Letters relating to Gustaf Unonius and the early Swedish settlers in Wisconsin. 1937

Stephenson, George M. (George Malcolm), 1883-1958
Rock Island, Illinois: Augustana Historical Society, 1937

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Augustana Historical Society Publications

VOLUME VII

Augustana Historical Society
Rock Island, Illinois
1937

AUGUSTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS
VOLUME VII

LETTERS RELATING to GUSTAF UNONIUS

and the Early Swedish Settlers in Wisconsin

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AUGUSTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS
1937

[PRINTED IN U·S·A]

AUGUSTANA BOOK CONCERN
Printers and Binders
ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS
1937

Preface

This publication consists of a brief historical summary of the activities of Gustaf Unonius and a collection of letters written by Unonius and other Swedish immigrants, most of which were published in Swedish newspapers. These letters have never before been published, despite the fact that their description of conditions among Middle Western immigrants in the 1840's and '50's gives them great historical value.

Professor George M. Stephenson, who has collected, translated, and edited the material, is an authority in the field of American immigration and has devoted more time than any one else to the study of Swedish immigration and immigrants in America. In his research in Sweden and America he has uncovered a great deal of material never before used by historians. Many letters written by immigrants in America found their way into the Swedish press and were an important factor in encouraging Swedish emigration.

Professor Stephenson is the author of several works which should be of general interest to the student of Swedish-American history. These include *The Founding of the Augustana Synod, 1850–1860; The Religious Aspects of Swedish Immigration,* and *John Lind of Minnesota.* In addition Stephenson has contributed numerous articles to the *American Historical Review; Norwegian-American Historical Association: Studies and Records;* the *Swedish-American Historical Bulletin,* and other journals.

The Augustana Historical Society is especially happy to be in a position to publish these letters. The publication of this material by an organization like ours clearly indicates that the petty denominational rivalries among the Swedish immigrant groups are incidents entirely of the past. The founders of the Augustana Synod and Gustaf Unonius were bitter rivals. The publication of these Unonius manuscripts is in line with the Historical Society's broad scope of activities. Though the Society is essentially interested in the history of the Augustana Synod, it realizes that it has a wider interest and a broader purpose. It is the only active Swedish-American historical society in America.

THE EDITORIAL COMMITTEE.

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Historical Introduction

It seldom happens that the lifetime of an individual spans a great movement which he was instrumental in inaugurating. Gustaf Unonius and his life and work do bear such an unique relation to the Swedish *Völkerwanderung* of the nineteenth century. Gustaf Elias Marius Unonius was born in Helsingfors, Finland, August 25, 1810, and died in Hacksta parish, Uppland, Sweden, October 14, 1902. His father was Israel Unonius, a barrister and a scion of an old Swedish family in Finland, who moved to Sweden when Finland came under the domination of Russia. He became postmaster and surveyor of customs at Grisslehamn. Gustaf's mother was Maria Gårdberg. When Gustaf Unonius was thirty-one years of age, he led a small party of immigrants to the United States; and he lived to witness an exodus that threatened to depopulate Sweden and dotted the landscape of America with Swedish settlements from Maine to California. Moreover, at the age of fifty he wrote a two-volume work which today remains in many respects the best account of the first twenty years of Swedish immigration.[1] After seventeen years of intensive effort as a pioneer farmer and leader of his countrymen in America, he bade farewell to his adopted country, never to return; but his name remained, and still remains, a center of controversy that time alone can silence. His name is never omitted in the histories of Swedish immigration and his *Minnen* can never be ignored as a source of information.

Unonius does not measure up to the descriptions of a "typical" immigrant, except that the fair picture of a land where there was no aristocracy, no titles of nobility or class distinction, where custom and tradition counted for little, where democracy in its purest form existed, and where land was fertile and almost free, played on his trained mind and gave birth to the same fantastic dreams that inspired the usual immigrant to whom Upsala University was as remote as the Royal Palace in Stockholm. The empty purse, the routine of

[1] Gustaf Unonius, *Minnen från en sjuttonårig vistelse i nordvestra Amerika* (Upsala, 1861, 1862).

a government clerk, the uncertain promotion far in the future, the claims of a prospective wife and family to a decent existence, the rejected manuscripts of a discouraged author—all culminated in the reading of the marriage bans in the Upsala Cathedral and the application for permission to emigrate.[1] The decision of the bridal couple to leave their large circle of relatives and friends was the talk of the university community; and on May 11, 1841, the day of their departure for Gävle, the streets were thronged and the windows were darkened by people eager to catch a glimpse of the unusual sight and to wave goodbye. Not less than twenty vehicles escorted them to the posting station at Högsta. In the party were Unonius; his bride, Charlotta Margreta née Öhrström; Ivar Hagberg, an Upsala student, about twenty-one years of age; Carl Groth, a relative of Unonius of about Hagberg's age, strong and hardy, of the stuff that pioneers are made; and Christine, the faithful maid servant in the parental home of Mrs. Unonius, thirty years of age. To complete the party, Groth had recruited a hound, Fille, who was to enjoy the pleasures of the chase in the woods of Wisconsin without the worries and hardships that beset his master.[2]

In the letters printed below and in the *Minnen* the reader can follow the party from "Old Upsala" to "New Upsala"; but from other sources we must extract the meager details of the leader's early life. His father had mapped out a military career for him and he became a cadet at the Karlberg military school. He seems to have had no taste for the life of a soldier and deserted the military institution in favor of Upsala University, where he completed the course in 1830 and followed it with legal studies extending over a period of three years. His activity in the legal profession was cut short by a cholera epidemic in 1834, when he left Upsala to become an assistant at one of the pest houses in Stockholm. The medical profession appealed to him, and he returned to the university to prepare himself for it, but this ambition was abandoned when he became a clerk in the office of the provincial government at Upsala.

Unonius seems to have lived the customary life of the Upsala student and had already developed those traits of character

[1] See page 19 n.
[2] Unonius, *Minnen*, Vol. I, pp. 1–12.

that became so pronounced in his leadership of his countrymen in the New World: independence, lack of diplomacy, impatience with hypocrisy and cant, straightforwardness, interest in humanity, religious-mindedness, interest in scholarship, and a bent toward poetry. In 1829 and 1834, respectively, he published three poetic efforts: *Gustaf eller den finska flyktingen* (48 pp.) and *Vitterhetsförsök* (80 pp., 56 pp.). Of these it may be said, *Poeta nascitur, non fit.* The first is blank verse. The second is in two parts, the first consisting of sentimental poems and the second of imaginary letters, with a dash of poetry. In 1840, the year before his emigration, appeared *Några ord yttrade vid Upsala nykterhetssällskaps sammanträde den 1 november 1840* (54 pp.). This pamphlet was published and sold in the interest of the schools for the poor in Upsala. The address presents the author as a good reasoner, with the ability to clothe his thoughts in good form. He had read Robert Baird's writings on temperance societies in the United States and expounded the physiological, spiritual, and moral objections to the use of spirits in any form. The mature Unonius labeled these pamphlets, as well as his unpublished manuscripts, "youthful follies." [1]

The decision to emigrate, however, was not due to the rashness of youth. He was thirty-one years of age, and America had long been in his thoughts. As a schoolboy he had been fascinated by the history of the United States, and he studied the map to fix in his mind the location of the "saga land." If it was not a "Canaan," it was at least a land of opportunity with institutions and a society that suggested Utopia. His letters show that he had read carefully and thoughtfully books of American travel and emigrant guides. The first emigrant guide books published in Sweden were compiled from books published in other countries. Unonius paid special respect, or disrespect, to a two-volume work translated from the German: Carl von Hauswolff, *Teckningar utur sällskapslifvet i Nordamerikas Förenta Stater. Från tyskan. Bearbetade, samt tillägg* (Norrköping, 1835). The Swedish translator and redactor had been in America in 1823 and 1824. He had a certain admiration for American institutions, but was hopeful that the book would be a corrective to a blind worship of the country

[1] *Minnen*, Vol. I, p. 3.

and counteract any possible desire to emigrate. The author of the comments was a lady who wrote with a certain humor and satire, but in refuting her statements Unonius did not employ these weapons. He gave the lie direct.

Shortly before his departure Unonius read another guide which was published in the early part of the year: *Några korta underrättelser om Amerika, till upplysning och nytta för dem som ämna dit utflytta; samt emigrant-föreningens stadgar och förslager för en tillämnad utflyttning år 1841. Med en karta. Utgifne af föreningens secretare* (Stockholm, 1841, pp. 56). Although his name did not appear on the title page, this pamphlet was the work of the secretary of the emigration society, Carl Axel A. Schéele. Forty-one pages were copied *verbatim* from the Norwegian Ole Running's *True Account of America,* headings and all, with proper credit.[1] The remaining pages were devoted to an explanation of the aims and purposes of the emigration society and its by-laws. This society was organized in Stockholm in 1840. The United States was selected over the Cape of Good Hope, Australia, and New Zealand as the best country for emigrants because of its climate, accessibility, and orderly society. Though it was found impractical to found a colony, the pamphlet was published for the benefit of individual emigrants and a new society which succeeded the old. This new company invited persons to join a party, not for the purpose of establishing a colony, but to alleviate the difficulties of the journey. Members were to be received up to the last day of April and had to be in Stockholm the first days of May. Through correspondence the day of sailing would be given. Nothing appears to have come from this plan; otherwise Unonius would most probably have mentioned it.

Besides Alexis de Tocqueville's *Democracy in America* and Frances M. Trollope's *Domestic Manners of the Americans,* Unonius had read C. D. Arfwedson's *Förenta Staterna och Canada åren 1832, 1833 och 1834* (Stockholm, 1835) and Carl August Gosselman's *Resa i Norra Amerika* (2 vols., Nyköping, 1835), a book which is said to have opened a new world to the Swedes. In the judgment of Unonius, these writers painted too bright a picture.[2]

[1] This interesting pamphlet is translated and edited by Theodore C. Blegen in the *Travel and Description Series,* Volume I, of the Norwegian-American Historical Association (Minneapolis, 1926).

[2] *Svenska Biet,* quoted in *Aftonbladet,* May 6, 1843.

Although Unonius did not add to the increasing number of guides which appeared in the twenty years preceding the American Civil War, his letters in the widely read and influential Stockholm daily, *Aftonbladet*, probably had more influence in awakening the desire to emigrate than most of them. He was a bona fide emigrant and presumably knew whereof he wrote, although his careful weighing in the balance of the advantages and disadvantages of America did not electrify as did, for instance, Peter Cassel's letters in *Östgötha Correspondenten* and his *Beskrifning öfver Norra Amerikas Förenta Stater*.[1] In the letters following there are passages revealing disappointment and a certain bitterness toward Unonius for having made misleading statements, but it would be hard to find an "America letter" that did not attract to the "promised land" one or more emigrants who found it a graveyard of disappointed hopes. Unonius was conscious of the limitations of the written word and was far more careful in statement than most writers. In fact, one can but marvel at his judicial-mindedness. His sense of responsibility, knowledge of human nature, critical faculty, and experience with unaccustomed toil and hardships prevented him from essaying the rôle of evangelist.[2]

The communications to the Swedish legation and to the Swedish consuls in the United States, preserved in *Riksarkivet* at Stockholm, as well as notices in the newspapers of Sweden, indicate that there were a number of Swedes in America when Unonius landed in New York.[3] The newspapers occasionally recorded the arrival of American ships at Swedish ports. The Swedish ships that sailed to America were old and often unseaworthy and usually without accommodations for passengers. But there were devious ways of getting to America in those early years, as there are now. Swedish sea captains were greatly embarrassed by desertions from their crews, and the American government officials were not always willing to cooperate in apprehending them. Some of the deserters set the example for later "legitimate" immigrants by changing their

[1] See George M. Stephenson, "Documents Relating to Peter Cassel and the Settlement at New Sweden, Iowa," in *Swedish-American Historical Bulletin*, February, 1929.

[2] See George M. Stephenson, "When America Was the Land of Canaan," in *Minnesota History* (St. Paul), September, 1929, pp. 237–260.

[3] Several of them are mentioned by name in G. N. Swan, "En bortglömd Svensk-Amerikan," in *Yearbook of the Swedish Historical Society of America*, 1908, pp. 19–33. The article is reprinted in *Prärieblomman* (Rock Island), 1901, pp. 71–80.

names so radically that their nationality is unrecognizable in the census records.

It is not usual that disappointment accompanies a meeting with an old friend or acquaintance at a time when friends are few, but such was the case when Lieutenant Polycarp von Schneidau in the fall of 1842 arrived at the Unonius farm and added to the small colony of "better folk" at Pine Lake. Schneidau was forced to resign his commission in the Swedish army for the offense of marrying a Jewess and thereby violating the social code of the military bureaucracy. He could think of no better way of fleeing from disgrace than by seeking an opportunity to begin anew in Wisconsin, about which he had read in Unonius' letters, although his acquaintanceship with the Upsala student was restricted to a chance meeting at a ball, when they *skåled* as only Swedish army officers and Upsala students know how. It was not without regret that Unonius invited him into his cabin, this gallant officer, the lion of the gay Stockholm society, with his homesick wife, who could not stifle a cry of horror at the thought of spending the night in such a place. She had pictured the Unonius farm in terms of an estate in Sweden. Bursting into tears, she said to Mrs. Unonius: "You can not possibly be happy here. Let us seat ourselves in the wagon and leave these men who have got us into this predicament to shift for themselves." After a few weeks Schneidau purchased an improved claim from a Yankee, whose shrewd calculations probably anticipated just such an opportunity. Schneidau's success as a farmer was no better than that of the other Swedish "Latin farmers," and in 1845 he removed to Chicago, where he became successively a civil engineer, a daguerreotypist, and Swedish and Norwegian consul. He became one of the organizers of St. Ansgarius congregation in Chicago and was instrumental in calling Unonius to serve as its pastor, a turn of affairs that neither of them dreamed of when they met in the Wisconsin woods.[1]

Unonius had both the satisfaction and dissatisfaction of seeing his letters bear fruit. Soon letters found their way to him from countrymen who wanted a thousand and one bits of advice before making their decision to emigrate or before

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[1] *Minnen*, Vol. I, pp. 316–323; E. W. Olson, *History of the Swedes of Illinois*, Vol. I, pp. 193–196, 415–416; Fredrika Bremer, *The Homes of the New World* (translated by Mary Howitt. New York, 1853), Vol. I, pp. 606–627.

making final preparations. One day there was great joy in the Unonius cabin when a notice of the arrival of an important letter from Sweden was received from the post office at Milwaukee. It was high time that money was arriving from Sweden. Purses, table drawers, and coat pockets were ransacked in order to raise the sum necessary to pay the postage, but to no avail. It was at length decided that the money should be borrowed in Milwaukee, whither Unonius set out with visions of a table stocked with sugar, instead of molasses, and coffee, instead of roasted wheat, to be purchased with the money thus obtained. Imagine his disappointment and disgust when the postal clerk handed him an envelope postmarked Halmstad containing a letter from an army officer asking advice and information with reference to his intended emigration. That was all Unonius had to show for the borrowed money and the long trip to Milkaukee, and he did not have even that to exhibit to his expectant friends at Pine Lake, because he threw the letter into the street. Failure to receive a reply did not prevent the correspondent from purchasing a tract adjoining those of Unonius and Schneidau, but he made a better living for himself and his aristocratic wife by selling patent medicines. When Unonius met him some years later in Chicago, he was a student in a medical college. When he became a practitioner, patients came for miles to seek his expert services.[1]

The author of the letter published in *Aftonbladet* in 1853, C. W. Påhlman, fell in with the Unonius party in New York and receives mention in several places in *Minnen.* One incident given prominence is the effort of Unonius, Hagberg, and Påhlman to peddle rings inscribed "I love you" and "Remember me" on the streets of Albany. Upon the recommendation of a professor at Upsala, who knew of a Swedish sea captain who had made a profit of about 800 per cent in a similar transaction, Unonius wrote to an acquaintance in Dalarna to set the people of Mora to work making rings for sale in the American market. Påhlman proved to be the "high-powered" salesman in the party, his gross sales amounting to twelve cents. Mrs. Unonius had better success on the canal boat, but not enough to vindicate the business acumen of the Upsala pro-

[1] *Minnen,* Vol. I, pp. 298–302, Vol. II, pp. 9–12.

fessor. Before leaving Wisconsin, Påhlman became a "practising" physician and was already "Dr. Påhlman" when C. J. Friman made his visit to Pine Lake. On his visit to New York to solicit a donation for his church from Jenny Lind in 1849, Unonius met his old friend, who repaid with interest the kindness that had been accorded him during days of adversity in Wisconsin. His first years in New York had reduced him to acute poverty. Totally penniless, he had made arrangements to work his way back to Sweden on a Swedish vessel and was already aboard, when he was seized with a violent fever which necessitated his removal to a hospital. During his period of convalescence his sympathetic care for his fellow patients attracted the attention of physicians, who detected, in spite of his shabby clothes, that he was a man of intelligence and refinement and not without some knowledge of the medical profession. This secured for him employment as a janitor in the New York Medical College with opportunity to continue his medical studies, although he did not complete the course leading to a diploma. When Unonius visited him, he was married and in good circumstances. Many Swedish immigrants had occasion to remember his kindly deeds. He died a short time after Unonius returned to Sweden.[1]

The meeting of Unonius and Friman is recorded by both. The latter had been informed of Unonius' arrival in Milwaukee and he immediately resolved to pay him a visit. When the visitor addressed him in English by asking in the direct manner of the Americans: "What is your name?" Unonius at once detected the dialect of Västergötland. In spite of his youth, he had the appearance of a seasoned pioneer. The naïve quality of the letters of the exuberant young American is lost in translation; but even the King's English can not obscure the fact that this lad had the stuff that pioneers are made of.[2] Although he had not lived in the country long enough to be naturalized, he had entered into the spirit of the "log cabin and hard cider campaign" and could shout for "Tippo Canno" [Tippecanoe]—if not for Tyler, too. When one reads his dissertations on the War for Texan Independence, the Seminole War, the campaigning of Van Buren and Scott, the banquet in honor of the Bourbon prince, his interest in the history of the Revolutionary

[1] *Minnen*, Vol. I, pp. 61–62; Vol. II, pp. 551–553.
[2] *Minnen*, Vol. I, pp. 182–188.

War, the comment on the activity of the American temperance agitator in Sweden, Robert Baird, and on contemporary problems and events in general, one wonders if the present-day sophomore—not to say senior—could pass a better examination than he. The tragedy of "brother Herman" happily proved to be a comedy, but the anxiety of two fathers kept the public in Sweden in suspense and gave to the "America letters" a halo of romance that made them in a real sense news letters from the great, rich, mighty, and wonderful land out there in the West. Like many houses that were described in "America letters," the Friman structure did not appear imposing to the emigrants from Gävle, but the student of these documents soon learns that the writers wrote with "poetic license," exactly as the writers of campaign documents—who know better.

The communication of Unonius published as a supplement to *Den Swenske Republikanen i Norra Amerika* is a chapter in a long drawn out controversy that broke out afresh five years after the death of Hasselquist and almost a half-century after Unonius had returned to Sweden and was living in retirement. We shall, therefore, defer discussion of this subject and proceed to another aspect of the career of Unonius.

Omitting for the present Unonius' departure from the cabin at Pine Lake, his student days at the Nashotah Seminary, his ordination as minister in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and his activity as a religious leader among his scattered countrymen, with headquarters at Chicago, we shall accompany him on his visit to the fatherland in the spring and summer of 1853.

In his second letter Unonius took occasion to refute Hauswolff's unfavorable impressions of the religious situation in the United States, but in the *Minnen* his optimism was somewhat qualified, although he could still write words of praise for the ability and devotion of pastors and the high moral level of the American people. He wrote, however, from the point of view of a man who had taken holy orders and had broken many a lance with the Swedish Lutheran pastors, who had increased in number since the coming of the Rev. Lars Paul Esbjörn in the latter half of the year 1849. This bitter controversy, which more than any single factor caused him to return permanently to Sweden in 1858, had already begun when he again set foot on native soil in 1853. This rankling experience

motivated his request for the privilege of the floor at a ministerial meeting in Stockholm, on June 15, when he expressed sentiments that brought condemnation on his head both in Sweden and in the United States. The subject of discussion before the assembly was the age-long problem of church and state and religious freedom. He dwelt on the evil results of religious freedom in the United States: the absence of religious instruction in the schools and the failure of so many to seek membership in the church. He avowed that although he was a pastor in the Episcopal Church, he had never sought to entice Swedish immigrants away from a church that was pure in doctrine; he had admonished them to remain in a communion where the sacraments were administered by apostolic authority, a rather ambiguous statement in the light of conditions then prevailing among the Swedes, as we shall have occasion to point out.

Although the speech was to the taste of a number of the delegates and prompted a long Philippic against the religious and political system in the Western Republic, there were others who rose to its defense. A pastor from Skåne, who had the reputation of being a radical, offered the information that one hundred and fifty emigrants had gone from his congregation and that every week letters came from the United States which gave a picture entirely different from that presented by Unonius.[1] He admitted that many people in the United States did not hold membership in a church, but he pointed to the situation in his own country where there was a greater proportional number who in spirit and manner of living were strangers to the spirit of Christ, although in the statistics they were counted as church members. In spite of the fact that church members were in the minority in the United States, he asserted that they were so zealous that they imparted to the laws a Christian spirit and leavened the whole lump. As for Unonius' statement that the Lutheran Church was split up into mutually hostile synods, he accepted that as a natural concomitant of religious freedom. America also found defenders in two other liberal pastors.[2]

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[1] This was Dr. C. Bergman, the "radical at Vinslöf," a friend of Hasselquist, and the author of a book on the religious revival in the United States (*Om den andelige wäckelsen i Norra Amerikas fristater år 1858*. Kristianstad, 1858).

[2] P. M. Elmblad and Peter Fjellstedt. The proceedings were published in *Aftonbladet*, June 16, 17, 1853.

The debate found echoes in America. Anders Wiberg, a Swedish Baptist who was promoting the work of his denomination among his countrymen in both Sweden and America and was the regular correspondent of *Aftonbladet*,[1] wrote from New York that Unonius' speech had aroused much hostile comment. The Presbyterian Robert Baird, who had been instrumental in persuading Jenny Lind to increase her donation to Unonius' church in Chicago, remarked to the correspondent: "What sort of a minister is Unonius who has so poorly presented the results of religious freedom in this country?" The American papers were also sharp in their comments. The *Chicago Journal* headed its editorial "An American Traitor" and lamented the blow that had been struck at the advocates of religious freedom in Sweden. Ill-advised or not, true or false, this speech was characteristic of Unonius, who in season and out spoke the truth as he saw it, regardless of consequences.

After a short visit to Finland, the land of his birth, Unonius returned to resume his work as pastor in Chicago, although he probably preferred to remain in Sweden. This longing was augmented upon his return, when he learned that the Immanuel Swedish Lutheran congregation had secured an energetic and contentious pastor direct from Sweden in the person of Erland Carlsson and that inroads had been made on his own little flock. He knew the handicap of recruiting members for the Episcopal Church in competition with a body that bore the name "Lutheran," a name that meant so much to the Swedes. He was no longer the only Swedish pastor as he had been down to 1849. He saw no future for the church he loved, because his conviction that the Protestant Episcopal Church was the pattern, or vice versa, of the Swedish State Church made little or no appeal to his countrymen. The "apostolic succession" meant nothing to them. It was nevertheless with a heavy heart that he resigned from the pastorate of Ansgarius Church, in March, 1858, and simultaneously from the Swedish and Norwegian Vice Consulate, to which he had been appointed upon the resignation of his good friend Schneidau. And he was never clear in his own mind that he did the wise thing in returning to Sweden. We have his own words as authority

[1] February 6, 1854.

for the statement that he could never rid himself of the self-reproach of two major mistakes of his life. The first was that he ever immigrated to America, and the other that he ever left it.[1]

During the first weeks of 1858 Unonius sent out questionnaires to Swedish and Norwegian pastors calling for information about the Scandinavian settlements to aid him in preparing a history of the Scandinavians in America; and in the latter part of June he published a reminder in the papers, stating that few responses had been received.[2]

Unonius expected to be admitted into the Church of Sweden on his return, but this was denied him, and for a time he lived on the edge of poverty. It was during these gloomy months that he wrote his *Minnen*. It had been his intention to write an account of the life of the immigrants, the history of the early settlements, and a more detailed and complete sketch of his own experiences, but the great changes in the affairs that concerned him personally and the outbreak of the Civil War caused him to eliminate much of what he had recorded and collected and to change his point of view and conclusions. "The American Republic with its future as I knew it is no more," he wrote.[3] Nevertheless posterity ought to be grateful to him for incorporating into excellent literary form a vast fund of information which otherwise would have been lost. It is obvious that he wrote portions with the *Aftonbladet* letters before him; some places he quotes *verbatim*. He also included extracts from his daybook. It is true that he wrote with a certain bias, more especially when dealing with religious topics; but he was far more objective than his contemporary adversaries and even those who wrote years after the curtain had fallen on the drama in which he had played one of the principal rôles. It is also true that the echoes of the controversy are still reverberating, and occasional shots are fired from the opposing camps by persons who are unable to distinguish between a sham battle and a real one.

Before the *Minnen* were completed, and the hoped-for roy-

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[1] *Minnen*, Vol. II, pp. 612–621. According to information furnished by Miss Adolfina Charlotta Unonius, her mother preferred to remain in America.

[2] *Hemlandet*, June 22, 1858; *Den Swenske Republikanen*, June 10, 1858. The announcement was dated at New York, May 26. The Norelius collection at Rock Island contains a copy of the questionnaire.

[3] *Minnen*, Vol. II, pp. 612, 613.

alties could alleviate poverty, friends came to the rescue. Professor H. G. Lindgren made a motion in *prästeståndet* (the chamber of the Diet representing the clerical estate) to grant to Unonius a yearly pension or a gratuity of 3,000 *riksdaler* (about $1,100). In presenting his motion Lindgren reviewed the events in Unonius' career, alluding to the fact that the Scandinavians in his community, recognizing his honesty and piety, had chosen him to lead religious meetings. When the Protestant Episcopal Church established a mission among them, Unonius had served as interpreter when the sacraments were administered. Since the Episcopal was the faith nearest akin to theirs, Unonius had yielded to their urging to become a pastor. The speaker also mentioned his work to alleviate the distress of the immigrants during the cholera epidemic and his efficient administration of the consulate, which brought him but small remuneration. Since Unonius had been denied permission to enter the state church, he continued, his family was in dire circumstances,[1] existing thus far on money saved in America, supplemented by giving instruction in English. The gratuity was voted by three estates, which was sufficient to validate it, but it was rejected by *bondeståndet* (the landed estate). In this chamber it was objected that it would be a bad precedent in view of the fact that so many adventurers were going to America and were returning in bad financial circumstances; that it would be a mistake to contribute anything to persons who had gone to America to seek their fortune and had not succeeded.[2]

The act of charity initiated by the Lutheran clergy in Swe-

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[1] Ten children were born to Unonius in the United States, of whom only five were alive when the family left for Sweden. Two children were born in Sweden. The following data were kindly given to the present writer at Stockholm by Miss Adolfina Charlotta Unonius: Gustaf Elias Marius Unonius, born at Helsingfors, August 25, 1810, died in Hacksta parish, October 14, 1902. Charlotta Margreta Öhrström, his wife, born at Roslagen, April 7, 1821, died in Hacksta parish, June 6, 1903. Fredrik Israel, November 27, 1842—May 11, 1846. Lloyd Gustaf Breck, August 14, 1844—1878. Charlotta, July 16, 1848—January 12, 1850. Maria Fredrika, May 1, 1846—November 4, 1849. Hilda Elisabeth, October 13, 1855—October 21, 1855. Rickard Smith, July 23, 1857—August 8, 1857. Karl Groth, January 23, 1851—1907. Maria Charlotta, February 16, 1852 (Married Hugo Tamm). Jackson Kemper, February 6, 1853—December 12, 1883. Hilma Fredrika, April 26, 1854 (Married Fredrik Geijer). Adolfina Charlotta, June 17, 1859—. Fanny Wilhelmina Sophia, May 5, 1861 (Married Bertini).

[2] *Bihang till riks-ståndens protokoll* 1859–60, saml. 4, afd. 1, 2 bandet, no. 152, sid. 66–67; *Bonde-ståndets protokoller* 1859–60, bandet 7, sid. 567; *Bihang till riks-ståndens protokoll*, saml. 10, afd. 1, 2 bandet, skrifvelse 205, sid. 313. *Den Swenske Republikanen* (April 8, 1858) mentioned Unonius' departure as follows: "The Rev. G. Unonius, who within a few days will return to Sweden, preached his farewell sermon on Easter Sunday before a large congregation in St. Ansgarius church." The paper also printed extracts from the *Chicago Record* and the *Chicago Journal* paying tribute to his services during the cholera epidemic.

den did not meet with the approval of their brethren in America, as witnessed by the following quotation from the *Missionary* (March 15, 1860), a Lutheran paper published at Pittsburgh which was very friendly to the Swedish Lutheran branch. The item was probably sent in by a Swedish Lutheran pastor. "Wonder of wonders. I see in one of the Swedish journals that a proposition has been introduced into the present Diet of Sweden by Provost Lindgren to the effect that Unonius (whose trickery in the matter of the Chicago church has branded his name in the mind of all right-minded men among his countrymen in the United States) should be granted a pension of 500 Rikstaler [*sic*] annually or 3000 Rikstaler [*sic*] at once, in consideration of the great services he has done to the Swedes in America! When it is remembered that his chief occupation here was to prevent them from joining the Lutheran Church, such a proposition for cool audacity exceeds anything yet heard..."

The economical difficulties of Unonius were overcome when shortly after the gratuity was granted he was appointed to the position of surveyor of customs at Grisslehamn. From this time until old age caused his retirement to the estate of his wealthy son-in-law, Hugo Tamm, at Hacksta, he moved in the groove of the official classes, holding their point of view, and occasionally conducting religious services. He enlisted in the ranks of the anti-emigration propagandists, although it should be said in answer to those who insinuated that his activity was pledged in return for the position in the customs service, that on his visit to Sweden in 1853 he had publicly expressed the opinion that emigration should be opposed by every honorable means.[1] Every once in a while his name appeared signed to communications to the newspapers designed to check the "America fever." It can hardly be said that he knew not whereof he wrote, because during his residence of almost ten years as pastor in Chicago he was an eyewitness to scenes that beggar description, as his letter to *Östgötha Correspondenten*, printed below, so abundantly proves. But it was just these contacts at the distributing points for immigration that made

[1] *Carlshamns Allehanda*, August 29, 1853. The charge was made by *Amerika* (April 27, 1872), a Gothenburg paper owned or subsidized by emigration companies. See George M. Stephenson, "Isidor Kjellberg: Crusader," in *Swedish-American Historical Bulletin*, August, 1929, pp. 31–51. *Hemlandet* (April 15, 1863) doubted his good faith.

him unduly pessimistic. It was usually the immigrant in need who appealed to the pastor.

In the early part of 1863 the *Riksdag* had under consideration ways and means of counteracting emigration. In the clerical estate it was suggested that if the man who had resided seventeen years in America and had been granted support at the last session were commissioned to write a book presenting a truthful picture of American conditions, it would contribute to the desired end.[1] This may have prompted Unonius to write his communication, dated February 19, 1863. He stated that President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation had awakened great opposition from the Democratic party and that in several large Western cities people had taken up arms against the federal government, making civil war in the Northern states likely. Capitalizing the great publicity accorded to the Sioux outbreak in Minnesota in 1862, he predicted new Indian uprisings in the spring. He protested that he had only the kindest feelings for America, but felt it his duty to advise postponement of emigration until the following year or until information was forthcoming that conditions were better. He warned against placing confidence in optimistic letters from America that were certain to come, because they were written from selfish motives. If such letters in the past had enticed persons to emigrate who had had occasion to regret that they had left their humble homes, still greater misfortunes could be expected now that conditions in the United States were so unusual.[2]

Unonius' voice was raised again in the summer of 1867, when emigration threatened to become a stampede and the country was invaded by an army of agents representing organizations of various hues interested in stimulating emigration. Again nervous members of the *Riksdag* submitted propositions to curb proselyting, but, as always, proposed laws running counter to the intense Swedish individualism and love for freedom were easily disposed of. Unonius admonished his countrymen to remain in the land God had given them, a statement worn threadbare by anti-emigration propagandists. He stated that one of his American-born sons had long wanted to

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[1] *Presteståndets protokoll* 1862–63, bandet 2, sid. 205.

[2] *Nya Dagligt Allehanda* (Stockholm), March 2, 1863. This letter was published in *Hemlandet*, April 15, 1863, with hostile comment.

go to America, and for this reason his father had written for advice to a well informed friend in America, who replied that he was absolutely opposed to immigration under prevailing conditions. Industry had slowed up, times were dull, many people were out of employment, and the cost of living had more than doubled in two years. If conditions possibly were better farther west, Unonius reminded his readers of the expense of getting there. He believed that all would do better to emulate the example of his son by making his father's fatherland his own.[1]

Upon his return to Sweden Unonius had found a country where forces visibly at work were destined to transform it so radically that the country he knew at his death was in some respects as foreign to the Upsala student as America was strange to the emigrant of 1841. The leaven of America was already working, and nowhere was this more obvious than in religion. When Unonius had said farewell to his friends in Sweden, the Methodist missionary George Scott had already set in motion the forces of the "free church" movement, but on the surface the state church was supreme and serenely confident behind the bulwark of the *konventikelplakat* (conventicle act). When he returned he found Baptist and lay preachers, Mormon apostles, liberal state church pastors, agnostics, and political and social radicals assaulting its outer works until in 1860 a great step in the direction of religious toleration was taken when the *plakat* was modified. Unonius was one of the many who watched with dismay the constant retreat of the old religious régime before the forces of the new. The inordinate fondness of the Swedes for almost everything foreign has made their country a fertile recruiting ground for apostles of radical religious sects—all of them, with a single exception, departing widely from the Lutheran doctrine and none of them liturgical. The missionaries sent out from the Mormon Zion in Utah gained so many neophytes that the authorities were hard put to devise means of exposing or prohibiting their propaganda. Unonius was willing to do his part to rescue his countrymen from the fate that awaited them in the Far West. In 1883 he published an effective and well written book of seventy-eight pages, based on his observations

[1] *Nya Dagligt Allehanda*, reprinted in *Väktaren* (Stockholm), July 25, 1867.

in the United States and on conversations with persons who had lived in Utah.[1]

Consistent with the author's writings and policy in the United States, the pages of this book were a sharp rebuke to sectarianism in Sweden. He admitted that the state church had certain shortcomings, but he avowed that it had the apostolic faith. He did not believe that Mormonism would die of itself, because its apostles reaped where the incompetent—incompetent in interpreting the pure doctrine—separatists had sown. He also attributed their abundant harvest to efficient organization, ample financial support, and missionary zeal and cunning. They worked in all sorts of ways, he said—even as beggars—distributing tracts, and mingling with their gospel the happiness of cultivating free land while waiting for the summons to eternal bliss. They explained their doctrine as akin to that of the church where they were working, although they always rejected infant baptism. Unonius had heard a neophyte give an explanation of the Mormon faith which contained nothing, with the exception of baptism, that a parish pastor could not preach from his own pulpit. Thus gaining the confidence of the people, the missionary by stages would attack the state church as a Babel and bring up the second coming of Christ. When whetted appetites asked for more information, they were told that they must flee to the Utah Zion. Unonius advanced no patent for stamping out Mormonism, except as his book exposed its methods and fallacies.

Unonius appeared as an occasional contributor to literary publications and as the author of brief volumes,[2] but the most widely read was a pamphlet of thirty-eight pages which he called a "Supplement to 'Reminiscences from a Residence of Seventeen Years in Northwestern America'" and published thirty-four years after the appearance of the earlier work.[3] The circumstances that prompted the aged man to publish this caustic pamphlet are interesting.

It so happened that a copy of Erik Norelius' *De svenska*

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[1] Gustaf Unonius, *Mormonismen. Dess upprinnelse, utveckling och bekännelse* (Stockholm, 1883).

[2] *Trösteord under vandringen på jorden* (Stockholm, 1874) is a book of devotional selections translated from English. *Moderna underverk* (Stockholm, 1874) and *Harry Ross' hemlighet* (Stockholm, 1874) appeared serially in *Svenska Medborgaren*. *"För sent"* is a little poem published in *Vintersol* (Stockholm), 1896, pp. 199, 200.

[3] *Bihang till "Minnen från en sjuttonårig vistelse i nordvestra Amerika"* (Stockholm, 1896).

luterska församlingarnas och svenskarnes historia i Amerika (Rock Island, 1890) fell into his hands.[1] After reading those parts relating to himself, Unonius became greatly agitated—white with rage—and said: "Can't they leave me in peace even in my old age!" The upshot was the publication of the "Supplement" some six years after the appearance of the Norelius work. "During the many years of my activity as a minister in western America I was unfortunate enough to be the object of various kinds of unpleasantness at the hands of the pastors [in the Swedish Lutheran Synod]. However, these had long since been buried in oblivion. . . . To my sorrow, I find that one of the successors of my former adversary [Esbjörn]—and many no doubt share his views—is unrelenting and pursues me with abuse and invective, which I am in duty bound to answer."

Norelius credited the author of *Minnen* with writing an excellent account of his own experiences and observations and with presenting a faithful picture of individuals, events, and conditions; but in matters pertaining to the church he was said to be prejudiced and unreliable and in some instances unjust. In reply Unonius asserted that Norelius had written an apotheosis of the Augustana Synod and its pastors. A rather intensive study of the first decade of the religious history of the Swedes in America entitles the historian to sit in judgment on both of these worthy antagonists and to say that they were partisans in a cause they had served wholeheartedly and disinterestedly—in sacrificial devotion—and that their partisanship is easily understandable and pardonable. In most respects the long range exchange of verbal shots was a drawn battle, with some damage in both camps. Norelius returned the fire in the form of an article in a periodical, in which he said that he had not found the least reason for modifying his position on the crux of the matter.[2]

It would be to no purpose for us to make a public exposure of the dirty linen that neither Unonius nor Norelius was able to make spotless—the accompanying letter addressed to Hasselquist will suffice to show how far partisanship in religious

[1] In a conversation at Stockholm, November 3, 1927, Miss Adolfina Charlotta Unonius told the present writer that Norelius sent the volume to Unonius. In his *History* (p. 5) Norelius wrote that, so far as he knew, Unonius was still alive.

[2] "Svar till herr G. Unonius på hans 'Bihang till Minnen från en 17-årig vistelse i Nordvestra Amerika,'" in *Tidskrift för svensk ev. luth. kyrkohistoria i N. Amerika och för teologiska och kyrkliga frågor* (Rock Island, 1899), pp. 15–51.

controversy can go—nor is it our intention to decide whether or not Unonius had the true spirit of an evangelical minister, whether he or Lars Paul Esbjörn "won" the suit for slander instituted by the former, whether his account of the Eric-Jansonists was accurate or not, or whether Unonius or Norelius was correct on this detail or that. We shall examine the heart of the controversy; the matters that appear minor in perspective were only on the periphery of this major point.

That both men were willing to catch at every straw that would bring embarrassment to the other is seen in the matter of P. W. Böckman. This pastor was little known to either, yet they did not hesitate to express judgment on him as though his life were an open book. The fact is that down to the present no one has taken the trouble to find out what manner of man he was, even though he may be said to have been the first Swedish Lutheran pastor among his nineteenth-century immigrant countrymen. A young minister from Stockholm, Linblom or Lindblom, who is mentioned by Friman, apparently worked among the Norwegians, but his name is unknown to the Swedes. C. P. Agrelius, a curate of Pelarne, emigrated with his family in the late summer of 1848, but very soon went over to the Methodists.[1]

Shortly after Unonius had decided to become a minister in the Episcopal Church, Böckman put in his appearance at Pine Lake to minister to the spiritual needs of his countrymen. This was probably in the latter part of 1844 or the beginning of 1845 (Unonius does not give the date). Although Unonius was to work in the interest of the Episcopalians, he says that he was rather glad of the prospect of there being a Swedish Lutheran pastor in the West because he did not expect that his countrymen would adopt his attitude toward Episcopalianism.[2] His first experience with the new pastor was not calculated to make him optimistic about the character of the man, although that is a detail that need not concern us here. During his residence at the Nashotah Seminary, Unonius was willing that Böckman should take charge of the Swedish and Norwegian congregations. Böckman's first sermon was tried on the Nor-

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[1] *Jönköpings-Bladet* (August 26, 1848) notes his departure. A letter from him, dated at New York, April 14, 1849, was published in *Östgötha Correspondenten* July 4, 1849.

[2] *Minnen*, Vol. II, pp. 128–134. Unonius spells the name "Bökman," but in letters to Wieselgren he signs himself "Böckman."

wegians. It was delivered in crude language and so charged with fire and brimstone that some of the congregation left, others laughed out loud, and still others tried to cry him down. He did not have much better luck with the Swedes and after about a year left the settlement. Later he sought ordination in the Episcopal Church, but Unonius, who then was ordained, succeeded in nullifying any chances he may have had. Unonius portrays him as a hypocrite of the worst stripe. Perhaps it was Unonius' somewhat gratuitous observations on *läsare*, or pietistic, pastors in general that brought a defense of Böckman in the pages of Norelius' *History* (pp. 6–14).

In this chapter of the controversy Norelius does not shine as a critical historian. In answer to Unonius' statement that of Böckman it could not be said as Festus said of Paul that much learning had made him mad, Norelius cited Böckman's ordination in the Church of Sweden which, he claimed, indicated that he was better grounded than Unonius in the literature of the Bible and Church History, subjects more important in the equipment of a pastor than *belles lettres*. He also cited a pamphlet published by Böckman which, according to his defender, breathes a spirit of piety and self-deprecation.[1] Norelius argued that it was natural for such depraved creatures as the Norwegians Unonius found at a funeral at which he officated to resent a sermon that called a spade a spade. "Better men than Böckman," he wrote, "have been stoned for their sermons."

Böckman seems to have felt the call to the foreign mission field about four years before he left for America, for on February 3, 1840, he wrote from Lund to Pastor Peter Wieselgren at Gothenburg that he had thought of becoming a missionary to the heathen.[2] In another letter, written three years later, he said he was interested in the temperance cause. He perhaps concluded that Wieselgren, Sweden's greatest apostle of temperance, would be interested in, possibly pleased with, this item of information.[3] This was followed shortly by a most humble

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[1] P. W. Böckman, *För christna, en christelig almanach för det högre lifwet*, etc. *(Utgifwen till fördel för hedna folket)* (Stockholm, 1849). The pamphlet consists of eleven essays published originally as *Bihang till Rådbäreren*. It was *läsare* in spirit and condemned the dance, liquor, and other practices that are usually anathema to Puritans.

[2] This letter and the others cited are in manuscript and preserved in the Wieselgren collection in the *Stadsbibliotek* of Gothenburg.

[3] December 2, 1843.

letter, in which this miserable, wretched sinner, as he styled himself, informed the same correspondent that he had been fined for making a disturbance in church, for profanity in church, and for desecrating the Sabbath.[1] About two months later he told of meeting Pastor Peter Fjellstedt, whose passion was to recruit men for service in the foreign mission field.[2] Another letter written a few weeks later calls forth the suspicion that Fjellstedt at the time was not aware of the character of the man with whom he was dealing and that he had later been informed. Böckman wrote that the Lord had in a most wonderful way ordained it, so that at the time he wrote he was about to depart as a missionary to "our colonists and heathen in North America." The Lord deals in a mysterious way with those who give themselves to His care as children, he continued. He admitted that he was the greatest among sinners and the least among the messengers of the Lord. He was, however, sorry to record that the Missionary Society had delayed making the necessary financial arrangements and just three days before his sailing had informed him that no money would be forthcoming. But gloom was converted into joy when the Lord arranged it so that he received a sum from another source.[3] In 1846 *Aftonbladet* published a letter from the man, who claimed to have the support of the Swedish government and who was applying for an appropriation to erect a church. He made no mention of Unonius, but said he was the only Swedish pastor in America. He asserted that he was associated with a Norwegian pastor, Didriksen [Dietrichson], and a Danish pastor, Clauzel [Clausen], in serving countrymen and shielding the true Christian faith from the various forms of heresy that surrounded them. He invited his countrymen to join them at Pine Lake and offered to be of assistance to them in avoiding the snares that had beset him.[4] Within a year or two Böckman returned to Sweden, where he delivered lectures on his life among the Indians and his success in converting them to Christianity. He died in Sweden in 1850, leaving a widow

[1] March 22, 1844.
[2] May 9, 1844.
[3] August 6, 1844. Unonius states that he later learned that certain individuals who were interested in their countrymen in America furnished the money. Böckman represented himself as an emissary of the Church of Sweden. *Minnen*, Vol. II, pp. 130, 131.
[4] The pamphlet of seven pages was published in Stockholm in 1846 and was entitled "Extract from a Letter from North America." It is of slight historical value.

and children.[1] Unonius first experience with a *läsare*[2] pastor was in the person of Böckman, but it was not to be the last one. The incident is in itself insignificant, but it had grown in magnitude when Unonius wrote his *Minnen* and Norelius placed it under a glass of still higher power when he wrote his *History.*

The controversy between the Episcopal minister Unonius and the Swedish Lutheran pastors which found its way into print in the Swedish-American newspapers, in *Minnen,* Norelius' *History,* the "Supplement" to *Minnen,* and Norelius' rebuttal in the periodical appears pardonable to the historian. Stripped of collateral issues, it comes down to this: The Swedish Lutheran pastors alleged that disguised as a Lutheran pastor Unonius tried to proselyte his countrymen. Unonius claimed that his adversaries were not Lutheran and that his church was more nearly akin to the Church of Sweden than the organization to which their congregations belonged. It appears to the historian that Unonius' church was more nearly like the state church in spirit and practice, whereas the Swedish churches in the Synod of Northern Illinois had only doctrine and language in common with it, although even here they were at variance over the interpretation of the Augsburg Confession. Unonius could, and did, cite many utterances of the Lutheran pastors to prove this contention. A number of contradictory statements could be laid to Unonius, but he was consistent in maintaining that the Protestant Episcopal Church was more Lutheran than the Synod of Northern Illinois.

There is no evidence that Unonius was a student of theology when he left Sweden, but his writings show him to have been a close reasoner and an apt student of the intricacies of theological lore. He approached it, however, as one trained in an Episcopal theological seminary, with a point of view as circumstantial as the doctrinal slant of Esbjörn, Hasselquist, and

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[1] C. W. Skarstedt, *Göteborgs stifts herdaminne ur kyrkan och skolan. Efter mestadels otryckta källor sammanfördt* (Lund, 1885), p. 1158; Elisabeth Böckman to Wieselgren, March 16, 1862. Unonius says he was not informed as to Böckman's fate, but had been told that he returned to America, after collecting money for the missionary cause, and died in New York shortly after arrival.

[2] The term *läsare* denotes piety and Christian excellence. The word was originated in the practice of certain Christians in Sweden of meeting in houses and secluded places to read the Bible and devotional books. In the early years of the *läsare* movement the frequenters of such meetings fell under the displeasure of the church authorities who claimed that they violated the conventicle act. The *läsare,* however, had no intention of setting up an independent church, although they deplored the worldliness of the clergy.

Carlsson, who were educated and ordained in the Lutheran Church of Sweden. Within the first year of Unonius' sojourn in America the Rev. J. Lloyd Breck, the Episcopal missionary in Wisconsin, spent a night in his home and left an impression of earnestness, uprightness, and sacrificial devotion. Breck urged upon Unonius the necessity of affiliating with some branch of the Christian Church and stressed the close doctrinal similarity between the Episcopal Church and the Church of Sweden, as well as the alleged fact that both retained the apostolic succession. He also cited the fact that the Swedish churches on the Delaware had become integral parts of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The missionary left some devotional literature, including the *Book of Common Prayer*. At that time, and for some time after, Unonius was not impressed with the argument of the apostolic succession and regarded the episcopacy as a merely local arrangement to suit the conditions of a given time and place.[1]

However, the seed sown by Breck at this first meeting was watered by subsequent conversations and attendance at services conducted by him. On his visits to the Scandinavian settlements to perform sacramental acts Breck was assisted by Unonius as interpreter. On alternate Sundays services in the Pine Lake community were conducted by Unonius and a Mr. Peterson, respectively, usually in their own homes, and thus the former, who was better educated than Peterson, was urged by the Swedes and Norwegians to seek ordination and become their pastor. He weighed the matter carefully and decided to enter the Episcopal Seminary at Nashotah, which had been recently founded by Breck. "I thought it more than doubtful that ministers from Sweden would ever come; if I could have foreseen that eventuality, it is entirely possible that my decision would have been different," he wrote.[2] He was ordained in 1845. He visited a number of Scandinavian settlements, although his ministry was not confined to Scandinavians, and for a time was stationed at Manitowoc until in 1849 he accepted the call to serve St. Ansgarius Church in Chicago. But even after that he made extended missionary journeys and impressed upon his countrymen the necessity of having pastors ordained by bishops.

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[1] *Minnen*, Vol. I, pp. 260–262.
[2] *Minnen*, Vol. II, p. 17.

Unonius' choosing of the Episcopal Church in preference to the Lutheran, the established church of his native country, is so bound up with controversy that we are constrained to inquire into the matter somewhat further. It should be remembered that with the exception of Böckman, who arrived after Unonius had made his decision, there was not a single Swedish Lutheran pastor in the United States until 1849. The Lutheran Church was divided into several mutually hostile synods more or less diverging from the Augsburg Confession or at least at variance in their interpretation of it. A confusion of tongues augmented the doctrinal chaos. Lutheran church was erected against Lutheran church, and Lutheran pastor withstood Lutheran pastor. The most influential body was the General Synod, more national in scope than any other, which was organized in 1820. Its membership was composed largely of Lutheran colonial stock, and its dominating personality was Samuel Simon Schmucker. He was a product of a Presbyterian theological seminary, very liberal in doctrine, and desirous of committing the Synod to a qualified, yet definite, doctrinal position. His position was voiced by the ultra-liberal *Lutheran Observer,* published at Baltimore, and for a time indisputably the most widely read and influential Lutheran publication.

The General Synod was a loose federation of district synods which, although differing in doctrine and forms of service, acknowledged each other as Lutheran. Not only was this "advisory" body committed to a qualified allegiance to the Augsburg Confession, but it was avowedly unionistic and strongly tinged with Calvinism. The hiatus in immigration during more than a half-century following the outbreak of the American Revolution had cut it off from European influence. The American Lutheran Church was in a fair way to develop an American and a liberal theology. Schmucker and what appeared to be the dominant element in the Synod were "New Lutherans" and had adopted so-called "new measures" patterned after the "Reformed" American churches: Sunday schools, revival meetings, and the like. The more conservative Lutheran synods did not recognize the General Synod as Lutheran, but even they were not in agreement as to what Lutheranism was. Confronted with this situation, Unonius

experienced the same confusion that confounded the Swedish Lutheran pastors who came later. He harbored a partiality toward a certain element with "high church" tendencies among the Norwegian Lutherans of Wisconsin, but the Norwegians were divided and the "churchly" faction had not yet effected an organization.

In order to soothe his mind or conscience, Unonius addressed a letter to Carl Fredrik af Wingård, Archbishop of Sweden and the highest ecclesiastical authority in a church that accepted the Augsburg Confession and the symbolical books of Lutheranism, in which he stated conditions and asked for a definite statement with reference to the points of variance between the Protestant Episcopal Church and the Church of Sweden, as well as an opinion as to the advisability of his affiliating with the former. Unonius admitted that he took this action with the expectation that Wingård would see the situation as Bishop Swedberg had viewed it with reference to the churches on the Delaware. He also said that he had already reached the conclusion that the differences between the two ecclesiastical organizations were minor.[1] Unonius was doomed to disappointment; the Archbishop's reply was "disapproving" and gave three major points of difference. Unonius, however, was convinced that the Archbishop had magnified the divergences and was satisfied in his own mind that he could enter the Episcopal Church with his Lutheranism unblemished. A letter from the Archbishop "authorizing" his action would have given him a tremendous advantage, as events developed later. In any case, the congregation Unonius served at Chicago from 1849 to 1858 adopted a constitution which subscribed to the "apostolic faith and communion, under episcopal jurisdiction, as it is sanctioned and preserved in our native land," and placed itself under the jurisdiction of the diocese of Illinois of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It took the name "St. Ansgarius" and its membership was composed of both Swedes and Norwegians.[2]

With the exception of friction with the ultra-liberal Norwegian Lutheran pastor in Chicago, Paul Anderson, Unonius found comparatively little opposition in the Swedish settlements he visited until the arrival of Esbjörn in 1849, who was

[1] *Minnen*, Vol. I, pp. 42–44.
[2] *Minnen*, Vol. II, pp. 338–341.

joined by Hasselquist in 1852 and Erland Carlsson in 1853—three strong and aggressive men. By that time, however, there were signs portending a change in the General Synod. The conservative and symbolical element was asserting itself, and by 1855 the strong trend toward liberalism was checked.[1]

In both the United States and Sweden the Augustana Synod, which today includes the Swedish Lutheran congregations in the United States, is sometimes called the "daughter" of the Church of Sweden, but this is merely the language of diplomacy. In undiplomatic—and more accurate—language the Augustana Synod is a wayward "daughter" who inherited the doctrine and language of the "mother," and that is about all. In polity, practice, spirit, and, in these latter days, language there is little resemblance between "mother" and "daughter." The foundations of the Swedish Lutheran Church in America were laid by pastors "on leave" from the Church of Sweden to minister to their immigrant countrymen. In that sense the Swedish-American Church is a "daughter."

The first three pastors—Esbjörn, Hasselquist, and Carlsson—had come under the influence of the more liberal and pietistic pastors in Sweden and had left with bitter disillusionments about the established church. They had been in correspondence or in close personal contact with such prophets of a new age as Peter Wieselgren, Peter Fjellstedt, Hans Birger Hammar, and the English Methodist missionary at Stockholm, George Scott. Their *läsare* or pietistic slant and their activity in the temperance movement had been rewarded only with frowns from the higher authorities, and their chances of promotion were in jeopardy, if not ruined, as in the case of Esbjörn. They were perhaps more zealous in guarding the purity of Lutheran doctrine than the average pastor in the state church, but in America they took care that their organization should reproduce as little of the polity of the old church as possible. Liturgy, gowns, and bishops, in their judgment, were incidental to the great mission of the Christian Church. In the earlier years of his ministry at the Sunday morning service Hasselquist would enter the church dressed in a white linen coat, and as he walked to the front of the church would sing

[1] George M. Stephenson, *The Founding of the Augustana Synod* (Rock Island, 1927), pp. 27–32. This subject is treated in detail in Vergilius Ferm, *The Crisis in American Lutheran Theology. A Study of the Issue between American Lutheranism and Old Lutheranism* (New York, 1927).

a song in which the congregation joined. In the pulpit he was equally informal, often interrupting his sermon by singing a hymn. He saw no danger to Lutheran doctrine if the liturgy and certain forms were laid aside.[1] He wrote very caustic sentences about the state church.[2] As for Esbjörn, he wrote a letter to the Methodist Scott imploring him not to abandon his missionary work in Sweden. The spontaneity of Scott's "free church" activity magnified by contrast the formalism and spiritual deadness of the state church and caused him to long for a field of labor among his countrymen in a land where all churches were free. In America he might have become a Methodist but for the loyalty of his wife to Lutheranism and his aversion to a church that admitted slaveholders to membership. He admitted to his friend Norelius that in his earlier years he was "Methodistic."[3] Without exception, the colleagues of the first three pastors were also free-church men, although they became more conservative under the pressure of the proselyting of the other churches.

On the side of the Church of Sweden, with the exception of men like Wieselgren and Fjellstedt, there was little or no interest in the religious fate of the immigrants. In fact, the parish pastors looked upon them as black sheep—wanton deserters from their native land and the church of their fathers, who deserved any fate that might be in store for them. The need for ministers in Sweden was great and, with many vacant pastorates, it was not reasonable to expect that the authorities would bestir themselves to deplete the man power of the church in favor of a few scattered countrymen in a remote continent, where, from the standpoint of a "high churchman," rampant sectarianism made true Christianity impossible. Appeals to the old church for money and pastors were largely in vain.[4] Down to 1870 the state church furnished to the Augustana Synod only six pastors, of whom two returned.[5]

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[1] E. Norelius, *T. N. Hasselquist. Lefnadsteckning*, pp. 52, 53.

[2] *Rätta Hemlandet och Augustana* (Chicago), October, 1870.

[3] Esbjörn to Scott, June 13, 1842, in Gunnar Westin, *George Scott och hans verksamhet i Sverige. Handlingar, tal och brev* (Stockholm, 1928), pp. 360–362; *Missions-Tidning* (Stockholm), June, 1850; *Lunds Missions-Tidning*, February, 1852; *Bibel-Wännen* (Lund), September, 1852; Esbjörn to Norelius, January 30, 1856, in *Tidskrift för . . . teologiska och kyrkliga frågor*, 1899, pp. 284, 285.

[4] *Hemlandet*, September 4, November 21, 1856, August 3, 1858.

[5] *Rätta Hemlandet och Augustana*, September, 1870; Hasselquist to Wieselgren, January 3, 1868 (MSS).

As a rule these pastors did not take well with the pastors already on the ground because they had a different point of view and could not adapt themselves to conditions. In a way, the indifference of the old church was fortunate because the Swedish-American Lutheran Church had to work out its own problems; it became self-reliant and adaptable to American conditions.

A few months after Esbjörn began his work in America, he issued a pamphlet entitled "Words of Welcome to the Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish Immigrant," which is self-revealing and was used to good advantage by Unonius in the controversy between the two men, both claiming to be exponents of Swedish Lutheranism.[1] In this document Esbjörn capitalized the distinction between religious conditions in Sweden and the United States, greatly to the advantage of the latter and in particular of Lutheranism. It was therefore a virtue in the church Esbjörn represented to be apart from and unlike the old church, whereas Unonius played up the alleged fact that his church was cut from the same pattern.

Esbjörn arrived in America almost penniless and without the support of an effective organization. He therefore made application for financial assistance to the American Home Missionary Society, an organization supported by Congregationalists and one school of Presbyterians. Hasselquist followed his example. This timely and unselfish aid from a "Reformed" organization was a thorn in the flesh of Unonius, who maintained that Esbjörn and Hasselquist thereby compromised Lutheranism, a contention that was upheld by Norelius, who wrote as a historian a generation later.[2] By affiliating with the liberal Synod of Northern Illinois, a district synod within the General Synod, the Swedish Lutheran pastors laid themselves open to the charge of Unonius that they were playing fast and loose with heresy, since the Illinois synod occupied an unsatisfactory position with reference to the Augsburg Confession. Esbjörn safeguarded the doctrinal position of his congregations by having recorded in the minutes that they planted themselves on the unaltered Augsburg Confession as explained in the symbolical books, and four years later the

[1] This pamphlet is in the Norelius collection at Rock Island. It was published in 1850.

[2] Stephenson, *Founding of the Augustana Synod*, pp. 8–9, with citations.

Swedish pastors were powerful enough to commit the Synod to an unqualified allegiance to the historic document. But Unonius joined the hue and cry of the conservative Norwegian Synod and the ultra-conservative Missouri Synod that a synod professing attachment to historic Lutheranism could not consistently remain within the General Synod. As it fell out, doctrinal dissension between the liberal American element and the symbolical Scandinavians rose to such a pitch that in 1860 the latter took the revolutionary course of seceding from the Synod of Northern Illinois and setting up an independent Scandinavian Synod which had no connection with the General Synod.[1] In so doing the Scandinavians inadvertently admitted the validity of the contention of their critics. At this time, Unonius was writing his *Minnen* in Sweden, and he did not fail to note that time had vindicated him.[2]

The establishment of the independent Augustana Synod at the convention at Jefferson Prairie, Wisconsin, was fortunate for the Swedes. They could now appeal to the "mother church" as a daughter who had coquetted with Calvinism but had come away with her Lutheranism pure and undefiled. In fact, it was necessary to turn to Sweden, now that no aid was forthcoming from the Americans and funds for the support of the newly founded Augustana Seminary were imperatively needed.[3] "An Address to the Mother Church in the Old Fatherland from the Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Congregations in North America" was drawn up and sent with the Rev. O. C. T. Andrén, who in 1860 was commissioned by the Augustana Synod to visit Sweden to solicit subscriptions and gifts of books.[4] Andrén prepared a lengthy account of the early Swedish immigration, the inception of religious activity, the reasons for the secession, the organization of the Augustana Synod, and the outlook for the future, which was published in full in some of the papers.[5] Andrén found the ultra-conservative Archbishop Reuterdahl dubious about raising money for Augustana Seminary at Chicago because he doubted it

[1] On this vexed matter, see Stephenson, *Founding of the Augustana Synod*, pp. 61–87.

[2] *Minnen*, Vol. II, "Anmärkning C," pp. 596–602.

[3] Erland Carlsson to Wieselgren, May 7, 1860 (MSS.).

[4] This was printed in *Wäktaren* (Stockholm), November 11, 1860, and in *Lunds Missions-Tidning*, December, 1860.

[5] *Wäktaren* printed an extra number of four four-column pages, November 28, 1860.

would be used for the purpose indicated. He believed that the Swedish Lutheran Church in America would disintegrate and that the Swedes would be swallowed up by the sects because there were no bishops. Andrén, however, succeeded in raising about $10,000 and obtained a donation of books from the King.[1] It will be noted that thereafter the Swedish-American leaders were more soft-spoken in their attitude toward the old church. This was partly, perhaps largely, due also to the inroads of the Baptists, Methodists, and Mission Friends, who sought to identify the Augustana Synod with the Church of Sweden, and who were also gaining recruits in Sweden.[2]

From the beginning, Unonius had the advantage of support from the American Protestant Episcopal Church. In 1846 the Protestant Episcopal Tract Society published a twenty-four page Norwegian pamphlet prepared by Unonius entitled *Manual for Members of the Holy Catholic Church in Questions and Answers. Dedicated to the Scandinavian Immigrants in America.* With the establishment of *Hemlandet* under the editorship of Hasselquist, however, in January, 1855, the Swedish Lutherans had their own newspaper organ and could exclude or publish as much of what Unonius sent in as the editor saw fit;[3] but when *Den Swenske Republikanen i Norra Amerika* became a competitor in July, 1856, Unonius had a vent for his indignation. This paper was established by the Bishop Hill colony, with Svante Ulrik Cronsioe as editor. He later became proprietor and editor. Cronsioe was the type of newspaper man who became all too common among the Swedish-American newspaper fraternity. A man of mediocre ability, he was no match for the *Hemlandet* staff, and his paper went on the rocks after an existence of exactly two years. He made his appeal to the anti-Lutheran, not to say the anti-religious, element and welcomed every opportunity to bring discomfort or embarrassment to the Swedish Lutherans. He lifted material from the newspapers of Sweden designed to discredit the old church as well as the new. He probably welcomed the opportunity to print the Unonius communication, although there was an inconsistency in promoting the cause of a church that claimed to be the true representative of the

[1] *Rätta Hemlandet och Augustana*, October, 1872.
[2] See a communication from E. N[orelius] to the *Missionary* (Pittsburgh), August 26, 1858.
[3] *Hemlandet* was first published at Galesburg, Illinois, and after 1858 at Chicago.

Church of Sweden. Cronsioe, however, preferred the Ansgarius congregation and its pastor to the *läsare* in the Synod of Northern Illinois. In fact, the Ansgarius congregation became the rendezvous of what the pietists called "worldly" men and women who saw no harm in the theater, the dance, the card table, and the cup that cheers.[1] Cronsioe himself went from pillar to post and ruined his life by the excessive use of liquor. In this no reflection is intended on the character of Unonius or his members; it is mentioned to show that in the controversy between Unonius and his opponents others matters having little or no connection with the point at issue were involved and perhaps muddied the waters. This was clearly the case when *Svenska Amerikanaren* was established in 1866.

Hemlandet made no *seriatim* reply to Unonius' communication, contenting itself with the assertion that it stood by what it had said, namely, that Unonius had received support from the Americans to make the Swedes Episcopalians.[2] Some months later Unonius used the columns of *Republikanen*[3] to refute in a lengthy article the "Story of the Swedish Church's Missionary Work in North America" which appeared in *Hemlandet.*

The burden of Unonius' article is that *Hemlandet* gave more credit to the Swedes on the Delaware than they deserved. "When the purpose is to promote personal interests and to develop such ideas and information among the Swedes as will make them more firm and blind supporters of the religious sect which the publisher of *Hemlandet* and the other Swedish ministers have organized (I have carefully weighed my words in this statement), they do not hesitate to make incorrect statements and do not bother their conscience about a few untruths if their own inveterate prejudices can be defended and made to appear in agreement with the actual situation. . . . *Hemlandet* has not yet openly dared to attack the Episcopal Church and its creed, but it uses every opportunity to carry on a sort of guerilla warfare and seeks through all manner of allusions to defame its character and to place its relation to the Swedish Church in an entirely false light." Referring to

[1] See Stephenson, "The Stormy Years of the Swedish Colony in Chicago before the Great Fire," with citations, reprinted from the *Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society*, No. 36 (Springfield, 1930).

[2] *Hemlandet*, September 25, 1856.

[3] March 6, 13, 20, 27, 1857.

the statement of *Hemlandet* that it was not too late to reclaim the Swedish churches on the Delaware to Lutheranism, Unonius asked: "To which of the many Lutheran churches here should they be proselyted? The Lutheran congregations with their various synods are so quarrelsome, so disunited, and show so much uncertainty and irresolution, that one who has carefully considered the schismatic and sectarian Lutheranism in this country and has become accustomed to the Apostolic order, doctrine, and organization of our church would not willingly exchange them for something of which it is hard to say what it is."

In spite of the contention of Unonius and many other able men, the preponderance of evidence points to the fact that although the Church of Sweden is episcopal, it abjures the doctrine of the apostolic succession and regards its prelacy as by no means indispensable to the constitution of the Christian Church. Moreover, it has Presbyterian elements in its organization. At the time of the Reformation, Gustavus Vasa allowed the bishops to remain because all of them, with one exception, accepted the Lutheran doctrine, whereas in Germany the bishops opposed the Reformation and their office was abolished. Notwithstanding, the Church of Sweden is hierarchal, and, at the time Unonius was contending for his faith, was Erastian to the core. It is also true that the close relations between the Anglican Church and the Church of Sweden have been distasteful to the Augustana Synod, partly because it has been capitalized by the Episcopal Church in the United States. The claim of the Swedish Episcopal Church that it has the episcopate and is therefore the real Swedish Church places the Augustana Synod among the sects. The Church of Sweden, until lately at least, has not made it clear that its close relationship with the Church of England did not place it in a position of hostility to the Augustana Synod.[1]

Unonius' efforts to build a Swedish Episcopal Church in the United States were not abundantly blessed, and he lived to see the controversy which he was instrumental in inaugurating extend into the twentieth century. He was in perfect health until almost the day of his death, and even on the morning

[1] *Per Pehrsson*, "Det engelska biskopsbesöket i Amerika," in *Svensk kyrkotidning*, October 3, 10, 1910; Per Pehrsson, *Hälsning från Augustana synoden framförd vid Allmänna prästföreningens möte i Jönköping den 31 augusti 1910* (Gävle, 1911), p. 17.

of that day he was able to dress himself. He remained in correspondence with the Episcopal leaders and watched the course of events with keen interest. In the "Supplement" he ventured the prediction that its publication would cause his adversaries to sharpen their darts against him. In that event, he ventured the hope that a hand better than his would take up the gauntlet. And as an aid to him who might take up the battle he gave the assurance that a number of manuscripts and printed documents were contained in an envelope whose seal might be broken after his death. When, a few years after this was written, a member of the Augustana Synod called on him and asked that these documents be turned over to him, the venerable man replied, pointing, "There they are, and whoever gets them will have to step over my dead body." [1]

In the light of history it is hardly justifiable to call Gustaf Unonius a "traitor" to Lutheranism. Events over which he had no control made it natural for the early Swedish Lutheran pastors in the Synod of Northern Illinois and in the Augustana Synod to use this harsh term; but it must not be forgotten that the situation as Unonius saw it was quite different from the one that later developed. Moreover, Unonius left Sweden when the *läsare* movement was in its inception and he knew nothing of the spirit Esbjörn, Hasselquist, and Carlsson had imbibed and breathed into the organization they founded. It is evident that Unonius could find more encouragement from Sweden in his course than could his adversaries; and this is perhaps one reason why the controversy was so bitter. In any event, a perspective of seventy-five years presents Unonius in a rôle that Esbjörn, Hasselquist, and Carlsson could not understand and these men in a rôle that Unonius could not understand. All of them should be honored by posterity.[2]

GEORGE M. STEPHENSON.

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[1] This information was given to the present writer by Miss Adolfina Unonius in an interview at Stockholm, November 3, 1927. Miss Unonius stated that her father had entrusted the documents to the care of a friend and gave the present writer permission to examine them, but the custodian was unable to locate them and could offer no explanation as to where they might be.

[2] For material on the activity of the Protestant Episcopal Church and its relations with the Augustana Synod and the Church of Sweden, see O. F. Ander, *T. N. Hasselquist* (Rock Island, 1931); George M. Stephenson, *The Religious Aspects of Swedish Immigration* (Minneapolis, 1932); Gunnar Westin, *Emigranterna och kyrkan* (Stockholm, 1932); Gunnar Westin, "Ett närmande mellan Protestant-Episkopal-Kyrkan i U. S. A. och Svenska Kyrkan," in *Svensk Teologisk Kvartalskrift*, 1935, 167–91.

[*Aftonbladet*, January 4, 5, 1842]

LETTER FROM A SWEDISH IMMIGRANT IN AMERICA, IN THE COLONY OF NEW UPSALA

The editor has had the pleasure of receiving for publication the following most interesting communication from Mr. G. Unonius, a young clerk, who is not entirely unknown as the publisher of a group of poems and who last summer with his wife and a couple of other Swedes emigrated to the United States of North America. Mr. Unonius wishes to make known that he uses this method of informing, all at one time, his friends and acquaintances who are interested in his fate, especially those around Upsala, but his communication will surely be read with marked pleasure by each and every one.

MILWAUKEE, OCTOBER 13, 1941.

After our arrival at New York the 10th of September last, we left there the 17th and went on board the steamboat "Rochester" for Albany, from whence the journey was further continued by canal boat on the Erie Canal to Buffalo, where it became necessary for us to stop for a few days, after which, on an exceptionally fine steamboat, the "Illinois," we entered upon the journey over the great inland lakes, around the Michigan peninsula to Milwaukee, a little five-year-old city with 3500 inhabitants, located eighty miles north of Chicago on Lake Michigan. It is the capital of Milwaukee County, Wisconsin Territory. We have lived there for two weeks, during which time I have had occasion to journey on foot into the interior and in the midst of these wonderfully beautiful valleys to select our future home. Yesterday we began cutting the timber for our little log house, and in two weeks we hope to be able to move in. In the meantime we shall lodge in a hut built of the boards that later will form the floor and the roof of our cottage. As yet, however, we have not left the city. The first load of our goods departed today and I am making

use of my solitude in Milwaukee by writing a few lines to the homeland.

I have now been in America over a month; during this time I have traveled about 1800 English miles into the interior, to the Western States, and thus, through conversation with several persons, I have had the opportunity to learn at least something about the situation and conditions out here. My experience, to be sure, is not great but nevertheless it may perhaps yield several bits of information about one thing or another in the sphere to which it is largely confined. My intention, which is about to be realized, was to settle in the New World as a colonist or farmer. Before my departure from the fatherland I found many who shared my view and in the future perhaps intended to carry it out. I am fulfilling a promise by imparting the slight information I am now able to give, which for the emigrant to western America, perhaps, is not so insignificant. I do not want to write anything except *what I know,* and this probably would be impressive enough if it were not that the size of the letter, the time, and the expensive postage together compel me to be brief. America is judged and described so differently—few know it properly; in my opinion, at least a ten years' residence, continuous traveling, and association with all classes of people are necessary. The people here are *everything.* One can travel through the country and describe it in a short time, but the people, the character of the nation, should be studied, and for this several years are insufficient. Just think of the composition of the American population. Is it not a mixture of families from all parts of Europe? How can a hurried trip give a fair impression of the whole, in its parts so different? I am sure I shall never be able to do it completely. Yet many with as little knowledge of America as I possess have written, described, and philosophized. This accounts for the many untruths that are spread around in Europe about America, some to its advantage and others, perhaps the most, to its disadvantage. A traveler visits Boston, Philadelphia, etc., and thinks he is competent to pass judgment on the United States. As though a visitor to Paris could absorb all that is necessary to describe Europe! A person spends a short time in New York and afterward talks and writes about America! That is like judging all of Sweden

on the basis of Stockholm. Read Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*. In my opinion, he has given the most accurate portrayal of conditions. I believe I am already able to contradict several of Miss Trollope's statements; and in regard to the interesting travelogues of our Swedes, Arfwedson and Gosselman, they have perhaps also, in consequence of the more fortunate circumstances in which they lived and the circles to which they had access, been guilty of the mistake of having presented all in a glittering form. I was told by a Swede in New York that a foreigner with capital ought not to settle in America because he would become impoverished in a short time. Perhaps he was right; I do not know and I shall never be able to verify it by experience. But what I do know is that a man without capital, through thrift and foresight, can advance and perhaps produce capital. Yet he has many obstacles to overcome and great difficulties to endure. I still have this to face: I shall have to suffer many privations and make many sacrifices, but in spite of this and the uncertainty as to how I shall come out next year, for my farm can not yet produce any crop, I do not regret my trip here; and if God grants me health and strength I hope I shall not want for bread, neither now nor in the future. And yet I have committed a careless mistake of which I wish to warn others, particularly those, like myself, who are unaccustomed to making their living by the sweat of the brow: I came here with very little money, and in the beginning the emigrant meets with considerable expense. At all events, far be it from me to influence others and to persuade compatriots at home to abandon the fatherland and to take up their abode in a strange part of the world. People in Sweden who have an assured living ought not to exchange a pleasant home for unknown dangers and an unknown fate. Even those in the homeland who, like myself, are doomed to a future of indebtedness and dependency, either thronging the civil service or bowing in the antechambers or as farmers burdened with taxes and not owning their plots of land or as narrowly-defined craft workers lacking opportunity to work—all should carefully examine and deliberate before they bid farewell to a country which, no matter what our fate may be, will always be remembered with regret and love, if for no other reason than the tender bonds of relation-

ship and friendship which unites us with the fatherland. Duty and promise prompt me to request that an extract from this letter to those friends at home may be inserted in one of the newspapers of Sweden.

Wisconsin Territory, where we have settled, is for the present considered to be the most favorable region in the United States for colonization. The country is beautiful, adorned with oak woods and prairies broken by rivers and lakes swarming with fish; and in addition it is one of the healthiest areas in America. Cities are growing rapidly; within two weeks I have seen the number of buildings increase considerably in Milwaukee. Much of the land, even that bordering on the lake, is still unclaimed. The most fertile soil is probably that which lies some miles in the interior. Canals and railroads are under construction. We have settled in proximity to a canal.[1] We have taken 160 acres in a section located twenty-nine miles from Milwaukee. We are the first settlers here. We have deliberately chosen this section in the hope that a number of our countrymen will join us. The location is one of the most beautiful imaginable. On the map in the land office it has already been designated "New Upsala." What dear memories are aroused by this name! The remainder of the country is not so thinly settled; our nearest neighbor, an English family, lives about three miles away. The immigrant does wisely in selecting regions that are not too sparsely settled. Besides the unpleasantness of a continuous solitude, he lacks the opportunity of selling the produce of his farm. To be sure, in the more distant areas he may occupy land and perhaps not need to pay for it for eight years, but I doubt the advantage. The price of government land is $1.25 per acre; the price of canal land is double. Canal land is also sold on credit. The first year the interest rate is 10 per cent, thereafter 7 per cent, and after seven years the principal is paid in four annual installments. Most emphatically do I caution every immigrant against dealing with individual land agents. Most of these agents are swindlers. The buyer should be familiar with the English language and take the precaution of employing a lawyer to

[1] The Canal Company to which a land grant had been made was defunct and in consequence the legal status of the pre-emption claims was in doubt. To protect his claim, Unonius joined a claim association. He gives an interesting account of a meeting of the association in his *Minnen*, Vol. I, pp. 338–343. It is translated by George M. Stephenson, "An Important Swedish Source," in *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, September, 1922, pp. 145–151.

examine the property records and to verify the seller's title to the land at the land office. In a word, there are so many things to be considered and so many loopholes, that I advise everybody to steer clear of such deals. There is no scarcity of land salesmen. The emigrant is besieged by them, but my advice is to doubt them all. You are more certain of getting good land at a better price at a land office. After having taken possession of the land, the next step is to erect a so-called log house, a structure of unhewn timbers placed one on top of the other, the size depending upon the circumstances of the individual. Even the most modest house can not be built for less than fifty dollars, even if the owner works on it. The building which for the present will shelter us is estimated to cost that much. It consists of one room with a small attic. In America, more than in any other country, you must cut your coat according to your cloth. We pay ten dollars for cutting down and lopping off the timbers for the house. The neighbors assist at the house-raising, and we serve them a little coffee and food. Lumber for the floors and roof and mortar for the fireplace eat up the remainder of the sum. Later on we intend by degrees to erect by our own hands a better building in Swedish style. Buildings of this type are quite rare among the farmers here, and it is really surprising to find well-dressed women (American farmers' wives) living in a hut scarcely fit for a Swedish *torpare*,[1] speaking of Cervantes, Don Quixote, Byron's poems and Rossini's music. When I become more versed in the English language, I am certain to be quite happy in conversing with my neighbors.

In view of the fact that in America, and especially in the West, the prices of the smallest necessities are exceedingly high, I advise the prospective emigrant to take with him from Sweden as many household goods and farm implements as possible.[2] He should not be deterred by those who say that he will have to pay heavy transportation charges. I have had occasion to detect the fallacy of this advice. The craftsman should bring his tools and also, if possible, a small amount of material for his prospective shop. A shoemaker, for example, ought to bring enough leather for one hundred pairs of shoes. The farmer should bring all the iron implements, with the

[1] "Renter" suggests the meaning.—Ed.
[2] Unonius admitted in *Minnen* that he was in error on this.—Ed.

exception of plow and axes, that he may need for the cultivation of his land. He should bring iron for harrows, scythes, saws, sickles, etc., and even the wheels and frame for a farm wagon. We have just paid $65 for such a frame, i. e., about 260 *riksdaler riksgäld* in Swedish money. Add the cost of transportation to the Swedish price and yet the sum would not be nearly as large. For two simple iron bands for a sledge and two accompanying iron pegs, of which we could have obtained just as good ones from any Swedish village blacksmith for two or three *riksdaler* (perhaps even not that much), we paid two dollars and five shillings, approximately ten *riksdaler* in Swedish money. Such expenses considerably deplete the emigrant's capital. I shall give an account of our own traveling and transportation expenses. Passage from a Swedish port to New York costs about one hundred *riksdaler* per person. Supplies for the trip come to about fifty or sixty *riksdaler riksgäld.*[1] For the above-mentioned fare one can and ought to be permitted to bring those articles along which I referred to as necessary for the emigrant. In New York bargaining with a transportation company is in order. We dealt with one (whose address card I have lost) for which Messrs. Mark and Turner are agents. Their office is (that much at least I can remember) on the corner of Greenwich and Liberty Streets. Here we paid twelve dollars per person for the whole trip, including Chicago. In arranging this you should take the precaution of having the agent give a receipt for the amount he has received for your transportation and have it recorded with some reliable business man to whom you have taken your letter of credit or with whom you have some business relation. Without this precaution we would certainly have had to pay an additional fare in Buffalo in order to continue our journey. For the above stated fare we traveled the 162 miles to Albany in the choicest place on the steamboat; we also paid three dollars excess on our effects. From there we went further on a canal boat to Buffalo and paid twenty dollars excess weight; from thence by steamboat to Milwaukee, without excess charges—perhaps because of the haste with which we unloaded our goods from the boat. It should be added that we did not have the best place between Buffalo and Milwaukee but lodged in the steerage where, how-

[1] About twelve to fifteen dollars.—Ed.

ever, we had our own bedrooms and were entirely free from exposure to wind and cold. Thus the five of us came from New York to Milwaukee for the total sum of $85, including baggage weighing somewhat over 2500 English pounds. One passenger can take free of charge not to exceed one hundred pounds on the steamboat and fifty on the canal boat. I assume that each emigrant will have to pay fifty dollars for the goods he transports from home, yet he will find it much cheaper than if he bought them here in the West. He should be well fitted out with underwear, clothes, bedding, and shoes. One of us paid four *riksdaler riksgäld* for half-soleing a pair of boots. If some of the common articles of furniture could be taken along by the emigrant who is accustomed to somewhat more comfort than a farmer's log cabin offers, they would not be without their usefulness. The most simple chair, costing in Sweden 1:24, is worth a dollar here and a very simple bureau eighteen dollars. In spite of opinions to the contrary, I advise the emigrant to take with him as much as he can of household goods and articles, especially hardware. Assuming that he does not burden himself with unnecessary baggage, I can guarantee that he will undoubtedly find it to his advantage, unless he should take the route through Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, in which case I have reason to believe that the railroad transportation will be much more expensive than the way we came. At the same time that I encourage the emigrant to take with him sundry necessities for his own use, on the other hand I strongly urge him not to bring any articles to sell. The Swedish Emigrant Society's publication[1] which appeared this year contains, among many other erroneous statements, the information that the emigrant should bring firearms, clocks, pipes, etc., to sell. I venture to say on good grounds that the profit on them would be small, if anything at all. Firearms may be obtained here at almost the same price as in Sweden and besides they are fashioned in an elegant and attractive manner compared to ours. Here, and nowhere else, the hunter should purchase his shotgun. There is no money in clocks, and I have yet to see anyone smoking a meerschaum pipe. Especially if the emigrant has no knowledge of English, he will soon find that he must sell everything at a low price and buy

[1] See Introduction.—Ed.

at a high price. This advice perhaps will at first appear rather strange, but the truth of it can be attested by many others. The only things that I know of now that can be of any profit to the emigrant to bring for sale are leeches and furs. For eight *riksdaler* apiece he can buy sheepskins in Elsinore and here in the West he can sell them for at least ten dollars apiece, thus making a profit of twenty-four *riksdaler*[1] per skin. Furthermore, I warn against any commercial speculation of any kind. The most profitable commodity the emigrant can bring here is the ability to work. Peculiarly enough, in spite of the American sugar and tobacco plantations, snuff, sugar, and tobacco are cheaper in Sweden, where the raw materials are imported from America. Although I am so near Virginia, I can not get as good a pinch of Virginia snuff as in Sweden, and only the well-to-do here use white sugar. Most people use so-called lump sugar and it is just as expensive as fine white sugar in Sweden. The same is true of rice, which it would seem ought to be cheap. Apropos grain, what would we not give for our ordinary barley-groats and cut barley! The Americans do not know how to grind grain, and our Swedish stomachs sigh in vain for our beloved porridge. A Swedish miller who knows how to build and manage a mill would have a good income in this farming section. In general, I would dissuade the emigrating artisan from settling in the cities, at least in the larger ones where competition is strong. In a smaller city he would find it more profitable and his prosperity would grow with the town. If a blacksmith, wagon maker, carpenter, and shoemaker would settle on a farm and carry on their trade in connection with farming, they would certainly find it profitable. In time several families would settle around them, a little town would spring up, and the first ones on the ground would always get the lion's share. Land values would rise, and each lot would bring as much as the immigrant originally paid for his entire property. Of course, a great deal would depend upon the location of the tract which the emigrant selected. New Upsala, situated in proximity to a canal and near the main road between Milwaukee and Madison, is by no means unsuitable for a project of this kind. In Racine County, south of Milwaukee, the Norwegians have a

[1] About six dollars.—Ed.

settlement of about three hundred families, which in time, perhaps, will develop into something greater.

The expense of emigration and settlement would be appreciably lessened if at least a few persons would make up a party and for a time swap work. One of the group should be versed in the English language; this would avoid, or at least mitigate, many inconveniences. The American competes with the mosquitoes to bleed the emigrant. You must look in all directions in order not to be deceived. The Yankees are still in their years of indiscretion. Although they do not actually steal, they scheme in a lawful way to empty the pockets of the credulous European. They seek to turn every confidence to their own advantage. Watch them on the steamboats. At first they eye you indifferently, then gradually and unnoticeably engage you in conversation and seek to ferret out your intentions, and finally, almost casually, throw out suggestions to convince you that they can assist you in getting your business easily attended to. But be on your guard! Their personal advantage lurks behind this voluntary offer of assistance. Time to the American is so valuable that he would hardly bother with you unless you could possibly be of some use to him in his speculations. It is not my intention thus to characterize all the Yankees; but for good reasons I do not have much faith in transportation companies, land and commission agents, and I warn the emigrant against placing any faith in them. The country is flooded with runaway Irishmen and Germans, many of whom are more eager than the native Americans to enrich themselves at the expense of the newcomers. These circumstances, coupled with the inconvenience of traveling in a country where the language is foreign, leads me earnestly to urge every emigrant to learn the English language before he departs or at last to travel in company with someone to whom it is not strange. Everyone is not as fortunate as we were in this respect. In New York we met a ship's agent, Mr. Brodell, a countryman, who with much sacrifice of his time and with all possible kindness arranged our journey and gave us much valuable advice and information. If we had not met a Swede in Buffalo, Morell, a jeweler, who also kindly aided us and served as our interpreter to the shifty agents of the transportation company, we would perhaps have been put to additional

expense and much trouble before getting away. Where we most unexpectedly met a countryman and one whose aid was of immeasurable service was here in Milwaukee. The day after our arrival we were again addressed in our beloved Swedish tongue by a merchant residing here, a Mr. Lange, who was born in Gothenburg but as a young man became a resident of America.[1] For many, many years he had not met any of his countrymen, so after a few congenial hours' conversation about our native land he accompanied us to the land office and obtained for us all necessary information; and in a few days he accompanied Groth and me on our trip into the country. In a word, he has been our aid and assistant here. His interesting and cultured personality and the remarkable kindness he has shown us leads us to hope that he will realize the plan he seems to have made of settling in our neighborhood, where he has already purchased a few acres of land, in case a Swedish settlement is formed. Although nothing could be more agreeable to us than this, yet I beg everyone to consider carefully before deciding to emigrate to America. From what I have said above it may easily be calculated how much a prospective farmer needs for traveling expenses and to purchase land. In addition there is the food during the trip, which, including the provisions bought in Sweden, amounts to about thirty dollars per person; in this sum I have included the expense for a week's stay in New York. Besides this the emigrant must remember to include the purchase of livestock, without which his property will not yield anything. We have

[1] Captain Oscar G. Lange was born in Gothenburg, July 4, 1811. His family was German and Catholic in origin. He arrived in the United States in the fall of 1824. At the time of his first meeting with Unonius he was engaged in construction work in Milwaukee. Before that he had been a teacher at Old Fort Dearborn and an apothecary in Chicago, followed by construction work on the Illinois and Michigan Canal, with headquarters at Peru, Illinois. In the fifties he resided at Kenosha, Wisconsin, where he was foreman in a foundry. After 1860 until a short time before his death, July 13, 1893, he was a resident of Chicago and agent for a fire insurance company and active in emigration companies. He had a good education and was able to speak English, French, German, and Swedish. He was an original character, a good speaker, a warm friend of Sweden and Swedish-Americans, and active in politics. By virtue of the fact that he was an ardent Democrat, his political speeches fell on the deaf Republican ears of his countrymen. He married Bridget O'Brien, and although he was one of the founders of the Svea Society in Chicago and returned from a visit to Sweden in the summer of 1866 very enthusiastic about almost everything Swedish except the clergy, his children were unable to speak a word of Swedish. For information on the career of Lange, see *Amerikanska Posten* (Stockholm), August 17, 1893; *Svenska Amerikanaren* (Chicago), December 18, 1867; *Svenska Amerikanaren*, quoted in *Nerikes Allehanda* (Örebro), February 5, 1868; correspondence from Isidor Kjellberg to *Göteborgs-Posten*, January 27, 1870; Ernst Skarstedt, *Vagabond och redaktör* (Seattle, 1914), p. 37; George M. Stephenson, "The Stormy Years of the Swedish Colony in Chicago before the Great Fire," reprinted from the *Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society*, No. 36 (Springfield, 1930).—Ed.

just recently paid fifty-five dollars for a yoke of oxen; a good cow costs fifteen dollars, and a sow with a few pigs costs eight dollars. If the emigrant is alone and if he has not enough money to buy several draught animals at once, he will have to hire for the plowing of his farm, which requires at least five yoke of oxen, representing an outlay of nearly fifty dollars. Then he must include the fodder for the first year which I figure will come to about fifty dollars. If several families are together, naturally these expenses will be considerably reduced because they can be of mutual assistance. We have been put to heavy expense, so much more so as we have had to buy even the smallest tool and piece of equipment for farming; and it is not without worries that we look forward to next summer. If the emigrant can meet all these expenses, he is quite secure for the future. The soil here is the most fertile and wonderful that can be found and usually consists of rich black mold. Hunting and fishing will provide some food in the beginning, but they must be pursued sparingly, otherwise time which could more profitably be spent in cultivating the soil is wasted. I beg the emigrant to consider all these factors carefully and closely calculate his assets before he starts out. In spite of this, he will have to suffer much in the beginning, limit himself considerably and sacrifice much of what he was accustomed to in Europe. Without work, often with work that is hard and painful, he can not hope to achieve success. I caution against all exaggerated hopes and golden air castles; cold reality will otherwise lame your arm and crush your courage; both must be fresh and active. As far as we are concerned, we do not regret our undertaking. We are living a free and independent life in one of the most beautiful valleys the world can offer; and from the experiences of others we see that in a few years we can have a better livelihood and enjoy comforts that we must now deny ourselves. If we should be overcome by a longing for the fatherland (and this seems unlikely), we could sell our farm which in eight years will certainly bring ten or twelve dollars per acre, perhaps more if the canal is finished by that time. But I believe that I will be satisfied in America. I am partial to a republican form of government, and I have realized my youthful dream of social equality. Others may say what they will, but there are many attractive

things about it. It is no disgrace to work here. Both the gentleman and the day laborer work. No epithets of degradation are applied to men of humble toil; only those whose conduct merits it are looked down upon. In the future, with more experience and facts at my disposal, I shall probably discourse more fully on these subjects. Liberty is still stronger in my affections than the bright silver dollar that bears her image. I do not agree with Hauswolff that in order to appreciate the blessings of a monarchy, one must live in a democracy.

There is still another thing for the prospective emigrant to consider; at the time of departure he ought to take a letter of credit on some New York trading house instead of cash and see that he gets all the money in gold or silver. With the exception of the New York banks, all bank notes are more or less unsafe. In any event, it pays to bring gold or silver to the West, because for ordinary transactions the jingling coins can be exchanged for currency, at a profit of from 5 to 6 per cent. At the present time Illinois bank notes are considered safe, but next year there may be a different story. The emigrant should carefully post himself about this before exchanging his coin, and at all events he should keep some silver. He will do well to obtain as many five and ten cent pieces as possible in New York and in the Eastern States, for here in the West the former are worth six cents and the latter twelve, thus making a profit of almost two shillings, Swedish money, on every twelve shillings. In the West there is no copper money and consequently no coins of smaller denomination than five or six cent pieces, both of equal value. It follows that nothing here can be purchased for less than twelve shillings *riksgäld.*

I have read my letter and would add that there is much more to write if space and time permitted. It has been interrupted many times by pressing duties. My handwriting is uneven and the style is not as smooth as I would like. My thoughts have been strewn on the paper in great haste. I trust the reviewers will be more charitable with the farmer who has had to carry water and care for his oxen than they were with the poet who sat undisturbed at his desk. One further bit of advice to the future emigrants: if you can take passage with Captain Bolin from Gävle, you will do well. The memory of a pleasant, if rather long, trip calls to mind our friendly and

good captain who as far as possible tried to satisfy all our wants. If provisions are purchased in Gävle, inspect them on delivery. The Gävle merchants were not above packing into the bottom of our containers food which after a week on board ship had to be thrown overboard. On the ocean pure food is a necessity; the best and only remedy for seasickness is to stay on deck as much as possible. In New York one hears many different opinions about the West; but the New Yorkers do not seem to know any more about it than the Stockholmers. They talk about the dreadful rattlesnakes, panthers, and the like. As far as the first are concerned they are just as shy and as easily frightened as our Swedish snakes. In spite of their number, it is seldom that animals or people are bitten by them. If you do encounter one, there is no risk in crushing it with your boot. We did this the other day on our trip into the country, when we traversed unbroken trails through grass fully five ells tall without the least danger to us or to our guide's horse. The only other animal we know is the prairie wolf, which does not frighten people who are born in the land of the bear and the wolf. The mosquitoes are our worst pest and to judge from my own experiences European blood must be their favorite delicacy. My greetings to all friends and acquaintances. It is not impossible that we may meet again. My greatest hope is to pay a visit to the fatherland within a few years. If God grants me any savings, I shall set them aside for that purpose. Farewell! A brief leave-taking either orally or in writing is the best.

G. Unonius.

[*Aftonbladet,* April 6, 1842]

LETTERS FROM SWEDISH SETTLERS IN THE UNITED STATES

The great public interest aroused by the publication in *Aftonbladet,*[1] a few months ago, of the letter from Mr. Unonius in North America has prompted us to give publicity to two letters from other young Swedish pioneers in the vicinity where Mr. Unonius settled. They are the four Friman brothers, of whom the eldest at the time of emigration was only eighteen years old. The letters are addressed to their father in Västergötland, who has kindly placed them at our disposal with the privilege of omitting or altering anything that may be deemed unduly childish. We are of the opinion, however, that the reader will find them more interesting in their original form—their naïve language, refreshing spirit, and optimism born of a feeling of contentment and prospects for the future, combined with the lively interest of these youths in their new fatherland, while they are still partly in the employ of others and engaged in splitting the hard oak logs in the woods in order to fence their farm. All this is a sort of "Robisonad" which enlists the liveliest sympathy for the vigorous boys who so objectively portray themselves.

To the Editor:

I read with pleasure the letter of Mr. Unonius from the New Upsala Colony in Wisconsin. My own experiences confirm his, and his hopes and aspirations are shared by my sons who, although younger in years, are older as pioneers.

We (father and five children) settled in Wisconsin in 1838. The following year advanced age and poor health compelled me to return with a sick son to Sweden, where, with the assistance of friends, I could be of more assistance to the four sons than if I had remained in Wisconsin. They were the first Swedes to settle there and the first to write from that place.

[1] January 4, 5, 1842.

I am placing two of their letters at your disposal. They speak the language of the heart from a youth of nineteen to a father of sixty years, separated by an ocean. Their only value lies in their childish straightforwardness. But before I turn them over to you, I desire to note in passing certain matters that Unonius was not in a position to state.

In mentioning his expenses during a week's sojourn in New York, he omits the fee required upon entrance at the port, something we became well aware of and which depends largely on the character of the captain of the ship. Through the good offices of their captain, the Norwegians of the year before got off with $1.50 per person. Our captain, to whom we entrusted our Swedish money for exchange at New York, deducted seven dollars per person, which for the six of us amounted to $42 or 163 *riksdaler riksgäld.*

From New York we were transported—perhaps deliberately —no further than Detroit, where the inhabitants were engaged in manufacturing chinaware from clay. Here we stayed a week. As far as we went the country was wooded clay soil. We had no desire to live there. But this will not prevent liberty, commerce, and pasturage some day from transforming Michigan into an American Netherlands.

We were anxious to get to Southport, but we had to go to Milwaukee, a journey that cost us many changes, much time, and great sacrifices. We stopped several weeks at Milwaukee. Since his letter was written Unonius has moved northwest of there. My eldest son and I went south. From Milwaukee to Chicago, 120 English miles, we traveled on foot in all directions in Racine County.

On both sides of the Rock and Fox rivers we saw most excellent land, and in September, 1838, we settled down midway between Milwaukee and Chicago on rolling land, flourishing and fertile with just enough timber—similar to the Valla district in Västergötland.

Eighty acres of land, a log cabin, a yoke of oxen, a cow, together with the most necessary household articles and implements were all we had to show for 2,500 *riksdaler riksgäld,* our entire fortune when we left the Skara region. During my long and unprofitable residence in the fatherland my promising and almost self-educated children constituted my large

and compensating fortune. It was for their sake I went to America; for their sake I left them and will go wherever Providence directs me. Providence will not fail us. Opportunity calls to us everywhere and not only through Franklin's "Help yourself and I will help you." When I left my beloved children in June, 1839, they had already fenced with oak rails fifteen acres of pasture and ten acres for cultivation. Two and one-half acres of corn, potatoes, cabbage, carrots, etc., were planted with hoe and spade.

My eldest son, only eighteen years old, has assumed the responsibility for the farm and the guardianship of his younger brothers. He gave me his last penny for my return journey. He was without money and clothing, alone and abandoned, but Providence has not deserted us.

If the letter merits publication, I leave it to the editor to cut out anything that may be too conversational and familiar. They were written by children and by children to their father.[1]

Letters from the Sons of Carl Friman

First Letter

Salem, January 18, 1841.

Our Dear Father:

Your welcome and long awaited letter of July 26 was received today, and I will not delay a minute to answer it. God be praised, we are all well. Adolf has not had a single minute of indisposition since he arrived in the free world; Otto has grown perceptibly; Janne is almost as heavy as I am, and in language he and I are regular Yankees; Adolf and Otto have not yet reached that stage. I give lessons in English reading and writing to my three brothers as often as I have time. That is not often, because we are so busy splitting rails in the winter and breaking land in the summer. We have eighty acres inclosed, but it is exceedingly hard work to split oak rails—the only timber available. Only people capable of heavy work or possessed of wealth are equal to the life of a pioneer

[1] The sons are: Carl Johan, born March 21, 1821; Jan Wilhelm, August 25, 1823; Adolf, September 22, 1826; Otto, November 10, 1828; Herman, who returned in ill health in 1839 and intends to leave now that his health has been restored, was born February 22, 1829. (Note added by the father.)

in America. But if the vigorous and efficient Swedes would ever arouse themselves and come here, they would find the best land for pioneers; *but they ought to come soon*, because the land is rapidly being settled, largely by Norwegians. Last summer about one thousand Norwegians came to this territory (Wisconsin).[1] I met them and was told that only one Swede came over from Gothenburg to New York. There is room enough here for all the Swedes who can come. A new settlement has even been started on the western coast of North America, in Oregon Territory, embracing towns with 3000 inhabitants, increasing in number daily. Our towns, Milwaukee and Southport, have grown considerably, and you would not know them now. Burlington[2] is now as large as Southport was when you saw it. The only one left in Salem is old General John Bullen, Esq.; it is an unhealthy place. John Akin, Esq., lives on his pleasant farm in Burlington. Mr. Jennesen has relinquished the bonus, and Tobey is about to do the same; Miss Tobey is still unmarried. Mr. Adolf Rittbrock greets you. Last winter he got five hundred dollars from Germany and he expects five thousand more; he will then be the wealthiest man in the neighborhood. Eberhardt is alive and wheezes the same as ever. Esquire Lindsay (justice of the peace) sends his greetings.

Last year and this year we had pretty good crops and the prices of grain are quite low. Wheat is fifty cents a bushel, corn thirty-six cents, oats eighteen cents, and potatoes twelve cents. A yoke of oxen which sold for one hundred dollars when we came is now sixty dollars and a good cow only twenty dollars. Times are hard for farmers but the best for new settlers. If the Swedes are coming, they ought to come

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[1] Wisconsin lies west of Lake Michigan and was formerly called Prairie du Chien. Before 1830 the land was purchased from the Indians, but that year it was taken from them because they murdered fifteen white families, and war came as a consequence. The Indian chief Black Hawk and his prophet (prime minister) were sent to Washington, and the tribesmen—the last of them in 1836—were taken across the Mississippi, where three hundred of them drowned. (Note added by the father.) Black Hawk was captured in 1832.—Ed.

[2] Burlington had not yet been started when I left Wisconsin in 1839. Burlington and Salem are leading towns, each in a township bearing their respective names. A township is a Swedish square mile. Each township consists of thirty-six sections (one thirty-sixth of the land is always set aside for educational purposes). One section is one English square mile or 640 acres—eighty acres is usually the smallest area sold by the government unless one already owns land and is pleased with the location. The price per acre (almost one Swedish *tunnland*) is a dollar and a quarter. One dollar equals three shillings—ninety-six or one hundred pence or cents (ninety-six in the Eastern and one hundred in the Western States). One dollar equals four *riksdaler riksgäld;* one shilling equals twenty-four shillings *riksgäld,* and one cent or penny equals two shillings *riksgäld.* (Note added by the father.)

soon or next summer; if they wait longer everything will be more expensive and the best land will be bought up.

We have had, and still have, a hard time to get money, but we hope money will be easier next year when we get a new president; our elderly and honorable William Henry Harrison (this was written before Harrison's election) is sixty-seven years old, but he is not too old to do good. He is a terror for John Bull and our red brethren, the Indians, against whom he fought the greatest battle ever fought with them. The Yankee boys wanted to retreat, but Harrison cried, "One more attack and the day is ours!" They obeyed, and 50,000 (?) Indians bit the dust. This was at Sandusky, Ohio. Tippo Canno (a nickname for Harrison) was then only twenty-eight years old. I know about many adventures of this great man and many others, if I could orally communicate them to you, dear father, but lack of space prevents me from writing about them; but I pray God that the day will soon dawn when I shall be able to tell you all I have read about America's great men. I have read the biographies of Washington, John Adams, Samuel Adams, John Quincy Adams, Webster, John Hancock, and others—and of Henry Clay, too, one of America's greatest speakers and at present a senator from Virginia. Both Quincy Adams and Webster are members of the Senate.[1] Webster is America's greatest speaker and we hope that he will succeed Harrison as president. The latter now lives in Illinois,[2] where he owns a large farm and works on it as we do. The same is true of Jackson, who is a wealthy farmer in Tennessee. Washington was quite wealthy.

The whites and reds co-operate in killing off deer. The price is low: a deer that weighs about two hundred pounds brings two dollars. The skins are excellent and are worth two dollars each. The meat is delicious, excelling everything. I wish you had a portion. Janne has shot six and has divided the proceeds. We have purchased a Yankee rifle that shoots a deer at a distance of five hundred ells on the run, because we can not get any closer to them. This would be a difficult shot for hunter Hagström and his armor-bearer, Rydberg, the Hottentot. Is Rydberg still alive? Are our young relatives married yet? Is it Gyllenberg, the army officer, who has settled in Cincinnati?

[1] Adams was in the House of Representatives.—Ed.
[2] He was a resident of Ohio.—Ed.

Our territory is beginning to be like an American state. Roads radiate in all directions. A projected railroad from Southport to Rock River will run through Burton; and this summer construction on a canal from Milwaukee to Rock River was begun. When all this is completed, there will be life in these Western parts and farms will be worth something.

If I were certain that this letter would arrive at its destination, I would send you some money, if you would take the trouble to buy some heavy worsted stockings and some woollen mittens. Wooden plows are not worth the freight. If we should send American money to Sweden, how could it be exchanged? The best would be if you could borrow money and buy up as much worsted as possible, the more the better, for we can not get too many clothes; and it would be well to have them made in Sweden because it costs three or four dollars to have a coat made here.[1] Measurements can be made on persons of our age.

One could live well here if only clothes were easier to procure.[2] The safest would be to send them with a reliable Swede, or else to address them to the Swedish consul, Zachrison, in New York, or to Gyberg, if he is there. If I knew to whom you sent them, I would send them the money to pay the freight from New York to Detroit. I can pay the freight from Detroit to Southport at the latter place.

Last summer 12,000 Germans arrived in Milwaukee. Two Hungarian counts with about six million dollars have purchased considerable land and are erecting a Hungarian castle. A group of Norwegians have purchased land north of Greenbow,[3] thirty or forty Swedish miles north of here. It will be cold, but they do not care about that; free land is the main thing with them. The Swedes believe "It is better to walk up the street for a drink which pleases the stomach."[4] You can tell them that there is a brewery in Geneva which produces two hundred gallons[5] a day and that one gallon costs five American shillings.

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[1] The women of the family make all the clothes; bachelors must pay a great deal. (Note added by the father.)

[2] Clothes were difficult to get in Wisconsin because of the absence of flax, wool, and women. I saw flax in only two places; the justice of the peace, Squire Lindsay, was the only one who kept sheep, and women were few. Perhaps the increasing numbers of Germans and Norwegians will change conditions. In the older states conditions are similar to ours. (Note added by the father.)

[3] Probably Green Bay.—Ed.

[4] A peasant localism supposed to be used when the peasants were offered intellectual recreation for their leisure time. "Up the street" meant the "inn." (Note added by the father.)

[5] One gallon is equivalent to ten Swedish liter. (Note added by the father.)

We have schools in every township, consequently more schools than in Sweden, and we make better use of them. When you next write, use the largest size paper so that you can write a great deal; the postage is all the same. My address is, Salem, Racine County, Wisconsin Territory, United States of North America.

Janne has no time to play the violin except at night. Our cattle are healthy. We had a misfortune last fall; all of our corn and part of our hay was burned. The fire came from the prairies.[1] Janne is a fine boy and we get along splendidly. He will make a good American farmer. Adolf and Oscar are splendid boys, but it will be some time before they are useful. We all live together. I do not want any of my brothers to live with the Yankees. If our health remains good, I hope we shall be able to buy forty acres adjoining ours and then we shall have a pretty good farm. We have quite deep snow.

If you receive this letter before spring, we would be happy if you would send us some clothes next summer. All the clothes we brought from Sweden are worn out and to buy clothes here is almost prohibitive. We would rather give our small savings to our dear father for his trouble. If no Swede goes to America, it will be safest to send them to the Swedish consul, providing he will take the trouble to send it to us. Greet all our relatives and friends—and do not forget us, dear father. Your affectionate sons,

ADOLF, JANNE, CARL.

SECOND LETTER[2]

SALEM, AUGUST 14 AND SEPTEMBER 6, 1841.

DEAR FATHER:

Last Sunday we were happy to receive your letter of March 25th, telling us that you and our friends were in good health. What a pleasure it is to be able to communicate, even though we are so widely separated by the ocean. We are all well,

[1] In the fall it is a good thing to set fire to the tall, coarse grass on the prairies in order to get better pasturage, but for the isolated farm it can be serious. The prairies become seas of fire, the fire spreads for miles and in this case reached even the distant home of my sons. (Note added by the father.)

[2] I wrote twice before I received their first letter, which was three months on the way (the latter took two months). This is an answer to my second letter. As they were earnestly urged not to conceal anything, some sickness and accidents are disclosed here, which in the former they sought to spare their father. Likewise there is some repetition, as they were uncertain as to whether or not the former letter arrived. (Note added by the father.)

thank God. But the unhealthful season is approaching, so we are not yet safe from ague, which is the most prevalent sickness among the emigrants from Europe who are not accustomed to the climate and the work; but we hope the country will be healthful when it is more densely populated and the swamps are drained. Janne, Adolf, and I had malaria for three months in the summer of 1839. Last summer I had Bileet fever for about three months, but my brothers were well. Janne, who, next to Adolf, was the sickliest in Sweden, is now the healthiest and strongest among us and has to work the hardest. As you know, I perspire profusely when I work and have to drink so much, which is rather dangerous. Adolf is a splendid boy, but he is still small and weak and unable to be of much help. As you know, he has a good mind and under my tutelage has arrived at the stage where he can read newspapers and books. Otto is still short but rather quick and wiry. He stays at home.

We have had many misfortunes since you were here. First of all, our Lane cow[1] mired in a swamp and was dead when we found her the next day; then our hay and corn burned in a prairie fire; and last spring in a severe storm a tree fell on one of our oxen and crushed his back.[2] He is still alive, but we intend to butcher him for Christmas.

Through all this, if God grants us health, we see hopes of a comfortable living in the future. We have worked and bought another cow, a bull calf, and an ox to replace the injured one. We have pigs and five acres of good corn. Next fall we intend to sow five acres of wheat on new land. As yet we have not cultivated much of our own farm, as we have had to work for the Yankees to get money for clothes, which are exorbitantly expensive. The clothes we brought from Sweden wore out long ago. A coat costs twelve dollars, a pair of trousers five, and a pair of boots four dollars. If we only had the strong Swedish worsted! We are kept at work all the time in order to clothe ourselves. Clothes are the most expensive things here. If we had clothes, we could live quite comfortably. We are glad to hear that the Swedes are beginning to awaken from their slumber.[3] Here there is still an abundance of land, but they must come soon, because it is selling fast. The Swedes ought

[1] Bought from Lane, a shoemaker, for $35. (Note added by the father.)
[2] Many oaks which had been cut were supported by other trees and ready to fall in a storm. (Note added by the father.)
[3] The Swedish Emigration Society. (Note added by the father.)

to come next summer, if possible, for the best land is bought up first. It would be a good chance to send some clothes with them. Our greatest need is woollen clothes and stockings. If they are measured on Pelle,[1] I am sure they will be large enough for Janne and me. Adolf is about your size. Do not send hardware, because it is too heavy.[2] In case there are no Swedes leaving next summer, could you send with a Swedish sea captain some clothes in a trunk addressed to us in care of Mr. Ernst Zachrison or some other trustworthy man who could arrange with a company in New York for shipment to Detroit, or still better, to Southport? But I do not know whether the latter could be done—we should probably have to pay the freight from Detroit.

About one hundred Norwegian families live about sixteen English miles (two and one-half Swedish) north of here. They are pretty industrious people and some are quite prosperous. We have been invited there but as yet have not had time to go. We intend to go soon. A young minister from Stockholm has also come; his name is Linblom or Lindblom.—Was there such a person in Stockholm? He went to Norway to learn the Norwegian language, came to New York last fall, is now a minister among the Norwegians, and intends to marry a Norwegian girl.

I wish a considerable number of Swedes would come together and buy enough land to prevent the Yankees from separating us. It is better to live in a group. Next spring I intend to build a house so that we can receive the Swedes on arrival. If we have good health, we hope to buy more land and build on a hill. We would be happy if you could come and live near us. Can you not get your pension transferred? I do not know what the conditions are.

Rittbrock, as you know, expected money; he has received seven hundred dollars and expects more. He is now erecting a large house and next year intends to build a large barn. Janne and I at present are working in the harvest for Squire Perkins at Burlington. Together we must cut eight acres a day; in Sweden we did not do that much. It is quite hard work. The Yankees are a strong and quick people and work

[1] An older married brother residing in Västergötland. (Note added by the father.)

[2] Last fall I sent only clothes. I hope they came through. This spring I intend to send other articles as well. (Note added by the father.)

extremely hard. Wages are low, the price of wheat is low, but it is the best time for emigrants to come. Last fall one hundred families came to Milwaukee from Pomerania, and a large group is expected next spring. Milwaukee is growing quite rapidly and has 2500 inhabitants (Unonius says 3000); Southport has about 1200; Burlington with its new factories is destined to be an important place. Geneva is a flourishing town; this summer thirty new houses are going up and in the near future we are to have a railroad from Southport to Geneva. The Yankees are not like the Swedes who would rather go up the street for a drink or waste their money on fancy food. The Yankees live well, but they do not stage large dinners; however, they go ahead building their railroads and canals. But money has been tight for a time, causing work on the railroads and canals to stop; but we hope conditions will improve. This fall we are to build a bridge over the Fox River on Rittbrock's land at a cost of six hundred dollars. I have contributed ten dollars for the bridge, Rittbrock forty, and Bondy fifty. The road will be four miles shorter than the one past Bullen's. The road will pass our land and there will be much traffic. If we are well next winter, we intend to try to split rails out of the hard oak to fence in one hundred and twenty acres and next year to plow twenty acres, if possible. This summer we have to work for others and are not in a position to cultivate much of our farm. The soil here is quite fertile, yielding from thirty to sixty bushels to the acre without fertilizer. Crops are pretty good. An accident occurred last week; the steamboat "Erie" on Lake Erie burned. The fire started from bottled spirits of turpentine which had been placed too near the fire and framework. Two hundred of the two hundred and fifty passengers died and among them were one hundred Swiss who were going to Illinois to establish a town. They were of the upper class and brought with them about $300,000 in gold. There were about two hundred life preservers on board, but there was no time to make use of them. As such an accident seldom occurs, do not let it frighten the Swedes from coming. They must come next summer if there is any possible way. They must bring plenty of clothes, for, as you know, excess weight (over one hundred pounds per passenger) is taxed at the rate of one dollar per hundred.

We wish you could send us some fur caps, like those Anders bought in Upsala; here they cost eight to twelve dollars apiece. We need them, for, as you know, our winters are quite cold. We had quite a late and cold spring, but a rather warm summer. We produce everything but apples in Wisconsin, but we will soon have them also. Our neighbor, Bondy, has apple trees which will bear next year; so the Swedes will not be at all lonesome for old Sweden.

We are not much afraid of a war with England, for Jonathan can whip old John Bull on land and sea. They could not come as far as we are, for there are narrow straits at Mackina[c], and there we have two strong forts, so they never could enter Lake Michigan. If England declares war on America, she is certain to lose Canada, which is the last foothold she has in America; yet we have some old generals who could whip her as decisively as Jackson and Harrison did.

P. S. September 6. I see that there is much unrest in Turkey and that the Turks are massacreing the Christians. We get quite fresh news from Europe. It takes the steamboats twelve days from Liverpool to New York. We get our newspapers from Southport; there are two, a Democratic and a Whig paper. I have read many interesting books about the Revolution and the last war; I wish you had them, because I know you would enjoy them. I have even read the life of King Charles XII. The Yankees think he was as great a general as Washington. Napoleon also has great fame here. Almost every Yankee has read the works of Walter Scott. Lindsay has a copy of Bonaparte's life by Walter Scott. Each township or district in the old states has a library, some with a thousand books which the young folks can borrow and read free of charge; through this the people become educated and quite refined. The people here know more and are more refined than the middle class in Sweden. Of those who come from Europe the Irish and Scotch are the worst; the Irish emigrate in greater numbers than any other nation.

The fourth of July was celebrated with great festivity. The people in Geneva provided a free dinner for three hundred persons. I was there also. Beautiful songs were sung.

Last winter I saw in a temperance paper a letter from an

American, dated at Stockholm in October, in which he said that he was seeking to convert the Swedes from the use of *brännvin* and that Bishop Franzen and Archbishop Wallin were helping him and that a temperance society was being established in every district. I am glad if that is so. He said that three thousand people in Jämtland gathered and blessed him and America which sent such a man.

This summer is quite healthful, not a single person is sick. We believe that this country will become quite healthful; people are healthier here than in Sweden.

My address is Town of Salem, Racine County, Wisconsin Territory, and the United States of North America. I sent a letter to you in February. Have you received it? Greet all the relatives and friends. Dear father, write soon and do not forget your affectionate sons!

C. J. Friman, Wilhelm Friman.

To the Editor:

I agree with Jacobo Benzelio, "Quis est usus hujus articuli practicus?" or more briefly with Olavo Suebilio, "What is the meaning of this?" My answer is: When it has been possible for a few poor young children without aid to make their living and with God's help to take care of themselves, it ought to be easy for strong countrymen who go directly to Unonius in Milwaukee or to my sons at Southport or to the Norwegians or establish themselves as a link between these. Unonius lives five Swedish miles [about 30 Eng. miles] from Milwaukee and my sons live five Swedish miles from Southport.

My son Herman (who came home sick in 1839), now well and strong again, longs to return to his brothers in Wisconsin and hopes to leave next May or June from Gothenburg, taking with him some clothes and necessities. At the age of thirteen, for the third time he intends to cross the Atlantic Ocean and take the road from New York to Southport. He is studying English and desires a suitable traveling companion and a captain like Captain Johan E. Nissen of the brig *Svea,* who is as honest as he is capable and with whom we had the good fortune to make our trip home—from New York to Gothenburg—in thirty-one days. We all wish them the happiest journey.

Lidköping, March 5, 1842. Carl Friman.

[*Aftonbladet*, May 28, 30, 31, June 3, 7, 9, 1842]

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM NEW UPSALA, NORTH AMERICA, DATED JANUARY 25, 1842

... I shall center this story, which I am telling to friends at home, known and unknown, around the request which not only one but several earnestly expressed to me when I bade farewell to them and the fatherland. "Tell us," they begged, "tell us whether Hauswolff was correct in his description of social life in the United States of North America; promise us to answer this question." I will now partly fulfill this promise to which I pledged myself. In the light of my own experience and point of view I shall try to be as truthful as possible and, if necessary, I am ready to defend my statements and stake my honor and reputation. If my words are misinterpreted and my evidence doubted, and if anyone attempts to refute my point of view as well as my accuracy, I shall hear of it, for my communication with Sweden is not yet broken; and from this distant spot in the slight time which arduous though congenial work allows me I shall not hesitate to answer the objections.[1] I brought with me several descriptions of America, including

[1] It should not be considered presumptuous to expect that my words will be worthy of notice and comment, for Mr. Hauswolff in the introduction to his book (pt. VI) states "that whatever touches on the emigrants from Europe and their fate ought to be read with interest and ought even in our country to be of value. Panegyrics to the United States, so often written without moderation, make comparisons which certainly are not calculated to inspire love for the reader's own institutions, and in the industrial class they arouse not only a desire for emigration but also an unfortunate unrest and discontent with their own position." It is not my intention to arouse any of this among any class of people in my beloved fatherland; I believe I have already in earlier letters expressed my opinion regarding the desire to emigrate, and once again I caution those who have such a desire carefully to consider the situation before they decide to emigrate. In respect to the dreaded unrest and dissatisfaction with their position and the situation in the fatherland, I would say that these where they exist are the result of entirely different reasons than the descriptions of America and therefore I feel sure that I shall be able to fulfill my promise to my friends without deserving reproaches. I can not end this note without making a further quotation from Mr. Hauswolff's remarks. "For my part I can affirm that I did not find any Swedish craftsman in North America who was any better off than his equal in Sweden nor who led a happier and more pleasant life." I do not maintain that Mr. Hauswolff's statement is untrue, but I do maintain that my experience has been quite the contrary. To be sure, I have seen only two Swedish craftsmen in America, but one has risen from nothing to a well-to-do man and the other has become wealthy in the ten years since he arrived in America with only two and one-half dollars. I have found many German craftsmen who have been successful and have supported quite large families.

Mr. Hauswolff's translation, to read on the journey. I was interested in viewing the situation in advance from all sides and in having different judgments to guide my own. Since then I have reread them without partisanship and now to fulfill my promise I wish to answer the above-mentioned question in the light of my own experience. The reader must not anticipate an exhaustive criticism, because I have neither time nor ability, but when I have had more experience, perhaps I shall attempt it. Now I shall merely touch on a few scattered facts and comments given by Mr. Hauswolff and I shall confirm or refute them as accurately as I can. I shall state what conditions I actually found, without implying that Mr. von Hauswolff and the author of the comments found them to be different; my experience has been different from theirs—that is all—and you can take it for what it is worth. To begin with, I wish to say that I have found (as have many before me) that this article seems to be written with the intention of condemning every republic and democracy, including the United States. Undoubtedly an attack of this sort is to the liking of many—for obvious reasons. If every statement of fact in the article were true,[1] that would not make the whole picture any less misleading. In describing America or any other country, one ought not to forget the shadows (and I do not wish to imply that there are none), but if only these are played up without the bright spots, which an accurate picture must present, the description will be untrue, for concealment of the truth which does not conform to one's own cherished ideas is equal to an untruth. The writer of the article bemoans the uncleanliness of the streets of New York,[2] the monotony and the hard life

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[1] This is something about which I shall later express my reservations.

[2] Using Sweden as an example, let us suppose that an American traveler arrives at the capital by sea. He lands at Skeppsbron a chilly fall evening; wading through quite a deep layer of street refuse, he meets drunken, cursing drivers; he continues along one of the narrow lanes to Österlånggatan. Such uncleanliness he very likely never saw in his own country; in contrast to one of New York's magnificent sidewalks he is forced to step into a gutter filled to the brim with a stream of every variety of objects. From the closely crowded saloons and restaurants he hears doubtful songs and curses and he meets more staggering individuals. At last he obtains a room in one of the taverns where, as often has happened, untrustworthy servants steal his watch or his purse. As a result he places an advertisement in the "Lost and Stolen" column of one of the papers, only to find forty or fifty besides his own, all evidence of a rather great covetousness for one's neighbor's property. If he is not acquainted with the Swedish language, he finds himself deceived in transacting business. He finally leaves the capital to visit Upsala to see the leading university of the country; on the trip he finds the Swedish peasantry represented by obstinate, quarreling ostlers and drivers. From Upsala he continues the journey further north to Gävle, where possibly he meets townsmen with "viktualie bildning." As the trip is continued along the coast, he does not get a very favorable impression of the Swedish

in a boarding house, the troublesome and uncomfortable trips on the canal boats plus other misfortunes which she met; consequently she works up an ugly mood which, together with some anecdotes on the dreadful manners of Americans, which she took much time to collect, causes her to express her harsh judgment on almost the entire American nation and its customs. I do not need to express myself farther in regard to the reasonableness of this. However, as the writer calls on all who have been in the United States for some time to testify to her statements, in passing I shall express my opinions and experiences in just such situations as she portrays to the shame and dishonor of half a continent. I have only time to leaf through these articles and my own notes; I open the first to part I, page seven. After having described her first landing in New York at the dirty, sewer-like wharf,[1] the writer finds "hundreds of strangers lying on the streets, where the city, out of kindness, has permitted them to camp. Their pale, emaciated faces have become tanned by the sun's heat, rags flutter from bones on which there is no flesh; they stare out to the ocean, their thoughts stray to the East to their old homes, and homesickness and regret grin horribly in their faces." Surely this picture, if it were true, would cause the writer to turn away in horror. I venture to insist that it no longer is true. During the eight days I spent in New York, when I visited the harbor daily, I failed to see any of the wretches the writer

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farmer. In the cities and on the roads he is accosted by many beggars, a class of people entirely unknown in his homeland. If then our traveler writes a description of Sweden, giving these occurrences, the truth of which no one can deny, and if in passing the same judgment on all, he describes Stockholm as seen from Österlånggatan and Skottgränden, and if he judges the morals from the many examples of debauchery and drunkenness which he may have seen, and if he judges the Swedish peasants on the basis of Barkaby and Hammarånger's drivers and the much praised Swedish honesty from the deceit he has met and the Swedish strength and industry from the ragged wanderers who have invoked his sympathy, etc., what judgment can we who know conditions better render on his description? Truly only that which I have made regarding the the article in question: that each event may be true to some degree, but that the whole, as characteristic, is untrue, etc.

[1] It is possible that in 1834, when the writer of the article visited New York, the wharf was like a sewer; now, however, although it was not as clean as one might have expected in a town as large as New York, yet it did not at all compare with the picture the writer has given us. A part of the wharf is only three years old. During these years the quay has been widened, by filling the north branch of the Hudson River to two blocks beyond its former place. The work is still in progress and the new section has not yet been paved. This is the reason why in damp and rainy weather one finds the place almost as the writer described it. However, large and magnificent buildings are now located on the site of the old wharf, and without doubt the new wharf will be finished in a few years and its cleanliness and elegance will win the acclaim of everyone who sees it. The unusually large rats of which the writer complains seem to me to be inseparable from a wharf and quay; they met me, too, but I did not consider them worthy of any particular notice nor of any special description.

describes. They must have disappeared after 1834 or, what is more probable, in a country where no beggars are tolerated, they must have obtained work and found opportunity to earn bread and clothes. Here I found strangers of all nationalities who had immigrated to America; but instead of pale, emaciated creatures I was met by fresh, industrious men, their eyes shining with a desire to work and live.[1] The writer describes social life in New York in a light and lively fashion. Her style shows such talent that it should have been used to interpret less prejudiced feelings. Here she amuses herself by portraying all the ridiculousness which the social life of every large city presents. I came in contact so sparingly with New York's social life that I can say but little about it, yet I did not find that forks were served at the close of a meal to be used for toothpicks, nor did I find that the gentlemen stretched their legs out over the balustrade of the boxes at the theatres. The stories about the fires in New York are unfortunately true. Usually not a night passes without one or more, and a stranger must admire the elegant and serviceable fire fighting apparatus which with surprising skill is used by a corps of firemen organized for this purpose. Everything that is said regarding customs and decorum, educational institutions, theatres, etc., is just as biased; and rather than select what I found to be to the point or to be exaggerated, I direct you to Arfwedson's interesting description of the United States, which I think is more accurate on this topic. Nevertheless I admit that I am no friend of the big city of New York. The shopkeeper's spirit is too prevalent, but to judge the American national character from that is incorrect. I have found the Americans entirely different. We live in an industrial era and it is true that the American is a better representative of that than any other nationality. Despite this fact, there is something kindly in his speculation for profit and wealth, and I find more to admire in his manner than in that of the European leaders. The merchant here is withal patriotic; in calculating his own gain

[1] The writer often refers to the crowds of beggars and wretches that she met in America. Curiously enough, a few years later I did not meet a single one, neither in the same places nor in the many cities through which I passed on my travels. Perhaps they were to be seen formerly, that I do not wish to deny, and in that case their disappearance shows nothing less than the progress of American community life in prosperity and in good "institutions," which, when compared to ours, probably can help to explain the decrease of pauperism here. If it is true that pauperism and immorality in a country are closely related, as a great writer in the fatherland said, then conclusions favorable to America may be drawn here, too.

he usually includes a share for his country. We need only to remember that the universities and other educational institutions, homes for the poor, and other institutions of value to society are dependent on and supported by the American merchants. Canals, railroads, etc., are all financed by companies composed of a few individuals whose collective fortunes serve the public for its common benefit and profit. One must, therefore, overlook an avariciousness which sometimes goes to extremes. It is true that the American is a braggart; his love for his country is a predilection; the experience he has had with European culture and institutions often leads him to censure them and in considering the advantages of his own country to pass over the good things which the Old World still retains. We find him to be a proud egotist, a quarrelsome patriot, and, if I may say so, an intolerable fellow citizen. Instead of the jealousy that prevails among other nationalities, he has these faults, if faults they be. During the struggle which rend and agitate the countries of the Old World he sees in the progress of his peaceful fatherland the results of liberty and equality which he considers impossible to obtain under any other conditions. Even though I do not wish to blame him for this, yet I do not deny that his resulting self-satisfaction expresses itself in a highly ridiculous fashion in trivial matters. I have found many pointed truths in the "Sketches" to illustrate this.

The description of the American and his country which the writer gives on page ninety-nine is much less in harmony with reality. She has used dark colors for this; I sympathize with her for the obstacles she must have met to arouse such bitterness. As far as I am concerned, my cheeks have not begun to pale nor my bones to protrude, although many more than four weeks have passed since I set foot in America (cf. the first section of this article). On the contrary, the youthful cheerfulness which was disappearing in the fatherland due to the failure of some plans has returned here; I find myself joyful and happy in my work; so far, praise God, my family and myself have been in good health. Many a refined European would perhaps feel sorry for us when he entered our log house and saw the single room with its bare walls and its simple furnishings and our sacrifice of many of the necessities to

which we were accustomed at home. After spending twenty-four hours with us, he would see our joy and our contentment; he would see us arise happily in the morning to take up our tasks; he would either accompany us to the magnificent oak forest and hear how merrily the American axe resounds from the mighty trunks, or on a merry hunt for the wild animals so abundant in the forests where he could admire the beautiful and luxuriant prodigality of nature, or he could go with us to visit the neighbors where, among simple and wholesome customs, many of which he might consider peculiar, he would better be able to study the national characteristics of America than in New York boarding houses and in Broadway's great stores. After such a day an hour or two in the evening would be spent in our simple home pleasantly discussing liberty and independence; he would hear our plans for a future without unnecessary troubles and imaginary dangers; he would see refined elegance, imaginary needs, and all actual poverty exiled from the house; perhaps he would even see us shed tears at the memory of friends and relatives in the distant fatherland; but he would also experience how with pious hearts we thank God for the position we now enjoy and how trustingly we commit our future into His hands. From this and from the heartfelt "goodnight" which we wish one another he would recognize four contented persons. Such has been my experience in America, such has been my mood. Committing myself to the care of the All Highest, I see no reason for a change in either. Many might expect a more poetic description of my life here, happy as it is by love and friendship and by daily tasks, but reality has seized me, though not with iron clutches. Nay, on the contrary, it has become poetical since my writing ceased to be so; my spirit is more poetical than formerly, thanks to that reality in which I live and work.—Pardon this little disgression to which the unkind description of the conditions of the European emigrant in America gave rise.[1] The unfavorable light in which the writer of the description portrays the American religious and moral life and the entire religious situation in America requires consideration. To her way of thinking, all is hypocrisy, etc. God alone is able to

[1] I have met many Norwegians who have settled about twenty miles away; not a single one have I found to be emaciated from worry and regretful of emigration.

judge men's hearts; our judgment is based on what we see. As we know, there is no compulsory belief in the United States; Christians of all sects as well as Jews are equally permitted to practice their faith. This principle, considered so dangerous by the Old World, has in its results shown itself to be no more dangerous than liberty in general. Just as political oppression often results in just those crimes and disorders it is designed to avoid, so religious compulsion is often the cause of irreligion. Here I touch on a subject that merits more extensive treatment than the limitations of a letter permit. I leave it to the individual to decide whether a government, in whatsoever form, despotic or democratic, ought to have the right to meddle with a matter which should be left to the individual's conscience, stirred by the force that makes us all aware of its presence. In my opinion, an impartial examination of the results of this principle which is expressed in the American Constitution is the easiest way to decide the question. In America there is no so-called union of church and state as in the Old World; the American clergy have no political power, but it is just this circumstance that gives them so much more religious influence; and consequently religion has obtained and retained a greater influence than in any other country at the present time. Tocqueville says, "Nothing proves better how valuable and natural the Christian religion is for man than that it has the greatest and most lasting power in the country which is the most enlightened and most free." In Europe there is complaint of loose morals—a natural result of the decline of Christianity. No such complaint with reference to America would be warranted. The influence which religion still retains is shown by the strict and wholesome customs. Granted that this is often only an external propriety, still it is better than nothing.[1] I admit that as yet I have had but little experience with American family life; but from what I can see religion has found a home there from which its influence radiates and makes itself felt throughout the community. The respect shown to woman makes it possible for her to fulfill her mission and, consequently, more than in any other country, she retains her natural loveliness and purity

[1] I can not agree with the writer's opposition to the strict observance of the Sabbath. She also exaggerates at this point, for in many places, especially in the West, I have found no prohibtion of Sunday work, which is not infrequent after church services.

unsullied. The influence she wields is incontestable; nowhere else is marriage held as sacred and nowhere else are the ideals of domestic happiness and contentment higher and nobler.[1] Consequently there is less frivolity in society and in the mode of life than in Europe. I do not know whether there actually is less incontinence, but it is true that a severe external morality definitely limits it in ordinary life and that any violations of the teachings of morality are considered contemptible. When I consider the few examples of such violation in respect to chastity[2] and temperance,[3] etc., I see this as a result not only of the commands of an external morality but also as having a deeper source, namely, religious education. The moral law and public opinion would not in the long run be sufficient to restrain the human tendencies to vice and excesses, unless Christianity's sacred precepts and spirit were a living force in the community. If the conclusion is correct—and I hope that my experiences will not convince me otherwise—one may overlook the rather rigid discipline and, if I may say so, the repulsive prudery which are found here and there in the American social life. In this connection allow me to say a few words about American culture which the writer also relegates

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[1] I consider early marriages one of the great advantages of American society. The man does not need to spend several years in a monotonous, often frivolous, bachelorhood until he has become unfitted to appreciate the advantages of domesticity. He is not a slave of the unfortunate fashion that demands that he have a definite occupation and a definite income before he can marry. He is not dominated by harmful luxury and conventional fashions. His ability to work is the security for an income sufficient to support himself and his family. No custom forces him to live beyond his income; he is just as respected whether he and his wife live in a magnificent apartment or in a simple room. After reaching the age of eighteen a woman may marry whom she wishes; consequently nearly all marriages are contracted in youth.

[2] The above readily explains why, even in the most populous American cities, there are comparatively few illegitimate births compared to the number in the Old World.

[3] During my stay in New York and on my long trip to the West and since my arrival here I have seen only four drunkards and of these few one, unfortunately, was a countryman. I do not feel obliged to include the many unfortunate Indians that I met staggering on the streets of Buffalo and Milwaukee. It is the intention to prohibit their use of this fire water which is so destructive to body and soul. Accordingly, the government has forbidden any white man, on penalty of a fifty dollar fine, to sell or barter to them the smallest quantity of whiskey or other spirituous drink. The desire of these wild men for it beggars description; one can not imagine a more insane and terrible passion. For a few gallons of whiskey they will exchange horses, hides, etc., worth forty to fifty dollars. Naturally there are those who trade secretly, but the regulations are severe and besides the American, although greedy for money, scorns a profit obtained in this way. Regarding this, too, I would like to write more fully than the occasion permits. As an aid to the promotion of temperance in my native community I can not forego to say that I have now tried manual work in a severe climate without the stimulation of *brännvin* and without using wine or ale as a substitute; I have felt fine as a result of this deprivation and therefore I can testify with great assurance to what so many contradict, that *brännvin* is not a necessity for the farmer and worker. I have been out at all hours of the day and night on the most difficult roads even in regions where I had to make a way for myself and my draught animals through snow and still when I came home I felt no urge to ask "mother to bring out the *brännvin* bottle."

to a lowly standard. Somewhere in my letter I have referred to the Americans as the most enlightened of people. If by that is meant the greatest number of scholars, authors, and artists, I am in error. America has few of them, and I admit that neither the states nor the nation show much inclination to encourage science and the arts. Nevertheless I have often found them much more appreciative than the writer is willing to acknowledge. If one understands "the most enlightened people" as referring to those among whom one finds the least ignorance, then my contention is correct. Visit any American log cabin you please, even in the outlying Western districts, and you will find the man who wields the axe and guides the plow civilized and able to express his ideas on a variety of subjects in grammatical language and with intelligence and insight. If you try to find out how well he understands the creed of the church to which he belongs, you will learn that it was not by chance, birth, or custom that he became a member, but, with the ease of expression which is characteristic of this free people, he will give his reasons and defend the teachings and precepts of his faith. If the conversation drifts to the history of his country, you will scarcely find a native born citizen of the United States who is ignorant of it; almost everybody is well grounded in it and shows a knowledge of the political situation and the governmental organization that will astonish you. You will find him no less informed on many other topics. It may be that in many cases his knowledge is superficial and based on the newspapers, but in any case it is greater than it is among the lower classes of any European country.[1] Public education among other things in America merits the highest praise. In every township one section (640 acres) is set aside for school purposes. Every day the children are instructed in the fundamentals, principally in Christianity, by a resident teacher. In addition missionaries are sent to the distant west, by the various sects, it is true, but all have a common purpose: to give the people a Christian education. I feel that Tocqueville is right in seeing in this not only Christian zeal but also political considerations.

[1] For example, one of our neighbors is a carpenter who visited us a few days ago. I was surprised to find that he could discuss Shakespeare, Byron, Burns, Fielding, and others, whose works he had read, and assumed that his position in life had formerly been higher; but he told me that he became a carpenter's apprentice at the age of twelve and had continued to work at the trade. His case is not at all unusual among the laboring class.

In a few words I have described the culture and customs I found in America. Perhaps you expect me to express myself on the American system of government. There has been a great deal of discussion and writing about it and more capable writers than I have dealt with this subject, so that my comments would be superfluous. I merely wish to say that I have found realized one of the boldest and sweetest of my youthful dreams of liberty, independence, and equality. It seems to me, as Tegnér somewhere says: "Here the European at last must send his household gods." Wise men may quarrel about the superiority of this or that form of government; but if the results of a form of government are to be the guide for our judgment, then, at least for the present, conditions in the American free states justify my homage to the principles upon which the Constitution rests. Even though I assume that there is a sort of equality in other countries, yet in reality what is the relation of the upper to the "lower classes" (an expression that should never be used)? Is not the bullying attitude of the officials and the "better folk" everywhere in evidence? It has even gone so far that many are convinced that the only way to handle them is to keep them at a distance, snub, and browbeat them or to "talk reason," as the farmer said when he was thrashed by the sheriff. In the most trivial matters the haughty nobleman assumes an unreasonable and ridiculous superiority over everybody, with the possible exception of those whose letters patent are in the form of bank notes. In most places even the minister no longer stands in the old homely, confidential relation to his congregation. The official and middle classes affect as much luxury as the well-born. Even among the wealthier *bönder*[1] there are evidences of aristocratic pride. In a word, everybody lords it over his subordinate and looks down upon a person of lower rank; the latter in turn looks at the one above him with a kind of angry contempt and at the same time scolds the one below him. One must be blind not to see the disadvantages of such class differences. Mr. v. Hauswolff has not overlooked this. In the appendix to the "Sketches," part 2, page 248, he refers to "the alleviation of social life in Europe" and deals with the situation in a way that furnishes food for thought, without, how-

[1] Land-owning farmers.

ever, giving an adequate treatment of the subject. Here I wish to call attention to only one unfortunate condition which, among many others, is the result of this situation. When, as a result of their low standing in the community, craftsmen—farmers and laborers—are pushed back and slighted, work comes to be regarded as something low and contemptible. This fosters discontent among those who must earn their livelihood by work and the desire to change their position. Many who are dissatisfied with their lot refuse work that would honorably feed them and give them respect; instead the contempt of the cultured and better classes leads them to a life of vice and there they remain and are despised as before. Everywhere one sees the unfortunate results of this contempt of the working class. They crowd the professions, where they starve, instead of feeding themselves by working at the plow or in the factory. If a *bonde* becomes rich, does he want his sons to stay on his well-managed farm? No, indeed! In hopes that Jöns will become a baron, he sends him to the university where he takes a civil service examination and is shoved into some office where he imbibes contempt for the status which he left and where as a supernumerary he leads a fast and gay life, perhaps squandering his father's money, which would have more than sufficed for a farmer's son but which melted before the glamor of the wide world. Thus, instead of a good farmer, he becomes an incompetent official, a parasite on the community instead of a producer, thereby increasing luxury and at the same time augmenting poverty. Every one covets an honorable station in this world; but when the farmer, craftsman, and laborer are not respected, human vanity drives most of them to another path where they bequeath debts and pride to their unprovided-for descendants. Everyone knows that these conditions do not prevail in America. Mr. v. Hauswolff correctly adds in the appendix to the "Sketches": "Every person, no matter who he is, is respected here, not only with reference to his rights as a citizen but also with reference to his individual worth." This complete equality exerts a no less beneficial influence on the public than it does on the individual. As yet there has been no perfect government and no body politic without sores and blemishes, and the American free states furnish no exception. I willingly admit that there

are deplorable shortcomings and much room for improvement; nevertheless I am convinced that America more closely than any other country in the world approaches the ideal which nature seems to have intended for the happiness and comfort of humanity.

I now return to the "Sketches" and I wish to confine myself to that section which deals with colonization in the Western States of America. In order to relieve me from making citations, I will ask you to reread the first part of section two where this topic is more fully discussed and to which I desire to make an addition. The government sells land in lots of 40, 80, 160, 320 and up to 640 acres, the last being equal to one section, i. e., a square mile, thirty-six sections making one township. Government land sells at $1.25 per acre. In Ohio, Indiana, and other Western States which are now almost completely settled nearly all good land has been taken up. Much risk is involved in buying land from speculators and I agree that it is easy to be deceived by them. It is therefore best for the emigrant to go farther west, where he can buy fertile government land, which will soon yield enough to support himself and his family. There is still an abundance of such land in Illinois, as well as in the territories of Wisconsin and Iowa. I warn the emigrant who is accustomed to a Northern climate against settling in one of the more Southern States, where the reward for easier work will be the loss of health and perhaps an early death. The emigrant who intends to settle in the West will find it to no purpose to stay in New York or any of the Eastern ports to get information about the West. The writer of the "Sketches" is right in saying that the land companies will deceive him. It is best for him to go directly to Chicago in Illinois or Milwaukee in Wisconsin, whence he can easily reach the regions where the land for the present is most desirable. There are land offices in both these places where he can obtain reliable information and maps. Nevertheless, guided by this information, he should go out himself and examine the land which is still unsettled.[1] After he has selected his land, the purchase is completed in the land office without trouble or deception. If he finds areas that have not yet been surveyed or offered for sale, he can take a so-called claim and obtain

[1] I have not heard of anyone who bought land without seeing it, therefore the writer's description lacks truthfulness.

a pre-emption right, that is, when the land is later auctioned off he has the right to buy it at the minimum government price. After he has obtained the land, his first problem is, of course, to erect a house. Whether he builds a good or poor house depends on his means and needs. To begin with we are satisfied with a log house, twelve feet high, eighteen wide, and twenty-two long, which we intend to enlarge and improve. In the beginning we lived in a temporary hut in the woods; but after the necessary number of trees had been cut and brought to the site we had selected for a house, we invited all the neighbors within several miles to help and in exchange for simple refreshments they raised the house in a few hours. The building is the simplest imaginable. The trimmed and hewn logs are laid down to form a square; one man stands at each corner to cut the ends of the logs so they will fit firmly, and the other workers lift the heavy oak timbers. When the house has reached the required height, openings for the door and windows are cut in the walls. We finished the other work ourselves. The roof and the floor were made of boards; the cracks in the walls were plugged with oak or aspen branches on the inside and on the outside with mortar made from soil dug on the site, mixed with a little water and some hay. Such are the first homes of most of the near-by colonists. So far, however, I have nowhere seen paper in place of glass for windows. When a building of this sort has been properly "mudded and chinked," it is comfortably warm but it could be more elegant. Like everything else in this world, the house is good or bad, depending upon what a person thinks he needs. For the present we are satisfied with what we have. Even in a house like this dwell people who, although they have not lived in palaces (see the above-mentioned chapter in "Sketches"), have had things much different and much better. Even here may be seen a few remnants of former luxury which, however, so far as we can see, are not draped in mourning. Therefore I can not refer to our simple house as an "unpleasant hermitage." Neither have we experienced a "Siberian winter over the entire country"; on the contrary, the winter, although often severe enough, has on the whole been quite mild. I remember that as late as December 4th we could still have the door of our cabin open and so far in January we have had

many beautiful, mild winter days. February is said to be the coldest month of the year, after which spring is on the way. The description which the author says Cooper gave of such a pioneer home in *The Sources of the Susquehanna*[1] does not fit here, and the motto should be changed to *"I am my own king."* For the pioneer in these circumstances it is necessary to have saved out enough from his money to purchase the necessities of life for the first year. He will have to work hard, but his efforts will soon be rewarded with an independent and carefree life. His life is not so isolated as the writer of the "Sketches" portrays—at least ours is not. At a distance of one to three miles we have many neighbors, among whom I have learned to know many respectable families who give promise of a pleasant social life as soon as we have become more settled. This has been my experience and I consider myself fortunate that in most respects it does not correspond with that of the writer. I have good reasons to believe that a new city will grow up in this neighborhood soon, so I have little fear that we shall die of lonesomeness. It is true that we often miss our home and the many friends and relatives who are associated with it; often we would like to hear "the festive chimes of the church of our childhood," but that is a longing which every individual feels at some time in his life when he looks back at the past. For who has not taken a few steps into the "chill valleys of the future" without regrets and a longing for bygone days? It is a feeling void of bitterness which with the grace of the All Highest will not develop into barbarization or mental degeneration. "Heaven vaults above us everywhere, and God is omnipresent," sings Tegnér. The man who forgets God in the wilderness may also forget Him at the door of the temple; if the Holy Church is not a part of the inner man, the perishable walls and colorful ceremonies speak but little of His magnificence and power. The writer's description (page 7) of conditions among the Western settlers is almost too much exaggerated to pass without correction. She says, "The merchant pays the settler for the products of his farm with almost nothing but whiskey" and "a traveler through these settlements would be convinced that almost all the inhabitants were drunkards of the worst sort," etc. Not to brand this statement

[1] James Fenimore Cooper, *The Pioneers; or the Sources of the Susquehanna, a descriptive tale.*—Ed.

a huge falsehood, I must own that conditions are said to have changed much in the last few years. At least here in Wisconsin, where the land was purchased from the Indians only five years ago and where cultivation is just beginning, conditions are wholly different. I have visited many farmers in Milwaukee County and I have yet to find a single drunkard. In most houses there is no alcoholic liquor to be found, and as yet the temperance societies, so far as I know, have only a few members. In my opinion these organizations have undoubtedly had much influence in diminishing the use of liquor; but leaving their influence out of account and even considering the time before their appearance, I consider that the description is exaggerated, to say the least. It is only natural that all trade should be by barter in a new and remote and sparsely populated region, most of the settlers having only enough money to buy land, cattle etc., and money having as yet scarcely begun to circulate. I have witnessed many such exchanges in the stores of Milwaukee, but strangely enough I have never seen whiskey used for exchange, nor have I seen the stupid and liberal custom of "treating" the farmer, which our merchants practiced. This bartering is already on a marked decline in Wisconsin because it is inconvenient and the farmer often loses money by it. The Territory already has two banks and the circulation of money is increasing. The farmer can always expect to get cash for his wood, hides, wheat, Indian corn, barley, and potatoes from the merchants and from others who need his products. These are the conditions here, the statements of the writer to the contrary notwithstanding. It is really humorous to see how zealous she is in her effort to slander America and everything American. She speaks of the sterility of the American women, asserting that it is unusual to find more than three children to a family and that the European women soon lose their fertility, and other nonsense. One needs only to travel from New York to the West to find how little truth there is in these statements. On the contrary, my experience on canal- and steamboats furnished cause for complaint of the prolificness of American women, for everywhere, to my great discomfort, a mob of crying children of diverse stature seemed to accompany every family. I have met several German mothers who could contradict the writer's

story with telling effect. Among my nearest neighbors there is a family with fourteen children and I find that almost all the houses hereabout are abundantly blessed with these gifts from God. There is just as little truth in the writer's statement about the poor quality of food. With the unusually good pasturage for the cattle, their meat could hardly be tough and it isn't either. Possibly, if we consider only certain parts of the Southern States, the writer is correct in this and in some other statements. They do not apply to Wisconsin, where I feel that I am familiar with conditions. I doubt that it would be possible to find a more healthful country than this; everyone praises the climate as being healthful and entirely different from that nearer the Mississippi and its branches, where perhaps it may answer to the description which the writer applies to all the Western States. The story of the argonautic expedition to the West and the successful farming there, which the writer (page 10 ff.) gives her husband the honor of telling, may be true; but it is strange that my own experience with the same events should be so different. I do not now have time to give a full description of my trip to the West; I shall only add a few comments to that part of my former letter. To begin with, I can give a more exact address of the transportation company with which we dealt: it is 126 Liberty Street; the central office is at 5 Coenties Slip. At that time, at least, we got the cheapest rates there. But I repeat my advice to be careful and cautious in dealing with any transportation company whatsoever. If one were to judge the Americans by these agents, it would in fact conform too closely to the "Sketches." To go to Chicago and the West it is best to go by way of Albany and Buffalo; it is the least expensive and more luggage can be taken on that route.

We left New York late in the evening of September 17th and during the night we covered the 162 miles to Albany. Consequently we missed all the beauties of the Hudson River Valley. As long as I live I shall never forget that night. We had bidden a sad farewell to our homeland and we had sorrowfully separated from our dearest ones—but never before had we felt ourselves so alone and forsaken as now. Our good captain had up to that time been a tie that united us to the homeland; in all business affairs he had served as our inter-

preter of a language as yet almost entirely strange to us; now the last tie was severed and we were alone in a strange world, scarcely able to make ourselves understood to the groups of people who surrounded us and spoke to us in the unfamiliar tongue. The steamboat was packed with people of various classes and colors, it blew and rained, confusion reigned everywhere on board and, in truth, the surroundings were such that they brought to my mind the less favorable stories I had heard and read about America. I could not sleep and I felt the heavy responsibility of the decision I had made and with trembling thought of the fate that awaited me and her who for my sake had left mother, sisters, and brothers and had entrusted her fate in my hands. Not in vain did I pray to the All Highest for protection; thus far He has watched over us in a miraculous and wonderful way. His hand has clearly guided us on our dangerous and difficult journey. In Albany we boarded a canal boat for Buffalo. I shall omit a description of the Erie Canal and the cities we passed. In Arfwedson's and Gosselman's *Travels* you can find a satisfactory account. With justice this part of the journey may be called a torture, because the crowding on the boats is simply unbearable and the passage through the locks, especially at night, is anything but pleasant. This agony, however, did not last for four weeks, as the "Sketches" state, for we arrived at Buffalo in good condition on the 26th of September without losing by death a single one of the numerous passengers (except a child a few months old who was brought on board sick). According to the "Sketches," five out of every hundred were doomed to death en route and the others to arrive at Buffalo half dead. On the contrary, we all arrived at Buffalo in pretty good spirits. On the trip we had some practice in the English language and obtained a variety of information about the distant West. As if by chance, we changed our plans. Chicago was our original destination, but after hearing so many favorable reports about Wisconsin Territory, we decided to look around there first and land at Milwaukee. During this journey we also met many European emigrants whose stories contradicted many things in Hauswolff's "Sketches." Life and activity were everywhere in evidence. The deathly silence (mentioned on page 13) was indeed rare, and I sought in vain for "human bones protruding from

the soggy ground and disclosing the graves of starved Europeans." Buffalo is now quite a city and if in 1834 it conformed to the description in the "Sketches" (page 19), it merely proves how everything in America progresses. The streets are paved and there are splendid sidewalks and stately houses. The food, cooked as well as uncooked, was good enough. I mention these trivialities merely as a contradiction to the "Sketches." [1] As Arfwedson says, "In Buffalo the emigrant bids farewell to the more civilized world." I advise him to buy at this place the necessary articles for farming, especially iron implements, unless he has brought them with him, which proved advantageous for us Swedes. Farther west he will find an inferior article at a higher price. On the whole, our stay in Buffalo was not very pleasant. The agents of the transportation company delayed the time for our departure. This, however, was fortunate. If we had left on the first steamboat, I would not have had the pleasure of refuting the untrue statements about America in Mr. v. Hauswolff's translation. In that event we would doubtless have embarked on a steamer which we later learned was wrecked on one of the Great Lakes, with a loss of all but three of the hundreds of passengers. Such disasters on steamboats are by no means unusual and I therefore warn travelers to be careful. The steamer on which we finally left Buffalo is called the "Illinois" and is considered to be the safest and best of the westbound boats.[2] On Sunday,

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[1] When I reread the "Sketches," I am ready to believe that the writer on her travels must have used two kinds of glasses; mangnifying glasses when she saw the faults and diminufying ones when she saw things that pleased her.

[2] I do not wish to pass over in silence an event which, if painted in the style of the "Sketches," would be in the darkest colors and would furnish proof of American deceitfulness. Our friend, Ivar, while on board the boat in Buffalo had purchased a ticket to Cleveland, where the boat was scheduled to land. When we entered the lake, he was found to be the only one ticketed for that place, whereupon the captain said he did not consider it worth while to land there but forced our friend, in spite of protests, to continue to the next stopping place, Detroit, from whence he got a free passage to his destination on a ship leaving the next day. I do not defend this action, but how it could be played up, if one were so disposed!

Carl Friman's letter of July 4, 1842, mentions the arrival of Ivar Hagberg at New Upsala in the spring of that year. The young student changed his plans and left the Unonius party, with the intention of going to Cincinnati to look up the Swedes who resided there and of securing employment for the winter, after which he planned to rejoin his companions, a little richer in the coin of the realm. After working on a farm for a short time, he secured employment in an amusement resort in Cincinnati, operated by a scion of a Swedish noble family, Jacob Otto Natt och Dag, who took the name of Frederic Franks in America. As an army officer in Sweden he was too outspoken and met the usual fate of the man in military uniform who has ideas and makes them public. In 1815 he went to Germany, where he went a step farther by publishing a book in which he said some very unkind things about the new Bernadotte dynasty, an offense which brought upon him the sentence of death. He probably left Germany in favor of the United States in 1816. After a checkered career, he died at Cincinnati, December 4, 1865, survived by his American wife and daughter. The

October 3, we landed at last in Milwaukee, a three-year-old town of 5,000 inhabitants, the county seat of Milwaukee County in Wisconsin Territory. After obtaining the necessary information at the land office, Groth and I made a trip into the country. As yet nature had not entirely lost its summer garb. We were charmed with the manificent oak forests, lakes, and rivers and soon found a suitable location which we decided to buy. Here we built a house which I have described and, on November 11, exactly one-half year to the day after we left our home in Old Upsala we moved into the new. But we almost came to regret this early move. Our house had not yet been chinked and mudded and the floor was unfinished, but counting on a continuation of rather mild weather, we planned to sleep in the attic for a few nights, since it was less open than the first story. The night turned out to be quite cold and it was by the special grace of God that none of us took sick. A peculiar feeling hovered over us these first days in our new home. The same day we moved in I returned from Milwaukee with a stove which we set upon boards hastily laid across the joists that now support a better floor. Soon a fire was blazing; and we certainly needed to warm ourselves after a three-mile walk in a rather heavy rain. We ate our supper without chairs or table, then, fully dressed, we went to sleep on the temporary floor of the attic, which was hastily improvised. The cover of one of our large chests was raised and with the chest itself served as a door. The chinks in the walls were so large that we could hand out fodder to our oxen which were tied outside. In spite of this, we did not lose courage nor faith in Him who during our entire trip had been our protector and our trust. In a few days the openings in our house were filled. I made several trips for boards, hay, and other articles which we could not bring at once, and in the meantime Carl completed the floors and the windows and a real door replaced the chest. All of this was not quite finished when a severe cold spell set in; it would have been impossible to have lived even a day in the cabin during that cold spell in the condition it was in when

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following material may be cited. Unonius, *Minnen*, Vol. I, pp. 87, 88, 294; Verner Söderberg, "Otto Natt och Dag. En patriotisk högförrädare," in *Historisk Tidskrift* (Stockholm), 1910, pp. 235–275; A[rtur] H[azelius], "Otto Natt och Dag," in *Runa. Minnesblad från Nordiska Museet* (Stockholm), pp. 38–46. This article, with letters, is reprinted in full in *Valkyrian* (New York), March and April, 1900, pp. 138–142, 196–201; [M. J. Crusenstolpe], *Portfeuille* (Stockholm, 1837), pp. 226–238; *Nordisk Familjebok* (2d ed., Stockholm), Vol. XIX, pp. 564–568.—Ed.

we came. Gradually we have become accustomed to our new situation and our new home, which from the first was dear to us in spite of its defects. We had traveled so much and had transported our goods from one place to another so often that we were glad to come to a definite place. Now we are quite at home, although next summer a good many repairs will have to be made on our house because we could not get dry lumber for the roof and the floors which must be relaid. The location is one of the prettiest imaginable. Our house is in an oak clearing hard by the shore of a lake. Before us, within gunshot, lies a beautiful peninsula overgrown with oak, American pine, and fir trees. A short distance back of us there is a good patch of pine and oak which we intend to plow in the spring. Our surroundings are somewhat similar to certain parts of Blekinge and to a portion of Djurgården near Stockholm. The lake is said to be full of fish, and flocks of geese and ducks bathe in the water. The forest abounds in numerous deer and other game, none of which are particularly dangerous either to us or to our cattle which now (the middle of January) for lack of stable roam in the woods. There are wild turkeys in abundance, also pheasants and prairie chickens, the latter especially being a delicacy for epicures. We have now attempted to make our little log house as comfortable as possible. For the most part this has been Carl's occupation, for he is handier with the plane and the axe than the undersigned. My work, on the other hand, has been to make trips to mills, etc., to buy lumber, flour, cattle, and other necessities, so that I have acquired some acquaintance with the English language, with the home life of neighbors, and with local conditions. On Christmas Eve we ate at our own *table* for the first time. Until then one of the ever useful chests had answered that purpose. Carl made us a Christmas present of a fairly good table; and it was with a feeling of satisfaction that we seated ourselves around it to eat our rice porridge. It was with touched hearts that our thoughts reverted back to our beloved fatherland, and we talked of our mothers, sisters, and brothers, and friends. Brother, the fine merschaum pipe which I received from you last Christmas and has been used so sparingly since my arrival in America was solemnly filled with Swedish tobacco and I seemed to see you sitting across from me at the table unwrap-

ping the gifts and reading the oft-amusing inscriptions. Father, mother, I thought of all of you and your pleasant Christmas table and the happiness and cheerfulness of the little boys; once more I was reminded of my own childhood, its Christmas joy, father and mother—what changes time has wrought! I am forgetting that I am writing a letter, the first part of which is to be published. I return therefore to more general conditions and shall in a few words give a description of Wisconsin. You ask me for some information about the flora and fauna. As I know practically nothing about these sciences, it will be rather hard for me to comply with your request. Perhaps in the future when I have more time and have had access to a good library, which I have been promised, I shall be able partially to meet your request. In regard to the fauna I can now only send you the information I have already given about the animals fit for food which are found here; and in regard to the flora I can only hastily name the kinds of grain which are cultivated and the trees which make up our forests.

The broad expanse of Northern and Western America is, as you know, divided into two valleys named from the two mighty rivers, the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. The states formed out of this region, namely, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, and the territories of Wisconsin and Iowa, are daily becoming more important and interesting not only for the American, full of grandiose speculations and industrial projects, who rushes in to settle, but also for the inhabitants of the Old World, who with eager eyes follow the development of these youngest children of world history. The tremendous resources of these regions are developing with the most astonishing rapidity and, supplemented by enlightened and helpful legislation, are giving rise to industrial enterprises of all kinds. Cities are springing up as if by magic; farming, manufacturing, and commerce are flourishing; literature, science, and the fine arts have found an asylum here and there, although the Yankees in general seem to have but little appreciation of them. And how could it be otherwise out here in the West, a region for the most part untouched by civilization until a few years ago? The uncultivated or cultivated land has greater need of the axeman than the poet and strong arms rather than scientific calculations. But even this will change with the passing

of time. Favored by a soil unrivaled in fertility, a healthful climate, for the most part, and easy communication with all the Eastern States of the New World by many lakes and rivers, this region will in a few years enjoy the fruits of all the advantages that make a country prosperous and a people happy. The St. Lawrence Valley includes the five great Western lakes which together with a portion of the St. Lawrence River form the major part of the Northern boundary of the United States. The Mississippi Valley includes all the land lying between the Alleghanies and the Chippewa or Rocky Mountains, the waters of which, pouring into the Mississippi, flow into the Gulf of Mexico. A part of this great area is called Wisconsin Territory which embraces all the land lying north of Illinois. It is bounded on the east by the Montreal and the Menominee rivers and Lake Michigan and on the west by the Mississippi and a line drawn from its sources to the boundary between the United States and the British possessions.[1] It covers about 15,000 square miles, and its population, which in 1838 was only 17,500, is said to be 45,000, and I do not doubt it, for immigration to these parts is very active. Madison, situated about eighty miles inland from Lake Michigan, on the so-called Four Lakes, is the capital and the seat of the legislature. In addition there are in the Territory a number of rapidly growing towns, the most important being Milwaukee, Jefferson, Fond du Lac, Lancaster, Racine, Southport, and others. The law-making power is vested in a governor and a legislative assembly consisting of a council of fifteen, elected for four years, and a house of representatives of twenty-six members, chosen for two years. The country is beautiful and productive, watered by many lakes and rivers, the most important of which are the Wisconsin, Fox, Rock, Grant, Sugar, Pekatoneese, and Des Plaines. The particular feature of this Territory, and especially the western part, is its richness in minerals. In Grant, Green, and Iowa counties, bordering on the Mississippi, there are numerous veins of lead and copper ore. North of the Wisconsin River there is a range of hills, and as it gradually rises to the north it forms a hilly region with an uneven and rugged surface, watered by roaring rivers whose falls and

[1] A few counties bordering Illinois are for the time being under its jurisdiction but they will probably be united with Wisconsin when it is made one of the states of the Federated Republic of North America.

rapids here and there present wild and picturesque scenes. The soil south of the Wisconsin and Fox rivers is the most fertile: in places the soil is ten feet deep. Pasturage is usually good and stock-raising in certain sections is proving highly successful.[1] As in the other Western States, the quality of the soil varies, sometimes alternating and sometimes blending. We notice first *wooded or timber land.* The most common tree in this region is the oak of many varieties: black oak *(Bignonia Quercus),* white oak, also called burr oak (the hardest and best of all, although not nearly as good as our Swedish holly), and others. The soil where black oak predominates is considered the best for wheat, whereas the white oak soil is the best for corn. The latter is usually considered the most productive and richest. It is also the most easily cultivated because it is most level and the trees are not so close together, leaving space for the plow, which is not hindered by deep roots. Of other trees we find tamarack, basswood (almost the same as the Swedish linden), ash of various kinds, aspen, birch (very infrequent), elm, sugar maple (perhaps *Acer pseudoplatanus,* rich in sugar), locust *(Gleditoria L.),* chestnut *(Æsculus Pavia,* said to grow around Prairieville), white and black walnut, hickory (also a species of exceedingly hard walnut which makes fine handles for axes and other tools), pine, fir, cherry, etc. Besides there is much small timber consisting of a variety of brush such as hazel *(cerus canadensis, Rhus coriaria, Spondias),* etc. (After I have spent a summer here, I shall be able to give you a more complete description.) Secondly, *white oak land,* which I mentioned above, is rather a combination of wooded and prairie land. These so-called barrens are here and there covered with small scraggy and low oaks and thickets of hazel brush and thistle. The appearance of this land led the first settlers to believe that the scarcity of trees was evidence of infertility and they erroneously called it the barrens (as you know, this means unproductive, dry land). This opinion was general until it was discovered that it is the most productive land in the West. The barrens are

[1] It is remarkable what little attention the people here give to their cattle. In many places there are neither stables nor cattle sheds. We have purchased a seven-year-old cow which until we got her had never been under a roof. Cattle are left out all winter, and sometimes the weather is severe. Hogs are let loose in the large oak forests to forage as best they can, the owner paying no attention to them for months. (The absence of barns and cattle sheds is frequently commented on in "America letters."—Ed.)

usually healthful and therefore have this advantage, among many others, over prairie land. They also have unusually good springs which are so necessary in such a level country. Thirdly, *prairies,* extensive, slightly rolling meadows, usually surrounded by tall, dense forests or here and there marked by groves scattered like islands which sometimes stretch over the fields like streams and sometimes are several miles apart. In certain parts there are also low hills, ridges, and valleys and ponds filled with water plants. The ground is covered with a thick growth of grass and varicolored flowers. These prairies cover much of southern Wisconsin, many of them several hundred miles in extent. The extraordinary fertility and depth of the soil is famous. I do not like this kind of land because of the lack of water. This explains why the center of the prairie area is usually unsettled. On the other hand, the land in proximity to timber is settled very rapidly because it is usually selected by the immigrant who enjoys hunting and by the backwoodsman. Fourthly, *the oak openings,* perhaps the most common land in Wisconsin. It consists of hills and dales overgrown with oak, hickory, walnut, and other trees. This land is usually modified by the barrens, but it is not as productive, although it has sufficient nurture for any grain. Here the trees grow moderately tall and there is no lack of wood for lumber. The oak openings impress me as the most beautiful landscape in the West. They present a beautiful panorama of green hills and grassy vales. You see straight, leafy oaks, grouped here and there like lanes in an English park, and between each row is an open grassy space bedecked with thousands of flowers. They often form a border around crystal-clear inland lakes, on whose surface small, densely wooded islands in alternating groups project their points toward the smiling shores. These lakes are fed by underground springs; few of them have any visible outlet, the oversupply of water gradually disappearing through evaporation; their water is good and can be drunk except during the warmest summer months, wherefore the settler should always be prepared to dig a well. This can be done very easily near the shore where there usually is a vein of a well which will supply him with cold and fresh water throughout the year. I confess that the appearance of the country given by these oak openings, with

their lakes and rivers, is what impressed me most of all. Almost everywhere nature's most beautiful handiwork is in evidence. The section we have occupied is almost all oak openings with some barrens.[1] The glorious valley which we see every day from our little log house is certainly worthy of Fahlercrantz's brush. I wish I knew his art, so I could give you a graphic picture of the beautiful nature which surrounds us and prompts us to praise its Creator.

The kinds of grain which are chiefly cultivated are Indian corn, or maize, wheat, oats, and to a less extent barley, rye, and buckwheat.[2] Corn is usually sown four quarts to the acre, yielding all the way from fifty to eighty bushels; oats sown two bushels to the acre yields thirty. In Grant County the yield is said to go as high as seventy bushels; a bushel and a half of wheat at the rate of twenty to thirty-five, and rye and barley about the same. About eight to ten bushels of potatoes are planted to the acre, yielding two or three hundred bushels. A man in our neighborhood says he dug six hundred bushels of potatoes on one acre last fall. From this you can see how little ground has to be cultivated to assure the settler of a living. The first year the settler usually breaks only seven acres. Potatoes are usually the first crop (the last date for planting them is the middle of June); wheat is sown the following fall and corn the next spring. Naturally the price of grain varies here as elsewhere. The present price of a barrel of wheat flour, two hundred pounds, is four dollars and a half, barley somewhat less. Corn is three shillings per bushel and potatoes one shilling and six cents per bushel. The current prices of livestock are quite high; a yoke of good draught oxen bringing from sixty to seventy dollars; a horse forty to fifty; a cow twenty to twenty-five; and a sow with pigs six to eight dollars. Now you have all the information which for the time being I can give you about our new homeland; perhaps more can be added in the future. You can confidently rely on the

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[1] We have several thousand trees fit for sawing into lumber, and in the future we hope to derive a good income from them.

[2] So far we have tried in vain to buy rye. When I have asked for it, I have usually been asked why I wanted it. When I said that we wished to bake bread, they shook their heads and said that it can not be used for that. The people here usually eat white bread, and rye, which is but little cultivated, is seldom ground to flour but after threshing is immediately fed to the cattle. I conclude that it must be entirely different from Swedish rye and of inferior quality. In the meantime I hope to know more about it in a week, for we have ordered a few pounds of it from a near-by mill.

accuracy of my information; at least I have tried to tell the truth and for this reason have given you only what I am sure of. I find that in many places my letter scarcely agrees with the other information and descriptions that have been given of America, but I can not help that. My experience is such that I am inclined to praise rather than to criticize conditions and institutions. Without encouraging anyone to emigrate, I confidently assert that the worker, of whatever occupation, can make a good living. This and similar assertions seem to be directly contrary to what Mr. v. Hauswolff says in the appendix to the "Sketches" (page 236 ff.) regarding emigration to America and in his remarks on the letter of warning of the German Emigrant Society of Baltimore to the Germans at home. As his citations in the above-mentioned letter deserve careful consideration by every one who intends to leave his home to settle in America, I will include an extract here. "In Germany there is a mass of books about America, written solely for profit[1] and therefore embellished with stories which have no basis in fact but which please the enthusiast who in his imagination and in his tales to others, who have similar ideas, paints them in even more vivid colors. In our opinion the clubs, where they speak, read, and write about America,[2] and the above-mentioned books are dangerous." To this Mr. v. Hauswolff adds: "Whoever desires to migrate to America must not only see that he has enough to pay the cost of the journey but he must also have enough to buy the necessary land and articles. It is just that additional expense that makes it difficult to earn a livelihood in America.[3] The individual

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[1] I do not need to assure you that this is not the case with my letter to the homeland. Neither are the descriptions of Arfwedson and Gosselman, with which, with slight exceptions, mine more closely tallies, any such financial ventures. However, I admit the truth of the German Society's statement. Many have described America in exaggeratedly bright colors as the land of manna and honey, enticing a host of misfits to come with exaggerated hopes, often lacking the means of getting to the West, the only region where the emigrant under present conditions can hope to be successful. When they find themselves forced to work, which they undoubtedly hoped to escape, they either return home where blasted hopes cause them to decry a country of which they have only superficial knowledge and on which they lay the blame for the miscarriage of their plans, or they become dependent on their countrymen who, being unable to help everybody, naturally wish to prevent the coming of any more good-for-nothings who will be a burden to them.

[2] Assuredly; just like all revery and exaggeration. Many religious meetings are also harmful in that under a semblance of holiness they give themselves over entirely to fanatical religious exercises. I do not wish, however, to condemn all

[3] This is quite true. In my earlier letters I have expressed myself about it more private and family religious services. It is the excess in this, as in other things, fully, as well as stating the cost of the trip and other expenses which the emigrant should be able to pay. As I have said, nothing could be more unfortunate that is destructive.

will do well to examine his own disposition, because the person who is not satisfied in Germany will hardly be satisfied in America, and sooner or later there will be occasion for complaint and he will wish himself back in the fatherland. There are entirely too many cases of persons emigrating because of discontent with the government finding much more to condemn in the new fatherland and desiring to return home if they had the money.[1] In spite of the fact that capable farmers and craftsmen can more easily earn their living, the former will find the American methods of farming quite different from his own and will have to become accustomed to it, while the latter will find hard competition from the adaptable Americans," [2] etc. There is in this much truth worthy of consideration by all who intend to immigrate to America. The article by the German Society continues, "We are convinced and have seen evidence of the fact that people *from the interior* write letters home in which they give a much too favorable description of their situation, with the intention of enticing others to settle in their neighborhood so that their own property will increase in value and they may obtain a fortune at the expense of others." In connection with this statement I wish to add a

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for him than to be forced to stay in New York or one of the other ports for lack of money. Laborers are not needed here; the American himself emigrates to the Western States. It would be entirely too much to expect that the thousands of emigrants who annually arrive from Europe, many of whom come from the dregs of humanity in their own country and are often destitute upon arrival, should be able suddenly like magic to whittle gold with their jackknives and to obtain a living in an already overpopulated country. This may occasionally be done by a craftsman with some money, and a few others may occasionally take advantage of favorable conditions; but on the whole I believe they are easily counted. I therefore caution everyone against going to America with such slender resources that he can not go West where the conditions are different; but even there, regardless of occupation, he must be prepared to work for his living. Without work nothing is gained here. Still I know of no country where the industrious and steady worker can enjoy the fruits of his labor more quickly and in richer measure.

[1] This quotation shows the spirit in which the book is written. On the contrary, most of the Germans I have met in America, especially those in Buffalo and Milwaukee—there are a number in the latter city—have said that they are quite satisfied with conditions. I warn the emigrant against placing too much faith in these strangers. There are many examples of Germans and other Europeans who greatly excel the Yankee in deceit and cunning, faults for which the Yankee is often unjustly accused. I have already had a distressing experience which can be charged to a rather dishonorable act of one of my compatriots.

[2] Farming in the Western States, where the soil is of the kind I have described, seems to me like child's play in comparison with the Swedish system, with its everlasting hauling, ditching, fertilization, etc., all of which are unknown here. If the Swedish *bonde* farmed his land the way the Western farmer does, he would soon starve to death; but, on the other hand, the man who has successfully farmed poor land would make a still greater success here. There is constant complaint of the scarcity of blacksmiths and other artisans. Their work is very expensive and not very substantial and durable. For example, it costs three dollars to shoe a pair of horses. If a craftsman, especially a blacksmith, settled in this region, he would receive a plot of ground as a gift from the neighbors, and his shop and dwelling house would soon be erected without any considerable expense.

few concluding words. This may or may not be true—I can not investigate it and I am inclined to believe it is true—yet I have had occasion to see how little the inhabitants of the Eastern coast towns know of conditions in the West, and for this reason favorable as well as unfavorable descriptions appear to them overdrawn. It is not strange, considering the thousands of emigrants who pour in here without any means of support and without the least acquaintance with the language and the country which is to become their own, that the officials of the German Association in Baltimore, because of that fact and others, wish to warn their countrymen at home to consider carefully all the conditions before they decide to move to another part of the world, of which they often have only a superficial knowledge. A favorable description of the West perhaps leads many a man to forsake his home in the belief that once he arrives in New York or Baltimore or some other city, he will obtain work and that everything will come his way. His hopes are blasted, although the description of the West, where he could succeed if he had the means to get there, is none the less true. I can give no explanation of the other accusation these words seem to imply. It is enough that I can justify myself in case anyone wishes to make this charge against me after reading my description of Wisconsin. I can not help that I have found the good outweighing the bad in the social life of America. In fulfillment of my promise I have made known my views to you—let everyone judge for himself. As I have stated, I sometimes long for the fatherland, but I do not have cause to regret the step I have taken. With God's help I look to the future with assurance. The soil that gives me sustenance has become my home; and the land that has opened opportunities and has given me a home and feeling of security has become my new fatherland....

GUSTAF UNONIUS.

CORRESPONDENCE OF CARL FRIMAN AND HIS SONS
(Continued)

[*Skara Tidning*, October 6 and 13, 1842]

The desire to emigrate to America has increased noticeably among the Swedes, as well as among the other nationalities of Europe. The fatherland is left behind either by blasted hopes for a brighter future or by ruined business, when flight is a matter of self-protection. The first-named perhaps hope to find a fortune in their new fatherland, believing that roasted sparrows will fly into their mouths[1] and that they will thus be enabled to enjoy a life without sorrow and care. If this be their motive, they had better stay at home. Anyone weak in body or effeminated by vice and debauchery or unaccustomed to manual labor will find his situation just as deplorable as in the fatherland. A free country where not only the poorest farmers but also the most distinguished men in the country engage in manual labor to add to their income and to the prosperity of the country can be no respecter of persons. No idler, slugggard, or drunkard who is of no use to himself nor to anyone else will be tolerated there. Even there he will be despised and wretched—countless examples could be cited. To be sure, the soil is more fertile and grateful than with us, but hard work and discipline are demanded, and, above all, a fear of God and virtue in order to win the respect and confidence of the new countrymen. There are no titles, no class difference, and the statesman and the humblest son of toil are equally free citizens. The true worth of a person is measured only by his deeds.

America, so rich in lakes and streams, is transformed in a few years from wilderness, swamp, and forest, seemingly impenetrable, into fruitful areas watered by broad canals and served by railroads and beautiful well-built cities which through their activity and flourishing maritime commerce spread comfort and prosperity among the pioneers of the country. It is not strange, therefore, that anyone who has established himself there does not wish to leave.

[1] A Swedish saying, translated literally.—Ed.

In 1838 Carl Friman[1] left for this delightful country after converting his small property holding in Varnhem, in the district of Valla, into ready money. He has six promising sons, of whom the five younger[2] accompanied the father to the new world, to which since childhood he had longed to go. Naturally well endowed, each was educated by the father according to his age. This little colony established itself in Salem,[3] in the State of Wisconsin, where no Swede had as yet set foot. Ill health compelled the father, accompanied by his son Herman, also in poor health, to return to their native land where they arrived in 1839.

Since the publication of their three letters to their father, dated January 18, August 14, and September 6, 1841, and published in *Aftonbladet* (No. 77) April 6 of this year, these smart lads have been a source of comfort to their countrymen; and what their industry has accomplished since that time is related in a recently arrived letter which the father has sent to the editor and which is presented below as a continuation of the earlier letters.

To the Editor of *Skara Tidning:*

As in the case of the previous letters from my sons, this one was not intended for publication. Making due allowance, it ought to be of some interest. This letter is also written from the heart. Being a communication between parents and children, it contains the bare, unassuming truth. It can be of no harm, for we do not need to learn letter-writing from Wisconsin. In common with us they have Moses and the prophets, but they read less Cicero, Pliny, Madame Sévigné, Gellert, and others than we do. Therefore it can harm no one and it

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[1] Born October 2, 1871, in Bresäter, in Bjorsäter parish. His father was Anders Friman, a husbandman and Master of Arts; his mother was Margareta, the daughter of Dean H. Brisman in Ekby. He entered Skara school in 1795 and took his entrance examinations at Upsala University in 1800. He became enrollment clerk in Skaraborg's regiment in 1808. In 1838 he retired on a pension. In 1810 he married Christina, daughter of M. Fröding, curate in Dala. Friman was highly respected by his teachers and his friends not only for his ability and knowledge but also for his clean life, unpretentiousness, and especially for his good character. An unkind fate led him to enter a profession in which there was no future for a man with his knowledge and ability. (Note added by the editor of the newspaper.)

[2] Carl Johan, born March 21, 1821; Jan Wilhelm, born August 25, 1823; Adolf, born September 22, 1826; Herman, born February 22, 1829; and Otto, born November 10, 1831. (Note added by the editor of the newspaper.)

[3] Salem is located three Swedish miles (about eighteen American) from Southport, a lake town, and about 240 miles from New York, from which only American ships leave for the interior. (Note added by the editor of the newspaper.)

may be of benefit to some. It makes us better acquainted, as it were, with the wonderful New World. Children tell the truth. Those who are least suited for America may be warned and frightened away by the naked truth, and those who are serious and have strength will be confirmed in their faith.

C. FRIMAN.

Skara, October 5, 1842.

SALEM, RACINE COUNTY, JULY 4, 1842.

DEAR FATHER:

On June 27th we received your welcome letter of September, 1841, bringing the precious news that you and our relatives and friends are well. We, too, are well and strong. We are healthier here than we ever were in Sweden. Wisconsin is and will remain the most healthful State in the Union. Emigrants from Europe and from the Eastern States come to Wisconsin to buy land. Many from England and Ireland have already come. About three thousand emigrants have arrived here this spring. Last fall, in October, a few Swedes from Upsala arrived in Milwaukee: Mr. Gustaf Unonius, a district clerk, with his wife; they had been married only six weeks when they left Sweden. A relative, Inspector Groth, and a Doctor Pålman [*sic*] have settled on a beautiful lake near a projected canal, twenty-eight miles west of Milwaukee, Milwaukee County. They have named the settlement New Upsala *and the capital of New Sweden in Wisconsin.* They are expecting several families and students from Upsala this summer. A student, Hagberg, came to New Upsala this spring from Cincinnati, Ohio, and several others are expected from there. I visited New Upsala last fall. They wanted us to sell out here and move there. Father has probably heard of them. Last fall Unonius wrote a letter to be published in *Aftonbladet* in Stockholm. I hope this letter will awaken the desire to emigrate among the Swedes. He is probably acquainted with L. J. Hierta[1] who promised to send *Aftonbladet*[2] every year so

[1] Editor and publisher, probably the outstanding liberal editor of his time.—ED.

[2] This will keep alive the mother tongue and attachment to the fatherland, as well as the virile but musical Swedish language—an expression of the national character—even though drowned by the English language which, although made up of so many languages, is cold and sharp. Sweden's prestige ought not to be solely dependent on iron, which has declined in value in the market and on the battlefield. (Note added by the father.)

that we can follow events in old Sweden. Mr. Arfwedson, the American consul in Stockholm (the same man who traveled in the United States), advised Unonius to buy land in Wisconsin. Arfwedson married the daughter of a Boston merchant. He promised his wife that she could visit her parents every three years. On his next trip he intends to visit New Upsala.

I heard a Swede who came from Cincinnati in the spring say that *some of the Swedes he knows* are true to type—poor and dissipated. *They do not belong in America.* The Norwegians, on the contrary, make fine pioneers; they have several settlements. I have been in one of them, in Muskego, about three miles north, bounded by four beautiful lakes (one of them a mile long) swarming with fish. The Americans call the settlement Norway. The Norwegians own all the land between these lakes. Yankees lived there when they came, they bought them out. The Norwegian settlement is a mile and a half wide. Two men stand out as leaders: Mr. Backi, the son of a merchant in Drammen, and very rich. This spring he returned to Norway to marry; he will return next summer. The other is Johanson, a man of about forty years; he spent a year in England and is their interpreter. These two men help the poor to get land, permitting them to work and pay for it as soon as they are able. That is the way the Swedes should do. The Norwegians have another pioneer settlement on Rock River, about five miles west. It is here that the Swedish minister is located—the man I mentioned in my last letter as having married a Norwegian girl. Gjert Gregoriussen Hovland,[1] whose letters we read in Sweden, lives in Illinois near the Fox River, about seven miles from here; he is very prosperous. Last week we received a letter from Dickson and Company (commission merchants in New York) containing the cheering information that a box of clothing for us had arrived on a Swedish ship from Gothenburg about the fourth of June. He advises us to return the box because the duty will run as high as 20 per cent. He did not know how the value would be appraised. He says that if they had been accompanied by a bill giving the value of the clothes in Sweden, they would be valued accordingly. Did you not put such a

[1] His letters branded him a gambler, sloven, beggar, liar, etc., but even in his case justice is being done. (Note added by the father.) See his letter, dated April 22, 1835, translated and edited by Theodore C. Blegen, in *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, June, 1922, pp. 68–74.—Ed.

a bill in the box? I shall request the firm to find a Swede who can explain the bill. If no Swede is available, I do not believe the clothes will be valued higher than fifty, sixty or seventy dollars in New York, because clothes are not very expensive there. The duty will be about ten or fifteen dollars and the transportation charges will hardly exceed three or four dollars. Mr. Dickson seems to be a very fine man; he asks nothing for his trouble. He also says that it is uncertain whether a box like this will reach its destination, but, God willing, he hopes it will. The reason for the high duty is that there is no person accompanying the articles; you remember that we did not pay any duty on our clothes when we came. Consequently, do not bother to send any clothes until you come yourself.[1] We are expecting you next summer, father, mother, and Herman. We hope you will come if you are alive. I know that you and Herman do not suffer much from seasickness and we hope that mother can stand it better than I did. The fare from New York is much cheaper now than it was for us. At that time from Buffalo out here a cabin ticket, including meals, cost ten dollars. It has been reduced to five. There is a dock at Southport where steamboats can put in and two or three arrive daily. You would hardly recognize Wisconsin; instead of a wilderness it will soon be a flourishing state. You will also see some changes in the old Hase estate.[2] We are building a house with four rooms on the first floor and three upstairs. We have about a hundred acres securely fenced and by next spring we hope to have two hundred acres enclosed. We have fifteen acres under cultivation, eight in wheat and the rest in corn, potatoes and other crops. I am well satisfied with the soil; grain and root crops of all kinds do well. Potatoes yield from three to four hundred bushels per acre. We have thirty-five pigs, almost all large, two cows, a yoke of oxen; we have had a couple of Bullen's chickens, but that cunning tempter (I mean the fox) came and took them. We

[1] What detains me is the difficulty of getting my pension if I go to Wisconsin. For even if I should secure His Majesty's permission, my American citizenship papers would probably not be honored. After losing my position at the end of thirty years of service, during which I gave my health and strength, losing my salary of 1000 *riksdaler banco* (my entire fortune), it would be rather hard in my old age to lose the pension also, for which I made payments for thirty years. Who has better children than I have? And who could wish more devoutly to live and die with them? If only the difficulties in connection with the pension could be overcome!

[2] In fun the sons named their home from its first owner, Frederick Hase, a Strassburger. (Note added by the father.)

have purchased forty acres and have pre-empted the rest (eighty acres). That is to say, pre-emption land must be cultivated. Credit is extended for one year. We have to pay for land next year. We took an eighty-acre claim. Altogether we own two hundred acres of land and when we have it fenced and about eighty acres broken, I hope we can live in comfort. Under no conditions would we trade it for a whole trooper's estate in Sweden with all its horsemen and ceremonies. Out in the woods we poor mortals know nothing of such. This fall, for the first time, we are going to drill under General Bullen.[1] Will Herman be as strong as we thought he would? If he is going to be an American farmer, he better eat heartily and grow, for a weakling does not get very far here. Give our love to Herman and say to him that we hope his health will be better than it was the first time he was here; for we can say with Doctor Hoppenrath,[2] "that we have God's blessings in abundance." People can live better here than in any other country because harvesting is so much easier.[3] The cows are much better and produce richer milk. Hogs are usually wild; we intend to slaughter eight shoats this fall. Deer are still numerous. I shot one last winter. Wilhelm (Janne) was away working all winter, so he did not have time to hunt. We are still without beer—the fat of the land—but I hope that we shall soon have some, for we can get malt and I believe that we shall be able to get the apparatus for brewing, for there are some Englishmen near here who are brewing ale now. The scarcest articles of all are clothes and money, because most of the banks are unable to redeem their notes; but I believe conditions will be easier in a year or so, for the day of judgment is upon them this fall. At that time all the banks must redeem their notes. I doubt that more than twenty out

[1] Of nineteen children Bullen has eight left; two are merchants in Southport and the others assist the industrious old man in splitting oak and farming. He is a tall, gray-haired man of sixty-five. The only things that betray his military training are his stately bearing and his loud commands. In 1838 he was famous for his hundred chickens. He lives a distance of one Swedish mile from my sons. Before his time eggs sold at twelve Swedish shillings each in Wisconsin. (Note added by the father.)

[2] Nickname for a lame pauper in Varnhem who slunk around and played the part of a quack doctor for cattle. When he was rich and entertained guests, his most frequent remark was: "Here we have God's blessings in abundance. Every cranny is full. The food is spoiling.—Cook it! Cook it!"—all the while hopping and prancing around. His real name was Speke-Lars. (Note added by the father.)

[3] Their land is fertile and easy to cultivate and the tax on real estate—the only form of taxation employed—is low; but making fence, carpentry, and procuring clothing brings the sweat on the brow of a Christian. The framework of a cheap log house of one room costs 200 *riksdaler riksgäld* to build and a boarded-up house of two rooms 400 to 500 *riksdaler riksgäld*. (Note added by the father.)

of every hundred will be able to do so, but the few that can will be safe. After the next presidential election the Democratic party will come into power. Mr. Van Buren is campaigning over the country; he is now in Chicago. General Jackson is in poor health. The candidate of the Whig party is General Scott, who is commander of our army and a noble officer.[1] The most expensive banquet which has ever been given was staged last winter at the Astor House in New York, in honor of the younger son of Louis Philippe, Prince de Joinville. The whole city contributed to it. The prince went as far as the Rocky Mountains, nearly one hundred miles west of the Mississippi River. John Jacob Astor, Esquire (who owns the Astor House, the most expensive hotel in New York), was born in Germany; he came here at the age of thirty and began to trade with the Indians in Oregon Territory, where a town, Astoria, is named for him, and he is now the richest man in New York. He recently established public libraries for the benefit of youth and donated $500,000 for the purpose.[2]

The Mexicans have invaded Texas with 15,000 men; General Houston, the President of Texas, has only 5,000. Recruits from the United States are pouring in. He says if they can defeat the Mexicans, they will carry the war into Mexico. The Indian war in Florida is approaching an end; it has cost the government 5,000 dollars a day for almost five years.[3]

This summer an iron steamboat is being built on Lake Erie. What is the condition of the Swedish trade? Is the price of iron high? Many iron mines have been found in Missouri.

All the land around us will be bought up this summer. If any Swedes venture to come, it would be best for three or four families to unite and buy land together. If they come next spring, you could serve as their interpreter on the journey. Do not bring wooden plows, as our plows are better, and do not bring cotton cloth, as it costs only a shilling a yard.[4] However, bring Swedish linen and woollen clothes. If you could borrow money to buy a supply of clothing, we would

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[1] James K. Polk was nominated by the Democrats and Henry Clay by the Whigs in 1844.—Ed.

[2] One dollar equals one Swedish silver *riksdaler* or four *riksdaler riksgäld.* (Note added by the father.)

[3] An American soldier is twice as expensive to support as the European. (Note added by the father.) This refers to the Seminole War.—Ed.

[4] An American shilling equals twenty-four Swedish *skilling riksgäld,* and a penny or one cent is equivalent to two *skilling riksgäld.* (Note added by the father.)

scrupulously repay you. We ought to send you money now, but everything we earn will be needed to pay for our land next spring and to build our house. And you may be sure that we have to work hard for it, because wages are only fifty cents a day. The prices of grain are low. Wheat is eight *shillings* a bushel, corn two, potatoes thirteen cents, butter ten, eggs are six cents a dozen, sugar ten cents a pound, coffee ten cents a pound, syrup six *shillings* per gallon,[1] and pork two cents a pound.

We intend to buy sheep just as soon as we can get some money (they are worth two dollars a head), so that when mother comes she can make homespun. We are also going to sow flax. Are you going to get your pension when you come here? Greet mother and Herman from us—and a hearty welcome next summer. Dear father, write soon and do not forget your affectionate sons. C. J. FRIMAN, ADOLF, OTTO.

P. S. July 20. The wheat crop is pretty good and the price is going down; the price is now fifty cents a bushel. We have had a very chilly spring, but now the weather is warm. Squire Lindsay has gone to New York to be a printer. Bondy is our justice of the peace.—This fall Rittbrock is going to Germany to get his money. WILHELM FRIMAN.

Today a Swede arrived directly from Gothenburg. Tomorrow I am going with him to Milwaukee to buy forty acres of land for us and to assist him to buy land next to us. He says that many Swedes are intending to come to Wisconsin. Some Swedes from Stockholm have already come to New Upsala. I believe we can get that chest of clothes from New York through some merchant in Southport. This appears to be the safest way.

Dear father and mother, come next summer and bring Herman.[2] We hope to arrange it so you can live in reasonable

[1] A gallon is the equivalent of ten Swedish *kvarter* or one and a half *kanna*. (Note added by the father.)

[2] Herman left Gothenburg, July 1, in company with N. Melander, a refined young man from the Eksjö region, and fourteen Norwegians on the American ship "Samos" with Captain Reed. The captain and the crew are of Danish birth. The ship arrived in Boston, August 14, and from there Herman intended to go to New York to take charge of the chest of clothes which on the basis of Swedish prices was worth two hundred *riksdaler riksgäld*. He also had clothes with him to the value of four hundred *riksdaler riksgäld*. If his journey was successful, he arrived at his brothers' the middle of September. C. F. (Note added by the father.)

comfort. You can fish in Fox River. Last spring Bondy and Rittbrock caught so many fish that several kegs were salted down. One pike weighed thirty-seven pounds. There are many prairie chickens and also deer. The Swede who just arrived did not pay a head tax, so perhaps you won't need to either. If any Swedes intend to come next year, perhaps there will be some good land still unsold in our neighborhood. Give our greetings to friends and acquaintances. Write soon, dear father, and do not forget your affectionate son.

C. J. FRIMAN.

[*Skara Tidning*, Thursday, May 18, 1843]

The Swedish public has greatly enjoyed the information which Secretary Carl Friman and his sons have at intervals communicated regarding their immigration to North America in the spring of 1838 and their settlement in Wisconsin Territory of the United Free States of America. Who has not admired the perseverance with which the old gentleman and his young, active sons in the Viking spirit have plowed the land and erected a home in a new fatherland? Their example has been followed by others. In a short time we shall see a new Svithiod on the other side of the ocean; for we are informed that settlers from the Scandinavian peninsula are continually arriving here. To Mr. Friman and his sons belongs the honor of being the first Swedish colonists in the interior of North America. We have followed their activities with the greatest interest and have wished them happiness and success. Human endeavor, however, is seldom crowned with such uninterrupted success, that misfortune does not enter in. Last summer Mr. Friman sent out another promising son,[1] who on account of illness had returned with the father to the fatherland three years ago, but now with restored health and added strength went to live with his brothers in America. He had a Swedish traveling companion, N. H. Melander from Småland. The ocean voyage was successful and unusually speedy, so they arrived in Boston, August 16. But there Herman sud-

[1] See this paper for 1842, Nos. 40 and 41. (Note by the editor of the paper.)

denly disappeared, not without a strong suspicion that this can be laid to his traveling companion. For the sake of the heartbroken father and brothers we hope for the best and that he will reappear. In the meantime, the father has received a letter from American sons regarding the sad event, and since this letter also contains some items of general interest, it is deemed worthy of greater publicity. It may serve as a warning to become well acquainted with the character of traveling companions who are chosen for such a long and adventurous journey. The letter is as follows:

SALEM, FEBRUARY 10, 1843.

DEAR PARENTS:

I shall now answer your welcome letter which we received in June. We received the chest of clothes in October. They were less damaged than any one would have believed after having been packed for over a year. The mittens and stockings, for that matter the entire amount, came in the nick of time, for winter began very early and we have more snow than we have had since we came here. The coats and trousers were somewhat damaged, for they are already beginning to wear out. Iron clothes are needed in this country. The clothes were just large enough for us. I do not understand how you could get such a good fit. On behalf of my brothers and myself I send our humble thanks. God be praised, we are well and hope our parents and friends are the same. This has been a very cool summer. Judging by the winter here, it must have been very cold in Sweden. The Swedes carry the winter with them. There are some Swedes here who came last summer. Mr. Dreutzer and family from Gothenburg have bought land an English mile from us;[1] the other man is Mr. Ihrmark with

[1] O. E. Dreutzer was born in Gothenburg, January 27, 1816. Unonius predicted a successful career for him, but not, however, as a pioneer farmer, because a log cabin did not give him enough elbow room. He had a rich experience when he arrived in Wisconsin and spoke fluent English. After a career as a sailor, he lived for a time in the thirties at Charleston, South Carolina, when he enlisted in the Seminole War. Thereafter he resided for a short time in Charleston, but returned to Sweden. where he studied nautical science and married. In 1843 he again came to America and took up farming in Kenosha County, but after two years moved to Milwaukee, where he engaged in various enterprises and studied law. In 1850 he hung his shingle in Waupaca, in 1860 was elected county judge, and the year following became a member of the governor's staff. He served as American consul at Bergen, Norway, from 1862 to 1867. In 1873 he was elected district attorney, residing at Sturgeon Bay. He died at Frankfort, Tennessee, whither he had moved ten years before to become president of the Frankfort Land Company. See Unonius, *Minnen*, Vol. I, p. 330; A. Schön, "O. E. Dreutzer," in *Prärieblomman*, 1902, pp. 286–288; unsigned letter from an emigrant from Gävle, dated at Buffalo, October 14, 1843, in *Norrlands-Posten* (Gävle), December 14, 1843; letter from A. M. Jönsson, dated at Wheatland, Racine County, Wisconsin, December 9, 1843, in *Aftonbladet*, March 2, 1844.

his small boy.[1] He left his wife in Gothenburg. He was a clothing merchant in Stockholm and for two years lived in Lidköping. He is old, without money, and unable to work. Such people are better off at home. Recently I received a letter from a Swede, Mr. Suré. He is in New York State. He arrrived late last fall and could not get any farther. He wishes to know whether land is obtainable here; if so, he intends to come next spring. He has a wife and five children, a manservant and a maid. We shall soon have a Swedish settlement here and I believe that there will be many additions next summer. Those who want government land had better hurry. Considerable land was purchased last summer,[2] much of it from speculators at two dollars per acre. Unonius has attracted seven or eight Swedish families, all from the middle class, except two who are of the nobility. I do not believe a canal will be built for twenty years. We heard that a Lieutenant Delavall was coming this spring. Last summer about six hundred Norwegians came to the territory.

It is with sorrow that I shall now explain our long delay in writing to you. On September 1, Nils Henrik Melander from Småland came to us. He said that you had advertised in *Aftonbladet* for a traveling companion for brother Herman who was going to America. Melander, who says he had long intended to go to America, availed himself of this opportunity. They took passage on the "Samos" with Captain Reed of Boston. The captain is a Dane. The boat was the property of Mr. William Fay of Boston. Melander had a cabin[3] which he says cost him forty dollars, including meals. Herman was among the Norwegians who paid twenty-five dollars[4] a person and provided their own food. Melander made arrangements whereby Herman was to be served tea and coffee for an additional ten dollars, but the Norwegians told me he could not drink it, so the ten dollars were thrown away. Thus Herman's expenses, including food, were almost as much as Melander's. They had

[1] Unonius relates that Ihrmark, acting on the advice of the first Unonius letter, brought with him a clumsy Swedish farm wagon, which in return for heavy transportation charges served only as a huge curiosity. *Minnen*, Vol. I, pp. 328, 329.

[2] Government at five, but from speculators at eight *riksdaler riksgäld* per acre. (Note added by the father.)

[3] He and Herman had the same accommodations and similar privileges at the same price (30 piasters). (Note added by the father.)

[4] The Norwegians paid twenty, not twenty-five dollars. (Note added by the father.)

a speedy voyage, leaving Gothenburg July 2 and arriving at Boston August 16. That same evening, about six o'clock, Herman went ashore to buy some apples and that was the last seen of him. Melander said that he waited for him three days and even advertised for him in a paper.

I believed this story until I accidentally met a friendly Norwegian who came on the same boat (there were twelve families on board); he asked whether Melander had given us any money. He said that Melander had taken Herman's money on the ocean for safe-keeping. Melander says he returned it when they arrived at Boston and that the Norwegians saw this. Later he said that he gave it to Herman when the pilot came on board. This is undoubtedly a lie, for I have since met the Norwegians. I am sure he used Herman's money and intended to pay him when he arrived in New York, because Melander had a letter of credit for fifty dollars from Arvidson and Company to Gudhold and Company of New York. But when Herman disappeared in Boston he thought it best to keep silent and retain the money, assuming that we would not find out about it. He says that Herman had eighteen or twenty dollars when he left Gothenburg.[1] The Norwegians believe that he took clothes that were in a bag, but we are not certain of that until I receive a reply from Boston. In September I wrote to a Swedish broker, Mr. Joseph Hall, whom Dreutzer says is a father to the Swedes. He replied that he had done all in his power to find a trace of Herman, but without success. He said that Herman's chest is in the possession of Mr. Fay. In December I wrote him again, requesting him to forward your letter, hoping you had sent a bill for the clothes, and asking him to send an inventory of the contents of the chest and to ascertain whether there was any money in it. Melander said Herman's money was in the chest, but that was only a subterfuge, because the Norwegians said there

[1] Herman most certainly paid Thom. Telford three *riksdaler* and twenty-four *shilling* for transportation from Kinnekulle to Gothenburg. From there for the passage to Boston (with fuel, water, tea, and coffee) on the "Samos" he paid, as did Melander, the 112 *riksdaler* and 24 *shilling* which had been agreed upon. In Gothenburg the cost of the passport and a room shared with Melander would scarcely have exceeded ten *riksdaler*, in all 126 *riksdaler riksgäld*. Herman had 228 *riksdaler*; subtracting the 126, he had 102 *riksdaler riksgäld* on arrival at Boston. He did not need to spend any money in Gothenburg, for he had provisions sufficient for eight weeks and he was invited to dinners at the home of B. E. Dahlgren, a grocer. The Norwegians did not pay twenty-five dollars per person on the "Samos," but twenty piasters or dollars. The whole story is a lie and would to God that this was his most serious offense. In that case, I would still have my dear, promising son. (Note added by the father.)

was no money in the chest. I have been waiting for a letter from Mr. Hall in order to be able to tell you what the situation is, but I can wait no longer to inform you of this *distressful news.* Would to God that I might say that *Herman had been found.* But we must hope for the best; perhaps he will yet be found—he would have made a good farmer, for he was strong and well. It was unfortunate that he got such a traveling companion, whose duty it was to accompany him to the city. It is not impossible that he is the cause of Herman's death; if he is, may the just punishment of God be meted out to him. He says that he was not out during the night, but the Norwegians say *that he was.*[1]

In Rochester, Melander had told one of the Norwegians that he had ten dollars of Herman's money which he was going to pay us—but he did not tell us that. I asked a lawyer if we could prosecute Melander, but he said we had no right to do so—that only his father could bring action. Will you please send a list of the clothes in case Melander destroyed the letters in Herman's chest. There are four saw blades which Melander claims are his, but the Norwegians say that Herman brought them for us. Write us also how much money Herman had. Dear father, it would bring us the greatest joy if our dear parents could come next year. Perhaps you could get your pension here if you sent home a yearly declaration that you were alive. I have much to write about politics, but there is no space for it. Greet brother Pelle and our friends. Dear father, write as soon as possible and do not forget your affectionate son.

JOHN FREEMAN.

P. S. If you can come next year, do not pay the fare for the whole trip from Boston or New York. Pay only as far as Albany. A Swede, Baron Tott, paid only a half dollar from Albany to Buffalo; in that way the trip can be made for half fare. Articles of clothing are almost as cheap as at home. A yoke of oxen is worth from thirty to forty dollars, a cow from eight to ten, a sow from one to two dollars. Pork is three cents

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[1] Children and women—the weakest and most helpless creatures of the human family—can travel from one end of the United States to another, not only with safety but also with kind attention. One can never be careful enough against the vermin and polluted spawn of our own corrupt and rotten world. Of this the present dreadful occurrence is a most lamentable proof. One is reminded of the Breitfeldt case and the murder of the postboy at Skara. For me the present event is sufficient proof. C. F—N. (Note added by the father.)

a pound (six *skilling riksgäld skålpund).* Money is very tight. Grain is very low in price.

Your affectionate J. FREEMAN.[1]

I wrote to you July 20; have you received that letter?

[*Skara Tidning,* July 13, 1843]

To Mr. Carl Friman apropos a letter from North America with appended notes:

In *Aftonbladet* for May 22 appears a letter, clipped from *Skara Tidning,* from the young Friman colonists in North America to their father, Carl Friman, stating that one of their brothers, Herman by name, who had previously been in America, disappeared from the boat "Samos" upon landing in Boston, August 16 last, and has not been heard of since. It appears further that from a conversation with certain Norwegians, who came on the same boat, strong suspicion is directed against my son, Nils Henrik Melander, who was Herman Friman's only Swedish traveling companion, as the cause of his disappearance or death. But that is not all, Mr. Carl Friman, in indignation and sorrow over the loss of his son, seems to take my son's criminality for granted and in the notes appended to the latter, which are based on grounds that after closer examination scarcely hold water, draws a parallel between him and Breitfeldt and also the murder of the postboy at Skara.

In a very friendly letter of April 12 last, Mr. Carl Friman proposed that whichever one of us fathers first received a communication from our children in America, whether the news was good or bad, was to communicate at once with the other. He has not only forgotten this promise but even without sending me any previous information has had the above-mentioned letter, with notes, printed in the public press. He has even forgotten that there was another father's and mother's heart that would be still more cruelly broken than his own if his accusation were true. One of his five fine sons innocently murdered; my only son the murderer!

My state of mind after reading the newspaper article in question can only be understood by those who have suffered gnawing worries over their children—not even Mr. Friman

[1] It will be noted that the writer has "Americanized" his name.—ED.

can understand. It is only now, after a long deathlike trance of sorrow, that I am able to comprehend the significance of the contents of the article and I have arrived at the hopeful conclusion that my son, from whom I have not as yet received a letter since he arrived in America, may be, and likely is, innocent of his companion's supposed death. I wish, therefore, briefly to state my reasons for this belief.

With the exception of three years which he spent in Västervik, my son, Nils Henrik, always lived at home and never gave me the slightest cause for any other belief than that an honest cast of mind, rooted in a wholesome fear of God, shaped his conduct. Responding to his persistent entreaties, we permitted him in the middle of June of last year to leave home for Gothenburg where, according to previous arrangement, he was to go to North America in company with Herman Friman as a colonist. As far as my means permitted, I equipped him with a not inconsiderable supply of clothing packed in a large valise and in an ordinary linen sack and gave him a letter of credit which with his ready money amounted to 480 *riksdaler riksgäld.*[1] Before his departure from Gothenburg he wrote a tender farewell letter revealing a true faith in God and stating that his stay of fourteen days in Gothenburg had not cost him more than seventeen *riksdaler,*[2] because he had been as saving as possible; and he further stated that he had purchased food for the trip for twenty *riksdaler* and various bits of ironware for tools for twenty-five *riksdaler*[3] (all *riksgäld).* If it is assumed that the twenty-two mile trip with a single horse to Gothenburg costs fifteen *riksdaler* and the passage to Boston 126 *riksdaler,* as Mr. Friman says, he had a balance of 277 *riksdaler* when he arrived in America, whereas Herman Friman, according to his father's own statement, had a balance of only one hundred *riksdaler.*

The Norwegians—God knows why—have tried to inspire the Friman brothers with all manner of suspicions against my son, even at the expense of truth. They said that the sack of clothes and the four saw blades belonged to Herman, but this is untrue. They also said that Herman Friman went ashore alone in Boston, August 16, at six o'clock, to buy apples and

[1] About $240.—Ed.
[2] About $4.25.—Ed.
[3] About $6.25.—Ed.

never appeared again; that Melander had charge of Herman's money and used it; that Melander was out in the city later in the night, although he denied it, as well as the allegation that Herman had no money in the chest. Considering all this together with the fact that the Norwegians spoke untruthfully about the sack of clothes, the saw blades, and Herman's money, which Melander could not have needed, certain other dubious statements of the Norwegians suggest themselves.

(1) How could Herman go ashore to make purchases without asking Melander for money, if the latter had charge of the money of both?

(2) Could Melander have planned that when Herman did not appear in the evening, he would go ashore at night in an unknown city to find and kill Herman, without leaving a single trace?

(3) Why did not Herman return to the ship before dark when he went on shore solely to buy apples?

(4) According to the Norwegians' account, Herman went ashore at six P.M., but Melander did not go until late at night.

(5) How could the Norwegians be sure that Herman had no money in the chest, and how could they properly have made an examination to know this?

These conflicting questions leave only confusion, but from them I have reason to suspect that it is the Norwegians who have not told the truth and perhaps know more about Herman than they care to tell.

Melander, who had never before been away from his native land and did not know a word of English and was to be conducted in the new world by Herman Friman, who had been in the country three years before, is charged with the murder of his only friend, countryman, and companion, his only aid in a strange country, where young countrymen usually find themselves drawn closely together, for the paltry sum of one hundred *riksdaler riksgäld,* when he had twice that amount himself! Not only fatherly love but also common sense tells me that such a crime under such conditions is impossible.

The Friman brothers in their letter hold it against my son that he did not accompany Herman ashore in Boston; with that I can not agree, for when the reason for going ashore

was of small import, it was sensible for him to stay on board ship to watch their luggage.

J. C. MELANDER,
formerly sergeant major.

Eksjö and Knapparp, June 27, 1843.

[*Skara Tidning,* November 2, 1843]

We have received the joyful news from America that young Herman Friman is alive, and thus the suspicion that Mr. Melander was implicated in his death has been satisfactorily disposed of.

Göteborgs Handels- och Sjöfarts-Tidning gives the facts in the following extract from a letter written by Mr. O. E. Dreutzer to a countryman, Mr. Joseph Hall of Boston, dated July 27th: "Immediately after arriving at Boston, Friman left the ship with the intention of never returning because of the brutal treatment he had received at the hands of Melander, according to Friman's own story. He begged and worked his passage the whole way. Last winter he worked in Albany for his living; he left there in April and then started off on foot, arriving in Wheatland a few weeks before July 27, the day Dreutzer's letter was written."

The letter-writer says further that Melander has to a certain extent only himself to thank for the unpleasant rumors which his contradictory stories and boastfulness about his wild life in Sweden have inspired. At the same time he expresses surprise that Friman during his wanderings assumed the name of Stroom (or Ström), which is not a good recommendation for a man as young as Friman.

The father relates that his son, Herman Friman (according to a letter dated at Boston, September 1, from Mr. Hall to Mr. Alex. Barclay in Gothenburg), is now safe and sound with his brothers in Wisconsin Territory. It is self-evident that he arrived there destitute of money and clothes. In a strange country, unacquainted with the customs and language, contending with various turns of fortune and obstacles on a long and hard journey, without the merest necessities, it was no small achievement for the alert fourteen-year-old lad to make his way from Boston all the way out to his brothers.

From young Friman's letter from Salem, dated March 3, 1843, to his father we communicate the following information:

. . . We also ask you to send a deed for the eighty acres which were bought in your name, also one in English, both bearing the same signature, otherwise we have no right to sell.[1] You can be sure that as long as I live I shall tenderly care for my younger brothers. I intend to give each forty acres when he becomes of age. For this reason we have pre-empted, fenced, and plowed eighty acres, but we have to make payment in the spring. We can borrow money at a rather high rate of interest, 50 per cent.[2] I wish this were old Sweden with its 6 per cent. The stringency of money is worse than ever; it is almost impossible for the laborer to get his wages paid in money, because there is none. With money you can get everything for practically nothing. Some day we may be able to purchase the kingdom of heaven for money. This is the best time for the emigrant with money. An emigrant with five hundred dollars will find a good market and prosperity. There is still government land near us for sale. If the Swedes come early next summer, they can get land here. Immigration was very heavy last summer, six or seven hundred Norwegians arriving at Milwaukee. If any Swedes come via Boston, they can bring with them the few remnants of Herman's effects by calling on Mr. Joseph Hall, who is always kind to his countrymen. In New Upsala, Unonius has gathered together eight or ten Swedish families who have taken section and half-section claims on canal land. They have built attractive log houses in Swedish style, but I do not believe that their claims can be made legal. They will not have as long time credit as they expected at first and there will be no canal there for twenty years. The next territorial legislature will decide whether the land is to revert to the government, in which case it will be sold to the highest bidder. I believe it is better to buy land here at ten shillings (five *riksdaler riksgäld)* per acre than to pay twenty shillings for canal land. The government appropriated $30,000 for improving the harbor at Milwaukee; this will cause Milwaukee to grow more rapidly than the other towns. Chicago and St. Joseph have also received an appropriation; Southport and Racine will probably have to wait a year or

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[1] From the prospects (referred to below) of moving to Oregon has arisen the matter of selling and changing their bold, common brotherly plans. God grant them success. (Note added by the father.)

[2] The oversupply of coin, which has led to its export from the Atlantic States, will probably in time benefit the distant West. (Note added by the father.)

two. The people of Southport have built a long pier so that steamboats can land. But why all this hustle and bustle if Professor Miller is right? He calculates on the basis of the Bible and the Book of Revelation. According to his calculation, which has taken twenty years and cost two hundred dollars to make, Christ is to appear on earth between April 23, 1843, and April 24, 1844, when all sinners will be destroyed.[1] As usual many believe him. The government is just as worldly as ever. It has enacted a law which grants to every man twenty-one years or over who settles in Oregon[2] one section (640 acres), to his wife, if he is married, a half-section, and for each child a quarter-section, including children born during the first five years after settlement. The settlers must promise to remain for five years.[3] This is the proper way to settle a new country. This is a good opportunity for the Swedes who have many children. If the Swedes desire to go there, they ought to go in a group, the larger the better, and then they can set up a Sweden by themselves. The climate is mild and pleasant and snow falls but seldom. The journey is usually overland. As yet I do not know how much it costs to go there, but it would not amount to much if the traveler has his own horses. When the Panama Canal is finished, it will not be difficult to go to Mexico, California, and Oregon. Large companies were formed in Cincinnati, in Massachusetts, and other places to go to Oregon this spring. I have thought of going; but even if the prophet should give us a respite, this dreadful winter will put an end to us. We still have deep snow and not a sign of spring. The animals in this region are already dying of hunger, and if it continues much longer, they will all die. It is a poor comfort that people in Sweden have not been without their share. The clothes which left Sweden in 1841 arrived in a moldy condition at the beginning of the winter, October, 1842....

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[1] As is well known, the Millerites were quite numerous in certain communities and some of them were so certain that the Lord would return on a certain day that they ceased work and gathered to await the event.—Ed.

[2] The land from 50 degrees north latitude to the Mexican border is supposed to belong to the United States. The time to take control of it seems to be well chosen, for England has her hands full with India and Ireland. Oregon, just as Norway, lies beyond the mountains (Rocky Mountains), but it ought to belong to the United States—which already has England on one side (Canada) and should avoid having it at its back (Oregon). (Note added by the father or the editor.)

[3] This law was not enacted until 1850, but when Friman wrote, the report was abroad that it had been approved.—Ed.

Current prices: A yoke of oxen thirty to forty dollars; cows eight to twelve per head; sheep ten shillings; wheat fifty cents per bushel; corn twenty-five cents; potatoes twenty-five cents, et cetera.

P. S. We would like to have you send us *Frithiof's Saga* and *Bellman's Songs.*

[*Norrlands-Posten*, December 1, 1843]

NEWS FROM EMIGRANTS IN AMERICA

Without doubt many of our readers remember that several young men left here last spring from Gävle to settle in North America. One of them has written the following letter to one of his friends at home. This letter, kindly given to us, seems to show that their hopeful pictures of the future have not been realized in the New World. Fired by the spirit of youth, and perhaps with exaggerated hopes that could not be realized in an unsettled country, they left us; and it is not strange that reality did not measure up to their pleasant dreams. Naturally more resignation than ordinary is required not to lose courage and to refrain from painting everything in black colors when the spirit is downcast by the first reverses, which perhaps are the result of inexperience and of unfamiliarity with the language, etc. This by way of caution to those who condemn all things American and emigration. We present the following extracts from the letter:

BUFFALO, OCTOBER 14, 1843.

Now that I have ended my journey and intend to stay in this city for the winter, I shall write and describe our situation; but it is hard to write when one has to complain of dissatisfaction because an undertaking has failed. But before I touch on this I wish to convey some information regarding our trip from New York. I hope you have received the letter which I sent from there with Captain Jacobsson with whom we took passage. In New York we arranged with a company for the entire trip from New York to Milwaukee, where we intended to stay. We paid eleven dollars for each passenger and fifty cents freight for each one hundred pounds of luggage, with the stipulation that we could take fifty pounds free of charge on the canal boat and one hundred pounds free on the steamboat. We left from New York, August 29, on the steamboat "North America," one of the largest steamboats. The next day we arrived without mishap in Albany, where the canal begins. On the same day—the 30th—we left this place for Buf-

falo, where the canal ends, arriving September 9th, after a safe voyage. When we came here, the captain tried to exact one dollar for every one hundred pounds of baggage and refused to take any of it free of charge, although we had a written agreement from New York to that effect. But that was of no avail, because here force and craftiness are more often found than justice. Fortunately, a Swedish merchant, Morell, lives in Buffalo; he helped us and went to a great deal of trouble before he got us out of this affair. Nevertheless we had to pay seventy-five cents a hundred in excess of forty pounds. Morell told us we would not have needed to pay more than was agreed upon if we had brought action against the captain, but it would have cost too much to live there to await court proceedings. On the 11th we left Buffalo for Milwaukee, passing through lakes Erie, Michigan, and Huron and arriving at Milwaukee, where we intended to stay, on the 15th. We began our journey into the interior at once, first to the famous Friman brothers, who live forty-five English miles southwest of Milwaukee. We were amazed at the sight that met our eyes. Their home was much poorer than any charcoal hut in Sweden, without floor, almost without roof, and with a few stones in a corner which were supposed to be a stove. Such was the magnificent house which they had written they were building to receive all the Swedes who would come; and they seemed to be without food and clothing, for their clothes were wretched. Consequently we could not stay there over night and even less could we expect to get any advice or instructions about suitable land for sale. A short distance away lived a Swede named Dreutzer, who came there a year ago with quite a little money; his place was a bit better, so we stayed there over night. He is an agreeable and well-bred man. He accompanied us and showed us the land that was for sale in that neighborhood; but in vain, for there were only marshes or rough and unsuitable forests, all the land of any account having been bought up. Dreutzer wanted to sell his land and return to Sweden, but his price was too high, so we could not purchase it. Then we returned to Milwaukee, intending to find work for the winter to accumulate some more money, because there was no money to be had in the farming districts. Even this plan failed to materialize. We did not lose hope, but went

thirty miles northwest to Unonius at New Upsala. There we met many Swedes and they at least had log houses, although they were like poor cottages on mountain dairy farms and some of them housed as many as five or six families. We were well received by Unonius and by a Swedish baron, St. Cyr, and by a Captain Schneidau. We spent the night with Unonius, but he also is in rather poor circumstances. His four thousand *riksdaler* are all gone, and his land is still unpaid for, but he has thirteen acres under cultivation, so that he can expect to raise something. It is exorbitantly expensive to break land; sometimes as many as seven yoke of oxen to the plow are required to plow around the trees. We hired a man who was acquainted in that region to show us to the best unsold land, but we were not in a position to buy any that was worth buying, because we could not count on getting any returns for three or four years. With our limited capital, how were we to make our living in the meantime? What were we to do? We had to give up the idea of buying land, and sell the articles we had brought. We auctioned them off in Milwaukee, taking a loss of more than twenty-five per cent plus the expensive freight charges. The quality of Swedish ironware is too poor to be used in America. After this we had to go back to Buffalo, where we obtained work that will continue for some time (eight weeks), so we intend to spend the winter here. If I do not obtain satisfactory work by spring, I shall return to Sweden, hoping, with God's help, to get some kind of employment, and then I shall appreciate it and be satisfied with little.

I will mention briefly the distance between the stations we passed: from New York to Albany 160 miles;[1] from Albany to Buffalo 360; and from Buffalo to Milwaukee 1000—in all 1520 English miles. I have not yet seen the famous Niagara Falls, but I hope to as soon as possible, for they are not more than fifteen English miles from Buffalo.

[1] English miles. There are six in one Swedish mile. (Note added by the editor.)

[*Aftonbladet,* March 2, 1844]

LETTER FROM A SWEDISH EMIGRANT IN NORTH AMERICA

The editor has received the following letter from a countryman who immigrated to the United States, and publishes it with pleasure, as it contains many interesting observations and much information, although the style is simple and without grace:

MY DEAR PARENTS, BROTHERS, AND SISTERS:

Now that I have arrived in the long-wished-for Wisconsin in the United States, I shall fulfill my promise to my relatives and friends and send a few brief items of information, since time does not permit such extensive communications as those of Unonius, the Frimans, and others. After bidding a heartfelt and sad farewell to my home and having left the fatherland (Monday, the 22nd of last May), we set out on the journey, first to Elsinore, where we awaited the arrival of the vessel, and then, June 18th, on to New York, where we arrived with fifteen passengers, August 26th. Our stay there was short, because the tedious journey across the Atlantic and the almost fifteen hundred English miles to the West that was ahead caused us to arrange our affairs as quickly as possible in order to be on our way. We made arrangements for transportation to Milwaukee at eleven dollars per person with the agency of Henrich Brich, 115 Washington Street. Upon landing we paid a head tax of only fifty cents. Those who are somewhat acquainted with the English language should not, according to all advice and warning, follow our example by dealing with an agency, but should pay at each station.[1]

Late in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 29th, we left New York for Albany on the elegant steamboat "North America." The oft-described beauty of the Hudson River Valley, which we had hoped to see, escaped our searching eyes in the darkness. We had a place on deck, but do not imagine that we

[1] It probably would not have been possible for us to have reached our destination for the amount we had paid if it had not been for the good offices of an honest countryman, Mr. Kindberg, whose address is 29 Old Slip. Two passengers in our company traveled from New York to Buffalo for two dollars each by paying as they went along.

were confined to a crowded and disagreeable foredeck as on Swedish steamboats. Besides the upper deck, equipped with many conveniences, there was also a saloon below with similar accommodations. During the night we landed at several places to discharge or receive passengers. The steamboat made incredible speed and landed us at Albany at three o'clock the next morning. Here the agent prompted us to pay one dollar per person excess weight on our baggage. This charge is not based on the weight (baggage is not weighed until taken aboard the canal boat), but on the bulk. Here, as at all ports of landing, you must keep an eye on your possessions, otherwise a drayman may haul it to a hotel or lodging house. Albany is a rather attractive and important city. In the evening of the same day we took passage on a boat on the Erie Canal for Buffalo. The trip, although tedious, was pleasant, notwithstanding many accounts to the contrary, but I agree that the passage through the locks at night is disagreeable. We passed through many well built and important towns, such as Utica, Rome, Lyon, and Rochester, the latter only two Swedish miles from the remarkable falls of Niagara. The canal boat stopped several times each day, sometimes to receive or discharge passengers and sometimes for provisions and a change of horses. The journey led through many remarkable places, but I will mention only one where four roads are laid the one above the other. Two steep slopes were spanned by a firm stone bridge, over a rapid stream that turned a large mill on the shore; on the bridge below the canal was a road and on the hill itself a canal. Above it a railroad connects Boston and New York with Buffalo.

Friday, September 2, we arrived at Buffalo, next to New York the most important city we passed. Here we had to make final arrangements with the agents of the transportation company, who demanded a dollar for each one hundred pounds (our goods were 1900 pounds overweight), but with the aid of a kindly countryman we succeeded in having it reduced to seventy-five cents. We can never be grateful enough to this honorable and unselfish countryman, C. Morell,[1] a merchant, who assisted us in matters that we as strangers knew nothing about, giving much of his time and going to a great deal of

[1] His address is 191 Main Street.

trouble. We remained in Buffalo until Monday, the 11th, when we continued our journey on the splendid steamboat "Great Western" *via* the large lakes, Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Michigan, to Milwaukee, where we finally arrived, Thursday evening, September 15. Here we paid nothing for excess baggage. The next day, on the advice of Mr. Lange, a countryman, instead of going to the Unonius settlement, we went south to the Friman settlement. After walking forty-five miles,[1] we finally found it on Monday, the 18th. We have now bought land, some from the government (at a dollar and a quarter per acre) and some from our own countrymen. We have thus completed our long journey from the homeland to the interior of North America where we sought our new home. We have built a house in Swedish style; it has seven rooms, but only one was completed when we moved in today.

The country around here is the most beautiful imaginable. A small lake about an English mile in circumference, teeming with fish and surrounded by cedar, ash, aspen, birch, and walnut trees, borders on our land. We live twenty English miles from Southport, eight from Geneva, six from Burlington, and thirty from Racine. We are only a half-mile from the Fox River, which flows into the Mississippi River through the Illinois River, one mile to the Frimans', and just a few yards to Dreutzer's. The country is not thickly settled. Speculators from New York arrive here every year to settle as farmers, but there is still plenty of land for sale. The timber, which consists chiefly of white and black oak, is scanty, but farther north it is more dense. There is dense forest here, too, but it is chiefly tamarack, ash, aspen, birch, walnut, and hickory (a kind of walnut which is very hard and good for tool handles). The soil is reputed to be unusually fertile; everywhere there is a luxuriant growth of grass and varicolored flowers. Nearly all of nature's most beautiful products are here thrown together, and I could not desire to live in a more beautiful and glorious country. The most common game is deer, partridges, pigeons, and ducks, and there are many tortoises. There is

[1] At that time Friman lived in a wretched hut, and Herman, who was home alone, was wretchedly clad, but they have 241 acres of land. Johan and Wilhelm are capable men. They have recently (since we came) moved into the new house they have written about. Herman, who was lost in Boston, arrived at his brothers' shortly before we did, but he has gone astray again and is no longer with his brothers.

no expense raising hogs, because they forage for themselves winter and summer. In the publication of the Emigration Society for 1841 there is, among other erroneous statements, the assertion that hogs are hunted like wild animals. This is correct, if the owner is understood to be the hunter, for they are seldom killed by anyone else. There are no dangerous beasts of prey. There is a large number of prairie wolves (small wolves), but they are no larger than foxes and not at all dangerous to human beings. It is seldom that we see one, but at night we frequently hear their wild howls. The snakes are usually small and few are poisonous; the most dangerous is the rattlesnake, which, however, is not nearly as large nor as poisonous as we imagine in Sweden. The climate is mild and praised by everyone as healthful, yet some pioneers during the first year fall victims to some malady or other. Diarrhea and ague are the most common, and they are worse in the fall. I had the ague for six weeks, but I was fortunate enough to get rid of it without its reappearance. We have a good doctor in the vicinity, who is also a farmer; work is not considered a disgrace here as in Sweden. The gentleman and the day laborer both work; there is no designation corresponding to the "lower class." Every person, no matter who, is respected not only legally as a citizen but also individually as a member of society. In regard to farming, although I do not know much about it, it is a well established fact that if the Swedish farmer employed the methods of the American farmer in the West, he would soon starve to death. The kinds of grain chiefly cultivated are wheat, corn, oats, potatoes, and all kinds of root crops. Prices of cattle are as follows: a yoke of good oxen, thirty to thirty-five dollars; horses, thirty to forty; cows, ten to twelve. Iron tools are expensive, but Swedish edge-tools can not be used, but cables, hooks, rings for mallets, and the like are worth bringing. I caution against all business transactions whatsoever. The best thing to bring is the ability to work and a courageous spirit. Those who intend to emigrate to America should carefully weigh everything before deciding to take this important step and say farewell to the country which we shall always remember with regret and love. A person must get accustomed to hard and often difficult work; he must sacrifice and give up many things he enjoyed before;

but an industrious person can look forward to a secure and independent future.

Your affectionate son,

A. M. JÖNSSON.

Wheatland, December 9, 1843.

Our address is Wisconsin Territory, Town of Wheatland, Racine County, United States of North America.

P. S. Our brother-in-law asks us to send his greetings; he wrote a letter the 18th of last November, sending it by way of Boston and London. I am sending this *via* Havre de Grace. God grant that one of them reaches its destination.[1]

[1] The letter which was sent *via* London had not been received on February 10, when this one arrived. (Note added by the editor of the paper.)

[*Aftonbladet*, September 26, 1844]

LETTER FROM SWEDISH EMIGRANTS IN AMERICA

This letter, printed in *Mariestads Veckloblad*, is written by the brothers Lars and Anders Wåhlén, who in 1843 emigrated from Mariestad, where they were blacksmiths.

MY DEAR BROTHER OLOF:

I assume that you have received the letter I wrote from Milwaukee last fall. I am sure you must have wondered what has happened, since I have delayed writing so long. The main reason is that I wanted to see how we would make out at this place where we have settled; besides I have also been very busy. The first thing was to build a house, then a blacksmith shop, and then burn charcoal. At first there was so little blacksmithing that we scarcely made a living, but in the meantime we cleared and prepared our land for spring seeding; and now that we have made a reputation as good workmen and have acquired some familiarity with the language, our income has steadily increased. To increase our capital, Anders worked in Milwaukee for a couple of months; he made two dollars or eight *riksdaler* a week, board and room included. As things go here, those were small wages, but he was unacquainted with the language and could not get more. He profited by it in that he obtained a good foundation in English so that he can speak it pretty well.

In April we erected a blacksmith shop about a quarter of a mile from our house, near a river where a sawmill was built last year. At present they are putting on all speed to build a flour mill for which we are to furnish the blacksmithing. There is more activity at this place than where we have our farm, and I am sure that within a year or two it will be a good business point. We have eighty-eight acres, of which we have spring seeded two acres with potatoes, corn, and other vegetables, and now we have begun to plow for fall wheat. It is fun to dabble in farming here, for almost everything grows without fertilizer. Now that we have a good place for our shop and a little land in connection, I feel that we can best invest

the earnings from our trade in developing the farm. Every year land values rise in settled communities, and it can be sold at a profit. Our farm is located between two lakes, one about a half Swedish mile in length and a quarter in width and the other somewhat smaller. These lakes are very rich in fish of many kinds, some of which are known in Sweden and some not. In March we built a boat, and in the evenings we made traps and nets, so that early in March we were able to catch pike and a kind of fish called black bass, something like the Swedish perch, but much larger, usually weighing from two to five pounds. It is delicious. During the summer it is caught by casting and trolling. To begin with I made a spoon-hook—the kind we used in Sweden—and tried my luck with black bass. In about three hours I pulled up a mess weighing about fifty pounds. The report soon spread that I had caught a large mess of fish by trolling, and I received several orders for spoon-hooks. I can make three a day at three *riksdaler* apiece. I am certain that traps and nets had never been used in Wisconsin before. We had an overabundance of fish to sell. It sometimes happened that we were out of fresh fish when buyers came, but I would say: "Wait a minute; I'll catch some." Then I would take out of the net as many as they wanted. Now we do not bother about fishing except for own needs, for we are too busy blacksmithing now that we have shops at two places. When we have steady work, one of us can earn from two to three dollars a day, but that does not happen every day, you understand. Steady work one day here makes up for the day when work is slack. In a half-year, or at most a year, we will have all the work we can take care of. Emigrants pour in almost every day, and there is no other way to go farther west in this region than to cross the stream where one of our shops is located. It is now about a year and a half since the first settler located here and put up a sawmill; now the country is pretty well settled by people of several nationalities with whom we have business transactions almost every day: Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, Frenchmen, Danes, Americans, and God knows how many others. Negroes live chiefly in the cities, and I must not forget to mention the Indians. They sometimes visit us, too; they offer venison, maple sugar, wild fruits, etc., in

exchange for flour, potatoes, and tobacco. They will even accept trinkets such as ear rings, charms, bracelets, rings, necklaces, and other gewgaws. They are fond of ornaments and take great delight in decorating their heads with feathers and also their horses, which are fitted out with a lot of finery. Certain tribes of Indians paint their faces red and black. A person who is not accustomed to these people would be startled if he met a small group of them riding along in full regalia, but they are not at all dangerous, especially in Wisconsin. I have never heard that they have harmed either people or cattle. On this side of the Mississippi River they are peaceful, but farther west they are more dangerous. If their language could be learned, one could make intimate friends with them, but that is very difficult, for almost every tribe has a different language and few know any English.

[*Östgötha Correspondenten*, September 28, 1850]

SOMETHING FROM NORTH AMERICA

The editor has often received and published letters from Swedish emigrants in America, especially those from Östergötland; and although we personally doubt the truth of all the inviting descriptions of the free states, we have not seen fit to deny the letters space, especially in view of the fact we were not competent to appraise them accurately. The editor has received another letter from a Swede in America, but the tone of its contents is entirely different from the earlier ones. The greater part of the letter is of a personal character, but believing that the sum total of the contents presents a truer picture of the situation, we print it in its entirety. The writer, Mr. Unonius, is personally known to the editor, who is convinced that his statements are made for no other purpose than that of presenting the truth. The letter follows:

CHICAGO, NORTH AMERICA, JULY 30, 1850.

To MR. ———, SKENINGE:

At the request of Christina Charlotta Johansdotter, who with her mother and stepfather, Erik Johansson, recently arrived here from Sweden, I have the melancholy duty of informing you that shortly after their arrival in Chicago the father and mother died. Thus the fortune they sought in the New World, like hundreds of others, was found in a premature grave. As I write, the oldest son, Carl, is also so sick that his death is almost certain. Charlotta and her younger brothers, Adolf and Carl (if he recovers), are here without means and without protection. They have only about twenty dollars or about eight *riksdaler riksgäld* in money. A Swede named Nyman, whom they assisted on the journey, owes them thirty-one dollars, but he has no money and is also lying sick in bed without hope of recovery. Charlotta and her brothers want to return to Sweden. She is sickly and is unable to support herself by working here and she can not and will not leave her brothers behind. She would like to have you give this information to her guardian and uncle, Samuel Larsson, with

the request that he will at once (so that, if possible, she can return to Sweden this year) send a draft for the money she says she has in Sweden, which she believes is about four hundred *riksdaler*. By the strictest economy this sum will cover the expenses of her return. It would be best to send this draft to the Swedish and Norwegian consul in New York, Mr. Edward Habicht, with the request that he inform me and send me enough money for her fare to New York, where she can get the remainder for passage to Sweden, or else send it to Charlotta, addressed in my care. In the latter case she could leave a week earlier, which is desirable in view of the lateness of the season. If her brothers recover, she hopes that her aunt and sisters and brothers in Sweden will recompense her for the expenditures in behalf of her brothers, because she will not hear to leaving them here.

I beg of you to carry out her request as soon as possible. Twenty dollars do not last long here; and when they are gone, I really do not know what will become of her and the other children. There are many of our countrymen who need and crave help. America is not the country that many imagine when, misled by exaggerated statements, they lightly and thoughtlessly give up their simple livelihood in the fatherland for a better existence in another part of the world. If all the difficulties, dangers, and troubles which confront the emigrant here were known, many a one would stay on his inherited farm in Sweden and be satisfied with his lot. Convey this to those who are afflicted with the emigration fever. I speak from experience. I have been in America nine years and ought to know something about conditions. I do not deny that there are individuals here who have made a success (depending upon your definition of "success"), but nothing is said of all the hundreds who long for the home they deserted with sorrow and regret. A man with a family who owns a farm in Sweden and sells it to raise the expenses for his voyage, without a balance to buy land, can do nothing more foolish. Even if he has more money than most of the emigrants have and can buy a piece of cultivated land, build a poor hut, and buy the necessary livestock, etc., what will he gain? He has to work and slave for many years before he will have it as comfortable and good as he had it in his former home, where with the money

for the trip and the other expenses he could have lived well and perhaps would have been spared the sight of contagious diseases taking away first one and then the other of his children. And he would not have reproached himself for the foolhardiness of exposing himself and his family to dangers in the quest of gold. And think what would happen, as has happened to many, if he should die prematurely, leaving wife and children in a strange country, unacquainted with the language, a prey to all kinds of deceit, and, worst of all, their souls starved for instruction and the words of faith which had "richly lived among them" and was imparted to them—all of which was sacrificed to the uncertainties of temporal gain! In God's name, I beg of you to caution every emigrant you meet to weigh carefully these and other conditions before he sets out on this hazardous undertaking.

The case of poor Charlotta needs no further arguments to move her relatives to take the necessary measures for her welfare; she is counting on your assistance, greets you sincerely, and prays God to bless and protect you all.

Respectfully,

G. UNONIUS,
Pastor of the Swedish and Norwegian
Congregation in Chicago, Illinois.

P. S. When I was about to seal this letter I received the information that Carl had just died, thus leaving only Charlotta and Adolf of the whole family. God help the poor unfortunates! I shall do what I can for them while they are waiting for the letter from home. Write soon.

The deaths were caused by cholera, which for the past two years has been epidemic, especially among the emigrants from Europe.

LETTERS RELATIVE TO EMIGRATION

[*Aftonbladet*, February 3, 1853]

Emigration to the United States of America from Sweden and Norway is increasing every year, and last year, from Sweden alone, it reached the rather disturbing figure of over two thousand, if we are not mistaken. Very likely many are now preparing to leave.

The published communications from emigrant countrymen are not always reliable. Sometimes they paint the new country in bright colors in order to encourage those at home to follow. More often the communications, or alleged communications, paint everything in dark colors and the whole of North America as a land of misfortune and a robbers' nest, apparently with the good intention of frightening prospective emigrants and leading them to value the fatherland more highly in comparison with the misery on the other side of the ocean.

It would be better if these communications from America which are spread among the people would be less aimed to attract or frighten and more devoted to throwing light on the actual situation. In other countries where emigration has been greater than with us, societies have been organized with the purpose of providing advice, aid, and information to the end that emigration might be directed to a reasonable and satisfactory goal. It would be well if we had a similar organization, so that people would not rush away blindly but would have some means of determining whether they would be better off to leave or to stay at home.

We have always harbored the fear that emigration from Sweden is undertaken with a lack of judgment and for this reason often does not turn out well. Entirely too long has America been represented as a land of fortune hunters, where everybody who through laziness, bad habits, or lack of organizing ability, had failed here could easily recoup his fortunes. The situation is almost entirely the opposite. The ease of acquiring cheap land, the absence of guardianship and all restrictions on the purusit of occupations and on the exercise of

religion, low taxes and general prosperity—all this makes North America an attractive and excellent country for him who combines a wide-awake and enterprising spirit with a strong body, accustomed to hard work and discipline and, if possible, a little capital. The man who lacks these qualifications, is easy-going, dull, and careless in business, will get along better any place than in America. In our opinion, this is a good recommendation for America.

Below we print two letters which we have every reason to believe are reliable and present facts worthy of consideration by Swedish emigrants. One is from a Swede who signs his name, a resident of New York for years, whose honesty and kindliness to Swedes have been favorably reported to us by persons who have visited him in New York. It is written directly to us and is intended to give advice and instructions to emigrants. It is as follows:

NEW YORK, JANUARY 8, 1853.

TO THE PUBLISHER OF AFTONBLADET, STOCKHOLM:

Permit me through the columns of your paper to present some advice and information for those who intend to emigrate from Sweden to the United States of North America. I ought to be of service to my countrymen after twelve years' experience with affairs and conditions, having for a longer or shorter period lived in several of the Western and Southern States and the last seven years in New York City, where most of the emigrants debark. First of all, I must remind the emigrants that most of the descriptions of this country which are sent to Sweden for publication or in personal letters are generous in their commendation and loud in their praise, often, unfortunately, out of selfish motives, to entice the emigrants and their money to certain localities where Swedish settlements have been projected or else to boast to friends and relatives about their marvelous success, when the fact of the matter is that it has been a tight squeeze with more worry and harder work than at home. There is a class of emigrants which I especially wish to caution to consider very carefully before they leave, namely, merchants why by reason of unfavorable business conditions have gone into bankruptcy, clerks, commercial agents, and bookkeepers. A large number of this class have come to New

York during the seven years I have been here, and with my own eyes I have seen their unhappy situation and their inability to obtain employment, either by their own efforts or with the aid of others. A moral, respected, and unusually capable young man, who had been employed as a bookkeeper in a commercial establishment in Stockholm, came here to whittle gold with his pocket knife. He arrived in good health and high spirits in the world-famous commercial city of New York. He found everybody busy, harbors swarming with thousands of ships loading and unloading their cargoes, and stores filled to overflowing with buyers and sellers; but it seemed that there was not a single place where he could find employment, although he and the friends he soon made bent all their efforts. A tedious year had dragged its weary length when he accepted an offer of an apprenticeship in which he made remarkable progress and a good living. I am acquainted with three young tradesmen from Sweden who are living here for the present and for the past year have been unable to get any work. Naturally as a result of such bitter experiences, they are soon willing to take any sort of work to make a living, but since they are unaccustomed to and totally ignorant of all trades and manual labor, it is impossible for them to obtain any kind of work. A man with talent and education has been here for two years without finding anything to do, because it is sometimes impossible to get employment in a city where 1000 or 1500 emigrants arrive daily during the summer and autumn months, many of whom remain in New York for lack of money to take them farther. Another class which I wish to caution against building air castles is the half-educated student group from the two universities, who come here at random, like many others. It makes no difference whether they have studied law, medicine, theology or philosophy, the prospects here are not flattering; they often have to work with the spade or the saw, or, as I did, with the axe, which I had never lifted at home. However, they do not have to be ashamed of such work, because the farmer, the artisan, and the simple day laborer are all respected in free America. In the list of Swedish emigrants there are many former army and navy officers, captains, lieutenants, second lieutenants, sergeants, and others who usually immediately seek employment in different fields of work and

sometimes do well. I could mention the names of several such persons, but I intend to avoid all personalies in this little treatise; yet I believe Australia, for the present at least, would be a better land for them than to seek an always uncertain living in America. The people who can depend upon employment here from the day they land are the skilled, sober craftsmen who were accustomed to hard work at home. However, even they should be able to speak English when they land, otherwise they will soon find themselves pushed back and will have to work for much smaller wages than they otherwise could demand. This is on the whole the greatest handicap of seven-eights of the Swedish emigrants; they are unable to speak or understand one word of English, much less read or write it. What are the consequences? They can not communicate with those to whom they apply for employment, for during my twelve years' association with Americans I have found only one who could speak Swedish at all. Sweden is surprisingly little known here; it is confused with Switzerland. Many believe that it is a dependency of Prussia or Russia. It is seldom one sees a newspaper article on Scandinavia. However, Charles XII's name is well known even among the Indians. A play about him filled a Bowery theater for fifty to sixty evenings. I saw it and found it to be a complete parody. The visits of our talented countrywomen, Jenny Lind and Fredrika Bremer, have, however, awakened a certain interest in the country of glory and heroes. I wish to impress upon every emigrant the necessity of learning to speak English before starting out on the journey. Of course, it is true, as many assert, that the easiest way to learn the language and acquire the best pronunciation is to live with an American family for a few months; but few can afford to pay from three to five dollars (twelve to twenty *riksdaler riksgäld)* per week for food and lodging. Many an emigrant could have found employment as soon as he landed if he had been able to speak the language; it is too often said that it is impossible to employ a person with whom you can not converse. Let me repeat—learn at home the language you will need the day you set foot on American shores. As a rule, artisans usually obtain work soon and usually receive good wages. And efficient goldsmith who came from Stockholm last summer earned eight dollars a week at once

and now he has fourteen dollars. Swedish farmers who have a few thousand *riksdaler* can make themselves independent in a few years in the Western States, where they can buy excellent, fertile land from the government for five *riksdaler* per acre, sufficiently wooded to supply timber and fences for eight generations, and for which they pay no tax the first five years and a very small one thereafter. My annual tax, which I always pay at the office of the tax commissioner on October 1, is seventy-five cents (three *riksdaler riksgäld)*. When emigrants come to New York, they should be very careful how and with whom they contract for the trip into the interior, for the most flagrant fraud is practiced every day. I recommend that they go to the Swedish ministers here, O. Hedström[1] and Nyman, disinterested and honorable and zealous philanthropists who will give them reliable information. They can be found daily in their offices on the Bethel Ship in North River, not far from the Battery. I will gladly and freely do my part, as far as my diversified and insistent duties permit, if they will look me up in the Medical College on Fourteenth Street, between Third and Fourth Avenues.

Let every one weigh and think carefully before deciding to leave. I have learned to know many here, especially young women, who were so dreadfully homesick that nothing pleased them; they hated everything American, were dissatisfied, and only wished themselves back in the homeland. Lack of money made it impossible to return. What a predicament! For the present, at least, I believe Australia is a far better country for emigrants; they will find the road to success easier and more certain—they will at least make a living. If, however, you do decide to emigrate to America, come with as few and small pretensions as possible. Most people think that they can make a lot of money without hard work. That is not true. It seems to me that much more work is required than at home and, as far as wages are concerned, it sounds great to earn a dollar or two a day; but when the cost of food, lodging, laundry, etc., is subtracted, the net amount is small, perhaps less than at home. Laundry costs three *riksdaler* for a dozen articles. At the better hotels the rates are two dollars a day. Leave Swe-

[1] Olof Gustaf Hedström (1803–1877) the well-known pastor of the Methodist mission in the Bethel ship, who rendered service and gave advice to thousands of Scandinavian emigrants.—Ed.

den as early as possible in the spring; do not go to New Orleans, where there is usually yellow fever every summer, but go to Boston, Philadelphia, or New York. At the dock be prepared to meet a crowd of runners who will offer their services and be liberal with advice and unusually obliging; but look out for them: they are often dangerous fellows who are seeking some way or other of swindling the newly arrived emigrant out of his money. If possible, try to arrange with the captain to stay on board ship for a day or two. If you intend to go into the interior, do not stay long in the expensive New York. You can find transportation accommodations any time. Usually the day boats for Albany leave New York at seven o'clock in the morning and the night boats at seven in the evening. I would advise anyone interested in the beauties and sublimity of nature to take one of the day steamboats, because the Hudson River Valley is wonderful and magnificent and comparable to the Rhine. I could add a great deal more—thousands of matters of importance to the emigrant—but I fear that my letter has already become too long for a newspaper article, and I do not dare to make any more demands for space.

Respectfully,

C. W. PÅHLMAN.

The other letter, written to a friend of ours by a near relative in Illinois, was not intended for publication. But since it portrays the situation among our countrymen in the Western States in a way that might frighten a few from heedlessly plunging into the stream of emigration, we avail ourselves of the kind permission to communicate the following extracts:

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SEPTEMBER 20, 1852.

This year we have had a dreadful situation in Chicago, caused by the great number of Swedish emigrants who have come here destitute, and during the unhealthful season. It is strange that in spite of the very low altitude, Chicago seems to have become a more healthful place year by year; but it usually, nay, always, happens that the unhealthful season always begins with the coming of the emigrants. This summer we had the most healthful weather, and everyone spoke of the freshness and healthfulness of the season, until the arrival of

a detachment of Swedes who were housed too many to a room (there is always a scarcity of houses and rooms to rent in spite of the great amount of building every year). In one of these houses cholera broke out. In a five-room house (three rooms on the first floor and two on the second) there lived in the largest room, about twelve by sixteen, a man and wife with their five children; in the next room a grandmother and a man and wife with three children; in another a man and wife with two children and another man; in another a man, wife, and five children; and in the smallest a mother and two children, altogether twenty-eight people, of whom fifteen died in one week. Among the survivors were six orphaned children. After a few days the sickness declined, but it increased again when the next group of Swedish emigrants arrived. Thus it has been for the last two months. Of those who come here about one third are destitute, without a cent, with only some old clothes and trash; one third, perhaps, have a few dollars; and those who have more usually go farther west to buy land, so you can imagine that Chicago is full of Swedish beggars. And who is there to help them? That has been my job since I first came here with the Jansonists a few years ago.[1] As a punishment for not "believing" the teachings of the prophet, some of them were transported like cattle and put on half rations; they took sick and complained, and for this reason the prophet's assistants disowned them as children of the devil and left them here starving and ruined. Since that time an ever-increasing number of emigrants have needed my help. This year there seems to be more poor people than ever. I have had to give all my time to providing shelter and food for them through my friends and others. L. is beside herself from the crying and wailing in our house, where they come every day with their tales of woe. L. distributes among them the contents of a barrel of flour, salt meat, rice, which, including other articles of food, are kept purposely for them; but often they have no means of preparing the food and no house to live in, and then in damp and rainy weather it is pretty hard to see mothers with infants in their arms and other children hanging on to their skirts complaining of hunger and cold. Added to this is their ignorance of the language, so they can not take one step alone

[1] Referring to the followers of Eric Janson, who founded the Bishop Hill colony in Henry County, Illinois, in 1846.—Ed.

and are unable to get work, because no one wants a person who cannot understand what he is told to do. They could get work on the railroad, where laborers are in great demand, if they were alone, but most of them have wives and a larger or smaller family of children who can not be fed and housed by the contractors. Besides, most of them are in such weakened condition after the long trip that they are unable to work; and if they are able, they become sick within a few days. Water, climate, and the whole environment affect their health and make them miserable. God grant that better judgment will prevail next year and that we will be spared the influx of a large number without resources and without funds that will enable them to support themselves for at least a month or two after arrival.

UNONIUS IN REPLY TO HASSELQUIST

[*Supplement to Den Swenske Republikanen i Norra Amerika, August 29, 1856*]

To the Publisher of Den Swenske Republikanen:

If it is not inconsistent with the policy of the paper, I request space for the accompanying "corrections." If it is inconsistent, perhaps it could be printed separately in the form of a supplement.

It is true that it is rather late in the day to reply to the article in *Hemlandet,* but the reason may be stated briefly. Immediately after the appearance of number six of *Hemlandet,* I asked the Rev. Mr. Hasselquist for space in that paper. Without considering the request worthy of an answer, he finally, without my consent, printed in *Hemlandet* merely a few extracts separated from the context. This is a liberty which no newspaper publisher is entitled to take, especially in this case, when the real purpose of the article was entirely defeated by distorted and abbreviated extracts. Mr. Hasselquist doubtlessly believed that this was the easiest method of absolving himself and his party from the comments. Assuming a sanctimonious, domineering attitude, he gave space to only a few of them, adding some of his own remarks whose effect was intended to leave undisturbed the reader's faith in Mr. Hasselquist's justice and infallibility in the dual capacity of minister and newspaper publisher *(vide Hemlandet,* Vol. 2, No. 9). This method of procedure is universally branded as a violation of the ethics of the journalistic profession. How it is regarded in ecclesiastical circles—and in particular that circle to which Mr. Hasselquist belongs—is another question. Meanwhile, believing that he had disposed of me because there was at the time no other Swedish newspaper in existence and the expense of printing it privately was prohibitive, Mr. Hasselquist retained my manuscript in his possession. I had, however, asked for its return in case he did not print it and had sent the necessary postage. Finally I was forced again to ask for the return of the manuscript. After a rather long period of consideration, Mr. Hasselquist replied that he would comply with my request in a

couple of weeks, after he had made a copy of it. What motive lay back of this I am unable to fathom. Thus matters stood for a time. Two weeks and twice two weeks passed without my receiving my lawful property, which Mr. Hasselquist was at least under moral obligations to return at once. I had to remind him again and again. I had decided to let the case rest and not, as my first intention had been, to have it printed elsewhere; but when Mr. Hasselquist wrote and threatened that if I did publish it, it would cost me dearly, saying among other things that "the state of affairs in Chicago is not entirely secret," I carefully weighed the matter and returned to my original intention to make public what Mr. Hasselquist wished to conceal from his readers, even though it is late in the day. It was this threat that caused me to take the matter up again, after I had decided to drop it. The public will probably not be greatly interested in it now; but I can not afford to have it said in times to come that I was frightened by the threat to lift the veil from "the secret state of affairs in Chicago." Chicago is not my parish, although that is the inference. Chicago is rather large. If to the stories about the mysteries of London, Paris, etc., Pastor Hasselquist wishes to add as his contribution to the literature of fiction a history of the mysteries of Chicago, that is no affair of mine. I am prepared to produce "*facts against fancy*," as I have done in these corrections.

Chicago, August 13, 1856. G. UNONIUS.

TO THE REVEREND T. N. HASSELQUIST, GALESBURG:

With reference to the account of the consecration of the new Norwegian Church in Chicago, the second of last March, written by you as publisher of *Det Gamla och Det Nya Hemlandet* and published in volume 2, number 6, I am asking you to publish in your paper the following

Corrections

You say: "It was strange to see that the two Scandinavian Lutheran congregations have advanced steadily and prospered both outwardly and inwardly, whereas the others have lagged behind. There is a Swedish Episcopal Church, a Swedish Methodist Church, and a Swedish Baptist Church, all built up al-

most entirely by Americans who even pay the ministers. What a temptation for our poor countrymen to accept a gift of both church and minister, when as Lutherans the prospect of securing either, even for money, is often dark."

In this statement there is (1) an untruth; (2) a partial statement; and (3) a palpable intention to detract from some and to glorify his own party or sect, by means of a partly false and partly misleading statement.

(1) I do not know about conditions in the Swedish Methodist and Baptist congregations in Chicago. Let each one answer for himself. With reference to the Swedish and Norwegian Episcopal Church in Chicago I shall undertake to show that you are guilty of an untruthful statement when you assert that the Americans pay the salary of the minister. This assertion is not only an insult to me personally, in that an accusation is directed against me, namely, that, by featuring the freedom from expense for church and minister, I have sought to entice my countrymen to "forsake the old way" which you insist is the Lutheran Church, and to unite with the Episcopal Church; but it is also an insult to my congregation, as though it were so weak in its religious spirit that it would sell faith and conscience for economic advantage. A statement like this is inexcusable, even though it may be due to ignorance. A Lutheran minister should have remembered the Lutheran explanation of the eighth commandment; and before bearing such witness against his neighbor, he ought to have informed himself a little more thoroughly about the real situation. The facts are that my congregation, much smaller in membership than both Mr. Anderson's[1] and Mr. Carlsson's[2] Lutheran congregations and much less affluent than the first at least, during the past year, according to the accounts of the minister and the church, has contributed about nine hundred dollars to the support of the minister and the church and an additional sixty-seven dollars for missions and other worthy purposes. The sixty-five contributing members who have paid this sum—an average of fifteen dollars (fifty-six *riksdaler)* per member—can hardly be said to have had a "church and minister without expense," and not even at little expense in view of the fact that these sixty-five members are for the most part poor la-

[1] Paul Anderson.—Ed.
[2] Erland Carlsson.—Ed.

bors. I do not know whether Pastor Carlsson's Lutheran congregation has any well-to-do members; but from what Mr. Carlsson has told me, none of his members has given him twenty to thirty dollars annually, as several in my congregation have. I am glad that in this article I can testify that they have done, if not all they could for their church and minister (for few Christians of today do), more, much more, than many other congregations in this country with their *"voluntary system,"* who are in much better circumstances. Therefore I deem it my duty not to allow your reflections on them to remain unchallenged. I am rather under obligations to see that they are given proper credit.

So far are my countrymen from the desire to have a "church and minister without expense" that according to a motion adopted at a congregational meeting a year ago each family and confirmed person who belongs to the congregation is bound to contribute at least five dollars annually for the support of the church and the minister unless relieved of the obligations by the pastor and church board because of poverty. This decision, which I have approved and accepted and enforced as far as practicable, ought to be a sufficient refutation of your charge that I "have tempted our poor countrymen to accept a gift of church and minister, when as Lutherans the prospect of securing either, even for money, is often dark." On the contrary, this decision has had the result, which I anticipated, of getting some of the drones, if I may use that word, out of the hive. There are, to be sure, many unlike Simon of Samaria, who wished to buy the Holy Ghost with money, who would even deliberate before paying a dollar, if that would suffice, or if they do not feel they can entirely do without the blessings of the church, nevertheless, first and foremost, calculate how they can have the benefit of it at the lowest cost. Individuals of this character for a time probably found a solution by joining my church, because for several years my salary consisted of voluntary offerings at the services, and consequently no one could keep any account of how much was placed on the collection plate. However, after the congregation made the decision I have mentioned, many left, perhaps just for this reason; and I have every reason for believing that a considerable number of them have sought a haven in Pastor Carlsson's

church in order to enjoy as Lutherans the advantages of church without payment. Without notifying me, they have ceased attending services in my church and, according to the statements made by many of them, have frequented Pastor Carlsson's church; neither do they receive Holy Communion in my church, but instead, as many of them have admitted to me, commune in Pastor Carlsson's church. In spite of this, they permit their church certificates to remain with me and thus they can not be registered as members of Pastor Carlsson's congregation, but are merely listeners and receive the sacraments from him. Perhaps they pay a small sum in return for certain ministerial acts; and therefore to them as Lutherans may be applied what Pastor Hasselquist charged against the members of the Swedish Episcopal Church, "that they had church and minister without payment." This accusation therefore reacts against his own party. The source of the temptation to this economical Christianity ought not to be difficult to find, after what I have said. In view of the regulation in my congregation it can not very well be said that the Episcopal Church and I are guilty of tempting poor countrymen to unite with us by offering them church and minister without payment; rather, the temptation is in the lax regulations which permit persons to take communion time and again and to enjoy other advantages of the congregation without being registered in the congregation and without requesting their church certificates, but allowing their names to remain on the membership rolls of another congregation, from which they have long since been dropped.

To show further in what respect my congregation has church and minister without payment, I shall cite the fact, in case *Det Gamla och det Nya Hemlandet* finds itself called upon to go into further details about the Scandinavian congregations in Chicago, that my little congregation, in spite of its smaller membership than last year, has this year increased the salary of its minister two hundred dollars.

(2) I said that your statement was incomplete. Referring to the alleged substantial support which the other Swedish and Norwegian congregations in Chicago receive from the Americans (which reminds me strongly of the fable of the fox and the grapes), you have found it expedient to ignore the

aid which the Scandinavian Lutheran congregations have received from the Americans in erecting their churches and also the support which has been and still is given to their ministers. It is true that our church building has been erected without any appreciable contributions from the congregation. In common with most of the less well-to-do Western congregations of all denominations, we have for this purpose received aid and support from our brethren in the Eastern States. The church entailed an expenditure of about five thousand dollars. Did not the Americans contribute a much larger sum to the Rev. Mr. Anderson for his new Norwegian Lutheran church? To be sure, I do not have complete information about this. From what I have heard from the members of his church, there is something mysterious about the collection and use of the sum for this building, even to most of those who belong to the congregation. According to reports, when a few of them suggested a somewhat closer examination of the disbursement of this money, as well as other funds, they were severely reprimanded for the impudence of prying into affairs which did not concern them. For this reason I am unable to determine how much Pastor Anderson received for his new building from the Presbyterians and other American sects. I do believe I am safe in saying that the sum was greatly in excess of the four thousand dollars (Jenny Lind's donation to us was one thousand dollars) which we received from some of the congregations of the Episcopal Church.

Further, by what means was the old Norwegian, now the Swedish Lutheran, church in Chicago originally erected? Certainly through some contributions from its own members, but principally through the kindness and liberality of the Americans. So much for the churches. Now a few more words about the ministers "without pay."

For several years Pastor Anderson has been enjoying a stipend from the American Home Missionary Society. I do not know whether he is still in receipt of aid from that source. Possibly the growth and prosperity of his congregation has made such support unnecessary. Nevertheless, he has at least been paid by the Americans as a missionary to the Norwegian Lutherans in this city. In passing it may also be mentioned that the society in question is Presbyterian and Congregational.

In view of the fact that these sects are adherents of the Calvinistic doctrine, which on many fundamental points departs so radically from the original Lutheran confession, their support of a Lutheran minister certainly seems strange except on the assumption that the recipient's Lutheran confession has been somewhat modified to conform with Calvinism, as a number of articles in the *Home Missionary*[1] seem to indicate. It would probably be worth the trouble to inquire further into this as a means of throwing light on the doctrine and polity of some of the Lutheran congregations in America; but as it is not pertinent to our present subject, we must put it aside for this time. Be that as it may, Mr. Anderson, whether he is a Presbyterian or a Lutheran, has been paid by the Americans as a minister for what, in this city at least, is known as a Norwegian Lutheran congregation. Be it far from me to insinuate that Mr. Anderson's congregation has had its minister "without payment." Such insinuations I leave to you. On the contrary, I am inclined to believe that Mr. Anderson's congregation has fulfilled its duty as well as could be expected, although there was a time when circumstances made it impossible to support the pastor independently. He had therefore to depend on other sources; and an American missionary society kindly offered to pay him as a minister for the Norwegians. There can be no objection to this. Neither minister nor congregation had anything to apologize for. And may I be permitted to remark that, although I am defending my own congregation and showing that it was no more "bought up" by the Americans than the others, nor its minister paid more than those of other congregations, it is not my intention to cast a shadow on them, least of all on Mr. Anderson's congregation. My relations with it have been no closer or confidential than with others, but as yet I have not experienced injustice, bitterness, nor false accusations from any of its members. It would not have been strange if they had been guilty of such action, encouraged as they were by the example and false statements of the Lutheran ministers. I am consequently just as willing as I am obliged to give them all the honor they deserve, and I believe I do them only justice when I say that for the industry and sacrifice they have shown in the erection

[1] The organ of the American Home Missionary Society.—Ed.

of their new building and in the support of their minister they are worthy of more praise than you give them by false and misleading statements.

Mr. Carlsson, pastor of the Swedish Lutheran congregation here, like Mr. Anderson, has annually received aid from other sources. A society in Baltimore has given him a grant of two hundred fifty to three hundred dollars. If I remember correctly, Mr. Carlsson told me himself that last year he received two hundred fifty dollars from this society. Consequently, like the Norwegian Mr. Anderson, he is one of the Swedish ministers paid by Americans. Why, Mr. Hasselquist, do you suppress these facts? Why not mention them "to praise the Lord" who, as you say, "has hitherto helped us"? Yes, why not publish this in praise of the Americans, and in grateful acknowledgment of their kindness in giving support to less prosperous but deserving congregations? In the otherwise detailed account of the consecration ceremonies at Chicago, in which both the length and the breadth of the church was given, together with the boastful statement that the cost of the church was $18,000, why were we not told how much of the amount the Norwegians had received from the Americans? Why not give the contributors "honorable mention"? To suppress and ignore their kindness entirely really seems to be just as great a breach of politeness and gratefulness as the whole account is lacking in honesty. In referring to the generosity of the Americans in paying the ministers for other than Lutheran congregations, why not acknowledge their generosity in giving still greater support to the Lutheran ministers? No, all this is deliberately suppressed in order not to detract from the purpose of the showy "write-up." You assume a sanctimonious air in speaking of the assistance the other Swedish congregations and their pastors are said to have received from the Americans and say that "this is not mentioned to reflect on others." Everybody can see through this. Do you not cast reflections on others when you suppress facts which should properly have been mentioned? Do you not reflect on others when you accuse other denominations of making "promises of minister and church without payment" to "tempt poor countrymen" and thereby seek to recruit members? You throw glances heavenward and sigh over the poor Lutherans "for whom the prospect

of getting either one, even with money, is often dark." If the reverend gentleman does not realize that this is casting reflections on others, his standards must be on a low plane. Reverend Mr. Hasselquist, I am not a hypocrite; I am wont to speak the plain truth. After considering the facts which have prompted me to write this correction and after weighing the circumstances under which you wrote the article in *Hemlandet,* at the bar of honorable and impartial opinion I pronounce you guilty of a base act.

The prospects of the Swedish and Norwegian Lutherans in this country obtaining ministers ought not to be so dark, judging by the number who in recent years have been ordained Lutheran ministers. And if it is as yet difficult for them to secure ministers, it will not be for long, because it appears to be quite easy to become a minister in the Swedish and Norwegian congregations here (certainly in some synods). Men without considerable qualifications, even without being able to spell and write their own language, desert the last and the needle for the pulpit. Ordination appears to be the easiest of all; it can even be dispensed with in favor of a so-called licensure. It is of course said that the Spirit of the Lord is manifest in this. Let us hope, however, that it is not the spirit that expresses itself in lying about and defaming other people.

For your further enlightenment on my second point I mention the fact that the yearly stipend which as minister of the Scandinavian Protestant Episcopal congregation in Chicago I have received from the missionary society of that church has sometimes been one hundred twenty dollars, and for this year the amount is one hundred fifty dollars, thus less than the sum the Rev. Mr. Carlsson receives from the American Missionary Society on behalf of the Swedes. Those who are acquainted with the assistance Mr. Anderson has received, or perhaps still receives, from the American Home Missionary Society are able to judge which one of our congregations can with greater show of truth be said to have its minister without expense. The fact is that it can not be said of any of them.

That it has been your purpose to reflect on others and to uphold your own party or sect by a false and misleading account of the Scandinavian congregations in Chicago must be quite clear to anyone with a knowledge of the facts. In any

event, I have been unable to come to any other conclusion, a conclusion also based on an earlier experience with a similar attempt, if not by the same person yet by the league to which you belong. If I could be persuaded to the contrary, I would gladly admit my error. But for that something more than a few empty assertions, which I have learned to distrust, are required. It is indeed not the first time I have had occasion to see that when there is a question of "promoting the progress of the Lutheran congregations," they have not been very careful in the choice of methods. When other methods fail, they cast reflections on other congregations and their pastors, in secret and from the pulpit, by twisting doctrine and facts in order to influence public opinion in both the old and the new homeland.[1] My knowledge of the situation warrants me in branding your editorial as such an attempt. What confirms my conviction is the fact that I recently received a letter from a respected minister in Sweden asking whether the reports were true that my congregation in Chicago had ceased to exist. Your account in your newspaper, several copies of which are probably sent to Sweden and eagerly read by many who are interested in present conditions, and from which extracts are probably printed in other papers, can readily contribute to such and to other false rumors about my congregation and myself. For this reason I have been rather meticulous in this article which as a simple act of justice I have a right to expect you to publish. I still have many friends and relatives in the fatherland whom naturally I do not wish to be misled by false reports about me and my congregation. Perhaps there are even those who do not have the prejudiced and hostile attitude of the Swedish clergy in this country toward my church and who do not harbor the same bitterness and ill will toward me as do the honorable gentlemen of the Synod of Northern Illinois. I wish to clear my name of these accusations before them and many other ministers of the Swedish church whom I have learned to know and to respect, and even before the Swedish church itself, which I warmly love, although in many respects I must give first place in my affections to the church with which I have considered it my duty to unite.

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[1] This undoubtedly refers to the suit for slander instituted by Unonius against Esbjörn in 1853. See Norelius, *Historia*, pp. 183–185; Unonius, *Bihang*, pp. 7–13; Norelius, "Svar," in *Tidskrift*, 1899, pp. 20–30. Unonius appears to have the better of this argument.—Ed.

During the last few years I have not been concerned about the attacks which have been directed by one group or another partly against the Episcopal Church and partly against me as its minister. During the bitter, vehement party struggles within the Lutheran camp which reflect little credit on the adherents of the Lutheran faith and would be reason enough, if there were not more important or solemn reasons, for refusing to affiliate with an ecclesiastical organization whose honored name now seems to have become only a motto for confusion and dissolution, I have remained silent, even in the face of flank attacks which sometimes have been directed against me and the church to which I belong, well aware that in silence and hope there is strength and that even my own countrymen, like thousands of others in this country, would become tired of schismatic quarrels and disagreements and finally realize the need of church unity on a real churchly organization. In your account of the Scandinavian churches in Chicago I sense an attempt to feel out the lengths a person can go, without further reproofs, in bearing false witness against others in order to cover up his own faults. Therefore this time I could not let your article pass without comment. There are occasions when *"forbearance ceases to be a virtue,"* and if you want to carry the controversy further, I am ready to meet you.

More might be said with reference to your statement about the "steady progress and development of the Scandinavian Lutheran congregation, both internally nad externally," compared with the others "that go forward with difficulty." But there probably will be an opportunity at some other time to make further contributions to the history of the Scandinavian congregations in Chicago. I may be permitted just one more remark in passing. Why did you not mention the third Norwegian Lutheran congregation, whose minister is Mr. P. U. Rasmussen?[1] Why is it ignored entirely? In respect to progress and development it ought to be worthy of as much, if not more, notice and praise as the other two, since more than the other two it has taken care of itself. Perhaps it is omitted because, in spite of its Lutheran name, it is not quite Lutheran in doctrine? And yet it belongs to the Missouri Synod, which, like the Swedish Church, accepts the unaltered Augsburg

[1] P. A. Rasmussen.

Confession and the other symbolical books of the Lutheran Church, some of which are rejected by the Synod of Northern Illinois, with which the Swedish ministers have seen fit to unite. The doctrinal basis of the latter organization seems to be rather uncertain, if we are to judge it by Pastor Anderson's Norwegian Lutheran congregation, which from time to time has made some important changes. The true Norwegian Lutheran Church in America, with its ministers examined and ordained in Norway, has on several occasions taken sharp and severe exception to the un-Lutheran doctrine and polity of this church or synod and, if I am not mistaken, among other things, has taken it to task because of its "changeableness, which is like the wind-tossed waves." [1] I am not unacquainted with several of its changes, "both inwardly and outwardly." Its practice is quite different from what it was when I first came to Chicago. For example, confirmation which was then cast aside by Mr. Anderson as a remnant of Romanism has now been introduced; Christmas and other church festivals which were rejected for the same reason are now said to be held sacred. Doubtless these and other changes are indicative of "development and progress" and foreshadow further inward and outward *developments*. But why, absorbed in the admiration of this progress, silently omit Mr. Rasmussen's Lutheran congregation, which in its Lutheranism is not behind the other congregations bearing the Lutheran name? Is it because, if it were included, it would suggest a topic which on closer examination would not give the Lutheran Church in the "old homeland" a very favorable opinion of the unity and harmony among the Lutherans in the "new homeland," where the different synods are fighting each other as if they had nothing more in common than the name? However, as before stated, we may refer to the "steady development and progress" of both the Scandinavian Lutheran congregations at another time. Many are of the opinion that the future holds little good in store for them because of the quarrels and disagreements that have recently arisen in one of them. Time will tell. We all have difficulties to contend with; and should anyone escape

[1] This refers to the controversy between the Scandinavians in the Synod of Northern Illinois and in the Norwegian Evangelical Lutheran Church. The latter organization was finally effected at Luther Valley, Wisconsin, October 3–7, 1853. See J. M. Rohne, *Norwegian-American Lutheranism up to 1872* (New York, 1926), and G. M. Stephenson, *The Founding of the Augustana Synod, 1850–1860* (Rock Island, 1927).—Ed.

them, that is no proof of the Lord's special favor nor of the congregation's spiritual development. The Lutheran Church's own great father has said that "attacks from without and within" are one of the signs of a really Christian church. However, we can rest assured that all boastfulness, especially at the expense of others, is a covering under which people seek to hide their own weaknesses. This is especially true in religion, individually or collectively. I willingly admit that my congregation and I have difficulties to fight. Those who place stumblingblocks in our path may well blazon forth if we should ever trip over them; and if it gives them any satisfaction, they are welcome to it. Nevertheless, so far as my little congregation and the mutual relationship of its members are concerned, we have reason to thank God for peace, concord, and unity in spite of discouragements; there are no serious disrupting misunderstandings between the shepherd and his little flock. They have not been able to spread a loaded table before me, but they have never let me nor mine be in want. I am grateful to the Lord and to them for that and for the love and faith which lightens my burden and overlooks my weaknesses.

G. Unonius.

Chicago, April, 1856.

If, contrary to my expectations, you deny this communication space in your paper, I will ask you to return the manuscript as soon as possible. Stamps are included for that purpose.

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