

Commandant among the *Yazous*, Monsieur des Ursins, Messieurs de Kolly, father and son, Messieurs de Longrays, des Noyers, Bailly, etc.<sup>18</sup>

Father du Poisson had just performed the funeral rites of his associate, Brother Crucy, who had died very suddenly of a Sunstroke; he was on his way to consult Monsieur Perrier, and to adopt with him proper measures to enable the *Akensas* to descend to the banks of the Mississippi, for the accommodation of the voyageurs. He arrived among the *Natches* on the 26th of November, that is, two days before the massacre. The next day, which was the first Sunday of Advent, he said Mass in the parish and preached in the absence of the Curé. He was to have returned in the afternoon to his Mission among the *Akensas*, but he was detained by some sick persons, to whom it was necessary to administer the Sacraments. On Monday, he was about to say Mass, and to carry the holy Viaticum to one of those sick persons whom he had confessed the evening before, when the massacre began; a gigantic Chief six feet in height, seized him, and having thrown him to the ground, cut off his head with blows of a hatchet. The Father in falling only uttered these words, "Ah, my God! ah, my God!" Monsieur du Codère drew his sword to defend him, when he was himself killed by a musket-ball from another Savage, whom he did not perceive.

These barbarians spared but two of the French, a Tailor and a Carpenter, who were able to serve their wants. They did not treat badly either the Negro Slaves, or the Savages who were willing to give themselves up; but they ripped up the belly of every pregnant woman, and killed almost all those who