Carl and I had agreed before his departure for New Orleans that we would continue in the mutual possession of the farm, although we both would be away, and no further improvement or cultivation could be expected. After harvesting and storing the grain and hay, he left for the South, and I became a student at the seminary two miles away, for the semester beginning in January, 1844, leaving my wife and child alone in our home.

CHANGES AT PINE LAKE

Many changes had occurred at Pine lake during the years 1844 and 1845. The first-born of the Unonius family did not survive the ailments of infancy, but was buried in the new cemetery on the other side of the lake, recently sanctified by the bishop. In the cradle another child was cooing, consoling the lonely mother, who had learned to grieve in fortitude and who in the sanctuary of her home was doomed to alone shed her tears of joy as well as of sorrow.

Carl was still at New Orleans, and Christine had a home of her own. Mrs. Unonius was left alone to manage the household. The Memoirs continue:

Occupied as I was with my studies, and with my entire energy directed towards my goal, I did not fully realize the precarious situation at my home. Lotten evidently tried to hide the actual condition, so as not to delay my studies and my ultimate ordination. And while she considered herself thus contributing to this end, I confess that no one in like circumstances could have better understood how to submit to such a burden and such sacrifice as she now endured. It was not enough that bread was wanting, but there was at times nothing else on the table.

1 The capitular arrangement of the text in the second volume of the Memoirs of Unonius has of necessity been modified. He enters here largely into a lengthy dissertation on church history and dogma, which together with his narrative of his student years at Nashotah, are not relevant to the historical review of the Pine lake settlement. This and the following chapter consist, consequently, of material assembled from scattered recitals in the work, and only such has been used as would elucidate later events at Chenequa. His observations and analytical deductions and conclusions on church matters during that time deserve a wider publication than they have hitherto enjoyed, and undoubtedly some day an alumnus of his Alma Mater will enrich the church history of America by rendering a translation thereof into the English language.

85
However, when I returned on Saturdays, I was greeted by the same old cheerful look, and no complaint passed her lips. It was a long time afterwards that I got full knowledge of her absolute want, and that she suffered from hunger, in silent misery, rather than ask for help from others. Imagine, among other things, how she was forced to do the stable chores with her baby in her arms and later to drive the cattle to the lake for water, or again to be confronted by several threatening Indian women, who entered her home and forcibly robbed her of the small supply of food, which they found after searching the shelves and boxes wherein it was stored. There was nothing else to do but to consent and submit in their defiance of the ‘palefaced’ woman; the Indian camp, just a short distance away, was an additional source of fear that such banditry might be repeated. To her great joy our old friend, Chief Ke-Wah-Goosh-Kum, put in an appearance, who assured her of no further depredation. Occasionally, however, one or two would come to the gate and bring fresh fish and maple sugar to indicate their regrets. Finally, one day, in further evidence of their friendly feeling the woman who stole the bread presented my wife with a raccoon, which, however well meant, became a nuisance to the household.

ORDINATION AT NASHOTAH

Unonius relates:

And finally the last semester was over, the examinations successfully passed, and the all-important ceremony of my ordination as a minister in the Episcopal church was set for a certain Sunday morning in the autumn of 1845, almost two years after entering the seminary. Because of previous studies at Old Upsala, my course was considerably shortened. A more minute description of this, the most important event in my life, would perhaps cause me nolens volens, to extol or enlarge upon incidents which were entirely subjective and personal, and which would lose in significance when exposed to the public gaze. However, what gave the ceremony of the day extraordinary meaning was that it was the first of its kind in Wisconsin, that it was the first time a deacon was ordained a minister at the Nashotah Episcopal seminary, and that the man so honored was a stranger in the land, a Swede, probably the first on American soil to be elevated to the ministry by the Episcopal church.

With many sacred duties, but also with misgivings, did I return to my wife, my child, my home, and my parishes, uncertain of what the future had in store. It did not take long, however, before my ministerial duties occupied all my time with the Scandinavian settlers. Besides the two congregations, St. John’s and St. Olaf’s, whose pastor I was, a number of new settlers had come in and some of them at great distances from