

we had no further acquaintance with these savages, for the wind came up from the sea and so beat us against the shore that we were constrained to retire with our boats to our ships. Till the next morning at sunrise, being the first of July, we sailed northeast, in which time there arose great mists and storms, and therefore we struck our sails until about ten of the clock, when it became clear, and we recognized the said Cape Orleans, and another which lay from it about seven leagues north and by east, which was named Cape of the Savages (Cap des Sauvages)¹. On the northeast of this cape, for about half a league, there is a very dangerous reef and bank of stones. While we were at this cape we saw a man running after our boats that were going along the coast, who made signs to us that we should return towards the said cape again. We, seeing such signs, began to row towards him, but he, seeing us come, began to flee and to run away before us. We landed in front of him, and set a knife and a woollen girdle on a staff for him, and then came to our ships again. That day we ranged along the said land nine or ten leagues², hoping to find some good harbor, but it was not possible, for, as I have said already, it is a low land and shoal. We went that day on shore in four places to see the trees, which are marvellously beautiful and sweet smelling; we found them to be cedars, yews, pines, white elms, ash trees, willows, and many other sorts to us unknown, but all without fruit. The grounds, where no woods are, are very fair and all full of peas, white and red gooseberries, strawberries, black raspberries, and wild wheat, like rye, which seemed to have been sown there and cultivated. This land is of the best climate that can possibly be, and very hot. There are there many pigeons and ring-doves and other birds; there wants nothing but good harbors.

The next day, the second of July, we discovered land to the northward of us, which joined on to the said land continuously, and we saw that it formed a bay of about twenty leagues in depth and as much in breadth. We named the bay Saint Lunario (Saint Lunaire)³. We went to the cape on the north⁴ with our boats and found the shore so shoal that at more than a league from land there was only a fathom of water. On the northeast of the said cape, about seven or eight leagues, there is another cape⁵, and between the two there is a bay, in the shape of a triangle, which is very deep⁶, and which, as far as

¹ Now North Point. The French league was somewhat over two-and-a-half of our miles.

² Along the northwest coast of Prince Edward Island to near Cape Wolf.

³ This bay was the head of Northumberland Strait, the triangle between North Point, West Point and Cape Escuminac. As Cartier did not know the land he had been visiting was an island, his mistake was a natural one. It was named for the Saint whose feast-day it was.

⁴ Cape Escuminac.

⁵ The cape near Neguac Island.

⁶ Not deep as to its water, but as to its extension into the land. This was Miramichi Bay.