

places, Marin found it necessary to conduct an extensive traffic on the highways of the Fox and Wisconsin rivers; and his boats heavily laden with valuable cargoes were obliged often times to pass the village and fort of the Foxes on the bank of the Fox River at the Little Butte des Morts, and as often to submit to the forced exactions of the Foxes, in the form of tribute.

These repeated piratical levies determined Marin to drive the marauding savages from their position. The traditional and other accounts of his valiant exploits leave some doubt about the exact date of his first attack, but it was probably as early in the year 1730 as the breaking up of the ice would admit of the passage of boats up the river.

Marin raised a volunteer force at Mackinaw, which was increased at Green Bay by the friendly Indians. All were embarked in boats, each having a full complement of men well armed, and an oil-cloth or tarpaulin large enough to cover the whole boat and conceal the men, such as was generally used to protect traders' goods from the effects of the weather. Near the Grand Chute, some three miles below, but not within view of the Little Butte des Morts, the party was divided, one portion going by land to the rear of the village to aid and support the attack, which was to be made in front by the others from the boats. The men in the boats, with their guns ready for use, were concealed by the coverings, and only two men to row each boat were in view, thus presenting the appearance of a trader's fleet.

When the Foxes discovered the approach of the boats, they placed out their torch, and posted themselves thickly along the bank, and awaited the landing of the boats and the payment of the customary exactions.

The boats having approached near enough for an effective attack, the tarpaulins were suddenly thrown off, and a deadly volley from the musketry of the soldiers, and the discharge from a swivel gun loaded with grape and canister shot, scattered death and dismay among the unsuspecting savages, to whom the number of their enemies seemed treble the reality. They fled precipitately to their village to prepare for defense, pursued by the troops. Here another horror confronted them. A Menomonee