



[Return I. Holcombe Papers.](#)

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History of Menomah  
Granddaughter of an Indian woman

Maj. R. J. Holcomb

% Historical Society

New Capitol

St. Paul, Minn.

Major Holcombe;

I have many little  
old timey tales written  
some time ago. Jack  
asked me to write them,  
my son, I mean.

Mr Upham told me  
last evening you were  
writing up early, very  
early history. I wonder  
if any of mine would  
help <sup>or fit in anywhere?</sup> you could arrange  
them I know. I have

Some more; and have given  
many away. They are things  
that really happened in  
the old days, and in my  
poor way have tried to weave  
them into stories - as you  
will perceive. Great Medicine  
woman, was my Grand-  
-mother. I will send you  
more, if they are very  
good. I only wish they  
were better written out.

I am in a hurry now  
to go to Elsa's to take care  
of little Mary, and the  
other precious lambskin, as  
Elsa is going to the D. H. R.  
Silver Tea at Fort Snelling  
with Libbie; but Jeannette <sup>Forke</sup>  
is not going, as she caught  
cold going for me to Stillwater  
last evening in the auto, you should have  
been there, Mr. Carpenter looked fine,

and every body had good time.

I hope they realized a  
goodly sum for so worthy  
a cause.

Cordially yours - with  
best respects -

James R. Lamprey.  
18 Kenwood Parkway.

" BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL FOR THEY SHALL OBTAIN MERCY " By "Wenonah"

"Great Medicine Woman" imposed upon herself the task of instructing the half-breed and Indian girls in many things. She taught them catechism; hymns, sewing etc. It was a labor of love with her. However, she incurred the Indian braves' displeasure by so doing and they were not backward about expressing their disapproval of the whole proceedings.

When the young girls of their tribe passed by them, they tauntingly exclaimed "oh, yes, you have become quite proud since going ~~to~~ to Great Medicine Woman's Home."

On Sundays numbers of them followed her to the ~~chapel~~ chapel. Rev. Father Galtier putting off ~~the~~ services until their arrival. While awaiting them he circled the bluffs with a ~~long view or~~ <sup>field</sup> ~~telescope~~ glass, to ascertain if they were ~~on their way to church~~ <sup>on their way to church</sup>. The Missionary Father said: ~~that "Great Medicine woman~~ <sup>that "Great Medicine woman</sup> ~~was~~ was as much a missionary as the missionary Fathers."

Great Medicine Woman was the first choir master, or church choir director in St. Paul, and presumably in Minnesota. The choir <sup>meeting</sup> met at her home for rehearsals; and she used a tuning fork to intone



his fury, hurled her from him to the floor, <sup>without compassion</sup> some one came for "Great  
 Medicine Woman" <sup>in her</sup> to render <sup>what she could</sup> succor <sup>Lynd there</sup> to the unfortunate victim, ~~who was~~  
 dying. "Great Medicine Woman's one wish was to prepare this soul for  
 a merciful Saviour and a better world. She inquired of her if she  
 "had ever been baptized"? She answered "she had not". "Did she wish  
 to be baptized"? <sup>yes,</sup> "Was she sorry for all the sins of her life"? and  
 "did she forgive her husband?" She responded in the affirmative.  
 Great Medicine Woman then requested a lady present - Mrs. Lambert -  
 to "please go for a priest". She went and shortly returned accompanied  
 by an Episcopalian Minister, of whose church she <sup>was a member, the</sup> ~~was~~ ad-  
 ministered baptism to Mrs. Godfrey, who died soon after. ~~Mrs. Lambert and~~  
~~her family, eventually became Catholics,~~

~~When Great Medicine Woman came with~~

- - - -

Then again. The last night <sup>that</sup> Mrs. Bilensky spent <sup>on earth</sup> in the  
 dismal prison cell "Great Medicine Woman" was asked to remain with her  
 throughout the night - during those terrible hours of ~~the~~ trial - and  
 she did.

Mrs. Bilensky was hung the following morning. The charge

against her was the poisoning of her husband.

Citing still another instance of her nobleness of character and charity. There came to the village (not St. Paul) an aged man - a stranger - who was stricken with serious illness, and as there was not a hospital in the place, the doctor was in a quandery where to take him. "He had been," as he said - "everywhere ~~ground~~ and not a soul would take him in." When he came to "Great Medicine Woman" and stated the situation to her, she <sup>took</sup> him out those horns of dilemma by promptly saying "have him taken to my house." He proved a hard case to manage, as he was very notional. For one thing, when the maid brought him a bowl of gruel or broth, *he threw it down on the floor* to ~~the~~ generally acting up in this unruly manner. But when Great Medicine Woman came with the very same nourishment and presented it to him, he accepted it from her hand. Of course, there was not any pecuniary recompense for all this trouble.

He happened to have in his possession six silver teaspoons. She offered to purchase them, but he would not part with them "for love or money". Not even in this small matter would he show his gratitude to his benefactress.

He remained with them until he had entirely recovered from his ailment.

But these are only a few instances of her philanthropy. Many another <sup>one</sup> owed their lives to her skill, <sup>graciously</sup> patience and earnest striving for their recovery; but above all things, to her prayers, as she both worked and prayed.



Pierre Bottineau

By ~~renewal~~

years and years have gone by since Pierre Bottineau  
Trusty guide, and renowned Scout visited at our  
home, which was then on the bluff, overlooking the river,  
on Bench Street, near the corner Robert Street.

Pierre and Pere, were great comrades, and ever now and  
then, would he come to pay us a little visit.

He was rather swarthy as to complexion, being  
of French and chippewa extraction; a kindly-eyed,  
Smiling faced man; and every inch a man with  
all that word implies; courageous; reliant, <sup>and</sup>  
"True to his trials". In the words of Mr. Newson, "he had  
all the characteristics of the bear and the gentleness of the  
woman;" <sup>and</sup> he spoke all the Indian languages.

On one of his visits at our home - in "the first frame  
house in the settlement;" - the two old friends requested the  
young venona - "to please favor them with a tune-  
and song" which she readily complied with, singing  
the "Old Folks at Home", one of Foster's melodies which  
wasn't as ancient in those days as in the present time.

But the "Ol" folks back of her, were too much "at  
home" - with their thoughts and conversation, becomingly -  
oblivious to little Miss Impertance's warblings. She  
was quick to perceive the inattention given to her efforts  
to please, and as quick to resent it. She suddenly twirled

round facing her audience - Exclaiming  
- "as you are not interested in the music, then, there  
will be none." This unexpected dally-  
for a moment in their surprise, made  
them lose their equilibrium, soon, how-  
ever, rallying from the charge, she was  
greeted with a great burst of good-  
natured laughter, and many apologies  
given - and promptly accepted by  
mademoiselle.

"Oh, give to me, the Old Traditions,  
Old friends - by whom one was so cherished, -  
Old ties - Old books, and tales of a  
people who lived when the country  
was young, and the times perilous!"

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## Concerning Old Corn Juice, or Minne-waker.

By Venouah

Little mother was bathing wee venouah in a small tub, by the fire, - and as the weather was chilly, she poured whiskey in the bathing water to prevent the little one taking cold. While engaged in this labor of love, two Indians made their appearance in the kitchen, as the latch string generally hung from the door. They were amazed to behold so much good fire-water being thrown to such a use, and were not backward in remarking about it, - they would rather she had treated them to some of it, - but she was not making treaties with the Indians just then, and they took their departure not in the best of "spirits." They went down to Pere's store at the levee (in the stone warehouse), and complained to him about the white squaw, and wound up with the good advice of - harrying him - "give <sup>her</sup> a sound beating." Pere did not give them much satisfaction for their pains, and they went away with more resentment in their hearts than ever.

That night, outside <sup>by</sup> the door, all Indians could be heard chanting the death-song. It sounded lugubrious enough at that hour of the night, more

Especially so to Peter, as he had come home ill with a cold, and being both feverish and restless, was in no mood to hearken to any such nerve racking wailings; and so calling out to the remainder to "stop that howling" or some thing like it, and he told him "to come in if he wanted to". The outcome of the matter was that the following morning their faithful watch dog was found dead on the door step, a long hunting knife having been thrust through the poor creature.

And they, remembering the creature's love for them, and how he leaped to kiss their hands, and endeavored to guard their homes, their hearts were indeed wrung with grief at the loss of their truly friends; — and the Indian had had his sweet revenge.

Dredging Along to you from the Shores of  
"Auld Lang Syne" Come Little Stories of  
Captains and Steamboats  
and their Crews.

Dedicated to  
Our Brave Pioneers of the Land of "Sky-Tinted Water"  
and to our  
Honored President of the Association of Old Settlers  
Captain E. W. Durant, 1913.

"Should auld acquaintances be forgot and never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintances be forgot and days of auld lang syne?"  
By Venouah.

From the misty past comes haunting pictures of the  
Great River with its mitcheries, "the glorious Mes-sa-  
-de-be of the Indians; and its steamboats of half-  
century ago, manned by their gallant crew—brave souls—  
—thousands of them—gone—whither?

"There is a place—there is a shore—  
From whose port they shall go out no more."

It was along in the fifties, when the "Fruit Slave",  
that handsome and now historic steamboat could be  
seen plowing her way up the Mississippi to St. Paul  
or headed down stream for St. Louis. This  
boat was owned and commanded by Capt. Louis Robert of  
St. Paul, and was one of the largest side-wheelers on

the river at that time. <sup>(2)</sup> Captain Robert's boats plied from St. Paul and return trip; others running to Redwood Agency, and other points on the Minnesota river. "The first regular line of boats on the Minnesota river was run by Capt. Louis Robert." The boats made trips to Mankato. He engaged captains for them who knew their business well, and were careful, Capt. Edwin Bell being one of these, and employed the most skillful pilots regardless of salary. George Nichols - ("one of the oldest pilots in the North West"), must have known his river well and have been a lightning pilot, as he told of Capt. Robert having paid him \$500 a month for his services in the pilot house.

When one recalls the fine tables set on these old-time boats, laden with tempting array of delicious viands, they make an appeal to one's appetite even at this distant date. The darkies of a certainty were adepts in the culinary art, and the efforts of the chef-de-cuisine must have proven a constant delight to epicurean palates on board.

It was considered an honor to sit at the Captain's table, - at his right hand.

Then, there were the black maumas, their faces usually wreathed in smiles, with gaily colored bandannas round their heads, and great aprons on, not only picturesque but very competent, and they proved

A great service to <sup>3 page</sup> mothers who left the young charges in their care while meals were in progress.

Part of the crew consisted of a large band of colored men from Pittsburgh, composed of the very capable Steward Maxwell, waiters, barbers, baggage men, etc., who excelled in both vocal and instrumental music, each performing on a different instrument, their minstrelsy helping make the trips aboard unusually pleasant. After supper, tables were cleared and set aside the cabin wall; they gathered round the ladies cabin, and sang and performed, one of their songs, being "Jeannette and Jeannot," never having heard it sung before; then, would come another feature of the voyage which appealed particularly to the younger passengers, the merry-making to the enticing strains of the stringed band. "The day's gone by; 'tis sad yet sweet in memory's niche, to listen to the strains of happy days, in days gone by." Ah, yes, 'tis sad yet sweet to recall the days when one had the elastic spirit of the young and could so gaily "trip the light fantastic toe" to the joyful measure of those old tunes. Can one ever forget those delightful old time cotillions; the Virginia reel; and keeping time to the tune of "Ole Dan Tucker"; money musk, and the rest of those dancing airs. The fiddlers tuning up, and rosining their bows; the choosing of partners; the calling out of the first violinist, to join in the time-honored pastime of

4 page

Swinging the corners right and left; "living it over again"  
sets one's foot patting the floor.

And those happy-go-lucky darkies down in the  
hold — the deck hands, singing all in unison  
while putting on board freight, or discharging the car-  
go; one of their songs still rings in our  
ears:—

"We'r bound to run all night,

We'r bound to run all day,

I'll bet my money on the boat-tailed nag —  
who's gain' to bet on the bay?"

They sang real darky melodies — "Jesu"  
with a minor chord running thru it; and their  
minstrelsy was good music — because so genuine.  
Did one ever hear this chanted? —

"We want ole, wicked sinners to come,

Keep a-singin'! O Keep a-singin'!

And slide wid us to Ju-bi-Ju-bilum!

Keep a-singin'! O Keep, a-Keep, a-singin'!

Don't tink dot from de gate you can slow,

Keep a-singin'! O Keep, a-Keep, a-singin'!

Must first work "Hal-le-lu" and "Bless de Lam,"

Keep a-singin'! O Keep, a-Keep-a-singin'!

O Keep, a-Keep a-singin'! Friends,

Don't never shet your mouf,

And de glo-ry's got to come by-and-bye"

Of course there were <sup>(5.)</sup> ups and downs to encounter and contend with to off-set the good times aforesaid.

The Daudbore might hold us fast in their gritty grip for time indefinite, in boatmen parlance, were "just waiting for us to get stuck on them," and when this state of affairs inadvertently did come, we realized that we actually <sup>were</sup> among "the stuck-ups." But the captain and crew didn't seem especially elated over it. Another look-out, was to head off the duags looming up to right and left, - bristling from every point of the compass, as it seemed, like Sentinals on guard ready to catch the unwary traveler.

Then to make everybody sit up and take notice, an occasional Duoke-Stack would tumble down on the hurricane deck as we passed under the bridge. Oh my, oh my! how scared some of the old ladies were! They would huddle together with wide open eyes for consolation, apprehending possible danger of further mishaps.

There would be no disrobing for the night, nor could sleep be wooed, their anxiety getting the better of them, and their mood coalesced with the lovely poet's "There's no place like Home!" They firmly resolved that if by chance they should ever reach home again, there would be no more roaming for them o'er waters wild.

And not without reason, either, when we remember how in less than five minutes the beautiful "Grey Eagle" took a total loss when she struck the Rock Island bridge. Her owner and commander, Daniel Smith Harris, never recovered from the loss of this splendid boat, "his pride with a wonderful record" as a speed boat. "She was in a class by herself and none other disputed her claims." Other boats came to disaster from contact with these bridges.

The most exciting and risky of all events was the boat racing. There was nothing slow about some of these old-time boatmen. When those little "spurts" took place, they would go to any length to get ahead of the other fellow. They would burn turpentine, pitch, and barrels of fat, as a holocaust to their ambition to beat anything that came their way that would serve the purpose of spinning those wheels faster would be pressed into service, for beat they must.

Many passengers entered into the spirit of the sport, especially the younger ones, thinking it great fun, hoping for the luck of winning out, but others could not see it in that light. Their hair stood on end with apprehension and they wondered if the outcome of the venture would be for meal or no. I recall one life sacrificed to these races, and am informed that the John Rumsey blew up while racing, and seven men were killed, and several others seriously wounded.

If two boats happened to be going in the same direction,  
there was always a spirit that developed the "best speed."

There must have been some racing when  
"the flames blazed from the chimneys on  
both crafts and men stationed on the  
hurricane deck playing streams of water  
from lines of hose on the chimney breech-  
ings" (from Capt. G. B. Merrick's "Old Times on the Mississippi")

"Under such conditions it is easy to see how a boat  
might catch fire and burn," or blow up.

Yet most of the passengers liked it. Had they  
been owners of casks of ham or barrels of pork, there  
is no doubt they would have made an oblation of them  
to the gods of heat and steam rather than to have the  
other boat win.

Songs were composed on the  
spur of the moment in honor of the winning  
boat, which for tunefulness and rhythm were as  
sparkling and pretty as any one has ever heard.  
One was "The Great Newton Beat the Nominee!"

But when the Nominee was killed, she car-  
ried the broom down with her. She sank at  
Britt's Landing, below La Crosse in 1854.

Among the pleasant events of those far away  
times, were the boat excursions, of friends and "old  
acquaintance." It was indeed a gala scene, flags  
danced in the breeze; bands discoursed their liveliest,  
and most patriotic music, mingling with joyful

... cured a

8.  
deals of mirth; - everybody had donned their  
glad. apparel; and everything seemed bright and  
gay. But nearly all of the participants therein  
have passed from this Port to the shore beyond.  
The first Steamboat Excursion was on a beautiful  
June day. This memorable trip was taken on  
board the Anthony Wayne, capt. Adell, on Thursday  
June 26, 1850. There were about a hundred on board. There  
was a pleasure party from St. Louis; and people from Fort  
Snelling; with Capt. Kirkham, and the Sixth infantry  
band; and the St Paulites making the quota. The pilots  
Thomas Adell, and Louis Pilon. The river being  
unusually high. The boat made a speedy  
run to Chakopee, and twenty miles further on  
to the rapids. "In sight of the rapids was the  
White Sand Village, the first community of the  
Wah-pe-ton Sioux, where our fellow citizens -  
Mr. Louis Robert had a trading post. While landing some  
freight for Mr. Robert, our Captain took a view of the  
rapids and decided to go on. - We ran a few hundred  
yards above the rapids." (From Mrs. Eastman's Legends of the Sioux)

There were many boats <sup>in those busy days when the boats held away,</sup> and the trips on some of them  
were pleasanter than on others. On the voyage, the passen-  
gers were bewitched by the beautiful scenery, as they sat  
outside by the guard rails, breathing in the pure ozone  
heavy with myriad delicate scents from the wildwood, as the  
+ 0 - - - year, it created a

boat sped past hill and dale<sup>(9)</sup> and green wooded shore  
Sometimes the boat towed one or two barges  
- heavily laden. Others of the voyageurs played  
cards to while away the time; some of them  
keeping it up until the "ree sun" hours; and  
if the Napoleons, or great Generals of the game, happened  
round, "heavy stakes were won and lost on those games."  
In Capt. Merrick's "Old Times on the upper Mississippi", one reads  
that "the initiated", who caught the tender foots,  
and ("whose business it was to lead to heavy stakes") never  
drank anything stronger than Adam's Ale -  
"colored to resemble" - fire-water, "which they had  
on tap at the bar in glass bottles, and they pas-  
sed for heavy drinkers, as they frequently patron-  
ized the bar for their colored mixture". The other  
gamesters drank of the genuine stuff.

In the north-east corner of one of the corridors of  
the Capitol are pictured two interesting scenes of  
early days in St. Paul. One represents the Charettes  
or carts, from the Red River of the North, another the Steamboats  
of over fifty years ago at the St. Paul levee with  
the Steamers Grey Eagle, Franklin Steele,  
Tine and Tide, and the Jeannette Robert.  
Steamboating in the early days was one of  
the things that made life worth the living. When  
the first boat came up from St. Louis or Galena  
to St. Paul in the early spring of the year, it created a

(10)  
- perfect furor of excitement, perhaps more so than football or baseball do today. And when any one discovered smoke curling above the treelops beyond the bend, with the cry, "A boat! a boat!" - everybody dropped everything, one hand and rushed pell-mell over anything in his path, only stopping when a good sign of rantage was obtained.

People climbed every available roof; wood-pile's fence, or anything high enough to command unobstructed view of the boat coming round the bend. After six months ice in the river, it is not to be wondered at that the opening of navigation should mean so much to them.

Old Borealis' reign was now suspended. Their snowbound existence had come to an end, - their wings no longer clipped, - their fetters loosened, and the world was theirs to its widest expanse. May 7th, 1857  
There were twenty-four steamboats at the St. Paul levee at one time.

The Time and Tide was one of Capt. Roberts' steamboats. On one occasion she had left at the St. Paul dock and was headed up stream, when who should appear on shore but the figure of a belated passenger racing for dear life, waving arms and umbrella in her frantic endeavor to board

(12)  
that craft for up country. The Captain, a gallant, cour-  
-teous Southerner of French extraction, naturally couldn't  
stand that, and his strong voice rang out from  
the hurricane deck, "During the boat round;  
- throw out the gang-plank!" And he laugh-  
ingly added "as he was a bit of a rag," "Time  
and Tide wait for no man, but wait for our little woman."

The Scott County Argus - this newspaper tells of  
"Captain Louis Robert in the old days when he used  
to run the green craft of the Minnesota River called  
the Time and Tide." A characteristic of the Captain  
was promptness. His boat always left port on  
schedule time. "The Captain was good deal of a  
politician"; and "one of the most enterprising men  
that ever <sup>was</sup> North-west"; and a success in business.

And this is another excerpt gleaned from a newspaper: -

"There is not room for volumes here; but among the  
best known of the Steamboat owners and Captains  
of the early days - all the old residents remem-  
ber those old river men, Capt. Louis Robert; -  
Capt. Blakeley; and Commodore Davidson."

The list of the early Captains, and Steam  
boats is too numerous to mention here; but of the early  
Captains were Captain Daniel Smith Harris and R. D.  
Harris, of 1850, Captain <sup>of the</sup> Ludwicks, of 1848, Capt. Sheppard of the  
Ariel, 1840. "Capt. <sup>of the</sup> Orrin Smith, was an extremely religious man  
and would allow no work on Sundays, no matter where the boat might be, when midnight

Saturday would come <sup>(12)</sup> the anchor would be heaved and  
the vessel brought to until midnight Sunday" - Said Capt.  
George C. Nichols of La Crosse, was an ancient river  
mariner. Capt. Nichols "took charge of the Greek Slave,  
receiving from Capt. Robert, its owner and master, a  
salary of \$900 per month, in addition the gift of a  
lot on St. Anthony's Hill, in St. Paul, which he  
subsequently disposed of for \$1,200. To accept Capt.  
Louis Roberts offer of this position on his boat, Capt. Nichols  
was obliged to pay a forfeit of \$1500 to the Illinois  
Packet Company, the receipt of which payment  
he had in his possession". After leaving Capt. Robert,  
several years later, he went with the Diamond Jo line.

"In 1819, it took a steamer three months to reach  
St. Paul from below. In 1839, the little steamer Tiger took  
20 days from St. Louis to Prairie du Chien; and 10  
days more from that point to St. Paul, making  
30 days journey, now the trip is made in less  
than 5 days". It took a steamboat, at least twelve  
days - forty years ago - <sup>to make the trip</sup> from St. Louis to St. Paul.

In 1838, the little steamer Gypsey came up. In  
1843 came the steamer New Haven (then an old boat.)  
In 1843, the Lynx, was then a new boat. (boats were  
The Virginia, The Favorite, Anthony Wayne 1850, (sunk  
March 1851.) Altoona. - (sunk.) Amaranth. - (sunk in 1842.)  
Aricolor - (sunk.) Archer. - (sunk and cut in two - loss 42 lives.)  
Argo, 1846 - (sunk.) fall of 1847. at Argo - Island - near Winona.

The Steamers: - The Canada. <sup>(14.)</sup>

Atlas - 1846 - sank.

Admiral - snagged and sank.

Badger State - sunk, 1855.

Ben. West. - struck bridge - sank

Northern Light, sank in a few minutes.

Nominee no. 1, Nominee no. 2.

Black Hawk.

Greek Slave.

Ottar.

Globe.

Atasca.

Grey Eagle, - (struck bridge, sank in a few minutes)

Archer, - (cut in two, loss 42 lives).

Ocean Wave.

Franklin Steele

War Eagle

West Newton

The Milwaukee, of 1855.

The Senator of

The Ariel " 1840.

The Prairie Bird

The Menominee of 1850

Ben. Campbell, " 1852.

The Jeannette Robert, <sup>that (run) quite, craft,</sup> built by Mr Van Dant of  
Rock Island, for up country trade. This boat was the first  
to go to New Ulm, and other upper river points immediately

after the Indian Uprising; and <sup>it</sup> carried many  
companies of men going down south to  
take part in the fray during the civil war.

Of the early day Captains were Capt. Nelson  
Robert, one of the best looking Captains on the  
upper river, nephew of Capt. Louis Robert. He was over  
six foot high; dark, a quiet, dignified man, and  
the very gentle could be very firm; with an oc-  
casional <sup>misery</sup> wrinkle in his handsome brown eyes.

And Captain J. W. Parker, of Dubuque; —  
one of the most popular Captains, Capt. Parker,  
was at one time on the "Alhambra" — later  
Captain of the "Fred Lorenz"; "The Canada", and  
lastly the "New Dubuque" — where he died.

An old friend said of him — "Captain  
Parker was always laughing, you never could  
tell when he was mad, — for he would laugh  
then as at any time." He was the kind of a  
man "that a child would cling to and kiss,  
true and tender, brave and just, the man  
might honor and women trust."

Captain Edwin Bell, a tall, pleasant-  
faced man; a courteous, fine gentleman.  
All the world knew him but to love him.

Captain Charles Timmons, was the first  
commandant of the Steamer "Jeanette Robert"; he named  
this boat. The Captain was a tall, good looking

man; capable; and in manners quite affable.  
Captain Timmons is "still on deck," but about  
all the captains of his youthful days have  
been called "home," some this many a day,  
on their trip to the other shore. Here's hoping  
that Capt. Timmons may not "pass in  
his checks" for decades of years to come.

And there's "Genial Jack" Reaney  
to be so vividly remembered, as staunch a  
sailor, and brave a man as ever trod deck  
aboardship.

Jeannette Robert Lamprey.

18. Greenwood Parkway. St. Paul, Minn.

"Let us love and honor" these manly men  
all <sup>of them</sup> for what they did well, and leniently  
pass over the ill; if any.

"In the early days, "One shrill war whoop, and every soul could have been murdered."

By Wrenouah.

"Come, let us go into this gallery, lift the veil which has covered some of these pictures so long; and take a peek, regardless of dates, which the intervening years have obliterated from memory's niches; but of what is not effaced of Great Medicine Woman's war narratives, — I give you freely: —

There were about fifteen log cabins at this Settlement at the bend of the river beyond there; or, it may have been, at Kaposia; or perhaps, at Little Crow's Village; she forgot to mention the name of the place.

Medicine Woman, and two little girls; — one a white, the other a half-breed; were sitting by the fire, cozy and comfortable, conversing; when of a sudden, — they were startled by a loud thumping on the door, which so alarmed the young girls — that they fled under the high poster bedstead, and hid under the deep valance surrounding it. (This fine mahogany bedstead, had been purchased before they came into the wilderness, from General Jones). Great Medicine Woman had then to "face the music" alone. She opened wide the door, and there stood his highness, the great Tachem of the Sioux, Little-Crow, and his young son. The Chief held his gun upside down, as he had pounded with the stick of it. Medicine Woman smiling —

pleasantly, welcomed them in. The table being set, -  
the meal nice and hot. She invited her impromptu  
guests to have tea. The chief granted his approval.  
(Grandpère had not as yet come home from  
his trading post; where he also traded for furs.)

The chief told his son that "this was the  
great medicine woman, and whatever she told him to  
do, he must do it." The little woman, being on  
hospitality intent - scarcely realized how often she  
asked the lad, and the chief, to "have more tea;" and  
the teapot made the circuit of the table rather frequently; -  
forgetful of the boy's capacity for the same; and he  
not daring to refuse anything she asked him to do,  
according to his father's mandate. She finally called  
a halt "on more tea" - noticing he <sup>had</sup> reached its limit -  
as he was beginning to loom up like an inflated balloon.  
"My dear," she laughingly said, on relating the  
story of the tea - "I thought the poor boy would burst."

After smoking the pipe of peace -; with many  
friendly words, nods, and handshaking, they took their departure. - But on  
their home-ward way, - they unfortunately stopped once too many  
times; and not distant from medicine woman's home, killed  
a woman. In those days there was great enmity  
between the Sioux and Chippewas; and this unfortunate  
victim of their ire, happened to have in her  
veins the blood of the opposing faction.

"TO FORGIVE IS GOD-LIKE — IS DIVINE".

"Wenonah"

One day as Monseigneur Cretin was walking along the streets of St. Paul he encountered a man, who without provocation, struck the Bishop a blow on the side of the face. The Bishop who was of robust physique, could easily have hurled him over the bluff, instead of this he turned the other side of his face towards the enemy with the words:

"In imitation of my Divine Master, I give you the other cheek to smite."

If this man proved his enmity to the Saintly Bishop ~~and~~ <sup>him:</sup> he was only one of few people that was hostile to him. AS the Bishop had hosts of friends and well-wishers, as was attested to by the <sup>immense</sup> funeral cortege that followed his remains to their last resting place. About everybody in and out of town were present.

It was a great testimonial of the respect and esteem his memory was held in. <sup>Funeral ceremonies</sup> ~~The were so solemn, and so imposing, and so sincere, and so grand!~~

The Bishop had learned his lesson well, and lived out its precept of "Learn of me, for I am meek and humble of heart". And this is how Monseigneur preached a sermon on the street one day,

On St. Joseph's feast day - Monseigneur Cretin's name was Joseph - "Great Medicine Woman" <sup>(*Mme Eulalie Turpin*)</sup> mindful of this, prepared a basketful of delicacies for the Bishop, which included a good sized cake, frosted all over with dréages covering top and sides of it. On sending him these things, she admonished Chérie Grandpère <sup>(*Amable Turpin*)</sup> "if Monseigneur should not be at home, to put it on the shelf over the door, so that on entering he would not fail to see it". The bearer lovingly obeyed the mandate.

Monseigneur Cretin lived an abstemious life. "Not to live; rather than lived to eat." "Great Medicine Woman" said of him: "He would slice a few cold potatoes, sprinkle salt, with a little vinegar over them, and this would constitute a "good square meal" for him.

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God's good man

"SUCH FRAGRANCE OF PERFECTED LIFE  
TO SEED GIVE BIRTH  
THAT TO ETERNITY AGAIN SHALL FLOW'R  
AND BRIGHTEN EARTH."

BY "Wenonah".

Bishop Cretin was instructing a catechism class given in the French language. Turning to wee "Wenonah" with the question "What do you fear most"? "Death" was the response. Mousigneur quickly answered. "No; No; not death, but fear to commit a mortal sin!"

God's good man taught the little children that the greatest thing in the world "was to be good" and to strive a little harder to be all that we should be <sup>in God's sight</sup> to be a little braver when temptation bids us waver.

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OLD LANG SYNE  
By "Wenonah".

The spirit goes forth wandering into the far, dim past,  
recalling little incidents therein, and of a time when Rev. Father  
Ravoux and Rev. Father Murray took their meals at "Great Medicine  
(a name given to Mrs. Kulalic Turpin by the Indians),  
Woman's" house. Wee Wenonah who ran in and out this home frequently,  
was called one day to Rev. Father Ravoux's knee and as she stood  
there before him, the promise of a fine crucifix was assured her,  
if she would memorize a little prayer, he wished to teach her in  
the French language. One lucky day she stepped up to him with the  
prayer learned, and received the promised gift, as a reward of merit.  
"Wenonah" wore it suspended round her neck for a long time until  
one unfortunate <sup>day</sup> occasion it was missing and she never recovered it,  
much to her sorrow. However, the little prayer <sup>remained</sup> was with her and is  
now a blessed souvenir of that long ago time and it has ~~been~~ been  
<sup>repeated many times.</sup>

It loses some of its charm in the translation, but here  
it is: "My little Jesus, I give you my heart, take it, if you

please". The people have passed away,

but the little prayer lives on,  
~~prayer will remain~~

Vespers was in progress in the little log cabin chapel of St. Paul. Two little girls sat side by side on the high bench, occasionally swinging their dangling feet. It sort of relieved the tension of having to keep so quiet. I regret to say that one of these little girls <sup>(venonah)</sup> was chewing gum in church. All of a sudden - she stopped moving her <sup>lips</sup> ~~lips~~ as if in prayer and leaned over to whisper to her little neighbor; "I have swallowed gum; what shall I do?" "You will die," came the positive and reassuring answer. Well, poor little sinner, she was all in a tremor of fear of what the result would be, but she stood out the services, then ran home as fast as a marathon to tell little mother of her dire trouble in "Swallowing the gum and that she was going to die, and would rather not". Petite mere comforted her by saying "she wouldnt die this time" but she strongly put the seal of her disapproval on "such behaviour in church, and hoped this little fright would be a lesson to her, to properly conduct herself in the house of God thereafter."

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Jeanette Robert Laccoprey  
18. Kenwood Parkway,  
St. Paul. Minn.

## The Great Medicine Woman

By Venonah

This appellation was given to Mrs. Eulalie Turpin by the Indians, in the very earliest years of this country's history. She was known throughout her surroundings for her knowledge of roots and <sup>herbs</sup> ~~herbs~~; and her ability and willingness to render succor to all who needed her aid in times of sickness and sorrow. She had great nobleness of character, and simplicity of heart, and knew no law but the one of kindness; and being of a deeply religious nature, her good influence was as a shining light to all who were privileged to come within its benign influence.

One day - The Great Medicine Woman was busied "like Martha of old," about "many things," as was her wont. She lived on the banks of the Mississippi; and the door and windows of her little cabin home were open to let God's sunshine in. The fresh warm air was redolent with the fragrance of the woods; and the Great Medicine Woman sang on cheerily in the contentment of her heart. The sun shone brightly; birds twittered with happiness in the great trees around; violets blue strewn the green ground; and the clover blossomed in very pinkness of joy at its

existence. The river sparkled and rippled on its way to the sea in seeming gladness; all nature, being attuned to peace and tranquillity, with not a cloud on the horizon to mar the scene. The Great Medicine Woman going to the door, her being filled with the grateful sense and benediction of her surround-ings; was startled by a commotion which suddenly broke in strife through "the lull of life". People were seen running hither and thither in great excitement, calling out <sup>to one another</sup> "to hasten, and take to the canoes", as a war party of Indians had been seen advancing, and a tribal battle was imminent. There was then no time to lose but take to the canoes, and be on their way to Fort Snelling. The canoe Great Medicine woman happened in, harbored a man who had not as yet learned his little lesson that "discretion is the better part of valor".

As they were skimming over the waters, and making as speedy a headway for the fort as possible, they saw the warriors on shore approaching in full regalia of war plumage, eagle feathers nodding in the breeze; and paint smeared on faces and bodies in stripes, circles, and other rude designs; all, presumably, signifying some thing to them; giving them a very grotesque appearance.

Their guns and battle axes (or tomahawks),  
gleaming in the sunlight. Now the happy-go-  
lucky fellow in Great medicine woman's  
boat, seemed impelled, on seeing them, to  
shout at the top of his voice to them, and as ill-luck  
would have it, in the language of their  
mortal enemy. This mistake came  
near costing them their lives. The In-  
dians promptly responded with a volley  
at them, which fell like a hail of lead  
in the water around them. They had  
with one accord stooped low in  
the boat, but fortunately they happened to be  
beyond range - away towards midstream.

When the fort was finally reached,  
Great medicine woman breathed forth  
a fervent "Deo Gratias" for their narrow  
escape from death, and never quite for-  
got the terrors of that day.

"Ho!" Here's to your good Health!"

By Wensuah.

This toast was given when the country was young, and comes back to us like an echo from the twilight of the Past. Little mother, related this incident, with no little merriment.

There were two old friends, or bettlers, sitting side by side "in the gloaming," enjoying a pipe and talk, presumably, conversing of frontier life, its privations, hardships, and loneliness, etc. When of a sudden — O, happy thought! they formulated the idea of going after a demi-john, filled with mince-waters. Of course, we know there are Johns, — and demi-Johns — every-where; and that some Johns, have the capacity for swallowing a whole demi-john (without the jug) <sup>and with-</sup> out as much as winking. These Johns, happened to go by the names of "Jack's" and "Macduff;" after the advent of the jug into their quarters, they dettled down to many "Ho!"s; in consequence, the well went dry, and the dryer they got; finally, one <sup>(the night before the note is for drop)</sup> remarked to the other, that "the weather might be cooler outside;" — with the other responding that "the air did seem all burnt up;" then they resolutely straightened, in order to "brace up;" embraced; linked arms; and off the pair started on their merry-go-round stroll into the wide, wide world, regardless as to where it might end. It —

was growing dark, and the road <sup>seemed</sup> terribly zig-zag-gy to these happy-go-lucky beings, who were given but little concern as to where their froving footsteps led, simply lost to memory dear, and were not trying just then to find "where the wandering boys were to night!"

In the meantime, the Spirits were making them take a bee-line for the bluff and the jumping off place; and they came near, or within an ace of floundering overboard to the left. Suddenly realizing they had lost their moorings, they gave warning shouts to one another to halt, startling all their friends and fellow citizens in the neighborhood; and the cry went forth - "to the right, Jack!" - jerking his partner in his direction; - with his comrades responding - "to the left, Macduff!" pulling him the way; and as they swayed from right to left in a frantic endeavor to get one another on the right track, this little boat was kept up until they came near pulling each other to pieces but for the timely intervention of a good Samaritan who happened to pass by that way and rescued them from dire peril.

This celebration took place quite over seventy years ago, and in justice to the old settlers - be it known - this was only an occasion - and not a habit - with them of "Ho, here's to your good health - ending in this manner. After all is said and done - the narrow path is the safest, as the wide way is often like the "Jordan - "Jordan am a hard road to trable, I believe!"

Indian Charley.

By M. M. M. M. M.

"The corn was full of kernels and the Colonel was full of corn."  
Little mother was at home alone, when who  
should most unceremoniously walk in but Indian Charley  
— drunk as a Lord.

She had ever entertained great fear of drunk or  
crazy persons, and perceiving his condition, with  
quick discernment she feigned indifference to the situation,  
as you know, an Indian loathes a coward.

Indian Charley could speak a little broken  
French and English, and as he smilingly advanced  
towards her with hand extended in greeting, he  
said "howdy, pretty white squaw, light of my eyes"; or some-  
thing to that effect. Well, poor little mother, couldn't see  
this state of affairs in his "light," and as his face radiated  
smile after smile, and his words grew more eloquent,  
under the combined stress of mine-waker and love,  
his fond addresses, made her dire distresses  
increase; and she was losing no time gradu-  
ally edging her way, without seeming to, towards  
the outside door, when of a sudden, oh, joyful  
moment! she gave a bound for the open, and for freedom.  
Away she flew, fear leading wings as it were to  
her feet until she reached two men working in a  
field ahead of her. In her mad flight, she in-

voluntarily had looked back to see if our hero  
was in the race, and sure enough, there was  
Lochinvar footing it along for all he was  
worth, or as speedily as tangle-foot would per-  
mit him. He didn't make any more headway in  
the race than he had in his love making quest.  
Still his courage was undaunted, and he was  
singing at the top of his voice, maybe to keep up  
his spirit, - or <sup>it may have been</sup> some war song, but to the little woman  
it sounded like a death knell, or death chant -  
as he held a long, ugly looking knife, -  
that might possibly have been intended as a scalping  
knife - Ugh! and tho' he sang, his  
song angered no good to anybody, as he  
seemed to her as mad as a disturbed  
hornet's nest. The men were prepared for  
the singer, and took him in charge, and  
pacified his wrath; and undoubtedly in-  
formed him that it was not permitted by the law  
of God, or man to make love to married white squaws.  
Well, "all's well that ends well;" and he received this  
much homage for his admiration of the "pretty white  
squaw"; she remembered him ever after, -  
how could she help it???

Major Holcombe,

My dear Sir: -

From time to time, I have sent you budgets of little stories. Of course, I know full well I am not a good recaster, or anything of the kind; but sometimes I seem possessed to write something.

Please forgive me if I have taken so much of your

precious time, but knowing your  
heart of gold, thought possibly  
you might lend a hand  
towards making the little  
stories more interesting; you  
see, how it is, I am still im-  
-posing on your kindness and  
good humor, not forgetting  
how perfectly lovely and kind  
you have been about that  
Pioneer-Press article, my  
dear John, thought it was  
"fine." There was a lady,  
wanting data, or something  
or another, about a house-  
that she wanted to "write up" in  
the "News". But I have been  
ill with throat trouble, and  
it has left me quite deaf - as if  
I had cotton-batter stuffed in my  
ears, so I couldn't make out  
what she required over the telephone.  
I haven't any thing to say about

the other houses that I  
know of at present. (Of course)  
my father entertained very  
renowned persons in the  
old brick house. But  
in the "first frame dwelling"  
he entertained to dinner  
renowned ones also, as -  
for instance, Stephen H. Dou-  
glas; etc. <sup>only</sup> Governors; <sup>on the side</sup> &c.

I am going to send you  
a sketch I had written about  
Fort Ridgely, before I knew  
your version of it.  
Cordially - Jeanne Robert Langrey

J'ai l'honneur de vous souhaiter une  
bonne Année.

Gleaned from the St. Paul Newspapers; —  
By Mousak.

"In 1840, St. Paul was a mere settlement,  
almost the only white person being Louis Robert."

Then again one reads; — "In 1850, only one frame  
dwelling in St. Paul — that of Louis Robert, all  
the rest were log-cabins."

The "dwelling" — the place — the people — of Auld Lang  
Dyne, still holds sway in memory's niche, tho'  
long since they have passed beyond our ken.

This recollection which gives one heart pangs for  
the dear ones gone and which cannot be effaced, is  
much like a vase that has held roses, long, long, —  
after they are "withered and gone" — the scent of the  
roses is still there. This "first dwelling of frame"  
was picturesquely situated on the bluff, with the Father's Waters  
just below; and opposite, the grand chain of bluffs "with verdure  
clad"; nearby, was a ravine, with a tangle of honeysuckle and  
other wild-wood flowers. And round about the front, or southern ex-  
posure of the house, was a delightful old-fashioned garden, with  
locust trees, when in bloom made the air heavy with fragrance; and  
roses; double ones, pink and sweet scented; and various other flowers, —

The locust trees, and roses, came from Prairie du Chien,  
and the flower seed, from which "a miracle of carlines had  
come forth" — had been sent on from the Agricultural Department at  
Washington. The dear little

"four-o'clocks," of different hues - that closed up at four o'clock and took their nap - like tired children.

On entering the front door of this "dwelling," one found one's self, in a large sitting-room, well lighted and pleasant, with two bed-rooms on the east side, - divided by a stairway - which led into an attic of one large room. Looking out the east window of the attic, one viewed the boat landing, Steamboat, etc., and when excursion parties were the order of the day, it was fine to watch the passing show, and listen to the music of the band. Little mother, rather favored the west window of the attic, as there, with field-glass she swept the plain to ascertain if Indians were on their way across country with peltries. If her vigil was rewarded with a sight of them, she immediately dispatched a messenger to Père at his store, in the stone ware house at the levee, to leave no time to meet them, and bargain for the pelts before other traders could secure them. I suppose this is what is meant, by "being a true help-mate." I read somewhere, - "to live well in the quiet routine of life, to fill a place because God wills it," - cheerfully - patiently - and, when one can, - lend a hand. But to return to the "frame dwelling," - it possessed a dining room, and a kitchen on the north side. This kitchen, was a square, - roomy one,

From whence much <sup>3</sup> open-handed hospitality was dispensed. There was a stove in the centre, with a well-filled wood box hard by. A most pleasant place to rest, and ruminate in, by its glowing fire-side after the day's tending; or in the day's lull, to bask in the light of its sunny windows. Cold nights, the Indians found it rare comfort, claiming its shelter and warmth; and wrapped in their blankets, there bivouacked for the night.

Old Chaska, the friendly, one-eyed warrior, and brother to "Old Betz" of ancient mien, and Wash-poppa Jance, could be found there, the one with the "kerchief bound round his head that lapped over the injured optic; presumably, an old Souvenir he had fallen heir to from the Chipewas in battle.

The day and evening prior to le beau jour de l'air, the kitchen presented a hive of industry, in the preparation of various condiments that were to compose le déjeuner, or breakfast menu, and the following day of le fête. Piles of crisp, brown, fried doughnuts could be seen, which in French parlance were called "de cro-

-quignoles; and deep, <sup>(4)</sup> juicy meat pies, with  
an aroma of kitchen herbs, were there;  
these went by the name of "de-tourtiers";  
they were good enough to get before the King  
— your King — my King — but too good  
for most Kings. It may be that the  
piece-de-Resistance, was a small, roast  
pig with a potato in his mouth.

In the very earliest days of the settlement, —  
our first callers on the new year were the Indians,  
with a sprinkling of whites. <sup>later in the day,</sup> The Indians announced  
their presence by our bedroom window, in  
the "top of the morning," — "before the bright light" —  
with a salvo of arms, — which almost sent MEE  
trembling in her crumpled bed, into spasms of fright. This  
heavy fusillade of many guns in rapid  
succession, was our red friends' salute to us, —  
or their way of greeting, and wishing us a happy —  
bon-jour — on the new year. After this charge of  
musketry — they filed into the kitchen, and  
rangged themselves in line awaiting the  
entrance of the family. There was much hand  
shaking, and many interchanges of good  
wishes for the coming year, after "all the  
compliments of the season were passed," than other  
things came to pass in the shape of

(5)  
doughnuts and coffee, or Eau Sucrée, handed round by little mother, and her servants.

There was no need of the calumet being handed round, as every token of good will and sign of friendship crowned the day. Some of the Indians kissing little mother's hand.

As the settlement increased in white population, New Year's day callers became more numerous.

People in different walks of life elbowing each other in expressions of friendliness and good wishes for you and yours for the coming year.

I recollect little mother's remark of surprise at the growth of the place - "why, we had sixty callers this New Year's Day."

Little mother had a prettily arranged table set in a corner of the front room for the chance callers; with pound cake, wines and cordials, and the best coffee. It was customary in those days to treat one's friends and acquaintances to liquors. It was a day of much jollity and feasting, - when the cheery jingling sleigh bells heralded callers who came with buoyant hopes for you for "future wealth," - "pour tout souhaiter une bonne Année." It made one's heart rejoice - for hope's bright <sup>star</sup> is very -

full of promise when one is young and the heart joyful. The younger members of the family called to pay their respects to their Elders. They seemed imbued with the spirit of the Day, and I did it <sup>more</sup> by intuition, rather than by having to be told. No matter how cold the weather, and sometimes it was pretty nearly forty below, one bundled up well and gaily sallied forth to tussle with any of Ole Borealis' moody-humors in mind the hearty welcome, and glorious times in store.

How many good resolutions are made by pretty nearly everybody on the first day of the year, made also like pie-crust to be broken, and to try all over again the following year. If one don't succeed at first - it is well to keep on striving, anyway. Many of those that tried have gone on their long journey - one after the other; - happy - good - lucky - good souls, one remembers them with a tear - into a sigh.

All new year's  
The family wended their way to Grandmother's house to pay their respects to the venerable couple, where we often had breakfast en famille. On arriving, the first thing we did, was to kiss them, and wish them the best the year could bring; then knelt before them and ask their blessing. Grandmère, with a tremor in her voice, and tears in <sup>her</sup> tender eyes, raised her right hand over us, and invoked a benediction: "My dear children, may the good God (le bon-Dieu) give you His blessing, may it remain with you during your lives, and at the end of your days, May He Grant you

a place in His <sup>71</sup> Sanctified Paradise, is the blessing we wish you all."

After a delicious breakfast, we sauntered around the house; and simple savinirs appropriate to the Day were given. Young, expectant eyes viewed with interest the top drawer of a certain bureau, out of which various delightful things came forth. One of these, a large frosted sugar egg was a marvel of skill, with its cluster of pink roses and green leaves at the top.

We stopped long enough by one of the windows to admire the blossoming plants. - Grandmère was always caring for something, - and we praised her skill in bringing them to such perfection; and she was generally mothering some needed one, and so living on day by day in her quiet, kindly way, without a thought else than to simply do her duty towards God and man. She was unconsciously sowing <sup>the</sup> seed that would in time germinate - expand - and fill out the "Sheaves of God's Gospel of Eternity." <sup>for many a year</sup> It was a pleasure to visit this benign pair in their home, they lived in such perfect harmony and affection; <sup>and</sup> with peace and good will towards men.

In later years, skating - sleigh riding, and racing over the icy tracks on the river was great sport and

there were those who cut a great swathe  
skating - cutting designs on the ice - it be-  
ing considered wonderful skating.

Those who owned fast nags were there  
in evidence and in their element. -

Away one flew over the icy tracks -  
likety - switch - to the music of the sleigh  
- bells; with gaily striped woolen scarfs - the  
fashion of the day - flying in the breeze! -  
and varied colored afaghans - some-  
times trailing behind.

Whew! how the wind did blow, -  
and whistle past, its icy breath tingling  
ears - brow, and cheeks; nipping fingers  
- while driving old Dobbin, - brightening  
eyes eager with delight at passing  
"Betty," - it was often nip and tuck -  
but oh! the joy of getting ahead in  
the race - what if Dobbin hoofs threw  
balls of hardened snow in eyes and faces  
my! weren't we having the time of  
our lives, and wasn't it all part  
and parcel of the fun?

MINNESOTA  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
ST. PAUL, MINN.

Sketch of  
Capt. Louis Robert  
by  
Mrs. Jeanne R. Lamprey  
His Daughter

## CAPTAIN LOUIS ROBERT

By Wenonah.

Captain Robert was born in 1811, at St. Louis, Missouri. His forbears for generations back were born in the South, and of <sup>pure</sup> French extraction. *They were called "French-creoles."*

Being left an orphan at an early age, the young lad drifted away from home, and, thrown on his own resources and responsibilities, developed in this hard school the latent talent within him for business.

In traveling ~~around~~ the country he happened to hit the trail for the Northwest, where after a time he became a great factor in building up St. Paul-- being called by some of the early settlers "the founder of St. Paul". It was said "he located on the site that is now St. Paul in 1833."

At an early date in the history of the settlement, which is now St. Paul, there was a double log-cabin inhabited on one side by Benjamin Gervaise, and on the other side by Louis Robert. This log cabin eventually went up into smoke,- even the potatoes in the cellar being incinerated. It must be nearly seventy years ago since the cabin burnt up. Then Louis Robert had a frame house built, which he and family occupied. It was the first frame house in the settlement. It was located on the bluff, over-looking the "Father of Waters", (about

where the Robert ~~Street~~<sup>Street</sup> bridge starts from on the St. Paul side), It was a comfortable, roomy house, with pleasant surroundings or grounds, in which locust trees grew, and there was a garden of roses, and a variety of blooming plants; the seed being sent on from Washington; and the rose-plants, from Prairie du Chien. "The oldest building in St. Paul in 1885, was Louis Robert's trading post, built of logs."

Louis Robert was very much in earnest about advancing the interests of the settlement. He was public-spirited and generous; ~~g~~ave money, and real estate, to push the place ahead. As a certain man wrote of him, "he was a born leader of men. He never followed, he always led." If he lost in any venture, he was courageous, and "game" and made efforts to redeem his ~~luck~~<sup>luck</sup>. He trafficked ~~in~~<sup>k</sup> in furs; dealt in real estate; established trading posts in St. Paul, and different parts of the country; engaged in steamboating on the Mississippi, and on the Minnesota river; and if occasion required it, he could pilot his own boats. Some person made the remark in the hearing of one of the old settlers (by way of reproach, possibly) that the captain's early education had been neglected;" and he quickly replied "Well, what of it,- he was so darned smart." <sup>(Mr. Moran)</sup> Though not a handsome man, still, he was of noble presence, and carried himself well; and this is what a lady friend of his family exclaimed on observing him walk along Jackson Street one day <sup>(Mrs. Bequest)</sup> "there was the captain, coming along, twirling that heavy gold-

headed cane, and carrying himself with so lordly an air, one would have taken him for a grand seigneur."

He was a power in politics, when he chose to be: Once, on coming out victor to some office in the gift of the people, their joy knew no bounds,- they caught him up and he was borne on the shoulders of men, and as the crowd passed his home, they kept on shouting "Hurrah! hurrah! for Captain Robert!" and mingling with their jubilant cries, the band played on.

In appearance, he was six feet in his stocking soles, broad-shouldered, muscular, full of vigor and elasticity. Very quick and independent and "not afraid of any living thing." One experienced a sense of perfect security, and protection, when he was present. His grey eyes, were keen as two-edged swords; the expression of his face when in repose was severe; the outline strong, masterful-- the face of one born to command,- and yet, withal- genial, and quick to perceive the humorist side of life. On meeting a friend, his face lighted up with a softening glance, and his ready, responsive hand extended in greeting, with the kindly words, "God bless you, my son, I am glad to see you!" made one's heart warm to him.

He was tender-hearted to all in need, trouble and pain, as the gentlest soul that ever existed. Some one was telling how during a very cold winter "he bought a lot of blankets, and distributed them to

(one of his Steamboat Captains)

the squatters on the levee". And Captain Edwin Bell; and Mr. George Nichols, pilot;- told of "the Captain" (Robert) distributing barrels of pork and flour to the needy people on the route, as his steamboat steamed up the river, his gift to them. He was as quick to resent an injury as <sup>possibly</sup> to forgive one. Well do I remember his hearty laugh and the flash of his white, even teeth; his fair, rosy face, with cleft chin; and black hair; and I loved to listen to his songs, as when in the mood he could sing with the best of them. It was wonderful the amount of endurance the man had. His brother Frank and himself, while voyaging through some part of the wild country, came to a river caked with ice, which they had to cross, throwing themselves into it with the ice floes cutting into their bodies like knives, and they <sup>came</sup> ~~came~~ near perishing with the cold. His brother never recovered from this exposure, that later on resulted in his death; but <sup>Capt. Robert</sup> ~~he~~ suffered no ill effects from it.

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"There are more things in heaven and earth, <sup>Horace</sup>  
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy!"

By Venonah.

One day as the Great Medicine woman, sat by the window of her home gazing, glancing out, she chanced to observe an Indian erecting a steep tent around a tall, young pine tree. She gazed in wonderment at this unusual performance. The Indian having completed his task, entered the tent, and therewith began an incantation to the devil, in a loud, monotonous tone, - beseeching the evil spirit to come and cure his mother who was lying very ill, in a nearby teepee.

The Indian sang intently for a length of time; when suddenly, something did come to pass that <sup>was that</sup> was clear out of the ordinary. Great Medicine woman, happening to look up - perceived an icy black cloud speeding through the horizon with the velocity of the wind; and oh, wonder of wonders! if it didn't halt an instant over where the tree and tent, <sup>was</sup> then down - down it rushed, and swooped into the opening at the top of the tent; the tree swayed back and forth, as tho' a mighty wind had swept through it; and presently came

a sound from within, as if some one get-  
ting a good, hard beating; accompanied by  
dismal wailings. It was very uncanny.

Indians on the outside of the tent, were  
putting in plugs of tobacco under the  
tent flaps, - "to propitiate <sup>- or appease</sup> the evil one's  
wrath"; - as the Indians explained afterwards.

Eventually, the Indian's mother grew  
very sea-sick, and out of her mouth  
came "little evil things" - as "lizards, snakes,"  
and, possibly, toads; ugh! Well, after this trying  
ordeal, she grew better; then her devoted  
son gathered the mélange of "little evil things"  
on birch-bark, and stepping in his canoe,  
paddled the Mississippi to midstream,  
and "then and there" dumped the whole  
outfit of "little snakes and lizards," etc., & the little  
fishes below. Of course, one will have to take this mother's wis-  
dom, about these "little snakes, lizards," etc.

## The old time Dinner-Party.

By Mrs. M. M. M.

The family were assembled around the dinner table, and a wholesome, beautiful repast it was; with a roast, - and gravy, plentiful and delicious.

The potatoes loomed up in their dish like a mountain of snow; having been mashed, and whipped up light with cream, butter and seasonings. The hulled corn; sweet pickles; flanked on one side by a ruby colored Jell of cranberries, that quaked and shivered in its bowl enticingly, not forgetting the good homemade bread; and golden hued butter; the crisp, flaky crusted pies; brown fritters, with great Jugs of maple Syrup. The coffee, clear as amber, its aroma permeating through the air; and its accompaniment of thick, sweet cream.

While the young and "Old" folks at home were partaking of this "good, square meal," two Indians, and a Squaw walked in, as the catch string always hung outside. They were invited to join the circle at this hospitable board, which they gladly did.

The company did ample Justice to the good things spread out before them; with many a merry jest and wretched in between times.

The good cheer being over with, each rose to go their various ways, with the exception of the Squaw who lingered and kept looking back longingly at something on the table she couldn't bear to leave.

After reconnoitering a while, she finally plucked up courage, as well as the gravy boat, and poured all the remaining gravy into a capacious pocket on the side of her skirt. This <sup>receptacle</sup> undoubtedly had been the Mecca to many another tid-bit; then, she took her departure, satisfied with herself, and the world at large.

She had come; she had seen; she had tasted the gravy; she had conquered;— maybe?

"On with the Dance — Let Joy be unconfined,"  
By Wrennah.

It was the sunset hour, the evening pleasant, and the glories of the rose-tinted sky was reflected in the waters below. The freshening breeze brought in its train the resinous scents of the wild-wood, and the spell of the atmosphere rested over nature like incense permeating through the air at the holy benediction, at Tepee-time.

Standing against a lone tree that grew on the edge of the bluff opposite our house, viewing the "glorious Mes-sa-se-be" of the Indians, and the beautiful wild, lawless country beyond; with the river enlivened at times by an occasional Steamboat headed possibly for the upper landing, or coming down stream, with a whistle of salute at times from Wrennah's namesake on recognizing her silhouetted against the sky there.

On looking westward Indians were seen approaching in gala attire of breech-clouts, and through the evening's quietude whoops broke forth.

The party-falls entered Peri's yard, and when the "Howdys", and handshakes were over with, the dancers formed into a circle preparatory to giving some of their characteristic dances. The drummers squating on the ground nearby. Then when the tum-tum-tum-tum of

The drums rolled along the ambient air, they went skipping along on their merry hop - hop - hop - first on one foot and then on the other - accompanying themselves by sing-song grunts of "yah! - Hi! - Ye! - Hei! Ye!" or something like it. This round-de-lay leading impetus to the gyrators. This dance I could easily have been called the grass-hopper-hop, by reason of its hopping motion to one and the other side of terra-firma, all in unison to the measure of these little grunting sounds.

Our red friends would readily have gone through the whole gamut of their dances to please little mother if she had so elected, as every evidence of their good will abounded towards her, as well as to ourselves.

Refreshments were passed to them, in <sup>shape of</sup> a bucketful of Eau-Ducre.

"The Past and its chances are as  
Pearls that are lost in the sea."

"How much one wishes a ~~sure~~ trenchant pen to describe  
all the things that crowd in one's mind."

By Venouah  
Little mother, and Grand-mère, — or, Great Medicine-  
woman; were ever on the best of terms with the  
Indian women, and half-breed ones.  
The Squaws would borrow Venouah, and  
when they took her <sup>back</sup> to mother and home, the  
see one's chubby hands were holding on to her  
little apron full of "goodies" — the gifts of her kind friends.

If the Indians are "implacable enemies,"  
they can prove "surprisingly good friends."

During Père's long spell of sickness, his  
Indian friends called on him, and with  
words of cheer tried to comfort him in his hour  
of trial. They brought him wild flowers, and  
various kind of game, which they placed on the  
floor by his bed-side; and when we were in  
darrow for Père whose loss we mourned,  
they came and sympathized with us; weeping  
and wailing out in their Indian fashion; and  
calling him their friend and comrade. One of  
these, was Little Crow's brother-in-law, who  
followed Père's remains to their last resting place,  
It might not come amiss here when

mentioning Little Crow to tell how this young Indian Chief, straight as a young pine tree, came to Père with the offer of "many ponies, a lot of blankets", and other things, in exchange for the Captain's daughter, the young Wenonah.

He said, when she had grown up he would come to claim her as his bride.

Wenonah was not consulted in this transaction, or "bargaining and bartering" in the Indian's mind; - strange how it failed to materialize. Père was my informant.

Little mother related to Wenonah this incident connected with Wenonah's "early days in St. Paul": -

In the words of Père Wenonah was "a 'spoilt baby'; - "Une petite frêle-frêle"; and he generally wound up by calling her "his little step-and-fidgets".

The little one, being among <sup>a lot</sup> of wild Indians, and few whites, it naturally followed that she acted "tout de son naturel", in French parley, and she had not as yet learned life's lessons of self-repression; or been over much schooled in them; as you will find out in this little story. One day it so happened Wenonah was "Dad and lonely" - as the song has it; she scarcely knew what to do with herself, but being naturally of a buoyant and energetic temperament, she could not long remain quiet, or pensive. The thought came to her of how nice those rose and white striped

candy sticks ~~appeared~~ in their white crystal jars on the shelf at Mr J. D. Simpson's store at the levee. Ah, if she could only have a few to cheer up on all night yet be well with her. — She heaved a little sigh — O, dear! what could she do about it? She had it — she would trade off some of her belongings in exchange for the sweets; — surely, fair exchange is no robbery. — and time and again the Indians had bargained and bartered and traded at Péré's big store at the levee, near Mr D's store, for merchandise. To be sure she could have had a pocketful ban-bans at Péré's store for the mere asking, or helping herself; but there was an irresistible charm about the dréages and candies in their cherry and white decorations, at this other trading post. Well, with this small maiden to think was to act — as Péré expressed it, "no sooner said than done!" And so, without <sup>even</sup> saying "bye your leave, madam" — to chérie mamma — of which in her haste to be off, she had forgotten to do, away she flew like a bird on the wing! — ou-ou-ou — helter-skelter, — over sticks, — pebbles — and everything in the way, until she lighted on the edge of the bluff; then down — down — she skipped with the rolling sand — rocks and stones to the foot of the hill; and being as agile and fleet —

fasted as an Antelope. it did not take her any length of time to reach the counter where those enticing "goodies" were displayed before her admiring eyes.

She was in a perfect flutter of excitement for very joy of being there. The rapidity of her flight made her gasp for breath a little as she gave her order for a package of the candies, in as business like a manner as any big lady out shopping. Mr. S. looking down at the wee maid said "here is the candy," now where are the picayunes? She quickly launched her flannel petticoat and held it for him to take for the candies. Mr. S.'s face was then a study in expression. He shook his head and said "no, no; I cannot take this, it's too small!" - holding the same at arm's length. For an instant the little woman's face seemed sorely puzzled - then it suddenly dawned on her that she wasn't fairly treated. Her face went aglow with repentment, why, to be dealt with worse than an Indian; - it wasn't in human nature to stand it! She stamped her little foot, and said things not complimentary - but suitable to the occasion - and oh, there was a regular "tempest in a teapot" rising! She started for home, and in passing

through the store door, she happen to spy some empty barrels outside the door: she lost no time deciding what to do with these, whirling round, she banged with hands and feet into these, and sent them careening, and spinning like tops down the embankment, and into the river - as fast as her furious little self could put them there. After performing this wonderful thing, she went home in a state of exaltation like the conquering Judith of old: then promptly forgot all about the episode, but Mr. D. did not forget it so readily. he recounted her exploits at his store on that memorable occasion - to little mother, and when relating it "went into paroxysms of laughter over the spirit the mid-geet had shown.

"The goodest news they is  
Ain't good as baddest little child's."

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Major Halescomb; -

What was my surprise  
to find the last part of  
the story of the boats on  
the floor where the wind  
had blown it, so I here  
it is.

Mrs. Uri Locke Lamprey

Wenonah;—

A name given

Jeannette Robert,  
by the Indians.

65 years ago

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AT REDWOOD AGENCY FIFTY YEARS AGO. BY Wenonah.

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One of the little stories related by Captain Reaney was that the Steamer Jeannette Robert had just arrived at the landing at Redwood Agency. Indians on shore had watched her coming in. A brunette young lady on board (the daughter of Doctor <sup>(Hester)</sup> H.) sat outside by the guard-rail viewing the scene, — a very much interested spectator of her surroundings. This young lady's remarkable resemblance to Wenonah led the Indians who saw her into thinking she was Wenonah, whom some of them had known in her childhood in St. Paul. Word went 'round among them that Wenonah was on board, and Captain Reaney said "they came aboard in such numbers, I thought they would swamp the boat."

This little warm glow of friendship from the Indians made Wenonah, when told of it, very glad to be remembered so kindly by her old time friends, but set her to wondering as to the young lady's state of mind at this unusual demonstration over her — Union he was had! — was she greatly troubled and in fear?

During the war of the North and South the Steamer Jeannette Robert carried many companies of soldiers from up country going South to take part in the fray. On one of these trips Wenonah happened to be on board the steamer. She was up in the pilot house perched on one of the wide window sills overlooking the side the troops were disembarking. The soldiers on shore, — on looking up there, — gave three cheers and

*the* "tiger". Wenonah not comprehending the cheering was in her honor, - and thinking it was for the boat, <sup>when, possibly, they had been so well cured for</sup> did not respond in any way, much to Captain Reaney's astonishment, who came up to inquire "why she had not acknowledged the compliment;" *and thinking, undoubtedly, how discouraged it had been.*

Wenonah on learning of this, was thereby made very regretful; and even to this day a great feeling of sadness comes over one at the thought of how many, very many, of those brave soldier boys never returned to kindred and home.

It might not come amiss here to relate an incident connected with the civil war, about a young curly haired <sup>lad</sup> ~~lad~~, with eyes so blue and true; and whose heart was as merry as the day was long.

The war broke out between the states, the fight was on in earnest, and there was no getting out of it. The President's mandate had gone forth for troops. Among the first to respond to the call for volunteers was this young patriot.

In one of the fierce battles for the Union he was badly wounded in arm and shoulder. He was ordered out the ranks, but at that instant the command "to charge" was given - as on came the foe. Our gallant soldier boy caught up his gun, and rushed forward - on to victory or death! In this engagement he was shot through the head. "Mild and gentle, as he was brave, think of him still as the same. He is not dead - he is just away!"

"And loyal still as he gave the blows  
Of his warrior strength to his  
Country's foes."

.....

"At a Dunny. Then at a Lorrowful bit of the Road"

By Neenah

It was a merry evening, the sequel to a happy day.  
A fiddler had been engaged to add his quota  
of gaiety to the occasion, as the festal scene  
was the wedding of Madeline <sup>Thairin</sup> at Capt. Robert's  
house. Neenah having "stood up" with the bride.  
She was a charming bride, because of her  
amiable disposition, and by reason of her  
face usually beaming with smiles.

The good man had come down from  
"up country" to claim this dear girl, and succeeded  
capturing her for a life time.

After a short stay in St. Paul, they de-  
parted for the Redwood Agency, where a  
pleasant little house was in readiness.

He was in the employment of Capt. Robert, at  
one of the Indian posts there.

Early one morning while at breakfast,  
they heard shrill war whoops; shots, and  
cries; the wild yells continuing, the good  
man of the house, on going to the door to  
ascertain the cause of the commotion, was  
encountered by Indians, and tomahawked  
through the forehead, falling face downwards on

the threshold. His wife in her terror, had  
slipped his hand. The Indians ordered  
her to let go of it, but in her frightened,  
dazed, condition she held on all the tighter;  
they jerked her away from him; dragged  
her outside, and tortured her unspeakably.

The captive women, - some of whom  
understood the Sioux language, and beheld  
this revolting scene, said she lingered three  
days in terrible agony; and overheard  
the Indians saying, - "that they" would  
have spared her life if she had obeyed  
their command."

This is only one instance of the terrible  
massacre of over eight hundred men, women  
and children, in the year 1862, at Redwood  
Agency; Yellow Medicine, and other places in the  
upper country.

"Then Ho! And Hey! And Hurrah! And whoop!"

By Wrennah

In a settlement of 15 log cabins, on the banks of the Mississippi. Great Medicine Woman's (named so by the Indians) home was in one of these. The whites journeyed by water to Sainte Pierre (St. Peter; - now known by the name of Menota), to attend Divine Service on Sundays, Rev. Father Lucian Gatter being the pastor.

At this period, the log-cabin chapel of Sainte-Paul was not known - St. Paul not named.

The Indians were very much in evidence on all sides; inhabiting the caves; little islands; <sup>and</sup> along the route the whites had to take.

Great Medicine Woman, related how these hordes of Aborigines, both great and small, when the mood was on them, would try in various ways to intimidate the "pale-faces". They suddenly would spring out from behind boulders, whoop and whoop, and brandish tomahawks; and from in hiding within the shadow of great boles of trees bound like rubber balls, and shake bags at them that rattled and jingled, and sounded like tin-pans heavily struck together. They imitated the cries of different animals, howling like wolves; - bellowing like cattle; and if the notion took them, would wind up

their little frolic by firing off guns.

Once, they started in hot pursuit of the whites, examining their fire-arms to ascertain if they were primed; but not counting on a Merciful Providence intervening in the pale-faces' behalf, were forced to give up their mad chase, as their canoe filled with water.

The whites tried to evade them by paddling out their course, as they had been once too many times under their batteries.

Great Medicine woman, told of how the Sioux gathered in front of her house in great numbers for battle with the Chippewas, which proved indeed war to the knife; and of her hurried flight to Fort Duelling.

"They Met by chance the usual way"

By Wenhau

Wenhau's parents, and other persons were driving through the woods in a double conveyance and as they bumped and clattered along the rough country road, without a thought of danger, they suddenly encountered a war-party of Indians. The Indians looked fierce and formidable in their war-togs, and smeared with paints and war-plumage, and in little array. And those in the wagon could tell by their appearance and actions that the braves were for shooting on the spot, and that something must be done on the instant. Pere requested little mother to stand up and harangue with them, which she did at once; lifting her hand, she said, "Ho comrades" - and went on with her talk - doing the best she could for her cause. They fortunately recognized her and lowered their muskets - Little mother had saved the day.

When a band of Indians are on the war-path, they are apt to make short work of any one that crosses their way. And so good fortune smiled on our travelers that day, as on many another occasion.