

them. The tracks that the turtles leave reveal the places where they have concealed their eggs; we found quantities of them, and made of them omelets which were relished by people who were living only on *gru*.

From New Orleans to the *Natchez* is reckoned nearly a hundred leagues, and from the *Natchez* to the *Yatous* forty; we made this second voyage without any adventure—except that we were surprised during one night by a violent storm of thunder and lightning; imagine if we were well protected from the rain under a canvass. The next day, a Savage who was going up the river with us landed for the purpose of hunting; we continued our way, but we had not gone more than half a league before he appeared on the bank with a deer on his shoulders. We then encamped on the first sand-bank in order to dry our clothing and to prepare a *great kettle*. These repasts after a good hunt are made wholly in the savage fashion, but nothing is more agreeable. The animal is cut to pieces in a moment, and nothing is wasted; our travelers take their portions from the fire or from the pot, each one according to inclination; their fingers and some small sticks serve for every sort of kitchen and table implement. To see these men, clad with but one garment, more sun-burnt and more swarthy than the Savages,—stretched upon the sand or squatting like monkeys, devouring what they hold in their hand,—one does not know whether they are a company of Gypsies, or of people holding a witches' revel.

On the 23rd, we arrived at the *Yatous* [Yazoo]; this is a French post two leagues from the mouth of the river bearing this name, which flows into the