

The Renards held out for twenty-three days. On the 8th of September, we had the finest weather in the world until an hour from sunset, when a Terrible storm of wind and rain arose which lasted until the night, which was very dark and Foggy, so that, in spite of all I could say to our Savages, I was unable to make them guard all The outlets. The Renards took advantage of this to come out of their fort and flee. We perceived this at first from the crying of the children which we heard, and we learned it from a Sauteux woman who came into the trench to surrender. I at once prepared to pursue them at day-break. We followed them with Our Savages and routed them, and more than 200 warriors were killed. No other chief Escaped except Licaouais, of whom, however, we have no information. The others were made prisoners and placed in The hands of the Kaôquias, who will assuredly not spare their lives. Those who escaped from us threw away all they had, even to their powder-horns in order that they might escape; but few remain. The prisoners told us that they had fought against The Scioux in the spring and very likely this is true. I Found their village very small, although I do not refer to that in which they were shut up, But to two Of their Camps which I saw in the prairies where they had lived during The summer. Our Quicapoux and mascoutins did wonders on this expedition, and all did equally well, vying with one another. Had it not been for The desertion of 300 Kaôkias who had only just abandoned Monsieur de St. Ange, and for the absence of 100 men from my camp who had gone Hunting to supply us with food, not a single Renard would have escaped. I can assure you, Monsieur, that we made The renards fast, but that we fasted almost as much as They. My son, who has just come out of The action, will give you whatever details I may have omitted. I take the liberty, Monsieur, of begging your protection for Him. I have had no more urgent desire, than to Send Him to you that he may have The honor of bringing you this News.

All our nations are preparing to go in the spring to pay you their homage, and, at the same time, to tell you of their dead, Especially Louis Lamech; they are Oüyénamégousy, Pindi-