

On the first of May, they launched the large boat; we all embarked and set sail; the wind failed us towards noon, at about six leagues from the main land. This accident afflicted me; I feared to be unable to relieve soon enough such of our comrades as had survived at the place of the shipwreck. This fear made me entreat the old man to give me two men, with a bark canoe to go ashore. I tried to induce him to grant my request by promising to send tobacco and brandy to all in the large boat, as soon as I got to the French. Much as he would have liked to oblige me, he first consulted before making me any promise, and it was not without difficulty that they paid any attention to my request. They feared that a trip of six leagues was too long for a canoe, and they did not wish to expose us to perish. We accordingly started, and about half-past eleven o'clock in the evening we reached land. I entered the house of the French; the first whom I saw was Mr. Volant, a native of St. German-en-Laye, my friend and master of this post. I could not fall into better hands; I found in a single man the sincere desire and real power of serving me. He did not recognize me at first, and in fact I was not recognizable; as soon as I told him my name, he lavished marks of friendship on me, and the pleasure we had in embracing each other was extreme on both sides. I told him first to what I was bound; with regard to the Indians he kept my promise, and each one of our liberators had liquor and tobacco. They arrived there only at ten o'clock in the morning; till that time I was recounting to Mr. Volant all that had happened to me, and I insisted especially on the fate of the twenty-four men who