visit Their Indian Cousins

When Joseph Slocum returned to his Pennsylvania home he had much to tell about finding his sister, Frances. Everybody was interested in this strange story and wanted to know all about it. He said he was going to make another visit soon to see his sister and family. It was nearly two more years before he could arrange to go. Then his two daughters, Hannah and Harriet, asked to go with him. He was glad to take them. We are all glad that they went, for they saw many things that their father would not have noticed.

It took them twenty days to make the trip from their home at Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, to the home of their relatives on the Mississinewa, near Peru, Indiana. They had to travel by poor carriages and coaches over the worst kind of roads. They went around through the state of New York where they traveled on river boats, canal boats and finally a large boat on Lake Erie. The last part of their journey was on the new canal that had been built from Fort Wayne to Peru. Hotel accommodations were very poor. There was much drinking and gambling at all of these places. The Slocums did not take part in any such things.

At Peru, Joseph Slocum secured a kind of lumber wagon and a team of Indian ponies. The driver was none too sober. So the eight-mile trip up the Mississinewa was somewhat exciting. They passed a number of Indian villages on the way. They passed the trading post of the Indian Chief, Francis Godfroy. Joseph had met him on his first visit two years before. The chief seemed glad to see him and would have welcomed Joseph and his daughters as his guests, but they were eager to go on and see their own Indian relatives.

When they were near the Deaf Man's Village, Captain Brouillette met them. He rode a fine Indian pony that was decorated with the very best saddle, bridle and trimmings. He welcomed the visitors and then rode forward to tell his family that their eastern relatives were coming.

Joseph was glad to see his sister again and she seemed just as glad to see him. She was no longer reserved as on the first visit. She and her daughters were happy and curious to see their cousins from the east. They soon became acquainted and all began talking as best they could through the interpreter. They knew now that they were of the same family and talked about family resemblances.

Hannah and Harriet had to learn the names of their cousins. All of them had Indian names that

seemed odd enough to those who had never heard them before. Aunt Frances' husband, who had been dead six years, was known as Chief She-po-co-nah. Frances had an Indian name all her own. They called her Ma-con-a-quah, meaning Little Bear Woman. She was not tall but she was very strong. When younger, she could run races with the swiftest Indians. She could break the wildest ponies to ride. Even now at sixty-six she was strong enough to do much work.

The oldest daughter was called Ke-ke-nok-esh-wa. The meaning of her name was "Cut-Finger." They called her that because she was the daughter of the woman who had her finger cut off. She had an English name, too. Her husband was called Captain Brouillette. So Ke-ke-nok-esh-wa was often called Nancy Brouillette. The Indian name of Frances' younger daughter was O-zah-shin-quah, meaning "Yellow Leaf." She, too, had an English name, Jane. She had been married three times to Indian husbands. They were no good and had been killed in various Indian fights. She had three little daughters. Each had an Indian name, but it is easier to remember what the names of these little girls meant in English, Corn Tassel, Blue Corn, and Young Panther. In later years they were given Christian names, Eliza, Frances and Elizabeth.

Nancy was rather large of stature. She was good looking and goodnatured. She was inclined to talk much. She had a good husband who treated her and her mother well. She had had one great sorrow in her life. Her only child was a daughter who had been murdered by a drunken, worthless Indian because she would not marry him. At the time of this visit, Nancy was about thirty-six years old.

Jane was not so tall but more heavy set like her mother. She was not so talkative. No doubt her unfortunate experiences with Indian husbands had made her so. Her three little girls were inclined to be shy and silent. They, too, had had sad experiences with drunken fathers. At this time Jane was about twenty-four years old. Hannah and Harriet noticed that all of their women relatives dressed well. They wore much jewelry. During the visit there was much talk about each other's dresses. No doubt there would have been much more if they could have talked together without an interpreter.

Captain Brouillette was half French and half Indian. His French name was about as difficult to pronounce as an Indian name. It sounds something like Bu-re-et. His Indian name was Te-qua-ke-aw. He was tall, slender, and straight. He had black eyes and jet black hair. His clothes

were very fine for an Indian. He wore a fine broadcloth coat. A red shawl was tied around his head, with the ends hanging down his back. He wore a beautiful sash tied around his long shirt. Blue leggings and moccasins gave him a fine appearance. He was one of the most handsome men they had seen.

After they had become acquainted with one another, the next part of the program was a good meal together. It was made up of fried venison, potatoes, shortcake and coffee. There was plenty of maple sugar cakes for use. Aunt Frances sat at the table with her brother and nieces. Nancy served. A clean cotton cloth had been spread on the table. The dishes were wiped clean before being used. After dinner they were washed clean and replaced on the shelves. They had good plates and dishes and clever little cups and saucers. The floor was swept clean. Such care was not common among Indians, but it pleased the eastern relatives. Aunt Frances explained that she remembered how her mother once was careful with her house. She had taught her daughters that way, too.

The Indian cousins were eager to talk. In order that they might have more time with their visitors, they had an Indian squaw come in and help with the supper. All conversations had to be

made through an interpreter. Since Mr. Miller had to return to Peru, Joseph secured the services of a colored man as interpreter. It was interesting to see white sisters talking to Indian cousins by the help of a Negro interpreter.

Hannah and Harriet, in harmony with the custom of Pennsylvania women, brought their knitting along. Aunt Frances was much interested in this for she recalled how her mother used to spin and reel yarn for knitting purposes. She tried to show her daughters how it was done. The Indian cousins were quite willing to take these lessons in knitting. The Indian women themselves did some fine embroidery work. They liked to work beads and other ornaments into cloth. They had dresses richly embroidered with silver brooches. Aunt Frances had a shawl that showed much careful work. She and her daughters wore much jewelry such as earrings, bracelets on the arms and strings of beads around their necks.

Hannah and Harriet have given us a much better description of Frances than others have done. She was not large nor was she much bent for one who had gone through the hardships she had known. Her hair, once auburn, was now somewhat gray. She kept it tied up neatly in club fashion. Her face was much wrinkled and long exposure to weather caused it to look much like

that of an Indian. She had a scar on her left cheek. This she had received at an Indian dance. She dressed well. While on this visit Joseph arranged with a noted artist, Mr. George Winters, to paint a picture of Frances.

The first day of the visit was largely spent in getting acquainted, talking about their families and examining each other's clothes. They spent much time at the tables where two good meals were served. When time came to retire the visitors received special attention. There were six beds in the house, made of skins, blankets and other goods of which there was a plenty. There was but one pillow which was given to Joseph because of his age. The daughters reported that they slept very well though they were in a strange land and in an Indian country. As for Frances and her daughters, they had little use for beds such as their eastern relatives were used to. They could wrap up in their Indian blankets, lie down on the floor and sleep well without mattress or pillow.

Besides the rude beds, there was an ordinary dining table, cupboards for the dishes, and a few splint bottom chairs. There was a looking glass of which the girls made much use. There were many ornaments of Indian make about the walls. There were also some Indian weapons of war.

In the few days that the Slocums visited the Deaf Man's Village, they had many opportunities to observe the home and surroundings of their relatives. The house was a double log cabin with two large rooms and a porch between. There was another small room built at one end of this house. Frances explained that she thought of building a better house but did not want to make the Indians jealous. Near by her house was a large spring from which flowed a large stream of water the year around. There were other buildings about where some of the stock was kept as well as corn and hay to feed.

The two daughters of Frances owned 640 acres of land that had been given them by the government. Hannah reported that they counted fifty or sixty ponies, one hundred head of hogs, seventeen head of cattle, and many geese and chickens. They saw, too, that there was much corn and hay to feed the stock during the winter. Captain Brouillette was a good farmer for an Indian. Although he was a successful hunter, he was one of the first among the Indians to realize that the Indian would have to depend upon something besides hunting for a living. Besides food for the stock there were squashes, beans and pumpkins, potatoes and other food for the household. With plenty of maple sugar for the winter and

with plenty of wild game still in the forests there was no danger of their Indian relatives going hungry. Many of the Indians did not provide ahead for the winter and suffered much hunger. Out of annuities paid by the government, Frances had saved some money.

During these few days Hannah and Harriet became much in love with the place. Nancy and Jane would often go with them to some of the beautiful spots. The Mississinewa River flowed right in front of their door. Just across the river was a ridge of low hills covered with trees. An early frost had caused the leaves to turn brown and golden already. The corn and the pumpkins were ripening in the fields. The whole scene presented a beautiful picture. It reminded the eastern Slocums of many such places in some parts of Pennsylvania. They were happy to know that their aunt and cousins had such a good, pleasant home.

Joseph Slocum and Frances had many conversations by the aid of the interpreter. He did not try, as he had done on his first visit, to persuade Frances to go back east with him. She, however, asked him to come and live with her. She offered him much land if he would do so. The coming of the white men had made many problems for her. But Joseph was old and had his home and family

back east. He was satisfied to know how well his sister was being cared for out west. Captain Brouillette assured him that he would always take good care of Aunt Frances.

Frances showed that she loved her home and her Indian family. She went with her brother and nieces to the little hill above her house where her husband and sons were buried. She explained how she expected to be buried there soon. They would raise a white flag there so the Great Spirit would not forget where they were buried.

When the time came for Joseph and his daughters to return home, Aunt Frances and her daughters went with them as far as Peru. It was planned to make the trip on horseback. Since Frances had only one sidesaddle, she waded the river and walked a mile to borrow one so that each of her nieces could have one. She and her daughters used men's saddles and rode like men. It was a pleasant trip for Hannah and Harriet to ride down the river eight miles, in single file, as the Indians ride. They forded the Mississinewa twice and had more opportunity to see something of its beauty. They forded the Wabash to get into Peru.

The party spent the last night together in the Bearrs Hotel. The cousins kept up their active conversations as best they could through the inter-

preter. The Indian cousins seemed so glad that their eastern relatives had come to visit them. Joseph and Frances had some touching farewell talks for they knew they would not likely see each other again. Frances was quite different than when her brothers and sister visited her two years before. Now she was cheerful and free to talk. She seemed so happy that her brother had come again and had brought his daughters. Joseph was happy to see his sister so changed. She seemed to be recalling the days of her childhood and realized her relationship to the Slocum family. The next morning the brother and sister and cousins gave each other an affectionate good-by.

CHAPTER VI

SAD DAYS FOR FRANCES SLOCUM

Frances Slocum saw many of her Miami friends driven into exile

CHAPTER SIX

Sad Days for Frances Slocum

During the years that followed the discovery of Frances Slocum and the visits of her relatives from the east, many sad experiences came into her life. The Indians had been completely defeated in the wars with the white men. White settlers were coming in great numbers and were crowding the Indians back more and more. The white men brought many sorrows to a people trying to adjust themselves to new and untried ways. Frances Slocum shared with her adopted people all of their sorrows.

Many of her old friends to whom she had looked for help were dying. One of these was Francis Godfroy who died in May, 1840. He was her trusted friend and adviser. He had been elected by the Indian chiefs to take the place of her own husband as war chief of the Miamis. He had come to be known as a wise and powerful leader of his people.

Francis Godfroy was half French, half Indian. His mother was an Indian squaw. His father was a Frenchman of the famous Godfroy family. He could trace his ancestry back to the crusader Godfroy, who was first to plant the flag of the crusaders on the walls of Jerusalem in 1099. He

was a large man, weighing more than three hundred pounds. He was very brave. He led the Indians in the attack on the army of Colonel Campbell at the battle of the Mississinewa. While he was a friend of the whites in many ways, he did not think it was right for General Harrison to send this army into the Indian country and attack his friends.

Godfroy was one of the richest Indians in the United States. His trading post on the Wabash River, near the Mississinewa, was the greatest center of business activity in all this part of the country. He would purchase skins and whatever else the Indians and early white settlers had to sell. He would ship these things to New York where he received a high price for them. In turn he bought goods in New York to sell to the Indians and pioneer white men. Isaac and Joseph Slocum both visited his trading post which was called Mount Pleasant. It was made up of a number of log houses that enclosed a square. A thick log wall filled up the space between the houses. Within this place he always had much goods collected. Here he entertained many of his friends and fed many poor people. He was very generous to his Indian friends for many of them were very poor.

Godfroy had an important part in many treaties

with the Americans. He received much land and much money from the American government. He had much influence with the government and with American officials. Frances Slocum often came to him for help and advice. So when he died she felt the loss very much. She did not know what she and the Indians would do without his help and protection. His death brought a great sorrow into her life.

In 1841 the general chief of the Miamis, John B. Richardville, died. He, too, was half French, half Indian. He was a nephew of the great Indian chief, Little Turtle. On his father's side he was related to some of the bluest blood of France. He succeeded his uncle as general chief of the Miamis. He was a wise chief and had much influence with both Indians and white men. He was the richest Indian in the United States and one of the richest men in Indiana at the time of his death. He was a very successful merchant. He owned thousands of acres of land from Fort Wayne to Logansport. He once lived at the Osage Village on the Mississinewa near Peru. Frances Slocum lived there with her war-chief husband at that time. She became well acquainted with him and looked to him for advice and for protection. His death caused her much grief and much concern.

About this time occurred the death of another prominent chief, Me-toc-in-yah. He lived twelve miles up the river from Deaf Man's Village, at the mouth of what is now Jocinah Creek. Jocinah is the name Me-toc-in-yah, changed somewhat. The Me-toc-in-yah village was one of the largest in Indiana. It was destroyed by the army of Colonel Campbell on Dec. 17, 1812. It was rebuilt and here the old chief lived and died. He had the largest family and the largest village of all the chiefs. He had great influence with the Americans. He of all the chiefs was permitted to keep his family together in Indiana when the other Indians were sent west. Frances Slocum knew him well. Their grandchildren intermarried. His death meant another loss to her.

During her long life among the Indians, Frances Slocum had known the greatest Indian chiefs of America. She had also become acquainted with some of the greatest Americans of her day. General William Henry Harrison, after becoming President of the United States, told one of her friends that he had seen her many times and knew her well. John Tipton and Lewis Cass, prominent men of that day, knew her well. As these old friends, both Indians and white men, were passing away, she felt the loss very keenly.

Frances Slocum had known many tragedies of

Indian life and many wrongdoings of the Indians. They had killed many white people. But they killed each other too. They were often just as cruel to each other as they were to the white people. On the other hand the whites were cruel to the Indians. Frances never approved of any of this. She did all she could to keep peace. No doubt she often kept the Indians from going to war, or made peace between the Indians.

She was well acquainted with one incident similar to her own experience. During the war of 1812, after the army of Colonel Harrison had destroyed the Me-toc-in-yah Village, the Indians of the Mississinewa went south to get revenge. In southern Indiana, near what is now Connersville, there lived a white settler by the name of Moses Thorpe. He lived on the banks of White Water River. One evening in the spring of 1813, while he was entertaining the Methodist preacher in his home, his three little girls were playing along the riverbank. Two of them came running in, saying that their sister was being carried off by the Indians. Mr. Thorpe ran to the river to find that this was true. The Indians had taken his little girl and were gone. Since it was now night, he could do nothing more than wait till the next day.

On the morrow a company of men traced the Indians to the Indian village near what is now

Muncie. They dared not go farther. War was going on and the woods were full of Indians. Mr. Thorpe did not hear from his daughter for years. After the war he visited the Indian villages in northern Indiana and found her near the Me-toc-in-yah village. She had been stolen by these Mississinewa Indians and raised at this village. When she was old enough she was married to a son of the old chief, Me-toc-in-yah. The Indian name of her husband was Me-ta-kek-waw. The whites later called him Captain Dixon. He and his white wife built a home down the river from the chief's village, near what is known as the "hog-back" of the Mississinewa. Here her white relatives found her but she would remain with her Indian family.

Mrs. Dixon was brought up with the Indians and did not have any schooling as the whites had. When the white man, Jacob Sailors, taught the first school in the country west of what is now Lafontaine, Mrs. Dixon would send her son, Charley, to school. Her husband was a good Indian when sober, but when he was drunk he was very mean. When she could no longer stand this kind of a life, she walked down to the river near "the hog-back." She was seen to take one more look at her home. Perhaps she had thoughts of her white friends in southern Indiana.

Then she leaped into the river and was drowned. The beautiful Mississinewa became her grave. It buried her sorrows as well as her body. She has grandchildren living today.

Frances Slocum knew Mrs. Dixon and the story of her life. It was similar to her own. But while her own life with the Indians had been happy, the life of Hannah Thorpe had been very unhappy because of drink and its effect upon the Indians.

Whisky and other intoxicating liquors were the worst curse that ever came to the Indian. The white man was the cause of it. The Indian knew nothing of drunkenness until the white man taught it to him. The white man sold the Indian the whisky to make him drunk. The Indian was like a child in that he had no control over his appetite. He liked whisky and would give anything to get it. When he received his money from the government, he would soon spend the last cent of it for drink. Then he and his family would have to go hungry.

Many an Indian who was good when sober would become a brute when drunk. They would fight and kill each other. Many an Indian was killed by his friend. Some of the Indian chiefs became victims of drink.

Little Turtle, the great Indian chief, said that

drink had killed more Indians than all wars and diseases put together. While he did all that he could to keep his people from drinking whisky, he also did all he could to keep the white men from selling his Indians whisky. He went to the state legislatures of Kentucky and Ohio and tried to get them to pass a law against white men selling Indians whisky. He went to the city of Washington and appealed to President Thomas Jefferson for such a law. He went to Baltimore to ask the Quakers to help him. In this he was only partly successful. But he has earned the right to be called the first prohibitionist in Indiana, and the founder of one of the first temperance societies in America.

Frances Slocum knew the awful results of drink. Many of her best Indian friends had died because of it. Her youngest daughter, O-zah-shin-quah, had now been married four times. None of her husbands amounted to very much, and all but one had been killed, because of drink. Though many of the Indian women drank, Ma-con-a-quah never did. She did all that she could to keep her family and others from drinking. The results of drink made her very sad during her last years.

Frances Slocum had long thought of building a new house. She had saved the money to build

it. The one in which she had lived so long was getting very old. It was down by the river on low ground. She decided to build the new one farther up the hill near the graves of her husband and sons. There she had a much better view of her farm home and the surrounding country. It was not so much bigger than the old one, but it was better arranged for farmers. There were places to care for fruit and vegetables. But strange to say this new home brought her little joy. Many sorrows were coming into her life. Many of her Indian friends were poor. Many of them were being taken west. It made them jealous and bitter to see Frances and her family living in a good, new house, while they had lost their homes.

When Frances and her husband settled on the Mississinewa all of northern Indiana belonged to the Indians. It had been promised to them forever by treaties with the white man. But when more white men came they wanted more of the Indian lands. Finally another treaty was made at St. Mary's, Ohio, in 1818. The Miami Indians gave up all of their lands in Indiana except nine hundred square miles south of the Wabash River between the mouth of the Salamonie at what is now Lagro and the mouth of Eel River at what is now Logansport. It was to belong to the Miami Indians forever. This made, Frances, her hus-

band and other Indians happy. While they could not hunt over as much land as they did at one time, they still had the beautiful Mississinewa and much good land as their own. Frances and her husband had a permanent home on the banks of the Mississinewa and felt secure for the future.

The Indians, however, were soon to learn more about the white man. When the white man said "forever" it meant about twenty years for the Indians. More white men came and more Indian land was granted. All other Indians in Indiana had to give up their lands and had moved on west of the Mississippi. Finally the Miami Indians had to give up their lands also. The treaties made near Huntington at the Forks of the Wabash in 1838 and 1840 took away all of the Big Reserve, as this territory of nine hundred miles was called, except some special grants to certain Indians.

The Indian chiefs were well taken care of. Much land was given to John B. Richardville and Francis Godfroy and their families. The family of old chief Me-toc-in-yah received ten square miles up the Mississinewa. When Me-toc-in-yah died, his son, Me-shin-go-me-sia, became the last tribal chief of the Miamis. This was the only reserve left in Indiana that the Indians owned as a tribe. All other grants of lands were to individual Indians. When Frances Slocum was first

adopted into the Miami tribe of Indians, they claimed most of Indiana and the western part of Ohio, more than fifty thousand square miles. Now they had lost all to the white man except the Me-shin-go-me-sia reserve of ten square miles and what a few other Indians owned.

In 1838, one section of land, 640 acres, was given to the two daughters of Frances. Her name was not mentioned in the grant, but it was understood that it was to be hers, too, as long as she lived. Later when other Indians were driven west, some cruel white men wanted to make Frances go too. This stirred up her friends. They petitioned the United States Congress at Washington to permit Frances to remain in Indiana so long as she lived. This was granted at once and Frances was to have a home here during her natural life.

Frances Slocum was made very sad when so many of her Indian friends were driven to the west. The chiefs had made the treaties but most of the Indians did not know what it would mean. When the time came for them to leave their homes they would not go. They had to be brought together by soldiers. They were hunted like wild beasts. All that many of them could bring was a little earth taken from the graves of their fathers. The Indians loved their homes and their forests.

It broke their hearts when they had to go. Some were driven on foot like cattle all the way to Kansas. Some were taken on canal boats. Many of them died on the way. Many more died after they arrived in that far-away land where they were strangers. Many died trying to get back home.

As more white men came, Frances had more troubles. Many of the white settlers were good men and made friends with the Indians. But other white men were not so friendly. They did not think the Indians had any rights in the country. They looked upon Frances Slocum as an Indian. They would steal her ponies and cattle, and annoy her in many ways.

When her brother Joseph visited her she wanted him to move to Indiana and live with her. Then she wanted her brother, Isaac, in Ohio, to come and live with her. But her brothers, like herself, were too old to change their places of living. In 1845 a son of Isaac, George Slocum, visited his aunt and her family in Indiana. Frances liked George very much. He liked his aunt and his Indian cousins. He was a young man of good education. He was a Christian, too, and sometimes did preaching. He was eager to help his Indian relatives become Christians. Aunt Frances asked him if he would not come and live with them. He consented to do so.

CHAPTER VII

GEORGE SLOCUM COMES TO HELP HIS AUNT

What George Slocum likely saw at Deaf Man's Village

CHAPTER SEVEN

George Slocum Comes to Help His Aunt

George Slocum with his young wife and two small daughters, arrived at the Deaf Man's Village, November 20, 1846. Their trip from Bellevue, Ohio, had not been an easy one. Knowing that they would have to live on a pioneer farm, they had brought with them some necessary farm implements and farm supplies to help them begin their work. The roads were not much better than when his father made the first trip nine years before. They were many days on the road. The journey was a tiresome one. While Ohio was not yet much improved it was a great deal better than Indiana at that time.

Aunt Frances and her daughters were very glad to see George and his family. They had not yet learned to talk English, so George and his family would have to learn to talk Miami. For the time being there had to be an interpreter. Captain Brouillette had learned English and could interpret for them. Every one at Deaf Man's Village welcomed the newcomers for they felt the need of them. Every day, almost, their problems were becoming greater as the Indians were being taken away and white men were coming to take their places.

One of the first things was to get acquainted. George had been here a year before and knew what to expect. His young wife had never lived with Indians before. She had to do quite differently than she did in her comfortable home in northern Ohio. But she was brave and willing to learn. She always got along well with the Indians.

The two little girls of Mr. and Mrs. George Slocum attracted most attention. Their names were Marian and Cordelia. Aunt Frances and her daughters were quick to notice the auburn hair of Cordelia and the light brown spot on her forehead. She looked like Aunt Frances must have looked when she was Cordelia's age. She plainly resembled Aunt Frances now. She was the only one around there who did. That gave Aunt Frances and her daughters much joy. They now knew that when Aunt Frances left them there would be one who would resemble her and cause her people to remember her. They began to call Cordelia, "Mengiah," the Miami name for "mother." Though she was only a child they continued to do so. Cordelia from then on became a great favorite with her Indian relatives.

George had no easy job to know what to do. He would have to deal with both Indians and white men. He at once found a good helper in

Captain Brouillette. We have heard much of him in connection with former visits of the Slocums to Deaf Man's Village. He continued to be the same fine-spirited Indian. During these years he had learned to talk English. In his relations with the white men, he had many problems. He welcomed George for he knew that he would now get some help.

Another person had come into the family of Frances Slocum. His Indian name was Waw-pop-e-taw. His English name was Peter Bundy. He had become the fifth husband of O-zah-shin-quah. She had been married four times before but none of her husbands amounted to much. This had not only brought sorrow to her but to Aunt Frances as well. O-zah-shin-quah had four little daughters by her former husbands. These, too, had known much sorrow. For a fifth time O-zah-shin-quah tried a husband and this time she was successful. Waw-pop-e-taw proved to be a good husband and a good father to her children. Like Brouillette, he had both French and Indian blood. His father had been a French trader; his mother a Miami woman.

There were two others who gave Aunt Frances and her family good help and who were of much help to George. A young man, John Long, and his wife had been in this neighborhood for two

years. Mr. Long had been working for Frances and Brouillette. He had come to know both the Indians and the white men. He was a friend to both. George Slocum often sought his advice.

For a few days after their arrival, George Slocum and his family remained with Aunt Frances and her family. Then he secured a farm about two miles up the river. There he began the long, hard work of building up a home in the wilderness. Their first house was only a log cabin but they looked forward to something better. They had a fine location not far from the beautiful Mississinewa. They were near enough to help Aunt Frances. They were cheered on by the thought of the good they might do for their relatives and other Indians and for the white pioneers too.

George Slocum and his wife both had a good education for that day. Both of them were Christians and had Christian ideals. They had back of them the fine history of a great family. They had been brought up in the very best of homes. They were out on the frontiers now where they would have great opportunities to go about and do good. While George was not an ordained preacher he had done some teaching and was known to some people as a preacher. He identified himself with the Baptist church which was doing work among the Indians. Soon there was a little group that

held regular Sunday services for the whites and had hopes of doing something for the Indians.

One of the greatest difficulties that faced George was the feeling between the Indians and some of the white men. Most of the Indians had been taken west. Some of the white men wanted all of them taken away. They did not think that the Indians had any rights they should respect. On the other hand the Indian, not far removed from a savage state, had some difficulty trying to live like the white man. It was something new that he had to learn. George found many opportunities to teach the Indian how to act. He had some occasions to advise the white men to be patient with the Indian and treat him right.

George had many conferences with Brouillette and Frances about the management of the farm, the sale and purchase of stock and other business affairs. Captain Brouillette was ready to learn. He was said to be the first Indian to cultivate his corn with a plow. Most Indians let the squaws raise the corn with a hoe. John Long helped him to adopt better methods of farming. Frances' home was a busy place where extensive farming and stock raising were carried on.

Intemperance was the great evil of the day. The Indians would drink and get drunk. Many of them could not resist the appetite for drink. It

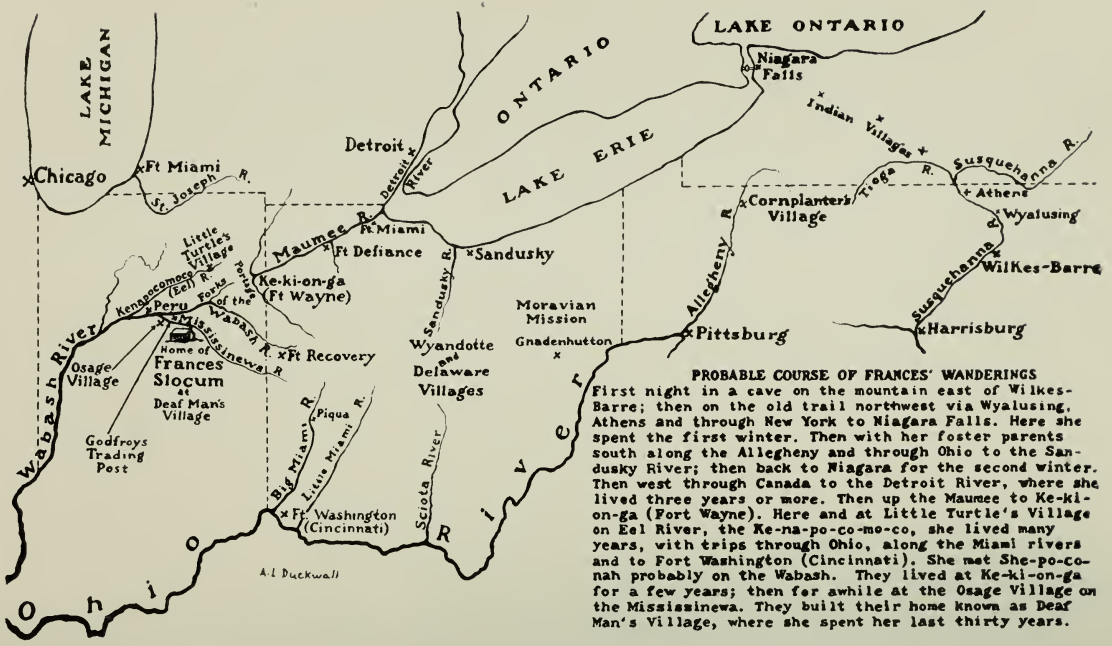
was the white man who sold them drink and took their money for this when it should have been spent for something else. George Slocum used his influence to keep the Indians from drinking. He was able to get some of them to sign the pledge that they would not drink. He tried to get some of the white men not to sell the Indians drink.

George was disturbed about the little regard the people had for Sunday. Frances and her family, of course, did not know about Sunday. The Indian religion did not have such a day. Many of the pioneer whites who had known its meaning seemed to forget it on the frontiers. They would use it for something else than what George had been used to. Many Sunday afternoons at the Deaf Man's Village there were large gatherings of white men and Indians. Horse racing, wrestling, jumping, horseshoe pitching and even gambling were engaged in freely.

But in spite of all of this there were many happy days. George and his family were often down to see Aunt Frances. His little daughters played with their Indian cousins, the daughters of O-zah-shin-quah. Cordelia continued to be the favorite. It seemed to be a pleasant thought that cheered Aunt Frances to know after her death she would be remembered by her family when they saw this little girl.

CHAPTER VIII

AUNT FRANCES TELLS THE STORY OF HER LIFE



PROBABLE COURSE OF FRANCES' WANDERINGS

First night in a cave on the mountain east of Wilkes-Barre; then on the old trail northwest via Wyalusing, Athens and through New York to Niagara Falls. Here she spent the first winter. Then with her foster parents south along the Allegheny and through Ohio to the Sandusky River; then back to Niagara for the second winter. Then west through Canada to the Detroit River, where she lived three years or more. Then up the Maumee to Ke-ki-on-ga (Fort Wayne). Here and at Little Turtle's Village on Eel River, the Ke-na-po-co-mo-co, she lived many years, with trips through Ohio, along the Miami rivers and to Fort Washington (Cincinnati). She met She-po-co-nah probably on the Wabash. They lived at Ke-ki-on-ga for a few years; then for awhile at the Osage Village on the Mississinewa. They built their home known as Deaf Man's Village, where she spent her last thirty years.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Aunt Frances Tells the Story of Her Life

George Slocum was a student and learned rapidly about the Indians and much about his relatives. He was learning the Miami language but still had to have an interpreter. Captain Brouillette had learned enough English to interpret slowly. One rainy afternoon when all were together at the aunt's home, George ventured to ask something he had not yet dared to do.

"Aunt Frances," said he, talking through Brouillette, "I have never yet tired of hearing the story of your life. When my father returned from his first visit to your home, he told us about it. It seemed like a story from a far-off land. When my cousins returned from their visit to you, they made it all the more interesting, for they saw so much more than my father and older people could see. All of this made me want to visit you and learn the story from your own lips. Now here we are in your own home and may I have that privilege? Won't you tell me the story of your life?"

Frances was not given to telling many people about her past. For the most part she was willing to have the past forgotten. Then too it seemed so strange to her own family that she did not want to

seem like a foreigner to them. But here was her nephew who had made this long journey through the forests to come and live near her that he might in some way help her. She realized all this and was ready to do most anything for his pleasure. After declaring that she remembered very little about her life and that what she did remember was not interesting, she began her story slowly, but spoke more freely as she told the story of the later years of her life. George was so eager to know all about it that he frequently interrupted her with questions while her daughters would sometimes supply what they thought their mother was omitting.

"How much do you remember about your childhood before you came to live with the Indians?" said George, by way of getting Aunt Frances started.

"I first remember living far away in the east, and our home was near the great sea water. We lived in a large house, much larger than my house here and people call this a large house. My father was a Quaker and wore a broad-brimmed hat. He worked hard. My mother was a large woman and worked hard too. She would have all of us work. I remember hearing father and mother talk of moving far to the west. One day a man came and talked with father. He must have

bought our home for he counted out much money, heaps of money, paper money.

"After that I heard my mother talk much about moving far away. She was afraid to go for she had heard about the Indians. One day they brought a great, big wagon to our home. It had a big tent over it. They filled it with many things from our home and then they put us children in. Father drove the wagon. Mother would sit by him part of the time and then she would be with us. My brother rode a horse and drove the cattle. I wanted to see as we went through the woods but he would call me "red head" and tell me that I should keep my head in or it would get bumped against the trees. We would get out of the wagon to eat and when evening came we would have some time to play before we went to bed. We spent many days going from the great sea water to the large river near where we made our new home."

"This big river was the Susquehanna," said George. "Your old home was in Rhode Island. Your new home was in the Valley of the Wyoming, Pennsylvania. The town is called Wilkes-Barre. That is where many of our people live yet."

"I do not remember much about this place," said Frances, "for we heard much about the Indi-

ans and some white men who were helping them to kill other white men and burn their homes. My mother was afraid but my father was a Quaker and he said the Indians were friends to the Quakers and would not hurt us. But one day the Indians and the other white men came and killed many people near our home and burned many homes not far away. I remember how afraid my mother was. My brother helped his white friends fight the Indians. My father told him he should not do that for the Indians would never forget it. They would hold it against him. My father was a Quaker and did not fear the Indians."

George, knowing that Aunt Frances was coming to a most interesting part of her story, hesitated to interrupt her, but felt that he should say that the people of this Wyoming Valley, whose friends were killed and whose homes were burned, did not blame the Indians so much as the white men who had encouraged them to kill and plunder.

Aunt Frances continued: "I well remember the day when the Delaware Indians came to our home. Father was in the field working. Mother was in the house working. Two boys were grinding a knife near our house. The older boy wore a soldier's suit. The Indians shot and scalped him. The rest of us ran and hid. My big sister took my little brother and ran towards the fort. I hid

under the stairs. The Indians went through our house and took some things. Then they saw my feet and where I was hiding. They pulled me out and started to leave with me and my crippled brother. Then mother rushed to us and begged that they should not take us. They left my crippled brother but took me and another boy. My mother cried. I cried. But an Indian carried me on his shoulders and took me away. That was the last I ever saw my mother.

"The Indians did not take us so far on that day. They knew that my father and mother would search for us. They came to a cave and there we stayed all night. I was tired and I cried. The Indians gave me sugar to eat. They were kind to me. When I cried the Indian said 'Hush.' When I cried some more he held up a big knife and said, 'Hush, or I kill.' Then I went to sleep. I was so tired and so sad and so scared."

Aunt Frances would hesitate now and then. This would give George a chance to explain. Here he told how the people of Wilkes-Barre had found the place where the Indians kept Frances the first night. Instead of going up the river directly they had fled east up the mountains, so as to avoid pursuers. Frances continued:

"The next morning the Indians were kind to me. They gave me sugar and some cakes they

had taken from our home. We went through the woods. When I was tired an Indian would carry me. They cooked something on a fire and gave us to eat. They were soon far enough away that they were not afraid of the white men from the fort. They made a fire at night and here we slept. We went many days through the forest and then came to a large Indian village. I was so scared, but here the Indians were kind to me too. They seemed to like my red hair. The Indian women knew I was lonesome for my mother. So they held me as mother used to do. They made me pretty moccasins. They had left my new shoes in our home. Here I had plenty to eat. They made a little cup for me to drink out of. Here I saw some Indian boys and girls. At first I could not understand what they said. But soon I began to understand."

"Yes," said George, "we now know the way you went. After the Indians left the cave on the mountain they turned to the north on the old trail and soon found the villages on the Susquehanna."

Aunt Frances added: "I remember how we went part of the way in canoes. I had never been in a canoe, and I thought it funny to sit in the canoe and put my hand in the water while the Indian rowed the boat."

"And that big Indian town," said George,

"where you first stopped was Tioga. We now call it Athens. The Indians were going north up the Susquehanna and towards Niagara Falls. They wanted to get far away, for they heard that the Americans were going to punish them for killing people and stealing children."

Aunt Frances continued her story: "One morning two Indians who took me from our home came and put me and the boy on a horse and we left this village. We went a long way through the woods. We spent many nights in Indian villages. Then we came to a big Indian town. It was near a big river and not so far away we could hear the big water go 'boom.' Here were the most Indians I had ever seen. I saw how the Indian women and girls were dressed. I thought they looked pretty. The Indian women looked at my hair a great deal. It was so different from their hair. They tried to talk to me, and soon I began to understand what they were saying to me.

"One morning the Indians came and took away the boy and I did not see him again. But I was not so lonesome, for I was beginning to talk with Indian boys and girls. Then a great Delaware chief came and took me. The Indians called him Tuck Horse. He too was kind to me. He and his wife dressed my hair in the Indian way. They painted my face and skin like the Indians. They

did not want me to be a paleface any longer. They put a wampum-bead dress on me. It was very pretty. All this with my moccasins made me look like an Indian. I thought I looked very fine. I was happy now. We lived on a hill not so far from a river.

"One day Tuck Horse said they would make a real Indian out of me and that I should be his daughter. He took me to the river and put me in. That was to wash all the white blood away so I could be a real Indian."

"Aunt Frances," said George, "your story is very interesting. But how could you be happy if you knew that your mother was so sad and that your friends were hunting for you?"

"But I did not know this," said Frances. "I was sad at first. I cried. But it did not do any good. The boy and the Indians were all I had to talk with. Then they took the boy away. And the Indians were kind to me. They were all the friends I had to help me. I could not remember the folks back home very much. I soon forgot most of them. I had so much to do and see.

"We stayed here all winter. Many white men were there too. They were bringing the Indians guns and knives so they could go down and get more scalps. I did sometimes wonder whether they would get my father and brothers. In the

spring we started out through the woods. We went for many, many days. We gathered berries and got much other food. Sometimes we would go down the river in a canoe. I thought it was fun to let my hand be in the water when the canoe was going. We came to a place they called Sandusky. We stayed there some time. Here Tuck Horse told us how cruel the white men were to some good Indians who were not fighting the whites. The whites had killed many Indians. Tuck Horse said that Indians must fight the white men, or they would drive us all out. When winter came we went back to where we had been, near the great falling water. There many Indians came back from fighting the white men and brought home many scalps. Other white men were helping them. When white men fought each other, the Indian would fight too."

"I do not wonder," said George, "that the Indians were sad and mad when those cruel white men killed the Christian Indians. The Moravians had preached to them and many had become Christians. The white men, without cause, killed nearly one hundred Indians at Gnadenhutton about the time you were at Sandusky. I have been ashamed of my white race because of such wickedness."

"The next spring," continued Frances, "we

went towards the west along the big water, until we came to a river that led on to another big water. Here we lived for three winters and summers. There was war between the Americans and the Indians and many of our villages had been destroyed. So we lived along the river, hunting and fishing. We raised some corn too. I learned from the squaws how to dig the ground and plant the corn. We raised much corn for winter and then we had plenty to eat. When we did not raise much corn, we often got very hungry, for hunting was not always plenty. When the whites destroyed our corn we nearly starved. Here I learned about the Great Spirit, Mon-da-min, who came down and made the corn grow so we could be happy. The Indians told me about their God, Man-i-to, who made the world and all that is good. They told me also about the evil spirit, Mas-ko-na-ko, who made the mosquito, the flies, and all the sickness in the world. I remembered that my mother used to tell me something like that, only the names of the spirits were different."

"This river, along which you say you spent three summers, must have been the Detroit River near Detroit. There the British soldiers tried to stir up the Indians against the Americans." So George interrupted his aunt.

"Yes," said Frances, "the white men would

often try to get the Indians to fight on their side against other white men. And sometimes the Indians would be on one side or the other. But after awhile there was peace among the whites and the Indians were left alone for a time.

"My Indian father was friendly to many Indians and though he was a Delaware, we were invited to go up the Maumee River to where two other rivers join. They called the place Ke-ki-on-ga. It was a great meeting place for the Indians. The rivers run out in all directions and we could go many places in our canoes. We did not have to carry our canoes far across the land until we came to another river that led into the Wau-bash-a. On this river there were many hunters and traders and they all went through Ke-ki-on-ga to sell their furs and meats. Here at Ke-ki-on-ga we stayed for many years."

"Did you not spend some time at the village of Little Turtle?" asked George. "I have heard people say that you did."

"I spent many days where Little Turtle lived some miles from Ke-ki-on-ga. His village was on a small river. The Indians called it Ke-na-po-co-mo-co. The white people now call it Eel River. It was a large village. Some white people who had been captured were there. William Wells was there. He, like myself, had been captured by the

Indians when a child. The great chief, Little Turtle, was fond of us. We both had red hair. William Wells loved the chief's daughter, Sweet Breeze, and married her."

"Tell us about your getting married," said George.

"I was first married to a Delaware. My father was a Delaware and thought I should marry a Delaware. This Indian came and wanted me to be his wife. He looked all right, but my father was not sure that he would do. So he said, 'Do you love this squaw?' 'Yes, I do,' said he. 'Then take her and be good to her,' my father said. So I went with him to his wigwam and tried to be a good wife, but he was mean to me. So I went back to my father, for I had a good home there. Then my Delaware husband came and promised me he would be very good to me, and I went with him again. But he was still mean and I would not stay with him any longer. I went back to my Indian parents and stayed. He came once more but my father drove him away. I never saw him again. He must have gone to battle and been killed.

"There came to be many wars about that time. Little Turtle had become a great warrior and was leading the Indians on to victory. The Great Father, George Washington, wanted to take Ke-

ki-on-ga so the Indians could not so easily fight the white men who were moving into Indian lands far to the south. So the great father sent a man they called Harmar with an army. When he came to Ke-ki-on-ga, the Indians fled and the white men burned much, much corn which we squaws had raised for the winter. When we heard the white man coming we squaws ran through the woods to the Ke-na-po-co-mo-co and Little Turtle gathered his warriors to fight the white men.

"The white men were defeated by our warriors who returned with many scalps. The white men fled back south but we knew they would come again. Little Turtle and his warriors went through the forests to meet the next army. It was a much bigger army but again Little Turtle and his braves routed them and brought home many scalps. The Indians had a great feast when they returned and the squaws had much for them to eat."

"When we came through Fort Wayne," interrupted George, "we were told about the fighting between the Indians and the Americans. They showed us where Harmar was defeated by Little Turtle. We have heard how he defeated the army of St. Clair at what is now Fort Recovery, Ohio. That was the worst defeat the white man ever received from the Indians. The Indians got sev-

eral hundred scalps there. Did you not dislike to see the scalps of white men and women?"

"Yes, I never liked scalps, but the white men would do the same to the Indian if he could. Only the white men did not take scalps but he would kill squaws and papooses as well as braves. I often felt bad about the fighting, but what could I do?

"Then we heard that another army of white men was coming. The great white father was sending General Wayne against the Indians. Little Turtle had heard much about him. He said he was the general who never sleeps. He wanted the whites and the Indians to make peace. But the Indians would not. They thought they would continue to win, but Little Turtle told them they could not. Then Captain Wells, the white boy who had lived with the Indians so long and had helped them in their battles, went over to Wayne and helped him. The Indians were defeated and ran back home. Wayne came to Ke-ki-on-ga and built a white man's fort. They destroyed our corn. I had fled with the squaws, other children and the older people to the Ke-na-po-co-mo-co, but we had nothing to eat. Little Turtle was friendly to Wayne and we made peace. The great general was kind to us. We returned to Ke-ki-on-ga, which was now called Fort Wayne, and the

great general gave us much to eat. My Indian father and mother were getting old and could not hunt any more."

"I am glad to hear you speak so kindly of General Wayne," said George. "He is a native of our own Pennsylvania. He was known as a very great general before President Washington sent him west to fight the Indians. I have read, too, how he was very kind to the Indians at Greenville when they met there to make peace."

"Yes," said Captain Brouillette, who up to this time was merely an interpreter in the conversation. "He was very courteous to our chiefs, but still he demanded much of our hunting ground, and that was only the beginning of what the white man kept on taking until now we have no lands and the poor Indians have nearly all gone west."

"But we must not interrupt Aunt Frances in her story. It is that which we want to hear about now. We will hear more of the Indians later," said George. "Tell us about your life after the Indians made peace with General Wayne. Were you not married again about this time?"

"Yes, mother, tell them about how you and father met each other and were married," said Ke-ke-nok-esh-wah. So Aunt Frances continued her story.

"After peace with General Wayne we remained

at Ke-ki-on-ga, which was now called Fort Wayne. Then my parents wanted to visit some of the places in Ohio lands where we had been before. So we went to a number of places, some of them where we had been before and some of them where we had never been. We spent much time near Piqua, on the River of the Miamis. There were still some wars between the Indians. We were near Fort Washington when the Indians defeated the white men. We spent much time along many rivers. One day when my parents and I were going down the river we came upon a place where there had been much fighting and where many were dead. We saw one young man who was dressed like a chief. He was wounded badly. We wanted to help him and did what we could to heal his wounds. He stayed with us until he was well. During this time he and I spent many hours together. He was of the Miamis and my Indian parents were of the Delawares. I learned much about his people. He told me how great they had been. I came to love him but was slow to tell my parents. They, too, thought much of him. He had brought us much food from Fort Wayne in the winter time. When he felt he must return to his people my Indian father told him that he would give me to him for his wife. This pleased She-po-co-nah very much, for that was his name.

And so we were married according to Indian fashion. Not much was said or done about it. The agreement was made between She-po-co-nah and my parents and we were married.

"We returned to Fort Wayne and lived there a few years. During this time my Indian parents died and I was now alone with the Miamis. My Delaware name was We-let-a-wash, but the Miamis called me Ma-con-a-quah, because they said I was a strong little bear woman. While here our oldest daughter, Ke-ke-nok-esh-wah, was born. We called her that because that is what some of the Indians called me. You see Indians like to name their children after something about their parents, and since my brother had cut off the end of my finger when I was small, they sometimes called me "Cut Finger."

"The whites were now becoming more common about Fort Wayne. My husband was a great warrior and wanted to get farther from the whites. So we moved to the Mississinewa, to the Osage Village, where my husband was a chief. Osash had been chief here before. War was now being carried on between the whites and Indians. Then came General Harrison up this way with his army. The great battle of Tippecanoe was fought before Tecumseh got there to lead the Indians. Tecumseh then came to our village and to the

Godfroy trading post and here many Indians met to hear him talk. He wanted all Indians to unite with him and drive the white man from the Indian hunting grounds. But the Miamis did not want to fight the white man longer. The great Little Turtle urged us to keep the peace we had made with Wayne. She-po-co-nah did not want the Indians to fight. Though he was brave and saw the white man was rapidly taking our hunting grounds, he said the Indian could not continue to fight. My husband was getting older and he was becoming deaf. He had been injured in battle and lost his hearing. For that reason and because I was tired of living with so many Indians we left the big village and came up the Mississinewa to this place near this large spring and here we built our home. My husband told the Indians that he was too old to lead them in their battles, so they chose Godfroy, a noble man, to take his place."

"I know you must be getting tired by this time, but your story is more interesting told by you than I have ever heard before. Would you prefer to tell me the rest tomorrow evening?"

"O George, you do not know mother," said Ke-ke-nok-esh-wa. "Her name is Ma-con-a-quah, which means Little Bear Woman, because she is so strong and can endure so much. She used to go hunting with my father and never tire even

though the hunt was long and weary. She has tamed the wildest ponies when no one else could handle them. Even now they know that she is mistress of the herd when she goes to salt and feed that herd of more than one hundred ponies. Few would dare to do what she does. She is yet strong and will be glad to tell you all of the story if you are not too tired to listen."

With this little rest and encouraged by the praise of her daughter, Aunt Frances continued: "We lived for a time on the other side of the Mississinewa where there was a spring but soon moved to this side of the river because this spring was so much better and stronger. Our first home was down there closer to the river and nearer the spring. That home was not so large as this but it served as a home and a stopping place for many travelers. Since my husband was getting older and more deaf, he did not go to wars as he once did and we were not molested by either whites or Indians. We were permitted to live more in peace and care for our family. Here our two boys were born and near here they lie buried. It was a great grief to us that we could have no sons to become brave warriors. But when Ke-ke-nok-esh-wa was ten years old, our youngest daughter, O-zah-shin-quah, was born. We were very glad for her. You have not heard her talk very much for she

does not talk as much as Ke-ke-nok-esh-wah, and then she has had so much trouble with her husbands. You have heard that she had had four husbands before she married Waw-pop-e-tah. All of them are dead. Three of them were killed in Indian fights.

"Since hunting was now not so good as once it was in this country and since my husband was getting older and could not hunt, we had to find some other way to live. So we planted much corn, raised squashes, and such like, and planted fruit trees. We raised ponies too. Of course there is still some game to hunt but not so much. Once we went far to the south into what they called Brown County, where the hills were many and where big game still roamed. Ke-ke-nok-esh-wa married, but her first husband was a bad Indian too. Her beautiful daughter was poisoned by her lover. That brought us sadness, but her present husband, Brouillette, has made us happy. My husband, She-po-co-nah, was always good to me and helped me plan to make our home happy. I remembered hearing my father and mother talk about a home where there was plenty to eat, but people must work and save to get it. We must also be generous to others and divide or the Great Spirit will not bless us.

"She-po-co-nah was now getting old and knew

he could not live long. He made me promise to bury him near our boys and raise the white flag over his grave. He made me promise that I would not leave this place even if my white friends ever found me. I promised him that I would not. We buried him there where you see that flag and where I want them to bury me. Brouillette took my husband's place as a helper and is here with me to this day. O-zah-shin-quah and her children came to live with me too. All these have helped me to be happy and have been very kind to me."

"Your story is most interesting, Aunt Frances, but the most interesting of all is the story of how my father, my uncle and my aunt, your brothers and sister, found you here after you had been lost to them for nearly sixty years. I have heard them tell it, but I am so anxious to hear it from you," said George.

"Well, if you have heard it, I will not need to tell you much about it," said Frances. "I do not know how you have heard it. You will have to tell me some time. But I will tell you a few things now.

"The Indians knew that I was a white woman. My husband knew that I was. Some of the traders knew that I was, but they did not know where I came from. I was not the only white woman among the Indians and most of them did not pay

much attention to me. I did want to tell my story to some one for I did not want to die and no one know where I had come from. I did want my white relatives to know what had become of me but I did not want them to come while I was living and take me from my Indian friends and family. When Mr. Ewing came to our home that night I did not think I would live long. So I told him my story and made him promise me not to tell any one about it. I got better and lived on. Since I did not hear about any white people finding it out, I thought that he had forgotten it until your father, your uncle, and aunt, my brothers and sister, came to visit me.

"You have heard that story and I need not tell you all. I did not know them. And I was afraid that they would take me away. Some of the whites were talking about taking the Indians away and taking me with them. When they talked about my cut finger and told me that my name was Frances, I felt sure they were my brothers and sister. We had a good time here together. And we had a good time for two days at Peru. I was glad to have them visit me but I did not want to go home with them. They promised me that they would come again. I did not get to see my sister, Mary, again. But my brother, Joseph, came again and brought his two daughters, and

your father has visited me a number of times.

"Since the Great Spirit has willed that I live so long, I have been very glad that my brothers could help me. You know that again and again the white man had made the Indian sign treaties, giving up much land, until at last they made the Indian sell all his lands and move to the far west. They wanted to make me go, too. But your father and other friends helped me and the great father President at Washington has let me stay here till this time. I am glad for that help and that I could stay here but I have been so sorry for so many of my friends who have had to go towards the setting sun, never to return again. The poor Indian must do what the white man tells him and unless you have some help you lose all. The white men who have been coming into this country have caused us much grief. They have stolen our ponies. They have threatened to drive us out, even though we were promised this land forever. So I asked my brother, Isaac, your father, if you could not come and live near me and help me when I had troubles. I was so glad that your father was willing. I am so glad that you were willing and are here. You shall be my son and share my best things."

"You have been very kind, Aunt Frances, to tell me so much of this interesting story. There are

many questions that I would like to ask you but it is getting late and I will do that some other time. And I will also tell you how your family and friends have searched for you."

CHAPTER IX

THEY RAISE THE WHITE FLAG FOR FRANCES SLOCUM

They raised the white flag for Frances Slocum near the new home which she had built

CHAPTER NINE

They Raise the White Flag to Frances Slocum

The coming of her nephew, George Slocum, gave Frances much joy. Unlike her relatives who had visited her formerly, George and his family had come to stay. They purchased land of the government and began building themselves a home. Frances knew that they would remain with her children after she was gone. She was ready to go.

George was very much interested in the spiritual welfare of his aunt and cousins. He was a devout Christian and hoped that they would become Christians also. He read to Aunt Frances from the Bible. She seemed interested and realized the benefits of the Christian religion. It would be difficult for her to accept Christianity as old as she was. She had forgotten the religion of her parents. She had been taught the religion of the Indian. Most of the troubles of the Indians had come from white men who pretended to be Christians. Frances could not understand this.

George talked to her about the future life. Frances believed in a future life, just as the Indians believe in it. They looked forward to a spirit world where the good should be happy. It would

be a world where their greatest joy would be fulfilled in having a happy hunting ground where they could hunt always. And recently they thought of it as a place where the white man could not molest them further.

Frances believed in a Good Spirit who had given them blessings while they lived and would reward them when they went to the happy hunting ground. It was this Good Spirit that caused the maple trees to give sweet water to the Indian for making syrup and sugar. The same spirit caused the corn to grow and bring forth good ears. The Indian was very devoted to the Great Spirit. He had a number of thanksgiving events to express his thanks to the Great Spirit. In all there were six of these events: When the sugar water began to flow; when the ground and the weather were ready to plant corn; when the berries were ripe; when the green corn was ready to use; when the corn was ready to harvest; and when the new year came in.

At these thanksgiving times, the Indians had great gatherings. They did not worship as Christians do. They expressed their thankfulness in dancing. But the dance was quite different from the white man's dance. Indians did not dance in couples, but singly. Usually only the men danced while the squaws looked on. But sometimes the

squaws themselves took part. These dances often continued all night. The dance would be accompanied with a kind of singing, such as the Indian knew. However, the Indian never was able to sing beautifully as the white man thinks of it. No doubt the Indian thought it was beautiful. He seemed to be more concerned in making a joyful noise such as would please the Great Spirit. They would pound on a rude drum that would make a kind of rhythmic noise. The dancing, yelling or singing, the pounding on the drum did make a great and joyful noise.

In the spring of 1847, about six months after George arrived with his family, the Indians held such a thanksgiving dance at the Deaf Man's Village. The winter had been severe and about the first of March this dance was held. Aunt Frances attended it. She seemed to be very happy and very grateful to the Great Spirit. She took an active part in the dance. She forgot that she was not young. She seemed to think that she was young again. She became so enthusiastic that she danced nearly all night with the Indians.

The exertions of the dance, and the cold and dampness of the early spring were too much for her, strong though she was. The next day she had a fever. She continued to get worse. Her family and friends became alarmed about her.

They sent for George and his wife. They tried to help her all they could. But Aunt Frances would not receive help. She said that since most of her family and people were gone she did not want to live any longer. She talked to George about going to the spirit world and seemed resigned and happy. She talked to O-zah-shin-quah about her property and made some requests of her. Her oldest daughter was sick and could not talk to her. Frances died on March 9, 1847, at the age of seventy-four.

Frances Slocum had a Christian funeral. Her family was willing that George should give direction in this. Joseph Davis and James Babcock, two local preachers, conducted the funeral with brief and simple services. There was something of the Indian custom followed too. They had made a coffin for her but it was too long. So her daughter would have a brass kettle and a cream pitcher placed in the foot of the coffin. The Indians generally buried some articles with their dead, something that they thought their friends might use in the other world.

According to her desire, Frances Slocum was buried on the hill near her home. She was laid to rest beside her Indian husband and her two sons. She had often pointed to this spot and told her friends here was where she wanted to rest. Her

wish was fulfilled. Here they buried her and here they raised the pole with the white flag so the Great Spirit would know where she was.

The funeral service came nearly being a double one. The oldest daughter, Ke-ke-nok-esh-wa, the wife of Captain Brouillette, was quite sick when her mother died. She passed away four days later. She was not buried as her mother for she had a horror of the thought of being placed under the ground. So, like many of the dead Indians, she was placed in a box which was left sitting on the ground not far from her mother's grave. There it remained for many years until friends buried the remains.

So far as Aunt Frances was concerned, the pole with the white flag was all the marker that she desired for her grave. The Indian did not care to have his history in print nor his memory preserved in stone. So nothing of the kind was done for Frances for many years. So far as her Indian kin were concerned, or even her pioneer white neighbors, they thought little about it and more or less forgot her remarkable life. They were too much taken up with the everyday needs and affairs to think much of the remarkable story of her life. But as the years went by and her eastern relatives became prominent, they began to think more and more of her romantic life.

In 1899 Hon. James F. Stutsman of Peru, Indiana, wrote to many of the Slocums in the United States urging them to erect a monument to their famous relative. A monument committee was soon formed and contributions solicited. On this committee were prominent men and women of the Slocum family from many places throughout the United States—Detroit, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, Wilkes-Barre. A number of local towns were represented on this committee. A thousand dollars was raised, sufficient to erect a substantial monument and enclose the cemetery with an iron fence.

The inscriptions on this monument give the visitor some principal facts and indicate what the Slocums would have told about their distinguished relative and her family.

On the east side of the monument are these words: "Frances Slocum, a child of English descent, was born in Warwick, R. I., March 4, 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 north side: "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 here about 32 years with the Indian name 'Macon-a-quah.' She died on this ridge March 9th, 1847, and was given a Christian burial."

On the south side: "She-po-co-nah, a Miami Indian Chief, husband of Frances Slocum, 'Macon-a-quah,' died here in 1833 (?) at an advanced age. Their adult children were: 'Ke-ke-nok-eshwah,' wife of Rev. Jean Baptiste Brouillette, died March 13, 1847, aged 47 years, leaving no children.

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

On the west side of the monument: "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."

It was a small crowd of devoted friends who laid Frances to rest on March 10, 1847. In harmony with her wish they raised the white flag on a pole to mark her grave. That was all the marker she ever expected. It was a large crowd of two

thousand people who gathered on the same spot, May 17, 1900, to unveil this beautiful monument to one they delighted to honor. Prominent men and women from all over the nation took part in the ceremonies. Since then multiplied thousands have visited her grave and have read the inscriptions on the monument. And so they continue to come each year. A prominent highway from Marion to Peru through the Indian country passes near the Frances Slocum Monument and is known as "The Frances Slocum Trail."

Where once stood her father's house, near the Susquehanna River, now stands the large and flourishing city of Wilkes-Barre. In that city two memorials have been erected to her memory. At the entrance of the building of the Wyoming Historical Society is a tablet with these words:

"In memory of Frances Slocum, 'Ma-con-a-quah, The Lost Sister of Wyoming,' captured by the Delaware Indians when five years old, Nov. 2, 1778, near the southwest corner of North Pennsylvania Avenue and East North Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. She was the daughter of Jonathan and Ruth Tripp Slocum, and was discovered living near Peru, Indiana, by her relatives, September 22, 1837. She died March 9, 1847. Erected by members of the Slocum family, November 2, 1906."

In Wilkes-Barre there is a Frances Slocum Playground at the place where she was captured. This was donated to the city of Wilkes-Barre by George Slocum Bennett, grandson of Joseph Slocum and a grandnephew of Frances Slocum. On a schoolhouse near the place of her capture is a tablet with this inscription: "Frances Slocum, 'Ma-con-a-quah,' was captured near this spot by Delaware Indians, November 2, 1778."

And so friends and admirers have continued to raise white flags to the memory of Frances Slocum, the Lost Sister of the Wyoming, who spent her life among the Indians. Her memory has been preserved by many books and pamphlets that tell the interesting story of her life.

Soon after her discovery a Rev. John Todd visited the Wyoming Valley. He became so interested that he wrote the story of her life. He wrote some beautiful verses on certain parts of the story. Other poems have been written by Caleb Earl Wright, Mrs. E. L. Shermerhorn, Joseph Minturn and others.

Interesting chapters have been written by many authors who have written about Wilkes-Barre or the Wyoming Valley. Among these authors should be mentioned Charles Miner in the History of Wyoming, 1845; George Peck in his book, Wyoming, 1858; and Oscar Jewell Harvey in a

more recent history of Wilkes-Barre, 1909. In almost every book or booklet on Wilkes-Barre or the Wyoming Valley, there is a paragraph or a chapter about Frances Slocum.

In 1891, John F. Meginnis, newspaper editor and historian, visited Indiana and the grave of Frances Slocum. He was so impressed by the story told him by the descendants of the lost sister from Pennsylvania that he resolved to write another biography of her. His book, "Frances Slocum, the Lost Sister of Wyoming," is one of the most interesting and authentic of all stories written about her.

Members of the Slocum family have contributed to her memory. When Joseph Slocum made his second visit to see his sister, he persuaded her to permit the English artist, George Winters, paint her picture. This painting is still preserved and it has helped to preserve the likeness and memory of Frances Slocum.

Dr. Chas. E. Slocum of Defiance, Ohio, has written much about the Slocums in America. His books include much about Frances.

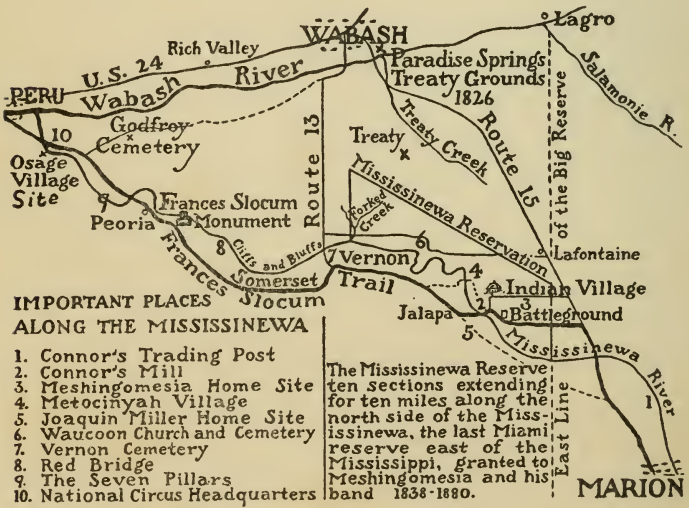
In 1906, Martha Bennett Phelps, granddaughter of Joseph Slocum, wrote another biography, "Frances Slocum, the Lost Sister of the Wyoming." This book is made interesting and valuable by the many references and traditions that

have come down through the Slocum family about their noted relative. It has a number of fine illustrations of Frances Slocum and her family. These illustrations were taken from paintings now in possession of the Wyoming Historical Association of Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

This little volume, "The Lost Sister Among the Miamis," adds another flag to the memory of Frances Slocum. I have taken information freely from the authors I have just mentioned. To them I am much indebted. I have also drawn freely from my own experiences with descendants of the Lost Sister. I used to visit in the home of an older granddaughter of Frances, who remembered her grandmother. I have had many conversations with a younger grandson who knew most of the family traditions about his grandmother. In chapter eight I have drawn somewhat freely on my imagination for the details of the conversations, keeping close, however, to the various records that we have of the story told by Frances of her own life. I have taken most of chapter ten from my booklet, The Last of the Miamis. In that booklet I have given sources of information and illustrations. Mr. J. Fred Bippus has furnished many of the photographs for the pictures. For most of the illustrations at the introductions of the various chapters, I am in-

debted to Miss Ada Louise Duckwall. To Miss Alice Doner and Miss Gletha Mae Noffsinger I am indebted for their reading the manuscript and making important suggestions.

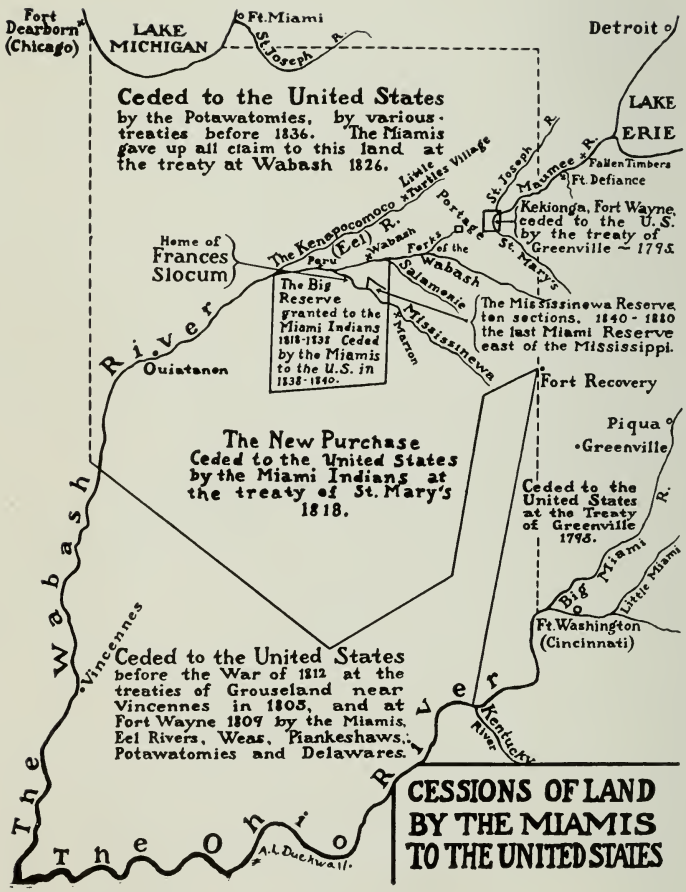
I have had a lifelong acquaintance with many of the descendants of Frances Slocum. Many of the younger generations do not know the story of their noted ancestor. I have had the pleasure of telling it to many of them, to members of my own family and to many others. Both young and old are always interested in the story of The Lost Sister Among the Miamis.



The Frances Slocum Trail

CHAPTER X

AMONG THE MIAMIS


Fort Dearborn (Chicago)
LAKE MICHIGAN
Ft. Miami
St. Joseph R.
Detroit
LAKE ERIE
Ceded to the United States by the Potawatomies, by various treaties before 1836. The Miamis gave up all claim to this land at the treaty at Wabash 1826.
Maumee R.
Fallen Timbers
Ft. Defiance
St. Joseph R.
Little Turtles Village
Portage
Kekionga, Fort Wayne, ceded to the U.S. by the treaty of Greenville ~ 1795.
Home of Frances Slocum
The Kenapocomoco (Eel) R.
Wabash
Peru
Forks of the Wabash
St. Mary's
Salamonie
The Big Reserve granted to the Miami Indians 1818-1838 Ceded by the Miamis to the U.S. in 1838-1840.
Marion
The Mississinewa Reserve, ten sections. 1840 - 1810 the last Miami Reserve east of the Mississippi.
Mississinewa
Wabash River
Ouiatanon
Fort Recovery
The New Purchase
Ceded to the United States by the Miami Indians at the treaty of St. Mary's 1818.
Piqua
Greenville
Ceded to the United States at the Treaty of Greenville 1795.
Miami R.
Big Miami
Little Miami
Ft. Washington (Cincinnati)
Vincennes
Ceded to the United States before the War of 1812 at the treaties of Grouseland near Vincennes in 1805, and at Fort Wayne 1809 by the Miamis, Eel Rivers, Weas, Piankeshaws, Potawatomies and Delawares.
The Wabash River
Kentucky River
The Ohio River
A.L. Duchwalf.
CESSIONS OF LAND BY THE MIAMIS TO THE UNITED STATES

CHAPTER TEN

Among the Miamis

Frances Slocum spent most of her life among the Miamis. To understand the historical importance of this story, we must know something about this great tribe of Indians.

The Miami Nation of Indians was at one time one of the largest and one of the most powerful tribes in North America. It was one of the leading families of the great Algonquin race. La Salle described them in this way: "The Miamis are the most civilized of all nations of Indians —neat of dress, splendid of bearing, haughty in manner, holding all other tribes as inferiors."

At one time they must have ruled a great inland empire. Their general chief, Little Turtle, at the treaty of Greenville, said to General Wayne: "The prints of my ancestors' houses are everywhere to be seen in this region. It is well known to all my brothers present that my forefathers kindled the first fire at Detroit; from thence they extended their line to the head waters of the Scioto; from thence to its mouth; from thence down the Ohio to the mouth of the Wabash and from thence to Lake Michigan. I have now informed you of the boundary of the Miami Nation where the Great Spirit placed my forefathers

a long time ago and charged them not to sell or part with their land but preserve it to their posterity."

A study of the map will show that Little Turtle claimed for the Miamis an immense territory including all of the present state of Indiana, the west part of Ohio, and parts of Illinois and Michigan. General William Henry Harrison, who knew Indian history well, once wrote that the Miamis were the greatest landowners in the Northwest. The historian, Bancroft, wrote the same thing about them.

Some early writers tell us that the Miami Confederacy was the most powerful in North America, rivaling that of the Iroquois Confederacy in New York. It is said that at one time they could place an army of five thousand warriors in the field. They had great influence over other tribes. Their ancient capital was Ke-ki-on-ga, where Fort Wayne now stands. It was located near the center of their great empire and commanded rivers, trails and portages in all directions. Other villages of friendly Indian tribes near by made Ke-ki-on-ga a great Indian metropolis.

A Declining Nation

The Golden Age of the Miami Nation was in the early part of the seventeenth century. Then

came a period of decline. The fierce Iroquois from the east made inroad after inroad into Miami territory. The Miamis were driven west to seek alliance with western Indians. Under the leadership of A-que-nack-que, father of Little Turtle, and with the aid of western Indians, the Miamis drove the Iroquois back east until they came no more. Then the Miamis engaged in war with their former allies. The powerful Sioux Indians massacred many Miamis. The Potawatomies and Kickapoos united and badly defeated the Miamis. Then other Indian tribes, driven west by the white man, took possession of much of the Miami territory. So it came to pass that Delawares, Shawnees, Ottawas, Wyandottes, Potawatomies, and other Indians laid claim to much land that once belonged to the Maimis.

A Great Miami Chief

One of the most brilliant periods in the history of the Miami Nation was brought about by their great chief, Me-she-kin-no-quah, more commonly known as The Little Turtle. He was the greatest of all Miami chiefs and in the estimation of many people the greatest Indian that ever lived. His father, A-que-nack-que, was the great Miami chief who made a treaty of peace and friendship with the English at Lancaster, Pa., in 1748. The

village of A-que-nack-que was on the banks of Eel River, the Ke-na-po-co-mo-co, five miles east of the present Columbia City, Indiana. Here Little Turtle was born in 1751.

Little Turtle came to prominent notice when he gathered a force of Miami Indians and massacred the little army of LaBaume, who had dared to invade Miami territory in search of plunder and conquest. This was in 1780. During the next ten years Little Turtle was active in leading his Miami Indians south to attack the white settlements along the Ohio and in Kentucky. He saw that the white men were invading his fatherland and he fought them in the only way he knew.

So serious were these attacks that when Washington became President one of his greatest problems was what to do with these Miami and other Indians. He sent General Josiah Harmar with an army to destroy Ke-ki-on-ga. While this army destroyed the Indian wigwams and many Indian supplies, yet Little Turtle won two decisive victories over sections of this army. The expedition as a whole was a failure. Then Washington sent General Arthur St. Clair with the largest army that had been sent against the Indians since the days of Braddock. But on November 4, 1791, at what is now Fort Recovery, Ohio, Little Turtle, leading an army made up of Miamis and other

tribes, overwhelmed the army of St. Clair and massacred a large part of it. This was the greatest defeat that ever befell an American army at the hands of the Indians. No other Indian ever won so many victories over the whites as did Little Turtle.

President Washington now had a major problem in dealing with Little Turtle and his Miamis. He chose General Anthony Wayne to lead the next expedition against the Indians. Little Turtle knew when he had met his superior. He advised his people to make peace, telling them that the Americans now had a general "who never sleeps." But, advised differently by other chiefs, the Indians would not listen to Little Turtle. They were completely defeated by General Wayne in the battle of Fallen Timbers on the Maumee, near Toledo, August 20, 1794.

The leading Indian chiefs of the Northwest Territory now accepted the invitation of General Wayne to meet him at Greenville, Ohio, to hear his terms of peace. Here Little Turtle showed himself as great a statesman as he had been a general. He did everything that he could to preserve the lands north and west of the Ohio for his people. When he could not move the American general, he reluctantly signed the treaty, saying that he had been the last to sign the treaty and that

he would be the last to break it. And he never did. He spent the last years of his life trying to keep his people in peace with the United States.

The Loss of an Empire

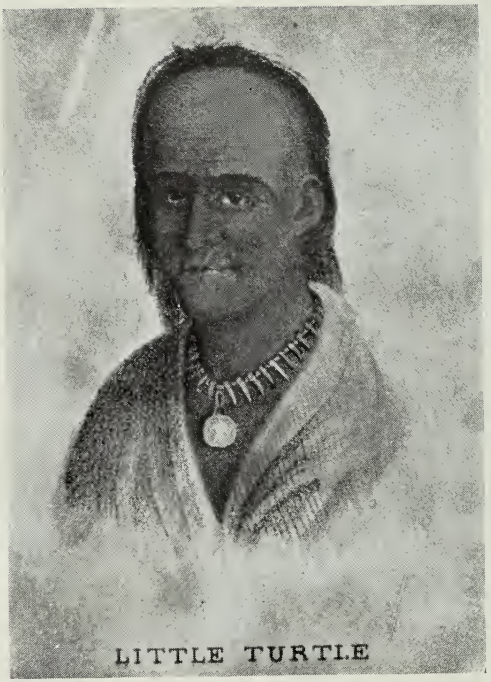
By the treaty of Greenville the Miamis and other Indians ceded to the United States three-fourths of the present state of Ohio and a few small tracts in Indiana. By the treaties made at Fort Wayne and Vincennes in 1804 and 1809, with General William Henry Harrison representing the United States, the Miamis and other Indian tribes ceded to the Americans the southern third of what is now Indiana. Little Turtle had agreed to these treaties. By so doing he lost much prestige among his own people but he kept the Miamis quiet while he lived. After his death in 1812, the Miamis, disregarding the advice of their great leader, joined Tecumseh and the British against the Americans. When the Americans won, the Indians were destined to lose more territory.

At the treaty of St. Mary's in 1818, the Miamis ceded to the United States all of their lands south of the Wabash River except the Big Reserve and a few smaller reserves. This land cession, called the New Purchase, included about one-third of the present state of Indiana. The Big Reserve,

as it was called, included nine hundred square miles of land lying just south of the Wabash River, extending from the mouth of the Salamonie to the mouth of Eel River. It was to belong to the Miamis "forever."

By the treaty of Paradise Springs at Wabash in 1826, the Miamis gave up all claim to all lands lying north of the Wabash. The Potawatomies had long claimed this territory but were compelled to cede their interests to the United States, receiving in exchange certain tracts of lands in Kansas Territory. The Miamis soon learned that the white man's "forever" was very short in dealing with the Indians. By the treaties at the Forks of the Wabash in 1838 and 1840 they were compelled to give up all of the Big Reserve except the ten sections granted to Meshingomesia's band and a number of smaller reserves granted to individual Indians who were either chiefs or closely related to them. The rest of the Miamis were soon to be taken to the lands west of the Mississippi, just as other Indians had already been forced to go.

Frances Slocum was well acquainted with all the Miami chiefs of that day. The following pages give pictures and sketches of these chiefs and of members of her own family. She has more than eighty living descendants today.



ME-SHE-KIN-NO-QUAH

The greatest of his tribe and race

Little Turtle

After Little Turtle made peace with the Americans at Greenville in 1795, he spent the remaining years of his life in works of peace. With William Wells as interpreter he visited President George Washington in Philadelphia in the early spring of 1797. Washington received him with great courtesy and honored him by giving him a handsome sword, a good gun, and a medal, and had his picture painted by the noted artist, Gilbert Stuart. On that visit he was entertained by the leading men of the nation.

Little Turtle learned of vaccination as a preventative for smallpox and introduced it among his people to protect them from the ravages of that terrible disease. He tried to introduce agriculture among the Indians that they might have other means of living besides hunting. His greatest efforts were against intemperance among his people. He tried to persuade them to abstain from drink. He made visits to state capitals and to the national capital to get laws passed against white men selling his Indians whisky. He had a comfortable home built for him by the United States government at the trading post on Eel River. He often visited Fort Wayne and there he died at the home of William Wells in July, 1812.

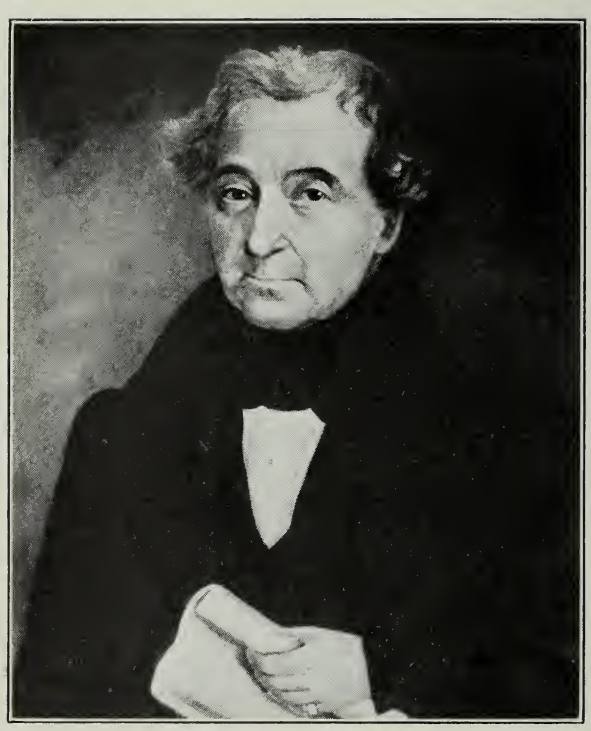
WILLIAM WELLS

Foster son and son-in-law of Little Turtle

William Wells

Frances Slocum and William Wells spent many days together as captive white children among the Miami Indians at the Little Turtle Village on Eel River, the Kenapocomoco. Both of them were favorites among the Indians.

William Wells was captured by Little Turtle in one of his raids in Kentucky. He was adopted by the great chief. Later he married the chief's daughter, Sweet Breeze. They have descendants living today. He became the constant companion and lieutenant of Little Turtle in his conflicts with the Americans. He helped to defeat Harmar and St. Clair. Then by agreement with Little Turtle he visited his white relatives in Kentucky. He joined General Wayne and helped him defeat the Indians. He then returned to his foster-father and father-in-law and was his constant companion and interpreter. Together they made trips to eastern cities and to many places in the west. Captain Wells acted as official interpreter in many treaties between the United States and the Indians. He was killed while defending the inhabitants of Fort Dearborn, Chicago, in that massacre, August 15, 1812. Wells County, Indiana, Wells Street in Chicago and many other places are named after him.



JOHN B. RICHARDVILLE

Pe-che-wa, 1760-1841

Nephew and successor of Little Turtle

John B. Richardville

After the death of Little Turtle, his nephew, John B. Richardville, was chosen general chief of the Miami Indians. His father was Joseph D. Richardville of the French nobility. His mother was Ta-cum-wah, the sister of Little Turtle. She took much interest in her son. She was a keen business woman and taught him how to succeed. He became the richest Indian in the United States. His quiet, gentlemanly ways won the friendship and esteem of the white people. Acts of heroism and his interest in his own people won the confidence of the Indians.

Richardville signed the treaty of Greenville in 1795. In later treaties the United States government was very friendly to him and granted him much land and money. He owned land here and there from Fort Wayne to Kokomo. Howard County, Indiana, was first named Richardville County in his honor. Russiaville, Indiana, still bears his name. He owned the land where the Osage Village was built. For a time he lived there and came in close touch with Frances Slocum and her husband.

Richardville had many children. A daughter married Francis La Fontaine; a granddaughter James Godfroy, a son of Chief Francis Godfroy. There are many descendants living today.

CHIEF FRANCIS GODFROY

1788-1840

Friend and adviser of Frances Slocum

FUNERAL ORATION FOR FRANCIS GODFROY

By Wa-pa-pin-cha or Geo. Hunt

"Brothers, the Great Spirit has again taken to himself another of our once powerful and happy, but now rapidly declining nation. The time was when these forests were filled with red men. But the same hand whose blighting touch has withered the majestic frame that lies before us and caused the noble spirit that animated his body to seek another abode has in like manner dealt with his fathers and with ours. And so it will deal with us. Such occasions as this have become so common recently that we scarcely notice them longer. But when the brave and generous are stricken, our tears of sorrow flow freely.

"Our brother was brave and generous, and as a tribute to his virtue and a reward for his goodness, the tears not only of his own people but also of many of the white people flow freely. The poor will weep at this event for at his tables they were wont to feast and be happy. The weak will mourn because his power was ever directed to their protection. But he has left this earth of vexation and sorrow and is now enjoying with Pocahontas and with Logan the joys that the Great Spirit has prepared for those who do well and faithfully their duty. Brothers, let us follow his example and practice his virtues."

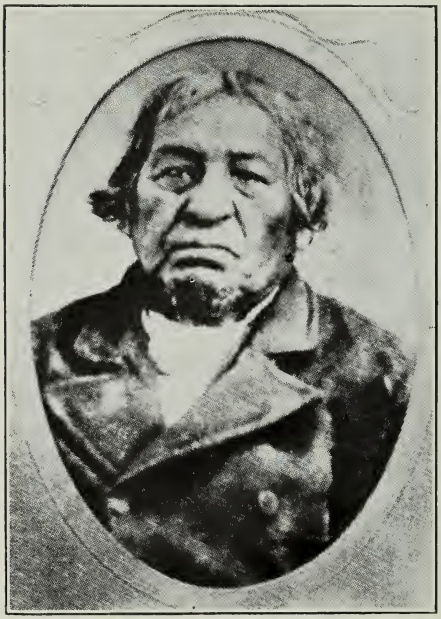
Chief Francis LaFontaine and wife

Their home at the forks of the Wabash

Francis La Fontaine

On the death of Chief Richardville in 1841, the Indian chiefs met at the Forks of the Wabash to elect a successor. There were three prominent candidates: Francis La Fontaine, Me-shin-go-me-sia and Brouillette. After a bitter controversy, La Fontaine was chosen. He was the last general chief ever elected by the Miamis.

La Fontaine was the grandson of a French trader and a Miami woman. He married Catherine, the beautiful daughter of Chief Richardville. He was honest and much interested in the welfare of the Indians. He moved to the Forks of the Wabash not only to carry on trade but also that he might better advise his people. He built a fine home which is still standing. It was the center of Indian trade and treaties for many years. He was favorably known to both whites and Indians for his fine qualities. He was a large man weighing 350 pounds. When the Indians were taken west he went with them to their new home and tried to locate them well. On his way home he was taken sick and died at La Fayette. He is buried in the Catholic cemetery near Huntington. He left a large family and has many descendants living today. La Fontaine, Indiana, and many streets and places in Indiana cities are named for him.



ME-SHIN-GO-ME-SIA

The last tribal chief of the Miamis

Me-shin-go-me-sia

Me-shin-go-me-sia was the son and successor of the old chief, Me-toc-in-yah. He was the last tribal chief of the Miamis. In 1840 he and his band received ten sections of land along the Mississinewa and held it for forty years. Of all of the large domain once owned by the Miamis, this was their last tribal possession.

Me-shin-go-me-sia became a warm friend of the whites and a wise leader of his own people. He often went to Washington to look after their interests. He joined the Baptist church and was a faithful member. When the state built a schoolhouse near his home, he urged the young Indians to attend and get an education. He was persuaded to ask the government for citizenship and for a division of the land. This was unfortunate for the individual owners soon lost all in trade with the white man.

He had a faithful wife, Takequah. They had two sons, Pe-con-ga and Aw-taw-waw-tah. Three grandsons married granddaughters of Frances Slocum. There are many descendants living today. Me-shin-go-me-sia and many of his family are buried in the Indian cemetery near his old home at the Indian Village.

George Slocum *Mrs. George Slocum*

The George Slocum homestead on the Frances Slocum Trail. The barn was built by George Slocum before his death in 1860

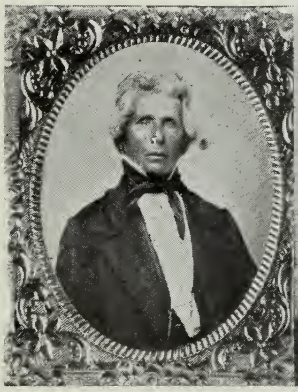
George Remington Slocum

No one among the friends of Frances Slocum did more for her than her nephew, George R. Slocum. He was born near Bellevue, Ohio, in 1822, the son of Isaac and Elizabeth Patrick Slocum. He was married in 1843 to Elizabeth Ophelia Pierce. George and his wife both came from excellent homes. Each had more than an ordinary interest in education and religion. At the urgent request of his Aunt Frances they moved to Indiana, hoping to be of some help to her and her family. While she lived they gave much attention to her welfare. After her death they continued to teach their Indian neighbors and friends. Through them many became Christians.

Mr. and Mrs. Slocum brought with them to Indiana their two small daughters, Marian and Cordelia. Five more children were born to them. They worked hard to build up their new home. In 1860 George died after a brief illness. Mrs. Slocum bravely carried on after his death raising her large family and helping her neighbors. She gave her children more than an ordinary education. They have many descendants today. Mrs. D. E. Poulsen of Converse, daughter of Cordelia Slocum Murphy, has furnished these pictures of her grandparents and much information.

Ke-ke-nok-esh-wa, wife of J. B. Brouillette

O-zah-shin-quah, wife of Peter Bundy



J. B. Brouillette
Te-qua-ke-aw
1796-1867

Peter Buna'y
Waw-pop-e-tah
1817-1897

Both became Christians and active preachers in the Baptist church.

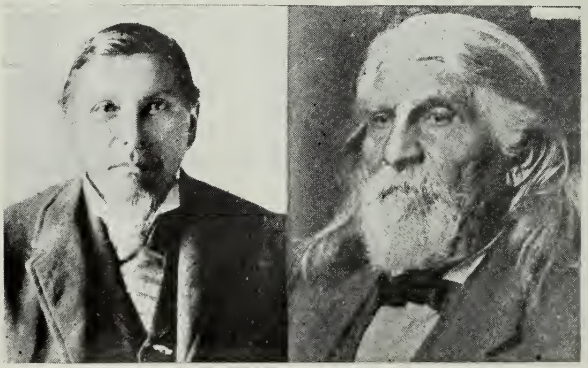
Daughters of Frances Slocum

Frances Slocum had two sons, but both of them died young. So there was no one to carry on the name of their father, She-po-co-nah.

Her oldest daughter, Ke-ke-nok-esh-wa, was the wife of J. B. Brouillette. She was known to the white people as Nancy Brouillette. She died four days after her mother's death. She left no descendants.

The youngest daughter of Frances was O-zah-shin-quah. She was married five times. By her first husband, Louison Godfroy, she had two daughters. Eliza became the second wife of J. B. Brouillette. Frances became the wife of William Peconga. By her second husband, Wap-shin-waw, O-zah-shin-quah had one daughter, Elizabeth, who became the second wife of Gabriel Godfroy. By her third husband, Takkonah, O-zah-shin-quah had one son who died in infancy. By her fourth husband, Mah-mah-mun-drah, she had one daughter, Melvina, who became the wife of Nelson Taw-a-taw. By her last husband, Peter Bundy, she had four children: Hannah, wife of Moses Mongozah, Rose Ann, wife of Robert Peconga, Camillus and Judson. She has more than eighty descendants living today. To the white people she was known as Jane Bundy. She died in January, 1877.

Granddaughters of Frances Slocum. Frances (left), wife of William Peconga. Elizabeth, wife of Gabriel Godfroy



William Peconga *Gabriel Godfroy*

Each was a member of a great family. Each received more than an ordinary education. Each would have been chief had tribal relations continued among the Indians.

Camillus Bundy
The last surviving grandchild of Frances Slocum. He died January 25, 1935.

David Bundy and Daughter, Phyllis

Mr. Bundy has been a member of the Wabash Fire Department for many years. He is a son of Camillus Bundy.

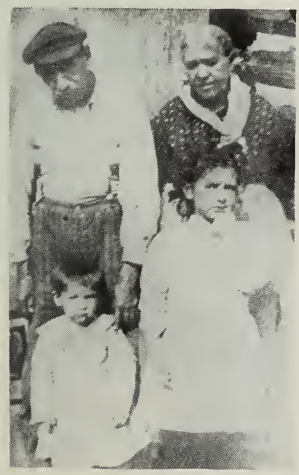
Phyllis has been christened "Little Ma-con-a-quah" in honor of her great-great-grandmother.

Judson Bundy and daughter, Mabel

Hannah Bundy, wife of Moses Mongoza

Three generations: Mrs. Josephine Witt, daughter and granddaughters

Four Generations
Mrs. Melvina Tawataw, Mrs. Emma Walters, Mrs. Sadie McGuire and her two daughters.



Mr. and Mrs. John Bundy (left). Mrs. Bundy was Nancy, daughter of J. B. Brouilette and Eliza, the oldest daughter of Ozahshinquah. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Peconga.

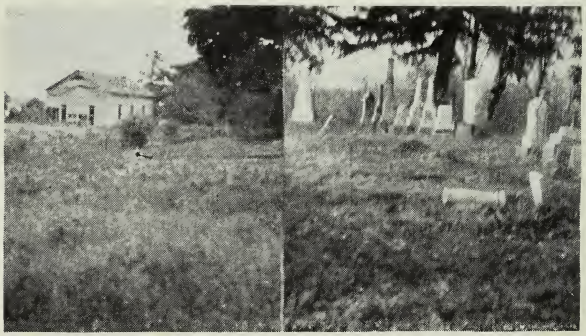
We have no picture of Chief She-po-co-nah, but we have, possibly, his likeness in his great-grandson, Frank Godfroy (right), and in his great-great-grandson, Clarence Godfroy. They are fine representatives of the Miamis whom LaSalle pronounced the finest in appearance of all Indian tribes.

Descendants of Frances Slocum at her grave, September 15, 1935.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Bundy at a Miami reunion. Mr. Bundy is a great-great-grandson of Frances Slocum. With them are two friends of the Miamis, Hon. Hal Phelps (left), judge of Miami County Circuit Court and Mr. Chas. More, engineer of Fort Wayne.

The Godfroy Cemetery

Here Chief Francis Godfroy and many of his family are buried. Across the road where the barn is seen stood his Mount Pleasant Trading Post.



The Indian Village Cemetery

Here Me-shin-go-me-sia and many of his family are buried. In this old church he attended services for many years.