

"No, no, Normand, I cannot go back to the Colony on the Strait where we were so ideally happy. I cannot go back to miss Thérèse from the manor; to see another in the place of the Chevalier de la Mothe. I should regret the old days too keenly."

Therefore I proceeded alone to Fort Pontchartrain. But all my efforts to secure for "mon chevalier" the price of even a small part of his lands were unsuccessful. Of his vast property upon the majestic river, there remains to his children not the value of a sou.

The revenge of the Red Dwarf, the prediction of the witch of the Castle of St. Louis, the warning of the missionary, have come to pass in all points save one: the English have not obtained possession of the Gateway of the Lakes, nor will they ever, I ween. Neither will I believe that the fleur-de-lis will be torn down, or that another standard than the banner of the Bourbons will ever float over Le Détroit.

And how fared it with our Sieur Cadillac during this period? After a time the king's ministers, perchance in reparation for his unjust imprisonment, gave him the governorship of Castel-Sarrasin; but being deposed ere long in favor of a native of the town, he took up his abode in a grim old château on the Garonne, where, alas! his eventful life came to a close some five years since, and where my sister, Madame Cadillac, still resides with her children.

In his day, my dear chevalier was a gallant figure of New France. He had the courage of a great leader, and was ever honorable, honest, and loyal to the service of the King. Passing over my own allegiance and affection, which he held from my youth, I will only say that, notwithstanding his faults, he was of a noble nature, as is proved by the devoted respect