

with some engagés, had come down from the Illinois country,—and had been waiting for us three or four months. Simon is a *donné* of the Illinois Mission; here they call “engagés” the men who are hired to paddle a pirogue or boat,—and, it might be added, to make those people whom they conduct furious.

We embarked then, May 25, 1727,—Fathers Souel, Dumas, and I under the guidance of the good-natured Simon. Fathers de Guienne and le Petit were in a few days to go in another direction—the former, as you know, to the *Alibamons*, and the latter to the *Chasses*.⁴⁴ Our baggage and that of our engagés made a mass which was more than a foot higher than the sides of our two pirogues; we were perched upon a pile of chests and packages, and were powerless to change our position. They prophesied that we would not go far with that equipment. In ascending the *Mississippi*, they go slowly because the current is very strong. Hardly had we lost sight of new Orleans when a projecting branch of a tree, that was not perceived by the man who was steering, caught a chest, turned it over and caused a young man who was near it to fall headlong, and then roughly struck Father Souel; happily the branch was broken in this first strain, otherwise both the chest and the young man would have been in the water. This accident made us resolve, when we should have reached the Chapitulas, three leagues from new Orleans, to send some one to Father de Beaubois to ask for a larger pirogue.

During that delay we were among people whom we knew. The barbarous name that the country bears shows that it was formerly inhabited by Savages; the five *concessions* which border the *Mississippi*