1962

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Arthur Wald

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Introductory Note

In publishing the Lilljeholm journal, the Augustana Historical Society has deliberately chosen to depart from the tone and character of its previous publications. Such publications were designed to make a serious contribution to historical study, and the Society trusts that they approached a high standard of scholarship. Lilljeholm was no professional historian. He was first and foremost a teller of tales, and like others in that ancient fraternity, he was not about to let scrupulous attention to fact interrupt his story.

It is this kind of will-o'-the-wisp history that the Augustana Historical Society presents in Volume XIX of its series of publications. The original Swedish manuscript has been in the archives of Augustana College longer than anyone can remember. Aside from the occasional footnotes which have been inserted here and there in the text to call attention to just a few of the errors in fact, there has been no serious attempt to edit this volume. It is a good story, the kind of adventure yarn that must have been related by firesides in Sweden and other lands which were eager for news from America in the great days of immigration.

Dr. Arthur Wald, who served for many years as head of the Department of Swedish at Augustana College and director of the Augustana Swedish Institute, is eminently qualified to undertake the assignment of preparing the Lilljeholm manuscript in English. The Augustana Historical Society is indebted to him for his careful translation.

I. D.

Foreword

IN THE IMPRESSIVE COLLECTION of newspapers, letters and documents in the Augustana College Archives pertaining to Swedish pioneer history is found a considerable number of immigrant stories and biographies, which aside from their importance to scholars as research sources, have extraordinary human interest. In years past, the *Bulletin* of the Augustana Swedish Institute has published a number of these pioneer stories, but it remained for a Swedish clergyman, Kyrkoherde Gösta Söderberg from L. P. Esbjörn's parish of Östervåla, while engaged in research in the Archives, to come upon and recognize the value of one such document previously overlooked. It is a small notebook containing a unique story of pioneering adventure with a fascinating account of the trek of a group of Jansonists to Bishop Hill, of the writer's meeting with the Prophet, and of life in the early days of the colony.

Who was this Lilljeholm and how did his story find its way into the Archives? No one presently associated with the Archives can provide any clue. Beyond his own account, available sources reveal only that he was a native of the district of Kalmar, that he received a passport to America in 1847, and died in Trosa in Södermanland at the age of some sixty years.

In an article entitled, "Autobiography of a Swedish Farmer," Wilhelm Moberg writes, with strong emotional overtones, of the diary of an early Minnesota pioneer, Andrew Peterson, who made daily entries throughout forty-four years of his life in the New World. Peterson was one

of a small group of Swedish Baptists who staked claims in Carver County in 1855, prospered, raised a large family, and died at the age of seventy-eight. The brief notations in his daybooks concern the common-place chores and incidents of daily life on the farm—the plowing of a field, the birth of a calf, trips to town, the cost of articles purchased, deaths, church meetings—without any elaboration or personal comment. His language is the peculiar mixture of Swedish and English, the "mixat språk" that grew out of the pioneer environment, written with a spelling altogether original.

In striking contrast, Lilljeholm, smitten like countless others with the "America fever," joins no immigrant group but sets out as a lone adventurer to fight his own battles in the New World. He guides a band of immigrants from Brooklyn to Bishop Hill, but as an outsider, he is indifferent to their hunger for land. Peterson evokes the picture of an Old Testament patriarch, a faithful tiller of the soil with a firm belief in God. Lilljeholm views the Jansonists with a skeptical eye and speaks of himself as an unbeliever, although he calls upon the Lord in times of emergency. He made notations of his experiences along the way, which he later rewrote in painfully neat script, and possibly with some embellishments. His little book is not really a diary but a continuous story of adventure written with imagination and a sense of the dramatic, and not without an occasional touch of humor. He is no trained writer, his spelling is sometimes uncertain and his sentences often loosely constructed, but his command of words and his apparent effort to achieve a literary style reveal a self-educated man. Significantly, his language is free from any trace of Peterson's mixture. And Lilljeholm's is not a success story—he was one of the many who, to use his own words, sank into deepest misery and returned to their homeland with blighted hopes.

While making such changes in sentence structure as

seemed necessary, I have avoided any effort to "polish up" the original and have been guided by the simple rule of choosing the word or expression I sensed the writer would have been likely to use, had English been his medium.

I am indebted to Ernest Espelie and J. Iverne Dowie of the Augustana faculty for a critical reading of the translation.

A. W.

PIONEERING ADVENTURES
of
JOHAN EDVARD LILLJEHOLM
IN AMERICA

1846-1850

Notations during a journey undertaken by me to North America and my stay there for almost four years:

On July 31, 1846, I left my birthplace to undertake a journey to America. This journey had been decided upon and planned as long as ten or twelve years before and was in my thoughts every day; even in my dreams I saw this land so highly praised, where many an emigrant had gained fame and fortune, but many another had sunk into deepest misery; and there were many also who had returned with blighted hopes to their still beloved land.

I finally took passage on the schooner *Jenny Lind,* under command of Captain Johnson from Kalmar and bound for Leith, one of the suburbs of Edinburgh in Scotland. The Baltic and the North Sea were crossed without any adventures worth noting, and we arrived at our destination August 7th [1846]. We stayed here only three days, or until the 10th, during which time I viewed both this town and Edinburgh.

Since the purpose of this little account is to give a faithful description of the experiences I have met with during my stay of four years in the United States, the reader should not expect any detailed description of cities I visited, for I must confess my inability in this respect. Nevertheless, I wish to give a fairly complete one of the interior of the country I traveled through.

On August 10th we weighed anchor and set our course for Dundee, also in Scotland, where we arrived on the 12th. After a stay of only two days in this city, I boarded the same vessel and continued my journey to a town called Neesborough, situated on the south bank of the picturesque river Tay. Here the cargo was unloaded and I walked about viewing the sights of the town.

I now parted company with my countrymen (for I had sailed as a passenger) to make my way alone in a foreign land among strange people, and altogether without any knowledge of the language.

From this place I took a steamboat to Perth, a very attractive little town, and stayed on here until September 9th with the very friendly and hospitable family of a shipping-clerk by the name of Wallace, who showed me the sights of the town. Almost every day I was invited to join others in driving about to see the many old castles and ruins, strewn, as it were, along the high, densely wooded banks of the Tay. With this kind family I spent three of the happiest and most carefree days of my entire journey and was persuaded to put off my departure from day to day; they even tried to persuade me with very tempting offers to give up entirely the journey I had planned and stay with them, but without success. During our conversations, a captain and master carpenter by the name of Hindman served as interpreter. He was a native of Sweden but had been married and living in Perth for twenty years.

One evening, in company with the aforementioned Hindman and Wallace, I attended one of their political meetings, which at that time were strictly forbidden and punishable by heavy fines. The gathering lasted until far into the night, when the police arrived and demanded admission, but the place had a secret exit, and we were fortunately saved from what might have been serious consequences for me as well as for them.

I left this city and these kind people, by whom I was treated as one of their own, and who were offended when I offered to pay them for my long stay. I had to promise to visit them on my return from America. With many good wishes on their part, I left by coach for Sterling, where I arrived the same day, September 9th, and also departed the same day by train for Glasgow.

Glasgow is an industrial city where the houses are almost all alike (tall, gray stone houses), and the air is always filled with coal smoke, so that the city has a monotonous and unattractive appearance. I remained here three days and then boarded the steamboat *Fire King,* arriving in Liverpool September 11th after a difficult stormy voyage. The following day I walked through the whole length of the city and came home in the evening quite tired.

On September 13th I boarded a large 800 ton frigate bearing the name *Fairfield,* bound for New York, paid my passage, and moved my belongings on board. However, although the vessel was scheduled to leave in two days, we did not set sail until the 18th. Accordingly, I had plenty of time to view the city and its surroundings, but not knowing the language and without any human being to communicate with, my eagerness to continue the journey made the time seem unbearably long.

Finally, we did set sail. Altogether there were 200 passengers on board, all Irishmen except for a few Scotchmen and Englishmen and myself. During the first few days all the passengers were troubled with seasickness, which, however, ceased after a few days. Soon I witnessed a storm on the ocean in all its fury; the wind grew more and more violent, and the ship rolled frightfully and was hurled hither and thither like a nutshell on the immense ocean. During the violent rolling of the ship, two large vats of water in the same room with the pas-

sengers were torn loose and were rolled from one side to the other by the motion of the vessel, crushing arms and legs of several unfortunate ones before any of the crew were able to catch and secure them again. The moaning of the passengers, mingled with the howling of the storm, the oaths of the sailors, and the captain's words of command through the megaphone, had a frightening effect upon the silent spectator. For three days the storm continued in undiminished fury, and we lost many sails and almost all our spars. Yet the captain remained calm, for our vessel was new, and we were away from land. At last the angry elements quieted down, and we continued our voyage without any special incidents.

As we approached the great fishing-banks of New Foundland, we saw great numbers of whales. These monsters can be seen at quite a distance, as they spout water high in the air, when they near the surface.

Fights occurred almost everyday among the Irishmen and usually became quite bloody. The captain and his mates tried to stop them, but did not always succeed in separating them. Twice they had to back away and were glad to be able to escape the angry mob.

After a seventy-two day voyage from Liverpool we finally arrived in New York on the night of November 29th, glad to have at last reached the goal of our voyage. But my own joy was somewhat lessened when I found in the morning I had been robbed. The remainder of my money (400 *riksdaler)*[1] a watch, a breastpin, and other articles, unfortunately everything I possessed of real value, were gone—a really serious loss for me, a stranger without friends and unfamiliar with the language.

[1] Here Lilljeholm, as in several other places, uses a symbol representing the Swedish *riksdaler*, to which, in another connection, he gives the value of twenty-five cents in American money. The crown, representing the same value, was not introduced as the monetary unit until 1873. In other instances in the text, where money values are given in terms of *riksdaler*, they are translated into American dollars.

I soon discovered the thief, one of the worst rascals among the Irishmen, and saw him more than once exchanging my gold coins in New York. I once asked him if he wouldn't return some part of what he had stolen but got only curses and threats in reply. At last I asked a policeman to help me, which he promised to do upon payment of ten dollars in advance. I thought it best to let the matter rest and be reconciled to my fate. A few days later I met the thief alone on an out-of-the-way street and repeated my demand but got the same answer. His insolence made me so angry that I attacked him, and since I was his match in strength, I left him quite badly beaten up and lying unconscious on the street.

During the voyage I had got acquainted with an Englishman by the name of James Gordon. We came to be very good friends and lived by ourselves in a cabin above deck, away from the other passengers, who lived below deck. He taught me some English, and we exchanged thoughts and hopes about our new country as well as we could. He had a rich uncle not far from New York, on whose insistence he had left England to make his home with this relative of his. He even promised to find me a suitable job through his uncle.

After a few days' stay in New York, I set out with the aforesaid Englishman on the way to his rich uncle. After having traveled about four Swedish miles by steamboat up the Hudson River, we came to a large, very fine looking house on Rock Island, which was the goal of our journey. My companion inquired about his uncle, and the present owner informed us that about a month before, the uncle had lost not only this property, but the remainder of his fortune as well, in gambling, and that his present whereabouts was unknown. This bad news made the young man very unhappy, for he had left a profitable situation in England, and here he was, almost penni-

less and left without any help from the man who had urged him to come.

We were, however, offered food and lodging for the night. Our host was quite good-natured and tried in every way to dispel our worries. He was well traveled and had even been in Stockholm, but he had not been able to learn anything more than "tusen djeflar" and "vackra flickor," which he often repeated to prove his knowledge of the language. We spent the night there, although neither of us could sleep. My companion cried the whole time, and I was sad myself, since his misfortune was also mine.

The following day our host drove into town, and we accepted his offer of a ride in his carriage. On arriving in New York we parted company, agreeing to meet again in the afternoon, but although I went back several times to the place agreed upon, we never met again.

Every day I tried to get some kind of work, but in vain, and was therefore in a destitute situation, almost penniless and without friends in a strange land full of swindlers, where unselfishness was a completely unknown virtue. I asked a number of my countrymen to give me a chance to earn my living by working, but all of them answered, "Help yourself, that's what I had to do." This was very small comfort, but I did not yet lose courage. I was young (22 years) and in good health, and hope did not forsake me.

In order to be able to pay my landlord, I had to pawn my clothing, gun, etc., with which I was quite well provided, to an Israelite and got a small loan at a high rate of interest. After buying and putting on a complete sailor's outfit, I went on board a whaling-ship which was about to depart for the South Seas, and agreed with the captain to sign on. I then went and told my friend about my decision. He said that I had acted unwisely, for many such ships had recently come home after one or two years,

and the crews had not received any remuneration. The crews on such vessels do not usually get any set wages, but a certain share of the profits, which usually, through the clever bookkeeping of the shipowners, turn out to be a loss instead. I took his advice and did not go on board, which I later had good reason to regret, as I will explain later on in my story.

A few days later, on December 12th, I took hire on a barkentine about to depart for Liverpool. The late season, together with the small crew (we were only seven men beside the officers), made this voyage extremely difficult, and unfortunately one man fell overboard on the second day after we left harbor. He was a very good swimmer, and we saw him swimming after the vessel for ten or fifteen minutes, although we were sailing with a good wind and making good speed. The captain did not make the least effort to save the unfortunate man, although he saw him fall overboard. We could not silently permit this to happen and reproached him for his inhuman attitude, loudly giving expression to our feelings to him and the mate. I and another Swede by the name of Johnson tore loose an empty barrel and threw it overboard to the poor fellow, and he was able to reach it, but when the captain did not give the order to haul to the wind, this served only to prolong his suffering. The captain charged us for the barrel and the ropes we had cut and said that, on arrival in port, he would accuse us of mutiny.

We had quite stormy weather with snow squalls, but fortunately the wind was favorable, and we reached Liverpool after a voyage of only twenty-five days. When we made port it was already dark. One after another we were sent ashore to secure the hawsers for docking the ship, but as soon as we felt firm ground under our feet, we made our getaway without fastening the hawsers but shouting all the while, "Haul in!" We met at a cer-

tain inn, as planned beforehand, in order to escape being accused of mutiny and stayed there for a week without any fear of being discovered. However, we felt keenly the loss of our clothing and other belongings, and we decided to get them back. One evening, after making sure that the captain and the mates were ashore and only a customs guard on board, we decided to make the attempt. Two of us went on board and, as we have said, found only a customs guard there. We gave him some grog, got him down into the cabin, and barricaded the doors with water-casks. The other men then came aboard, and after breaking in the doors of the deck-cabin, we carried our things ashore.

I had brought with me from America twenty pounds of tobacco, and I was going to try to smuggle this through the guards into the city—not an easy thing to do and punishable with imprisonment for life. The docks and harbor in Liverpool are separated from the city by a high wall with a number of gates, where the guards inspect all who want to pass into the city from the docks. We now had to pass through these gates. We walked, all of us in a row, carrying the chests between us. I was the last man in line and was carrying a bundle in one hand containing some dirty clothing together with the tobacco. Right near the gate through which we were going to pass, there was a heavy post, and in the shadow of this post, unnoticed by the guard, I laid down the bundle with the tobacco and then went up to be inspected together with the other men. After the inspection had taken place without any forbidden goods being found, the guard gave the order to pass. I then let go of the chest, but kept the bundle and started to walk back to the post where I had put the tobacco, as if I was looking for something. I took out some of the clothes, put the tobacco in their place, went back to the gate, as if still searching, and with my heart beating excitedly, I was allowed to pass. I sold

the tobacco for 75 *riksdaler* and had a happy day with my friends.

I stayed here one week, after which, through my landlord, I shipped on a big vessel called *Queen of the West,* one of the largest American Cape Verde vessels (2,000 tons), with a crew of 65 men, including officers. We had 469 passengers on board, almost all Irish except for a few Englishmen and Scotchmen. The crew was made up of a mixture of almost all nations and colors. The captain's name was Burleigh, nicknamed Bull, a real devil in human form. He made us work day and night, most often unnecessarily, until our legs would no longer carry us, and many fell down on the deck from weakness and were hardly able to get up again. Besides, the food was scanty and of poor quality. As we kept growing weaker and weaker and our treatment worse and worse, we decided to quit working altogether until we got better treatment. As a result, the captain and the mates came up to us in the forecastle fully armed and threatened to kill all of us if we did not return to our work. We armed ourselves with crowbars and told him to do his worst. A Swede in the crew by the name of Johnson (one of my companions on the earlier voyage) was our leader and spokesman. He was an unusually tall, broadshouldered sailor of sixty, still in possession of his full strength, and had sailed for twenty-five years under the American flag. In spite of his threats to shoot us down, the captain could not change our decision, for we swore that we would kill them at their first shot. Our determination and superiority in numbers forced the captain at last to agree to our reasonable demands for better food and more rest, and we went back to our work.

After sailing fourteen days with constant head winds, we lost sight of Cape Lizard and were out on the ocean. During the coldest part of the winter there are almost

always contrary winds, so that we had to cruise and turn almost every watch, something that calls for a great deal of work on such a large ship. On February 7th the clouds thickened, the sea grew higher, and as it set, the sun was red as fire. Everything foretold a coming storm. After sunset there were violent gusts of wind, and we were ordered to take in sail but were able to save only a few before the rest of them were torn to shreds. At sunrise the next day the storm became so violent that the oldest men of the crew said that they had never experienced one like it. The masts were bent like reeds and threatened to fall overboard any moment. Finally the foremast was broken off at the deck, and as we could not free the mast quickly enough from the shroud because of the heavy rolling of the ship, it knocked a hole in the bow on the lee side of the vessel. All men on board were now ordered to the pumps, but although the pumping continued without stopping, the water soon rose to a depth of eight feet in the hold. The passengers could not help us, the crewmen were exhausted, and the captain's orders went unheeded. The northwester threatened to cast us up on land, from which, according to the captain's calculations, we were not far away. To add to our misfortune, the pumps got choked up when some barrels containing thick tar broke and the contents ran down into the body of the pump. The crew was now almost at the point of exhaustion, and we expected a speedy end to our suffering, for no salvation seemed possible with the water ten feet deep in the hold. It was an awful night, which we all thought would be our last. Groans and prayers to the Almighty mingled with the oaths of the drunken men, for now what was left of the store of liquor was consumed. We readied the boats and expected any moment to be cast ashore. Thus we spent the night. Finally day began to break; the lookout sighted land straight ahead, and soon we could see it from deck.

The same day, February 11th, after we had secured a pilot, we put into the Cove of Cork in Ireland, saved as by a miracle. We stayed here for twenty days to unload the cargo and make repairs, after which we again set sail on March 4th.

The captain had intended to put us all in prison for mutiny and get a new crew, but the shortage of seamen kept him from doing so, and he was obliged to continue the voyage with the addition of six men for a like number who were sick.

For a week we had good winds, but now the northwester again began to blow and storm, and we lost our new spars and many of our sails. A contagious fever also broke out among the passengers, and a number died every day. One day eleven bodies were cast overboard, and finally several of the crew took sick and died. This sickness came partly from the unbearable stench in the room where the passengers lived, as it was never once cleaned during the voyage, and partly from lack of water, as many of the big casks were torn loose and shattered during the storm.

In spite of the hard work, the poor food, and the contagious sickness, I was in very good health. The sickness claimed more and more victims, and out of fifty-two seamen, there remained no more than seven (among them myself and the aforenamed Johnson) who were able to do duty. Of 400 passengers no more than ninety were well, while 110 were near death.

In spite of all this misery, there were fights every day, and there was great dissension between officers and men. In spite of the lesson given him by the crew, the captain had again become a tyrant who tried in every way to punish us with work and often struck many of the crew, even those who were sick. One day he had three men arrested and imprisoned only because they had answered him insolently. We set them free later one night, and

when he tried to imprison them again, we resisted, so that for his own safety as well as the vessel's, he had to give up. A few days later, the aforesaid Johnson was called to appear before the captain but refused (for he suspected foul play, having just had a quarrel with the captain). When the captain and mates appeared again to imprison him, all of us together resisted them, and they had to return without accomplishing their purpose. After eating our dinner, we went back to work.

In the afternoon, when Johnson was ordered to do some work on the main rigging, he threw a handspike down on the captain, who was just then walking back and forth on the after deck. The handspike passed through the skirt of his coat near the thigh and penetrated quite deep into the deck. The captain was so badly frightened that he went down into his cabin and did not appear on deck again for several days.

Steady headwinds and snowstorms slowed our progress. We had been at sea for two months after leaving Cove of Cork, and as provisions were running short, we were now being given half rations. One day we sighted a big ship, which we were bearing down on. We put out a boat to board her, hoping to get provisions, but when we got closer and showed our flag, a Mexican flag was hoisted on board the ship, after which it pulled away without taking further notice of us. (Mexico and the United States were enemies at that time.) After three and a half months, we finally reached the coast of North America and got a pilot aboard. The pilot schooner was at once sent to New York after seamen, for we were too few and too weak (only seven men of our crew were well) to be able to maneuver the vessel into port. Two days later, the schooner returned with forty seamen, after which we sailed toward land and anchored on May 31st at Staten Island Hospital to undergo quarantine. We arrived at night, and when we were about half a mile from land, the aforesaid Johnson jumped

overboard and swam ashore after having divided his clothes among several of us who were to return them to him in New York, when we met at a place agreed upon. In the morning a guard appeared on board to arrest him, but he was gone.

It was a terrible sight to see the sick and dead taken ashore. They were half crazed and looked like living skeletons, after having lain in their filth for weeks without anyone taking pity on them, or giving them a drink of water. The bodies of some who had died had been lying there for eight or nine days, causing an unbearable stench. The captain and the mates caught the same sickness, and the captain died in the most horrible agony.

After receiving my pay, I decided not to seek my fortune on the sea any longer but to visit the interior of the country, which I soon set out to do. The next day, together with the others of the crew who were well enough to go, I took a steamboat to New York (about two Swedish miles), where I moved into my old lodgings. After a few days' stay here, I heard about a large number of Swedes, so-called "läsare," who were staying in Brooklyn, a city on the other side of the Hudson River, and decided to pay them a visit. With this purpose in mind, I went there the following day and met about 400 of the followers of Eric Janson, who after a few days intended to travel into the interior and meet their prophet. The fall before, Janson had set out westward with 300 followers and settled in the southwest part of the state of Illinois on a stretch of land of about ten thousand acres, which they had bought and given the name of Bishop Hill[2] (Biskops-

[2] Bishop Hill is located in the west central part of the state of Illinois, 43 miles northwest of Peoria in Henry County. Janson originally settled on an eighty acre farm. When this party arrived in June of 1847, the colony owned about 350 acres. It was not to attain 10,000 acres until several years later. See Michael A. Mikkelsen, *The Bishop Hill Colony: A Religious Communistic Settlement in Henry County, Illinois* (Baltimore: John Hopkins Press, 1892).

kulla), the same name as Eric Janson's birthplace in Sweden.

This group of four hundred was led by a number of so-called apostles. One by the name of Ljungberg and another by the name of Hammarbeck, both former seaman's mates, were among their number, and to these I was now introduced. They gave me a glowing description of their happy situation, now that they were saved from perdition and had come to a knowledge of the false teachings of the clergy in their home country through Eric Janson, who was sent by God himself and was greater even than Christ, etc., etc. They tried in every possible way to convert me, but as I could not be persuaded to "take my reason captive," to use their words, before I could believe, I left them, still an unbeliever.

The next day Hammarbeck came to see me and on behalf of the congregation offered me a free trip into the interior, with pay in addition, if I would join them as an interpreter. There were only two who could speak English, and this would not be enough, since, by reason of their large number, they had to travel in small groups, each of which needed a guide and interpreter. After thinking it over, I accepted this offer, and we began our journey two days later on June 4, 1847.[3]

These so-called Jansonists had been here since December and were now in a most wretched condition, as the voyage across the ocean had brought on sickness, which had taken a number of them, especially older people. Of the 520 who had left their pleasant homes in their native land in good health, attracted by the glowing description of the promised land, and believing the false teachings of Eric Janson, there remained now no more than 400, of whom a third were sick. During the winter they had lived in so-called canalboats (decked vessels 60 feet from stem

[3] This date seems to conflict with Lilljeholm's chronology of time elapsed since leaving the boat, which docked May 31st.

to stern, twenty-four feet in beam, and nine feet above the water line, drawn on the canal by horses), and in these they had to endure the winter without any heating and with only gruel and poor bread to eat.

Some of these so-called apostles and those who had been rich (now all property was held in common) fared better and lived in houses. Their daily occupation was fasting and prayer. Their sermons were sometimes preached by women and children and consisted of screaming loudly the same words over and over until they got hoarse, when another would take the pulpit, and hymns were sung from Eric Janson's hymnal. However, the Americans, who did not understand their language, thought them to be models of piety, and the Bible Society in New York gave them several hundred copies of the Swedish Bible.

In this pious company I was now traveling. We were put on five so-called canalboats, and these were towed by steamboats up the Hudson River to Albany, a large city about twenty Swedish miles away. Here the Erie Canal begins, and we got horses, four to each boat, two to pull the boat and two to be taken on board to change off. In the beginning we traveled quite fast and passed through a number of locks and big towns such as Rome, Syracuse, Athens, Lockport and others, of which many had a population of ten to fifty thousand. We were about 300 boats in company, and we had to wait a long time for passage through each lock. Almost an equal number met us, for this was the first trip of the spring, which made travel very slow for us, so that it took us eight days to make the fifty Swedish miles from Albany to Buffalo, situated on the great Lake Erie. Buffalo is a large city of about 30,000 inhabitants.

During my short stay here I visited the world's greatest waterfall, Niagara. It was a majestic sight, and no one beholding it can doubt the existence of its Creator. One

could never hope to see anything more magnificent, and I can not with my pen describe the impression the sight of it made upon me, although I had read many descriptions of it. A mass of water about a fourth of a mile wide plunges down from a height of over 200 feet with a thundering sound, and I seemed to be hearing it, drowning out every other sound, for days afterward. The spray from the fall produces a steady rain on the side toward which the wind is blowing. A steamboat makes two trips here daily and the fare is twenty-five cents.

In Buffalo we boarded a new steamboat, which was called *The Sultana.* We were 1,150 passengers of almost all nations and arrived in Chicago on June 15th, after a voyage of three days without any special adventures. Chicago is a city of over 20,000 inhabitants but is growing enormously. The distance between Chicago and Buffalo through the four big lakes—Michigan, St. Clair, Huron, and Erie—is about 1,200 miles. On the shores of these lakes lie a number of cities such as Detroit, Sheboygan, Washinport, Little Fort, and others, which we visited on the way.

In Chicago a big house was rented, which we moved into, and we began to buy horses and wagons for continuing the journey overland the rest of the way to Bishop Hill.

There was powerful preaching here for many days. Several of the Jansonists fell sick, and many died in spite of the apostles' assurances of their divine power to heal by the patient's touching their clothing—and believing; but whether the fault lay in the patient's unbelief or the inability of the apostles, no miracles happened. One of the most ardent Jansonists had been sick for a long time and was now very weak in spite of the apostles' repeated assurances of making him well. One evening, after a long sermon, Anderson, the so-called high priest, came in to

him completely filled with—the Holy Spirit, and after a short rambling prayer, commanded the sick man to "arise, and take up thy bed, and walk." But the sick man could not stand up without help, and had to be lifted out of the bed and made to stand on the floor. When they let go of him, he fell down in a faint and died soon afterwards. The many unsuccessful attempts to perform miracles caused many to fall away and look for work in the country we traveled through.

The country we were now passing through is called Illinois and consists of vast plains covered with tall grass, with woods every three or four miles. The woods consist mostly of oak, beech, and sugar maple. Near the woods there were usually a few houses occupied by farmers who made their living from crops and cattle. The soil on the enormous plains consists of rich, clayish, black earth, six or eight feet deep. Usually, the ground is sown ten or twelve years in succession with wheat without being fertilized, and many years without being plowed, the seed being sown in the stubble and the ground harrowed.

The journey was continued in short daily stretches of fifteen or twenty miles. On the way many died. The dead were dug down into the ground without much ceremony, and their relatives appeared to be rather happy in accordance with their teachings.

During this journey I was most of the time in the company of a Yankee by the name of Alfred Shlegle, whom the Jansonists had persuaded by glowing promises to come along from Brooklyn to Bishop Hill, with the agreement that if he did not like being with them, they would pay his way back. We usually traveled a good distance ahead, hunting and fishing, and had a rather good time. We also agreed in not liking the rest of the company. There was plenty of wild game consisting of prairie

chickens, big snipe and rabbits, and we had our pockets pretty well filled when we made camp at night.

Our caravan consisted, as I have said, of 400 people, of whom 200 walked, while the other 200—children, the old and the sick—rode. We were often short of food, because at some farms we came to enough provisions were not to be had for so many. Therefore some of us had to scout around in the neighborhood and get together enough for the evening meal and breakfast. So Shlegle and I walked ahead of the company and usually got to the camping-place an hour or two ahead of the others. We then looked after our own needs by preparing some of our wild game and buying bread and milk. This was not exactly a Christian thing to do according to their view of the matter, but since we were among the unbelievers, we could not live on the word alone.

Finally, after eleven days of difficult traveling, we arrived at their "Canaan," Bishop Hill.

Eric Janson received us in his own high person, and after relatives and friends had exchanged greetings, the company continued on to the church (that was the name given to a cleared spot in the woods with a raised place in the center), where Eric Janson now got up and made a speech which moved the whole congregation. Following the prayer, the congregation returned to the "town" for refreshment and rest from the journey.

The so-called "town" consisted of holes dug in the ground and covered with branches and sod, exactly like our cellars. Inside there were stalls closed off, one for each family. Eric Janson now ordered a general period of fasting in order, as he said, to test and purify the congregation. The real reason, however, was that there were not enough provisions at that time, as he was not good enough at arithmetic to figure out that 700 people ate more than 300 and had not provided enough food, although he knew of our coming. He hoped all the while that manna would

rain down from heaven; and he prayed to God every day for it, but he prayed in vain, for the age of miracles is past. In the meantime, many took sick for lack of food, and many fell away and left. Yet many others held out through the five-day period of fasting, although they were sick in bed. A number of other orders, just as unreasonable, were given, such as forbidding marriage, and as a result, not more than 350 of seven hundred members were left the next fall.

I did not stay longer than a few days, or until the 10th, when I returned to Chicago in company with the aforesaid Shlegle and his family. In spite of their promise to Shlegle to pay his way back, if he did not want to stay, he did not get the least thing. He was very discouraged and without any money and could not see any possibility of getting away with his wife and two children. He told me about his troubles, and as I had thirty dollars at the time, I promised to pay his way to Chicago. We rented a pair of oxen and a wagon (a common way to travel on unmarked roads in this country) and journeyed in this way to Chicago in nine days, hunting and fishing and having quite a good time. In the evening, the wild game was prepared near some farm in the pots and pans we had brought along, milk and other things were procured, and after the meal we slept well in the covered wagon. In this way we traveled without much expense and arrived in Chicago on July 6th.

On one of our hunts I came near being bitten by a rattlesnake, and the only thing that saved me was the quick thinking of my companion. We were walking along side by side, when I heard a rattling sound, and he suddenly gave me a push, so that I stumbled a few steps to the side. Just then a rattlesnake six feet long darted along the very place where I had been walking, and I would surely have been struck by his fangs, which would have been fatal, if I had not been pushed aside. When the

snake attacks, he coils up with a rattling sound, and with this warning one can often escape danger. This was the first time I heard it, and I did not understand its meaning.

I stayed for about two weeks with Shlegle in Chicago. One day I met a countryman by the name of E. Nordberg, a former sheriff's officer from the Mariestad region. He was now living in the state of Michigan, where, together with three other men, he was occupied with making shingles. I agreed to go along and stay with him for set monthly wages. I left Chicago in a small boat with provisions for one year, for the part of the country to which we were going was inhabited almost entirely by Indians. We sailed across Lake Michigan to Pere Marquette (the name of the place where Nordberg was living), a distance of about twenty-five Swedish miles, and landed after a sail of two days on July 23rd. In contrast to Illinois, the country here consisted of woodland with growths of oak, beech, sugar maple, ironwood, poplar, and several kinds of pine, cedar, and other trees. The shore consisted of clay and sand, forming a steep slope two or three hundred yards high, the upper edge of which was rimmed with trees varying in color from light to dark green. A small river connected Lake Michigan with a smaller lake, thus forming a very good harbor, which we entered and secured our boat, for this was to be our home. Here I saw Indians for the first time. There were no fewer than fifteen or twenty wigwams or tents set up on the shore, and many Indians came up to us to help haul the boat up on land and to buy whiskey or brandy. Pere Marquette was an isolated place, for there were no other houses than Nordberg's within a distance of ten miles, except for a few wigwams which at certain times were set up nearby.

Our house, which was located about half a mile from the shore, was built of barked round logs, laid in the form of a square and the chinks filled with clay. The roof was

made of boards split from logs, and the floors were of the same kind of boards, laid loose on the ground. On one of the long sides was a fire-place of wood lined with mortar which had to be replaced often, as the fire was kept going constantly during the winter.

Nordberg had a sister, who also lived here, an old spinster who kept house for us. There were six of us altogether—Nordberg, his sister, myself, a Norwegian, an American, and a Swede. A few weeks before I came here, a man from Stockholm by the name of Engström, who was working for Nordberg, had gone hunting and had never been heard from again. He had simply disappeared and we had no idea of his fate.

Our work here was very hard; some of the men cut down pines six to nine feet in diameter, while others sawed them into sections, which were then hauled out of the woods with oxen. On Sundays we hunted or played cards. One Sunday I had intended to go hunting as usual and so got up quite early on the morning of August 1st. My gun had been loaded for several days, and I walked a few steps from the house to fire it, but just then I saw a quail that flew up and stopped a little farther away. I followed it a few hundred yards and finally shot it, but when I started back, I got lost and could not find our house. When I left home, I had on only a pair of thin trousers without coat or vest and had no ammunition.

I kept right on walking for a day and a night without resting or eating and without finding any way out of the woods to our home and was therefore exhausted and very hungry. I rested for a couple of hours before I started walking again, and in the afternoon of the second day, I came to a place in the woods where Indians had set up their tents some time before. A few poles were still standing in the ground, and on one of these the bodies of two muskrats were still hanging. The flesh was completely dried up, but I devoured them as if they had been the

greatest delicacy, and looked among the poles for more, but in vain. Somewhat refreshed by the meal, I started walking again. The woods, which now consisted of cedars, soon became impenetrable, as the branches extended out horizontally from the trunk all the way to the ground, which was so soft that walking was very difficult. I was wet through with sweat from the effort of walking, and now a cold wind began blowing, which gave me chills.

After resting for a while, I was going to start walking again, but my legs were so stiff that I could not walk another step. As I could not find a drier place, I had to lie down on the soft ground where I was. Two and a half days had gone by since I left home, and I gave up all hope, thinking that my fate would be the same as Engström's. I suffered terribly from weariness and hunger but soon fell into a feverish sleep. When I woke up the next morning, I was quite sick. I had a fever and shivered from cold at the same time and could not try to walk until about noon. I tried to climb up in a big tree nearby and was able to get up twenty yards on the trunk, from where I could see a stream flowing through the cedar swamp where I was. Knowing that all streams emptied into the big lake near which we lived, I was able to make out my way home, but I was so weak that I could not get out of the place without help. My sickness was getting worse and worse, and I lay down again to await my fate.

When need is greatest, help is nearest—this proved true in my case, for in the afternoon two Indians, who had followed my tracks through the woods, came and found me, after having walked only ten hours. Early that morning they had stopped at our cabin and had been told about my disappearance and shown what direction I took. The Indians followed my tracks and found me in the afternoon of the same day, although I had walked for two and a half days without stopping. With their help, I got

down to the river, where we found a canoe made of the hollowed-out trunk of a tree. They laid me in it, almost unconscious, transported me in this way down the stream, and then led me home, where I took to bed. I now became really sick with chills and fever, and as there was no medicine and no doctor, I could not leave my bed for three months, or until November 5th, 1847. After two weeks, or in the middle of November, I was again well enough to do the heavy work in the woods until the end of December, when a new event occurred which several times put my life in danger.

A few days earlier, Nordberg had gone to the nearest settlement, White Lake, to buy provisions for the winter —those we had were almost exhausted—and bring them back in a rented boat. A few days after his departure, an Indian brought me a letter from Nordberg in which he asked me to come and help him bring home the provisions. After supplying myself with the necessary tools and provisions for two days, I started out. I had a rather heavy load—a gun, an axe, a blanket, a long hawser, such as is used in towing a boat along the shore when there is no wind, and a haversack, all of it together weighing over forty-five pounds. To get to White Lake, I had to follow the east shore of Lake Michigan for two days and wade through many deep streams which empty into that lake. The first day I had traveled about five Swedish miles and waded through six small streams three to five feet deep. Toward evening, I came to a stream which I decided to wade through and camp for the night on the other side. I had almost reached shore, when I suddenly sank into a deep hole, where I could not touch bottom. Even my head was under water, but I was only a few steps from land, which I reached soaking wet. My pack shared the same fate, and I was in a poor mood to go to bed. The first thing I did was try to light a fire, for it was bitterly cold now in the evening, and in a few minutes the clothes

on my body were frozen stiff. Besides, I was very tired after the long day's journey with the heavy pack on my back, which kept me from moving my arms to keep warm. I gathered up dry leaves and sticks and got out some matches, but they were wet, and I tried the whole bunch without getting a fire. Insensitive to the cold, I sat down on a log in despair, not expecting to see the dawn of another day.

I breathed a sigh to the Almighty, who in such wonderful ways had saved me from many a danger before, and prayed fervently that He would save me now, if it was His will. I thought of parents and relatives in my native land and gave myself up, as I believed, to the sleep of death, to awaken to a better life. But my hour had not yet come; a spark of hope again gave life to my smoldering spirits. I recalled that I sometimes used to carry matches in my vest pockets, and searching through the pockets of an inside vest, I found a few, one of which seemed to be dry. On this one match my life now depended. I crawled, for I could not walk, a short distance into the woods, dug a hole in the loose earth with my hands, got together some dry leaves, and soon had the joy of seeing a bright flame appear. As soon as I had limbered up a little, I got together enough fuel for the night. I warmed myself, dried my clothes, ate a good supper from my supply of food, and then lay down to sleep beside the log fire, which was still burning brightly. When I woke up the next morning, I was covered with a foot of snow, and this covering had kept me quite warm. My head was very heavy, but otherwise I felt quite well. I got up, and after eating breakfast, I started on my way again. When I had walked a few steps from my camping-place, I discovered fresh bear tracks in the snow, and following them, I found that the bear had circled around my camping-place twice but had probably not dared come closer for fear of the fire. I continued my journey with-

out any further adventures and arrived at my destination the same day, after traveling ten Swedish miles in two days. On the way back we met with very bad weather, but otherwise we had no adventures worth noting. I kept on working in the woods until September, 1848.

To vary our monotonous way of life, I accompanied some Indians on their hunts into the interior of the country several times and won their good will by gifts of brandy and tobacco. One time, in company with one of my friends, a Norwegian by the name of Thompson, I went to visit some Indian tents that had been set up by the shore of the lake a few days before. We were well received and treated to fish and wild game, but as we were leaving them and had walked a hundred yards into the woods, we heard a shot, and a bullet struck a tree right beside us. Thompson, who was a good runner, at once started running and was soon out of sight, but as I was armed with a double-barreled shotgun at the time and did not think I had anything to fear, I went back to find out why they had shot. When I came up to the tents, I found the Indians laughing at the running Norwegian and his long legs. They all shook hands with me, assuring me of their friendship, and offered me the pipe of peace to smoke. They had only wanted to see if we were afraid, and it was for this reason they had fired the shot at the tree beside our path. I stayed with them until late in the evening, talking about hunting and fishing.

One old Indian was busy tattooing a young boy, who submitted to the painful operation without even a grimace. The old man, whose name was Black Hawk, claimed that no white man could endure anything like this without crying. To give him a better opinion of white people, I held out my right arm to be tattooed. He took a blunt stick of wood, pricked some marks with it, then chewed some roots and rubbed this into the sores. He was drunk at the time and hurt me quite badly, but I kept talking

with the others and pretended not to feel any pain. He then exclaimed that I was a Nichichin Tihmoke man (a real Bowie knife).

In the meantime my companions, who had been informed by Thompson of the attempted murder, had decided to come to my aid. They appeared fully armed but were told about the mistake, and we parted from the Indians as good friends.

At this time Nordberg decided to cross Lake Michigan to Milwaukee in Wisconsin with a load of our products. A boat had come to our neighborhood with a family and workmen to set up a saw mill a few miles north of us at a place called Manichi, and we were to take this boat and get provisions for another year. We worked for three days loading it, after which Nordberg left with a promise to return soon with money for wages and provisions.

After waiting in vain for a month for Nordberg to return, we began to fear that something was wrong, and I made up my mind to go in search of him. This was very important for me, because I was the one who had the most at stake—200 dollars for fourteen months work. I was also in great need of clothing and other things.

With this determination, I set out on the journey of twenty-five Swedish miles, which had to be made on foot, to Chicago, where I might possibly get on his trail. After walking for two days along the shore of Lake Michigan, I met a family one evening, just as I was going to rest for the night. They were a man and his wife and three children, who were on the way to settle down a few days' journey farther north. I decided to spend the night in their company, since they were provided with tents for protection against the pesky mosquitoes. I borrowed a piece of cloth from them, cut a stick, the two ends of which I put down in the sand to form a bow,

spread the cloth over it and crept under it. They themselves, with their two youngest children, lay under the same kind of tent, and the oldest, a girl, by herself in another. The tents were set up at the very edge of the water. On the other side of us rose a steep bank of clay about 600 feet high with a dense growth of trees at the top. After we had fallen asleep, we were awakened by the cries of the oldest girl and ran over to her to find out the reason. She told us that she had dreamed that some of the trees above us had plunged down and killed us. We calmed her fears and returned to our beds, but were soon awakened again by the girl, and when we hurried over to her, she had had the same dream. We went back again and lay down, only to be awakened for the third time and get the same answer. We then decided to move farther away to a place by a small stream, where the shore was lower, and we had barely got there with our things, when a great mass of trees plunged down with a thundering noise from the high slope, completely covering up the place where we had been lying. We gave fervent thanks to Providence, which had saved us so miraculously through the girl's dream. I could not sleep any more that night, and after eating breakfast with the family, I continued my journey. After walking for six days, I arrived in Chicago, where bad news awaited me. Nordberg had sold the cargo and set off to the Jansonists in Bishop Hill, to whom he now belonged body and soul. The lateness of the season closed off all communication, at least for those who could not afford to travel by coach, and I decided to stay here until early the following spring and then visit Nordberg. I now made my living by cutting shingles and earned $1.00 to $1.25 a day in this way.

Just at this time gold was discovered in California, and thousands of people were preparing to go there the

following spring. I, too, was determined to go, but I did not have enough money. However, I worked very hard and my earnings were good, so that I could share in buying oxen and a wagon. But as I could not procure enough money for provisions, a gun, ammunition, etc., I was forced to sell out to a more fortunate person.

The overland journey to California takes five months and is very difficult and dangerous, for the Indians often attack and murder entire caravans that do not have enough men to hold their own against them. Also there is great lack of water and fodder on the enormous plains they have to travel across. Those who plan to travel overland to California usually get together, four people to one wagon drawn by three yokes of strong oxen. The wagon is then loaded with flour, salt, coffee, tea, and a small supply of some kind of spread. (During the journey plenty of this can easily be procured from hunting.) After each man has been armed with two six-shooters, a rifle, a Bowie knife, and an axe, the journey is made partly by land and partly by steamboat down the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers to St. Louis, a large city situated one-half Swedish mile below the point where the Missouri empties into the Mississippi. Here smaller steamboats are boarded for the trip up the Missouri to a town called St. Joseph. From here the overland route is taken, with 150 to 200 wagons to a train, over desolate and barren country, inhabited only by a few wandering tribes of Indians and buffalo.

Usually, fifteen to eighteen miles are covered in a day, after which camp is prepared for the night in the following way: All the wagons form a circle, within which the tents are set up, fires are lighted, and the evening meal is prepared, and after sentries have been put out, they go to bed. This kind of caution is necessary, for such a caravan is constantly surrounded by blood-thirsty, stealthy Indians, who by day try to capture any hunter

who has wandered away from the company, or by night to take the camp by surprise. In spite of all measures taken for their safety, the Indians often succeed in inflicting serious losses on the bold adventurers, and frequently bloody battles are fought with considerable loss of life. Most often, however, the Americans, being better armed, win out.

After many adventures while crossing the immense plains, where the needed water (which must be brought along), as well as fodder for the oxen, are often lacking, the wagon train reaches the Rocky Mountains.

The Rocky Mountains can be crossed in only two places. The wagons must be taken apart, and these as well as the oxen are then hoisted up from rock to to rock with ropes. The same procedure is followed on the descent on the west side, and after a journey of ten or twelve days from the mountains, or four and a half months in all, the wagon train finally arrives at the gold diggings.

Early the following spring I undertook my second journey to Bishop Hill for the purpose of meeting Nordberg. Before I left, I witnessed a flood in Chicago which caused a loss of about $2,000,000 and in which a great many people lost their lives.

The city of Chicago is situated at the mouth of the Fox River[4] on the shore of Lake Michigan. On the morning of March 16th, 1849, the ice began to break and pile up, piece by piece, to form a wall that floated on down the river, carrying with it bridges and small craft all the way to the city. Here a great number of large steamboats, ships and brigs were tied up for the winter, and several strong bridges crossed the river. Nothing could stop the mass of ice as it moved on, carrying with it every-

[4] This is an obvious error, for Chicago is not located on the Fox River.

thing that lay in its way. Steamboats, bridges, ships, and small boats were piled up in an immense heap, some upside down, others lying across the deck of a larger vessel, until finally the entire mass jammed at a sharp bend in the river near its mouth. Now the water began to rise in the city, causing the greatest confusion. Every driver was busy moving wares from the packing-houses on the banks of the river to higher ground, and a number of people were occupied with rescuing others from the houses that came crashing down, as their foundations were undermined by the water. Numbers of people who were living in canalboats during the winter and could not escape were crushed between the ships. At last the dam of ice broke with a terrific crash and the entire mass plunged toward the outlet into the lake. On board some of the ships were people screaming and calling pitifully for help. The only undamaged boat remaining was hurriedly made ready to rescue the unfortunates who were still alive, but hundreds of them became a prey of the waves, and there was enormous loss of life and property.

During my stay in Chicago that winter I had an adventure which might have had serious consequences for me. I wish to relate it briefly.

On the way to work in the mornings together with a friend, I used to stop at a restaurant owned by a German to "wet my whistle," a commendable custom which also exists here. The owner had a very good-looking daughter who served as waitress or barmaid, probably in order to attract customers.

One Sunday night, after I had visited this place in the company of some friends and we had had a few drinks, we started on our way home, but we had not gotten far before we were attacked, with curses and blows, by some Germans, who met us at the corner of a street. At first, because of the darkness, I did not see how

many there were of them, but when the moon came out for a few moments, I found that they were far superior to us in numbers. My companions had also observed this and had taken to their heels, and so the angry mob now fell upon me. When I saw no way to escape, I decided to defend myself as long as I could. Like hogs that are brave when there are many together, they now surrounded me, and as many as could took hold of me and struck me and slashed at me again and again with sharp weapons. For a few moments I was dazed, but soon recovered and dealt a few powerful punches, which freed me from those closest to me and opened the way for me to a garden fence, from which I tore loose a stake and with it struck out about me at random. It was now quite dark, and I soon found myself without any opponents. But no sooner had I discarded my weapon than two of the ones I had felled with my stake got up, one of them armed with a knife, and attacked me from behind, slashing me on the head, so that I felt the warm blood running down my face. But at the same moment I drew a knife from my pocket, and with it I dealt a couple of slashes that put an end to the fight. One of the two ran away, and the other fell to the ground screaming, so that a crowd soon gathered about the place. I got away safely and was soon at home. I really would not have had to run away, as I had been attacked first and was only defending my life, but how could I, as a stranger, prove this? In a foreign land it is not easy to get justice. Anyway, I got home with torn clothing, bloody, and completely exhausted. After I had been bandaged up, I fell into a heavy sleep and did not wake up until late the next morning. I then went to the restaurant with my friends, and we spent that Sunday evening there. (Fortunately I was able to conceal my wounds with my bushy hair.) As soon as we came in, the proprietor asked us if we had met any Germans the night before, and we an-

swered, "No." He then told us that a large group of them had come to his place the night before, a little while after we had left, bringing two injured men with them. There were several of them with less serious injuries (they had bloodied the whole floor, and the hired girl was just then on her knees scrubbing it), and swearing loudly, these had boasted that they had been attacked by a much larger number of men, whom they had given a sound beating, etc. I then went home, where I happened to pick up a paper and was disgusted to find the whole incident of the night before described there in a form distorted by the Germans, and with an appeal to readers, one and all, to try to find the men who had treacherously fallen upon a number of Germans on the street the night before and inflicted such serious knife wounds that some were fatally injured. I was tempted to report the matter myself and give a true account of what had happened, but on second thought I decided to bide my time. I had told my friend the whole truth about the incident when I came home that night and was afraid that he would give me away. However, I assured myself by various means of his silence. About three weeks later I met one of the injured Germans on the street and recognized him without myself being recognized. He had a bandage over his left eye and looked very pale. I turned right around and followed him to the shop where he was working, walked in and asked about the price of boots, etc. Finally I asked him about the reason for the bandage around his head, and he gave me a rather garbled account of the whole incident—that the others who had been injured were well now, that he himself was afraid he would lose the sight of one eye as a result of the injury to it, and that he and the others had inflicted far greater injuries. I was well satisfied with the information and left him, very happy about the outcome.

I started on my second trip to Bishop Hill on March 29, 1849, and arrived there on April 9th, after a troublesome ten-day journey on foot, in order to meet Nordberg and settle our accounts. When I got there, I inquired about him, but the Jansonists said they did not know where he was, only that he had gone away, and they did not know when he would be back. Discouraged and uncertain what to do next, I decided to stay a few days and wait for him. After a week's stay, during which they showed me great hospitality, I accidentally found out from a conversation outside my window, which I overheard unnoticed, that on the following morning Nordberg intended to visit a place called Red Oak, about half a Swedish mile away. Nordberg had not left Bishop Hill, as they pretended, but had kept out of sight in the daytime to avoid meeting me and had come back to spend the nights in his home near the house I occupied.

Early the next morning I started out for the place where I was to meet my man, who arrived very promptly, not suspecting my being there. When I caught sight of him, I recalled all the trouble and expense I had been put to through his shameless escape and conduct, all of which set my blood boiling, so that I was on the point of committing a crime. However, I restrained myself and faced him somewhat calmly. He, on the other hand, was quite embarrassed at seeing me, and for a while he was unable to utter a word. I looked at him silently. When I reproached him for his evil conduct toward me and in strong words demanded payment for my share in the cargo he had sold, we finally came to understand each other. At first he gave evasive answers, but when he saw the change going on in me, he found it wise to accompany me to the Prophet, Eric Janson, to get what was due me through him. We did not exchange a word on the way. We finally found the Prophet, but on Nordberg's request for money to pay me, he claimed, al-

though falsely, that there was no money in the treasury. I then completely lost my temper and reproached him for his evil deeds, and in the presence of a large part of the congregation, showed him his littleness beside Christ, whose equal he claimed to be, called him a swindler in matters of religion as well as money, and blamed him for all the human lives that had been lost through him and his false teachings, etc., etc.

When I had finished speaking, often pounding the table where he sat with my fist and even threatening him with a lawsuit, he agreed to settle the debt by giving me a deed to the property left in Pere Marquette by Nordberg, consisting of oxen and lumber, and in addition twenty dollars for my return trip.

Bishop Hill had changed a great deal since my first visit there. A new church and many large buildings had been erected, all of unbaked brick, and several flour mills and saw mills had been put up by a stream that ran through the property. All this land, amounting to 10,000 acres, was enclosed within a canal dug around it, the earth from it forming a high embankment. In addition, more than 500 acres were cultivated and sown with wheat, corn, flax, etc. Their business affairs, however, were very poorly managed, and as soon as there was any large sum of money in the treasury, the treasurer always made his getaway, and all who knew about the business management foretold the coming breakup of the society, which did occur two or three years later.[5]

I now undertook the return journey, partly on foot and partly by coach, to Chicago. One evening, when I had taken a room in the inn, I found a big crowd listening to some men who were on their way back from

[5] The colony divided in 1860 after signs of dissatisfaction as early as 1857. This would be 5 to 8 years later then the author states. See "Semi-Centennial Celebration of the Settlement of Bishop Hill Colony" (Galva, Illinois: Galva Weekly News, 1896), pp. 41-42.

California and were now telling about their adventures and successes in the gold mines. They were seamen who had jumped a whaler that had put into port at San Francisco to take on provisions, just at the time gold was discovered in California. The entire crew, together with the captain, had left the ship for the gold mines, and all of them had acquired more or less wealth. Of this crew, four were now on the way back to New York. They had worked together and had earned $60,000, this in addition to what they had done away with on the trip in gambling, etc. I asked them the name of the ship and its captain and the time they sailed from New York and found that it was the very ship on which I had signed to sail but was advised against it by my friend. So by heeding the advice of others instead of my own impulse, I had missed my fortune.

With a heavy heart I continued my journey to Chicago, where I rented a little sloop owned by a Norwegian by the name of Christesson. It was a very small boat with a capacity of not more than twelve fathoms, and in such poor condition that no one would sign on as helper, so I had to be satisfied to take the job for food and a small wage.

On the first voyage we made good progress, for we were favored with good winds. The second, however, was quite troublesome, for head winds made us stay at sea with our fragile little vessel for two days. Our provisions were exhausted, for the skipper was a stingy rascal and had not taken on sufficient supplies. At last, weak from hunger, we reached the loading place, and here the skipper took sick. The remainder of the provisions, consisting of a few potatoes, were now cooked and eaten by myself and the sick man, who, in spite of his sickness, ate his full share. He then went to bed, leaving me in complete charge, and I had to undertake the hard job of loading on the cargo alone. The ship was

hauled as close to land as possible, after which I had to go ashore with a hawser and secure it. This was not an easy thing to do, for we had no boat, and I had to make it to shore with the aid of two planks that we luckily had on board. I reached land safely, and after I had secured the hawser, the vessel was hauled in still closer. Now I had to undertake the hard work of loading alone, for the skipper was sick, or pretended to be. I cut down four tall cedars, rolled them down into the water, and tied the ends together so that they formed a square. I kept on all night carrying the big logs and throwing them into this enclosure, after which I towed the whole raft to the side of the ship and loaded it on. Fortunately the lake was calm the whole night, but I was completely done in from hunger and the hard work. Now that the hard work was finished, the skipper came to life again and prepared to sail, while I took a well-needed rest. When all was ready he awakened me, and I took the rudder while he went to bed. I had terrible hunger pains after the hard work and, to add to our misfortunes, we had head winds, so that I was in a very bad mood.

Necessity has led man to many inventions, and it led me to an experiment which was successful beyond all expectation. There was an abundance of fish in the lake, and I decided to try my luck. There was no fishing tackle on board, so I took the flag rope, made a hook out of a piece of heavy wire with the aid of a file, baited it with a piece of old bacon rind, and with this simple tackle I pulled up four big salmon, each weighing four to five pounds. When the skipper heard the flopping of the fish on the deck, he came up and was quite happy about my catch. He took one of the fish to cook it right away, and I waited impatiently for a call to dinner, but when the time seemed too long, I set the rudder and went down to get my share. When I came down, the fishpan was empty and the skipper was lying in his cabin groaning

and muttering: "Död og salta pina, jeg åt förmöjet lax og är nu gansk syg."[6] Although I was provoked at him, I could not keep from laughing, for his condition was both comical and pitiful. However, I made him go up on deck to look after the ship while I cooked a fish for myself, which I ate without bread, and felt quite well after the meal.

The wind was blowing harder now, so that we could not undertake any further fishing. Until we reached Chicago, after tacking steadily for three days and nights, we had no other food than the two fishes that were left. We made port and unloaded and sold the cargo the same day, but now the skipper refused to undertake such an adventurous voyage again. However, I forced him to fulfill his contract by holding the cargo, and we set sail the next day after better provisioning than before. We made two more trips before we had everything transported.

A part of the summer was spent on these trips, and when I had converted the goods into money, it amounted to no more than half of my claim. I now decided to rest here in Chicago after all these difficult voyages and think about new activities. I was living with a Swede by the name of O . . . m, who carried on a trade in books, jewelry and liquors. One night, when I was out carousing a little in company with some countrymen, among them a Skåning by the name of Olsson, we were followed on the way home at midnight by a policeman, and to escape being arrested for disturbing the peace, we had to take to our legs. We all got home safely except for Olsson, who was quite fat and could not run fast enough. To get into our room at this time of night, we had to climb up a pole, over a roof, and then through a window into our room. We had all got in except Olsson, who had just started

[6] "Hell and damnation, I ate too much salmon and now I am really sick."

climbing up the pole when the policeman caught up and pulled him down. As he could not speak English and explain the reason for his pole-climbing, he was taken for a thief and put in jail. He was released, however, the following day on the strength of our explanation, and we were rewarded by him (he was quite well off) with a good dinner.

During my stay here I got acquainted with a Swede by the name of H . . . gren, who had been living here for five years. He was well skilled in a number of occupations, and just at this time he was renting a distillery in a little town twenty miles away called St. Charles. However, he had now decided to leave this one and rent another five or six miles away in a new little town, Batavia, situated on a river. I went into partnership with him, and we began to make whiskey. The distillery was in very bad shape, and we made a number of improvements, such as a new clearing-tank of wood and a long wooden trough to bring water down from a spring on a hill. We made about eighty jugs of whiskey a day, but we had to put in a good deal of hard exhausting work in the hot summer weather.

We made a good deal of money from this industry—four or five dollars a day each for four and a half months—and if we had stayed with it, we could have built up the business and made a small fortune. But Fate had decided otherwise. Both of us caught a disease very common in the country at that time—the California or gold fever. Wealthy merchants and farmers were leaving their stores and farms, their wives and children, and setting out for the land of gold to get rich faster, and we too decided to go there and try our luck, now that we had enough money for the trip. My partner left a few days ahead of me, and we agreed to meet in St. Louis, a city in Missouri situated where the Missouri River emp-

ties into the Mississippi. After disposing of the remainder of our stock, I started out, but winter was approaching, and travel was made more difficult by the cold weather, which covered canals and rivers with ice.

I left Chicago on November 12th and boarded a canal-boat for Peoria, a city situated on the Illinois River, but during the first night the canal froze up so hard, that even with an extra team of horses, we were stuck in the ice. The passengers were a lot of roughnecks, mostly Irish workingmen, who, as winter came on, were moving south to find jobs and a livelihood. Our situation was desperate, as we were in an uninhabited part of the country on a cold night without any firewood, and we had to run along the bank of the river to keep warm. The Irishmen had consumed much of our supply of whiskey and began to sing their rowdy songs and show their hostility to those who were not of their nationality. These brutes never miss an opportunity to steal, and this was an unusually favorable situation for them. There were three very decent women among the passengers, and these were selected as their first victims. The women appealed to their better nature, but such people are without feeling. However, I succeeded in drawing their attention away for a while by offering them some of my whiskey, which they consumed eagerly, their own being gone. In this way I turned the most banditlike of the gang into my best friends, even taking part in a fight, and was, as they thought, of the same mind as they. I joined loudly in their hideous singing and walked arm in arm with them up country in search of a saloon. In the meantime, at a signal from me, the women had made their escape into the country, where the darkness protected them from further pursuit; God only knows how they were protected from the cold.

Cursing all canal boats and the ice and cold, my new companions and I continued our way on foot, carrying

only the most necessary and lightest things and leaving the rest behind. We kept on drinking whiskey and brawling the whole night, and when we passed some isolated house, we would break the windows. It would have been too bad for me if I had not followed their example, for then I would at once have bitten the dust. I had all my possessions with me in the company of fourteen rascals, who had not the least regard for human life, and so I had to "howl with the wolves." I did not know how to get away with my life from this respectable company, but I had good hopes as long as I could keep them drunk. At two o'clock in the morning we came to a very poor inn owned by an Irishman, and there the drinking was continued at my expense. In order to keep them from finding out that I had money, I sold a coat at half its value and paid for the drinks with the money. The drinking went on until all of them were asleep on the floor, or rather on the ground, for there was no other floor in the house. I leaned my head against the wall for a while, waiting for them to fall asleep, for I wanted to use the opportunity to get away from them. I asked the owner's wife, who was still up, to fix a little breakfast for me, and after eating I got ready to leave. But four of the fellows lying on the floor had the same idea as I—to part company with the others—and I had to accept their uninvited company until another opportunity came to rid myself of them as well. My traveling companions were quite decent people when sober, and we continued our journey, making about five Swedish miles a day. The next day we paid a farmer for a ride and continued the journey, either walking or riding. We finally arrived in Peoria, where we intended to take a steamboat on south to St. Louis. But bad luck still dogged my steps. When we reached the river, it too was frozen over, so that no steamboat could navigate it. I therefore had to continue by land along the river, walking and riding by turns. At

last my feet were so swollen and so sore from the hard rough roads that I had to take the coach the rest of the way at a cost of $70 to St. Louis, or about $90 altogether from Chicago. Although St. Louis is situated far south, the cold was so severe this winter that great masses of ice floated down the river, without, however, affecting navigation southward.

In St. Louis I looked for my partner, but in vain, for a week earlier he had gone on to New Orleans, one of the largest cities in North America, situated at the mouth of the Mississippi on the Gulf of Mexico, about two hundred Swedish miles from St. Louis. I stayed here only a few days and then boarded a big steamboat to continue my journey to New Orleans. Our progress was very slow, for the boat had to put in at every one of the many towns that lie on the banks of the river to discharge goods, firewood, etc.

The harvest time of the cholera had now come, and for many days we saw the bodies of its victims who had died on the steamboats and been thrown overboard, floating down the river. We often saw steamboats on which all aboard had taken sick, and which had been beached when the boat could no longer be navigated for lack of crew. They could be seen grounded there in the mud, abandoned by all who were able to leave them.

Now the sickness broke out on our own steamboat and claimed new victims every day. One night I was unpleasantly awakened from sleep by the violent kicking of my cabinmate, a young German, who had taken sick with the cholera. When I was fully awake, I turned around to see what was wrong, and by the light of the stove beheld the awful sight of the now lifeless body, with blue lips, wide open staring eyes and a face distorted with pain. Terrified, I jumped out of bed, and having heard that many people had been saved from con-

tagion by getting drunk, I went up to the restaurant on the upper deck and bought three glasses of whiskey, which I drank to the last drop. As a result, I was unconscious the rest of the night. When I woke up the next morning, my head was heavy as lead and a dozen blacksmiths seemed to be hammering away there, but otherwise I felt quite well and escaped the cholera this time with nothing more than a fright. The cholera claimed victims every day among the crew as well as the passengers, and on many of the boats we met, we could hear the groaning of the sick. When finally the pilot died, and the mate also fell sick, the captain found it advisable to put ashore and wait for some steamboat that could bring help. The bank of the river was swampy ground overgrown with high reeds. Some of the passengers decided to wait for the next steamboat, rather than attempt the difficult journey on foot at least two miles through soft mud to the nearest town, but others, including myself, set out on the journey, and although bedraggled and exhausted, were fortunate enough to reach the city of Natchez.

Natchez is quite a large city of 40,000 inhabitants, situated on the east bank of the Mississippi River. After two days I continued on to New Orleans, where I arrived without any adventures three days later.

New Orleans, which is one of the largest cities in North America, has 200,000 [sic.] inhabitants in the wintertime but scarcely a fourth as many in the summer, since all the wealthy plantation owners move out to their plantations, and almost all activity ceases because of the hot, unhealthy climate. The New Orleans climate is about as unhealthy as any in the world, with the yellow fever and, during the summer and fall, the cholera claiming countless victims. The city is located on marshy ground, and in the summertime the air is full of a heavy fog,

damp and cold at night and foul smelling in the daytime, which gives rise to any number of diseases. The people who remain in the city through the summer are pale and haggard and do not live long. In the winter, numbers of people come from all parts of the country to look for work in the busy city; hundreds of vessels arrive and leave every day, and the docks, which are four English miles long, extending from the suburb of Lafayette, present a lively spectacle. Card sharpers (blacklegs), pickpockets and desperadoes successfully ply their shameful trade. To be sure, the city has a large police force to maintain order, but they often have to yield to the superior number of the villains, if they try to arrest one of them for some crime. Woe to the stranger who displayed a well-filled purse in some saloon and ventured out after dark. He would be sure to lose not only his purse but his life as well if he offered resistance, for in all such places there are always found some villains, often dressed like gentlemen, who watch for their prey with greedy eyes and seldom fail to get their victims. They usually attack the unsuspecting stroller from behind, and almost any morning a visitor to the morgue can see those who have been murdered during the night laid out to be removed by their relatives, or if there are none, to be buried in silence. Such is life there.

I came near falling victim to such a rascal myself. He was of Swedish nationality, born in Gothenburg, and claimed to have a brother there who was a wealthy merchant. The man's trade was that of a runner, that is, he recruited lodgers for hotelkeepers and received one dollar apiece in pay. It happened as follows:

I had decided that before I left for the gold fields (which was to be the following day), I would have a pleasant evening with my friends and visited a number of so-called dance halls and restaurants in their company. We drank quite freely and also offered this Thompson

(such was his name at this time—they often change names) an occasional glass, which he accepted with thanks. When I was going to pay for the drinks and pulled out my purse, one end containing gold coins and the other silver, I unintentionally emptied out the gold coins but quickly put them back and took out silver coins to pay for the drinks. Thompson's watchful eyes had discovered that I had money, and so would be a good catch. When I left the place and my company, it was almost dark, and I lived in a far-off part of the city. When I had walked a couple of blocks, I noticed that I was being followed, but not suspecting anything wrong, I continued on my way. It was quite dark now, and I was coming to a desolate part of the city. The same man was still following me, and I became suspicious. As I happened to be unarmed at the time, I decided to take precautions and walked around an entire block to make sure whether he was following me or just walking the same way as I, but he kept ten or twelve steps behind me all the time. The streets were not yet deserted, and I had nothing to fear, as long as I kept walking on the most frequented streets. However, I decided to rid myself of him by going into a cigar store with a back door leading straight through the block to another street.

I bought some cigars from the bookkeeper, whom I knew, and got his permission to use the rear exit, but before leaving I looked out toward the street and could see my pursuer outside, waiting impatiently to convoy me—perhaps to eternity. Just then the light from the window fell on his face, and I recognized Thompson talking excitedly with two new arrivals, probably fellow tradesmen, and pointing into the store where I was standing. I suspected what he meant but no longer had anything to fear. Nevertheless, the bookkeeper, whom I had hurriedly told about my situation, advised me not to wait any longer, as it was time to close the door that led to

the other street. I went out the way he had shown me and got out to the other street, after which I hurried to the hotel where I had left my friends, and found them still there, most of them drunk. I told them what had happened, and the head waiter, who knew Thompson, was surprised at my good fortune. He told me about several murders that Thompson had committed without being caught, except in one case when he had been found guilty. About two weeks before, he had served as interpreter for a German, who lived in the next house. This German, who had a good deal of money, disappeared, leaving his things in the room, and no one knew where he had gone. But as he carried a considerable sum of money with him, it was supposed that the worst had happened, all the more so because Thompson was well provided with money at the time.

It was getting late, and my friends offered to walk home with me, but just then Thompson came in looking rather shamefaced, wet through from the hard rain and stiff from the cold wind after very likely having stood guard for quite a while outside the cigar store. He did not catch sight of me right away, so I went up to him and told him rather insolently that hunting is usually not good in such bad weather and talked about unsuccessful speculations, etc. He pretended not to understand what I meant and looked about him for some of his gang. When he could not see any one of them, he sat down in a corner and gulped down a few glasses of rum. Then he turned to me and asked me if I wanted to take a walk around town with him. I said I had already taken a walk with him around town, and that would be quite enough for one night. He pretended to be surprised and asked when and where. I reminded him of the cigar store and told him what I thought of his plotting against me. Seeing that he had been exposed, he took his hat and with a vile oath threatened us with the consequences of his

enmity. As he approached the door and was about to walk out, one of my friends, a tall Norwegian by the name of Kerulf (a goldsmith), walked up to him with a full bottle in his hand, bowed and said, "Mr. Thompson, as a countryman of yours, I should have treated you to a drink long ago, and I would like to make up for it now. Here is a whole bottle for you, you d.....d rascal and murderer." With these words, he flung the bottle of rum at Thompson's chest so hard that he staggered screaming against the door, shattering the glass, and fell down on the stone sidewalk unconscious, with blood flowing from his mouth. We then left the place and got home without any further trouble.

The next morning I met Thompson in the same saloon, but he was so pale that I hardly recognized him. When he saw me, he jumped up to attack me, but he was too weak and sat down again. I was armed this time and was not afraid to meet him or any of his gang. I had bought a belt to keep my money in next to my body and had only a little loose silver for my daily needs.

After a few days of searching, I found my traveling companion to California, and we prepared for the trip by buying tickets from New Orleans to San Francisco over the Isthmus of Panama for $100 each. We were ready to go aboard the next day, but Fate had decided otherwise. My partner took sick with the cholera the same day and died two days later. I visited him several times during his illness and probably was infected by him, for right after his death I came down with the same disease. However, being provided with good medicine, as I always was, I stopped it at the very beginning, and in three days I was well enough to go out. I now sold my ticket, hoping to find another trustworthy partner for the journey later.

I had been up and well for only a few days when I was confined to bed again with a more serious sickness—the yellow fever. The second day I became unconscious and did not know what happened during my sickness except what I was told by my landlord. Knowing that I was planning to go to California, he supposed that I had enough money to pay for the care I needed and sent for a good doctor, who looked after me during my illness. He was not one of the least expensive, for he charged one dollar for each of his two daily visits, in addition to half a dollar for medicine. With one dollar for the room and care, making altogether three and a half dollars (14 *riksdaler)* a day during the seven weeks the sickness lasted, a total of $171.50, I had only forty or fifty dollars left of my money. This was what remained of all that I had earned by hard work in three and a half years, and to add to my misfortune, I was not fully recovered, although I had left my sickbed and went out every day. I was very weak, some days I could not eat, and I felt how my strength was declining. Disgusted with life and with myself, I was tempted to do something desperate, for an unkind fate had pursued me constantly and had ruined all my plans and undertakings. I had no friend to encourage me, no one who would do me any favor except for pay. Unable as I was, in my present condition, to earn anything for my living, I looked forward with dread to the misery that awaited me when I could no longer pay for my keep, and I made a firm resolve to put an end to my life rather than beg people for means to carry on my wretched existence. But hope is the last thing to forsake a man, and what would life be without hope? With the rising of another sun, I began to think of some way out of this labyrinth and decided to see my doctor to ask his advice about my poor health. I went in and he received me rather impolitely, asking what I wanted (I suppose he thought I had come to de-

mand the return of the excessive fees he had taken out of my purse without my permission). I told him my errand—that I doubted my return to complete health, that I had no appetite, etc. He advised me to leave this place as soon as possible and seek the kind of northerly climate to which I was more accustomed, adding, "Otherwise you will fall victim to the unhealthy climate like countless others." Not without a little irony, I asked him how much I owed him for the advice. He blushed and replied that it was already paid for, which was what I thought, too.

This was the third time my trip to California was prevented, and I made up my mind not to think of it any more.

On my walks about the city, I went aboard the five or six Swedish ships that were lying in port to get news from my own country. Among these ships was one called *Svea,* from Gothenburg, with Captain Andersson in command. One day when I was on board, I heard that the second mate had jumped ship, and as the ship was ready to sail, the captain asked me if I wanted to take the man's place on the voyage home at the current high wages. I thought about it for a couple of days but could not come to any decision. To be sure, I longed to see my people, from whom I had not had a bit of news since I left my native land, and to leave this accursed place, where I had lost both my money and my health. These were reasons that argued for the decision, but on the other hand, the thought of coming home after being away for four years, without money and with ruined health, and hearing spiteful remarks from those who had advised me not to go, kept me for a long time from making up my mind. If I had been well, I would surely have reached a different decision, but sick and discouraged as I was, I finally accepted the captain's offer, think-

ing that if I survived the voyage home, I could be more sure of making my living in my own country than by seeking my fortune here, where it had escaped me so many times. I therefore brought my possessions aboard, was entered on the ship's register as second mate or steward, and in eight days we were ready to sail.

The captain was a short middle-aged man, mean and stupid, and in a constant state of intoxication. While the ship was lying in New Orleans, he frequented the most disreputable places and associated only with the lowest class of people, not caring the least about the ship or the work of loading it. He was often carried helpless aboard by the crew from some disreputable hole. Through his unwise management he had caused great losses to the shipping company, and more than once his ignorance and drunkenness had almost caused him to lose the ship, which was saved only by the competence of the first mate.

The first mate was a very able seaman and navigator, who had for several years commanded a vessel as captain but had lost his captain's rank for smuggling and had been compelled to take the position of mate.

Before we sailed, all Swedish captains then in New Orleans met with the Swedish consul, and it was decided that, if necessary, Captain Andersson would be relieved of his duties by the first mate, who was given authority in writing to that effect.

We set out on our return voyage February 20, 1850. On the 26th we were off Havana, where we lay in a dead calm for two days. Having recovered my health completely during the few days at sea, I regretted my decision to return to my country, but then it was too late.

Being well supplied with liquor, the captain was in a constant state of intoxication and gave the most unrea-

sonable orders. When sober he was quite timid, but while drunk he was reckless and often used so much sail, that more than once the ship was on the point of capsizing. This happened mostly when the mate was in bed. At such times, I would awaken him, and the mistake was corrected in spite of the captain's curses and threats.

One time, just after we had passed through the channel, the mate had set the course for the midnight watch, and before going to bed, had ordered the helmsman not to deviate from it, unless the winds forced him to. He asked me to let him know if any least change was made.

A little while later the captain came up on deck and ordered a change to three degrees to the north without my being aware of it, as I was busy on the foredeck. When I had finished my work there, I walked to the stern of the ship and at once noticed the change of course. When I asked the helmsman about it, he answered in a whisper that the captain had given the order. I at once ran down to the mate, who hurried up and ordered the helmsman to return to the earlier course. Then he climbed up in the shroud and caught sight of the so-called Gallops, two lighthouses in the North Sea, and saw the breakers around their bases. According to his calculation and our own, the ship would have been wrecked if we had continued ten minutes longer on the course ordered by the captain. Humiliated, he went down to his cabin, but when he had taken a drink, he came up again in a terrible rage with a loaded pistol in his hand, threatening to kill the mate at once if he did not go down and surrender the command to him. However, we overpowered the man, took his pistol away from him, and, on the mate's orders, got him down to the cabin. In the morning, before he had time to get drunk, the mate asked him to come up on deck,

and in the presence of the crew, read his letter of authority, which he stated he would resort to when necessary until we reached Gothenburg. We all agreed to obey his orders as the only means of saving our lives.

Hardly a day went by while we were at sea without arguments between the captain and his mate and crew. The captain was drunk all the time and did the most foolish things.

The mate had brought along a big Spanish cock and had taught it to jump up on his shoulder every time he came up on deck. But the cock did not respond to any one else, least of all the captain, who now decided to shoot it. With this in mind, he went after his loaded gun and aimed it at the cock without noticing that two of the crew were in the line of fire. I did not see what he was about until he aimed, and then it was too late to run up and stop him. He fired but hit neither the cock nor the man, thus proving his poor markmanship. But he reloaded the gun and kept on shooting six times without doing the cock any real harm. Even at the last shot, the cock kept pecking away at the grain scattered on the deck. When the captain went down to reload, the mate caught the cock, wrung its head off and showed the body to the captain, who, thinking he had shot off its head, boasted about it for several days.

The mate and I agreed to help the captain get rid of his whiskey, and we succeeded in doing so in the following way:

One day there was a high wind, and the ship rolled and pitched violently in the heavy seas. It was just the kind of day we wanted for our plot. The mate lured the captain to the forward shroud and kept him up there for a long time on the lookout for land. In the meantime, I went down to his cabin, removed the band from his cask of rum, and with a pair of pliers pulled out the staples holding it in place, so that, at the first lurch of

the ship, it began to roll back and forth and was soon empty. This was the work of only a few minutes, and nobody had noticed my absence.

After a while the captain went down, intending to have himself a good drink, but horrors! What a sight met his eyes! The cask was rolling from one side to the other, crushing the full and empty bottles attached to the walls, some containing rum, others gin or turpentine. It was complete chaos. A deluge of rum, whiskey and turpentine washed out over the floor. The captain stood there for a while contemplating the devastation, his face pale with fright, uttering vile oaths and blasphemies against Providence. Those who were not in on the secret were astonished at his brutish anger, as he jumped up and down, swearing and gnashing his teeth and pounding on the door with his fists. But when the truth of the situation became known, there was general merriment over his misfortune, and no one complained about his loss, since he never gave away a drop of his plentiful supply of liquor. He himself now spent the days walking about, crestfallen like a punished schoolboy, and he was quite decent, though he had nothing to say. For six months he had not been sober a single day.

Everything was now moving along smoothly, and day by day we were getting closer to our native land. We were on the North Sea and were crossing it with good winds, passing the Skagen lighthouse at the northernmost point of Jutland, and were just entering Kattegatt when a storm struck us from the southeast. The cold was intense, for we were in the middle of March. After a few days of difficult sailing, we sighted land north of Gothenburg, and as our pilot's flag could not be seen from land, the captain decided to fire a shot from our cannon. He loaded it with a double charge, although it

was cracked and therefore dangerous. I was in bed at the time, as was the mate, when we were awakened by a terrible crash. As a result of the heavy charge, the cannon had exploded, and pieces of it had broken part of the cordage. The grapeshot itself shattered two planks and a beam on the deck, and one large piece almost broke off the mizzenmast. All the glass and dishes on the ship were broken, those kept in cupboards in the cabin, as well as those in the galley. Fortunately no one was injured, although the helmsman came near losing his life. He saved himself only by letting go of the wheel and taking cover behind the wheelhouse, just as the captain was about to fire. At the very place where he had stood, a piece of the cannon broke two spokes of the wheel and passed through the wall of the wheelhouse.

Although it was late in the evening, we got a pilot aboard, but as it was almost dark and we had the wind against us, we could not enter the harbor that evening. The pilot therefore gave orders to lighten sails during the night. Watches were posted as usual for the night. The captain, myself, the pilot and three of the crew were on deck, the others were in bed. The cold and the whirling snow continued with undiminished fury, and almost every wave washed over and froze on the deck. At midnight a sail was sighted ahead to leeward making straight for us. The pilot ordered the helmsman to haul to the wind to avoid a collision, but because we were under easy sail, the ship would not luff. This was an altogether wrong maneuver, and if it had been carried out, would surely have meant our destruction. Instead of this, we ought to have fallen off to leeward to take better advantage of the wind. Although the helmsman shouted at the top of his voice that the rudder was down, the captain and pilot kept shouting orders to luff. When at last they saw that this was im-

possible, they gave way to complete despair, screaming, "We are lost! Lord Jesus, help us!" Our situation was desperate, although we could not see the full extent of our danger because of the darkness. We could only see the lights of the other ship approaching the side of our ship very fast, holding to the same course without making any effort to avoid us, so that a collision was unavoidable. We were now not more than a hundred yards apart, and every minute counted. I ran down and awakened the mate, who had more than once been our salvation. He came up on deck at once and realized the danger of the situation, but, as always, he was equal to the occasion in the moment of danger. He ordered me to run forward and loosen the lee braces while he himself loosened the stern braces, and this clever maneuver proved our salvation. All the yards snapped off, so that instead of striking us head on, the other ship only took our jib-topsails and jib-booms and knocked a hole in our bow. For a while it was caught in our lee rigging, then began to sink. Only the two men who jumped over to our ship at the moment of collision were saved. They told us that the wrecked ship was a brig from Mecklenburg, coming from the Mediterranean with a cargo of fruit. The collision had brought down their masts lengthwise on the ship, crushing the captain and helmsman to death. Part of the deck was also broken open, and the ship was beginning to sink. Three of the crew tried to reach our ship, but only two succeeded, while the third was less fortunate and fell overboard. We tried to save him by throwing out casks to him, but failed because of the cold and darkness, his stiffened hands letting go just as we were going to haul him in. We could hear his pitiful cries for help dying away in the distance.

After the collision, the first thing we did was to examine the ship to see if there was any leak, and we discovered a good deal of water in the hold. We then

turned landward and began pumping. The leak was found to be at the waterline on the starboard bow, which made it necessary to maintain the same position with the starboard side to the wind in order to keep the leak above the water line. At daybreak we had reached the harbor of Marstrand, which we entered. Four days later, after making needed repairs, we reached the roadstead of Gothenburg, glad to have attained the goal of our voyage, of which we had often despaired.