middle of the room was a large stove, which when in full force changed the interior into a veritable turkish bathhouse. Fortunately, there were plenty of cracks in the roof, walls, and floor to permit the air to circulate. Two large homemade tables and several benches constituted the furnishings. A small table at the end of the room served as a pulpit, and a bucket of water with a tin cup was at the door. Anything less inspiring for a religious service can hardly be imagined. Many settlers came with their families, some walking, some on oxcarts, and others driving horses, and soon not only the benches but the tables were full of people. Before the service began, there was no evidence of solemnity. The absence of church surroundings and appointments may serve as an excuse, and the people seemed to have come together more for amusement or worldly entertainment than to hear the word of God. Some chattered and laughed with unbound hilarity, and some of the men amused themselves by using their jackknives to carve their names in the benches, or with blades half closed twisting the knives in the air and letting them drop with the points sticking in the floor. Personally, it distracted my attention from the solemnity due the occasion. Some men and women, however, observed proper manners and demeanor, and still others in genuflection were perusing their prayerbooks. Finally, Mr. Breck arrived, the conversation ceased, and the jackknives were put away. The service began, and the congregation listened to the sermon in silent reverence.

After the service I had the opportunity for a few moments of conversation with Mr. Breck, who gave me the joyful news that he and the other missionaries planned to build a home in our vicinity to serve as a center for their religious activities. They had already purchased a quarter section of land for this purpose only three miles distant from us, unsurpassed in natural beauty, and intended to erect a chapel there and later a school for religious instruction, for which a substantial subscription had already been collected in the eastern states. This was the beginning of the Nashotah Episcopal seminary.

LABOR AND ITS REWARD

Although the spring is not considered the proper time for plowing, they had no other choice and, consequently, set out to plow, till, and cultivate several acres for the seeding of corn, potatoes, and other vegetables for winter food. No other grain would have been worth while on soil plowed for the first time in the spring. Their resources were not sufficient to purchase a large plow such as is used in breaking virgin soil, and even if they could they would not have had

66
'horse power' to work it, as it requires four or five pairs of oxen. They were, therefore, obliged to secure the help of some one who was properly equipped and would do this work for cash, and there were some in the vicinity who followed this vocation as a business. The price paid was generally $3.00 or $4.00 per acre, depending upon the condition of the land. The expense was reduced, however, by the assistance of themselves and their oxen and with the promise of exchanging the favor with others in the future.

Early in May they planted about half the field with corn, and the abundant return on their efforts gave them great satisfaction. The rest of the field was planted with potatoes, beans, tomatoes, and various other vegetables including melons, and the harvest was many times greater than they had expected.

Early in the spring a great number of wild pigeons made their appearance. This, the so-called 'passenger pigeon,' is a beautiful bird of bluish gray color with the shades of golden yellow, green and purple in the feathers of the breast, body, and wings. The tail feathers are cloven, and are black like the beak. They are seldom seen singly, or in pairs, but appear in immense flocks in the spring and fall of the year over almost the entire American continent. The size of these flocks is almost fabulous. Persons who have not seen them cannot believe what they hear or read about them. They have no regard for the climate but migrate to any district where food is abundant. Unonius relates further:

The supply seemed inexhaustible although they were caught and killed, one may say, wantonly murdered with guns, nets, traps, and burning of sulphur under the trees at night. When they light in one, to them an attractive place, wagon loads of them have been carried away, and there has been, for example, a herd of swine driven 100 miles to feed on thousands of these birds, killed during the night. Other flocks after searching for food during the day will return to the same trees to roost in the evening and meet the same fate.
Equally abundant was the supply of fish in the lake, and numerous flocks of ducks landed here on their migration from the South. Only a few, however, nested here.

From a farmer some miles away we bought a boat, a happy mixture of scow, canoe, or common wooden trough and although very heavy and clumsy was serviceable for our purpose. At the same time I bought several hens. Part way I paddled the boat over small lakes and part way I had to portage, carrying the boat and the basket of hens. It was a heavy load, and with the constant cackling of the hens, I was exhausted and dizzy on my return home. I was rewarded, however, in a measure, in finding almost as many eggs as hens in the basket.

Ellida was the first boat to skim Chenequa’s blue water. No man had ever fished there before, and fishermen’s luck was great. They caught plenty of fish of many kinds, and what was not consumed fresh was salted for future use, or given to the pigs. Torch fishing at night was particularly delightful, and the reflections of the cedar torch in among the old oaks and pines on shore was fantastic and beautiful.

Deer hunting was less satisfactory, as the animals at this season were thin and emaciated from lack of food. Besides, the spirit of sportsmanship precluded their being molested in the mating season. Another sport, however, in which they entered with enthusiasm, was bee hunting. The forests of the western states were rich in bee swarms, and although they retire before the settler’s plow and his axe, they were as yet plentiful in the old, hollow oak stumps where they had had their habitat for years past and lived in luxury in the surrounding flora’s kingdom.

NEW ARRIVALS

Unonius continues his narrative:

One day when Carl and I were out in the woods to corral the cattle, I accidentally met a party of four unknown wanderers. One held a map in his hand and another a cane, which had a miniature spade for a lower end, evidently for conveniently digging and examining the nature of the soil. With the others they apparently belonged to the new sets of im-