

company on board, for besides his three Jesuit companions, the "Ruby" carried Mgr. Dosquet, the fourth Bishop of Quebec, with a number of ecclesiastics who were to fill the vacancies in the ranks of the diocesan clergy. In the group there was also the famous Sulpician Piquet, who was to build the Indian mission of La Présentation at what is now Ogdensburg, after the English had driven the Jesuits out of New York.

It is gratifying to get a glance at the young missionary's qualities of mind and heart from the letters so fortunately found in the château. One addressed to "My Dearest Mother," is dated Quebec, 10, 1734. It is a description of his journey over the Atlantic, and may serve as a remonstrance against our cowardly and degenerate fashion of crossing the deep.

"We embarked on the twenty-ninth of May", he writes, "but is was not till the thirty-first, at three o'clock in the morning, that we weighed anchor and set sail. Adverse winds had kept us in the roadstad. We congratulated ourselves the first day, on account of the headway we had made, that our journey would be a short one. But we took forty-seven days to reach the great bank of Newfoundland, and during that long run, with the exception of a few days of calm, we encountered fierce headwinds from the northwest, which more than once forced us to let the vessel scud before the gale. Our rations on stormy days were biscuits and dry bread, which each one secured as best he could."

There was some little diversion when they reached the Banks, where the leisurely mariners of the "Ruby" began to fish for cod. "In less than an hour they caught more than two hundred." Some were salted and the rest distributed among those on board. "I found them insipid. Others liked them." He saw *Tongues* shaped like a goose and nearly as large. There were also *Happe foix*, *Godies*, and *Pelyngoins*. The last-named fowl were doubtless penguins. What the others are we must give up, and like Mme. de Sévigné, *nous vous le donnons en trois*. The fog meantime enveloped the ship and they nearly ran on the rocks at Placentia, and then for three whole days were beating about to find their course.

They were still six hundred miles from Quebec, and even the officers began to grumble and grow despondent. They wanted to