

The *Natchez* seeing themselves attacked by the formidable *Tchactas*, regarded their defeat as certain, and shutting themselves up in two forts, passed the following nights in dancing their death-dance. In their speeches we heard them reproaching the *Tchactas* for their perfidy, in declaring in favor of the French, contrary to the pledge they had given, to unite with them for our destruction.

Three days before this action, the sieur Mesplex landed among the *Natchez* with five other Frenchmen. They had volunteered to Monsieur de Loubois to carry to the Savages negotiations for peace, that they might be able under this pretext to gain information with regard to their force, and their present situation. But in descending from their boat, they encountered a party, who without giving them time to speak, killed three of their men, and made the other three prisoners. The next day they sent one of these prisoners with a letter, in which they demanded as hostages the sieur Broutin, who had formerly been commandant among them, and the chief of the *Tonikas*. Besides, they demanded as the ransom for the women, children, and slaves, two hundred guns, two hundred barrels of powder, two hundred barrels of balls, two thousand gun-flints, two hundred knives, two hundred hatchets, two hundred pickaxes, twenty quarts of brandy, twenty casks of wine, twenty barrels of vermilion, two hundred shirts, twenty pieces of limbourg, twenty pieces of cloth, twenty coats with lace on the seams, twenty hats bordered with plumes, and a hundred coats of a plainer kind. Their design was to massacre the French who should bring these goods. On the very same day, with every refinement in cruelty they burned sieur Mesplex and his companion.