

week, those ravenous "picards" migrated in all directions. No one was Free from their attacks, not even the Bishop or the captain. Every time we went on Deck, we could see that we were covered with this vermin. We found them even in our shoes. Another center for the lice, and a source of infection, were eighty smugglers who had already passed a twelvemonth in the prisons; they also sent out swarms of marauders. These wretched beings would have caused the heart of a Turk to melt with pity. They were half naked and covered with sores; some even were eaten alive with worms. We clubbed together and made a collection on board to buy them shirts from the sailors who had them to spare. All that we could do did not prevent the outbreak among them of a kind of pest, which spread throughout the ship, attacking all indiscriminately, and which carried off twenty of our men at a stroke. So those of the officers and passengers who were not down with it were obliged to work the ship instead of the sailors. Reverend father de Lauson was made boatswain's mate for the Ecclesiastics. This sickness afforded a fine field for our zeal. Father Aulneau³⁴ distinguished himself by his assiduity in serving the sick. God preserved him in health during the passage across, for the good of the ship, but scarcely had he set foot on shore, when in turn he was stricken down and brought by two different attacks to death's door. No one could tell now that he had been sick. I was the only Jesuit who had nothing to suffer, not even from seasickness.

We reached Quebec on the 16th of august, that is to say, the eightieth day from the time of our embarking. It is one of the longest trips on record