

we camped on the shore of the lake; the place was a bare tongue of earth, very narrow, at the end of which was a considerable fall. The canoe of Monsieur de Joncaire³⁰ unfortunately fell into the water there, and was lost; of the four men who were in it, three were fortunate enough to save themselves by swimming; the fourth was not so fortunate, and perished before our eyes, without our being able to give him the slightest aid. This was the only man whom we lost during the expedition.

The 18th. We reached *anse aux bateaux* ["boat cove"], which is at the entrance of lake St. Francis. On that day, Monsieur de Celoron³¹ detached a party of men to go to recover the remains of the wrecked canoe.

The 19th. I took our bearings at *anse aux bateaux*, which I found to be $45^{\circ} 32'$ of latitude. The 21st. We passed lake St. Francis, which must be seven leagues in length, and two leagues in its greatest breadth. That night we slept at *mille Roches* ["thousand Rocks"]. The 22nd. We arrived at the Long Sault toward eleven o'clock in the morning. There we made a portage of somewhat more than a quarter of a league, and reëntered the canoes now empty of their lading. We would do much better to carry them by land, as we would carry baggage; we would lose less time, and incur less risk; but custom is a law against which good sense does not always prevail. The Long Sault is divided into three channels by two islands. The ascent is made by the north channel, and the descent by the south channel. The middle one, which is called "the lonely channel," is said to be impracticable.

The 25th. We disembarked at the dwelling of