

Where
the past
is present

DETROIT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

TEACHER RESOURCE LESSON PLAN

HABITANTS AND VOYAGEURS



INTRODUCTION

This lesson helps third grade students understand the life and culture of the early French settlers that lived in Michigan in the first half of the 18th century. This lesson includes a comprehensive background essay on the French and New France, as well as a list of additional resources, and copies of worksheets and primary sources.

ESSENTIAL QUESTIONS

What was daily life like for the French settlers in early Detroit?

LEARNING OBJECTIVES

Students will:

- Explain key events in Detroit's early history.
- Identify cause and effect relationships that shaped Detroit's history.
- Analyze the motives of the different groups that had an interest in the Detroit area.

MI GLCES – GRADE THREE SOCIAL STUDIES

H3 – History of Michigan Through Statehood

- 3-H3.0.5 - Use informational text and visual data to compare how American Indians and

settlers in the early history of Michigan adapted to, used, and modified their environment.

- 3-H3.0.8 – Use case studies or stories to describe how the ideas or actions of individuals affected the history of Michigan.

E1 – Market Economy

- 3. E1.0.1 – Explain how scarcity, opportunity costs, and choices affect what is produced and consumed in Michigan.
- 3.E1.0.3 – Analyze how Michigan's natural resources influenced its economic development.

COMMON CORE ANCHOR STANDARDS - ELA

Reading

- 1 - Read closely to determine what the text says explicitly and to make logical inferences from it; cite specific textual evidence when writing or speaking to support conclusions drawn from the text.
- 9 - Analyze how two or more texts address similar themes or topics in order to build knowledge or to compare the approaches the authors take.

Writing

- 1 - Write arguments to support claims in an analysis of substantive topics or texts, using valid reasoning and relevant and sufficient evidence.

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BACKGROUND ESSAY

After Columbus discovered the “New World,” people from many nations sailed across the Atlantic Ocean. In general, these travelers were looking for one (or more) of three things:

Rich goods and wealth: Stories from the first sailing expeditions told about great wealth in the New World – gold, silver, furs, spices, wild animals and unique plants. Adventurers also sailed to the New World to find an easier sailing route to Asia, which would open up new trade routes.

New territory: Many European Kings wanted new land, or colonies, to make their kingdoms larger. They offered generous rewards to men who would sail the seas, build forts, and claim new land for the king.

A new life: Some travelers had fallen on hard times where they lived, and were looking for a new home with lots of land, few laws and restrictions, and great opportunities.

Starting in the early 1600s, many European nations sent ships, explorers and settlers across the Atlantic on huge sailing vessels. Many settled on the Atlantic coast of North America. For example, the French settled along the east coast of Canada, the British settled in Massachusetts and Virginia, the Dutch settled in New York and the Spanish settled in Florida. Some groups, especially the French, sent smaller boats inland to explore the Great Lakes region.

Under the powerful King Louis XIV, France became a center of European fashion. Fur coats and hats were a sign that a person was rich and important. There were not enough fur-bearing animals in Europe to supply all who wanted them, and as a result, furs were very expensive. French voyagers traveled to the New World to find a bigger

source of fur and to make their fortune selling them in France. The trading and transportation of furs, especially beaver, became the most important economic force in Michigan between 1700 and 1815.

The fur business became a trading business because the Native American cultures did not want European money; they preferred to trade for goods. The fur trading process followed the seasons, moving goods when the rivers weren’t frozen. Native Americans and French trappers spent the fall and winter hunting, trapping, and skinning the animals. In the spring, merchants

from coast cities on the Atlantic Ocean sent men and trading supplies westward through the Great Lakes waterways. Tools, blankets, silver, muskets, and glass beads were distributed to traders and taken to smaller trading posts.

In the spring, the traders met the trappers to bargain for animal

pelts, sometimes at the trading posts and sometimes at Native villages. The traders transported the pelts to large trading centers on the Atlantic Coast, where huge merchant sailing ships waited to carry the furs to Europe. In return, the merchants and sailors in Europe shipped back supplies to continue the trading process the next spring.

By the 1690s, the French traders had brought so many furs to France that the prices dropped. Also, the French had started quarreling with the Native American tribes in northern Michigan. King Louis XIV decided to stop the fur trade in Michigan. He closed all the forts, including those in Mackinac and St. Joseph, and called the traders back to France.

Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac was a Frenchman stationed at Mackinac in the 1690s. After he returned to France, he persuaded King Louis XIV that a



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French military post and colony at the southern part of the Great Lakes would be the best way to secure, control and protect French interests in the area. The King agreed to Cadillac's idea.

Cadillac picked the location for his venture and called it Detroit, which is a French word for "the straits." A strait is a waterway that connects two lakes. Cadillac arrived at Detroit on July 24, 1701, equipped with men and supplies to build a fort and settlement for the French King.

Detroit was a strategic place for the fur trade in Michigan. The Detroit River connects the Great Lakes of Erie and

Huron. Lake Erie connects to Lake Ontario, and Lake Ontario connects with the Saint Lawrence River. The Saint Lawrence River connects to the Atlantic Ocean. This 2,000 mile waterway made it possible for the French to

reach the heart of the American continent. Detroit was a perfect location for a settlement and a fort because the river was narrow and easy to defend against invaders. Also, the land was perfect for planting and farming.

What Was Daily Life Like at Le Détroit?

For almost fifty years, a bustling trading community grew on the Detroit River. For the first time, the land at the river was claimed and "owned." French seigneurs, or nobleman, owned the lands; they also owned animals, fruit trees and important buildings like the church, the gristmill and the brewery. French settlers, called habitants, found jobs working on the seigneur's property.

As the number of traders, military men, women and children in the fort grew, skilled tradesmen

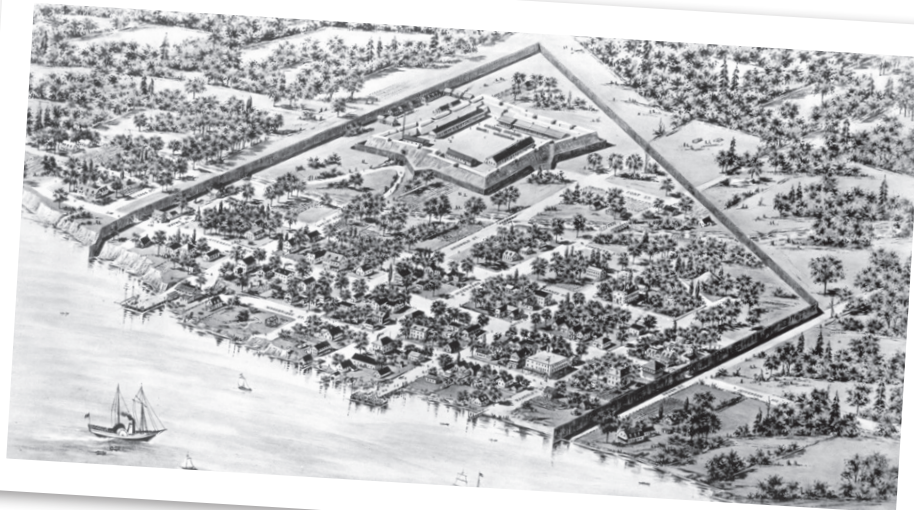
arrived to meet their needs. Barrel makers provided storage for grain, beverages and gunpowder. Bakers made bread, cakes and pastries. Carpenters built houses, buildings and boats. Blacksmiths forged metal tools and shod the horses.

Cadillac invited Native Americans to live near the fort as trading partners. For Native women in the area, life continued according to tradition. They contributed to the tribal community by tanning hides, making clothes, gathering food, raising children and caring for elders. Some Native women married French trappers and learned to speak French.

Madame Cadillac was the first Caucasian woman to live in Detroit. For

Caucasian women, daily life in Detroit was very different than in Europe or Canada, where they shopped at city markets for many family needs. Instead, they carried water to the house from the river, cooked over a fireplace

and made their own soap, clothes, food and toys. If children learned to read and write, it was the women who taught them. There were no schools during this frontier century. Women coming from Europe and Canada to the Detroit frontier had to work very hard and learn many new life skills.



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MATERIALS USED:

Data Elements

- *Letters: Fur Trade 1833*
- *Story: A Spy in Old Detroit*

Worksheet

- *Voyageurs vs. Habitants*

Pencils and paper

Chalkboard, white board or smart board

LESSON SEQUENCE:

1. Explain that living in Detroit in the 1700s was very different than today. If they completed the lesson on the ribbon farms, they know a little bit about what life was like for the *habitant*, or French farmer and settler.
2. Today they will get a chance to see what life was like for the French *voyageur*, or fur trapper. They typically left the safety of the fort for the autumn and winter months to hunt for beaver and other animal pelts in the Michigan wilderness.
3. Divide the class into small groups. Give each group copies of *Letters: Fur Trade 1833*, *Story: A Spy in Old Detroit* and the worksheet. As they read, have the students fill in their worksheets by listing the characteristics of the voyageur's life in one column, and Paul's (or the habitant's) life in the other column.
4. While the students are reading and discussing, draw a Venn diagram on the board. Label one circle "Voyageurs" and the other circle "Habitants."
5. When the students are finished, lead a class discussion that compares and contrasts the lives of voyageurs and habitants. Use the Venn diagram to list the characteristics that are different (in the large circles) and similar (in the overlapping area) between the two groups.
6. To conclude the lesson, have the students write a brief paragraph telling who they would rather be, a voyageur or a habitant, and why.



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ADDITIONAL RESOURCES

Books:

Ackerson, Robert C. *LaSalle: A Classic Source Book*. Baltimore, Md: Bookman Pub, 1986.

Askin, John, and Milo Milton Quaife. *The John Askin Papers*. [Detroit]: Detroit Library Commission, 1928.

Brown, Henry D. *Cadillac and the Founding of Detroit: Commemorating the Two Hundred and Seventy-Fifth Anniversary of the Founding of the City of Detroit ...* Detroit: Published for the Detroit Historical Society by Wayne State University Press, 1976.

Cadillac, Antoine Laumet de Lamothe, Pierre de Liette, and Milo Milton Quaife. *The Western Country in the 17th Century: The Memoirs of Antoine Lamothe Cadillac and Pierre Liette*. New York: Citadel Press, 1962.

Deur, Lynne. *Settling in Michigan: And Other True Pioneer Stories*. Spring Lake, Mich: River Road Publications, 1992.

Deur, Lynne, and Sara Michel. *The Making of Michigan*. Spring Lake, Mich: River Road Publications, 1987.

Hamil, Fred C. *When Beaver Was King*. Detroit: Wayne University Press, 1951.

Johnson, Ida Amanda. *The Michigan Fur Trade*. Lansing: Michigan Historical Commission, 1919.

Kent, Timothy J. *Ft. Pontchartrain at Detroit A Guide to the Daily Lives of Fur Trade and Military Personnel, Settlers, and Missionaries at French Posts*. Ossineke, Mich: Silver Fox Enterprises, 2001.

Knudsen, Anders. *Antoine De La Mothe Cadillac: French Settlements at Detroit and Louisiana*. New York: Crabtree Pub. Co, 2007.

Marsh, Carole. *Michigan History: Surprising Secrets About Our State's Founding Mothers, Fathers & Kids!* Peachtree City, GA: Gallopade Pub. Group, 1998.

Morton, Edward Payson. *Lake Michigan and the French Explorers*. Chicago: Ainsworth & company, 1914.

Stapler, Harry, Berenice Bryant Lowe, and Amy South. *Pioneers of Forest and City*. Lansing: Michigan Historical Commission, Bureau of History, Michigan Dept. of State, 1985.

Stockham, Peter. *Little Book of Early American Crafts and Trades*. New York: Dover Publications, 1976.

Links:

- The French Fur Trade, Wisconsin Historical Society: <http://www.wisconsinhistory.org/turningpoints/tp-007/>
- New France, The Canadian Encyclopedia: <http://www.thecanadianencyclopedia.com/index.cfm?PgNm=TCE&Params=a1ARTA0005701>
- Virtual Museum of New France, Canadian Museum of Civilization: <http://www.civilization.ca/virtual-museum-of-new-france>
- Seigniorial System, The Canadian Encyclopedia: <http://www.thecanadianencyclopedia.com/index.cfm?PgNm=TCE&Params=A1ARTA0007270>
- Pathfinders and Passageways, The Exploration of Canada, Library and Archives Canada: <http://epe.lac-bac.gc.ca/100/206/301/lac-bac/explorers/www.collectionscanada.gc.ca/explorers/index-e.html>

For more information about the **Detroit Historical Society**, or to schedule a field trip to the **Detroit Historical Museum** or **Dossin Great Lakes Museum**, visit detroithistorical.org

VOYAGEURS VS. HABITANTS

In the table below, list what you learn about voyageurs and habitants from the readings.



Voyaguers	Habitants



LETTERS: FUR TRADE 1833 (PAGE 1)

Sault Ste. Marie, July 23th 1833

Dear Sister,

In compliance with the intention I had formed, that when I should leave for the country bordering on the sources of the Mississippi; to write to you from time to time, and to inform you of the incidents that may befall me on my journey inland; this labor is very hard, for in a few years they are completely broken down in constitution, they have to work more like beasts of burden than men, and when they can procure the means they will go into all kinds of excess; exposed constantly to change of heat and cold; which soon brings them to an untimely grave.

The workmen immediately on leaving this outfitting post, are put on allowances of one quart of lyed corn, and one ounce of tallow per day. It is very nourishing, and more than they can eat, and when deprived they complain for want of it; the nourishment derived is sufficient for them to perform their most fatiguing labor, and it is also convenient, in not occupying space, in the boats or canoes, with which long journeys can easily be performed, nothing could be used as a substitute in the place of it. The wild rice has been used frequently, but it is not found to strengthening and the men commonly fail in strength from the to[o] constant use of it. All article whatever, must not exceed eight pounds; and the goods are covered with tow-sheeting, and each of every package weighs as above stated. This is done, that the men may conveniently carry them on their backs, with their portage collars. The boats are loaded and ready to start; a very large concourse of people are present to bid farewell to their friends. They have pushed off and the men commence keeping time with the oars, which glisten in the rays of the sun; and now comes floating to our ears the Canadian boat song, keeping time with the oars. All combines to make the scene, around us, rather of a melancholy stamp, the scenery around us, wild; the river calm, boats gradually disappearing, the song dies away in the distance. Each boat carries in proportion to size, some sixty to one hundred pieces; besides all the baggage of the traders, clerks, and men. Our next care was, to appointment for the management of their respective boats, they generally have from five to six oarsmen, beside the steersman; also one or two clerks to attend to the goods and men; and to see that the sails are ready for a favorable wind.

The men are generally very ambitious in performing their duties; and they are very anxious to start; for the opposition brigade is five or six days in advance of us. We have to furnish our men with an equal portion of flour and pork to pass the lake with; although they have their allowance of lyed corn, and tallow. They purchase it at the inland prices, each man is allowed fifty pounds of flour, and twenty five of pork; for which they have to pay twenty five cents per pound for the pork; and twelve and a half cents for the flour.

August 1st 1833 the word was given to embark, before sunrise; and the men prepared the boats with great eagerness; in a few minutes no appearance of the tents could be seen. But in their place, the boats presented a crowded scene; they are loaded to the gunwales with the heavy baggage, and which is covered with old cloths; above that, all the loose baggage is placed, such as trucks, bedding etc. The boats are loaded deep, and so much light baggage being on the top, gives them the appearance of being top heavy. They are not over a foot out of water,

LETTERS: FUR TRADE 1833 (PAGE 2)

but as soon as we get into the lake, they will be more buoyant, caused by the coldness and density of the water, which will cause our boats to rise out of the water four or five inches more. In consequence of this, boats are generally loaded very deep, when departing from the Sault; and any one unaccustomed to the manner traders perform their voyages through the lake, and would think it almost impossibility.

The weather is clear, and perfectly calm, and we can just begin to see the red tints of approaching day. The boats are on their way, and the oarsmen are beginning to strike the regular stroke. Our brigade is composed of four boats and two large canoes; one of the former is destined of a different section of country from us. One of the latter is an American Fur Company canoe keeping in our company, and watching our movement. There is something pleasant in travelling in these open boats; and in hearing as I now do; the regular splashing of the oars; and the men have all joined in singing their loved boat songs. As we are doubling the Point of Pin, the sun burst forth in all its glory, to run its course. And I wished that ours could be as steadily pursued, and not be overcast by clouds. I cast a last look towards the Sault and in a few moments, that portion of the straits disappeared. "When shall I see it again?" I thought.

White Fish Point L.S., August 4th 1833

My Dear Sister,

My last letter closed with the disappearance; of that portion of the Sault, which was then in view. But the shouts and singing of the men, partially done away with my melancholy feelings. And they now having arrived at what they call a pipe; are now resting on their oars, and smoking their pipes. The average distance of a pipe or resting-place is from three to four miles, and they seldom stop within that distance.

The weather was pleasant, and not the least wind, to ruffle the mirror like appearance of the lake; and the water sparkling in the bright rays of the sun, and the distant headland looming up from the water, adds to the beauty of the prospect. We continued on our route enjoying the perfect calm, and amusing ourselves by looking at the white sand composing the bottom of the lake, also at the fish gliding slowly along, hardly disturbed by the splashing of the oars; the water being so clear, that we could see to a considerable depth. To disturb the silence the men kept constantly singing their songs, and in order to have a little variety, the flutes and violin were put in use. And to me they sounded sweeter than they ever had done before.

We continued on our course, and arrived at White Fish Point a little before sun set; this is the proper entrance into the lake.

Shortly after our leaving, the weather began to show a different aspect; the clouds collected fast, and we soon experienced a heavy wind from the lake, which increased and raised a heavy sea which obliged us to put on shore on a sand beach, not a great distance from our last night's [sic] encampment. The surf was so high, that we had to run our boats stern first on the sand; and then had to place three or four men at the bows, with long poles, to keep the boats steady, with the bows out towards the lake. While the other men had to unload all that

LETTERS: FUR TRADE 1833 (PAGE 3)

was in them; they found great difficulty, as they had to go into the water, on each side, and frequently a wave would come, and wash up to their heads. With some difficulty we succeeded in getting all out, and our next care was to drag out the boats, fortunately there was a small rivulet near, into which we got the boats in perfect safety. The sand beach extended about sixty feet back, from which a higher bank extended cover with trees, and where we had our tents pitched, being sheltered from the wind. The baggage had all to be removed, as the beach on which we first landed, was now occasionally covered by the still rising surge. We are only just entering into our troubles and hardships, for a traders life is composed of such, but the only way, is not to look back but exert all to overcome them, and then to look back, with pleasure on the obstacles that have been surmounted.

While traveling to day one of our boats sprung a leak, and we put into a small river, took all out from the boat, and had it hauled out; put a new piece of timber in the bottom, and we were soon on our way again.

Weather now clear, and pleasant; and we had all our flags flying, and we advanced in line, allowing none of the boats to be in advance of the others. A large concourse of people were assembled on the shore, to witness our landing. Immediately on debarking we were saluted from a large body of Indians with fire arms, they showed this mark of respect, for the flags; although some of their old traders tried to dissuade them from it, as hurtful to their feelings; to return them their civility, on landing I gave them tobacco for expending their ammunition.

We had the boats unloaded, and all the goods carefully covered, and when all our tents were pitched, they presented quite an encampment; We here found the clerk, we had sent forward.

Some Indians told us that numbers of the interior Indians had arrived, and that they were waiting the arrival of all the traders. We approached in line, and on turning a point of low land covered with bushes, we came in full view of the Indian village, and the trading Houses; the national Flag was flying in my canoe which when the Indians perceived, they immediately fired a salute. And we landed a few yards below the Houses, where I had the tents pitched, in line, and in the center of it I had the flag set up. We were visited by the traders to enquire for the news. And soon after the men of the village arrived, with their chiefs, and their [sic] was also ten Indians (Pillagers) from Leech Lake.

STORY: A SPY IN OLD DETROIT (PAGE 1)

BY ANNE EMERY

When Paul Girard stood the door of his father's shop on St. Joseph Street, he could look over the stockade of the fort and see the forest and the blue Detroit River. This Friday in late April 1763 was the first true day of spring, and he could smell the pine forest in the warm wind that blew through the fort; he could hear the geese flying northward; and he could see bright clouds running gaily across a brilliant sky. He felt an overpowering need to run wild, to jump and shout and fling himself about in the wild, open space outside the walls.

Paul was fifteen, thin, and muscular, happy-go-lucky and carefree like most of the French-Canadian boys on the wilderness frontier. His father was a successful trader, but today Paul hated trading; counting inventory; trying to please people like his Aunt Louise Cuillerier who always complained about Girard's fabrics; checking orders on a bright day like this, which his brother Philippe was roaming the forests.

Paul admired Philippe intensely. Philippe, who was five years older, had trapped furs with the voyageurs for three winters now, and everyone knew what skill and endurance that required. Philippe had taught Paul to shoot, to sing the songs of the voyageurs, to track like an Indian. Philippe was like an Indian himself.

Last year Philippe had fought off a bear with his fists, and had shown the claw marks to prove it, laughing all the while he talked, his black eyes sparkling as if the wilderness life were all a man could ask for under heaven. Thinking of Philippe now made Paul hungrier for the forest than ever.

Canoes were returning every day and, if the Girard canoe came in, his father would expect him at the river. But Paul told himself he could see the canoe from the willow grove on the riverbank, and there had been no customers all afternoon. He locked up the cashbox and asked the English trader next door to keep an eye on the shop while he went on an errand, and then he ran off.

He nodded to the British sentry at the east gate, which stood open, and ran out into the grassy

meadowland where a narrow footpath followed the back of a river. The Detroit was wide and deep, as blue as the sea, and sparkling brilliantly today in the sun. The birch trees were filmy with new leaf, their slim trunks gleaming white among the tall dark pines. Violets poked purple blooms through the forest undergrowth. A chipmunk sat up and stared imprudently at Paul as he ran past. And a canoe came around the bend of the river, its red paddles flashing like the wings of a bird as it dove for home. But it was not the Girard canoe, whistling a cardinal's call, to signal the boys to join him.

The willow grove stood at a spot where the shore thrust out into the river, a quarter mile from the fort. It was a group of ancient trees with trunks sloping over the water, big enough to walk on, their trailing branches brushing the water. The leaves were small and new-green, but already they were so thick that one could hide in the upper branches and not be seen. And from this spot Paul could see the Potawatomi village a mile down the river, below the fort, the Huron village across from the Potawatomes, and the smoke from the fires of the Ottawa village two miles upstream and across the river from the fort.



Paul set a foot against one of the leaning trunks and pulled himself up into the branches by the strong shoots. Three boys were already there, and he settled into a comfortable corner made by a thick branch that stood upright from the trunk.

"What's new with you today?" he said to all three.

Louis La Butte was Paul's cousin. His father was the official interpreter for the Ottawa's, and this made Louis feel very important, because his father worked closely with the British commandant of the fort. Now he sat up and puffed out his chest to show that he had something special to tell Paul.

"My father says the Indians are complaining about prices being up again," he announced. "And last week the English laughed at them when they came to say one of their chiefs was dead. They're very angry with the English, and there might be trouble before the summer's over."

STORY: A SPY IN OLD DETROIT (PAGE 2)

Paul looked at his cousin scornfully. "I guess my father trades with as many Indians as your father does. My father isn't worrying about trouble."

"When trouble means Indians, it has to wait until they come back from the hunting grounds."

Paul, momentarily silenced, turned to the other boys. Billy Turnbull blew a large cloud of smoke from the peace pipe the boys had captured in a "raid" on an Indian village last summer. He lived with his mother and his older brother on a little farm a half a mile north of the fort, on the edge of the forest. He could speak a little French, and he had taught the boys quite a bit of English, and somehow the mixture of languages made his jokes much funnier than they really were. When Billy Turnbull was with them the boys laughed all the time. He was sixteen, blond and blue-eyed, with a solid air that made his jokes all the more amusing because he delivered them without a smile and always looked surprised at the boys' laughter.

John had arrived in Detroit only two weeks earlier, to stay with James Sterling, the trader next door to the Girards. His uncle was Sterling's partner in New York, and John had come to the western lakes to learn something of wilderness trading. He was especially interested in the Indians, of whom he had heard much and so far seen little.

"The greatest luck of my life is this trip to sound the lakes with Lieutenant Robertson," he said now. "You don't really think the Indians are going to rise, do you?" He looked anxiously from one boy to another. Louis looked at Paul, and Paul shook his head, not willing to agree with anything Louis said.

"Oh, I don't think they'll rise very soon," he said. The sound of a homecoming voyager song came across the water, and Paul sat up straight, parting the leaves to look toward the landing place outside the fort.

"That looks like our canoe," he said, beginning to slide down the trunk of the tree. He stopped halfway down and looked up at the boys persuasively. "Come on and help us to haul the stuff. We need a lot of hands."

"Don't mind if I do." Billy dangled from a branch, pipe in mouth, and dropped to the ground. The others followed, and the boys raced each other to the fort, where they followed the path outside the walls to the sandy beach before the water gate.

Two armed vessels, the sloops Michigan and Huron, stood at anchor in the river, at each corner of the stockade. Their crew was hanging over the rail, observing the incoming canoe with as much interest as the habitants who had gathered along the shore. As the first voyageur stepped out of the canoe upon the sand, a cheer went up from first one ship and then the other. The crowd yelled in greeting and then surged down upon the sand. Some curious Indians were among them, watching as eagerly as the settlers to see what the canoe brought back from the winter's hunt.

As far back as Paul could remember, the Indians had had their summer villages along the banks of the river near the fort. He knew their mud and wattle huts as well as he knew the neat, white, thatched cottages of his French neighbors. Otussa was among the Indians who were watching the trappers. He was a young Ottawa, a couple of years older than Paul, and the two boys had played together for years. He had taught Paul how to wrestle so well that every once in a while Paul could overcome him. He had shown him how to fish and trap in the Indian way. The boys had raced in the meadow until Paul matched Otussa's speed, and Paul considered Otussa one of his best friends.

Otussa's father was one of the Ottawa chiefs, and the boy wanted more than anything else to be chief himself someday. Chiefs must be stronger, braver, more heroic than other men, and Otussa had worked toward this ambition since he was small. Rarely did he laugh or chatter as Paul's French and English friends did, for his life was very serious.

Now Otussa looked around, saw Paul, and acknowledged him with a slight gesture. Paul waved to the Indian and pushed his way through the crowd and won to the water's edge. Then he gave a shrill whoop. The Girard canoe had come in, and Philippe was home.

The voyageurs were already unloading the big canoe, tossing jokes at the crowd, and laughing about being home, after the long hard winter. They were short, stocky men, hardy and tough, who spent their lives trapping for the fur traders. But they were gay and carefree, loving their life in the forests.

Philippe turned eagerly toward the waiting crowd. His eyes were bright and his smile was dazzling in his dark face. He wore the deerskin leggings, bright sash, and red cap of the voyageur, and he tossed his head and strutted like a

STORY: A SPY IN OLD DETROIT (PAGE 3)

homecoming conqueror. Paul threw himself upon his brother and embraced him. Philippe held him at arm's length and looked him over.

"My little brother," he said, as if he couldn't believe it. "How you've grown this winter while I've been gone!"

Their father reached the sandy strip and embraced Philippe; and then he held him off with both hands on his arms, looking pridefully at his homecoming son. "How was the trapping, my boy? It seemed like a long winter while you were gone."

"We got fine furs, my father." Philippe smiled proudly and lifted his head like an eagle. "It's good to be home again. How is my mother?"

"She awaits you impatiently." His father slapped him on the shoulder. "Go to her, Philippe. We'll get the furs moved."

Philippe moved away through the crowd with springing steps, and his father looked at Paul, scowling.

"You, Paul!" he yelled. "Why weren't you at the store when I sent for you?" Paul stood respectfully, head lowered, while his father berated him. "I went to get the boys to help me," he said, waving toward his friends. Louis and Billy stepped forward and picked up one of the heavy bundles of furs.

"Ah, well," his father conceded. "It's good to have the extra hands. I thought you'd forgotten the canoe was expected today."

"How could I forget?" Paul cried, looking at Billy. The English boy winked at him solemnly, and Paul had to choke back another burst of laughter, as Billy and Louis hoisted their load and began to move it up the narrow street. He and John Rutherford picked up another bundle and followed. The ground in the fort sloped up from the river, and St. Joseph Street was farthest from the water gate, and all uphill.

The Girard store was a good-sized room, with a counter, a few shelves, and light coming through small-paned windows. Back of the store was the family's home: a living room, dining room, and tiny kitchen, and a bedroom for the father and mother. Up a narrow flight of stairs were two more bedrooms, under the steeply sloping roof: one for the two girls, one for the four boys.

In the small courtyard was a tiny herb garden and a chicken yard in a corner near the kitchen,

where a dozen hens and a flock of small yellow chicks pecked busily all day. The warehouse ran across the back of the courtyard. It was a barnlike building seventy feet long, with shuttered windows looking out upon the fifteen-foot stockade wall on the northwest side of the fort, and a small stable at one end, where the Girard's two cows could be sheltered when they were brought inside the fort from pasture at night.

The boys carried the heavy loads of furs through the courtyard gate and into the warehouse, and put them on the long table. As Henri Girard began to cut the rawhide thongs from the first bundle, Louis, Billy, and John disappeared before anyone could ask them to do any more work. But Paul watched his father's interest in the quality of the pelts.

"These," Monsieur Girard said, as he picked up a bundle of beaver pelts, "these should please even Monsieur Cuillerier. Fah! That snob! He must have the finest of everything, even if he has to buy from another trader than me, his own brother-in-law!"

The Girards celebrated Philippe's return with the finest dinner Marie Girard could put together. Marie sat at the head of her table and looked upon her family with fond pride. She was plump and dark and energetic, with a mobile face that was sometimes plain, sometimes wistful, almost pretty tonight, because she was happy. She was renowned for her excellent cooking, and for this dinner for her homecoming son, she had outdone herself: fine whitefish, a salad of dandelion greens and dried herbs from her kitchen garden, roast goose, host crusty bread, and a cream pastry for desert. She had the lightest hand for pastry of any of the wives in the settlement.

For an hour they talked amicably about their neighbors, Marie-Francoise Navarre was marrying the English lieutenant McDougal, on the six of May, and the Navarres were having a great party to celebrate the wedding. Philippe looked angry and sad, but he said nothing. The English trader, James Sterling, was courting Angelique Cuillerier, and how did her father feel about that? The priest at Ste. Anne's Church, Father Bocquet, had declared that Paul should go to Montreal for study, and Paul didn't want to go. It was said the Indians were growing restless, and some of the habitants were alarmed.