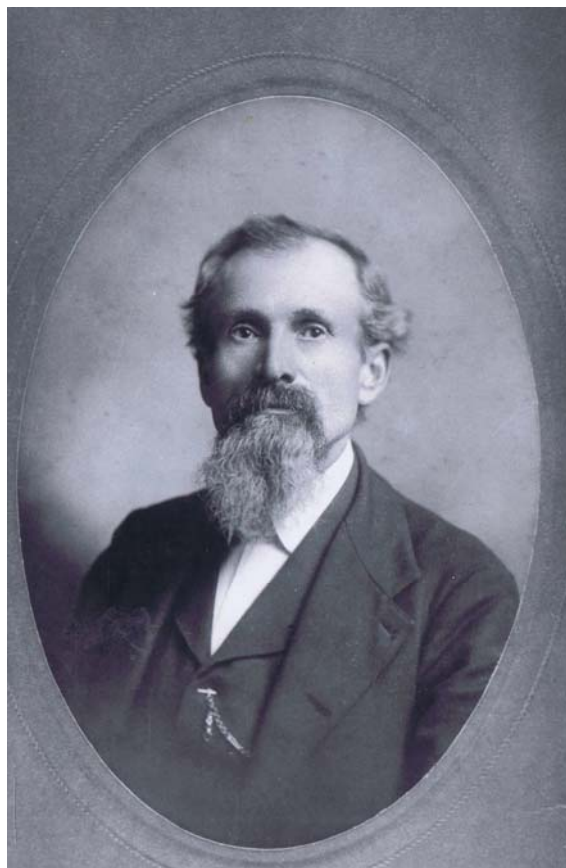


## Les mémoires d'Alfred Buffat

Celui-ci (1840-1908), fils de Pierre François Buffat (1809-1874) et de Sylvie Louis Tauxe (1819-1904), les écrit à Knoville au début du siècle suivant, soit en 1904. Il le fit probablement en français, un manuscrit dont il semble ne pas avoir été retrouvé trace. Une bonne âme s'est permise de le traduire en anglais, puis bientôt d'en établir une copie tapuscrite. C'est celle-ci que nous vous présentons ci-dessous. Elle provient probablement des archives de David Babelay. Photocopiée à l'époque sur ce fameux papier gris, cette copie comme toutes celles faites par ce moyen quelque peu rudimentaire, avait tendance à voir ses caractères disparaître peu à peu. En plus un fond gris offre une lecture pour le moins désagréable. C'est la raison pour laquelle nous avons scanné l'entier de ce tapuscrit pour le « nettoyer », ce qui n'intervient pourtant pas de manière absolue dans l'élimination des imperfections, et surtout de ces gris sales très peu attirants. On saura cette fois-ci se contenter.

Les chances de retrouver le manuscrit original sont nulles, d'autant plus que depuis bientôt deux décennies, suite au décès du maître, nous n'avons plus aucun échange avec les USA. La corde s'est rompue, et cela sans doute de manière définitive.

Vous trouverez ici la première partie de ces mémoires, les pages 1 à 36.



Alfred Buffat a écrit ses mémoires en 1904. La photo est de la même époque.

In the month of April 1849, a family consisting of the father, mother, two sons and two daughters, left their friends and the country that they loved--beautiful Switzerland--and came to America to enjoy complete religious freedom, and to find more room for the growing family.

At the time of this writing (January 1st, 1904), the lineal descendants of this father and mother number seventy-nine living, besides ten who died. As the number of descendants of this couple will probably continue to increase, in time, until they become numerous, it may become interesting to them to know something of their ancestors.

Being the eldest of this line of descendants and, therefore, having had better opportunity to observe the life of my parents than others who follow me in age, I write these memoirs hoping that the younger generation may profit by reading an account of the virtuous lives of their ancestors, and be led to emulate their virtues; also that they may see how the Lord, in whom their parents trusted, did guide and protect them.

My father, Peter Francis Buffat, was born in Warrens, *Warrens* Canton de Vaud, Switzerland, on the seventeenth day of November, 1809. His father was Jacob Buffat, and his mother, Marianne, nee Sigrütz. There were three sons and two daughters in his father's family.

Early in life, father and one of his brothers had typhoid fever. The brother died. Father's mother died when he was about twelve years of age. All along life, father retained

sweet memories of his mother. He would often refer to her with love and reverence. I never saw either of my father's parents as they lived about thirty-six miles from Aigle.

When quite young, father prepared himself for the profession of teaching. On January 6th, 1831, when he was only about twenty-one years of age, he was appointed a teacher by the Academic Council of the Canton de Vaud, and duly sworn therefor as required by law. He taught several years in his native town, then went to Marseilles, France, where he took a position in a mercantile house. Then he became seriously ill with dysentery and was thereby compelled to give up his position and return to Switzerland, weak and in a very bad state of health. When he had regained his health, he took up school work again there.

On October 3rd, 1839, he married my mother, ~~Sylvie~~ Sylvie Louise Tauxe. Mother was about twenty years of age at the time of her marriage, while father was about ten years her senior. Mother was the daughter of Peter Francis Tauxe and Rosalie Marguerite, nee Guiniard. Her parents were agriculturists, though they lived in the town of Aigle. As was the condition of other agriculturists, their holdings were in small parcels, scattered around town, a vineyard here, an orchard there, a meadow elsewhere. These conditions compelled the agriculturists to live in town, as they could not own enough land in a body to justify their settling thereon; besides their living in towns or villages afforded them social and educational advantages that they could not have enjoyed in isolated settlements in the country.



All the buildings in the town were built of stone, with very thick walls. The houses of well-to-do people were two and three stories high. Sometimes the barn with the stable was built adjacent to the dwelling, and under the same roof, however, in most instances, the barn was located in an isolated place, sometimes quite far from the owner's dwelling. The town was supplied with excellent water, led in aqueducts and pipes from the mountain sides. Fountains, with stone basins, continually flowing, were placed in public places in different parts of the town.

The town of Aigle then contained about three thousand inhabitants and was subdivided into six different hamlets with some intervening space. The town had only one National Church, which was situated in a small paved square. In this temple, Farrel preached during the time of the Reformation. There was also a Catholic Church, a rather small building. The streets were all paved, but most of them had no side-walks.

In the town was a very old castle which was said to have been once the ABODE OF LORDS, but at this time it was used as a prison. At different points in the surrounding country were the ruins of towers, built by the Romans when they were in possession of the country. Some of these are in a pretty good state of preservation yet. Not far from the town were found buried remains of a pre-historic race. These bodies had been placed in their graves in a peculiarly bent position, and on each grave was a large block of granite. These graves were all lying east and west, thus implying a belief on immortality by these people.

My mother was the fifth child of a family of four sons and five daughters. All the sons married and raised families. Only my mother of the daughters married and she survived her brothers and sisters. She also raised a family of four boys and five girls. My mother's father died before I was born, but I knew my grandmother well. How I remember that on my visits to her apartments on Sunday evenings, I would find her intensely occupied in reading her Bible. On Sunday mornings she would attend regularly, the services in the temple of the National Church, to which she belong and to which she was attached very much, and invariably she would read the scriptures in the afternoon. The first recollections of my mother recall her to me as a plump woman of medium height with rosy dimpled cheeks, black hair and dark brown eyes. My father was also of medium height, 5' 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ " (Swiss measurement). His hair was very black and curly, beard very black too, eyes dark brown, mouth small; his posture was very erect. Both father and mother professed their faith in Christ when quite young. Both of them belonged to what was then known as the Assemblies of Brethren. These Assemblies were the outcome of a great revival of religion that swept over the Canton de Vaud in the beginning of the nineteenth century.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century, there was in the Canton only one church, this, the National Church, supported and controlled by the government. This church had thus continued from the time of the Reformation in the sixteenth century.



At the time of the great Reformation in the sixteenth century, Switzerland, like all other parts of Europe, was a Catholic country. While Luther was hurling his thunders against Papacy in Germany and Calvin was preaching the gospel to the people in France, Zwingli, the great Swiss reformer, was zealously preaching in Switzerland, urging his fellow citizens to turn away from the false doctrines of the Catholic Church and turn to the teachings of the word of God.

The Reformation spread rapidly in Switzerland. As it is usually the case in great religious upheavals, so was it in Switzerland--the dawning of light in the midst of darkness stirred the people deeply. Some embraced the new doctrine and others opposed it with vigor. There was no indifference then! Two camps faced each other with no uncertainty in the dividing line! It was not possible to check the onward march of the Reformation, so that, after the Reformation had made considerable progress in several of the cantons and after a war and much contention, the State took a hand in the matter for the maintenance of peace. It was decided that thereafter, the people of the various cantons should make their choice of religion by popular vote. Public discussions were provided for where each side was to present its claims. It was agreed that all arguments should be supported by the Scriptures. In this the reformers had a considerable advantage over their opponents; for the very foundation of their teachings was the placing of the authority of the Bible above the teachings of men.

Following these discussions the elections were held. Then the reformers won in many of the cantons.

As the question was settled then, so it remains to this day. Some cantons are Protestants whilst adjoining ones are Catholic. In some instances the dividing line runs through the middle of a street, and one side of the street the town is Protestant and on the other, Catholic. The difference in the condition of the people of the different faiths is remarkable, the Protestants are prosperous, more refined and better educated than their Catholic neighbors--the contrast is very striking.

At this time what is now the Canton of Vaud, was then a dependency of the Canton of Berne. Berne was one of the first of the cantons to embrace Protestantism, and it was under the management of the government of Berne that Vaud became Protestant too.

The state having taken a hand in the management of the religious matters at this time, decided to take the Church under its control and <sup>[it]</sup> became a national institution, supported and controlled by the State.

This union of Church and State did not prove beneficial to the Church--the church became worldly, cold and formal. By the beginning of the nineteenth century, piety had come to a very low state. A writer says that at that time not more than three persons in the city of Lausanne, the capital of the Canton of Vaud, made any pretense to piety, and these were considered "cranks" on that account. Church services were poorly attended; indifference and unbelief had been promoted in the Canton of Vaud through intercourse with the French armies and French infidels. Very few people realized that their lives should be in conformity with the teachings of the Bible. The reading of the



Scriptures was neglected; Bibles were kept out of sight; no importance was attached to personal religion--to the experience of a new birth. All that was required of candidates for the admission to the Church was a knowledge of the tenets of the Church. This knowledge was taught by the Minister. When children had attained a certain age, (I believe about sixteen years of age), they were required to attend the course of religious instruction, and after this they were admitted to the Church. Thus all became members of the Church regardless of change of heart or purpose. I do not know what vows of consecration may have been required of them at that time, but it is enough to say that public opinion was that the youths should restrain themselves and live soberly before admission to the Lord's Supper, but that after that event, they could abandon themselves to worldly pleasures. This event seems to have been considered as an entrance into a state of manhood or womanhood, in which one became his own master.

Far from checking this downward course, the clergy had become leaders in worldliness and dissipation, they had gaming parties and often balls at their homes, on the Sabbath. Theological students were noted for their unruliness and their pranks, (especially in public places), and for their presence at balls and in drinking rooms.

At last some feeble protests arose against this sad state of the Church; then some young ministers who had received some good impressions from one of their professors while studying Theology, began to preach the truths of the gospel. Boldly



they dared to denounce worldliness and to preach the necessity of a new birth, of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, of living in conformity with the teachings of the Word of God. Prominent among these ministers, was Alexander Chavannes. In addition to his preaching, he would hold Conventicles in his own house on week days, for the edification of devout persons who felt the need of a better state of things.

For these practices, the government ordered Mr. Chavannes to be suspended from the ministry for two years. Deprived of the liberty to preach, Mr. Chavannes continued the Conventicles at his home. Thereupon the government ordered his dismissal from the ministry and caused his name to be stricken off the roll of ministers.

The religious awakening began to spread rapidly. Other young ministers who had been class-mates of Chavannes, dared also to proclaim the gospel from their pulpits. For this, they too were deprived of the liberty to preach and their names also were stricken from the roll of ministers.

The teaching of the duty to abstain from worldliness and to live in accordance with the Word of God seems to have excited the hatred of the populace. Furious mobs would gather to insult and ill-treat the people who attended the Conventicles held by these ministers. The mobs would throw stones against the houses and into the rooms where the assemblies were held, and would beat the people as they came out. Various insults and indignities were heaped upon them, but these Christians bore all meekly and rejoiced that they were called to suffer for Christ's sake.

The religious movement continued to spread all over the canton, and as it is often the case in matters of religion, this brought about dissension in families. Some members embraced the new doctrines while others opposed them. This feature also seems to have incensed the enemies of the religious awakening, so that the persecution became more and more severe.

At last the government took notice of these mobs and riots, but instead of taking measures to repress the rioters, on the fifteenth day of January 1824, the Council of State enacted a decree, declaring these religious assemblies illegal and unlawful, and inflicting severe penalties upon all who would thereafter take part in them.

The preamble of this decree shows that it was enacted to prevent the riots that occurred on account of the assemblies and to prevent a further division in families. Thus, instead of punishing the persecutors, the state inflicted punishment on the persecuted! There was as much justice in this law as there would be in a law enacted, to prevent larceny by inflicting punishment on the owner of property, because this property tempts the thief to steal!

Then these persecuted Christians presented a petition to the government in which they humbly explained their religious views and begged for religious tolerance. This petition for religious tolerance was supported by the clergy of the National Church. But, on the twentieth day of May following, the government answered this petition by enacting a law more stringent still than the first.



These measures did not check the religious movement; the awakening continued to spread notwithstanding laws and persecutions. Soon, in many places, laymen took the leadership. They declared boldly that they could acknowledge no authority whatever in matters of religion and conscience, except the Word of God. Relying on such passages of Scriptures as Rom. Xll, 4-8; 1 Cor. XIV, especially verse 31. They claimed that no minister had the right to assume the sole conduct of religious services, but that all the brethren had equal rights to take part therein; they even denied to ministers the exclusive right to officiate<sup>in</sup> the administration of the Lord's Supper. Their meetings were known afterwards as the Assemblies of the Brethren. These doctrines caused an increase in the hatred of the persecutors.

Thereafter these Christians who had been called "M<sup>o</sup>miers" from the beginning of their withdrawal from the National Church, were compelled to hold their meetings at night in private houses, or in some barns or out-of-the-way places. Often they were discovered, and were made to suffer insults, beatings, fines, imprisonment and, sometimes, banishment from the country.

I remember distinctly one time that the meeting was to be at our home, that my grandmother found it out and came to my mother in her kitchen to try to persuade her to abandon the assemblies and to return to the National Church. She pleaded earnestly for quite a while, but mother remained firm. Mother said that she would continue to act according to the dictates of her conscience and to serve God with her husband. When

grandmother saw that she could not prevail, she clasped mother in her arms and they both wept most piteously. I never saw such a scene repeated between them until our parting for America.

I remember hearing my father relate that one night when they had been assaulted with the fire-pumps and compelled to leave the building in which the assembly was held, as the members passed into the street they were seized and beaten. In the darkness a passer-by was seized through mistake, whereupon, on being roughly handled, he cursed his assailants. On hearing the oaths uttered by the man, the leader of the mob shouted: "Let him alone, cant you see that he is not a Monier?"

I remember another instance when the meeting was at a private house. The Chief of Police came in, opened the door of the room where the meeting was being held, he stood a moment in the doorway, (he was a very tall man in full uniform, and a sword at his side), and for a moment he looked around at the assembled Christians, then in a loud, commanding voice he said: "In the name of the law, I command you to disperse." After a short silence my father replied, "In the name of what law?" "If it is in the name of the law of God, we will obey, but if it is in the name of the law of men, we will obey God rather than men." The police officer stood abashed for a moment, then left the house without further disturbance.

About the year 1845, some changes were made in the Cantonal government; Liberty poles were erected in many places and the persecutions abated considerably, yet the cry "Down



with the Momiers" was still heard in the land. Later, further changes were made both in the Cantonal and the Federal governments, and now perfect religious liberty exists and while the National Church is still under the control of the State and is supported by the state, yet independent churches and assemblies of Christians enjoy perfect freedom.

Now that the republic of Switzerland has become the most free, the most democratic government on the face of the earth, by the constitutional guarantee given its citizens of the rights of the initiative and of the referendum, it seems strange that such intolerance as that related above should ever have existed in that country; but it is not strange that some of these Christians, after having endured so much for the sake of their faith, did feel themselves drawn to one another, though entire strangers, when they afterwards met in distant lands.

In connection with the history of these assemblies it is worthy to note that while these Christians endured persecutions, nearly all remained true to their profession of faith. Defections were extremely rare and there was perfect harmony among the brethren, but when persecution ceased, wolves in sheep's clothing entered into the fold; dissensions also occurred where harmony had reigned.

It was a matter of principle, closely adhered to in the assemblies that Christians should marry "Only in the Lord," therefore, marriages were contracted almost exclusively between members in the assemblies, very rarely did a marriage occur between a member of an assembly and some outsider. But after the persecutions ceased, some worldly minded men made

professions of piety and joined some assemblies for no other purpose than to win the heart and hand of some lady member, and soon after winning the coveted prize, they would drop the mask and go back to their worldliness.

After the arrival of John Darby in Switzerland, considerable dissensions arose and divisions occurred in the assemblies as a result of Darby's teachings. Darby emphasized the doctrine of the unity of the Church or of the body of Christ and, practically, according to his doctrine, <sup>none</sup> ~~there~~ belonged to that body except those who participated in his views.

Father was of a very serious turn of mind. He smiled or laughed very seldom; yet he was very quick in his movements and quick of temper. He often alluded to his temper as in need of continuous watching on his part, and that self-control was necessary to him. He was persistent and had great power of endurance. In matters of religion, he was deeply in earnest. All along he felt it a duty to live as in the presence of God and as accountable for every word and deed. He was very firm in his beliefs, yet he was not narrow minded. He respected the opinions of others who differed from him. He believed in the duty of Christian fellowship, notwithstanding differences in views. I remember his relating about a conversation he had had with a Catholic shoemaker and how after hearing the shoemaker express his faith in Christ and his love for him he had felt his heart to warm up toward this Catholic and had given him a brotherly hand at parting. He



held that all who trusted in Jesus, sincerely, and gave evidence of their faith and love by obedience to his teaching, were entitled to Christian fellowship. Another striking characteristic of father was his looking to the Lord for guidance in all things.

In the education of his family, father was very strict, especially with his first children. He often spoke to his children of his accountability to God for their training. He would often quote to us the text, "Spare not the rod." I remember several instances when he took much pains to explain to us wherein we had done wrong, and thereby had offended God as well as our parents, then he would say that he was grieved to be compelled to punish us; then, after punishment, he would make us kneel down with him and ask God's forgiveness for our offense and pray for a heart obedient to his will. On the other hand, mother was inclined to be lenient; on many occasions she pleaded for us with father for mercy and forgiveness to take the place of punishment.

As a teacher father was very conscientious in his work; he devoted much thought to improve the modes of teaching. He planned a new system for teaching reading. For this system, new sounds were provided for the ~~xxxx~~ letters of the alphabet. Each letter was given the sound that it has in the word, so that merely the successive pronunciation of the letters composing a word would give the word without spelling.

Children learned to read very easily and rapidly by this method. Father wrote and published a Primer and some

charts to introduce this system into schools. This work was composed at night after school hours, and the late hours devoted to it must have contributed somewhat to the failure of his health. He introduced, also, in his school, a system of mutual instruction that worked well and enabled him to handle a very large school. He did not stop at teaching common branches belonging to the primary grades, but he taught some Anatomy, Natural History, Botany, Astronomy, and Bible History. He taught these branches by plain interesting talks, or lectures, with the aid of charts and pictures. On these occasions, the pupils would sit on graded seats ~~XXXXXXXX~~ <sup>in tiers</sup> in one corner of the school-room. These lectures were a recreation to the pupils and were enjoyed by them very much. In the teaching of Bible lessons, father took special pains to make lasting impressions on the minds of his pupils.

His many efforts in school work were appreciated by the patrons of the school. I have been told that several years after our departure for America, my father's work was still a subject of praise.

However his salary as a teacher was rather small, and a close economy was required to make ends meet and leave a small remainder for a rainy day.

After their marriage, father and mother occupied a suit of rooms or flat on the second story, in the house that belonged to my mother's parents. This flat consisted of a kitchen, a living-room and a small bed-room for the children. There were several such suits of rooms in the house, all



Occupied by mother's brothers and their families. The entrance to the living-room was through the kitchen. In this kitchen was a chimney with a large hearth over which was a large hood. In the chimney was a crane to handle the cooking pots. To one side of the fire-place was the door of a tile warming oven or stove that was in the living room. In cold weather this oven was fired generally only once each day, (in the morning) with fagots of vine cuttings. This would provide the heat necessary to keep the living room warm for the day. Fuel was very expensive and it was very necessary to save it. This tile oven or warming stove was quite ornamental. There were no friction matches in those days and fire had to be preserved very carefully by covering on the hearth. When a light was needed in the night, fire to light the candle or lamp was obtained often by striking a steel, bent in the shape of the capital letter "B" against a piece of flint-stone with which was held a piece of dry punk.

Father often made sulphur matches by dipping into melted sulphur splints of wood about eight inches long. They would ignite by contact with live coals.

The cooking was done in ordinary pots over the open fire. The baking was done at a public oven. The house wife prepared her dough at home and attended to the raising for bread, then, on baking days, she carried the dough to the oven and had the baking done by the baker, when she carried her bread or pies back home. Baking was generally done each week. The baker was paid for his work by the piece.

Washing was done only every six months. The clothes were prepared by placing them in a large vat, they were carefully covered with a sheet, upon this, well burned wood ashes were placed. Water was poured on the ashes and the lye was allowed to percolate through the clothes. This process was repeated several times, then the clothes were ready for rubbing and rinsing. The long time intervening between washings made it necessary to own large quantities <sup>of linen</sup>, therefore, the providing of trousseaux for brides was a matter of serious consideration. It was customary to mark each kind of linen with a red figure, denoting the number of pieces that the owner had of each kind. Washing women were hired to do the ironing, tailors were generally employed to cut and sew men's clothing at the home of the patron; seamstresses were likewise employed to sew women's clothes; and even shoe-makers were employed to come to the home to make shoes for the family. The wages of these artisans were low, hence persons of modest means could afford their periodical visits.

Mother was <sup>a</sup> good house-keeper, industrious and economical. Though father's salary was small, mother managed to make ends meet; she took considerable pains with her cooking. I remember how anxious she was to have a variety of food, and some change each day. Cook books were scarce then and she had copied many recipes from a cook-book lent by a friend. She would often consult this copy to provide some new dish.

The school that we children attended was at some distance from our home, yet we generally came home for dinner; but on



rainy days mother would bring our dinner to school; she exposed herself to the inclement weather to spare her children. This spirit of self-sacrifice for the sake of her children was manifested by her in many ways, all along her active life.

Our family life glided by pleasantly and happily during our residence in Switzerland. During this time, two sons and two daughters were born, Alfred, the eldest, was born December 8th, 1840. Augustus Gustavus was born September 4th, 1842, Mary was born Jan. 15th, 1845, and Eliza Mar. 21, 1847. When about eight years of age, I (Alfred) escaped death in a miraculous manner. [My brother and I had often practiced sliding down the stair railing; we would go to the upper story and leaning on our outstretched hands, allowed our head and breast to project over the rail, <sup>ing</sup> we would slide down with great rapidity to the lower story. This dangerous practice had been forbidden us very often, but the exercise was so exciting that several slides were taken in disobedience to parents. Once father sent me to the basement to bring up something. Desiring to surprise father by a quick return, I took the sliding method to go down, but on making the turn at a landing, I lost my balance and turned sommersault over the railing. In an unaccountable but miraculous way, one of my feet struck between the banisters near the steps, on the outside, and got turned across by the fall. At the same time one of my hands grasped one of the banisters so that I was left hanging outside of the stairs by one hand and one foot at a height of about twenty-five feet above the paved floor of the hall.

Soon I recovered from the stunning blow I had received, and realizing the dangerous position that I was in, I screamed lustily. My cries brought out several occupants of the house to their doors, but none seemed to know what to do to extricate me. Meanwhile I was surveying the distance below me and speculating on the probability of some one finding a ladder long enough to reach me from below, and on the probability of my holding on to my grip of the hand long enough to give time to bring that ladder. When father appeared and grasped the situation, he quickly came to me and simply leaning over the railing he soon extricated me from my perilous position. A bleeding chin cut by the fall and a salutary scare were the results of that disobedience, but the sliding practice was never repeated. That remarkable deliverance made a lasting impression on me. Today I still remember it as one of the special manifestations of God's care and love for me. How distinctly I remember too, that while I was looking for means of deliverance through a ladder reaching from below, the means of deliverance came from a father's hand reaching <sup>down</sup> from above!

When a baby, sister Mary had a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs. The doctor, an eminent one too, and a friend of father, did all he could for her, but finally he told father that the baby must die, that he could do nothing more for her. After a time of anguish, father, full of love for the child and left solely to God for help, was led to resort to a most simple means of relief for the suffering child; he stripped her of all her clothing and enveloped her whole



body in a warm poultice of ground linseed. This was continued for a time, and a marked improvement was seen; the child was saved and father ascribed directly to God the recovery of Mary.

Mr. Adrian Chavannes, a minister of the gospel and a kinsman of the Alexander Chavannes mentioned before, came to Aigle and preached there several years. He was a man of great piety and a very earnest Christian. Between him and father there sprang a strong friendship that continued until they were separated by death. Mr. Chavannes' health failed him and he discontinued preaching, but took much interest in the assemblies of Christians. He suffered from a nervous affection and a disease of the throat. He needed a change and a rest, so, in 1848, he came to America. At first he located at Warburg, Morgan County, Tennessee, where at that time there was quite a number of immigrants, mostly Germans. However, he did not remain there very long; he finally came to Knoxville and located on a farm about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles north of the town. When mother heard of this departure, she realized that father would soon follow his friend to America.

After his arrival in America, Mr. Chavannes wrote to father that he was pleased with this country. At this time father's health was failing him more and more. The intense energy he devoted to his work during twenty years of continuous teaching had undermined his nervous system seriously; he was troubled with Insomnia and other attendant symptoms of over-work. He needed rest and a change of occupation, hence he decided to follow his friend to America. He did not

decide this without looking to God for guidance and he was shaken considerably at one time in regard to his duty to start. The time set to start was at hand when all his children were taken with the measles, and he was inclined to see in this the hand of God to prevent him from going. However, the children recovered and he decided to start. I have found no record of the date of his departure for America, but this must have occurred in the latter part of April 1849.

The departure was preceded by many visits to friends who had invited us to dinners or suppers; several love feasts (Agapes) were held also on our account by members of the Assemblies of Christians. These final adieus must have caused many heart pangs, for father was devotedly attached to his Christian friends.

It was decided that all the family except Eliza who had not yet fully recovered from her sickness, should go as far as Lausanne, the capital of the Canton, in a Chars a banc, a very popular means of conveyance in Switzerland at that time. Aunt Felicia was to bring ~~little~~ Eliza by stage. The baggage had been provided for otherwise. Mother's sister, Harriet, had decided to come with us to America.

It was very early in the morning, before break of day, when we left the old home where we had spent so many happy days. The last good-bye there was to good old Grandmother. She was yet in bed--we all went to her to kiss her goodbye, but Oh! what a scene when mother's time came. They embraced each other in their arms and wept aloud in such heart-rending cries! They both felt that they would never see each other



again in this world, and—they loved each other so! What consolation there is in the fact that they will meet each other again in that land where there never will be any more parting.

We stopped at Lausanne about one day. Father had several friends to see there, particularly a doctor--De La Harpe, at whose house we stopped. Finally we bade Lausanne and Switzerland adieu, and took stage to France. We passed through several french cities on our way to Paris. In every one of these, father had to show his passe-ports and our baggage had to undergo the inspection of officers of customs. We were often required to pay duties on the way. On one of these occasions father became very indignant at being required to pay duty on some cakes and eatable we had for our use on the way, and he turned the cakes over to us children to avoid further expense on that account. We had no objection to the proposition and no kick to register against the custom officers.

We spent a short time only in Paris--about one day. At night we took a railway train for Havre, where we arrived on the thirtieth day of April. This railway was the only one that was on our course from Switzerland to the seacoast at Havre. An incident worth remembering occurred to us at Paris. While we were waiting for the departure of the train, my brother Gustavus went to sleep on a bench in the waiting room. When the train was announced, father took up Eliza who was the baby, and probably the baggage besides, and started for the train expecting that all would follow, but when we got on the train, we found that brother Gustavus was missing. —The

night was very dark but father ran back to the waiting room where he found brother still sleeping quietly. He took him up and got back to the train just in time. It is easy to imagine the uneasiness that father felt. The car was about to be closed and a child was missing.

The cars on this railway were abominable; they were provided with very hard seats and with small and close compartments which were closed with doors securely fastened, as soon as the passengers got in--all in darkness, no opportunity to move, the cars rattled and jolted along, all the while making a fearful noise. For years thereafter, we retained very unpleasant recollections of this, our first railway travel.

On our arrival at Havre we found the French sail-ship "Joseph" preparing to sail for New York. As father's means were somewhat limited and he desired to save his money as much as possible to invest it in a farm in America, he took passage in the steerage. There were several other Swiss families who also took passage in the steerage. The ship authorities consented to partition off a part of the steerage for these families in order to separate them from the other immigrants, who were a motley crowd, from different nations. The ship regulations required every steerage passenger to provide a prescribed amount of food to meet any emergency, such as a prolonged voyage. Fresh water was supplied by the ship and furnished in daily rations.

On the first day of May, 1849, the ship "Joseph" sailed from Havre. I remember then of being on the deck, watching



what appeared to me as if the coast of France was receding while the ship was remaining still. Soon the land was out of sight and I was attacked by a spell of seasickness that passed off very soon. We had been told that young persons were not so much subject to seasickness as older ones. Mother being ten years younger than father had counted on being comparatively free from this trouble and on having to attend to father most of the time, but father braced himself against the attack and soon overcame all its disagreeable effects, while mother was prostrated by this sickness and confined to her cot during the whole trip across the Atlantic.

On this ship we found the following Swiss families whom we had never met before, though they too were en route to Knoxville, Tennessee. Mr. Frederick Esperandieu and wife // with five children--Lillie, Mary, Adele, <sup>Bertha</sup>~~Maria~~ and Frederick. With them was also an English lady, Miss Postle, with man and maid servant; grandfather John J. Truan, an unmarried son, David Truan, an unmarried daughter, Mary; also a son Louis Truan and wife Louise with four sons, Henry, Augustus, Emile and Mark; Miss Susan Sterchi and nephew Jules Sterchi; Louis Tuillard and wife; Francis Benney, single; and Geo. Gaudin, single.

The following Swiss were also on board the ship but on the way to New York: Dr. Meyer, wife and two sons; Miss Mar-rondin, sister to Mrs. Meyer; Mr. Fivat and wife with one son and one daughter. There were other Swiss on board whose names I cannot recall.

The ship was forty five days on the way from Havre to New York. We had many days of terrible storms when the waves would wash clear over the ships and sometimes well up to the top of the masts. One day the man at the helm was washed away from his post and was saved only by catching on to the railing on edge of deck. Sometimes we had a dead calm for several successive days, when not a ripple would appear on the surface of the sea and the ship would remain still to the displeasure of the impatient passengers. One day, when in mid-ocean, we had just finished our dinner when suddenly we heard a terrible noise like thunder, accompanied by crashing sounds, at the same time the ship shook violently. The sound resembled very much that made by the fall of a very large tree, including that made by the crashing of its limbs. Of course this startled the passengers. I remember particularly seeing a young lady fall immediately on her knees and joining her hands in prayer, she uttered cries of agony--all along before that time, she had been noted for her levity and coquetry. What has happened? What is the matter? were the questions asked everywhere. Father suggested that the main mast had fallen. He went on deck to ascertain what had happened. Very soon he came down to mother's cot and very calmly told her: "We have had a collision with another ship, our ship is sinking, soon we shall all be in heaven together." I looked around expecting to see the water rush in on us, but this did not occur. Reassuring words soon came. It was thought that the ship was still safe. Finally it was ascer-



that the other vessel had struck the starboard of our ship with its prow and had swept off the parapet on that side together with the rigging and yards of our vessel. Conflicting rumors were heard in regard to the damage received by the other ship. Some claimed to have seen a large opening in its prow, but we heard nothing further from that vessel. There were several persons on deck of our ship when the collision occurred, but nobody was hurt. The ship's carpenters began work on the repairs at once and we continued our course without much interruption.

During the voyage we had a burial at sea. It was a baby who had been ill for several days and had cried most piteously, much to the disturbance of heartless passengers. The mother was frantic with grief. She had a horror of burial at sea, and would not part with the body of her babe. It was said that she was finally made to yield by the promise that they would place the body in the hold of the ship until they arrived at New York, but the body was slid down into the sea at night.

One day there was quite an excitement among the passengers on deck. It was said that a very large shark was passing along the side of our ship. Everybody seemed to be anxious to see it. I heard a splashing of water but did not see the shark. At another time we saw a very large shoal of dolphins playing around the ship. When I first saw one of them I cried out to father, "There's a whale." I thought they were whales because they blew just like whales. At other times we saw

flying fishes; these would dart out of the water and fly for some distance near the surface, and then plunge into the water again.

After fully six weeks of rough voyage, finally we sighted land to the extreme delight of the passengers.

At some distance from New York, a pilot came aboard our ship and took charge of it, but he found it no easy task, as he spoke English and the sailors understood nothing but French. The pilot would shout out his orders in English and the sailors would often misunderstand them and do something that the pilot did not intend, then some of the officers of the ship would attempt to assist by explanations. This state of things was by no means pleasant. Some time before our arrival in port, a health inspector came aboard and examined every passenger. Afterwards, a small steamer came along the side of our ship and the passengers were transferred to it. Doubtless all the passengers were glad that the tiresome journey was ended, yet, when from the small boat, I looked for the last time upon what seemed to me then the huge form of the ship "Joseph" and saw that name in large gilt letters on the side of the ship, I felt a pang of regret as if I were parting with an old friend.

The little boat soon landed us in New York, this was on the fifteenth day of June, 1849. We remained a few days in New York, then took a steamer for Charleston, S.C. This time we took cabin passage and were delighted with the trip. Mother was not troubled with seasickness on this voyage; however,



on the day of our departure from New York, we came very near suffering an irreparable loss. The steamer was about ready to start when it was found that our baggage had been misplaced and was missing. Father hurried through the streets of New York from place to place to trace up the missing baggage and finally found it. The day <sup>was</sup> very hot and father had walked very fast, he was overcome by heat and picked up for dead; however, he revived and was carried to the steamer just in time for the departure. He was laid down on the deck and it was quite a while before he recovered fully. Some one sent a message to our parents <sup>in Switzerland</sup> informing them that father had died in New York. Sometime afterwards mother received letters of condolence on this event. We felt very thankful that father had been spared <sup>us.</sup>

At Charleston we boarded railway cars and came by rail all the way to Dalton, Ga. We were delighted with this railway trip for we found the American railway cars so much more comfortable than those on the railway from Paris to Havre that we were astonished at the contrast. Dalton was then the terminus of the railway.

Father sent the family ahead by stage to Chattanooga and remained behind to look after the baggage. He and other men decided that they would make this trip afoot and I begged father to let me walk too. The roads were very bad and several of the men regretted having chosen this mode of travel. I gave out and father put me in one of the covered wagons that hauled baggage. One night on the way we slept in an old farmhouse and here, for the first time, we slept on a feather bed.

We arrived in Chattanooga the next evening rather late, and we found mother waiting for us with much anxiety. While looking for us she saw fireflies and mistook them for lanterns in the hands of those she was expecting. We had never seen fireflies before our approach to Chattanooga. At Chattanooga we took a steamer for Knoxville and arrived at this place about noon, on the fourth day of July 1849. We took our first dinner <sup>in</sup> at Knoxville at the Mansion House. This hotel stood on Main Street, on what is now the Court-house lot.

After dinner we started for Mr. Chavannes' residence. Mr. Chavannes came with his cariole to bring out the Esperandieu family. While we rode in a cariole driven by a Mr. Andrew McCampbell, a neighbor of Mr. Chavannes. On the way, Mr. McCampbell kindly tried to entertain us by conversation. We knew <sup>but</sup> little English so I presume that not much information was imparted on either side.

We found the surroundings of the Chavannes home very pleasant, and were welcomed there warmly. Besides receiving in his home the Esperandieu family, who were near relatives, Mrs. Esperandieu being his own sister, Mr. Chavannes received also our family, numbering seven persons including my Aunt Harriet, also Mr. Tuillard and wife; these added to Mr. Chavannes own family made twenty-eight persons that found shelter and food under Mr. Chavannes' hospitable roof.

Mr. Chavannes's house was a plain farm house, and one among good farm houses of that day. It consisted of a main



log building about 18 x 20 feet with a half story, and the chimney with a large fire-place at west end of it; also a log <sup>Kitchen</sup> ~~cabin~~ at the west of the main house (and somewhat detached from it), with a large fire-place in <sup>a</sup> stone chimney, also a frame shed room at the east end of the house. This room was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Chavannes. How Mr. and Mrs. Chavannes managed to shelter and feed so many ~~people~~ people in such inadequate quarters can be explained only by saying that their devotion to friends and their kindness were greater than the difficulties that stood in their way.

Across the road from the house and north of it was a one-room log house with a wooden chimney; the bottom of the chimney was made with logs connected with the house and it was lined with stones to form a fire-place. The top of the chimney was made of pieces of wood and it was daubed inside and outside with clay. The house had no windows, but it had a front door and a back door; a ladder gave access to the loft; one of the doors had to be left open to admit light. This house was like many of the farm houses of that day.

At the time of our arrival, Augustus Gouffon and family consisting of himself, wife, Harriet, and daughter Jennie, occupied this house, while waiting to find a farm that would suit him. He had come from Montrichet, Switzerland, at the same time as Mr. Chavannes. His wife was a sister to David and Louis Truan. The Truan family moved into this house with Mr. Gouffon.