

The Miami River caused us no less embarrassment than Rivière à la Roche had done. At almost every instant we were stopped by beds of flat stones, over which it was necessary to drag our pirogues by main force. I will say, however, that at intervals were found beautiful reaches of smooth water, but they were few and short. In the last six leagues, the river is broad [and deep], and seems to herald the grandeur of the lake into which it discharges its waters. At 6 leagues above lake Erie, I took the altitude, which was found to be $42^{\circ} 0'$.

We entered the lake on the 5th of october. On entering it, there is to the left the bay of Onanguissé, which is said to be very deep. Soon after, one encounters to the right, the Isles aux Serpents ["islands where there are Snakes"]. On the 6th, we arrived at the mouth of the Detroit River, where we found canoes and provisions for our return. Monsieur de Celoron had the goodness to permit me to go to the fort with some officers. We spent there the entire day of the 7th. I took the latitude in Father Bonaventure's courtyard, and I found it $42^{\circ} 38'$.

In the evening, we returned to our camp, where we spent the 8th waiting for our savages, a class of men created in order to exercise the patience of those who have the misfortune to travel with them. I profited by this hindrance in order to take the latitude of our camp, which was $42^{\circ} 28'$.

I remained too short a time at Detroit to be able to give you an exact description of it. All that I can say to you about it is, that its situation appeared to me charming. A beautiful river runs at the foot of the fort; vast plains, which only ask to be cultivated,