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Milwaukee, Wisconsin: [s.n.], 1936

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Presented by

FILIP A. FORSBECK

To

Dr. Joseph Schaefer

with the compliments of the author

Pilip H. Prosen

July 1 1936

Date of issue.



Philip A. Frostick M.D.

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NEW UPSALA
THE FIRST SWEDISH SETTLEMENT
IN
WISCONSIN

BY
FILIP A. FORSBECK, M.D.

(ILLUSTRATED)

WISCONSIN
Milwaukee, Wis

1936

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Philip A. Forsbeck

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Of this the first and commemorative
edition of the history of

NEW UPSALA,
THE FIRST SWEDISH SETTLE-
MENT IN WISCONSIN,

two hundred copies were issued of
which this copy is

Complimentary No.

The major portion of this work appeared serially in the
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LEGATION OF SWEDEN
WASHINGTON, D. C.

April 2, 1935

Dr. Filip A. Forsbeck,
Milwaukee,
Wisconsin

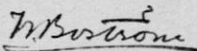
My dear Dr. Forsbeck:

I have just read the manuscript of your work, "New Upsala, The First Swedish Settlement in Wisconsin."

I congratulate you on your splendid idea in publishing this very interesting account of the experiences of the Swedish settlers in Wisconsin, of their pioneering spirit, their energy, their power of organization, and of their consideration for their neighbors, whether red or white.

I am sure that the publication of this book will greatly contribute to the general appreciation of the part the Swedish immigrants, of earlier and later days alike, have played in the upbuilding of this country.

Sincerely yours,



W. BOSTRÖM,
Minister of Sweden

DEDICATION

Prompted by a sincere devotion to Swedish Tradition and imbued with a deep-seated admiration and love for early American History, I offer my homage and dedicate these pages to the memory of the noble Pioneers and Founders of

NEW UPSALA

*The first Swedish settlement in
Wisconsin.*



P R E F A C E

It is conceded, that History consists not only in the recording of dates and the inscribing of the most important of human events on the tablets of time, but also in perpetuating the current thoughts of the people with its influence on the character of the race in the future.

Thus each historical period is influenced by the cultural tendency of its time and by the spiritual heritage of the generations, that have gone before. It moulds consequently in a measure future events, together with causing a distinct characterization of the moral, social and political make-up of the ages that follow.

The attitude of the mind to the past and the view-point gleaned from the pages of History not only prompts but actually directs human activities. The human race is constantly in the making, and the period of time, of which we are a part, possesses a responsibility in the transition of the future.

It is with such thoughts in mind, that we must with highest regards contemplate the records of History as a valuable legacy and, if we by ever so feeble efforts will add to their value by illucidating certain obscurities or emphasizing the importance of some neglected or almost forgotten facts or by placing in a clearer light or inculcating a greater appreciation of the actors in the drama under consideration, the attempt shall not have been made in vain.

The object sought in the making of this volume is primarily to gather together into a uniform whole and in a perman-

ent form every bit of information of historical value, pertaining to the first Swedish colony in Wisconsin. It would serve as an additional link in the remarkable history of the Pioneers of Wisconsin and the Middle West. It is meant to be an historic record of reference and, if the subject matter should at times appear to the reader fragmentary, incomplete or overlapping, due consideration should be given to the limited material at our command and the difficulty of further research, and it is hoped that the reader will condone the unavoidable discrepancies for the love of the cause.

It is not intended to serve as a shining example of erudition, but is presented to the public as a modest and unselfish effort to increase our knowledge in American history, to stimulate a broader interest in the lore of Pioneer days, to promote a deeper reverence for those men and women, who broke the trail, tilled and cultivated the wilderness, worked, starved, suffered and conquered in order that we, their posterity, may in fullest measure enjoy the fruits of their labors, and above all to keep in sacred memory their heroic lives and their epoch-making contributions to the progress of civilization.

It is fortunate for posterity, that the prime mover in the founding of the colony at New Upsala, the first Swedish Settlement in Wisconsin, left an extensive written description of the events.

GUSTAF UNONIOUS returned to Sweden after a seventeen year sojourn in the United States and there wrote his Memoirs in the Swedish language and had them published at the old university city of Upsala.

His works consist of two volumes of "Reminiscences," the first volume of which covers his experiences in traveling from Sweden, his founding of the colony, and his final removal to Chicago.

The major portion of the second describes his activities as an episcopal minister elsewhere and has consequently no particular interest for the student of Wisconsin history. The first volume appeared in 1861, the second in 1862.

It has been suggested that a verbatim translation of his works be made into English as a lasting memorial to the Pioneer and Author. There are however such long and tedious descriptions of personal impressions in matters, which are entirely irrelevant to the subject before us, that a volume of this scope would be much overburdened, and its primary object be lost sight of.

For instance, the economic conditions in Sweden at his time, his own situation in the community and his prospects for the future, all of which contributed to his decision to emigrate to the United States, are details, which need not be recorded here.

His observations along the route are interesting and manifestly to the point, describing in punctilious detail the difference in the mode of life in his former quiet home to the boisterous experiences en route and in the New World, but such narratives must of necessity be excluded.

But we shall follow Unonius in a general way from the time he leaves Old Upsala in Sweden until he establishes his Penates at New Upsala in Wisconsin. We shall therefore only endeavor to translate, in a narrative way, the main historical events, as he describes them and, as there are very few other fields for research in this matter, we must give the works of Unonius the credit for our knowledge as the main source of information.

Other articles and essays have been published in the past, based not only on extracts from the Memoirs but also on personal contacts with early settlers and their descendants as well as on legendary tales, current amongst the present

populace of the community. Special acknowledgement is due Rev. C. Hougstad for his interest shown in his epitomized monograph of scattered translations from the "Memoirs," presented and read before the "Waukesha County Historical Society," at "Nashotah House," and published by the "Waukesha Daily Freeman," October 1933.

Rev. Hougstad gives us also the benefit of his research, carried on during a long residence in or around Hartland and crystalized in his concise "Biography of Unonius," which is, by his permission, incorporated in this volume. The 'State Historical Society of Wisconsin' published an article in the "Wisconsin Magazine of History" of September 1924, entitled "The Swedish Settlement on Pine Lake" by Mabel V. Hansen, and we quote freely from said source by permission from the publishers. "The Wisconsin Archeologist," published by the "Wisconsin Archeological Society" of Madison in Vol. 10. 1930 presented an article by Charles E. Brown on "The Chenequa Lakes," from which we also quote by permission.

For the personal assistance and encouragement of Mrs. H. G. B. Nixon of Hartland, a descendant of one of the early settlers, I am truly grateful. Her active interest in "Waukesha County Historical Society" and in the Society of "Friends of our Native Landscape" and her many contributions to the history of this region have been valuable. As a striking evidence of her enthusiasm may be mentioned the staging under her personal direction the historical pageant on August 7, 1934, at the Rudberg home, depicting for the first time in a spectacular manner the various episodes in the early life of New Upsala.

My sincere appreciation is extended to Mabel Olson Schreiber for her valuable assistance in typing the entire manuscript for the use of the printer.

The many acts of courtesy extended by Dr. Joseph Schaffer of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, are also gratefully acknowledged.

F. A. F.

Milwaukee, Wis.
July, 1936.



REV. GUSTAF UNONIUS

NEW UPSALA: THE FIRST SWEDISH SETTLEMENT IN WISCONSIN

GUSTAF UNONIUS

A BIOGRAPHICAL RESUMÉ OF HIS LIFE AND WORKS

GUSTAF Elias Marius Unonius was born August 25, 1810, in Helsingfors, Finland. His father, Israel Unonius, was a jurist, and his mother was Maria, née Gardberg. The father belonged to an old Swedish family in Finland and removed to Sweden shortly after Finland was ceded to Russia. He became postmaster and revenue collector at Grislehamn.

A military training was planned for young Gustaf, who at the age of thirteen was enrolled as a cadet at Karlberg military school. How long he remained there is not known, but he left and became a student at the famous university of Upsala. Here he finished the college course in 1830 and the law course three years later. He entered the advanced course in law, but a cholera epidemic in 1834 caused the closing of the sessions at the university temporarily. When the epidemic subsided, he returned to Upsala to pursue the study of medicine but soon left the university again to take a position in the provincial government offices of Upsala.

In April, 1841, he was married to Charlotta Margareta Ohrstromer, and in less than a month the two with a few companions emigrated to the United States of America. The companions who emigrated with them were: Christine Södergren, a former nursemaid of Mrs. Unonius; Iwar Hagberg, a student of twenty-one; Carl Groth; and Wil-

helm Polman. They left Upsala, May 11, 1841, but their ship *Minnet* (*The Memory*), Captain C. J. Bohlin, did not weigh anchor until June 3. The passage for the entire party from Gefle, Sweden, cost \$500, the passengers to supply their own provisions. The ship was bound for New York with a cargo of iron.

They met with unfavorable weather, hence made slow time. Their provisions gave out about two weeks before they reached New York, but the captain kindly supplied them. They arrived at New York, September 10, 1841, three months and seven days after leaving Sweden. In New York they were advised to go to Illinois. So they started up the Hudson river September 17 to Albany, New York, thence by the Erie canal to Buffalo, and from there by steamboat up the lakes heading for Chicago. At Detroit, Iwar Hagberg left for Cleveland, Ohio. On the way they heard so many favorable reports of the territory of Wisconsin that they decided to disembark at Milwaukee.

Unonius in his *Minnen* (*Memoirs*) has described the journey all the way from Upsala. It is a real treat to read it in his melodious literary Swedish. There is a remarkable charm about his way of relating their experiences. A keen observer, nothing worthwhile escaped his attention.

Before we take up part of his *Memoirs* for a brief review, just this much to get the situation correctly before us: He came here with the sole purpose of establishing a home in the new world and had nothing else in mind at this time. He was the first white settler on Pine lake. He was the first graduate of the Nashotah mission. He was the first Swedish Episcopal minister in the United States. He was the first Episcopal minister trained in Wisconsin to be ordained there. He, an Episcopal minister, served as their first regular pastor two Lutheran congregations, St. John's and St.

Olaf's. He was the founder of the first Swedish settlement in the United States, after that in Delaware in 1638. Although he and his wife evidently came from the aristocratic class in their homeland, they valiantly tackled the arduous labors of pioneering in Waukesha county.

Unonius selected for their home the west one-half of section 33, town 8 north, range 18 east, town of Merton. This same real estate is now conservatively valued at \$100,000, and with improvements \$250,000. Unonius sold this parcel of land, or more correctly perhaps, the improvements on the same, for \$500, after he was ordained a minister and thus could no longer properly operate the farm. It is the tract north of state highway 19, west of state highway 83, and south of county highway K, bordering on the eastern shore of Pine lake.

After a few years of ministerial work at Pine lake and surrounding territory, he served as the first Episcopal pastor at Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin, also at Manitowoc, Wisconsin, and finally at Chicago. There he also served as the first vice consul of Norway and Sweden. In 1853 he made a visit to Sweden and in 1858 returned there to live permanently. He applied for admission into the Swedish Lutheran state church, taking the position that there was no essential difference between the Lutheran church and the Episcopal, but his request was not granted. He obtained a position in the customs service, and in 1863 was promoted to the position of collector at Grislehamn, where he remained until 1888. He engaged in christian work, as he was called upon. but he retained his connection with the Anglican church until his death at the ripe old age of ninety-two, October 14, 1902.

He was honored by the Swedish parliament with a gift of 3,000 crowns in recognition of his services to fellow-countrymen in the United States. His last years were spent

with his son-in-law, Hugo Tamm at Hacksta, who was a landed proprietor and a member of the Swedish parliament. During his later years he engaged to some extent in literary pursuits. At the age of eighty-six he wrote a supplement to his *Minnen*. It is a thousand pities that these *Memoirs* have not been accessible in English to the people of Waukesha county, and to all the people of Wisconsin for that matter.¹ They form enchanting pictures of the early pioneer days in our very own community.

DEPARTURE FROM SWEDEN

Imagine Unonius in 1861 sitting in his comfortable old armchair at Upsala, just about twenty years after that fateful day on which he first left his home and native land, leisurely reflecting on the vicissitudes of life and philosophically meditating over a destiny which an inscrutable Providence directs. He is writing his reminiscences of these years and thus lets his mind drift back to the days of 1841 when as a young government employee he eked out a meager and precarious existence. 'It was wonderful to be young,' he thought, 'and be possessed of an unfaltering enthusiasm to face the future and dare the unknown.' But adverse economic conditions and lack of opportunity for advancement were forces that were discouraging even to the most willing worker, and they will insidiously yet surely dampen, if not destroy, even the proverbial impetuosity of youth. Yet he was thirty years old then, in possession of a clear and clean mind, a healthy and vigorous body, and with such an unbounded faith in his strength that he consciously felt himself the master of his fate. Consequently, he convinced himself and his young wife of the logic of his reasoning that greater

¹ This wish, expressed so often and by so many, is now about to be fulfilled. The capitular arrangement and narrative style of the works of Unonius have been retained in this volume.

opportunities must be found in foreign lands and that a more promising future with wider fields for labor and emolument beckoned from afar. Thus, he expresses his thoughts:

Freedom and independence, in the breaking off of old prejudices, beckoned in the distance, and, if permitted, the step would readily be taken to seek and realize such hopes as imagination portrayed. I can take this step. I have heard of America. Work in any vocation, if honorably performed, is no disgrace. America, what prevents me from going to this land of promise which, in the glory of an enchanting Eldorado, is pictured in the mind of every youth? America, whose auspicious birth and remarkable history claim our admiration since our earliest years in school! America, I shall indeed find there what I am forced to go without here, a home of my own! I am young, the faithful heart of a loving mate is mine, and this home, envisioned as the supreme gift of all worldly happiness, is awaiting us there in the wilderness, needing only my strong arm and our own efforts to be completed.

And yet Unonius hesitated, for he writes:

I cannot deny that in view of our limited means and our meager knowledge of the land we are planning to enter, this enterprise is fraught with considerable risk. I do not stand alone with my hopeful plans, which, if crushed in failure, would end in bitter remorse, and the happiness of my entire life would perhaps be thus forfeited. With me and my fate is linked by inseparable bonds a young and beloved woman, who, prompted by a self-sacrificing love, is willing to share this fate and is prepared for my sake to leave all which in her younger years makes life so pleasant. I love her with all my heart, but would this love alone be sufficient to secure for her a happiness in the face of such danger, labor and sacrifice, which she was doomed to share with me? Would I succeed, even without the accumulation of riches, to at least secure for her the comforts of life, so that no regrets would come, nor tearful, sorrow-laden eyes later be raised to me, who was solely responsible for her happiness? Yet the glance of approval in those eyes sealed the compact of our thoughts and ambitions, and with this knowledge and with her at my side I would place my trust in the hands of the Lord to direct my way and my fate.

Thus, Unonius and his wife² confidently determined to

² It is interesting to note that nowhere in his works does Unonius mention his wife's name, only speaking of her as 'L.' Her name being Charlotta, one may reasonably presume that the abbreviation or pet name of 'Lotten' or 'Lotta' was intended, as this is the custom in Sweden. Wherever reference is made to her in this manner in the text, she will be spoken of as Lotten.

seek their fortune on the foreign shores and enthusiastically prepared for their emigration to the United States.

It was the eleventh of May, 1841.

The preparations for their departure were completed. They had decided to go to New York with a sailing vessel about to leave the harbor of Gefle, to which household goods, food during the voyage, and baggage had been sent in advance. The severing of home ties and the parting with friends and relatives is thus in part described by Unonius:

The hour drew near when the daughter would tear herself from a loving mother's arms, in whose embrace she would never rest again, when the sister would leave the family circle, in which the springtime of her youth was passed, and many hearts glowed in admiration of the young wife whose courage never faltered and whose faith never wavered even in this the most trying of situations. The hour had come when I would have to say a final farewell to the city which was my home, and where I had spent so many happy, unforgettable hours, and to old friends and teachers, whom I loved and respected and who shared with me my most treasured memories. It was as if I then took farewell of Sweden and it was not easy, for my native land was dear to me. An hour so solemn as this cannot be adequately described but can only be fathomed by those who have themselves experienced all that it conveys.

While they were thus rambling along the dusty road to Gefle, we shall make the reader acquainted with their companions.

Iwar Hagberg, twenty-one years old, was a student at Upsala and had been considering for sometime the plan to emigrate. He was happy in the thought of having acquired such delightful companions in his resolve to help in establishing a Swedish colony in America.

Carl Groth was a close relative of Unonius, tall, strong and sinewy, and not unused to corporal labor. Consequently, he was the only one in the party well suited for pioneering in virgin land and forest.

Christine Södergren, the only woman companion, had been for many years a faithful servant in the house of Mrs

Unonius' parents. She was about thirty years of age, capable and quick in her work, and well accustomed to the arduous duties of country life. In her cheerful and open countenance were reflected honesty and reliability. She accompanied Mrs. Unonius more as a friend than as a servant, and in premeditation of American equality her employers had already put aside all feeling of caste, a result her faithfulness and devotion, her orderly retiring demeanor, and her excellent natural talents truly merited.

Trailing along behind the wagon came Fille, a good hunting dog, belonging to Carl, but as he appeared to have no particular desire to emigrate, he was kept in leash to the land of liberty.

Their equipment, besides what had already been forwarded, was much too unwieldy, which they later sadly verified by the increased cost for excessive baggage. A great deal was of no use and much could have been obtained at less cost in New York.

Upon their arrival at Gefle they paid a visit to the sailing vessel *Minnet*, upon which they planned to embark, but received the disappointing news that the departure had been postponed to an uncertain date in expectation of a cargo. Captain C. J. Bohlin, the master of the ship, was a genial and capable seaman and inspired the entire party with confidence. The vessel, for which he was responsible, was one of the largest and best equipped of the times.

In these days of tedious waiting Unonius writes in his diary:

I am blamed for recklessly entering upon a dangerous adventure, but I have my reasons for doing so and I place my trust in Him, who is near us always. I do not expect to 'cut gold with jackknives.' I am prepared to earn my daily bread by the sweat of my brow. My arm unused to the ax, the spade, and the plow, will undoubtedly many times sink exhausted to my side. For this I am prepared, but I hope to be

free and independent and to possess my own home, if ever so modest, and the happiness it confers.

The twenty-ninth of May.

After a delay of eighteen days, they finally embarked and oriented themselves as best they could for their comfort on the long voyage. They were agreeably surprised at the appearance of an additional passenger, Wilhelm Polman, a former medical student at Upsala, and all on board were gratified to think that eventualities might arise when his knowledge of medicine would be appreciated.

The thirtieth of May. Ascension day.

The *Memoirs* continue:

With smiling faces did we greet each other a happy 'Good Morning' after our first night on board. Nature seemed dressed in holiday attire like a pretty country maiden with her bible under her arm, waiting at the temple doors for the bells to toll. To right and left were small beautiful islands or peninsulas, scattered like Easter lilies around the baptismal font in a country church. Before us lies the open sea, its surface rippled by a gentle breeze and gilded by the slowly rising summer sun like a vision of the Eternal, when faith seeks and finds what the eye cannot perceive—a safe port. The church bells on shore toll and call the people to His holy temple, but we, gathered on our floating home, join in our first Sunday service. Whenever two or three are gathered in His name, who had promised to be in their midst, it appears as if they then opened their hearts not only to God but also to each other. At such moments men learn to better understand and come closer to each other. It was as if this service with its sacred prayers did that and also taught us to help and comfort each other on the troublesome road ahead of us. At the same time we became conscious of our insufficiency, and that greater aid must be sought from above, and that it would be incumbent upon us to often gather together in prayer, lest our labor be in vain and our earthly endeavors but a passing bubble.

The third of June.

They were now on their way and at midday well out at sea. All had slept so soundly that none had heard the anchor weighed, or when the start was made. However, in the

afternoon the Swedish shore became again visible, and of this Unonius writes:

Only a bit of skerry with a lonely pine is visible between the waves in the horizon. On this very shore I played in childhood days, and in those waves I bathed my feet before they were bruised by thorny paths, and to their gentle splashing I have slept after the play of the day. On that rugged stone I carved my name as a boy. Those distant crags I climbed and from their lofty crowns beheld the sea, glowing in the rising sun, and listened to the sagas of the storm, telling of strange, distant lands. In those woods I picked my first flowers and recognized the soft pulsating heart of glorious Nature. On yonder hilltop I sang my first song. In that little home by the sea I rested in the loving embrace of my dear father—now his grave not far from there. I see the narrow window where my mother used to sit watching over her boy at the shore. The sun is sinking over what was my world, and now I bid a last farewell to my childhood home, the land of my youth—farewell. Forgive me for what I erred, accept my gratitude for all that was given me, and for this moment, the last gift, when with tearful eyes I still perceive the last vague outline of the far distant hills, which recall my dearest and holiest memories and which in final parting admonish me never to forget them.

ARRIVAL AT NEW YORK

The ninth of September.

They arrived with great elation on this day off Sandy Hook, some fifty miles from main land, and began to feel that they were almost in touch of land. They had experienced both good and bad weather and wind, but outside of periodic seasickness all were well on board after three months or more of constant sailing. They had touched at Helsingör, Denmark, and Portsmouth, England, which port they left on July 17, after having had some repairs made to the ship of damage sustained during a heavy storm on the North sea.

The American pilot boat now approached, and the party of emigrants observed with interest the first American climbing over the railing and on to the deck. He seemed to have been a dapper, middle-aged gentleman, who made a good im-

pression and bid them all welcome to his own country. The diary now reads:

I could not refrain from holding this, the first American to greet us, as a representative of the land we were about to enter and amongst whose citizens we intended to make our home. I admit that the impression was very favorable. There appeared in his manners something robust and deliberate at the same time radiant with good nature. When he took command of the ship, it was done with quiet dignity and self-reliance not without a slight touch of conceit.

At four o'clock that afternoon they had their first sight of land. Their provisions had been exhausted long ago, but the captain had played the good Samaritan in their want and had supplied their necessities. The anticipation of again setting foot on land, with the enjoyment of a savory beef-steak and a good glass of fresh milk instead of the daily rations of pork and beans and poor water, kept the party up all night, and with intense excitement and expectation they walked the deck until morning. Unonius says of this:

Serious thoughts were, however, uppermost in our minds. It was with an inborn fear that we looked towards this strange land to be met by an unknown fate. Such thoughts had during the tumultuous voyage been mostly driven away by the storm and the seasickness, which makes the sufferer insensible to anything but his own misery. We were, however, now at the portals of our dreamed of Eden, trembling at the possibility of finding only a mirage.

The tenth of September.
Unonius writes further:

At last morning came. I can imagine the feelings of Columbus when he beheld the long looked for continent in the west. We were soon surrounded by high shores with a great many steamboats plying to and fro, and the general view was beautiful and impressive, and this would still be true even though one had not been tacking back and forth in a sailing vessel on an endless sea for more than three months with a mind discouraged and disheartened by seasickness and the uncertainty of ever reaching port again.

Anchor was now dropped at a pier where the ship's cargo of iron was to be unloaded, and the passengers lost no time in setting foot on the much longed for shore. With the aid of Captain Bohlin they obtained lodging in a mediocre boarding house, and the comments and observations made by Unonius at this juncture and during his sojourn in New York are not only true and striking but in his inimitable style of writing conducive to real merriment.

We were like lost sheep and did not dare to leave the house for fear of getting lost in the mass of moving people, as we knew not a single soul nor the language spoken around us. We thought it best to keep indoors 'under civil arrest' until the captain would return to our rescue. However, mealtime came and the table was set for us as well as for other guests, and, after having been designated our seats, we remained standing, and a simple prayer was said according to table manners in Sweden. This attracted the attention of all present, some looking on in astonishment, others with mingled respect and ridicule, but the majority with only slight notice, like something they had seen and heard sometime or other, but which seemed too commonplace to take part in. With good appetites the bountiful meal was consumed, and I must with shame confess that we arose from the table this time without prayer to avoid criticism and to prove that we in Rome could do as the Romans do. Thus, we ended our meal without thanks to Him who gives us our daily bread. And just that easily do we drift from Him because of shyness of being adversely observed by the world.

OBSERVATIONS IN NEW YORK

They remained one week in New York in order to obtain reliable information on the conditions in the West and to choose a place on which to settle, but found to their surprise that little, if anything, was actually known here of the western states. They were fortunate to make the acquaintance of a landsman, returning to Sweden, who had lived in Illinois for a considerable time. He advised them to go there and also described in glowing terms its favorable agricultural conditions, its wonderful climate, and the abundance of

suitable land from which to choose. They became much impressed and accordingly decided to go there.³

DEPARTURE FROM NEW YORK

After long, deliberate consideration of the pros and cons of the meager and unreliable information and advice which they had obtained, the party finally came to an agreement with a transportation company for conveyance to Chicago. The sum agreed upon was \$12 per person, including meals en route, which was thought most liberal in view of the great distance to be covered and no extra charge for baggage. They received a receipt for the money paid, which circumstance proved very valuable in later events.

They made a final visit to the good ship *Minnet* and bid their adieux to Captain Bohlin with their sincere thanks to him and his crew for the skill shown and kindness extended in safely transporting them this far and for unselfishly assisting them in many ways while in New York. Here Unonius records:

In a foreign port one feels a sort of attachment to the ship which serves as transport from one's native land. It rises like a monument in the memory of the event. It serves as a binding bridge between it and the far distant shore.

The seventeenth of September.

Late in the afternoon they embarked on the steamer *Rochester* and headed up the Hudson river. With them was Polman, who had decided to join his future with theirs. They were now left entirely to themselves among a mixed

³ Unonius in this chapter of his *Memoirs* gives an extensive description of the family life, manners of the people, the social, economic and political situation, and the geographical development together with many other observations of the then existing conditions in New York and the country as a whole. All of this information is irrelevant and does not come within the scope of this volume, but was meant by him to more particularly serve as advice for subsequent emigrants.

and boisterous crowd of men and women, whose behavior at times bordered upon the vulgar, filling them with deep disgust. Their good friend, Captain Bohlin, to their regret, was no longer with them. They could not understand the language spoken around them, nor could these strangers understand Swedish. Unonius in real discouragement says here:

Morose and sad at heart I found after a prolonged search my wife and Christine in the women's compartment. Trembling I grasped the hand which now had no other earthly aid than mine. We understood each other. Had we not together said a last, sad farewell to our own native land and had we not together severed the bonds that bind us to our near and dear ones? At this moment, more than at any other time did we feel most lonely and entirely forsaken. We and our companions were now alone in a strange land and on our way to a far distant region, of which we knew but little. I now grasped more fully the magnitude of our adventurous undertaking and with prophetic misgivings did my eyes rest upon the young, lovable being at my side, who for my sake had left mother, brothers, sisters, and friends to blindly bind her future with mine.

At Albany a change of steamers took place, and they were here compelled to pay a considerable sum for overweight baggage before it would be released, and when embarking on the side-wheeler which was to take them to Buffalo still additional charges were made in spite of their protest and contrary to the agreement made in New York. The next day they passed the city of Schenectady, thirty miles from Albany on the Erie canal, and were slowly on their way, much too slowly for the miserable accommodations to which they had to submit.

ARRIVAL AT BUFFALO

They now passed through the beautiful Mohawk valley and left a number of interesting towns, villages, and settlements behind, which they could clearly observe from the boat. They made a short stop at Utica and another at Syracuse.

Because of a prolonged dry season and constant lack of water in the canal, their boat together with some thirty other transport barges became stuck on the mud banks of the shallow water, and the conglomerate mass of humanity on shore, drawn thither because of this enforced stranding, was exceedingly interesting to the party of emigrants. Unonius comments on the situation:

Our boat seemed to be screwed down in the mud. The traction from shore by several teams of horses availed nothing. We began to fear that this enforced landing would be continued till Our Lord would be pleased to favor us with a downpour of rain. But late in the night the officials of the canal found it advisable to let more water in from a storage basin and thus saved the situation.

They arrived at Rochester on the twenty-second of September. Passing through the locks at Lockport during the night, they began to feel more encouraged in their thoughts of their rapid approach to Buffalo. On the twenty-sixth of September they reached the Niagara river, and only three miles now separated them from Buffalo. They had passed through the eighty-three locks of the canal. At that time the canal was considered a masterpiece of mechanical engineering and a transportation necessity of immense value, as there were no railroad lines between Albany and Buffalo.

LAKE ERIE

They now disembarked with all their possessions, but as it was Sunday, no arrangement for further travel could be made. They presented themselves the next morning to the transportation agent, who without compunction informed them that he had nothing to do with their tickets and was under no obligation whatever. However, after considerable controversy and upon presentation of the receipts for money paid, the tickets were finally accepted as valid, and passage

to Chicago was promised, but not until the following Wednesday. This seemed to be a flagrant falsehood, as three boats were about to leave for Chicago, one that evening and two the following morning. With the kind aid of a Swedish resident, a Mr. Morrell, the matter of transportation was finally adjusted, and they boarded the steamer *Illinois* bound for Chicago. Here they were put in steerage and forced to submit to the inevitable discomforts of such accommodations.

They expected to reach Cleveland, Ohio, early the next morning, where Iwar had planned to stop. But as it appeared that he was the only passenger for this port, the captain in his majesty as master of the boat thought it not worth while to make port, so Iwar was forced in spite of his protests and contrary to agreement to come along to the next port of landing, Detroit, Michigan. The next day, however, on landing in this city, the captain arranged for his return transportation by boat to Cleveland without cost.

Among the passengers were three Indians which race Unonius and his party now saw for the first time. Unonius writes of his impressions:

The romantic imagination of this race which I had obtained from books of travel and fiction, now fell together in pieces when I saw these men in reality. They belonged to the once quite powerful Chippeway tribe. There was something morose and depressed in their looks and manners, yet in their eyes shone a suppressed fire, and they reminded me of a caged eagle whose sloping wings were ever ready and able to rise to the sky. Their faces, partly covered by musty blankets, were like a sealed riddle, not betraying one bit of what was going on within. But how could they without a feeling of resentment view this crowd of white men and women advance to take possession of their hunting grounds, the heritage of generations? One cannot without sadness contemplate this race, whose entire history, as we know it, has been one of constant retrenchment, whose whole past has been but a nomadic migration, and whose ultimate destiny must be complete extermination.

DETROIT TO MILWAUKEE

The boat arrived at Detroit on the first of October, remaining to the following day, when it proceeded through the St. Clair river and lake into Lake Huron and on the evening of the fifth day reached Fort Mackinac. The diarist continues:

Here is one of the places that breathes religion. It is impossible to look upon the crest of this crag over the large, clear body of water which surrounds it without exclaiming: 'God is good and his world is fair.' Everything suggests to the observer that he stands on the brink of civilization, yea, even that he has crossed it. A group of Indians were camped in the dale below, and others were drifting on the water in their excavated log canoes, here and there touching on this island, where according to their legends the Great Manitou abides, and where the red men will again gather in the deep forests to light their holy fire or send their weird songs up to the Sun, the symbol of the Great Spirit. But such happenings are now a thing of the past. In the place of the former heathen altars now stands a Christian temple, sending out words of peace and conciliation, where once the wild war-cry of the Indians was heard, and where the different Indian tribes combined in the most unspeakable cruelties to the white invaders of their lands.

Some of the passengers went ashore to view the fort and surrounding settlement, but Unonius and his party remained on board. Had they known, however, that within the walls of this fort was stationed, in the service of the United States militia, a brother of Mrs. Unonius, who had recently been transferred from Fort Snelling, Minnesota, their plans would have been quite different. Imagine their sorrow when several months thereafter they were informed of his presence there at that time, and that through a whim of fate they had missed him, their only relative in the country.

After passing the point of St. Ignace, the boat proceeded into Lake Michigan.

The fourth of October—Sunday.

Religious service was announced for the forenoon, which they attended jointly. Unonius remarks:

The service began with the singing of a psalm, while all remained standing, after which the minister said a short prayer. Then he read a chapter from the bible and delivered an extemporaneous sermon on the text, all of which we understood but little. We knew, however, that it was words of Him, to whom all tongues give praise, and it seemed that in this moment of devotion He also heard our silent prayers not only for ourselves but for our dear ones far away, who perhaps felt our thoughts in the communion of the soul.

While the steamer was slowly paddling its way down Lake Michigan, they were told that they would reach Milwaukee that evening, a city in Wisconsin, a new territory in the United States. They had heard nothing in New York of this city or territory, but while on the Erie canal and during the voyage on the Great Lakes had made the acquaintance of some people, Americans as well as Europeans, who spoke of them as the most beautiful, and the district as one of the most fertile sections in the great West, and under present circumstances one of the most attractive and best suited for settlers.

On the steamer they had heard the same kind of reports, and quite a number of emigrants made preparations to disembark at Milwaukee. As they had no special reason to prefer Illinois, more so as there was a rumor afloat that the best land in this state was held in the hands of speculators at high prices, and as they were weary and exhausted from the long journey, they easily yielded to a strong desire to exchange their uncomfortable steerage quarters for even the simplest dwelling on shore.

One piece of land might be as desirable as another, and they knew just as much, or rather just as little, of one as of the other, so they thought it worth while to look into the present prospect to which so many seemed to be attracted, especially as it was put directly in their way. After a short consultation, they decided to disembark and so informed the captain.

Thus, in a moment fate directs the destiny of man and changes his entire future life. It is quite probable, that had they followed their original plans and continued to Chicago, their future career in America would have been quite different from what now was in store for them. Unonius relates that they dropped anchor about ten o'clock in the evening in the Milwaukee harbor, and that only a long enough stop would be made for the disembarking of the passengers. A small lighter came out from the city for the transfer of passengers and baggage. They were prepared to pay again rather heavily for overweight, but in the hurry and in the dark a piece of baggage now and then slipped by without being noticed by the officials on board. In order that no one might keep track of what luggage they had, they themselves—the passengers—helped to transfer their belongings to the lighter. The purser called for a dollar now and a dollar then, but they busied themselves more with the work than with the paying, considering themselves entitled to escape the extra charges, inasmuch as they already had been made to pay much more than agreed upon by the transportation company.

After much commotion the transfer was at last completed, and Unonius thought that all their belongings were safe on the lighter. The captain had already given signal for departure, the gangplank had been withdrawn, and the steamboat was starting to move, when Unonius to his distress found that his wife was not with them. At this moment he heard her well-known voice calling his name from the bridge of the steamer. She had delayed her leaving until the last minute in order to make sure that nothing had been forgotten. In desperation he yelled in all the languages he could think of, calling attention to the situation, when a kind-hearted member of the crew grasped the dilemma. He grabbed Mrs. Unonius by the waist and literally threw her

from the high deck of the steamer down to the lighter below, where she fell faint from fear into the arms of her husband. One moment more and it would have been too late.

The waves had begun to rise, and as the lighter had no railing, the trip up the river seemed quite precarious. They really felt that they now were exposed to greater danger than at any other time during their entire trip from Sweden; they thought it a wonder that both people and freight were not tossed overboard, as the little tug rolled from side to side. Wet and tired they finally approached the landing and were safely docked.

It was now two o'clock in the morning, but notwithstanding this, they were fortunate in getting their goods stored in a warehouse and in finding for themselves good accommodations in the best hotel in town.⁴ Here they soon found peace and rest, such as they had not enjoyed since they left New York more than two weeks previously. They were happy to think that they were near the end of their long journey.

MILWAUKEE

The *Memoirs* continue:

We now began to feel quite certain that our goal had been reached and that no further travel by bark or boat would be necessary. We would hail with joy the day when Carl and I could start on our tour of exploration in order to discover and select a suitable location where we might establish our home and our penates in peace. In the morning we were awakened by the sound of a gong which made a noise sufficient, one might think, to wake the dead.

We were freely discussing our plans and program over the breakfast table when our talk was overheard by a young, buxom waitress, who excitedly interrupted us with: '*De ere da saa Gud Svenske folk.*' ('God bless me, but you are Swedish people.') Never in my life had the *Norske Sprog* sounded so melodious to my ears, much like the mellow tone

⁴Unonius in his *Memoirs* spells Milwaukee with 'ie' which was acceptable and correct, as the government cancellations of postage stamps at the time will bear witness.

from my homeland, and in a language which we could understand. She informed us that a few Norwegian families had settled hereabout, and that we even had a country-man in town, a Mr. George Lange, who was at present residing in this very hotel. It was a piece of good fortune to be able to meet one of our own nationality, and if ever a meeting with a landsman was welcome, it was this when we were in dire need of reliable information and advice, which fortunately Mr. Lange was able to supply. He had lived for many years in America and was fully familiar not only with the language but with the conditions and prospects of the country. We did not delay a moment in finding him, and he confirmed what we had already heard in gossip and rumor on our way and was confident that we would not have to go far to find the choicest land for our selection. In short, he verified all the good reports we had had of Wisconsin.

After breakfast they were escorted into the lobby where Lange introduced Mrs. Unonius to a number of ladies as the first Swedish woman to set foot on land west of the Great Lakes.

The party now realized that they could not afford to live at the hotel very long, so they rented rooms in a private house where they could conduct their own housekeeping. Considering that they had been traveling continuously since the eleventh of May—and this was September 30—they felt the need of a thorough airing and washing of bed linen and clothes and they all lent a helping hand in this undertaking. Unonius comments:

Carl and I accompanied by Lange now walked over to the land office to get specific information about the land that may be still obtainable by settlers for homesteads. We were asked what kind of land we wished, whether prairie, timberlands, or so-called 'oak openings,' and after profoundly pouring over the maps and seriously deliberating over the advantages of this or that section, a selection was finally made, and we were to receive from this office a letter of recommendation to a settler located some thirty miles from Milwaukee, in whose neighborhood good land was still unoccupied and who would likely be glad to serve us as guide.

Lange now promised them that if they would wait a few days he would accompany them on their excursion, which

they gladly accepted. Meantime, they made every effort to rehabilitate themselves from the vicissitudes of their long travel and to prepare for the approaching pilgrimage.⁵

PINE LAKE

While they were waiting for Lange to arrange to get away, the three men, Unonius, Groth, and Polman brought out and polished up their firearms. These consisted of twenty pieces or more of guns, pistols, and so on. They had brought these with them with the intention of selling them as occasion might offer. So they passed the time between helping the ladies and hunting ducks in what now comprises the city of Milwaukee. Ducks were plentiful and were easily shot, but they were hard to land, as the river bed which traversed the city was surrounded by morass and overflowed lowland. Their dog, Fille, brought from Sweden, was not trained in retrieving waterfowl. The mud banks were not solid enough for him to walk on, and the marsh grass prevented his swimming. It was practically impossible to paddle a canoe except in the middle of the channel, so comparatively few birds were procured for their dining table. Hunting trips within the confines of a city may seem to be something out

⁵Unonius and his companions made a thorough study of the district, and he gives in his works an exhaustive description of the entire territory. He was a very scholarly man and possessed keen powers of observation. His systematic dissertations in detail on the geographical, historical, mineral, agricultural, and social conditions and future possibilities of the country are worthy of a textbook.

In his chapter on the 'Description of the Country' he elaborates on the territorial divisions of the country, its people, and how it was governed. He recites minutely how sections and subdivisions are determined and how obtained by the settlers, how the taxes are levied and the school system maintained, how the various sections are divided into prairie, timberland, or mixed, and the possibilities of remuneration from each. He gives a complete epitome on the Wisconsin flora and fauna, and his familiarity with the Latin name of each species, be it mammals, flowers, fish, or fowl, evinces the thoroughness in higher education and training in the land of Linneus, the father of botany. He concludes the chapter with an apology for his extensive remarks and offers as his excuse his overwhelming enthusiasm in the matter, and his hope that it may prove serviceable to others in the future.

of the ordinary, but the city limits of Milwaukee at that time, like the beginnings of many other American cities, were elastic and so far distant that the area included desert, forest, and marshland. The diary continues:

We were offered city lots on the river for from fifty to two hundred dollars, but to us they appeared to be nothing but half dried up mud holes. It aroused our pity and commiseration to see some of the new arrivals swindled into buying lots, some with small primitive houses on them, supported on poles in the river bed and connected with land by rickety board walks. But later observation showed that these new arrivals had greater vision for the future than did we, for on my last visit the value of these lots had risen beyond all comparison with the original prices. Besides the greater and better part of the city was on high land with a magnificent view over the river and the bay.⁶

Mr. Lange now informed the men that he was ready to guide them on the expedition of discovery, and on the early morning of October 7 they started out on foot, well supplied with food, guns and ammunitions, and also with the letter of introduction from the land office to Mr. Pearmain of Delafield. Although rather late in the fall, the weather was mild and summery.

The first ten miles took them through dense forest, and the riot of colors on the trees that autumn day attracted their particular attention. It was a new sight to them. Unonius writes of the effect of these variegated colors upon himself and his companions as follows:

But my eyes followed less the road than the trees, for the autumn forest in America is something extraordinarily beautiful with all the colors of the rainbow reflected in the dead and not yet fallen leaves. With a constantly changing panorama, enhanced by the variations in color schemes, the views that met our eyes were an ever increasing source of admiration and delight.

They emerged from the woods proper and entered the more thinly-wooded oak openings with an occasional tree-

⁶The downtown Milwaukee district, here described, is today situated between Michigan and Wells streets.

covered hillock. Up to this time they had rambled alone over the Indian path, but now they came up to a single small house, the first log cabin they had seen. It seemed to have been newly built and served as a home as well as a tavern. Here they asked if they could have something to eat. The woman of the house replied that they could if they would wait until she had baked some bread. This struck them as something too long to wait for, but Lange assured them that it would not take so very long. She got busy making some soda biscuits, and in a short while they sat down to a really good meal. Their long tramp had given them a lively appetite.⁷

This tavern was undoubtedly the beginning of the later so much frequented Half Way house, which in the days of excursions with buggy and tallyho served as a resting place at a point halfway between Milwaukee and Waukesha.⁸

They had still some twenty miles to travel, as they planned to be at Pearmain's place by nightfall. This they would hardly have been able to accomplish had they not had the good fortune to secure a ride with a wayfaring settler who overtook them on the road and consented to convey them to their destination, which they reached in the late afternoon.

Unonius comments on the miserable road between Milwaukee and Delafield⁹ that it was not a road at all to his way of thinking. He was astonished that the strong sturdy wagon could endure so much punishment all along the way between stumps and stones. He says he was not in the seat more

⁷ He describes in detail how this dinner was prepared over an open fire and dwells particularly on the soda biscuits, as they were new to them.

⁸ It is located today in its modern form at the junction of the Elm Grove road and state highway 19.

⁹ The stretch of territorial road just mentioned is now state highway 30 between Guerke's Corners and Delafield.

than half of the time and speaks of his own limbs—how robust they must have been—taking all the bumps and jolts. He makes note of the fact that for even this kind of a ride the driver charged them a rather stiff price and adds: 'For nothing is done, and nothing is gotten here, except it is paid for.'

They found upon their arrival that Pearmain's home was another log house, not altogether finished and not too comfortable either. Supper was served in much the same way as was the dinner. The fare was good and substantial. After dark they walked over to Pearmain's farm, also located a little distance up the road and entered his home, which was also used as a tavern. Their quarters for the night consisted of two poorly equipped beds up in the dark, windowless attic of the cabin, reached by a rickety ladder and a trap door in the ceiling. They crawled, carefully feeling their way in the dark under the roof, to their beds. Carl had to share his bed with a carpenter, who was boarding there while putting up a store building. This new building project and the grist and saw mills, which were also in the making near a small river, were looked upon as the humble beginnings of a great and flourishing city. Pearmain, the carpenter, and the future miller considered it a matter which could by no means be disputed that Delafield, because of its favorable location and the water power there available, soon would develop into another Rochester, New York. Of this, the first log cabin in which he had spent a night, Unonius says:

The rough uneven logs, the small, low windows, the leaking roof, the floor with open cracks between the planks, with a similar floor for the dark musty loft, were not especially inviting, and yet just such a house would soon be mine, and in such a cabin would I shortly offer my young wife the long hoped for peace and happiness.

The following day—it was October 8—Pearmain took them around in the vicinity where several unclaimed parcels of land were viewed. He had taken a horse along, so they changed about horseback riding. They walked through the woods and the openings, which latter were more pleasing to the eye than suitable for cultivation. The prairie again was even less tempting in the absence of firewood for winter, except at a great distance, and thus they deliberated and hoped to find a location on some lake where a happy medium might be struck that would solve their problem satisfactorily. Such a place they thought at one time they had found and hesitated to go in further search, but Pearmain smiled meaningly and promised a still more attractive piece of land, both in beauty and fertility, not a long distance away.

As they were thus walking about in the woods, following the Indian trails,¹⁰ they suddenly heard some unusual noise, and turning to look, they saw five or six deer roused from their resting places. The men carried their Swedish firearms but they were so surprised that they simply forgot to exercise their hunting prowess. Pearmain and Lange shouted, 'Shoot, shoot,' but before they could get themselves to cock the hammers on their guns, the light-footed animals with high jumps were out of reach and soon there was nothing to be seen of them except their branching antlers above the grass and brush. 'If a Yankee had had that gun now, we would have had venison for supper,' said Pearmain, and Unonius answered that he had no doubt but that he was right. However, he did not regret that he had not fired although he and the rest hoped that they would have another opportunity later to demonstrate that Swedish hunters also know how to bring home the wild game from the woods and prove their skill to their new made friends.

¹⁰ This Indian trail, upon which they rambled along, is now county trunk C, leading straight north out of Delafield.

On their trip they had passed several lakes, probably either Nagawicka, the Nemahbins, or the Nashotahs, or possibly all of them, and arrived at last at Pine lake. Of this Unonius writes:

At last we came to the shores of one of the most beautiful of the many lakes we had seen on our trip. It was called Pine lake, in the Indian language Chenequa, for the reason that the pine, which as a rule does not grow in this part of Wisconsin, was found growing there in company with the red cedar in one or two places on the shore. The greater number of these trees had, however, been cut down, most likely by the Indians, who use the easily worked logs for making canoes. On a small peninsula we found one of these boats left unfinished and partly burned.

This tract of land seemed one of the most desirable one could wish for, and the lake, two miles long, with its bays and peninsulas simply captivated them, and their minds were then and there fully made up to here stake their claims. Unonius in this connection gives a complete description of the land, its topography, presumed fertility of the soil, and the various species of trees that decorated its shores. There was no need of going farther. He remarks:

We would by no means have any one of the thousands who roamed back and forth through the country looking for land get in our way and claim this parcel before us. Therefore we decided to return to Milwaukee immediately and file at the land office under the preëmption act our intention to settle on each one quarter section.

Pearmain informed them that this particular parcel of land could not be obtained in that way, at least not at present. A corporation had been organized some years previously with the object of constructing a navigable canal from Milwaukee to the Mississippi river by way of Rock river. To this corporation congress had granted under certain conditions all odd sections along the proposed canal, and the piece of land they wished to claim and occupy was part of such a section. A certain time was set for the canal to be

finished, and two or three years still remained in this time limit. But the work was practically never started, and it was generally known that it never would be finished. So in a few years the land would revert to the government, and could then be obtained in the regular way. Until such time the land could not be procured at the land office, and as far as the corporation was concerned, no one cared to pay out money to them for land that would soon be taken over again by Uncle Sam. Because of this situation they would not need to pay anything down on the land for some two or three years at least. This was welcome news to the land seekers, but what about settling on such land? Was there any safe way of doing it so that someone else could not get ahead of them and buy it with the improvements meanwhile made on it? Pearmain explained that this matter need not cause them any worry. In a case like this they would be protected by the so-called 'club law,' that is the understanding existing between settlers in a new place to protect each other's rights against intruders. This club law was effective to all intents and purposes. The result of all this was that they then and there resolved to select for their homestead the west one-half of section 33, town 8 north, range 18 east, town of Merton, Waukesha county, Wisconsin. The only formalities necessary were simply to cut a large letter C, which meant 'claimed,' in the bark of some tree or trees, informing other landseekers of the fact, and to later notify the nearest settlers. Pearmain had brought along an axe, so the first formality was soon over. They were much pleased with their selection—and a beautiful place it was—for their future home. A suitable location for the house was selected near the shore with a good view to the west across the lake. The diarist says:

So far, so good, and we were indeed happy in the thought that we were not obliged to pay for the land at present, particularly as the com-

bined cash assets of Carl and myself had now melted down to about \$400. This sum would have to suffice to buy land, build a house, purchase a pair of oxen, a cow, and some pigs, besides provide for the ordinary necessities for housekeeping. In addition we would need a supply of food, at least for the approaching winter. How this small sum could be sufficient for the five of us, we failed to see. In spite of that we were now in good humor, but I must confess that in the romantic dream of 'love in a cottage' stern reality sometimes interferes with rather discouraging intermezzos.

My only worry was that we had no road leading up to our future home, and knowing all the labors spent on roads in Sweden, I thought this would cause us many difficulties. 'Cut down some trees and drag a couple of logs a few times between the nearest road and the home site, that's all that is needed, and, moreover, a road will appear as soon as you begin to do some driving back and forth,' Lange gave as his advice. And so even this difficulty was removed.

We now made arrangements with Pearmain to have Lotten and Christine come out and live at his home, while Carl, Wilhelm, and myself worked on the erection of the log cabin.

In the next place it was necessary for us to buy a yoke of oxen. These animals we could not do without on account of our immediate work of hauling logs, etc. It was just as well that we get them at once and also a wagon, so that we could get our things from the city with our own outfit without extra cost.

When it became known in the neighborhood that these new people wished to buy oxen, several of the settlers offered theirs for sale. Anything that would bring real money was for sale. A yoke of oxen somewhat old and tired were chosen. The newcomers reasoned that inasmuch as they had had no experience in managing and driving of oxen, it would be well to have a pair that would show some ox sense from previous training. At \$60 they acquired two by the name of Spak and Wallis, and they were spoken of by Unonius as well mannered oxen.¹¹ Unonius becomes humorous when he says:

Upon our way back to Milwaukee, Lange gave us expert lessons in ox driving, in which noble vocation I pride myself in having since attained

¹¹ He gives here also an interesting description of the way oxen are harnessed, or rather yoked, and the manner of driving them, all of which was new to him, but of no great edification to the reader.

a high degree of excellence. I wished many a time that my old brethren and boon companions of student days at Old Upsala could have seen and heard me proudly dominating the oxcart and with declamatory expertness and with great effective pathos expostulating my 'Dji,' 'Ha,' and 'Go along,' a language well-understood by the beasts, and finally with the knotted whip in a fantastic gesture swinging and producing a really scenic climax—and all this only wasted on a lonely road in the wilderness and without an appreciative audience.

During the long and many trips that I had to make, especially in the beginning, I had occasion to go into many philosophical meditations by which I arrived at the important conclusion that as an antidote for impatience and restlessness there is scarcely anything better than a few hours daily driving of oxen. If my former excitable and fiery disposition has been somewhat toned down later, I am indebted largely to Spak and Wallis for this change.

DELAFIELD AND CHENEQUA

The *Memoirs* continue:

We returned as soon as possible with our oxen to Milwaukee where, meantime, Christine had been taken sick, which delayed our moving. A lumber wagon was bought for \$60, and Carl and Wilhelm started back alone to Delafield with the first load, while I remained in the city to assist the ladies. Fortunately, Christine soon improved, so that when Wilhelm returned with the oxen and the wagon, we could start out again at once with the rest of our belongings. Carl had remained at Pearmain's to cut some grass, which though late in the autumn yet could serve fairly well as fodder.

On Sunday the seventeenth of October 5:00 A.M., we left Milwaukee. Christine, who was weak after her sickness, took her place on the wagon among the trunks and other things, while Lotten prepared to walk, and Wilhelm and I took turns about driving the oxen, in the art of which none of us was expert. Everything, however, went well except driving down hill, where we did not understand how to make the oxen hold back the heavy load. They rushed down with such speed between stumps and stones and roots and ditches that I many times thought both oxen and wagon would tumble over and crash. At last we met an experienced American, who finished the lessons Lange had given us. He drove our oxen down the next hill, walking quite close to their heads, and with the stick of the whip quietly touched them while he called out 'back, back,' whereby the animals firmly held back the wagon, which thus rolled downhill as slowly as in a few minutes it rolled uphill. During the rest of the way we were, with this lesson, more experienced in the art of driving oxen.

But the party did not make swift progress. The road was poor, and the oxen were slow. By noon they were only about ten miles out of Milwaukee. A house appeared by the roadside. They had provisions for their lunch but went to the house to see if they could buy some milk. They did not

get any milk. There was, undoubtedly, plenty of milk in the house, but it was Sunday, and the pious people would not do business on that day. Unonius says:

I felt that even if their conscience did not allow them to sell milk on Sunday, this should not have kept them from giving wayfaring strangers a little of the strengthening drink. Christian kindness would have dictated this. But they answered very seriously that manna did not fall on the Sabbath, and that those who started out on such a trip on Sunday, well deserved, even here, to get acquainted with the thirst that is never quenched.

About this much I understood of the puritan reprimand with which they turned us down. As long as I cannot properly defend my own misdeed in traveling on Sunday, I cannot fairly blame their excessive zeal in righteousness. However, I have always nursed my suspicion of such outward show of Christian devotion. Our Lord proved a greater Samaritan than those who claimed to be His servants, for fortunately we found nearby a spring, which with its clear, fresh water served us well with our meal.

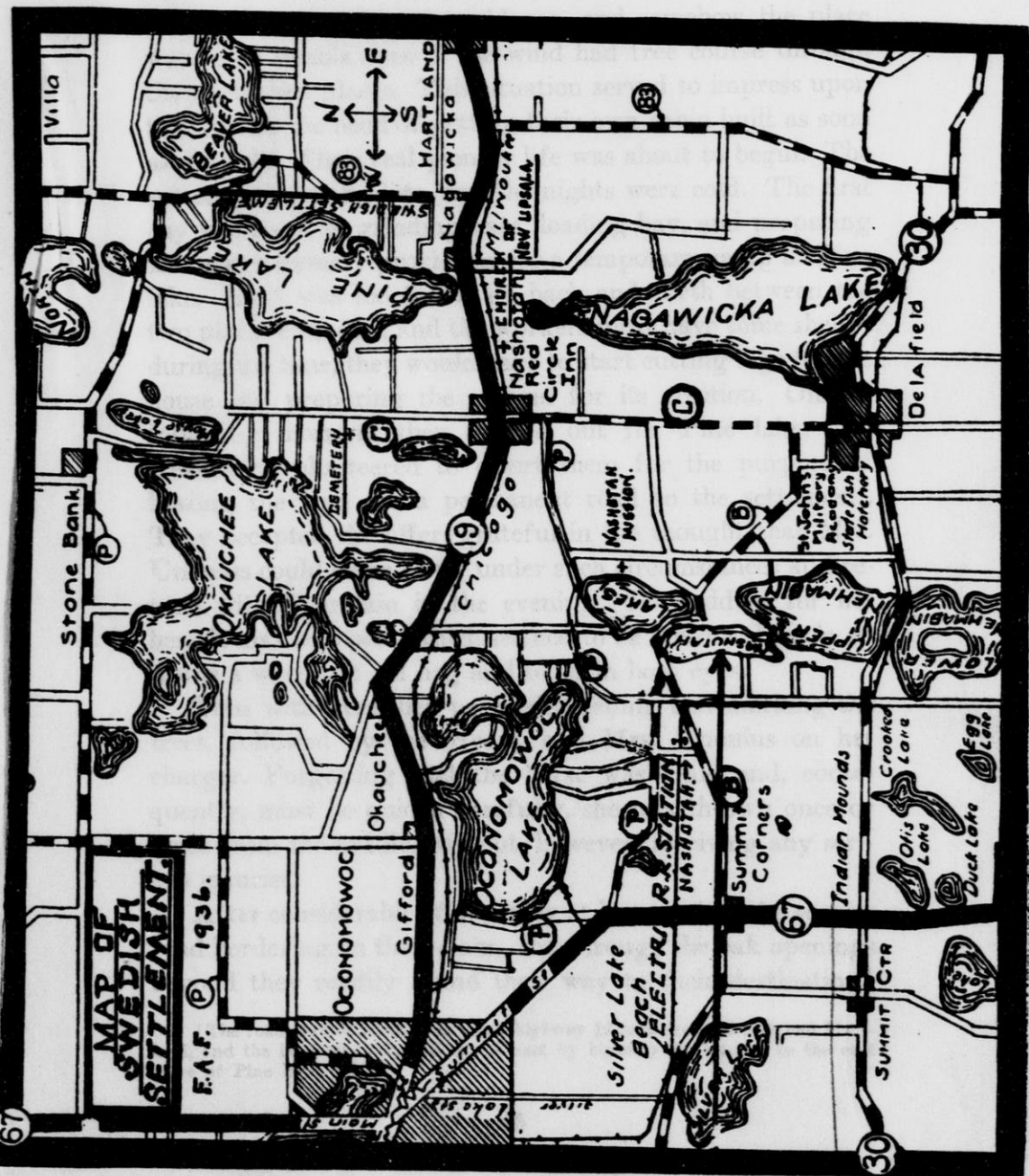
This affair, however, aroused new worries. Even if our oxen had been the most fleet of foot, it would have been impossible in one day to get as far as Pearmain's home. I knew there was a tavern some miles farther on which we could reach about dusk and where we planned to remain over night. Now, if the same puritan piety should there deny us lodging, as it had denied us a drink of milk, we would be obliged to stay in the woods over night, as it was impossible to travel over these roads in the dark. This might be a quite serious affair for my wife and Christine, who was not yet completely well after her illness. The thought of this annoyed me and made me bitterly regret our Sunday journey, although I could not honestly admit that my regret originated in a realization of any wrong I had done. At last we arrived at the place in question, where we planned to end the day's journey and, fortunately for us, we were received for the night. Whether our host was really a good Samaritan, who would not close his door to the wayfaring strangers, or whether he was one who did not consult the elders in Israel and their ordinances, I do not know. No matter, we and our oxen were taken care of for the night for cash, in hand paid, of course.

This so-called 'inn' was much like the others of its kind among the new settlers—unfinished and primitive in many ways, consisting mainly of one large room and a dark attic. Other guests were there, and they all made concessions so that the ladies especially were cared for as comfortably as

possible under the circumstances. The pioneer spirit of courtesy and sacrifice was there. The wagon with its contents was left outside by the open road, and although some people were heard passing by in the night, not a thing was missing in the morning.

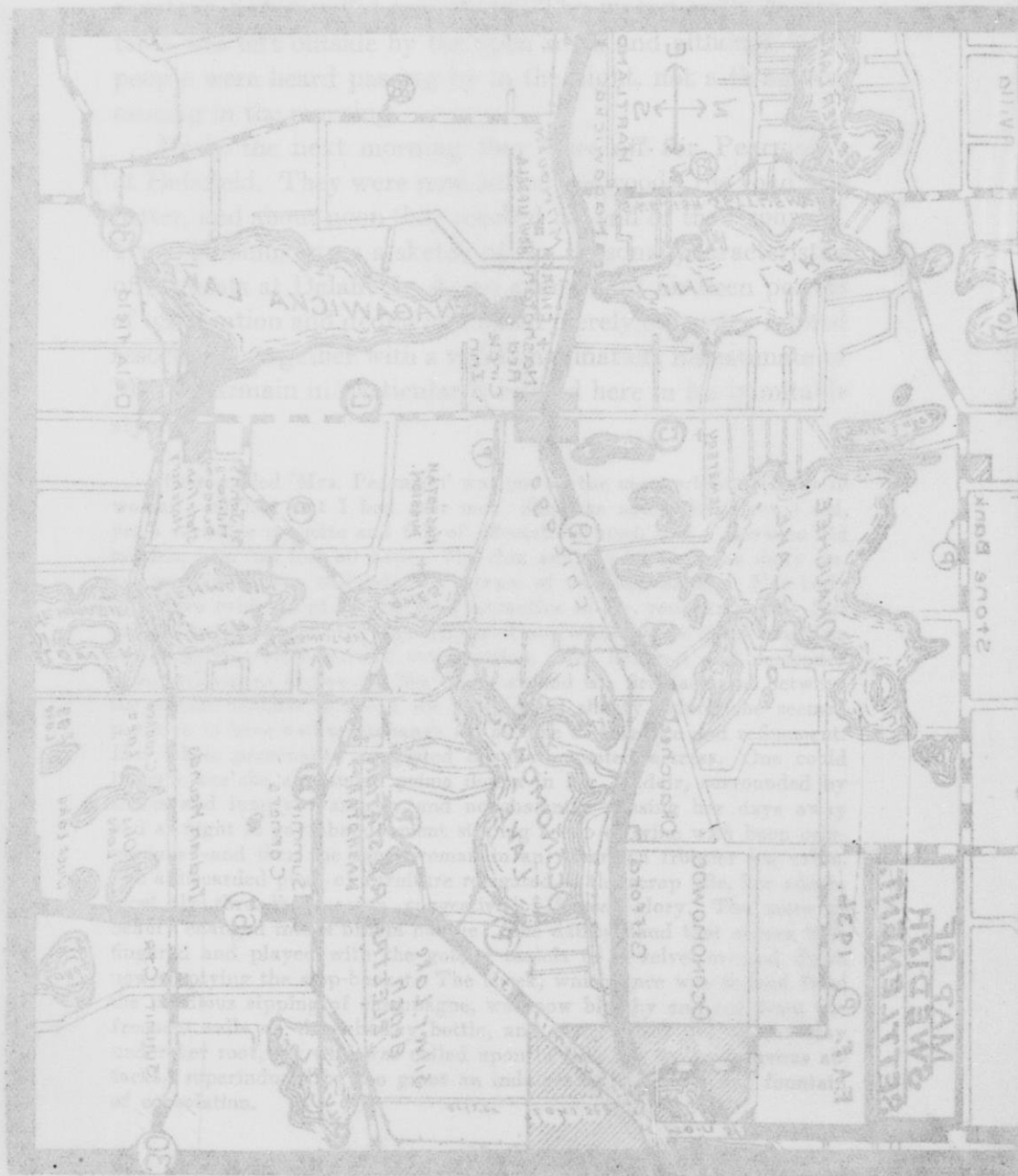
Early the next morning they were off for Pearmain's at Delafield. They were now out of the woods, the road was better, and about noon they reached the end of their journey. Here Unonius gives a sketch of the personal characteristics of his hosts at Delafield. As an example of his keen powers of observation and deduction, based merely on a very limited association, together with a vivid imagination, his estimate of Mrs. Pearmain in particular is related here in his inimitable style:

The so-called 'Mrs. Pearmain' was one of the most original beings in woman's clothes that I had ever met. She was about forty years old, yet a veritable coquette and full of affectation, much like a forsaken old maiden, who has lost all hope. The thin and from wearisome daily duties emaciated face still retained a trace of vanished beauty. Her body also gave evidence of having been attractive in the younger years. She carried her head proudly high and used not without ease good language and elegant gestures in her conversation. Her bearings and demeanor were striking as she swung her skirts around the fireplace and between the simple wooden stools in the dilapidated shanty, which she seemed perforce to have had to exchange for a home of elegance and refinement. Her whole personality suggested a superannuated actress. One could imagine her the applauded prima donna in her boudoir, surrounded by riches and luxury, wantonly and nonchalantly passing her days away and at night in gay abandonment sipping a cup of wine with boon companions—and then the same woman in an American frontier log cabin, like a discarded piece of furniture relegated to the scrap pile, her adornment the threadbare cover, suggestive of former glory. The mace of beauty changed into a broom handle! The dainty hand that at one time fingered and played with the golden tassels of a velvet-covered divan now emptying the slop-bucket. The cheek, which once was flushed from the insidious sipping of champagne, was now blotchy and red from the frequent calls on the whiskey bottle, and many times during our stay under her roof, my wife was called upon to help her in her 'nervous attacks,' superinduced by too great an indulgence at her beloved fountain of consolation.



X

possible under the circumstances. The pioneer spots of



Pearmain's house was unfinished and in about the same condition as the inn they had just left, but the ingenuity born of necessity was in evidence, and somehow the place was made livable even if the wind had free course through the unchinked places. This situation served to impress upon their minds the need of getting their own cabin built as soon as possible. Their real pioneer life was about to begin. The season was getting late, and the nights were cold. The first day was spent in grinding axes, loading hay, and preparing the most necessary provisions for a temporary camp at Pine lake. As it was too far to go back and forth between the two places each day, and the workers must have some shelter during the time, they would have to start cutting logs for the house and preparing the ground for its erection. On the following morning they started out for Pine lake, and Pearmain volunteered to escort them for the purpose of blazing the trail for a permanent road to the settlement. They accepted the offer, grateful in the thought that Mrs. Unonius could come along under such circumstances and return with Pearmain in the evening. He saddled for her benefit his own horse, which seemed to be reasonably safe, as it was a worn out old nag and blind in both eyes.

Thus with axes they proceeded felling and marking the trees, followed by the oxcart, and Mrs. Unonius on her charger. Forgetting that the horse was blind and, consequently, must be guided carefully, she was thrown once or twice from the saddle, without, however, receiving any serious injuries.

After considerable efforts they at last reached the section road bordering on their claim, and through the oak openings beyond they readily found their way to their destination.¹

¹ The road here referred to is today highway 19 between Nashotah and Hartland, and the land was bounded to the east by highway 88, leading to the east shore of Pine lake.

Mrs. Unonius was pleased with the location they had selected but suggested for the homestead a more suitable spot, and in deference to her wishes this was chosen for the site, and they never had reason to regret having followed her vision and wisdom in the matter.

Mrs. Unonius and Pearmain soon started on their return trip in order to reach Delafield before dark. To be sure the distance was only four miles, but the road was rough and tedious. The three men had also to find some shelter for the night and to that end felled a number of trees, cleaned them into seven foot logs, and built them up in a square about four feet high. A big walnut bedstead, bought in Milwaukee and brought along, was placed within, and a slanting roof of rough boards and stakes covered by the hay and fastened to the logs, finished their first attempt in house building. A hole was made in the logs and this served as a window as well as a door, and after they retired, they closed it with a bundle of hay. On the clay floor was barely room enough to undress. Carl prepared a modest evening meal in the open, and after the camp fire had died down, they crawled into their little dwelling, the first one occupied by white men on the shores of Pine lake. The *Memoirs* continue:

A few miles east of us we knew of some settlement, and to the south was Pearmain's, our nearest neighbor, but to the west of the lake there were none, and to the north stretched a deep and unknown forest where only the Indians were known to roam and knew the way.

For many hours, sleep was out of the question. We were lying there in the dark surrounded by a wilderness whose fantastic mysteries aroused our imagination, and we recalled the tales of our youth, picturing the subtle espionage of suspicious and treacherous Indians, who possibly even at that very moment loitered about in the vicinity, resenting the presumption of the white invaders. With a depressed feeling in my heart, I repeated a tender lullaby of long ago, which recalled the peace of my far away home and the loving embrace of my mother of her only son—and sleep at last overtook me.

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 Delafield 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 pro tem, tells about the work in detail.² 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

²The 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.

Unonius 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 corralling 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.

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 indication on the part of the Indians to wish to come near us, we likewise abstained. 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 prevailed over the field where these wild children of nature stretched their weary limbs on old mother earth and slept like their white brethren, forgetting 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 smoldering 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 mistake 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 between 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, *skipetagan*, 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.

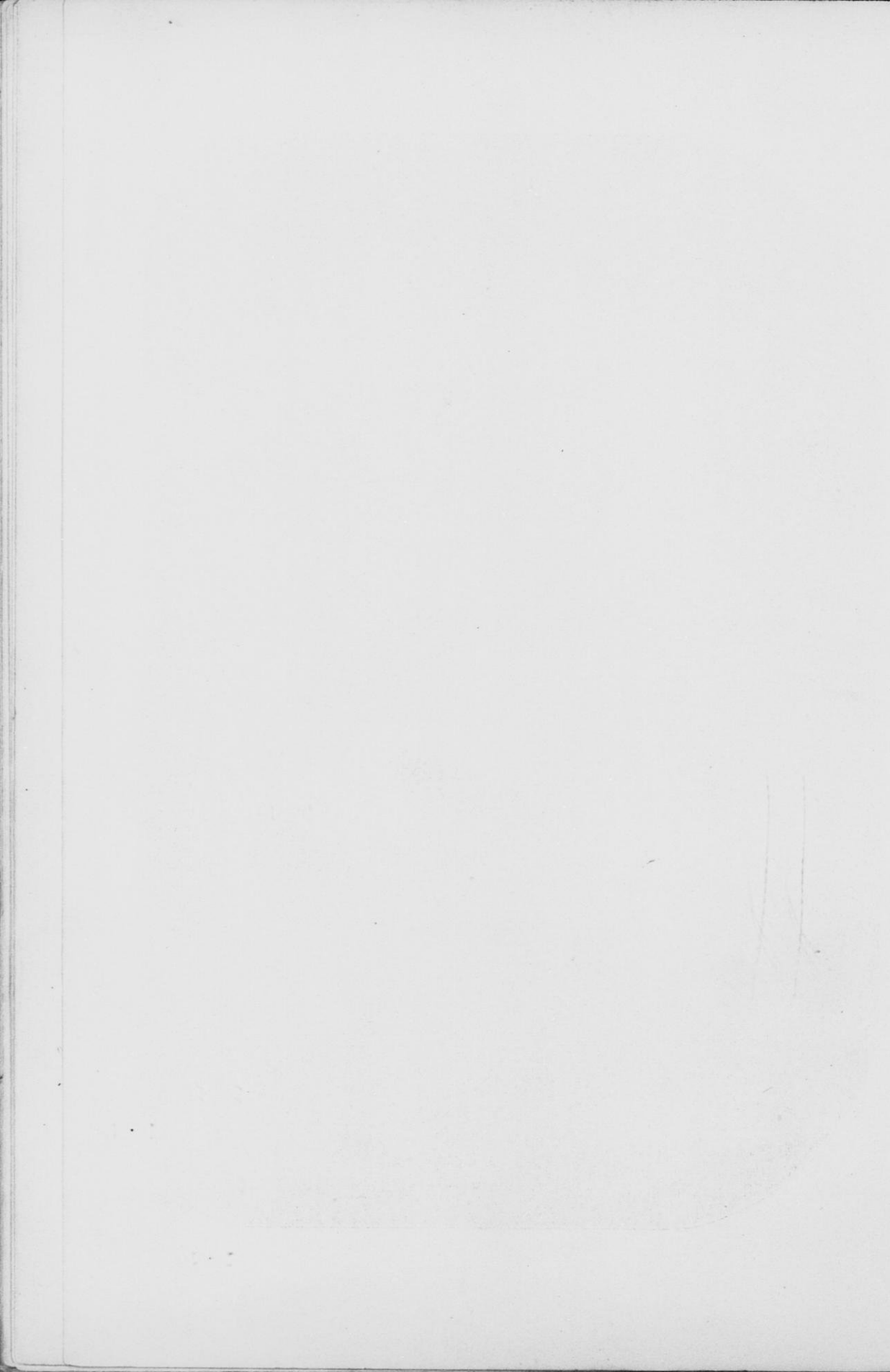
The Winnebago chief now arose, wrapped himself in his blanket, and without a look or a word in parting, walked over to his camp still smoking my pipe. In a couple of hours their tents were folded, and nothing but a few smoldering fires indicated that a tribe of Indians had camped there. We were later 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



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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.⁵ 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

⁵ Here Unonius gives a technical description of how a log house should be built, how floors are layed, 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, incompleated 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

since we had left our parental roofs and gone out into a strange world. It was a home built by our own hands, and though it lay far away in a foreign land, it was the home of our imagination, it was the goal of our ambition. It was the haven of rest after many months of nomadic existence with its wearisome restlessness, trials, and disappointments. As yet void of even the least suggestion of the attractive finish of a modern dwelling, and even of the simplest conveniences which civilized men may expect, it was, however, a home, ready to receive the finishing touches, and though most modest in its pretensions, was rich, rich in love, rich in friendship, rich in faith in God that He would extend His blessing over its roof. It was our home, it was our NEW UPSALA.⁶

In order to make the cabin inhabitable for the first night, the stove was put up, a hole made in the ceiling and through the roof, and the pipes adjusted. A fire was built as a protection against the chilly blasts from between the cracks in the walls. A few loose planks served as a floor, a trunk for a table, and a hole in the ground about two feet deep, covered with boards, functioned as a cellar for cold storage. Boxes, trunks, clothes, perishable goods and foodstuffs were brought in, and the first provisional straw hut, which was just a short distance away, emptied of its contents. The oxen were given some shelter for the night, and wood was chopped for the fire. From a trunk, metamorphosed into a pantry, a modest evening meal was procured which was consumed with good appetite and enjoyed in a jovial spirit. Later followed a pleasant relaxation, so much appreciated after the strenuous labors of the day, with the contentment in the thought of duty well performed. But withal, and in the midst of the present accomplishments in the new home and greater hopes for the future, their old ties in Sweden were not forgotten, and the very contrast between the new and the old could but

⁶Unonius now relates in minute detail all the big and little things that had to be done and attended to, and in order to give the reader some conception of the primitiveness of pioneer life, the anxieties for its very existence, and the sacrifices which it had to endure, fragmentary extracts from the *Memoirs* will be given on those subjects, but many such items must, in a large measure, be omitted as being of less importance than the historical.

awaken in their minds the dearest and most sacred memories. Unonius writes:

Amongst such memories came to my mind the glorious temple at Upsala with the outstretched welcoming hands of Christus at its altar, and the intuitive influence of peace and love radiating under its arched dome. Here we had no house of worship, not even within a reasonable distance, and the realization of this want made us truly feel that we were far, far away. The necessity for maintaining in some manner our worship of God was self-evident in our minds, and a desire to seek Him in our prayers filled our hearts, and thus our Psalm and prayerbooks were brought out, and with true devotion our first night in our home was solemnized, and in less ritualistic yet in a more sincere manner, the sacred hour closed with a prayer for His benediction.

ACTIVITIES AT THE HOMESTEAD

During the days that followed everything was done as rapidly as possible to complete the interior and bring about a reasonable comfort in their existence. Although it could not be called a room, the attic was arranged as sleeping quarters for Carl and Wilhelm and was reached by a ladder. Of hay was the bed and of hay was the pillow. The walls were thoroughly 'mudded' and chinked, and the door and windows put in their proper places. Instead of chairs, several wooden stools were made, and for the special comfort of Mrs. Unonius a hollow oak stump was made into a reclining chaise longue. Pegs were put in the logs, and a number of shelves were arranged for utensils, tools, books, etc., while modest curtains at the windows and a few pictures on the walls completed the arrangement. A woman's hand understood what to do, and in spite of the very limited material at her disposal, the rough and simple pieces of furniture and equipment were forgotten as if transposed into an environment of coziness and contentment.

One day Unonius made a trip to a farmer, living about four miles away, to buy a cow, but as he felt that he was

not so well posted on the finer points in such a transaction, Christine went along, as she had had considerable experience in that line. A fine cow was bought, the pride of the household, at the cost of \$20. They now erected a provisional barn for their herd, which had been augmented by a few pigs and chickens. The barn was similar to their original straw hut and was under the immediate supervision of Christine, who found there an outlet for her long pent up love of animals. During the crisp autumn days the men would go out for a hunt, and at this time the wild pigeons and pheasants were plentiful.

The routine of the day was simple. After early rising, they ate their breakfast, and after attending to the necessary home chores, such as splitting wood, carrying water, etc., the men proceeded to their daily task of cutting logs or breaking the soil for later cultivation. All returned for a substantial meal at four o'clock, which served as both dinner and supper, and the rest of the day and evening was spent in improving or enlarging their present material possessions and in the study of the English language. The twilight hours were spent in happy confabs at the camp fire, or by candlelight in the cabin, invariably ending in a community prayer. This life seemed to agree with them, and many times in later days they recalled to their memory these first months at Pine lake as some of the happiest they had in America.

EXCURSIONS AND EXPLORATIONS

Unonius writes further:

One morning while we were occupied in feeding the cattle, we were surprised in hearing at a considerable distance a rooster crow. The proximity of such a domestic animal would likely mean the existence of a human dwelling, and we presumed that new homesteaders had arrived in the neighborhood. We determined to take a trip of exploration, and about a mile away on the other side of a creek we found two men cutting

logs, and bivouacked nearby two women and a number of children. We greeted them from our shore, and they invited us to cross the creek on a felled log to their side. The stream we crossed was Bark river, which was not at any place navigable, but had potential possibilities in producing water power. Connecting several inland lakes, it finally empties into the Rock river, which again is a tributary of the Mississippi. Mr. S. and his wife were of the working class and came from Vermont. They had drifted through Michigan and southern Wisconsin to this place and seemed to be much better equipped and better able to meet the problems in pioneering than we were. They were in possession of two fine strong oxen, two cows, a number of pigs and chickens. The roomy wagon covered by an arched tent (prairie schooner) served as their home, and consequently, they were in no need of an inn for shelter while their cabin was being built, which was nearing its completion and to which Carl and myself lent a helping hand.

On another day at a greater distance, we found other newcomers, a man, wife, and two children. They were poor but gave every evidence of education and refinement.

Unonius makes a comparison of the two families to show the mixture of associates in the wilderness in these words:

In the one cabin the man was very uncouth, uneducated, and a typical backwoodsman with bodily strength and endurance in the trials of pioneer life, yet with manners and demeanor much below the average man. His wife, also ignorant and slovenly, reminded me of a gypsy woman, smoking her clay pipe and wallowing in filth. In the other cabin again the man, in spite of his poor worn clothes, gave every evidence of a gentleman. Education and good breeding cropped out in his whole personality, even through the holes at his elbows. The manner in which his wife asked me to sit down on the wooden-pegged stool suggested an invitation to a parlor sofa. The cabin was well supplied with good books, and their familiarity with the works of such men as Linnæus and Berzelius, from far away Sweden, was astonishing. He was a merchant from the East who had lost his fortune and was now pioneering in the West. I have compared the two families in order to show the different degrees of civilization that exist side by side in a populace where one is considered as good as the other. Wealth is the determining factor of caste and forms here the line of demarkation between the higher and the lower classes. Yet the culture or refinement of one is a self-satisfaction and a source of pride, its own reward so to speak, which the other can neither reach nor attain. However, everybody was busy in his own way and place, and no social intercourse was established with either class or family.

Contact with neighbors happened only in a business way, and at this time more so, as provisions for the winter had to be secured and stored away. This was done for cash or by 'swapping.' Carl for example, exchanged a four-year-old full dress suit for a well-fed pig and several baskets of corn and potatoes. They were well supplied with clothes, which they were glad to exchange for greater necessities.

The slaughtering of the first pig was a new experience for all, except Christine, and every part of the animal was saved and prepared for future use. At such an occasion it was customary to share some of the delicacies with the neighbors, which was, of course, highly appreciated except the 'blood-pudding,' which was not only not wanted, but by some detested as a biblical abomination.

The Indian summer was now over, and winter approached with frost and snow. Already on the third of December the lake was frozen over with thick ice, and the pleasure of skating was alternately indulged in with the one pair of skates brought by Carl from Sweden. Without a boat they could now fully explore on the ice the entire shore line of the lake and its surroundings and found to their satisfaction that their claim had unwittingly been a good choice both in location on the lake and in good, fertile, tillable land.

The days now were passed mostly in splitting rails and making fences so that the herd, small though it was, could be kept within a certain enclosure without being tied up. The animals had at times freedom to roam, and this 'hunting of the cattle' had been a tiresome and time wasting experience. This was now over, and, besides, their plan was to ultimately fence the entire property. The *Memoirs* continue:

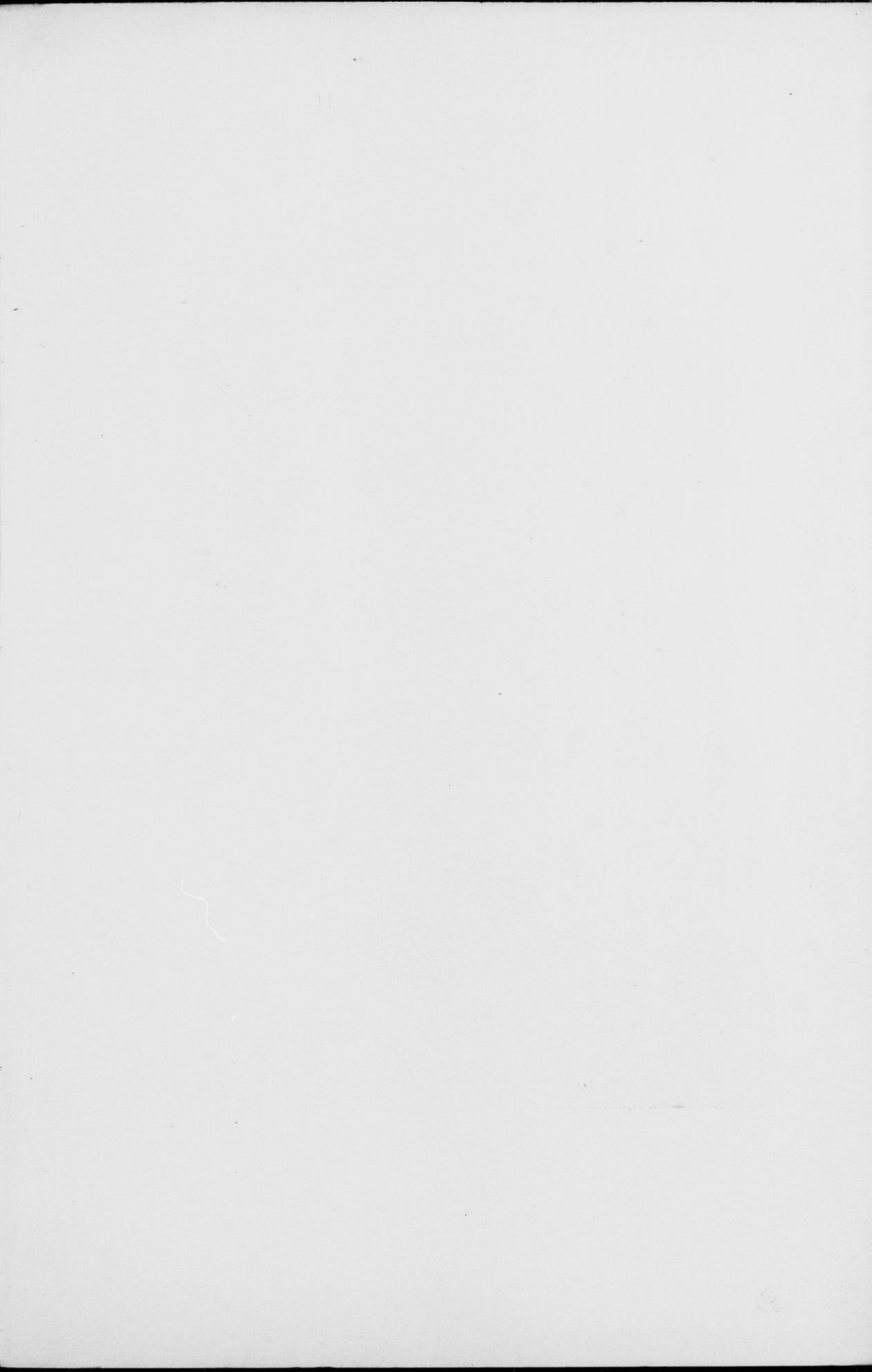
These and other trials I bore with patience yea even with fortitude, but my greatest misgiving was that my supply of snuff was nearly exhausted. I dreaded the day when I would have no more. To put the nose on half portions was very difficult, as by habit it demanded its rights.

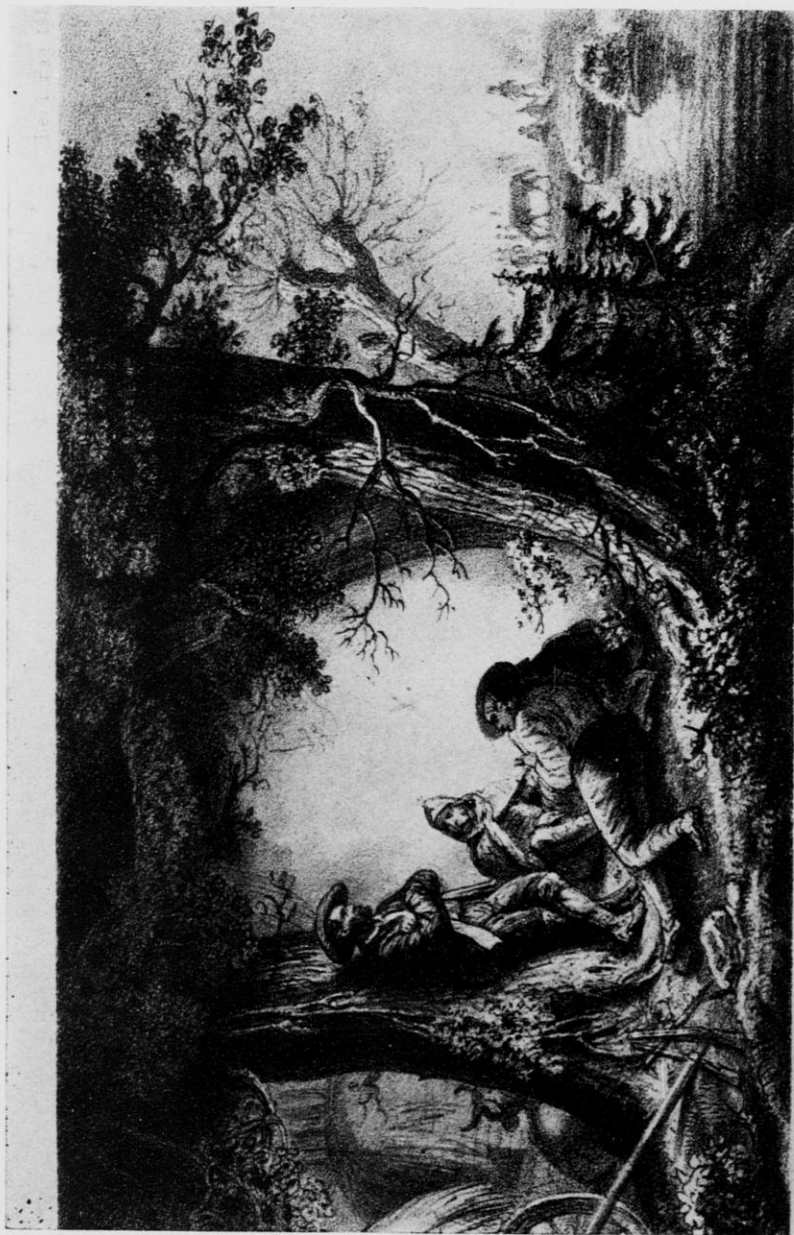
Snuff was not to be had in these parts, as nobody used it, and now my inventive genius must be exerted to find a solution. Luckily, I could obtain some packages of long, black, stringy, smoking tobacco. This was dried on the stove, ground to a powder in the coffee mill, again moistened with potash, and then allowed to ferment in a tightly closed tin can. My ingenuity was commendable, and my snuff was considered the best in the vicinity.

At last Christmas came, the holiday when young and old gather into the fold of the family circle. It is a time when one is more apt to think of dear ones and friends and of other days of long ago. One is prone to make comparison between the present and the past. Notwithstanding the poverty and emptiness of our log cabin home, it was rich in memories, which it was a joy to recall, memories of the days when a mother's hand lighted the Christmas candles for the happy child dancing around the tree, and when a father's voice sought to instill in the young innocent heart a holy desire to be guided by the star of Bethlehem.

But our Christmas Eve was not entirely void of its merriment. Carl had made a table, artistic in outline, strong and serviceable, and this together with two chairs, bought in Oconomowoc, were gifts to Lotten. Other small gifts for each one were placed on the neatly decorated table. Christine had prepared a delicious rice porridge, and it seemed that nothing was wanted, except possibly this . . . or . . . possibly that . . . , and perhaps a tear stole into the eye at the thought of those things. Yet, in spite of this, in this low, modest, and most unpretentious home—decorated in holiday attire—love, peace, and contentment had lighted their tapers and on this our first Christmas in a far away land they filled our hearts with their joy and their blessing.

And early the following morning there was heard in the lowly cabin in the wilderness some such inspiring melody as the old Swedish Christmas hymn, '*Var Hälsad Sköna Morgonstund.*'





PINE LAKE 1841

From Original in the Memoirs of Unonius

THE VOICE OF DESTINY

A NEW year had begun. January had been very cold and February worse, in fact, so bad that no work could be done out of doors. The morning milk, placed on the table, froze to ice within a few minutes, and the stove was fired day and night to keep the cabin tolerably warm. But the beginning of March saw the large drifts of snow slowly melting, and already on the eighth of the month new prairie fires had started to the north of Pine lake in districts spared in last year's devastation. After the seventh of April the frost left the ground, and they could begin to work the soil.

Polman had now left the party to find success in a vocation for which his studies had prepared him. Assuming the title of M.D., he located in a more populated district some miles away and entered upon the practice of medicine in which he had and did prove himself skillful.

They had very little social intercourse with their neighbors. Unonius relates:

Mrs. Pearmain and two other 'ladies' from Delafield made a call on a Sunday afternoon, decked up in silk and satin and decorated with cheap jewelry. They arrived in the oxcart, made more comfortable by the installment of two chairs on its floor. Their costumes were rather in striking contrast to the vehicle used, as well as to the house they now entered. In this lowly cabin, with its mud-spattered walls, they sat like peacocks in an outhouse, but such was the taste of these women for cheap adornment and gaudy trinkets. They did not more harmonize with their surroundings than they did with the equipment of their husbands. The men with their many-colored patches on their clothes, their

elbows protruding, with dilapidated strawhats on their heads, stood at the side of their women like broken stable lanterns beside gilded candelabras.

Sometime later, while sleighing was still good, we determined to return *en famille* the visit to the Pearmains, and in order not to waste any time, two logs were taken along to the mill recently established at Delafield. On the logs sat Lotten and Christine on parade in their now seldom used holiday finery. This was the first time we all had been away from the cabin together. We arrived without having met anyone on the way and were, consequently, unprepared and greatly shocked in being informed that Pearmain that very morning had committed suicide. Our grief increased when we were told that he had used one of my revolvers, which he had borrowed from me just a few days previously, and which I had begged of him to accept as a gift and a memento with no suspicion of its intended use. Under the circumstances nothing remained but to return. With all his faults, however, Pearmain was the only neighbor I had any confidence in, and I am truly grateful to him for the advice and assistance he rendered when we were sorely in need thereof. After a few days I returned alone to Delafield to express to Mrs. Pearmain my sympathy and found her distracted in her grief, and she expressed her feelings in the most tragic pathos. Within two weeks the belongings of Pearmain were sold at auction, and on the same day Mrs. Pearmain was married to some adventurer and was never seen or heard of again.

Another event quite interesting to later day students of history occurred shortly after the Indian had massacred his four deer, which incident will be spoken of later. These animals had appeared in great numbers during the winter, and when Carl and Unonius were carting home a load of hay one day, they saw a large herd of them heading right for the cabin, and more particularly for a large box fastened to the outer wall of the cabin, in which was kept a supply of corn. Mrs. Unonius took the first gun she saw, which unfortunately was loaded only with birdshot, and blazed away at the nearest one without causing much damage. It was the first gun she had ever fired, and the result must be condoned by her good intentions.

Unonius now relates an occurrence which he considers as the primary cause for the changes that later took place in his life and which altered his entire future:

On the steamer from New York to Albany we had made the acquaintance of a Mr. N., an Englishman and his wife, they also being on their way to the West. Although perfect strangers and unfamiliar with each other's language, both my wife and I seemed to be attracted to them, and we all exchanged confidences. They seemed to have a home already established in Wisconsin, and this was the first intimation I had of ever thinking of locating in that territory. They had taken another boat out of Buffalo, but we met again for a few minutes during our stop at Detroit and later in Milwaukee, yet prior to the time when we determined on our location. He had now, after several months, made inquiry about us and the now well-known Swedish settlement, had set out to find us, and was welcomed to our home. They told us that they lived in Prairieville, since called Waukesha, and only twelve miles distant from us. Here also lived three young missionaries of the Protestant Episcopal church, who were their friends and who served the community in their capacity of ministers, even going to the far outlying districts to preach. Their circuit included Summit, and we were now invited to come on some one of the following Sundays and attend services there, which we did. However, we were prepared to first expect an early visit from one of the ministers, the leader of the trio, and after a few days Rev. J. Lloyd Breck presented himself at our home. His very first appearance made an impression upon me which I never can forget. A true christian and energetic minister of the Gospel revealed himself in his personality. It was impossible to see him without being attracted to him by respect and love. He had recently been ordained deacon, and had chosen Wisconsin for his field and located at Waukesha. He was associated with two others, likewise deacons and classmates in their Alma Mater.

On this his first visit to us, he broached the subject of religion, and in an intimate and lengthy discussion I found that our Lutheran church of Sweden was not much different in dogma and belief than the Episcopal. In fact, they had a great deal in common. It was a refreshing experience to make this man's acquaintance and exchange views with him on subjects close to my heart, and I did not then surmise that later a lasting friendship and comradeship in religious work would bind us together. He sowed in my mind the seed that later developed into decided opinions and ultimately in real convictions on church matters.

We had our evening meal and later listened to his kindly yet eloquent talk on christian dogma and the faith of our fathers, and the day closed by bowing our heads in unison in prayer.

The little schoolhouse at Summit was the meeting place for religious service. It was an ordinary log house, about twenty-two by twenty-four feet, with uneven ending of the logs at the corners and the bark still remaining inside and outside. The windows were located high in the walls so as to prevent distraction of the children to what might be going on outside, and with its poor roof and rickety door it had the appearance rather of a dilapidated stable than an institution of learning. In the

middle of the room was a large stove, which when in full force changed the interior into a veritable turkish bathhouse. Fortunately, there were plenty of cracks in the roof, walls, and floor to permit the air to circulate. Two large homemade tables and several benches constituted the furnishings. A small table at the end of the room served as a pulpit, and a bucket of water with a tin cup was at the door. Anything less inspiring for a religious service can hardly be imagined. Many settlers came with their families, some walking, some on oxcarts, and others driving horses, and soon not only the benches but the tables were full of people. Before the service began, there was no evidence of solemnity. The absence of church surroundings and appointments may serve as an excuse, and the people seemed to have come together more for amusement or worldly entertainment than to hear the word of God. Some chattered and laughed with unbound hilarity, and some of the men amused themselves by using their jackknives to carve their names in the benches, or with blades half closed twisting the knives in the air and letting them drop with the points sticking in the floor. Personally, it distracted my attention from the solemnity due the occasion. Some men and women, however, observed proper manners and demeanor, and still others in genuflexion were perusing their prayerbooks. Finally, Mr. Breck arrived, the conversation ceased, and the jackknives were put away. The service began, and the congregation listened to the sermon in silent reverence.

After the service I had the opportunity for a few moments of conversation with Mr. Breck, who gave me the joyful news that he and the other missionaries planned to build a home in our vicinity to serve as a center for their religious activities. They had already purchased a quarter section of land for this purpose only three miles distant from us, unsurpassed in natural beauty, and intended to erect a chapel there and later a school for religious instruction, for which a substantial subscription had already been collected in the eastern states. This was the beginning of the Nashotah Episcopal seminary.

LABOR AND ITS REWARD

Although the spring is not considered the proper time for plowing, they had no other choice and, consequently, set out to plow, till, and cultivate several acres for the seeding of corn, potatoes, and other vegetables for winter food. No other grain would have been worth while on soil plowed for the first time in the spring. Their resources were not sufficient to purchase a large plow such as is used in breaking virgin soil, and even if they could they would not have had

'horse power' to work it, as it requires four or five pairs of oxen. They were, therefore, obliged to secure the help of some one who was properly equipped and would do this work for cash, and there were some in the vicinity who followed this vocation as a business. The price paid was generally \$3.00 or \$4.00 per acre, depending upon the condition of the land. The expense was reduced, however, by the assistance of themselves and their oxen and with the promise of exchanging the favor with others in the future.

Early in May they planted about half the field with corn, and the abundant return on their efforts gave them great satisfaction. The rest of the field was planted with potatoes, beans, tomatoes, and various other vegetables including melons, and the harvest was many times greater than they had expected.

Early in the spring a great number of wild pigeons made their appearance. This, the so-called 'passenger pigeon,' is a beautiful bird of bluish gray color with the shades of golden yellow, green and purple in the feathers of the breast, body, and wings. The tail feathers are cloven, and are black like the beak. They are seldom seen singly, or in pairs, but appear in immense flocks in the spring and fall of the year over almost the entire American continent. The size of these flocks is almost fabulous. Persons who have not seen them cannot believe what they hear or read about them. They have no regard for the climate but migrate to any district where food is abundant. Unonius relates further:

The supply seemed inexhaustible although they were caught and killed, one may say, wantonly murdered with guns, nets, traps, and burning of sulphur under the trees at night. When they light in one, to them an attractive place, wagon loads of them have been carried away, and there has been, for example, a herd of swine driven 100 miles to feed on thousands of these birds, killed during the night. Other flocks after searching for food during the day will return to the same trees to roost in the evening and meet the same fate.

Equally abundant was the supply of fish in the lake, and numerous flocks of ducks landed here on their migration from the South. Only a few, however, nested here.

From a farmer some miles away we bought a boat, a happy mixture of scow, canoe, or common wooden trough and although very heavy and clumsy was serviceable for our purpose. At the same time I bought several hens. Part way I paddled the boat over small lakes and part way I had to portage, carrying the boat and the basket of hens. It was a heavy load, and with the constant cackling of the hens, I was exhausted and dizzy on my return home. I was rewarded, however, in a measure, in finding almost as many eggs as hens in the basket.

Ellida was the first boat to skim Chenequa's blue water. No man had ever fished there before, and fishermen's luck was great. They caught plenty of fish of many kinds, and what was not consumed fresh was salted for future use, or given to the pigs. Torch fishing at night was particularly delightful, and the reflections of the cedar torch in among the old oaks and pines on shore was fantastic and beautiful.

Deer hunting was less satisfactory, as the animals at this season were thin and emaciated from lack of food. Besides, the spirit of sportsmanship precluded their being molested in the mating season. Another sport, however, in which they entered with enthusiasm, was bee hunting. The forests of the western states were rich in bee swarms, and although they retire before the settler's plow and his axe, they were as yet plentiful in the old, hollow oak stumps where they had had their habitat for years past and lived in luxury in the surrounding flora's kingdom.

NEW ARRIVALS

Unonius continues his narrative:

One day when Carl and I were out in the woods to corral the cattle, I accidentally met a party of four unknown wanderers. One held a map in his hand and another a cane, which had a miniature spade for a lower end, evidently for conveniently digging and examining the nature of the soil. With the others they apparently belonged to the new sets of im-

migrants who poured into the country at the opening of navigation. Through speculators, land agents, and newspapers it seemed that Wisconsin had become very popular and it was spoken of as 'the best country in the world.' I had hardly greeted the four strangers before one of them said: 'We are now on section 33, I believe, and you are one of the Swedes who live here, I guess.' One 'guesses' here that the sun is shining in its midday glory, and if one is a Swede and questioned if such is the case, one may in perfect conformity with local use of the vernacular very properly answer, 'I guess so.' I 'guessed,' consequently, quite correctly that I was a Swede, and by intuition I also 'guessed' that I was in the presence of other Swedes. The one who spoke to me, however, was an American, who now referred further conversation to his companions.

These were a Baron Thott from Skane, Mr. E. Bergwall from Gothenburg, and Mr. Wadman from Norrköping, and they were heartily invited to a simple lunch at our cabin. No countryman, coming direct from Sweden, had visited us here since our arrival, and this proved then to be a red letter day. In addition we were surprised by the appearance of Iwar Hagberg, who had roamed somewhat over the country and in precarious occupations made a meager living, and who now was welcomed as an addition to the family. He was, however, soon called back to Sweden and never returned, much to the regret of us all. In his place we found a faithful friend in B. Petterson, an elderly man, who had been in America for some time trying to establish himself and accumulate enough to defray the expenses of transportation here for his wife and children, in which efforts he had to this time been unsuccessful. Having occupied an important executive position in Sweden, he was entirely unused to manual labor, and in spite of his education and culture he had been unable to make a tolerable living. He was somewhat advanced in years and had no special vocation or training, and being discouraged by his many failures and disappointments, he had made the wise decision to learn the shoemaking trade. He got together sufficient means to go to a factory in Ohio and by energy and faithful application he finished in due time as master in the trade. He might have made a great success in a city but preferred the obscurity and retirement of a western settlement and, coming to us first as guest, he very soon became an honored and beloved member of our family. A corner of the attic was assigned for his workshop, and his bench was soon crowded with work.

As the result of some letters I had written home, which had later been published in Swedish and Danish papers, the attention of colonists had been called to our settlement. In consequence, a number of Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes gradually came and took up claims in our vicinity, and some bought the land outright from the government. Every day or two we met new arrivals, and quite frequently our log cabin home became the centrum and meeting place for the Scandinavians all around. Some of these gatherings took on almost a festive character, and although they could not compare with the happy student confabs at Upsala or

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 poetical 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 impecunious 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 lowly 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.

NEIGHBORS AND CLAIM JUMPERS

Another month passed with its strenuous duties and not without domestic worries. Lotten took sick, and we were fortunate in not only having Polman, but also another very competent physician in attendance, and by their united efforts she was soon restored and able to attend to minor duties. Our cabin had, however, during these weeks performed the functions of a common inn. We had at times up to eighteen persons housed with us, and how it could be done is almost inconceivable, but where there is a will there is a way.

The Schneidau trio had for several weeks lived with us. Mr. Schneidau had suffered for sometime from an affliction of the leg, which prevented him from walking and searching for a location for a home. His wife had gradually become reconciled to the situation, mainly due to the kindly sympathy and consideration of Lotten, who had suffered a relapse and was confined to bed. And then the finer instincts and the womanly heart of Mrs. Schneidau made themselves felt. Her own misfortune was forgotten in the ministering to another, and at the sickbed her real noble and charitable disposition was truly shown and appreciated, and it was not long before she assisted Christine in the daily household duties and even entered into friendly conversation with the 'bandit' and other common mortals. Schneidau later bought a quarter section of land from an American, who had shortly before built a small cabin on it, at the south end of the lake, and he could hardly have made a better choice or gotten greater value for his \$200. The location was particularly attractive, the soil fertile, and the meadowland and surroundings of the best around the lake. But, though the land and location were good, the cabin was but a shanty. It was built close to the road, was very small and haphazardly constructed. The floor consisted of some loose staves, and the only opening to the interior was a hole about a foot square, the only means for the daylight to enter. The attic was too low for standing erect, and this miserable hovel was destined to be their abode for the rest of the year and the coming winter for him who was practically a complete invalid and very sensitive to cold and drafts, and for her, who was soon to become a mother. However, preparations were made for the erection of a suitable dwelling the following year, with hired help.

Bergwall had with pioneer spirit entered into the activities of frontier life and had learned to dexterously handle both the axe and the scythe. Blessed with good health and strength, he set about not to build but to dig himself a place to live in. A sort of underground trench compartment was the result, and by exceptional efforts and great ingenuity he succeeded in creating quite a comfortable dwelling. He was one of the few colonists who after a previous life of luxury understood and could accommodate himself to the hazards of bad fortune. He was happy and satisfied with everything; the trees on the hills around his

'*Vänhem*'—'Fair Home'—were in his estimation larger and finer than others, the water from his spring was clearer and tastier than any other, and his 'hole in the ground' was the best, warmest, and most comfortable habitation around Pine lake. Very unpretentious though it was, his contentment and self-satisfaction in its possession were often expressed in his, 'There is no place like home.'

Even the brother-in-law of Schneidau, Mr. J., determined to become a farmer and built a small cabin on a piece of land adjoining his relatives'. He soon gave this up, however, to become a small merchant in Milwaukee, and after this venture had ended in failure, he sold out his belongings and returned to Sweden.

Baron Thott had likewise bought some land in the settlement and built a home on it at a greater distance from the others. He had also been an officer in the Swedish army and he was one who keenly felt the differences between the trials of pioneer life and the commodious comforts of the officers' barracks. With his military training he could hardly live without a horse and he was fortunate in getting a good one, on which he proudly rode around to visit his friends and neighbors. Meantime, a Frenchman was engaged to look after his property. Baron Thott did not remain long a farmer. The small patch of land did not yield sufficient revenue to pay even the wages of the hired man, and after about one year he sold his farm, drifted up into northern Wisconsin, and after many adventures and vicissitudes died alone and penniless.

When we began to feel reasonably well settled and had made substantial improvements in our existence, the trouble about the canal land arose. We were squatters without any title to the farms we occupied and had developed. It happened at this time that an American had bought a piece of canal land upon which a poor squatter had settled. A meeting was called for all residents of the vicinity to meet at the schoolhouse at Summit, where 'club-law' justice was about to be exemplified. Before an incensed crowd a rough and stalwart farmer outlined in a clear and natural manner the whole canal land affair, exposing the duplicity of the company in deluding both congress and the settlers, and the evident intention of not building any canal at all. Against the presumed culprit he developed a clear case of claim jumping, calling it the greatest act of rascality any one could perpetrate, and urged concerted action, unanimous conviction and merited punishment.

A number of opinions were rendered endorsing this suggestion, and the meeting grew warmer until an angry speaker, a son of Old Erin, in a fiery talk denounced claim jumping as the worst crime against humanity and ended with a plea that the jumper's house be burned and he tarred and feathered, adding in emphasis of his words, that he would be damned if he would not help to do it.

This punishment seemed to be a good idea and was accepted with whole-hearted approval as being commensurate to the crime committed, but our countryman, Petterson, in his usual quiet manner, offered a new

plan. He proposed that instead of violence we should show our resentment in a passive way, which he thought would be equally effective. No one should speak to the jumper, no one visit his house, sell him anything or show him any act of courtesy or friendliness until he had relinquished the possession of the squatter's eighty acres. This was a novel idea and something unheard of by these men, and it appealed to them so much that the plan was voted upon and adopted. And it worked. It was not long before the claim jumper realized his situation as an out-cast in the community and made full restitution to the poor settler.

BIRTH AND BAPTISM

Our first year's harvest yielded very little, and we could only console ourselves with the adage, 'Better luck next time.' The limited grain supply was soon stored indoors, and we looked forward with considerable anxiety to the approaching winter when we would be obliged to buy food for ourselves and our animals. The tilled land had been extended by a few acres and seeded with winter wheat. Both the cabin and the stable needed repairs. Circumstances required that Lotten soon would need for her comfort a private room, warm enough to meet the exigency of events, and where personal attention could be given her. We, consequently, built an addition to the cabin consisting of one room, boarded inside, and with shingled roof. My anxiety during this time was greater than I can describe. By the grace of God, Lotten endured, in her feeble and delicate condition, the noise and irritating disturbances necessarily concomitant with building operations. And happy we all were when it was finished. Here was now a light, pleasant room with two windows and a properly laid hardwood floor. The attic was extended, and was now reached by a regular stairway. The entire cabin was roofed with shingles, all cracks were mudded and chinked, and there was no more danger of exposures to rain and snow. But even on this day, the twenty-seventh of November, when the important event was approaching, the large cabin room was so cold that the milk froze on the table, and we ate our evening meal wearing winter overcoats. As long as I live, I shall never forget this night, which we hardly expected Lotten to survive, and which, more than any of my former experiences contributed to the conviction that without previous preparation and complete understanding of the trials in the undertaking, the venture of pioneer life is most precarious. How much did I not think that day of our former home and the mother's love and care that would have been given her, who for the first time would herself become a mother, far away from her loved ones, and in want of a woman's help so necessary on such an occasion, lying in a lonely cabin in the wilderness and barely protected from the chill winter wind, against which a primitive stove had to be forced to a red heat.

It was not child's play to venture out on such a night. The snow had accumulated into huge drifts, and common sense would have declared it impossible to negotiate the ordinarily bad trail in the black night without the guidance of a single star. Notwithstanding this, Carl took his lantern and proceeded to a settlement about a mile away where two American families lived. The women had previously made friendly calls on Lotten and promised their help, when needed, but who would ask anybody to venture out on foot in such a night and in such weather? These women did not belong to the cultured or so-called 'better class,' but on the contrary evinced in their manner a rather commonplace personality void of finer feelings. But under such a surface was hidden a warm, sincere and unselfish sympathy, and not sympathy alone, but a determination and willingness to help others in distress, characteristics perhaps more of Americans than of any other people, and of which we now found ample proof and always gratefully remembered. They left their husbands to care for the children and without hesitation followed Carl into the cold, dark, and stormy night, sometimes walking up to their waists in the icy drifts to our home, there to perform the voluntarily offered duties of christian mothers.

In the expectation of what was about to take place, Petterson kindly offered to remain a few days and do the necessary chores, and next to God I have Polman and the two kind women to thank for the joy of having my wife survive that night and for the overwhelming pride in pressing my first-born to my breast the following morning.

A few months previously Mr. Breck and his two comrades in the mission field had moved to within three miles of our home. There, on a beautiful tract of land on Upper Nashotah lake, they had built their unpretentious cottage. Another section was bought in the name of the Episcopal church, on which they intended to later erect a chapel and a school and from which they would extend their missionary activities. On my visit Mr. Breck showed me around the beautiful oak meadow and the placid lake below, surrounded by wooded hills and dells, and also the nearby location for the foundation and building material for the proposed chapel. Within a few days Mr. Breck, according to my wish, put in an appearance at our home. The Scandinavian settlers were then not yet so numerous but what they could all join us in celebrating the act of holy baptism of the first Swedish-American child born in this region. And it seems to have been the first baptism in the whole district, as neither Mr. Breck nor his associates had ever officiated at such an event anywhere in their missionary field.

ASSOCIATION WITH INDIANS

The colonists were the only settlers on the lake and were happy to think of the abundant supply of fish that was

there for the taking. At the upper end they found a peninsula, at that time almost an island due to the high water and impenetrable underbrush on the connecting strip of land. It was thickly covered by oaks, lindens, and cedars, and had undoubtedly never been trodden by the foot of man. In the highest tree was an eagle's nest, and a proud pair of birds, majestically circling above, warningly defied any intrusion into their aerie and their kingdom. The narrative continues:

One day—the ice was yet clear as a mirror on Pine lake, and we were now quite familiar with its surroundings—we were much surprised at an unusual noise down by the shore. Suddenly four deer in wild jumps rushed by us and out on the ice, and almost at the same moment an Indian darting out with lightning rapidity pursued the fleet-footed animals and readily overtook them, whose light hoofs could not get any foothold on the slippery ice. With great agility and surety he cut with his battle-axe the hamstring on one hind leg of each of the animals, who were thus made helpless and soon dispatched with his hunting knife. All this was a moment's work, and we had hardly recovered from our astonishment at this for us new and unusual hunting scene when the Indian, calm as if he had just caught a fly, gathered in his game and sat down in the midst of it.

This mighty hunter was a chief of the Potawatomi tribe, and the first Indian with whom we became intimately acquainted. He was invited into the white man's wigwam and treated to what the modest home could afford, and he showed in return an appreciation quite opposite to that of the Winnebago chief, who had shortly before visited us. He examined all our guns carefully, which did not seem to particularly strike his fancy, except a rifle, which had at one time belonged to King Fredrik of Sweden, and was now an heirloom in the family. For this weapon he was willing to 'swap' all his four deer with additional game to boot. My companion, however, to whom the gun belonged, did not wish to part with it at any price. The gun was then loaded for target shooting, in which the Indian took a special interest. Carl, my friend and companion, made a fairly good free-hand shot, but when the Indian's turn came, he took aim, resting the gun barrel against a tree, and scored a bull's-eye. The outcome was that the Indian was allowed to borrow the gun for a few days under faithful promises of its return. We had later many opportunities to observe how the Indians, skillful though they are, always rested the gun against a tree or on the knee. If within gun shot of a deer, the Indian first seeks a tree to steady his gun and then makes a

braying sound like that of a sheep, which generally makes the deer stop from curiosity, and finally he shoots. A deer is never shot at in flight.

Ke-Wah-Goosh-Kum, with several of his tribe, was camped for a few days at the north end of the lake. He promised us another visit sometime later and until that time begged for a loan of \$2.00. In spite of our reduced assets we consented not so much in the hope of repayment, which seemed doubtful, but in the expectation that the favor would tend to create a friendly feeling on his part toward us. However, it was proven later that an obligation assumed by Ke-Wah-Goosh-Kum was not of the uncertain kind, as he some months later returned to this region and repaid the loan. I also had occasion later on to thank our friendship as the means of being extricated from a rather threatening situation.

AN INDIAN HUNT

Our old friend Ke-Wah-Goosh-Kum entered our cabin quite unexpectedly one day. Several months had gone by since his last visit, and although he had promised the return of the gun in a few days, he now, better late than never, brought it back in good condition and, consequently, did not violate the confidence which the white man had placed in him. In a few unintelligible words he tried to explain his long absence, but whether he had spent the time in hunting or in war with other tribes, we could not understand. From the manner in which he pointed at the rifle, as well as at his tomahawk, the inference could be taken either way.

The Indian chief, with his tribe, had again made camp at the north end of the lake where they remained longer than usual. We became closer friends, and a hunt was proposed—a favor rarely granted the white man by an Indian. The Great Spirit, they say, has taught the white man to make a living without hunting and, consequently, he does not need it, while the Indian must hunt or starve. They conclude, therefore, that the white man has no right to hunt.

It was apparent that quite a number of deer were here about, and we anticipated a great deal of game under the guidance of such an experienced hunter. The ground was well covered with snow, and it was impossible to penetrate the dense forest with any degree of rapidity without snowshoes. The chief got us some, and in my first attempt to use them, I learned why the Indians from early childhood were accustomed to walk with the toes straight forward. Personally, I was rather awkward, and my heels frequently got tangled up, precipitating me into a snowdrift.

After more than an hour's walk, we were told to separate, each taking a certain direction, as the hunt was about to begin. A small tarn at some distance away was agreed upon as a meeting place, where some other Indians would come who had been sent out before to form a sort of hunting-chain in an attempt to drive the deer in a certain direction. This was a disappointment, as I had hoped to be the personal companion of the

chief to observe and admire his skill not only in finding the game but also in getting it. But to this he would under no circumstances give his consent. Directing our course, he instructed us to closely look for tracks and follow them. This is not so difficult, as in deep snow a deer has greater difficulty in running than a man on snowshoes. The Indians are used to this kind of hunting and invariably rush right up to the animals and cut the tendons of a hind leg.

The reason we were not allowed to go with the chief was either that he did not wish to initiate us into the secrets or the manner of an Indian hunt, or that he considered us 'green horns' and not worthy of the mysteries. We could not even tell which way he took, as he disappeared like a shadow.

I discovered some tracks but no deer. I observed with satisfaction, however, that they pointed to the direction where my companions ought to be, and this later proved true, and consequently, my presence had been of some use. I arrived first at the designated meeting place and built a fire to rest and warm myself, and being quite a long way from home, I would have much preferred to return than to spend the night in the woods or in an Indian wigwam. Not so my comrades. They were more inclined to bivouac for the night around the camp fire and continue the hunt again in the morning.

Carl had succeeded in killing a buck in Indian fashion, but had received a good many bruises in the encounter, and Bergwall, my other companion, felled one deer and mortally wounded another, which was later trailed and killed. We were never told how many deer the Indians had gotten, but very likely quite a few, as they seemed well satisfied. However romantic it would have been to spend the night in the woods, we finally agreed to return home. It was dark when we had finished our meal. From our hunting bags, which amused the Indians, we brought forth some provisions, which the Indians did not refuse. Even the flask had not been forgotten, and this was the first and only time I offered an Indian a drink of whiskey. However, we divided the supply equally among us, and this did not give each one more than he could stand, or need, in the cold winter night.

The stars were shining, the air was clear, and we would have found our way without difficulty, but the Indians knew a better and shorter trail, and thus we started with them in the lead and carried our heavy game on poles, resting on the shoulders from man to man. We marched in single file and in absolute silence, which is the Indian custom, but this became finally too monotonous, so Bergwall with his clear, melodious voice started one of Wadman's hunting songs, which, although beautiful and inspiring, must have sounded weird and incongruous in the stillness of the night in the wilderness.

INDIAN SERENADE

Awaken, wild wing of the woodland!
Oh, harken, Fair Dove of the dell!
Open your eyes—the eyes of a fawn,
White Cloud his story will tell!

Behold him, he longs for your laughter
As the dawn for the rising sun,
Or like ripples, resting at sunset,
Will revive, when the night is done!

A glance, and his heart will be gladdened
Like a dale in the twilight dew!
Reveal at the door of your cabin
A starlighted vision of you!

Your breath, like the mist of the morning,
Spreads fragrance of flowers in bloom
And so seductively tempts him
To seek the Fair Dove at her home!

The blood of the brave runs much faster
Than the speedy stream of the spring,
Which hastens its course to the valley,
Where fairies enchantingly sing!

And when you are near—then his heartstrings
Will vibrate like quivering leaves,
Or beat as the wings of a blackbird,
When his nest—in springtime—he weaves!

But, when you are sad, his soul darkens,
Like Chenequa, when threat'ning storm
Beclouds its sky-mirrored surface
With shadows of ominous form!

Oh, listen, Fair Dove, to his wooing,
And the world will smile for your sake!
Awaken, White Cloud is calling,
Awaken, beloved, awake!

The author has endeavored to put into English verse the simple monosyllabic sounds of the Indian tongue, as noted and translated into Swedish by UNONIUS.

THE WINTER OF 1842-43

On account of the very severe weather, great distress prevailed among the settlers, and great drifts of snow remained until the middle of April. The cabins and stables offered a scanty protection to man and beast. Quite a number of the cattle died from hunger or froze to death. We were very fortunate in living through the season in good health and without loss of any of our animals, but the trials and exposure to the elements were beyond description. One day, when we ventured to the marshland, we found our haystack, our only supply, entirely gone. Roaming Indians had stolen it, and this loss was even more severely felt, as we humans could better accommodate ourselves to reduced rations than the animals. Many a day we had no bread on the table. Coffee made of roasted wheat, slices of potatoes for toast, and a horrible brown syrup, which well deserved the nickname of 'nigger-sweat,' instead of sugar, of such consisted the daily diet for breakfast and other meals. But our hunger was fairly well satisfied, and no absolute lack of food ever existed. On Sundays we joked about the special delicacy of 'winter pancakes,' made of flour without milk or eggs and with very little butter, and yet consumed like the choicest dessert. Our mattresses had long ago been opened, and the straw used for fodder. The dry wheat stalks, which we had used to reinforce the stable walls against the winter's cold, had gone the same way, but at last the budding foliage of the trees began, and this was quickly cut down to feed the starving animals. It took some time before the oxen, exhausted from lack of food, could be used in cultivation.

At the beginning of spring when we were almost destitute, I went to a nearby farmer, who was practically in the same predicament, and for me and for himself he plowed over the last year's potato patch, and we both shared in the few frozen potatoes that had been forgotten or missed in the fall. The burden now became almost unbearable, and I realized that under the weight of poverty even the strongest may succumb. It was the first time in my life that I had wept, for it seemed that life was now entirely void of all hope. But, on my return, my bag of potatoes was removed by helping hands, and an all sacrificing love instilled new courage and hope, while a pair of small, tender arms reached around my neck—and the burden became lighter. During these fateful times our friends, the Schneidaus, had endured equal if not greater suffering. His sickness and their comparatively poorer dwelling made their existence more miserable. They had also had an increase in the family, but the little one, weak from birth, did not remain with them long. Soon the first grave was dug at Pine lake, and Schneidau buried there his own child.

However, spring came, and at last the out-of-doors offered us her riches. Grass and flowers became food for the cattle. The woods were full of wild pigeons again, and flocks of ducks visited the lake. *Ellida*

was again put in use and aided in stocking the table with fish. A fine, milching cow did well in her way, and the hens layed eggs, which were promptly sold in Milwaukee or were exchanged for other necessities. Both man and beast quickened from starvation and grief and took on a new lease of life.

On the section we occupied our friend Petterson built himself a small cabin and was soon joined by his wife and children. We had learned to respect and love this noble, upright man, and it was with sincere regrets that we saw him move his shoemaker's bench from our attic to his own. But, although he ceased to be a member of the family, he always remained our friend, and never was a neighborly feeling or mutual understanding greater among men.

During the summer the settlement was further increased by several Swedish and over fifty Norwegian families, and thus a little Scandinavia was created on the shores of Pine lake. On the east side were the Swedes, on the west the Norwegians, and omitting occasional misunderstanding, the two nations lived happily together, and I must admit that in my future personal relations and contacts with the Scandinavians of the settlement, I was shown greater affection and more active support from the Norwegians than from my own landmen.

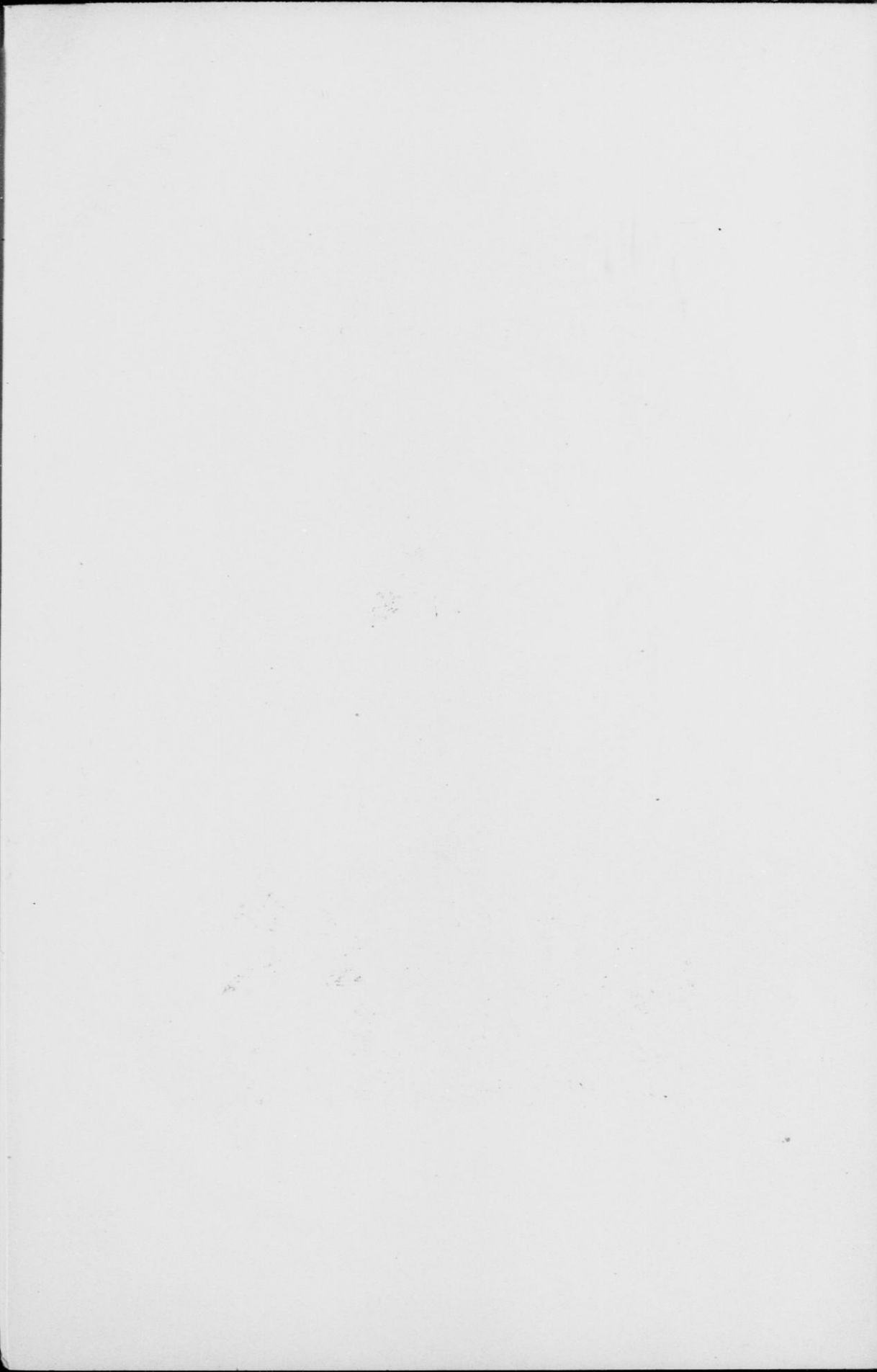
Of the Swedes who originally settled at Pine lake only three or four families now remained. The majority were there but a short time, migrating to other sections to find a more promising future, more adventures, or perhaps greater disaster. Many changes had, indeed, taken place. Carl had gone to New Orleans where he engaged in selling tobacco and newspapers, and even good old Christine was about to leave us and be married to a Norwegian farmer, who had built a home nearby. The Schneidaus had also left for other regions, but before they left an agreement was made that we might occupy their new home, which was more substantial and roomier than our own, at least until such a time as the farm could be sold to better advantage than at present. We planned also, if possible, to sell our farm in order to better arrange our affairs, while I was a student at the seminary at Nashotah.

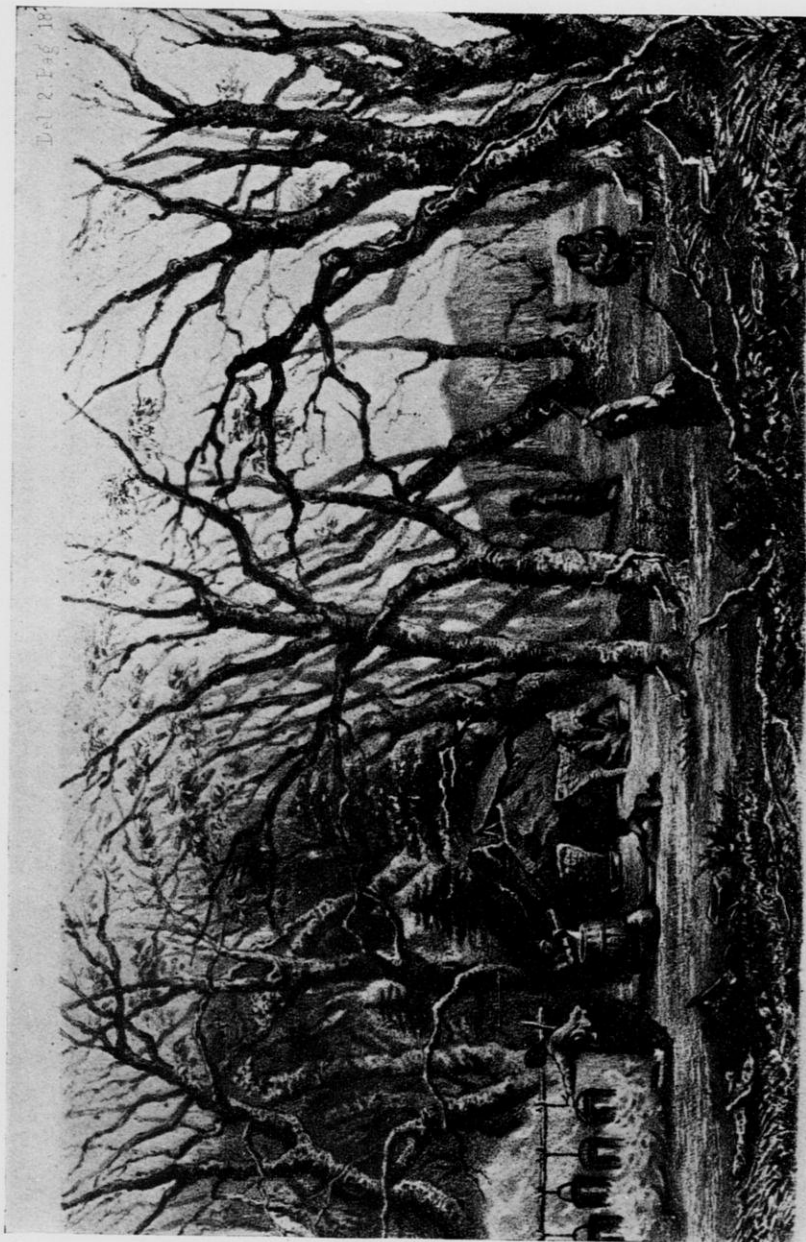
All land around Pine lake was now claimed or occupied, and closely situated little homes were scattered over the entire oak-meadow region and around the lake shore. Better and more graceful boats than *Ellida* skimmed the surface of the placid lake. In this small community many interesting events took place, and many intrigues were engaged in, which would have made rich stuff for the imagination of a novelist, yet true to nature, where love is the principal and underlying motive. There were, to be sure, not a great many young people, yet sufficient and slowly increasing in number, but the idyllic life and romantic surroundings made them the more attractive to each other.

CHANGE OF VOCATION

The gradually increasing population of the settlement gave cause for a change in my own situation, which I could not have anticipated on my first arrival. The hours for religious devotion, which had at first been observed privately in our family circle, were now often attended by our friends and neighbors, and on Sunday mornings either Petterson or I would read the sermon. Later these services would be held alternately in the different houses, and by a tacit understanding it fell upon my lot to officiate, as far as I could as a layman. The missionaries from Nashotah came when asked, for purely ministerial functions. While willing and ready to do this work, the thought of entering the ministry never entered my mind until the proposition was made by several Swedish and Norwegian families. They reasoned that the older members of the colony would never gain sufficient knowledge of the English language to properly follow and appreciate the religious services of the regular ministers; besides, it was desirable that the young people should have the benefit of instruction in christian tenets and morals. It was not easy to decide in this matter. Did I feel an inner calling to assume an office, the holy duties and responsibilities of which I had to this time not given consideration? Was I suited to enter such a serious and responsible vocation with my youthful, changeable, and often excitable temperament? As a farmer my prospects for success were small, yet days of reasonable comfort might well be anticipated, while the income of a minister of the gospel would be, indeed, small and quite uncertain for some time to come. A deliberate consideration not only of these economic conditions but also of my religious convictions were absolutely necessary before taking such a step. I seriously studied the differences in the beliefs and dogmas of the Anglican Episcopal church and the Lutheran church of Sweden and found few discrepancies, and such, I thought, were only based on personal opinion and interpretation.

In the meantime, however, a Scandinavian congregation had been organized at Pine lake, and a Norwegian at Ashippun river, and both these congregations requested and were granted affiliation with the Protestant Episcopal church by the presiding bishop of Wisconsin and both came thus under its jurisdiction. Even such ceremonies and usages as were practiced in the two countries abroad were allowed to be continued here in the religious service. The congregations further requested that I be accepted as a student and receive necessary instruction at the seminary, now under construction, in order to be ordained their minister by the bishop when properly qualified. Meantime, I was also expected to continue the religious services in the two places and to give instruction in catechism. Appealing for the grace and blessing of God on this my new vocation, I decided for its ultimate consummation to enter as a student at Nashotah.





Del 2 Fig 18

INDIANERNAS SOCKERKOKNING

INDIANS MAKING MAPLE SUGAR—PINE LAKE
From Original in the Memoirs of Unonius

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 LAKE¹

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.

¹The 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.

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.

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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 *volens 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

Pine lake. Within a short time I had fourteen stations within a radius of forty miles, and to serve such a district properly very little time was given me to spend in the family circle. It was evident that services of some sort would have to be rendered on other days besides Sundays, and thus it came about that I was kept busy every day in the week with communion service, baptisms, marriages, or funerals. Not infrequently it happened that at such services persons would attend who lived at a great distance, and I remember on one occasion a Norwegian woman came fifty miles with her child on her arm in order that it might receive the holy baptism.

Unonius now describes his work as a minister, with experiences and adventures on foot, horseback, or by wagon to far distant regions, serving such localities as Port Washington, Sheboygan, and far away Green Bay, Koshkonong, and Manitowoc. He says:

But ministerial duties kept me also occupied at home, and of these, two were the saddest I had to perform, as they pertained to persons with whom we had maintained the closest friendship. The one was to rededicate to mother earth the remains of our esteemed friend Petterson, who after a short illness ended his days, mourned by widow, children, and a host of friends, among them many Americans, who valued him as a substantial and upright citizen. The other was a similar function at the funeral of our good Christine. How little did I surmise when she left her home with us at Upsala, willing to share an unknown fate with us, that I would be destined to officiate at her funeral. It was just a year previously that I had with the sanction of God and the blessings of the church united her to her beloved. She died in childbirth, and it is very probable that her life would have been saved if a physician could have been obtained, but as a last resort in the emergency, a young and ingenious Norwegian laborer was called in, who was a reputed expert as blacksmith, watchmaker, carpenter, millwright, and 'barber-surgeon,' but, unfortunately, not at all versed in the science of obstetrics. With such tools as the shop offered he performed an operation with good intentions, which I had not the courage to witness, and as the result of which Christine passed out of this life. It was a great loss, and we grieved over that honest faithful heart, which ever beat with affection and love for us, whose trials and tribulations she had shared, and in whose home she was more a sisterly friend than a servant.

When Carl returned from New Orleans to take a position at the copper mines around Lake Superior, we determined to sell the cabin and the farm, especially as this canal land which we occupied now had to be paid for, and we did not possess sufficient means to do so. We conse-

quently sold the claim-right on the land with all improvement made thereon for the sum of \$500. 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.

THE SCANDINAVIAN PARISH AT PINE LAKE

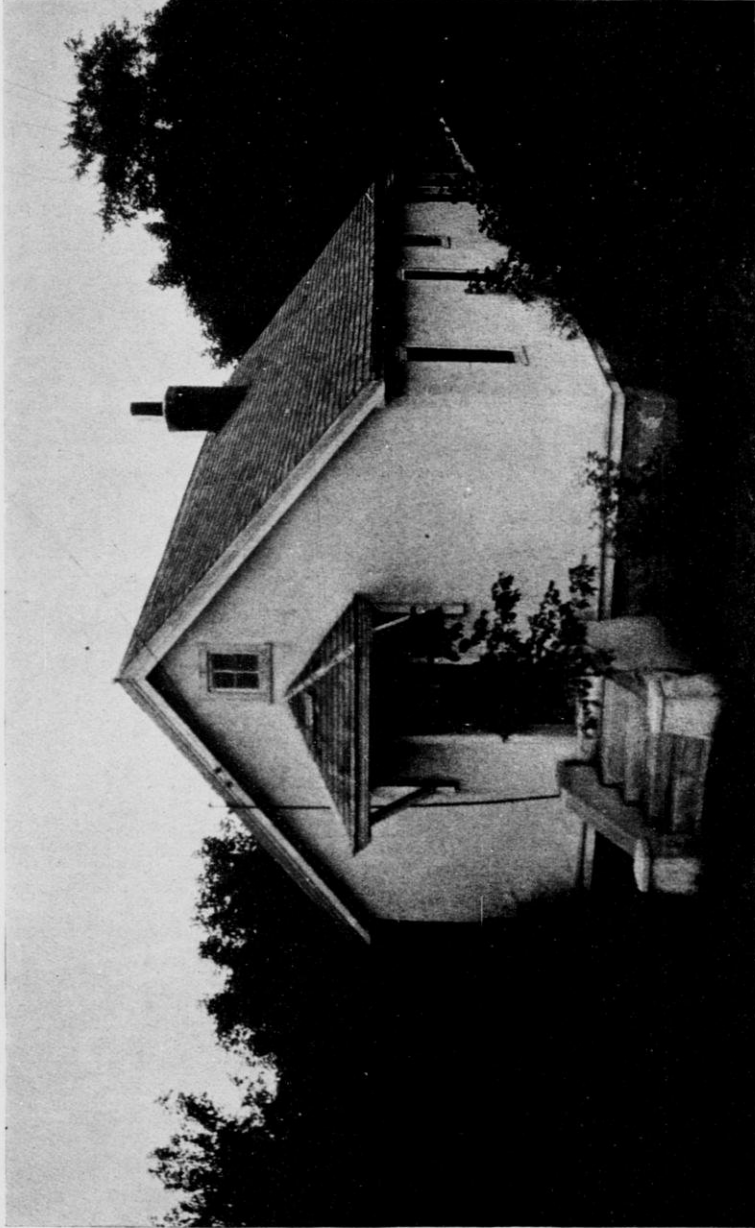
Rev. Gustaf Unonius was the first pastor of this the first church at Pine Lake and remained as such until his removal to Manitowoc, Wisconsin. Up to this time, or early in the year of 1848, the religious services had been held in the homes of the various members of the congregation, always presided over by Rev. Unonius. A church building was now considered an imminent necessity, a log house had been built for the purpose but was not fully completed. To accomplish this, the following invitation was issued to all of the Scandinavian Colonists at Pine Lake:

INVITATION

*To join in the completion of the Church for
the Scandinavian Parish at Pine Lake.*

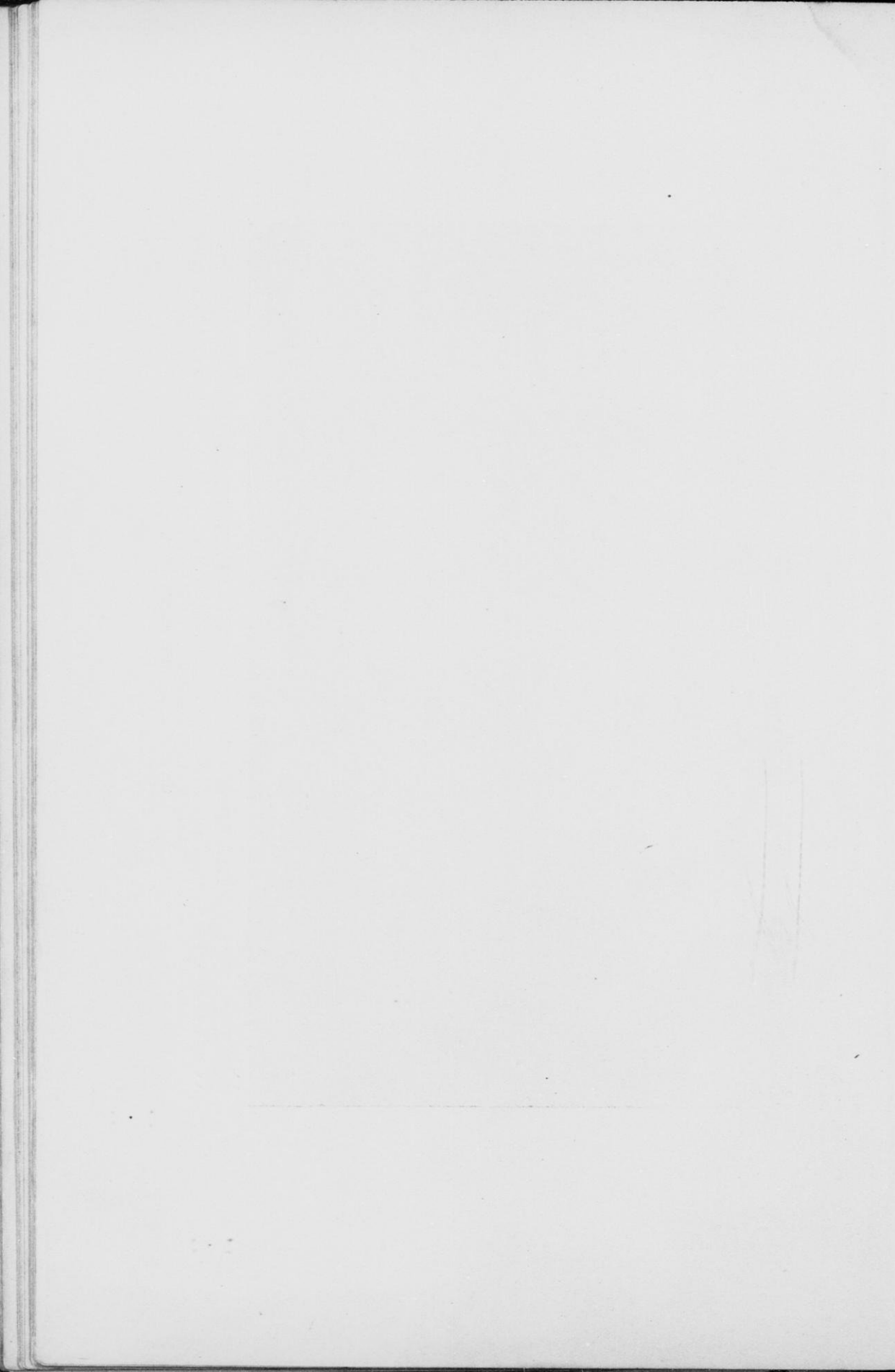
As everyone, dwelling in the Scandinavian Settlement at Pine Lake, surely has felt the inconvenience connected with conducting public service in the different farmhouses, and as many have expressed the desire, that the church building already begun, might, if possible, be finished, we would hereby invite all the Swedes, Norwegians and Danes in the settlement and in this vicinity to meet at the home of John Gassman on Next February 12, 1848 at 2:00 o'clock *p.m.*

Although this invitation has twice been announced from the pulpit by Rev. Unonius, to take place on next Wednesday, we have considered it more advisable to call the meeting for next Saturday.



THE FIRST CHURCH OF THE SETTLEMENT

Originally located in the Churchyard of the Episcopal Cemetery of "Holy Innocents", on Highway C, and later removed to a short distance East of Nashotah on Highway 19. It has been remodeled but the original log walls remain intact.



Since there might be several church members or persons in this neighborhood, who are of the opinion, that we are to form an Episcopal congregation, united with the American Episcopal church, we would hereby call attention to the fact, that this is not at all the case. We wish to be a Lutheran congregation and conduct our services according to the ritual of the Lutheran Church.

A document has been prepared, stating that we would continue to be a Lutheran Congregation in union with the American Episcopal church. This document will be read at the meeting, so that everyone may be informed and set at ease. There will also be presented an estimate of the cost of finishing the church, and thereupon we shall reach an agreement as to the best manner, in which this may be done.

Dear Brethren! Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes, let us join hands!

We are one people as to race, language and religion, but in this land we are strangers.

We ought first of all to establish our religion and settle the order of our church affairs. If we separate, many of us will, perhaps, be induced to join one or another of the sectarian bodies, of which there are so many in this land. How sad the thought, and dishonorable to us Northmen, who ought to give evidence of a firm conviction and character. We will, however, remain what we are and ought to be, Lutherans, in like manner as this church exists in the land of our fathers, and God will, in due time, lead us on the way that we ought to go.

Come then, and let us, as well as we are able, build a house where we may gather to be edified by worshiping God, as we have been taught.

It will be serviceable and even necessary, that we do this now, just as it also will be to our honor among our American

fellow-citizen, when they see that we are a people, that are zealously interested in religion and enlightenment.

Pine Lake, February 7, 1848
J. G. Gassman.

This invitation was signed by eighteen representatives of the families in the colony, and in due time the log church was completed.

The congregation, having adopted the name of "The Scandinavian Parish at Pine Lake," received the endorsement of Bishop Kemper of the American Episcopal Church at Nashotah and became one of its units, with Rev. Martin Sorensen as rector, succeeding Rev. Unonius.

In the history of the church, now preserved in the archives of St. John's Church at Stone Bank, is found the record of the burials of:

Frederick Israel Unonius, son of Rev. Gustaf Unonius,
May 14, 1844.

Bengt Petterson, December 1845.

Christine Södergren Olson, October 19, 1847.

The present custodian of the cemetery, John J. Johnson, a resident of Nashotah for 83 years and a son of Nils Johnson, who was one of the founders of the original Parish, gives the information, that one of the early caretakers in an endeavor to beautify the churchyard, plowed up the entire cemetery, and, there being no markers over the early graves, the record of their location has been forever lost.

The records also show that Rev. Unonius officiated at eleven burials, the last being on November 9, 1847.

The original log church, completed in 1848, stood in the center of the present cemetery of "Holy Innocents" and there still remains an old cedar, which was then, as it is now, gracing its yard.

The Scandinavian Parish at Pine Lake was, however, later divided, and the congregation disbanded. Some members formed the St. John's Parish at Stone Bank, retaining the records of the early mother church.

Other members, retaining the material possessions of the mother church, namely, the log church and the cemetery, organized into the "Holy Innocents' " Congregation and built a house of worship in the Village of Nashotah.

St. John's Church is English Lutheran.

Holy Innocent's Church is Episcopalian.

The original log church was moved, about 1864, by John Ellefson, to be used as a dwelling, to one half mile east of Nashotah village. The records do not show how he obtained possession. Later Steve Sommers became the owner and lived in it for many years. Now, 1934, it is owned by Christian Endregard of Madison, and occupied as a dwelling. It is to be noted, that in the division of the original church there was no distinction made between the three Scandinavian peoples, but the families joined whichever of the new-founded congregations, that they thought suitable.

St. Olaf's Church at Ashipun had no special relation to the St. John's at Stone Bank except that the two congregations have in the past been served by the same pastor.

LATER DEVELOPMENTS

The Wisconsin Magazine of History in its brochure on "The Swedish Settlement on Pine Lake" gives a sketch of some very interesting events, which took place later at New Upsala, and which brings, so to speak, the historical thread

down to the present time. It evinces faithful research in local lore and part of it is by permission quoted here in order to complete into a uniform whole the task we have endeavored to accomplish.

Twelve families came over originally, including two noblemen of the realm and one baron. These people had held political positions in Sweden, but the death of the old king and the ascension of a new ruler with the consequent change in administration policies had caused them to lose their offices. All were anxious to better their conditions in some way, and so came to America, which they regarded as a land of beauty and golden prospects.¹

One of the first members of the colony to come over was Knut Bengt Petterson, a regimental paymaster in the Swedish army, who arrived as early as 1842, and took up a half-section of land on the east shore of Pine Lake, building his log cabin a little to the west, of where James A. Kirk of Chicago later erected his mansion. Petterson's family, consisting of his wife and eight children, joined him several years later. The Petterson home became a veritable social center in this colony. The latch-string hung outside, and as the settlement grew, there was always company.

Captain Pollycarpus von Schneidau settled in 1842 on the southeast shore of Pine Lake, where Mark Gibson now resides, and Gustaf Unonius, in 1841, on the place just to the north of them, afterward the old Chapman farm, now the country seat of the Mayer brothers of Milwaukee. Farther northward, beyond the Petterson estate, were J. O.

¹ A legend prevails that the colonists planned to found a University at New Upsala. Nowhere in his Memoirs does Unonius mention a word of any intention of himself or his associates of founding a university. It is undoubtedly a misconception based very likely on the name chosen for the colony, a compliment to their home city of Upsala and not to the University located there. Besides, the colony possessed neither finances nor personnel which would admit of such intentions.

Rudberg's holdings, which remain in the family to the present day. Mr. Rudberg, who came over in 1843, was a surveyor, having been educated in the colleges of his native land in engineering and forestry, and was perhaps the most practical member of the settlement at Pine Lake. He surveyed a large piece of land in this vicinity and as far north as Lake Superior, later holding the position of county surveyor for two terms. Baron Thott, a nobleman, of whom little seems to be remembered, became a cook for Mr. Rudberg in order to get bread, accompanying him on his journeys into the wilds. The baron did not remain here very long, however, and no one seems to know what became of him.

George Bergwall, who was a revenue collector at the port of Gothenburg, Sweden, settled in 1842 one mile south of the village of North Lake, and Charles Balkman, a sailor, who had tired of the sea and wanderlust, settled just opposite Bergwall, on the east shore of North Lake. Vohlene, another member, lived on the shore of Beaver Lake on the farm afterward owned by Hiram Simonds. On the West side of Pine Lake were located the Nordberg and Bergus families. Others in the colony were John Johnson, Ernest Eckedahl, a harness maker, who did not stay very long, George Glerup, and a man by the name of Blanxius. Bergus, Glerup, Blanxius and Bergwall married daughters of the Petterson household.

Among the characters peculiar to this settlement was the hermit Peter Bokman, a dissenting Lutheran preacher and a religious recluse, who lived in a cellar or cave roofed over with logs, on what was then a part of the Rudberg estate, now the Patrick Cudahy summer home. Bokman died there and was buried nearby. When the late Dr. Leuthstrom became the owner of the property, he rebuilt a little log cabin

to mark the spot, where the aged hermit dwelt, but this has in late years been removed.

Lieutenant St. Sure, also a nobleman, lived over the hill, beyond the village, on the farm now known as the Christensen farm. The log house, which St. Sure built for his family, was one of the largest and finest of its day. It burned down only a few years ago, having been boarded over and used as a dwelling until that time.

The St. Sure family, who had been accustomed to much luxury in their native land, lived in most distressing circumstances for a time. St. Sure tried to break up a stony piece of land but failed completely, and in the early fifties sold the place and moved to Chicago. A story, which illustrates the sad contrast in their lives in this new land, is told about Mrs. St. Sure. Attired in a green velvet riding suit, sole relic of her former grandeur, she sallied forth one balmy spring day to visit her neighbor Mrs. Petterson. As she went up the pathway to the house, a great black pig followed her. Her hostess, standing in the doorway, remarked, "You have company." Turning, Mrs. St. Sure saw the ugly animal and burst into tears, saying, "And have I come to this!" Silken gowns and bare feet were not conducive to conjugal felicity either, and it is related, that husband and wife were separated after leaving here, St. Sure pursuing the study of medicine, for which his fine education had well fitted him. After many years, it is said, he was called to minister to a dying woman. It was his former wife, and it is a pathetic ending to the romance of their lives, that a reconciliation was affected upon her deathbed.

The most romantic interest, however, lingers about Captain von Schneidau, his wife and family. Captain von Schneidau belonged to the staff of Prince Oscar of Sweden, and was his best friend and daily companion, until he became

enamored of a great beauty. Fröken Jacobson, a Swedish Jewess. As it was an infringement upon the matrimonial codes of Sweden for Jew and Gentile to marry, they journeyed across to Denmark, where they were united, and then came to this country, joining the colony at Pine Lake. Thus they began life under the most trying circumstances and innumerable drawbacks, and they endured severe hardship. They conducted a very meager business here in the way of a grog shop and grocery, and a story is related of how the beautiful Fru Schneidau would tap her whisky keg until it was about empty and then fill in with Pine Lake water, keeping on until there was not much whisky left. But it is also related that none were the wiser for taking in the little lady's wit and beauty at the same time. An infant son, born to them at Pine Lake, died from exposure to frost and cold. It was while they were suffering the greatest hardship, that they were visited by Mayor Ogden of Chicago, who induced Captain von Schneidau to go to the city, and afterwards adopted the daughter, Pauline. Von Schneidau conducted the first daguerreotype studio in Chicago. It was located on Lake Street. Their fortunes changed after their removal to Chicago, and they lived very comfortably. Their home was frequented by many of the best people of the city, and among the celebrities, whom they entertained was Ole Bull, the violinist. Von Schneidau's reputation as a daguerreotypist spread beyond the limits of Chicago, and he even went to New York to make a likeness of the already famous Jenny Lind.²

² In a recent correspondence with Captain Sune Tamm of Stockholm, Sweden, son of Mrs. Maria Unonius Tamm and grandson of Rev. Unonius, he gives the very interesting information that a large and valuable collection of articles used in the log cabin at New Upsala is preserved in the Museum of "Riksföreningen för Svenskhetens Bevarande i Utlandet" at Gothenburg, Sweden. The very "treasure-chest," which was brought over from Sweden and was used by Unonius not only as dining-table but also as sofa and storage chest, is now in Captain Tamm's home, and highly treasured because of its antiquity and of the sentiment attached thereto. He also mentions that at this writing 1935, two of the children of Rev. Unonius are still alive viz. Miss Ada Unonius and Mrs. Fanny Bertini born 1859 and 1861 respectively.

AN ARCHEOLOGICAL STUDY

In "The Wisconsin Archeologist" a very interesting resumé is made over the archeological finding about Pine Lake and its surroundings, which are pertinent to the story of the first Swedish Settlement, and is by permission in part quoted here.

The Chenequa Lakes are among the larger of the thirty-six large and small old Indian lakes, which are the aquatic jewels of the Waukesha County country side, in southeastern Wisconsin. Waukesha County has been for many years famous in America for its beautiful lakes and health-giving springs.

The Government survey of Pine Lake was made by Mullet and Brink, during the months of July and August, 1835.

The length of Pine Lake is slightly over $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles, its greatest width slightly over one mile. Its maximum depth is about 90 feet. Its area is nearly 700 acres. Its elevation above sea level is given as 315 feet.

The Mascouten or Prairie Potawatomi Indians, who formerly inhabited Waukesha County and other southeastern Wisconsin counties, are a division of the Potawatomi tribe, the other division being the Forest Potawatomi, whose place of residence is the forests of northern Wisconsin, Michigan and southern Ontario. The Prairie Potawatomi are the Indians referred to in the writings of the Jesuit fathers as "The Fire Nation."

At the present time several hundred Potawatomi are living on small homesteads provided for them in Forest County,

and a small group near Arpin in Wood County. Some of these are descendants of southern Wisconsin Prairie Potawatomi.

Mr. Charles Rudberg, whose father, John O. Rudberg, settled on the northeast shore of Pine Lake in 1842, says that the Indians came from Pewaukee lake over the trail now followed in a general way by the highway on the east side of Pine lake and running between Pine and Beaver lakes. In his father's time they passed over this trail, going and coming, in numbers in both the spring and the autumn. He does not remember, that they had any guns. They used the bow and arrow in hunting.

Among the Potawatomi chiefs who visited the Chenequa region was Kewaskum (Kiwaskum, "goes-back-on-his-tracks"), who had a village at Pike lake, Monches of the Oconomowoc river village, and Leatherstrap of the Waukesha village.

John Shawano, Nawquakeshik (Noon Day), great-grandson of Waika or Waukesha, at present living in Forest County, states, that the Chenequa lakes were a part of the hunting grounds of the Potawatomi of his Waukesha village. They were very particular about their hunting territories and would never permit any other tribe to trespass on them. This may have been true, before the white settlers came to this region. The Menomini certainly also hunted about the lakes in the early forties.

The early Wisconsin maps, up to the year 1839, give no names for the lakes of the Chenequa group. A "map of Wisconsin Territory, 1839," prepared by Capt. Thomas J. Cram, government topographical engineer, gives the name of Gay lake to Pine lake, Peekor to Beaver lake, and Ahko to North Lake. Lake Keesus is here named Meeshel lake. Where he obtained these names is unknown. Farmer's map,

1848, doubtless copying Cram, gives the name of Gay lake to Pine, and Peekor to Beaver.

On a "Map of the Milwaukee Land District, 1840," the name of Pine lake appears as the name for that lake. This name also appears on the Milwaukee Land District Map of 1846, Nagawicka, Pewaukee and Oconomowoc lakes being the only other northern Waukesha County lakes which bear any names.

Dr. Increase A. Lapham may be credited with having first given the attractive name of Chenequa to Pine Lake. In his book, "Wisconsin," published by P. C. Hall at Milwaukee in 1844, he says: "Pine Lake lies immediately north of Nagowicka, two miles long, three-fourths of a mile wide, five and a quarter around, and has an area of six hundred and ninety acres, being exactly the same as Nagowicka. The Indian name is Chenequa or Pine, given in consequence of a few pine trees having been found on a small neck of land or island in this lake."

INDIAN NAMES OF OTHER WAUKESHA COUNTY LAKES

Both the Prairie Potawatomi and the Menomini had names for the Waukesha County lakes, the Potawatomi for all of them, the Menomini for some. Of the Potawatomi names some have survived. A larger number of lakes in this county bear Indian names than in any other county in southern or central Wisconsin. The significance of the names of several of these lakes has only recently been recovered.

OKAUCHEE—Okatci, "something small;" Okidji, a "Pipe-stem."

KEESUS—Kisobis, "Sun lake."

PEEWAKEE—Peewaunawkee, "flinty place." Pewaukeeneening or Pewaukeenee, "lake of shells or "snail lake." Nibeewuhkih, "watery or soggy ground."

NAGAWICKA—Nagawicke, "sandy." Nagamowike, "songstress."

NASHOTAH—Nishota, "twins." Nijode, "twins."

NEMAHBIN—Nahmabin, "shiner." Niskonabin, "sucker." Namebin, "sucker."

ASHHIPUN—Ashpun, "raccoon." Asepan, Essiban, "raccoon."

OCONOMOWOC—Koonomowok, "name of a waterfall."

The spelling of Indian proper names is subject to a great deal of variation not only amongst the tribes themselves

but also amongst the authors of Indian literature. Different locations and tribes adopted different interpretations of the phonetic expression, and thus, without a dictionary of the Indian languages or other standard authority in the matter, the apparent discrepancy in spelling must be overlooked or accepted as unavoidable.

CONCLUSION

The history of the founding of New Upsala, the first Swedish Settlement in Wisconsin at Pine Lake, now the Village of Chenequa, is so intimately connected with the personality of Unonius, the leader in the enterprise, that the record of the former is absorbed in the biography of the latter. In his final removal the activities and pioneer years of himself and his associates at Pine Lake came to an end, and, as but little remains to this day to tell the story, the events of these fateful years now belong to the realm of history.

The purpose of this volume has now been accomplished, and it is left to future students and lovers of legendary lore and research to more fully elaborate upon the events of those times, when Wisconsin was a wilderness in "the far west," and when pioneers, colonists and founders of a nation blazed new trails into distant parts, cultivated virgin land and brought religion, culture and civilization for the benefit of coming generations.