

every body fell on his knees to say his prayers and prepare himself for death, except our pilot, whom we could never oblige to pray ; and he did nothing all that while but curse and swear against Mr. la Salle, who had brought him thither to make him perish in a nasty lake, and lose the glory he had acquired by his long and happy navigations on the ocean. When the wind abated we hoisted our sail, and the next day arrived at *Missihmakinak*.

On the second of September we weighed anchor and sailed to an island at the mouth of the bay of Puans, forty leagues from *Missihmakinak*. The chief among them, who had been formerly in Canada, received us with all the civility imaginable. Mr. la Salle, without asking any other body's advice, resolved to send back the ship to Niagara, laden with furs and skins, to discharge his debts. Our pilot and five men with him were therefore sent back, and ordered to return with all imaginable speed to join us towards the southern parts of the lake, where we should stay for them among the Illinois. They sailed the eighteenth with a westerly wind, and fired a gun as taking leave. It was never known what course they steered, nor how they perished ; but it is supposed that the ship struck upon a sand, and was there buried. This was a great loss for Mr. la Salle and other adventurers, for that ship with its cargo cost above sixty thousand livres.

We continued our voyage in four canoes, being fourteen men in all, and departed the nineteenth of September. We steered to the south towards the continent, distant from the island near forty leagues. On the first of October, after twelve leagues rowing,