Awakening early the next morning they realized the necessity of a more substantial cabin. The stars had sent their rays in between the logs, and the chill autumn air had been quite sharp and had left a white mantle of frost on the ground. The cracks between the logs must be chinked, earth thrown up around their base, and the roof improved to protect the interior against rain and snow. They discovered not far away the remains of a recently abandoned Indian camp fire, which they had not observed the night before, and they now felt still more the necessity of a more substantial protection against the elements and possible enemies.

Unonius determined to return immediately to Delasfield for more building material while Carl and Wilhelm occupied their time in preparing more logs for a more permanent cabin. Thus, during the day quite a bit of progress was made, and when upon the return of Unonius, they again sought shelter in the evening, they felt more safe and comfortable. As fate would have it, a severe storm broke, with rain and snow, yet they were fairly well protected. They grieved, however, over the unavoidable exposure of the poor animals, tied to a log, who were forced to endure unprotected the severe inclemency of the weather. However, the night passed, and in the morning neither man nor beast seemed any the worse from the experience.

PLANS AND PREPARATIONS

The following morning in camp is described as follows:

No light of day awoke us, for we were in complete darkness, and, besides, we had to be careful with fire in our low cabin, made and covered by highly inflammable material. Carl was the only one who had a watch with him, but he had forgotten to wind it in the evening, so there was no other way of finding out the time but to crawl over to the opening and remove the bundle of hay. It was daylight, but no sun to tell the time through the heavy mist and clouds. The morning was cold and dis-
agreeable, and the ground partly covered with snow. It was the twentieth of October. A camp fire was made, and after Carl had prepared breakfast, to which we all helped ourselves vigorously, we went with our axes to our work.

In the true pioneer spirit the three men tackled their jobs, and Unonius, the university man and lumberjack propem, tells about the work in detail. He mentions the fact that the remaining stumps were mute witnesses that the choppers were not experts in this line of labor. But the trees came down, were cut into suitable lengths, and snaked into place by the oxen. The logs used were about one and a half feet in diameter, more or less, and the size of the house as planned was twenty-two by twenty-eight feet.

Encouraged by the rapid progress of the building, they now planned to set the day for the house raising, for which the help of a number of men was necessary. This volunteer work was donated by the neighborhood settlers, and it was understood to be a duty no one could very well refuse. While this was being arranged, and Unonius was returning from Delafield with planks for flooring and other necessities, he was hailed by a stranger with, ‘What is your name?’ Upon being informed, he delivered a letter from Mr. Lange which introduced the traveler as Mr. Friman. His accent had already betrayed his nationality. It was rather refreshing to meet with a countryman, and Mr. Friman accepted the proposition to go along with Unonius to Pine lake. Mr. Friman had emigrated from Sweden three years previously and with two brothers had located in Illinois. On a business

*The object of Unonius in writing his Memoirs was evidently not so much to set down dry historical facts for the use of future scholars, as to entertain and inform first readers and prospective emigrants in Sweden about the conditions in the new world. So he paints vivid word pictures of things he saw and observed, and it seems that nothing escaped his attention. His writings are richly interspersed with what might be of value to newcomers in a strange land, and his experiences and anecdotes take on a very human, personal character which, however, it is impossible to here reproduce in detail.
trip to Milwaukee he had heard of the Swedish settlement at Pine lake and determined to pay it a visit. His assistance was particularly welcome, as the load was big and the road hard to negotiate.

Unonio continues:

The trail which I and my companions had blazed from Delafield to Pine lake was later cleared and made into a wagon road.\(^3\) When we were returning from Delafield with some household goods, loaded on a wagon, pulled by oxen, we reached the highland.\(^4\) On the one side was Pine lake, to the left, and to the east and south was a cleared open meadow with the old oaks scattered here and there, and this so-called 'oak opening' ended at the south in a tamarack swamp bordering on Lake Nagawicka.

When Friman and I arrived late in the day at this point, we beheld before us a scene which was entirely strange and made us surmise that we had missed the trail. Instead of the empty, vacant meadow, which we had passed in the morning, we found now a field full of life and commotion. Ten or twelve camp fires were now blazing a few yards from each other, and round about moved a number of fantastic beings. Some horses were grazing near by, and others were driven down to the lake for water. We soon discovered between the oaks some twenty or thirty small tents or wigwams, owned and occupied by an Indian tribe now engaged in an extensive hunt and encamped here. It was, indeed, not an agreeable surprise, not knowing anything about their intentions, and particularly as it was the first time we had seen such a number of Indians at any one time. The distance to our cabin was only a stone's throw, and it was with apprehension that we thought of spending the night in the cabin with such a number of red men in the immediate vicinity. Nothing prevented the Indians from not only taking away our belongings which were stored out of doors, but even our lives. We were particularly anxious about our guns and ammunition, which are much desired by the Indians.

Upon closer approach to the camp a lot of noise or loud talk was heard, which was thought to be the effect of 'fire water,' but later proved to be only their calls in corraling the horses. A couple of half-naked Indians came riding up the road without paying the least attention to our party or the wagon. Some others, however, were sitting by the roadside and greeted us with a 'Bon Jour,' used by the Indians in greeting as well as in saying farewell. We answered in the same way, and nobody seemed to care. Around a camp fire some women and children were sitting, and

\(^3\) Now county trunk C joining state highway 19 at Nashotah.

\(^4\) About where Nashotah station is now located.

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no one seemed to be in the least disturbed or paid attention to us. Neither
had our companion at the cabin had any communication with the red
visitors. He had observed them putting their tents in order without
any inclination on either side for conversation. As there was no indica-
tion on the part of the Indians to wish to come near us, we likewise ab-
stained. Besides, we could not know how a visit by us would be accepted,
and if they intended to remain here for sometime, we thought it best
that they make the first move in friendly relations. And this was a wise
decision. From our very reticence we gained the respect and good will
of the Indians.

I admit that we felt somewhat alarmed for the night. Outside our
cabin we had two large unlocked boxes full of household goods, tools,
and foodstuff, which the Indians, who are reputed to be a thieving lot,
could easily have stolen. We feared such an occurrence and deliberated
whether resistance would be advisable or not. We were four against their
one hundred, and any opposition might possibly incite them to greater
violence. We delayed to retire into the cabin until very late. The night
was clear, and the morning’s thin mantle of snow had melted. The
stars were shining, and our camp fire and those of the Indians lighted
the meadow and the shores of the lake. One by one these gradually died
down, and the Indians like mystic shadows of the night retired into their
primitive dwellings. Soon darkness reigned, and nothing was seen or
heard from the camp except the occasional howl of a dog. Peace now pre-
vailed over the field where these wild children of nature stretched their
weary limbs on old mother earth and slept like their white brethren, for-
getting the vicissitudes of their nomadic peregrinations. Our camp fire
was still smoldering and gave a subdued light around the cabin. The
picture presented before me seemed of almost prophetic significance. On
one side the bright leading light of culture, civilization and Christianity,
destined to spread a higher order of things in these regions; on the other
the last gradually disappearing shadows of life representing brute force
and fanaticism of ancient heathendom; there a past, of which but smolder-
ing ashes remain—here the first spark prophetic of a brilliant future and
symbolic of the will of the Eternal, when it was said, ‘Let there be light.’

We planned to change about in the watch for the night, but sleep
finally overtook us and conquered all our fear. After a few hours of
sleep, I awoke and thought I could clearly hear steps outside, and one
of my companions agreed with me. Our oxen stood tied nearby, and
we now feared that they as well as our other belongings would be stolen.
We kept very still, the noise was repeated, and there could be no mise-
take in our hearing soft steps treading around the cabin, stopping on
the side where the oxen were, and again softly moving away. I removed
noiselessly some of the hay used in chinking the logs, and peering out be-
tween the logs we saw two Indians standing before the fire, wrapped in
their blankets, absolutely immobile and neither by word nor sign com-
municating with each other. What they had in their minds was hard to fathom. As far as we could see, they carried no firearms, and after having viewed the oxen and the boxes for sometime, they disappeared as quietly as they had come. Their presence remained a riddle and when we examined our belongings at dawn, nothing was missing. We were discussing the affair over our breakfast table when a tall, powerful Indian warrior stood by our side. This people has a peculiar ability to noiselessly and unnoticed sneak through the brambles and the bushes, and he appeared as if shot from the earth. Calming down from our surprise, one of my companions somewhat familiar with the Indian language said the customary, 'Bon Jour, Nika' (Good day, my friend), which was answered in the same way by the Indian, who, however, resting on his gun stood still and made silent observations of us and our cabin but totally ignored us.

The Indian who so suddenly appeared before us at our breakfast was a worthy representative of his tribe. Had we seen him the night before, the vision of him would have kept us awake all night. His face painted in brilliant red and black colors, which were in sharp contrast to the natural dark brown shade of his skin, and which were outlined in symmetrical streaks and figures, gave every evidence of antagonistic determination and self-conscious superiority. His look clearly indicated, 'I hate the white man.' His head was uncovered but around his forehead he wore a red band, and in the long black hair, braided in tufts, were stuck three long eagle feathers. One of them was red at the edges, the first and most distinguished sign a warrior can get, and which no one can wear if he has not slain at least one enemy or by his own hands obtained some scalps for his belt. Under his chin hung the tail of a squirrel, and over his shoulder was thrown a red blanket. Around his neck was a string of beads of mother-of-pearl, ending in front in a silver ornament. These with two silver bracelets indicated his rank as chief of the tribe. His ears were decorated and held a pair of silver pieces with small colored feathers attached. He wore tight-fitting trousers of blue cloth, to which a number of metal trinkets were sewn, and which were tied around the knees with bead-studded garters and tassels. He wore a pair of deer-hide moccasins decorated in gaudy colors and porcupine quills. In his beaded belt of special design, also indicating his rank, he wore a hunting knife and the much treasured tomahawk. A bag made of mink skin contained flint and steel and the customary supply of tobacco, or in lieu thereof a handful of a certain herb called kinnikinik, which is at times used as a substitute. His whole apparel indicated that he was on an important mission, and we found later that he and his tribe were on their way to the Indian agency to get their yearly allowance for the land, which they had relinquished to the congress. However, it was evident that their camp here did not pertain to us or our occupation of the land. After having stood motionless and silent for sometime, he finally accepted
our invitation to partake of our breakfast. He sat down and without a word seemed to enjoy some bacon and potatoes with a cup of coffee, and then he meaningly pointed to his bag, skipetagon, and more in a demanding than courteous voice, asked for some tobacco. We shared our small supply with him, and this reminded me of what I had heard about the peace pipe as a token of friendship, so I ceremoniously filled a clay pipe (fortunately not my fine meerschaum trimmed with silver), and after drawing a few puffs myself handed it to the chief, who with absolute indifference put it to his lips and smoked.

The Winnebago chief now arose, wrapped himself in his blanket, and without a look or a word in parting, walked over to his camp still smoking my pipe. In a couple of hours their tents were folded, and nothing but a few smoldering fires indicated that a tribe of Indians had camped there. We were later told that we now could consider ourselves perfectly safe. The chief had eaten the white man's bread and smoked his pipe, and this would permanently seal his friendship. Besides they had probably discovered the previous evening that we were Saginash, Europeans, good white man, and not Chomocomon, or Americans, not good white man. They are always more kindly disposed towards the former and they have a wonderful ability to immediately distinguish the one from the other. It is very probable that these Winnebago would not have left our oxen and other belongings untouched, if they had not thought that we had come far from across the great water. Several times later on we found that Indians had visited our cabin in our absence, yet never was anything missing.

NEW UPSALA

Everything was now in readiness for the house raising, and in order to be able to finish the interior at the same time, Pearmain and Unonius set out with two pairs of oxen to secure planks for flooring and trimmings. On this trip they drove through Summit, where quite a few settlers already had cleared some land for cultivation as well as for garden purposes. They headed their teams for Oconomowoc, where the sawmill was located. This place, with its one frame building and a number of log houses, already made claim to the title of village. The immediate surroundings were dense forests, and beyond one mile west of the mill these forests