

We set out therefore, on the following day, to the number of forty persons in all, taking all the precautions I considered necessary to prevent our approach from being discovered. On the sixth day of our journey, the 19th of March, we reached Coulimy,¹ where we had to make a portage, a league and a half from the fort of the Puants, whither we proceeded somewhat slowly to avoid being discovered by anyone as I feared that, If the Puants were the first to perceive us, they might make some demonstration that would bring on an attack by the Renards before we Had time to place ourselves in slight entrenchments; neither did I wish to throw myself rashly into their fort, without informing them of the reason that had Induced me to come to them, because they would be sure to distrust us owing to their having delivered to the Renards the brothers of those for whom I Was prepared to fight—although they were not aware of this nor was I myself aware of the other fact. Moreover, I was unable to reach them without running a risk, because I could not do otherwise than land at one of the Places on the island where the Water was deepest, The Renards Being camped where it was shallowest, and (as I have already had the honor of informing you, Monsieur) watching The fort of the Puants in such a manner as to allow nobody to approach it without opposition. I therefore decided to have a slight entrenchment thrown up at once, forbidding our people to use their axes to cut wood lest they should Be Heard by the Renards, who Were not very Far from us, while I Went a little to one side to observe their movements. As we Had arrived About ten o'clock in the morning, I resolved to wait until night to inform the Puants that we Had come to their assistance and to ask them to Send some Canoes in case we should need them. But our people, not heeding my orders, struck some blows with their axes which were Heard by the Renards, who issued from the two forts in which they Were posted, and attacked us with some violence before we had time to finish our small redoubt. When I saw

¹This is probably a corruption of the text for Cacalin (Kakalin), the rapids of the Fox River, where Kaukauna now stands.—Ed.