

# THE NAMING OF LAKES CALHOUN AND HARRIET

I wonder how many of the citizens of Minneapolis have any knowledge of the origin of the names of the two beautiful lakes embraced within the city's limits—Calhoun and Harriet. For nearly fifty years these two radiant gems have been known to the people round about, and for nearly this number of years have we visited them and enjoyed their loveliness, and yet, we must confess, that not until quite recently have we acquainted ourselves with the facts as to when and for whom they were named.

We have entertained for a long time, and quite naturally, the idea that Calhoun was called after John C. Calhoun when he was secretary of war, which supposition proves to be correct. In regard to Harriet we were considerably at a loss as to the "how" and "why," but finally came to the conclusion that the lake must have inherited her name when she was separated from the other waters of the earth.

But we find ourselves all wrong. The Historical society has in its collection a volume, "Floral Home; or First Years in Minnesota," published in 1857, and written by Harriet E. Bishop, in which she imparts the following information:

"The fort (Snelling) was named after its first commandant and Lake Harriet, a beautiful, transparent sheet of water, after his heroic and inestimable wife."

But it was really Mrs. Harriet Leavenworth—not Snelling—wife of Lieut. Col. Henry Leavenworth, who was indeed the "first commandant," and before Col. Snelling.

It is probable that the names Calhoun and Harriet were given at the same time, and as early as 1823.

Prof. William H. Keating, who accompanied Maj. Stephen H. Long's expedition in that year, wrote in his narrative, vol-

ume I, page 315 (published 1825): "A body of water which is not represented upon any map that we know of; has been discovered in this vicinity within a few years, and has received the name of Lake Calhoun in honor of the secretary of war."

What a history clusters about these gems, which, with their beautiful settings, are such an addition to Minnie's wardrobe! No wonder she is proud of these jewels as well as of others of equal beauty and utility which are her rightful inheritance.

Think back for a moment to the pleasure derived by the Indians who had set their tepees about these charming lakes—hunting, fishing, their light canoes gliding over the silvery waters, their pap-pooes lulled to sleep by the lapping of waves on pebbly shores. It was here the good men, Riggs and Pond, did their mission work. It was here the Indians built their village and tilled the ground and from here it was they went forth to battle with their enemies.

Time has changed all these conditions and but a faint memory remains of the past. The Indians, the few that are left, have become civilized, but the present shows to us the same beautiful lakes encircled by shaded boulevards and attractive resorts, with lovely homes set back among the trees.

Here, with the expenditure of a merely nominal sum, the masses are privileged to roam at their leisure during the summer months in the woods which skirt their borders, or, if they so choose, take a boat ride at even-time, while sweet strains of music sift through the moonbeams which keep time dancing in fantastic steps on the rippling, shimmering waves.

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