Copenhagen, with witty speeches and flowing bowls, nevertheless, a convivial spirit invariably reigned.

A Lieutenant B., whose family was well known in Sweden, came over to try his luck as a colonist. He was forced to exchange his magnificent chevron-trimmed uniform for a working man’s blouse, and his gilded saber for the rake and the spade. With his happy disposition he was a well-liked addition to our settlement. He possessed a pleasing voice and many a night did he entertain the gathering with some of the old beloved Swedish songs by Geijer, Lindblad, Nordblom, and others. We soon taught him to drive our oxen; to these at times he would give his military commands in a most comical fashion, as if he had been drilling a squad of recruits in a training camp, and to these distinct yet monotonous commands he would give a poctical and musical intonation and effect, to which the four-footed battalion in the potato patch was not entirely insensible.

Other countrymen came, some of whom located here about, while others drifted to different parts of the country to find their fortune.

FARMING AND OTHER EXPERIENCES

On the twenty-seventh of July they began to mow the hay, and this seemed to them the most exhaustive of their farm duties. As it generally takes several years before a new settler can harvest cultivated clover, timothy, or other material for fodder, he is forced to mow wild grass in the marshes or on the lowland. It was fortunate for them that not far distant from the cabin there was situated such a marsh which had not been claimed, it seems, by any one else. However, not only the mowing of this hay but its transportation home was one of their most difficult undertakings; as there were practically no roads at all, the hay had to be stacked on the marsh and moved in the wintertime when the ground was frozen hard enough to carry a wagon. However, the work was finished as soon as it was possible, considering their inexperience. Christine was a good helper and frequently even exchanged the rake for the scythe, handling either with equal agility. Mrs. Unonius assisted in the raking and stacking, and through their combined efforts they ob-
tained from the several marshes almost sufficient hay for the winter's demand. What was particularly disagreeable in this work was the presence of a great number of snakes in these lowlands and morasses, and although the majority were considered harmless, they had several narrow escapes from the attacks of rattlesnakes. Unonius writes:

I cannot deny that while we worked in the low wet marsh where the high thick grass prevented us from seeing a few inches ahead of the scythe, the thought of the possible presence of a rattlesnake made me hesitate many times to advance. Upon one occasion, when we had raked and stacked the hay, we found on our return that something was lying on the top of the stack which we thought to be a dead branch of a tree. We discovered very soon, however, that it was a large rattler, resting apparently oblivious to its surroundings in the sunshine. With the handle of the rake it was easily dispatched, and the six rattling segments of the tail were kept as a souvenir.

A short time thereafter when Carl and I, after having finished the labor of the day, were fishing from our Ellida in the bay, we saw a gentleman on horseback riding up to the cabin and later heard him entering into conversation in Swedish with Lotten. Hailed to come home, we were met on shore by a young man, whose entire demeanor suggested to us that he was an officer of militia. It was P. von Schneidau, formerly lieutenant in the Swedish artillery, whose acquaintance I had made many years before. He was one of the last men I had expected to see as an emigrant and also a man least suitable for such a move. Influenced by my newspaper articles, he had determined to emigrate with his young wife and find a home in the West. I felt remorseful that I should have been partly a cause for this step and was quite sure that it would lead to his own regrets sooner or later. My own experience had already taught me that the settler's life may be very well adapted for the born laborer or artisan, but not for the bookkeeper, officer, or the impertinent university student. As far as we ourselves were concerned, we thanked God for the continuous gifts of health, strength, and courage to meet the trials which we had so far endured but which we felt had only been the beginning. But Schneidau, the former ordnance officer to His Majesty, the king, the noted Don Juan at the select balls and banquets at the Swedish capital, entirely free from any worry, except such as might come in the inability to satisfy a selfish whim, a man, not yet recovered from exposure during a severe voyage over the Atlantic, such a man I hesitated to bid into our lonely home, a possible counterpart to his own in the future. Shortly his wife and brother-in-law arrived, both typical personifications of disappointment and shattered hopes of success in America. There was something both comical and tragic in the manner in which
they expressed their irritation and disapproval. The wife vehemently declared that she would return to Sweden immediately. She scolded us for not having provided a better road from Milwaukee, and her abhorrence was supreme when she realized that she must spend the night in our cabin. She viewed the rough logs and the primitive equipment and looked with disgust at our old clothes and untrimmed whiskers. Finally she broke out into a flood of tears, and taking my wife by the arm, she almost shrieked: 'Mrs. Unonius, you must be terribly unhappy here, and if my wish be yours, we will immediately enter yonder wagon and depart for home, leaving these brutal men, who have placed us in this horrible situation, to take care of themselves.'

It was with difficulty that we finally succeeded in calming her and in persuading her to enter our home. As fate would have it, our friend Petterson with his large, robust stature, his long, unkept, black beard, his swarthy complexion, and his shoemaker's apron around his portly body met her on the threshold, and with a half-suppressed outcry of 'Bandits!' she rushed out of the door.

Schneidau took it more calmly and was determined to meet his fate as a man and assured us that his wife would soon be convinced of the wisdom in his philosophy. We now tried our best to make our guests comfortable in our little cabin for the night. The lower and the only chamber on the first floor was designated for the ladies, and the six men were to occupy the attic where overcoats, sacks of hay, old carpets, and anything soft which might serve as bedding, were gathered for our comfort by Christine. Schneidau declared that he would sleep here just as well as he often did on the couch in the king's ante-chamber. His wife, however, refused to go to bed. She declared that we from the floor above could view unmolested the doings in the lower chamber through the cracks, and in this she was not entirely mistaken. The candle light, which she had insisted on burning the whole night, was on account of the above possibility blown out by herself, although we assured her most solemnly that we would take no advantage of the situation. Christine was admonished to securely close and lock the door, but when Mrs. Schneidau was informed that a latch was the only lock, a new commotion began in the camp below. As a climax a cat was found in the room and was ordered to be immediately ejected, and as an overflow to the misery of the day a severe rainstorm broke out in the night. With a leaking roof and attic floor, it was necessary to move all so-called 'beds' both in the upper and the lower story to leeward, in order to escape a thorough drenching, an arrangement which we were accustomed to, but the possible necessity of which could hardly be conceived of by our guests, yet to which they by force of circumstances most readily complied.