

Reminiscences of the Northwest

By Mrs. Mary Ann Brevoort Bristol

The interesting reminiscences which follow, appeared originally in Col. M. A. Callins' *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

events that I have witnessed with my own eyes. The house is built of hewn pine logs, clap-boarded on the outside; all of the nails therein were made by hand, and very few at that; the frame of the roof is put together with wooden pins, from eight to ten inches long, and so much timber is used the garret looks like a barn or mill; with a number of snow-shoes, cannon balls shot over from Canada by the British, and ancient furniture—a table and chair which I have now in my possession. The chair was my mother's, in which she often sat by the deep window sills. The cross-beams upon which the floor rests, and which answer for ceiling, are about twelve or fourteen inches through; the walls have been whitewashed so often that you could take a knife and peel off the different layers as deep as six inches, which made it thick and warm; in fact, nothing ever froze; the laths were small poles split, with the smooth side to the logs, and the rounding side out to plaster upon, nailed diagonally; cellars were not known, everything in the shape of vegetables being buried in the ground, and it was hard work to get at it, after the earth was frozen.

The way the bread was made and baked, was like this: There was a large box, something like a chest with a cover, which had four legs for supporters, like a table; the dough was mixed at night; this chest was called in French, "*une hucke*;" in the morning the dough was kneaded and moulded, placed on boards to rise.

A log house was about two hundred feet or more from the residence, in which there was an oven built of poles and clay; the oven was heated with just so much wood split very fine and burned to coals, which were burned out; it was then mopped with a mop and a pail of cold water, which left the oven warm and clean; the bread was carried there on the boards; it was placed on wooden paddles or shovels, and put in the oven, which had a sheet iron door and a wooden one over, that closed tight—what sport it was to carry it there; when baked, what a beautiful sight to look at, eighteen or twenty loaves of bread, all yellow as gold.

We had wooden churns and wooden water buckets, made

something like kegs of the present day; we had also a wooden yoke made to fit the shoulders and neck, with a piece of rope on each end, and a hook made of iron to hitch to the bucket, and every drop of water which we used, was carried from the river, no matter how far the house stood from it.

Every family had from two to three canoes, and thought nothing of paddling over to Canada. Many a time did I paddle a canoe across the Detroit River. The shore was not obstructed as it is now; the beach was covered with white sand, shells and stones; the banks were overhung with wild grapes, blackberry bushes, wild roses, etc.

Saving ice was an unknown thing in those days. The water was brought from the channel of the river, put in large jugs, and buried in the ground to keep it cool.

When the young men, members of the family, wished for fresh meat, all they had to do was to step back of the house at the edge of the woods where the Michigan Central road now passes, and kill a deer, put a rope around his neck and draw it home. In one of the rooms a large spike was driven, upon which they hung the deer to dress it; the spike is still in the beam. They thought nothing of dressing from four to five per week.

They also set traps to catch wolves, which were numerous, by digging a hole in the ground, about eight feet deep, and large enough to catch as many as possible at one time; they would place a door on top, and put fresh meat in the hole. The minute a wolf stepped on the door, it would tip, let him in and close up; another would come, he was served in the same way. In that way, they caught great numbers; each head brought a bounty; it was great sport, and money making business at the same time.

Chimneys were built the same as the ovens, with poles, straw, and clay, which when dry were solid and very hard.

All the washing was done in the river, by driving two stakes, and placing a piece across to hold the end of a plank or log, eight or ten feet long, the other end resting on the shore. Upon the end on the water, whoever washed, would sit on a stool, dip the piece in the water, rub on the soap, and pound with a short handled paddle called a "battois."

There were no matches in those days. The way a fire was produced, was to take a gun flint, a piece of punk (dry rotten wood), put the flint and punk together, and strike with a steel ring, and the sparks of the flint would set fire to the punk. During the War of 1812, it was dangerous; every one was afraid to have fire in the house. They had beeswax candles, lighted, and put in one of the water buckets covered with a piece of board, upon which some one would sit, during the presence of Indians, to keep it from them, their delight being to set fire to anything they came in contact with. Many a barn filled with grain, and all a poor family possessed, did my mother see burn, night after night. Often did forty or fifty Indians come in and ask for fire, but they were told there was no fire, while some member of the family was sitting on the bucket, with a lighted candle inside for use in case of an emergency.

The family had taken up the floor, dug a deep hole, and hidden all their valuables, clothing, furniture, silver plate, consisting of spoons, forks, goblets, cups, plates, platters, soup tureen, waiters, all of solid silver. The house was bare, and looked poverty stricken. My mother had two beautiful and lovely sisters, the hair of one a burnished gold color, and when she sat on a chair, it hung and covered the floor; she could not comb it herself; it required two persons, which she could well afford, as the family had colored servants.

My great-grandmother lived so long that she crept on the floor like a child. Sallie, the colored girl, used to take her in her arms and put her in bed. I remember poor old Sallie, when she was so aged she could hardly walk alone; she was well and tenderly nursed to the day of her death.

At that time, the ladies wore trails to their dresses, as they do now; elegant black satin dresses; trails lined with silk, which were carried on the arm; embroidered white silk hose and slippers, half and half of colored satin, for instance, the heel blue and the front white; buckles of diamonds or brilliants; others were covered with spangles.

One of my mother's sisters, Marie A. Navarre, was betrothed to a merchant of high standing, from Quebec. He went on a voyage

to China, and died while absent. She had many offers of marriage afterward from noted men; one from a German count, who would have made her a countess. But no; she remained true to the one she loved, and died in 1866, aged eighty-four years. She was a very brave woman. During the War of 1812, there were so many Indians in and about the homestead, "Brevoort Place," at Detroit, that she learned to speak their language, and made them love and respect her. They would often go upon the frontiers of Ohio or Indiana, perhaps forty or fifty warriors together, be absent two or three weeks, and return with their laurels, which consisted of human beings' scalps.

When they returned they were heard a great way off by the war-whoop. All were painted red around the mouth, a sign that they wanted blood to drink. They gave just so many whoops, for the same number of scalps. Some had long poles with scalps attached, generally those of the father, mother, and children who had been afraid and had cried. Those who were brave and did not cry, had their lives saved, faces painted, hair cut, feathers on their heads, and rode on horses. Once they came in, with a woman's scalp tied to a long pole; it had beautiful, long hair, with the comb; the father's scalp, and three little innocents' curly golden locks. Two persons were on horseback, who were brave. They had many scalps in their sacks. They would come in, sit on the floor, and make a grand display, scrape the scalps, and eat all the fat and stuff that came off, put them all on frames, and take them to their British father, who rewarded them amply.

In 1867 and 1868, when the water and gas pipes were laid, and the street paved in front of the old house—it was formerly called the river road, now changed to Woodbridge street—they found bones, remains of many Indians, and old Indian relics, such as red paint, vermillion, bunches of hair, pipes, stone axes, brass kettles, bottles, some filled with whisky just as dark as brandy—the best whisky ever drunk, as the laborers said. No Indians were buried there in recent times. After my grandfather, Robert de Navarre, purchased of the Indians, they were permitted to bury their dead on the place, but not in the street. These relics, thus unearthed, were in the ground over a hundred

years. They also found silver brooches and silver bracelets, of which we have a number. When found, they looked like iron. There are also two large pear trees on the place, the seed of which was brought from France. They are over one hundred years old; the fruit is delicious; and they bear quite abundantly every year.

In those days, gentlemen wore knee breeches, made of black satin, silk stockings, brilliant buckles at the side, buckles of steel or silver on their shoes, and swallow-tail coats. No gentleman was admitted at a reception, unless he had slippers or pumps, gloves, and a swallow-tail coat. Some had breeches of white dimity, white ribbed goods; ladies made underskirts of the same. They wore white straw, home-made hats, with wide rims, lined with green satin, and a wide ribbon round the crown to match. Whoever had those were considered *distingué*. The waists of ladies' dresses were made like infants' dresses, very short, gathered at the top, and a band under the arms, skirts very narrow, cut goring, and trails very long, made of elegant silks. Wedding and ball dresses were made of white satin, overskirts of white lace or crape, covered with gold or silver spangles, lace and fringe to match. Some were trimmed with pearls, which were very fashionable at that time, strings of pearls, five or six strings, hanging below the knees—some were quite large; with ear-rings, brooches, and comb, all of pearls.

My father's ancestors came from Holland to New Amsterdam, now New York, as early as the year 1683, and purchased lands. Mynheer Brevoort owned a farm on the corner of Broadway and Eleventh street, also where the St. Denis hotel now stands. My father, Maj. Henry B. Brevoort, was born on Long Island, Jan. 13, 1775, nearly a year and six months before the declaration of independence.

My great-grandfather, on my mother's side, came from France, in the year 1682. He was of a noble family, and a man of great learning, was appointed, under the French Government, *Sub Délégué Notaire Royal*, at Detroit, on the first establishment of the colony. He married Madame Bourroir, by whom he had Catharine, who married Alexander Macomb, father of General Alexan-

der Macomb. His name was Robert de Navazre, and he was a lineal descendant of Henry IV, king of France. He purchased from the Chippeway Indians a tract of land, in other words, a farm of four acres (arpents) wide, and three miles deep, with the understanding that they could, and would, make it their home, whenever they came in from the wilderness. He would furnish them with blankets, cloth, tobacco, everything which was necessary to make them comfortable, and would also bury their dead whenever they desired it. Years afterward his eldest son, also named Robert de Navarre, who was my grandfather, built a house of hewn pine logs, which still stands, in the city of Detroit, and is one hundred and twenty-four years old, where my mother was born, married, and died. Four generations were born in that house. I have a piece of one of the logs which is in a state of perfect preservation.

I have more knowledge, perhaps, of Indian life and ways than a great many, because I had a good opportunity of seeing them. During the War of 1812, the Indians came, after Gen. Hull surrendered. All the citizens were taken prisoners, my father included, and he was very ill at the time. My mother begged on her knees of the British commander to let her husband remain, until such a time as his health would permit, and, after many supplications, her request was granted.

When the Indians came to take my father, and make a pack-horse of him, they had their wooden saddle, bridle, all of their sacks filled with their traps, to strap on his back, and make him get on his feet and hands (on all fours), and start for the woods. My mother's grief knew no bounds. What was to be done? She knelt and prayed to Almighty God to give her strength, and to save her husband, and to grant her prayer. She felt inspired, came forward, pointed to heaven, and spoke of their great Father the "Manitou." It frightened the cowards so they let fall their weapons, shook hands, and all said, "ta-yaw, ta-yaw," which means, great, brave. They were very angry with my grandfather because he allowed his daughters to marry American officers; they called them "Long Knives" (swords). My father belonged to the Second U. S. Infantry. The Indians swore vengeance on

the poor little ones—I was one of them, eighteen months of age. My mother kept me hidden in a barrel, up in the garret of the old house, and had the stairs taken down to keep them from going up. When I attained the age of ten years, I remember how they came to bury their dead, and took possession of the house. We gave them food, beds, etc.; we had to do it—it was the agreement.

In June, 1812, began the war with Great Britain, a war into which our country was forced by injuries, and aggressions which had exhausted forbearance; a war in which American skill and valor upon land, were more than equal to British prowess, and which upon the ocean, broke the charm of British invincibility; a war in which the American character attained a proud eminence, from which it is hoped and trusted, it may never descend. Major Brevoort was a man of the most dauntless courage; it was attested at the battle of Lake Erie, where he fought desperately, and was honorably mentioned by Commodore Perry in his dispatches. He fought hard and bravely, coming out of the engagement covered with blood, and begrimed with powder. I often heard my father relate that while fighting on the Niagara, a tall man stood behind him and dodged the shots, but just as he looked once too often, the shot took his head off. Father was almost blinded with the brains of the unfortunate man. He was an intimate, bosom friend of Commodore J. D. Elliott, who was also in the engagement on Lake Erie; in fact, it was by his good management that the fleet was rescued from destruction, and the capture of the British effected—in other words, the victory of Lake Erie secured.

My father received a medal from Congress for his services in the action, which is in the possession of the family, and they will hand it down to posterity from generation to generation. In this naval engagement on Lake Erie, Major Brevoort conducted himself with distinguished gallantry,* as the herein mentioned medal,

* Gen. Ellis adds these reminiscences of Major Brevoort's military services: "It was said—and we gave it full credit at Green Bay—that he distinguished himself in Perry's naval victory on Lake Erie: that at the reduction of the army after the War of 1812-15, only those were retained who had in some way distinguished themselves in the service; and, as such, he was early appointed to the Indian agency at Green Bay, and was, I believe, continued in government employment till his death."

and the copy of a government certificate, abundantly show. The *Detroit Gazette* of Feb. 21, 1823, introduces the subject of this medal and certificate in very complimentary terms. The certificate is in the following words:

NAVY DEPARTMENT,

January 2, 1823.

Sir: In compliance with a resolution of the Congress of the United States, the President directs me to present you with a silver medal, in testimony of the high sense entertained by Congress of your gallant conduct and services in the decisive and glorious victory gained on Lake Erie, on the 10th day of September, in the year 1813, over a British squadron of superior force.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

SMITH THOMPSON.

Capt. H. B. Brevoort,

late commanding marines on Lake Erie.

Commodore O. H. Perry was first cousin to the late Charles L.

Judge J. V. Campbell, in his able *Political History of Michigan*, thus testifies to Major Brevoort's important services on the memorable 10th of Sept., 1813: Commodore Perry "had received accurate information of the strength of each of Barclay's (British) vessels, through Major Henry B. Brevoort of the army. This gentleman, whose family resided in Detroit, was equally at home on the land and on the water, and was well known to all the old citizens of Detroit as one of the most transparently honest and single minded men, brave, intelligent, and one when he swore to another disappointed him not, though it were to his own hindrance. He rendered good service in the fleet as commander of marines on the Niagara; and the knowledge which he had obtained enabled Commodore Perry to plan the work of each of his vessels in advance, so that the general scheme was arranged the night before the vessels came out, although some changes became necessary when the time of action approached."

Commodore Perry, in his official report of his great victory, thus testified to Major Brevoort's good conduct: "Captain Brevoort, of the army, who acted as a volunteer in the capacity of a marine officer on board that vessel (the Niagara), is an excellent and brave officer and with his musketry did great execution."

The *Dictionary of the Army* gives the dates of Major Brevoort's successive military promotions: Appointed second lieutenant in Third Infantry, Feb. 16, 1801; retained on reduction of the army May, 1802, as ensign in Second Infantry; second lieutenant July, 1802; transferred to First Infantry, in 1804; first lieutenant, Nov., 1805; commanded the transports on Lake Erie; captain, May, 1811, distinguished in battle of Magnago against British, and Indians under Tecumseh, August 9, 1813; commanded marines, on board the "Niagara," in Commodore Perry's victory, September 10, 1813, for which he received a silver medal; major Forty-Fifth Infantry, April 15, 1814; disbanded, June, 1815; at the period of 1820-21, he was register of the land office of the Detroit district; and was subsequently appointed U. S. Indian agent at Green Bay."

It may be added, after Major Brevoort's return to Detroit, he had an appointment connected with the custom house; and died in that city, Jan. 30th, 1856, at the age of eighty-three years. His widow survived till the 26th December, 1866, when she passed away at the good old age of eighty-six.

L. C. D.

Bristol's (my husband's) mother; her maiden name was Lucy Perry Ball. Mr. Bristol was well known throughout the State of Michigan for his business abilities and qualifications.

At one time, early in the War of 1812, my father matured a plan for cutting out and destroying a British war vessel of eighteen guns, which was stationed in Detroit River, and which commanded the entire upper end of the lake, and was a great annoyance to the inhabitants. He obtained Gen. Hull's leave to carry out the enterprise, and accordingly built a floating battery, with which he intended in the night to push alongside of the vessel, and complete the desperate undertaking by boarding the vessel, and engaging in a hand-to-hand fight. Just as he finished the work of preparation, orders came from Gen. Hull not to carry it out. My father was greatly incensed, and it is said, went so far as to insult Gen. Hull, to whose orders as his superior officer, he was compelled to submit. Had he made the attempt, he would probably have succeeded; and had he succeeded, the surrender of Detroit would never have taken place. Among the company whom Major Brevoort had enlisted in his desperate enterprise was Judge Shubael Conant, and Col. H. I. Hunt.

In December, 1822, my father was appointed Indian agent, under President James Monroe, at Green Bay; and went there himself the next year. At that time there were no railroads or steamers. We left Detroit on the first of May, 1824, with a foot of snow on the ground; went up on the schooner "Andrew Jackson," and were twenty-two days making the trip; eleven days at anchor in the St. Clair River; would spend the time on shore picking up stones and shells; at last, on the 1st of June, we reached our new home. The flag was always raised at Fort Howard, the name of the military post, at the first sight of a vessel, which was invariably a great source of pleasure to all. There were no vehicles, except one two-wheeled affair, which was called a "gig," owned by Daniel Whitney. All the traveling and pleasure riding was in boats and birch bark canoes on Fox River. Fort Howard was located so the right as you left the Bay and entered the river. There were very few houses on that side, in fact not more than three or four. The village was on the opposite side, and

was so small it was called "Shanty Town." There was no church edifice; the meeting, as it was called in those days, was held in the school-house. There was not a hotel at either place.

On the 4th of June, Mrs. Curtis and a hired man were struck by lightning; the old soldier was washing and Mrs. Curtis stood near. She was a sister of Major Whistler, and left four or five children. Cadamus, the oldest boy, I met in school, little Irene I knew, afterwards Mrs. Rucker. The Ruckers were connected to the Macomb family, of Detroit.

I remember well when the First United States Infantry were ordered away, late in the fall, to build Fort Winnebago. The officers had made extensive preparations for a lively winter; all were provided with splendid horses and elegant sleighs. The government anticipated trouble with the Indians when the order came. It was almost a death blow to our pleasures; many a tear was shed; the army officers were the life of the place.

At that time there was nothing between Fort Howard and Fort Winnebago but Grand Kaukaulin, where stood one house, occupied by Mr. Augustin Grignon, where I was invited to attend his daughter's wedding. She married Mr. Ebenezer Childs. Quite a large party attended. All came in a large boat called a batteau. The bride was dressed in white muslin; on the table for supper were all kinds of wild meat, bear, deer, muskrat, raccoon, turkey, quail, pigeon, skunk, and porcupine with the quills on. Her mother was an Indian woman; most of the old settlers were married to Indian women; splendid looking, clean and respectable. Some of their children had light hair, blue eyes, fine complexions; no one could tell that they had a drop of Indian blood; and all were well educated.

I remember well when Milwaukee was a wilderness, the Indians coming from there to the Green Bay agency on foot, clothed in the skins of wild animals. They came for ammunition, blankets, etc., and often was I called in the council chamber to smoke the pipe of peace, with my four brothers, younger than myself, and to listen to their speeches, which were interpreted by Richard Pritchett. It was a great delight to me to watch them cook. There was a log house with an immense fire-place, and iron crane

with iron hooks, upon which hung the kettles, holding a quarter of a barrel of pork, and one or two bushels of potatoes. Then, after taking out the head of a barrel of flour, they would make a hole by removing some of the flour, pour in a pail of water, make a great bunch of dough, put it on the soiled floor, roll it out in long rolls about two feet long, and large as a good sized rolling pin, and put it in the same pot. When cooked, it was dished up in wooden bowls; some had wooden ladies, and some wooden paddles. They would sit on the floor to eat their delicious repast. I was often invited to partake. They called my father, their father; of course I was their sister. A young Indian fell in love with me. He followed me everywhere. I will not attempt to describe his dress; it was too ridiculous.

My father remained at Green Bay six years; in that time I became well acquainted with the old settlers, Mr. Daniel Whitney, Grignon, Lawe, Irwin, Baird, Dickenson, Dousman, Ducharme, Martin Beal, Capt. Arndt, his sons Hamilton, Charles, and John, and his daughter Mary, who married Lieut. Cotton, of the United States Army. There I met General Winfield Scott, General Z. Taylor, with the famous Captain Martin Scott, who could shoot birds on the wing, ride his favorite horse, call out fifteen or twenty hounds, drive out into the woods and return with one or two deer; Col. Whistler, with his large family of daughters and two sons, his wife being a resident of Detroit, with whom I was intimately acquainted; Mr. A. G. Ellis, who was school teacher; Rev. Mr. Cadle and his estimable sister; Rev. Eleazer Williams, who married Miss Jourdain, whose father, Joseph Jourdain, was blacksmith of the agency. I have an iron fire shovel that Jourdain made.

I used to think that all Indians dressed alike. It was a mistake; each tribe dresses differently. The Foxes wore dressed deer skin, soft and white, one-half of their heads shaved clean, with a great bunch of cock's feathers on the top. The Siour dressed in deer skin, colored black, worked with porcupine quills, their hair brushed up and tied on the top of their head in one large square cushion. The Winnebagoes had their blankets daubed with paint, and large rosettes of colored ribbons; hair in

two square cushions on the back of the head. The Chippewas and Menomonees dressed plainly, with nothing by which they could be distinguished.

Several Indian councils were held at Green Bay. They had a prophet; he wore a long black gown made of black silk handkerchiefs; another skin for a turban, with a red star in front. Young men who were in love wore cotton shawls of various colors, rattlesnake skins tied around their shoulders, bird feathers, small bells, claws of wild animals tied around their legs for garters. Every step they took, the bells jingled. A drum and flute were in constant requisition night and day, which was very annoying.

The young women were very modest; they covered their heads and faces in their blankets. It was very amusing for me to watch them court or make love. They had a peculiar way of expressing themselves by small bunches of sticks, something like a bunch of matches, which the man threw at the woman. If the love was reciprocated, she threw it back at him; if not, she walked away.

When the husband died, the wife arrayed herself in rags, painted her face black, with her hair down (by the way they all had beautiful long hair), and put a stick across the grave. She then jumped and ran away to the woods, returning at the end of one week, almost starved, the picture of despair.

The man does the same, and buries all the effects of the deceased with the remains; and taking a pan or dish of victuals, places it at the head of the grave. Sometimes the husband would cut his wife's nose close to her face, as a punishment for infidelity, so that no other man would fall in love with her. The wife would do the same to her husband; it was no uncommon thing to see them with a black plaster and bandage to cover the loss of the nose.

They are very superstitious and revengeful; they never forgave an injury. They never washed themselves, nor their clothing, but wore it until it dropped off.

On the 13th of July, 1827, the officers of Fort Howard gave a military ball. Lieut. E. Kirby Smith came for me in a small boat, there being no other mode of conveyance at that time, and

we enjoyed a row or sail on the river exceedingly; on this day the weather was very threatening, the clouds were black and heavy, thunder and lightning in the distance; for fear of not being able to attend in the evening, we started about four o'clock in the afternoon, and had about three miles to go, the Indian agency being about that distance from the fort. We arrived at the fort safely, and were received by Colonel Lawrence, who had command of the post, a very polite and agreeable gentleman, especially to the ladies; several ladies from Shanty Town had arrived early on account of the impending storm, which threatened to burst upon us at any moment; but notwithstanding, we had a delightful time, and a sumptuous repast was partaken of at the mess-house. We were all happy, and dancing commenced; the music was enchanting, and we danced until twelve o'clock without interruption. Just then a terrific storm came up, and put an end to our enjoyment. It lasted about an hour; then all was clear; the stars were peeping; the wind abated, and all was still again. We prepared ourselves to go home, the ladies from Shanty Town going in a large batteau. I was invited by the ladies of the garrison to remain all night; but no—home I must go, and home I did go. I had never been from home a single night in my life. Lieut. Smith and myself embarked in the little boat; it was so small it was called the "Pill Box."

When about half way home another storm came up very suddenly, the wind blew a gale, and we were on a sea of space, angry clouds burst asunder, revealing vivid streaks of fire; the weird, wild grandeur filled me with awe indescribable, the commingling elements roused to the highest, played pitilessly with us. Would we escape? The thoughts of my brave father, and the kind, tender mother watching and praying for me, gave me courage for what I thought surely inevitable. The rain fell in torrents, and the darkness was intense; wave after wave swept over us. Oh, God! the peril of that moment! The frail boat, its name fatally suggestive, the "Pill Box," rocked in the surf; speechless I waited—I knew not what. Lieut. Smith became very excited, arose to his feet, and, taking off his cap and coat, begged me with all the eloquence and ardor of a doomed man,

to leap into the angry waters and swim to shore. With superhuman strength I held him down; my face expressed the supplication to refrain, which my tongue refused to utter—believing that as long as I had the boat to hold on to, I was safe. In the confusion the rudder was lost, and the boat fast filling with water. The four brave soldiers, seeing that further attempts to control the boat were useless, let go the oars, took off their caps and boots with which to bail out the water, and prevent the boat sinking, at the same time feeling and knowing the imminent danger, assured me there was none, saying, "Do not fear, Madam, there is no danger."

They afterwards said, at the time they assured me of safety they momentarily expected we would sink, and thanked me a thousand times for my presence of mind; the boat rocked to and fro, at the mercy of the waves. After being in the water three long hours, we drifted on a sand bar about two miles from home; the men were not slow in getting out to ascertain the depth of the water, which was waist deep. I was elegantly dressed, having a dress of figured lavender satin, trimmings of white satin and white lace, white kid slippers, white silk hose, white lacc shawl, white kid gloves, longer than those worn at the present time, and a covering for the head called a "calash," made of green silk and rattan, which could be folded flat, and pulled out over the face when worn, and answered as a parasol or bonnet; they were very fashionable at that time, but I have never seen the like since. Coming out of the water we landed in the mud, there being no sidewalks; we walked two miles; what a sight when I reached home, just as the sun was rising; the weight of the water had loosened the trimmings on my dress, and hung five yards behind me, black as the earth. My dear mother met us at the door, my escort bade me good morning, after being pressed to remain to breakfast, and mother said, "Go right up stairs, you do not know the danger you are in." I wanted to tell her what had happened; she knew it all, she had seen me in imagination struggling in the angry waters for my life. She had not closed her eyes, and at times was almost frantic. After dancing and being overheated, then in the water three hours. I was chilled; the long walk saved

my life. The next day many called to ascertain whether we were saved or drowned, the boat, caps, boots and oars being found along the shore, but no lieutenant, nor young lady. Some time after the occurrence, Lieutenant Smith was ordered to Mackinaw.

When our family returned to Detroit, in 1829, the vessel stopped at Mackinaw. There I met Lieut. Smith, and we had a long chat, and a good laugh over our narrow escape, and he thanked me a thousand times over for my presence of mind and composure, which was the saving of our lives. We proposed a walk and had another adventure, after cutting our names on a tree near the Arch-rock, we walked over the arch and came very near going into the deep water once more; that was the last of our most pleasant acquaintance—we never met again. He went to the Mexican War, in which he distinguished himself, particularly at Cherubusco, and was mortally wounded at El Molino Del Rey.

Gen. Hugh Brady was there at the Bay, while I was a resident of that place. He was an intimate friend of our family. He always entered the ball room in full uniform, silver spurs over his boots; he compared a lady in full dress to a ship in full sail. Going down in the center of the room, which was the custom then, in dancing what was called "country dances," fifteen or twenty couples, standing, ladies on one side, gentlemen opposite. Such beautiful tunes, such as "Monie Musk," "Two Sisters," "Two Dollars in my Pocket," "Cheat the Lady," "French Reel."

Lieut. Bean took me to singing school at the old home on the hill, one evening. I was in the sleigh seated on the back seat, all wrapped in robes; Lieut. Bean and a cousin of mine, Miss Rosalie Navarre on the front seat. The hill was steep, and the horses took fright and ran away. My companions became alarmed, and jumped out into the deep snow, but I remained in the sleigh, had a delightful ride of about two miles, over fallen trees, muskrat houses, and everything else, way across the river and back. I remained in the sleigh, perfectly quiet, remembering what my father often told me, never to attempt to jump on such occasions but remain quiet. The horses came back to the same place from where they started; and there were my two companions, lamenting and wondering whether they would ever see me alive or not.