

the night at *Cannes brûlées*, the home of Monsieur de Benac, superintendent of the concession of Monsieur d'Artagnan; he received us with kindness and regaled us with a carp from the *Mississippi* which weighed thirty-five livres. The *Cannes brûlées* are two or three concessions bordering on the *Mississippi*; it is a place much like the *Chapitoulas*, and the situation appeared to me even more beautiful.

The next day we made six leagues,—it is seldom that more can be made in ascending this river; and we lodged, or rather we set up cabins, at *les Allemands*. This is a district that has been assigned to the feeble remnant of that German company which perished from destitution either at L'Orient, or on arriving in *Louisiana*. Their dwellings showed great poverty. It is here, properly speaking, that we learned what it is to travel on the *Mississippi*. I will give you a slight idea of it, that I may not be obliged to repeat continually the same thing.

We set out at the time of highest water; the river had risen more than forty feet higher than usual; nearly all the country is lowland, and consequently it was inundated. Thus we were exposed to the danger of finding no *cabanage*,—that is to say, no land where we could cook and sleep. When we do find it, this is the way we spend the night: If the ground be still muddy, which happens when the water begins to recede, we begin by making a bed of boughs so that the mattress may not sink into the mud; then we spread upon it a skin,—or a mattress and sheets, if we have them. We bend three or four canes in semicircles, the two ends of which we fix in the ground, and separate them from one another according to the length of the mattress; across these