

regular, straight, but moderately high, and furnishes little shelter; in many places it is mere rock, covered with a few inches of soil. Lake Erie is not deep; Its waters have neither the transparency nor the coolness of those of lake Ontario. It is at this lake that I saw for the first time the wild turkeys; they differ in no way from our domestic turkeys.

The 17th. We began the portage, and made a good league that day. I observed the latitude at the 2nd station,—that is, half a league from the lake,—and I found it $42^{\circ} 33'$. The 18th. Our people being fatigued, we shortened the intervals between the stations, and we hardly made more than half a league. The 19th. Bad weather did not allow us to advance far; nevertheless we gained ground every day, and, the 22nd, the portage was entirely accomplished.

In my judgment, it is three and a half leagues. The road is passably good. The wood through which it is cut resembles our forests in France. The beech, the ash, the elm, the red and white oak—these trees compose the greater part of it. A species of tree is found there, which has no other name than that of “the unknown tree.” Its trunk is high, erect, and almost without branches to the top. It has a light, soft wood, which is used for making pirogues, and is good for that alone. Eyes more trained than ours, would, perhaps, have made discoveries which would have pleased the taste of arborists. Having reached the shore of lake Yjadakoin, Monsieur de Celoron thought it well to pass the rest of the day in camp to give his people a breathing-space. On the morning of the 23rd, we examined the provisions, pitched the canoes, and set out. Before starting, I took advantage of the