August 21, 1935.

Mrs. Marguerite Peterson Hultquist.

I am glad to come to Falconer to pay a Granddaughter's tribute to a devoted Grandmother, who braved the perils of the Atlantic and selected this site for her home in the New World.

My Daughter, Jane Osgood Hultquist, the great Granddaughter of the Mother of the Swedish Colony in Jamestown and vicinity, comes with me today for the purpose of joining in this tribute of affection.

This week in a Jamestown theatre, a film portrays the social and commercial life of New York State when in the early Forties the Erie Canal was the key to the Western migration.

A few days ago this film appeared in Minneapolis, another site of Swedish settlement, and the picture reminded me of the fact that my Grandmother, Johanna Charlotte Johnson, came from Sweden on June 9, 1849, carrying her pots and pans on a sailboat, journeyed up the Hudson and thence by canal boat to Buffalo. My choicest possession is the chest in which she carried her belongings from the Old World to the New.

My Grandmother's brothers had preceded her to Chandler's Valley, and I have no doubt that they wrote her about the opportunities of the New World in this region.

Miss Lena Anderson and Miss Sarah Johnson accompanied her from Sweden to Buffalo. Grandmother journeyed from Buffalo to Jamestown, where she remained for two or three weeks, and then moved to Falconer, where she gained employment in the household of Patrick Falconer, and remained in that vicinity throughout the ninety years of her life.
Miss Matilda Lawson soon joined her in the Falconer household, and her daughter, Mrs. Mattie Lawson Sellstrom, and her Grand-daughter, Mrs. Isabelle Sellstrom Lindstrom, are well-known residents of this Village today.

My Grand-father, Frank Peterson, arrived the second year in 1851, and they were married October 10, 1852, in the basement of the Methodist Church, now the Unitarian Church, in Jamestown.

It is quite evident that the young couple had decided to make this region their permanent home, and this country their country, because I have my Grand-father's naturalization certificate dated February 24, 1857.

Three children were born to this couple:
Elliot M. Peterson, who became a physician and served the nearby Village of Jamestown in the day of his trying typhoid epidemic. He died in the Fall of 1892.

Frederick R. Peterson, my father, who, as a young man, became the Clerk of the Village of Jamestown; later a member of the Assembly; and throughout his life an active lawyer. He died on July 10, 1916.

And a third son, Charles Peterson, who died on April 12, 1881, at the early age of twenty-two years.

A church had been founded at Chandlers Valley even before the coming of my Grandmother's brothers, and the minister from that place served the colony at Jamestown. There was no Swedish church at Falconer in an early day, and my Grandmother and Grandfather became charter members of the First Lutheran Church of Jamestown.

This afternoon I cannot but compare the large and progressive Village of Falconer with the scene which greeted my
Grandmother's eyes when she first arrived. From my conversations with her when she was very old and I was very young, I am certain that the present existing Falconer Homestead was one out of five structures in this vicinity at that time.

Thus, during the period of my Grandmother’s life in Falconer and on the nearby farm in Levant, she saw within the streets of this Village the ox team; the horse and buggy; the coming of the railroad; the connecting of Falconer with Jamestown by trolley; the automobile; and doubtless the first airplane piloted over Steamburg and Falconer by Rogers, because she died but fourteen years ago today.

Thus, one humble Swedish girl, leaving her homeland at sixteen years of age, lived her whole day within a ten-mile circle of territory, and yet was able to observe the entire modernization of life from the canal boat on which she came to the first airplane, which stalled and lay in the thicket at Steamburg, but a few miles away from her Levant farm.

I am sure that my words cannot so vividly portray the early life of Grandmother's day as will the pageant which we are all planning to attend this evening. Mrs. Anna Peterson, the foster daughter of my Grandmother, and the wife of Emil A. Peterson, a nephew of my Grandfather and also the Ex-Mayor of this Village, is to appear in this pageant wearing my Grandmother’s dress and apron. She will operate the churn which the Mother of the Swedish Colony used in the production of butter in the dark days of the Civil War.

I am aware that you invited me here this afternoon as the Grand-daughter of the Mother of the Swedish Colony, and that it is not for me to trace in detail her relationship to many other hardy and noble persons of Swedish birth who settled in this Village.
or vicinity about the same time, or a few years later. It is true that your invitation caused me to look over the many historical articles about Grandmother published in the newspapers of this region. I shall not attempt to summarize those articles; but I shall thrice appreciate this invitation in that it has afforded me some sentimental hours in re-reading these articles; in coming among you this afternoon to greet the daughters and the grand-daughters of the men and women who came to Falconer and Levant in the Fifties; and to express my first public thanks to all of those devoted persons who gathered the material and prepared these historical articles for publication in the local press.