

still as white, and his cheeks as red as if he were merely sleeping. I was tempted to examine where he had received the fatal blow, but respect stopped my curiosity; I placed myself a moment at his knees, and have brought away his handkerchief which was near him."

The faithful *Akensas* mourned every day in their Village the death of Father du Poisson, and with the most earnest entreaties, demanded another Missionary. We could not excuse ourselves from granting this request to a Nation so amicable, and at all times so attached to the French, possessing, too, a degree of modesty of which the other Nations were ignorant, and among whom there exists no peculiar obstacle to Christianity, except their extreme attachment to jugglery.

But we have endeavored, my Reverend Father, to console ourselves in our grief with an argument of which you would never think. It is, that we may congratulate ourselves that our loss has not been more general. In fact, the two dear Missionaries for whom we mourn, did not appear to be by any means as much exposed to the cruelty of the Savages as are many others, particularly Father de Guyenne, and still more Father Baudouin.

The latter is without any defense in the midst of the great Nation of the *Tchactas*. We have always had a great distrust of these Savages, even at the time when they were making war for us upon the *Natchez*. Now they have become so inflated with their pretended victory, that we have much more need of troops to repress their insolence, and to keep them in their duty, than to finish the destruction of our open enemies.