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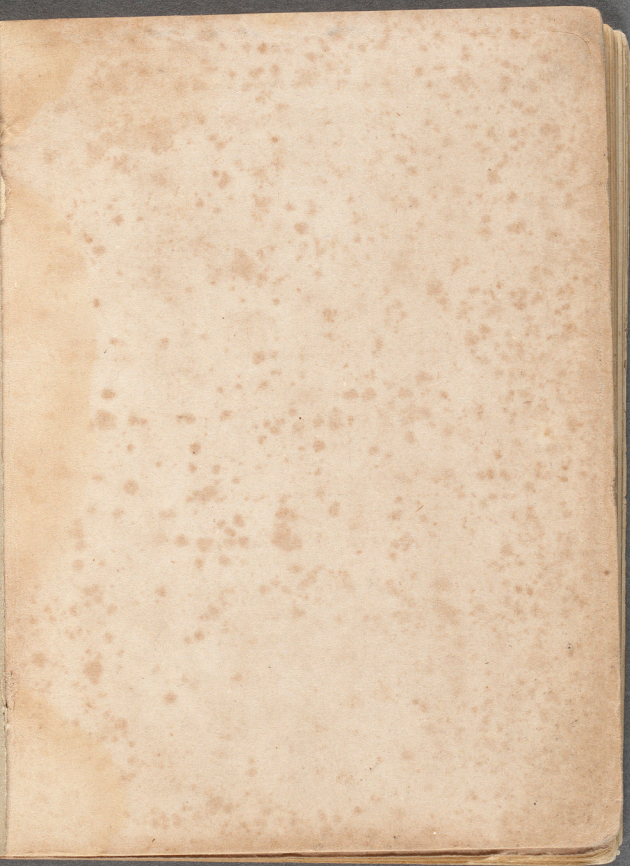
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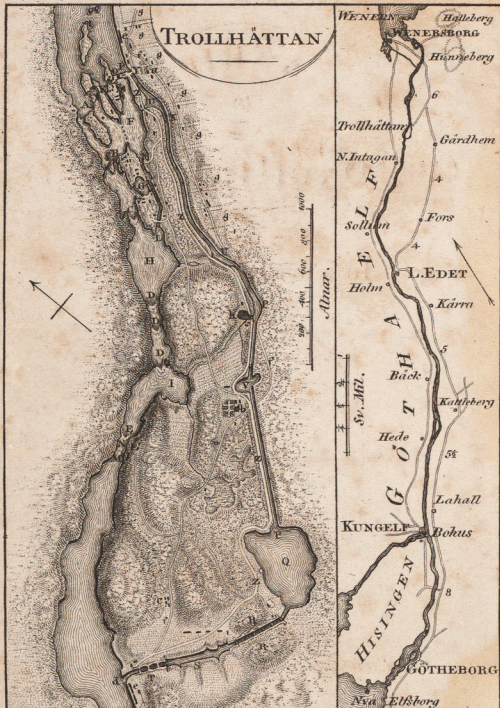
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Grav. af C.G. Lundgren.

A TRIP  
to  
Grosshättan

In a series of Letters.



GÖTHEBORG  
*Published by Geo. Löwegren*

1813.



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TO  
THOMAS TELFORD ESQR.

F. R. S. E., CIVIL ENGINEER,

IN REMEMBRANCE OF  
HIS INTERESTING COMPANY TO

TROLLHÆTTAN,

AND AS A MARK OF THE AUTHOR'S RESPECT  
FOR HIS TALENTS, AND SERVICES REN-  
DERED THIS COUNTRY,

THESE LETTERS  
ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

HIS MOST OBEDIENT,

HUMBLE SERVANT

GEO. LÖWEGREN.

2

TO

THOMAS TILFORD ESQ.

CIVIL ENGINEER,

IN REPLY TO

HIS INTERESTING COMPANY TO

THE TILFORD

AND AS A MARK OF THE AUTHOR'S KNELDS

FOR HIS TALENTS, AND SERVICES HER

BEARD THIS COUNTY,

THESE LETTERS

ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

HIS MOST OBLIGED,

RESPECTFUL SERVANT

Geo. E. W. GREEN

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## LETTER I.

Lilla Edet.

Dear Sir.

We arrived here all safe last night. In my opinion, I cannot better employ this very charming morning, than to give you a description of my journey.

Travelling in Sweden is very expeditious, after having despatched a horse, a few hours before your departure, in order to bespeak horses to be in readiness for the other stages of your journey; which is here called travelling with a Förebud.

We left Gothenburg at 3 o'clock yesterday. The Gôta-elf accompanies the

traveller the greatest part of this road, and the hillous and rocky landscape round the town, was soon found greatly altered to its advantage, more cultivated and fertile. In the neighbourhood of Gamlestaden (the old town), the road goes by a sugarhouse, and several small villas with handsome gardens, sloping down to a hospital of lunatics. The roads in this country are not unfrequently barricaded with gates, which are generally attended by children or old people, who expect a pittance for opening them. The first draft upon my charity, was at the gate of the said hospital, to a poor blind man. You know, I am always a sentimental traveller.

Lerje, a country seat, charmingly situated, soon presented its beautiful park to our view. Determined not to yield to its inviting allurements, which now again reminded me of a story of a young

man, who, charmed with its beauties, wished only for a cottage on it, and in the course of a few years he, by industry and application in mercantile pursuits, acquired as much, as made him the happy possessor of the whole. — I resolved to imitate his example, not doubting but by the same means I might arrive at the same point. While I was thus amusing myself with imaginary schemes, an exclamation of „What’s the matter?” from my fellow-traveller abruptly put an end to my reverie, and brought me to my recollection, and I found our carriage at a stand, the horses being unable to remove from the spot. The driver, a little boy about 14, did not spare his whip or his oaths, of which he had for his age a select assortment in store; but to no purpose. I expostulated, but in vain. I found that patience was the only cure for the evil, which remedy I also recommended to my com-

panion, who was disposed to be a little peevish. Having approved of his eloquent eulogy on the post-horses of Gothenburg, which I had no reason to reclaim, I asked the boy, why his horses would not go on. He gave no immediate answer, but broke out in this soliloquy: „Villain! this is the third time you have played me this trick, but I shall take care, that it shall not be again repeated.” — To amuse ourselves, we asked for an explanation, and he answered with the utmost simplicity: „No doubt, Gentlemen, said he, you observed the boy standing behind the hedge, which we this moment passed.” — We had observed him. — „Well, I gave him a nod, and a hearty good day.” — Yes, you did so. — „In return for this civility, that rogue has bewitched my horses.” — Bewitched your horses? exclaimed my companion quickly. — „Yes, said he, and this is the third time.” — We indulged

ourselves in a laugh at the credulity of the poor child, but conceiving the easiest and most ready way of dispelling the charm, was to relieve the poor miserable ponies from our weight, we alighted. I took hold of my companion's arm: „Come, said I, let us take a turn in the park — and my good boy, look that you can persuade your horses to meet us with the carriage at the bottom of the hill.”

In these serpentine paths, under the solemn shadow of these lofty trees, what an inexhaustible stuff for my sentimental hobby-horse! But — I could give no soar to my imagination, now big with the accident, trifling as it was. „A beautiful place this, a fine garden, somewhat in the English stile, Sir!” These exclamations were the only topick of our conversation, and the sight of our carriage through the openings of the scattered trees, our most

sanguine delight for the moment. None, but he, who has travelled after a bewitched horse, can partake in our feelings.

We reached Lahall without inconvenience. This place has nothing inviting to the traveller, and he, who tarries the least in it, is certainly best off. We changed horses in a few minutes, and set off for Kattleberg. The road between this place and Lilla Edet is hilly; but not uninteresting for a traveller charmed in the beauties of nature. Everywhere the landscape is agreeably diversified by hill and dale; on one side you have high mountains, feathered with firs and pines; on the other terrible precipices, which terminate in a fertile valley, through which the Götta elf, gliding gently and silently, as an ancient wise, darts her silver-arms round the dispersed, small, picturesque islands, and disappears, like the shepherdess among the shrubs, for the sear-

ching looks of her shepherd, in order to surprise him again the more agreeably. Finally the estate of Haneström is discovered in a fertile plain, just such as the proportion of the picture will have it.

I don't know — and, to be sure, I will never know it — how many thousands worth I should be, to travel this road sitting in my carriage.

We walked up and down hill. The sun was setting, and Virgil's „Cantantes minus via lædet” remembered me of my dear Thomson, the constant pocket-companion on all my travels. I wanted to give a vent to my full heart, and I could not help repeating his praise of Philosophy, the beauties of which never had proved so charming to me as now.

„With thee, serene Philosophy, with thee,  
And thy bright garland, let me crown my  
song!



The chain of causes and effects to [Him,  
 The world-producing Essence, who alone  
 Possesses being; while the last receives  
 The whole magnificence of heaven and  
 earth,

And every beauty, delicate or bold,  
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,  
 Diffusive painted on the rapid mind,

Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts  
 Her voice to ages; and informs the page  
 With music, image, sentiment, and  
 thought,

Never to die! the treasure of mankind!  
 Their highest honour, and their truest joy!

Without thee what were unenlighten'd  
 man;

A savage roaming through the woods and  
 wilds,

In quest of prey; and with th' unfashion'd  
 fur

Rough-clad ; devoid of every finer art,  
 And elegance of life. Nor happiness  
 Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,  
 Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,  
 Nor guardian law were his ; nor various  
 skill  
 To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool  
 Mechanic ; nor the heaven-conducted prow  
 Of navigation bold, that fearless braves  
 The burning line, or dares the wintry  
 pole ;  
 Mother severe of infinite delights !  
 Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,  
 And woes on woes, a still-revolving train !  
 Whose horrid circle had made human life  
 Than non-existence worse : but, taught by  
 thee,  
 Ours are the plans of policy and peace ;  
 To live like brothers, and conjunctive all

Embellish life. While thus laborious  
 crowds,  
 Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs  
 The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath  
 Of potent heaven, invisible, the sail  
 Swells out, and bears th' inferior world  
 along.

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth  
 Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high  
 Are her exalted range; intent to gaze  
 Creation through; and, from that full  
 complex  
 Of never-ending wonders, to conceive  
 Of the Sole Being right, who spoke the  
 word,  
 And Nature mov'd complete. Withinward  
 view,  
 Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns  
 Her eye; and instant, at her powerful  
 glance,

Th' obedient phantoms vasmih or appear;  
 Compound, divide, and into order shift,  
 Each to his rank, from plain perception up  
 To the fair forms of fancy's fleeting train:  
 To reason then, deducing truth from truth;  
 And notion quite abstract; where first be-  
 gins

The world of spirits, action all, and life  
 Unfetter'd, and unmixt. But here the  
 cloud,

So wills Eternal Providence, sits deep,  
 Enough for us to know that this dark state,  
 In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,  
 This Infancy of Being, cannot prove  
 The final issue of the works of God,  
 By boundless love and perfect wisdom  
 form'd,

And ever rising [with the rising mind.

---

We reached this place (Lilla Edet) at 10 o'clock last night. We supped on delicious salmon. Our accommodations were good, and our landlord reasonable. Here are falls, which obstruct the navigation; but the industry and art of man has overcome it, and rendered the navigation practicable by a sluice, and converted the falls into use, by erecting thereon valuable saw mills. — Opposite to this place is a country-seat called Ström, situated on an eminence, commanding a view of Edet and its falls. Adjoining it is a pretty forest, agreeably laid out in serpentine walks. On a knoll in the midst of its shades, lies entombed its former owner. On a pillar is an urn, dedicated to his memory, and at it, as I was told, the peasants yearly meet to commemorate the many virtues of the

(deceased; and a belief that his heart is enbalm'd therein, adds not a little to their fervor.

The horses are ready. Manum e tabula! Adieu!

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## LETTER II.

Trollhättan.

Dear Friend!

**N**ow I have seen Trollhättan. Yes, I have seen that miracle of nature and art, singular in its kind, and, perhaps, unrivalled throughout the globe.

I shall not describe it to you, for indeed I cannot. To delineate the truly awful locality of Trollhättan, would baffle the powers of poetic fancy, and mock

the painter's daring pencil. I can only afford you a faint idea of its characteristic features, and even that will be found arduous. Come, and see it, and you will applaud my modesty.

Having made a hearty breakfast at Lilla Edet, we left it at 10 o'clock this morning, and reached Forss at half past 11. The road passes through a rich, but uninteresting campaign. Our conversation was of an oeconomical tendency, in consequence of the benefits resulting from the stream at Edet. "O Britannia! — exclaimed my companion — how highly would you value every drop of water in these falls! Certainly you would make all these heaps of sawdust into as many heaps of gold." Subscribing to the old Swedish proverb: When it rains down milk, the poor has no spoon," I silently dropped the theme, and would not have rementioned it now,

if I were not anxious to display to you, what an able minister of state I might possibly be, if His Majesty should be pleased to invest me with that honor, which, you know, is as distant from me as the mitre and the slipper of the Pope of Rome.

Very poorly accommodated at Forss, and not a bit better at Gerdhem, although it promised something more, we submitted to our fate, comforting our depressed spirits with the sublime thought: "We are on the road to Trollhättan."

And now we reached Trollhättan. The noise of the waters had long saluted our ears in a thundering, but pleasing harmony. We alighted at the tavern, unpacked our luggage, and set out immediately for our walk with an old man, who begged in a modest manner — he had been a clergy-man, and seen better days — to be our Cicerone.

Having crossed the canal by a draw-bridge, and passed some saw-mills, we found ourselves in a few seconds at the upper falls.

I could not approach them without feeling with the Bard of the Seasons, for  
 - - - - - „swift-shrinking back,  
 I check'd my steps, and view'd the broken scene.”

Here — what shall I write you? —

Here the massy river, imprisoned within her adamantine banks, rolls still and clear, and as her prison-walls contract, she forms a billowy surface like the restless sea, when undisturbed by the ruffling blast, or like the bearded rye, when sporting in the westering breeze. Smooth to the rugged verge, the massive flood stalks stately on, when all at once the impetuous torrent pours headlong down the yawning cliffs in thundering bounds, and

over the country far and wide sends forth a ceaseless din.

Suppose to yourself a vast body of water, bursting over a rude precipice of 26 feet precipitation, obliged to embrace the little, with the sylvan pine delightfully tufted, island Gullön, in the midst of its impetuous course, and you will say: It cannot proceed in a more peaceable manner.

Can this now give you an idea of the falls of Gullö and Nolström?

We measured back our steps, passing one of the boldest enterprises of man, the mound Kafledammen, a mill and a few saw-mills, and come to the lock of Ekeblad, which constitutes part of the elder plan of rendering Trollhättan navigable. Being told by our Cicerone, that this sheet of water, which precipitates itself, not destitute of sublimity, down in

the artificial pit of the rock, could not bear any comparison with that in the lock of Polhem, we repassed the mills, and a few scattered cottages, went along two small wooden bridges, and came to the fall of Toppô, the grandest and most sublime of those that honour Trollhättan.

We seated ourselves on a wooden bench, called Kungssoffan, on the very brink of the cataract — An unwary step would in a moment have extinguished the lamp of life. Here the sublime felt her inmost force, struck dumb with astonishment, she downwards cast her eye, and viewed the ruptured scene; then looked askance, and eyed the fractured wave from Gullôn's smoky flanks roll her wrathful surge, and raging over the scattered rocks, lashes her lofty banks with lavish love: then gathering all her strength, she scorns restraint, and leaping Toppô's lofty cliffs

she thunders down the gaping schism in awful shoots, and trembles from her lowest bottom; then springs aloft, and wounds high heaven in a cloud of foam. To add to the natural sublimity of the scene, a large float of timber approached the fall. As soon as it had gained the first verge, swift as the passing wind, it tumbled down, and thundering on the bottom-rocks, it raised a dreadful din. In contemplating this scene, my own feeling suggested to me the admirable passage of Shakespear:

“— — I'll look no more;  
Lest my brain turns, and the deficient  
sight  
Topple down headlong.”

In the middle of the fall, a huge rock boldly exhibits his wrinkled front, while down his scaly sides the tortured waters rage. The fall on the other side of it, is

called Tjuffallet (the cataract of the robbers). Tradition has handed down a tale to posterity, that on the other side of the river there has been a cave or grotto, in which a band of robbers concealed themselves. A secret path gave access to it, difficult to find, and still more dangerous to explore. Chance, however, the common discoverer of crimes, opened a way to this sequestered retreat. A peasant girl, whom the robbers had taken in one of their excursions, obtained leave to fetch a sheave of corn to them, under repeated menaces of being put to death, if she either deserted them, or disclosed their lurking place. The girl was as good as her word; she returned with their request, without mentioning a word about the cave; but under her way home she dropt a straw here and there, so that by this guidance the robbers were secured, and met their merited doom.

We again passed the two small wooden bridges, and traced up a small footpath over a steep hill, and came to Jättegrytan (the pot of the giants). In this rocky excavation, somewhat in the form of a niche, several royal personages and respectable characters have written their names, which have since been cut out in the rock. We ascended by means of a wooden staircase, and proceeded to the sluice of Polhem.

A considerable sheet of water of aërial blue precipitates itself, and foaming winds its way beneath a subterraneous vault of venerable aspect, cut out of the adamantine rock by the chisel of art. It is, perhaps, the most bold of its kind in Europe.

The sun had spent his meridian rage, and in his western car he looked askance the falling water. This sight was truly grand. The beams, reflected upon the

vapour, emitted from the falls, engendered the inimitable beauties of the rainbow — but

— — — — — „who can paint

Like nature? Can imagination boast,  
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?’

From this point of view, and only from this, you may conceive an idea of the truly great and bold in the plan of Polhem, which the lover of art and nature must ever regret failed in its execution. — The height of this sluice is parallel with the falls of Stampeström and Toppö. At the side of these cataracts, Polhem would have had the sluice placed. What a coup d’oeil! what a contrast!

At the foot of a steep rock to the left, we were conducted to the utmost edge of the precipice, and from thence we saw the lower canal, and the vault of Polhem’s

sluice, perforated through the very rock. We climbed afterwards up and down to the other side to the left, and on a mostly unbeaten track over pieces of rocks, we hastened our steps towards a place, where a dismal, loud noise, and a thick foam mixed with smoke, announced the presence of the above mentioned fall of Stampeström. This cataract is unequal to any of the above described, less striking by a visible height than by its even surface, occasioned by its running over rounded smooth cliffs, and by the immense mass of foam, into which it is transformed, and which almost in a horizontal direction flows away to a great distance, and seems finally to terminate quite steady. Below this fall, the flood is more extended, by which the Hojomavarp is formed; but being soon [contracted again, three falls by this means are contrived, and called Helvetesfallen (the cataracts of the

hell), more terrible to the name as in the reality itself.

We again climbed up on the staircase, and bent our course, as if we were to leave the whole scene behind us, by way of the side of the Olida house to the Olida håla. Here a new sight met our eyes. In an everlasting whirl number of blocks danced around, which on good luck are sent down from the shores of Venern (Vener lake), to help themselves, as well as they can, through Tollhåttan to Gøtheborg.

Fatigued by walking, and oppressed by the heat of the sun, we took shelter in a kind of summerhouse, on a declivity near Olidahåla.

Here a vast amphitheatre opens to view. The whole of the falls, Flottberg's excepted, stand disclosed; the mills, the little islands tufted with shrub-

bery, the surrounding cottages cutting the river in two, here and there a boat-mast suspended, as it seems, in the air; farther up cultivated fields, and to crown all, the lofty summits of Halleberg and Hunneberg, clothed in a coat of pine, wound high heaven with their spiral pride.

We followed our Cicerone, who conducted us over hill and dale to the locks of the new canal.

Here a varied scene again presented itself. The sublime looses itself in the simple. Every sense was pleased. The raptured eye, impatient of delay, hurried on the enchanting prospect, and the ear, no less charmed with the vocal lay chanted from a neighbouring harbour.

Indeed all nature was gay. The limpid river stole gently on, undisturbed by the smallest breeze, or ruffling curve, safe

where the sporting Naiades played. On the opposite bank just facing the locks, stands a little villa delightfully situated on a rising ground, and gently sloping to the river's verge, enamelled with the flowery tribes, and shaded with the spreading bows of the royal forester.

The locks are eight in number. The late King, when passing here with his royal consort, was graciously pleased to name them, as follows:

- I. Nordvall,
- II. Trollhätte Direktion,
- III. Chalmers & Bagge,
- IV. Hertig Carl,
- V. Prins Gustaf,
- VI. Sophia Magdalena,
- VII. Fredrika Dorotea Wilhelmina,
- VIII. Gustaf Adolph.

As you have, I suppose, but a faint idea of the manner of constructing locks, and the mode of working them, permit me to delineate the above mentioned. We happened to reach the spot just as a boat, or what is called a *Venersjakt* (a vessel of a particular structure for carrying goods from the lake *Venern* through *Trollhättan* to *Götheborg*) should pass. We went on board, and all the locks were opened from top to bottom. Having entered the lowest lock, it was immediately shut after us, and an aperture, or a kind of chink, opened at the bottom of the succeeding lock, through which the water forced its way with the utmost rapidity. We felt the vessel gradually rising till the waters were on a level with them in the other lock, the gates of which then were opened without any resistance, (which before that moment would have baffled every effort of power and strength in man),

and the vessel helped in. The lock was again shut, and the vessel went through the same process as before, and so on, till she gained the highest lock, then winds her way along the unruffled canal.

From this point the whole of the locks can be seen at one glance. The locks are each twenty two feet broad, six and a half feet deep, and one hundred and twenty feet long. The mountain out of which they are excavated, must inspire every beholder with high ideas of the inventive genius and executorial power of man, who, though weak in himself, teaches nature to obey, and tames her in her rudest form. — We landed here, and returned, by descending a small staircase, to view the phenomenon once more. We passed a narrow footway, railed in on the one hand, and on the other bounded and arched over with rocks rising above rocks, beautifully dreadful, seemingly ready to

crush us to atoms. On the eminence of the loftiest rock we observed preparations for erecting an everlasting monument to the honor of Mr. Nordvall, that celebrated mechanic, who directed and finished that part of the new canal, called Trollhättan. — The canal goes forwards from the lock to the little lake Åkersjö, from which it makes an oblique angle, and passing on the Customhouse, forms a kind of basin, where vessels enter, in order to pay their duty. A little higher up is a dock, called after its founder, the Right Honorable Baron von Platen, and which is of great utility for refitting vessels. The canal continues its usual dimensions, having here and there inlets, that vessels may pass each other. It ends or, if you please, commences at a draw-bridge near Kafledammen.

This then is Trollhättan, highly distinguished for its natural and artificial

grandeur, and may, without paying a compliment to the country of Sweden, be reckoned the grandest phenomenon of its kind. If the falls of Niagara are more copious: those of Trollhättan are more sublime; if those of Switzerland are a master-piece of nature: those of Trollhättan claim that of nature and art together. . . . But I shall take my leave of Trollhättan with the words of a celebrated Poet:

- - - - "We wondering see  
From luxuriant nature up to nature's  
God."

I am &c.

NB. The word Trollhättan is very old, and translated by some the cap of the devil, and by others the dangers of the devil, intimating danger or hazard to approach them.

## L E T T E R III.

Venersborg.

Dear Friend!

I left with reluctance this morning the enchanting ground of Trollhåttan. The noise of the distancing falls still reechoed in my ears. When reality ceased, imagination took up the tale, exhibiting in all their charms the rural wildness of Gullö, and the majestic boldness of Toppö.

Having satisfied you, I believe, to the full, respecting the descriptive beauties of Trollhåttan, I presume it will be found no less interesting to trace its historical epochs from its first founder to its present state of grandeur and magnificence.

The first, who formed the bold design of opening a communication between

the North Sea and the Baltic, was the illustrious Gustavus I. The ingenious monarch, seeing the Swedish commerce much annoyed by the Danes in passing the Sound, adressed in an ever memorable speech his diet, assembled at Stockholm in the year 1526. He proposed to build Lödeshö (now called Gøtheborg) at the mouth of Gøtha-elf, to protect the commerce on the west, and from thence to cut a canal across the country to Stockholm, led by the lakes Venern, Hjelmarn and Mälarn. The orders, astonished at the novelty and greatness of the undertaking, were unable of conceiving the advantage, that would arise, or the possibility of accomplishing the great design. After a few weak efforts on the part of the diet, it fell entirely off, and Gustavus, engaged in more pressing matters, contented himself with building the above mentioned city.

His son, Eric XIV, was an unfortunate prince, but highly distinguished for his natural endowments. History has charged him with some crimes, shocking to humanity, yet to do justice to his memory, even these were committed at a period, when his mind was under a calamitous derangement, occasioned by the troubles and commotions, excited in his reign. These unhappy circumstances prevented him from pushing on the work with ardour; he, however, built the castle of Elfsborg at the mouth of the Götha-elf.

The bigoted reign of John III, affords scarce a single instance of his love to his native country.

His brother, Charles IX, patronized, amidst his acts of severity, many undertakings worthy a monarch, and among these the foundation of several towns, and the digging of the Carlsgraf, although

the Trollhätte-canal made little progress under his reign.

Gustavus Adolphus astonished the world by the grandeur of his military exploits, and raised the Swedish military glory high in the estimation of Europe. Yet these prowesses, though brilliant in themselves, had no influence on our present subject, which rested as it was, entirely forgotten.

During the minority of Christina, the work was carried on with ardour, and two locks constructed at Lilla Edet, on a model taken from Holland. She ascended the throne, and Trollhättan as many other works of public utility, was totally neglected. A plan was presented to her by the engineer Kruse, but to no purpose. The projector's name is still preserved in Krusensväg (the road of Kruse), which goes from the gulph of Vassbotten to Åkerström.

Her successor was Charles X Gustavus, the flower of Swedish chivalry. It is with regret that I cannot allow the name of that generous and illustrious hero a place in my present subject. He was succeeded by his son,

Charles XI, the father of Swedish legislature and economy. Having restored peace and tranquillity to the nation, harassed by a long and bloody war, he began the cutting of Trollhättan with ardour; but a lingering illness, the cause of which is not known, put an end to the life of this illustrious prince.

His Son, Charles XII, the Alexander of the North, pleased with what was great and magnificent, and ambitious of transmitting his name to posterity, pregnant with these great and glorious actions that immortalize man, found in Trollhättan a proper subject for his high spi-

rit of undertaking, and avidity of fame. The time, however, was unfavorable; the finances of the realm were drained to the dregs, and the country almost depopulated, under that warlike and heroic reign. About this time arose the famous Polhem, the father of Swedish mechanism. He presented a plan to the King of not only cutting Trollhättan, but opening a communication between the North Sea and the Baltic; which plan, though it met the royal sanction, yet, we are sorry to say, was found impracticable to accomplish. What remains of this arduous undertaking, still immortalizes Trollhättan, and will continue to do so, till nature herself shall change. — The untimely death of the heroic Charles, disannulled Polhem's engagements. His son presented to the orders in 1747 another plan, which being approved of, the management of the work was consigned over to the Counts Tessin

and Ekeblad \*). We here name again with pleasure the venerable old Polhem, who, though near his ninetieth year of age, and unable to attend in person, afforded them unspeakable assistance by his wise and sagacious counsels.

A subscription was immediately opened, and the Crown subscribed 50,000 dollars silver, the whole expence being estimated at 200,000 dollars. The locks were to be excavated out of the rock, conformably to the plan of Polhem, leaving a natural arch, through which the vessels should pass, by lowering their masts. After four years labour, the canal was made navigable from Venersborg to Trollhättan. But here the gordian knot was met with. In order to facilitate the cutting of the lock of Ekeblad, the celebrate

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\*) From Count Ekeblad one of the old sluices derives its name.

dike or mole of Kafvelström was constructed. An attempt of the like nature, to turn aside the Presteskedsfäll (falls of the priest's spoon), and to constrain their course through those of Gullö and Nolström, was to be effected by casting a parabolic arch over the stream, which, although it lost its desired effect through improper management, reflects no little honor on the bold and inventive genius of its immortal projector, Polhem.

The superintendency of the above mentioned mole, which from the island of Malgön to the continent, was 240 feet long, and 30 feet high, was given to Wiman, a famous mechanician (Konstmästare), who finished it in a stile, that does honor to his talent and memory. From the good effects of this ingenious labour, the lock of Ekeblad was finished, as also that of Polhem, except the gates, exactly as it is still to be seen. — Another

mole at Flottberg was also necessary. This work, the worst of all, was undertaken and finished by the able Wiman, after an arduous labour from the year 1751 till 1755; but alas! sic transit gloria mundi — the very moment, that Wiman was to reap the fruits of all his labour, and to receive what was justly his due, the reiterated applause of his country, all was lost in a twinkling. Envy, more cruel than the impetuous river he had to deal with, in one night, a sad and stormy September-night, destroyed the whole work, and burried all his hope, glory and ambition, with nine of the unfortunate workmen, in the devouring element.

This act of wickedness was accomplished, by casting into the river a little above the upper-falls, 900 dozen of large planks, notwithstanding the King's prohibition against attempts of every description, that might prove hurtful to the work or work-

men at Trollhättan. The mole received their repeated attacks for a considerable time, but at length gave way. — This misfortune was sufficient to drop the work, and dismiss the unfortunate Wiman, who, conscious of his own integrity, and undeserved disgrace, died of grief shortly after the accident, deserving a better fate, and a better return from his ungrateful country.

In 1757 a new plan was devised by Thunberg, and finished by Solberg. This plan was much the same with that, which succeeded it, and indeed, I think, it is difficult to say, whether the deviations from the former can claim the title of economy or genius. I shall not presume to decide it. — In order to help to defray the expences, a lottery was instituted in 1762, which had a very salutary effect; the plan, however, like all the preceding, went a certain length, and then stop-

ped. The same plan was again revived in the late reign. The present Monarch, then Prince Regent, accompanied his royal nephew, Gustavus Adolphus, on his tour through Sweden. During their stay at Gôtheborg, the cutting of Trollhåttan was again revived; certain proposals were laid before His Majesty, and the same being committed to the inspection of a Committee chosen at Stockholm, they gave a preference to the plan founded on the principles of Thunberg, leaving the others as we now see them, everlasting monuments of the daring and inventive mind of man.

This plan of the canal, as it now is, was executed by levelling, and the expenses defrayed by subscription. About a month after the commencement of the plan, the Trollhätte-Direction was formed, and obtained a royal patent. In the space of a fortnight 765,200 Rixdollars were raised in Stockholm, Gôtheborg and

Christinæhamn. The work was carried on with promptitude, under the indefatigable eye of Mr. Nordwall, and August 1st., 1800, the first vessel passed Trollhättan amidst peals of applause. This bold effort of human genius and perseverance accomplished in six years what a century and a half had hitherto been unable to atchieve. The persons to whom Sweden ought ever to look up to with an eye of grateful acknowledgement for this celebrated work, are Baron von Platen, Baron Silversköld, Mr. Bagge, Mr. Damm, Mr. Andersson, Sir William Chalmers, Mr. Sharp, all of them trustees of the Trollhätte-Direction, and Mr. Swedenstjerna.

The whole expence of this undertaking amounted to R:d. 358,988, a mere trifle, when we consider the magnitude of the enterprise.

The canal is 22 feet broad, and  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet deep. Much is said about the dimensions; I decline giving my opinion on this subject: I shall only observe that the general objection is, it is on too small a scale; and if the Swedes were to depend entirely upon the canal in bearing their commerce from the North Sea to the Baltic, the defect, no doubt, would be materially felt: but when completed, even according to its present dimensions, it will do immortal honor to the kingdom of Sweden, and hand down to the lowest posterity the illustrious names of its projectors and executors.

I will conclude my long letter with the words of an English traveller on this subject: "The canal of Trollhättan may justly be considered as, in some respects, characteristic of the Swedish nation; for it represents them as they are, prone to the conception of grand enterprises, and distinguished by mechanical invention. As a work of art, and of bold and persevering design, it is not too much to say, that it is the first in the world."

I am &c.

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## DESCRIPTION OF THE MAP.

### G Ö T H A - E L F.

**T**his river rises in the province of Herjedalen, under the 22 degr. 20 min., flows into the lake Fåmund in Norway, pursuing its course through this Kingdom, under the name of Frysel-Elven, to the frontiers of Vermeland, which it washes under the appellation of Clar-elfven, till it communicates with Venern. Leaving this lake, it receives the name of Gôthaelv, and communicates at Gôtheborg with the Kattegat, after a course of 64 Swedish miles. At  $1\frac{1}{2}$  m. from Venersborg it forms that cluster of islands, which are known under the joint name of Trollhättan.

The road from Gôtheborg to Trollhättan runs paralel whith this river, as marked on the map, viz.

Lahall . . . . 2 m.

Kattleberg . . . 1  $\frac{3}{8}$

Lilla Edet \*) . . 1  $\frac{3}{4}$

Forss . . . . . 1

Gerdhem . . . . 1

Trollhättan . . . 1

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Total 8  $\frac{1}{8}$  Sw. m.

Another road on the other side of the river, is also marked on the map, viz to Kongelf 2 m., Hede 1  $\frac{1}{4}$ , Bäck  $\frac{7}{8}$ , Holmen 1  $\frac{1}{8}$ , Sollum  $\frac{3}{4}$ , Norra Intagan (Åkerström) 1 Sw. mile, where the river is crossed in small boats to Trollhättan.

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### TROLLHÄTTAN.

A the fall of Gullö.

B the fall of Toppö.

C the fall of Stampeström.

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\*)  $\frac{1}{2}$  m. from hence to Kattleberg lies Kårra, where on the road to Götheborg horses must be changed.

DDD the falls of hell (Helvetesfallen).

E Flottbergström.

F Hålan.

G Håkanshamn.

H Hojomavarp.

I Olidehåla.

K the lock of Ct. Ekeblad.

L the lock of Polhem.

M the locks of Elvius.

N Flottbergsdammen.

N Kafveldammen.

PPP the new Canal. Length from Kafvel-  
dammen to

Q Åkersjö 6600 feet, and the smallest  
breadth 22, and depth 10 feet.

R Åkersberget, in which 5 locks are cut,  
dipping 72 feet.

S Åkersdal.

T 3 locks constructed of hewen stones, dip-  
ping 40 feet. The whole sinking from  
Kafledammen to Åkershvass is 112 feet.

U Inlets.

V The basin at Olida.

X a Demi-lock. When this is locked, the water in the canal and the 5 upper-slucies can be let out.

Y a Draw-bridge.

Z the new road.

a the Inn (Gästgifvaregården).

b Olida-tavern (Värdshus).

c Åkershemman, farms.

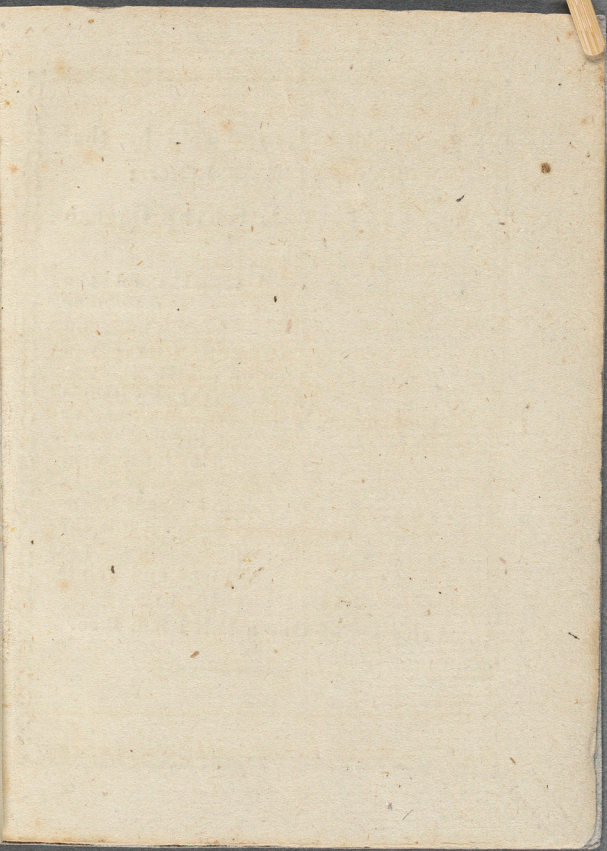
d Åkershvass.

e Ladingplaces (Lastageplatsar).

f a wooden bridge, now removed.

g Ground parcelled out for houses.

h a Dock,



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