

We intended leaving this Island in the morning; but the tide fell sooner than we expected, and stranded our Boat. Hence we had to wait for the evening tide, upon which we embarked, and sailed away by the aid of the Moon as well as of the wind. We reached another Island, called *Ca ouapascounagate*. As we arrived about midnight, our people did not take the trouble to make a house; and we slept in the same bed and lodged at the same sign as the night before, [219] under the shelter of the trees and sky.

The next day we left this Island to go to another one, called *Ca chibariouachcate*; we might have called it the Island of the white Geese, for I saw there more than a thousand of them in one flock.

The following day we tried to leave, but the bad weather compelled us to land again at the end of this same Island. It is a solitude, like all the country; that is, it has only temporary inhabitants, for these people have no fixed habitation. It is bordered by rocks so massive, so high, and so craggy, and is withal covered so picturesquely with Cedars and Pines, that a Painter would consider himself favored to view it, in order to derive therefrom an idea of a desert frightful in its precipices and very pleasing in the variety and number of its trees, which one might say had been planted by the hand of art rather than of Nature. As it is indented by bays full of mud, there hides here such a quantity and variety of game, some of which I have never seen in France, that it must be seen in order to be believed.

[220] Leaving this Island of game, we sailed all day and toward nightfall landed at a small Island,