

the particular orders our author has not noted. The master, in compliance with the governor's orders, sent an officer, named *Belle-Isle*, a serjeant called *Silvester*, and some men on board the brigantine, with whom he proceeded to *St. Bernard's Bay*. Here the crew went ashore, pleased with the beauty of the country, which abounded with game, whereby they were tempted to walk in the woods, farther than prudence should have suggested; nor were all the remonstrances of *M. Charleville*, whose experience had taught him that the consequences might be fatal, of force to dissuade them from a proceeding of which in the end they had reason heartily to repent: when they left the ship, the master warned them not to wander too far, and desired they would return early in the evening. He also told them that if they did not return back that night, he would fire too warning guns in the morning, and set sail in two hours after, if the wind continued fair; promising moreover, that, if they should not appear betimes in the event, he would fire a gun for directing them to the sea side. He kept his word. And they heard the discharge at the time appointed, but imagined from the reverberation, that it came from a contrary quarter; so that what was intended for their perversion, led them farther astray. In the morning, the signal guns of departure were fired from the brigantine, and the Captain waited for them, till he almost lost his tide, to no purpose; the next day, ammunition beginning to run short, *Charleville* struck off to the *Eagle*, supposing it the way to the river, but could not prevail on his company to follow. The serjeant quite spent with fatigue and hunger, dropped down under a tree, where probably he ended his days. *Belle-Isle* being young and vigorous kept up his spirits, and proceeded, till in a little time, he lighted on a wood-rat, an animal extremely sluggish, which he knocked down, flayed and devoured with high relish. Sometime after, he fired upon a roe-buck, which he killed, and having husbanded his ammunition, had a little left, but the noise of his piece brought down upon him some of the natives of *Atacassitas*, in whose country he was, and he found himself surrounded, and a prisoner, before he had the smallest apprehension of danger; resistance was in vain, and it was to as little purpose to endeavour informing them by signs of his being a traveller, who had mislaid his way. Had he known the customs of this part of the world, where the people lie in ambushes, and steal upon their enemy like a wolf on its prey, he would not have gone a step without looking cautiously about him to prevent a surprise; and in that case he would have gone up directly to the first man that approached him, with a pleasant yet resolute countenance, laid down his arms, and held out his hand in token of amity. A traveller in such circumstances, who observes these directions, has nothing to fear; but may promise himself every possible assistance. He remained several months in slavery among these people, but the nature of his employment, or the hardships he underwent, were not told: it does not appear, however, notwithstanding their anthropophagous characters, that they had any intention of fattening him for the spit or the pot. At length he was discovered by his men to be a *Frenchman* by certain *Indians* of *New Spain* who had brought hither the *Calumet*. They named to him *M. St. Denis* who commanded among the *Nachteloukas*. It was all he understood of their language; but he knew the name to be *French*, and expressed his satisfaction by signs at hearing it. He then made a shift to scrawl upon a bit of paper, which he luckily had about him, that he was a *French* officer of *Louisiana*, who had been lost with *Charleville*. This he directed to *St. Denis*, and dispatched it so privately by two *Indians*, whom these countrymen gave out to be lost, and delayed their departure, under pretence of waiting their return. The two *Indians* did not stay long, but when they came back, kept themselves very private in the woods, contriving however to give notice of their proximity to their comrades, and conveying by the same channel to *St. Denis's* answer, the sum of which was a direction to take these two men for two guides; and depend upon this conduct, for his late deliverance from the present calamity; which was accordingly effected. We should have remarked, that his ink, when he wrote to *St. Denis*, was charcoal, pounded and mixed with water, and a sort of pen made of a turkey quill; and also that the correspondence between him and his unexpected friends for his release, was carried on so privately, that his task-masters had not the least suspicion of it; so that he found it easy to secret himself in the woods, according to his instructions.

The people who once inhabited the territory called *Bayonne Ogoulas*, are now dispersed elsewhere. On the border of two small lakes to the westward, covered by a craggy point of land, is a nation known only by name to the *French* called *Ogoulas*.

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