

Reminiscences of the Northwest

By Mrs. Mary Ann Brevoort Bristol

The interesting reminiscences which follow, appeared originally in Col. E. A. Calkins' Milwaukee *Sunday Telegraph*, March 30th, April 27th, May 18th, and June 15th, 1879. They attracted the attention of the veteran, Gen. A. G. Ellis, who had been the writer's teacher at Green Bay—and both had long lost sight of each other. Gen. Ellis very gracefully wrote of his old pupil in the columns of the *Telegraph*: "Your correspondent, Mrs. Bristol, is very well remembered by the old settlers at Green Bay as Miss Mary Ann Brevoort. She was a very attractive young lady; with her symmetrical figure, her blooming countenance, sparkling black eyes, and genial smile, all adorned with graceful, courtly manner, she is not easily forgotten. Nay, it was not the 'young Indian,' only, who 'fell in love with her.' Not one, but many, of the young Americans contested the claim with the young Menomonee brave. But, to the best of my recollection, she escaped them all, quite heart whole to the last.

The old major, sociable and approachable enough in general, was entirely inaccessible as to his beautiful daughter. None of the young frontiersmen were familiar in his presence.

His daughter, in consequence, rather a recluse, had one amusement from which she would not be debarred—she was passionately fond of skating. As soon as the old Fox River was mirrored with ice, Miss Brevoort was among the first to prove its glacial qualities; and if she had been attractive in her walk on terra firma, she was perfectly bewitching with her skates, on the ice. So irresistible was she thought, that a couple of the young fellows considered it a fair challenge; and putting themselves on their irons, gave chase! The young enchantress appreciated the compliment, and entertained them coquettishly, dallying with them coyly for a few moments, but perceiving the intent of the foremost to cut her off from the open way home, put forth the utmost effort of her skill and strength, and left him like a flash of light, retreating to her father's castle before her admirer was awake to her movement." L. C. D.

I imagine myself in a house at Detroit one hundred and twenty-five years old. I refer to the old homestead, where my mother was born, married and died; to facts related to me by her, and