

iron chains, and prevented him from Doing any of the evil that he intended to Do. He had already 2 Concubines among the Kappa. However, the Chiefs invited me to go to their village, which consists of 40 Cabins. A number of the french accompanied me, while the others kept the Canoes at anchor. They took me to the Cabin of the Chief, who made me sit down on a mat of Canes adorned with figures, and at the same time they put on the fire the Kettle, containing green indian corn seasoned with a large quantity of dried peaches. They brought me from another Cabin a large dish of Ripe fruit of the Piakimina, which is almost like the medlar of France. The dish was handed to the Chief to give to me. As it is the most delicious fruit that the savages have from the Illinois to the sea, the Chief did not fail to begin his feast with it. After tasting a little of it, I had the dish carried to brother Guibert and to the frenchmen, who sat opposite me. I did the same with the Sagamité. I observed that all who entered the Cabin remained standing at the door, and advanced only when the Chief told them to do so and to sit down. There was a metchigamikoué woman who acted as my interpreter, and who confirmed the news of Father de Limogés's wreck with the loss of all that he had. She gave him her supply of corn and Squashes, to assist him on his journey to the Natchés; and the Chief gave him an earthen pot, after regaling him as well as he could. I asked him whether he remembered having formerly seen in their village a frenchman, clad in black, and dressed as I was. He replied that he remembered it very well, but that it was so long ago that he could not count the years. I told him that it was more than