

only one or two are needed to make us spend a wretched night.

Such are the inconveniences of a Mississippi voyage. How many travelers endure them for a gain that is oftentimes very small! In one of the pirogues that was ascending the river with us, there was one of those heroines of whom I told you, who was going to join her hero; she did nothing but chatter, laugh, and sing. If for a slight temporal good, if even for crime, such a voyage is made, should it be dreaded by men set apart to work for the salvation of souls?

I return to my journal. On the 31st, we made seven leagues; no camping-ground at night; a repast of water and biscuit; slept in the pirogue; eaten by mosquitoes during the night. *Nota.* It was the eve of Whit-Sunday, a fast-day.

June 1st, we arrived at Oumas, a French habitation, where we found for camping enough land that was not inundated. We remained there the next day, so that our crew might rest. In the evening, Father Dumas and I embarked in a pirogue, which was to make during the night the same distance that we were to make the next day; thereby we avoided the great heat.

On the 3rd, we really arrived very early at *Bayagoulas* (a ruined Tribe), the home of Monsieur du Buisson, Superintendent of the concession of the Paris Gentlemen. We found beds, to which we had already been long unaccustomed; during the morning, we took the rest that the mosquitoes had not permitted us to take during the night. Monsieur du Buisson neglected nothing for our comfort; he regaled us with wild turkey (these are very like domestic turkeys, but they have a better flavor). The concession