

*Mississippi*; there is an Officer with the title of Commandant, a dozen soldiers, and three or four planters. Here was Monsieur le Blanc's concession, which has come to ruin like many others. The ground is rolling; it has been slightly explored, and the air is said to be unhealthy. The Commandant ordered all the artillery of the fort to be fired; this consisted of two very small guns. This fort in which the Commandant lives, is a shed surrounded by a palisade, but well defended by the situation of the place. The Commandant received us in a most friendly manner, and we encamped in his courtyard; our two pirogues—one of which brought Father Souel, the Missionary of the Yatous—arrived two days after us, and the fort paid him the same honor that it had paid us. This dear Father had been dangerously sick during the passage from *Natchez* to Yatous, but was beginning to recover. Since my arrival here, he has written to me that he again fell sick, but that he was convalescing when he wrote. During our stay at Yatous, he bought a house—or, rather, a cabin built in the French fashion—while waiting until he could make his arrangements to settle among the Savages, who are a league from the French post. There are three Villages, in which three different languages are spoken; their inhabitants compose a small Tribe; I know nothing more of them.

On the 26th, we reëmbarked, Father Dumas and I. It is reckoned sixty leagues from the Yatous to the Akensas; we arrived there the 7th of July, without other adventure than having once made a *great kettle* of a bear, which one of our men had killed in hunting.