

visits and have often repeated to me very nearly the same compliment which they paid me more than a year ago when I left them. "Our hearts and those of our children weep," they said to me, "since we shall not see you more; you were beginning to have the same spirit with us, you listened to us, and we listened to you, you loved us and we loved you: why have you left us? will you not return? come, go with us!" You know, my Reverend Father, that I was not able to yield to their wishes. I therefore merely said that I would come to rejoin them as soon as it was in my power, but that after all, I should be here only in the body, while my heart was with them. "That is good," replied one of these Savages, "but, nevertheless, your heart will say nothing to us, it will give us nothing." Thus it is that everything comes to that point; they do not love us, and do not find us of the same spirit as themselves, except when we are giving them something.

It is true that *Paatlako* has fought with much courage against the *Natches*, and has even received a musket-ball in the loins, while to console him for this wound he has had more esteem and friendship shown him than the rest. Scarcely was he seen in his Village, when, inflated with these trifling marks of distinction, he said to Father Baudouin,²² that all *New Orleans* has been in a wonderful state of alarm on account of his illness, and that Monsieur Perrier had informed the King of his bravery and the great services he had rendered in the last expedition. In these traits I recognize the genius of this Nation: it is presumption and vanity itself.

They had abandoned to the *Tchactas* three Negroes who had been most unruly, and who had taken the