

called *Atisaoucanich etagoukhi*, that is, place where dyes are found; I am inclined to think that our people gave it that name, for they found there some little red roots which they use in dyeing their *Matachias*.<sup>1</sup> I would like to call it the Isle of misfortune; for we suffered a great deal there during the eight days that the storms held us prisoners. It was night when we disembarked; the rain and wind attacked us, and in the meantime we could scarcely find five or six poles to serve as beams for our house,—which was so small, so narrow, and so exposed for such weather as this, that in trying to avoid one discomfort we fell into two others. We had to shorten ourselves, or roll up like hedgehogs, lest we scorch the half of our bodies. For our supper, and dinner as well, because we had eaten nothing since morning, my host threw to each one a piece of the biscuit I had [221] given him, informing me that we were not to drink anything with our food, as the water of this great river began to be salty in this place. The next day we collected some rainwater, which had fallen into dirty rocks, and drank it with as much enjoyment as they drink the wine of Aï in France.

They had left our Shallop at anchor in a strong tidal current. I told them it was not safe, and that it ought to be placed under shelter behind the Island; but, as we were only waiting for a good breeze in order to depart, they did not heed me. During the night the tempest increased, so that it seemed as if the winds were uprooting our Island. Our host, foreseeing what might occur, roused the Apostate, and urged him to come and help him save our Shallop, which threatened to go to pieces. Now either