

at several places. Along this coast to Port Royal, it is about one hundred and twenty leagues.

On our way, towards the last of April, we had seen sieur Champlain, who was making his way through the icebergs to Kebec. These masses of ice were enormous, for the sea was in some places covered with them as far as the eye could reach. And, to cross them, they had to be broken with bars and pointed irons inserted in the escobilles or beak of the ship; it was fresh-water ice, and had drifted down more than a hundred leagues to the deep and open sea through the great St. Lawrence river. In some places there appeared vast and lofty pieces of floating and wavering ice, [140] thirty and forty fathoms out of the water, as big and broad as if several castles were joined together, or, as you might say, as if the Church of notre Dame de Paris, with part of its Island, houses, and palaces should go floating out upon the water. The Hollanders have seen still more enormous and wonderful ones at Spit[z]bergen, and in the strait of Ubaigats,³⁴ if what they have published about them is true. We arrived at port Royal the 22nd of June of the same year, 1611, the Holy day of Pentecost.³⁵

But before going ashore, let us say a word about the way in which the Jesuits lived during the voyage. For although these are things of little consequence, they are, nevertheless, necessary to close the mouth of falsehood. The truth then is this: First, that they had no servant during the entire voyage, [141] except their own hands and feet: if their linen was to be washed, their clothes cleaned and patched, if other needs had to be provided for, they had the privilege of doing it themselves, as well as the least.