

and eyed him closely, when the pretended Indian fell on his neck, addressed him in French, and made himself known as one of the deserters whom he sought. Joutel asked him where his comrade was, and he replied that he had not ventured to come. They were both sailors; this one was a Breton, named Ruter; the other, Grollet, was from la Rochelle. 1687-90.

They had in a short time so completely adopted Indian habits, that they would never have been taken for Europeans. Not only were they naked, but they had their whole body painted and tattooed. They were married, and had several wives. The Cenís had taken them on their wars; and, as long as their powder lasted, they had won admiration by the effect of their muskets; but as soon as their ammunition failed, they were obliged to handle the bow and arrows. The loose life which they led had great attractions for them, and they had scarcely a sentiment of religion left.

Joutel gave Ruter an account of de la Sale's death and that of his nephew, Moranget, and he seemed touched. When asked whether he had not heard the Cenís speak of the Micissipi, he told Joutel that he had not: that he had only heard it said that there was a great river forty leagues to the northeast, the banks of which were densely peopled, and where they had seen men made and clothed like us. This river Joutel felt confident was that which he sought; and, as he had resolved to part company with la Sale's murderers as soon as possible, his only thought was to ascertain the route to be followed in order to reach that great river. Ruter returned home the next day, Joutel giving him wherewith to make some little presents to his wives, and begging him to persuade his comrade, Grollet, to come and see him.

On the 6th of April they both arrived in his cabin, equipped in the same manner, except that Grollet had not tattooed his face, nor consented to cut his hair in the Cenís fashion—a fashion odd enough, as it consisted in wearing