

Framboise encouraged them; but, at length, we found only overthrown trees, mud, and some low ground where the water was stagnant. The little Savage left us there, and disappeared in a moment. What were we to do in these woods without a guide? Father Souel jumped into the water, and we did the same; it was somewhat amusing to see us splashing among the thorns and briers knee-deep in water; our greatest trouble was to draw our shoes out of the mud. At last, very muddy and very weary, we arrived at the village which was more than half a league distant from the river. Framboise was surprised at our arrival, and coolly told us that he had nothing; by this speech we recognized the Savage. Our Interpreter had deceived us, for Framboise had not sent for us; he did not expect us, and had believed that he risked nothing in inviting us, being sure that the inundation would certainly prevent our coming to him. At all events, we went away very quickly, and without a guide; we strayed somewhat, but again found the savage pirogue, reëntered it, and regained our own as best we could. Those men who had remained behind were amused at our plight and at our adventure; we had never laughed so much,—or, rather, it was the only time when we had laughed. There was no ground so that we could prepare food, as I said before, and we were obliged to content ourselves with a morsel of biscuit. In the evening we stopped above the *Manchat*; this is a branch of the *Mississippi* which empties into lake *Maurepas*.<sup>46</sup> No land, no preparation of food, no camping-ground; millions of mosquitoes during the night; *nota iterum*: it was a fast-day. The waters were beginning to recede, which made