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THE NARRAGANSETT DAWN

EDITORIAL

INDIAN CHRONICLES

The New England Indians first looked upon the white settlers as creatures of different flesh and blood, scarcely animals. Soon they became enlightened, and saw, men of different color skin from their own, lived by eating and drinking the same as themselves. They saw that they were susceptible to wounds and injuries. Hence, so far the two races were equal. Soon the Indian inquired into the cause of his being treated as an inferior. He next learned that the whites set a high value on his possessions, and little on the Indian’s property. He next sensed that he was a despised creature when he had nothing more to give.

In the early 17th century there were about 30,000 Indians in Southern New England. Many were stolen, some went willingly to learn what they could of other countries. Five were seized and taken to England in 1675, to learn the English, and to inform England of the wealth of America, as to gold mines, etc. They were Tahanedo, a Sagamore, Amoret, Skicocharas and Mancedo, all gentlemen, with Sassolomet a servant. After three years they were sent out with different captains to settle colonies and help discover new and richer lands.

As early as 1611, Capt. Edward Harlow did the same thing. He took three to pave his way, first, Pechno, Monopt and Pekenimme, and later Capoge, Coneconnin, Epenow, Nohono, Sakweston and Wenope. This fact shows that as the colonization of America spread, Indians led the way.

In 1614, Capt. Thomas Hunt, an importer of slaves from Africa, kidnapped seven Indians and sold them in Spain. He was under orders from Capt. John Smith to carry fish, furs and oils, but disobeyed orders and proceeded to Malaga. He was censured severely for this act, as it destroyed trade on this coast. News of it spread by Indian telegraphy. The whites could never enslave an Indian without reaping vengeance from many. The Indian valued his freedom. This act of stealing Indians provoked the vengeance of all Indians. But this was the most serious provocation which happened just before the Pequot War and was never forgotten. The Pequots would fight to a bloody end rather than be made slaves. We honor their spirit.

1616—A French ship was wrecked on Cape Cod, all but one was killed; he married an Indian and had posterity.

1620—There were about 10,000 Narragansetts on the west shores of their bay. They lived by planting, fishing and hunting. They lived in groups, in long houses. When crops were poor, they all went together to the shores of the Narraganset Bay. Here they dug clams; ate them raw and cooked. Thus the history of our R. I. clam bakes goes back to the Indian.

PIPE OF PEACE

The pipe has always occupied a prominent place in Indian stories as an emblem of peace and friendship. That this is so is due to the fact that to the Indian, smoking was a religious ceremony to be indulged in only on solemn occasions, to bring good and to arrest evil. An Indian smoked to allay storms, to gain protection from his enemies, to bring game, and invoke the blessing of supernatural power on anything of importance that he was about to undertake. Ordinarily, young men did not smoke, as it made them short-winded. Certain pipes or pipe stems which were seldom made for actual smoking were supposed to be possessed for sacred power and are known to us as calumets. They get their name from a French word meaning reed or tube. Calumets were used by many of the tribes when peace treats were made and it is from this custom that the term “pipe of peace” came into being. Such pipes were recognized as flag of truce between warring tribes and were used by messengers as passports.

Seldom more than one pipe was used when it was smoked in council. The medicine man as host would light the pipe with a coal from the fire and blowing a puff of smoke toward the sky, would point the pipe stem toward it as a prayer to Those Above. He would then point the stem toward the south and to the four winds. He then passed the pipe to the man on his left, who smoked in the same manner. The pipe went around until it reached the man seated at the door of the lodge. After he had smoked, it was passed back around the circle to the right until it reached the man on the other side of the door, for it was not permitted to pass the pipe across the doorway. It was then again passed to the left until it reached the medicine man or was smoked out. In this way the pipe was supposed to be following the path of the sun.

Pipes were of many different shapes and were made of various materials. Some were straight tubes, others were curved, and some had bowls at right angles to the stem. A T-shaped pipe made of the stone was the type most commonly used on the plains. Hardwood, stone, clay and bone were used for making pipe bowls. Blocks of hard, tough clay were carved out as pipe bowls and rubbed with grease. These were hardened over a fire and by use. Stratite, serpentine slate, and catlinite were the stone principally used. The last named is a soft stone found in the famous pipe-stone quarries in Minnesota. These quarries have long been sacred to the Dakota and the tradition is that they were regarded as neutral grounds by all of the tribes.

CHIEF MAN-NI-SAN-难,
F. P. Adams, Lafayette, R. I.
The Ancient Burial Place
Of the Narragansett Sachems

About one mile to the northeast of the village of Cross's Mills, in the town of Charlestown, R. I., and nearly the same distance to the north of the late Gen. Joseph Stanton's residence, is located the ancient burial place of the Royal family of the Narragansett Indians. It is on a pleasant elevation which commands an extensive view of the ocean and the country. There is a little pond to the south of it, and perhaps within 50 rods of the famous burying ground. 'There is one row of mounds raised above the next, where Indian tradition identifies them as the tombs of the Sachems, great men and their families. Many graves are very lengthy. The hill was formerly covered with wood, but during the gale of September 1869, some of it was prostrated, and since that time the owner has cut most of the timber.

The burial ground proper, as now appears to the visitor, is situated on the edge of a forest, and presents a dreary and desolate view. Corpse wood is piled upon close proximity to the graves, from one of which has grown an oak, perhaps 15 inches in diameter. One of the mounds looks as though it had been dug into within recent date. Refuse wood and limbs of dead trees cover the graves of historic personages whose remains lie buried beneath. It's neglected condition is painful to the individual who sees it for the first time and who recalls the power of this great nation of aborigines, 10,000 strong, and the renown of its warriors and chiefs, and an involuntary feeling of reproach arises that the graves of these once powerful kings and sachems should have passed out of the hands of their descendants, and to all appearances have become so utterly forgotten.

It is of record in the proceedings of the General Assembly held at Newport on the third Monday in August 1773, that a petition was presented from the Narragansett tribe setting forth that some of the late Sachems had run themselves largely in debt, and for the discharge of those debts we have consented to the sale of the greatest part of the most valuable lands belonging to the tribe, so that there now remaineth only one small piece of Fort Neck by which they can get to the salt water, by which they fetch great part of the support of themselves and families.

It appears that on the 28th of March, 1709, the then Sachem "Ninigret" deeded to the Governor and company of the colony of R. I. in consideration of their protection, all the vacant lands, so called, and that the boundaries of the lands thus deeded were immediately run out and marks set under the direction of the late Col. Joseph Stanton, and others of the committee appointed by the General Assembly to oversee the "Indian Affairs."

Soon after the petitioners go on to say, "Some persons, who claimed lands to the eastward of such lines set by the committee caused another line to be run, and the boundaries changed whereby, the graves of our ancestors and the burying ground of our ancient Sachems and fathers, as well as also several hundred acres which were not intended to be granted by deed aforesaid are claimed, and against right held from the Indians by sundry persons in Charlestown."

In the desposition of Roger Williams relative to his purchase of lands from the Indians dated 18th of June 1682 occur these words: "And therefore I declare to posterity, that were it not the favor that God gave me with Canonicus none of these parts, nor Rhode Island, had been purchased or obtained; for I never got anything out of Canonicus but by gift."

The Indian land or reservation so called in the town of Charlestown consists of about 1-6 of the entire area of the town, on which live the remnants of the tribe, numbering about one hundred and eighty persons. They annually, in the month of March elect an Indian Council, who exercise a sort of tribal authority under the supervision of the Indian commissioner. They have to care for and support their own poor. What is left of this once powerful nation is weak and insignificant; their property has dwindled away through the recklessness of their sachems and the purchase and incapacity of their more powerful neighbors. This burial place of their ancestors was taken from them and had remained out of their control for many years, utterly neglected.

A resolution has been introduced in the General Assembly to purchase back this historic graveyard, to enclose it by a substantial stone wall, and to place a tablet within said enclosure, with such inscriptions engraved thereon as might be thought appropriate, the whole expense not to exceed $800.

Would not this be a grateful act on the part of the State of Rhode Island? The City of Providence has done herself honor by erecting a statue of the founder of the city and state, which was recently unveiled with imposing and appropriate ceremonies. Do not let us forget the neglected graves of the Sachems of that great nation of untutored savages who treated him so kindly and who displayed so many qualities worthy of emulation.

An old clipping from THE EVENING BULLETIN, Monday, Feb. 25, 1878.

Before the reservation was sold by the state.

Listen to the Medicine Man
Chief Pine Tree

Revive an Old Indian Cure in Measles

An old Indian custom, revived with scientific improvements at Boston, was credited by speakers before the American Public Health Association today, with preventing measles in a surprisingly large number of cases. Physicians from that city explained for the first time to the medical profession a modern technique involving use of placental extract.
THE NARRAGANSETT DAWN

Some Indians, after a child was born, saved and dried the placenta. In after years whenever the child was sick, it was fed him as “good medicine.” There are some old Narragansets living who remember this “good medicine” as it was called. To-day in Boston a purified placental extract is given by the spoonful for measles. It is used both by intramuscular and by mouth, stopping about 60% of the cases during inciency, and removing danger of death frequently even in later stages, according to reports of Dr. Elliott S. Robinson of the Massachusetts Department of Public Health and Charles P. McKhann of Harvard Medical School.

Dr. Robinson says, “the hypodermic method is the newest thing in measles treatment, but we have also tried giving the extract by mouth. Under this custom the placental extract was dried. If a child became ill he might be given some of his own placenta. Sometimes the custom was modified to pool the placenta and use them for all the children. We gave the extract by mouth to 33 cases in the incubation stage. In 2-3 of them the measels was prevented or modified. This result is based on too few cases, but it indicates that the failure from the method might be about 25%. This is not nearly as good as the intramuscular injection, which shows failure in only 4.5%. Furthermore, larger quantities are needed than by injection. It might not be easy to obtain sufficient extract for extensive use.”

But the results show that the old Indian custom was not so ridiculous as might be supposed. The Narragansets have in their files many more old cures that may some day be worked out scientifically.

CHECKER PLAYER OF THE PAST

Mr. Clarence Freeman was once champion checker player of the world. He beat everyone of note in the game. He was a great penman, also, this lad who was part Indian. His Indian grandmother brought him up; and at one time when he was seriously ill, the story is told how she went to the hospital where they had taken him, and performed wonders. He had grown to manhood, and traveled about a great deal. Word reached the old lady that Clarence was in a hospital not expected to live. When she reached the hospital with her little bag, they told her the sad news. She went in to him, shut the door and worked. When the nurse came she found Clarence packed in bed and breathing more freely. He had had a concoction of Indian herbs, and was decidedly better. Clarence lived for many more years, and won many more checker games. His friends still speak of Clarence’s Indian grandmother’s cure.

E. C. BEUZARD

OLD BELIEFS

The old Narragansets had six seasons—Seedtime, early summer, mid summer, fall of leaves, and winter.

The Divine Power worked through the sun, moon, fire, water, snow, deer, and bear.

They thanked Great Spirit for fishing, hunting, harvesting and held many thanksgiving services. The greatest was in the fall of leaves in honor of Cautauntowit (spirit of the harvest or the Harvest Moon).

Queen Esther, last great queen of the Narragansets believed it wrong to speak English. Through her interpreters he said, “I will never speak the language of the destroyers of my people.”

Canonicus (wise and peaceful prince) said, “I have never suffered wrongs to be offered to the English since they landed, nor never will. If the English man speak true, if he means truly, then shall I go to my grave in peace, and hope that the English and my posterity, shall live in love and peace together.”

Canonicus died at peace in possession of all royal lands and dignities.

NORWICH COLUMN

by Princess Wood Dove

Mr. Nelson Lansing who has been very ill for three weeks, is able to be out. How glad we were to see him and his wife at the Narragansett Festival, in Alton, R. I. Other Norwich friends were at the feast, and the Narragansets were glad to have them join them.

Princess Wood Dove and Mr. Albert Vincent, of Bradford, were the dinner guests of Chief Night Hawk and family. They had a delightful time reading tea cups. Later they motored to Westerly and joined the party at Chief Pine Tree’s. In the group were Miss Marjory Dove, Miss Naomi Fayerweather, Mr. Theodore Glasko, Princess Red Wing and children.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Jackson have a brand new son. The Narragansets send greetings.

Several of the Norwich and Mystic groups attended the church services October 15th at the Narragansett church in Charlestown. “Look for the Light and it shall be revealed” was one lovely thought they gained. The Sunshine Society of Providence were there and presented eight lovely lights to the church.
Miantonomi vs. Uncas

It appears to be a generally accepted fact, that Miantonomi was the nephew of Canonicus, who was very aged, with the sage council of his uncle. Miantonomi was the ruling spirit of the Narragansett tribe when they were early known by the English. Miantonomi was very young, probably not of age. At this time the Narragansetts and the Mohegans under Uncas, had entered into certain covenants with the English. Uncas has left records which show he was a great falsifier and his apparent aim was always to stir up trouble between the Narragansetts and the English. He had been deprived of the Pequot sachemdom by Sassacus who also being heir to the position, was chosen by the Pequots instead of Uncas, who was very ambitious, and wanted power. Uncas saw this power in the English, and did not wish to share with the Narragansetts, who had been accused of conspiracy against the English several times, all apparently the under-handed work of Uncas to gain his ends. There were minor depredations, but when brought to the attention of Miantonomi he always did his utmost to right all wrongs; and nothing was ever proven that the Sachems of the Narragansetts ever had any part in the conspiracy, even then as later, the English brought the most of their trouble upon themselves.

For the foregoing causes Miantonomi was summoned to Boston several times and being very astute in court matters, he would never make any statements unless there were members of his tribe present to bear witness of what he said. The English were very anxious that Miantonomi and Uncas should be friendly, and on one occasion had them in the English manner, to shake hands. Miantonomi was willing, and invited Uncas to dine with him, but the latter held aloof, refusing the invitation. So matters drifted from bad to worse, with the English upholding Uncas to the detriment of the Narragansetts. Uncas could do as he pleased; no one could help it, he had a large tribe in Connecticut and friend of Miantonomi, killing several Indians, and Miantonomi could do nothing less than, at least, try to champion the cause of his friend.

Remembering his covenant, Miantonomi asked and received a half hearted permission to march against Uncas, which he did, with about one thousand men. Uncas was not with about half the number and called for a truce which was granted, and both Sachems stepped forward to confer. Uncas wanted to settle the matter by a duel between himself and Miantonomi, but the latter refused. Before stepping forward, Uncas had laid his plans for a trick, and deliberately broke the truce. It seems very incredible, but it gained him the victory. The ruse was that when he fell on the ground the Mohegans were to rush the Narragansetts, which was done, the latter being thrown into great confusion. Miantonomi wore a suit of armor which his English friend, Samuel Groton, had given him, and it proved to hinder him, and aid in his capture. His foes easily seized him, impeding him in such a way, so that Uncas should have the honor.

Uncas was at a loss to know what to do with his illustrious captive, because he remembered his covenant, so he took him to Hartford. It appears he shifted around more or less before he really decided, in secret, that Miantonomi must die, not because of what he had done, but because of his power. Roger Williams was in England at this time, 1643, on important business pertaining to the charter of Rhode Island, otherwise this matter might have had a different termination. Uncas was appointed executioner, but it must not be done on English territory, so Miantonomi, who did not know his fate was taken just across the river at Sachem’s Plain and from behind, his skull was split with a hatchet by Uncas or by his orders. The victim sank to the ground without a groan, and thus passed Rhode Island’s greatest native friend, Miantonomi of the Narragansetts.

 Tradition says Uncas was too tender-hearted to slay one whom he knew so well, to be a noble man, but that he sent one other to do it. Yet some writers say that Uncas pounced upon the still quivering body and cut a large piece from his shoulder and ate it. Some say he cooked it, and ate it saying that it was the sweetest meat he had ever tasted. Miantonomi was buried where he fell, and as was the custom, every passing Narragansett Indian for years after, would place a large rock on the grave; but long ago the rocks have been taken for building purposes. It was also the custom for the Narragansetts to make an annual pilgrimage to weep, and mourn at his grave. This may have been done with a double intent, for it will be remembered that Conochet, the son, while not yet a man was growing to manhood, and a slave man’s nearest relative was supposed to meet out justice or avenge the slaying. This is the atmosphere that Conochet grew up in, with the manner of his father’s death kept ever before him. It cannot be wondered at, if he had no real love for the English. From the record left behind him, historical, Uncas was little less than a monster, for, we doubt, if there was ever another chief who set about to destroy their own tribe. Still he out-lived all his prominent enemies, dying shrorn of his power and lands. Cooper’s Uncas is just a little fairy tale.

by Fred V. Brown

Uncas — His Pledge

"I have no men, my men are your men, and if the need should arise I will slay anybody, be they ever so dear to me."

The pledge of Uncas to the English may be interesting, while not the exact wording is the substance.

Fred Brown
A QUEEN SENT THANKS

The grandfather of Mrs. O. L. Simons, of New London, Conn., once owned the old Oyster House on Wall Street, New York City. He was an expert on oysters and sent some to Queen Victoria of England, who returned gracious thanks.

THE LOST TRIBES

by Cob Hayne

This is not a story of the lost tribe of Israel but of a vanishing tribe of Indians. It is a chronicle of the Brehtertown American Indians and their trek from New England into New York and finally to Wisconsin, where they eventually lost their identity as a people.

From the top of the attic stairs of her little home on the shore of Lake Winnebago, my hostess brought the book of her people.

"Some antique hunters came to our village," she said, "They asked me to sell this record book to them. I would as soon part with my life."

Mrs. Lura Fowler Kindness has lived to see many changes take place in the fortunes of her people, the Brehtertown Indians of Wisconsin. But decades are few over which her memory is hinged. Instead of remonstrating with the white man she has learned to accept his culture as her own. She falls back upon the memory of George Whitefield, the great evangelist of the English colonies, to say, "I believe I had as much room to reflect upon the great truths of the Gospel as any of them." She has seen the influence of the English language upon the thought of the white man, and she has been profoundly impressed with the influence of the English language upon the thought of the Indians.

Our story has to do with two Indians, Samson Occom and David Fowler, two friends as close as David and Jonathan.

One day in 1743, there came to the doorstep of Eleazar Wheelock, a Congregational pastor at Lebanon, Connecticut, a Mohegan youth, named Samson Occom. He desired to remain with the minister a few weeks in order to obtain enough knowledge to read the Bible and explain some of its passages to his people. The Mohegan was a recent convert in the Great Awakening under George Whitefield, famous evangelist from England.

Samson Occom proved to be so apt a pupil that his sojourn with the pastor was extended to four years. He prepared to enter Yale College, but could not enter because his eyes failed. So he went as a missionary to the Montauk Indians on Long Island, among whom he had already formed acquaintanceships through fishing trips. He established school for them and made his home with an Indian who had the English name of James Fowler. In the Fowler home was a daughter, Mary, with whom Samson promptly fell in love. Shortly thereafter he married her. In that home, also was David Fowler, who became his friend.

In 1769, Samson Occom was ordained to the Presbyterian ministry with the intention of becoming a missionary to the Cherokee Indians. But because they went to war against the whites, his plan was frustrated.

In May, 1768, Samson Occom and David Fowler, as missionaries under Congregational and Presbyterian auspices, went on horseback into New York State to the country of the Mohawks and Oneida Indians. David returned with three Indian boys for the Charity School conducted by Eleazar Wheelock. His English was graphic as may be seen in the following portions of two letters written in 1765, in which he expressed his longing for a wife:

"I have been treated very kindly since I came to this place . . . I find it very hard to live here without the other rib . . . I believe I shall persuade most of the men to labor next year. They begin to see that if they cultivate their lands, they would live better than they now do by hunting and fishing . . . It is very hard to live here without the other bone. I must wash and mend my clothes, and cook all my victuals, and wash all the things I use. This is exceedingly hard. I shan't be able to employ my vacant hours in improving their land as I should if I had a cook.

On July 26, 1766, David Fowler set out from Lebanon with Hannah Garret, who had been attending the Indian Charity School, to visit her parents in Rhode Island. She was an Indian girl of distinguished lineage, being the descendant of Hermon Garret, the Niantic sachem to whom reference already has been made. She had consented to marry David. He was accompanying her to her home for that purpose. After the wedding, the couple journeyed to Montauk, Long Island, to visit David's parents. The Congregational minister, Eleazar Wheelock, had clothed the bridal pair and had furnished much for their housekeeping. So they set out for the Oneida country "with a good pair of horses, a horse-cart, clothing for two years, a set of carpenter's tools, and some necessaries for housekeeping."

During the same year, Samson Occom was sent to England, at the suggestion of George Whitefield, as "a living sample of a well-directed endeavors to Christianize the Indians." His public appearances created intense interest wherever he went. As a public speaker he won the respect of all classes. The leading pulpets of the different denominations in England, Scotland, and Wales were open to him. Lord Dartmouth became his patron and president of the Board of Trustees of the funds contributed
for Wheeler's Indian School at Lebanon. He secured a contribution from King George III for the advancement of the Christian education of the American Indians. His pleas for assistance netted $60,000. When the school was removed to Hanover, New Hampshire, and there established as a college, it was named Dartmouth, after its distinguished patron.

When Samson Occom returned to New England he joined other Indians, among whom was his friend David Fowler, in leading large migrations of destitute New England Indians from their little reservations in Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Long Island to the Oneida section in New York. A large section was obtained from the Oneida Indians by treaty. The Stockbridge Indians of Massachusetts joined in this movement, which began in 1776 and culminated in 1795.

The new settlement in the Oneida country was called Brothertown and was composed of the remnants of six New England tribes—the Narragansetts (Charlestown Indians) of Rhode Island; the Stoningtons or Pequots of Connecticut; the Mohegans, Farmingtons, and Niantics, also of Connecticut; and the Montauks of Long Island. Under the guidance of intelligent Indian men, Brothertown formed laws to govern its inhabitants. Because the community was made up of refugees and because a welcome had been extended by the Oneidas, the name unanimously chosen for the town was highly appropriate.

However, the Brothertown Indians did not long enjoy undisputed possession of the land allotted to them. Through sharp practices, white farmers acquired long term leases. Before 1810, the white men were occupying half of the tract. The operation of the Indian-made laws often conflicted with the laws of the state. The proximity of the white settlements and the easy acquisition of alcoholic liquors had their deadly effects. As nearly as 1817, the Brothertown Indians began to seek another home. Disappointed in an Indian venture, they joined the Stockbridge Indians in the purchase of two million acres from the Winnebago and Menominee tribes of Wisconsin but were prevented from taking possession of the tract. After ten years of uncertainties, the Brothertowns, with government sanction, were given a tract of land composed of one township (23,040 acres) on the east shore of Lake Winnebago. To the Stockbridge Indians was allotted an adjoining township. In 1830 the Brothertown Indians became citizens and attained title to their lands in fee simple. During the subsequent years they gradually lost their identity as a people. Many have intermarried with the whites. Lonely graves mark their one-time abiding place. Their homesteads have passed into the hands of the whites.

Thomas Commuck, a Brothertown Indian, historian as well as a pioneer, wrote in 1890:

Here in Wisconsin we have taken our last stand in Calumet County trying to imitate our white brethren in all things except their vices. Here we have resolved to meet manfully that overwhelming tide of fate which seems destined in a few years to sweep the Red Man from the face of the existence.

After a century and a half of separation, the Brothertown Indians of Wisconsin, communicated with their red kinsmen in New England. They were the remnants of six tribes that still reside on or near their ancestral lands in Rhode Island and Connecticut, territory from which in 1676, King Philip and dusky warriors had been driven out. In July, 1834, a large number of New England Indians responded. They gathered at the old Narragansett Indian Church in Charlestown, R. I. Some wore the old-time regalia in honor of their ancestors. Here they framed greetings to be sent to their kinsmen in Wisconsin. Several representatives of the R. I. Baptist State Convention were present. "In behalf of the Indians in the east in general, we send tribute," said the Narragansetts in a message adorned by such words as fellowship" and "Brotherhood."

A month later (August, 1834) at the invitation of the Wisconsin Baptist State Convention, a score of Indians met with more than 1,000 whites at Brothertown, Wisconsin. The meeting was held in a grove on the east shore of Lake Winnebago, near the old-time landing place of the Brothertowns. Here they received the message from their brothers on the Atlantic Coast. In reply they sent the following:

We wish to acknowledge your kind and courteous greeting, which was delivered to us, the few remaining members of the Brothertown Indians, upon this the 100th Anniversary of the founding of the Baptist Church in our present state, Wisconsin. In the acknowledgment of your welcome greeting, we, the Brothertown Indians, regret that you could not have met with us upon this memorable occasion. As brothers and sisters to you, and to members of the Narragansett, Mohegan, Pequot, Montauk, Niantic and all tribes of the New England states, we take this opportunity to return to you our most hearty greeting. That this renewed friendship may be maintained and fostered throughout the future years is the wish of your sincere friends, the Brothertown Indians.

Thus was celebrated the founding of the first Baptist Church in Wisconsin.
CLOUDS

Within the clouds much beauty lies,
I pity those who cannot see;
The grandeur there beheld by me,
Cruel's the fate that dims their eyes.

In noon's dome of ethereal blue,
How void seems the clear day;
And futile shines the solar ray,
Without a floating cloud of silver hue.

Comes evening's golden sun to set,
After a day beset with toil and care;
Magnificent beauty, and pageant there,
Receding rays, and clouds of purple met.

Ere silver moon begins to secend,
And crystal stars peep out of shaded blue;
Can be that panorama missed by you
That moonlit clouds tonight do lend?

Morning arrives, from land O'Nod,
I peer into the gold hazed sky;
Behold a mystic cloud before my eye,
Oft time methinks, I see the Face of God.

April 12, 1934

by A. B. Coles
Mr. Atmore Fairweather, son of Mrs. Elsie Stanton Fairweather, has entered a theological college in Anderson, Indiana, this fall. He was a graduate of South Kingston High last June with good records in his academic and athletic work.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Moller have returned to New York City after a pleasant summer in historic South County, R. I.

Miss Ardell Wiggins of New York City called on Mrs. William Wilcox, 34 John Street, Westerly, Sunday, October 13th. Miss Wiggins, an out-of-town and state member of the Narragansett Tribe was driving Westerly on her way to Boston, to visit with friends.

Mrs. Minnie Steele, of Pawtucket, fell in her home at 170 Mineral Spring Avenue and was quite seriously hurt. The attending physician thinks it best to have x-rays taken to determine the amount of injuries.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Glasko and family took a motor trip over the Mohawk Trail, Sunday, October 13th. The weather being fine, they enjoyed lunch in the open with thousands of other people.

Princess Minnetonka and Red Wing of Seven Crescents, attended the New England Conference, when it had its 26th Annual Meeting of State Federations of Women's Clubs at the Providence-Biltmore Hotel, Providence, R. I., September 24, 25, 26, 1935. They were the guests of Mrs. Winthrop Saunders, head of Indian Affairs, for the R. I. State Federation of Women's Clubs. The day was one of pleasure and inspiration. They attended all sessions on Wednesday, listened to Mrs. Roberta Campbell Lawson, President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs of America, as she broadcast to all women listening in to W.E.A.N., "We Belong to the Ages." They viewed the exhibits, met the six state presidents and enjoyed their round table, which they found instructive. The subject was, "Facing To-Morrow, Future Trends."

In the P. M. they listened to an address by Mr. Wallace Stearns of Boston and later attended the social tea at the Providence Plantation Club, escorted by Mrs. William C. Ray and Mrs. Caesar Minch. Here they met and talked with Mrs. Roberta C. Lawson, Mrs. Edward H. Whitney, Mrs. Frank F. Maso, our R. I. president, Mrs. James C. Carmack, Chairman of Committee of Arrangements, Mrs. Henry C. Card, Mrs. Mary E. Shippee, Miss Abby M. B. Slade and many other famous women of New England. In the evening they went to the reception to Mrs. Roberta C. Lawson and met and talked with many more women, such as Mrs. Horace Carpenter, Mrs. Frank Gibson, Mrs. George H. Capron, Mrs. William Carpenter, Miss Ada Sawyer, Mrs. Horace Bassell, the evening gowns made a pleasant sight and matched well with so many soft silvery-grey heads. The banquet tables were neatly bedecked with flowers and ferns. Here they met Miss Edith Nichols, Club Editor of the Providence Journal and Miss Perry of a Springfield paper. They enjoyed the toast-master, Mrs. Henry I. Cushman and learned much from the illustrated lecture on the "Land of the Mid-Night Sun," by Mr. Eugene Cecil Van Wyck of New York.

The Narragansetts celebrated their "Festival of the Harvest Moon" October 12th and 13th.

Owl's Head was the Business Manager, Princess Red Wing Chairman of Committee of Arrangements, Mrs. E. P. Twist was Chief Matron of the Feast and Tahoma, Chief Matron of the Harvest. Princess Minnetonka, Mrs. Stella Babeock and Chief Night Hawk were Committee on Tickets.

The Matrons of the Harvest met at the home of Chief Warbeck's in Alton, R. I., where they prepared a wonderful feast donated from the bountiful gardens of historic South County, R. I. About one hundred and thirty-three Narragansetts gathered to feast and make merry. They came from Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York. The door prizes were donated by Mr. A. B. Coles of New York and Princess Red Wing of Oakland, R. I. and won by Miss Mary Peckham, daughter of Chief Night Hawk and "Charles Augustus Ninigret."

The younger group danced at Mr. Thomas Babeock's which is next door to his father's home. Many old Narragansetts met for the first time in years and remembered many old stories and happenings of yester-year. The Feast was sponsored by the Editorial Staff of the Narragansett Dawn, which profited handsomely. The "Festival of the Harvest Moon" is a very old ceremony of the Narragansetts and tradition says it is the one feast where the braves wait upon the squaws. Mr. Fred Michael and Mr. Brown were the waiters, to help carry out this custom.

On Sunday they gathered for their religious ceremonies. The Sunshine Club of Providence was their special guest and they brought the Sunshine Chorus which gave several musical selections, enjoyed by all. Miss Bertha Becker, president of the Club, formally presented the Narragansett Indian Church in Charlestown, with eight reflector lamps. The whole group repeated their beautiful sunshine motto. Rev. Albert Thomas, Jr., young Narragansett, gave us a delightful sermon and accepted for the Church the gift of "light." The meeting began with a salute to the flags, which were a gift last year from the R. I. State Federation of Women's Clubs. They were represented here by Mrs. Winthrop Saunders, who spoke on the programs of the R. I. State Tercentenary. "Chief Night Hawk gave the welcome address and Chief Rainbow of the Algonquin
Council gave greetings and asked blessings on the harvests. Prophet Eagle Eye read the scripture lesson, Miss Valcena Perry, recited "The Changed Cross" and Princess Red Wing's class of children sang two selections in the Indian tongue. After the services in the Church, theNarragansetts served their guests with hot drinks and light lunch as was the custom of old. The Council Fire of thanksgiving for the harvest was lighted and the Medicine Man called the tribes of men together in a great "Appeal to the Great Spirit." The women with their offerings of corn, the sacred gift from Manitou, formed a circle around the fire and followed out the old ritual when the women's voices were heard at devotions with the men. Many around the circle, including the Chief Matron of the Harvests prayed aloud and placed their corn upon the fire. The children chanted in Indian tongue, "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow." Indian scouts guided parties to the old Indian School House near by and explained historic spots about the Church.

Miss Hope Noyes, of Westerly, has recovered from a bad case of throat trouble.

Mr. Ellison "Tarzan" Brown has added two more gold medals to his collection of medals and cups for his running. He is America's hope for the Olympics.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Landing, of Norwich, Connecticut, were in Alton for the Harvest Supper, October 12th, at Chief Warbeek's.

Mr. William Thomas, of Wakefield, served on Grand Jury last month, sitting in Kingston, R. I.

"Help us to help Our Own" Red Wing Christmas Fund. Spread Yuletide cheer in needy Narragansett homes of aged and children. Christmas baskets will be prepared by a committee of six and given in most needy places. There will be a Christmas tree and party for the youngsters. We are seeking donations of shoes, stockings, underwear, toys and books. We have a few orphans.

Attorney James Matamora Stockett, Jr., our best Narragansett lawyer, of Providence, R. I., far many years a member of the old State Returning Board, a prominent member of the Bar, and active in political, social and fraternal circles, surprised his many friends and associates when he went over to New York last month and was wed to Miss Henrietta J. Davis, of Washington and Cincinnati. The bride is a niece of Col. Benj. O. Davis of the U. S. Army and is a teacher in the public schools in Cincinnati, Ohio. They were entertained in New York by Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Sawyer. Mr. Sawyer and Stockett were both lieutenants in the same regiment during the World War, seeing service in France.

The very artistic decorations at the pretty shower given to Miss Edith Simmons of Westerly, were done by our own young and attractive artist, Miss Sarah Noyes. Miss Noyes now a Senior at the Westerly High, shows much natural talent and a promise of a big place in the art world.

Miss Wanda Glasko, of Glendale, R. I., 9-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Glasko, fell from a tree and broke her arm. The child is fast recovering.

FREDERICK WEBB HODGE
ANNIVERSARY PUBLICATION FUND

From the SOUTHWEST MUSEUM, Los Angeles California

In December of 1886, Dr. Frederick Webb Hodge joined the Hemenway Southwestern Archaeological expedition to Arizona, and began a career in anthropology which will reach its fiftieth anniversary in 1936. The occasion is to be marked by the creation of the Frederick Webb Hodge Anniversary Publication Fund, under the guidance of the following Sponsoring Committee:--H. B. Alexander, Franz Boas, Herbert E. Bolton, Fay-Cooper Cole, Carl E. Guthe, E. L. Hewett, Ales Hrdlicka, A. V. Kidder, Jesse L. Nusbaum, Bruno Oettekering, Elsie Clews Parsons, Edward Sapir, Frank G. Speck, A. M. Toczzer, Henry R. Wagner, Clark Wissler. This Committee will appoint an editorial board, self-perpetuating, to select works in the field of American anthropology for publication by the Fund. Southwest Museum, of which Dr. Hodge has been Director since 1922, will administer the Fund as an endowment trust.

All publications will be sold, at approximate cost, the income of the Fund being used as a reserve to meet the heavy initial cost of printing and to cover possible deficits. Contributors to the Fund who so desire will receive a pro rata credit on its publications, enabling them eventually to recover in publications the amount of their contribution in dollars. Contributions should be sent to Hodge Fund, Southwest Museum, Los Angeles, California.

Dr. Hodge is one of the pioneers of American anthropology. As founder of the American Anthropological Association, he edited its journal the American Anthropologist during its first fifteen years, meeting much of the initial expense from his own pocket. The Handbook of American Indians North of Mexico, always the standard work of reference on this subject, is but one among many of his editorial and original contributions to the study of aboriginal America. Dr. Hodge headed the Bureau of American Ethnology for eight years. His long career has been one of constant support and encouragement to the study of American prehistory. The Fund which is to bear his name offers to his many friends and admirers an opportunity to do him personal honor, at the same time increasing the meager existing facilities for publication of research in the important field of American prehistory.
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