

WEDNESDAY, June 14.

At 5 we rose & embarked. We kept to the American shore, steering about N. 30 W. This river is so full of Islands that it is almost impossible to say when you are in sight of the main land. One on which we stopt to allow the men an opportunity of breakfasting is 3 m long & 1 wide.

We passed St. Josephs<sup>1</sup> where there was a village destroyed by Col. Croghan during the war. On the British shore some highland is seen. The channel we took had two rapids—the first altho' short is about 5 feet and very dangerous; the bottom being large limestone rocks. Three of the canoes were damaged in ascending them. The second one 2 miles below the Saut, is less dangerous but much swifter water. The fall is about 4 feet. For 10 minutes our canoe, with all of the men at the oars and paddles, did not stir 3 feet either way. There is some good land on the river.<sup>2</sup> We arrived at the Saut at sun set, and encamped opposite to Mrs. Armingtong's house.

June 17, SATURDAY.

We left the Saut at 1 o'clock. We walked across the portage of rather more than one mile in length, while the

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<sup>1</sup> Isle St. Josephs, on which Fort St. Josephs was first erected by the British in 1795, the year before Mackinaw was evacuated under the Wayne treaty. This Fort St. Josephs, which was abandoned and burned by the British under Col. Croghan in 1814, must not be confounded with the old French St. Josephs, on St. Josephs river, emptying into Lake Michigan on the southeast. At the time of Doty's visit, the "ruined chimnies and buildings" could still be seen — ED.

<sup>2</sup> *Schoolcraft* (p. 76): "We were now within two miles of our destination. The whole river is here embodied before the eye, and is a mile or three-fourths of a mile wide, and the two separate villages on the British and American shores began to reveal themselves to view, with the cataracts of the Sault de Ste. Marie in the distance; and a beautiful forest of elms, oaks, and maples on either hand. We ascended with our flags flying, our little squadron being spread out in order, and the Canadian boatmen singing one of their enlivening songs. Long before reaching the place, a large throng of Indians had collected on the beach, who, as we put in towards the shore, fired a salute, and stood ready to greet us with their customary *bosho*." *Bosho* is a corruption of Fr. *bon jour*. — ED.