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Mrs. Barbara (Adair) McClung

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Sailed from Havre, May 3rd, 1848.

Tuesday, May 9th, 1848.

Permit me, my dear friend, to copy for you the little memoranda which I have written in my note book. It is only today that I have been able to leave my room and have the courage to take up my pen, but I wish to tell you that I have a heart full of thankfulness for all the goodness of God, whose paternal cares I much appreciate. I am taking up my note book, and will copy for you what I have written.

Wednesday the 5th hour.

Our anchor is lifted. There is a great deal of bustle on the dock. All the sailors are working. Their cries are much less loud than I had expected. It is a kind of chant which varies according to the sails that they are raising. The weather is superb, the sea calm, a crowd fills the bridge and the docks. A vessel is following us. We are towed by a steamboat. Our children are all as gay as larks, amusing themselves greatly with everything they see. Thanks to God our hearts are not too heavy, for we are very much entertained. The first verse of the hymn #50, "Jesus is our greatest Friend," helps me. Yes, here below everything passes away, but the love of God remains, and that alone can make us happy.

11 oclock. -- Léon is already sick, although there is not much movement. He is very pale. The others are still well. Nausea seems to be taking hold of me. Léon, who is on his bed, tells me that he is already a good deal better. I am trying to follow his example.

Friday, the 11th hour.

Yesterday the movement of the boat was quite strong. I was only well when lying on my bed where I do not suffer. Happily Marianne is still very well. She is splendid, taking care of everyone, making soups and tea in my cassolette for the sick ones between decks and in the cabins. Léon and Albert do not leave their beds any more. Madame Sterki, her servant, and her oldest son also do not leave their cabins. Our husbands are still very well. Our David is very kind. He carries Adèle, walking about with her. She is still perfectly well. Last night we were much tossed but in spite of that we slept very well. Adèle woke only at three o'clock, then at five o'clock I rose and held her at the entrance of the cabins, where there are two benches between the doors, which is what we call the little salon. One hour after the sickness came upon me again when I lay down. At eight o'clock heard the ring for breakfast, but I did not have the heart to go to the table. Our indefatigable Marianne brought me a cup of tea, in which I put a little lemon juice, which did me good. At nine o'clock I took courage to go on the Poop, where it is very delightful. I took my work; my husband came also. We read together the 8th chapter of Hebrews, and sang the hymn "Happy is he who only wishes to follow Christ." I re-read my two dear letters, and some tears wet my eyelid, but nevertheless I can only thank God to be as well in body and soul. We are waiting till all are well to have a regular service in the morning at nine o'clock, but we will have to go down into the dining room.

One is too much interrupted here. We have an absolute calm but notwithstanding we are very much tossed about. I cannot walk as I see Marianne doing, carrying Adèle. We have swallows which come and rest on the ropes, which amuses the children very much. Louisa and Emma are perfectly well. I am all right when I am up here, but if I go down I have to go and lie on the bed. It is very warm; I have to keep my parasol up. My two little girls are lying at my feet.

Saturday, 10 O'clock.

After I left you yesterday the North wind blew so hard that we could no longer stand up. I had to have my dinner brought up on the Poop as it was impossible to eat it downstairs. We have excellent dinners but we cannot eat them. Our boys, Madame Sterki, her servant, and the two Rosines do not move. Our indefatigable Marianne is at last ill. She is on her bed. I have looked after Adèle in turn with Adrian and David. She is very good. The milk of our goat is very useful. David is going to milk her every time the baby needs to have food. Our negro Maitre-d'hotel is very obliging. He understands everything by signs. He is a fine good-looking man that reminds me very much of Mr. De Rameru. If he were not black he would resemble him greatly. My tin pot is very useful to me. I found that Adele's linen was damp; and I have the pot filled with hot water and wrap the clothing around it, and this is very satisfactory. I assure you I am overcome when I see how everything goes much more easily than I had expected. Last night we were sick enough. Marianne was sick in bed; I just had time to quickly heat Adèle's milk and give it to her and run away

to my cabin. I gave up my dinner. Adrian put Adèle to bed very quickly, the best he knew how, and immediately afterwards had my experience; but I appreciate the goodness of God who gave us the time to look after our darling little one. Without her this seasickness would amount to nothing, because when I am on my bed I am alright. Tonight the wind was very violent. The ship tossed so much that everything danced about. I had to fasten the cradle so that Adèle would not be overturned.

4 o'clock. The wind is a little more calm. We can attempt to walk. I have taken courage and have gone up on the poop. Marianne is still sick, and it is David who is looking after Adèle. We wonder how he manages to carry her when one can hardly walk. David is so kind. It is he who hangs up my washing. We have plenty of room and wonderful sunshine.

4 O'clock on Sunday.

A terrible wind; everything is dancing; every one is sick. Madame Sterki, her oldest son, the two Rosines, and a French gentleman are suffering very much, and I do not feel very well. I have no courage but I am not suffering very great distress. Not long since we were able to have a reading with out children. I was happy and strengthened in know ing that many of our brothers and sisters were remembering us before Christ. This thought did me good all day. I thought much of you and of dear Madame Guinand. It was our day of reunion, but I am thankful to be as well both of body and soul. Léon and Albert are not leaving their beds. Louisa and Emma jump about and amuse themselves. They have not had one minute of sickness. Marianne is still on her bed; does not suffer much; but does not move. It is still

our David who looks after Adèle. One could not tend her better than he does. He told me he had looked after his little brother a great deal. It is for that reason he knows how so well. Adèle goes to him willingly. I thank God for having sent him to us. He has already been very useful and is so willing.

Monday morning.

Thanks to God we are all a little better. The wind, which was very violent through the night, has abated. We are stretched out on the poop; a magnificent sunlight warms us up. Mr. Gaudin has his cornet, and is playing us Swiss airs. The deck below is filled with people. We see a great many new people who have come out to breathe the air and enjoy the sun. Many of them are still very sick, lying on their mattresses. There are two hundred and fifty passengers. Between decks is truly a curious sight. Some of them are singing, others are eating, others are cooking, and others are washing their dishes. We have made the acquaintance of a family called Mulhausen, a young baker, his wife, 19 years old, and a little baby five months, a beautiful child which the mother nurses. This woman has not been sick a minute and has a great abundance of milk, plenty to nourish her baby, which is larger than Adèle. These people were eating Irish potatoes which looked so good that I could not refrain from asking for one, which I exchanged for figs for their child. They speak french. The man worked for a year at Buffet's, at Lausanne. His wife has a brother a baker in New York, who is doing very well, and they are going to join him. They are very clean people. They come sometimes to our door and we talk with

them. They are the only ones who talk French. The others are from Berne, Zurich, Appenzell, Würtemberg, and thirty-two poor Dutch people of repulsive dirtiness.

4 o'clock. The wind has fallen. We do not advance, but we are very comfortable.

Tuesday 10.

My heart is filled with thankfulness for all the goodness of our God. We have passed an excellent night. We are all well. For the first time we have been able to do justice to our good breakfast, hot meat, cold beef, ham, eggs, potatoes, butter-- freshly cooked; they cook it every morning; tea, chocolate, coffee; but all of this is more or less good. At nine o'clock we had our family service, and had a very helpful hour. We have a perfect calm, but our captain is not contented. It is charming, there is no movement, but we are not advancing. The Captain says that if this weather continues we will be forty days. He made a round of the between-decks and scolded them because they ate too much, telling them they must curtail, but for me, I do not think we will lack, because they put on such a quantity of chickens, turkeys, geese, three large sheep, three pigs, barrels of dried meats, and so forth. Since dinner the Captain showed us on the map that we have gone a fifth of the way. We are following an entirely different route from what we thought. Instead of going to the South we are going to the North. Then we will come down again. The Captain says that this is the route for this season. In the Southern route we would have too much absolute calm.

Wednesday.

Still magnificent weather; no movement, but also no advance. The Captain is upset, and looks in all directions to see if there is any sign of wind. Last night at eight o'clock, under a beautiful moonlight the Germans sang beautiful Swiss airs. There is a young woman who has a superb voice. The Messrs. Gaudin have not been sick. They are splendid, cooking for all the people, looking after the sick with a touching kindness. We have with us in the cabins three French missionaries who are going to Canada. They are priests. One of them had the idea of making rice water for the sick ones. We profited by that and asked for some from the negro who brings it to us now every day, one hour before meals. We enjoy it, and as the food is very heating, on account of all the spices with which they season everything, it refreshes us and does us a great deal of good. We give it to the children who like it. At half past nine we had our service to which came the Gouffon family and our David.

Friday at noon.

How good God is, dear friend. We are all so well; passed an excellent night; the wind is a little fresh; we are advancing, and only tossing a little. At ten o'clock we had our service to which came the Messrs. Gaudin and the Sterki family. We made a large circle at the end of the salon, sang two hymns, and everyone was contented. I felt humbled by all the goodness of God. We have a very agreeable life. We work in the little salon because the wind is too strong to go up on the poop. I will endeavor, dear friend, to give you a description of our ship. The deck is exactly like that of the Second of the steamboats,

but larger. In the middle is an immense ship's boat, carried in case of shipwreck, and there are also two more smaller ones, one suspended, and the other on the poop. In the large boat are the sheep, the goat, the pigs, and the cages of fowls. On either side of the boat are two kitchens or open cabins where the between deck passengers go by turns to cook their food. The first who comes takes the place. Behind the boat is a big kitchen where our meals are prepared. It is a large economical stove where there is a big oven in which they cook the bread every morning and the meats for dinner. It is there the negro cook and his helper (a young negro who speaks french, who is our interpreter) stay all the day. On the other half of the ship, on the level with the deck is our dining-room, a large vast room, lighted by two lanterns, opening on the poop; a big table in the middle held up by three columns, two benches fastened on each side. The table has two cross bars and two rails at the edge. There is just room for the dishes and plates. On each side are the cabins; there are seven on each side. The cabins are six foot long by five foot three inches wide. The doors slide, and as that is the only entrance for air, we have made ourselves curtains with an old table-cloth, and leave the door open day and night. At the end of the room, beside the entrance which we call the little salon is, on the one side the cabin of the captain, on the other side the office of the maitre'd'hotel. What we call the poop is a second deck above the dining-room. Here the passengers of the cabin only have the right to go. There are benches, and it is exactly like the first class of the Steamboats.

The Captain has given permission to those of our party between-decks to come there, on condition that they use it with discretion. There are also two nuns to whom he permits it. It was the priests who requested it. When we are in the salon we are on a level with all the passengers between-decks, who pass and re-pass before us. Those who understand French exchange some words with us; the others stare at us, and we do the same to them. ~~We~~ We ask each other by signs how we are. Our oranges have given us a good deal of pleasure. We have given them to many of the sick ones. What also gave us much pleasure was a glass of sweetened water with lemon juice and a spoonful of wine. We take from time to time a soup spoon of it, and it does us a great deal of good. Also what we enjoy a great deal are the plums, and our prunes have been splendid.

Sunday, the 14th.

Since I left you, dear friend, we have passed two very unpleasant days, but we have experienced all the goodness of our God and the tender cares which He takes of His children. Thursday afternoon the wind became so violent and the waves so high that the seasickness overcame us. During the night we were very much rolled about, notwithstanding that, thanks to God, we slept well, but Friday morning, when I tried to wash myself, it was impossible; Marianne the same. I could only quickly dress Adèle and give her to my husband, who, thanks to God, was very well. It was this dear one who took care of Adèle all morning, put her to bed, warmed her milk, and gave it to her. As a nurse he is delicious. Ah, how many times already, dear friend, I have

thanked the Saviour who permitted that I am en voyage with him. I do not know what I would have done without him. He is always the same, saying to me always "do not worry." Also Friday night I was ashamed when he said to me "well, my dear Anna, is not the trip a great deal easier than you expected? I urge you to have confidence; he who trusts in the Eternal One will not be confounded." That was because in the morning I had said "How will we pass this day?" It was Adèle who made me anxious. Without her it would be nothing, because when resting quietly in bed one is all right. Ah, that day God kept His promise which He had given us in the morning in the passage 12 (?) "I will help you." But that was not all. Friday night and Saturday the wind was terrible, and the tossing so bad that during the night everything was rolling around the room. Sailors whrked all night long, but notwithstanding that we still slept pretty well, but yesterday morning it was terrible. It ^{all} was one could do to remain seated by being well supported. We had a great excitement, and a great reason to render thanks to God. Think, my dear friend, my husband was seated on a bench which is fastened in front of the table. He held Adèle on his knees. Emma and Louisa were seated beside him. A terrible jar came and the bench became unfastened and fell over. Adrian and the little ones all fell when the bench was overturned, breaking the bench. Adèle, firmly held by Adrian, was not struck, but happily she fell in my cabin, the door of which was open. Without that she might have been killed on the hard floor. Emma was crying piercingly; one of her legs was caught under

the bench; we thought that it was broken, but, thanks to God, it was not hurt. My husband and I were overwhelmed and could do nothing but bless God all morning long. The wind was terrible and the waves came over the deck. They say it was superb, but I did not have the courage to go and see it. It was only on account of my Adèle that I was capable of making myself get up for a short time. It was Adrian who again took care of her all the day. This dear one is truly always charming, always good-natured; no one could look after our little one better. We are advancing rapidly, running ten knots an hour, which is a little bit more than three leagues. The Captain is very contented. At last, thanks to God, the wind is calmer. Since noon Marianne has been able to get up; I also for a little while. Neither Madame Sterki nor her servant can get out of bed. I have been able to eat a boiled potato. I have taken nothing for two days except rice water, which our brave negro brings us faithfully one hour before each meal. What astonished me is that I still have quite a good deal of milk, although I do not eat anything. With the goat's milk we have plenty. When the weather is good the goat gives more milk, and I divide with the Gouffon family. Our poor friends have been very sick, but they say, as we do, it would not be anything if we did not have young children. Their little one is not very well. I think often of our friends the Buffats. I often ask myself how they will get along, especially if Felicie does not accompany them, unless their children will be satisfied to remain in bed. As for us, it is only Adèle who gives us care. Louisa and Emma have not

had one minute of sickness. Léon and Albert go to bed the minute they feel sick, but thanks to God the night was very good, and this morning it is a real resurrection. Every one is better. 11 O'clock. I left you, dear friend, for our meeting. I feel that our Saviour is the same here as at Lausanne. He is still more precious to me, and I realize more fully the need I have of Him and all the goodness He has shown ^{to} me. The wind has come up again; we have commenced to roll once more. Without being really sick, one is not very comfortable. We have no courage. We have seen some Dolphins. They are a large fish which spout out a little water, and each one swam alongside the boat.

Monday at 11 o'clock.

We have a violent wind; the motion is very bad; it rains or sleets outside, and we are sick. We are all crowded in our vestibule where we get a little air. Adèle, although still very cunning, is a little languid. We cannot move from our places, and she is fussy. Oh, do not speak of little children on the sea. They are very embarrassing. I have a dozen wet diapers which I do not know what to do with and, notwithstanding all that, I am very happy when I compare my lot with that of the ^{who are} others between-decks. I have plenty of linen, and can keep Adèle dry, which means a great deal to me. Our poor Gouffons are still sick. Their little one is quite ill. I would not be surprised if they lost her, which would be a real deliverance for them, but which I think would give them great sorrow.

Wednesday 9 o'clock.

What a day we passed yesterday, dear friend. The wind became more violent all the time, and all the night the rolling was so bad that we had to hold on to the side of the bed in order not to fall out. Adrian, who does not need to rise, is held in by boards. I expected every moment to see the cradle overturned, although it is well fastened, for the sea was furious. The waves were mountainous. At eight o'clock we had a hard squall. It was a strong gale of wind accompanied by sleet. The big sail was torn to shreds. They had not had time to lower it. All the morning we had these squalls; it was terrible. Everyone fell down. I did not dare to take a step. We had to take our turns, Marianne, Adrian and I for sitting down on the floor in a corner to hold Adele on our knees without danger. Everything danced about the room. A big trunk rolled over three or four times. The negroes, whose steadiness we have admired these past days as we could not walk, all fell yesterday. One of our French gentlemen tore his trousers from top to bottom in falling. The other one fell on his face and bled freely from the nose, and gave himself a bad wound. At the table at dinner everything was falling. We had no soup. We had to manage the best way we could at the table. It was a real job to eat dinner. Mr. Sterki's seat fell over three times. But our troubles are nothing; it was the poor people between-decks who had inexpressible trouble in cooking their meals, and two or three were knocked over in coming away from the fire. Another time a tremendous wave put out all the fire and soaked every body who was trying to cook. It is admirable to see how these

poor people bear all that. Their provisions, their trunks, everything rolls about their rooms, and their floors are so slippery because of everything which has been spilled that they hardly dare to walk. Also nearly all of them are in bed. Only the most courageous get up to cook something. One could not sufficiently recommend those who are coming to bring plenty of dried fruit, dried apples or pears, because, if necessary, they would not need to cook them, and could eat them as they are. Also to bring things which are easily cooked; for example grits (?) vermicelli, fine oatmeal, and so forth, when with potatoes they could get along very well. These people made the mistake of buying peas, cocolette, sauer kraut, all things which take long to cook, and as they have hardly the time to cook, they are obliged to eat all of that half done, while others who have grits (?) and what I have just indicated make themselves excellent soups, especially of rice. For two days the wind has been so violent it has been very difficult to build a fire. Yesterday was very hard for me. It seemed to me impossible that the vessel would not founder; it was so much on its side that it seemed to me it would turn over. I assure you that I was a little anxious. I would like you to explain to me why this was so when to the Christian death is a gain. Adrian read to me the beautiful 121st Psalm, which comforted me. Thanks to God, the wind has abated a little and was more calm towards evening, and last night we slept well although we rolled a great deal. Today it is raining, and it is cold. We do not know what to do with Adele's washing. It is now five days that we

have not been able to dry anything. I am very glad that I brought a great deal of linen with me. This morning Marianne sopaed everything. The cook was kind enough to give her hot water, but we do not know where to hang things up. Yesterday I was again on my bed all the time that I was not holding Adèle, and Marianne was also. The little Gouffon is a great deal better. For two days the goat has not given any milk. We are making soups for Adèle. She eats them very well, and at dinner we give her boiled potatoes with fruit, which we have almost every day, or rice puddings, which are very good. We have apples peeled and dried whole, which they cook whole with a good syrup, which are delicious, and Adèle enjoys them with a boiled potato.

4 o'clock. The wind is again very strong; we are rolling horribly; it is very cold. All the warm clothing that we have gives us great pleasure. My husband rejoices in his pelisse. Our quilts and our blankets are all very comfortable. We have good reason to say that one must bring all that they have of durable things to wear on the ocean, for one destroys things. We lie on the deck, and we are always having things spilled on us, and one has little water etc. The children especially are very dirty. Add to this that we are ^{like} ~~like~~ machines, without much courage or spirit for anything. Since the first few days I have not taken up my work. It would be impossible for me to do it. The great rolling which we have gives us an indefinable discomfort. The sea is all in mountains. This morning we had a sudden squall. I saw the Captain, the Second Officer, and all the sailors jump for the sail, crying out like eagles. We did not know what was

coming: and then at the same moment heard a hollow noise, followed by a terrible wind. It was very curious to see the sailors manouevering. They went like birds to the tops of the masts. A wave came wetting a number of people and passing over the deck. Yesterday the waves went over the poop; all our men were soaked. I am leaving you now to go to my bed. I feel shaky. You will pardon the monotony of this little journal for it all of which I am capable. We still hear great shouts of laughter; it is a wave which comes wetting every one. I am forgetting to tell you that my Adèle is always very cunning. Louisa and Emma are still perfectly well, not having had a minute's sickness.

Thursday the 18th.

Now, my dear friend, I begin to find the time very long. Without being sick, I feel incapable of anything. I have a feeling of nausea. I can eat nothing, and it is only my Adèle who is capable of making me move. We still have an abominable roll. I think it is that which makes us feel so ill at ease. Last night we had a strong gale of wind. The Captain, the two Officers, and the sailors made such a tumult that I really thought that we were lost. Everyone got up, but they had time enough to lower all the sails, and no harm came to us, but it was a frightful noise, and imagine, not one of the children woke up. Adèle slept very happily. The Captain and the Officers shouted enough to make themselves hoarse, and the wind made such a mournful sound that I assure you my heart beat very rapidly. Oh no, it is not pleasant to be on the ocean, and if we did not have the realization of the presence of God and His

great power, with which He can, with one word, appease the tempest, we would be very unhappy. It is principally the knowledge of His love which rejoices us in realizing that we have a Saviour; that we have nothing to fear, and if He calls us to Him, notwithstanding all our miseries, He will receive us in grace. This thought has greatly rejoiced me all these days. I ask God to increase my faith, which is so feeble. I do so wish to have no fear, but always feel the Saviour near me, saying "Fear not, let not your heart be troubled."

4 o'clock. We have just passed a ship. I quickly wrote a little letter to my step-mother, having just commenced to copy this little journal for you, but the boat was too far away and it only saluted us with flags. It gave us much pleasure to see this ship. It is such a long time since we have seen anything. I am leaving you, my dear friend, to lie on my bed. I am too sick. The rolling torments us. Happily Marianne is well.

a board out especially to help them. From our vessel, it is thought we had a strong tempest, from which, they Friday the 19th.

It is always the same. I am incapable of doing anything. It is a desolating life. We had calm and rain all day. The Captain is upset. There is a ship very near us. The Captain says it is a boat which comes from England and is going to Quebec.

today at the bank of . . . Sunday the 21st.

Our dear friend, it will be necessary for us to be very badly off in America to make me decide to re-embark. I have just passed two very unhappy days. The wind and the waves are so high that it is horrible. Everything is dancing about the room. One must stay in bed in order not to fall. Last night

we had a violent squall. The big sail, which they did not have time to lower, was rent into a thousand pieces. It was a horrible tempest, and we were so rocked that it seemed impossible that the ship would not founder. I have been very uncomfortable these two days, not even having the courage to go to bed. I only threw myself on top of ~~the~~^{my} bed. The Captain is very contented. The wind is strong and we are advancing rapidly. You cannot believe, dear friend, what happiness it gave me today to remember that our brothers and sisters were praying for us. We had our meeting this morning, but the rolling was so bad, the waves were so strong, that it distracted us.

Monday.

Always the same thing; the tossing is so bad that we hardly know what to do; three nights that we have passed almost white with fear. Everything is upset, even our vessels which are in a board cut specially to hold them. From ten o'clock to midnight we had a strong tempest, from which, thanks to God, there was no harm. The Captain, who had foreseen it, had all the sails folded. He is much upset; we are not moving; the wind is bad. He told us last night that it was a long time since he had had so much trouble when crossing this latitude. He had hoped to arrive today at the Banks of Newfoundland. We are still quite far away. He told us that he hoped that the wind would change after the 25th day. I believe that is after the full moon. We are commencing to talk with people. Adrian gets along the best he can, helped by the dictionary. Jean Gaudin and Mr. Chevalin, who speak a little, act as interpreters. Our captain seems to be a charming man.

Every one on the boat likes him greatly. A few minutes ago the Hollanders tried to make him understand that they were always being pushed away from the kitchen, and that they were not able to cook. The Captain could not understand them. He sent for Jean Gaudin, who explained the trouble to him, adding that it was on account of their dirtiness, that no one wished to cook at the same time with them. The Captain immediately made them bring their soup to the big kitchen, and had them cook there. This morning we had quite a scene. One of the sailors was made drunk by one of the passengers between-decks. (It is forbidden to the sailors to drink either wine or liquor.) He was not able to work. The Second Officer wished to scold him, and as he is not liked, the sailor made a gesture to take his knife (which they always have hung to their belts). They came to call the Captain, who woke up Adrian and Mr. Sterki, and begged them to go down with him to act as interpreters for him, Mr. Sterki for German, and Adrian for English. They had explanations after explanations which ended by the captain's strictly forbidding them to give anything to drink to the sailors. He told the passengers that he could have them punished in New York; that there were laws concerning that; that in any case they should be as interested as he was in having the sailors capable of working, in order to save the ship from foundering. No one was willing to tell on the guilty one, but they promised to watch, in order that it will not happen again. Our Gouffons

are still sick; they have no energy; they do not move from their beds, where they become weaker. Their little one is well, as is also my Adele. Yesterday the Captain complimented me on her goodness. It is true that she is very cunning. She is not heard, and it is now ten days since she has really been moved about from one place to another, because it is difficult to walk when carrying her. Yesterday the little Sterki fell and bruised her face. Since the first days it has not been possible to go up to the poop. The weather has always been bad.

Tuesday, 5 o'clock.

Thanks to God, dear friend, we are doing a little better. The weather is calmer, the rolling is a great deal less, but our Captain is annoyed because we are not advancing. We have passed two ships, but at a great distance. My courage is coming back a little. This morning I occupied myself in putting my box, which holds my little working materials, in order. It had been rolled around the room two or three times, everything was pell-mell, and even doing only that made me feel ill, and I had to lie down on my bed again. It is a discomfort which takes away from you even the capacity for thinking. One is really like a machine. Nevertheless, I can well say that I remember all God's goodness for us. Our children are perfectly well; Adrian also. He has not been seasick, and his throat is a great deal better. He can read and sing without being the least tired by it, and one of the blessings of

God which I appreciate still more, I think, than the others, is having Marianne, who is very well. She was sick only two days. She is very good. Madame Sterki's Rosine has always been sick since the first hour. She has not yet been of the slightest help to Madame Sterki. On the contrary, she has to be waited upon like a child. We have our Gouffons, who distress us. They have no courage. While I am writing you, the wind is rising, and the rolling commences again. Beware of this night! The weather is forbidding.

Wednesday.

As I feared, we had a very bad night: a terrible wind arose, and such bad tossing that twice I really thought that ^{we} were turning over. I did not lie down until the day dawned, when I could stand no more. That is the fifth bad night we have passed. I sympathize with the Captain with all my heart, and with the sailors, who had to stand on the deck all night in a beating rain. They have a very hard life. It is now five nights that they have not rested. During these bad nights I have had my heart filled with anguish more than once. I have need of the help of God. Last night I felt that He was there, and this passage came to me constantly, "It is God, let Him do what seems best to Him." We have just had some sad news. A woman between-decks is, they say, covered with small-pox. The Captain went down at once, and came back telling us that it was really true. He has given her medicine. He has a whole pharmacy. He ordered that no one should go near her excepting her husband who takes care of her. This news has spread con-

sternation. Our friends between-decks are all anxious. Although they are separated, they have to pass near her in order to get outside, and I assure you it is only in looking to God that I am calm about my Adele, who is not vaccinated. The Captain advised me not to take her out of the dining-room. The children are forbidden to go on the lower deck, and as we are not able to go on the poop, on account of the wind, it is a great privation.

Thursday, 10 o'clock.

Ah, thanks to God, dear friend, we have passed a very much better night, notwithstanding that the wind was very strong. But the wind is following us in a good direction, and we are not obliged to shorten the sail. The weather is beautiful, but very cold, and we are remaining in our room. We expect to encounter ice-bergs today. Adrian is commencing to have long conversations with the Captain, who greatly amuses us. He sees nothing good or beautiful unless it comes from America. He wants us to establish ourselves in Texas. He says that it is there that he would go. His home is in Philadelphia, where he has his wife and one daughter five years old, and his father, and his mother. He has two brothers, also captains of boats. Half of this ship belongs to him, and half to one of his brothers. He is really charming, and of great kindness. One never hears him speak one word louder than another when he is talking to the sailors; it is always with gentleness. It would not be possible to look after the sick better than he does. He goes down every little while to see how they are.

At the table, where there are eighteen of us, he looks after each one. If there is something that agrees with Adele, he serves me doubly, telling me that it is for the baby. We have been surprised at the small amount of wine that he drinks, also the two officers, neither one taking more than a finger length. He has told us that in America it is not customary to drink wine, and any man who would drink as much as a glass a day would lose his reputation, and if one does not permit it to be taken on board the ship, one should not take it themselves. He has told our gentlemen that they will pay a very high tax for their wine, which has decided Adrian to open his case, which he had taken to drink on the boat, not knowing that we would have every day some very good Bordeaux. He wished to have the Captain taste it, who did not enjoy it. He does not like white wine. He told us that in New York we would find excellent Bordeaux for ten swiss francs for twelve bottles. Adrian has congratulated himself on having opened his case. Out of twenty-one bottles there were ten broken. It seems that horsehair is not good to pack bottles in. Mr. Sterki does not wish to open his. He prefers to pay the customs. The Captain told us that on all the things that were personal effects we would have no duty, but that whatever was merchandise would be dutiable. While I am thinking of it, tell the people who wish to have chocolate to buy it in Lausanne. Mr. Sterki bought some at Havre, which cost him seventeen batz (?)*, and it is not at all good. We could have passed a great deal more. They inspected us at the Customs so lightly that I regret not having

* A batz is a swiss coin, now discontinued, worth about 3 ct.

taken more. Fruit is just the same price as at Lausanne. The Captain has just shown us the presents which he is taking to his wife, a charming pair of shoes, and a cashmere dress, which he bought at Paris. We asked him a little about the prices in New York, and he has told us that we will find everything we wish, and not more expensive than at Paris, but that he had bought the things there in order to bring something home from his trip. He told us that all silk goods were better and cheaper in New York than at Paris, that they come from England, and are infinitely better; that he would never buy silk in France. As regards our shoes, he told us that we would find the same in New York, and not more expensive. He repeated to us what we have already been told, that emigrants bring a great deal too many things, that everything is as cheap in America. However he says that men's clothing is dearer, on account of the workmanship, but not that of women.

... Sunday. ...
 Since Thursday, dear friend, we have passed a sad time. The fine weather did not last long, and Friday we spent the saddest day possible; fearful wind and tossing, such as we have not had before. I thought several times that all was over, that we were going to be overturned. The verse of that day was very precious to me all day long; 26th.(?) * "He will not suffer your foot to be moved. He who watches you slumbers not." It is only by meditating on all the wonderful promises of God that I can prevent myself from being overcome with anguish. Thanks to our good Father, the wind towards night be-

* This refers to date in daily reading book.

very much better night than we expected. The Captain is not contented. This violent wind sent us in a bad direction. Today every one is happy. We passed an excellent night and have made good progress. The North winds, which the Captain has been expecting every day, are at last making themselves felt, and we are now progressing very rapidly, and without being tossed too much, which is very agreeable. Since one o'clock, we have been on the Newfoundland Banks, which we have been expecting for eight days. It is very cold although we have not seen any ice, but instead a great many birds and huge fish. Everyone is running about. On each instant there are new cries, announcing something new to see, and everyone runs to the sides. The Captain laughs with all his heart at seeing all the people run for a fish. He is very happy. The wind is excellent, and we are making three leagues an hour. Leon and other young people are preparing lines for fishing on the Bank, but we are going too fast. They have had to give it up. I took advantage of yesterday's calm to read a little (on the days when we are tossing one can do nothing) in the books which my two dear sisters gave me. They both gave me much pleasure. I hope you have the same ones. You can hardly believe, dear friend, how sweet to me is the thought that on this day many brothers and sisters are remembering us before God. We had a meeting at nine o'clock, and we thought that probably it was also the hour of re-union for many of our friends. I have not yet told you how often our thoughts return to those whom we have left behind us. As far as possible, I have tried to banish

all sad thoughts of separation, asking of God to fix my thoughts and affections on Him, and on the happy moment when we will all be re-united to praise and to bless Him for all His love for us. Oh, how beautiful that day will be when, all united again, we would throw our crowns at the feet of the Lamb. It is only this prospect which can make us happy.

Monday morning.

How good the Saviour is, dear friend. We can only repeat "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all His benefits." We have passed an excellent night, and we are making good progress. We have tonight already passed the sand bank, and the Captain had told us that it would take two days to pass it. The wind is excellent; there is magnificent sunshine; and the sails are extended. There are sixteen of them. All the sick are very much better. It appears as though the small-pox is not spreading. We still see new figures coming up from between-decks, people who have been sick all the time, and who have lamentable expressions on their faces. Our Gouffons, however, have come out. They are fairly well. We have taken Adele on to the poop, to give her a little of the air. She has been shut up so many days. She is still very sweet, notwithstanding that she is troubled somewhat with her teeth. Our goat has no more milk. I supplement by making Adele a little arrowroot soup, which I ^{make} ~~make~~ with the milk for the table. It is milk preserved in balls (?) and is not too bad. Adele takes our soups very well. I also make soup for her with bread and our butter, which we bought and salted at Havre. Imagine, dear

friend, yesterday we had an excellent roast of veal, as fresh as if it had just come out of the butcher shop. Another day we had excellent boiled meat. They are peices of meat preserved in tin boxes. When we get away from here, I assure you that we will be well fed up with chicken. We have not been two days without having it. We do not seem to be able to get away from the sight of it, and still it is excellent. Today we had an immense goose, and a ham with white sauce. The Captain noticed that we do not like pepper, and they do not put any more on our food. He contents himself by powdering it ^{with} everything that he eats.

Tuesday.

It is always with a heart full of thankfulness towards our good Father that I come to tell you of our well-being. It is remarkable, dear friend, how two calm days will refresh one. One forgets altogether the bad moments through which one has passed. We have magnificent weather, but we are not advancing. The sea is like a mirror. It is superb, exactly like our lake on a beautiful day. I would never have thought that it could be so caãm. Yesterday, when we had a good North wind, the Captain told us that we might arrive in five days, and we were all rejoicing. Today he says that if this calm persists, we will be more than ten days. No one knows but God. We will advance when He thinks best, and we are always very thankful for these good moments which he accords us. I am surprised what a little time it takes to make the sea monntainous, and also in what a short time it becomes calm. The weather

changes from one moment to the next. We cannot count ^{on} two days the same. Our Captain suffers a great deal from rheumatic pains. We become more attached to him each day. The other day he was scolding one of the sailors, but with a remarkable gentleness. The sailors are devoted to him. They say that he is a very good sailor, and a very good captain. He made us laugh very heartily last night. In the first place, he is very pleased with Adrian. He thinks that he is making good progress, and he says that in six months he will speak very good English, but as for me, he tells me it will take me three years. He told Mr. Sterki and Albert that they would never learn it. Their heads are too Swiss, he said. We were told that there is a young German woman who expects to be confined any day. ~~xxxx~~ Adrian asked him if he knew of this. He said yes, but that happened almost every trip, sometimes two or three times, and then the children had to be called, the boys Hector, and the girls Hectorine. The other day he told us that we would not keep Marianne for three months; that she would leave us at the first chance for larger wages. Adrian told him that she did not care for money, that she had come with us through affection, that she was like one of our children, and so forth. He would not listen to us, and told us that we would see that he was right, that money meant more than anything else to servants. Marianne was indignant. Then the negro maitre d'hotel, who was at work, and who had overheard everything, came to tell us, when the Captain had gone, that no, all servants were not thus, and that Marianne would not leave us. This negro, we believe,

is a child of God. When Adrian said to the Captain that there was a great bond attaching us to Marianne, which was the Gospel, the negro made a sign to say that he understood, but the Captain did not understand. The negro told us that he was Wesleyan. He showed us his card of admission. From the first days I was struck with something very serious, and at the same time good, in him. The other day the children were playing with cards, and he told us that that was not right.

Wednesday, 3 o'clock.

We live again, dear friend, and bless the Saviour Who sends us magnificent weather, with a good wind which sends us forwards rapidly, and without being tossed about. We are all on the poop, and it is charming. We have a ship which is making its way beside us. It seems to follow the same ^{direction} ~~way~~ that we are taking. The Captains gave each other the latitude. It approached very near us. We could have recognized the people. It was very pretty. Now we have gone ahead of it. This morning we had a very sad ceremony. One of the poor Dutch women died last night, and at eight o'clock her body was thrown in the sea. I did not attend, but Adrian told me that they had enveloped her in cloth, and attached a sack of stones to her feet, and slipped her into the sea. The Captain asked Adrian if he would make a prayer, but he replied that no one would understand the French, and he could not do it merely for form's sake. I understood him very well. It was not that moment which was solemn, but that one in which her soul would appear

before God. As to our bodies, which belong only to the earth, since they are eaten by worms, they amount to nothing. It was only last night that the Captain was told that there was a very sick woman. He went down at once, and when he came up told us that she would not live through the night. We could only pray for this soul, because we could not talk to her. There is a man also who is very sick. They ^{bled} ~~bed~~ him tonight, and he seems a little better, but the Captain does not believe that he will recover. He has a false pleurisy (?). Our Adele has a little sickness on account of her teeth. She is cross, and has a burning mouth. We can see that it is her gums which are paining her badly, but our good Father, Who never sends all the sad things at one time, by the beautiful weather which He is sending us, allows us to walk her on the poop, which distracts and amuses her.

Thursday, 4 o'clock.

How strange things are, dear friend. Yesterday, when I was writing to you we were all well. A half hour after, the sea commenced to be agitated, the wind rose, and the rolling became so bad that at half past seven we were all sicker than the first day. One of the French ladies, Madame Sterki, Marianne and I were all on our beds as sick as possible. All night long we had this rolling and the noise of the sailors, who had to work all night. The wind was violent. I had to spend the morning in bed, as did Madame Sterki. Fortunately, Marianne was well, and could look after Adele, who, thanks to God, is better. What is very sad is that each time we are so

rolled about, the wind is not a good one. The Captain is very much upset. We have a wind altogether contrary. It is an unbelievable thing that, on account of the variation of the weather, from one hour to the other we can count on nothing. Since we have been on the ship, we have not had the same wind two full days following. The Captain is not pleased. We had again this morning the same sad ceremony as yesterday. The man who was so sick died last night, and this morning his body was cast overboard. The nuns, with several Catholic women, recited prayers for a long time, which no one understood. How sad it is to see so much bigotry. There is one priest with whom we have much pleasure in talking. We do not doubt that he is a child of God. We never argue with him, but we talk of the Word of God, and all the good which it does us.

... Saturday, half past 4 o'clock.

We are all a little annoyed, dear friend. It is now two ^{not} days that we have advanced at all. Yesterday, all the morning we still had a very trying wind, which pushed us towards the North so much that we were only twelve leagues from Nova Scotia. We had to come South again, and at last, after having gone a long distance, very much tossed about, we have only advanced twelve leagues in twenty-four hours. Today, we have an absolute calm. We are hardly moving. The Captain is very sad, and we admire him for not being in a bad humor. Each day costs him 160 Swiss francs, and tomorrow it will be eight days since he hoped to arrive in a week, and we have not gone half the distance which remained to go. He shows us each day, when he takes the latitude

at 11 o'clock, on a map, the path we have taken. Today we have advanced still less than yesterday, but at least we have not been tossed.

NOTE Four pages of the original journal missing here; eight pages translated up to this point.

Monday, the 26th June,
On board the "Southerner"
on the way to Charleston.

Many days have passed since I left you, my dear friend, but we have been living in such a state of indecision that I preferred to wait until something positive was decided. I left you Sunday, the 11th of June, very impatient for the next day, to at last touch the earth, but we spent all that Monday the saddest day possible. At five o'clock everybody was up. We did all our packing, thinking we would be off at once, but they told us that we had to wait until a steamboat came to tow us. Imagine! We waited all day. The negroes, who had not expected to cook the dinner, were also quite cross. The sailors became impatient; and we, with all our belongings packed, looked always to see if anything was coming. At seven o'clock, still seeing nothing, we had to undo our packages, and make up our minds to sleep again that night on the boat. At last, at half past seven, the boat arrived, and with great joy we quickly lifted the anchors, and at half past eight we started off, under a magnificent moonlight.

We placed ourselves on the deck to enjoy the beautiful spectacle which was on all sides of us. We greatly regretted that it was

night, although the view of the illuminations was magnificent. At ten o'clock we entered Port. We had passed by such a number of boats their masts gave altogether the effect of a forest of pines. It is tremendous. The Port of Havre is nothing in comparison to that of New York. We went to bed at 11 o'clock, very impatient for the next day. Early morning, Tuesday the 13th of June, (the birthday of Louisa, who was nine years old, also Adele was eight months old that day, and one hour before we disembarked we felt her first tooth, which gave us a great deal of pleasure, also to the Captain, who had often asked us if she had a tooth yet) every one was up. We sent Leon and Marianne to get some milk, and we regaled ourselves in our own way with a good cup of coffee. Cook had disembarked the night before, and they did not serve us breakfast. The gentlemen disembarked at six o'clock, to hunt a lodging for us. During their absence, we had our trunks examined, and at ten o'clock we ourselves were put on ground, our hearts full of thankfulness for all the goodness of our God. Mr. Schultz had the kindness to tell us of a boarding-house a great deal cheaper than a hotel, where we were very comfortable for eighteen batz a day. We did not think that it was dear for New York. You remember we thought of staying only two days there, but next day, our gentlemen, in their different visits that they made, received so many different counsels, that they decided to wait a little before carrying us away again. I can only see in this a particular ordering of God, to give time to the wife of Gouffon to be confined and to recover. It was on Thursday morning, which had been fixed for our departure, that she gave birth very comfortably to a son, but it seemed

that the child had suffered, and it died the third day. Mr. Sterki was much encouraged to visit the line of railroad which is being built from New York to Lake Erie, and I think that if he finds it possible, he will work for it, as a surveyor, as I think his aim is more to make ^{money} than is ours. It is very possible that he will establish himself there. As Adrian has decided not to settle in the North, and as Mr. Sterki was not alone, but accompanied by Mr. de Beausobre de Morge, Adrian allowed him to go, in order that he would not have unnecessary expense. We searched to see if, in the neighborhood of New York, we could find something reasonable, in order to stay. Mr. Sterki does not wish to take his family to Tennessee, with the prospect of perhaps establishing himself in the North. We could only find too expensive accomodation, and I would much prefer accompanying Adrian to Wartburg, where he wishes to remain several weeks, where we can be together, and if he does not buy there, I can just as well leave from Wartburg as from New York, and at least we would not be two hundred leagues apart from one another. Mr. Sterki left on the Wednesday, and as he had no idea of the length of time he would remain, we decided to leave without him. The woman Gouffon being very well, we wished to leave New York as soon as possible, where we were suffering horribly from the heat, and were losing our time, but Mr. Gerding, who arrived from Wartburg three days after our arrival, and who had only taken six days going by Charleston, urged us to take that route rather than the other, which would take three weeks, and notwithstanding my repugnance to re-embarking, after I had heard him tell us of the advantages which we would have by this route, we decided

to follow his advice, but we had to wait for the departure of the packet-boat, which did not leave until Saturday. We stayed twelve days in New York, which seemed very long to me, although it is a beautiful city, very large. It has (?) inhabitants. I did not see very much of it, because I was suffering from the heat, and preferred to stay in the house. I only went to Brooklyn, a little city of 60,000 people, which is one of the suburbs of New York, from which it is separated by the Hudson, which is crossed by steamboats. There are many boats, which take the place of omnibuses. They leave every few minutes, and for two cents you cross. They never turn, and no sooner have they arrived than they recross, going backwards. One thing that is very strange is that you can make the crossing ten times running, and if you do not get off you do not have to pay anything more. It is also there that they send the children for an outing with their nurses, the air from the sea being very healthy. The doctors advise that for the health of the children. They get on the boats early in the morning, taking some provisions with them, and we are told they stay as long a time as they want, all the day long if they wish to, for their two cents a person, but if you get off, of only to drink a glass of water, you pay on going on again. One pays every time that they enter, but once on, one can go and come fifty times without paying anything, if one does not descend. One sees a great many children and nurses. It is in Brooklyn that Messrs. Decoppet, Merls, Boiceau, Mayer, Collomb, in fact all the Swiss that we know, live, and to whom we had to make visits,

being invited to most of their homes; but as you are aware of my tastes, I was always able to refuse, giving Adele as my reason. I only accepted the invitation of Madame Dupuis to spend the evening with Madame Bridet, whom I enjoyed seeing. Madame Dupuis is charming, and received us with so much affability that I felt very much at my ease. She had invited some Swiss people, Madame Rook Wolf, a friend of Madame Mallit, a Mr. Cherbuliez of Geneva, and the young Boisat, who was at Mr. Veillard's. This dear Mr. Boisat was filled with kindness towards my children. He came for them each day to take them walking, showing them everything that was especially interesting, and took them bathing in the ocean twice. I would have liked to have shown him in some manner, my gratitude, for without him the children would have been very much wearied. Adrian had too much to do to take them out. What struck me most in New York was that in the midst of unbelievable luxury they have streets horribly dirty, badly paved; where one frequently meets pigs walking around. There are wide side-walks, but they are also dirty, and littered with boxes, barrels, and so forth; but then there is tremendous traffic. It is true that I only passed through Paris, but I think that it is nothing beside New York. The omnibuses, the cabs, the private carriages, the carts filled with provisions, which pass up and down the streets, cross each other in every direction; people push each other, and hurt each other, without any comment. These Americans are unusually^{un-}excitable; never an exclamation or one word louder than another. In the middle of all this crowd, ladies are going about all alone, even late in the evening. It is true that you

can see as clearly as in the daytime, but women are so much respected that nothing is ever said to them. Mr. Decoppet told us that even the worst character with a lady would be as polite as anyone could be, and would never permit himself even the smallest insult. The ugliest ^{thing} I have seen are the negresses in white dresses and hats. They are horrible and there are a great many of them. The men, on the other hand, usually look very well. One meets negro men who are very nice looking. Madame Dupuis lives on one of the handsomest streets, which is two leagues long, but you can go the full length in an omnibus for two cents. If you go half a league, two leagues, or three leagues it is the same thing; each time that you enter it is two cents; if you go either far or near it is the same thing. These omnibuses are passing all the time. You make a sign for them to stop, and they stop for you. When you wish to get out you pull a cord, and they stop and you get down. The coachman never leaves his seat. Every day we heard the fire bells ring three or four times. No one moves. Only the firemen go, and people even pass by the fire without stopping. Every night we hear the bells ring, but these houses are so lightly built that they burn without any draughts. They are all of square bricks. You do not see any hangings. All the rooms are plastered, and with that there are carpets everywhere. In the halls and on the stairs you do not see one bit of flooring. Among the rich, there are magnificent carpets, and among the middle class carpets of straw, or oiled cloth; but in general one finds very little furniture. In our boarding house we have one little

table, and one chair in each room. We do not see one wardrobe. The reason for that is that they have very little linen. All over America they wash in each house, each week, all the linen. They never have our big washings. It is always the servants who wash here, and they do not understand that soiled linen can be left without washing it. They think that is very bad. They ~~put~~ put on our table table-cloths which have holes as big as the hand. The first time that we saw that we were not able to keep from smiling, but it was a table cloth that did not have a spot as big as a handkerchief without holes. I did not enjoy my stay in New York very much, on account of the great heat, which took away all our energy. I was exactly as you wrote your friend from Florence, sitting on a chair without being able to do anything. I perspired so much that I could do nothing but wipe the drops of perspiration. Here on the boat it is the same thing, excepting in the evening and in the morning, when we have a little air. We have been since Saturday at four o'clock on this magnificent boat, which has more than sixty beds. All the inside is finished in mahogany, decorated with silver. We have three beds in a cabin; two chambermaids; six men servants to serve at table; and magnificent meals, such a profusion that it makes us ill. The only thing which we enjoyed is having as many oranges as we want. Everyone gives them to our children, who are making a real cure out of them, and we also. Since we have been in America, we have only seen and washed in ice-water. You do not see one drop of wine. We are with fourteen gentlemen who all drink water. In New York one day Mr. Sterki asked for three glasses of beer for himself and his children.

They were so surprised that they had to be told three times before they brought it. We are having wonderful weather but an insupportable heat; especially at night we suffer the most. If it were not for Adele I would sleep on the deck. I am overcome with all the goodness of our God towards us, Who is keeping us in such good health during such a long voyage, and in such warm climates. Our Adele is perfectly well. She has two teeth. All of her rash has disappeared, and since our arrival at New York, we have let her go without bonnets. She has quite a little hair, and is very cunning. Every one compliments us on the good looks of our children. Everyone here is very pale, and they are astonished to see them with such good red cheeks. It is a very good thing for Emma that we are going into a retired place, for every one looks at her. Every one on the boat pays attention to her. She would soon be filled with vanity. I tell her it is because she is very red that people look at her, for she is noticing it.

Chattanooga, Saturday, 1st, July.

What a voyage, dear friend! What curious things we see. I would like to be able to describe everything to you but it is impossible. It was Tuesday at seven o'clock in the morning that we disembarked at Charleston. The dock was filled with negroes black as coal. They tormented us to carry our baggage, but we took an omnibus there to take us directly to the railroad. The train left at half past eight. We crossed Charleston, which appeared to us to be a charming town, very much prettier than New York. On each side of the streets are large

sidewalks and beautiful trees; lovely gardens in front of the houses. It is both town and country. The houses around here are all of painted wood, but charming. The Captain had good reason to say that when Adrian had seen the American houses he would think no longer of following his own plan. These buildings are altogether different from ours. They are more like the pretty farms of the Bernoises, but beautified with lovely peristyles, with columns garnished with vines, some of which climb all over the house. We only had time to breakfast in a hotel, where there was at our table a negro who chased away the flies with a kind of broom. As you may imagine, our children, and we also, had a great deal of trouble in refraining from laughter. It was nine o'clock when we departed by rail. We found very beautiful cars. There was a little salon with two sofas, a table with water and glasses, and even a toilet. We established ourselves there with Adele. One hour after we left a negress arrived with ices, which she quickly sold, because it was excessively hot. Everyone regaled themselves. We were the only ones who did not eat two or three. Our gentlemen had promised that they would have us eat them in New York, and we do not know how they were forgotten. Also we enjoyed them a great deal. They cost the same as at Lausanne. They make them while on the road, because she passed more than ten times, and always sold them all. We were in the middle of forests. Once in a while we passed by a farm, around which cows, horses, pigs, chickens, geese, turkeys and sheep were grazing. Very near were big fields of maize, hay and wheat, and a few irish potatoes. At every

station
 we saw beautiful carriages, drawn by two horses, and driven by negroes, which came to meet or take away fine looking women in beautiful attire. That seemed very strange to us, as we were in the midst of a forest, and we did not see houses, but they explained to us that they were people who lived on the farms farther away. As well as the carriages, there were saddle horses tied to trees, and which the negroes mounted when the gentlemen wished to drive themselves. These regions are filled with slaves, but the farther we go towards the North, the less of them we see. At each station negroes come with big trays on their heads, carrying berry juice(?) with which we regaled ourselves, and cakes. Every one bought their provisions, because we are not due to arrive until night. At seven o'clock we arrived at Augusta, a pretty enough town, where we took supper. Our boys found a Frenchman who had a store near the hotel. He has lived in America ten years, and likes it very much. At nine o'clock we took the train again. It was another train. There we found two cabins with two beds each. We took one for Adrian, Adele and myself; and the children with Marianne and the rest of the party, slept on their benches, which were upholstered and comfortable enough. At nine o'clock we arrived in Atlanta, a little town where we were glad to rest for four hours. I was able to get warm water in a bowl, in which I bathed Adele. This dear little one was delighted, and I also, in seeing, ^{her} forgot all my fatigue. At one o'clock we started again. I assure you I began to have a headache, for we went so fast at times that we could not

hear ourselves speak, and the shaking was so bad that when Adele slept on my knees I had to be very careful that she did not fall. But what pleased me was that they were very careful every time that we passed over the ravines, and that the carriages passed along the edge of the trestles, for there are no bridges, but beams placed on trestles, which make us fearful. They stop almost entirely and run so slowly that they are hardly moving at all. The organization of the railroads is very different in this country from that in France. Here the railroads are constructed with less care; there are neither barriers nor protections; and the road has free passage through towns and villages; and, notwithstanding, the accidents are less frequent here than in Europe, which is due partly to the great prudence of the engineers, who slow up each time they see an obstacle, or pass over difficult places. It is very curious to see how, with their jets of steam, and the roaring of the engines, they know how to put the cows and fattle, which are frequently in their way, to flight. At eight o'clock at night we arrived at Dalton, a pretty little town where the railroad finishes, but it will be continued, and go as far as Chattanooga. We have gone one hundred and thirty five leagues in two days and one night, and with many hours of rest, as you have seen. There we passed a good night, which did us all a great deal of good. Dalton is the last comfortable place through which we passed. Since that place, we see all the women smoking and spitting like men. We also saw negresses doing it in New York, but here the Americans smoke like the

negresses all day long. Everybody goes on horseback, the women, the children; and they rarely go on foot, I suppose on account of the heat. We still see pretty equipages, and some pretty homes; but what struck me was that, in the middle of a great deal of luxury, you did not see one garden in order. Fine ladies, in dresses of flowing white muslin, holding by the hand well-dressed children who have neither shoes nor stockings. You have handsome covers on your bed, but with big holes in them; men with fine clothes, but torn; broken shoes through which you see the stockings. I think the American women do not do anything at all. They pass the day fanning themselves. From here on, communications become more difficult. There is only one little carriage to take the mail. We wished to take an omnibus to carry us to Chattanooga, but they asked us too much, and we took a little cariole, with six places in it, for Adrian, the Gouffon woman, Marianne, the little girls, and myself, then a big wagon with five horses, for our baggage and one of the company, and the rest of the crowd, composed of Messrs. Gaudin, Gouffon, a young Landry de Cossonay, who joined us at Havre, our David, a German who joined our party at New York, and our two boys, went on foot, following the wagon. At ten o'clock we started out, and penetrated anew into the forests, where we found horrible roads, of which we have no idea in our country; but we admired the skill of our driver. At the beginning, it seemed to us as though we would be overturned each minute, but our horses were so gentle that they allowed themselves to be driven as one wished, and, on the worst roads,

we had no more fear, but we were obliged to hold ourselves very firmly, in order not to be thrown out of the cariole, which is like our German cart, with three seats, but covered, and with curtains to protect from the sun. We crossed little rivers five or six times, which had no bridges. The water was up to the horses' bellies, and the wheels entirely hidden. The first time, I thought that we would remain in the middle, but when I saw how well our horses took us through, I did not have any more fear. From time to time we met pigs and cows, which always indicated to us the presence of a farm, but most of them were very ugly, consisting of wooden cabins, with a field at the side. These fields are filled with stumps of trees, which they leave to rot, which makes a very ugly effect. This was only in the new homes. Only the old ones have no stumps of trees; but in all the localities that have been inhabited only a few years one sees this every where. In half an hour from Loingold(?) our driver stopped in front of a fine farm; a lovely wooden house among the trees, all surrounded with verdure, with a pretty porch decorated with vases of magnificent hortensia; elegant ladies were balancing on the rocking chairs which we see every where here. A gentleman came out and came towards us. He went quickly into a beautiful orchard, to knock down some apples, which he gave to the children. Then he sent a negress to get us fresh water. In America, when they give you a good drink of cool water, it is the same thing as if they gave you a glass of syrup; In a hangar^(shed) we saw a beautiful carriage, and saddles for women and men, and a few steps ~~table~~

farther in the forest fine cows appeared, horses, sheep, a goat, geese, turkeys, chickens, pigs and so forth. It was lovely. We were very thankful for the welcome which this gentleman gave us. It is true that they are very hospitable. At another farm they gave us milk, and would not take payment. At one o'clock we arrived at Regaubt (?) a little village, where we found a Frenchman to whom we gave much pleasure. We asked him a great many questions about the country. He told us he had been in America fifteen years; that he liked it very well. When I told him that I found that the Americans were generally very lazy, that we saw many people talking but very few working, he replied to me "that is true but the Americans need little, and if they work two days a week that suffices them; they have all that they need; that is all they care for;" but what makes me indignant is that you do not see one pretty garden. These lazy ones with a little trouble could have charming homes. He told us that it was only two months ago that one could see there only eight or ten houses, but now there are about thirty, and a great many in course of construction. The railroad will pass very near there, which brings a great many people. We were very much tempted to buy there, where the report was so encouraging, but it is too hot there; it is too far South. They offered us very cheap land, but nothing is cultivated yet. Everything is in forest. In this country the cattle give no trouble. The animals stay in the forest day and night. Every evening the cows come back to be milked, and return into the woods. This place is more crude than any inn in which we have stopped. We have no windows, only blinds and curtains. We had for all our

party one room, and one dressing room where the women slept the best way they could, and the men all slept in the room, some of them on the floor, others on the beds. We started off next morning at eight o'clock, and arrived here at three o'clock. We hoped to take the steamboat the same day, but it had passed that morning, and judge of our annoyance when they told us we would have to wait four days; but my dear husband closed my mouth in telling me "We can do nothing; it is the will of God; so we must be contented." We are very comfortable, but feel impatient to arrive at some destination.

Wartburg, 14th July.

One thousand thanks to God, my dear friend. Here we are at last, settled for at least some time. It was on Friday the 7th of July that we arrived here. We left Chattanooga on Tuesday, the 4th., on a poor steamboat. The engines were good, but the body was not worth anything. The heat was such that it was unbelievable. They had told us that it would take us fifteen hours to arrive at Kingston, and that we would be there the next day, on Wednesday, at six o'clock in the morning. Instead of that, it took us forty two hours. It is true that the water had gone down, and that we were in danger of going aground ev-every moment. Then we would go very slowly; but the second night we were grounded for one half hour. I thought that the engines would burst before we got away, but, after a great deal of trouble, we managed to get off, and at six o'clock we disembarked near Kingston. We breakfasted there in a farmhouse, , and at nine o'clock we left for Kingston, which is three-quarters

of an hour away. Adrian, who had gone ahead to look for a cart, ~~then~~ found the brother of a gentleman with whom we had become acquainted in Chattanooga, who offered him at once his cart, with which he came to get me and the little girls, and the rest of the company came on foot. We hoped to leave the same day for Wartburg, but we could not get a cart except for the next day. We visited a little in Kingston, which pleased us very much. It is a charming place. I had, for a while, the idea of staying there, and to let Adrian go alone to Wartburg; but we did not find a house where I could do housekeeping. We, therefore, left Friday morning, and arrived here at seven o'clock. We were very disagreeably surprised on seeing this place. The village consists of two or three houses. The country is pretty enough but not very fertile. We were all a little upset. The director of the colony received us in the best way possible, but we did not hide from him our astonishment, and the little probability that we would stay here. As they had written him from New York, he had already secured a lodging for us, and the next day, Saturday, he conducted us to it. The country already appeared more pleasing to us. There are some charming views; very good air; it is altogether mountainous; twenty minutes from Wartburg. He took us into a lovely farm inhabited by a German family, where we can have three rooms downstairs, and a large one in the garret. They asked four dollars a month. We decided to take it, and said that we would come on Monday. On Sunday we made the acquaintance of a German Baron and his wife, who settled two leagues from here six months ago. They say that they find it very comfortable here. They have an immense farm of fifteen hundred acres. An acre is

a little less than a pole in our country. They have taken with them the young Landry. They had no man servant, only a woman. It was the gentleman and his sons who did everything. They urged us greatly to stay, but we told them that we would not decide in a hurry, but we would see. Monday morning we came here, where we found only the four walls in each room. As we are at a very intelligent man's house, who built his house all alone, who has a work-bench and all his tools, we began by asking him to give us two planks placed at two angles, in which we put some straw, and there, our beds are made. The next day we bought six planks, with which our David, who is very handy, made us a big table, two planks smoothly planed, nailed together, with four feet; then two benches, some stools; and there we are; settled like princes. We sit on our trunks, which furnish the walls of the room. I am in the big room; in a cabinet next is Marianne, with the little girls; in the third room the Gouffons; and in the attic our boys, David, and Mr. Gaudin whom I invited to come and share the modest room of the attic, which is like our storerooms in our own houses, but without a window. The cooking is done in the open air. We hang pots on a pole, which is placed on wooden bases, and we take turns with the neighbors. They loaned us an iron stove, so that we could cook our bread in the manner of this country. It is true there is a baker, but we can make it much more cheaply. It is made half of coarse wheat, and half of fine flour. A pound of coarse wheat costs one cent, and a pound of fine flour costs three cents. In order that you may understand what this is in our money, I will tell you that a five-franc piece of France is worth here ninety-five cents, and One

Dollar is worth one hundred cents. I pay for a hen eight cents, for a pound of beef or mutton three cents, two eggs one cent. Living is not high, and the cost of maintaining our little home is very reasonable. There are certain things which are very high. For example, they do not know what chocolate is. We do not see it here. I still have three pounds, which will give us a great deal of pleasure, and which I cherish like gold. Rice costs twelve cents, coffee twelve cents, brown sugar twelve cents, white sugar loaf twenty cents a pound. I am perfectly well, and very happy to have a home of my own. It seems to me as though we were at Corberiz. We have accomodated ourselves wäll to the place, but it is too far away from all towns. Communications are very difficult on account of the bad roads. It is charming to spend the three months of the summer here, but that is all. We think still less of settling here. Kingston pleases us infinitely better. A gentleman from that town came to offer Adrian several farms which are for sale, and he expects to go the first day possible to look at them.

Saturday, 2 o'clock.

Mr. Sterki has just arrived with Mr. Bouquerd. These gentlemen had the same experiences as we had. They found Kingston charming, and seemed to be decided that they would not stay here. They are thinking of going to see the environs of Cumberland, and will come back to Kingston if they do not find anything which pleases them better. Adrian will go with them. Madame Sterki and her children are staying for a little while in New York. I congratulate myself every day for having come here. We have found

an English doctor who gives English lessons to our boys four times a week. One cannot imagine how many difficulties one encounters if one does not know the language. Adrian and Leon have been very happy to have known a little of it. Without that, I do not know what we could have done. As for myself, I will never learn it. I have only learned to ask for the things which are necessary for Adele. This dear little one is so well. She has four teeth. Her little carriage is very useful to us. She is in it a great deal, and her sisters amuse themselves by wheeling her about. Our boys cut all our wood, which we get without any cost to ourselves. They even thank you for taking it out of their way. The forests are full of dead wood. We are offered numbers of farms. A German gentleman, who arrived fifteen days since, bought one four days ago. This farm has six hundred acres, six horses, ten cows, thirty pigs, chickens, geese and large buildings. He paid Nine Hundred Dollars for it, but it is an immense farm. They offered us yesterday a farm of four hundred acres, with a little portion of it cultivated, for Four Hundred Dollars. We look at everything, but we are always more decided not to hurry. One is so taken in, and one can rely so little on what one is told. I will urge my husband to rent a farm, to work for one year, because we would then get well acquainted with the country in all seasons, and with the customs of the country, and if we did not find it desirable in this place, we would be free to change. I have spoken of it to Mr. Sterki, who says that he thinks this would perhaps be better. They have already offered us a farm in this way, but it would not suit us. We would wish

to take a farm which pleased us, and where we would expect to stay, if it suited us. What perplexes us about this is a letter which Mr. Sterki brought to us from the Truans, who announced to us that they were leaving the beginning of August. They would then arrive the commencement of October, and we ought to have purchased by then. Taken all in all, we do not know what ^{we will} ~~we~~ do. We wish to allow ourselves to be led by the Saviour, Who has helped us until this time, and Who, I am very sure, will not desert us now. All this trip seems like a dream to me. I do not doubt that, once well established in our own home, I will be very contented. This country life suits me very well. There will always be the longing for my relations and friends, which is very great, but as long as we have our family life, we can be happy, especially if we feel our Saviour near us. When I sometimes feel my heart swelling, I say to myself "You are an ingrate, the Saviour, Who did not have a place to lay his head, and Who bestows upon me so much tenderness, how shall my heart not be grateful to Him." Then I say to myself "What does this life amount to?" I think of that beautiful passage which my dear Madame Guinand wrote to me, and which consoles me. It is the passage "Still a little time, a very short while, and He Who is to come will arrive; He will not delay." Thessalonians 1st, 4th chapter, verses 17 and 18,--"Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." I intended to send you this long rambling account at once, but I have so much to do. We had

to take so much out of our trunks that had been wet on the steam-boat. Fortunately nothing was hurt. Then we had a great deal of linen to wash, and it will take a long time, because here we can only do a very small washing. They have no barrels, or anything else. Washing every week one has a small washing, and one boils everything in a big kettle. It is truly in putting away all my pride, and in counting on your indulgence, and that of our relations, that I dare to send you this horror of a journal, which I have not even the courage to read over. Do not show it, I beg of you, to anyone excepting our relations at Mont, and my step-mother at Cour, and my sisters, and my friend Madame Guinand. We feel a great void, not having any news from (?) our own dear ones, and our country. We are hungry for it, but we do not receive anything. Yesterday Adrian wished to hang up the daguerreotypes, but my heart swelled too much, and I begged him to put them away again for the moment. You cannot imagine the pleasure which this letter from our friends of Divens gave us, which announces their arrival. We hope a little that Mr. Buffat will join them. If my letter arrives in time, will you have the goodness to send by them two dozen ordinary good pencils. They are very expensive in New York, and very bad. The paper also is very expensive. I have much regretted what I left at Lausanne, but as it is heavy and bulky, I am not asking for it. I would also like some English taffeta, and two boxes of chiron balsam at 10 batz a box. I have already used mine a great deal on the ship. You will have the goodness to reimburse yourself for everything at Mr. Lambert's. When we are placed, we will write a letter to

our friends, which we will address to New York, care of Mr. Dupuy, in which we will give them all the necessary directions for their trip, which is much more difficult than that from Europe to New York, on account of the language. We will also advise them as to the things which they should buy in New York, and that which can be found at Kingston. Everything made out of tiⁿ is very cheap in America. It is true that knitting cotton is very scarce. One has a great deal of trouble to find it, but as I dress my children a little like the Americans without stockings, and as I have brought a good deal of cotton, I do not need it. Another thing we cannot find is round straw hats for the women. We could not find one for Marianne and myself. For Adele, I ripped three rows of straw off Emma's hat, which I sewed to that of the doll, and that makes her a little hat. I think that if our friends bring some straws, we would be able to sew ourselves some. Emma's hat (words lost here) which we regret very much. What our friends must bring are seeds. They are so lazy here that they plant only cabbages and beans, which are very fine. I forgot cocolettes and spinach. I would like very much to have them. We have a great many blackberries and other berries. Every day the children pick them for our supper.

Sunday, at 2 o'clock.

My husband is about to leave with Mr. Sterki. I am going to give him this letter. I would love to be the letter, and go to embrace you and all our dear relations and friends. I do not need to tell you how much I think of you. My children talk often of Lausanne. They are still very contented. The gentlemen have

all decided not to stay here. There is not enough market and the soil is not fertile enough. Mr. Gaudin will probably not stay either. We are very contented to stay here two or three months, but we would not wish to be settled here. Good-bye, my very dear friend. I recommend you to the grace of the Saviour, as I hope that you for me. May He give us grace to grow in His love and to trust in Him. Millions and millions of good wishes to all our friends, to you at Morceviez. Tell Rosine that Marianne is very well, and that we are very impatient to have news of her. We often talk of her, and hope to hear that she is thoroughly established in health. Goodbye, dear friends, and dear relatives. Pray often for us.

Very affectionately,

Anna Chavannes.

(Translated from the French, in 1930, by Emma S. Robinson.)



Mardi 9 Mai

Permettez moi cher ami de vous transcrire les petites notes que
j'ai prises sur ma cassette. Le midi je me trouvais à cinq heures
de chambre et ai vu le couvain de p. en de suspension, mais un jeune
s'en est échappé et est allé se cacher dans les coins de la chambre. Pour toutes les
bontés de mon Dieu, donnez-moi un peu de patience et donnez-moi tous les soins paternels

que vous m'avez promis et vous en serez sûr. Mercredi 5 h. Il y avait beaucoup
l'ennemi, on a vu tel mouvement sur le pont, tous les matelots travaillent ils ont
des vaisseaux de guerre moins fait que je ne croyais attendris, c'est une espèce de chant
spécifique que l'on entend devant les voiles qu'ils tendent, le ton est superbe.
La nuit calmée, on a vu le feu de la nuit et de la nuit il y avait un feu de navire
après nous, nous sommes arrivés par un bateau à vapeur, nos enfants sont tous
gais comme des pélicons s'élevaient beaucoup de tout à qu'ils voyent, j'étais de
notre nous n'avons pas les mêmes, grand on est trop distrait. Le 1^{er} vendredi de l'année
50 heures de nuit sans sommeil, mais pas de bien, on a vu tout par la nuit
l'ennemi de Dieu demeure et cela seul nous rendra heureux
Il y a de la joie de la nuit, on a vu un mouvement sur le pont pas fort, il est tout fait
les avertissements sont en vain bien le mal de la nuit, on prend de la nuit, on est sûr
de la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit.

Jeudi 6 h. On a vu le mouvement de la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit.
Le 6 h. On a vu le mouvement de la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit.
Le 7 h. On a vu le mouvement de la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit.
Le 8 h. On a vu le mouvement de la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit.
Le 9 h. On a vu le mouvement de la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit.
Le 10 h. On a vu le mouvement de la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit.
Le 11 h. On a vu le mouvement de la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit.
Le 12 h. On a vu le mouvement de la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit.

Vendredi 7 h. On a vu le mouvement de la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit.
Le 8 h. On a vu le mouvement de la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit.
Le 9 h. On a vu le mouvement de la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit.
Le 10 h. On a vu le mouvement de la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit.
Le 11 h. On a vu le mouvement de la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit.
Le 12 h. On a vu le mouvement de la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit, on a vu tout par la nuit.

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54
Madame De la Harpe
Paris

Madame de la Harpe
Paris

Madame de la Harpe
Paris

Paris



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Fanny Chavannes nee Porta



Porta Francis Chavannes





Famille d'Adrien Chavannes
Photo fait en Suisse-1848
gauche à droit
Emme. Chavannes, née 1841
Anna Chavannes - Francillon, née 1810
Adele Chavannes, la bebe, née 1847
Adrien Chavannes, né 1809
Louisa Chavannes, née 1839
Leon Chavannes, né 1834, dernier sa mere
Albert Chavannes, né 1836, dernier son pere



Photo de 1885

Anna Chavannes
née Francillon

Née 12 mars 1810 à Lausanne,
Suisse
morte 25 sept. 1891 à
Knoxville, Tennessee U.S.A.

fille de Jacques Francillon
et de Marie Susanne
Gabrielle née Mercier
femme d'Adrien Chavannes