

I would never end, if I undertook to relate to you all the hardships of this journey. This passage is well named *the passage of the Cross*; a Traveler who knows what it is, and does not shun it, deserves the Insane Asylum should he escape from it. We shortened our journey only very little by this cross-cut. The Lord saved our lives, and we succeeded at last in escaping from those two fatal places.

At four or five o'clock in the evening, we reached the *great Tonicas*. The Chief of this Tribe came to the edge of the water to receive us; he shook hands with us, embraced us, had a mat and skins spread down in front of his cabin, and invited us to sleep there. Afterward he ordered a large dish of blackberries to be given to us, and a *manne* (that is to say, a basket) of fresh beans; this was truly a feast for us. The *passage of the Cross* had not allowed us to halt for dinner.

This Chief, as well as several of his Tribe, had been baptized by Monsieur Davion; but since the return of that Missionary to France—whither he went shortly after the arrival of the Capuchin Fathers in this Country⁴⁹—he bears no mark of being a Christian but the name, a medal, and a rosary. He speaks a little French; he made inquiries for Monsieur Davion, and we told him of his death; he expressed regret at this, and seemed to wish for a Missionary. He also showed us a Royal medal that Monsieur the Commandant-general had sent him in the name of His Majesty, with a writing which announced that this present had been made to him in consideration of the attachment which he had always manifested for the French. There are a few Frenchmen *at the Tonicas*; they made great