Stories From LAPPTÄCKE Volumes I and II

stories from the first 50 years
of the colony in New Sweden, Maine,
collected by Marie Malmquist
and published in Swedish in 1928 and 1929

translated to English in 2025
by a resident of New Sweden

Translator's Notes

Lapptäcke ("Patchwork Quilt") was published as two booklets in 1928 and 1929. The author, Marie Malmquist, was an emigrant from Sweden to New Sweden, Maine, and among her interests was collecting stories about the history of the colony.

The first volume contains stories about life in the early colony as recounted by the author. The second volume opens with a list of emigrants to the colony in its first two years (1870 and 1871) and continues with interviews with some of these original settlers. Selections from both of these volumes are included here.

Many of the stories reference an area of New Sweden referred to as Libanon. This is in the area of Fogelin Hill along what is now called West Road.

Readers may notice inconsistencies in the spelling, particularly when it comes to how many Ss are included in a name like "Andersson". These inconsistencies are preserved in the translation as they appear in the original and reflect the transition from the Swedish spelling, with two Ss, to the Anglicized spelling, with only one S.

Additional translator's notes are included as footnotes.

New Sweden, Maine; Midsommar, 2025

From Lapptäcke I (1928)

A Little Boy's First Memory

The winter of 1873 was long and hard. The autumn before, Lindström had harvested his first crop, oats, and stowed it away in his attic since he had no barn. He and his wife rejoiced to have unthreshed grain safely put away, and they looked towards the future with calm.

The iron pipe from their stove stuck up over the ridge of the roof, because they didn't have a masonry chimney. The pipe didn't have any shielding at all, and rats had made a nest right by it, where it was warm, of course. But no one knew anything about that. Presumably the rats had gathered straw and piled it right next to the stovepipe, and it was this that caught fire from excess heat, when the following occurred:

Late one evening in the middle of February during a storm, Lindström sat in his kitchen and cut roof shingles, while wind raged around the house. It was midnight, and he still wasn't finished with the thousand that had to be done by the next day. His wife had recently gone to bed in the larger room that was adjoined, and their little boy slept on a sofa along the long wall of the house. She, Lindström's wife, had felt weak that day and laboriously had crawled about to perform her chores inside the little home, and she was very tired.

She awoke with a curious noise in her ear. It crackled somewhere, and light shone through the gaps between the boards in the ceiling above her. Crazed with fear, she shouted that fire had gotten loose. Throwing a skirt over her night linen and wrapping the boy in a blanket, she ran barefooted out into the snow with the child in her arms. The nearest neighbor was rather far away, and with bare feet and stiff from the cold she dragged herself there, where they were both taken care of. A moment later, the little boy sat warm and curious on a bed by the window and

watched the tongues of flame greedily devour the little stugan that hitherto had been his home.

Meanwhile, his father had succeeded in dragging out the only thing of real value that was in the stugan: an old chest of drawers which in his youth he had inherited from his father and had brought along to America. But the roofing shingles and everything else burned up. Charitable neighbors took care of the family in need, and not long after, a new stuga was built where the old had stood.

The little boy for whom the above is his first childhood memory is the all-around respected Pastor Gustaf Vilhelm Lindström, now living in Shelton, Connecticut. He still has the chest of drawers, and this, his memory from early childhood, he will never forget.

A Beautiful Labor

The road that goes by the pastor's home in New Sweden ran up a steep hill of bare stone. The poor animals, harnessed to heavy loads, pulled with sweat and agony every time they drove up or down with their burdens, and during hot summer months, the heat of the stone itself was unbearable.

The pastor in the Baptist parsonage, Westin, agonized with them when he saw these beasts of burden stagger up the slope. It didn't take long before Pastor Westin got to work. One can hardly imagine how he labored and toiled. But the hill of stone gave way under pickaxe and shovel, and soon the road was not so steep. Slate was broken up and removed, and a short time later, the road lay nicely and in good condition, with an even slope where before it had been steep and uneven.

I don't know if he was ever even thanked for his labor. It was a beautiful thing for him to have done. Truly, it was more action than words, for he asked no one – except his noble conscience and his earnest goodwill.

A Black Patch

A man in an adjacent settlement had committed a murder and fled into the woods. As it was late in the autumn, he couldn't survive long out there in the bush, and a lot of snow fell early that year. In any case, nobody could get wind of him, despite the fact that there had been a search party to catch him. Nuts and berries can be found here and there in the woods, and with these at hand, he could continue for a time.

Winter came and went. No one had seen him. No one knew where he had gone.

Nearly endless expanses of forested land stretch west of the little community where the murder was committed, and there it naturally was easy for him to get himself lost.

And so came spring. One morning, he was found dead on the ground quite close to his home. The last bullet in his revolver had laid claim to his life. The poor fellow had committed a double murder.

Capitolium

"This ramshackle building will soon collapse in rubble," wrote some poetically inclined joker on the door of the Capitolium. For a time, it looked like this would become a reality. But both rhyme and reason were employed, and the stately building was repaired. It had looked ready to collapse for a long time.

The colony's meetings were held in the upper hall. It is the town hall and everything else too. It was here the choir practices began under the leadership of Pastor Holmquist of the Covenant Church. With a steady rhythm, he led all the youth of New Sweden through the basics of singing and music. He effortlessly created a zeal for singing that still persists in our communities.

Anna Stenson

A flower had been broken off. The white lily with its quiet beauty had been laid in a coffin, the lid fastened on, and she must be carried away to be buried. The pink roses on her fair cheeks had faded, but her youthful features showed no sign of suffering at all. Her father had already been buried early that summer, and now she followed in his footsteps. Mourning stood her mother and siblings by the casket. Released from suffering, the soul could go home. Unfettered and free, it could follow the angel who had quietly approached her the last few months.

She had lived only twenty-four years. With a smile on her lips, she got to go home.

Laundry

Mrs. Lundvall was going to do laundry. It was a bothersome thing for the beautiful governess to do, who had never known the first thing about doing laundry before she came here. The fine, slender figure would now start, and starting was hard work. Underskirts decorated with lace, white sheets, and fine handkerchiefs would be freed from the soil they had collected within the frame of a log cabin in the furthest corner of the colony. Lye would be prepared for the job, but how to do so was a puzzle for Mrs. Lundvall.

Someone had once said to her that birch lye was the best. Birch ash would then be used, but she was far too shy to ask about such a thing, and she didn't want to be seen to be as hopelessly ignorant on such things as she really was. She decided to go ahead with the laundry by herself. She laid the clothes in sorted piles and fetched the ashes. Layer upon layer went the ashes and clothes over each other. Last of all she poured the water on – and the clothes were ruined.

A Criminal Case

One of the colony's inhabitants had been found dead early one morning in the garden that halfway surrounded his house. A firearm with the muzzle pointing inward lay at the dead man's side. There was quite a commotion in the community because no one had anything against the deceased when he was living. But it was thought that a murder could have been committed, and the authorities were soon on the move to track down the potential killer. Some of the neighbors were careless enough to hint that certain people maybe could be guilty, with the consequence that an innocent man was arrested and held by the police.

During interrogation, especially cross-examination, it happened that some witnesses contradicted themselves, which caused no small amount of headache for both sides. The investigation dragged on, and all the newspapers in the country had a lot to say about this peculiar case. The detained man refused to confess and was acquitted on grounds of lacking evidence. He of course knew that he had not committed the crime.

The thing was that of those witnesses who were called, only a few were fully capable of speaking English. You don't know the horrors of that language if you haven't tried to learn it for yourself, and even the most knowledgeable people have difficulty getting by in a court, even in the most common cases. It isn't all that strange that the old trustworthy people of New Sweden, who never carefully learned the fundamentals of English, trembled before the law and said things they could not prove.

That the man committed suicide was clear. The evidence for this came long after. But in this case, the scandal itself brought shame and disgrace to the colony as a whole.

Thomas Park

New Sweden's most beautiful wooded hill was purchased by Thomas in 1920. He transferred it as a gift to the colony, and it

became called Thomas Park. The colony's fifty-year anniversary was celebrated there that same year. It is likely that all the colony's future celebrations will be held there. It lacks only a fine statue of that renowned, humanitarian leader to honor it, and the colony.

The Wedding Ring That Was Found Again after Eighteen Years

Mrs. Mathilda Johanson lost her wedding ring the very same year she was married. The ring was a masterpiece. Spångberg, the only goldsmith in the colony, had made it out of a gold coin, and it was exemplary. Mrs. Johanson was beside herself with sorrow over her loss, and if she had been the least bit superstitious, she would have become even more so. They looked for it everywhere. They looked inside and outside. They turned over the whole place, but the ring was and remained gone.

And in time a new owner came to the farm. He was single when he came but was married soon thereafter.

Children came, and they grew up. A lilac bush that Mrs. Johanson had planted outside the window that faced the road grew in breadth and height. With the years it became very big, because the people of the house had a habit of pouring out their dishwater on its roots every day.

One day Mrs. Nygren, while she was pouring dishwater in the usual place, saw something glittering in the grass under the bush. She bent down to see what it could be, and there lay the ring.

She didn't know that a ring had been lost at the farm. She made inquiries. No one remembered the long-lost wedding ring.

One day Pastor Lindström went there for a visit. His sister was the woman who had lost the ring, and he knew that her ring had never been found after all those years. He told Mrs. Nygren the whole story, and the ring went with him to Worcester, Massachusetts, where the owner was completely surprised and

overjoyed to have her ring back. They placed it next to her cup when coffee was served in her home. A newspaperman was visiting that day, and the Swedish press had a great deal to say about the ring that was found after eighteen years.

An Abundance of Strength

My father began his career as an ostler[1] at the Höganäs Inn. At sixteen years of age, he enlisted in the Skånska Cavalry Regiment, where he served until age 23. During that time he learned how to tailor, and after he was discharged from service, he bought his own home and workshop. Truly hard labor was something he had never done, and so it was that much more difficult for him to begin at age forty-four. He was big and well-built and had considerable strength. I dare say that he himself never knew how strong he really was, but on one occasion he handled himself in a fight against four others.

As a beginner in the colony, his strength was of great use. I know of one occasion where he, by himself, loaded a high cargo wagon with twelve barrels of potatoes.

During hay season, it was he who wielded the scythe with gusto. He couldn't keep the scythe sharp, being unaccustomed to it, but what he lacked in skill he made up for with the strength in his arms. He was up at four in the morning, and he cut and tore the grass until nearly nine when he came home for breakfast. Then he was out again until the lunch break.

One time my sister Pauline went with him to Caribou, fourteen miles from where we lived. The two would ride in a carriage behind Jenny, our only draft animal, and Jenny had the habit of startling at the tiniest little thing that she didn't expect. Once they were in Caribou, they had errands to do, things to buy, and something that was supposed to be done at the train station.

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[1] As an ostler, the author's father would have cared for the horses of the inn's guests.

When they had finished there, they prepared the carriage for the journey home, and they had just unhitched the rope that held Jenny when an afternoon train came rushing in at full speed. Pauline had taken a seat in the wagon, but Pappa Malmquist, who knew what to expect, held onto the bridle with both hands. Mad with fear, Jenny tried to bolt, and if she had succeeded, then both of them, as well as the wagon and horse, would have plunged into the river. As it was, she couldn't, but as she tried to escape, the raging mare lifted the man high off the ground when she reared up onto her hind legs. My father didn't let go, but the only thing that made it possible for him to hold on was the knowledge that Pauline's life was in danger.

They began the trip home in silence and gratitude. How well had the abundance of strength been used!

Rats Who Loved Music

My sister Pauline once had choir practice in our house with the youth of the area. Those who could find room stood around the organ; the others sat in chairs in the room. They were practicing a simple song in a round – "Three Blind Mice". The voices followed each other for a long while, during which three big rats squeezed themselves between a window pane and the snow that had been driven against the wall by the day's snowstorm.

A little boy caught sight of them. Pointing with his finger at the window he cried, "Yeah! I see them! There they are!"

Everybody looked at the window. There sat the three big rats crammed in between the pane and the snow. They had probably been there a long time, because they continued to stare at the people inside and seemed to expect more music.

The Star

Pastor Olof P. Fogelin, shepherd of the Free Church congregation in the colony, fell ill Friday the twenty-first of September, 1917. I had been visiting the colony, and on Saturday

morning came news. He had suffered a stroke, with no hope of recovery. Everything that could be done was done. My knowledge of health care served me well, because his wife Anna was nearly ruined by sorrow.

Here there was nothing to do other than to stay and try to help. Doctor Hammond was happy that I had come, because there was no one else to be had. By noon Saturday, I had taken my place next to the pastor's sickbed. Several hours passed. Fogelin suffered. It was painful to see a man who was so strong lie there, utterly helpless.

There then appeared a marvelous sight before my eyes.

There, at the side of the dying Fogelin, lay The Master he had so faithfully served. Crowned with thorns and wounded, bloody and inhumanly mishandled, I saw Him there.

I tried to get the others to see what I saw. All of their attention was directed at Fogelin. I understood that no one saw what I saw. At the thought of the executioners that had performed that horrifying work, I softly said, "How could they?"

Then I heard a voice that I had never heard before. In a reproachful tone it said to me, "You! You saw the executioners. You saw not the victim below!" And it was true.

The image disappeared. What happened during the rest of the afternoon I don't remember.

That sight followed me the entire day.

Late at night I withdrew for a few hours of rest, but I saw the vision again and again.

I couldn't sleep. One Pastor Norberg, Fogelin's successor in the congregation, was at the sick man's bed.

It was night in the room. Fully dressed as I was, I had thrown myself down flat onto a sofa in the next room over.

Then a strange sensation began to flow through my body. From the bottom of my feet through knees, arms, and hands worked a SOMETHING up. I felt like I was a glove that would be taken up.

And a glove is just what I was.

GOD'S SON raised me up from my bed, turned my eyes to the east where the first weak sign of dawn approached, lifted my hands on high, and pronounced a BLESSING OVER THE WORLD.

Pastor Fogelin died in the afternoon that same day.

Sunshine in the Colony

It was high summer, 1922. There was great joy at the Libanon farm. Effie Carlson would be wed. She made a brilliant bride, for the gold and pearls of love were genuine, and the groom knew that he was a lucky man. The lovely bride was young and sweet, and radiant with joy. She sang like a lark on a spring morning, she played with children vivaciously, and like a pretty little girl she joked with her peers. The wedding would be held the twenty-ninth of August at Libanon, to which all the invited guests steered their course.

The farm is situated upon a height. Broad forests stretch to the west and northwest. Due north lay Stockholm, in the east Jemtland, and in the south the entire beautiful colony of New Sweden. In the southwest, Westmanland peeks out from behind Fogelin's Hill, and the road runs like a seam along the crown of the hill.

High summer in Aroostook is a celebration of the year. Nature, always magnificent, is then mature and mild. The migratory birds rest as much as they can, gathering their strength for the impending journey south, the stooks of grain are splendid in the early fields, and the potatoes are mature but still secure in the soil. The apple trees flaunt their blushing fruit, and here and

there in the woods can be seen the first glimpses of the coming fall. The maple paints its leaves blood red.

Down by the brook the primroses are resplendent. Golden catkins smile at each other, and in the meadow beyond, the cows wander in clover. Leafy bowers await in the woods. Perhaps some young people will set up some arbors of their own in the front yard!

Two years ago the bride-to-be held the conductor's baton in the park for the colony's fifty-year anniversary. Today she stands as a bride. Tomorrow she will be on her honeymoon. The inhabitants of the house try to outdo each other in decorating, and the house's fan, a nice west wind, provides coolness to the room where the wedding shall be performed.

Two years ago her full voice resounded from Thomas Park. Now she stands pale and fair at the side of her newlywed husband. Grandfather, the eighty-four-year-old, looks at her kindly. And so does everyone else. And then come well wishes, refreshments, a pattering rain of rice over vehicles, and off they go. A hundred miles by car over the border to Canada, then by train across Quebec and Montreal to Niagara Falls. The honeymoon will go on for ten days.

And our sweet little singer is now Mrs. Lundin!

The Farm is Burning!

The fourth of July, 1924, dawned pink and beautiful. The Libanon farmhouse stood freshly plastered, and the atmosphere was one of contentment both inside and out. The oldest daughter, Mabel, said with sunshine in her face that "President Coolidge could come here for supper if he pleased, everything is so completely clean and grand."

The farm workers would have a day off this Independence Day. The horses stood in the stable, pleased to escape the blazing sun. Four fine beasts they were, and their owner's pride and joy.

The cows went and grazed in the paddock. The pasture was lush, and there was shade among bushes and thickets.

Thirty-some pigs grunted behind the barn. The chickens scratched among leaf and greenery under the fruit trees, the bees buzzed, and the meadows smelled sweet. The white clover had blossomed. Bushes and trees displayed their diverse summer beauty, and everything exuded peace after labor.

When breakfast was finished, the morning prayer said in unison, and everything made ready for the day's rest and pleasure, it was suggested that everyone celebrate that afternoon on the shores of Madawaska Lake, located a few miles away. Everyone but Grandfather wanted to go. They were hesitant to leave Grandfather alone, but the dog was faithful, and Grandfather delighted in his company. And so they left for the lake. They continued the journey in boats over to the opposite shore, and there they rested to their hearts' delight until five o'clock.

At that moment, a certain worry and oppression came over them all. Unusually quickly they prepared to go home. Someone tried to sing during the trip over the lake, but it didn't catch on and the song faltered.

Back home on the porch sat old Grandpa.

At his feet lay the dog.

Cautiously he looked around, sharpened his ears, and snorted. Grandpa looked out over the porch and thought he heard something that crackled in the house behind. And maybe those were sparks that were flying over the roof? Yes! Those really were sparks! Worried, he looked over the railing out at the yard. Maybe he could make it out before the fire ravaged the porch roof? Groaning and frightened, he managed to stagger forward to the door and down out into the yard. The door opened inward. Grandpa got out but forgot to let out the dog, who crept whining to his hiding place inside.

A bit into the drive home, the returning people saw a hint of smoke behind the barn's roof.

"That doesn't look good!" said a visiting preacher who was staying in the house and was now a member of the traveling party.

They drove off, the farm's owner at the wheel. The children now trembled, afraid that maybe Grandpa wouldn't make it out. Anxiously they looked towards home. Ten long minutes later they arrived, and the entire house was ablaze.

"Grandpa!" they all cried.

Grandpa was seen staggering over the yard, surrounded with sparks and smoke. Carefully they brought him into the car. He was unhurt.

The horses perished in the stall, unable to let themselves out. Two hogs had broken out. A few days later they were found in the woods two miles away with their backs burnt.

The garage, the smithy, and the potato barn were saved. Some possessions were saved from the fire, but nothing of value.

The fire insurance wasn't enough to rebuild. The old abandoned farmhouse was patched up for the time being, and there every family member, as well as they could manage, was packed in.

The dog lay terrified a distance away. Cows and chickens escaped, and space was found for them in the outbuildings of the old farm.

None of them knew what to do next.

But friends and neighbors took care of things. Foodstuffs, kitchen tools, clothes, blankets, quilts, and goods of all kinds found their way there. Money was collected near and far. A team of two good horses took the place of those that perished. And so they started over again.

Over the Border

Summer was beautiful but came late. The apple trees stood dressed in their holiday best, and the green forest inspired quiet reverence. The river sang its thunderous song, and the songbirds twittered everywhere. The splendid flower beds were adorned with new flowers; field and meadow both smelled of blossom.

In the chamber indoors lay Grandpa. Long days and longer nights he had lain there. From being a large and imposing man, he had shrunk to a thin shred in the spacious bed, which before had hardly been big enough.

A human being judges suffering to be either good or bad. Suffering either hardens or explains. The abyss of suffering is deep, so deep! Silence is a good disguise, but the suffering is not lesser just because the victim is quiet. Silence disarms criticism. The seriousness of silence keeps the spirit up, but one suffers nonetheless.

Grandpa stayed silent. But staying still was impossible, because a stroke had sharpened the feeling in his nerves to their uttermost. He had to be constantly turned over and over again.

For sixteen long weeks he had lain sick before he finally passed away.

Then came the day when he got to go home. One year, one month, and one day after the fire, after having covered a stretch of eighty-seven years, four months, and twenty-two days on earth, he was judged worthy to enter the dwelling of the blessed.

He was a good man without peer, and during the long illness, he showed the utmost patience.

He was a hero with a hero's courage.

The apples and lilacs, the woodland anemones and lilies of the valley had ceased to blossom long before. But gladiolus, larkspur and late rose graced the turf on Grandfather's grave.

The fifth of August, 1880, he came to New Sweden.

The fifth of August, 1915, he left.

Erik Pehrson Malmquist, rest in peace!

From Lapptäcke II (1929)

New Sweden

In a little corner of the world, tucked away up in the very northernmost part of the state of Maine in North America's United States, lies the colony of New Sweden. It was founded in 1870 by the honorable W. W. Thomas Jr., and this coming July 23rd it turns 60 years old.

Through Thomas's tireless zeal, care, and wisdom the colony came to be. He was an excellent judge of character, and through the warmest admiration for the best character traits of our noble Swedish people, he succeeded in getting the noblest men and women to be the founding members of a building enterprise the likes of which the world has never seen.

Eloquent, genial, honest and open, conscientious to the extreme towards the colonists and their business, he summoned all of his ability to promote the colony's welfare. It had come into being under the comparatively difficult conditions that resulted from the Civil War, and the state of Maine, his home state, had declined in population even before the war.

This deeply vexed him. He knew what resources lay hidden under the surface that the great northern forest of Maine had to offer settlers from a poor land, and he had gotten to know Sweden during a few years' stay in Gothenburg as a representative for his own nation in Sweden.

He succeeded beyond expectations. The settlement he had won has grown strong roots. Old and gray, he stood by the granite slab raised at the place where it still stands by the crossroads by the Capitolium in New Sweden by the sons and daughters of the colonists, and declared that that day was the happiest day of his life.

Thomas is due all honor for the founding of the colony and its continued existence. In a comparatively short time he collected about himself in Gothenburg, July 1870, fifty-one of the best men and women that could be found inside the borders of Sweden. These were the first, and they arrived at the colony in July 1870 after a successful journey over the Atlantic and then the province of New Brunswick. I am not able to myself describe their arrival to the colony, and so I shall let the colonists speak for themselves.

The First Fifty-one

The 23rd of July, 1870, arrived with W. W. Thomas:

Captain Nicholas Clase, wife Anna; son Karl, and two daughters, Agnes and Hilma.
Truls Persson, wife Elna; son Herman.
Nils Olsson, wife Elna; Vilhelm, Alfred, Judith, Karolina, Anna.
Jöns Person, wife Anna, mother Elsa, sister Hanna.
K. G. Harleman.
Jonas Bodin Sr., wife Sara; Per Otto, Israel, Maria, Edla, Johanna.
Jonas Bodin Jr.
Karl Voss.
Jacob Johansson.
Sven Svensson, wife Karolina; Johan Theodor, Sven Robert, Selma Davida.
Anders Svensson, with son.
Nils Persson, wife Karna; Sigrid, Elna.
Gottleib T. Piltz.
Solomon Johansson.
Olof Morell.
Oskar Lindberg.
Johan Petter Johansson.
Janne Laurell.
Frans R. W. Plank.

Per Pettersson.
Olof Olsson.
Anders Johansson.

The 30th of July, same year, arrived:

Anders Vestergren.

The 19th of August:

Anders Malmquist.

The 14th of September:

P. O. Juhlin, wife Johanna Munthe; Augusta Kristina, Clara Vilhelmina, Hilda Johanna.
Erik Eriksson, wife Hedvig Karolina.
Johan Börjeson.
Johan Jacobson.

The 31st of October:

Per Persson, wife Maria; Tilda, Anna.
Fredrik Johansson.
Ofelia Albertina Leonora Amalia Eriksson.
Laurentius Stenström, wife Lovisa; Alexandra Charlotta Lovisa, Karl Laurentius.
Johan Persson.
Måns Månson, wife Sissa.
Leander Andersson.
Sven Berg.
Karl Ek, wife Kristin.

The 29th of December:

Jonas P. Sundström.

During the following year, 1871, arrived the following:

The 3rd of January:

C. J. Törnqvist, wife Stina Johansdotter; children Axel Herman, Ludvig Theodor, Karl Hjalmar, Augusta Eugenia, Agnes Olivia.

The 6th of January:

Erik Nordenqvist.

The 7th of January:

G. Gabrielson, wife Maria Charlotta Danielsson; sons Olof, Peter.

The 17th of March:

A. G. Petersson.

The 6th of April:

A. M. Nilsson.

The 4th of May:

Per Vall.

The 10th of May:

Karl August Ulrick.

Georg August Pettersson.

The 14th of May:

N. A. Lindquist, wife Johanna Charlotta; children Karl August, Anna Maria.

A. G. Andersson (Woodland).

Johan Stigler, wife Bengta; daughters Augusta, Thilda, Ellen.

Anders Johansson.

Karl G. Börjeson.

Lars Johan Olsson Utter.

The 15th of May:

Gustaf Lundgren, wife Hedda Kindberg; son Gustaf Adolf.

P. G. Andersson, wife Johanna Jönsson; children Karl Gustaf, Per David, Ida Lovisa, as well as on the 14th of November, Johanna Regina.

Karl G. Nabstedt, with son.

The 18th of May:

Johan Johansson, wife Lisa.

The 19th of May:

J. P. Johansson, wife Anna.

The 20th of May:

Sven Svensson Landin, wife Hanna; children Sven, Albin, Martin, Ingrid, Mathilda.

The 23rd of May:

I. F. Sundell.

Anders P. Pettersson, wife Britta; daughters Anna Mathilda, Edla Maria.
Nils Persson.
Sven Manfred, wife Margareta; children Anna, Hanna, Elna, Maria.
A. G. Olsson; son Erik, daughter Mathilda.
Anders Ek, wife Ingrid; children Olof, Gottfrid, Karl, Herman, Mathilda.
Nils Nilsson, wife Anna Åkesdotter; children Nils, Ola, Per, Hanna.

The 24th of May:

Per Bergqvist.
Olof Petersson.
Nils Truedsson, wife Elna Nilsdotter; daughter Marie.
Karl Ersson.

The 4th of July:

Per Nilsson (from Malmö).
A. B. Norman, wife Klara.
Anders Löf.
Måns Bondeson, wife Bengta Eriksdotter; son Nils.
Nils Grill, wife Margareta Hansdotter; children Nils, Hanna.
Anders Nilsson, wife Elna Falk.
Olof Falk, wife; children Nils, Hilda, Karin.
Johannes Månsson.
Hans Nilsson, wife Ingrid; children Per, Sven, Anders, Bengt, Elna, Anna.
Nils Hansson Nilsson.
Ola H. Nilsson.
Nils Jönsson (Woodland), wife Elsa Olofsdotter; children Anders, Bothilda, Johanna, Maria, Anna.
Nils Persson, wife Gunhild; maid Hanna Jönsdotter.
Åke Nilsson; children Inge, Sven, Jeppe, Johan, Karl, Kjerstin, Elna, Karin.
Magnus Abrahamsson, wife Svenborg; children Nils, Johanna, Maria.

Ola Jakobsson, wife Karna; children Jakob, Kristina.
Lars Persson, wife Anna: children Per, Anders, Kjersti, Elna, Maria, Hanna, Anna.
Johan Svensson.
Per Åkeson.
A. G. Fogelin, wife Elna; adopted son Olof P.
Nils Andersson (Madawaska), wife Kjersti; children Anna, Johannes.
Anders Olsson, wife Bengta; daughter Hanna.
Sofia Petersson, left one day later.
Karl Johansson, wife Maria Kristina Björkdal; children Karl Emanuel, Vilhelmina Kristina.
Anders Rosen, wife Kjersti; children Kristian, Elna, Johanna.
Anders Hansson, wife Anna.
H. N. Vanström.

The 7th of June:

Harald Edblad.
Johanna Sandersson.

The 13th June:

Lars Lundvall, on the 10th of July came wife Charlotta Halldin; children Elof, Victor, Ingeborg.
Karl Johan Svensson, wife Esther Svensson arrived in August the next year.
Karl G. Chevioth.
C. O. Åkerström.
C. P. Andersson.
Anders Persson.
Johanna Persdotter.

The 17th of June:

Lars Abrahamsson, wife Kristine Persdotter; children Sigrid Amalia, Mathilda Sofia, Ingrid Charlotta.

The 18th of June:

Jöns Olsson, wife Anna Göransson; children Olof, Alfred, Karl.

The 24th of June:

Johan G. Uppling, wife Johanna Kristina Hagberg; children Karl David, Johan G., Hanna Elizabeth.

The 26th of June:

Klaes Eriksson.

Karl O. Lundvall, with wife.

Anders Alfred Andersson, wife Albertina; children Karl Albert, Hilda and Maria.

Adolf Fredrik Andersson.

Johan W. Johansson.

Hans Hansson.

C. G. Gustafsson.

The 28th of June:

Karl Blixt, wife Maria Kristina Falk; son Per Erik Karlsson Blixt.

Anders Bäckelin.

The 4th of July:

August Andersson.

The 8th of July:

Johan Åkersten, wife Anna Kristina Björklund.

J. P. Gelotte, wife Helena; sons Klaes Johan, Karl Per.

The 9th of July:

Jonas Johansson (lilla Jonsson), wife with unknown name; children Lisa Charlotta, Karl August, Augusta Kristina, Jenny Maria.

The 12th of July:

Karl Björklund.

The 14th of July:

Jakob O. F. Jakobson from Gotland.

The 19th of July:

Karl Johnsson, wife Karolina Engvall; son Simon, daughter Maria.

Johan Erik Pettersson, wife Stina Andersdotter; daughter Emma Kristina Adolfina.

Karl Johan Ögren, wife Lovisa Jönsdotter; children Jonas Karl, Britta Lovisa, Klara Sofia, Anna Mathilda.

The 23rd of July:

Johan Åslund.
Anders Johansson.
Erik Sjöbom, wife Ingrid; children Olof, Nils, Lars, Bror, John, Karl, Johanna.
Elias Hörquist, wife Eva.
John P. Johansson, wife Hedda; children Johan Nathanael, Petrus Elias, Klaes Emanuel, Hedda Mathilda.
Anton Johansson. E. C. N. Grabau, wife Bothilda; son August G.
Nils Blomqvist, wife Katarina Bergström; daughter Anna Mathilda.
Olof P. Johansson.
Fredrik Andersson.
Noak Larsson, with wife; children Lars, Nils, Martha, Kristina.
H. A. Lignell.
L. P. Johansson, wife Maria Elizabeth.
M. Johansson, wife Maja Lisa; children Karl, Oskar.

The 24th of July:

Johan P. Söderholm, wife Fredrika Vilhelmina Bäckman; children Johan and Maria.

The 25th of July:

Nils Johansson, wife Maria Kristina Lundström; children Johanna, Johan.
Karl Nordgren.
Johan Nordgren.

The 26th of July:

Karl E. Eriksson, wife Lovisa; children Karl Erik, Per August, Karolina Kristina, Anna Lovisa, Maria.
Johan Andersson, wife Eva Johanna Ögren; her mother Sofia; their daughter Martha Johanna.

The 30th of July:

Olof Jönsson.
Johan Andersson, settled in Caribou.
A. F. Holmberg.

The 10th of August:

P. Esbjörnsson.
P. O. Larsson.

The 10th of September:
Per Emanuelsson; maid Lovisa Sofia Mickelsdotter.

The 17th of October:
Erik Vinberg.

The 14th of November:
L. P. Åkeson, wife Anna Britta Dalström; son Robert.

The 25th of November:
August Svensson, wife Anna Lovisa Johansson; children Karl Emil, Adolf Edwin, Alma Davida. Foster daughter Selma Charlotta.

The 9th of December:
Hans Andersson, wife Karna Persdotter; sons Anders, Olof.
Karl A. Jansson.

The 10th of December:
Nils Åkeson.
Olof G. Olofsson.

It has not been possible for me to combine these into groups. Some wandered up here alone, others built groups during the journey, and again others came as groups from the same hometown in the old country. I believe I have succeeded in getting all the names of those people who arrived before the new year 1872. Many of their offspring are missing from our area. Surely some came to our settlement but departed before they were able to get acquainted with it. I do not believe that this list is perfect, but so far as I am able, I have tried to get hold of the names of the people who came here during the most arduous period in our little corner of the world!

Among Jämtlanders who came to the colony:

The 23rd of July, 1871:
Erik Hedman, wife Anika; son Jacob and daughters Anna, Ingeborg, Martha and Erika.
Johan Hedman, wife Martha; Erik, Ingeborg, Kristina.

Per Hedman, wife Britta; Erik, Nils, Johan.
Karl Jacobson, wife Anika; Karl.
Olof Peterson, wife Katrina; Ida, Lovisa, Kristina.
K.[2] A. Olivenbaum, wife Kjerstin; Karl, Elise.
Bengt Bengtson, wife Britta; Maria.
Lars Stadig, wife Kjerstin; Olof, Johan.
Jon Karlson, wife Kjerstin; Karl, Anders, Anna, Emma.
Olof Göranson and his son Göran.

Martha Hedman Recounts:

We traveled from Undersåker, Jämtland to Sundsvall, 168 miles, and from there by boat over the canals to Gothenburg. After a few days' wait, we went aboard an old English steamboat, *Arcadia*, which would be making its last trip, but we didn't get to know that until the last minute.

After the railroad across Scotland to Glasgow, we embarked on our journey over the ocean. There were fifty-two of us from the same parish in a single company. The trip went well. Eighteen days on the Atlantic Ocean, one of which was spent in the harbour in Halifax. From there to St. John, New Brunswick. A boat took us up the St. John River to Tobique Landing. On the last leg of the river trip, our boat was pulled by horses on the bank.

The afternoon we came to Tobique we had the chance to thoroughly bathe ourselves and our two children and really spruce ourselves up after the trip. Britta Hedman and I went out to buy some fresh fish. We took small fish we had caught in one hand and money in the other. But there was no fresh fish to be had. Instead we bought sill, almost as welcome. At one place a man offered us supper, pancakes with toppings, and we allowed ourselves a taste. Everywhere we were shown the nicest hospitality. No one would

[2] The scanned copy of this booklet made available by DigitalCommons@UMaine has a hand-written note that replaces the K with Erik Christian August.

take any money. We tried to express our gratitude as well as we could. We pointed to heaven, and they understood.

The Settlement in the Forest

Mrs. Sundström tells: I came into this world May 2, 1845, in Norrmalen's parish in Västerbotten, and as a girl my name was Maria Kristina Bodin. My great-grandfather was a nobleman in charge of the Uppland Regiment's finances, Count Pehr Jarving.

I was 25 years old when my family and I undertook the journey across the Atlantic, and I was the first to set foot in the United States in Fort Fairfield. I was also among the first to tread the ground of New Sweden (then it was all woods), because I waited at the border together with my sister Karoline, brother Jonas and Thomas.

Our travels began the sixth of June, and at noon the twenty-third of July, we were at the border of New Sweden. There we waited two hours for the others. It was a memorable day.

My siblings and I went by foot the whole way from Caribou to New Sweden. Thomas had driven ahead to Hardison's camp. The horses were left there, and after a meal we four continued our wandering up to the forests of New Sweden. Lunch consisted of beans and pork, prepared American style, but I couldn't eat any of it because they had poured syrup over it, and I just couldn't handle it. When we left we each got a pepparkaka, and that I ate.

One of the boys gave me a bit of pine resin. I didn't think that was anything nice to offer anybody, but Thomas explained that it was actually a nice thing to receive. Be that as it may, I pitched my bit of resin into the bushes. I didn't want to chew on such junk!

Meanwhile we continued to walk, and after a while Thomas stopped. "Now, my children," he said, "we are in New Sweden!"

"New Sweden," I thought, "Good Lord, look at it!" Over our heads hung tree branches, and so thick and impenetrable was the canopy that not a glimpse of the sky could be seen. The heat was unbearable. Water in the puddles tasted disgusting and Thomas had forbidden us from tasting such water, but when nothing else was at hand to drink, we drank it, all three of us.

I wasn't there at the solemn moment when the others came and prayers were held and the Lord's blessing called down upon us. Thomas awaited them at the border with my siblings while I continued up into the woods. Thomas and the others arrived at the Capitolium after two o'clock.

We ate our first meal together at the place where Captain Clase's log home now stands, along the road that runs west from the Capitolium.

My siblings and I were shown where we could stay in a log cabin right next door. Inside, there was a barrel with a little flour in it, and with this we made some porridge for supper, without salt and with bad water. We stirred the porridge with a stick we had cut outside. It went splendidly. But tasty, the porridge was not – no salt, of course – but we ate it anyway.

The next day was Sunday.

How we longed for Monday, when we would do laundry!

We were a little puzzled about how we would do it. Dirty and tired after the hardships and troubles of the trip, dizzy with weariness after a sleepless night (for none of us could sleep due to the mosquitoes), we nonetheless began to equip ourselves to wash all our clothes.

Now it was time to jump in with everything we had. We couldn't actually get the clothes clean because of a lack of water, but we pretended that they were – they had gone through the

boiling and clapping and rinsing anyway, and would just have to do.

You've got to get used to things. It went poorly in the beginning – but it went. Life got more interesting after my marriage with Sundström, and since then my life has passed surrounded by a big crowd of children. Now I am alone in the house again since my husband passed away and our children have grown up. It looks like I'm going to be the last of the older folks to leave New Sweden's earth for a better place. Only Truls Pearson is left, but he is more decrepit than I am.

Nils Johansson's Wife Continues:

We are from Norrland and we arrived the second year – that is, 1871. In our group were the folks from Jämtland.

We were very kindly received in Fort Fairfield. There they served all kinds of refreshments, and what we weren't able to eat we were told to take with us, which we gratefully did. In Caribou we stayed in the Vaughan House, the only hotel there was, and we got to rest there.

The next day came our ride. Three pairs of strong horses harnessed to a clumsy wagon pulled our baggage and children. The rest of us had to walk. The Jämtlanders cooked a big kettle of porridge from flour; that was our food to eat along the way because nobody had time to eat before our departure.

To ride on a prison transport to Siberia has its horrors. To ride into the woods to build a homestead also has its. The length of the road is not the worst. The journey's end is also frightful. At least I thought so.

The road was uneven, newly made, but not laid out in the normal, proper way. The older children climbed like cats over stumps, logs, and boulders.

I just realized that I forgot to tell you about the cordial reception we received in Fredericton, New Brunswick. Whole

laundry baskets were filled with fresh bread and sent down to us after we disembarked, and shared with every one of us freely. I have never seen the likes of such hospitality. We ate as much as we were able and took the rest with us.

Nils Johansson Himself Recounts:

After our arrival to New Sweden, we rested as well as we could. The journey with its various concerns really tired us all out. A tile oven had to be purchased first of all, and soon there stood a fine log cabin to put it in. I built the stugan myself, and there were none better. The person who had first cultivated my farm got 87 dollars for it. Various household items were also acquired. I bought a hen with chicks from a Frenchman a little bit away. Together with my nearest neighbor I bought a cow, and when I found myself forced to buy a draft animal I had 60 cents left in my pocket, and that was all.

So I went and got a horse on credit. I paid it off with roofing shingles the following winter. I think I was the best at making shingles. I paid the former owner of my farm for an old horse harness by picking potatoes, and so everything was rolling.

We have never once been without food.

When the first child, the fourth[3] in the order, came to the world, we lived in our little stuga. It was in February, and a bad snow storm raged outside. The boy was born in the middle of the night.

It was a strange experience. When my wife felt the birthing pains come, the blizzard was so bad that I couldn't go out to get help without a lantern. If I had had one, then probably I

[3] The reference to "fourth" seems confusing: the list above ("The First Fifty-one") shows they had two children when they arrived in New Sweden, and the speaker mentions below that their "two small children slept".

would have forced my way through the awful storm, but as it was, I didn't dare to go out.

Our two small children slept calmly. I didn't dare to leave my wife alone. What was to be done? She knew what to do.

"Keep the stugan warm and get me warm water, and I'll take care of myself," she said. And she did, too.

No complaint escaped her lips, and late into the night lay the little newborn child by her side in the bed, nursing.

The kids slept through the whole thing.

There's another thing I have got to tell you. It concerns the building of the Lutheran church.

Andrew Wireen was the congregation's pastor. He considered himself forced to ask for help from those outside the congregation because the colony simply couldn't be without a church. With a heavy heart he set off to the Americans round about.

He came back as happy as he had been sad when he left. Everybody wanted to participate in the building of a church for the colonists – with money, with labor, with timber, with everything that was needed. Wireen tried to express his gratitude! The words couldn't come out, and tears snuck out from the corners of his eyes. Everything was so unexpected! And so the church was built.

Per Larsson Continues:

As far as I can remember, the following are the people who were a part of our group in 1871: Smith Johnson with his family, Olaf Jacobson with family, Lars Persson and family, Nils Anderson and family, Anders Nilson and family, Ringdahl and family, Youngren with his family in Sweden, Mons Jeppson as well as Per Larson (myself) unmarried, Tuve Nilson with family, Vendel and his family.

We came to St. John from Glasgow. We were met by Thomas there, but we didn't recognize him and he didn't declare himself until we arrived in Woodstock. Here he gathered all of us around him, about 40 people, and there he told us how things were situated. The roads, he said, were so bad that it was a pure impossibility to deliver food supplies to those who were already there, and if we who were on our way got there, then we would starve. But he had arranged for work for all of us. The railway was being built, and the pay wasn't bad. We stayed there the summer of 1871.

We had paid our own way the entire trip. When our first wages came, we found that a deduction had been made for the trip to the place where we were working – Kingman, it was called. We were not pleased. We asked through an interpreter what this was all about. One stormy day when we couldn't work, we discussed the matter thoroughly.

When Thomas joined us a few days later, we asked for an explanation, and he claimed that the deduction was fully justified and said that everything would no doubt soon work out for the best. We couldn't see the issue from that point of view, and Ringdahl in his thick Skånska accent explained that if a man couldn't get dependable assurance of fairness in such a matter, how then would it go with the promises concerning the New Sweden colony? "I see," said Thomas, "if that's how you view the matter, then I will pay it here and now!" And he did it, too. Everything that had been deducted was paid back, and the amount was not insignificant. He took it out of his own pocket. That's how Thomas was. Nothing was too much when it came to his own honor and the colony's best.

Having arrived at the colony one by one, we found terrible roads everywhere. Libanon had only just started building roads. The first stove that was brought to Libanon had to be carried over stock and stone by Alfred Anderson and Frederik Anderson. Women and children carried the lids and kettles.

In Jemtland, people had similarly big problems. Beardsley Brook is deep, and that watercourse divides the center of the colony from Jemtland. No safe bridges had been built yet, so they waded at the fords instead. But fording places often became swimming places, and horse and ox had to pull their burdens while they swam. Here and there there were gangplanks for those who owned the animals and cargo. An ox would swim so deep that only the horns were visible above the water in the all too wide waterway.

A little bit more about the trip here. Between Woodstock and Houlton, we had one wagon too few, and us men had to walk. It was very hot, and one man, Jönsson from Malmö, died. He was buried in Houlton. Thomas, who rode ahead of us, had to turn around to manage the burial.

A couple of years later, I worked for a farmer a mile from Caribou. One time I came riding into Caribou with horse and wagon, and when I hopped out of the wagon, I caught sight of Thomas walking in the street in front of me. He was quick to shake my hand and strike up a conversation. While we talked, he said to me, among other things: "I knew that it would go well with New Sweden so long as the longcoats[4] got out of there!"

Fraudsters also came to the colony. There was a man from Stockholm who showed more than a little cunning when it came to his chicanery. He had settled down in nearby Woodland. His wife was still in Sweden. When it was time to pay taxes, he fired off several shots after the official who had come to collect the money. For that he got a half-year's imprisonment. When he got out, he started out on a new path, joining the Baptists and accepted there as a member in their congregation. Judas, always cunning, ends in dismay. And so it went here. He persuaded one young unmarried

[4] I do not know to whom Thomas is referring with the term "longcoats."

woman to take the place of his deceased[5] spouse, just to shamefully abandon her in a hurry and disappear from the colony.

One time he got it in his head that Thomas should be shot. But he himself wouldn't be the man to do the deed. By all means he would rather hire someone else to do it. Someone who knew about the plot warned Thomas of his peril. "Let him come," said Thomas. "I won't stop him."

One evening, Thomas saw someone skulking outside among bushes and houses. He suspected mischief was afoot. The man walked up and intended to knock on Thomas's door, but Thomas preempted him and opened the door wide, and in his own genial way asked the man to come in and share his supper. The man, thus disarmed, completely left Thomas in peace thereafter.

There was nothing wrong with Thomas, nothing. One time I heard him say in a speech about New Sweden, "I have many times stood with laughter on my lips and weeping in my throat, but what was I to do? I was on the hook for the whole thing!"

Infectious diseases took many out of the colony. But under all circumstances, inner and outer, New Sweden has moved forward.

A Housewife Tells the Following:

There was no doctor in the colony. Not even a midwife that we knew of. Then they found one Mrs. Merrill who lived on a farm near Caribou. She both could and would help with child births and other times where medical help was needed. She found the Swedish way to swaddle an infant very amusing. One day she came in to check in on one of the children she had helped deliver. When she tried to examine the little boy she just couldn't get hold of him, and when she finally did grab him she cried out to her

[5] The original booklet includes "(?)" after this word, noting the inconsistency that the speaker places the wife "in Sweden" above and "deceased" here.

husband who waited outside, "Come in and you can see a little fish!"

Victor Johanson's Wife Recounts:

I was born on the 16th of May, 1840. Those who came to Sweden in our company were my mother, born the same year that George Washington died, 1799, and she was one of the first fifty-one. Her name was Elsa Mattsdotter. Her two sons, Nils and Jöns Pearson, were there too, and she lived in their home for 25 years in the colony.

I, on the other hand, came four years later. I left my homeland in June, at midsummer, and I got here in August via Halifax, Tobique, and Houlton. There were five of us in our group. One Mrs. Zetterman with her six-year-old son Frithiof, one eighteen-year-old girl, a fifteen-year-old, and myself. The man who would become my husband I got to know that same year, and September 20, 1874, I married Victor Johanson from Närke.

I have never suffered from true hardship. Tough times and troubles are not true hardships, and such follow us from cradle to grave. But if I had known how it was here, I would never have left Skåne. I have always had good neighbors, and ever since I found the light in God's Word, I have tried to obey His commandments to the best of my ability. My three children have taken care of me in my old age. My daughter Mary sees the divine truths that have been revealed to me, but the other two do not.

I live in the hope that Jesus shall personally gather his own, some to eternal life, some to eternal ridicule and shame. I am one of the former; I do not want to be among the latter.

A Model Couple of the Old-Growth Forest

Fredrik Anderson and his wife Katrina, earlier settled in Libanon, but now in Stockholm, Maine. He is 87, and his wife is 90 years old.

Fredrik Anderson's tale runs as follows:

In Sweden I belonged to the Baptist congregation in Motala (Östergötland). At twenty-two years of age, I became a Child of God, and when I was 25 I was baptized. One week later, my wife at the time, Augusta Sofia Persdotter, was also baptized, and we entered into the congregation.

It took courage to be a Baptist back then[6]. Insults, mockery, and derision were the lot of those who truly were servants of the Lord. Crowds of young people came to our meetings, but mostly to mock us. Some of them had their pockets full of rocks to throw at us when we left the meetings. One time it happened that a rowdy crowd that had come to mock us went home with remorse, so we attendees could go home unmolested that time. Some of them were converted, and they entered into the congregation: when something like that happened there was great joy among us.

The pastors of the state church took part in the persecution. One Baptist minister by the name of Malm had to pay a fine of 60 crowns for the unlawful proclamation of God's Word. There were never any bloody incidents, but abuse, crude jokes, and mockery were a daily occurrence. Many Baptists sought refuge in America. Schröder in Gothenburg was a Baptist. He was a prominent businessman and helped many people leave Sweden.

It was circumstances like those that began the emigration to New Sweden. Schröder was Thomas's accomplice in Gothenburg, and newspaper articles and bulletins circulated around Sweden. Many signed up for the crossing but changed

[6] Non-Lutheran religion was banned for citizens of Sweden until 1858.

their minds when the reputation of American prosperity took a hit, and many of those who had decided to leave wound up staying in Sweden. My wife and I, as well as my brother Karl, began the trip to America in May, and Midsummer's Day 1871, we stood in the settlement of New Sweden.

Immediately we went into the forest. We rented lodging from a widow, Persson, who later became Mrs. Sundell, near where the Ringdahl farm now lies. The road there had been worked as far as to Fogelin's. After that there was no more road, but we had to go farther.

One day the four of us, Gustafson, A.G. Olsson, Alfred Anderson and I, marched through the swamp to the west, because someone had told us that there was higher ground just on the other side. Where the road stopped, we had only the markings after the land surveyor to go by. When we arrived at that place that is now Libanon, Gustafson sat down and declared, "I'm tired, and the farm where I sit is mine." "Yeah," I said, "and I'll take the one next to it." "And I the one next to yours," said Alfred Anderson. In that way we came to settle in Libanon.

We had brought axes with us. We built a Lapp-hut, except that it was covered with bark and tree branches, and it was great to creep into. Later we built a log cabin just about where Oskar Johnson's house now stands.

Around the Capitolium, there were cabins filled with people. Alfred Andersson's family was staying with Mån Månsson until we had a chance to finish our own log cabin. We had no baking oven, no tile oven either. I bought a potbelly stove from N. P. Clase, and two strong men, Alfred and I, carried it strung with ropes from poles on our shoulders four English miles[7] over stock, stone, and swamp all the way to Libanon. Our wives and children carried the lids, pans, and kettles. That was at the end of August 1871.

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[7] A "Swedish mile" is about six times longer than an "English mile".

The trees stood silent and tight around us. Huge cedars blotted out the sun and obscured the view the entire first winter. We began to talk about a name for our little spot, our very own corner up here. Alfred Andersson made a comment about the cedars and that we lived among these tall trees. Then I took a bit of chalk and wrote over the door to our house the name LIBANON. And so it has been called ever since.

We didn't know about any neighbors. One spring morning the next year I heard a rooster crow in the east. Then we first realized that Jemtland was nearby.

A log home was built on Alfred Andersson's farm. The two families, Anderson's and mine, lived there one year, from spring 1872 to spring 1873, when the house currently owned by Philip J. Anderson was finished. It wasn't then what it is now, well-furnished, spacious and comfortable, but it was sturdy and warm, and those walls were raised by me.

Roads had to be built. Far to the east axes and saws began working. We lived farthest to the west in the outskirts of civilization. But out there we taught our children to fear the Lord, there we lived our best years, and no one among us can stand up and say that we didn't pass every test posed to us by time and happenstance.

Stockholm, Maine, the thirtieth of October, 1927.

Fredrick Anderson, 87 years old.

His Wife Recounts:

I came into the world in Huså Bruk, Kall parish in Jämtland, nine Swedish miles south of Östersund, near Kallsjön. As a girl I was called Katrina Hyttsten. My father smelted ore at the copper mine. My mother, before her marriage, was Lovisa Karolina Ros, daughter to Nils Gustaf Ros, the pastor in Falun, Dalarna around 1800. There were seven of us siblings, Olof, Nils Gustaf, Anders, Kristina, Lovisa, Eva and me. I was the second to

be born. After me came Kristina, then Lovisa, Nils Gustaf, Anders, and lastly Eva. Olof was the oldest.

When I was fifteen, I went to work for my aunt. I stayed there nine years. In 1861, I married Olof Petersson from Undersåkers parish in Jämtland on the thirtieth of October. We were together for 25 years. After those 25 years, he said to me on our silver anniversary, "You know, Katrina, if anyone could celebrate a silver anniversary with dignity it would be you and I, for we have never said an unkind word to each other." In January the next year he went home. On his gravestone stands: Christ is my life, death is my gain.

Then I was left a widow with five children around me. Ida, Lovisa and Kristina were with us from Sweden when we came here December 26, 1871. Andrew, Olivia and Lovisa came later. Our first Lovisa died in 1876.

It was a gladness for me to be able to work and toil while I mourned my husband. And the first times were hard. One day I sat at the table with my children around me, and I cried. I looked out the window and said to myself, "All hope is gone."

Andrew, my son, then said, "Mamma, are we going to starve to death?" "No, my dear," I said. "No, we will not." And we didn't.

After my marriage to Fredrik Andersson, his life has been my own. We have lived just as happily together as I had with my first husband, and when I look back over all those years I see the goodness of God in everything.

Katrina Anderson, 90 years old.