

were at the wreck. My friend was the more touched by it as they were still in pain. He immediately fitted out a boat to go to their relief and to discover, if possible, whether any one of the eleven men of the small boat was still alive. When he got to the neighborhood of our shipwreck, he fired several guns to make himself heard by those whom we had left there; at the same time he saw four men who fell on their knees, and with clasped hands begged him to save their lives. Their wasted faces, so to speak, the sound of their voice, which told that they were on the brink of the grave, and their cries, pierced the heart of Mr. Volant. He advanced to them, gave them some food, but with moderation for fear of killing them, by overloading their system suddenly. In spite of this wise precaution, one of these four men, named Fenguay, a Breton by birth, died after drinking a glass of brandy.

My friend had the twenty-one men buried who had died since we left them, and brought off the other three who had borne up against hardship, hunger, and the severity of the season; they were, however, far from being in perfect health; one of them, named Tourrillet, the master's mate from the department of Brest, was slightly deranged, and the other two, by name, Bondet and Bonau, both from Isle Rhé, were swollen over the whole body.

Good food and the care we took of them restored them, if not perfectly, at least enough to enable them to start with us for Quebec.

Returning, Mr. Volant perceived, near the shore, one who seemed to have been drowned, and some fragments of a canoe; he advanced to make sure of what he per-