

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, vermilion, bunches of hair, pipes, stone axes, brass kettles, bottles, some filled with whisky just as dark as brandy—the best whisky ever drank, 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