

der Macomb. His name was Robert de Navarre, 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