

ans, and though I have heard my grandfather repeatedly speak of this expedition both with others in whose day it had occurred, and to his family, yet I cannot positively say that he accompanied Morand—but judging from his military character, the numerous services of the kind in which he participated, and his familiarity with the details of this war, I doubt not he was of the party, and served in all of Morand's expeditions.

Morand's force was deemed sufficient, and his fleet of canoes started from Green Bay up the river—each canoe having a full complement of men, well armed, and an oil-cloth covering large enough to envelop the whole canoe, as was used by the traders to shield their goods from the effects of the weather. Near the Grand Chute, some three miles below the Little Butte de Morts, and not yet within view of the latter, Morand divided his party, one part dis-embarking, and going by land to surround the village, and attack the place when Morand and his water division should open their fire in front. The soldiers in the canoes, with their guns all ready for use, were concealed by the oil-cloth coverings, and only two men were in view to row each canoe, thus presenting the appearance of a trader's fleet.

In due time the Foxes discovered their approach, and placed out their torch, and squatted themselves thickly along the bank as usual, and patiently awaited the landing of the canoes, and the customary tribute offering. When sufficiently near to be effective, the oil-cloth coverings, were suddenly thrown off, and a deadly volley from a swivel-gun, loaded with grape and canister shot, and the musketry of the soldiers, scattered death and dismay among the unsuspecting Foxes; and this severe fire was almost instantly seconded by the land party in the rear, and quickly repeated by both divisions, so that a large number of the devoted Foxes were slain, and the survivors escaped by rapid flight up the river. As there is a mound here, some six or eight rods in diameter,