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FORT DETROIT
1763

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POTAWATOMI

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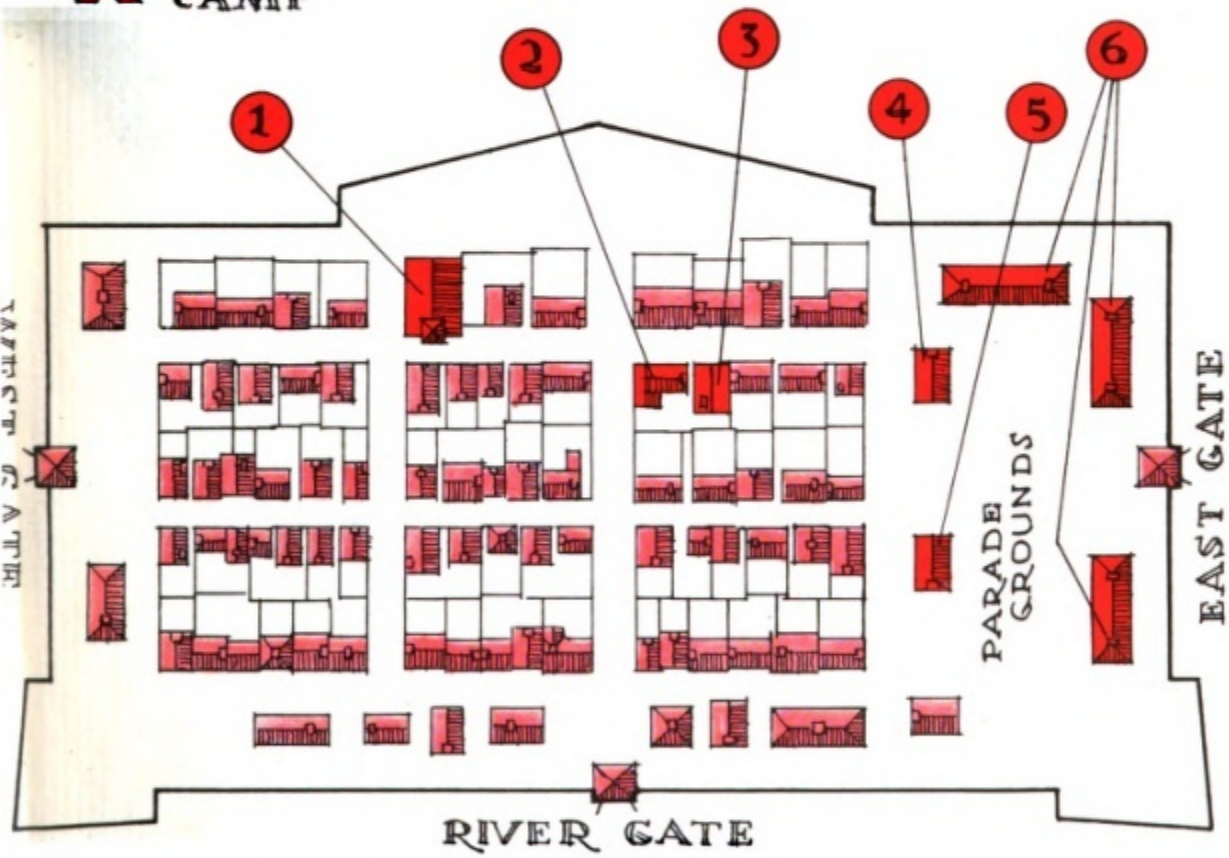

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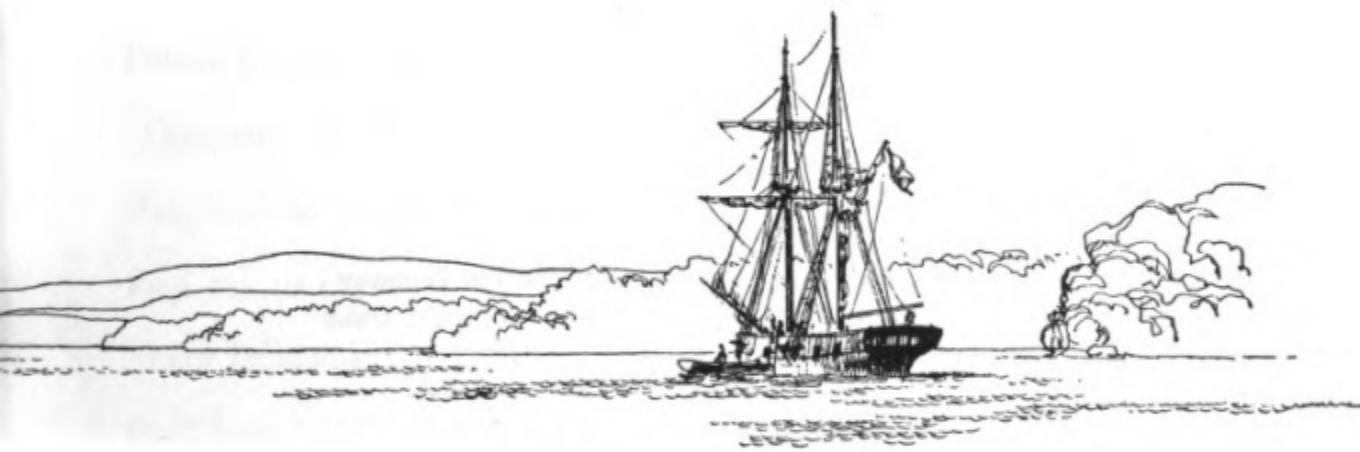
A SPY in OLD DETROIT

By Anne Emery



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Paul threw himself upon his brother and embraced him

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The shorter Ottawa picked up a scarlet stroud

Paul knew these men, as he knew almost everyone in the Ottawa tribe. He greeted them pleasantly and counted the furs: forty raccoons, thirty beavers, ten buckskins. He told off the count and the Indians nodded. The shorter one picked up a scarlet stroud.

"Three beavers," Paul told him.

The man threw down the stroud, scowling fiercely.

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No Indians come in the fort today!

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Paul lifted his pile of boxes and followed his brother

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"Paul," his cousin said, "listen to me very carefully."

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meadow. But there must be three hundred, Paul figured, and some of the braves were stalking back and forth, staring at the palisades.

Then, beyond the common, Pontiac came striding out of the forest along the river road, with a long line of chiefs marching behind him.

A hush fell over the fort as if everyone came to attention at the same moment. Paul looked back over his shoulder. The English traders were standing outside their closed doors, muskets in hand, waiting. Just waiting. The church

Pontiac thrust his chin up, as he marched up to

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bell began to ring ten o'clock. And Pontiac reached the east gate.

The war chief and his sixty warriors were painted with black and white war paint and wrapped in colored strouds; and they wore the eagle plumes of war. Their eyes gleamed darkly, their mouths were stern. The sentinels made no move to stop them. Paul's heart began to pound.

Pontiac marched through the gate arrogantly, and the sentinels stood at attention as his followers passed through.

Captain Campbell's house, followed by all his men

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They had reached the corner of the street, and La Butte turned to leave the officers. He smiled one of his rare, warm smiles. "Sir, I'm with you."

Both officers smiled broadly, saluted him, and walked on. Louis and Paul ran to meet the interpreter.

"Is there going to be war with the Indians?" both boys demanded.

"I'm afraid there will be."

"Will we leave the fort?" Louis asked.

His father shook his head. "I stay with my friends, and my family stays with me."

Louis looked at Paul questioningly, and he said, not meeting his cousin's stare, "I'd better get back to the store." Hastily he ran up the street.

He had no idea what he would do in a war between the Indians and the English—a war between Philippe and the English.

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With a sob, Paul climbed up to the north rampart

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The fat Scotsman was silent for a moment. Lieutenant McDougall looked ironic, as if he had expected nothing less, as the interpreter gave Pontiac's offer to the officers in English. Then the captain said with dignity, "I understand your terms, Chief Pontiac. But I must talk with Major Gladwin before I can give you an answer."

"Will you return John Rutherfurd to us?" the lieutenant asked. Paul leaned forward to hear the answer.

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Pontiac's face seemed to close up. "I know nothing of him."

After a few more minutes of discussion, the captain turned to the lieutenant. "We might as well return to the fort," he said. He was calm and unruffled as always, but Paul sensed an undercurrent of anxiety. To Pontiac the captain said, "What if our commandant refuses your terms?"

Antoine Cuillerier sat in the middle of his big living room in a velvet coat, keeping his laced hat on like a king

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Henri Girard was standing in the light of a lantern. Suddenly, Paul wanted to turn back

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As Paul was grinding corn, Otussa came and stood before him

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canoes gave chase. But shots from the ship's guns struck the water close enough to splash them, and they gave up the chase and turned back. Pontiac kept looking at Captain Campbell, angry but puzzled, as if undecided what to do to him. In the end the canoes went back upstream to the encampment.

"Disregard this Indian chief," Captain Campbell ordered

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tle window that looked toward the clearing back of the garden. Philippe was deep in conversation with Alexis.

"I left the fort a little over two weeks ago," Paul said to his cousin in a whisper. "I wanted to find out about John, and to get any information that would help Major Gladwin. Philippe has kept such close guard over me that I cannot return."

Angélique said swiftly, "If you slip away through the front door there, they won't see you go. Do you think you could escape with so much of a start?"

"Easily!" He was in the hallway in one bound, and then he stopped. "But you—will you not suffer for this?"

Paul took to his heels

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Henri Girard brightened a little, glancing at his son from the corner of his eyes with a shrewd smile. "Ah, so that's how it is outside? Well, war is hard on everyone. If the English reinforcements just get through, perhaps we can end the war soon . . ."

On Monday morning, the thirtieth of May, the long awaited word came. At nine o'clock the sentinel in the southeast blockhouse cried, "Boats, ahoy! Boats approaching the fort, flying the British flag!"

The fort came alive, the word spread like a fresh wind. Habitants poured out of the little houses, soldiers ran from the barracks, traders closed their doors, and all collected at the water gate to welcome the convoy.

Paul forced his way through the onlookers, running to the

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Paul and Louis La Butte were ahead of the crowd to welcome the convoy, and they contrived to climb up on a heavy bastion that had been built around the dock only a few days before. It was almost as high as the stockade itself, and from that spot the boys could look down the river at the boats that were sailing into the sun, their oars flashing wet in the sunlight. Paul announced to the impatient crowd, "There are many boats, a line of them. Six, I think, or seven. No, eight!!"

"Aw, why don't you tell us the British navy is coming?" one of the men shouted roughly. "How do you know they're English boats?"

"The English flag is flying from the first one."

Paul scrambled down from the bastion and forced his

water's edge. Major Gladwin stood at the gate

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Major Gladwin stared at the man icily

"Three forts on the communication line with Niagara in one week!" one of the young English officers cried. He sounded as if his nerve was cracking. "How long can we last at this rate?"

Major Gladwin stared at the man icily.

"This fort will not fall though we are the last outpost in the entire lakes region," he said with slow emphasis, so the whole crowd could hear and understand him. "England did not send me out here to be terrified or outwitted by savages. Detroit will resist until the last man is dead."

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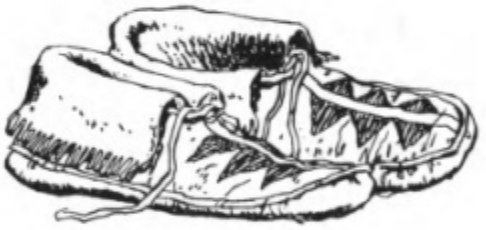
shop door, and Philippe stopped to tell him about John Rutherfurd.

Paul watched him, deeply uneasy. He was sure that Philippe had not returned to the fort only to look after his family.



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He leaped up on the breastwork and began to tear at it with his bare hands

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Paul ignored Philippe, continuing to sweep busily

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Paul walked up the sloping street toward Sterling's shop, glad to see an old friend and wondering cynically if this old friend was with the Indians now, like so many of the French outside the fort.

The Frenchman doffed his cap gallantly

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John walked slowly across the sandy strip to the gate

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thinking aloud. "The Potawatomies from Fort St. Joseph came to me last week to make peace. They said some of the other tribes were tired of the long war. I'd like to know more about this. See what you can do, Paul. Any information you can bring back will be helpful."

He sat down and picked up his quill again, to scribble a pass for the boy. "Take care," he said, handing Paul the pass.

Paul approached the Ottawa village in darkness. He

The chief was in council with his braves. In the open

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heard Pontiac speaking, and he crept behind the tepees where he could listen. The chief was in council with his braves. In the open circle in the midst of the encampment, the council fire threw a flickering light on the dark faces turned toward Pontiac.

"Manitou, the Ottawa chief, has left you," a brave cried angrily. "He is tired of this war, he wants to hunt now."

Pontiac turned his hawk-like face toward the speaker. "Let Manitou go! Pontiac can fight without him."

"Wasson has gone to the fort to make peace," cried

circle, the fire threw a flickering light on the dark faces

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POTAWATOMI

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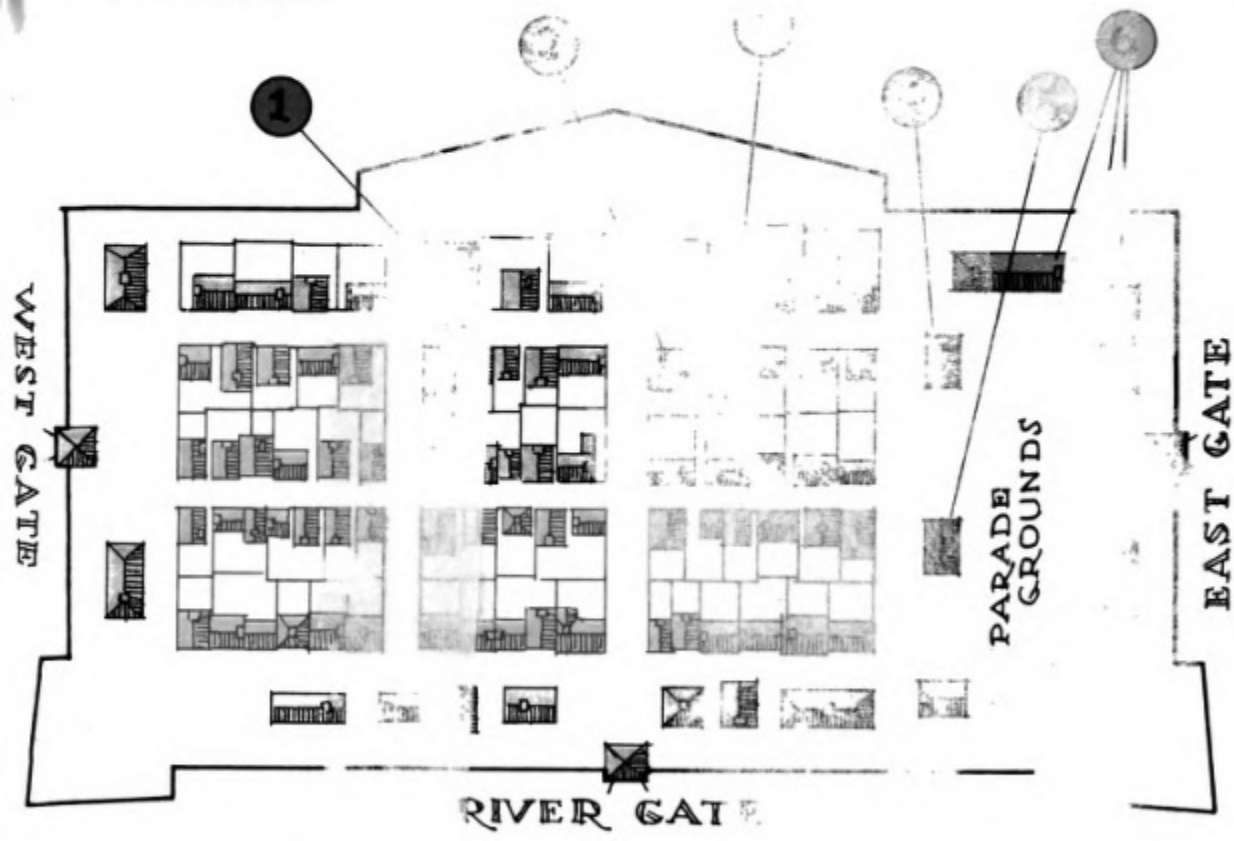

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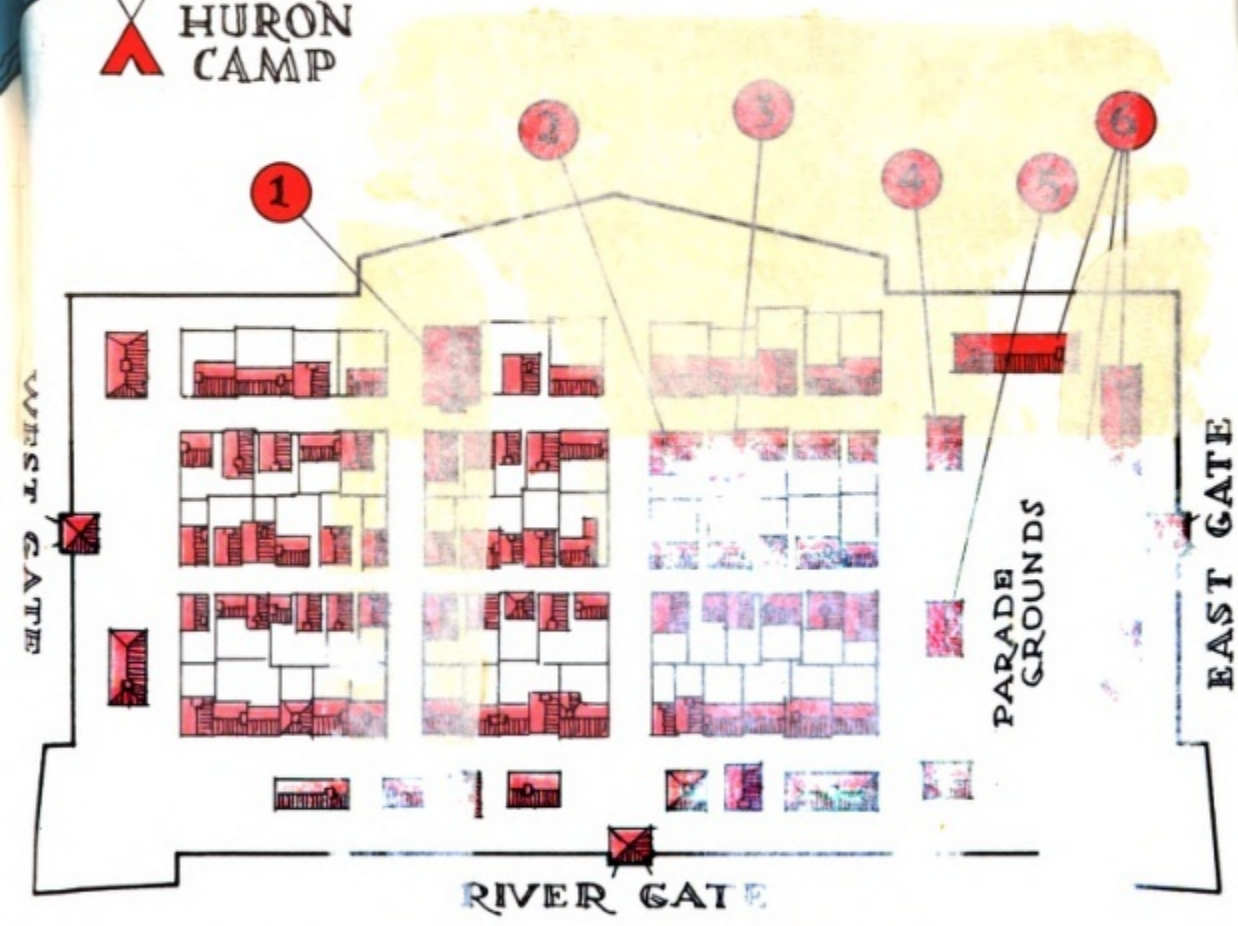

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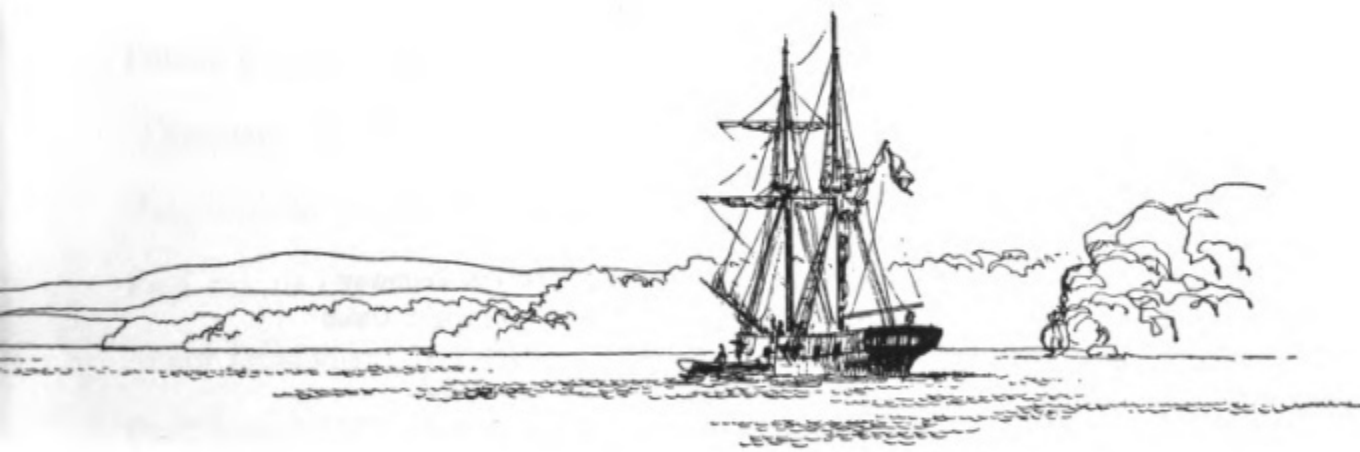
A SPY in OLD DETROIT

By Anne Emery



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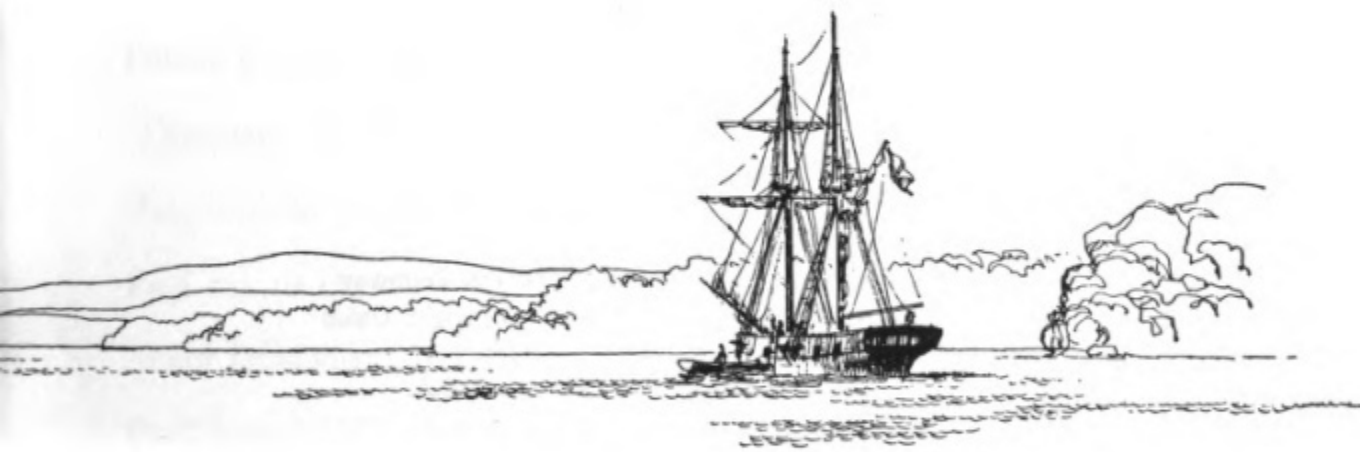

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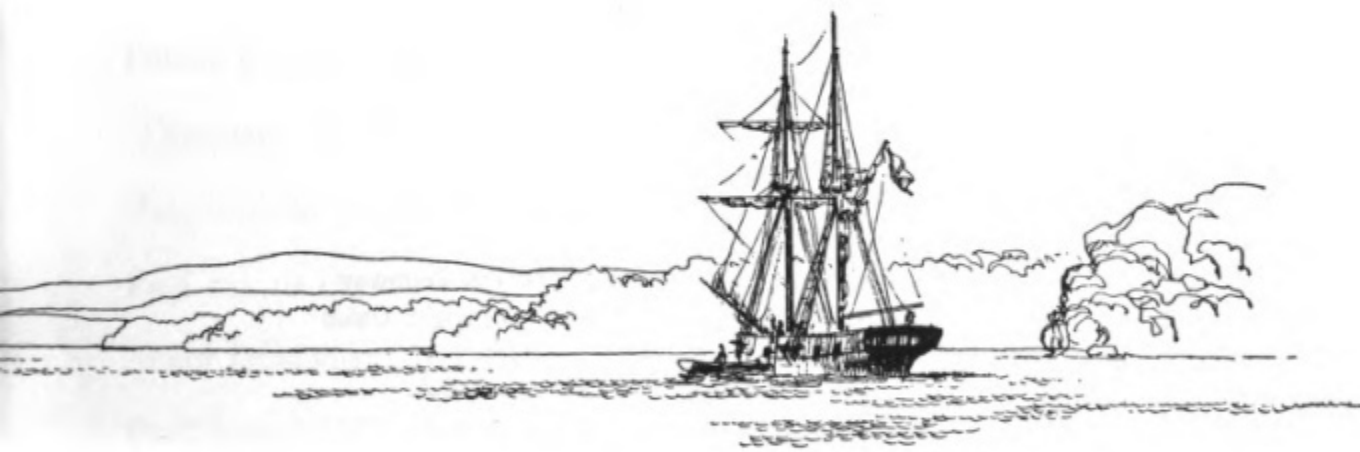

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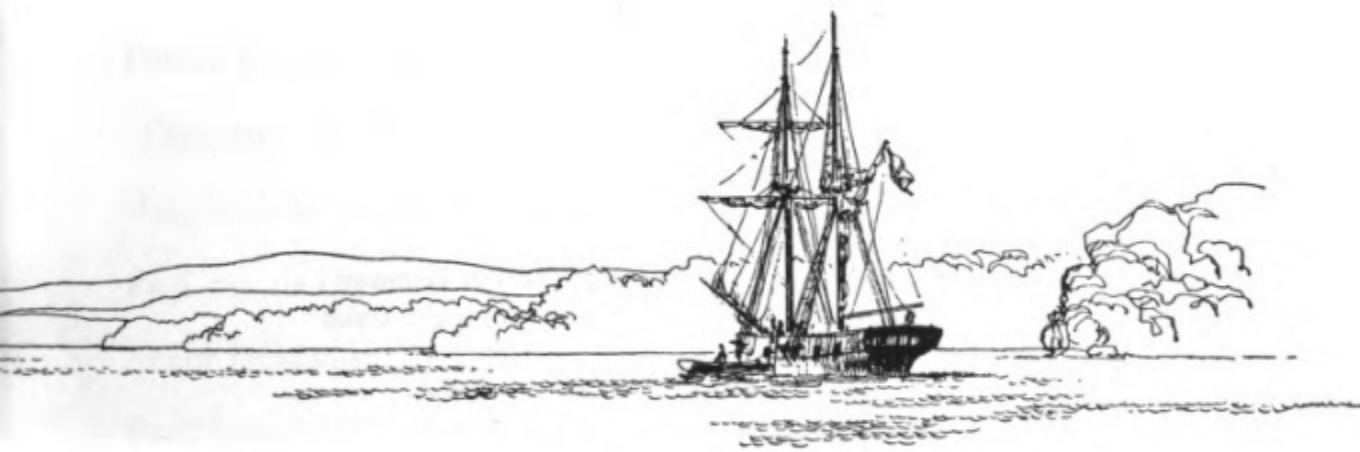

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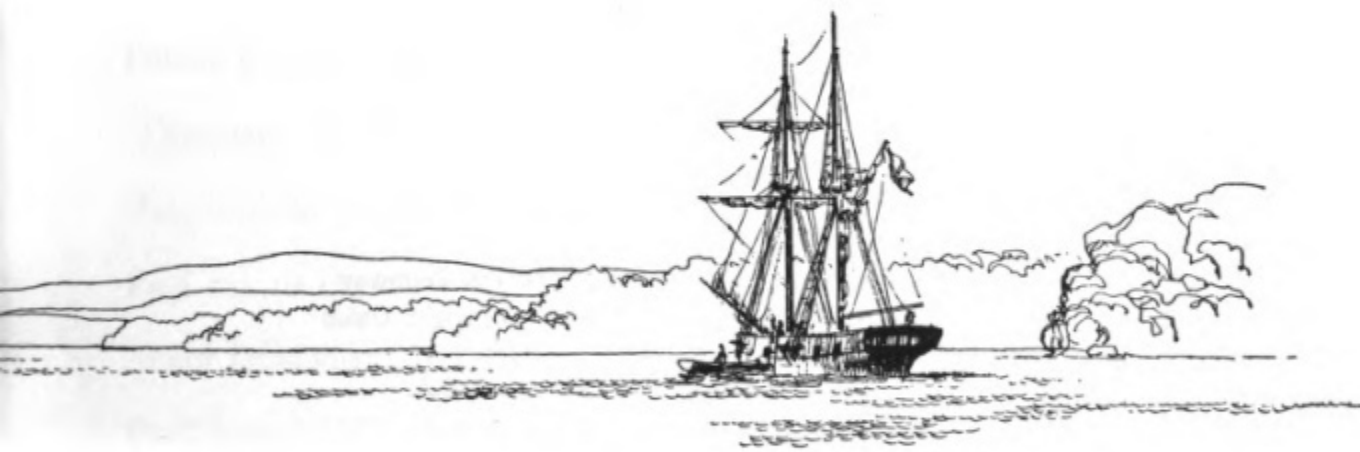

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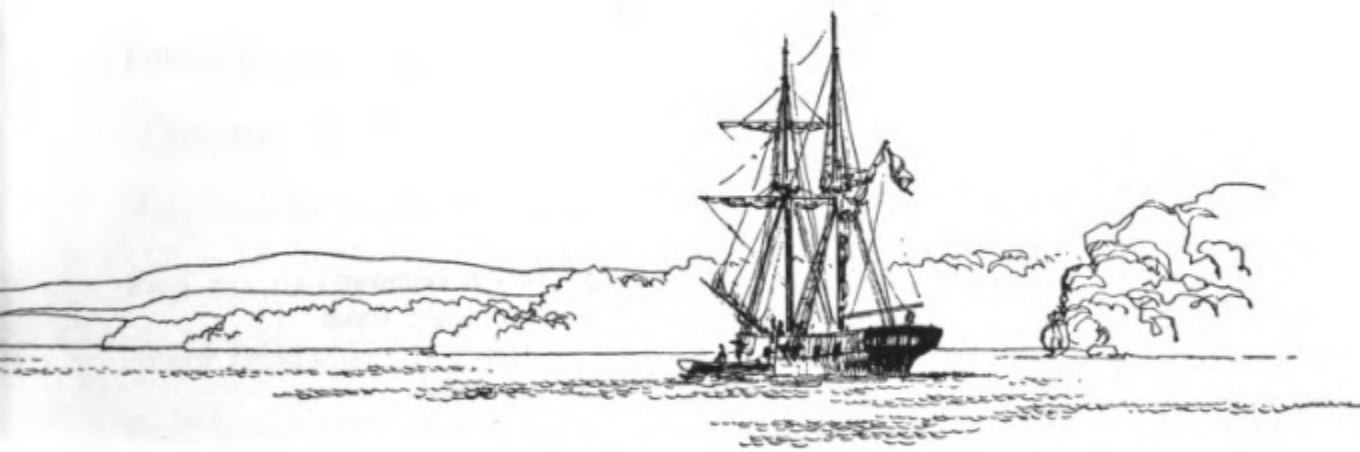

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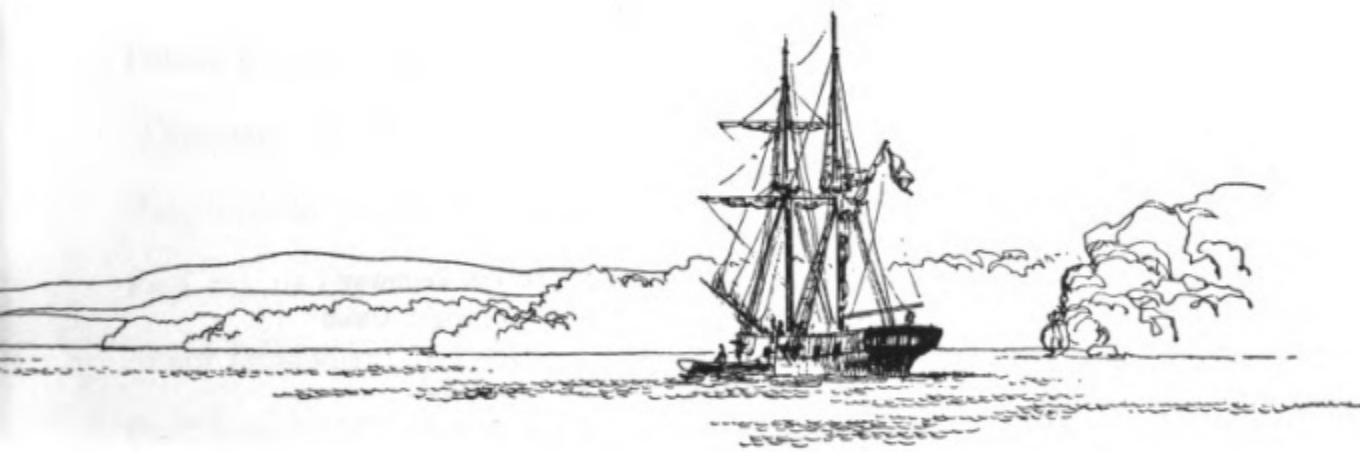

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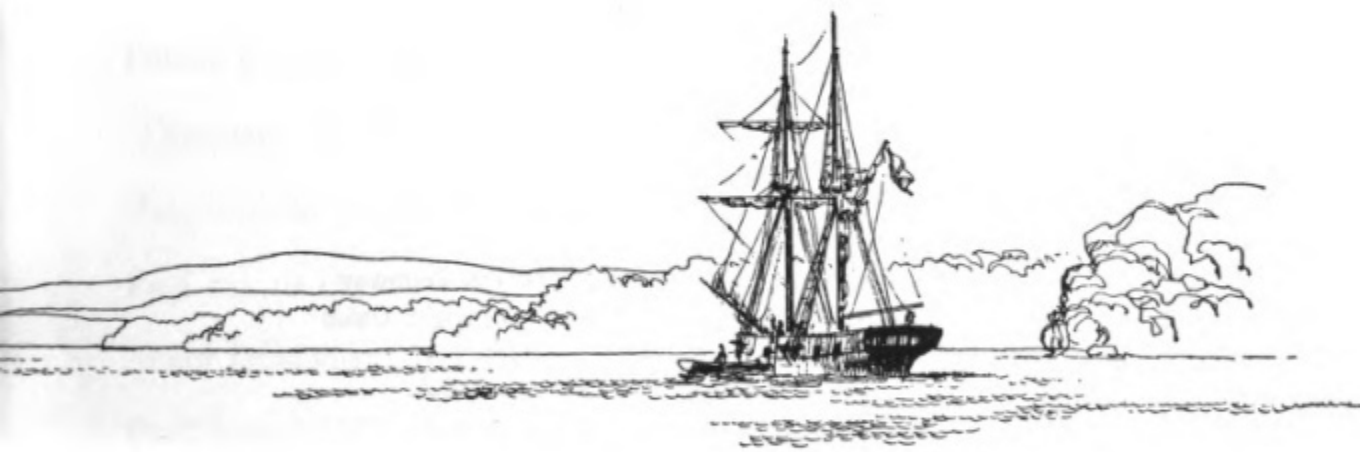

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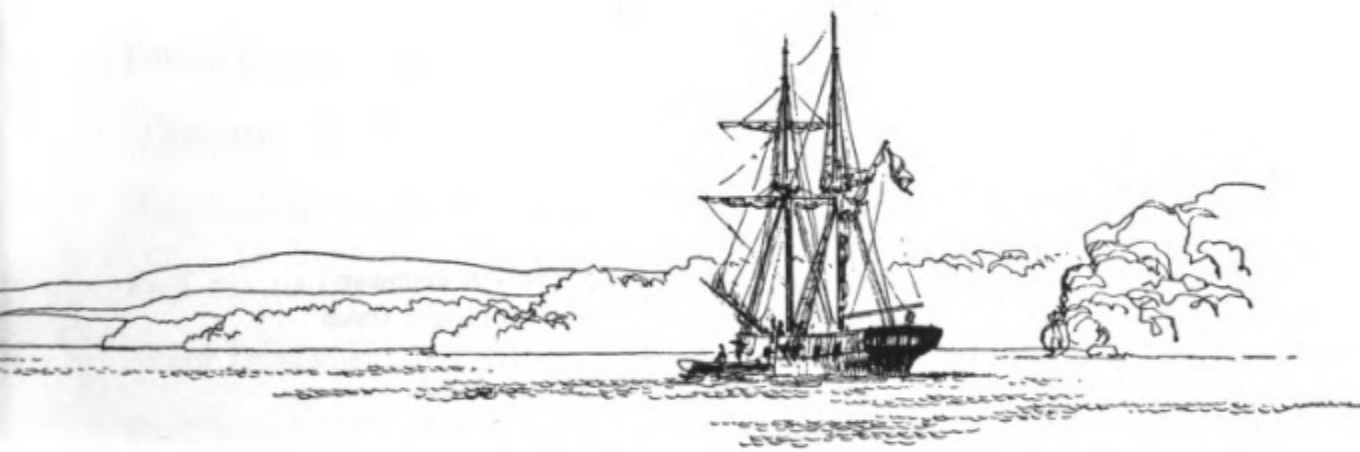

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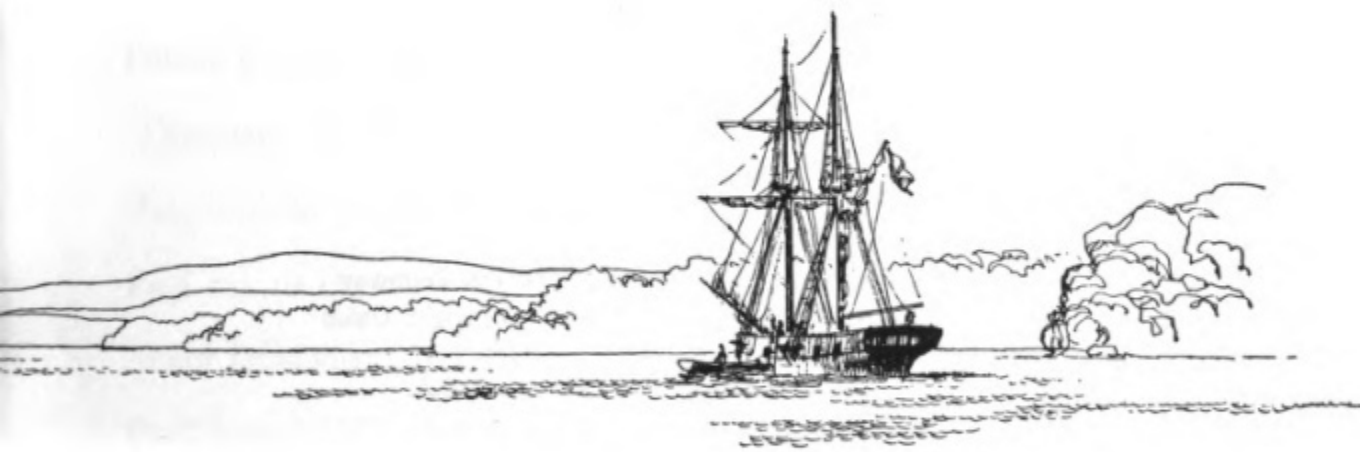

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