

History on the Mississinewa

By ROSS F. LOCKRIDGE

The beautiful Mississinewa is an historic Hoosier stream quite as distinctively as is the Hoosier Wabash. It is one of the principal tributaries of the Wabash and has its source not far from where the Wabash begins a short distance beyond the eastern boundary of central Indiana. It is a scenic river. Nearly every mile of its course is made beautiful by winding curves, rippling rapids, craggy banks or short and pleasing straightaways, flanked by level and fertile bottomlands. No other stream in Indiana, and possibly none in the rest of America, offers a more unique combination of scenic beauty and historic interest. It is a vital and unchanged monument of a great and simple people. Along its shores a strong unit of a mighty race saw the summit of their power and there came their final passing as a race, all within the course of three-quarters of a century.

The name is delightfully significant. In the graphic Miami language, Mississinewa means falling waters. Its very syllables, *Mis-sis-sin-e-wa*, are sibilant with the sound of falling or rushing waters as pronounced in the soft, guttural accents of the Miamis. The reason for this musical name is obvious. There is scarcely a mile of the river's course without swift narrows or shallow rapids where rushing or falling waters give the sound suggested by the syllables of the name *Mis-sis-sin-e-wa*.

Something of a peculiar sentiment forever attaching to this scenic river was expressed by James Whitcomb Riley touching the little town of Somerset and its picturesque setting among the Hills of the Mississinewa midway between Marion and Peru:

Clean fergot is time, and care,
And thick hearin', and gray hair—
But they's nothin' I fergot
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

The stream joins the Wabash in the heart of the county named for its great people—Miami—near the county seat, Peru. The history of the Mississinewa is an integral part of the history of the Miami nation of Indians.

Let it be said generally for this tribe of redmen that they considered themselves superior Indians. They were sustained in this view by the earliest historic white men who dealt with them. The saintly Marquette, who spent his last days near them, paid them this high tribute as compared to other tribes of the middle West.

The Miamis are the most civil, the most liberal, and the most shapely. They wear two long locks over their ears, which give them a pleasing appearance. They are regarded as warriors and rarely undertake expeditions without being successful. They are very docile and listen quietly to what is said to them.

The knightly LaSalle, who had many dealings with them and who effected with them a great Indian alliance against the aggressions of the fierce Iroquois, said:

The Miamis are the most civilized of all Indian nations—neat of dress, splendid of bearing, haughty of manner, holding all other tribes as inferiors.¹

LaSalle found these Indians in 1679 established principally on the St. Joseph of the Lake, which was known as the River of the Miamis. His great wilderness empire around the Rock of St. Louis (Starved Rock) was composed principally of the various tribes of the Miamis under different tribal names but all having the language, dress and customs of the Miamis. Of 3880 warriors, representing a total population of 20,000 Indians, whom LaSalle collected around his Fort St. Louis on the Illinois, an exact accounting by tribes in 1684 showed that more than half of these warriors—2100—belonged to the various tribes of the Miami nation.

Following the assassination of LaSalle in 1687 and the consequent disruption of his wilderness empire which centered on the Illinois River, these Miamis came back into the region of their former homes and ultimately became firmly established throughout the valleys of the Wabash and its tributaries—especially of the Eel and the Mississinewa. This vast Indian domain ranged from its main headquarters at Kekionga (Fort Wayne) to the mouth of the Wabash. Those tribes living in the area about Kekionga and on the upper Wabash, including also the valleys of the Eel and the Mississinewa, were Miamis proper. Farther down the river near the mouth of

¹ For a fuller treatment of LaSalle and Marquette, see the author's volume *LaSalle* (Yonkers-on-Hudson, 1931).

the Tippecanoe they were known as the Weas or Ouiatenons, and still further down in the region of White River as the Piankeshaws. Some other smaller tribes had different tribal names, but all were Miamis having the same language, dress and customs.

There is a well sustained tradition that these Miamis of the Wabash in alliance with the Illinois tribes farther west—an alliance that had been formed by LaSalle in 1681 under the Council Oak, which still stands in Highland Cemetery, South Bend—finally stopped the Iroquois invasions. In one great final battle on the Wabash near where Terre Haute now stands, they defeated and drove back permanently these savage aggressors sometime about the end of the seventeenth century. There is no historical record of this battle and it lives only in Indian tradition. The same tradition gives account of many bloody battles throughout the region of the Wabash and the Mississinewa in which the Miamis fought for their beloved homes.

When recorded history finally came to the Mississinewa, a branch of the tribe was settled there where they had made themselves strong in wilderness security. This Mississinewa region was favorably located in the heart of the Miami nation. By reason of this favorable location it was more secure than either the upper or the lower Wabash and by reason of its central position it was more often a place of council and confederation than of war and bloodshed. It was a famous crossing place and meeting place of representatives of many nations. There is a well-established tradition that a great council of all the leading tribes of the mid-west region was held at this place about the year 1755 to consider the attitude of the Indians toward France and England in their great contest for the interior of North America, the preliminary of the Seven Years War.

The year 1778 is an interesting basal date in the history of this region of the Mississinewa. In the autumn of that year, probably about the first week in November, the British "Hair-buyer" General, Lieutenant-Governor Henry Hamilton, came with his army down the Wabash on his way to Vincennes, holding councils at the various Miami villages along the way. He held a great council with the Miamis of the Mississinewa at the junction of that river with the Wabash. Those lordly

sachems smoked the pipe of peace with the Redcoat General. They listened to his words and accepted his presents but they did not join him as a nation. It was not their fight. The Miamis fought their own battles. As a rule, they did not take part in anyone else's battles or ask anyone else to take part in theirs. They let Hamilton go on down the river to be defeated and taken captive by George Rogers Clark in February, 1779.

This year, 1778, has another significant connection with history on the Mississinewa because of an event that occurred more than a thousand miles away at the very time of the council with the British General on the Mississinewa. On November 2, 1778, a white child, five years of age, was stolen from her home by Indians at Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, in the beautiful Wyoming Valley where the Susquehanna flows. The child was Frances Slocum. These two widely separated events, occurring at the same time, suggest the far-away beginnings of a bit of romantic race history that was to culminate finally on the banks of the Mississinewa, more than half a century later. It was to furnish a fine thread of human interest, strangely interwoven with the passing of this simple people and their ultimate dispossession by American pioneers or amalgamation with them.

Although the Miami Indians did not join actively in the American Revolution in the West as a nation, they did get into the fighting before the end of the Revolution mainly for the purpose of preventing the spread of American settlements north and west of the Ohio. The epochal event that might be said to have brought this Indian nation to the front in resisting the spread of American settlements was the massacre of LaBalme which occurred on November 7, 1780, on Eel River not far from where Columbia City is now located. That dramatic event, which ended the spectacular enterprise of that temperamental Frenchman, marked the beginning of a remarkable career for a great Miami chieftain, Little Turtle, who belonged to the Eel River tribe of the Miamis and who from the date of the LaBalme massacre was recognized as the principal war chief of all the Miami tribes and is now generally recognized in history as the greatest Indian general of all times.² After the massacre of LaBalme, for which Little

² More complete stories of LaBalme, Little Turtle, William Wells and others will appear in a future issue of the *Indiana Magazine of History* in an article by the author under the title "History on Eel River."

Turtle and the Miamis were rewarded and encouraged by the British, Little Turtle and other great chiefs were leading hostile expeditions across the Ohio into the rapidly growing settlements in Kentucky. This continued on after the close of the Revolution and constituted a menace to those settlements long after peace had been made with England.

George Washington understood the serious danger to America in this situation. He knew the value of this region of the Wabash. He believed that the hand of England was behind these Indian raids; that England was encouraging the Indians to keep American settlers out of this old Northwest. England was still holding the border posts of Detroit, Niagara and other frontier stations, contrary to the Treaty of 1783. Washington knew that England hoped through these Indian wars to regain this old Northwest which she had lost by the heroic conquest of George Rogers Clark. After the Revolution while Washington was at his home in Mount Vernon, he was writing letters calling attention to this danger and urging that a strong fort be built at the Miami Village where Fort Wayne now is, so as to control this Indian situation on the Wabash and the Lakes. On February 8, 1785, he wrote a letter to Richard Henry Lee strongly recommending thorough exploration and survey of the region and commenting upon the strategic position of Kekionga (Fort Wayne), in these words: "I cannot forbear observing that the Miami village [site of Ft. Wayne] points to an important post for the Union."

Nothing could be done under the weak Confederacy, but when the constitution was adopted and Washington became president, he immediately gave this situation his attention and sent a message to the War Department concerning it:

It is highly necessary that I should, as soon as possible, possess full information whether the Wabash and Illinois Indians are most inclined for war or peace. If for the former, it is proper that I should be informed of the means which will most probably induce them to peace. If a peace can be established with the said Indians on reasonable terms, the interests of the United States dictate that it should be effected as soon as possible. . . . But if, after manifesting clearly to the Indians the disposition of the general government for the preservation of peace and the extension of a just protection to the said Indians, they should continue their incursions, the United States will be constrained to punish them with severity.³

³ Joseph E. Griswold, *History of Fort Wayne and Allen County*, 42.

A special messenger, Antoine Gamelin, was sent with friendly offers to all the tribes along the Wabash early in 1790. He visited each of them and tried earnestly to present to them the peaceful purposes of the great White Chief. They received him kindly but with cool independence—none more so than those on the Mississinewa. He got no satisfaction. It was evident that secret British influences were behind them.

Then followed in rapid succession armed expeditions which had for their purpose the punishment of these tribes, so as to stop their hostilities, and the building of a powerful American stronghold at Kekionga. Although the Indians of the Mississinewa were directly affected by all of these expeditions yet none of them reached that secure central point. First was the expedition of General Harmar in the fall of 1790 in which he suffered a repulse on October 22 on the Maumee River, just where the city of Fort Wayne now stands. During the following summer there were two brief "desultory operations" against the Miamis further south. The expedition of General Winfield T. Scott in June, 1791, and of General James Wilkinson in August, harassed the Miami towns of Ouiatenon (four miles below Lafayette), Kethtippecanunk (at the mouth of Tippecanoe), and Kenapacomaqua (six miles up Eel River from Logansport), destroying the crops and carrying away many prisoners. They did not meet with much opposition as the principal bands of warriors were away getting ready for the large expedition that was coming under Governor Arthur St. Clair in the fall. The Governor came with a large but poorly organized army from Fort Washington (Cincinnati) in October. His direct objective was to build a fort at Kekionga—a post strong enough to control the Indian situation in the Middle-West. The massacre of his army as a result of the generalship of Little Turtle on the headwaters of the Wabash (Fort Recovery, Ohio) November 4, 1791, was a climax in the misfortunes of the Americans in handling this Indian situation.

This was followed by vigorous action of the Federal Government directed by President Washington himself. Mad Anthony Wayne organized the Legion of the United States, decisively defeated the confederated tribes at the battle of The Fallen Timbers on August 20, 1794, and then built Fort Wayne. He dictated terms of peace at the treaty of Greenville in the

summer of 1795. There Little Turtle spoke eloquently for the preservation of this vast Miami domain. He said in the great council of July 22, 1795:

It is well known that my forefathers kindled the first fire at Detroit; from thence they extended their lines to the headwaters of the Scioto; then to its mouth; thence down the Ohio to the mouth of the Wabash and thence to Lake Michigan. [This included all of Indiana and a part of Ohio]

I have now informed you of the boundaries 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 lands, but to preserve them for their posterity. This charge has been handed down to me.⁴

He signed the treaty reluctantly, declaring: "I have been the last to sign it: I shall be the last to break it." And he never did. The Miamis never fought again, as a nation, until they were forced to strike a last despairing blow on the Mississinewa seventeen years later to save their homes from destruction.

The Miamis of the Mississinewa were actively engaged in all these continental affairs but their secure middle region was untouched by the hand of war. It was natural from the security of their location that they should be among the most independent of all Indian tribes.

When William Henry Harrison, as governor of Indiana Territory and Superintendent of Indian affairs, began his policy of opening Indian lands to white settlers by a series of treaties, he found the Miamis of the Mississinewa the most stubborn objectors to his most important treaty which was made at Fort Wayne in September, 1809. His Journal makes this interesting note of the proceedings on September 26 of that year:

A meeting of the several tribes took place. The Potawatomies urged an immediate compliance to the proposal of the United States. The Miamis from Mississinewa took the lead in the debate and declared that they would no longer consider them as brothers but that they would loose the chain which had united them with the tomahawk. Setting up a shout of defiance which was echoed by all, the warriors proceeded immediately to the Council House to inform the Governor of what they had done. The Governor blamed them for their rashness and made them promise not to offer the Miamis any further insult and to put their cause in his hands.

⁴Wallace A. Brice, *History of Fort Wayne*, 114.

It appeared that such of the Miamis as had determined in favor of the Treaty were intimidated by the vehemence of the Chiefs of the Mississinewa Village and remained silent.⁵

Governor Harrison was not able to win over those proud Mississinewa Chiefs until he assured them, as his Journal recites, that

it was always the Governor's intention so to draw up the Treaty that the Potawatomes and Delawares would be considered as participating in the advantages of the Treaty as allies of the Miamis not as having any right to the land. Every countenance brightened at this declaration.⁶

The Governor had to assure them further "that he perfectly understood and admitted that they (the Mississinewa Chiefs) were the real representatives of the Miami Nation and that he should always consider them as such."

Governor Harrison returned from Fort Wayne to Vincennes by way of the Mississinewa, of which he said in his Journal:

We arrived at Mississinewa on the 6th [November, 1809] where we were hospitably received by Richardville the Grand Sachem of the Miamis who expressed his entire satisfaction at the conclusion of the Treaty.⁷

The whole number of Indians present on September 30, 1809, the day that treaty was signed, was 1390. It was this treaty, usually known as the New Purchase Treaty, or the treaty which drew the "Ten o'clock" Boundary Line, that brought the confederacy of Tecumseh and the Prophet out into the open, which in turn lead to the Battle of Tippecanoe. These famous Shawnee twins had established some time in 1808 a new capital known as Prophetstown on the Wabash, near the mouth of the Tippecanoe. This was in the very heart of the Miami country, and it was established in this place for the purpose of involving the powerful Miamis in the great confederated movement which had as its main object the recovery of all the land that Indians had lost or sold.

However, largely through the influence of Little Turtle, as well as through the spirit of native independence that always characterized the Miamis, they never came under the ascendancy of these powerful Shawnee leaders. But, as the situation at Prophetstown gradually approached a threatening stage,

⁵ *Messages and Letters of William Henry Harrison*, edited by Logan Esarey, I, 369.

⁶ *Ibid.*, 375.

⁷ *Ibid.*, 376.

it seems that some of the Miamis, particularly of the Ouatonenon tribe, began to waver. When Governor Harrison finally determined to destroy Prophetstown and received orders to do so from the War Department, he sent a message of warning to all the Miamis on September 11, 1811, in which he said in part:

My Children. Be wise and listen to my voice. I fear that you have got on a road that will lead you to destruction. It is not too late to turn back. Have pity upon your women and children. It is time that my friends should be known. I shall draw a line. Those that keep me by the hand must keep on one side of it and those that adhere to the Prophet on the other.⁸

Several Miami chiefs made wise answers to this ultimatum, affirming their adherence to the terms of the Treaty of Greenville and their continued friendship for the United States. The Governor reported the sentiments of the Miamis of the Mississinewa as follows:

Silverheels, the Mississinewa Chief, spoke at great length and said; that he informed his people that he conceived it greatly to the interest of his nation, that a decisive answer should be given to their great fathers speech, that he had asked for it, and that he was entitled to have it, that for himself he had always detested the Prophet and his doctrine, and that the interest of the nation required of the Miamis that they should have no connection with the Prophet; that in case a misunderstanding should take place between the United States and the Prophet it is the interest of the Nation to remain neutral, and hold our father by the hand. My Chiefs and warriors now present, I hope this will be the answer that you will send to our great father.⁹

The battle of Tippecanoe was fought on November 7, 1811, almost within sound of some of the Miami villages, but these proud warriors did not take part in it. One of the last in line of descent of the Miami Chiefs of the Mississinewa, Gabriel Godfroy, who lived and died on the Mississinewa, said on the battlefield of Tippecanoe at a great Indian gathering there on June 16, 1907:

My people, the Miamis, made peace with the whites in Washington's time [Greenville] and never violated it. My people did not take part in the Battle of Tippecanoe. If they had, the result would have been different, for it was very close anyhow. The red men made their treaties and kept them, but the white men did not.¹⁰

⁸ *Ibid.*, 577.

⁹ *Ibid.*, 580.

¹⁰ Benj. F. Stuart, *History of the Wabash and Valley*, 238. See 237-239 for address of Gabriel Godfroy delivered at Battleground, Indiana, on June 16, 1907.

At the time of the battle Tecumseh was far away in the South, visiting his mother's people, the Creek Indians, for the purpose of enlisting them in his continental confederacy. He had left positive orders that there should be no bloodshed in his absence and was greatly disappointed and outraged when he learned on his return of the disastrous effect of the battle of Tippecanoe. It had frustrated all his plans for this region. But he began earnestly and patiently to lay plans for a new confederacy and for that purpose he called a great council of twelve tribes on the Mississinewa.

This council was held on May 15, 1812, at an Indian village on the west side of the Mississinewa, just across from the present circus winter quarters near Peru, about a mile from its confluence with the Wabash. This was called the Osage Village, though it was purely a Miami village, because a chief named Osage, who was probably descended from the Osages, was a prominent leader at that place. Some of the sessions may have been held at the Godfroy Village on the other side of the Mississinewa and over a mile east of the Osage Village. Here the Godfroy Cemetery is now located on a bluff overlooking the Wabash.

Fortunately, we have an exact and authentic report of the main proceedings of this council in writing. Captain William Wells, adopted son and son-in-law of Little Turtle, whose remarkable career as a white Indian boy runs through an important chapter of the history of the Miamis and who often visited the Mississinewa villages with Chief Little Turtle, was present at this council and interpreted and transcribed the principal speeches. His transcript was given to Governor Harrison and filed with the War Department. The transcript is dated May 15, 1812, and was signed by William Wells on May 24. The Indian speeches recorded therein follow:

[Address of the Wyandotts]

Younger brothers, you that reside on the Wabash, listen to what we say; and in order that you may distinctly hear and clearly understand our words, we now open your ears and place your hearts in the same position that it was placed by the Great Spirit when he created you.

Younger brothers, we are sorry to see your path filled with thorns and briars, and your land covered with blood; our love for you has caused us to come and clean your paths and wipe the blood off your land, and take the weapons that have spilled this blood from you, and put them where you can never reach them **again**.

Younger brothers, this is done by the united voice of all your elder brothers, that you now see present, who are determined to not be disobeyed. The determination of your elder brothers, to put an entire stop to the effusion of blood, has met with the approbation of our fathers, the British, who have advised all the red people to be quiet and not meddle in quarrels that may take place between the white people.

[Tecumseh's Reply]

Elder brothers, we have listened with attention to what you have said to us; we now pity ourselves; our hearts are good; they never were bad. Governor Harrison made war on my people in my absence: it was the will of God that he should do so. We hope it will please God that the white people may let us live in peace; we will not disturb them, neither have we done it; except when they come to our village with the intention of destroying us. We are happy to state to our brothers present, that the unfortunate transaction that took place between the white people and a few of our younger men at our village, has been settled between us and Governor Harrison; and I will further state, that had I been at home, there would have been no blood shed at that time.

We are sorry to find that the same respect has not been paid to the agreement between us and Governor Harrison, by our brothers, the Potawatomes, however, we are not accountable for the conduct of those over whom we have no control; let the chiefs of that nation exert themselves, and cause their warriors to behave themselves, as we have and will continue to do ours.

Should the bad acts of our brothers, the Potawatomes, draw on us the ill-will of our white brothers, and they should come again and make an unprovoked attack on us at our village, we will die like men, but we will never strike the first blow.

[Address by the Potawatomes]

We are glad that it should please the Great Spirit for us to meet today, and incline all our hearts for peace.

Some of the foolish young men of our tribe, that have for some winters past ceased to listen to the voice of their chiefs, and followed the counsel of the Shawnee, that pretended to be a Prophet, have killed some of our white brothers this spring, at different places. We have believed that they were encouraged in this mischief by this pretended Prophet, who, we know, has taken great pains to detach them from their own chiefs and attach them to himself. We have no control over these few vagabonds, and consider them not belonging to our nation; and will be thankful to any people that will put them to death, wherever they are found. As they are bad people, and have learnt to be so from the pretended prophet, and as he has been the cause of setting those people on our white brother, we hope he will be active in reconciling them. As we all hear him say, his heart is inclined for peace, we hope we may all see that declaration supported by his future conduct and that all our women, and children may lay down to sleep without fear. The future conduct of the Potawatomes will evince the great desire they have to effect this desirable object.

[Tecumseh's Reply]

It is true, we have endeavored to give all our brothers good advice; and if they have not listened to it, we are sorry for it. We defy a living creature to say we ever advised any one, directly or indirectly, to make war on our white brothers. It has constantly been our misfortune to have our views misrepresented to our white brothers; this has been done by pretended chiefs of the Potawatomes and others, that have been in the habit of selling land to the white people that did not belong to them.

[The Delawares to Tecumseh]

We have not met at this place to listen to such words. The red people have been killing the whites, the just resentment of the latter is raised against the former. Our white brethren are on their feet, their guns in their hands, there is no time for us to tell each other you have done this, and you have done that; if there was, we would tell the Prophet that both the red and white people had felt the bad effect of his counsels. Let us all join our hearts and hands together, and proclaim peace through the land of the red people. Let us make our voices be heard and respected, and rely on the justice of our white brethren.

[Address by the Miamis]

We feel happy that we all appear of one mind, that we all appear to be inclined for peace; that we all see that it would be our immediate ruin to go to war with the white people.

We, the Miamis, have not hurt our white brethren since the treaty of Greenville. We would be glad if all of the other nations present could say the same; we will cheerfully join our brethren for peace, but we will not join you for war against the white people.

We hope our brothers, the Potawatomes, Shawnees, Kickapoos, and Winnebagoes, will keep their warriors in good order, and learn them to pay more respect to their women and children than they have done by going and murdering the innocent white people. The white people are entitled to satisfaction; it is the interest of the Indians to give it to them immediately. Let us do justice to our white brethren and expect justice from them; by doing this, we shall insure the future peace and happiness of our women, and children.

[Address by the Kickapoos]

Elder brothers, we, your younger brothers, have listened to all you have said with attention. It only remains for us to say, that we are glad to hear you say you have pity on our women and children and wish to stop the effusion of our blood. We have settled our disputes with Governor Harrison, and are sorry the Potawatomes have not acted more like men than they have done, by killing the white people after we had made peace with them.

We have not two faces, and despise the people that have. The peace we have made with Governor Harrison we will strictly adhere to, and trouble no person and hope none will trouble us.¹¹

¹¹ *Messages and Letters of Harrison*, II, 50-53, for the several addresses and replies here quoted.

Tecumseh went directly from this council to join the British in Canada, where he was made a Brigadier General in the British army and given command of all the warriors among the Indian allies of the British in the West. The War of 1812 began on June 18, and its effects were quickly felt by the Miamis. The Indians all about became very restless during the late summer and fall of 1812. The surrender of Detroit by General Hull in August had a tremendous effect upon their minds as to the increasing power of the British and it was quickly followed by a series of hostile outbreaks all along the immediate border of the Indian country.

The massacre of Fort Dearborn occurred on August 15, 1812, the Pigeon Roost Massacre on September 4, and the attack on Fort Harrison on the same day. The siege of Fort Wayne culminated the next week, September 12. Some of the Miamis became involved in these outbreaks. They had lost in the meantime two of their greatest leaders for peace. Little Turtle died at the home of his son-in-law, William Wells, on Spy Run Avenue in Fort Wayne on July 14, 1812, and William Wells was killed a few weeks later, fighting heroically during the massacre of Fort Dearborn.

It was clear that a great many Miami warriors of the lower Wabash (the Weas, or Ouatensons) participated in the attack on Fort Harrison and that those of the upper Wabash and of the Eel River tribe were engaged in the siege of Fort Wayne. Because of their strategic position, the Mississinewa villages became central meeting places for hostile bands and for the gathering of supplies and for councils of war. This caused General Harrison, who had resigned his position as Governor of Indiana Territory to become the commander-in-chief of the American forces in the West, to strike a blow at the Miamis of the Mississinewa. This measure was determined, not so much for the purpose of destroying these people as it was for the purpose of destroying their villages and making it impossible that this strategic area should be used for conferences and supplies by Indian enemies. Consequently on November 25, 1812, General Harrison issued the military order to Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, in which he set forth fully the entire situation and his purposes concerning it:

Sir: The object of the command which has been assigned to you is the attack and destruction of the Miami villages at Mississinewa.

The three small tribes which compose what they call the Miami nation were very lately assembled there viz. the Miamis proper whose residence it is, the Eel River tribe and the Wea tribe. The latter had participated in the attack upon Fort Harrison and the former in that upon Fort Wayne and their warriors have been concerned in several of the murders committed upon our citizens. There are however some of the chiefs who have undeviatingly exerted themselves to keep their warriors quiet, to preserve their friendly relations with us. This has been the case with respect to Richardville (a half Frenchman the 2nd Chief of the Miamis) Silver Heels and White Loon certainly, and perhaps of Pecon the Principal Chief of the Miamis and Charley the Principal Chief of the Eel River tribe. It is not my wish that you should run any risk in saving those people but if it can be done without risk it would be extremely gratifying to me and no doubt to the President. The same remark will also apply to the sons and brothers of the Little Turtle who continued to his last moment the warm friend of the United States and who in the course of his life rendered them many important services. Your own character as a soldier and that of the troops you command is a sure guarantee of the safety of the women and children. They will be taken however and conducted to the settlement.¹²

The order explained that the blow was to be aimed at the place rather than the people.

The hostilities which have been actually committed upon us by the Miamis justify our considering them enemies. They would not however have been attacked at this time but for the facility which their towns affords to the other tribes to attack our settlements and the convoys of the left wing of the army. The whole of the provisions must therefore be destroyed and the towns burned.¹³

Specific exception was made of the Godfroy family, of which many direct descendants are living in that vicinity to-day, a short distance from Peru :

There are probably some white men at Mississinewa but I am uncertain whether they are citizens of the United States or not. The safe way will be not to kill them if it can be prevented. An old Canadian by the name of Godfroy has lived there several years and has a squaw for his wife and he is and always has been a friend of the United States. There will be no difficulty in saving him as his house is apart from the rest.¹⁴

The General's order was carried into effect immediately. Early winter was thought to be a good time to strike the Indians, as they would not be expecting an attack and would be poorly prepared for it. Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, with

¹² *Ibid.*, 228.

¹³ *Ibid.*, 228.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, 228.

six hundred of the rank and file of the American Army, left Fort Greenville, Ohio, on December 14 and after a forced march of three days first reached the Mississinewa at a point about five miles north and west of the site of the present City of Marion. Colonel Campbell made a very complete report of the entire expedition on Christmas Day, 1812, in which he said:

The first two days I marched forty miles, the third day I pushed the troops as much as they could bear, marched the whole night although excessively cold stopping twice to refreshen and warm. This day and night we marched forty miles. Early in morning of the 17th I reached undiscovered an Indian town on the Mississinewa inhabited by a mixture of Delawares and Miamis. The troops rushed into the town killed eight warriors and took forty-two prisoners eight of whom are warriors, the residue women and children. I ordered the town to be immediately burnt, a house or two excepted in which I confined the prisoners and I ordered the cattle and other stock to be shot. I then left the infantry to guard the prisoners and with Simrall's and Balls Dragoons advanced to some Miami villages a few miles lower down the Mississinewa, but found them evacuated by all but a sick squaw whom we left in her house. I burnt on this excursion three considerable villages, took several horses and killed a great many cattle, and returned to the town I first burnt where I had left the prisoners and encamped. My camp was in the usual form but covered more ground than common.¹⁵

In his first brief report written at this camp on the morning of December 18, Colonel Campbell called it "Camp on the Mississinewa Two Miles Above Silver Heels Town". Evidently Silver Heels Town was one of the three villages destroyed on the preceding day by the expedition during which the destroying troops went as far as the mouth of Jocina Creek some three miles down the Mississinewa from this camp.

It was the plan to proceed with the main army on the 18th down the Mississinewa to its confluence with the Wabash, destroying all the villages along the way according to General Harrison's orders. But the army got no farther. During the night, the Miami braves, from all their Mississinewa villages, outraged by this unprovoked attack, as they viewed it, hurriedly assembled in one desperate band and attacked the American camp on all sides before daylight of the 18th. So then and there the Battle of the Mississinewa was fought in the dark

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, 254-255.

and in the cold and snow of early winter. The Colonel's report is replete with graphic details:

At four in the morning of the 18th, I ordered the reveille to be beaten, and the officers convened at my fire. A short time afterwards, whilst we were in council and about half an hour before day, my camp was most furiously attacked by a large party of Indians preceded by and accompanied with a most hideous yell. This immediately broke up the council and every man ran to his post. . . . The enemy boldly advanced to within a few yards of the lines and seemed determined to rush in. The guards posted at the different redoubts retreated into camp and dispersed among their different companies thus leaving me without a disposable force. . . . The enemy then took possession of Captain Pierce's redoubt and poured in a tremendous fire upon the angle to the right and left of which were posted Hopkins' and Garrard's troops but the fire was as warmly returned, not an inch of ground was yielded, every man, officer and soldier, stood firm and animated and encouraged each other.¹⁶

It was a desperate and unequal engagement, bravely fought on both sides. The Indians were compelled to withdraw soon after daylight leaving some of their dead upon the field. The official report says as to the killed and wounded:

From the enclosed list you will see the names and numbers of the killed and wounded, eight being killed and forty-eight wounded two of whom are since dead. The enemy paid dearly for their temerity. From the trails through the snow and those found dead, we could not have killed less than thirty which with those killed the day before amounts to thirty-eight. The enemy did not take a scalp. The Indian who killed Captain Pierce attempted to scalp him but was killed. Major Ball informs me that he can say with confidence that there never were officers and soldiers who displayed more cool, firm and soldierly conduct, than those of his squadron.¹⁷

Colonel Campbell's report to General Harrison abounds with superlative commendation of individual officers, soldiers and companies and does some justice to the courageous Miamis in the following flourish:

I have now, my dear Sir, detailed to you the particulars of an engagement bravely fought and victory gloriously won after contending most warmly for at least an hour. From the length of our line simultaneously attacked by them I am persuaded there could not have been less than three hundred of the enemy. They fought most bravely. My strength on the morning of the action was about five hundred and ninety rank and file—a considerable proportion of whom, amounting to at least forty or

¹ *Ibid.*, 256-257.

² *Ibid.*, 259.

fifty, were almost rendered unfit for duty by the severity of the weather. Some were so badly frost bitten as to be scarcely able to walk. There never was severer service performed by any troops and yet there is not a murmur.¹⁸

An unusually large number of horses were killed, some of them probably from jumping or falling over the steep declivity that flanks the battlefield, and breaking their necks on the icy Mississinewa below.

The army went no further down the Mississinewa, but returned to Greenville as rapidly as possible, in constant fear of another attack by the Indians. The Colonel said:

I shall not be surprised to learn that Tecumseh commanded in the action against me. Let him be who he may, he was a gallant fellow and maneuvered well. William Conner thinks it was Little Thunder (nephew to the Little Turtle) from his loud voice, which he knew. He heard him ordering his men in the Miami language to rush on, that they [American soldiers] would soon retreat.¹⁹

Tecumseh was not there. It is now believed that the leader was Francis Godfroy, Pa-long-wa, a stalwart youth who had recently been made a Miami war chief. The Miamis fought alone. They never fought again as a nation.

It should be given distinct emphasis that this was an important battle of the War of 1812. Although it did not effect the immediate military object of General Harrison in actually destroying all the villages on the Mississinewa, yet it did accomplish effectively his main purpose. It struck terror to the hearts of the Indians of this region and prevented them from actively participating in the war which they might have done otherwise under the leadership of Tecumseh. So it served that purpose as a cruel necessity of war.

On the other hand it is gratifying to reflect that the heroic efforts of those Miami braves in the cold and snow of early dawn on that December day in 1812 also accomplished their main purpose. They saved their homes on the lower Mississinewa and were not compelled to move from that loved place. They saved their squaws and papooses. Considering all the elements involved, this battleground is more vivid with human and historic associations than some greater battlefields of

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, 260-261.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*

America that are much better known. It is a unique memorial site by reason of its scenic beauty and its historic interest.

Following the War of 1812 and the admission of Indiana into the union as a state in 1816, white settlers encroached rapidly upon the Indian country. It was clear that the race was doomed. The Indian paradise on the Mississinewa was one of the last of the wilderness fastnesses of the middle west to be invaded by white civilization.

The year 1835 marks an epochal base line for that region. In that year Wabash County was legally organized embracing within its boundaries some twelve or fourteen miles of the middle section of the Mississinewa. This included several villages of the Miamis, the best known of which was Deaf Man's Village located around a wonderful ever-flowing spring about eight miles from the junction of the Mississinewa with the Wabash.²⁰

During the years 1834 and 1835, Miami County was also organized, including in its boundaries the last seven miles of the Mississinewa. There were a number of important Indian settlements along this final scenic stretch of the river, among which were the Osage Village near the mouth of the river on the western side and the Godfroy Village directly across the river on the eastern side where the circus winter quarters now are. At the same time (1834-35), the town site of Peru was laid out, and the village was started and officially designated as the county seat of the county of Miami. The Wabash and Erie Canal was in course of construction through Wabash and Miami Counties.

Fifty-seven years had passed since the great Miamis in the pride of their pagan power had counselled with the British there at the mouth of the Mississinewa and had rejected the tempting offers of Colonel Hamilton. Although this region was still their home and although their traditions of pride and power were fresh in their minds, most of their pride and strength had vanished. White men's trading posts were being established throughout the region and the Indians were gradually succumbing to white civilization. They were slowly taking on white ways and their aboriginal strength was being rapidly depleted by white influences.

²⁰ Shepoconah, The deaf Miami Chief who founded the village, died in 1838.

Within this epochal year of 1835, there was brought to light in the heart of this Miami country on the Mississinewa a famous wilderness mystery. At Deaf Man's Village, by the famous ever-flowing spring that is still there exactly now as then, the "Little Lost Sister of the Wyoming" was discovered. Fifty-seven years had flown since little Frances Slocum, five years old, had been spirited away from her happy childhood home on the distant Susquehanna. Her strong and faithful brothers had never ceased to search for her. It had become a continental mystery and the active search had reached far and wide among Indian villages nearly everywhere throughout the Middle West, but it had never penetrated this secluded Miami region of the Mississinewa.

One night in January, 1835, Colonel George W. Ewing, a prominent trader from the little town of Logansport, came to Deaf Man's village and spent the night in the home of old Ma-con-a-qua, widow of Chief Shepoconah. The aged widow of the Chief could not speak English, but Ewing knew the Miami language and conversed freely with her. He saw that she was an unusual woman, to be in an Indian home, and that there was more than Indian order and cleanliness about the place. She was treated with marked respect by every member of the Indian family. Though her face had been darkened by exposure, he noted that the skin of her upper arm, when the ruffled sleeve turned up, was fairly white.

She seemed touched by his friendly interest and asked him to remain by the fire after the other members of the family had retired. She said: "I have something on my mind. I am old and weak. I shan't live long and I must tell it. I can't die in peace if I don't." Then with much evidence of emotion and with great hesitancy stopping often with her hand to her ear and turning her head half round from time to time with Indian alertness, she told him the wonderful story of her life. She was Frances Slocum. Thus a wilderness mystery and a race romance came to light that night on the Mississinewa. The "Little Lost Sister of the Wyoming" was the "White Rose of the Miamis".

Colonel Ewing had never before heard of that wilderness mystery of Revolutionary days. He was deeply impressed by the story and wrote a full account for eastern papers, in which he paid this tribute to the old white Indian woman:

She has lived long and happily 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.²¹

It was more than two full years before this report reached the Slocums in their eastern homes. They came—two brothers and a sister—in September, 1837, to Deaf Man's Village on the Mississinewa. There they found the wrinkled old Ma-con-a-qua and they knew at once that she was their long lost Frances. Although in her faded hair no trace remained of the fine chestnut red that had made little Frances beautiful, the Slocum family likeness was plainly stamped upon her features.

They were overwhelmed with emotion, but she was stolid as if a real Indian. A poet has described that affecting scene:

They found her there—the one for whom
They searched as for a gem;
And sore they wept, as memory brought
The dreamlike past to them.

But she was calm and passionless
And as a statue still;
There were no chords within her breast
At memory's touch to thrill.²²

The brothers went out to look around her place and to see how well she was situated with her wealth of land and live-stock. She did not accompany them and when they returned, she was sitting on the ground in front of the cabin scraping a deer skin with a knife and did not look up. She was quite reserved and could scarcely be induced to talk to them. To get her out of this Indian environment, they persuaded her to visit them in the little village of Peru the next day. She came on horseback in gala attire, with all the members of her family, riding astride single file in Indian fashion along the scenic Indian trail by the Mississinewa (now the Frances Slocum Trail) and met her brothers and sister in a little tavern where the Bearss Hotel now stands. She brought a fresh venison ham wrapped in a clean white cloth, which was offered and accepted as an Indian pledge of friendship. Then she became more communicative.

²¹ John F. Meginness, *Biography of Frances Slocum*, 40.

²² *Ibid.*, 53.

A pathetic incident occurred during the conference at the tavern. Worn out by those strange surroundings, Frances slipped away and was found soon after lying fast asleep on the back porch, where she had gone to rest outside and to be alone for awhile. It was indeed true of her as Dr. Peck, who knew her well, wrote:

She looked like an Indian, talked like an Indian, lived like an Indian, seated herself like an Indian, ate like an Indian, lay down to sleep like an Indian, thought, felt, and reasoned like an Indian; she had no longings for her original home or the society of her kindred; she eschewed the trammels of civilized life and could only breathe freely in the great unfenced out-doors, which God gave the Red Man!²³

The story of Frances Slocum is fully verified history and will live forever as a wilderness race romance. Gradually all the facts of her eventful life came out. She remembered in her Indian old age every detail of her capture and adoption as a white child. She remembered that the three Indians who captured her on November 2, 1778, ran far into the forest and over the mountain before they camped that first night in a cave. They traveled north several days to a Delaware village, carrying her all day and making a soft bed of leaves for her at night. She was adopted by an old Delaware chief and squaw and became their child. They were very proud and jealous of her. They kept her hid from white people and taught her to mistrust all whites. They dressed her rich red hair in beautiful Indian style. Sometimes they painted her face and bedecked her with fine Indian beads and rich wampum. All the Indians admired her, almost with superstition, because of her beautiful hair. They called her Ma-con-a-qua (Female Lion or Little Bear Woman), because she was so strong and swift.

For several years, up to the end of the Revolution in 1783, she lived among the northern wilds within the sound of Niagara Falls. Then they came farther west with her to what is now Indiana soil. She lived for about twenty-five years at Kekionga (now Fort Wayne) and at the Eel River Miami village some fifteen miles away. She was an eye witness to all the stirring history from 1790 to 1795—the campaigns of Harmar, St. Clair, and Wayne. She was first married to a Delaware, who treated her badly and soon ran away. Then, while

²³ *Ibid.*, 72.

living at the Miami village, Fort Wayne, she married the Miami chief, She-po-con-ah, and lived with him happily. Her two sons and two daughters were born there. She thought they moved to the Mississinewa about the time of the Battle of Tippecanoe—or maybe a little after, but at least before 1815. They lived first at Osage Village, near the mouth of the river but soon established their own settlement at the wonderful spring—Deaf Man's Village. Her Chief, She-po-con-ah, did not fight in the Battle of the Mississinewa. Frances influenced her friends among the Miamis to keep peace with the whites. They regarded her almost as a prophetess.

A very interesting and authentic description of the "White Rose of the Miamis" was given in 1907 by Chief Gabriel Godfroy, who knew her well and who married her granddaughter:

I often saw Frances Slocum. She looked like a squaw, not like a white woman. She was a pretty large woman, but not very tall. Her picture looks like her. Frances was a very stout young girl. She would break ponies and could jump on ponies when they were running. One day when she was living with her Delaware father, she found a wounded Indian leaning against a tree. She and her Delaware Indian father took this Indian, who was a Miami, and nursed him back to health. When he got well he hunted [game] for the Delaware, who was getting old, to pay him for taking care of him. When the Delaware came to die, he said to the man, 'You have been good to me. You shall have this white woman for a wife.' So after the death of the Delaware, this Miami who was deaf, took Frances as his wife and went back among the Miamis, where he had been chief soldier, and became chief and lived at Deaf Man's Village, on the Mississinewa.²⁴

After spending several days with her and seeing and hearing all these things, the two brothers, Isaac and Joseph Slocum, and sister, Mary, pleaded with Frances to go back with them to the old home of her mother which was still waiting for her. There she could have the comforts of civilization and be taught the true religion of her parents. She answered sadly, but firmly:

No, I cannot. I have always lived with the Indians; they have always used me very kindly; I am used to them. The Great Spirit has always allowed me to live with them, and I wish to live and die with them. . . . This is my home. . . . My husband and my boys are buried here, and I cannot leave them. On his dying day my

²⁴ Stuart, *History of the Wabash and Valley*, 238-239.

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?

Her daughters, Cut Finger and Yellow Leaf, who sat near by, agreed with her. One of them said: "The fish dies quickly out of water." And the other added: "The deer will not live out of the forest."

Then her brothers and sister begged her to come with them only for a visit. To this she replied:

I cannot, I cannot, I am an old tree. I cannot move about. I was a sapling when they took me away. It is all gone past. I am afraid I should die and never come back. I am happy here. I shall die here and lie in that graveyard, and they will raise the pole at my grave with the white flag on it, and the Great Spirit will know where to find me. I should not be happy with my white relatives. I am glad enough to see them, but I cannot go, I cannot go. I have done.²⁵

She would not leave her Indian home on her loved Mississinewa and she was satisfied with her Indian religion.

Two years later in the fall of 1839, Joseph Slocum came again with two of his grown daughters to visit his sister Frances—still Ma-con-a-qua, the Indian Chief's widow of Deaf Man's Village. While there, Joseph arranged for a young artist, George Winter, of Logansport to paint a picture of his aged sister in her home on the Mississinewa. The hand written journal of George Winter recounting his experiences in executing that mission to Deaf Man's Village, beautifully embellished by artistic illustrations throughout, has recently been procured in its original form and is now preserved in the Tippecanoe County Historical Museum. The young artist went on foot from Peru to Deaf Man's Village. With artistic appreciation, he noted the scenic wonder of the way as well as the historic significance. He waded the Mississinewa between the Osage and Godfroy villages and wrote this significant comment:

A genial sun rested upon the pleasant scenery of the Mississinewa. We rested upon the banks of the river; regaled ourselves by smoking our Havanas, preparatory to our fording the stream which swept by rapidly giving forth the sweet liquid music peculiar to rushing waters. . . .

The scenes around us were primitive—full of nature's loveliness, and enjoyable.

²⁵ Meginness, *Frances Slocum*, 71.

He approached Deaf Man's Village from the opposite side of the river and made this notation of his first view of Frances and her home:

On arriving at the ford, I saluted the village. The captive woman appeared in the hallway that was between the two wings of her log cabin. It was one of the substantial old-fashioned quadrangular 'forest mansions'—such as the thrifty farmer builds when his interests expand and his family becomes enlarged.²⁶

The pictures that George Winter made of Frances Slocum, her home and various members of her family, of Chief Francis Godfroy and other persons and places on the Mississinewa, are invaluable for the light they cast upon the human and historic interest, as well as the scenic loveliness of that favored region.

The next few years brought melancholy history to these simple people along the Mississinewa. On May 1, 1840, Francis Godfroy, the last great war chief of the Miamis, passed away at his magnificent Mt. Pleasant home near the junction of the Mississinewa and Wabash. There he had lived in rude feudal splendor, maintaining a great trading station, administering justice and dispensing hospitality to his people with powerful and ready hands. He was a man of giant stature and stately appearance—over six feet tall and weighing 340 pounds.

He had succeeded She-po-con-ah, husband of Frances, as principal chief, when the Deaf Man became too old for the service and he had ever been the faithful friend and counsellor of Ma-con-a-qua. His funeral on the hillside opposite his home, where the Godfroy Cemetery now is, was attended by all the sorrowing Miamis and hundreds of white people who came to show their respect for the great-hearted, broad-minded chief. Wappapinchi, "Black Raccoon", a minor chief and a noted orator of the Miamis, is buried near the grave of Chief Godfroy on the spot where he delivered the following funeral oration for his great chief:

Brothers: The Great Spirit has taken to himself another of our once powerful and happy, but now rapidly declining, nation. The time has been when these forests were densely populated by the red man; but the same hand whose blighting touch withered the majestic frame before us and caused the noble spirit by which it was animated to seek another

²⁶ Journal of George Winter.

abode, has dealt in a like manner with his and our fathers; in a like manner it will deal with us. Death, of late, has been common among us—so much so that an occurrence of it scarcely attracts our notice. But when the brave, the generous, and the patriotic are blasted by it, then it is that the tears of our sorrow freely flow.

Such is now the case. Our brother who has just left us was brave, generous, and patriotic, and as a tribute to his merit and a reward for his goodness, the tears not only of his own people, but also of many white men, who are here assembled to witness these funeral rites, mingle in sorrow over the death of one they loved.

At this scene the poor of his people weep, because at his table they were wont to feast and rejoice. The weak mourn his death, because his authority was ever directed to their protection. But he has left the earth, the place of vexation and contention and is now participating with Pocahontas and Logan in those joys prepared by the Great Spirit for such as well and faithfully discharged their duties here. Brothers, let us follow his example and practice his virtues.²⁷

During the two years, 1838-40, shortly after the death of Chief Godfroy, the Miamis concluded their last great treaty with the United States at the forks of the Wabash and Little River near Huntington. They had already sold part of their land in a treaty made at Treaty Creek near the mouth of the Mississinewa and Treaty Spring in the City of Wabash in 1826. In their last treaty, concluded in 1840, they agreed to give up all their lands south of the Wabash and to take up their homes beyond the Mississippi within five years. It was one of the last sad chapters of the history of the Miamis on the Mississinewa as a nation.

Nothing in race history could be more touching and significant than the affecting incidents of the relation of Frances Slocum to the passing of the Miami Indians from that ancestral site. As the time drew near for the Indians to be taken away in 1845 and 1846, according to the treaty, the old woman became greatly troubled. She did not want to leave the place which had been her home for more than thirty years. She wanted to live and die there and be buried by her chief and her children.

Through the influence of her brothers and her white friends at Peru, a petition was presented to Congress asking that she be permitted to keep that home and receive her tribal annuities there with her children and grandchildren. It recited the main facts of her life asserting:

²⁷ Meginness, *Frances Slocum*, 214-215.

That she is too old to endure the fatigue of removing; and that under any circumstances she would deplore the necessity of being placed beyond the reach of her white relatives, who visit her frequently, and have extended their kindness towards her since she was discovered by them. That her children are the owners of a section of land granted to them by the treaty between the United States and said tribe of Indians of the sixth of November, A.D. 1838, who now reside upon and cultivate the same, and with whom your memorialist now lives, and that it is the wish and design of her children and their families, if it be the pleasure of the Government, to continue to reside upon and cultivate the same.²⁸

This petition was supported by Judge Alphonso A. Cole of Peru in a vigorous written argument:

She says she has lived a life of hardships and is now quite old, and wishes to spend the remainder of her days among her children, on their lands here; and she does not see why her great white father should not grant them the same privilege to remain here upon their lands, and receive their annuities here, as have been granted to some other families. I am well acquainted with the old lady, and all of her connexions which she alludes to, and feel authorized to say that they are respectable, honest, and, for Indians, uncommonly industrious people, and, in every sense of the word, good orderly citizens.²⁹

On January 28, 1845, this petition was adopted by the Congress of the United States as a joint resolution by unanimous consent, after a most eloquent address, attributed to John Quincy Adams, which concluded with these words:

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

Frances Slocum saw the passing of the "noble Red Man" on the Mississinewa. There she saw an Indian emporium supplanted by the white man's civilization. All of the Miami Indians except a few selected families were removed in 1846. They were taken away from their homes under military guard. They offered a sorrowful spectacle as they were accompanied by soldiers down the Mississinewa and up the Wabash, looking back for the last time upon their homes and the graves of their loved ones. The empty Indian huts along the Mississinewa gradually crumbled to decay and graves of dear ones

²⁸ *Ibid.*, 125-126.

²⁹ *Ibid.*, 128.

were neglected. The Indian dogs that had to be left behind were for many moons a touching reminder of the passing of a race.

It is believed that Frances Slocum never recovered from the grief she felt at the passing of the Indians from the Mississinewa. In her Indian character of Ma-con-a-qua, she continued to mourn the departure of her red friends. She passed away peacefully the next year, March 9, 1847, at the age of 74. She died in the Indian faith, but was given Christian burial. Her young nephew, Reverend George Slocum, who had been sent by his father, Isaac, to look after Frances the last year of her life, offered prayer at the house and, assisted by another Baptist clergyman, conducted a brief ceremony at the grave. Her brother, Isaac, too old and infirm to attend her burial, had a funeral sermon preached for her in the Baptist Church at Bellevue, Ohio, where he lived, from the eighth verse of the thirty-ninth chapter of Psalms: "I am become a stranger unto my brethren and an alien unto my mother's children."

Frances Slocum (Ma-con-a-qua) could see no difference between the Great Spirit of the Indians and the God of the white man. As she had always lived according to the teachings of her Indian parents, she believed that the Great Spirit would find her out and take her to the Happy Hunting Grounds, where her Indian chief and her Indian boys had already gone. A long pole with a white flag on it was erected at her grave, according to the Miami custom. She is forever at rest near the wonderful spring which still gives forth its bounteous waters just as when it slaked the thirst of the "White Rose of the Miamis" for more than a generation.

Her family and the Godfroys continued to live along the Mississinewa. In their descendants we see the kinship of races and their natural amalgamation. Their cemeteries are mute memorials of race romance. The Mississinewa—beautiful Falling Waters—flows on the same, rippling with memories of a great and simple people. In the famous historic sites along its course, we see our Miamis in three main aspects of their tribal character—warriors, counsellors, and tender human beings. Let it be remembered in justice to a pagan race, that they took a tender white child, kept her through a long life, and made her love them and become like them. When

found with them in her old age, the white man's historic record of her was: "*Her name is without reproach.*"

This article has been confined to sites and episodes upon the Mississinewa of large significance. Numerous other spots, events and persons, associated with later history on that interesting stream, might well be elaborated with colorful human interest. More recent Indian history on the Mississinewa is mostly of local and family significance. The last Miami Tribal Chief in Indiana was Meshingomesia. He died in 1879 and lies buried in the Indian Cemetery back of the Indian Village Church—still standing but almost a ruin—in sight of the the Mississinewa Battleground. It is in the heart of the reservation granted to Chief Metocinyah, father of Meshingomesia, in 1840. That reservation was dissolved and the land divided in 1873. The Indians became citizens in 1880. That may be taken as the end of the final chapter of the passing of a race on the Mississinewa.

There are many colorful memorials to the Miamis all along this scenic stream from Marion to Peru. Most significant of all is the river itself — the musical Mis-sis-sin-e-wa of the Miamis, to which these lines of Lydia H. Sigourney may be applied with peculiar fitness:

Ye say that all have passed away—that noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanished from off the crested wave;
That, 'mid the forests where they roamed, there rings no hunter's
shout,
But their name is on your waters—ye may not wash it out.

Ye say their cone-like cabins that clustered o'er the vale,
Have fled away like withered leaves, before the autumn's gale;
But their memory liveth on your hills, their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak their dialect of yore.