

the ashes. No one seemed to get angry at all this, but then it is foolish to fight with a madman. My host gathered up his little birds and went to wash them in the river, drew some water and placed the kettle over the fire again. The women, seeing that this madman was running hither and thither on the shores of the Island, foaming like one possessed, ran quickly to get their bark and take it to a place of security, lest he should tear it to pieces, as he had begun to do. They had scarcely had time to roll it up, when he appeared near them completely infuriated, and not knowing upon what to vent his fury, for they had suddenly disappeared, thanks to the darkness which had begun to conceal us. He approached [216] the fire, which could be seen on account of its bright light, and was about to take hold of the kettle to overturn it again; when my host, his brother, quicker than he, seized it and threw the water into his face, boiling as it was. I leave you to imagine how this poor man looked, finding himself thus deluged with hot water. He was never so well washed. The skin of his face and whole chest changed. Would to God that his soul had changed as well as his body. He redoubled his howls, and began to pull up the poles which were still standing. My host has told me since that he asked for an ax, with which to kill me; I do not know whether he really asked for one, as I did not understand his language; but I know very well that, when I went up to him and tried to stop him, he said to me in French, "Go away, it is not you I am after; let me alone;" then pulling my gown, "Come," said he, "let us embark in a canoe, let us return to your house; you do not know these people here; all they