

New York, June 19, 1849

My dear and sweet parents,

It is with great joy and blessing our good and Heavenly Father that I give you my news. I am going to give you some details on my voyage since the moment I left my dear Switzerland and my dear parents and friends till the moment when we put our feet on a country which is going to be a new home down here till we meet all God's children and those He has. We left all our dear relatives at Jougne with very sad hearts when we saw them going away from us, as well as the places where we were born, but our sadness was replaced by the variety of so many things which took our attention. We saw mountains separated by forests, valleys where flowed clear water, or mountains covered by trees on one side and vineyards on the other side. Nowhere had I ever seen such beautiful roads cut in the rocks or fields as far as you could see with corn. Otherwise few fields and few woods. After Besancon, I did not see but few pines except in gardens. I cannot describe the marvelous things I saw in the towns such as Besancon, Dole, Dijon, Paris, etc. Dear parents, I never spent such lovely days as those in the diligence (stagecoach), but the nights were very not and we were so thirsty. The first night we slept at Besancon and then we drove 2 days and 2 nights till we reached Paris, stopping only to change the horses and to take our meals. We arrived in Paris in the morning and we stayed there 4 days. You have no idea how many wonderful things we saw there. The streets are always full of people like in our towns on fair or market days. Every second you see carriages or omnibuses. I have seen many palaces and so many things too long to relate. We have met several people with great pleasure, specially my dear Mr. Burnier who came to see us in our hotel and we went to see him in his house. He was very well but rather sad, having lost his beloved Louise. We saw also Lisette Freymond Jossesan and her husband. It was a great pleasure but we did not have much time, only one hour at the station. They brought us a bottle of good wine, some sugar, sweets, and grapes.

Dear parents, at last we arrived in a train of which we had heard so many bad things. It was not so bad after all. The noise of the wheels was like that of a mill and in the carriages you feel a little like in a swing. We left Paris at 10 o'clock in the evening and arrived at LeHarve at 6 o'clock next morning. We stayed there 2 days to buy our food for the crossing. Our ship was quite new and French. Her name was Joseph. There were 300 people on board. We had a very bad crossing. We remained 45 days on the ship. Dear parents, I must not forget to tell you the good and the bad of this long voyage, of these awful waves which we are told are like rewards (?) of the wicked that cannot be quenched. We had 3 storms more or less strong. The second Sunday the waves measured between 40 and 60 feet. Some of them covered the ship, just like mountains and for 3 days I did not go out. We had to tie everything, trunks, kitchen things, etc. Yes, my dear parents, in such

moments we feel the happiness of being God's children, feeling his protecting arms around us and knowing that these trials are a great benediction for our souls. I have felt it very deeply and had fits of anguish. The flesh was weak but always God's promises and Jesus' life came to rejoice my soul. The first Sunday we met an English ship that came and threw itself on us. If our ship had not been the stronger it would have been cut in half and we should have been drowned. Another day the violence of the wind broke one of our main-yards. About half the time we had contrary winds. At last, by the grace of God, we arrived at New York from where I am writing to you. We are staying in a French boarding house which belongs to a Mr. Bernois. We are very well in every way and are going to stay 8 days waiting for the boat which goes every 8 days to Charleston. Dear parents, I thought I would send you our news from New York, but I did not do it, not wanting to write twice. That is why my letter is a month late.

I go on with my letter from Knoxville in Mr. Chavannes' little house where my dear brother-in-law lives since September. I will go on with my voyage which has been long and hard for me with my four children. But for anyone travelling alone it would only be a nice outing except for some ills which we all have. From Charleston we continued by train 2 days and one night, and 2 days in a covered cart. Only the men and the women walked with the luggage. We arrived at Chattanooga, small town on the river Tennessee, where we waited a whole day for the boat that goes up the river as far as Knoxville. We went to a hotel where Mr. Chavannes had already been in the morning to see if we had arrived. There we found a Mr. Faciode of Lausanne, who went on horseback to fetch the family Chavannes and my dear brother-in-law. After 2 or 3 hours we had the pleasure to see their sweet faces. It was a sweet meeting for all of us. How thankful we must be to the Lord who has been with us during this long voyage and who has not allowed any harm to happen to us. I will not tell you anything about the prices of the voyage nor about the country; so far I don't know anything much.

We arrived on July 4 with all our friends. Some went to Mr. Sterchi's, others to Mr. Chavannes' and we to my brother-in-law's Auguste (Gouffon). The next day our men went to see several farms which my brother-in-law had already seen and bargained but he did not want to finish the bargain before our arrival. There are 5 or 6 on sale and having well considered everything, they decided on the largest one. It measures 340 acres. About 75-100 acres are cleared and there are forests. The house is not very good but can be repaired and will do very well for us. There are 3 springs of good water, one of them could turn any kind of wheel. I cannot tell you anything more about this farm. I have not seen it yet. It is about a league from Mr. Chavannes' place. We buy it with my brother-in-law, Auguste, the farm being too large for one man alone. God willing, we shall take possession of the farm

in about 10 days. I have forgotten to tell you that we have 1/3 of this year's harvest and other advantages. The country of Tennessee is all of small valleys and hills. The ground is good, so good that we can sow without manure. Some parts are not so good. We cultivate corn, wheat, sweet potatoes, cabbages, beans, in a word everything that we cultivate at home. In all the forests you find wild vine and walnut trees. America is a new country that wants arms to cultivate it. Dear parents, I shall give you more details in my second letter. I shall know the country better. Oh! my dear parents, how dreadful it is for me to feel myself so far away from you without any hope of ever seeing you again. My dear father, I shall never forget my grief when you promised me a visit at "Le Devant" Montricher and you never came! Dear mother, how many times my heart throbs and my eyes fill with tears when I think of you and of my dear sister, my dear sister-in-law, my dear brother, and all my dear relatives. I kiss you all a thousand times. Dear parents, when you see my friends of Montricher, my relatives of Vallorbe, remember me to them and specially to my dear Fanchette Beday. I often think of her and remember how good she was to me. Don't forget my dear Gouffon, my dear friends of "Petit Essert," my dear uncle and his wife at Cottens, and many others. Remember us to Uncle Louis, uncle David, aunt and cousin Fanchette of "La Grande Partie." I can not write all I feel for you. I often feel lonely, and that detachment from the earth that makes me look forward to meeting you again in Heaven. Dear parents, if you could send me an iron I should be very thankful, here we find only plates (?). Emile and Mark have not been well all the time of our voyage and they have lost weight, specially Mark who is not strong. We are happy to meet every Sunday at Mr. Chavannes'. We are specially blessed there. Today we had the meeting under an apple tree. It is my greatest joy. Write me long letters and tell me of all my relatives and the brethren of "Les Bioux." In that way if I don't see you in the flesh, I see you in spirit. Louis and myself bless you in the Lord Jesus; may the Lord cover you of his Grace and may you feel that you are his children. Don't forget to pray for us as we do for you. Dear Mother, I will not forget to tell you how many times I think that you think of me before going to sleep and that you prayed for me. Oh! my dear parents, I can't leave you in spirit so much as I love you. When you go to bed you can say of us that we are having our dinner as your days begins 6 hours before us. And yet we can admire the same sun, the same moon and the same stars. We have bought a cow and her calf that are grazing on Mr. Chavannes' fields. Marie greets you, she puts off writing every day and does not like to write because she is homesick. Everybody greets you. With our best love, from your affectionate children.

Louise Truan-Rochat (fille d' Abram-Isaac grand-pere de Florian Rochat)