

Letter from father Nau, missionary in Canada,
to Reverend father Richard, provincial of the
province of Guyenne, at Bourdeaux.

MY REVEREND FATHER,
Pax Christi.

We embarked, may 29, on the *Ruby*, under the command of Monsieur The chevalier de Chaon; and we remained two days in the harbor, waiting for favorable winds. For that matter, those two days were quite sufficient to give us a foretaste of the tediousness of our voyage. The mere sight of the Ste. Barbe,³² where we were to sleep while crossing the sea, was a revelation to all, but to me more than the others. It is a room about the size of the Rhetoric class-room at Bordeaux, where a double row of frames was swung up, which were to serve as beds for the passengers, subaltern officers, and gunners. We were packed into this dismal and noisome hold like so many sardines in a Barrel. We could make our way to our hammocks only after sustaining sundry bumps and knocks on limbs and head. A sense of delicacy forbade our disrobing, and our clothes, in time, made our backs ache. The rolling and pitching loosened the fastenings of our hammocks and hopelessly entangled them. On one occasion I was pitched out with my bed upon a poor Canadian officer, whom I caught, although unintentionally, as if I had been a rat-trap. It was quite a time before I could extricate myself from ropes and