

June, and after determining the latitude of the portage on the Hull side as  $45^{\circ} 38'$  (actually  $45^{\circ} 26'$ ) he proceeded up Lake Deschênes the same day. The barren Eardley hills on the one side and the sandy shores of Constant Bay on the other gave him a poor opinion of the surrounding country, and he puts it down as "very unpromising." The party passed the night "on a very pleasant island"—doubtless Mohr island—and on the 5th June they portaged at the Chats falls and paddled up Lac des Chats. Champlain speaks of the Madawaska river as a tributary at this point, but says nothing of the Mississippi or the Bonnechère. His remark that "the lands about the before-mentioned lake are sandy" shows that he must have gone up by the Quebec shore, and was struck by the long arid stretches of Kilroy's bay and Norway bay. In Lac des Chats they camped as usual on an island, evidently for safety, as the Algonquins were always desperately afraid of a surprise attack by the Iroquois. On this island Champlain recounts that he "saw a number of fine red cypress [cedars] the first I had seen in this country, out of which I made a cross, which I planted at one end of the island on an elevated and conspicuous spot, with the arms of France, as I had done in other places where we had stopped. I called this island Sainte Croix." Red cedar has been extinct for many years on Lac des Chats, and there is no island in the lake with any marked elevation on it, so it is impossible to identify Holy Cross island with any certainty; but probably it is one of the Braeside islands, or perhaps the island opposite Norway bay.

Next day, Thursday, 6th June, they ascended the Chenaux rapids to within about a mile of the present village of Portage du Fort, and landed on the Ontario side at a point known in after years as Gould's Landing. Champlain took the latitude of this place and says he found it  $46^{\circ} 40'$ . In reality the place is about  $45^{\circ} 34'$ ; and in some way he had made a mistake of a degree in his calculation. "Here," Champlain says, "our savages left the sacks containing their provisions and their less necessary articles in order to be lighter for going over-land and avoiding several falls which it was necessary to pass." And here de Vignau, who must have been contemplating the approaching exposure of his falsehood with ever increasing anxiety, tried to persuade Champlain that the best route was up the Ottawa, his hope, evident in the sequel, being that the long succession of rapids above Portage du Fort would bring disaster on the expedition, or at least discourage Champlain and cause him to turn back. But "our savages said to him, you are tired of living, and to me that I ought not to believe him, and that he did not tell the truth." Convinced

that the Indians knew the best way, Champlain took their advice, and the party climbed to the higher land above the river, and travelled southward a couple of miles to the first of a chain of long narrow lakes that lie across the base of the large peninsula formed by the great swing of the Ottawa river towards the north. Until railways extended into this part of Ontario in the seventies of the last century, the route here followed by Champlain was still the principal road to the upper Ottawa. Steamboats plied on Lac des Chats from the head of the Chats rapids to Gould's Landing, and thence travellers were conveyed by stage to Muskrat lake where they embarked on a steamboat that carried them to within a few miles of Pembroke.

This was the longest and hardest portage the expedition had struck yet. Champlain himself carried three arquebuses and three paddles, his cloak and "some small articles," among which it is safe to say was the famous astrolabe. The others, he says "were somewhat more heavily loaded, but more troubled by the mosquitoes than by their loads." They passed through the string of four small lakes, the first three of which are known as Coldingham, Town and Catherine, the fourth being apparently nameless, and stopped for the night on the shore of the more important Olmsted lake.

"Nous nous reposâmes sur le bord d'un estang qui estoit assez agreable, & fîmes du feu pour chasser les mousquites, qui nous molestoient fort, l'importunite desquels est si estrange, qu'il est impossible d'en pouvoir faire la descriptio." Thus Champlain: If he returned to-day, he would see many and astounding changes in the country he discovered; but among all that was new and wonderful, he would again find in the month of June the same old mosquitoes, the importunity of which is as extraordinary as ever.

In the morning (Friday, June 7th), they paddled down Olmsted lake, and on foot crossed the three miles or so of country that separates it from Muskrat lake, as the connecting streams are not navigable even by a bark canoe. A small lake about a mile long, now called by the popular name of Green lake, lay in their way, and although Champlain does not mention it, it is very likely that the Indians were glad to take advantage of even such a short piece of water as this in their long portage. It was on the right bank of the small stream flowing out of Green lake, and some 200 yards from the foot of the lake, that the astrolabe was found. Somewhere between Olmsted lake and Muskrat lake, Champlain and his men encountered what foresters know as a windfall. The thick growth of pines had been blown down by a tornado, and it was with great difficulty that the party made their way