

me very particularly to the Savages; and my host answered him, "If the Father dies, I will die with him, and you will never see me in this country again." Our French people showed [214] the most profound regret at my departure, knowing the dangers that one encounters in following these Barbarians. When all our Farewells were said, we set sail about ten o'clock in the morning. I was the only Frenchman, with twenty Savages, counting the men, women and children. The wind and tide were favorable, and we turned to go down past the Island of Orleans to another Island called by the Savages *Caouahascoumagakhe*; I know not whether it was the beauty of the day which spread over this Island, but I found it very pleasant.

As soon as we had set foot on land, my host took an arquebus he had bought from the English, and went in search of our supper. Meanwhile the women began to build the house where we were to lodge. Now the Apostate, having observed that every one was busy, returned to the boat that was lying at anchor, took the keg of wine, and drank from it with such excess, that, being drunk as a lord, he fell into the water and was nearly drowned. Finally he got out, after considerable scrambling, and started for the place where they were putting up the cabin. [215] Screaming and howling like a demon, he snatched away the poles and beat upon the bark of the cabin, to break everything to pieces. The women, seeing him in this frenzy, fled to the woods, some here, some there. My Savage, whom I usually call my host, was boiling in a kettle some birds he had killed, when this drunken fellow, coming upon the scene, broke the crane and upset everything into