

# Legends of Le Détroit

Marie Caroline Watson Hamlin, 1883

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## IV

### THE "NAIN ROUGE."

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A Legend of the Founding of Detroit.



OF strains of music mingled with sounds of revelry and joyous laughter issued from the banquet hall in the grand old castle of St. Louis, Quebec, on the evening of the 10th of March, 1701. Subdued, shaded lights bathed the room in mellow radiance, where, around a table resplendent with costly silver and sparkling glass, sat a gay party of French officers.

At the head was Hector Louis de Callieres, Governor of New France, and on his left the Intendant le Chevalier Bochart de Champigny. Amid the brilliant group were those bearing names

which stood high in la belle France—De Montigny, Le Gardeur, Le Moyne, Dagneaux Douville, De Tonty, Godfroy de Tonnancour, etc. The post of honor was occupied by Monsieur La Mothe Cadillac, Sieur de Douaguet and Mont Désert.

He had just returned from France, bringing with him from Count Pontchartrain, the Colonial Minister, a commission of Commandant, and the grant of a tract of land fifteen acres square, wherever on “le Détroit” he should see fit to locate a colony and build a fort.

Whilst they are toasting Cadillac in many a bumper, let us turn for a brief review of the eventful career of the founder of Detroit.

Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, son of Jean and Jeanne Malenfant, first saw light at Toulouse in 1661. At the age of 16 he entered the service, and became a Lieutenant at 21. He came to Quebec with his regiment, in which were many of the scions of noble houses. Here he met and wedded the beautiful Marie Thérèse Guyon, the daughter of an influential and wealthy bourgeois. Shortly afterwards the stern decree of war compelled him to leave his bride. He was sent to Acadia, where his bravery won him distinction and a commission from the French Government to make a report of the condition of the English colonies at that epoch. Count Frontenac in 1694 complimented Cadillac as

the most efficient and energetic officer at his disposal, by giving him the command of Fort Buade, Michillimackinac, a post he retained for five years. His treaties with the Indians displayed such thorough experience and ability that he was rewarded by the government with a concession of the Island of Mont Désert (now a watering place on the New England coast), also a grant of a tract on the main land near the River Pentagoet, called Douaguet, from whence he took his titles. He had several times passed through "The Strait," (Detroit River) and noted with his quick eye, the wonderful advantages it possessed. As a military post it would be a barrier to the wily Iroquois; to the English a gate, shutting them off from commerce with the Indians of the far West, and to France, the center of the fur trade in this section of the country. His earnest representations on the desirability of establishing a post on "le Détroit," added to his renown as an able soldier, had gained the consent of the Colonial Minister to his daring scheme.

Let us return to the festive dinner party, where the swiftly passing hours were enlivened by the sparkling repartees which flashed from lip to lip had the brilliant jeu d'esprit, which drew their inspiration from the rare, generous wine of the noted cellars of the castle.

Whilst merriment was at its height, a servant whispered something in the host's ear, and he, turning to the guests, said: "Messieurs, an old fortune-teller craves to enter; shall I bid her do so?" All were in that happy frame of mind eager for any diversion, and a full chorus of "Oui, Monsieur" was the response. One of the gentlemen proposed to change places so as to puzzle the old witch if she had heard anything from the servants. The party had barely changed when the door opened and the figure of an old woman entered.

So strange, so bizarre, was her appearance that a murmur of surprise greeted her. A woman of unusual height, a dark, swarthy complexion, restless, glittering eyes,—strangely fashioned garments yet in harmony with her face. Some one said "What is your name?" In a deep, sonorous voice, with a slight foreign accent, she answered, "They call me *Mère Minique, La Sorcière.*" On her left shoulder was perched a black, meagre cat. Half a dozen palms were stretched forth for her inspection; one after another she read. When she hesitated the cat would lick her ear, and the more superstitious thought it the devil giving information. Many were the lively sallies as she betrayed some marked peculiarity of the guest, and whisperings of amazement, as at times her

knowledge seemed almost supernatural. At last she came to La Mothe Cadillac, who, naturally skeptical, said, "Ma bonne Mère, see what you can tell for me of the future, I care not for the past."

Earnestly scanning his bold, energetic face, she took a brazen basin, into which she poured from a curiously carved silver vial, which she drew from her breast, a clear, heavy liquid like quicksilver, and holding La Mothe Cadillac's hand, gazed into the basin. "Sieur," she said, "yours is a strange destiny. A dangerous journey you will soon undertake; you will found a great city which one day will have more inhabitants than New France now possesses; many children will nestle around your fireside." She paused and Cadillac, thoroughly interested, bade her continue. "Mon Chevalier, I wish you had not commanded me to go on, for dark clouds are arising and I see dimly your star. The policy you intend pursuing in selling liquor to the savages, contrary to the advice of the Jesuits will cause you much trouble, and be the cause of your ruin. In years to come your colony will be the scene of strife and bloodshed, the Indians will be treacherous, the hated English will struggle for its possession, but under a new flag it will reach a height of prosperity which you never in your wildest dreams pictured.

You will bask in a sunnier climate, but France will claim your last sigh.”

“Shall my children inherit my possessions?” asked Cadillac, unconsciously giving utterance to the secret desire of his heart.

“Your future and theirs lie in your own hands, beware of undue ambition ; it will mar all your plans. Appease the Nain Rouge\* (Red Dwarf). Beware of offending him. Should you be thus unfortunate not a vestige of your inheritance will be given to your heirs. Your name will be scarcely known in the city you founded.”

All were deeply impressed by the prophecy of the sibyl, save him to whom it was addressed. Shortly afterwards the party separated and Cadillac amused his wife by giving her a humorous account of the old prophetess, but, to his amazement, she too, seemed to look upon the event as of grave import.

On the following day La Mothe Cadillac bade farewell to Quebec and left with his expedition of fifty soldiers and fifty artisans and voyageurs. Alphonse de Tonty, a relative of the Guyons, was his captain ; Dugué and Charconale his lieuten-

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\*The Nain Rouge was the demon of the Strait, and in the old traditions is described as most malignant, if offended, but capable of being appeased by flattery.

ants; Jacob de Marsac, Sieur de L'Ommesprou his serjeant; Francois and Jean Fafard his interpreters; Father Constantin del Halle, a Recollet, and Father Vaillant, a Jesuit, the chaplains. La Mothe Cadillac was not fond of the Jesuits, as they were powerful and strongly opposed to the sale of brandy to the savages, this traffic being an immense source of revenue to the early colonists. The Jesuit was sent by the Governor at the solicitation of the Superior of the Jesuits, and was nicknamed by La Mothe Cadillac as "Monsieur de Trop."

Cadillac wished to go by way of Lake Erie, but the Governor decreed otherwise. They left the Lachine Rapids the 5th of June, the trees were just budding and game and fish furnished an abundance of food. In July they arrived at Georgian Bay, via the Grand River of the Ottawas, and coasting down the eastern shore of Lake Huron they reached, on the 20th, the river Ste. Claire and the old Fort St. Joseph, at the foot of Lake Huron abandoned by Duluth thirteen years before.

On the 24th of July, 1701, the head of the expedition rounded Belle Isle and soon landed at a little cove at the foot of the present Griswold street. The Ottawas and Hurons, whose villages were near, rushed down to welcome them, as did also a few French "coureurs des bois," who lived

here. Two of their names are still preserved ; Pierre Roy and Francois Pelletier.

On the following day, with great ceremony, pickets for a new fort on the site of an old stockade were erected and a store house built on the foundation of an abandoned one, previously constructed by the *coureurs des bois* for their winter supplies.

A salute was given from the guns brought for the new fort, which Cadillac christened Fort Pontchartrain.\* On the 26th, Ste. Anne's day, with clerical ceremony, the foundation of the first church west of the Alleghanies was laid. Soon the stockade, which enclosed about an acre, † was finished, and the streets of Ste. Anne and St. Louis laid out and lined with the barracks for the troops and with houses constructed of hewn logs. Detroit was founded, and its prospects for a successful colony bright.

The fortune-teller's prediction, or at least part of it, was verified.

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\* Royal sanction for this name was received by Cadillac a year later, July, 1702.

† An acre of ground at the foot of a hillock on the river bank.



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## V

### THE MAY POLE.

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A Legend of "Faith and Homage."

SIX years had passed since the founding of Detroit. The frontier settlement began to assume a civilized aspect, and everywhere the touch of woman's hand had left its impress of comfort and refinement in the rude pioneer homes, which already extended along the Côté du Nord Est to La Rivière Parent (Bloody Run).

The undaunted energy of Cadillac was rewarded by a yearly increase of settlers, and the records of Ste. Anne's Church, the most accurate and authentic census of those early days, show from 1704 to 1707 an annual birth rate of fourteen.

La Mothe Cadillac made his first grant of land to his interpreter, Fafard, on the 10th of March, 1707. It was of a tract adjoining his domains, stip-

ulating as usual for all his feudal rights, including the acknowledgment of faith, homage, and the planting of a May pole each year.

There was great commotion in the little colony on that bright May morning in 1707. The very atmosphere seemed pregnant with excitement, for so does a gala day drape itself around everything, clothe all in its vague fancies, and unconsciously communicate to us more or less of its color. We wear its cockade and favor in our dress and humor.

In front of the Seigneur de Cadillac's manor a great crowd had assembled, and from the eager expectancy written on every face, it was evident that some unusual event of interest was to take place. Slowly the form of Monsieur Fafard, the interpreter, was seen approaching with a stately, dignified step, each movement measured by the importance of the act of which he was to play the part of chief actor. The French understand perfectly that delicate art of investing even a trifling circumstance with an *entourage* of interest and display which gratifies their national vanity and love of glory.

Monsieur Fafard knocked at the Seigneur Cadillac's door, which was opened by the major domo. He inquired for Monsieur la Mothe Cadillac, who immediately stepped forth arrayed in his blue

uniform and cavalier hat with white plumes. Monsieur Fafard uncovered his head and falling on his knees rendered fealty in the following manner: "Monsieur du Détroit, Monsieur du Détroit, Monsieur du Détroit, I bring you faith and homage which I am bound to pay you on account of my fief of De Lorme, which I hold as a man of faith, of your Seigniorship of Détroit, declaring that I offer to pay my seigniorial and fiefal dues in their season, and demanding of you to accept me in faith and homage as aforesaid." As he saluted la Mothe and turned away, Francois Bosseron and others who had been granted fiefs offered their homage in turn.

Cadillac's house stood on the line of the present Jefferson Avenue before it had been sloped down to the Chemin du Rond.\* A spacious "galerie" adorned the front of the manor overlooking the smooth cut lawn and majestic river. A hole had been dug in the centre of the lawn, and a tall, stately pole lay ready for raising. The branches had been trimmed off, except a little clump at the top called "the bouquet." And to this had been nailed a parti-colored pole, from which the royal flag with the fair Fleur de Lis of France floated. Smooth and white was the pole and to its sides

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\* Near the old Campau homestead.

blocks were nailed to allow a person to ascend. The firing of a gun was the signal to begin the ceremony. The Seigneur Cadillac had seated himself on the "gallerie," surrounded by his wife, children and officers. A delegation from the habitants approached and bowing low asked him permission to plant the May pole in front of his house. The request was graciously acceded to and Father Deniau knelt and offered up a prayer that the festivities might pass without accident. The pole impelled by strong, sinewy arms slowly rose, while the voyageurs broke out in their wild and inspired song, "Vive la Canadienne et ses jolis yeux doux." \*

The Seigneur de la Mothe Cadillac then advanced hat in hand and smilingly accepted the pole, and asked all to join him in watering it that it might flourish. A cask of *eau de vie* was tapped; cups and flasks of every design and shape were passed around, and Cadillac raised his silver goblet and pledged the King and the health of all present. An agile youth ascended the pole and

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\*The favorite boat songs of the voyageurs were "La Jolie Canadienne," and "A la Claire Fontaine." Mr. Marinier in his work, "The Songs of the North" ("Chants du Nord"), publishes nearly line for line these songs as belonging to his country, Franche Comté.

shouted, "Vive le Roi, Vive le Seigneur Cadillac du Détroit!" Then all caught the refrain :

"Grand Dieu sauve le Roi,  
Grand Dieu venge le Roi,  
Vive le Roi !  
Que toujours glorieux,  
Louis Victorieux,  
Voye ses ennemis,  
Toujours soumis,  
Vive le Roi!" \*

The air was filled with cheers, the drums rolled, the trumpets sounded, and the guns completed the crescendo of acclamations. The pole was then ready to be blackened. This was done by Cadillac taking a gun loaded with powder only, and firing at the pole. Then Madame and Antoine, Jr., a cadet of fifteen, took their turn, followed by the members of the family and officers, and finally each of the habitants until the clean pole was blackened its whole length. It was usually left standing several months, to remove it being considered unlucky. Tables were spread under the shade of the trees, and refreshments in abundance served to all.

Then followed "La dance ronde" on the green sward. Cadillac gazed musingly on the pretty scene before him. The picturesque dress of the

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\* Vive le Roi. Handel appropriated this song for the House of Hanover. It was sung by the girls of Saint Cyr before Louis, 1652.

habitants and voyageurs, clad in their blue tunics and elk skin trousers, (whose seams were adorned with yellow fringe,) their buckskin moccasins ornamented with beads, their scarlet sashes, in which were kept the hunting knife in its silver case, blended with the soldiers' dress of blue, with its white facing. The officers wore gay uniforms and cavalier hats, with the showy ostrich feather, their hair hanging in long powdered queues tied with ribbon. The ladies, in their coquettish costumes, dashed with bright ribbons, resembled birds of paradise as they swayed to the graceful movements of the dance. Each lady's head was surmounted with a gay "fontange" or top-knot. It was a gay, light-hearted community, with few taxes to pay, simple tastes to gratify, friendly with the neighboring Indians. Peace, contentment and quiet happiness seemed to reign over this little Arcadia.

So thought Cadillac as at twilight, after the people had dispersed, he strolled with his wife in the King's Garden.\* Human nature grows more communicative at this hour, thoughts which find no utterance in the broad light of day now glide forth from the heart. He told her that his dreams

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\* The King's Garden was between Jefferson avenue and Woodbridge street, near the site of the present Chamber of Commerce.

of ambition were about to be realized, notwithstanding the obstacles of his enemies. His colony was prosperous and his children would inherit a princely portion ; that his name would become historic and illustrious. Thus were they talking when two weary revellers homeward bound passed so near them that fragments of their conversation fell on their ears. "Yes," said Jean Baptiste, "our Seigneur and the Dos Blanc\* carry themselves very high, with their silver plate and fine clothing, whilst we poor habitants must pay double for everything, even our petit coup 'd eau de vie ;" expressing a little of the communistic sentiments of the present time.

"Things cannot run very long thus," answered his companion. "My wife saw a few days ago 'le petit homme Rouge' and—" The rest was lost as the speakers disappeared. Cadillac's wife grasped her husband's hand convulsively and said: "Did you not hear? 'Le petit homme Rouge' is the dreaded 'Nain Rouge.'"

"What of that?" said Cadillac.

"'Beware of the Nain Rouge' was what that

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\* Dos Blanc. Literally "White backs." The officers powdered their wigs, and the powder falling on their coats whitened the backs. Many of the habitants encased their queues in eelskin to prevent the powder from ruining their dress.

prophetess told you ; when he should come misfortune was nigh."

"Bah!" laughed Cadillac, "have you not forgotten that nonsense of a silly old fortune-teller? Let us return home."

Annoyed himself at the remembrance, and doubly so at his wife for unconsciously giving utterance to his vague uneasiness, they proceeded in silence.

Suddenly across their path, trotting along the beach, advanced the uncouth figure of a dwarf, very red in the face, with a bright, glistening eye ; instead of burning it froze, instead of possessing depth emitted a cold gleam like the reflection from a polished surface, bewildering and dazzling all who came within its focus. A grinning mouth displaying sharp, pointed teeth, completed this strange face.

"It is the Nain Rouge," whispered Cadillac's wife.

Before she had time to say more, Cadillac's ill-nature had vented itself in striking the object with a cane he held in his hand, saying :

"Get out of my way, you red imp!"

A fiendish, mocking laugh pierced the still night air as the monster vanished.

"You have offended him," said Madame. "Your impetuosity will bring you and yours to ruin.



You were told to coax him—to beware of annoying this demon—and in your ungovernable temper you do just otherwise. Misfortune will soon be our portion.”

Cadillac shortly afterward visited Montreal, was arrested through the intrigues of his enemies, and was compelled to sell his seigniori in Detroit to pay for his trial. He was removed to Louisiana as Governor, but died at Castle Sarasin, in France. His children never inherited an acre of his vast estates. His colony for the next hundred years was the scene of strife, war and massacre. Its flag changed five times; under that of the Republic it reached that glorious prosperity which the fortune-teller had predicted.

The Nain Rouge in the mystic past was considered the banshee or “Demon of the City of the Straits,” and whenever he appeared it was a sure sign of impending evil. The night before Dalzell’s ill-fated attack at Bloody Run, he was seen running along the shore. And in 1805, when the city was destroyed by fire, many an old habitant thought that they caught a glimpse of his malicious face as he darted through the burning buildings. On a foggy morning before Hull’s cowardly surrender of Detroit, he was seen; but since then he has never reappeared, having, it is to be hoped, accomplished his mission. But the tradition still

lingers among the old habitants that should misfortune ever threaten the bonnie City of the Straits, the Nain Rouge will again appear to give the signal of warning.

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## XXIV

### SANS SOUCI AND OKEMOS.

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**The Legend of a Centenarian.**

ONE of the best known houses in Detroit during the early part of this century stood on the north-east corner of the present Woodward avenue and Woodbridge street, fronting on the latter, then "par excellence" the fashionable street. A hospitable old French domicile was this, with its big fire place occupying nearly the entire side of a room in the centre of which was a stout oaken table with carved legs and rush-bottomed chairs around it. About the floor were deer and buffalo skins on which unexpected guests (frequently chiefs of the neighboring Indian tribes) might stretch their weary limbs and with their feet on the hearth beguile the night away.

This was the home of Gabriel Godefroy, agent of the Pottawatomies and Chippewas. Style then was not a ruling element as at the present time. General Cass relates that when he arrived he found benches instead of chairs in ordinary use, and that an old bottle was frequently the nearest approach to a candlestick; and servants being scarce he who served himself was best served. So his friends often saw him returning from market with a great yellow pumpkin under his arm, and on occasions of necessity he did not disdain to place across his broad shoulders the neck-yoke, a certain machine with two buckets pendent from its extremities, which constituted the primitive water works, the river then as now furnishing a never-failing supply of the beverage. Long intercourse with the Indian tribes had simplified the tastes of the habitants and brought with it freedom from care and the calls of the tax-collector.

The proprietor of this house previously mentioned, was one of the few born within the walls of old Fort Pontchartrain under French rule, who survived all the eventful changes and who lived to serve the American government forty years. His boon companions were Chabert de Joncaire, Descomptes Labadie, Francois de Laselle, Jacques Campeau, Antoine Beaubien,

Pierre Navarre, Antoine De Quindre, Jacques Dupéron Baby, Whittmore Knaggs and other hardy pioneers of this outpost of civilization. Some of them were sure to happen in at Godefroy's during the long winter evenings and would meet there such chiefs as Tecumseh, Black Hoof, Walk in the Water, Okemos (a nephew of Pontiac) and others whose names are familiar. The law required an Indian agent to keep open house for all representative savages who chanced to visit the post. How often have I sat by the crackling fire of blazing logs, listening to the wild tales of Indian fights, wonderful hunts, hair-breadth escapes, etc., etc.! How they laughed as they told the story of old Sans Souci, a superannuated mare the date of whose birth was beyond the ken of the oldest habitant! This remarkable animal was the property of Godefroy's clerk, Jean Beaugrand, a mysterious old bachelor who was himself looked askance at by all the children of the fort on account of a strange habit he had of mumbling to himself. How old Sans Souci survived for so many years was inexplicable, for she was sure to visit each neighbor's cornfield or watermelon patch once a week, and before escaping therefrom had to run a wild gauntlet of stones and sticks. The more stolen provender she disposed of the leaner

she grew, until at last she became a veritable scarecrow. No fence was high enough to keep her out, and there was a tradition that she had once jumped the pickets of the fort, twelve feet in height. In case some over-exasperated habitant shot at her she would merely kick up her heels and switch her tail by way of return salute. A whip or club had no effect on her except to cause a sort of scowl and a malicious laying back of the ears. On bright, sunny days she would saunter forth on the narrow streets or stand with downcast head on the corner for hours, evidently communing with herself on by-gone scenes, only aroused by a dog fight or a knot of idlers discussing politics in which she seemed to take a lively interest. Occasionally she would open wide her mouth in apparent laughter at the recollection of some old joke. At other times she would shake her head wisely and blink with the dignity of a sage judge delivering a profound opinion. What Sans Souci was thinking about no one could tell; that was the mystery. She would only brighten up when her master, Beaugrand, who seemed to have some private understanding with her, appeared around the corner and beckoned her to the barn just behind the house. For an instant a reminiscence of departed youth would animate her, causing her

to prick up her ears and forget her usual snail-like pace, in expectation of fodder to come. Jean used to avow that years before his old mare had broken a leg in a race on the ice but that she kept right on and won the race in spite of it. Tradition has it that a line of steeds which sprang from this same mare have a peculiar habit of cutting up the same capers, even to this day.

It was in 1805, the year of the famous fire, that a number of French and Indians were seated around Godefroy's festal board. Numerous potations had exhausted the jug of cider, and Okemos, who was present, became clamorous for something stronger. "You will have to find Jean, then," said Godefroy, "he has the key to the cellar." The Indian immediately disappeared but soon after returned in evident terror. He announced that seeing a light in Beaugrand's window over the barn, he had looked through the chinks and saw Jean seated with the old mare, Sans Souci, before a table and that both were laughing and chatting together. It was not strange that an Indian should believe this, for they all looked on bears, wolves and beavers as reasoning beings, and only prevented from speaking by an evil spirit. Godefroy, to the great horror of Okemos, exclaimed, "We will see about this," and followed by several of his

French guests ascended the ladder leading to Jean's room, determined to put an end to this spiritual séance. A Frenchman who cautiously peeked through a crack avowed that he could see Jean playing "seven-up" with the old mare, and that they were pouring into a pewter cup and drinking what looked by lamplight like melted brass. Godefroy, indignant at such nonsense, dashed his foot against the door which yielded. Both the Frenchmen with him declared they saw the old mare leap out of the window when the door flew open, but Jean on being accused of diabolical work insisted that he was only concocting a little "cidre au charbon" by the light of his lantern, and that the mare would be found in the stable below. Okemos, however, who had followed, would not believe this story but considered Godefroy a "big medicine" to dare to disturb the evil spirit at his meals. Ever after this Godefroy's influence with the Indians was all-powerful. As to the old mare, her days were numbered. A few weeks later the cry of fire resounded though the post, and in a few hours not a single habitation was left to indicate where old Detroit had stood. The old barn, of course, was burned, and the superstitious ones who thought that Sans Souci was carried off by the devil in a cloud of smoke, were shown her



charred remains the next day. There were many, however, who asserted that they saw the dreaded Nain Rouge (or little red man), the traditional fiend of the fort, on the roof of the barn just before it fell in, and that he grinned and chuckled as he did on the day the old French flag was hauled down. When war broke out with England, the United States Government by a mistaken policy at first allowed the British to secure control of the Indian tribes. But after Winchester's defeat and the cold-blooded massacre of Kentucky troops, Okemos and his Chippewas with many others, were secured to the American cause by Godefroy's influence.\* It was one of his

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\*Narrative of Elizabeth Ann Godefroy, daughter of Judge James May: "About two weeks after the battle of the River Raisin, during the absence of my husband from home, I purchased a prisoner from a Pottawatomie Indian named Ta-tassa. This was in the month of February, 1813. The Indians were about to burn him at the stake in the yard before our house. I called on my husband's clerk and interpreter, Raumaine La Chambre, and said to him that he must devise some way to save the American. Being ill and near the period of confinement, the interpreter said that if I were to ask of the Indians, the prisoner as an adopted son they might give him up. So I followed his advice, and on hearing the request they shrugged their shoulders, saying, 'Oh! oh! it is bad medicine to refuse a woman in your condition anything, but this is a Yankee dog and we must burn him.' I then asked them what they would take for his ransom. They replied, one hundred dollars. Having but ten dollars at hand I offered them a fine black horse well saddled and bridled,

friendly Indians that brought Godefroy the first news of Perry's victory, and the enthusiastic Frenchman hastened to promulgate it from house to house, lightening the hearts of a people almost

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belonging to my husband, with two bundles of dry goods and a lot of silver work (for Indian use) together with the ten dollars in money, in all worth some two hundred dollars. But the Indians replied, 'This is not money to us and we will not sell him.' I then told them through the interpreter that we had in the cellar a five-gallon keg of whiskey. At this they held a council among themselves, and finally sold me the prisoner and went their way. His name was John Henry, from Louisville, Kentucky. He said his wife's name was Nancy Burnet, and that he had a child six months old named Valentine. Immediately after the purchase I gave him something to eat, and had the interpreter shave off his beard and dress him in the garb of an old French voyageur, so as to disguise him as much as possible, fearing that when the whiskey was all gone the Indians would return and demand the prisoner, or more whiskey, which was not to be had at any price. After a short rest I sent the prisoner under charge of a Frenchman to my father, Judge May, of Detroit, whom I desired to attend to his exchange, which he did by sending my brother, James May, Jr., with him to Major Muir, British Commandant. As I had anticipated the Indians returned by daylight and brought back all that I had given them except the whiskey and demanded the prisoner, or more whiskey. I told them through the interpreter I had given them all I had and they then began a search about the house for the prisoner. La Chambre said to them: 'Now you see the poor woman after paying you well for the prisoner has lost all she gave and her adopted son also, for your British father sent his soldiers here last night and took him away from her.' So half believing the story they left for the border of the woods thinking he might possibly be concealed there. The prisoner on leaving promised to write to me but if he did, his letters never reached us."

driven to despair by Proctor's tyrannies and the insatiable exactions of his savage allies.

While the site of the old house is still in possession of Godefroy's descendants, the ground on which the old barn stood is occupied by a police station, and, from the shrieks and groans that often emanate from some of its frenzied occupants while under the influence of potations of strychnine (modern whiskey), we may well infer that the ghosts of both Sans Souci and the Nain Rouge still haunt the spot.

