

three quarters of a league wide. We entered the lake itself on the 26th, proceeding seven or eight leagues. Such a scene of awe inspiring beauty I have never beheld; nothing but islands and huge masses of rock, as large as cities, all covered with cedars and firs. The lake itself is lined with crags fearful to behold, for the most part overgrown with cedars. Toward evening we crossed from the north to the south side." This was evidently across to Alexandria Bay, by the foot of Wellesley Island, for he continues: "On the 27th we proceeded twelve good leagues through a multitude of islands, large and small, after which we saw nothing but water on all sides." From this and other accounts we learn that the route to the Iroquois country followed the Canadian shore up to the neighborhood of Grenadier Island, then crossed over to the American shore in the neighborhood of Alexandria Bay, thence following the American channel through the Thousand Islands, and up between Wolfe Island and the southern shore, into Lake Ontario. More than ten years were yet to pass before any Frenchman should take the northern route and look upon the site of Kingston.

The Onondagas remained steadfast in their purpose of having the French establish a regular settlement among them. They continued, with some impatience, to press the matter upon the two Fathers during the winter which they spent with them. Hence it was deemed expedient that one of them should return to Quebec to explain the situation to the Governor. The journey was undertaken by Father Dablon, who left Onondaga on the 2nd of March, 1656. The season was exceedingly unpropitious for such a journey, hence the sufferings of the

Father and his band of about twenty Indians were very great. The continued rains, in addition to the extreme discomfort which they afforded, weakened without removing the ice on the lake, while they opened up many of the streams. Thus they could proceed by neither winter nor summer modes of travel.

By the 17th of the month they seem to have reached the Lake of the Thousand Islands, though, as in his previous account, he regards Lake Ontario as reaching below Brockville. In going down the American channel from the head of Wolfe Island, partly on the river and partly on shore, he describes their progress as follows: "We passed all the seventeenth with feet in the water, weather rough and road frightful. At times we had to climb with feet and hands over mountains of snow; again, to walk over great ice blocks; and again, to pass over marshes; plunge into thickets, fell trees for bridging rivers, cross streams, and avoid precipices; while at the day's end we had made barely four short leagues. On the eighteenth we proceeded six leagues. On the nineteenth, St. Joseph's day, as we were pursuing our course over the ice of the great lake, it opened under one of my feet. I came off better than a poor Onnontaguehronnon hunter, who, after a long struggle with the ice, which had given way under him, was swallowed up and lost in the water beyond the possibility of rescue. Having escaped these dangers, we entered a road of extreme difficulty, beset with rocks as high as towers, and so steep that one makes his way over them with hands as well as feet. After this we were again forced to run three leagues over the ice, never stopping for fear of breaking through, and then to pass the night on a rock opposite