

and, notwithstanding, no seditions are ever found among them. When the Chief of the *Natchez* dies, a certain number of men and women must be put to death, that they may wait upon him in the other world: many have already offered themselves for the time when this chief shall die: on these occasions, they are strangled. The Frenchmen do everything in their power to prevent this barbarity, but they have much trouble in saving any one. The Savages say that their ancestors crossed the seas to come into this Country; some persons who know their manners and customs better than I, assert that they came from China.

However that may be, the *Tonicas* and the *Natchez* are two important Tribes, each of whom ought to have a Missionary. The Chief of the *Tonicas* is already a Christian, as I have told you; he has great authority over his people, and, moreover, every one acknowledges that his Tribe is well disposed to Christianity. A Missionary would find the same advantage among the *Natchez*, if he had the good fortune to convert the Chief; but these two Tribes are in the district of the Reverend Capuchin Fathers—who, hitherto, have not learned any savage tongue.

We left the *Natchez* on the 17th, and we embarked, Father Dumas and I, in a pirogue which was starting for the hunt. Our own people had not yet made ready their provisions,—that is, they had not bought the corn and had it pounded.

We began to perceive the sand-banks; we found on them turtles' eggs, a new luxury for us; these eggs are a little larger than those of pigeons and are found in the sand of the shallows, where the sun hatches