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For the Pearl.

CITADEL HILL—HALIFAX.

The breeze comes up the bright and rippling bay;
Quickly before it moves a home-bound bark;—
On many a little cape white bursts the spray,
And rushes arrowy past the wharf piles dark.
There rise the steeples, but their bells are still,
For 'tis not sabbath;—and from city ways
Calls, cries, and labour clangs ascend the hill,—
Where the tall signal staff its flag displays,—
And the mute warder pores with practised skill
For other sails along the wavy maze.
And on the grassy counterscarp, at will,
Some grotesque goats are browsing;—while reclined—
Where the sweet herbage waveth in the wind,
A soldier group enjoy the subject scene,
Of town, and field, and ocean. Memory, kind,
Mayhap recalls the line of battle vast,—
Or vanished comrades who so true had been,—
Or that lov'd home, where life's glad morn was past,
Ere they knew ought of care or clarion blast.

WYOMING.

Enthusiast of the woods! When years apace
Have bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,
The sun-rise path, at morn, I see thee trace,
To hills with high magnolia overgrown,
And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and alone.

During our brief sojourn in this valley of deep and varied historical interest, we had the pleasure of forming some acquaintance with a lady of the Slocum family—distinguished for its sufferings in the scenes of the revolutionary war, and recently brought more conspicuously before the public in connexion with a romantic tale of a lost, but discovered sister.

Mr. Slocum, the father of the subject of the present narrative, was a non-combatant—being a member of the Society of Friends. Feeling himself therefore safe from the hostility even of the savages, he did not join the survivors of the massacre in their flight, but remained quietly upon his farm—his house standing in close proximity to the Willkissarré. But the beneficent principles of his faith had little weight with the Indians, notwithstanding the affection with which their race had been treated by the founder of Quakerism in Pennsylvania—the illustrious Penn—and long had the family cause to mourn their imprudence in not retreating from the doomed valley with their neighbours.

It was in the autumn of the same year of the invasion by Bulwer and Gi-en-gwah-toh, at mid-day, when the men were laboring in a distant field, that the house of Mr. Slocum was suddenly surrounded by a party of Delawares, prowling about the valley, in more earnest search, as it seemed, of plunder, than of scalps or prisoners. The inmates of the house at the moment of the surprise were Mrs. Slocum and four young children, the eldest of whom was a son aged 13, the second was a daughter, aged nine, the third, Francis Slocum, aged five, and a little son, aged two and a half. Near by the house, at a grindstone, engaged in grinding a knife, was a young man named Kingsley, assisted in the operation by a lad. The first hostile act of the Indians was to shoot down Kingsley, and take his scalp with the knife he had been sharpening.

The girl nine years old seems to have had the most presence of mind, for while the mother ran into the edge of a copse of wood near by, and little Francis attempted to secrete himself behind a stair-case, the former at the moment seized her little brother, the youngest above mentioned, and ran off in the direction of the fort. True, she could not make rapid progress, for she clung to the child, and not even the pursuit of the savages could induce her to drop her charge. The Indians did not pursue her far, and laughed heartily at the panic of the little girl, while they could not but admire her resolution. Allowing her to make her escape, they returned to the house, and after helping themselves to such articles as they choose, prepared to depart.

The mother seems to have been unobserved by them, although with a yearning bosom, she had so disposed of herself that while she was screened from observation she could notice all that occurred. But judge of her feelings at the moment they were about to depart, as she saw little Francis taken from her hiding place, and preparations made to carry her away into captivity, along with her brother 13 years old, (and who had been restrained from attempting flight by lameness in one of his feet,) and also the lad who had been assisting Kingsley at the grindstone.—The sight was too much for maternal tenderness to endure. Rushing forth from her place of

concealment, therefore, she threw herself upon her knees at the feet of her captors, and with the most earnest entreaties pleaded for their restoration. But their bosoms were made of sterner stuff than to yield even to a mother's entreaties, and they began to remove. As a last resource the mother appealed to their selfishness, and pointing to the maimed foot of her crippled son, urged as a reason why at least, they should relinquish him, the delays and embarrassments he would occasion them in their journey. The lad was left behind, while deaf alike to the cries of the mother, and the shrieks of the child, little Francis was slung over the shoulder of a stalwart Indian with as much indifference as though she was a slaughtered fawn.

The long, lingering look which the mother gave to her child, as her captors disappeared in the forest, was the last glimpse of her sweet features that she ever had. But the vision was for many a long year ever present to her fancy. As the Indian threw her child over his shoulder, her hair fell over her face, and the mother could never forget how the tears streamed down her cheeks, when she brushed it away as if to cast a last sad look on the mother, from whom, her little arms outstretched, she implored assistance in vain. Nor was this the last visit of the savage to the domicile of Mr. Slocum. About a month after, another horde of the barbarians, rushed down from the mountains, and murdered the aged grandfather of the little captive, and wounded the lad, already lame, by discharging a ball which lodged in his leg, and which he carried with him to his grave more than half a century afterward.

These events cast a shadow over the remaining years of Mrs. Slocum. She lived to see many bright and sunny days in that beautiful valley—bright and sunny, alas, to her no longer. She mourned for the lost one, of whom no tidings could be obtained. After her sons grew up, the youngest of whom, by the way, was born but a few months subsequent to the events already narrated, obedient to the charge of their mother, the most unwearied efforts were made to ascertain what had been the fate of the lost sister.—The forest between the Susquahanna and the great lakes, and even the more distant wilds of Canada, were traversed by the brothers in vain, nor could any information respecting her be derived from the Indians. Conjecture was baffled, and the mother, with a sad heart sunk into the grave, as also did the father, believing with the Hebrew patriarch that "the child was not."

The years of a generation passed, and the memory of little Francis was forgotten, save by the two brothers and sister, who, though advanced in the vale of life, could not forget the family tradition of the lost one. Indeed it had been the dying charge of their mother that they must never relinquish their exertions to recover Francis. It happened that in the course of the year 1835, Colonel Ewing, a gentleman connected with the Indian trade, and also with the public service of the country, while traversing a remote section of Indiana, was overtaken by the night, while at a distance from the abodes of civilized man. Becoming too dark for him to pursue his way, he sought an Indian habitation, and was so fortunate as to find shelter and a welcome in one of the better sort. The proprietor of the lodge was opulent for an Indian—possessing horses, skins, and other comforts in abundance. He was struck in the course of the evening by the appearance of the venerable mistress of the lodge, whose complexion was lighter than that of her family, and as glimpses were occasionally disclosed of her skin beneath her blanket robe, the Colonel was impressed with the opinion that she was a white woman. Colonel E. could converse in the Miami language, to which nation his host belonged, and after partaking of the best of their cheer, he drew the aged squaw into conversation, which soon confirmed his suspicions that she was only an Indian by adoption. Her narrative was substantially as follows:

"My father's name was Slocum. He resided on the banks of the Susquahanna, but the name of the village I do not recollect. Sixty winters and summers have gone since I was taken a captive by a party of Delawares, while I was playing before my father's house. I was too young to feel for any length of time the misery and anxiety which my parents must have experienced. The kindness and affection with which I was treated by my Indian captors, soon effaced my childish uneasiness, and in a short time I became one of them. The first night of my captivity was passed in a cave near the summit of a mountain, but a little distance from my father's. That night was the unhappiest of my life, and the impressions which it made were the means of indelibly stamping on my mind my father's name and residence. For years we led a roving life. I became accustomed to, and fond of, their manner of living. They taught me the use of the bow and arrow, and the beasts of the forest supplied me with food. I married a chief of our tribe, whom I had loved for his bravery and humanity, and kindly did he treat me. I dreaded the sight of a white man, for I was taught to believe him

the implacable enemy of the Indian. I thought he was determined to separate me from my husband and our tribe. After being a number of years with my husband he died. A part of my people then joined the Miamis, and I was among them. I then married a Miami, who was called by the pale faces the deaf man. I lived with him a good many winters, until he died. I had by him two sons and two daughters. I am now old and have nothing to fear from the white man. My husband, and all my children but these two daughters, my brothers and sisters, have all gone to the Great Spirit, and I shall go in a few moons more.—Until this moment I have never revealed my name, or told the mystery that hung over the fate of Francis Slocum."

Such was the substance of the revelation to Colonel Ewing. Still the family at Wyoming knew nothing of the discovery, nor did Colonel Ewing, know any thing of them. And it was only by reason of a peculiarly providential circumstance, that the tidings ever reached their ears. On Colonel Ewing's return to his own native home, he related the adventure to his mother, who with the just feelings of a woman, urged him to take some measures to make the discovery known, and at her solicitation he was induced to write a narrative of the case, which he addressed to the postmaster at Lancaster, with a request that it might be published in some Pennsylvania newspaper. But the latter functionary, having no knowledge of the writer, and supposing that it might be a hoax, paid no attention to it, and the letter was suffered to remain among the accumulations of the office for the space of two years. It chanced then, that the postmaster's wife, in rummaging over the old papers, while putting the office in order one day, glanced her eyes upon this communication. The story excited her interest, and with the true feeling of a woman, she resolved upon giving the document publicity. With this view she went to the neighbouring editor. And here, again, another providential circumstance intervened. It happened that a Temperance Committee had engaged a portion of the columns of the paper to which the letter of Colonel Ewing was sent, for the publication of an important document connected with that cause, and a large extra number of papers had been ordered for general distribution. The letter was sent forth with the temperance document, and it yet again happened that a number of this paper was addressed to a clergyman who had a brother residing at Wyoming. Having, from that brother, heard the story of the captivity of Francis Slocum, he had no sooner read the letter of Colonel Ewing than he enclosed it to him, and by him it was placed in the hands of Joseph Slocum, Esq., the surviving brother.

We will not attempt to describe the sensations produced by this most welcome, most strange, and most unexpected intelligence. This Mr. Joseph Slocum was the child, two years and a half old, that had been rescued by his intrepid sister, nine years old. That sister also survived, as also did her younger brother, living in Ohio. Arrangements were immediately made by the former two, to meet the latter in Ohio, and proceed thence to the Miami country, and reclaim the long lost and now found sister. "I shall know her if she be my sister," said the elder sister now going in pursuit, "although she may be painted, and dressed in her Indian blanket, for you, brother, hammered off her finger nail one day in the blacksmith's shop, when she was four years old." In due season they reached the designated place, and found their sister. But, alas! how changed! Instead of the fair-haired and laughing girl, the picture yet living in their imaginations, they found her an aged and thorough squaw in every thing but complexion. But there could be no mistake as to her identity. The elder sister soon discovered the finger mark. "How came the nail of that finger gone?" she inquired. "My older brother pounded it off when I was a little girl, in the shop," she replied. This circumstance was evidence enough, but other reminiscences were awakened, and the recognition was complete. But how different were the emotions of the parties! The brothers paced the lodge in agitation. The civilized sister was in tears. The other, obedient to the affected stoicism of her adopted race was as cold, unmoved, and passionless as marble.

It was in vain that they besought their sister to return with them to her native valley, and to bring her children along with her if she chose. Every offer and importunity were alike declined. She said she was well enough off, and happy. She had moreover promised her husband on his death-bed never to leave the Indians. Her two daughters had both been married, but one of them was a widow. The husband of the other is a half breed, named Broullette, who is said to be one of the noblest looking men of his race. They all have Indian wealth, and her daughters mount their steeds, and manage them well. The Slocums live nine miles from Peru, in Indiana. But notwithstanding the comparative comfort in which