

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 on 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