

The Story of a Wigwam.

(ILLUSTRATED)

PART ONE.

IN WHICH ARE RELATED THE EARLY STRUGGLES, THE ORGANIZATION OF
AND THE ERECTION OF A PLACE OF WORSHIP BY

THE ON-I-SET WIGWAM CO-WORKERS,

WITH HALF-TONE CUTS OF THE WIGWAM AND VICINITY, MANY
CHARTER MEMBERS : AND AN ACCOUNT OF ITS LABORS.

BY

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"DONALDSON"

WRITER AND LECTURER.

AUTHOR OF

"Heart-Beats of Humanity" and *"The Cry of The Human."*

"To live to-day as though it was our last on earth to be
Determined that the fruit we leave shall be the best upon life's tree."

ONSET, MASS.

1904.

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BY
Mary C. Weston.



THE BLAZED TRAIL.

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Dedication.

To that man or woman, whoever they may be, that is broad enough to accept truth for truth's sake, wherever it is found, is this little book respectfully dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

The world is wide but not so wide as truth's eternal vision,
For between the poles of life's ethics there is but one division;
Every one must take a stand and counted be, in life however long,
Either a firm upholder of the right or a standard bearer of the wrong.

Preface.

In writing "The Story of a Wigwam" many things have had to be taken into consideration. More so because its work is in a field by itself; because of the large numbers of faithful workers of whom it has been able to mention only a few, from lack of space and not of desire; and because of the fact that in writing a book of this nature it is always a delicate question in deciding to whom personal mention ought to be given. The last reason is also the reason for mentioning only the charter members, many of whom are in the spirit, and who were well known public workers in the cause during their physical lives.

It has been the desire of the author, also, to give credit where it is due, and not detract one iota from the importance of the work of anyone. The author is proud that he has been able to give to the world an account, however small, of the works of this society, and of giving to its President, Mrs. Mary C. Weston, the credit for her noble, unceasing effort to build up the organization. In season and out of season has that noble woman with her heart, hand, and money, stood for the wigwam and its principles as laid down from the spirit side of life; that she has been faithful to her trust is proven by the success of her adopted society and the encomiums of hundreds of friends from all over the Union as well as by those who are members of the On-i-set Wigwam Co-Workers.

Introduction.

“Always speak well of a bridge that has carried you safely over,” is a quotation covering considerable ground. The tendency is too strongly toward ignoring the meaning of that saying, toward forgetting a person who has been of use to one, toward an ignorance of the lessons from one’s experience; in fact the tendency of many is to turn their backs upon the rope that has held them up, and after benefiting by its help to try to get along entirely by their own strength.

While such a desire is worthy, it should not carry with it the feeling that those who have pulled one through many a hard-fought battle and placed them where they are, should be relegated to oblivion.

The thought of many mediums that they wished to ignore their Indian Guides, of many Spiritualists that Indian controls were debasing to a medium, and the attempt on the part of those so thinking, to relegate the Indian spirit to the background, was one of the causes of the organization of the On-i-set Wigwam Co-Workers, and the erection of a Wigwam.

Those interested in the work have seen the attempts of mediums to refuse to be controlled by an Indian spirit, which have, in many cases, brought their med-

iums into spiritualism and placed them before the public.

A message from an Indian control, unlettered though it may be, is far preferable to one from an alleged Thomas Paine, Henry Ward Beecher, or some so-called ancient spirit; the language of which, in many instances, is inferior to that of the representatives of the "untutored" Red Man.

The work of the Society is a constant repudiation of the claim that Indian controls lower a medium's work. A medium's standing is dependent entirely upon his or her thoughts and desires. Like attracts like. The time for blaming one's morality, or dishonesty to one's control, has gone by; such a claim shows a weakness in the mental, as well as in the physical makeup. Likewise, do not give the spirit the credit of all your good work; retain your individuality and you will grow in spirituality.



(FRONTISPIECE)
THE WIGWAM

CHAPTER I.

AGITATION; OR THE NEED MADE MANIFEST.

The keynote of any movement is agitation. The generally well-paid and prosperous condition of the working classes of today was brought about by persistent, intelligent agitation. Agitation must precede organization, as sure as the clouds precede the storm. Agitation is the basis of all endeavor. As the ground must be agitated by the farmer before planting, so must the people's minds be agitated upon all questions before intelligent action can be taken.

A NEW BIRTH.

In the evening of March 28, 1848, there came to some of the inhabitants of this sphere a knowledge destined to play no insignificant part in the affairs of the nations of people with which this whole world was populated. That knowledge was the continuity of life and the communion of those who were thought to be dead, and lost to the world's people, with the people of this earth, that this is but a life of preparation, the true life being the life beyond, the life of the spirit.

It came to demolish the theories and beliefs, that had been used to fetter the intellectual and spiritual faculties of a people, by presenting them to the minds of the masses in a commonsense manner by a calm, reasonable appeal to their judgment; substituting rationalism and love through respect and knowledge, for superstition and love through fear and ignorance.

The name given to that knowledge was Spiritualism. Spirit return is a fact that thousands of people in all life's endeavors have proven in their daily lives, from the beggar to the rich man, from the peasant to the king, from the laborer to the employer of labor.

ENTER THE INDIAN.

Years passed, and it became evident that the ministers of the new religion, called mediums, were assisted very materially by the spirits of the Indians who inhabited this continent before the white man came. From the spirit of the "child of nature" came that strength so necessary for good work by a medium, and they were also used to assist the spirits of other races to gain recognition to a dear relative or friend, through a proper presentation of their claim.

OUSTING A FRIEND.

The time of acceptance passed and then, with the knowledge and power firmly established, an idea, born in pride and nurtured in ignorance, became prevalent



ONSET BAY FROM THE BLUFF:
SHOWING WICK, ONSET AND MOG ISLANDS IN THE DISTANCE.

that the Indian Guide was unnecessary, that to allow one to use a medium injured that medium's standing. Then began the attempt to gradually eliminate the Indian spirit from the list of controlling influences.

In the early seventies, a party of Spiritualists, in looking about for a suitable campground, settled in Onset, in the town of Wareham, on an arm of Buzzards Bay, and organized the Onset Bay Campmeeting Association. For over twenty years the Association had flourished, but, as in other places, the spirit of the Indian was being tabooed.

However, the spirit of Lo was not idle, for it began to be felt that he should be acknowledged, that the source of so much strength should be recognized, and that credit should be given where credit was due. It was also felt that the Indian spirit should have a place in which he could practice his wonderful healing power, develop and educate himself, and assist others, both in the world of spirit and in the mortal.

SPIRIT INFLUENCES.

Some few years previous to the opening of our story, the spirits of the Red Men, with the idea in view of being more fully recognized and of securing a place for their work, began to operate upon the brains of a few of their friends who centralized, during the summer, at the Onset Bay Campground.

An attempt was made to unite with that Association and have an Indian Council at one or more of the services incidental to the Harvest Moon celebration held each fall. Such a move, however, was found to be impracticable. During the summer of 1891, as well as the preceding winter, the matter had been constantly growing, the feeling in favor of such a movement had been gaining new advocates until at the time the reader's attention is called to the matter, it had crystalized into a movement that only waited the proper time in which to develop into organized effort.

CHAPTER II.

ORGANIZATION: A CONCENTRATION OF FORCES.

A successful culmination of effort can only be secured through thorough organization. The danger is not in organization pure and simple, but in over-organization; in other words, when an organization attempts to trample upon certain sacred rights of the individual, then it ceases to be an organization and becomes an abomination. Everything teaches the success of honest organization, from the minutest flower to the greatest movement in the history of the world, but it will be noticed that the best and most enduring organization is that one which recognizes and respects certain rights of its members. No better illustration can be cited than the wonderful success attained by the labor bodies of this country, for, aside from the natural trend of the members of these bodies to vote for those who will care for their interests, politics are not allowed to be introduced into their deliberations. Members of about every political belief under the sun are found working hand in hand under the banner of the labor organizations of the land.

But organization there must be. Sometimes it is months after the thought is projected into the midst of myriads of other thoughts before matters are ripe for a movement all along the line, but for true success it must come sooner or later.

A GATHERING.

On the afternoon of September 21, 1891, men and women were seen leaving their homes, in Onset, or securing a leave of absence from their duties for a short time, and starting out upon lines converging upon either Highland Ave. or Union Ave. If the passer-by had watched he would have seen them wending their way toward Wabun Grove, near the present location of the standpipe. It is the more remarkable from the fact that no notice of any meeting had been given out. Another fact noticeable was that all of those seen going in that direction as well as those present at the meeting held later, were sensitives, i. e., their physical organisms were susceptible to the forces of the spirit world. All of which goes to prove that the spirit of the Red Man was working along the lines of least resistance and laboring in a most intelligent and effective manner.

Among those noticed was "Father" Lyons, a life-long Spiritualist, and one who, in the few years he was left to labor in the mortal with the society, was always listened to with respect and love. His visions were of a prophetic nature and encouraging to the workers.

George W. Vaughan, one of Onset's pioneers, and a thorough-going believer in spirit return; Dr. G. W. Musso, he of quiet mien but heartily in sympathy with all movements for the benefit of humanity, were also in the gathering.

One of the most prominent of those present was Mrs. Josephine R. Stone, who was elected the first president of the society. The now venerable James H. Young, with Mrs. Young and daughter, Hattie, with their forces, were present, the entire family becoming charter members. Clarkson D. Fuller, who has been a consistent member from the start, was also there.

Other faces whose names are familiar to the public were Mrs. H. R. J. Bullock, Mrs. H. V. Ross, Miss Jennie Rhines, and many others who have since made names for themselves on the Spiritual rostrum.

It has been said that nothing can stay the onward rush of spontaneous action, especially when that action is but the concerted movement of the forces on both sides of life.

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

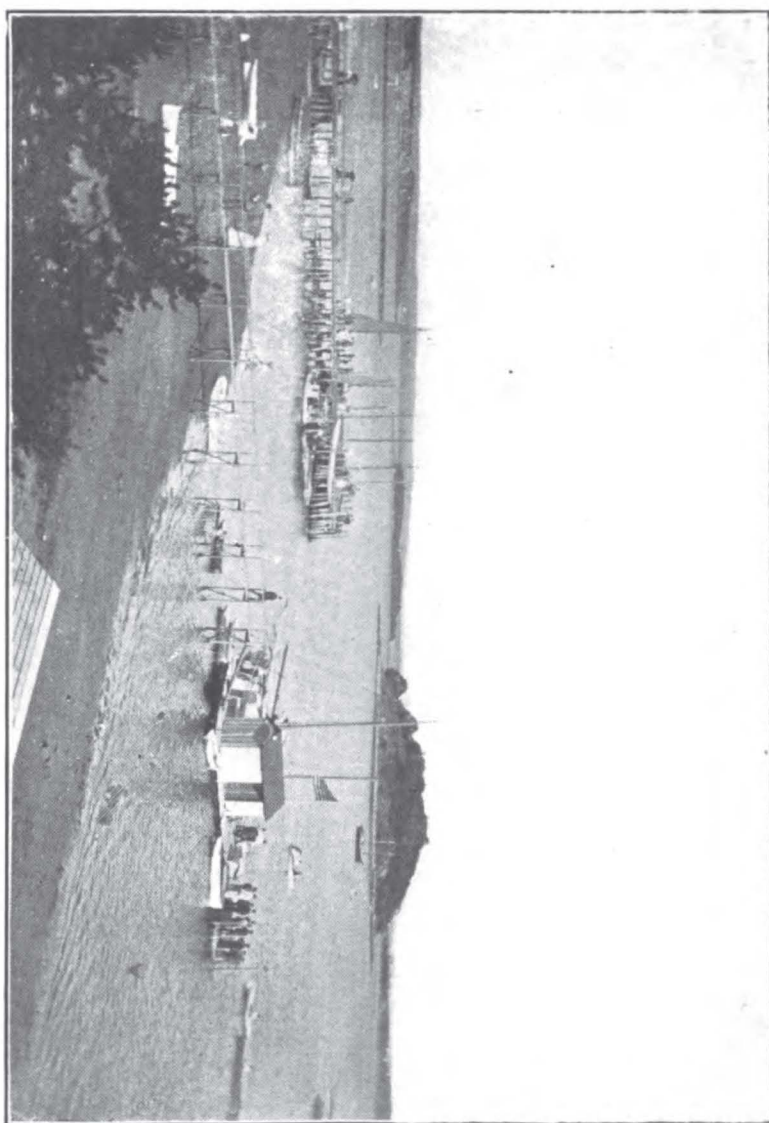
The meeting was certainly a spontaneous one. People came from all parts of the grove, all obeying an impression from the spirit world. That a movement so guided and guarded should be an unqualified success was a foregone conclusion. That it was a rightful conclusion has been borne out by years of good works.

A PEN PICTURE.

One can well imagine the surroundings; an early autumn sky, between which and the assembled friends waved gently to and fro the parti-colored fall foliage. Upon three sides could be seen in the distance the tranquil waters of the bay, upon which in the years of the vanished past the Red Man was wont to float his canoe. The silence was broken, now and then, by the cheery call of some bird to its mate, the rustle of the leaves or the hoarse whistle of a steamer moving among the islands, or perhaps floating upon the air could be heard the words of some song sung in the distance. It is probable that the sun, moved by the near approach of the Indian summer, was in a generous mood, and as it moved upon its way, shed its beneficent rays among the trees, lighting up the scene and touching the heads of the people, giving to them its benediction. An ideal time for communing with nature, and an ideal spot in which to inaugurate a movement that means much to the departed spirits of Nature's children.

THE FIRST MEETING.

While one has been looking about, history has been making, an organization effected, committees appointed, and the meeting placed upon a substantial basis. That the story of that first meeting shall be correct the secretary's report of it is appended:



STEAMBOAT LANDING.
BOAT WHARF AND BEACH OPPOSITE THE AUDITORIUM.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

At an impromptu meeting held in Wabun Grove, Onset, Mass., at four o'clock, P. M., September 21, 1891, for the purpose of communing with arisen Indian controls and friends, it was suggested that measures be taken looking toward the establishment of a society and building a wigwam which shall be devoted to the use of the Indian guides and their mediums wherein to hold their council meeting and circles. On motion the meeting proceeded to organize and elect officers to carry out the preamble as above affixed.

The following persons were then nominated and chosen as a temporary board of officers: Chairman, Mrs. J. R. Stone; 1st Vice-President, Dr. G. W. Musso; 2d Vice-President, Otis Hood; Secretary, Frank Jones; Corresponding Secretary, D. N. Ford; Treasurer, George W. Vaughan.

On motion, a committee of three, viz.: Mrs. H. V. Ross, Mrs. Carroll, and Mr. G. W. Vaughan, were appointed to see the directors of the O. B. C. A. and obtain a grant of suitable land whereon to erect a wigwam (Wabun Grove, if possible), and report at the next meeting.

On motion the above-mentioned committee, and the officers chosen, were appointed and authorized to solicit subscriptions to carry out the proposed plans. A subscription was at once started, and \$27.05 paid to

the treasurer. The utmost harmony prevailed, and short speeches were made by Miss Jennie Rhines, Mrs. J. R. Stone, Mr. Fuller, Mrs. Davis, and others, and also by controls. Could no better site be obtained, land was pledged for the purpose by Mrs. Stone. On motion adjourned to meet at Mrs. Bullock's cottage on Union St., at 4 P. M., Tuesday, 22d inst., to hear the report of the committee on grounds and transact such other business as may come before the meeting.

OFFICIAL BOARD.

Of the officers chosen at that, their first, meeting, only two are in the mortal, Otis Hood and D. N. Ford, and they are not members. The personnel of the official board shows the calibre of those interested in the movement, and the material aid offered showed, also, that those interested were willing to go into their pockets for the cause. The new organization certainly started out in most excellent shape.

ON-I-SET WIGWAM CO-WORKERS.

At the first meeting of the temporary organization, which was held at the home of Mrs. Bullock, on Union St., the day following the memorable grove meeting, it was unanimously voted to call the society the On-i-set Wigwam Co-Workers, in honor of an old Indian chief of this vicinity.

That the members of the Co-Workers are thorough Spiritualists is proven by the creed and by their desire

to have all partake of the good things of their beautiful religion, for all one has to do to become one of the working members, is to pay a dollar and present their name, provided, of course, they are "in sympathy with the objects of the society," which are "to teach and practice the doctrine of Spiritualism, to hold circles or seances for healing and development, and to make use of mediums for religious purposes."

That platform is certainly broad enough for any believer in spirit return. That it is not too exacting is proven by the fact that nearly 500 people have agreed to it in the thirteen years the society has been at work. It is a credit to the intelligence of the pioneers that the objects of the infant society of years ago stands and shows that they builded better than they knew.

WORKERS BY NATURE.

Although many of the officers and members resided permanently in Onset, no business meeting was held from October 17 of the year of organization until September of the following year, which was the only one held in 1892. The absence of business meetings, however, did not preclude some energetic work by the faithful ones. Circles were held frequently, suppers and entertainments were the thing, and to all these functions an admission fee was charged, the object in view being to secure money with which to build

a wigwam. The members labored hard and faithfully. Among the entertainments were the celebration of two Harvest Moon festivals upon the full of the October moon. The loving laborers were rewarded by a more satisfying spiritual development for themselves, as well as securing a most substantial sum for their purpose.

THE FIRST BREAK.

The first break in the official family came in 1892, for at a meeting held August 19, 1893, the records show that "Dr. G. W. Musso, vice-president of the society, having departed this earth life, on motion Mrs. H. R. J. Bullock was unanimously chosen vice-president."

At this meeting it was also decided to hold a fair in the month of August of the following year, for the purpose of increasing the building fund that was now reaching goodly proportions.

CHAPTER III.

1893: A YEAR OF HARD WORK.

The story of the labors incidental to securing a suitable place for worship, for the healing of the sick by the Indian controls, and extending to humanity the comfort and blessings attendant upon the communication of messages from the world of spirit to the physical world, is a story of hard work by the members of the little, struggling society, of sacrifices more or less severe, and of a continuity of endeavor through discouragement, that could only have been persisted in by earnest souls cheered on by the conditions of, and the power to help, a despised people and to co-operate with the representatives of that people who were inhabitants of the spirit world. Much is due these faithful friends who labored in the midst of discouragements, and whose only thought during the early years was the success of the undertaking they were so much interested in. They expected no great reward beyond the feeling of duty well performed; they asked no more substantial recognition of their work than the recognition of the great power of those in the spirit whom they were striving to assist. They

did their work well, and their names and labors are honored by those whose pleasant duty it has been in later years to carry on the good work.

LOT NO. 358.

Some time elapsed after it was ascertained that no help would be received from the Onset Bay Camp-meeting Association, in the form of a building lot, and the time when, with the money in the treasury, steps were again taken toward the building of a temple.

At a meeting held September 2, 1893, C. T. Crandall, who had been previously appointed for the purpose, reported in favor of lot numbered 358, on Thirteenth Street, and facing Crescent Park. The price, \$125, was considered fair, and at a meeting held on it later in the day it was unanimously voted to purchase.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

The meeting at which the first lot was purchased was important from another point of view, for it was at this time a committee, consisting of the president and secretary, were appointed to draw up a constitution and by-laws, and to report at a meeting to be held a week later, when they were accepted.

A MATERIAL UPLIFT.

The year of 1893 was a very busy as well as a very prosperous one for the young organization. Among

other good things that came to it during that time was a gift of \$125 from Mrs. Mary C. Weston, who has since proved that she is a friend in deed by her many donations both of time, strength and cash. It was at the meeting held September 25, that the donation was made, and the meeting resolved itself into a season of rejoicing in which the Indian controls took a prominent part, giving to all much strength and encouragement, showing that the action was heartily appreciated by those on both sides of life. The sum in the treasury was sufficient now to proceed to build.

• INCORPORATED OCT. 25, 1893.

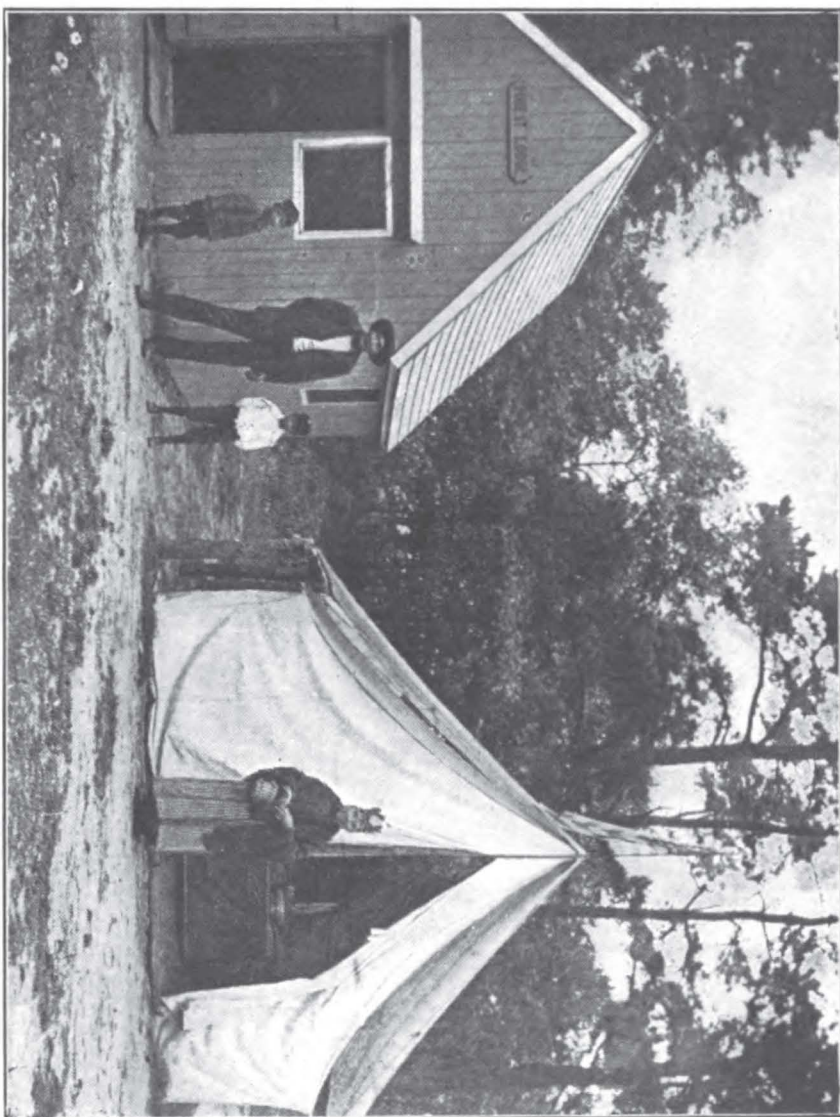
Having affairs so well under way, and the prospect being so bright, it was decided to organize under the State laws, and after the preparatory steps had been taken, the On-i-set Wigwam Co-Workers held their first meeting as an incorporated society, October 25, 1893, the list of charter members being as follows: Josephine R. Stone, James H. Young, Clarkson D. Fuller, Mary C. Weston, Charles Crandall, William H. Stone, Hattie Young, Charles T. Wilder, George W. Nickerson, Daniel N. Ford, Eliza Byron, Henrietta R. J. Bullock, Ada K. Young, Charles R. Ross, Emily C. Wilder, William J. Cairns, John L. Wyman, Christena B. Bliss, Emma F. Westgate, Benjamin Westgate. Officers were elected as follows: President, Mrs. Josephine R. Stone; First Vice-President, Mrs. Mary C.

Weston; Second Vice-President, Clarkson D. Fuller; Secretary, Miss Ada K. Young; Corresponding Secretary, Daniel N. Ford; Treasurer, Charles T. Wilder; Directors: Mrs. H. R. J. Bullock, three years; William Stone, two years; Mrs. Emily C. Wilder, one year.

A BUILDING COMMITTEE.

Matters were in such excellent shape at this time that it was thought advisable to appoint a committee to have charge of the construction of the wigwam, and at a meeting held October 6, Mrs. H. R. J. Bullock, Mrs. Eliza Byron, and William J. Cairns were appointed to act with the board of directors as a building committee. Later in the season, Mrs. Byron resigned, and Dr. John L. Wyman was appointed. At a still later meeting another lot was purchased for \$125.

The reader now leaves the society well equipped, thoroughly organized under the laws of the State, a committee appointed to build a wigwam, and we will leave the busy members until another year, and another chapter which will tell about "Home; the Spirit of the Indian Triumphant."



HOME OF THE INDIANS NEAR THE WIGWAM.

CHAPTER IV.

HOME: THE SPIRIT OF THE INDIAN TRIUMPHANT.

It was in the early summer of 1894 that the construction of the wigwam was commenced. After many meetings of the building committee, plans were drawn and William J. Cairns, a member of the committee, was given the contract. Mr. Cairns pushed the work rapidly, and although several changes were made in the plans, somewhat delaying the work, the building was ready for dedication in midsummer, and on Monday, July 30, it was properly dedicated. The day was one long to be remembered, clear and bright, with just enough air stirring to make it comfortable indoors. The large audience that had gathered from far and near to enjoy the exercises gave to those in charge their best thoughts, and together with the excellent addresses, thoroughly magnetized the building, and placed it in a harmonious condition for the great work it was to do.

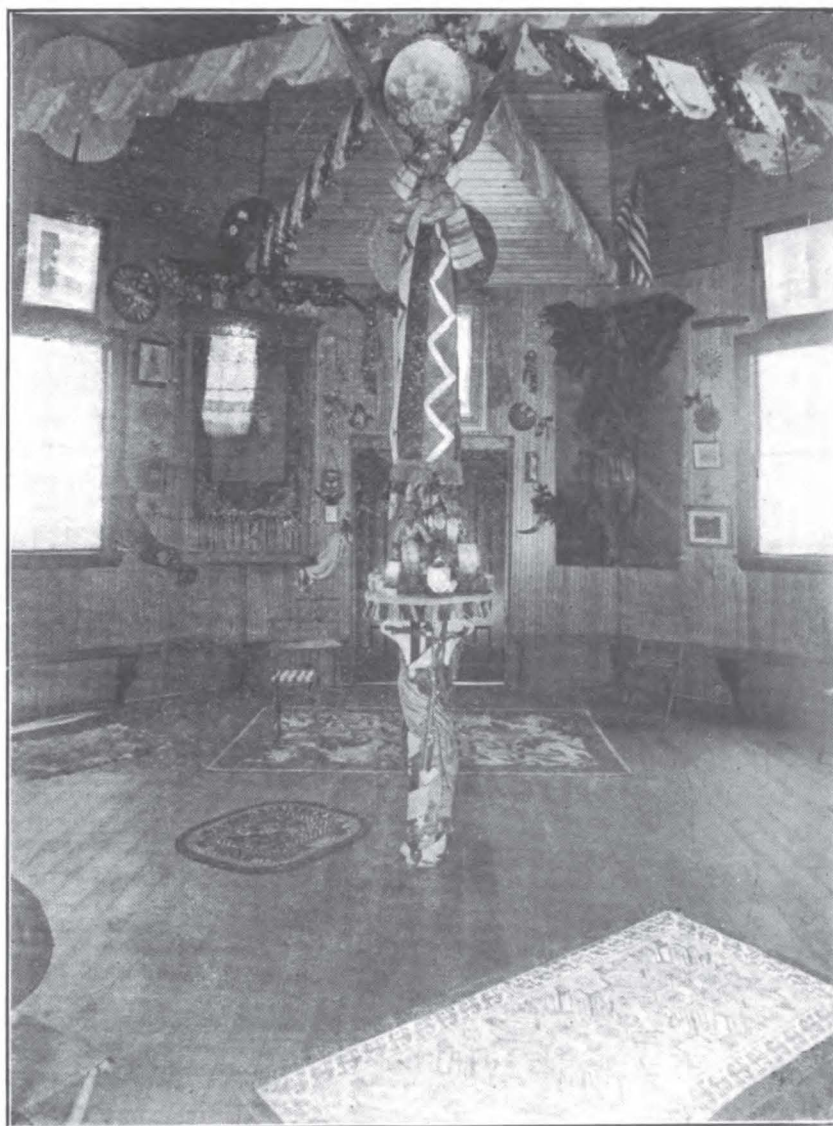
The building and grounds had been very prettily decorated for the occasion with the bright colors the Indian loves so well, while passing in and out among

the throng and the adjacent groves were descendants of the last tribe of Indians that inhabited this section, the Micmacs. The day was an ideal one, the stage settings of nature being all that could be desired.

DEDICATORY EXERCISES.

Very appropriately the opening address of the exercises, which began in the morning and continued through the afternoon, was a short history of the early struggles of the pioneers in the movement, as well as its later triumphs, and was given by Vice-President C. D. Fuller, whose name, it will be noticed, is on the charter list. The invocation was given by President Mrs. Mary C. Weston. In it she asked the protection of the spirit world, pledged the loyalty of the society to the cause of the Red Man, and made a strong appeal for harmony, sincerity, and love. A powerful address was delivered by Mrs. M. E. Thompson. During the course of her remarks, the lady reviewed the oppression that had come alike to the Indian and Spiritualist, the indignities they had been subjected to, and in ringing tones demanded the recognition of the truth wherever it was found. She closed by giving a most encouraging prophecy of the future of the society.

The afternoon service was opened at 2.30 by an address by Mrs. Wilkinson of Boston, inviting all Indians and Indian influences to a grand "Powwow." "Minne-



INTERIOR OF WIGWAM.



A CORNER IN THE WIGWAM.
SHOWING WILLIAM PENN'S PICTURE AND THE ORGAN.

ola" (Mrs. Georgie Hughes) enlivened the scene by appearing in full costume, and showing her ability to move about with her medium's eyes shut; Mr. Thayer, Mr. Hersey, and Mrs. Maud Drake made addresses in Indian tongues; Mrs. Dix and Mrs. Weston gave beautiful poems; Mr. A. J. Maxham of Ludlow, Vt., led the singing. Indian dances were indulged in by many; Indian songs were sung by the Micmacs.

A piece of practical Spiritualism, which took the shape of a large collection for the pappoose, was indulged in, which led to the complete surrender of the chief—who gave up his much-prized bow and arrow to President Weston, and the dedication ended.

Overflow meetings were held in the grove, in all of which the feeling was one of hearty congratulations to the members for their good fight.

The erection of the building had attracted public attention to such an extent as to warrant it being kept open for inspection for a week, Otis Hood being in charge. At the end of that time, or on the morning of Monday, August 6, the first regular meeting was held in the Wigwam.

The wigwam is a substantial structure, situated in a bower of greenery in the northern part of the ground, near the East River. The building is 96 feet in circumference, and 26 feet high, with a seating capacity of nearly 200 people. It has octagonal sides, 12 feet high, thence a circular roof to the top. The sides are cypress shingles fancy cut, finished natural.

The outside is painted Indian red. The roof is painted foliage green, giving the whole structure a unique appearance. At the peak of the centre-pole flies "Old Glory," bearing the words "Indian Wigwam." There are two large entrances, opposite each other. Over the front entrance is inscribed, "Erected to the memory of the red man, 1894," and above this the inscription: "Liberty throughout the world, and freedom to all races."

Entering the wigwam, windows on all sides shed light on a spruce floor, hard-finished, a seat of white wood, supported by strong brackets, running around walls of clear white pine, and a centrepole, with circular shelf of same wood. The high walls are finely sheathed to the very peak, and finished with white shellac. A large, portable organ stands at one side. Walls and centrepole are draped with the national colors, flowers, and Indian bric-a-brac entwining and intermingling with numerous beautiful pictures with highly pleasing effect. Many of the pictures are loaned the society by Mrs. Weston, the president, and are of historical character. The centre of attraction is the massive banner or Indian standard. On an appropriate background is a centrepiece of a life-size painting of the young Indian, White Wolf, surrounded by his implements of war and peace. Overhead is painted a branch of palm leaves, and under it the inscription: "Victory for the red man at last." Underneath is painted a golden chain, each link representing a mem-



A VIEW WITH THE CHAIRS OF THE PRESIDENT AND
VICE-PRESIDENT IN THE FOREGROUND.

ber of the society, the initials of which are entwined in the chain. In the lower corners are two shields painted in the national colors. Over one are the clasped hands of an Indian and white man, inscribed "Freedom and union." The other bears the scales, inscribed: "Justice and equal rights." A deep fringe of red and gold completes the banner, which is suspended in a rich quartered oak case six feet high. Into this banner the artist President has painted the fundamental principles of the organization.

A sweep of the eye around the walls reveals a sight that words cannot describe, and the noting of the most prominent points only is attempted. From a large oil painting Big Mountain in full dress looks down with folded arms. The large oil pictures of White Swan and Eagle Wing by Mrs. Weston seem to guard her own picture. The charter comes next, then Pocahontas, an authentic picture enlarged from one in United States history. Dr. J. R. Newton, Massasoit, King Philip (his son) and also his descendant, Malinda Mitchell, William Penn (the red man's friend), Gray Eagle, Standing Bear, White Elephant, Little Hawk, Fire Lightning, High Hawk, Big Road, Two Strike, Standing Buffalo, Chief Wolff, Spotted Elk, Pas-Pa-Ho, and many other prominent Indians. Guides of many mediums are brought to mind by handsome fancy blankets—an important feature in the decorations. Cabinets of Indian curios, photographs, head-

dressess, weapons and fancy work tastily arranged are numerous on the walls. In fact they are completely covered with articles, all of which have some connection with the work of the society.



THE CENTREPOLE.
AROUND WHICH THE PATIENTS SIT FOR TREATMENT.

CHAPTER V.

WORKS: HEALING, MESSAGES, PATRIOTISM, CONSECRATION.

The principal work of the powers appears to be directed to healing the sick. The morning hour is devoted exclusively to Divine or Spirit healing. Those in authority recognize the great natural power of the Indian to heal, and appreciate the fact that the only desire of those forces is to benefit the mortals who may be afflicted with ills of the body, mind or spirit. That the Red Man has found worthy assistants through which to labor is evidenced by the fact that no patient is ever kept waiting. Best of all and according to directions from the spirit world, such treatments as are received there are absolutely free, as indeed are all the works of the wigwam.

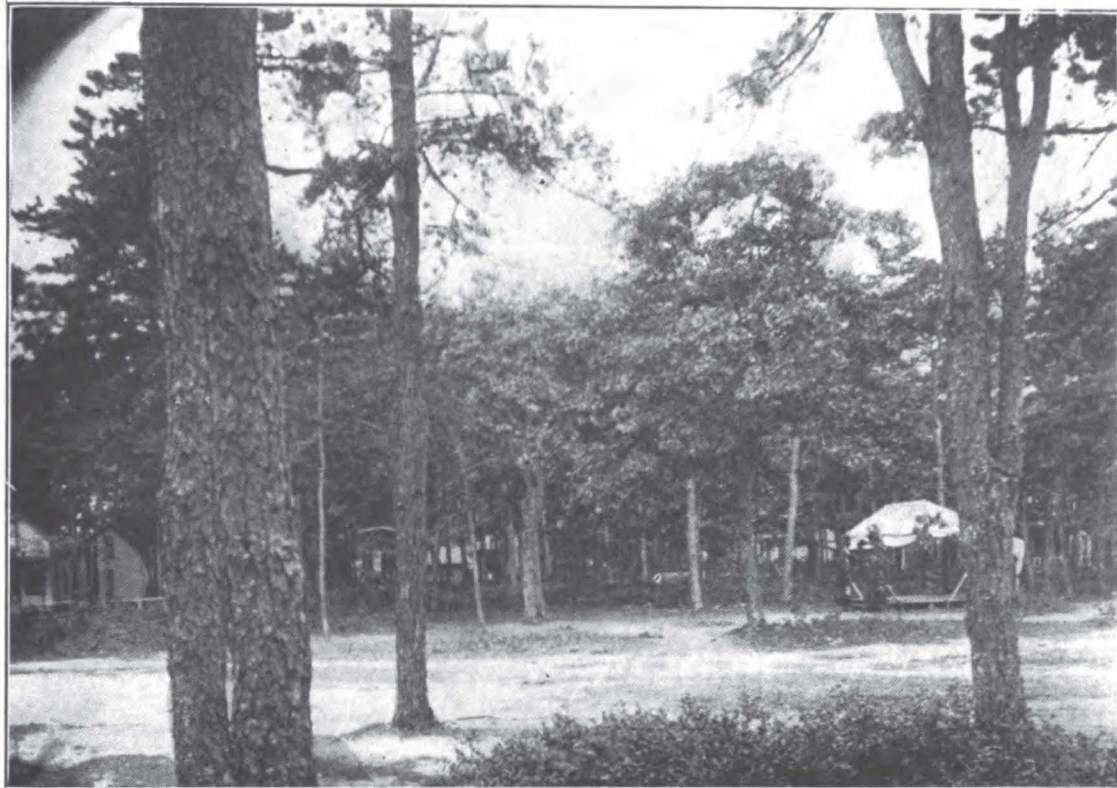
IN THE SILENCE.

It is an impressive sight, from 9 o'clock until 10 in the morning, when, with the building filled, usually to overflowing, those who desire treatments are invited to the seats reserved for the work. No hesitancy is exhibited on the part of those looking for relief, for

in a moment the seats are filled, and the half-dozen or more healers are silently at work under the direction of the controlling influences. No restrictions or rules are laid down for such work, each healer being at liberty to work in his or her own way. The silence of the morning is seldom broken, save by the moving of the healers or their patients. The power is very strong at times, and many a one, who went to scoff, has not only remained to pray, but has also asked and received instructions as to developing their mediumistic powers. The benefit derived from the little session of faithful souls down where Cape Cod joins the mainland will never be fully estimated.

In this connection a Spiritualist paper recently published a short article, from which the following extract is taken:

"The healing work is purely spiritual, for 'tis done by relying wholly on spirit power through the concentration of spirit forces. The overshadowing of this power of the spirit is sometimes marvelous. It comes to the little consecrated wigwam, dedicated to all that is purest and best, alike blessing all. This healing retreat is the spot where many come with empty buckets to draw the living water from the great Fountain Head. Any power is welcomed at the command of the human spirit that can alleviate pain or remove the causes of human suffering, and whether it comes from the mind, the will, or the magnetic touch of the hand. Some mediums who are on a high mental plane



THE GROVE OPPOSITE THE WIGWAM.
WHERE THE OVERFLOW MEETINGS ARE HELD.

can heal physical ailments through the mental forces alone, while others require the magnetic touch to impart the vital force needed. The quickness of the cure depends upon the nature of the disease, the age of the person, and their susceptibility to magnetic and spiritual influence. Some have been cured of chronic diseases without physical contact. All are benefited, and feel a strong spiritual uplifting.

"Another line of the work is that of strengthening and releasing spirits in prison, as St. Paul calls them. Those earth-bound spirits, who are attracted to undeveloped mediums, who have not spirit bands of sufficient strength to liberate them unaided. This work of relieving imprisoned spirits is no trifling work by any means. It is a work of vital importance. Much good has already been done in this direction by the earnest band of co-workers. Angels alone can fully estimate and appreciate the efforts."

ABSENT TREATMENTS.

Of late years absent treatments have been given by the concentrated thought of those present, and in the silence the healing thoughts go out to those all over the land who have requested relief, showing the power of spirit to triumph over distance. Letters have been received from various parts of the Union, thanking the members for their kind thoughts, and saying that help has been rendered. Little incidents like these keep the heart fresh and warm towards suffering hu-

manity, for nothing is more encouraging than to know that honest effort is appreciated by those toward whom it is directed. The acknowledgment of relief received also places the receiver in direct communication with the forces working for good, and in that way an invalid may establish a chair along which the current of health, happiness and prosperity will come as sure as the tide ebbs and flows.

MESSAGES.

The great and earnest longing of humanity to hear of the great beyond, to speak with those who have been considered lost to the people of earth, to profit by the experiences of those who have indeed solved the problem with the answer, "there is no death," has not been ignored by the directors of the "Co-Workers," for, while the morning session is given over to healing the sick, the service of the afternoon, from 4 o'clock until 5, is used entirely for the transmission of messages from those in the spirit who wish to speak with friends in the mortal for the purpose of giving to them hope, cheer, love, and power. Many of those who frequent these meetings are fighting what appears to them a losing battle, for, poorly equipped at the start, perhaps, they have been fearfully handicapped later in life by the loss of those near and dear to them, and to whom they may have looked for sustenance.

Many a jibe and sneer are directed at those who crave, oh, so earnestly, for a word to cheer an appar-



LILLIAN AND VIOLET TATLOW.

ently hopeless existence. The fact must be acknowledged, however, that the first province of Spiritualism, as indeed it is of any religion, if that religion is to meet the demands of the soul, is to help the world's people individually by giving to them that which the exigencies of each particular case may demand. One is not practicing the spirit of the best religion in the world if they draw about them their mantle of power that is given to them by the denizens of the unseen world, and attempt to deny to their brothers and sisters, who perhaps have not reached their own particular high spiritual altitude, that which will comfort and cheer them on in what is at the most an uphill fight. "Lest we forget," let the reader often think that it is "the greatest good for the greatest number" for which all true men and women will strive, regardless of the method they may use to reach the goal of human attainment and the highest spirituality. Many a medium has given their first test, vision, or made their first address at some one of these afternoon meetings, for the development of test mediumship is one of the objects of the work.

PATRIOTISM.

The first object of the wigwam was to acknowledge and recognize in this land of boasted freedom the rights of the Indian race as children of the Great Spirit Father, who knew no race distinction, and to plant on American soil for the first time the red man's standard.

A work descriptive of the objects of these faithful people would be incomplete did it not contain mention of this patriotic work, that although permeating the entire structure of the organization, is given one day during the season. At that time the patriotic societies of the vicinity are invited to be present, speakers are secured especially for the occasion, music appropriate to the services is arranged, and the presiding officers appointed for the different overflow meetings that have always been held in the grove opposite the wigwam.

Invitation to these affairs are eagerly accepted, and the addresses given are lessons in patriotism, both for the young, the youth, and the adult. The decorations, which at all times are resplendent with the national colors, consist of cut flowers, potted plants, and the green of the forest. While the accommodations for a large crowd are not what it is hoped to have in the near future, the attendance is usually up in the hundreds at the two meetings.

The addresses are given by members of the Grand Army, Women's Relief Corp, by mediums controlled by those whose names are household words, and who have made the greatest sacrifice—physical life—that this country might stand in deed as well as word “a home of the free.”



BENJAMIN ELMER THOMAS.

CONSECRATION.

One of the prettiest sights, as well as being a most impressive one, was a consecration service held several years ago, at which three children were consecrated to the service of the Indian. The little ones were two children of Arthur E., and Annie Tatlow of Onset, and an adopted son of Mrs. Susie N. Thomas, also of Onset.

The service, which was especially arranged for the occasion, was under the direction of the President, Mrs. Mary C. Weston, assisted by several Indian controls.

CHAPTER VI.

PRESIDENTS: MRS. JOSEPHINE ROUNSVILLE
STONE AND MRS. MARY C. WESTON.

Enthusiasm may do much, personal work may do more, but no organization can hope to attain a full measure of success without a presiding officer of tact, good judgment, personal magnetism, and a sense of right and wrong immovable. Many a society has foundered upon the rock of bad judgment, lack of tact, and stability. The record of the two presiding officers of this society is such as to reflect credit upon the judgment of its members.

JOSEPHINE ROUNSVILLE STONE.

Mrs. Josephine R. Stone, a prominent Spiritualist in her time, and one of the originators of the society, was its first President, holding the office until she passed to the higher life in July, 1894. She was a lady of marked spirituality, an earnest worker in the cause of the Indian, and one whose influence was always given to the cause of liberalism. At her passing the society only lost a faithful "Co-Worker" in the form to gain a more powerful aid in the world of spirit. It is to be regretted that the energetic Presi-



JOSEPHINE ROUNSVILLE STONE.

dent could not have lived in the mortal to see the fruition of her hopes in the erection, dedication and use of the wigwam.

MRS. MARY C. WESTON, PRESIDENT FOR THE LAST DECADE.

It has been said that in time of need, when there is a call for a particular kind of person to direct matters in a crisis, that the time always produces the person. In "The Story of a Wigwam," history has but repeated itself, for upon the passing of Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Mary C. Weston, her first Vice-President since the preceding August, was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy. Mrs. Weston has filled that position during the last decade, being unanimously re-elected each year.

That the new President entered upon her duties with a sincere desire to work for the interest of her charge has been proven beyond all doubt by her sacrifice of time, money, health and patience that she has made since taking the reins of office August 11, 1894. Her position can well be compared to that of a minister called to a charge with the deep need of a home for that charge uppermost in his mind, in fact, the cases are almost identical.

Mrs. Weston assumed the leadership at a time when she was most needed. While she had been interested in the society since it had been brought to her notice, had donated its first lot of land, and given of her

time and money to some degree, she now felt herself in a position to give freer rein to her ideas, her kindness of heart, and her intense desire to assist the Indian spirits.

ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT.

An artist of merit, she took occasion to place upon the walls of the wigwam immediately upon its construction, a number of paintings from her own brush. She has added to them from time to time, until at the present time she has loaned the society scores of paintings, and they are among the attractions of the place. Paintings of noted Indians, of spirit controls, and of bric-a-brac abound but probably that which is pointed to with the greatest of pleasure by the members is a massive banner, designed, painted and donated by her, a description of which is given in Chapter IV.

AN IDEAL OFFICER.

During the season of the meetings, which is from July 15 until September 15, Mrs. Weston's entire time is devoted to her chosen work. Quiet in her manner, magnetic in person, broad in intellect, rich in spirituality, surrounded by powerful influences from the spirit side of life, she makes an ideal presiding officer.

The morning, or healing, circle, she rarely misses, but she feels it necessary that she should be accorded,

occasionally, a rest from the duties of the seance at 4 o'clock, and therefore, at those times the meetings are presided over by one of her efficient Vice-Presidents. The lady takes upon herself the arrangement of the flowers for the services, and it is frequently long past the hour for lunch before, her morning duties finished, she is at liberty to retire to her beautiful and restful summer cottage, "Ramona," situated on West Central Ave., at Shell Point.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Although possessed of a fair share of this world's goods, the busy woman's democratic ways are well known, and she is at home at all times to visitors, whether they call socially, on business for the wigwam, or to interest her in one of the many cases where financial assistance is needed.

Her home, which is surrounded on three sides by a broad veranda, upon which cosy chairs and pretty rugs abound, is filled with paintings and fancy work from her own hands. In addition to all the works of art the visitor is shown at her home or wigwam, this accomplished lady has found time to paint nearly two hundred other pictures, which have found their way into the homes of near and dear friends all over the land, for she never sells any of her work.

The lady is a writer of verse, an excellent speaker, and a keen business woman. In cases of distress and need her hand unconsciously seeks her pocketbook to

relieve the immediate wants of the case. Although she is quick to give, she realizes the fact that the best help in time of trouble, material or spiritual, is that which does not endanger the self-respect of the party in need, and that will teach them how to help themselves. She also believes that it is useless to preach to a hungry man or a freezing woman, and acts accordingly. In other words, she acts first and talks afterward.

The patriotism of the energetic President cannot be excelled; her love for her native land and the Stars and Stripes is proverbial. There is probably no other meeting that she so thoroughly enjoys as she does the yearly patriotic exercises, when the wigwam is filled with the old soldiers and their sympathizers.

An interesting talker always, she is especially so when the wigwam and the society are under discussion. Her frank, charming manner, excellently seconded by a splendid education, makes friends for her where others fail. With powerful Indian forces about her, as well as the hearty endorsement of her associates, who are ready and eager to assist in the work, the woman who has devoted her time and money for a decade to the work of the Red Man is certainly a credit to the cause and an honor to her sex.

MAINE BORN.

Mrs. Weston is descended from the Coburn family of the State of Maine, an uncle being known as the "War Governor" of that State. The record of pub-

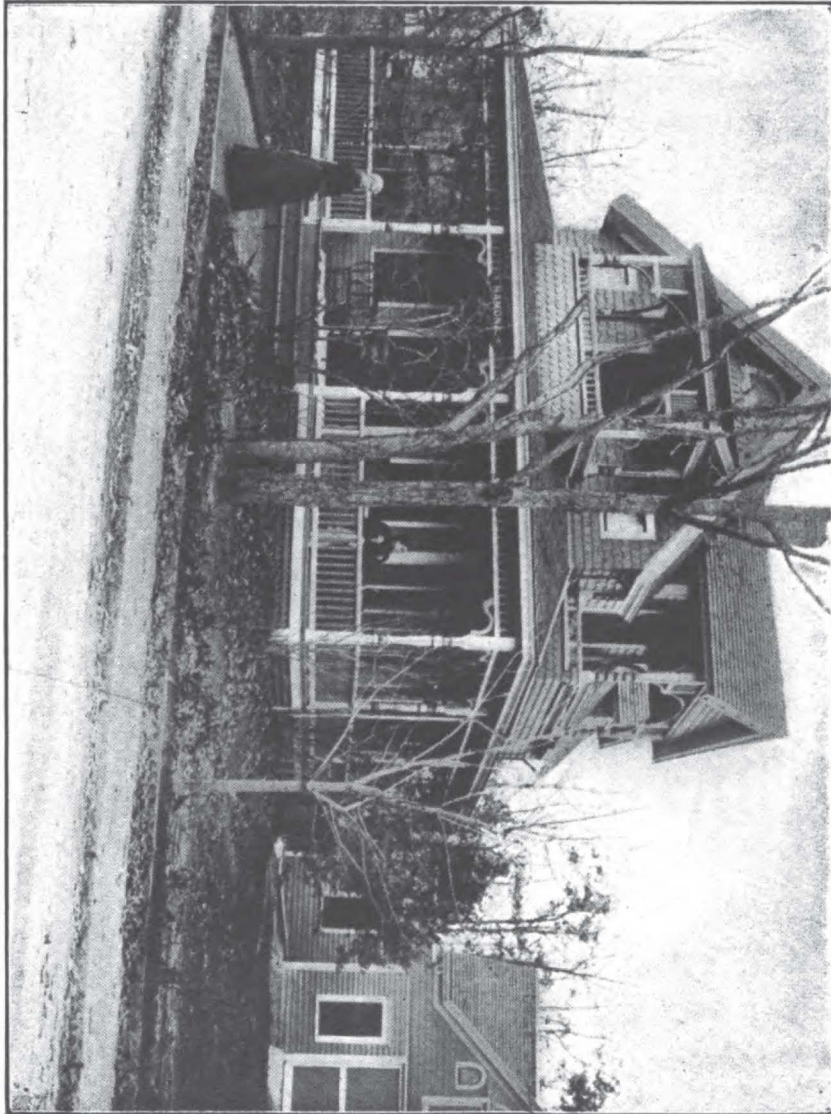


MRS. MARY C. WESTON.

lic people that family has given to the world explains in part their relative's success in her semi-public life. Another trait that marks her ancestry is her love for a good story wherewith to "paint a moral or adorn a tale." She is a first-class story teller, and she says she "likes the place where the laugh comes in."

MEMBER OF SOCIETIES.

Mrs. Weston is deeply interested in all good works, and is a member of many societies organized for the protection of patriotic and humanitarian movements. She is more than a member, for she is always to be found when wanted, and is always ready with her hand, heart, and material assistance to forward any worthy work of her various organizations. She never deserts a question or a society because someone else does, but can always be counted upon. She stands firm to her principles, though she may stand alone. Among the societies of which she is a member are the Woman's Relief Corps, On-i-set Harvest Moon Association, life member of the On-i-set Wigwam Co-Workers, Women's Christian Temperance Union, Maine State Spiritualist Association, Veteran Spiritualist Association, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, honorary member of the Working Girls' Home, Ladies Lyceum Union, First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society, the Anti-Vivisection Society, First Spiritualist Church of Onset.



"RAMONA"
MRS. WESTON'S SUMMER HOME ON WEST CENTRAL AVE., SHELL POINT, ONSET.

CHAPTER VII.

MEMBERS: MEN AND WOMEN FROM ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The character of the members of a society is read by the nature of the work performed by that society. An organization well known for its good works will be as equally well known for its class of members. There are members and members; those who do not consider their duties at an end when they have paid their dues, but are ready at any and all times to work for the good of the cause, and those who remain away, and then if things are not done to their liking, spend much time complaining. It is a decided compliment, but the truth nevertheless, that the class of people who have linked their fortunes with the "Co-Workers" are those who believe in being around and in doing their part at all times. The drones are noticeable by their absence, as well as the presence of the workers is made known by their fruits. They are men and women who will contribute their mite to assist the cause, even if that mite is small. It is not always the large amount that does the most good, the feeling prompting a gift is taken into consideration by these people, and while a good-sized check is thankfully

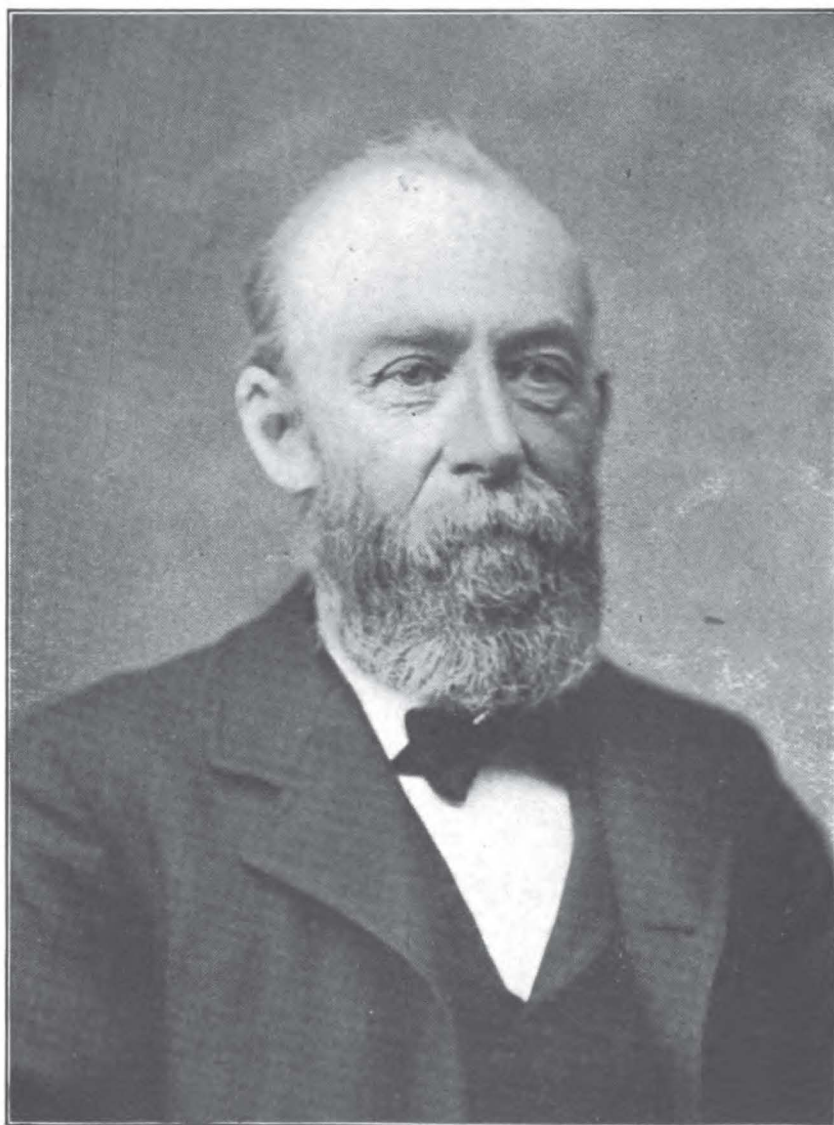
received, good thoughts are also very thankfully received.

SOME MEMBERS.

The list of charter members show that those interested in the movement at that time were men and women of affairs, people who had made a success in the business life of the community; who were well known to the Spiritualist rostrum and people of character and means. While all of them cannot be mentioned, some of them, especially those who have passed to spirit life, are given a brief paragraph.

CHARLES T. WILDER.

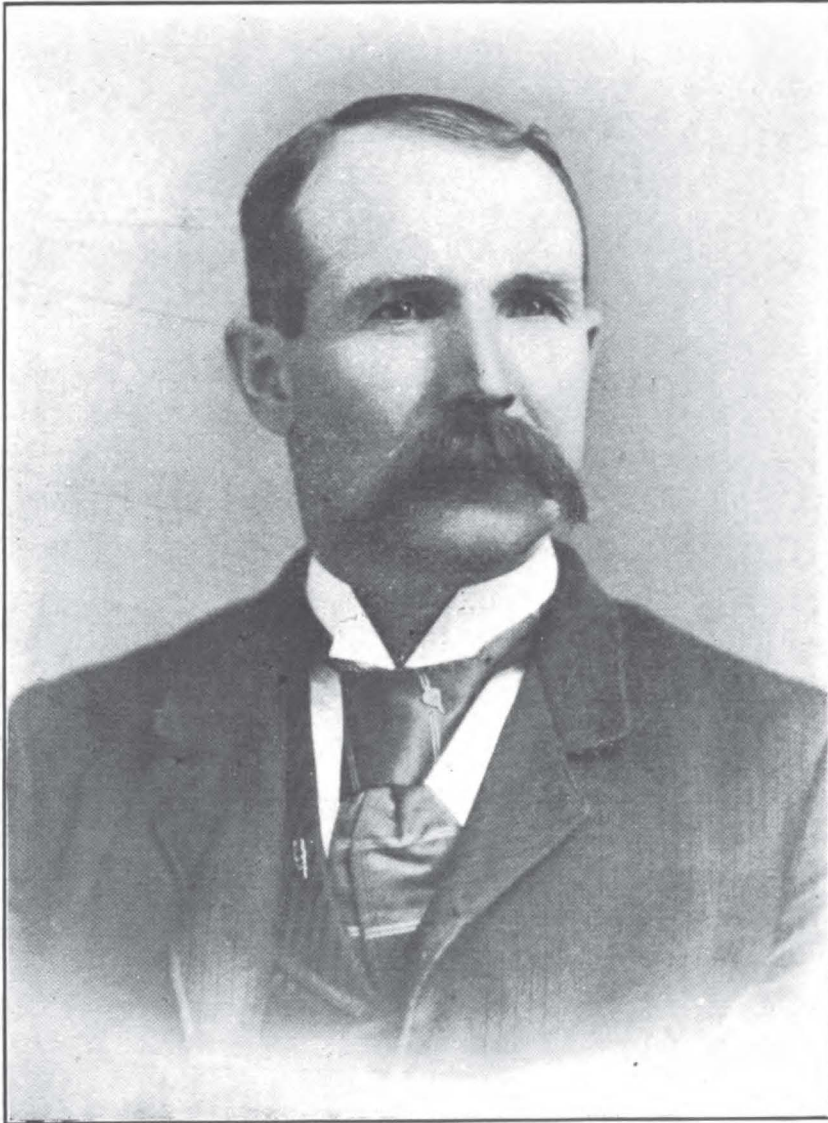
Among those, the first that comes to the mind of the reader is the name of Charles T. Wilder, the treasurer for several years, until his passing out in 1901, when his wife, Emily C. Wilder, assumed the duties of the office. Mr. Wilder was a substantial business man of Onset, a practical Spiritualist, and a true friend to humanity.



CHARLES T. WILDER.

WILLIAM J. CAIRNS.

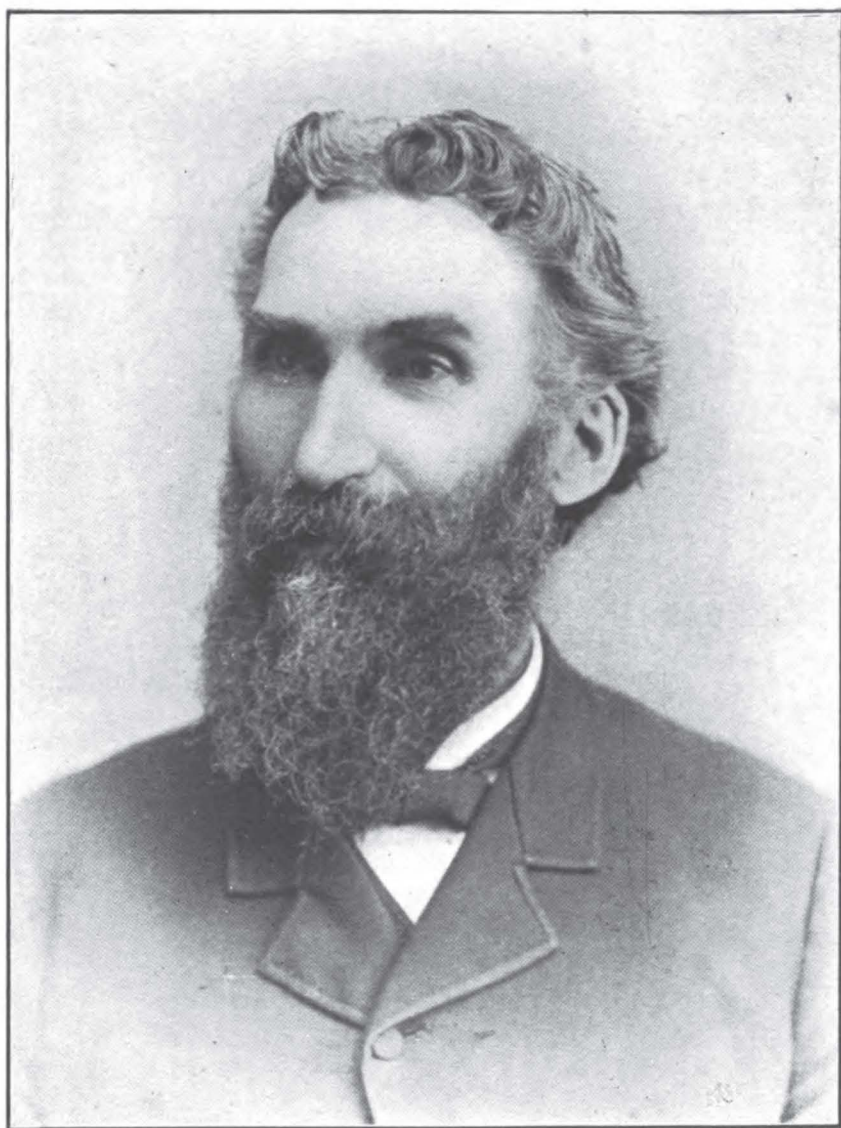
William J. Cairns, a contractor and builder, was in charge of the erection of the Wigwam. He was a charter member of the society, retaining his connections until he moved to another town. He is always interested in any work having the betterment of mankind as an object, and while in Onset was a strong worker in the Independent Order of Good Templars. Mr. Cairns' present address is Cochesett, Mass.



WILLIAM J. CAIRNS.

DR. JOHN L. WYMAN.

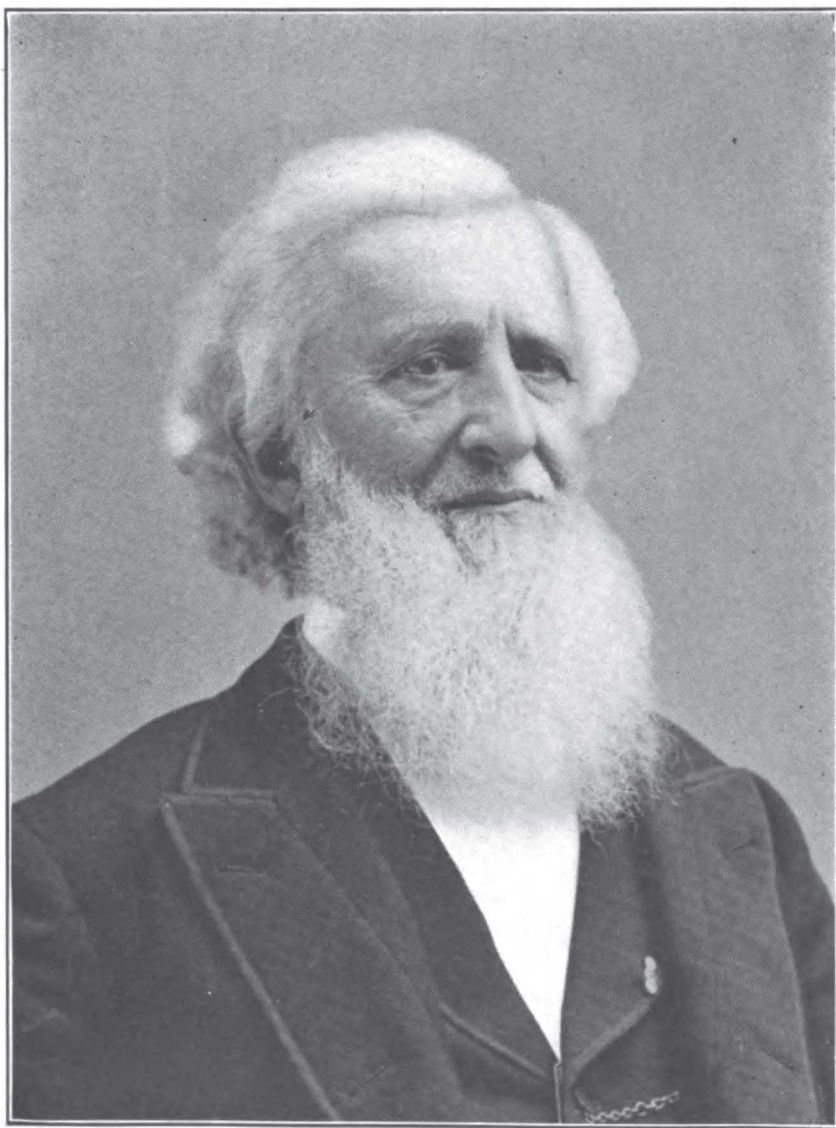
Dr. John L. Wyman, a graduate of the Physicians and Surgeons College, and a well-known figure in Onset, was a charter member, a director for several years, a vice-president, and a member of the building committee. While Dr. Wyman was a regular M. D., he was also a good clairvoyant, and one who was always ready to assist in any good work.



DR. JOHN L. WYMAN.

“FATHER” LYON.

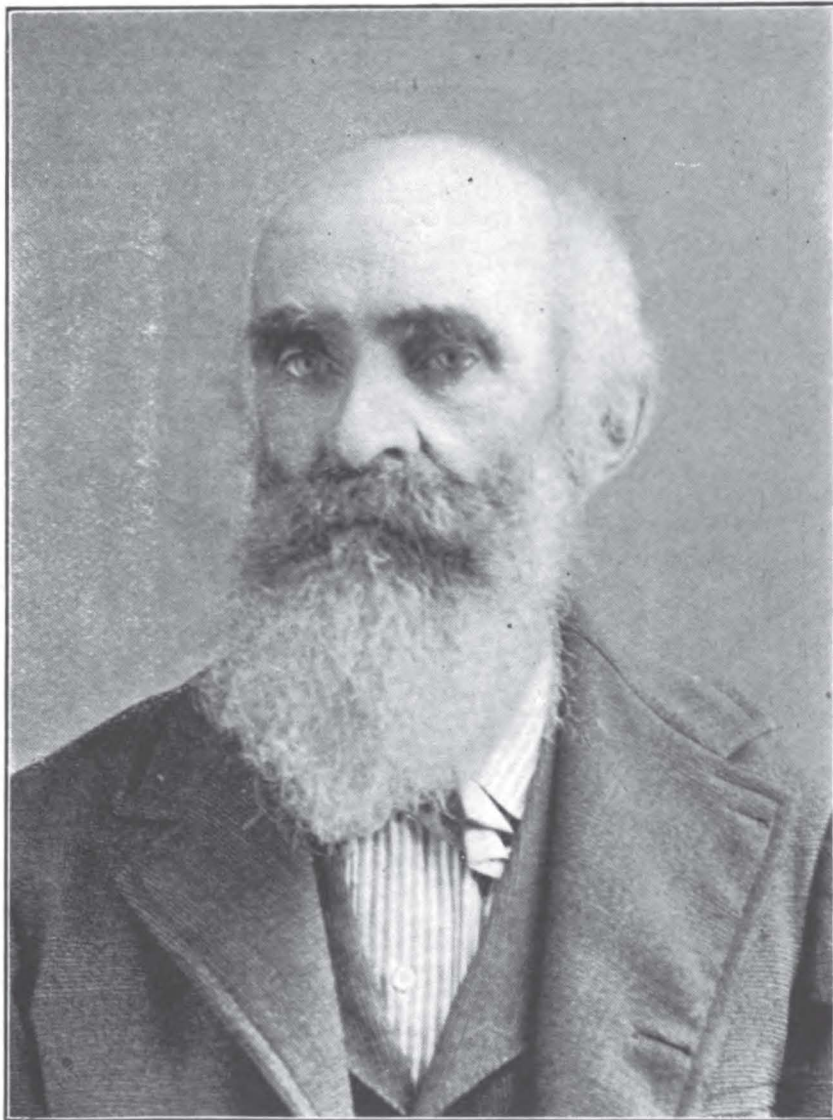
Although “Father” N. U. Lyon has been mentioned in the chapter on organization, it is but meet that a brief mention should be made of his name at this place. “Father” Lyon’s was a striking figure, and when one became acquainted with his wholesome nature, drank of the spiritual waters at the same fountain and listened to his beautiful visions as he related them, one could only feel that he had been very near a saint. At his transition “Father” Lyon left several pictures to the society.




N. U. ("FATHER") LYON.

GEORGE W. NICKERSON.

George W. Nickerson, one of the leading business men of Onset, was another charter member. Mr. Nickerson is at present engaged in the painting and paper-hanging trade, and is one of the old settlers in the place. He has held various positions of trust in the society.



 GEORGE W. NICKERSON.

MRS. H. R. J. BULLOCK.

Mrs. H. R. J. Bullock, a most conscientious worker and a charter member, filled various offices of the society up to the time of her transition. She threw open her doors for many meetings and suppers during the early days of the organization. Her influence was always felt upon the side of right and in the cause of the Red Man. Mrs. Bullock was one of the pioneers of Onset, filled offices of trust in the Campmeeting Association, and was one of the first to cast her lot with the new Society.



HENRIETTA R. J. BULLOCK.

MRS. E. MESSINGER.

Everybody knew Mrs. Messinger for her cheery words, pleasant smile, and a desire to make life pleasant for everyone. She was deeply interested in the success of the society until her transition to spirit life in 1898. She was one whose life was filled with good deeds, and if such are a criterion of the home in the spirit, Mrs. Messinger certainly found a good home awaiting her.



E. MESSINGER.

CLARKSON D. FULLER.

Another one of the faithful, and one who has been connected with it from its very earliest inception, is Clarkson D. Fuller, who is well known as the medium of "Pat." Mr. Fuller is a veteran of the Civil War, and has the following proud record: Enlisted August 1, 1862, in the 169th N. J. Volunteers, at the age of 17; was discharged from the service in 1865 by reason of the close of the War. He was in twenty-eight battles, among which were Cold Harbor, 1st and 2d; Fort Fisher, 1st and 2d; Chopin's Farm, Va.; Durar Bluff, Va.; Editom Road, Va. Mr. Fuller served in the 7th, 10th, 18th, and 24th army corps. The veteran has served as vice-president, secretary, and in other official positions in the society. He is chairman of the board of directors.



CLARKSON D. FULLER.

"AUNT" MARY TONY.

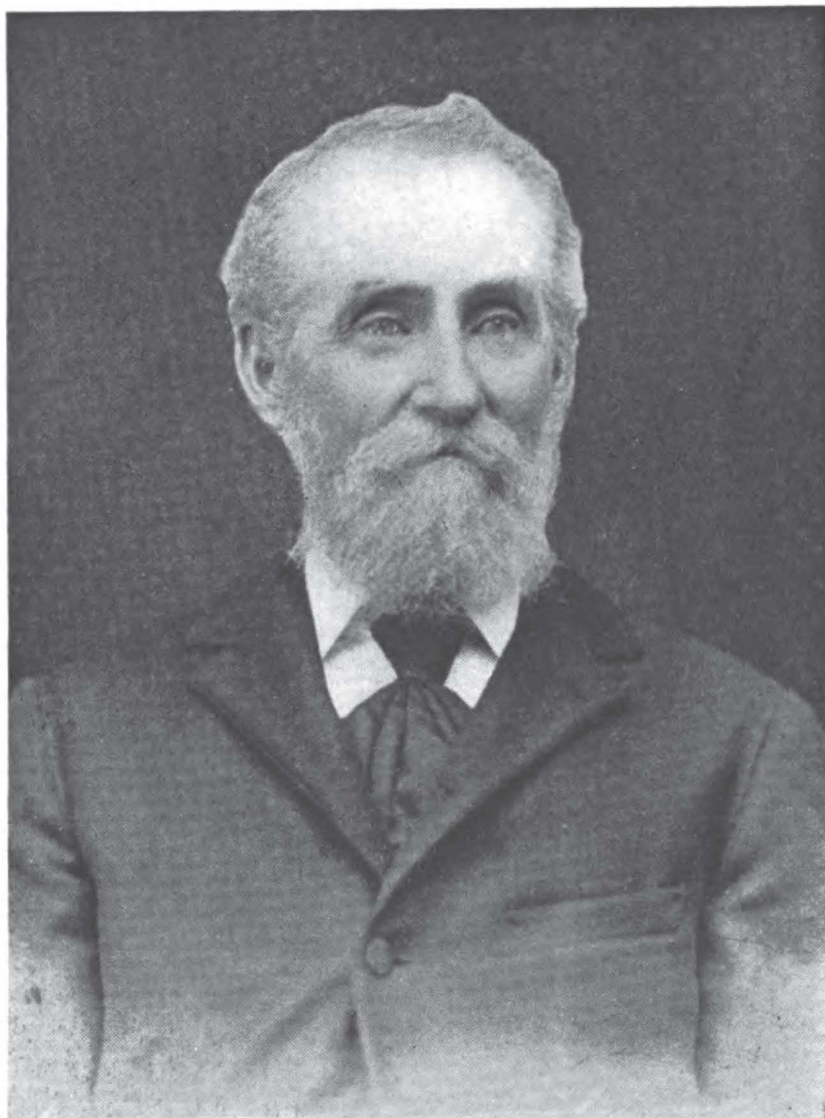
"Aunt" Mary, as she is pleasantly called by all, is the last surviving descendant of the Micmacs, a tribe of Indians once powerful. "Aunt" Mary lives near the Wigwam during the summer, making a living selling baskets. In winter she goes to her home in Nova Scotia. She is a life member of the Co-Workers.



"AUNT" MARY TONY.

BENJAMIN WESTGATE.

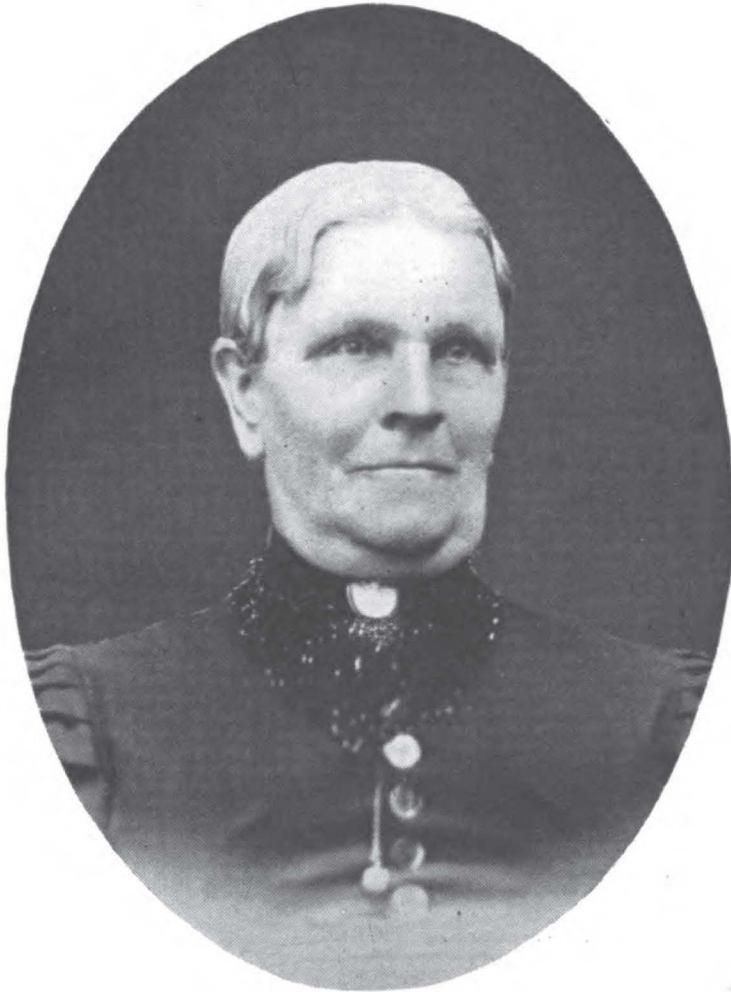
Benjamin Westgate, a charter member, is one who, although of quiet mien, stands firm to the principles of right living, and is a true Spiritualist. Living for many years in Onset, he has a large circle of friends who admire him as a man in every sense of the word, and as one interested in the success of the On-I-Set Wigwam Co-Workers, of which society he was a charter member. Mrs. Westgate is also a charter member, and a woman well known for her womanly qualities.



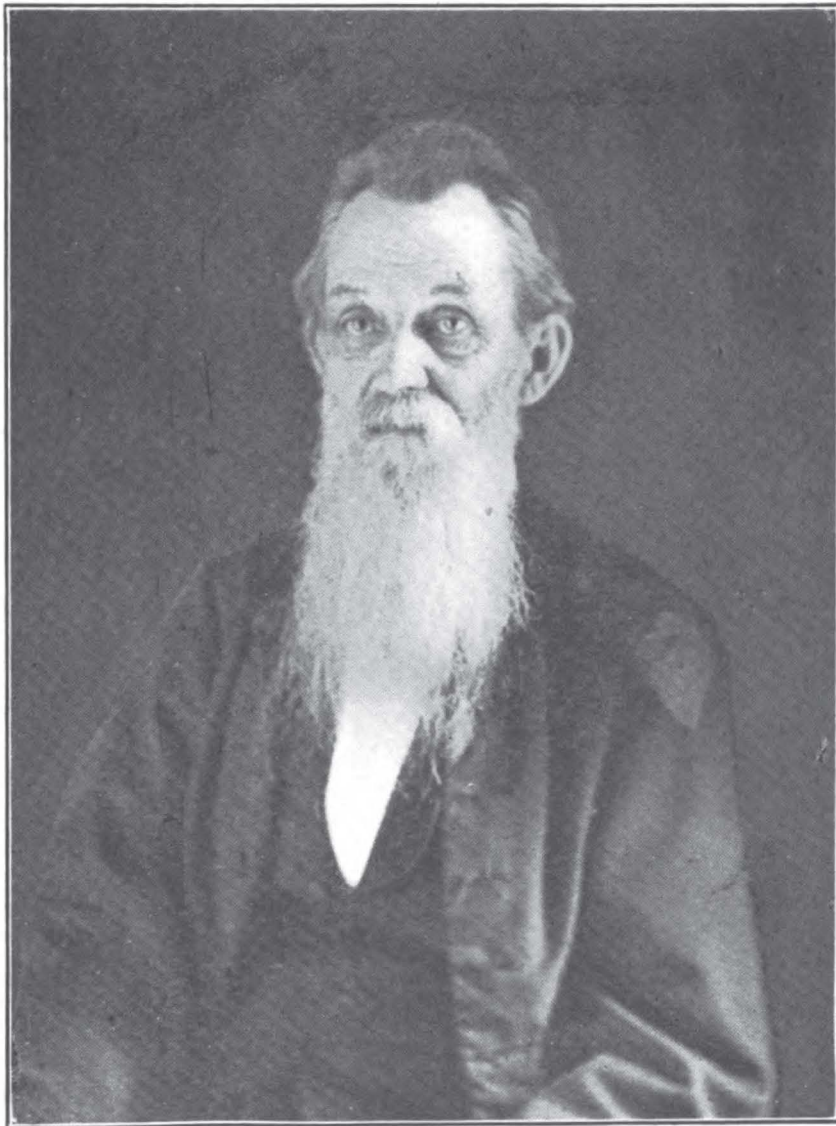
BENJAMIN WESTGATE.

MRS. LUCINDA SMITH.

Another good woman who was heartily interested in the work of the little band of people was Mrs. Lucinda Smith, and one whose influence was always to be counted for right and justice. Mrs. Smith was an earnest member of the "Co-Workers."



LUCINDA SMITH.



JAMES H. YOUNG.



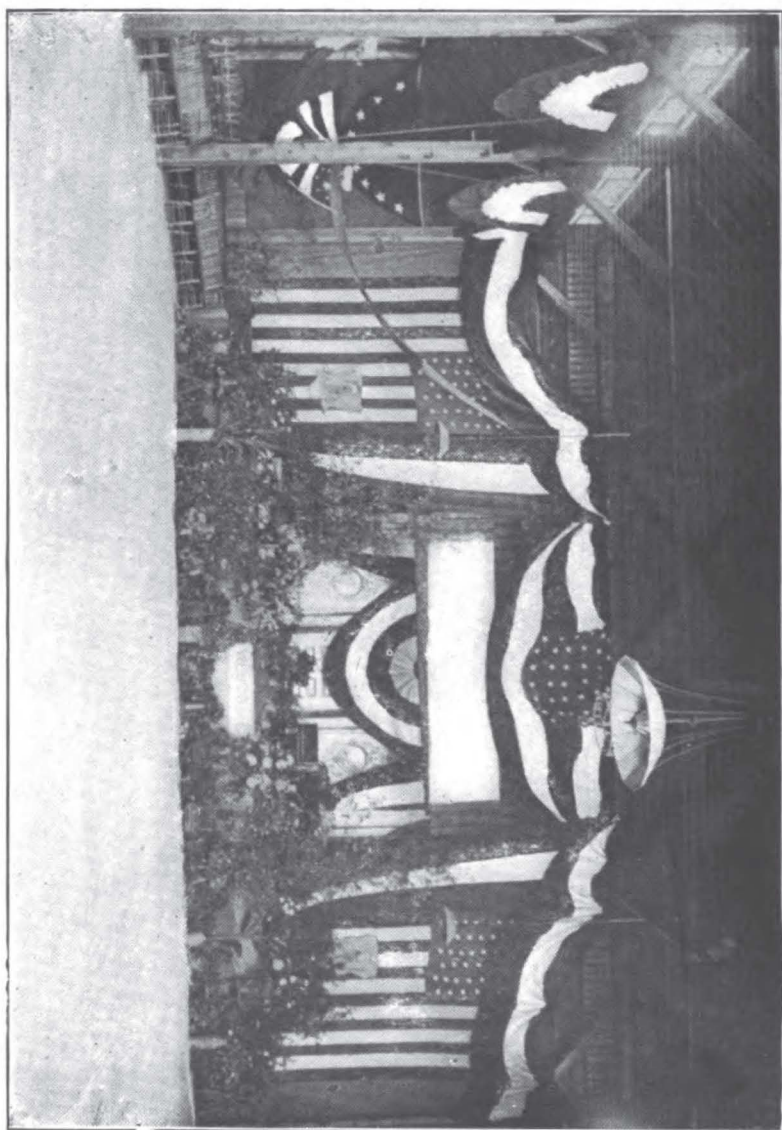
MRS. HATTIE YOUNG.

FROM AN OLD TIME PHOTOGRAPH.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES H. YOUNG.

The oldest member in point of years is the venerable James H. Young, who has been closely identified with the society since the not-to-be-forgotten grove meeting. He has held the various offices, from secretary and treasurer to vice-president. Mrs. Young always seconds his efforts, the interesting couple making a worthy pair, and a credit to the society. The annals of the organization show them to have been in the front ranks all these years, and always ready to respond to the call of duty. Mr. Young is an old soldier, having enlisted as a private the first year of the war, served four years, and was mustered out as a captain. He raised two companies, being appointed to the captaincy of one, and later served on the staff of General Denver. Mr. Young is a thorough-going Spiritualist, and claims to have been one four years before the Rochester rappings. He ran the gamut of the Methodist, Baptist, and the Swedenborgian churches before embracing his present religion. A prolific writer, the gentleman has been correspondent for nearly all the Spiritualist papers published, is a medium, an automatic writer, notary public, and a resident of Onset since 1888. Mr. Young was born in Newark, N. J., March 18, 1823, and is therefore in his eighty-second year.

A complete list of the members of the organization would reveal the names of people in all grades of society and human endeavor, from the business of fishing for a living to that of the attorney, from the day laborer to the millionaire. Just a few have been noticed to give to the reader a correct idea of those who are interested in the work of which this little book treats.



HARVEST MOON DECORATIONS IN TEMPLE,
WITH FLOOR CLEARED FOR DANCING.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HARVEST MOON: AN ANNUAL CELEBRATION ON THE FULL OF THE OCTOBER MOON.

Perhaps one of the most interesting services of the year of the "Co-Workers" is the celebration of the Harvest Moon Festival, which is held regularly upon the full of the October moon. While influences have been brought to bear many times to have the time changed, the Indian custom has been faithfully adhered to, with the results that the events have spelled the word success in capital letters.

ITS ORIGIN.

The origin of these meetings is found in the custom of the Indians, who, as the full of the October moon approached, made preparations for a celebration which answered the two-fold purpose of a jollification for the tribe, and also gave an opportunity for the braves and squaws to thank the Great Spirit for his care during the year preceding. The braves went upon a grand hunt, and in their absence the squaws harvested the corn. Upon the return of the braves, the real celebration was held.

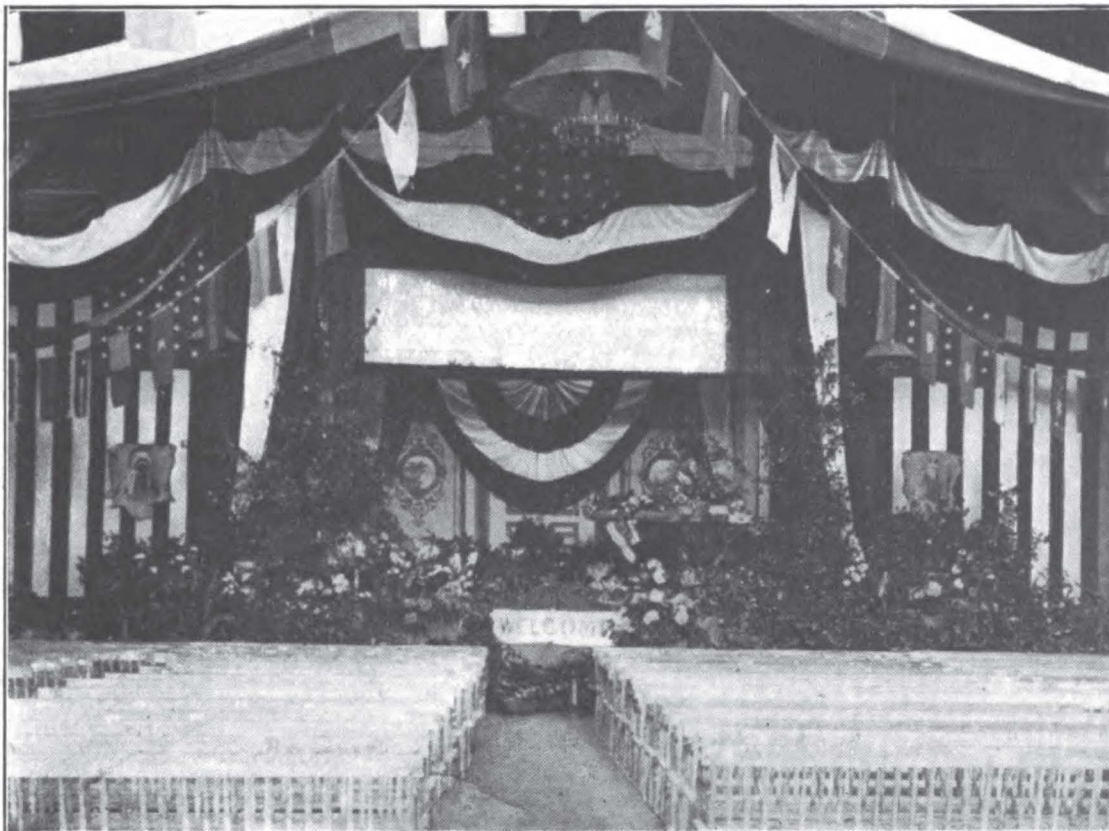
As will be inferred from the above, any observance of that custom would include the presence of all kinds of vegetables, grains and fruits. Flowers are used in abundance, and the intermingling of the bright national colors in the decorations makes a very pleasing picture. These affairs are held in the Onset Temple, and are attended by hundreds of people who journey from miles around to enjoy the farmers' supper, which is served by the ladies, the music and speaking, the dancing, and, best of all, to meet the old friends and make new ones. During the day meetings are held in the wigwam where the Indian controls come with their messages of hope and cheer.

THE FIRST.

The first meeting of the "Co-Workers" of this nature was held the month following the organization. At that time a few of the faithful gathered at the home of Mrs. H. R. J. Bullock, of Union Street, and celebrated the first Harvest Moon Festival of the Oni-set Wigwam Co-Workers, the following ladies and gentlemen having the matter in charge: Mrs. Bullock, Ross, Baker, Kimble, Woodward and Young, and Messrs. Wood, Ford, Crandall and Young.

TWO MEETINGS.

Comparisons are said to be odious, but in this instance a reading of the report of that first celebration and then a reading of another report that appeared



"WELCOME"

TEMPLE AND STAGE ARRANGED FOR HARVEST MOON CELEBRATION, SHOWING "OLD GLORY" ON EITHER SIDE.

in the "Banner of Light" six years later, will give, as nothing else can give, the great growth of the society and the popularity of its social functions.

FIRST MEETING.

Onset, Mass., Oct. 17, 1891.—Meeting held according to adjournment at Mrs. Bullock's, at 2 P. M., Mrs. Stone in the chair. She stated the object of the meeting to be the celebration of the true Indian Harvest Moon, and the collection of funds wherewith to build the wigwam.

The afternoon was spent in social conversation, and the ladies having made suitable arrangements, all present partook of a substantial supper, after which the social entertainment continued until 10 o'clock, when, on motion, adjourned to meet at the call of the chairman. Five dollars and thirty-five cents was added to the funds. Signed, James H. Young, Sec'y.

THE LATER REPORT.

The printed report speaks of the affair as the fourth anniversary, but in doing so it refers to the fourth anniversary of the chartered society; it is really the sixth anniversary, for the laborers of the two years preceding the incorporation of the society should not be ignored.

The story, which contains over 2000 words, is the story of two days' events that were held in the Temple in October, 1898. The building was comfortably filled

at each session, the list of speakers containing names well known in the work. The tone of the addresses is confident, and contain much encouragement for the workers in the vineyard. The entertainment on Saturday evening consisted of addresses, orchestral music, a cantata and songs, over sixty people taking part. The financial results were good, and a substantial sum was added to the fund for enlarging the Wigwam.



A CORNER IN THE DINING HALL.
WITH TABLES SET FOR THE "FARMERS SUPPER" A FEATURE OF THE HARVEST MOON CELEBRATIONS.

LOCATION: AMONG THE PINES ON THE BANK OF EAST RIVER.

The closing chapter of this book is very properly devoted to the location of the building and the facilities for reaching it.

THE O. C. ST. R. R.

Arriving in Boston, one naturally wishes to take a day for sight-seeing in the city and vicinity. The Public Garden, Public Library, Art Museum, can be readily reached, and the day's pleasure may be enhanced with a short trip down the harbor.

During the day the traveler has probably ascertained that he can journey to Onset all the way by trolley.

Taking an "L" car anywhere in the city, Milton is reached in a short time, when the cars of the O. C. St. R. R. Co., at a quarter of and a quarter past every hour, are taken for Brockton. The ride to the shoe town is made in large, comfortable cars, and is through Milton, through the famous Blue Hills into Randolph, the former home of the gifted author, Mary Wilkins, now known as Mrs. Dr. Freeman of New Jersey.

The cozy streets of Avon, formerly a part of the historic town of Stoughton, and now facetiously referred to as "Brockton's Eighth Ward," are the next in line.

In this town, the railroad company have arranged and maintain a free recreation ground known as "Highland Park." From here it is a 15-minutes ride to the corner of Main and Center Streets, and the traveler leaves the car after a ride of one and one-quarter hours from Milton.

ON TO MIDDLEBORO.

The next stage of the journey will use up an hour and a half, and is made on the line of the same company, and takes one through classic Bridgewater, the home of the State Normal School, past the State farm, with its hundreds of acres and 1,500 inmates, to the town of Middleboro, where the line of the Old Colony is left, and the last hour and twenty minutes is enjoyed passing along shaded country roads upon the line of the M. W. and B. B. St. R. R. Co.

Along this line are the bogs from which come many of the cranberries of the land, portable saw-mills engaged in cutting huge trees into box boards, the well-known Tremont Iron Works, through Wareham, and to the end of the journey, Onset Bay. The wigwam is at the left of the road, and is reached in a three-minute walk.

The traveler has paid 55 cents in carfare, and ridden the better part of a half-day—but such a ride!

THE N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.

If one desires to avoid the long, tiresome ride on the electrics, he can take a N. Y., N. H. & H. train at the South Terminal Station, one of the largest in the world, and be whirled to his destination, fifty-one miles, in one hour and fifteen minutes.

A Pilgrim coming by way of New York can take a Fall River Line boat, connect by train at that place for Middleboro, and then to Onset.

ONSET.

The following is taken from the 28th annual program of the Onset Bay Grove Association:

Onset is one of the most beautiful seashore resorts in the world, and is in close proximity to other noted summer resorts. It is connected by a bridge with Point Independence, and close at hand lies Monument Beach, and beyond Gray Gables, the summer home of Ex-President Cleveland, and at the head of the bay is located "Crow's Nest," owned by Joseph Jefferson.

The water supply, introduced by the Onset Water Company from Sandy Lake, could not be purer or better.

No summer resort is better supplied with well-regulated hotels, with rooms and board at reasonable

rates. Also, rooms can be obtained at cottages, and meals at either hotels or restaurants in close proximity.

Letters addressed to the proprietors of the following hotels, Onset Mass., will be promptly answered, giving full statement with regard to prices of rooms and board: Hotel Onset, Glen Cove Hotel, Glen Echo Hotel, Union Villa, Washburn House, Bullock's, Hotel Marcy, Highland House, and Mrs. Ronald's.

The Story of a Wigwam.

(ILLUSTRATED)

PART TWO.

A Collection of Poems Dedicated by

their Writers, to the

ON-I-SET WIGWAM CO-WORKERS

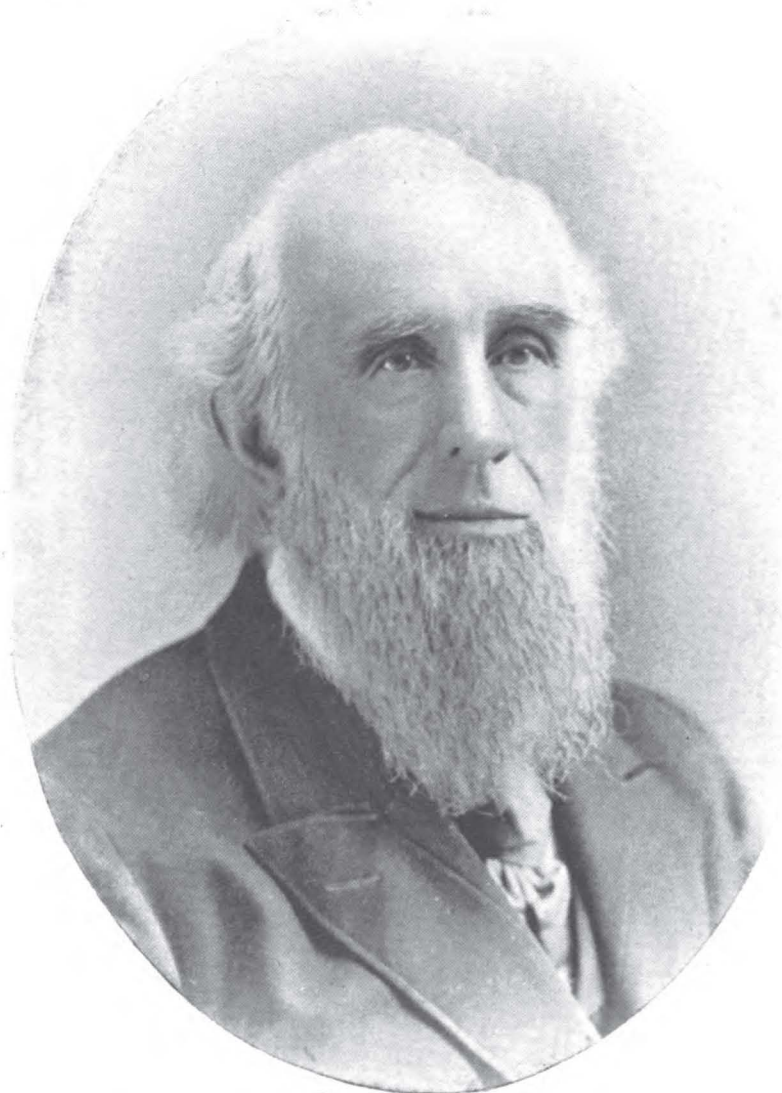
COMPILED AND ARRANGED

BY

RUSS H GILBERT.

"It is the far reaching Results, we seek,
by present methods to obtain."

Dr. H. B. Storer.



DR. H. B. STORER.

ONSET BAY: A REVERIE,
Dedicated to the On-i-set Wigwam Co-Workers
By DR. H. B. STORER.

1

Fair sleeps the bay, and soft the zepthers glide,
Rippling the surface of the azure tide;
The westering sun bestows in silver light
Its parting blessing ere the approach of night.

2

The wooded shores are gathering sombre shades;
Birds seek their nests within deep forest glades;
The filmy curtains of the evening's breath
Wrap Nature's forms as in a trance of death.

3

Folds upon folds, the cloudy mantel grows,
And darkness curtains Nature's sweet repose;
Islands and headlands melt into the gloom,
And space alone fills Night's great seance room.

4

Upon a rock, bordering both shore and sea,
I sit alone in peaceful reverie;
The mighty mystery of unwasting time
Holds my stilled senses with a power sublime.

5

The lapping waves are whispering at my feet
Stories of centuries past, and, quick to greet
Their silver speech, my ears attentive hear
Strange tales and true of many a vanished year.

6

Upon our tides, that constant come and go,
Long ere the white-faced strangers learned to know
The shores and headlands of this beauteous bay,
Our best loved friends, the Red Men, made their way

7

In birchen barks or hollowed trunks of trees,
Urged by swift paddles or the favoring breeze,
They skimmed above us, and our buoyant waves
Rejoiced to bear the Indian squaws and braves.

8

Nature's own children—brave, and strong, and free,
Born of the forest wilds and rolling sea—
Her mightiest forces knit their stalwart frames,
Her myriad voices blend to give them names.

9

Great Massasoit, the Wampanoags' chief,—
Reserved and dignified, in utterance brief,
Thy spirit held the warring tribes in awe;
Thy will united them and gave them law.

10

O'er all the vast domain, from the Great Bay,
Held in the circling arm of Meeshaunee,
To Narragansett's beauteous inland sea,
Great Sagamore the tribes acknowledged thee.

11

Their wigwams dotted hill, and plain, and shore,
Mid fields of maize and beans, a scanty store;
Their trails through tangled forests made their way;
Their paddles flashed in river, lake, and bay.

12

From Pun-on-a-kuit, Pawmet, Nauset's coast of sand
Patuxet's rock-bound eastern borderland,
Chequocket, Succanesset, Nunkettest,
Satucket, Shaume, of the sandy breast,

13

Nobscuset, Monomoy, and Sipican,
Where the Wewantet's thread of silver ran,
Nemanaket and Agawam's wild woods,
To Manamet's deep sheltered solitudes.

14

Where Mattapoiset and Wonkinco vie,
In sparkling beauty 'neath the summer sky,—
There the fresh meadows, bright with varied flowers,
Won the young squaws to pass their happiest hours.

15

Islands, and coves, and creeks, and springs, and nooks,
And fragrant marshes, and sweet running brooks,
Where winds were odorous with the spicy breath
Of birch, and pine, and cedar, balms of health.

16

Streams where the speckled trout in beauty play,
Lakes where the pickerel pursues his prey,
Brooks which the alewives sought to spawn their young,
Woods where the birds their songs of freedom sung.

17

Trails through the forest where the foxes ran,
And the wild deer scented the approach of man;
Where quail and partridge scurried from their nest
To hide their brood from the pursuer's quest.

18

There open spaces where the yellow maize
And golden pumpkin cheered the Indians' gaze,
And gave them promise of abundant store.
Ere winter's desolation should be o'er.

19

Here, the low-lying shores of cove or sound,
Where many a birchen cabin, grouped around,
Sheltered the tribe that hither came for food
From Nature's bounty in the ooze or flood.

20

Pass now the open fields and sandy reaches,
The sedgy marshes and the barren beaches—
By cove, and inlet, river, island, main—
To Narragansett's shores and fertile plain.

21

Far to the north, the vast and trackless wood,
The Wampanoags, left to Nature's solitude,
For them the blended life of sea and shore,
Winds through the oaks and pines, and the great ocean's
 roar.

22

Farewell, great chieftain; farewell, squaws and braves,
Our waters chant a requiem o'er your graves;
Great Spirit, Manitou, thou calledst them home,
In happier, fairer hunting grounds to roam.

THE INDIAN'S MESSAGE.
By "Pentamitre," Mrs. E. C. Mabbette.
Dedicated to the Onset Wigwam Co-Workers.

1

Oniseta the chief and the sachem
From the fair hunting grounds of the spirit,
From the Manitou, Father of Spirits,
To the squaws and the braves of the wigwam
This message of Love, Peace and Gladness.

2

The Red Man and the pale-face are brothers,
Let them dwell in the wigwam together,
In the tepees of peace and of friendship,
For the Manitou loves all his children,
And desires that they all live as brothers.

3

Let the pale-faces cease their contention,
May the chiefs and the squaws and papooses
Live in peace in their tepees and wigwams,
Let the hatchet and scalp-knife be absent,
And the tomahawk deeply be buried.

4

Let the war paint be washed from their faces,
And the pipe of peace smoke in their wigwam,
Let the war dance be turned into hunting,
May the foe and the friend be made brothers,
And the tribes now at war be united.

5

May the trails, that with warfare are tangled,
Be made pathways of peace and of gladness,
Where the sunbeams will play mid the breezes
And the flowers of the forest be gathered,
'Tis the voice of the Manitou, speaking.

6

Let the foe and the friend be united,
May they fish in the waters together,
And hunt in the forest, united
In silence, in peace and in friendship,
May they dwell in the tepees and the wigwam.

7

In communion beseech the Great Spirit
For the blessings of rain and of sunshine,
For the seasons, the summer and winter,
The glad spring and the fall and the autumn,
The seedtime, the planting, the harvest.

8

At the festival held in the autumn
When the ripe grains and the rich fruits are gathered
When the "Harvest Moon" welcomes the workers,
In the vigor and prime of the autumn,
Let the squaws and the braves be together.

9

In friendship and peace be at-one-ment,
Reap the fruits of the harvest together,
In your toils and rewards be united
'Tis the Manitou bids you be welcome
Hear the voice of the Manitou speaking.

10

Share the corn and the buckwheat together.
Share the game in the forest together;
Share the fish in the ocean together;

Share the fruits and the grains altogether;
Share the corn and the buckwheat together.

11

Share the costs and the profits between you;
Share the toil and the labor and hardships;
Share the hopes and the fears and the wishes;
Be brothers and sisters together
Since the Manitou loves all His children.

12

Then the angels and spirits will gather
From the great Hunting Ground of the spirit,
Where the pale-faces dwell with the Red Man
In peace and in gladness together,—
Will come to the wigwam to greet you.

13

Once again 'tis the Manitou's purpose
To unite both the worlds in communion,
That spirits of men may co-mingle
And men be by angels instructed,
For angels are men more perfected.

14

Hear the voice of the Manitou calling,
Hear the spirits and angels rejoicing,
See the earth and the heavens united,
Hark! to the spirits and mortals conversing
Through this message of chief Oniseta.



JOSEPH D. STYLES.

KING PHILLIP.

To the Wigwam at Onset Bay, and to its generous founder, Mrs. Mary C. Weston, and to all workers for, and sympathizers with, the cause of their Red brethren, the original possessors of the soil, are these lines respectfully dedicated by King Philip through his medium Joseph D. Stiles, of Weymouth, Mass.

1

From wigwams in the fields above,
Illumined by the lights of love,
Where dwell the Children of the Blest,
Who long have found a peaceful rest,
King Philip comes. Through medium Stiles—
The chieftain's face enwreathed in smiles—
Comes he, obedient to the call
Of pale-face Weston and of all.

2

Tho' fast the years are whirling on,
Since he to upper life was born,
Yet in this message will ye find
Ye live in memory and mind;
For God, the spirit good and great,
The arbiter of human fate,
Has given to Red Men as to white
Perceptions keen and strong and bright.

3

My dusky form ye may not see,
Yet strangers not are ye to me.
And as your hunting grounds I rove,
Thro' forest, field and flowery grove,

Unconsciously, pale-face, to you,
I garner friendships warm and true.
And which King Philip hopes and prays
Will last thro' God's eternal days.

4

And where the pale-face finds a home,
King Philip once did proudly roam;
His hunting grounds were everywhere,
He sought his game in field and air;
And where your steeds so proudly prance,
King Philip held his battle dance;
And where this wigwam rears its head,
Repose the Red Mans hallowed dead.

5

How often, on each little bluff,
In weather fair or weather rough,
Has tawney Chief, King Philip, stood,
And held communion with the Good;
And with a fervent spirit prayed,
That foes might not his land invade,
And tear him from the sacred graves
Of loved papposes, squaws and braves.

6

And often, when the sun's fair bride,
Had started on her nightly ride,
Would see cruel warriors there repair,
To woo and win their ladies fair;
To talk with spirits free and glad.
Of prospects which the future had;
And then breathe into love's listening ear,
What maidens like so well to hear.

7

And still, beneath the softening gloom
Of yonder shades, the bride and groom
Revisit each familiar scene,

When runs full high the harvest Queen.
In marriage true their lives are bound,
Their crowns with fadeless garlands crowned;
In union, by God's laws controlled.
Forever young, and never old.

8

God grant this wigwam fair may be
A Mecca for the brave and free.
Whose loves will e'er keep young and fresh,
Born of the soul and not of the flesh;
A clean, pure life, will bring anear
The highest from yon Heavenly sphere;
And with His holy saints will God
Find here a permanent abode.

9

Nor think, pale-faces, tried and true,
That He will partial be to you,
Or quicker open His Gates of Light,
Because your face and form are white;
Man here is measured by his acts,
Not by his wealth nor what he lacks;
Not by his race, nor by his skin,
But by the good his heart within.

10

God's laws are just! His ways are good!
His heart with mercy is imbued;
To all He swings His gates aback,
Be skin of white or red or black;
For love is His divinest grace,
And finds in him the highest place;
All wanderers from His fold afar,
Will yet seek this, His Polar Star.

11

No chasm long or deep or broad,
Divides us from the love of God:
And whether on His left or right,
His children will He keep in sight;
And if upon His left we stand,
As He more wisely may have planned,
Let this a comfort sweet impart
That we are nearest to His heart.

12

'Tis said that—so the tale doth run—
One of the children of the sun
Grew weary of the self-same round
In one Eternal Camping Ground;
And so resolved to tramp alone,
In other orbits than her own;
Leaving the golden roof of home,
In distant fields of space to roam.

13

But after centuries had passed,
She wearied of her voyage at last,
And to loved ones again returned,
Who long the wandering one had mourned;
Love brought the truant sister back,
To swing in her own rightful track;
By proof most willing to attest,
That her own orbit was the best.

14

If, mortals, of a vague unrest,
You find yourselves at times possessed,
And ye the feeling have imbibed,
That God your sphere has circumscribed,
Remember that the Infinite hand

For you a special work has planned;
And that within your orbit true,
There's work enough for you to do.

15

So be contented with your lot;
God has for each a chosen spot;
And do not grumble, fret nor groan,
Because the earth you do not own;
Nor fickle fate nor fortune curse,
Because of your consumptive purse;
For better than all earthly wealth,
Is calm of mind and bloom of health.

16

Then let this wigwam ye have crowned,
With kindly words and thoughts resound;
Leave all disturbing things outside,
And let sweet peace within abide;
As in the past, with heart and hand,
This wigwam beautiful ye planned,
So in the future it is willed
Its purposes shall be fulfilled.

17

And ye, who stand as open door,
Between this and the evermore;
The talents God has given, well use,
Nor trifle with nor them abuse;
If faithful to your special charge,
God will your special gifts enlarge,
And give for work of heart and hand,
Remuneration great and grand.

18

Prize, then, the power which so uplifts,
Nor curious be of other's gifts;
Restrain all passions low and mean,

And keep truth's Temple pure and clean;
Nor treasure the priceless jewels given.
The gifts of loving ones in Heaven,
As chattels to be bought and sold
For paltry pelf or glittering gold.

19

And ye whose beings have been fired
With words of love from lips inspired,
With your strong arms protect and shield
All honest workers in the field.
Give them the hand of fellowship,
Let nothing fall from heart or lip
But that shall be in full accord
With those, the chosen ones of God.

20

Nor enter ye their council fires
With crooked hearts and base desires,
Believing, as some have believed,
That ye are going to be deceived;
If ye go there with good intent,
And not on wrong or mischief bent,
Good things will surely come to you,
Which ye will know are right and true.

21

Then with a cheerful frame of mind,
And with a spirit calm and kind,
Oh! enter in their sacred haunts
Without a judgment in advance,
A judge his ermine would disgrace
Who ventured to prejudge a case;
Truth has no fears, nor ever quails,
When duly weighed in honor's scales.

22

Then have a care lest ye offend
Our God, our Father, and our Friend,
And place, thro' senseless prejudice
A gulf between your heart and His;
For retribution, swift and sure,
Will follow every evil-doer;
To none more swiftly than to those,
Who thro' his own His will oppose,

23

May God the pale-face Weston bless,
And crown her life with happiness,
And may the thought, most pure and sweet,
Make her life-line still more complete
That her good work and service given,
Approval meets of God and Heaven;
And that the verdict of "well done"
Will be her richest benison.

24

And for this wigwam, good and grand,
Devoted to the noble band
Of dusky children who once pres't
Their feet upon the vernal breast
Of this fair spot, King Philip sends
Words kindly to the best of friends:
And downward thro' the viewless air,
He wafts this brief but soul-felt prayer:
"Long life and joys without an end
To pale-face Weston;—Red Man's Friend."

25

Here is our home and our throne!
A wigwam we can call our own!
Here love shall reign! And truth divine
Shall find her consecrated shrine!

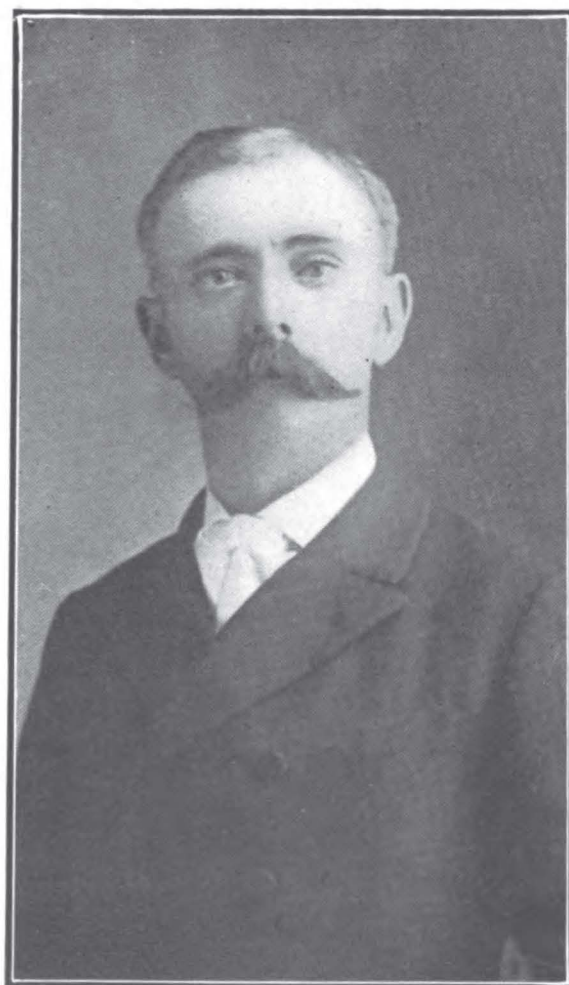
Nor blighting fear, nor crushing doubt,
Shall ever drive the Red Man out!
This wigwam love conceived and planned,
And here forever shall it stand!

26

And may our glorious work go on!
May loftier, grander thoughts be born
Within this wigwam ye have reared;
To memories cherished and revered;
Kind Heaven looks down with smiling face,
That, consecrated to our race,
Is this fair structure (generous gift)
In Red Man's sky, a shining rift.

27

And from the souls of Red and White
Go peans of intense delight,
That there is ope'd to them a way,
To come to earth, and come to stay;
And may we, with united hearts,
Strive earnestly to do our parts,
In making this, in deed and thought,
A truly angel-haunted spot.



RUSS H. GILBERT.

WHERE IS GOD AND WHERE DOES HE DWELL?

By Russ H. Gilbert.

In which people in various walks of life, wearing their lives out in an apparently vain attempt to batter down the wall of limitation, give voice to the question of questions that have been asked from the time of the tree worshipping stage to the present.

"Where is God and where does He dwell?"

Cries the man with the grimy hands.

"Is He in the heavens far above,

Or in some far-off foreign lands?"

I toil in the water and darkness;

I cry aloud to Him,

Hark! at last I hear the response,

Look thou within.

"Where is God and where does He dwell?"

Comes from the white lips of the sick.

"Has He forgotten me in my suffering?"

I wait for an answer and only hear the old clock tick.

I lay on my bed in agony;

I cry aloud to Him,

Hark! at last I hear the response,

Look thou within.

"Where is God and where does He dwell?"
Cries the mother who weeps for her son.
"Is He placing this sorrow upon me
That His will shall more faithfully be done?"
I pray to my Father in Heaven,
And reach out in the silence to Him;
When in comforting whisper comes the response,
Look thou within.

"Where is God and where does He dwell?"
Cries the one that is anxious to do.
"Why cannot I be of service
And a help to those that are true?"
I look about for the wonderful source
Of the feeling that comes from Him.
And my spirit's refreshed with the response,
Look thou within.

"Where is God and where does He dwell?"
Cries the wife in her new-made widowhood.
"Is He punishing me for mistakes of the past,
By depriving me of him whom I loved?"
I kneel by the confined form,
And reach out in the silence to Him,
When low and sweet comes the response,
Look thou within.

"Where is God and where does He dwell?"
Comes from the lips of the man in the trench.
"I look, I ask, I seek,"
Cries he in the office and he at the bench.
I read, I listen, I pray aloud
And reach out in the silence to Him.
And the voice of the age brings back the response,
Look thou within.

"Where is God and where does He dwell?"
 Queries the student in ancient lore,
 His studies of creeds and dogmas
 Have closed his eyes to the open door.
 He searches to find the solution
 Of the life that comes from Him.
 When from out of the mists comes the response,
 Look thou within.

"Where is God and where does He dwell?"
 Cries the failure in the battle of life.
 "Why these constant disappointments and sorrows,
 Why this continual warfare and strife?"
 We struggle only (it seems) to meet defeat,
 And almost despair of Him,
 When from out of the ruins comes the response,
 Look thou within.

"Where is God and where does He dwell?"
 Cries Labor in the midst of her toil,
 "The minister, he tells me one thing
 As does he who tills the soil."
 I look in vain to the churches
 For the love of the Nazarene,
 When all through the world rings the response,
 Look thou within.

"Where is God and where does He dwell?"
 The soul makes answer from within,
 God is I, and I am God,
 I know only good and recognize no sin.
 We each are made in His image,
 And are bound in ties Divine,
 For out of the silence comes the response,
 "Ye are the branches and I am the vine.

Then let us recognize the God that in us dwells,
And cultivate His beauty and His grace.
Let us be true to the highest law,
And meet him always face to face.
The trees, the flowers, the fields,
All nature sounds the refrain,
Within and without, around and about,
God does and always shall reign.

BESIDE THE SEA.

Dedicated to Mrs. Mary C. Weston.

By Mary Ella Weeks.

Where the music of the waters
Mingles with the pine tree's song,
And the whispering winds at twilight
Blend like voices, sweet and strong,

In a harmony that thrills and quickens
Every soul attuned to hear
Nature's voices, rich in blessing,
From a fountain pure and clear.

Here where once the red man wandered
Through the forest, wild and free,
Lies fair Onset, gem most perfect,
Set beside the deep blue sea.

Once the answering echoes only
Heard the Indian's thrilling call,
As he roamed through leafy forest,
Lord and monarch of it all.

Now the pale-face brings his greeting
To the altar in the grove;
And the spirit-world gives answer
With its messages of love

The Story of A Wigwam.

Linking in a bond most holy
Angel-world and earthly sphere;
Bringing balm and consolation
To each weary mortal here.

Midst the trees whose branches bending
Always toward the western sky,
Stands the "Wigwam," given solely
To the redmen's memory.

And without a fear or scruple
They can gather 'neath the dome,
Sure that here, within its portals,
Is the redmen's happy home.

To the Wigwam's healing circle,
At the sacred morning hour,
Come the Indians, full of vigor,
Ready to impart the power

Of their wondrous gift of healing
To the pale-face, squaw and brave,
Who in turn, without restriction,
Give that power the life to save

Of the suffering, sorrowing mortals,
Gathered there to gain new life
Ere they once again shall enter
In the world's unequal strife.

I can almost see the Indians
Coming in their light canoe,
Spirit-wafted, o'er the waters,
On their mission staunch and true.

Hallowed spot! where here is given,
Not for money or for gain,
Healing balm to soul and body,
Soothing all earth's cares and pain.

May the Wigwam live and prosper,
And its guiding spirit, too,
Faithful friend to all the redmen,
Mary Weston, good and true.

And when falls for her the shadows
Of her life's last setting sun,
And the day no longer lengthens
On her work so bravely done,

Then shall gather all the redmen
From the hunting-grounds above,
Bridging over death's dark river
With their strong and mighty love.

They will bear her upward, onward,
To her spirit home so bright,
Far beyond earth's ills and crosses,
Into Heaven's eternal light.



SITTING BULL.

SITTING BULL'S MESSAGE.

Kate R. Stiles.

Sitting Bull, the Chief, returneth,
Though a Spirit, he still yearneth
Over his beloved nation,
Still he feeleth obligation
Toward the Indian tribes and races;
Therefore he unto pale faces
Cometh, with strong words of pleading,
Through another interceding
For his hapless, hopeless brothers,
For the poor, dejected mothers
Who sit daily moaning, crying,
With their children round them dying.
Though his message he conveyeth
Through another, yet he prayeth
That the people who peruse it
Will not scoff at, or abuse it,
Will not say there is no merit
In the message of a Spirit
Through another brain transmitted.
The Great Father hath permitted
Those who pass beyond Death's portals
To approach their fellow mortals
And make known to them their feeling.
Thus comes Sitting Bull appealing,
Sending forth his supplication
To the chief men of the nation,
To the great men in high places,

That the Indian tribes and races
Be accorded fairer dealing,—
This he asks with kindly feeling,
He for justice only, pleadeth,
That the bread his people needeth
To sustain them from starvation
Be supplied them by the nation.
From their lands have they been driven,
And with faces shrunken, shriven,
Have they wandered forth, unsightly,—
Wandered daily, wandered nightly,
Vainly seeking for protection.
Oh! the sadness, the dejection
Of a race thus doomed to wander.
Sitting Bull long years did ponder
O'er the direful situation.
Oft he sat in contemplation,
Through the long night watches, lonely.
In his heart was one thought only,—
How to lift the Indian nation,
From its woe and degradation.
He for light was ever calling;
Yet the darkness, so appalling,
Sent him back no answ'ring token.
All unrifted, all unbroken,
Did the heavy cloud hang o'er him.
Walk beside him, move before him,
Heavy was his heart with groaning,
Sore became his breast from moaning,
Sore and weary with his sighing,
When he saw his people dying
For the bread from them withholden,
It did all his thoughts embolden,
And within him woke the spirit

That the red man doth inherit
From his fathers gone before him.
Yea, it seemed they did bend o'er him,
And did whisper their monition—
Urged him to demand rendition
Of the lands and bread belonging
To his people round him thronging.
This he sought, through arbitration,
To accomplish for his nation.
But the Government, unheeding,
Listened not unto his pleading;
Or, while listening, failed in action,
And he gained no satisfaction.
What remained then, O pale faces,
For the Indian tribes and races,
But to seek revenge in battle—
In its dreadful din and rattle?
Sitting Bull to white man sayeth,
Wonder not the red man slayeth
When he sees his people stricken,
Sees his sons and daughters sicken,
Sees them fainting, falling, dying,
For the bread he is denying.
Long the red man's blood had bounded
With injustice, ere he sounded
War's dread tocsin. Had white nation
But fulfilled its obligation,
Made for red man intervention,
There had been no dark contention.
With the white man lies the error
Of the turmoil and the terror
That hath seized upon the nation,
With him rests the obligation.
Will the lesson sore be heeded?

And will justice be conceded
To the Indian tribes and races
By their brothers, the pale faces?
Or will they by deeds unholy
Still oppress the red man, lowly?
Will he still be driven, driven,
Naked, hungry, shrunken, shriven?
Will the white man still pursue him,
Taking what belongeth to him,
Leaving him in destitution?
Then, O pale face, restitution
Must you make for wrongs committed,—
Justice ne'er can be outwitted.
Man may plot and rob his brother,
But in one sphere or another
He the "utmost farthing" payeth.
This the law of Justice sayeth.
This the white man's Bible teacheth,
From this text he often preacheth.
Sitting Bull oft heard it quoted,—
But its spirit had not noted.
He but listened to the letter,—
White man doeth no whit better.
He, too, listens to the reading,
But gives to it little heeding.
Speaketh Sitting Bull too boldly?
Yet not bitterly, or coldly,
He the word of truth declareth.
Truth is ever bold! it spareth
None to whom it makes appealing;
But, while wounding, it gives healing.
Giveth ever where it taketh,
Bindeth whereso'er it breaketh.
Though his written word sharp stingeth,

Sitting Bull no malice bringeth
From the Hunting-grounds of Spirit.
The quick blood he did inherit
Floweth now more calmly, slowly;
Therefore cometh he more lowly,
In a spirit of contrition.
Gone is all his proud ambition,
Gone his bitterness and hatred,—
All his anger hath been sated.
From the people long departed,
They, the wise ones, the large-hearted,
Hath he learned a kindlier feeling,
Therefore cometh he appealing,
For the good of every nation.
True, with stronger obligation
Turns he to the Indian races.
Yet he seeth that pale faces
Are in bondage and oppression.
Even they have not possession
Of the rights belonging to them,
Of the freedom that is due them.
What shall rend the cloud asunder,
That the nations now sit under,—
The dark cloud, that sore oppresseth?
Sitting Bull with pain confesseth
That far distant seems the dawning
Of that glad redemption morning
Pictured oft in ancient story,—
Not yet seeth he its glory.
Yet, while far the time appeareth,
There is still one sign that cheereth;
He beholdeth every nation
In a state of agitation.
This a better time presages

For mankind in coming ages.
Sitting Bull sees by this token
That the yoke shall yet be broken
That now resteth on his nation,
And they gain full liberation.
It is coming, O pale faces,—
Freedom for the Indian races!
Though the white man's power seem stronger,
Comes a day when he no longer
Can misuse the Indian nation.
Even now, with indignation
Is his hot blood doubly heated,
And indignities repeated
Will but make him more unruly;
Do not anger him unduly.
He not easily is sated,
Nor soon is his wrath abated,
Not soon doth he make retraction
When he hath been roused to action.
Sitting Bull sends forth his warning,—
To be met, no doubt, with scorning;
Such as oft to him was meted
When for justice he entreated.
Yet hath he no motive, other
Than to save his pale faced brother,
And the Indian tribes and races,
From the conflict that disgraces,
And alike unto each nation
Bringeth woe and desolation.
Sitting Bull the "oil of healing"
Fain would pour on wounded feeling
Of his stricken sons and daughters,—
Fain would calm the troubled waters
By which they are now surrounded.

He, with love that is unbounded,
Saith unto them, Education
Is your only sure salvation
From the evils that surround you,
From the ills that long have bound you.
Oh, then, rouse! put forth endeavor!
To injustice grant no favor;
But, all bitterness eschewing,
Labor for the full undoing
Of the ignorance of ages.
Back of you are seers and sages,
Back of you your long-gone sires,—
These shall help you light the fires
Of a noble, true ambition,
That in time shall yield fruition.
With the fathers, gone before you,
Are your mothers, they who bore you;
They, their past rude life ignoring,
Now return to you, imploring
That you rise from degradation
And become a noble nation.
Urge with kindness the pale faces
To accord you better places,
Better lands and reservations—
Then fulfill your obligations.
Plough and sow, and you shall gather—
'Tis the law of the Great Father;
And while it remains unheeded
Will the bread of life be needed.
Gain that comes to him that worketh,
Cometh not to him that shirketh.
Not to him that idly sightheth,
But to him whose feet swift flieth
Is the race at length accorded,

And the golden prize awarded.
Listen! my beloved nation,
To the earnest exhortation
Sitting Bull brings from your sires.
Dance no longer round your fires,
Thinking thus to woo the sages,
The Messiahs of past ages!
All your forms have no attraction
For these souls of earnest action.
But in every true endeavor
Will they aid and guide you, ever.
And, O pale face, more enlightened,
Be not anxious, be not frightened,
When you see the red man dancing,
'Round his camp fires wildly prancing;
'Tis his mode of invocation.
White man maketh supplication
When and wheresoe'er he chooseth,
Yet the privilege refuseth
To his poor, untutored brother,
Who at present knows no other
Way to ease his burdened feeling,
Than by this rude, wild appealing.
Would you lift him to your station,
Pale face, give him education;
Not the kind that comes from preaching,
Or from praying--but the teaching
That results from observation.
Give him this, O pale faced nation,
By allowing him to enter
Every business mart and centre
That is open to pale faces.
Why not he, like other races,
Be accorded free admission,

Come and go without permission?
The Great Father who created
Red and white man hath not stated
That the red man's claim be bounded.
Nay! in liberty was founded
Life for every tribe and nation;
Bondage bringeth degradation.
Therefore Sitting Bull now prayeth
That whene'er the red man strayeth
From his land and reservations
Unto those of other nations,
He be kindly met and treated—
Kindness would in turn be meted—
For the red man hath deep feeling,
And love maketh strong appealing
To his nature deeply hidden.
Should he sometimes come unbidden,
Or with rudeness seek to enter
The dominions where you centre
As a great and mighty nation,
Do not flee in consternation;
Let him view your ways and measures,
Look upon your arts and treasures;
It would quicken his ambition,
Help to change his sad condition,—
This the teaching red man needeth.
Seldom is it that he readeth
Of what goeth on around him.
White man's laws so close have bound him,
That he knoweth not nor heedeth
How the world about him speedeth.
Sitting Bull the white man heareth,
Making answer, that he feareth
The red man would sore abuse him,

Were he from his bonds to loose him.
Nay! were red man's wrongs adjusted,
He could be as safely trusted
As can any other nation.
Red man feels deep obligation,
For a kindness to him meted,
Rarely, save when illy treated
Doth the Indian rob and plunder,
And break white man's laws asunder.
Give him liberty, pale faces,
As accorded other races,
And he would become a nation
Purged from crime and degradation!

Sitting Bull his plea hath ended,
Though not all by him intended
Hath he through his scribe transmitted.
Should his message, thus submitted
To the people, be rejected,
Be despised and be neglected,
He hath filled his obligation.
Henceforth he his loving station
Holdeth near his people, stricken.
He will watch by those who sicken,
He will whisper to the dying
Of a land where is no sighing,
Of a land where plenty reigneth,
Where no cold nor hunger paineth,
Where the white man and red brother
Dwell in peace with one another.
Thus will he impress and guide them,
Though they know not that beside them
Sitting Bull, their chief, still walketh,
And that with them still he talketh.

Though his outward form be hidden,
He will come and go unbidden,
Working for the elevation
Of his poor, down-trodden nation.
This is Sitting Bull's desire,
'Tis his Heaven! he seeks none higher.

INDIAN SONG.

Written by Mrs. L. A. Judkins, and Dedicated to the
Wigwam and the Red Man, Onset, Mass.
Air, Maryland, My Maryland.

1. A Wigwam we have tenderly,
Indian, dear Indian,
Erected to thy memory,
Indian, dear Indian,
'Tis built on Red Man's land so free,
We consecrate its walls to thee,
An Emblem of Sweet Liberty,
Indian, dear Indian.
2. In Justice, Truth and Liberty,
Indian, dear Indian,
United, firm we'll ever be,
Indian, dear Indian,
Where at this Wigwam by the hour,
Thou sendest forth a mighty power,
Our heart-felt thanks on thee we shower,
Indian, dear Indian.
3. Ages ago thy feet have trod,
Indian, dear Indian,
'This spot that now is hallowed sod,
Indian, dear Indian,
Tho' faces pale supplant thy race,
And drive thee from thy resting place,
We know thou wilt these wrongs efface,
Indian, dear Indian.

4. And now, dear Chief and Red-skin brave,
Send out thy mighty power to save;
Thy concentrated force of power
Will give us strength from hour to hour,
And when that blessed time comes 'round,
We'll meet you in your Hunting-ground,
Where Peace and Love and Joy abound,
Indian, dear Indian.