an indisposition to enforce a law against the Indians which had so long remained a dead letter, and advantage was taken of some flaw in the indictment to let the prisoner go scott. The Judge, however, thought it a fitting occasion to admonish the Indians of the consequences if they persisted in killing each other, and delivered one of those entire judicial harangues for which he was noted. Samuel Driver, an Indian trader and settler, was interpreter. The court-room was crowded, and all eyes were centered upon the Indian, who was standing stolidly within the bar awaiting the judgment of the white man. The Judge said:

"Tell this Indian that the great must be hung; that we will let him go without hanging this time, but that if ever he kills a man, a woman, a child or a—dog"—up to this all was solemn and grave, becoming the occasion; but, at the naming of the dog, the interpreter hesitated and looked at the Judge. A smile broke over the faces of the audience; this change from tragedy to farce was so sudden that roars of laughter filled the room, and the moral effect of the lecture was entirely lost on the Indian.

Baptiste Godfroy, a nephew of the chief, killed an Indian, and was himself shot some time afterward, by a white man named Caleb Pearce, who was sent to the Penitentiary for the offense. Pearce pleaded self-defense, and no doubt thought Godfroy was going to kill him.

These are but a very few of the cases in which violence terminated the lives of the Indians, and are introduced here to give an idea from facts of one of the causes of the rapid decrease of their numbers. From about 1840 until their removal West, the Miamis seemed bent on their own extermination.

As a rule, this violence was due to their habits of dissipation. During most of those years, they had the means and the opportunity to get all the liquor they wanted, and the young especially, when under its influence, thought they must establish their claims to manhood by killing some one; and for trivial causes, or no cause at all, they shot and stabbed each other to death.

The old and well-known chief, White Loon, died this Summer at Roanoke. He was born on or near the site of our city. He was a noted man in the tribe, and at the time of his death had reached the great age of 107 years.

FRANCES SLOCUM, THE INDIAN CAPTIVE.

The entertainment, over forty years ago, that the widow of She-pa-con-nah, or Deaf Man, the war chief of Osage Village, then an aged woman living with her family at Deaf Man's Village, on the Mississinewa, about nine miles from Peru, was not what she seemed, as Indian, but a white woman who, in early childhood, had been captured in Pennsylvania by a band of Delawares Indians, excited a thrilling interest at the time it was made.

The discovery was made by Col. G. W. Ewing, who was, and had been for years, an extensive trader with all the Indian tribes that inhabited the northeastern part of the State.

The life of this captive, from the time of her violent abduction until the time that Col. Ewing learned that she was a white woman, would furnish ample material for a novel of most absorbing interest. The simple facts, however, in relation to the discovery of the captive, the visit from Pennsylvania, of her white relatives to her Indian home, and the incidents of her life, given by herself, all as published in the *Peru Forester*, at the time they transpired, are regarded as more interesting, because more reliable, than a narrative or story that might have been written for the purpose of making money.

With the view, therefore, of preserving and perpetuating the original publications relating to her discovery and the visit of her relatives, and because the event to which they relate is particularly appropriate in a reminiscent history of the county, the writer furnishes them as the best account of matter to which they refer.

The letter of Col. Ewing was written to some gentleman in the neighborhood in Pennsylvania, of whom he supposed the relatives of Frances Slocum lived, requesting him to have the same published there, that it might come to their notice. From some cause, it was thrown aside, and was only accidentally discovered some two years after it was written.

COL. EWING'S LETTER.

"LOGANSPORT, Jan. 20, 1832.

"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, among the Miami tribe of Indians, an aged white woman, who, a few days ago, told me, whilst I lodged in the camp with her one night, that she was taken away from her father's house, on or near the Susquehanna River, when she was very young—say from five to eight years old, she thinks—by the Delaware Indians, who were then hostile to the whites. She says her father's name was Slocum, that he was a Quaker, rather small in stature, and wore a large, broad-brimmed hat; was of sandy hair and light complexion, and much freckled; that he lived about half a mile from a town where there was a fort; that they lived in a wooden house two stories high, and had a spring near the house. She says three Delawares came to the house in the daytime, when all were absent but herself and perhaps two other smaller children, as the sons and brothers were almost making hay. The Indians carried her off, and she was adopted into a family of Delawares, who raised 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 whom are now living, both daughters, and she lives with them. 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 never would before, fearing 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 and one younger, as well as she can recollect; and she doubts not there are yet living many of their descendants, but seems to think all of her brothers and sisters must be dead, as she is very old herself—not far from the age of eighty. She thinks she was taken prisoner before the two last wars, which must mean the Revolutionary war, as Wayne's war and the last war have been since that one. She has entirely lost her mother tongue, and speaks only 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 that he was a Quaker. She also recollected that it was upon the Susquehanna that they lived, but don't recollect 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 being 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 will see the object of my letter alive and happy, though old and far advanced in life. I can form no idea where the family could have lived on the Susquehanna River 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, and if not, their children, know where they may once more see a relative, whose fate has been wrapped in a 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 last child they never found. I have been much affected by the disclosure, and hope the surviving friends may obtain 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 the freedom I have taken with you, a total stranger, and believe me to be, sir, with much respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"GEN. W. EWING."

The above letter, after being given up by the writer as having failed of its purpose, was accidently discovered, some two years after it was written, and published in a Lancaster, Pennsylvania, paper. The facts it narrated regarding the captive satisfied the Slocums that she was, beyond doubt, their long lost relative, and they at once opened a correspondence with Col. Ewing on the subject. The following letter will explain itself as a part of the present narrative:

"WILKESBARRE, PA., August 9, 1837.

"GEN. 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, in this State, upon a subject of deep and intense interest to our family. How the matter should have late so long enwrapped 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 had only vague and indistinct rumors on 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, 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 servant,

"JOS. J. SLOCUM."

FRANCES SLOCUM

In the *Peru Forester* of September 26, 1837, there is an editorial article which says: "A few evenings ago, Mr. Isaac Slocum, a younger brother of James T. Miller, of this place, interpreter, proceeded to the place of her residence known by the appellation of *Deaf Man's Village*, about nine miles above Peru, on the Mississinewa River.

"Mr. Slocum, on the way, remarked to his guide that if the woman (Frances) was really his sister, he would recognize her by a scar upon the forefinger of her left hand, caused by a blow from a hammer upon an anvil, while at play with her brother before she was taken captive, but he knew not in what other way he should be able to convince either her or himself of the relationship that subsisted between them.

"Mr. Miller proceeded to the house alone, in order to prepare the old lady for the reception of her brother, but found her unwilling to believe that such a thing could be. The brother then entered the house, and gazing upon the changed appearance of Frances, involuntarily exclaimed, 'Good God! is this my sister?' Then, grasping her hand, he drew her toward the light and beheld the scar! the identical scar which he had described. He was then satisfied; but Frances was still unwilling to believe Mr. Slocum her brother. Mr. Miller, at the request of Mr. Slocum, interrogated her in the Indian language (as she speaks or understands no other) concerning the scar upon her finger, and she related the same story which her brother had told him on the way; and finally, before they separated, Frances was satisfied to acknowledge Isaac to be her own brother, but expressed no inclination to leave her wigwam to partake of the comforts of his hospitable mansion, after a residence of near sixty years among the *Red Men* of the wilderness. Mr. Slocum states that his brother Joseph and sister, Mrs. Mary Town, will be here in a few days and that he will await their arrival."

The parties referred to arrived in due time, and the following letter, written from here to their relatives in Pennsylvania, and published in the *Wyoming Republican*, will give the further history of Frances.

Extract from a letter dated Peru, Miami County, Indiana, September 27th, 1837:

"We arrived here on the 21st inst. The town is new and flourishing; situated on the north side of the Wabash, a little below the mouth of the Mississinewa, which empties in from the south. The last twenty-five miles we through the Miami Reserve, without any white inhabitants. We found Isaac Slocum here awaiting our arrival. He had visited the woman in the Reserve, mentioned in the letter of Mr. Ewing, and is perfectly satisfied that she is the sister taken captive in 1778. The next day we repaired to the village with Mr. Miller, the interpreter, together with Mr. Hunt, a half-breed that was educated at Col. Johnson's school, in Kentucky, and another gentleman. Fording the Wabash at this place, we passed up the river to the Mississinewa, and in about five miles came to an Indian town, surrounded with blue grass pasturage and corn fields interrupted without order. Some of the natives were about their houses; others were at tania pitched in corn fields, gathering corn, their ponies standing saddled near the tents. Whenever they have any work to do at once or about a distance from their houses, they pitch a tent, cook and live there until the work is done, a few only returning to their houses at night. We soon after came to the seat of Godfroy, the second war chief of the Miamis, consisting of five or six two-story houses, within an inclosure of perhaps half an acre, which we entered through a gate wide enough for a carriage to pass. Upon entering the house, we were all introduced to the Chief, by Mr. Miller, who told him our business in the nation. He received us very courteously, and proffered us all the assistance in his power. He is probably over 50 years of age, of portly and majestic appearance, being more than six feet high, well proportioned and weighing about 320 pounds. He was dressed in leggings and a blue calico shirt that came down to the knee, profusely ornamented with ruffles of the same, his hair nearly half gray and tied in a queue hanging elegantly down his back. After taking leave of the Chief, we proceeded to Deaf Man's Village, the residence of the captive woman, a distance of about four miles further up the Mississinewa, where the natives were employed in the same way as before described. At one of which we found the husband of the youngest daughter of the captive woman. He mounted his pony and went with us to the village, where we were introduced to the captive, her two daughters, and Capt. Brouillette, the husband of the elder. The girls are aged, one thirty-three and the other twenty-three. The youngest has three small children, but not by this husband. The elder had two, but both are dead. Capt. Brouillette is a half-French breed Indian, of elegant appearance, very straight and slim, and about six feet high. Uncle Joseph at once recognized his sister, and after conversing with them some time, in the course of which we endeavored, by all means in our power, to gain their confidence, it was proposed to them to accompany us to Peru to see Mrs. Town. Mr. Miller had to give the old lady very strong assurances that we had no intention to take her away contrary to her inclination before she would go; but at length she consented, and, accompanied by her two daughters and their husbands, she returned with us to town, where they were introduced to Mrs. Town, who recognized her long lost sister. They then proceeded to the supper table and appeared to be perfectly at ease. They had become perfectly satisfied that we were their relations, and their confidence was so much strengthened that she felt justified in proffering us their friendship. This was done by one of them placing on the stand something wrapped in a white cloth, after which they spoke with the utmost solemnity in a manner, when he rose up and said that they were our friends; and by way of acknowledging themselves as such, they presented us with a piece of fresh venison, which they wished us to receive as a token of friendship, as that was their manner of confirming their friendship. We then rose and thanked them and received the token, Mrs. Town taking up the ham of venison and removing the cloth, which made them satisfied. The next morning they all came to breakfast with us, and in the course of the day, all the history of her life which she could recollect. Mr. Miller, to whom we are greatly indebted, and Mr. Hunt acted as interpreters. I was drawn down the narration in the words of the interpreter as much as possible, just as they were delivered. There are not many striking incidents in her life, but she and her family, by their native customs, their extreme simplicity of manner, the natural modesty and solemnity of their deportment, formed the most interesting group I ever beheld. They are decidedly the most respectable family in the nation, and they are also very wealthy, having upward of a hundred horses and many cattle and hogs. Capt. Brouillette is the only Indian who cultivates corn with the plow. He has a yoke of oxen, and wagon, and frequently takes beef and other articles to market.

"Mr. Miller, who has often passed the night with them, says they live well. They dress quite richly, and the old lady told me she had always had plenty and lived happily with the Indians. Her husband and two of his children were buried where she now lives, and she never can think of leaving her present abode. I cannot help thinking she is right, for the family appears to be one of the most happy I ever saw. The two daughters have returned to see us several times. They are sensible and wish to be very sociable, but labor under a great difficulty in not understanding our language. The oldest possessed strong love for Mr. Slocum with a pair of moccasins for his wife, as he is to leave soon. The confidence they reposed in us seems to be complete, and the more I see of them the fullness of the wilderness, the more I respect their character. They have a natural politeness and good feeling that cannot be surpassed in the most polished circles; but this is not always until they have every confidence in those around them; before that, in the presence of strangers, they are timorous and distant. They have just taken leave of us for home; it is 4 o'clock P. M., but they never hurry themselves. They frequently ride home, nine miles, most of the way through the woods, with as much *sang froid* as they would in the day time."

The narrative of the life of Frances Slocum, as given herself to the interpreters who went with her relatives, as above related, is as follows:

"One evening about dusk, in the year 1777, while Frances and other children were at play, near her father's house, at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, the hostile Delawares approached these, killed one boy and bore another and herself prisoners. She was taken by two Delawares and by them transferred to Tuck-hos, a chief of that nation, whom she represented to be a man of great distinction. This chief, after receiving his little prisoner, dressed her in the gayest manner, decorating her with wampum, beads and fine feathers, and treated her with great humanity.

"Shortly after her captivity, the party left the Wyoming Valley, and went to Genesee Falls; from thence, after a transient stay, they proceeded to the Falls of Niagara, where they remained during five. Wayne's war, and were supplied with provisions and munitions of war by the British. The Chief, Tuck-hos, and his party, of whom Frances was one, remained at this place two winters, and during the time, she says, the Indians frequently went out and returned with many white scalps, being hostile at the time. From Niagara the party went to Sandusky, where they remained a short time and then returned to the Falls. Some time after this, she states, the Indians made bark canoes, and several thousand of them went to Detroit, where they remained three years; from thence they removed to Brownstown, where Frances lived for a time with a Delaware as his wife, but had no issue by him. From Brownstown they proceeded to Fort Wayne, in this State, and remained there some years during the late war. While at Fort Wayne, the Indians suffered much for want of provisions and other necessaries, and were for a time at the very point of starvation, having nothing but wild meat whereon to subsist.

"In the forty-two years ago [this narrative was given in 1837], she was married to Deaf Man (She-pak-on-nah, war Chief of the Osage village), by whom she had four children, two sons and two daughters, and her husband has been dead about four years. From Fort Wayne, she, with her husband, came to the Osage Village, and went thence to the place known as Deaf Man's Village, where she resided when she first disclosed her history to Col. Ewing, and until she died."

Thus ends the story of Frances Slocum's captivity and subsequent life, as published in the *Peru Forester* forty years ago.

This now noted woman died on the 9th of March, 1847, aged seventy-five years. Her Indian name, as given by her Indian relatives, was Maconee-quah, which means Young Bear. Her daughter, Ke-ke-na-kuah-wa, wife of Capt. John B. Brouillette, died on the 13th of March, 1847, aged forty-seven years. The other daughter mentioned in the narrative, was the Nine of the visit of her white relatives, the wife of Take-no-mah. Her name was O-nah-wah-shing-quah. She was afterward married to Wah-pah-pe-cah (Peter Bondy), and several children, now adults, are the offspring of this marriage. She died in January, 1877—the last of the children of Frances Slocum.

By an act of Congress passed about the time the Miamis were required to move west, certain families were permitted to remain and have their allotments paid them here. The pay-roll numbers about 350 individuals of forty men, women and children of the Miamis, and twenty of the Wea, or Eel River. The principal families in this county who, by this act, were exempted from the stipulations of the treaty of 1840, requiring the removal west of the tribe, were that of Godfroy, the white woman (Frances Slocum), Peter Bondy, Pim-sy-a-to-tea-wah, unable to Gabriel Godfroy, the Beaubien family, and their relatives and others not remembered. These, with the Mishin-go-ma-sha party, make up the number of Miamis who reside and receive their annuities in Indiana.

These Indians, with the exception of the Ne-shin-go-me-sha party, are a few others, are very poor, owning no land, and receiving a per capita annuity of only about twenty-five dollars per annum. The younger families are intermarrying with their whites, and their prospects, present and future, are not much improved thereby. They are living, as they do, in the organized townships, they have and avail themselves of the benefits of the public schools. Most of the young Miamis are able to read and write. A large number of the Indians are members of the Baptist Church, and are strict in their attendance at its meetings. It is not difficult to believe that when the annuities, small as they are, shall cease, these once rich and proud people will, in a short time, lose their national or tribal existence, and become mere Indians and dependent than they are.

When we remember the Miamis as the owners, as late as 1840, of the vast tract of the very richest land in the State, which constituted the great Reserve—enough to have given each one a good farm—and receiving, in addition, an annuity from the Government, and see them now in abject poverty, we cannot but feel a sympathy for their fallen fortunes. But there seems to be no help for them, and no fate but extinction for the whole race.