RED-HEADED QUAKER GIRL KIDNAPPED BY INDIANS

(FRANCES MACONAQUAH SLOCUM)

“I read somewhere that everybody on this planet is separated by only six other people. Six degrees of separation. Between us and everybody else on this planet.”

– Ouisa, in John Guare’s “SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION”
February 23, Wednesday: According to the Warwick, Rhode Island record: “These lines may certify all persons that Jonathan Slocum and Ruth Tripp both of the town of Portsmouth [perhaps residents on Patience, or Prudence, Island in Narragansett Bay], in the County of Newport were lawfully married in Warwick on the 23rd day of Febry in the year 1757.”
A white infant christened Frances Slocum, to be known for most of her life as Little Bear Woman or Maconaqua, was born during this year to a Quaker family from Portsmouth, Rhode Island that had relocated to the Wyoming district near the Wilkes-Barre fort in Pennsylvania.

The mother, Friend Ruth Tripp Slocum, had been born on March 21, 1736, daughter of Isaac Tripp and Susanna Spencer(?) Tripp of Portsmouth, Rhode Island. The father, Friend Jonathan Slocum, was in the 5th generation after Giles Slocum, 1st of the Slocum line of Rhode Island. According to the Warwick RI record: “These lines may certify all persons that Jonathan Slocum and Ruth Tripp both of the town of Portsmouth [perhaps residents on Patience, or Prudence, Island in Narragansett Bay], in the County of Newport were lawfully married in Warwick on the 23rd day of Febry in the year 1757.”
After the Wyoming massacre of July 3d near Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, the Quaker family of Friend Jonathan Slocum, residing near the fort, did not flee with the other whites of the district. At some point 5-year-old Frances Slocum was discovered by members of the Delaware and Miami tribes in the closet under the stairs, because they were able to see her feet.

The tribalists also discovered her 12-year-old brother Ebenezer Slocum, but didn’t bother themselves with him because of a deformed leg. (Near where she was taken into captivity is now the Frances Slocum Playground, which has a swing set and a basketball court. A few miles outside town is the Frances Slocum State Park.) Little Frances was taken first by canoe to Tioga, an Iroquois village on the Susquehanna River, and then overland to the Niagara River and a Delaware village. Although a number of histories have stated that this abduction took place in November, in an old family Bible Ebenezer Slocum describes it as taking place in September. As an identifying characteristic, this little auburn-haired pioneer girl had lost the end of the index finger of her left hand in a hammer-and-anvil accident. At the Delaware village, little Frances would be adopted by Strong Bear and Meshinga, a Miami couple who had lost their own daughter. She would traveled with them to their home in Kekionga (now Fort Wayne, Indiana). At the county historical museum in Wabash,
Indiana there are a pair of moccasins and a shawl made by this “lost sister of the Wyoming.”

1809

Thomas Campbell’s narrative poem *Gertrude of Wyoming*, written in Spenserian stanzas.¹

1812

There was a battle between whites and the Miami tribe in the Indiana territory, a battle which is now celebrated annually in Wabash.

¹ The reference is to the Wyoming Valley of Pennsylvania and a massacre that occurred there in 1778.
The Paradise Springs Treaty, in which the native Americans allegedly ceded to the white settlers part of northern Indiana and southern Michigan. This treaty is now celebrated annually in the town of Wabash. Said Phyllis Miley, great-great-granddaughter of Frances Maconaquah Slocum, “The white man in Wabash will not give an inch.”

A trapper named George Ewing encountered, in the Indiana territory, a gray-haired woman named Maconaquah who related to him that she had been born in the white settlements. Initially he was dubious, because pretty much all she was able to remember was that her father had worn a hat with a broad brim. At that point she couldn’t even remember what her Christian name had been. Despite her reluctance to have her story spread around, Ewing wrote to the Quaker settlement in Lancaster, Pennsylvania telling them what he had learned.

This is likely to have been the map of Indiana that was available to Henry Thoreau, out of the atlas of Anthony Finley:
The new postmaster in Lancaster PA came upon an unprocessed letter, a couple of years old, from a trapper named George Ewing, relating that he had found in the Indiana territory a woman who claimed to have been abducted from a white settlement as a child. The letter was printed in a local temperance newspaper, *The Lancaster Intelligencer*, and was read in Wilkes-Barre, where a minister carried the word to the Slocum family. Joseph and Isaac Slocum, brothers of the sister named Frances Slocum who had been lost to the native Americans, journeyed to Peru in the Indiana territory and hired an interpreter through whom to establish a dialog with this person, at this point named Maconaquah. The brothers noted that, sure enough, the old woman had one fingertip missing, just like their little sister of long ago. When they called out “Frances,” she responded “Franka, Franka.” They had a two-day family reunion at the Bearrs Hotel in Peru, but entirely failed to talk their sister into leaving her family and returning with them home back east.
When the Miami tribe was being officially relocated during this decade to the far side of the Mississippi, Frances Slocum, or Maconaquah, since she was credited as a white woman, and her daughters, credited as half white, were allowed to stay behind and were granted a plot of land on which to live out the remainder of their lives.

March 9, Tuesday: Frances Maconaquah Slocum died. At the insistence of a white nephew her body received a Christian burial, but nevertheless her red family erected a pole with a white flag at the grave. The pole would rot away, and in the 1960s a dam on the adjacent Mississinewa River would inundate the site in order to provide water to the metropolis of Indianapolis — so her grave would need to be relocated to higher ground.
June 19, Saturday: The story of the 1778 kidnapping of the little redheaded Quaker girl, Frances Slocum, resurfaced in our nation's newspapers. Of course, no interracial atrocity story of this nature ever lost anything in the retelling — so Frances's older brother with the deformed leg, who was not taken, is depicted in the foreground being led away, while her father Friend Jonathan Slocum, absent during the event, is depicted stretched out as a corpse:
At the expense of Slocums across the nation, a monument was erected near Peru, Indiana to the memory of Frances Maconaquah Slocum which notes that she married Shepoconah, a Miami chief (after her first native American husband, a member of the Delaware tribe, had abused her), that her two half-white daughters had married clergymen, and, echoing the terminology of Psalms, that she “became a stranger to her mother tongue. She became a stranger to her brother, and an alien to her mother’s children, through her captivity.” This monument happens to be nowhere near the Frances Slocum State Park — to find it on County Road 900S near Peru you’d better be equipped both with a compass and with a local survey map.

Shinnecock tribesman John Henry Thompson was photographed on Paumanok Long Island, standing by a “barne,” a covered hole in the ground used for food preservation.

The white branch of the Slocum family and the red branch came into contact with one another for the first time in 125 years.
The site to which Frances Maconaquah Slocum’s grave had been moved, when her gravesite had been inundated by the Mississiwe Reservoir in the 1960s, was donated by a local historical society to the Miami tribe. Since they have never been recognized as a tribe by the federal government, the graveyard is about the only land this tribe owns as a collective entity.

In Wabash, Indiana, one of the local banks is the Frances Slocum Bank, its logo a male profile with hawk nose and war-feather headress (yes, they are aware that the person after whom their bank is named was not a red warrior but a white squaw).

“It’s all now you see. Yesterday won’t be over until tomorrow and tomorrow began ten thousand years ago.”

- Remark by character “Garin Stevens” in William Faulkner’s *Intruder in the Dust*
Prepared: November 4, 2013
This stuff presumably looks to you as if it were generated by a human. Such is not the case. Instead, upon someone’s request we have pulled it out of the hat of a pirate that has grown out of the shoulder of our pet parrot “Laura” (depicted above). What these chronological lists are: they are research reports compiled by ARRGH algorithms out of a database of data modules which we term the Kouroo Contexture. This is data mining. To respond to such a request for information, we merely push a
Commonly, the first output of the program has obvious deficiencies and so we need to go back into the data modules stored in the contexture and do a minor amount of tweaking, and then we need to punch that button again and do a recompile of the chronology — but there is nothing here that remotely resembles the ordinary "writerly" process which you know and love. As the contents of this originating contexture improve, and as the programming improves, and as funding becomes available (to date no funding whatever has been needed in the creation of this facility, the entire operation being run out of pocket change) we expect a diminished need to do such tweaking and recompiling, and we fully expect to achieve a simulation of a generous and untiring robotic research librarian. Onward and upward in this brave new world.

First come first serve. There is no charge.
Place your requests with <Kouroo@brown.edu>.
Arrgh.