quently sold the claim-right on the land with all improvement made thereon for the sum of $300. Sometime previously Schneidau had sold his property, when we returned to our cabin; we now parted from it with regrets and many times later wished ourselves back. We were then received as boarders in a Norwegian family on the west shore, and what comfort we lacked was evened up by kindness and good will. At last we arranged for a home of our own, in a cabin farther away, where the Norwegian and Swedish settlements joined. After a prolonged attack of malaria fever, of which almost every one seemed to become a victim, I again assumed my duties as minister of the gospel, for which I received a stipend of $200 per annum, which was in a measure augmented by voluntary contributions.

A number of changes took place in the administration of the affairs of the churches at Pine lake, and after due consideration I determined to widen my field of labor and to move to Manitowoc, Wisconsin, to which city a new congregation had invited me as their pastor. In consequence thereof, I prepared to leave the place to which my dearest memories in America are connected. The cabin I built, the land my own hands plowed and tilled, were ever present with me, and I have many times thanked God for the lessons of fortitude, forbearance, and sacrifice I learned during the trying years at New Upsala. And from the axe and the plow Providence called me to a wider and different field of labor, where results became more gratifying. It was with sincere regrets that I parted with my many friends and parishioners, Swedes and Norwegians, and above all with my beloved teachers and associates at Nashotah, where I had sought and found so many times in the past spiritual strength and consolation.

EPILOGUE

In the last chapter of his Memoirs and in closing his reminiscences, Unonius makes the following reflections over his eventful past:

Here, my dear reader, end my Memoirs of a seventeen-year sojourn in America, but what I have here related transpired mostly during the first half of that period. My intention has been to commit to the pages of history not so much the incidents of my own life as the conditions under which the pioneers labored in a new land. What was then the ‘Far West,’ is not such any more. Where the new settler and colonist now builds his log cabin in the deep forest, and where the first seed for a growing, powerful community is sowed, is now far removed from the region where we built our home. It is the East now and is comparable to the culture and development found on the Atlantic coast, yet when the reader walks on the main street of Milwaukee, he may be mindful
of the fact that not so long ago the writer helped to blaze the trail and build the road to the west thereof.

Not infrequently during this narrative have I rested my pen and fancied that the past was something unreal and a saga without value, or that I tried to portray a vision from my dreams which I thought realistic and which caught and charmed my eye, but which I would have to relegate to oblivion and with the great Swedish romanticist mournfully exclaim, 'It is no more.'

I have since my first departure made several visits to Pine lake. Our old log cabin was still standing, a mute witness to the first colonists there, and Lotten and I could not without deep emotion look through the low windows and into the empty rooms and recall that part of our lives which was enacted there, days of labor, trials, want and sorrow, but also of joy, happiness, and the blessings of heaven.