

THE HEART OF JESUS PLEADING.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.
Heart of Jesus pleading,
Come, and sweetly rest in me...

NOTES FROM THE NORTHLAND.

IV.

Every one has heard of Minnesota as the land of lakes and lakelets. None lovelier adorn and enrich any part of the American continent than those which dot the surface of that favored state.

This is, it has been truly said, the gem of northwestern lakes where annually gather many thousands of nomadic health seekers, who find in the immense forests that surround it, in the rural homes that nestle in shady groves on the banks of its bays, and in the humid depths of its waters the renewed vigor that comes from out-of-door life in our climate.

The Big Woods nearly encloses Lake Minnetonka in its midst, and many cozy villas are built beneath the branches of the great monarchs of the forest on its banks, while village after village have sprung up at convenient and available points. Steamers ply on its crystal waters to carry pleasure seekers to their destination, and fleets of sail and row boats are to be found at all parts of the lake, to supply the demand of fishing parties.

Wayzata, the most populous station on the north shore of Lake Minnetonka, is reached from Minneapolis and St. Paul by the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway, the distance being twenty-five miles from Minneapolis, and fifteen miles from St. Paul. Excelsior, on the south side of the lake, is reached from Minneapolis and St. Paul by the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway, and the Minneapolis, Lyndale & Minnetonka Railway.

Minnetonka has its beautiful legend which is so well related by an American writer that I gladly avail myself of the opportunity to give to our own readers a brief summary of it. In June, 1854, that I arrived at Lake Minnetonka, and taking a small and rudely constructed boat, was soon to a point midway of the lake, well known to the old settlers as the dividing line between the Sioux and Chippewa nations, where many a bloody battle has been fought, and where many a warrior had gone down to the sleep of death. I ascended gradually from the lake to a height of some thirty feet, winding over an Indian trail, through a mass of rich foliage, blooming flowers, creeping vines, singing birds, chirping squirrels, massive trees, and the most changing scenery, until I reached the top, and there a grand sight met my view. Stretching out in the distance was the sparkling water, and from various knolls ascended the smoke of the wigwam, where the women were engaged in their domestic duties, and the men, some on the lake in their light canoes, in quest of game for their evening meal. The sun shone brightly, and a thousand diamonds seemed to glitter on the bosom of the fair lake, as the silver waves rippled against the pebbly shore, and darted back again, like a beautiful maiden toying with her jewels. Here and there were bays and inlets and promontories; nooks and quiet, secluded spots; yonder was a dark, forbidding spot, thickly studded with trees, and as I gazed upon it, I could see that it was the resting place of the dead, or the hand of the supernatural, and the Maniton (Indian spirits) revealed in their nightly visits to their earthly friends. Just at the right of me, and near where I stood, ran a bubbling brook, now quietly nestling under the cover of brush and trees; now dashing and laughing over the impediments in its way; now rushing like a mad creature to the lake. At my feet was a charming spot, overlooking the whole scene I have described, and in it, shrouded from vulgar gaze by the thick foliage of the under brush, was an Indian tepee, with little, timid heads peeping out from under it, and a stalwart chief smoking his pipe and watching me. As I approached the chief arose, took his pipe from his mouth, greeted me cordially by a shake of the hand, and with a "How, cooler,"—how do you do?—pointed to a log near him, where I soon was seated.

"Beautiful, lovely, charming spot," while I exclaimed somewhat enthusiastically, to which the chief responded—"Ho!"—"Heap big amount of fish—heap big game," again I ventured to remark, to which came back again the inevitable "ho!" All was silent.

The reader must remember that the Indian can never be hurried, except in the case of war or dinner. He has no particular pressing business—no notes to pay—no landlord to advance his rent—no butcher to poke a bill under his nose—no groceryman to stop his flour if pay don't come—no big parties to give in order to keep up appearances—no wife to render—no fashionable society to cringe to—indeed, no particular labor, for the squaws perform the manual duties of the household, so he is really independent. If he is hungry, he knows where the game is, and a few hours' hunt will suffice to replenish his stores, at least until the next day. Besides, he takes no thought for the morrow, as he knows that if in want the tribe must share with him. Hence he is lymphatic, not nervous; stolid, not gushing; cool, not ardent; taking his own time—moves in his own way.

I sat at least ten minutes in silence, smoking the pipe which the old chief alternately passed to me, when I broke the stillness by requesting him to tell me something of the early history of the lake, what legend, if any, pertained to it, what battles had been fought, what superstitions existed, etc., etc., to which he gave only a guttural response of "ho," coolly refilled his pipe, peered out into the sunlight, gave several rapid puffs, to be sure that the kinnikinnick was well lighted, and then said—

"Many springs and many moons, and many leaves of the forest, and many kinsmen of Ink-pa-go-da have come and gone, since the Chippewa stealthily crept down upon a band of Sioux, numbering thirty, near where we now sit, and in a moment, unconscious to our brave warriors, decimated our hunting grounds with the blood of the slain. The slaughter was indiscriminate, men, women and children; but one beautiful maiden was left, and she, it seems, was hidden by a Chippewa lover, who, when the fatal tomahawk was about to descend, arrested the blow, and gradually faded away, and the agility of a panther, placed her safely in a secluded spot, where, when the battle was over, he intended to return and claim her as his own. Days passed, but no Indian was visible. Hunger drove the maiden from her seclusion, to pick berries to sustain life, but while in the act, she was met by a Sioux Indian chief and the Chippewa warrior who had saved her life. Terribly frightened, she fled back to her place of safety, but to her great astonishment the Indians glided along with her, so that when she had reached the spot from whence she came, they were there also. The heart-rending memory of the death of her whole band; the fear of the Chippewa, whom she did not at first recognize, caused her to crouch down in one corner of her hiding place and call upon Man-tion, the great spirit of scalps, to protect her in this hour of dread distress. To her astonishment, when she looked up, she beheld a kindly smile upon the chief's face, but a spirit of sadness brooded over the young Chippewa brave.

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be done," and pressed forward to the camp of her inveterate enemy. Strange as it may appear, the Chippewa warrior stood her, not, however, without great caution, and on the return of the warriors a council was held as to her fate. Why let a single member of her hated tribe live? The council decided she should die. Minne-too-ka begged one request—that she might appear among the Chippewa braves and demonstrate that she was innocent of all harm. The request was granted, and the next morning the young girl stood in the presence of her savage foes, and told them how she had been saved by War-ka-non—how the great spirit had come to her—how she had seen the happy hunting ground—how the fate of the murderers had been pictured, and in most eloquent, thrilling tones begged the warriors to drop the war-club, the scalping knife and the tomahawk, and deal justly and fairly with their enemy. She impressed upon them the sure faces of their people, who knew War-ka-non! I come from the spirit land. I saw Minne-too-ka. I loved Minne-too-ka. She comes to you to impress you with the necessity of good deeds. The great Man-tion and War-ka-non are the friends of the lone Indian girl. Would you take her into your tribe? Would you cease her crimson the river of blood that flows at your feet? My people, be good. My people, be just. My people, be kind. My people, hearken unto the voice of Minne-too-ka!"

"In an instant he was gone, and left the Indian maiden standing alone in the council of her enemy, with their heads bowed to the earth and trembling with fear. The morning dawned, and in the midst of the whole band of Chippewas, men, women and children, who then occupied the eastern portion of the lake, stood Minne-too-ka. Hatred had turned to love—Minne-too-ka to worship—and there, in the presence of that timid girl, in the presence of the great spirit, the Indians resolved on a new and a better life, and from that day to this, said the old chief, the Chippewa nation have been firm friends of the whites, and brave, humane enemies of the Sioux."

"What, the highest point on the lake," I asked. "Well, tradition has it that the next day after the marvelous meeting I have described, the Hop hitlers, some of them seen on the top of that knoll, and then, clasped together, they rose high in the air and floated over the lake in the plain view of hundreds of spectators, and finally entered the Happy Hunting Ground; and from that day to this it has been called Point Wa-ka-non, or the Supernatural, and is held in sacred memory by the Indians of both tribes.

"It is thought, by many, that the lake derived its name from this beautiful Indian girl, who, though left an orphan and sorely tried by a series of misfortunes, was finally united to her true love, and together they joined their names and friends in that peaceful land beyond the river of death. And thus Minne-too-ka became Minne-ton-ka, or beautiful water.

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