

this sickness spread itselſe in our three ſhips, that about the middle of February, of a hundreth and tenne perſons that we were, there were not ten whole, ſo that one could not helpe the other, a moſt horrible and pitifull caſe, conſidering the place we were in, forſomuch as the people of the countrey would dayly come before our fort and ſaw but few of uſ. There were alreadie eight dead, and more than fifty ſicke, and as we thought, paſt all hope of recovery."

The winter wore on; diſeaſe and death fell like a pall over the little fort, and Cartier was threatened with a danger more to be feared even than ſcurvy. Upon the heights of Cape Diamond ſtood the villages of the Ajoaſte, Starnatam and Tailla, branches of the ferocious Iroquois, the firſt paſſion of whoſe ſouls was war. Hitherto they had been overawed by the preſence of the wonderful ſhips manned by ſturdy crews, but gradually, as ſigns of activity diſappeared among the white men, they grew bolder, and at any moment the ſound of the war-whoop might be the ſignal for an invasion of the ſhips.

Among the crew, there was evidently a man poſſeſſing a knowledge of ſurgery, who determined to hold a poſt-mortem on the body of one Philip Rougemont, 22 years of age; to aſcertain the cauſe of death, and, if poſſible, ſave the remnants of the ſhip's company. Here, in the quaint language of the time, is the reſult of the firſt autopsy held in Canada: "He was found to have his heart white, but rotten, and more than a quart of water about it; his liver was indifferent faire, but his lungs blacke and mortified, his blood was altogether ſhrunke about the heart ſo that when he was opened, great quantity of rotten blood iſſued out from about his heart: his milt towards the backe was ſomewhat periſhed, rough as if it had been rubbed againſt a