they made a soup. These roots, or *Indian potatoes,* as they might be called, they dug at the edge of a ravine, in the second ward, near the old tavern, called the *"Adam Schend place,"* which is a little west and north of the present free school house.

It required no small amount of food to supply such a body of Indians, and the hunters soon thinned out the game to such an extent, that sufficient could not be obtained to supply the tribes, and the Indians began to suffer from want. While game was plenty, the Indians had shown no disposition to interfere with the property of the settlers; but it is said that "hunger knows no law," and the Indians at last appear to have been driven by necessity to the same general conclusion.

Mr. Bacon, previous to this time, had built a log house, about ten rods south-east from the first building put up at Kenosha, and had received his family and got into it, but had left in the original building, one full barrel of flour, and another barrel about half filled with the same material. The Indians, now suffering the extremes of hunger, detailed a detachment of their warriors, and sent them across to the last named building to obtain food, by stealth or violence. The detachment, of eight or ten, formed in front of the door of the building, and stood erect, with their arms folded across their breasts, with their guns in their hands, while one of their number went into the building, and took the partly filled barrel of flour on his back, and walked off. Mr. Bacon observing all these movements, pursued the Indians, and recovered his flour; not, however, without overcoming a dogged and almost determined resolution on the part of the Indian not to give it up. During all this time, the armed Indians in front of the door of the building, stood like lifeless, motionless statues.

The settlers, moved by sympathy for the straitened circumstances of the Indians, drove an ox, on the following day, over to the Island, which they slaughtered and divided in