

water, but the Frenchmen sometimes season it with oil; and this is *gru*. The Savages, pounding the corn very fine, sometimes cook it with tallow, and more often only with water; this is *sagamité*. However, the *gru* answers for bread; a spoonful of *gru* and a mouthful of meat go together.

But the greatest torture—without which everything else would have been only a recreation, but which passes all belief, and could never be imagined in France unless it had been experienced—is the mosquitoes, the cruel persecution of the mosquitoes. I believe the Egyptian plague was not more cruel: *dimittam in te et in servos tuos et in populum tuum et in domos tuas omne genus muscarum, et implebuntur domus Ægyptiorum diversi generis et universa terra in qua fuerint*. There are here the *frappe-d'abord*, and the *brûlots*; these are very small flies whose sting is so sharp—or, rather, so burning—that it seems as if a little spark had fallen on the part that they have stung. There are *gnats*, which are *brûlots*, except that they are still smaller; we hardly see them, and they especially attack the eyes. There are *wasps*, there are *gad-flies*,—in a word, there is *omne genus muscarum*; but we would not speak of the others, were it not for the mosquitoes. This little creature has caused more swearing since the French came to *Mississipi*, than had been done before that time in all the rest of the world. Be that as it may, a swarm of mosquitoes sets out with the traveler in the morning; when we go through the willows or near the cane-brakes, as almost always happens, another swarm flies furiously to the pirogue, and does not leave it. We are obliged to wave our handkerchiefs continually, which seldom frightens