

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