

fore we went into a little cove, and slept upon the sand, near a good fire that we lighted.

Toward midnight, the tide again arising, we embarked. The Moon shone brightly, and wind and tide made us fly. As my host would not take the direction I advised, we very nearly perished in the port; for, when we came to enter our little river, we found it still covered with ice. We tried to approach the banks, but the wind had piled up great masses of ice there, striking and surging against each other, which threatened us with death if we approached them. So we had to veer around and turn our prow to the wind and work against the tide. It was here I saw the valor of my host. He had [320] placed himself in front, as the place where the greatest danger was to be found. I saw him through the darkness of the night, which filled us with terror while augmenting our peril, strain every nerve and struggle against death, to keep our little canoe in position amid waves capable of swallowing up a great ship. I cried out to him, *Nicanis ouabichtigoueiakhi ouabichtigoueiakhi*, "My well-beloved, to Kebec, to Kebec, let us go there." When we were about to double the Sailor's leap, that is, the bend where our river enters the great river, you might have seen him ride over one wave, cut through the middle of another, dodge one block of ice, and push away another, continually fighting against a furious Northeast wind which we had in our teeth.

Having escaped this danger, we would have liked to land; but an army of icebergs, summoned by the raging wind, barred our entrance. So we went on as far as the fort, coasting along the shores, and sought in the darkness [323 i.e., 321] a little gleam of light