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, *kipetagun*, 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
were entirely unoccupied, unclaimed, and served, it seemed, as an inexhaustible supply for timber.

Although the distance between Oconomowoc and Pine lake is only about eight miles, they had considerable difficulty in negotiating it. At several places, where the road was particularly rough, both teams had to be used for each load, which caused much delay, and the entire day was spent on the trip. Unonius says:

On our return to Pine lake, I found to my surprise my wife and Christine, who with Friman had tramped up from Delafield. Friman escorted me there in the morning with the intention of continuing to Milwaukee, but changed his mind in the happy opportunity of escorting the ladies, and after having observed the good things prepared to be served to the party up at the camp at the time of the house raising. Here we now enjoyed an exceptional evening meal of venison and other delicacies, and a happy gathering it was around the cheerful camp fire where all our trials and tribulations were for once forgotten. My wife and Christine, who had planned to return with Pearmain to Delafield, were now wrapped up in blankets and loaded on the two remaining planks of the lumber wagon, and the three reached Delafield safely before midnight. I wish I could have sent to home and friends a picture of that camp fire in the wilderness. Would they in the spritely, daring woman at my side, who courageously looked into the lonely shadowy darkness of the night, like the future she was facing, have recognized the delicate young girl at Upsala, who would be fitted more for a quiet, sedate life at home, it seemed, than for the wife of a pioneer in the wilds of America, and there in a cold winter’s night be one of the principal actors around a flaming camp fire?

At last the day had come when the log house would be raised and ready for occupation. With the help of the invited neighbors it would take only a few hours, and as Unonius counted noses, he found twenty-three men present and ready for the task. The work was finished at about four o’clock in the afternoon and had taken the character of a festival, for during the work stories had been told, adventures

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5 Here Unonius gives a technical description of how a log house should be built, how floors are layered, roof fastened, and walls chinked, together with how windows and doors are cut and the trimmings put on.
related, and everybody served with food and refreshments, which, in all, makes a house raising event an 'institution' among pioneers in America, much heralded, cheerfully attended, and long remembered by the participants.

It was the twenty-ninth of October. Some of those present had, however, also come with a more practical idea in their minds. Here was a family of new settlers they thought, who would need various articles for their home. So they were offered flour, potatoes, cows, pigs, etc., for it seemed that everyone present had something to sell. A good many things were either bought or exchanged for some articles brought from Sweden that were not entirely necessary for the owners but were pleasing to the natives. Unonius writes:

When all was done, I raised my glass in gratitude for the help extended and in a modest speech of Swedish and English mixture, which was received with hilarious approbation, I extolled the masterpiece of the day and hoped that good luck would follow it, and happiness reign within its walls.

Carl had become indisposed with what presumed to be a bilious fever, and was taken to Pearmain's at Delafield for care and medical attention; Friman at the same time returned to his home.

After considerable discussion between Unonius and Polman on the methods of building a fireplace, they finally agreed upon the impracticability of this old-fashioned means of utility and determined that a modern stove would best serve their purpose. It was only a question of price, and after joint deliberation with Mrs. Unonius, they determined to dispose of some of their old silver, brought from their homes and treasured as heirlooms, which, no matter how great the sacrifice, would be better exchanged for imperative necessities. The cash assets of the community coffers had
dwindled considerably, and the remaining $200 had best be conserved for greater emergencies.

Pearmain offered to go along on the anticipated trip to Milwaukee to help in carting the stove and other utensils. Unonius did not expect to return with a greater load than his wagon could carry, but it was well under the circumstances to have two pairs of oxen in case of any mishap. The trip was made on November 2 and it proved to be one of the worst they had ever undertaken. The rain had been excessive during the past several weeks and had made the roads almost impassable, more particularly in the forest region where the black loam was soaked up; it was much like driving in a new-plowed field, and over the long stretches of water a boat was suggested as a more suitable means of conveyance than a lumber wagon. Unonius comments:

It was a wonder that the oxen came through without broken legs, and had it not been for the urgent procuring of the stove, thus making the log cabin inhabitable, I would have returned when less than half way along. In spite of empty wagons it took us two and one-half days to reach Milwaukee.

The very same day the stove was bought with all its appurtenances, such as lids and kettles, coffee pots and pans. Everything was loaded to be ready for their return as soon as possible. The roads had now become even worse, and with the heavy freight progress was slow. The road was hilly, and to pull one wagonload up hill required both teams of oxen. During their many repeated exasperations and mishaps, their patience was tested to the breaking point. It required four days to wade through the mud, clay, water, stones, and stumps before they safely arrived at Delafield.

A few days before he was taken ill, Carl had been fortunate to kill a deer by a well-directed shot. The animal, although mortally wounded, had run over a mile to the north
of the lake, and the search for it had to be abandoned because of darkness. However, the anxiety of Fille prompted a renewed search in the morning when the deer was found with the bullet in its shoulder. This provided fresh meat for several days, and what was not used was dried or salted for future demand. This was their first real hunting experience, as previously they had only had a chance to get an occasional duck, that had ventured too close to shore. However, a well-stocked larder was thus provided for the ladies and the sick man at Delafield, as well as for the men at camp.

It was now the eleventh of November, and just half a year to the day since they had said farewell to Old Upsala, and for sentimental reasons they thought it appropriate to let this be the first day on which to occupy their new home, 'New Upsala,' as they so fondly called it.

Carl had recovered from his illness and was thought well enough to travel. However, meantime Wilhelm had sustained some injuries to his ribs in falling from the scaffolding, but they were not of sufficient severity to prevent him from joining the party from Delafield, whither he had gone for the dressing of his wounds. Unonius relates:

Lotten and Christine were willing to meet almost any eventuality for the chance of forever leaving the miserable drafty attic of the 'Pearmain hotel,' and for Lotten to be mistress of her own fireside was, indeed, a long looked for pleasure. I, consequently, did not even release the oxen from their yokes, but instead added to the load of my wagon all my earthly belongings—'dead and alive'—and after a tender farewell, accompanied by tears and tragic scenes on the part of Mrs. Pearmain, we began our march and hoped before dark to enter under our own roof, which we were fortunate to do.

**OUR HOME**

Our home! How much does not lie hidden in the word, even though the home consisted of a small, incompletely cabin without floor, door, chairs, or even a table, only a large room with openings here and there through the rough log walls. Still it was a home, the first of our own

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