

HISTORY OF
MIAMI COUNTY
INDIANA

A Narrative Account of Its Historical Progress, Its People
and Its Principal Interests

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CHAPTER IV

THE STORY OF FRANCES SLOCUM

HER CAPTURE BY INDIANS IN HER CHILDHOOD—THE LONG SEARCH FOR THE LOST SISTER—HER LIFE AMONG THE INDIANS—DISCOVERED IN HER OLD AGE BY COLONEL EWING—CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN COLONEL EWING AND HER FAMILY—VISITED BY TWO BROTHERS AND A SISTER—REFUSES TO RETURN TO CIVILIZATION—HER DEATH—THE SLOCUM MONUMENT.

Closely interwoven with the history of Miami county is the story of a long captivity among the Indians that reads like a romance and verifies the truth of the old adage that "Truth is stranger than fiction." In the summer of 1777 Jonathan Slocum, with his wife and nine children, and accompanied by his father-in-law, Isaac Tripp, removed from Rhode Island to Pennsylvania and settled in the beautiful Wyoming valley, not far from Wilkes-Barre. The members of the family were Quakers, who treated the Indians with great kindness, and in the great massacre of July 3, 1778, they were not molested. It happened, however, that Giles Slocum, Jonathan's eldest son, fought against the Indians on that occasion, and when this became known to the savages they resolved to be avenged.

On November 2, 1778, three Delaware Indians stealthily approached the Slocum dwelling, which stood in the edge of a piece of timber. Some time before this Nathan Kingsley, a neighbor, had been captured by the Indians and his wife and two sons were staying with the Slocums. The men were away from home, but the two Kingsley boys were engaged in sharpening a knife on a grindstone which stood near the door. The elder boy, a lad some fourteen years of age, wore a soldier's coat, which it is supposed angered the Indians, as one of them quickly leveled his gun and shot the boy dead. Alarmed by the report of the gun, Mrs. Slocum rushed to the door and saw the Indian scalping the Kingsley boy with the knife he had been grinding. With some of her children she fled to the woods, while her daughter, Mary, about ten years old, carried Joseph, the youngest of the family. Little Frances, five years of age, and a lame brother, Ebenezer, concealed themselves under the stairway.

After the Indians had ransacked the house and were about to depart, one of them chanced to notice the little girl's feet protruding from beneath the stairway. She and her brother were dragged from their hiding place, and with the two children and the surviving Kingsley boy the Indians started for the woods, hoping to make their escape before an alarm could reach the Wilkes-Barre fort, which was but a short distance away.

When Mrs. Slocum saw the Indians carrying away her children, the mother love triumphed over fear and she came forth from her place of concealment in the underbrush to plead for her little ones. The savages seemed to enjoy her distress and showed no intention of releasing either of the children until the frantic mother pointed to the boy's feet and exclaimed: "See, the child is lame; he can do thee no good!" The Indian let go of Ebenezer, but seized little Frances, threw her over his shoulder and, with his two companions, hurried toward the timber. The last sight the grief-stricken mother ever had of her daughter was the tear-stained face looking back over the shoulder of her captor, one hand brushing away the auburn curls from her eyes and the other outstretched toward her mother, the childish voice calling "mamma! mamma!" until its echoes were lost in the forest.

The Indians went but a short distance, when they hid in a cave, where they could hear the soldiers from the fort as they rode by in pursuit. That night they left the cave and made their way through the forest to an Indian encampment. Owing to the unsettled conditions upon the frontier, immediate pursuit was out of the question, and it is not surprising that no efforts were made to recover the little captive.

On December 16, 1778, Jonathan Slocum and his father-in-law were fired upon and killed by Indians while feeding cattle within sight of the fort. William Slocum, a youth about seventeen years old, was wounded, but managed to make his escape. Mrs. Slocum's anxiety for her little daughter was greater than her grief over the death of her husband and her father, but it was not until the close of the Revolutionary war that any systematic search was begun for the missing child. In 1784 two brothers of Frances went to Niagara and made inquiry for their sister, offering a reward of one hundred guineas for information that would lead to her recovery. They thought this sum would tempt some Indian who knew of her whereabouts to tell where she could be found, but they were compelled to return home without any tidings of their lost sister.

In 1788 the two brothers again made an effort to learn something of the fate of Frances. They made an extended trip into the interior of Ohio, where they secured the sympathy and coöperation of Indian agents and traders and spent several months in visiting Indian villages in the

hope of finding some one who could tell them what had become of their little sister. They offered a reward of \$500 for any information, but in the end were forced to return home without having obtained the slightest clue.

Still the mother, rapidly aging under the grief caused by the loss of her husband, father and daughter, would not relinquish the thought that her child was still alive. In 1789, when a large number of Indians assembled at Tioga Point, (now Athens, Pennsylvania,) in response to the demand of the government to bring their captives there for identification, Mrs. Slocum made a journey to the place, hoping that her missing daughter would be among the prisoners. For several weeks she remained there, earnestly gazing into the face of every girl sixteen years of age, but found no one that she could recognize as her missing child. She returned home in deep sorrow over the failure of her mission, but could not be persuaded that her daughter was dead.

In the early part of 1791 Colonel Proctor was sent by the secretary of war to the Indian tribes living along the shores of Lake Erie, and the Miamis of the Wabash, for the purpose of making peace treaties and establishing friendly relations between them and the whites. Proctor's journal for March 28, 1791, says: "We proceeded to Painted Post, or Cohocton, in the Indian language; dined and refreshed our horses, it being the last house we should meet with ere we should reach the Genesee river. . . . Here I was joined by a Mr. George Slocum, who followed us from Wyoming, to place himself under our protection and assistance, until we should reach the Cornplanter's settlement, on the headwaters of the Allegheny, to the redeeming of his sister from an unpleasing captivity of twelve years, to which end he begged our intermediate interposition."

Frances Slocum had no brother George and the records show that it was Giles Slocum who joined Proctor at Painted Post. Evidently this brother did not prosecute his investigations very long, as Proctor's journal for April 22, 1791, contains the entry: "To cash paid Francis Slocum, a white prisoner, 7s. 6d." Although the name Frances is not correctly spelled by Colonel Proctor, it is believed that the "white prisoner" was the missing girl, and had her brother remained with the expedition until that time he would have no doubt found his sister. It seems strange that Proctor, after having so lately been in communication with her brother, did not make some attempt to restore the girl to her family. Meginnis, in his "Biography of Frances Slocum," pertinently asks the question, "Was it indifference or stupidity that caused Colonel Proctor to treat her case so lightly?" and adds, "For he must have known who she was when he named her, after paying her a small sum of money."

One of the brothers attended the treaty council at Buffalo, New York,

in 1793, but could learn nothing of his sister. Four years later Isaac Slocum and three of his brothers, in response to their mother's entreaties, undertook a more exhaustive search, penetrating the western wilds as far as Detroit and visiting several Indian villages in Canada. Isaac Slocum offered five Indian traders a reward of \$300 if they would find his sister and bring her to Detroit, but all in vain. The next year the brothers again made a trip to the northwest, but with no better success.

Mrs. Slocum died on May 6, 1807, aged seventy-one years, but almost with her last breath she asserted the belief that Frances was still living and enjoined her children to continue the quest for their lost sister. Nearly twenty years later there came a report that an Indian called Between-the-Logs had been converted at the Wyandot mission, where Sandusky, Ohio, now stands, and that he had a white woman for a wife. Again hope came to the Slocums. This might be Frances. James Slocum, accompanied by a nephew, made the journey to the mission in 1826, but it was only to encounter another disappointment.

* In the meantime how fared it with the little captive? Frances was treated with the utmost kindness by the Indians. Her red hair made her almost an object of veneration among them. When she was first taken from her home the three braves took turns in carrying her, and when they stopped at the first Indian encampment she was fully protected by her captors from abuse. Meginnis says this stopping place was undoubtedly Tioga Point, at the mouth of the Chemung river, where Athens is now situated, and continues:

"Here the little captive was probably kept for some time; and it was here, perhaps, that she was first decked out in gaudy Indian costume, as a means of distracting her thoughts as soon as possible from her home and those she had left behind. Soon after this she was turned over to Tuck Horse and his wife, and adopted as his daughter to supply the place of one of similar age who had died. It is much regretted that there is nothing on record to show who this Indian was who bore such a peculiar name. We are informed that he was a Delaware, but it is not likely that he was an Indian of much distinction, or we would have heard more about him."

It seems that she did not remain long as a member of this family, as in telling her own story she says: "Early one morning this Tuck Horse came and took me, and dressed my hair in the Indian way, and then painted my face and skin. He then dressed me in beautiful wampum beads, and made me look, as I thought, very fine. I was much pleased with the beautiful wampum. We then lived on a hill, and I remember he took me by the hand and led me down to the river side to a house where lived an old man and woman. They had once several children, but now

they were all gone—either killed in battle, or having died very young. When the Indians thus lose their children they often adopt some child as their own, and treat it in all respects like their own. This is the reason why they so often carry away the children of the white people. I was brought to these old people to have them adopt me if they would. They seemed unwilling at first, but after Tuck Horse had talked to them awhile, they agreed to it, and this was my home. They gave me the name of We-let-a-wash, which was the name of their youngest child, whom they had lately buried."

The Indians always treated her kindly. While the Miamis and Delawares were living together Frances was married to a Delaware brave, but he mistreated her and finally left her, going with a portion of his tribe to the new reservation west of the Mississippi river. Subsequently she became the wife of She-po-con-ah, a Miami chief, commonly called the Deaf Man, and by this marriage she became the mother of two sons and two daughters. The two sons died in childhood, but the daughters both grew to maturity and married, Ke-ke-nok-esh-wa (Cut Finger) becoming the wife of Rev. Jean Baptiste Brouillette, and O-zah-shin-quah (Yellow Leaf) the wife of Rev. Peter Bundy.

Upon her marriage to She-po-con-ah, Frances became a Miami and took the name of Ma-con-a-quah, which means "a young female bear," or a "female lion," and was probably adopted on account of her great strength and activity at that period. She could handle the lariat with great skill and thought nothing of lassoing a pony and bringing him under subjection, and could run as fast as most of the men of her tribe.

Late in the year 1834, or early in the year 1835, Colonel George W. Ewing, an Indian trader, of Logansport, who had a large trade with the Miamis, stopped for the night at the Deaf Man's village, situated on the Mississinewa river a few miles above its mouth. He was given the hospitality of an Indian home, the mistress of which was a respectable Indian woman, and during the evening he noticed that her children and grandchildren treated her with great respect and obedience. Tired out with his day's travel, Ewing retired soon after eating his supper to a bed of skins and blankets that had been prepared for him in one corner of the cabin. But he did not go to sleep. All the members of the family soon after disappeared, except the old woman, who occupied herself for a time in attending to some ordinary household duties. As she moved about the cabin the trader watched her, noticing something peculiarly striking in her appearance, especially her hair, until he began to suspect that this was a white woman. His suspicion was soon afterward confirmed, when one of her arms was accidentally bared and he saw that the skin above the elbow was white. He then began a conversation with her in the Miami

tongue—for she could speak but little English—and on gaining her confidence to some extent asked her pointedly if she was not a white woman.

The question apparently startled her and at first she gave an evasive answer. But Colonel Ewing made her understand that he was her friend and she finally told him her story, or what she could remember of her early life. She said she had been carried away from near some town on the Susquehanna river when she was a little girl, that she thought her father's name was Slocum and that he was a Quaker.

Upon arriving at his home the next day Colonel Ewing told his mother what he had learned. She advised him to write to the woman's friends in Pennsylvania. This was almost an impossible task, as Frances could not remember where they lived, further than it was near some town on the Susquehanna river, and nearly three score years had elapsed since she had been carried away from her home. He finally remembered that Lancaster was an old town, near the Susquehanna, and decided to write to the postmaster there, hoping that through this medium the relatives of the "Lost Sister of Wyoming" might learn of her existence. Following is Colonel Ewing's letter:

"Logansport, Ind., Jan. 20, 1835.

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

"There is now living near this place, an aged white woman, who a few days ago told me, while I lodged in the camp one night, that she was taken away from her father's house, on or near the Susquehanna, when she was very young—say from five to eight years old, as she thinks—by the Delaware Indians, who were then hostile toward the whites. She says her father's name was Slocum, that he was a Quaker, rather small in stature, and wore a large brimmed hat; was of sandy hair and light complexioned and much freckled; that he lived about half a mile from a town where there was a fort; that they lived in a wooden house of two stories high, and had a spring near the house. She says three Delawares came to the house in the daytime, when all were absent but herself, and perhaps two other children; her father and brothers were absent working in the field. The Indians carried her off, and she was adopted into a family of Delawares, who raised her and treated her as their own child. They died about forty years ago, somewhere in Ohio. She was then married to a Miami, by whom she had four children; two of them are now living—they are both daughters—and she lives with them. Her husband is dead; she is old and feeble, and thinks she will not live long.

"These considerations induced her to give the present history of herself, which she would never do before, fearing that her kindred would come and force her away. She has lived long and happy as an Indian, and, but for her color, would not be suspected of being anything else than such. She is very respectable and wealthy, sober and honest. Her name is without reproach. She says her father had a large family, say eight children in all—six older than herself, one younger, as well as she can recollect—and she doubts not there are yet living many of their descendants, but seems to think that all her brothers and sisters must be dead, as she is very old herself, not far from the age of eighty. She thinks she was taken prisoner before the last two wars, which must mean the Revolutionary war, as Wayne's war and the late war have been since that one. She has entirely lost her mother tongue, and speaks only as an Indian, which I also understand, and she gave me a full history of herself.

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

"I can form no idea whereabouts upon the Susquehanna river this family could have lived at that early period, namely, about the time of the Revolutionary war, but perhaps you can ascertain more about it. If so, I hope you will interest yourself, and, if possible, let her brothers and sisters, if any be alive—if not, their children—know where they may once more see a relative whose fate has been wrapped in mystery for seventy years, and for whom her bereaved and afflicted parents doubtless shed many a bitter tear. They have long since found their graves, though their lost child they never found. I have been much affected with the disclosure, and hope the surviving friends may obtain, through your goodness, the information I desire for them. If I can be of any service to them, they may command me. In the meantime, I hope you will excuse me for the freedom I have taken with you, a total stranger, and believe me to be, sir, with much respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"GEORGE W. EWING."

Colonel Ewing was somewhat mistaken as to the age of Frances and the time she had been in captivity. At the time his letter was written she was about sixty-two years old and had dwelt among the Indians for approximately fifty-seven years. When the letter was received by Mrs. Mary Dickson, then postmistress at Lancaster and also the owner of a newspaper called the *Lancaster Intelligencer*, instead of publishing it she cast it aside and for about two years it lay among a lot of old papers that were considered of no value. In March, 1837, John W. Forney became one of the editors and publishers of the paper and soon afterward the letter was handed to him by one who had accidentally found it a short time before. Mr. Forney published the letter in the *Intelligencer*, in a "special temperance edition," copies of which were sent to every clergyman in Pennsylvania. Rev. Samuel Bowman, an Episcopal minister, who had lived at one time in Wilkes-Barre, and who knew the story of Frances Slocum, mailed one of the papers to Joseph Slocum, at Wilkes-Barre. Under date of August 8, 1837, Jonathan J. Slocum, a son of Joseph, wrote to Colonel Ewing as follows:

"Geo. W. Ewing, Esq.,

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

"We have received, but a few days since, a letter written by you to a gentleman in Lancaster, of this state, upon a subject of deep and intense interest to our family. How the matter should have lain so long wrapped in obscurity we cannot conceive. An aunt of mine—sister of my father—was taken away when five years old, by the Indians, and since then we have only had vague and indistinct rumors upon the subject. Your letter we deem to have entirely revealed the whole matter, and set everything at rest. The description is so perfect, and the incidents (with the exception of her age) so correct, that we feel confident.

"Steps will be taken immediately to investigate the matter, and we will endeavor to do all in our power to restore a lost relative who has been sixty years in Indian bondage.

"Your friend and obedient servant,

"JNO. J. SLOCUM."

Colonel Ewing had not forgotten the letter written by him in January, 1835, and no doubt had often wondered as to its fate. Upon the receipt of Mr. Slocum's letter he at once sent the following reply:

"Logansport, Ind., August 26, 1837.

"Jno. J. Slocum, Esq., Wilkes-Barre,

"Dear Sir: I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 8th instant, and in answer can add, that the female I spoke of

in January, 1835, is still alive; nor can I for a moment doubt but that she is the identical relative that has been so long lost to your family.

"I feel much gratified to think that I have been thus instrumental in disclosing to yourself and friends such facts in relation to her as will enable you to visit her and satisfy yourselves more fully. She recovered from the temporary illness by which she was afflicted about the time I spent the night with her in January, 1835, and which was, no doubt, the cause that induced her to speak so freely of her early captivity.

"Although she is now, by long habit, an Indian, and her manners and customs precisely theirs, yet she will doubtless be happy to see any of you, and I myself will take great pleasure in accompanying you to the house. Should you come out for that purpose, I advise you to repair directly to this place; and should it so happen that I should be absent at the time, you will find others who can take you to her. Bring with you this letter; show it to James T. Miller, of Peru, Ind., a small town not far from this place. He knows her well. He is a young man whom we have raised. He speaks the Miami tongue and will accompany you if I should not be at home. Inquire for the old white woman, mother-in-law to Brouillette, living on the Mississinewa river, about ten miles above its mouth. There you will find the long lost sister of your father, and, as before stated, you will not have to blush on her account. She is highly respectable, and her name as an Indian is without reproach. Her daughter, too, and her son-in-law, Brouillette, who is also a half-blood, being part French, are both very respectable and interesting people—none in the nation are more so. As Indians they live well, and will be pleased to see you. Should you visit here this fall, I may be absent, as I purpose starting for New York in a few days, and shall not be back till some time in October. But this need not stop you; for, although I should be gratified to see you, yet it will be sufficient to learn that I have furthered your wishes in this truly interesting manner.

"The very kind manner in which you have been pleased to speak of me shall be fully appreciated.

"There are perhaps men who could have heard her story unmoved; but for me, I could not; and when I reflected that there was, perhaps, still lingering on this side of the grave some brother or sister of that ill-fated woman, to whom such information would be deeply interesting, I resolved on the course which I adopted, and entertained the fond hope that my letter, if ever it should go before the public, would attract the attention of some one interested. In this it seems, at last, I have not been disappointed, although I have long since supposed it had failed to effect the object for which I wrote it. Like you, I regret that it should have been delayed so long, nor can I conceive how any one should neglect to publish such a letter.

"As to the age of this female, I think she herself is mistaken, and that she is not so old as she imagines herself to be. Indeed, I entertain no doubt but that she is the same person that your family have mourned after for more than half a century past.

"Your obedient humble servant,

"GEORGE W. EWING."

In due time Colonel Ewing's letter reached the waiting members of the family at Wilkes-Barre. Arrangements were at once commenced for Joseph Slocum to go to the home of his sister, Mrs. Mary Towne, in central Ohio, and with her proceed to Peru, Indiana, while his brother Isaac, who lived near Sandusky, was to join them there as soon as possible. As the distance from Sandusky to the Miami village was much shorter than that which Joseph and Mrs. Towne had to travel, he arrived several days in advance of his brother and sister. His anxiety to meet the sister, who had so long been mourned as lost, was so great that he could not wait for the arrival of his brother and sister. Accompanied by James T. Miller as interpreter, he repaired to the house of Frances, where he was received with that stolid indifference peculiar to the Indian. She manifested neither pleasure nor surprise at his coming and seemed rather reluctant to tell anything of herself to a stranger. Before she was captured in her childhood, while she and one of her brothers were playing in the blacksmith shop one day, her brother struck the fore finger of her left hand with a hammer and inflicted such an injury that the nail was completely destroyed. As Isaac conversed with the old woman he kept watching her hands. At last, seeing the marked finger, he took hold of her hand and asked how it came to be in that condition.

"My brother struck it with a hammer in the shop, a long time ago, before I was carried away," came the answer, but without any show of emotion.

Isaac Slocum was now convinced that this was his sister. Sadly he returned to Peru to await the coming of Joseph and Mrs. Towne. They arrived a few days later and the three, with Mr. Miller and James B. Fulwiler, went to the house of the old woman whose long life among the Indians had made her an alien to her own race. Mr. Fulwiler afterward said that Frances was "as cold as an iceberg," and that her reception of her relatives so affected him that he was compelled to leave the room. The injured finger was again examined and with much persuasion she was induced to tell them something of her life. Her story corresponded in all the essentials to that she had told Colonel Ewing, nearly three years before. She had forgotten her Christian name and when asked if she would remember it if she should hear it she answered, "It is a long time; I do not know."

"Was it Frances?" asked one of the party. For the first time during the interview something like emotion seemed to move her hitherto expressionless features, and after a few brief moments a faint smile illumined her face as she exclaimed, "Yes, Franca, Franca!"

All doubts were now removed. This indeed was the little auburn haired sister that had been taken from her home in the Wyoming valley sixty-four years before. The company then proposed to Frances that she, with her son-in-law and daughters, accompany them to Peru, but she declined to give an answer until she could consult Chief Godfroy. The chief advised her to accept the invitation and she promised to visit them the next Sunday and dine with them at the hotel. When they arrived and were conducted into the hotel, before any intimacy could be established, it was necessary that a formal pledge of friendship should be given and received, according to the custom of the Miami Indians. One of the daughters therefore advanced to the table and laid upon it a bundle wrapped in a clean, white cloth. Through the interpreter she then explained that it was a pledge of their confidence and friendship. Instructed by Mr. Miller, Mrs. Towne accepted the pledge in the same solemn and formal manner, and when the bundle was opened it was found to contain a hind quarter of a deer, which had no doubt been killed for the occasion. Through the medium of this ceremony confidence was established and the visitors conversed more freely than when the brothers and sister visited Frances in her home. Meginnis says: "The food cooked by civilized methods did not agree with them (the visitors) and they did not relish it. The circumstances and surroundings had a depressing effect upon Frances and she sought relief in accordance with the customs of savage life. She slipped away quietly, and a few minutes afterwards was found with her blanket pulled over her head, lying on the stoop fast asleep."

When it was proposed that Frances' story should be reduced to writing she at first objected, until the reasons for such a proceeding were explained to her by the interpreter. She then told her story, the main points of which correspond to the facts as narrated in this chapter. At the conclusion of her story, her brothers and sister urged her to return home with them, promising her a home and a share of all they possessed.

"No, I cannot," said Frances. "I have always lived with the Indians; they have always used me very kindly; I am used to them. The Great Spirit has always allowed me to live with them, and I wish to live and die with them. Your wah-puh-mone (looking-glass) may be longer than mine, but this is my home. I do not wish to live any better, or anywhere else, and I think the Great Spirit has permitted me to live so long because I have always lived with the Indians. I should have died sooner if I had left them. My husband and my boys are buried here and I cannot leave

them. On his dying day my husband charged me not to leave the Indians. I have a house and large lands, two daughters, a son-in-law, three grandchildren and everything to make me comfortable, why should I go and be like a fish out of water?"

In this determination she was supported by her son-in-law and daughters, and when her relatives then asked her to go with them merely for a visit, promising to allow her to return to her children, she answered:

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

It was this positive refusal of Frances to return to the home of her brothers and sisters that inspired Mrs. E. L. Schermerhorn to write the following poem, which was published under the title of "The White Rose of Miami:"

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

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

"Let me stay where the prairies I've oft wandered through,
While my moccasins brushed from the flowers the dew—
Where my warrior would pluck the wild blossoms and say
His White Rose was the fairest—O, here let me stay!

"O, here let me stay! where the bright plumes from the wing
Of the bird that his arrow had pierced, he would bring;
Where, in parting for battle, softly would say,
' 'Tis to shield thee I fight'—O, with him let me stay!

"Let me stay, though the strength of my Chieftain is o'er,
Though his warriors he leads to the battle no more;
He loves through the woods, a wild hunter to stray,
His heart clings to home—O, then, here let me stay!

"Let me stay where my children in childhood have played,
Where through the green forest, they often have strayed;
They never could bend to the white man's cold sway,
For their hearts are of fire—O, here let them stay!

"You tell me of leaves of the Spirit that speak;
But the Spirit I own, in the bright stars I seek;
In the prairie, in the forest, the water's wild play,
I see Him, I hear Him—O, then, let me stay!"

In the fall of 1839 Joseph Slocum, accompanied by his two daughters—Hannah and Harriet—the oldest and youngest of his seven children, again visited Frances at her home near Peru. This time the "lost sister" received her relatives with more cordiality. A colored man lived on her place as interpreter and they learned more of her history. Hannah was the wife of Ziba Bennett and kept a diary in which she recorded the principal events of the journey. The following extract from this diary gives this description of Frances Slocum at that time:

"My aunt is of small stature, not very much bent; had her hair clubbed behind in calico, tied with worsted ferret; her hair is somewhat gray; her eyes a bright chestnut, clear and sprightly for one of her age; her face is very much wrinkled and weather-beaten. She has a scar on her left cheek received at an Indian dance; her skin is not as dark as you would expect from her age and constant exposure; her teeth are remarkably good. Her dress was a blue calico short gown, a white Mackinaw blanket, somewhat soiled by constant wear; a fold of blue broadcloth lapped around her, red cloth leggings and buckskin moccasins."

Frances Slocum died on March 9, 1847, and was buried on a beautiful knoll across the road from her house, about nine miles southeast of the city of Peru. Here her remains lay in an unmarked and neglected grave for a little more than half a century. In 1899 Hon. James F. Stutesman, of Peru, visited the "Bundy burying ground," as the little graveyard is called, and upon seeing the neglected resting place of this remarkable woman, he decided to make an effort to have it marked by an appropriate monument. To that end he got into correspondence with members of the Slocum family scattered through Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Michigan and Indiana. As a result of his work a monument committee was organized with Elliott T. Slocum, of Detroit, chairman; Dr. Charles E. Slocum, of Defiance, Ohio, secretary; Mrs. Mary Slocum Murphy, of Converse, Indiana, treasurer. Other members of the committee were George Slocum Bennett, of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania; Joseph Slocum Chahoon, of Philadelphia; Eliza Slocum Rogers, also of Philadelphia;

Frank Slocum, of Minneapolis, Minnesota; Frank L. Slocum, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Frank Slocum Litzenberger, of Middletown, Indiana; Levi D. Slocum, of Carbondale, Pennsylvania; Joseph W. Slocum, of Scranton, Pennsylvania; Joseph A. Kenny, of Converse, Indiana; and James F. Stutesman, of Peru, Indiana.

A fund of \$700 was raised for the purpose of erecting a monument and inclosing the burying ground with an iron fence, and the purchase of both monument and fence was made of an Ohio firm. After they had been placed in position and the cemetery cleared of some of its weeds and rubbish, the monument was dedicated on May 17, 1900, in the presence of more than 3,000 people, many of whom had come from far distant points to witness the ceremonies. Arrangements for taking care of the multitude had been made by Mr. Stutesman, the Bundys and others living in the neighborhood. Elliott T. Slocum presided and Dr. Charles E. Slocum, compiler of a history of the family, delivered the principal address. At the conclusion of his address the monument was unveiled by Misses Victoria Bundy and Mabel Ray Bundy, great-granddaughters of Frances Slocum. Short speeches were then made by George Slocum Bennett, Gabriel Godfroy, Richard DeHart, of Lafayette, Indiana; Major McFadin, of Logansport, who had seen Frances Slocum in her old age; and Hon. James F. Stutesman. Mrs. Lurena King Miller, of Washington, D. C., read an original poem on the life of Frances Slocum, which was well received.

The Slocum monument is of white bronze, eight feet and six inches in height, and standing upon a stone base four feet square. On the four sides of the monument are the following inscriptions:

"1. Frances Slocum, a child of English descent, was born in Warwick, Rhode Island, in March, 1773; was carried into captivity from her father's house at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., November 2, 1778, by Delaware Indians soon after the Wyoming massacre. Her brothers gave persistent search, but did not find her until September 2, 1837.

"2. When inclined by a published letter describing an aged white woman in the Miami Indian village here, two brothers and a sister visited this place and identified her. She lived near here thirty-two years with the Indian name—Ma-con-a-quah. She died on this ridge, March 9, 1847, and was given a Christian burial.

"3. 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 Psalms lxxix, 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 17, 1900.

"4. She-po-con-ah, a Miami Indian chief, husband of Frances Slocum—Ma-con-a-quah, died here in 1833, at an advanced age. Their adult children were:

"Ke-ke-nok-esh-wah, wife of Rev. Jean Baptiste Brouillette, died March 13, 1847, aged forty-seven years, leaving no children.

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

Volumes have been written on the subject of Frances Slocum, but the foregoing, it is believed, touches upon every important phase of this extraordinary instance of captivity by Indians and the complete alienation of the captive from her own people. In all the history of Indian depredations and atrocities during the early days, there has not been recorded another such case as that of the "Lost Sister of Wyoming." "The White Rose of the Miami."