THE DUFOUR SAGA

1796—1942

The Story of the eight Dufours who came from Switzerland and founded Vevay, Switzerland County, Indiana

by

JULIE LECLERC KNOX

Great-granddaughter of

Antoinette Dufour Morerod

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THE DUFOUR SAGA
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DEDICATION

To the memory of my "Great-Gran," Antoinette Dufour Morerod, whose portrait in ruffled cap and shoulder kerchief, in oval, gilt fame, has hung above my bedroom desk, for years, I respectfully dedicate this humble attempt to articulate the branches of her line and that of her brothers and sisters into a stable family tree, this side the Atlantic.

She went to her long rest when my mother was yet a young girl. My earliest recollection of any mention of her is in connection with her portrait to which many of the family said I bore a strong resemblance. One of my mother's cousins always called me "Grandmother Morerod" (pronounced Mo'ro'). This I am ashamed to say I resented. Yet what small girl could be expected to relish being told she looked like an old, old lady in huge mob cap?

As I grew older I felt it was a compliment and wished, if there were such a thing as atavism, I could have been blessed with her spiritual likeness, and with the courage she possessed to endure the hardships and privations of the pioneer woman.
PROLOGUE

As a descendant of pioneer families on both sides, I might say, all sides, I was born in a bewildering tangle of kin—aunts, uncles, great aunts, great uncles, cousins, first, second and third, and above all, a wonderful grandmother. As a child I accepted it all as in the day's business, and never bothered my head to sort them all out, except very casually. Of course paternal and maternal relatives were well defined, though in several instances the lines crossed.

Just as we are too near the buildings as we walk along the street to get a good view of them, so we never properly appreciate our surroundings until we get far enough away to have a perspective.

As I grew older I mentally arranged in tiers the extensive clan into which I was born, noticing that few of my friends were thus surrounded, not sure whether I should pity or envy them on that account. I finally absorbed much history of the family from my mother, my aunts and Great-aunt Lucie and Great-uncle Aime' and began to write descriptions of the old homesteads and then I regretted I had not always lent a listening ear to the "pearls and rubies that fell from the lips" of my forbears. Often I had been bored by the stories of the early history they had lived through and paid them small heed when I should have been taking down every word.

When my grandmother and her brothers and sisters talked French together, it sounded to my unappreciative ears like pigs under the gate and I passed out of hearing as rapidly as possible. And so the "whirligig of time gets in its revenges."

I did not then realize that if I understood that language I might better get at the family history. I was brought up with something of a jerk when a professor from Cincinnati University came to Vevay, searching for local history. Uncle Aime' opened a great walnut desk I had never before seen open, and disclosed a great mass of French papers. The little professor regarded me with mild disgust when he found I knew nothing of French. Accordingly when I returned to college I set myself to
obtain a reading knowledge of the language. But, Uncle Aime' passed on in the meantime and the desk was inherited by another branch of the family. Some of the papers were destroyed and I never gained access to all the others. Membership in the D. A. R. and historical societies of county and state stimulated my interest in the picturesque background of my native habitat and I determined to write it up, in continued form, "Someday."

There is something glamorous about the dauntless courage of these early settlers, willing to leave behind them a civilization, dating back to the Caesars, and bring their household goods to this, then, howling wilderness. They knew nothing of the use of the axe as the pioneers knew it; they had been accustomed to all of the necessities of life and some of the luxuries. Too much can not be said of the fortitude with which they faced their hardships and privations, so they might leave us the heritage we now enjoy. The eleventh chapter of Hebrews might have been written expressly about these sturdy folk.

They were not uneducated as were many pioneers, for the educational system of Switzerland has always been good. Passports and family papers show their penmanship was always legible, often superior, as in the case of Aime' whose beautiful signature puts to shame most of us of later generations—no "X" signatures for them!

They were an honest, God-fearing people, who for the most part, were successful in a material sense and left behind them substantial homesteads and modest, financial accumulations, and better still, honorable records, for us, their descendants, to stand on their shoulders," although it seems more fitting we should kneel at the feet of their memory.

Among these descendants there has not been much room for gossip. There have been several outstanding as scientists, musicians, artists, lawyers, physicians, and educators and many, in each generations, have borne arms in the service of their country, some sacrificing their lives. Chiefly they have been farmers and business men and women, all good citizens—not a criminal record among them.

They are now widely scattered, most of later generations on the Pacific coast, and in the old home town of Vevay there remains only two granddaughters of John David, one of them residing on her ancestral acres near, and five descendants of Antoinette, one of whom, the writer, occupies a home on grounds belonging to the family for about one hundred and twenty five years. The attic, full of reminiscences of four generations, binds the past to the present with sentimental ties.
Soon all the descendants of the old Swiss founders will be gone and every one of their sturdy, old homesteads will be in alien hands. But so long as the spirit with which they builded shall not be lost, so long will this village, preserve its charm and integrity; so long will its sons and daughters, now widely scattered, turn with pride and affection to the old home town, deeply valleyed in Ohio River hills.

So, the descendants of Jean Jacques Rudolf Dufour (born August 23, 1730) endeavored to do their bit in the New Worl...
GENEALOGICAL KEY

ABBREVIATIONS

b—born
d—died
ed—educated
m—married
unm.—unm
daut.—daughter
n. f. r.—no further record
SOURCE MATERIAL

Slowly and somewhat painfully this material has been collected, over a period of years, from many and various sources;—family traditions, Bibles, scrap books, old letters, tomb stones, newspaper files, Court House records, Perret Dufour’s “History of Swiss Settlement of Switzerland County,” and from the descendants and interested friends.

Contributions from the different lines are classified as follows:

Jean Jacques—Mrs. Alma Dufour Harris, San Francisco, Cal.; F. Dempsey Dufour, Vallejo, Cal.; Mrs. Margaret Lineback, Aurora, Ind.; Mrs. Thomas Reed, Madison, Ind.


Jean Francois—Mrs. Sylvia del Vecchio (now deceased); Miss Hevila Cockrille, Washington, D. C.; Miss Ella Rouse, Palmyra, Mo.; Miss Mary Frances Dufour, Sacramento, Calif.; Mrs. Frances Millington, Hollywood, Calif.

Jean David—Miss Julia Dufour and her sister, Mrs. Lella Bledsoe, (both deceased) and Mrs. Belle Stepleton, granddaughters of Jean David.

Antoinette—Mr. Aime’ Morerod; Mrs. Lucie Detraz; Mrs. Louise Knox; Mrs. Clara McMakin; Mrs. Josephine Shaddy (all deceased); Mrs. George S. Stemmons, Prairie Home, Mo.; Mr. E. L. McMakin, Tucson, Ariz.; Miss Lela J. Titus, San Diego, Calif.; Mrs. Amy Detraz; Mrs. Lucille Skelcher and dau., Jane Lucille, Vevay, Ind.

Suzanne Marguerite—Mrs. Susan Golay Lamson (now deceased); Miss Edith Golay, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Annie Quina, Pensacola, Fla.; Mrs. Eleanor Golay and Mrs. Marjorie Golay McNamera, Indianapolis, Ind.

Jeanne Marie—Mrs. Onisca Siebenthal (now deceased); Mr. C. H. Mottier, Chicago; Mrs. Sarah E. Spann, Madison, Ind.; Mrs. C. T. Dumont, Cin., O.; Mrs. Mabel D. Paul, Dayton, O.; Mrs. Pauline Siebenthal Bridenhager, Liberty, Ind.;
Prof. George Scott, Blythe, Calif.; Mrs. Bess Packingham, Patriot, Ind. Mrs. Mary E. Miller, Cin. O.

Friends contributing—Mrs. Nora Lewis Dupraz, Mrs. Effa Morrison Danner, Mrs. C. I. Turner, Mrs. Blanche Ricketts, Mrs. C. H. Geiger, Sen. deceased, Mr. and Mrs. Myers Burke, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Teats, Mr. Ben Bersot, Misses Alice Yonge, Ella Waldo, Dora Belden, Annette Danglade, Eva Graham, Ruth Furnish, Mary E. Hall, Mr. J. K. Danglade, and Mrs. Jack Graham, all of Vevay. Mrs. Nell Protsman Waldenmaeir, Washington, D. C., Mrs. Edith Armstrong Given (deceased) Mr. G. L. Burdette, Knoxville, Tenn., and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Demaree, Manville, Ind.

Particularly am I indebted to these—Mrs. Nora Lewis Dupraz, whose aunt was the wife of Franklin Dufour. Her photographic mind has registered much family history learned from this aunt and through her I’ve attempted to recapture incidents of romance and sentiment.
The home of the Dufours in Montreaux, Switzerland, built by their father Jean Jacques Rodolphe Dufour
CHAPTER I
Exodus from Switzerland

Down in the south eastern corner of Indiana, crowded to the banks of the Ohio River by her larger and more self assertive sister counties, lies modest, little Switzerland County. As her name suggests she was settled by the French Swiss who showed their loyalty to the tiny Alpine Republic, their mother land, by the names they gave to their adopted county and to the town they settled as the seat of its government.

Prominent among these emigres was the Dufour family of five brothers and three sisters who came to America in 1801. The idea of coming originated with the oldest brother, Jean Jacques, who as a lad of fourteen, read the newspaper accounts of the complaints of Lafayette's soldiers, serving in the American Revolution, in regard to the dearth of wine in the new country, although there was an abundance of everything else. So young Dufour determined to introduce the culture of the vine on a large scale in America.

It must be remembered that wine, at that time, was considered more or less a necessity, especially in France, where it still is, as water is too impure for drinking. However that is as it maybe, and Jean Jacques needs no apology. With the consent of his father, Jean Jacques Rudolf Dufour, one time judge and mayor of Montreaux, the young man set himself to master the art of grape growing. This resolution, steadfastly adhered to, caused him to lose several chances of getting riches along other lines in his journeyings through America.

In his "Vine Dresser's Guide" he speaks of this boyhood dream of benefitting the people of the New continent and at the same time establishing a competence for himself and his family. This volume is a scholarly treatise, judged from a literary historical and scientific standpoint, worthy a modern college professor, displaying a knowledge of botany far in advance of his time. In the opening lines he traces the antiquity of the vine as fol-
lows: "The Scriptures of Holy Writ tell us that Noah was the first man who made wine from grapes and profane history says it was Bacchus, etc." In the evaluation of the estate of Jean Jacques after his death in 1827, two items were:

"205 volumes of Vine Dresser's Guide at 40c—$82.00
Set of copper plates, copies for writing, 40c"

These books are rare now. the Vevay Public Library owns one copy, so highly esteemed it is not allowed out of the building.

Family tradition has it that Benjamin Franklin advised the old Mayor to send his children to America where they could enjoy greater advantages and where with the means he could give them they could secure a good tract of land for the cultivation of vineyards.

So, in March 1796 Jean Jacques set out from his native village on the great adventure that was to lead him over land and sea into many strange places, to make a home for his brothers and sisters who were to come later. Although deprived of the left hand and arm to near the elbow, his was a dauntless soul that refused to acknowledge the impossible.

The diary he kept states he went first to Lausanne then to Berne, evidently to get money left in a bank there and then on to Paris where he laid in a supply of merchandise which, with true Swiss thrift, he sold, to help defray his expenses along the way—a sort of pedlar's progress.

While in Paris he stayed with a Vincent Dufour and his board and lodging were meticulously accounted for. Whether or not this was a relative we have no proof, however his only son was named Daniel Vincent.

After visiting Rouen he proceeded to Havre where he arrived May 27th. Here his diary mentions "an unfortunate illness" for which he consulted a physician, whose bill was three francs plus the cost of two enemas and an emetic (This to illustrate the minute details of his diary) which he adds, naively, "I did not take. He says he had a "tertian" fever (not by way of self pity, but simply as a matter of expense, of which he kept a complete and careful account of every penny which his father had advanced.) He even puts down the tips he gave, which includes one to a carrier, on one stage of his journey, to be allowed to sit on the driver's seat.

Although he arrived at Havre May 27th, he did not sail until June 12th. It is not clear whether he was detained by illness or
lack of favorable weather. The Brig "Sally," Captain Mitchell, commanding, was bound for Philadelphia. He paid $50 for his passage and seems to have furnished his own bedding and at least part of his food. After stopping at the Azores the brig reached its destination near the middle of August. Up to September 22nd he accounts for "my various trips" to Lancaster, Reading, and Baltimore as costing ninety one pounds. He then went to Philadelphia where he stayed until February when he proceeded to the great west. Passing through Wilmington, Delaware, he spent a short time in Marietta, Ohio before he went on to Illinois by the river.

He notes his board, while in Kaskaskia, cost him fifty cents a day. From Illinois he proceeded to St. Louis and Cape Girardeau where he made a survey, searching for a suitable place for his vineyards. He bought a geographical dictionary and a large quantity of lead which he sent up the Ohio in a barge. For the use of this vessel he paid $50. He also paid the Captain $50 and $40 to each oarsman. The barge sank and he had a great deal of trouble to keep from losing the entire cargo as it was February and both the Ohio and Mississippi were very high. Some of the lead was disposed of in Pittsburg, some left with merchants to be sold on commission and the remainder was not gotten rid of until work was started on the First Vineyard when it was exchanged for nails and other needed articles for cultivating the land.

And so Jean Jacques went back and forth, covering as much ground as if he were a centipede, looking for a suitable site for his vineyards, learning the language and customs of the settlers. And as he went, like Johnny Appleseed, he often planted for future generations, taking along pack horses, laden with seeds. He searched far and wide for native grapes in order to establish vineyards that would succeed best here. At one time in Cincinnati he gave for his board his books on geometry and gnomonics and a thermometer which appears as if he were almost down to dishwashing. Then he returned to Pittsburg and tried to make small shot of the lead rescued from the barge but soon abandoned this project. The next entry in his diary is in Washington. He states he exchanged four watches and $8.50 "to boot," for a saddled and bridled mare. June 25th, 1798, his diary says "Wrote a long letter to my parents and mailed it aboard the ship, La Liberte, bound for Bordeaux, and two days later left by Burlington packet for New York. Arrived at one o'clock the morn-
ing of July 18th, at which time a great fire had broken out and burnt a whole square.” Again, “July 19, wrote two letters to my parents, one via Hamburg and the other via Copenhagen.” On Aug. 19 he purchased provisions “to cross the wilderness.” And on the 28th is back in Kentucky. Sept. 11 narrates his going with Senator Brown around Frankfort, searching a locale on the river for his vineyards. After skirting the river he writes, “Not found a suitable place except near Frankfort and that too high in price.” Leaving his horse he goes a foot to Cleveland Landing and by skiff to the mouth of Hickman’s Creek where he found what he had been searching for so long. He returned to Lexington to report to the Vineyard Company he had formed (the first association of its kind in America). So, a tract of 633 acres about four miles above the mouth of Hickman’s Creek in the Big Bend of the Ohio, was bought of James Haselrigg.

Dufour then went East to purchase the vines. In his diary of March 6, 1799, he records he started from Philadelphia with a wagon load of cuttings, comprising thirty five varieties, at a cost of $94 for transportation. And so the First Vineyard was started at last, after much preparatory flitting about, for all the world as if he travelled by plane instead of often horseback, and sometimes afoot, at best, by stage, and seemed to consider it all in the day’s business. This was November 1800.

In a short time matters seemed promising enough for Jean Jacques to write his father to send on the younger brothers and sisters. By a legal commission, given in full in Perret Dufour’s History, the old father entrusted the five younger children, none of whom had reached twenty-one, to the care of this oldest brother, Jean Jacques. He bids them show this guardian the honor, obedience and respect they owe him, their father, and adjures Jean Jacques to guide them with great care in matters spiritual and material. He lays special stress on their training in Christianity. This document begins with the pious exhortation found in old wills, “In the name of God, Amen” and ends with a prayer that the Lord may have them in His holy care, which He seems to have done as they all succeeded in rearing families that were a credit to their ancestry and in founding substantial homes, many of which are still standing in good condition.

And so on the first of January, 1801, the members of the family who were to make the long voyage together with the few others who were coming, assembled to bid farewell forever to their native land. It was a most impressive scene—the leavetak-
ing of this brave little band of young people (most of the Du-
fours were in their teens) knowing, as they must have known,
they were never again to see their parents nor the country of
their birth. Their aged sire knelt in their midst and prayed God's
blessing on this undertaking. It was a dramatic picture, sug-
gest ing Robert Weir's "Embarkation of the Pilgrims." He read
the Ninetieth Psalm and requested them to meet and read this
chapter when impossible to have "preaching" and to have it
read at all funerals, a custom faithfully adhered to by all his
descendants to this day. The old Mayor, from time to time, sent
his children books of sermons in French, some of them of his
own writing. Some were translated into English in New York
and circulated as tracts.

Jean Daniel, the second brother, had wed Frances Isabella
le Blanc, a daughter of the nobility, about a year before coming
to America. He and his young wife chaperoned their younger
brother and sisters. The others making the voyage at this time
were: Jean Francois, Jean David, Antoinette, Suzanne Margue-
rite, and Jeanne Marie Dufour; Peter Boralley, his wife, son
Peter and a daughter; Phillippe Bettens, wife and daughter;
Jean Daniel Morerod; Francois Louis Siebenthal and son, Jean
Francois—seventeen souls in all.

Antoinette was betrothed to Morerod and as he could not
bear a separation by the ocean, he decided to go along and they
were married in 1802.

Jean Jacques recounts in his diary, June 9, 1801, that he
met his brothers and sisters at Marietta, O., May 18, returning
down the river with them to Lexington, Ky., where they were
just in time to celebrate their first Fourth of July in America at
a barbecue. How fitting that their first arrival in the new land
be marked by a patriotic ceremony! By July 6th they were all at
the First Vineyard where they entered into partnership.
CHAPTER II

The Ocean Crossing of Vevay’s Founders

The following account of the voyage across the Atlantic was originally written in French by one of the Swiss colonists who made the trip in 1801. (The author of the diary is thought to have been either Francis Louis Siebenthal or Jean Daniel Dufour. The evidence seems stronger for the latter, since a brother is mentioned and Siebenthal had only his son with him, also the diarist says April 16th is the anniversary of his wedding. The records show that was the date of Jean Daniel’s marriage.)

The translation was found in 1929 among the papers of Mrs. Josephine Detraz Shadday, just after her death. She was a granddaughter of Jean Daniel and Antoinette Dufour Morerod. Quite an authority in the early history of Vevay, she understood French and it is probable she made the translation herself. The only explanation with it was;—

“A copy of notes, taken from an old diary, kept by some one of the seventeen souls that came over from Switzerland together in 1801. This is the story of the sailing.”—The narrative, somewhat abbreviated, is substantially as follows: “Thursday, March 20th, we went aboard the sloop, “Useful,” which carried us and our baggage and provisions from Bouche to the superb ship, “Voodsop,” lying at anchor in the roadstead about three miles distant. The sea was rough enough to make our sloop pitch strongly and upset the stomachs of the women and give us much trouble in hoisting our effects aboard. In spite of severity of wind and wave we arrived on board with complete success.

Afterwards the Captain said we did not have enough biscuits nor other provisions and that it was better to have too many than too little as it was impossible to fix accurately how long our voyage would last. Consequently when the Captain returned to shore three of us men went with him for our supplies, to return the next day. But on the morrow a contrary wind arose with such force that it was impossible for three days for any
sloop to leave the port of Rochelle. The night of the 21st the wind having risen so violently, that in spite of our having three anchors in the sea, we risked being thrown on the shore. Our position was so much more critical because neither captain nor pilot was aboard. Although the second officer was very skillful in navigation, he feared to change position until the wind changed as there was danger of our boat's being crushed against the rocks, as we were near the shore. But thanks to Heaven the wind diminished and the anchors held. We were saved!

On the 23rd the Captain, the pilot and Morerod having come aboard, we prepared for departure. On the morning of the 24th, the second of the brothers came aboard, also Siebenthal, bringing the provisions. At one and the sea calm I persuaded the Captain to lend his cutter and accompanied by Morerod, Bettens, Siebenthal Jr. and my brother we started to shore for some trifles. I took the rudder. We reached Rochelle in about three quarters of an hour. In about an hour and a half we set out again before the tide was entirely out but a contrary wind gave us a lot of trouble in reaching the ship. Nevertheless we very happily reached it at dark, having spent about two hours in coming.

The next morning, the 25th, the pilot ordered the anchor raised but he was not willing to leave the roadstead, fearing he might be taken by an English frigate which had come to anchor as a lookout. So, he contented himself by pointing out where we should go out and departed after saying goodbye. We delivered to him our last letters written aboard. About an hour after we were visited by the captain of above mentioned frigate but we soon continued our voyage with good weather and little northerly wind.

In the afternoon we were boarded by a corsair from the island, Guernsey and our captain was invited to go aboard his ship. The pirate assumed the tone of a master and with extreme insolence towards the passengers, commanded them all on deck. Then he gave orders to change movement and come about. Our mate refused point blank. Thereupon they disputed and threatened each other. After they had made several turns about the deck, the pirate descended, precipitately, to our Captain's cabin. The second Mate followed but they were not long and soon returned, seeing there was nothing to gain from us. Then a terrible noise greeted us, at which the pirate touched the hand of the second mate and hurriedly gained his own boat and our captain returned to us. The mate told us he believed that without the appear-
ance of an English 74 gun ship of the line, about two gunshots away we would have been robbed by the pirates.

A moment after the ship of the line fired when half a ship’s length off to notify us to come to him. At the same time the captain embarked in his cutter with an officer and some sailors and boarded us. The two officers went into our Captain’s cabin where they remained about a quarter of an hour, apparently to examine sailing papers.

The Captain made us a short visit between decks, but as he did not know French, he said nothing but, “You are Swiss” and after our “Yes,” he left, extending his regards to all. We were astonished at his courtesy. Having seen us lift our hats at his approach, he took off his fine hat and only put it back after we had saluted for his departure. It was then about five. The weather was fine and we set all sail and at six lost sight of the shores of France and saw only sky and water.

From that time until the 30th we made a good course up to eight knots but then about one o’clock, the wind slackened and we perceived back of us another Guernsey corsair which gave chase all day and caught up with us at nightfall. But we gave up nothing (through fear) except a couple of hundredweight of biscuits and several baskets of wood which he absolutely needed. The corsair offered to pay us at first but our Captain refused. “All right,” said the corsair, “give me fifty bottles of wine. I’ll return them full of brandy.” Compliments were passed. He insisted. Finally they were sent to him. A moment after he reached his own deck, we saw he was making sail, carrying away our bottles. We took up our course again, believing this poor corsair, who appeared a little full, had apparently broken all his bottles and needed ours.

With a fair wind we made good time and there was nothing new until April 5th when we overtook an American boat, going as he said, to Norfolk or Baltimore. He had left port ten days before us and we immediately lost sight of him.

Fair weather continued. On the 7th we met another American vessel from N. Y., bound for Copenhagen. Our Captain went aboard and brought back some codfish and American papers in English. Wind and weather continued good and on the 10th, about 3 P. M. we arrived at the southern point of Newfoundland Banks. The wind having fallen we found our selves in the fog that almost constantly enfolds this region. Our Captain, a professional fisher of the cod, promised us fresh fish when we reach-
ed the Banks. He kept his word. At 3:30 lines were thrown into about thirty fathoms of water. We were an hour waiting when some one said, "I believe we have more butter than is necessary to cook all the cod we'll get," whereupon, suddenly, a fish, weighing about twenty-five pounds, was landed. A dozen more were caught that evening and the next morning between 7 and 8 o'clock. But towards evening the wind and cold became so sharp we were obligated to quit those ports.

We met a Boston schooner which was at anchor, fishing. Our Captain exchanged some salt meat and brandy for cod. One fish alone weighed about one hundred pounds. The cod is very fine to eat. We were satisfied with the fresh fish. I put up with it two or three times, in sauce, like the trout of Leman. The fisherman told our mate they'd been there ten days and had only 100 bbls of cod. It is inconceivable how many fish are caught every year on the Banks.

On the 13th and 14th the wind was very strong. Finally a furious tempest arose. Towards midnight there was much thunder and lightning with wind and the sea was prodigious in height. On the 15th the sea was still at a fearful height. Our second mate who had followed the sea twenty years, said he had never seen it higher. I was assured that when our boat was between these mountains of waves, the tops were on a level with the top of our main mast, over three hundred feet. It was a fearful sight. But what reassured us was the solidity of our ship which mounted and descended the waves with admirable dexterity, but not without making us experience strong shocks and quiverings. This continued all through the 15th and 16th. Consequently the anniversary of my Saint Day and my marriage, instead of being a festival was a day of tempest. On the 17th the wind changed and became light and from time to time rain fell.

On the 18th we saw the American ship, "The Seims," of Baltimore, of 300 tons, sheathed with copper, coming from London and bound for N. Y. For the next ten days we sailed only one day without rain. Part of the time there was lightning and thunder with some time a good wind, sometime a bad or none at all.

It is to be remarked that our voyage up to Newfoundland was very happy, with good wind and rarely any rain, but beyond that point we met three tempests and one mighty gale. But thanks be to Divine Providence, we triumphed and we can say our voyage has been a joyous one. With a good boat, not too
heavily laden, and good sailors to manage, there is no danger at all in crossing the sea, between the spring and autumn equinox, that is to say, in the full season of the year.

On the 29th we were making only three to four knots. We saw a mast floating on the starboard side. My brother mounted the main mast to see if he could discover land. He shouted down he saw something bulky, like a large fish or shipwreck. As we went nearer we saw the hull of a small boat shipwrecked some days before, evidently. The cutter was launched and the second mate and three sailors went to the wreck. They brought from it two or three sailors' shirts and a pair of morocco shoes of a small child. The vessel was laden with wine and other merchandise but the wind was too rough for them to get much satisfaction from the wreck. As to towing it filled with water, that would have retarded us and the Captain had no thought of delaying our arrival. So, we spread sail and soon lost sight of that sad wreck of the wind or possibly the thunderbolt and left it to its savage owner, that is Neptune.

I do not speak of the degrees of latitude and longitude of our voyage, although the Captain and second mate who made the calculations, have told us, "Well, our route can be seen. On the map of the world it has been parallel since we left Rochelle, as far as the southern Banks of Newfoundland."

On the 29th the Captain went to the top of the mast and saw land. On the 30th at 2:30 in the morning we had some thunder claps, very loud, accompanied by abundant rains which lasted only a short time. At 7 A. M. we were not more than a league from Cape Charles on the left side of Chesapeake Bay. The wind was so light we scarcely stirred. A sloop came along and a pilot boarded us. At noon we saw Cape Henry. When the Captain told the pilot about the wreck we had seen, he said there had been a furious tempest, an eight hour gale on these shores and that four boats had entered the river afterwards, having lost part of their masts. We decided this was the same tempest we had encountered.

At 6 P. M. we dropped anchor opposite the mouth of the James River, about three hours from Norfolk. We were not able to go farther because the wind was contrary and the entrance to Norfolk is difficult for large boats because of the bars on each side of the channel."

"And thus the tale ended," as simply as the Iliad—"Thus died Hector, tamer of horses"—before the actual landing. Yet
we know they did land as some of them were the forbears of us who tell the story. And how grateful we are for ancestors with such stout hearts who feared not to trust themselves to the Atlantic in a sailing vessel, lighted only by candles, at the time of the March equinox.

The writer relates the hardships very casually, as though all in the day’s business. He certainly did not know the meaning of self pity. Often thanking the Lord for deliverance from the terrors of the deep, corsair crews etc. He seems a pious soul. He piques our curiosity by not giving fuller accounts of the harassing experiences of the corsair encounters, and refers to ships as “he” and “him.” But, after all that is as reasonable as the “she” and “her” we use today.

These sturdy pilgrims crossed the Alleghanies to Pittsburg. The women and children, and those unable to walk, were weighed and brought by the hundred pounds, as freight in wagons. From Pittsburg they came down the Ohio River and were met by their eldest brother, Jean Jacques, at Marietta, O. who conducted them to their destination, the First Vineyard.

How interesting if we could but know the reactions of these stout hearted young people when they first saw what was to be their home thereafter!
Jean Jacques and Jean Daniel were the children of their father’s first wife. The most credit is due the former for the Swiss Colony at Vevay, Ind. He made his dream of establishing vineyards and homes for his family in the New World come true, scouting around until he found a suitable place. His was the responsibility for the care of the younger brothers and sisters, entrusted to his care by his aged father and he lived up to his trust.

For awhile they all worked together at the First Vineyard in great expectation but had little to show for their labors, as the vines selected with such great care, languished and died. He writes: “Those brought by my brothers from my own vineyards in Switzerland, also died.” Then the Association he had formed, fell apart. Too eager to get started, he had begun the work before all the one hundred sixty shares agreed upon, were subscribed for, and little money collected for those already sold. And this had to be paid the five negro families and the other laborers. “The whole burden fell on our family who kept good courage as we had hopes of the Cape and Madeira grapes of which we had so few at first it required several years to get a good start.”

So, with this somewhat forlorn outlook they kept on. But in 1806 Jean Jacques was obliged to return to Europe to look after his affairs and bring back his wife and son. But on account of the War of 1812 he could not return until 1816 for, like Lafayette, he was made a political prisoner for his opinions. During his enforced absence he directed the affairs of the colony as best he could by letters.

His wife was unwilling to face life in the new world and so he had to return without her, about whom little is known. He evidently was never divorced and so lived a more or less lonely life, devoid of any material satisfaction for all the hardships and suffering he endured. His friend, Thomas Jefferson, said he was one
of the wisest, most far seeing and unselfish men he had ever known.

In 1802 Jean Jacques had petitioned Congress to allow him and his associates to purchase, on extended credit, about 2,500 acres in southern Indiana, along the Ohio River. About 1200 adjoining acres were added later. Unable to return to America when the payment was due in 1814, Jean Jacques arranged with Congress to extend the time five years. While he was in Europe he arranged his business affairs and sold some property to raise money to pay the government. When he returned the First Vineyard had grown up in briars. Jean Daniel and Jean Francois had been forced to abandon the place after a frosty spring destroyed all their crops and it took a lawsuit to eject an American tenant. Long before Jean Jacques' return all the family had removed to the Indiana Vineyard which had been started in 1802 and the town of Vevay laid off in 1813 by Jean Francois and Jean Daniel. The Dufours kept what they wished of the land, bought from Congress and after the town was planned, sold the rest to other settlers, chiefly Swiss. Jean Jacques made the full payment to Congress in 1817 at $2 per acre and the accumulated interest at 6 per cent.

After a few years the vineyards were found unprofitable as whiskey was more popular than wine and they were all razed but a few, left to satisfy some of the older colonists who had always been accustomed to them. Attention was then turned to farming at which the Dufours were successful.

Jean Jacques' only child, Daniel Vincent, remained at a military school in Paris until he was twenty eight, when he joined his father in the Swiss Colony. He organized the Swiss Guards of which he became captain and drilled them so successfully that when they met Lafayette on his visit to Cincinnati in 1824, they won the French General's commendation.

Daniel Vincent married Annie Brisby, a beautiful young woman from Lexington, Ky., selected, it is said, by his father. He built for her a fine home on the eastern outskirts of Vevay, and sent to a Dufour in Paris who was a famous wall paper designer for the covering for the wide hall. The design was a series of hunting scenes, graphically depicted, a great marvel to the Vevayites. This paper lasted almost as long as the house.

The writer remembers being taken there as a child to see that wonderful paper, which at that time was worn, literally, almost to ribbons and swayed from the walls like tapestry in the
breeze. The mansion was then long deserted and seemed sad and haunted by the past.

In later years when she read De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium Eater," the description of the abandoned old house where De Quincey's runaway boyhood had taken refuge, brought this old place to mind.

After resisting for years the violence of high water, dismantled and deserted, it met its destined end by fire, the result of vagrant carelessness.

No one seemed to know what became of the lovely stone mantles which originally graced the old edifice. And so its tale is told, its magnificence a fading memory to the few who remember to have seen it.

Vincent's eldest daughter, Harriet, the original of the heroine, "Roxy" in Edward Eggleston's novel of the same name, was married in this home to the son of Julia L. Dumont, pioneer teacher and writer. A descendant of a wedding guest says the bride's gown was of white satin, so heavy it stood alone and her girdle was embroidered with seed pearls. The groom was the "Mark Bonamy" of "Roxy," son of Mrs. Julia L. Dumont.

On a recent visit to the "Hermitage," Andrew Jackson's home, the writer saw the famous pictorial wall paper on the hall there, printed in 1825, by the same DuFour of Paris who had designed that on the hall of the fair Annie Dufour's residence.

In 1828 Daniel Vincent gave to the Presbyterians, then recently organized, the lot on which their second church is now standing. Many of the Swiss were of that denomination and their descendants have kept the faith of their forefathers for the fifth and sixth generation.

Jean Jacques' share of the land bought from Congress, was near what is now Markland. In the yard of the humble, little home he built, much more modest than those of his brothers and sisters, lies the neglected grave of the old pioneer. When the author first saw the place it was only by wading through tall grass and briars that the burying ground could be approached. A great stone bears the inscription: "John James Dufour, born in Canton de Vaud, Switzerland, died 1827, aged 64." A few other stones, marking graves of several children of Daniel Vincent, stagger about.

The old hero had planned differently, having erected a pretentious vault and imported bronze doors from Europe on which
were chiseled the ghastly old epitaph: "As I am now so you will be etc." The prideful old vault excited considerable morbid curiosity and it was entered several times by forcing the doors. Finally the roof caught fire and fell in and then owners of the farm, swept up the debris, burying what was left of the some eight caskets. The bricks were used to build a barn cistern. So, the vault old J. J. had evidently thought would see the stars out, failed of its purpose. Shakespeare writes: "Great Caesar's dust stopped a bunghole." So it goes!

The house is a long, low, one story stone with a frame addition. At the east wall, as if to make amends for the old pioneer's neglected habitat, a yellow rose bush blooms luxuriantly. Mrs. Nora Dupraz whose grandmother had often visited at the home, said from what her ancestor had said, she had always had the impression the house was large and handsomely furnished with Brussels carpets, lace curtains, large mirrors etc. There were several handsome ormolu glass covered clocks which J. J. had brought over from France.

His great granddaughter avers he was a friend of Jefferson and often visited at Monticello on his trips to and from Europe, and helped to survey the Louisiana Purchase and that his surveying instruments were in Vevay as late as 1850-55. Where they are now is lost to history.

A later owner of his farm said small coins were constantly being plowed up, as if the family were careless with money.

Jean Jacques, dying at a comparatively early age, seems never to have reaped the fruits of his labors and hardships. He evidently had little thought of personal benefit and worked only to leave a heritage to posterity. His last years were embittered by the ingratitude of some of his younger brothers who brought suit against him unjustily and he seems to have lost most of his property. This is substantiated by old Court House records.

Daniel Vincent was so broken hearted at the death of his father that he was considered insane by some. He would lie for hours beside the grave and even threaten to drown himself. His melancholy has been attributed by some to domestic unhappiness. He was generally thought to have no business ability. One person claimed this was true because he had no ability "to drop corn." But he was a military man, not a farmer.

He did not seem to fit well into American ways. He went to Europe in 1830 for $30,000 that he claimed he had over there
and he seemed more resigned to the New World after seven months in Paris.

Mrs. Effa M. Danner, in her "Books of the Swiss Settlement," says the "Vine Dresser's Guide" by Jean Jacques, published in Cincinnati, O., 1826, was the first book by a Vevay author, and that the extent of the writer's travels, his vast knowledge of horticulture which has been so slightly improved upon in the century and a half since his time, is astonishing. He saw the vineyards of the Rhine and the Rhone and the best of France, as well as of Lombardy and Alsace. He avoided the same routes in order to extend his observations of the vine. He visited the vineyards of New York, Pennsylvania and those of Monticello and of Chas. Carroll in Maryland and exchanged varieties at New Harmonie. Invented methods, based on those of intellectual agriculturists in Lombardy, to suit conditions in America. His methods are in common use today.

In his preface he humbly apologizes for his presumption in writing a book in a language strange to him, and yet he handles English in a masterly way.

His wide travels would be unusual even today, but nothing short of marvelous when transportation was so difficult. Perhaps it is not too much to claim that he was a remarkable man for any time, but especially for the time in which he lived.

The Switzerland Co. His. Soc. has recently placed a marker near his burial place with the inscription: "Jean Jacques Dufour, loyal and courageous leader of the Swiss family who founded Vevay. Friend of Jefferson. Buried on his old land entry."

1 Jean Jacques Dufour b. 1763; d. Feb. 9, 1827. Wife's name unknown. One child—
A Daniel Vincent m. Feb. 22, 1825, Annie Brisby. Children—
1 Louis
2 Jean Jacques

Both d. infancy

3 Harriet m. July 13, 1848, Aurelius Dumont (Court House records) No issue.

4 Clara m. Oct. 12, 1859, Phillippe Bettens, II, b. July 31, 1837 (His father, Phillippe I, came with the Dufours from Switzerland) Resided on farm inherited from her father where she d. Nov. 10, 1880. Family moved to Calif. 1887 where Phillippe d. Jan. 31, 1926, after
8 yrs of paralysis. Buried Forest Lawn. Children—
   a Phillippe III. Ed. West Point; taught school; m. in Calif. Wife’s name unknown. Lieutenant; d. in Mexico from wounds in Indian wars. Fine character. No issue.
   b Bertha m. Emmet De Bell, Hollywood, Calif. No issue.
   c Stella b. 1870; m. 1890, Frank Storm. D. widow, Feb. 15, 1940 Children—three, all dead but Phillippe who is m. and has two children. n. f. r.
   c Albert Wife’s name unknown. One son, Phillippe Albert. Hotel keeper Byron Springs, Calif. At one time pres. Calif. Hotel Assoc.
   d Rudolph—Hotel Mgr, Sacramento, Calif. n. f. r.
5 Stella m. John Kendall. One child (after parents’ death, reared by her Aunt Clara Bettens, a kind, hospitable woman who kept open house for relatives and friends until her health was broken.)
   a Lillian m. Will Noble, mate, pilot and capt. on Ohio River strs.
       One child—I1 Estelle m. T. M. Reed, proprietor Madison, Ind. laundry.
       One child—A1 John Thomas, early twenties.
6 Sophie m. Dr. Rinaldo Ruter Aug. 13, 1854 (great grandson of Rev. Calvin Ruter for whom Ruter Chapel, M. E. Church, Vevay, is named) Children—
   a Alma d. young unm.
   b Nellie m. Edw. Smashie, Lawrenceburgh, Ind. Widow. Children—Mrs. Floyd Dills, Waldon, Clayton, Lawrenceburg, Mrs. Russell Hoffman, San Francisco, Calif. and Theron d. auto accident, Apr. 16, 1941, age 48; World war veteran; grad. Lawrenceburg H. S.; Attended Univ. of Cin.; Mason; employee Lexington, Ky., Roller Mills, Survived by widow, Margaret Kassebaum and dauts. Margaret Jane
and Mary, students at Univ. Ill

3. Louise m. Mr. Gardner, Aurora, Ind. Children—
two sons d and,—

I¹ Marguerite m. Mr. Lineback, Aurora. No
issue.

I² Juanita m. Ross Hilton Two daunts. pre-
school age.

d Rebecca d. unm. Calif.

e Frank, hotel business, Calif.

7 Aurelia m. John W. Fabre, Aug. 30, 1844; Left widow
with two children who d. M. again, Jas. Snyder, Oct.
22, 1853. No issue. D. many yrs.

8 Joseph McCutcheon d. R. R. accident at 38, m. Clara
Pickett. Children; Thomas, Dempsey F., Alma, Clara,
Annie, James M.

a Thomas McCutcheon m—? Only child d. infan-
cy. Both he and wife d.

b Dempsey Franklin m. Daisy Hill, Australian.
No issue. He is retired government employee.
Lives Vallejo, Calif.

c Alma m. Mr. Harris, auto bus. She was teacher
before marriage. Interested in music, literature,
genealogy. Writes for magazines. No issue.
Lives San Francisco.

d Clara m. Mr. Brown, wealthy cattle dealer, d.
sometime. One son, Arthur about twenty-one.
She was an artist and designer of some promi-
ience in San Francisco. d. throat infection, Jan.
28, 1941.

e Annie m. Mr. Lee, descendant Robert E. Lee.
She d. at twenty-one. Husband also d. Children
—Robert E. and Marjorie. n. f. r.

f James M. unmarried. Lives with sister, Alma.

9 John James m. Betsey (?) “prettiest girl in Kentuck-
y.” He d. at eighty in 1927, in San Francisco. Play-
ed violin expertly. Made them too, though was never
taught the trade.
Had fourteen children, some dying in infancy,—
Lula, Stella, Bertha, Minnie, Will, George, Pell, Maude. Last three the only survivors.
Maude has a son and daughter.
George has a son and two daughters. n. f. r.

Russell Dufour writes that he found in the Capitol, Frankfort, Ky., this item: "In 1801 Jean Jacques Dufour paid taxes on 633 acres of land in Jessamine Co., and on two white males, seven slaves and two horses."
CHAPTER IV

Jean Daniel Dufour and his Descendants

Jean Daniel was born February 1st, 1765 at Montreaux, Switzerland and was married April 16, 1800 to Frances Isabel le Blanc, born also at Montreaux, February 6, 1777. Family tradition has it she was a member of “the nobility.” The picture of her girlhood home, “Le Grotto” Chateau, is imposing enough to substantiate this belief. One wonders how she could ever have left that elegant residence to face the hardships of the American wilderness, but the young are prone to value the glamour of adventure more than comfort. Married about a year before they came to this country, they were among the seventeen who made that memorable first voyage in 1801, after Jean Jacques, the eldest brother, had selected the location. In Switzerland it was a custom to attach the wife’s family name to that of the husband, that accounts for the signature, Jean Daniel le Blanc, that is seen in the old family papers of the Dufours and in Perret Dufour’s history of the Swiss Settlement. There were only two other instances of the kind in the colony.

While not as prominent in the affairs of the place as his younger brother, Jean Francois, still Jean Daniel was quite outstanding. In the necessary absence of Jean Jacques, these two laid out the town of Vevay in 1813 and later helped to arrange the First Addition. When in 1814 the question of a location for the county seat arose, these brothers gave two town lots and $2,500 to secure it for Vevay. When not enough was subscribed for the erection of the first court house and jail, they came forward again and supplied the deficit. Jean Daniel helped his brother establish the first bank in the county and was one of the first three directors of the first Literary Society of the town.

In the absence of the occasional preacher, Jean Daniel was in the habit of reading a sermon to the colonists every Sabbath, from 1814 to 1817. Some of these sermons were written by the father of the Dufours and sent to his children; others were from
the famous divines of the time in England and France. These sermons were said to have been very impressive.

The older colonists had heard some of them delivered by eminent ministers in their Fatherland and no doubt were filled with nostalgia to hear them again under such different circumstances.

The following incident, related in Perret Dufour's History, illustrates this and also shows Jean Daniel was quite human.

One Sabbath he had read an affecting sermon that caused many of his audience and even himself to shed tears. He was asked later by one not at the meeting if he had wept. To this he replied; "Yes, and I'll be d—if you would not have done the same if you'd been there!"

A volume of sermons by Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury, translated into French and published at Amsterdam in 1727, is evidently one of the books sent his children by Monsieur Dufour. It was given the writer by her cousin, Phil Golay, who inherited it from the great-uncle of them both, Aime Morerod, son of Jean Daniel Morerod whose autograph is on the fly leaf. The book bears a formal dedication to the "Queen," evidently Caroline, wife of George II.

In 1824 Jean Daniel was chairman of a Convention, nominating Andrew Jackson for President of U. S. Down through the years the family of Dufours, have, for the most part, remained Democrats until of late years.

Jean Daniel's share of the land, bought from Congress, ran into the west part of what is now Vevay. His dwelling, a two story brick, stood about where the coal yards are now located. Most of the other homes, built by the family, are yet standing in good repair, but his has long since gone.

When the first steam boat came down the Ohio, Jean Daniel, his brother, Jean Francois and their brother-in-law, Morerod, paddled a canoe to the head of the "Island" some distance above town and there awaited the boat's arrival. They were taken aboard and had the joy of being conveyed down the river to the mouth of Indian Creek. This was in 1814. Imagine with what excitement and satisfaction the three young pioneers related this, to them, wild adventure. How far we have come since then!

Jean Daniel died Jan. 19, 1855 within a few weeks of his ninetieth birthday. His wife lived until the summer of 1856 when
she passed away at eighty-eight. They are buried side by side in the Vevay cemetery in the same lot as Jean Francois and wife. Their daughter, Sapphira or Sophie, wife of George McCullough, lies near.

I Jean Daniel Dufour m. Frances Isabelle le Blanc, Apr. 16, 1800. Montreux, Switzerland. Two sons died in infancy (A and B.)

C. Eugenie b. 1806; m. July 5, 1823, John M. King (son of Wm. and Mary King, Mason Co., Ky) Called "Colonel." Lost leg in the early wars. Host of the Armstrong Tavern, old landmark of Vevay. They had eleven children. He was first Switzerland County Auditor served as P. M. for two years.

1 son d. infancy
2 Rufus, ran away to sea and never heard from.
3 Minerva m. Hon. Jacob Flynn, Judge Criminal Court, Cin. O.
a Jacob Flynn, Jr.
4 Georgiana m. Capt. Frank Y. Batchelor, steamboat owner on Ohio.
a Sarah Batchelor m. Col. P. T. Hervey, surgeon U. S. A.
   I¹ Gertie Hervey d. auto accident.
b Laura d. young.
c Estelle m. Joseph Leighton, banker and cattleman of Montana. D. 1888. m. again 1916, Robert Behr, Brooklyn manufacturer. D. 1921, Mrs. Behr died at seventy three, at Hastings-on-the Hudson.¹
   I¹ Joseph Leighton
   I² Alvin Leighton m.
   A¹ Joseph Leighton, Jr.

5 Laura Elizabeth King m. Jason Holbrook. Two children.
a Adah Carter m. James Nelson McCune, mine owner, San Francisco, Calif.
b Charles Thompson Holbrook

6 Sophia King m. Woodberry Sawyer, lawyer and
judge, Calif. No issue

7 Eliza King m. Frank Walter Jones, N. Y. City (son of David Walter Jones, Boston, Mass.) Children—
   Adah, Kate.
   a Adah M. Jones m Major William Swaine, U. S. A. deceased. Mrs. Swain lived abroad for many years, chiefly in Spain, France and Italy. Now resides Swain Ranch, near Whittier, Calif.
   b Kate d. infancy

8 Clara Louise King m. Joel West Betton, mining expert and mine owner, Baltimore, Maryland. Children:
   a Fannie d. at eighteen
   b Eugenie Bell m. Brigadier-General Frederick Perkins, U. S. A.; d. 1940. He was b. Mass. Mrs. Perkins lived for years in China and Japan where husband was stationed. Sold her citrus ranch, near Whittier, Calif. and lives in Los Angeles Apt. since husband’s death. One son d. in early manhood.
   c Thomas d. at twelve.
   d John Joel, Insurance and bond broker, Washington, D. C.

D Sapphira or Sophia Dufour m. June 26, 1834, George McCullough. D March 1835, aged twenty-six.2

E. James H. Dufour m. Mary D. Knox, Oct. 23, 1835. He d. yellow fever down the Mississippi where he had taken a boatload of produce. His widow, pioneer schoolteacher, woman of unusual intelligence, m. Feb. 24, 1846, David W. Nile, who also died down the Miss.3

No issue of second marriage. Of the first—Charles and Estelle.

1 Chas. pilot and captain of large passenger steamers on the Ohio during the era of steamboat transportation. “He had the enviable record of fifty-five yrs. of continuous service without ever being the cause of an accident,” says “Thrills of the Historic Ohio River.” Is claimed if he had been at the wheel of the “America” that fatal night in 1868 collision with the “United States” wouldn’t have occurred. Proved himself a hero when the “Pat Rogers,” on which he was pilot, burned at the mouth of Laughery Creek, 1874. Risked his life to save a fat, colored chambermaid, trying to climb through a transom, who after-
wards said, "Marsa Chawlie, efelunt ought have sense nuff not to try get fru rat hole!" Tall, handsome, lean of figure with blue black English clipped beard and military bearing, Capt. Dufour was one of the most vivid personalities the river life ever produced. D. Ghent, Ky., Jan. 22, 1921, age 84. Widow and one son survived. Widow since d. M. Miss O’Neal. D. leaving one child—

   a Nannie. m. Mr. Ellis, Ghent, Ky. No issue. d. Feb. 1942. m. second wife, Nora O’Neal, (cousin of first), 1871 Children—

   b Perry, Civ. engineer. Saw duty in Phillipines where lost health, brought home to die. Unm. At Penn. School of Engineering met Pierre Dufour, relative from Switzerland.

   c Russell O., prof. Music, composer fine pianist; magazine writer—prose and poetry

   m. Betty Watson, music teacher, Atlanta, Ga. Divorce. She married shortly. Children—


     I 2 Chandler, a supervisor defense plant, Charleston, Ind.

     m. Hazel Burrell, daut. M. E. minister, Franklin, N. C.

     A 1 Baby son, James O’Neal

     Russell m. second time—Sept. 2, 1938, Mrs. Minnie Radcliffe, charming, young widow of Pleasureville, Ky., with three half grown sons. Residence Pleasureville.

   2 Emma Estelle Dufour, music teacher, leader in civic, religious, literary and social affairs. m. Capt. Edwin Barker, b. in Mass. Head clerk on Ohio River passenger steamers many years. After long residence in Mass. she remodelled old Dufour Home on Market St. in Vevay where she founded the Julia. L. Dumont Club, 1886, one of the first women’s clubs in southern Indiana. (It has run an unbroken course and has been a force for culture and civic advancement ever since.) Jean Daniel Dufour formed the first literary Society in Vevay and his granddaughter, years after, established this organization. The only surviving charter member in the town happens to be the writer, whose great-grand mother was sister to Jean Daniel.
Mrs. Barker’s children—

a Daisy. d. infancy

b Eloise L. d. Jan. 2, 1940, age eighty, at her home, Acton, Mass., where in 1902 she had returned with her family, of which she was the last survivor. A woman of wit, beauty, charm and talented versatility, but never took her ability seriously, Sang, wrote verse, some of which was published, and was gifted in social graces.

In the Switzerland County’s Recorder’s office there is an interesting inventory of the household goods of Jean Daniel and Fannie Dufour in 1822, covering several pages of the immense ledger. The writer, bewildered by the “said”s and aforesaid’s, almost lost the trail as to what it was all about, but judges it something like this: Fannie brought to her husband a dower of $500, which at the time, was a considerable sum. They had a marriage contract in which it was agreed that if he died first, she was to have half of all they had accumulated and their children, if any, the other half; if there were no children, she was to inherit all. No widow’s third here.

It seems that in consideration of the purchase of some property from Jean Jacques worth $1,500, they gave their household goods as surety. “Frances, examined by Wm. Keene, Justice of Peace, stated it was her wish, voluntarily, without coercion from her husband to waive her right to her $500 dower, and cast it in with his.” According to the marriage contract she had agreed to give her $500 along with herself, to her husband, the money to be returned at any time she wanted it.

The inventory covers cherry tables, chairs, secretary bookcase, brass candle sticks, and irons, and kettles, pewter, glass and china and silver, large mirrors, counterpanes and engravings, all of which would be wildly exciting to a collector nowadays, no doubt. French and English books worth $400 are also listed.

The passport in French, of Jean Daniel, 1800, was given the writer by his descendants, Mrs. Adah Swaine and Mrs. Frederick Perkins. He is described as a native of the Commune of Chatelard, Switzerland, age twenty six; five feet, five; (French measure) hair brown, beard the same; eyes grey; small nose; medium mouth; round chin; open forehead and full face.

A leather bound, yellow leafed Vergil, in French language,
published 1745, formerly belonging to Jean Daniel, is also the property of the writer.

Professor Russell Dufour of this line, owns a curious old watch, made by the court jewelers of Louis XIV in the seventeenth century. It once belonged to Jean Francois but how he acquired it is lost to history. The name Dufour is on it, together with the following: "N’ 1726 Le Roy et fils, H Gers du Roi a Paris."

1 At the time of Mrs. Behr’s death the newspapers printed the following:—” Mrs. Estelle Behr was the descendant of a long line of distinguished ancestors on both her paternal and maternal sides. Her great grandfather, Jean Daniel Dufour, taught mathematics to Napoleon at the University of Toulon. Her grandfather, John King was a veteran of the War of 1812 and Indiana’s representative when that state was still a territory. On her mother’s side she was a great-grand niece of Gen. Jac Dufour, marshall of engineers in Napoleon’s army who came to America after the Battle of Waterloo. On her father’s side she was descended from the Earl of Atholl who settled in Baltimore in the eighteenth century. Samuel L. Clemens was a pilot on her father’s boats before he became famous as “Mark Twain.” She had known Theodore Roosevelt, Gen. Hugh Scott, Gen. George A. Custer, Col. Fred Grant, Sitting Bull and Chief Joseph. She and Mr. Leighton named their first son for the latter.”

This is a very glamorous story and we are not prepared to say how much is authentic but we believe the part concerning the Dufours is not strictly so.

Another glamorous story about the King family of beautiful women is that one of them was the grandmother of the Marquise Curson, first wife of the Vice-Roy of India. This, however, is emphatically denied by descendants of that branch.

2 Sophia Dufour’s widower, George McCullough’s second wife was Louise Weaver, (daut. of Jacob and Charlotte Golay Weaver). Married Jan. 25, 1837.

Charlotte Golay, daut. David Golay, and sister of Judge Elisha Golay, husband of Suzanne Dufour, one of the three original Dufour sisters. This by way of showing how these old Swiss families were connected by marriage if not by blood.

3 "Aunt Mary,” in her girlhood, was engaged to a Mr. Lester of Kentucky. While he had “gone down the river” on a produce boat, she married James H. Dufour who also went “down the river” where he died of yellow fever. Her second husband, David Nile, also died of yellow fever down the river.” Some said this was a retribution for jilting her first lover that she never saw the grave of either husband.

To support her two small children she engaged in the millinery business and the bleaching of hats by brimstone finally made her a helpless cripple, confined to a chair before the day of wheel chairs. This was a specially made rocking chair and like a pope she was carried about in it. As she was very slight this was an easy matter.
She was my father's oldest sister and during many years she lived around among her relatives. There was great rejoicing among us children when it was our turn to have Aunt Mary. She was lifted chair and all into the back of father's spring wagon and thus made the trip from one brother to the other.

She was a charming raconteur and we children clustered about her knee spell bound. She had aristocratic tendencies and was shocked that I preferred Dickens' stories to those of Sir Walter Scott—preferred to associate with London riff raff to lords and ladies of high degree. She died in Vevay, March 15, 1891, age, 75.

The following acrostic, written evidently by one of her admirers when she was still Mary D. Knox, was obligingly copied for me from a bound volume of the Switzerland Monitor March 29, 1834, by Mrs. Effa Morrison Danner.

"Me thinks I see beneath that arching brow  
A smile of truth that needs no polished vow.  
Ringlets of auburn deck thy unassuming face  
Youth, love and modesty there combine  
Distinguished by the graces of a polished mind.  
Kindest, fairest of thy sex in virtues' ways  
None more zealous to do what heaven says,  
Outvied by none, young—surpassing fair;  
Excepting none, as there are none to compare."
CHAPTER V

Jean Francois Dufour and his Descendants

Jean Francois, the third brother, was the last to leave the First Vineyard in Kentucky. In March 1809 he was forced to abandon the losing struggle. He came down the Ky. River to its mouth in some kind of a small boat, and as the Ohio was very high, friends from New Switzerland came to help him with the vessel which contained his young wife, his eighteen month old son, Perret, destined to write the family history, and all his movables. When the mouth of Indian Creek was reached a storm arose, and fearing the boat might sink, his family was put ashore. Some of the heavy articles of furniture were lost. Among them was a handmill, a very valuable possession at that time.

Before Jean Francois joined the Swiss Settlement at Vevay, he had hired some of his land (between where Vineyard and Liberty Streets run to the river,) cleared, a corn field planted and a few vines set out, all of which shows his forehandedness. There he built his first home, a cabin, 20 x 14 feet, a story and a half with round logs, cut in the immediate vicinity, so when the "raising" took place they could be carried the short distance. From this humble beginning he built a prosperous future and this cabin became the first post office in the community, for, because it was through his efforts the settlement was granted a post office, he was appointed first postmaster and held this position from 1810 until his resignation in 1835.

Jean Daniel and Jean Francois lived in the village and were more active in civic affairs than Jean Jacques, who was detained abroad for some years, and Jean David, who was much younger and whose time was occupied with his farm, east of the settlement. Although Jean Daniel was older, Jean Francois assumed leadership and became the most prominent man in the community, his history being largely that of New Switzerland. In 1812 Jean Francois was appointed County Assessor and also County
Surveyor by Thomas Posey, then governor of the Northwest Territory.

At that time Switzerland County was still a part of Jefferson County. When it was finally set off by the Territorial Legislature, Jean Francois was given the privilege of naming it. What more natural than that he should christen it for his native land and that of most of the settlers there at that time? Gov. Posey appointed Dufour both clerk and recorder of the new county and he was authorized to administer the oath to the other new officers.

In 1813 Jean Francois and Jean Daniel laid off Vevay in town lots, the price of which varied from $22 for lot 26, the cheapest, to $92 for lot 66, the most expensive. Largely through the influence of the Dufours Vevay was chosen as the county seat instead of Egypt Bottom or Center Square. They gave two acres in the center of the town for the erection of public buildings and helped to raise a subscription of $2,500 to cement the deal and when the money could not all be raised, they, themselves, supplied the deficit. Court house and jail were built on these two acres thus donated.

The brothers, also set aside eight lots for educational purpose and a log seminary, was built back of the town on a hill, which still bears the name, Seminary Hill. There many of our fathers and mothers received their early schooling. After the introduction of the present system the value of this donation was turned into the educational fund.

Jean Francois gave the lot for Market Square and in 1832, also the one where the first Baptist Church was erected.

In 1824 he became associate judge and had authority to perform marriage ceremonies. Later he was judge of probate and common pleas court and the humble log structure he built first, was not only post office and office of county clerk, but the place where court was held for some time.

In 1828 he was representative of Switzerland County in the house of representatives. His sons, Perret and Oliver, both occupied the same position at different times.

The Vincennes Bank was chartered by Territorial Legislature in 1814 and in Jan. 1817 it was made State Bank of Indiana. A few months later a branch bank was established in Vevay and Jean Francois was made president. After operating for three years the parent bank at Vincennes and all branches went into
liquidation. At one time an attempted fraud on the bank was discovered by the canny Frenchman who was Sherlock Holmes enough to detect the counterfeit notes and he thus saved the organization a tidy sum. Once an impostor tried to influence Dufour to invest in a mythical lead mine but he was too shrewd to be taken in.

In 1816 Jean Francois established the first newspaper in the colony. It was called “The Indiana Register.” He did this by paying off the mortgage on the printing outfit of Wm. C. Keene of Hamilton, Ohio and bringing him to the town as a practical printer. Later Dufour became sole proprietor and editor.

The citizens of Vevay early organized a library association, called “The Vevay Literary Society,” and Jean Francois who visited Lexington, Kentucky frequently, was authorized to procure donations there, which he did. Eight town lots had been reserved for the support of the organization and in 1816 the legislature passed an act incorporating it. Many volumes were acquired and it was well patronized until about 1829 or 1830 when the books gradually disappeared. Occasionally one turns up among the libraries of the old families.

The Fourth of July was first celebrated by the Swiss Colony in 1805 when Jean Jacques read the Declaration of Independence and made an oration, after which there was a barbecue and dancing, as the French were fond of the Terpsichorean art. This custom was kept up for many years and often Jean Francois was the orator. When the Dufours first came to this country they were just in time to attend a Fourth of July celebration at Lexington, Ky. So they became acquainted at once with this patriotic custom of their adopted country.

Henry Clay was a friend of the Dufours. He visited the Colony as guest of Jean Francois, his brother-in-law, Jean Daniel Morerod and Louis Gex Oboissier.

It was to Jefferson, then President of the United States that the Dufours sent a gift of their first wines. Probably from this the friendship originated.

In 1803 when the products of the First Vineyard were considerable it was resolved to send a specimen of the wine to Washington. Accordingly, Jean Francois, a lad of about twenty, started off through the then almost trackless wilderness, horseback, leading a packhorse, laden with two kegs of
five gallons each. The wine was presented, for the Vineyard Association, to a committee of Congress, by Jefferson. 8

Jean Francois afterwards married a relative of Jefferson, who gave the bride a wedding gift of a beautiful tea set, always spoken of with admiring awe, by all the family, as “Aunt Polly's pink luster tea set.” 9

Jean Francois, unlike his brothers, built several houses, and he and his wife seem to have lived in them all at various times, although it has been a matter of some controversy as to whether he ever actually occupied the Ferry House, now considered the most historically interesting building in Vevay—the first one to be marked by the Historical Society. The original inscription, “Swiss chateau, built 1811 (the same year the first steamboat passed down the Ohio) by Jean Francois Dufour, who laid out Vevay. Opened as Tourist Inn in 1833. Sold 1848 to Timothy Graham, the third generation of whose descendants now own and occupy it.”

During the frequent floods of the Ohio the water often rises to the top of the mantelpiece in the second story, yet the old building has stood the test of time and high water, and still proudly holds up its head, as one might say.

It was in process of building when the “New Orleans” passed down the river. People came for miles around to see this wonder of steam power and camped for days about the house’s foundation, waiting for the boat’s appearance. Nicholas J. Roosevelt, grand uncle of President Theodore, one of the company that built the boat, was in command of the steamer and his wife accompanied him. (In 1911 a replica of the old “New Orleans” celebrated the centennial of the historic event by making the same trip.)

The old Ferry House is of the New Orleans French type of architecture, strongly suggestive of the old French Quarter of that famous southern city. Given a coating of cement to repair flood damages of many years, it has something the appearance of an adobe. It is quaint and picturesque from all sides with its ivy covered gables and surrounding shrubbery, and no other building in town has posed for its picture so often to artists, both local and otherwise.

The river front has a long verandah, upstairs and down, the lower has a brick floor. An outside stair leads to a trap door in the upper porch floor, placed there against Indian attacks which never materialized as the Indians were friends of the
French-Swiss. The old building is situated on a high knoll, at the foot of which is the ferry boat landing. The walls are three feet thick and the doors heavy and broad. A “dog run” between the main part of the building and the kitchen has been filled in but this does not spoil the quaintness of the whole. Originally there was no doorway between the front room and that adjoining and it was necessary to go outside of one room and enter the other by an outer door, a style characteristic of pioneer builders who discounted convenience as “sissified.” But that has been changed in more recent years.

The old mansion is so rambling and illogical and detached that one feels a guide and compass are almost needed to find the way through it. The third story is reached by the conventional. steep, narrow cupboardlike attic stair. There long ago, in a tiny bed room, with quaint old furniture, a French emigre guest, despondent over lack of employment and hopeless about bringing his family from Europe, hanged himself.

The place was advertised in the Switzerland Monitor, an early Vevay newspaper, as a house of entertainment for steam boat travelers.

It was here Jean Francois’ son, Oliver, brought his bride, Amanda Ruter, in 1842 and there they lived for several years. Mrs. Dufour was a poetess of more than local repute and enjoyed the literary friendship of George D. Prentice and other distinguished literati of the day. Prentice visited her and her husband in Vevay.10

When she and her husband, later, went to reside in Washington D. C. she gained further prestige and it was through her that the old Ferry House was embalmed in “Footsteps on the Boundary of Another World” as she told Robert Dale Owen the stories he relates, tales of queer appearances, not of the dead but of the living, in the old house. Mrs. Dufour writes, “I resided for several years in a spacious, old stone residence. In 1845 my sister saw her husband, absent from home at the time, sitting on the upper veranda in the moonlight. Supposing he had returned sooner than expected, she put her arms around him, when to her horror, he vanished into space. She was frantic, fearing he was dead, but some two hours later he returned safely and laughed at her for what he called foolish concern. The same evening Mrs. Dufour saw a lad employed about the place, look in at the door of the lower parlor and then advance a step or two into the room. She spoke to him but he made no answer
and went out the door. He walked past the open window a time or two and then disappeared. Later it was discovered the boy was some distance away at the time. No explanation could be made of either of these apparitions which seem mild and pointless. It would have been so much more shivery if the ghost of the discouraged Frenchman who had done himself to death in the attic, had been the hero of the ghost walk. However, the story should be an asset to the old dwelling as it is some distinction to have a place in Owen’s book which contains only two or three American stories.

In spite of its age this old mansion has belonged to only two families, the Dufours and the Grahams. Captain Timothy Graham bought the ferry rights with the home, and his descendants, now of the third and fourth generations, still own and occupy it, and operate the ferry. Three generations of Grahams, supporting with dignity the best traditions of rivermen, expert swimmers and fearless—many are the lives they have saved.

Captain Timothy, first of Graham owners, rescued seventeen men, the crew of a flatboat, wrecked in the ice. He gave them shelter, food and clothing until the ice broke in the river and they were able to go home. The grateful men, wanting to show their appreciation of the Captain’s kindness and having no money to pay him, finding he’d like a cistern, set to work, with a will to make one. They did not stop until they had dug the largest cistern in the county, at least eighteen feet deep, holding three hundred bbhs. Still in constant use it is called the “Rescue” Cistern.

The old Ferry House is now owned and occupied by Miss Eva Graham, granddaughter of Captain Timothy, and its preservation is due to her care, for, though compelled to leave it, sometimes twice yearly, by the flood waters, she courageously returns and patiently repairs the damages. Her niece, Ruth Furnish, of the fourth generation of Graham owners, lives with her.

Another home of Jean Francois was the rambling, old three story, brick on Market St. The first pretentious brick in the village, it was built by a Dr. Welsh, somewhere about 1818. Different families of the Dufours lived here at various times.

In 1837 Capt. James H. Dufour, son of Jean Daniel, with his wife, Mary Knox, occupied the old mansion, and it was here she died many years afterwards. This was the house her daughter, Mrs. Estelle Barker, bought and remodelled and put in the
fine staircase.

In 1858 Franklin Dufour, youngest son of Jean Francois, owned the place, and as he was a Catholic, (the only branch but one of the family that was of this faith) gave the corner room for a Chapel and there mass was held for five years, and the Catholic Church had its beginning in Vevay.

Still another house, built by Jean Francois, is the brick on Liberty St., now the property of Mrs. O. P. Courtney. It was erected in 1832 and was used as a business place by the Dufours until 1841. It was here that Sophia Dufour conducted a millinery and mantua making establishment for some time.

The picturesque, little stone cottage on the hill north of town, was another home erected by Jean Francois. It makes a strong appeal to the artistic sense of all visitors. There is a fascinating outside stair to the upper story and a funny, little "dog run" between the main part and the annex. The well with windlass adds to the interest.12

This cottage on the hill was the favorite residence where they lived at ease with servants in house and field and it was here the sturdy, old pioneer breathed his last, aged sixty seven, after being taken suddenly ill, while presiding over Circuit Court, June 6, 1850. Buried Vevay cemetery beside his wife and brother Jean Daniel and family.

His wife, "Aunt Polly," outlived all of that first generation, dying age eighty seven, Mar. 4, 1876, at the home of her niece, Eleanor, daut. of John David, where she had lived some time. According to her obituary, she was "educated, intelligent and cultivated, and it was a pleasure to hear her tell of old times. One of first members of Pres. Church with which she united 1832. Benevolent, charitable, etc. 13


1 Samuel,16 promising d., early twenties. unm.
2 Eliza d. Apr. 29, 1887, at seventy five. unm.
3 Abner Perret b. May, 1841; d. 1916; student Wabash College two yrs.; Insurance bus. m. Sept. 1861, Zelie
building was remodelled into a beautiful residence where a gracious and dignified hospitality was dispensed for many years. In the eighties or nineties the house, then the home of Abner Dufour and family, was decorated by a Cincinnati firm. It is a stately, decorous building with a stiff facade, standing flush with the street. The front door is approached by a short flight of steps with graceful, curved hand rail. A baronial like hall extends many feet back to a spacious dining room, opening on a verandah which faces a lovely rose garden with artistic arches and trellises. The kitchen was at the left. The great hall served as reception room furnished with rugs, antique chests, old set­
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s and sofas. Above a lovely old piano of inlaid wood and mother-of-pearl hung the Dufour coat-of-arms. The large room at the left, as one entered, served as library, parlor and music room, with modern piano, more old cherry chests and book­
cases, filled with rare old books and MSS. Old French clocks, ormolu, brought from France by the Dufours and Grisards, adorned the mantels. Back of this room was the parlor bedroom with heavy mahogany furniture. A long flight of stairs leads from the hall to an upper hall, half as broad, which terminates in a bath room. Four or five bedrooms occupy this floor, filled with fine old furnishings. A large spinning wheel had a place of honor in the hall. In this home Mrs. Bettie Dufour Smith, the last of Perret’s line, entertained the Swiss Consul, stationed at Cincinnati, who obtained for her many documents concerning the Dufours. Among these was the coat-of-arms, dating back to the seventeenth century. The first citizenship of this branch of the Dufour family, the oldest, goes back to 1498. Photographs of the old homes of the family in Switzerland were also presented her. One of them, now used as a museum in Montreax, was begun in the latter part of the fourteenth century. An exact reproduction of the “fire prints” over the entrances, add another precious link in the family chain of this collection.

All these, together with many valuable antiques, and old jewelry, Mrs. Smith bequeathed to the Masonic Home at Franklin, Ind. and to the Ind. Historical Society.

B Hevila d. age 12, March 17, 1823

C Sylvia d., age 10, on the following day. Measles caused both deaths.

D Marcelinus d. age 16, Jan. 6, 1827

E Julius b. June 25, 1816; d. May 27, 1892; m. July 8, 1839

Anne Malin, pioneer stock, daut. Judge Malin. d. June
8, 1856. Their children:—

1 Nannie, d. at the age of 95, at the home of her dau. Bessie, in Palmyra, Mo., in 1935. M. Wm. Rous, English and Scotch pioneer stock. They lived for many years in Lake Providence, La., before the death of Mr. Rous. Children—Anna, Ella, Adah and Bessie. Mrs. Rous and her four daughters were all born in the old Rous home, now owned and occupied by Wilbur Houze, and family, Vevay. Nannie was sent to Nazareth Catholic School at Bardston, Ky. Married at about sixteen.

a Anna d. Mar. 1920. unm.
b Ella ed. Tulane Teachers’ College, New Orleans, and George Washington University, Wash., D. C. Taught for many years at Gunston Hall, Wash., D. C. Now retired. Lives at Palmyra, Mo. She and Adah made a European trip some years ago.
c Adah. Holds responsible position in Dept. of Labor, Immigration and Naturalization Bureau, Wash., D. C.

2 Joseph Malin d. at age of 90, about 1932 in Wash., D. C. where he made his home with a granddaughter, Mrs. Frances Millington. Employed for sixty years in the Pension Office. During his early years in the Capitol City he was a friend of General Grant. Attended Indiana U. in the early sixties. In his senior year, he joined the 139th Regiment of Ind. Volunteer Infantry in the Civil War. At the time of his demise Mr. Dufour was the oldest living member of Lamba Chapter of Sigma Chi and also of the Washington Alumni Chapter of that fraternity. He was buried in Arlington Cemetery, Wash., D. C. m. Dora Aveline, French extraction. Her father came from Vincennes. Her mother, Miranda Fravel of French Huguenot stock, came to Indiana from Virginia.

Mr. Dufour was for many years a widower. Children—

a Aveline m. wife’s name unknown. Dead some years. No issue. n. f. r.
b Elise m. Albert T. Ryan d. early from effect of fighting forest fires in Idaho. One child—Frances.
m. again, 1924, Edgcum Pinchon, author of “The Mexican People” and “Viva Villa,” popular movie of a few years ago.
After her first husband’s death, Elise opened a studio in New York, 1914, where she taught a special technique of dancing which she developed. Moved to Cal., 1924. Several movie stars were pupils. Author of a book, on dancing. Still continues classes in cultural and artistic dancing. No issue of 2nd marriage.

I 1 Frances Ryan, only grand child of Joseph Malin Dufour, Grad. Wisconsin U. Year and half on the stage with Theatre Guild of N. Y.


3 Sylvia Dufour b. 1846; d. Aug. 1936; m., in early girlhood, Perret Hatch. He d. shortly after of T. B. No issue.

m. again, Dec. 9, 1876, Chas. del Vecchio, an actor, Italian descent, of Louisville, Ky. With him she went on the stage, appearing in almost every state of the Union. Her name being sufficiently glamorous, she never used a stage one. Played minor roles with Nat Goodwin and Julia Marlowe. Husband posed for Wm. Penn on Quaker Oats ads.

After their retirement from the stage they lived in Chicago at a home for aged actors. Her husband died some years ago. Their only child, Julia, a child actress of beauty and considerable talent, married young and died soon after.

Mrs. del Vecchio, whose mother died early, was placed at the age of nine in the Nazareth Catholic Convent at Bardstown, Ky. The family was not Catholic but that organization had the best schools then. She was the oldest living alumna for a long time and never failed to visit her old school at Commencement as long as she was able.

About seven years before her death she returned to Vevay for the first time in many years and was so warmly welcomed she came often for long stays. An honored guest every where she was a ready entertainer. She reeled off long poems, some of which she composed herself and would gather up her skirts and
pirouette about as gracefully as if she were sixteen instead of eighty plus. She was a tiny, dainty, little old lady, not unlike a bit of Dresden china, with brilliant wit, keen intellect and youthful vivacity, but most charming of all was her philosophy of life. Her slogan was "Keep your chin up" and she lived up to it. Her courage and cheerfulness were contagious; her gayety was not that of the frivolous but of the brave. And she died as she lived with fortitude. When her niece discovered her illness, and took her to her home in Palmyra, she lived only a few days and was buried there beside the sister who had preceded her in death about a year.

These two sisters and their brother made a remarkable trio, retaining their faculties and leading active lives up to ninety and ninety-five.

Their father, Julius, too, was remarkable. He lived to be seventy six. He was both father and mother to his children, and the author has heard Sylvia speak of him in an adoringly appreciative way. He was one of Vevay's oldest merchants but had retired long before his death. He had been in business in Cin., New Albany, Patriot and near Ghent. In his old age he made long visits to his daughter in Louisiana, returning to Vevay from time to time where he boarded at the Le Clerc House and there he died. At that time he was the oldest native, male resident and the last surviving charter member of the Phoenix Lodge of I. O. O. F. to which he had belonged more than fifty years.

The writer remembers him as a handsome, cultured old gentleman, who spoke French fluently and was possessed of old time meticulous French courtesy but it is to be doubted if any one ever got the better of him in a business deal. He stepped along agilely, grey curls surmounted by high silk hat, immaculately attired, Prince Albert et al, gracefully swinging a gold headed cane. He seemed the quintessence of elegance and style, as if he had stepped from a Godey fashion picture. Now, his particular branch is almost extinct.

F. Oliver b. Oct. 13, 1819; d. Nov. 4, 1892 Wash., D. C. Buried there. m. May 3, 1842, Amanda Ruter, b. Feb. 22, 1822, in Jefferson Co. Poetess of more than local renown in her time. Contributed to George D. Prentice's "Louisville Journal" Her work was approved by some of the finest critics of her day. The family scrap books are full of yards and yards of her poetry on the occasions of births, marriages and deaths of the kin. Her
brother, Dr. Ruter, married Sophia, daut. of Daniel Vincent Du­four.

Oliver represented Switzerland Co. in the legislature in 1853. He was called to Wash. to fill a U. S. clerkship during Grant's administration and held it until after the Civil War when he engaged in grocery-produce business which he continued until a year before his death. He also was endowed with wonderful good looks and great grace of manner and speech.

Children:—


   a Hevila (Eva) b. Jan. 3, 1861 Retired schoolteacher. Hobby, research work. History favorite study. Fond of reading; expert at fancy work, knitting, tatting and crochet. Visited Vevay once years ago and attended a water melon feast at the Morerod Home.


   c Stannard b. July 31, 1864, d. Dec. 8, 1885

   d. Mary b. May 6, 1866; d. Nov. 18, 1886.

   e Dufour b. July 22, 1867; d. Dec. 9, 1885. He and his brother, Stannard were victims of diphtheria. Stannard, a Sen. Medical School of Maryland University was sent home with the disease. Dufour, student in College of Dentistry, rushed to embrace his brother, before he could be prevented and died the day after his brother. This case similar to the death by measles of the two little daughters of Jean Francois.

   f Samuel Johnston b. Oct. 29, 1868; dentist, recently retired. m. Marie Jones McWhorter. Children:—

      I Lawrence Lee, physician, Wash., D. C. m. Katie Hern. Has a son and a namesake now eight.

      I² Mary Louise m. Stephen Buynitzke, 1930; Has a son about two years old.

      I³ Ruth m. Alfred Manning. Had a daut., Marcia. Was then divorced. Manning was drowned in the Potomac
about three years ago.
m. again Wm. Albert Tietz. Has a three year old son,
Wm. Albert, Jr.
g Louise, died of internal cancer, age sixty-five, Apr. 26,
1938.
h Anne m. late. Now a widow, Mrs. Thomas Collins, Re­
gistered nurse.
i Edith has good position for past fifteen years with the
Southern R. R. Lives with Hevila in an apartment.
j Virginia lives with an old invalid friend, Miss Margaret
Middleton. Holds an important position in U. S. Patent
Office.
k Paul m. Adelaide Dows. Children—Frank O’Neil, twins,
Hevila and Jack, and Rosemary.
I1 Frank O’Neil, employee of Dupont Co., m. Eloise Hel­
er.
I2 Hevila m. Frank Petrilik. No issue
Children;—Charles and Eleanor.
I3 Jack m. Lilian Self. No issue
I4 Rosemary m. Frank Webber. In 1939 had just under­
gone a serious operation. Recovery uncertain. Has
two children—Freddie, six and Paul, five.
l. Coleman m. Margaret Marsteller. She d. 1920, leaving
Elizabeth, a babe of fourteen mos., who is now m. to
Fred Fernald and has a dau., Margaret Elizabeth,
about two years old.
m. second wife, Maude Grey. One child, Dorothy
Anne, about sixteen.
2 Frank now d. m. Flora Everett by whom he was divorced
after birth of three children
a Frank m.—No issue
b Hector Everett m.—No issue
c Violet m.—d. Left a son. n. f. r.
Frank again m. Nothing known about second wife except
she had a number of children.
3 Ringold, afflicted d., unm.
4 Clarence, dentist, now d. Wash., D. C., m. Cora Hughes.
One dau., Arline. Has taught in public schools of Wash. since
graduation. She and mother own a nice home. Traveled abroad
in 1936, visiting Vevey, Switzerland.

5 Grace m. Dr. Andrew Jackson Brown. She lived entire life in Wash. D. C. Accomplished musician; studied with Dr. Anton Gloetzner; teacher of piano and organ; organist in several city churches and director of Choir of Temple Baptist Church for thirty three yrs. Active in D. A. R.; widow some years when she d., 1932. Buried in Rock Creek Cemetery. One child only—

a Oliver Dufour Brown. d. tuberculosis, Oteen, N. C. where he had gone for his health. Was unable to attend his mother’s funeral. D. shortly after.

Oliver Dufour’s name is continued only through the progeny of his son, Frank.


Children;—John James, Charlotte, Susan Carter, Mary Frances, Maurice, Wm. Patton Samuel and Lily.


2 Charlotte m. B. F. Spillman, Kentuckian. Lived for awhile with her kinsman, Aime Morerod, after death of his wife. After 28 yrs. in Calif. he d. shortly before she did, Dec. 10. While at husband’s burial, her home burned. No issue.

3 Susan Carter burned to death, Ghent, Ky. age eighteen.

4 Mary Frances, Sacramento, Calif. Bright, charming woman. unm.

5 Maurice m. wealthy widow. Rancher, Calif. No issue.

6 Wm Patton. d. few yrs ago. unm.

7 Samuel m. Flora Silvers, East Enterprise, Ind. Several children, John, Grace, n. f. r. about others. Grace, H. S. teacher.

8 Lillie m. Frank Robb, Riverside, Calif., Apr. 13, 1887

Children;

a Amy m. John Lontera. Italian Two dauts, Mary Frances.
Name of other unknown.

b Maurice m. Katherine Grey. One child, Maurice Jr. Maurice talented pianist. Health wrecked by World War I. Had to give up musical career. n. f. r.

John Franklin, youngest of children of Jean Francois, outlived the 45 cousins of his generation, except John Jas. of Jean Jacques line, who survived him ten yrs. His line depends for the family name on his son Sam’s son. Enlisted at outbreak Mex. War. Probably last survivor of Gen. Taylor’s Grand Army of 1846 that campaigned south of Rio Grande. Oldest mem. of Foreign Wars Assoc. of U. S. Only one of his family not in Civ. War. Resided in Ky. Sympathy southern. Retained faculties till death at 95. Always ardent Dem., since cast his first vote for Polk. Converted to Catholicism in Mex. through devoutness of natives, particularly the Flagellants, who scourged themselves with cactus. Married on return from war 1846. Wife, extremely intelligent, charming. Became a Catholic. A room was set aside in their home for the first Catholic services in Vevay. Children christened in that faith, but only Lillie, the youngest, was throughout her life an adherent. Charlotte, during her last illness in a Catholic hospital, was reconverted and was buried, not beside her beloved husband, but in a Catholic cemetery. Samuel, also returned to faith of his childhood shortly before his death.

One branch of the Albert Golay family, also is Catholic, with several nuns. These are the only members of the Dufours who were of that faith, so far as the writer knows.

1Residence of Dr. L. H. Bear, Market St., occupies this site.
2Lot upon which Mr. J. K. Lewis built a handsome residence. Now owned and occupied by family of Dr. Geo. Copeland.
3This old church now a garage repair shop of Mr. Warren Benedict and son.
4Photostat of the first issue is property of Mr. W. O. Protsman.
5An old volume of Prescott’s “Conquest of Mexico,” evidently of this collection, was found in recent yrs., among family books by the writer.
6The writer vaguely recalls attending the last town celebration of this kind when too young to remember where it was held. Dwight Smith, then a young student of elocution, read the Declaration.
7In the Indiana Bldg. at Chicago Fair, 1932, there was a curiously interesting relief map of the state, with characteristic little figures, marking distinctive features. A miniature rider, leading a pack horse, laden with casks, identified Vevay, typefying this incident. A copy of the letter Dufour carried to Jefferson, copied from the Register of Ky. Historical Society, is the possession of the writer.
9Now the possession of Myers V. Burke, Vevay, foster son of Bettie
Dufour Smith, together with the "Vinedresser's Guide" and framed com-
missions of Jean Francois and Perret Dufour and a few family antiques.

10 At the time of this visit it is probable Oliver and wife lived in the
three story brick on Market St., which was owned and occupied at different
times, by several branches of the Dufours and regarded by them with con-
siderable sentiment.

11 This house, referred to in above note, has been well described by
Mrs. Effa M. Danner in Vevay Reveille as also the Ferry House.

12 This cottage, now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Loren Roberts, great
great granddaughter of Jean David.

13 "Aunt Polly" was the dau., of a Revolutionary soldier, who lived to
the age of eighty-eight. His last years were spent in Vevay and he is
buried beside his dau. in the Vevay cemetery.

"Aunt Polly" is described by her son as a woman of decided opinions.
She certainly was not in awe of her husband as some of the pioneer wo-
men were, as this incident illustrates; One time during his absence a storm
broke a limb from a poplar tree, some sixty or seventy feet high to the
first limb, and blew it across the top of their home. Greatly frightened, she
ordered the tree cut down that very afternoon. The man required to do this
ventured to expostulate as he knew Mr. Dufour's fondess for the tree, ask-
ing her what would her husband say. To which she spiritedly replied she did
not care what he said she would not be so scared again for a dozen such
trees. Accordingly the tree was chopped down. Mrs. Nora Lewis Dupraz
relates the following incident; As a little girl she went once with Aunt
Polly's great granddaughter, to visit "the old lady," then an invalid.
Greatly intrigued by a little glass covered gold clock on the mantel, the
child was informed by the old lady that it was a gift to her husband from
his fellow members of the legislature at the end of his service and he had
brought it home in his saddle bags.
This clock was willed by her to Oliver's son Frank (Jean Francois)
his grandfather's name sake in Wash., D. C.

14 This license, saved from courthouse records by J. K. Danglade, editor
of Rev. Enterprise, is in the possession of the writer.

15 An autograph album belonging to Samuel, now the property of
Myers V. Burke, contains original poems, addressed to the young man, by
his cousin Antoinette Detraz ("Twoinette" of Eggleston) and Mrs. Julia
L. Dumont, pioneer schoolmistress and early Indiana poetess.

16 The writer remembers "Little 'Lizy" as she heard her family call
the delicate, shrinking, nunlike, little gentlewoman, seldom seen, either
outside or inside her home. She lived in her father's house with her broth-
er and his family after the death of her parents. She was completely self
effacing, having no life of her own. On the street she hurried along, ap-
parently on errands, always in deep black, neat but shabby. Ability as
artist, expert at fine needle work which she sometimes tried to sell. Per-
Naturally shy, she returned from college a little less so, but at a coming
out party, given by her parents, she overheard some criticism by an en-
vious, pretended friend. From then her inferiority complex became an
obsession. Her life was spent under conditions conducive to strengthen this
affliction. Universally respected and admired for her patience and endurance, she had no close friend. Hers was a life of seventy-five yrs of frustration.

17Sylvia b. in old Dufour mansion, built by Dr. Welsh, then home of her grandfather, Judge Malin. When she married the second time she was thirty six and her husband much younger but she was the type of woman who could safely make such a marriage.

18The writer's father said when he was a small boy, his mother persuaded him to drink buttermilk, which he loathed, holding out the promise it would make him pretty like Julius and Oliver Dufour, but he complained it never did.
CHAPTER VI

Jean David Dufour and Descendants

Jean David, the youngest of the Dufour family that came to America in 1801, was not so prominent in the affairs of the Swiss Colony as his three older brothers. He was much younger, being but a lad when they left Switzerland. In fact his parents deemed him not of an age to leave home, but his sister, Antoinette, who was much attached to him, begged so hard for him to be allowed to come, promising to take good care of him, that they finally consented.

Jean David farmed his share of the land, purchased from Congress by Jean Jacques and at his death left seven hundred acres, just east of Vevay, to his children. His grand daughter, Mrs. Olive Dufour Trafelet, now owns two hundred and four acres of the original farm, the remainder has been sold out of the family.

The quaint old house he built, although at least one hundred and sixteen years old, is still in a good state of preservation. According to an old court house record a certain John Pavey testified he built this house for Dufour for seventy acres and furnished the lumber, adding his work was worth at least $1000. Situated on a steep knoll on road 156, between Vevay and Markland, it is quite a landmark. One wonders how that precipitous approach could ever be negotiated in icy weather and yet it has always been done. To natives of Switzerland, no doubt, it all seemed in the day's business. The old building was orginally just one room wide. A kitchen, large, according to modern notions, but dwarfed by the other big rooms, has been added in recent years. Great wide verandahs extend across the entire front and back. The latter edges steeply on the hills and the front commands a magnificent view of the wide stretch of the Kentucky hills and the sweep of the Ohio River.

From the single front door a hall, about seven and one half feet wide, is entered. This hall runs the width of the house and opens on the back porch.
Those old Switzers must have been reminded quite forcibly of their native Alps in such an environment and felt very much at home.

On the left of the hall is a great, light, airy living room, twenty two feet square, with a wide mouthed fireplace that contains a “built in” stove of the olden time, called a Franklin, such an arrangement as Jefferson had at Monticello. Opening off the left of this apartment is a bed room of eighteen feet with great presses, flanking the tall wooden mantelpiece.

At the right of the hall is a dining room, twenty feet in length, cheerful and many windowed with the dazzling outlook on river and hills that all the rooms have. A bedroom off the end of this matches the one at the left side of the house, in length with like presses and mantelpiece. The entire frontage is eighty-five and one-half feet.

The woodwork is of solid walnut, even the floors, and there is a lovely walnut wainscoting, anciently called chairboard, to protect the walls from tilted chairs. The walnut doors are panelled in three divisions with wooden pegs instead of nails, and have the lift-up-the-latch-and-walk-in fastenings, like those of Red Riding Hood’s grandmother. The floors have great, wide planks.

A walnut stairway, by easy treads, leads to a square landing and then by a square turn, to the upper hall of the same dimensions as the lower. The ceilings are low so the stair seems very short. On the right is an immense room with only two small windows, high in the wall, that might suggest a fort of the early times. One would have to stand on chair or stepladder to see out. On the other side of the hall are two attic rooms, dark as dungeons, and ideal place for the family ghosts—if any—to assemble.

Every one of the down stairs rooms had the wide-mouthed fire places of early times, with stone hearths, but all save one have been boarded up and papered over. Still to the discerning eye, the original dimensions are easily traceable. The great built-in presses are another characteristic of pioneer architecture.

An immense cellar extends under the entire house and is entered from the outside by the old fashioned, slanting, double plank-doors. As the house stands high and is reached by many steps, the cellar steps are accordingly few. The basement is divided into several compartments. In the outer one alone, the writer counted at least thirteen oak tree trunks, with the bark on, which form the supports of the upper floor.
This interesting, old home has been continuously in the possession of the John David branch of the family, since that sturdy, old pioneer erected it, until within the last few years when it has become the property of Mr. and Mrs. Clair Andrews, descendants of one of the best Scotch pioneer families of the community. At present it is unoccupied and has a haunting charm of past “heaps of livin’” that go to make a home.

Near by is the house built by Jean David’s son, Francis, during the Civil War. The maples on the lawn were planted by Francis the day he heard of Lincoln’s assassination. This is now the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Trafelet, mentioned before.


Aunt Eleanor, a great reader, was a highly intelligent woman, especially for her time, She was a frequent contributor to Cincinnati newspapers. It is said she could write a contract that lawyers could not break but like most literary women was not very keen on house work. She came of a family that can trace its record back a number of generations.

After her death, January 13, 1867, her widower married a widow with one son, Mrs. Hannah Jackson who outlived him. They had a house near the river, across the road from the Dufour home to which much of the lovely old furniture of the Dufours was transferred. When Mr. Jagers died, his widow, turned the key in the door, leaving the contents of the house, and went to live with her son, “out west.” The house finally disintegrated after inroads of high water, and the antiques were salvaged and are now where they belong, with the Dufours. Of her one of Jean David’s young nephews, said, naively, “We call her aunt, but she aint one.”

Children of Jean David and Eleanor Dufour—George, Juliana, James Taylor, Louis, John David, Francis and Eleanor.

A. George W. b. Sept. 15, 1826; d. Nov. 8, 1902, having spent his whole life in and near Vevay on his farm m. Harriet Thiebaud. Their children: Zella and Charles A. Long after divorced from first wife he again married, Dec. 10, 1879, Eliza Bornard, French descent, sister of Jane Bornard, second wife of Francis Detraz, his cousin (See Antoinette line) No issue. Harriet, the first wife, married Dr. Hull.

1 Zella d. three years of age.

a Lawrence b. June 10, 1893; d. Dec. 9, 1918; m. May 30, 1914 Fern Busch. Had been for some years with Connersville, Ind. Furniture Co., at the time of his death. Children:—


I 2 Helen Louise, b. July 17, 1917 m. 1939, Eugene Metford, Frigidaire Co., Dayton, O.

b Irene m. Aug. 31, 1919 Charles Cheevers, miller. Children:—

I 1 Lucille b. June 30, 1920; m. Feb. 3, 1939 Loren Roberts, grocer

I 2 Lois b. Nov. 26, 1927

Lawrence, Irene and her husband and daut. Lucille, all graduates of High School, Vevay. Lucille made an unusually brilliant record


F. Francis R. b. Jan. 16, 1836; d. Apr. 4, 1907; m. Oct. 30, 1862, Viola Stowe of a fine, old family, b. 1841; d. 1912. Children, all b. in the old John David home, all grads V. H. S.—

1 Julia d. July 16, 1937, Very self effacing, kept the home for returning visits of the others, helped to rear nephews etc. Presbyterian.

2 Twins, Clara and Lella. Clara m. Wm. J. Sanders, Switzerland Co. Educator in Andover, Mass., where they have recently built a fine home. No issue.

3 Lella m. May 14, 1891, Ben M. Bledso, Florence, Ind.,
salesman for Harvester Co., travelled all over U. S. She accompanied him and lived for 2 yrs in Australia. Lived San Diego, Calif. after retirement where he d. Feb. 12, 1933. After two yrs of invalidism she d. Jan. 12, '42, in Vevay where she came the preceding May, homesick for old associations. Patient and cheerful, always she bore her long illness with fortitude and met the Inevitable with the gallantry, characteristic of her family. Strong and gracious personality who did much for others. Her remains conveyed back to San Diego by her sister, Belle, to be placed beside her husband in a mortuary. Although she and her twin lived the width of the continent apart, they visited each other every yr. or two. One child:—

a Julia b. Nov. 5, 1897; d. same day.
4 Grace b. Dec. 27, 1870; d. May 25, 1872
5 Loring m. Dora Wiley, Feb. 23, 1898. She d. shortly.
   One child—
      1 Joan T. b. Sept. 1928
   Farmer. Children;—
   No issue of either.
6 Olive m. Sept. 16, 1903, Walter T. Trafelet, farmer.
   Olive well read; prominent in Club and church circles; mem. Library Board. Children—
   a Dorothy b. Dec. 12, 1905; d. July 4, 1907
   b Lella R. B. S. and A. M., Indiana University. Sigma Zi, Honorary International Society of Chemists; Chemist with U. S.
Rubber Co., Naugatuck, Conn. Soon promoted from Head of Control Laboratory to Head of Reclaiming Laboratory. Brilliant young scientist.
7 Belle m. Paul Stepleton. Children:—Kenneth, Donald, Paul Vincent and John David. She has been a widow for some years. Well read, resourceful.
   a Kenneth F. Stepleton b. July 16, 1907 m. Louise Lamb, Apr., 1925, a widow, later divorced.
I\(^1\) Wilfred S. Stepleton b. July 5, 1927
Kenneth m. again Mabel Crowell, June, 1936.
I\(^2\) Douglas Stepleton.

c Paul Vincent Stepleton b. May 1, 1911; d. Aug. 24, 1914.
d John David Stepleton b. Feb. 20, 1916, Grad. Indiana University, College of Medicine 1939. Interne in Indianapolis Hospital; regarded as brilliant and promising.
m. Helen Shaw Danner, Dec. 23, 1939. No issue.

G Eleanor Dufour b. July 27, 1838; d. Dec. 7, 1900; m. Dec. 25, 1862 Charles Alfred Thiebaud, fine family of French descent. He built a handsome red brick Victorian residence on Main St., Vevay, at a cost of $40,000. He did not live very long and his widow, having no business ability, soon lost the house. Some years ago it was bought and used as a summer residence by Mrs. Adelaide Fairbanks Causey, daughter of the former Vice President of U. S. It now belongs to one of the local banks and is used as a tourist home and cafe by Mrs. Lena Carter. The large stately rooms have sixteen foot ceilings that give almost a baronial air to the old mansion.

The Thiebaud children—Clarence, Wm., Eleanor, Thomas, Caroline (called Callie) and Belle all now deceased except Bell.

Mrs. Thiebaud removed with her children in 1885 to Paola, Kansas. Later she went to Benicia, Calif. where she died at the home of her son, Clarence D., Dec. 7, 1900.

1 Clarence D. b. Nov. 19, 1863; m. Mary Hill. No issue; d. Feb. 16, 1908
a Bird Thiebaud b. March 1899 m. Joseph King. n. f. r.
a Dillman b. Dec. 20 (?) m. Grace Brown 1914. n. f. r.
b Mildred b. July 22, 1897 m. Dec. 16, 1917, Dr. John T. Keeling. Children;—
1\(^{1}\) John Dillman b. May 2, 1919
1\(^{2}\) James D. b. Oct. 1, 1922
1\(^{3}\) Carol Lu b. Nov. 10, 1924
1\(^{4}\) Mary Ann b. Jan. 24, 1929

Second wife of Thos. E. was Margaret Cook n. f. r.

5 Caroline (Callie) b. Sept. 27, 1869; m. May 10, 1888, Chas. E. Cowell; d. Jan. 13, 1899. Children;—
 b Alfred b. Feb. 24, 1891; d. Aug. 2, 1911
 c Lucille b. Oct. 23, 1892 m. W. Clinton Duval, Children;—both adopted—
 1\(^{1}\) John Robert
 1\(^{2}\) Katherine, n. f. r.

6 Belle b. Nov. 6, 1871 m. Nov. 6, 1894, Carter Fowler, Paola, Kansas. No issue.

Family of Eleanor shortlived, including herself and husband and now almost extinct. She and her cousins, Nannie and Sylvia Dufour were ed. at Nazareth Catholic Convent, Bardstown, Ky.
CHAPTER VII

Aime' Dufour

Aime' Dufour, born Feb. 28, 1791, was the youngest of the family and not old enough to come to America with his brothers and sisters in 1801. His parents wished him to finish his education. During his voyage across the Atlantic in 1812, his vessel was captured by a British cruiser and he was delayed many months in reaching America. He landed in Boston without sufficient funds left to defray his travelling expenses by stage. As indomitable as the others of his family, he set out afoot, journeying thus from Boston to Pittsburg, often sleeping in barns along the way.

When he reached the Swiss Settlement his sister, Madam Morerod, hung his clothing on a tree to sun and air, and the first orchard grass, seen by the pioneers, sprang up from the seeds that clung to his garments en route.

He stayed with the colony a few years, assisting with the making and the laying of the bricks for the home of his brother-in-law, Jean Daniel Morerod. This dignified old residence testifies to the ability with which they built in those days.

After he received and sold his portion of the land, bought from Congress for the family by his eldest brother, Jean Jacques, he left the colony, for what reason no one seems to know. He went to New Orleans and finally settled in Vermillionville, (now a part of the Crescent City,) where he was living as late as 1876, according to Perret Dufour's History of the Swiss Settlement.

He had at least six namesakes in the different generations of his family, so there was evidently no other estrangement between him and his Vevay kin, except the natural one arising from time and space.

In some old letters of 1839—1840, (translated from the French by Mrs. Nellie Protsman Waldenmaeier) written by F. L.
Langel, a friend of Aime', to Mrs. W's grandfather,) we learn that Langel read Dufour's Vevay papers and also that Dufour had promised to accompany Langel on a visit to Vevay and bring his Lady. (The fact that he subscribed for the Vevay paper shows his interest in the home of his brothers and sisters.) The visit was one of those dreams that never materialized.

In 1839 Langel writes his cousin, F. L. Grisard of Vevay, that he and Dufour had just heard a James Dufour, Captain of the Steamer, "Arabian" had just landed at Franklin; that he said he was a nephew of Aime', and they wished to know just who he was, at once, to save Aime's embarrassment when his relative called as he had sent word he meant to do. (This was Jas. H. Dufour, son of Jean Daniel.)

In 1840 Langel casually mentions Jas Dufour's death and that he is considering buying out the deceased captain's share in the boat "Arabian." Whether the captain ever established connections with his uncle Aime or not, we do not know but we do know he died of yellow fever at about the time mentioned.

A letter from Aime' to Grisard, dated Aug. 4, 1841, Vermillionville, La., informs of his cousin Langel's death and asks information as to the disposal of a favorite slave of the deceased. The language and style of the missive, written in French, is that of a man of education.

The Census Records of Lafayette Parish, La. for 1840, show that Aime' Dufour was, at that time, a slave owner. The record of 1850 lists him a carpenter, age 58.

In 1860 Mr. Loring Stowe, brother of Jean David Dufour's daughter-in-law, ran across a son of Aime' in New Orleans. Some years later Mr. J. K. Lewis, father of Mrs. Nora Dupraz, met Elwood Dufour, a son of Aime' employed in a New Orleans bank.

The writer has the passport of Aime', in French, of course, dated 1812. It states he was a native of the Commune of Chatelard, Switzerland, and describes him as twenty-one, five feet, three inches, with fair hair and eyebrows, blue eyes, medium sized nose and mouth, round chin, oval face and open brow. Altogether a picture fair to look upon. His signature is graceful and beautifully legible, putting to shame that of the later generations of the family, so far as the writer knows them.

Aime' was the only one of the brothers without Jean prefixed to his name. Whether it had been originally and he had scuffed it off, is lost to history.
When I was a member of Dr. Logan Esary's class in Indiana History at Indiana University, the chapter on the Dufours was discussed and the Dr. essayed the opinion that it must be a typographical error that all four brothers had Jean tacked on to their names. I had to confess it was a family if not a Swiss custom, and in my grandmother's family Antoinette was a part of the names of several.

In recent years I have tried, unavailingly to get information on this branch of the Dufours, from both the Postmaster and Historical Society of New Orleans.

In 1940 I found in the city directory of New Orleans no less than nineteen Dufours. I telephoned a Wm. C. Dufour, Attorney who said his ancestry came from Martinique after "the massacre," and that his family was originally from Gascogne. He had heard of the Dufours of Vevay, Ind. but knew of no Dufours of New Orleans who belonged to that branch. I also consulted, unsuccessfully, the genealogical library in the Crescent City, and so I am forced to put Aime Dufour's line in the same class as the Lost Tribe of Israel.
CHAPTER VIII

Antoinette Dufour Morerod and her Descendants

According to family tradition, when Jean Daniel Morerod’s sweetheart, Antoinette Dufour, insisted on coming to America with her brothers and sisters, he decided to come along. At that time he was about thirty two—much older than most of the other voyagers. He had been a soldier of Napoleon; helped to drag his cannon over the Alps before the Battle of Marengo in which he was engaged. He was the only one of his family to come to the New World then. Old French letters from a brother, state although not able to come himself, he intended to send his son when he grew older. This he did and young Rudolf married his own cousin, Henriette, oldest child of Jean Daniel and Antoinette.

As matters were getting hopeless at the First Vineyard, Jean Daniel and his wife came to the present site of Vevay, immediately after their marriage. Phillippe Bettens and family, comrades of the sea voyage and hardships since, accompanied them as also did Jean Jacques, with an older brother’s solicitude to see his sister established. When the aged father had permitted his young family to come to the New World he had made Jean Jacques responsible for their conduct and welfare. They came down the Kentucky River to its mouth and then up the Ohio to the land which Jean Jacques had purchased from Congress, reaching from Indian’s Creek to Hunt’s Creek.

When they landed Jean Jacques, stepping ashore with an axe, ascended the bank and took possession of the land, by cutting down the first tree.

The Morerods and Bettens jointly occupied a cabin, abandoned by a squatter, on what was called “The Cedars,” a point of land, on the edge of Vevay which is now almost washed away by erosion. They remained there together until they could build cabins on their respective lands. In 1817 Monsieur Morerod completed a stately two story brick, begun three years before, the
bricks having been made on the place. This was thereafter the residence of the couple till their death.

The old Morerod Home was noted far and wide for its hospitality and many well known personages were entertained here. Among these were Henry Clay and Jonathan Jennings. Some years ago an old addition, known as the ball room, was torn away. It was on the upper floor and was reached, in the foreign fashion, by an outside stair.

Here lighted by brass and silver candelabra on the wall, were enacted many lively scenes of pioneer days. It has been said that half the “matches” in the county were made here. Sentimental descendants went to gaze on the scene where their parents first met. The French were gay and loved to dance. Many of the larger homes had their ball rooms.

The house stands back from the river and fronts a highway that has been abandoned because of flood erosions. The view is magnificent, commanding the Ohio for miles and the Kentucky hills in the background. There is an immense, well kept lawn, sentinelled by stately cedars. These were planted by the daughter-in-law of the Morerods, Jane Dumont Morerod, a member of another pioneer French family of distinction.

An old wine cellar still contains one of two mammoth wine casks, one had a capacity of five hundred gallons and the other of seven hundred. This, probably is the only relic now in existence, of the once chief product of the New Switzerland on the banks of the Ohio.

There is a tradition in the family that Monsieur Morerod showed his eldest daughter where he had buried his money under the brick floor of this cellar, in case an unexpected Indian raid should put a sudden period to his existence and swore her to secrecy. The emergency, however, never arose, as the Indians were friendly with the French.

The old house has been somewhat modernized but originally it was of the Colonial style, in accordance with which a hall cuts it in two. This hall extends from the stoop over the front entrance to a long back porch, and has the customary stair, leading to the second floor.

The walls are more than two feet thick with wide window embrasures but the tiny paned glass has been replaced by larger.

It is now the home of Attorney and Mrs. Jas. S. Wright. Mr. Wright is the leading lawyer of the town, the legal advisor of some of the Dufour descendants. His wife, niece and namesake
of the Jane Morerod who planted the cedar grove, is also a relative of Julia L. Dumont, pioneer author and schoolmistress, and of Mary Todd Lincoln, wife of the Martyred President. The rocking chair of Julia L. Dumont occupies an honored place in Mrs. Wright's parlor. She has added many antiques to the furnishings of this old home, one of the show places of the town; and she and Mr. Wright are very kind to interested visitors. The old time parlor has a set of rose patterned furniture and a table made by the cabinet maker, Benjamin Detraz, husband of one of the daughters of the house, married in this very parlor. One of the first coal oil lamps sold in Vevay, is in this room. There are handsome engravings of George and Martha Washington, and miniatures of the wife of a Revolutionary soldier ancestor of Mrs. Wright, buried in the Vevay cemetery. There is a picture of a vase of flowers painted more than a hundred years ago. A mirror two hundred years old adorns the hall. The spacious lawn, once used as a community center by the Swiss Association echoes occasionally to the voices of the Julia L. Dumont Club, one of the oldest in the state, of which Mrs. Wright is a member.

Although in course of time, by thrift and industry, the Morerods accumulated considerable means, they at first had many hardships and privations. They had no cow when they came to the New Settlement. On the mornings they could get milk from a neighbor, they had coffee. When they could not they simply inhaled the odor of the coffee from the rag in which it was pounded as they had no coffeemill.

Monsieur Morerod had considerable ingenuity; he made wedding shoes for himself and his bride and also her wedding comb, carved from a cow's horn. He made the first churn in Switzerland County which had wooden hoops that were replaced by iron ones as they wore out.

Old French papers in the family possession, attest to the fine standing he had in his native country and he continued to live up to that high standard in his adopted land.

He was one of the seven signers of the Swiss Covenant in regard to the division of the land in the Swiss Settlement, and together with the Dufours, Bettens and Siebenthals, first comers, was prominent in the affairs of the Colony.

He had extensive vineyards and during court week the lawyers and judges were invited to quaff "Father" Morerod's wine, seated under the trees on his broad lawn. He was generous and hospitable, befriending the poor and homeless.
At one time he grew cotton on his farm as did many others but this was not long kept up. His will was rather remarkable in several respects and must be read to be properly appreciated. It was odd that at that early time he made his wife executrix.

She survived him almost twenty years. During much of that time she was a helpless paralytic, tenderly cared for by her son Aime and wife. The extent of this solicitude is illustrated by the fact that long after the vineyards were abandoned as a business, enough of them were left to please her, accustomed to seeing them, as a reminder of Switzerland.

Madame Morerod was a dainty little old woman with blue, blue eyes and delicate features, framed in an immaculate, frilled cap and almost lost in her great foreposter, her arms helplessly bent, with rheumatism over her breast. She invariably spoke French and if her visitor did not understand that language, it was just too bad if no interpreter were at hand.

After her death it was supposed the old home would be inherited by the son who had taken care of her, but the decision, due to some quirk of fate, was left to a Board on which was a relative of the other son's wife and the estate went to the younger son and finally to his wife's sister whose children now own it.

I Antoinette, eldest of the three Dufour sisters, b. March 8, 1781 in Commune Chatelard, District of Vevey, Canton de Leman, Switzerland afterwards called De Vaud in Helvetia; d. Feb. 10, 1857. Vevay, Ind. m. Feb. 16, 1802, at the First Vineyard, Jessamine Co., Jean Daniel Morerod, b. in the same part of Switzerland as his bride, Oct. 20, 1769; d. Sept. 19, 1838 in Vevay, Ind. Buried side by side in cemetery, Vevay. A marble shaft, fine at the time, marks their resting place.


A Henriette b. Dec. 8, 1803 (said to be the second white child born in the Settlement); d. Apr. 3, 1876; m. Feb. 9, 1824, her cousin, Rudolf Morerod, b. Canton de Vaux, Switzerland and came to this country in 1817. Boatman and cabinet maker. While celebrating the wedding of a comrade of the same military company, he was killed, May 26, 1826, by an explosion of "Old Betz," the famous brass cannon of the Settlement.

The buttons on his uniform were melted. He left one child, Eugene.

Henriette, the only one of her brothers and sisters to marry
twice, m. Nov. 2, 1842, Francis Tardy. The fact that soon after
this she established a business of millinery and mantua making
which she continued until shortly before her death, and that
her nieces and nephews usually spoke of her second husband as
"Old Tardy," seem to indicate that this marriage, like many
another, had better been left unmade. She was the "Worth" of
the village and all the stylish wedding clothes etc were turned
out by her and her assistants, in a building yet standing on Main
St., where a room down stairs and one above were devoted to her
business. Mr. Tardy outlived her some time and stayed at
her brother Aime's, whether as boarder or hanger on, it is not
certain. No issue of this marriage. She was a Methodist.

1 Eugene Rudolf Morerod, b. May 18, 1825; m. Apr. 26,
1866, Elizabeth Russell who was born Cin. O., but whose family
soon after came to Vevay to live. Eugene was brought up on the
farm of his grandfather, Morerod, as provided by his will. Was
pupil of Julia L. Dumont and subsequently studied law in the
office of Joseph Eggleston, father of the writers, Edward,
George and Jane. (Eggleston, a graduate of Wm. and Mary
College, came from Virginia and established himself as a lawyer
in Vevay where he became prominent.)

But when about seventeen young Morerod switched from
law to medicine and studied with Dr. Joseph McCutcheon. A
course of lectures at Ohio Medical School was interrupted by a
call for troops for the Mexican War and Eugene enlisted in 3rd
Ind. Co. D. under Col. Scott Carter. After the war Eugene had
established a good practice in Tenn. Then the Civil War broke
out and Morerod enlisted a company for Confederate service and
was commissioned 2nd lieutenant under Gen. Jeff Davis. After
wounds received at Shiloh and Murfreesborough, he was made
captain. At the close of the war he was a surgeon in charge of
a smallpox hospital in Ga. In 1867 he engaged in farming, while
continuing his profession near Schell City, Mo. where he died. Leader in all things beneficial to his community. Six children,
four survived him—Antoinette Dufour, Samuel R., Aime' and
Eugene R. Jr. n. f. r.

B. Lucille Marguerite b. Oct. 11, 1806; d. May 3, 1903; m.
Nov. 24, 1828, Benjamin Detraz, b. Nov. 10, 1792, Canton Vaux,
Switzerland; d. Oct. 7, 1869. Children;—Francis Rudolf, Anto-
inette, and Josephine Mary Jane. (See Chapter, Aunt Lucie De-
traz)

Francis R. b. Aug. 9, 1829; d. Aug. 26, 1904 after an illness

Francis was builder and cabinet maker and his sons followed his trade. m. again Dec. 15, 1885, Jane Bornard, French descent. No issue.

a Martha Antoinette (Matinette) b. July 24, 1856; d. 1927 after illness of six years of tuberculosis. Quiet, suppressed, eccentric. About eighteen at her mother’s death, gave her life to the care of her younger brothers. They repaid her by great consideration for her wishes and tender care. unm.

b William Benjamin d. 1888 at age of twenty nine, unm.


12 Louisa m. Cecil George, Pendleton. Divorced.


Orville. Grad. Purdue Univ.; civil engineer, gov­
employ, stationed Binghamton, N. Y. Transferred Apr. 1941, to San Juan, Puerto Rico.
m. Oct. 19, 1927, Mildred Bliss, grad. V. H. S.; studied at Hanover College, taught before marriage.
A¹ David Francis b. Aug. 1, 1929

e Clarence Aime' b. Feb. 15, 1869; d. Aug 12, 1935, heart
disease, unm. Grad. V. H. S. 1888; prominent, like bros. in Masonic Order, authority on ritual. Hero of the commonplace, stoically accepting rough deal Life handed him. Last of his generation of his branch of family.

2 Antoinette (Twonnette of Eggleston's "Roxy") b. 1830;
m. June 28, 1853, Jas. Harvey Titus, V. attorney. She d. Mar.
6, 1854, child birth. Her widower m. her cousin Isabel Le Clerc
(See Antoinette Dufour line) 21

3 Josephine Mary Jane b. Sept. 30, 1848; d. after short illness, July 2, 1929. m. Aug. 23, 1876, Dr. John Henry Shadday
d. Sept., 1929
a Harry b. July 1878; d. at 11 mos.
C Louise Antoinette b. Oct. 25, 1808; m. her own cousin
Constant Golay. (See Suzanne Dufour Golay line.)
E Julie Elise b. Dec. 10, 1812; d. July 6, 1895; m. Oct. 11,
22, 1809; d. July 22, 1856 22
(See Chapter "My Grandmother.")
Children:—Isabel, Henriette, Lucille, Isolene, Louise, Clara, Eugene, John, Aime’, Julie.

1 Twins, Isabel Antoinette (and Henriette Angelique,) b.
Mar. 16, 1834. m. Jan. 24, 1856, in Madison, Ind., James Harvey Titus. He d. Nov. 16, 1867. She d. Dec. 27, 1898, San Diego, Calif., where she had lived with her son, N. R. Titus since 1885. Two other sons, Harry and Aime’.
a Nathaniel Robert b. 1857; d. Aug. 9, 1936, San Diego.
11, 1919. 23 Self made, he helped support his mother from an early age. When he was married he was ticket agent at C. H. and D. R. R. Later in real

Fifty eight years an active Mason. Past Master of San Diego Lodge. Awarded the Fifty Years Emblem, presented him in his own home on account of his several years invalidism before his death, during which time he was blind. Bore his afflictions with a cheerful fortitude worthy his ancestors. He had been the pal of his children and he was cared for by them with tender solicitude. Children:—


I² Isabel Le Clerc. Ed. Mills College. Invalid for many years.


b. Harry Lewis b. in Vevay, Dec. 3, 1858; d. San Diego, July 11, 1917, very suddenly, acute indigestion, as he planned to return to Vevay on a visit. Studied law with Judge John D. Works. In 1883 went to Calif. with him. Became general counsel for Spreckles Co. At the time of his death he was the leader of the local bar, vice president and mgr. of San Diego and Arizona R. R. His untiring efforts for clearing the legal tangles that hindered the completion of this line which he felt meant so much to his adopted city, undermined his health. Considered one of the leading lawyers of the state. Second degree Mason, Vice president Coronado Bank, City attorney, director of Chamber of Commerce. Was a director on the two expositions boards San Diego held before his death. Contributed liberally to the Expositions; gave freely to charity, having given $500 to the Red Cross just a short time before he died. The papers at the time
of his demise showed how greatly his thirty four years’ service as a public spirited citizen was appreciated. He was accredited with a great sense of justice, profound legal knowledge, high sense of honor, irreproachable moral life, and human sympathy. Each commentator mentioned his modest and unassuming characteristics. Many published tributes to his memory from the numerous organizations of which he was a member.25

m. May, 1887, May Horton, niece of Hon. A. E. Horton, called “the Father of San Diego.” Children:—


A1 Dorothy Helen b. Mar. 20, 1912
A2 Harry Lewis III b. Aug. 19, 1913
A3 John Boal b. Mar. 3, 1919

I2 Jean, unmarried


A1 Antoinette b. Dec. 16, 1920


a Ella Antoinette b. May 18, 1855, Madison, Ind.; d.

I Eugene Le Clerc b. Mar. 16, 1880, Vevay; d. Rose­burgh, Oregon, Apr. 13, 1934; ed. Anderson H. S. Some histrionic ability; organized his own com­panies and presented Shakespearian plays. Had Smith dropped from his name by legislature. After attempting to elope three times with May Cox, of Anderson, finally succeeded. Parental objections— extreme youth of both. Turned out to be happy union. Widow resides Roseburgh, popular with husband’s relatives. Children:—

A Raoul, mere H. S. lad, ran away and enlisted during World War I. His father brought him home twice but the third time allowed him to remain. Then seventeen. Emergency operation for appendicitis in camp, bore pain as became a soldier. Saw several years service with the Med. Dept. U. S. A., Hospital Train 66, A. E. F. on many battlefields and was under fire many times. Sent into Germany, after the war was over, with prisoners to exchange and under a flag of truce, he was given poisoned water to drink which caused his death. Lived a few years, suffered acute par­oxysms of pain often, until he died a violent death from the effects of this Hunnish treachery, July 25 at Eagle Rock, Calif.

He met his fate with fortitude that characterized him even as a child. At his request his remains were cremated and the ashes scattered from the top of his favorite mountain in California his home for a few years. Besides his mourning family, he left a sorrowing sweetheart.

A Dwight m. twice; cut himself off from his family by his choice of brides. d. some time before 1935 in a T. B. Hospital, Tucson, Ariz.
A3 Booth lives in Los Angeles. Unmarried so far as the writer knows.

A4 Macaire m. Mr. Anderson. Lives in Los Angeles. No issue. n. f. r.


b Lula Belle b. Aug. 24, 1860; d. suddenly in Roseburg, Ore. June 29, 1933 where she had just arrived to live with her nephew, Eugene Le Clerc and wife. Most unselfish, devoted to the family of her sister which she had helped to rear. She and her sister were expert in fancy work of all kinds. In their younger days were prominent society women of Vevay.

3 Lucille Prudence b. Dec. 31, 1836; d. Sept. 13, 1913 Peritonitis after an illness of only a few days. m. Jan. 1894, Samuel C. Henderson, b. Vevay, Aug. 16, 1835; d. 1903.

His mother an early teacher in the Vevay colony, whose school Lucille had attended as a little girl. He was self made. Early steamboat pilot on Ohio and Miss. Later went to Joplin, Mo., then a small village which he saw grow into a large city. Accumulated wealth in wholesale grocery business there.

Prominent in business circles; charter member and active worker in Joplin Business Club and its second president. Was sent by the Gov. of Mo. as Commissioner to a World’s Exposition, in Paris, France, years ago and made a tour of Europe. No issue.

Built a fine house for his bride in Joplin.26 left a son and several grandchildren by a previous marriage.


5 Louise Antoinette b. Feb. 5, 1840; d. Oct. 9, 1901 Diabetes after several years of invalidism, borne with the courage of those not afraid to die.

m. Aug. 11, 1868, James Stevenson Knox, b. June 14, 1831 in the old Knox Home, Vevay27 d. May 1, 1912.
Complications, intensified by a fall that caused a broken hip. Pioneer stock. (Grandfather, Revolutionary soldier. His father, G. G. Knox, cabinet maker and miller, came to Vevay, 1817, from Kentucky. Prominent member of Masons. Capt. of militia in early days and served several years as Co. Treas. Entertained in his home at different times, five governors and Ole Bull, Norwegian violinist.) James, youngest of his family, was last survivor. For thirty-five years was prominent member of I. O. O. F. Belonged to Christian Church. First wife, Rachel A. Blunk, dau. David Blunk, a "hay king" of Switz. Co. Children of first marriage; Robert, Charles and Elizabeth Knox Salyers, all dead. Farmer, engineer, and, in later years, livery business. Children of second wife — Julie Le Clerc, Isolene J., Wm. Stapp, Clarence Morerod. Two others lived for only a few hours.


b Isolene J. Grad. V. H. S., Valedictorian. Taught few yrs. before marriage, June 5, 1895, to Lewis A. Mills, native of Mo. d. Oct. 28, 1897, Prairie Home, Mo. from effects of measles, contracted on bridal tour. Left baby son—

I1 Andrew Schenck. Grad. V. H. S. and University of Mo.; mem. Phi Gam fraternity. Had just won his commission of Second Lieutenant, World War I, when peace was declared. Prominent St. Louis businessman, general partner Francis Bros. and Co., largest investment banking firm in its area; active in Investment Bankers' Assoc.; Pres. Round Table Club of St. Louis. m. Jan 28, 1926, at Decatur, Ala., Polly W. Robinson. Children:—


A2 Lewis Robinson, b. Dec. 29, 1929. Trombonist,
school band. In babyhood won first prize as most perfect child at Prairie Home, Mo., Fair.
During widowhood Isolene Mills was Deputy Tres. Switz, Co. and bookkeeper Vevay National Bank. m. July 26, 1914, Geo. S. Stemmons, prominent Prairie Home banker, widower, with three grown children. In her new home Mrs. Stemmons is civic leader; founded a public library; served successful term as Mayor; newspaper correspondent, feature writer for yrs. of Boonville, Mo., Advertiser; notary public, author of children's stories; mem. Eastern Star and D. A. R. Traveled in Europe, 1930. One child of second marriage—

I


c


d

Clarence Morerod. Self made. Ed. Vevay School and Indianapolis Bus. School; bookkeeper Green Copper Mining Co., in Mexico, during native revolution when showed courage and loyalty to his Company. Owns and operates hardware store, Montrose, Calif.; Mason and I. O. O. F.

Prominent social, civic, religious affairs; charter mem. E. O. Chapter P. E. O.; disaster Chrmn La Crescenta Valley Flood Control, served seven mos. without remuneration. By request of Red Cross broadcast and wrote her experiences for their publication. Largely through her efforts region safeguarded. Health undermined by exertions. Invalidism, patiently endured for several years resulted in death Dec. 23, 1938. Brilliant, popular, natural leader, wonderful versatility. Interred Grand View Mausoleum, Glendale, Calif. One child;—


Baby girl d. at birth: Mar. 1939.

Clara Ellen LeClerc (Only one of her family without a French name.) b. Mar. 19, 1842; d. May 23, 1924, after period of invalidism. m. Oct. 31, 1866, Julius McMakin, d. suddenly at thirty-six. Luna Landing, Ark., where was in bus. Wife visiting her mother at the time.


Julius Nathaniel b. Dec. 29, 1868. Devoted to mother and aunts. Useful life. Unm,


One child;—

b Bryan Augustus McMakin b. Sept. 9, 1875; d. May 12, 1932, Tucson. Mining expert, Mex. and Ariz. Was in El Tigre, Mex., 1912 when place was taken by rebel forces and retaken by Federalists. Often so far from civilization mail carried by Indian runners. Later in bus. in Tucson. Grad. V. H. S. 28 m. Feb. 16, 1919, Frankie Kronach, Tucson. Children;—


I2 John Bryan b. Nov. 5, 1922, Freshman University, Ariz.


E Aime’ Morerod b. Jan. 8, 1815; d. Nov. 9, 1909; m. Nov. 22, 1843, Mrs. Clara Elmore, b. 1816; d. May 28, 1900. No issue. (See Chapter on Uncle Aime’ and Aunt Clara)


His death caused by lock jaw. He was Sheriff of the County for two years and Treasurer for two years. Member of I. O. O.
F. for twenty-four years. Brass band accompanied funeral cortège, an unusual thing at that time. Very stately monument, still one of the most imposing in Vevay Cemetery, erected by his adoring widow whose grief was tragic. Finally found some comfort in her love for flowers. He was a genial man with an engaging personality. Prominent member of M. E. Church.

An old daguerreotype, belonging to the writer, shows him in young manhood, handsome and debonnaire, attired in black satin coat and waistcoat, with Byronic tie.

G Josephine Morerod b. Dec. 19, 1820; d. June 7, 1913, at Pochontas, Ark., the last of her generation. In 1845 m. George W. Hill and went with husband and family, in 1856, to Ark, where she lived the remainder of her life. Husband d. 1870. Had two sons and two daughters, Clara and Lucy. The daughters survived her but have since d. Obituary of Josephine, written by her pastor, under the caption, “A Mother in Israel,” extols her Christian character and charitable actions, stating she had partly reared eight orphans. She and her family were loyal members of M. E. Church.

Eugene Le Clerc (Smith) writing from Eagle Rock, Calif., in 1931, to his great-aunt, Mrs. Julia Williams, has this to say about the name, Morerod and the French origin of family; “In a book on Huguenot lineage I found the names, Dupre, Dufour, Detraz and Moreau, French families who left France between 1680 and 1700 for Vevey, Switzerland, where they founded a French colony, retaining their language and customs and refraining from intermarriage with the Swiss. After thorough research and investigation, I am satisfied the spelling, ‘Morerod,’ is an English perversion of the French, ‘Moreau.’ We have always pronounced the name, ‘Moro,’ as ‘in French.’

This seems to fit in very well with other data. The Morerods and Dufours were evidently Huguenots, fleeing persecution, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

It is interesting to speculate about a probable connection of our family with Jean Victor Moreau, general of Napoleon.

Notes on Chapter—Antoinette Dufour Morerod

1The writer remembers “Aunt Jane,” as she was called by friends as well as relatives, as a prettily dainty, old lady whose delicate features resembled a doll’s. Even at this date her clothes brought out of moth balls for masquerade or fancy dress parties, retain that chic, characteristic of
their owner, who although she lived to be ninety-three, never lost a certain fragile, flowerlike beauty, and an individual style.

2A place in the floor that looks as if the bricks had been removed, seems to substantiate this story and used to pique my childish fancy.

3This house is marked by the Historical Society. The approach now is from the rear since the highway has been moved from the river bank. The view of the Indiana hills from the back drive is very fine.

4This old comb, very large and heavy, is now in possession of the writer.

5The churn now belongs to the Switzerland Co. Historical Society's Museum.

6The original of this Covenant, written in French, belongs to the writer.

7Prof. J. J. Simon, wife and daughter (The latter became the wife of Capt. F. L. Grisard later) after their illfated wandering about the northern part of the country at last came up the Ohio. Their steamer landed at the Morerod place where they were hospitably received. The professor, worn out by hardships and anxiety, died five weeks after, leaving only 50c in money to his wife and brave, little daughter. Although Zelie was then only sixteen, she began to support herself and mother by sewing and teaching French. An interesting article about this family is in a recent National Magazine, published by the D. A. R., written by Mrs. Nell P. Waldenmaeier, great, granddaughter of the heroic young Zelie.

8A coverlid, mentioned in the Reveille March 25, 1876, the property at that time of Mrs. Constant Golay, daughter of Monsieur Morerod, was made of cotton raised on his farm, and spun in the gin of Joshua Smithson.

9A copy is appended to this volume.

10This handsome old bed with pylonlike posts is now the property of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dupraz (nee Nora Lewis.)

11A large, framed portrait in oil, of Madame Morerod, is now in possession of Switz. Co His. Soc. The writer owns a daguerreotype of her taken after death, gruesome custom of the time. Her delicate, aristocratic features are framed in the customary white frilled cap and her shroud was of black satin. The writer also possesses a smaller framed portrait.

12At the meeting of this board of adjudication the members were invited to dinner by the hospitable Morerod family. At each plate a large square of satin damask was placed. Thus the first napkins' in Vevay made their appearance. This information was furnishing by Mrs. Effa M. Danner whose ancestor was present.

13This old cannon had quite a prominent part in the early history of Vevay. She was taken to Cincinnati in 1824 when the Swiss Guard went to help welcome Lafayette on his visit to that city. In her latter years she fell to the low estate of celebrating political victories and Fourth of Julys. Political parties stole her from each other and hid her, often temporarily burying her to insure her safety until the next election. After killing one man and taking off the arm of a political boss, she was reported to have committed suicide by blowing herself to pieces not so many years ago. Another story is that she was simply taken apart and her pieces buried separately. An effort has lately been made by the Historical So-
ciety to discover the parts in order to reassemble her. It is to be feared that those who assisted at her obsequies, are now all dead; so her secret entombment may never be revealed.

14The writer recalls a childhood's glimpse of that fascinating upper room where materials went in in a crude state and came out in stunning garments. Legerdemain, it seemed. The aroma of silks and satins, floor covered with intriguing pieces, so suitable for doll dresses, though no one else seemed to think of it. Several young women bending patiently over their work.

15Pioneer physician, "graduate of the best schools of Dublin and Edin­burgh. He often made trips to Europe for further study." Vevay fortunate in having this celebrated doctor for many years. Boarded at Le Clerc House. Died in New York at the home of a nephew, shortly after one of his many trips abroad, aged seventy-one. Never married.

16Wife apparently survived him. Obituary entitled "An Old Hero Gone." Date of death not given.

His stepfather, John Francis Tardy, b. Canton de Vaud, Switzerland, Aug. 25, 1785; d. July 21, 1893.

17Sketch of Julia L. Dumont by Mrs. Lucille Skelcher, great, great granddaughter and her daughter, Jane Lucille, in Indiana Historical Magazine, Sept. 1938.

18Jane Bornard was born in New Orleans; d. age eighty at home of stepchildren, Vevay. Her sister, Eliza was second wife of George Dufour. (See Jean David line.)

19Always reminded the writer of Henry D. Thoreau.

20Detraz Brothers were for years the most prominent builders and architects in Vevay. Their honesty and efficiency outstanding. Built Vevay Deposit Bank and many other fine edifices in community. Frank was the only one married and the chief happiness of his brothers was through his family. Their lodge affiliations also meant much to them. Following their sister's lead, were social recluses. Met life with Spartan fortitude. Frank was more socially minded, prominent in church and Masonic affairs, the leader of his brothers in business.

21An obituary notice of "Twonnette," comprising several poems by friends, including one by Julia L. Dumont, is the possession of the writer, also several daguerreotypes, representing her as a handsome, spirited looking young woman, elegantly attired. Switz. Co. Historical Society owns an oil painting of her likeness.

22Some of his books, now owned by the writer: "Pilgrim's Progress," 1845 edition; "Peregrine Pickle," 1813; Gil Blas, two vols., 1827; Dr. John Gale's Sermons, 1726; Lady Blessington's "Idler in France," 1841; Six Nights with the Washingtonians, 1848; Wesley's M. E. Hymns, 1839; Leigh's New Pictures of London; Palissy, the Huguenot Potter. His copies of Shakespeare and Byron were worn out by the writer, long ago.

23Lovely character who faced her illness of many years with fortitude, surrounded by her adoring family.

24In 1919 travel into Mexico being temporarily suspended, the writer remembers when car after car was turned back from the border, the one in which she was the guest of him and his family, was the only one
permitted to pass after the customhouse officials recognized him. An il-

At the time of his mother's funeral the mayor ordered the City hall offices closed out of respect to Nat Titus, then City Auditor.

Funeral services impressive under auspices of Elks. Among numbers played by the Elks orchestra was Grieg's "Asa's Death." Was his re-

The handsome residence he had built on Coronado Beach, was sold
Madame Schumann-Heinke who was living there at the time of her death.

This was an elegant two story brick, stone and terra cotta residence. Newspaper comment at the time of its erection; "Contains eleven rooms, closets, lavatories, bath rooms, china closet, dumb waiter, electric lights, electric bells and all modern conveniences one of the most elegant houses in Joplin." Remember this was 1894 when these conveniences were thought of as luxuries. Mr. Henderson had travelled much in U. S. and Europe. Realizing he was going to die, he requested his wife should not wear mourning, that flowers, not crape be hung on the door and that a brass band accompany funeral cortege to the grave, all of which requests were granted.

This home now the residence of Misses Laura and Josephine Lamson. The old walnut clock, once occupying a corner in the old home, now in possession of writer.

Bryan was very handsome, with good personality. Led an adventur­

Dr. Lewis, Mrs. Grace Copeland's father, who was in the same com-

The writer vaguely remembers the anxiety and concern of her fami-

The years postmistress of the village.
CHAPTER IX

Suzanne Marguerite Dufour Golay and her Descendants

Like her two sisters Suzanne Marguerite married a Swiss but her husband did not come over from Switzerland in the same boat with the Dufours as did the husbands of the other two girls. But he did come in the same year, 1801, with his parents, Jacques David and Marie Louise Golay and his six brothers and three or four sisters. The Golays remained in New York until 1804 when they came to the Swiss Settlement at Vevay, and in 1806 Elisha, eldest of the family, married Suzanne. Their marriage was the first in the colony. Elisha was born in the Canton of Lemann, but it is not known whether or not the families of Golay and Dufour were acquaintances before they came to the New World.

Elisha became one of the most prominent citizens of the colony, serving in both civic and military lines. In 1807 he was appointed by Wm. H. Harrison, Governor of Indiana Territory, lieutenant of militia of what was then called Dearborn County. In 1810 he was appointed by Gov. Harrison, Justice of the Peace, for what then had become Jefferson County. In 1813 Gov. Posey made him a major in the militia; in 1813 or 1814 he was a representative in the Territorial Legislature at Corydon and served until 1817. In 1816 before the Battle of Tippecanoe, he mustered a company to protect the frontier of Jefferson County from Indian depredations. When Switzerland County was organized in 1814, he was appointed county agent, and in that capacity, he contracted for the first court house and jail. In 1830 and again in 1837 he was elected an associate judge of the circuit and served a full term of seven years under each election.

With Jean Francois Dufour, he was instrumental in getting Switzerland Co. set off from Jefferson County and was made Justice of Peace of the new county. He built a block house, known as “Buchanan Station,” for forty or fifty men, including officers, as a protection to the frontier, within what was Jeffer-
son County. He was clerk of sale when the land bought by the Dufours from Congress, was sold off in town lots. He refused to accept the office of surveyor. Without fear or favor he discharged his duty as a public officer, and had the good will, approbation and esteem of his fellow citizens. He was a good husband, father and neighbor. Honest and upright, by industry and frugality, he lived to make quite a fortune, for those days, which at his death was divided among his children. He lived to see this section of the country grow from a wilderness, home of red skin and wild beast, into civilized habitation, in the accomplishment of which he, like Tennyson's Ulysses, "had been a great part."

The residence of Judge Golay still stands a few miles east of Vevay. Although one hundred and ten years have passed since it was built, it is still in a good state of preservation. There is much more interior space than the size betokens. A brick wall on each side, is as old as the house. A honey suckle hedge borders the lawn from which a fine view of the hill at the rear of the place can be had.

A cistern was built in the cellar to prevent Indians from poisoning the water. Of all the old houses of the Swiss community this one "wears the belt" for queer little closets and three cornered cupboards. In one room a tiny door high in the wall opens on three drawers, spoken of by members of the family, as "the secret" drawers. Here it is said the old Judge kept his money, before the day of banks. In the dining room a picture conceals a square opening in the wall, strongly suggestive of secret springs and things. Above the mantel in the same room is another little door, now papered over with a picture, concealing it. These hidden places suggest "House of Seven Gables." The doors are large, heavy and three paneled with brass knobs and hinges that run across like bars over the outside, against pioneer foes. One of these doors has a latch like a coffee grinder. The broad cheerful hall has a stairway, inviting one to the upper story where three airy rooms have any number of little closets, some opening into cubby holes.

The sturdy old pioneer lived here until he and his wife were too old to be alone when they went to reside with their son Constant and family, a short distance up the road, Suzanne died in 1865, at about eighty. Her husband lingered just a short time, dying at eighty three.

I Suzanne Marguerite Dufour b. Oct. 5, 1785; d. Dec. 26,
Their children were:—Constant, Louis, Albert, Vincent, Clarissa and Phillip.


The family of Constant and Louise is more distinguished for religious fervor than any other branch. They were chiefly Methodists. This couple was married on the spacious lawn of the old Morerod Home, in order that the several hundred guests might witness the ceremony. In those days wedding guests came in the early morning and staid until the next, feasting and making merry. Tables extended from the long back porch away into the yard for both dinner and supper. The writer has heard her grandmother, a younger sister of the bride, say she stood from two P.M. untill three A.M., serving coffee to the guests. This union lasted fifty two years and was terminated by the death of the husband, a good citizen, devoted Christian, and kind father and husband.

His first vote was cast for Andrew Jackson for President in 1828 and he was ever a faithful Democrat and constant reader of the Cincinnati Enquirer; he was a member of the Swiss Artillery Company that welcomed Lafayette to Cincinnati in 1825, although then only a lad of eighteen. He was a farmer and lived east of Vevay. His home, built in 1843 (the date is marked on the cellar stair) is still well preserved and has been somewhat modernized. The deep triangular back porch remains the same. From it a fine view of the Ohio is had. A broad central hall, running the length of the house, has a beautiful polished floor. The handsomely panelled doors have brass knobs, the outer ones have hinges, reaching across like bars, as protection against outer force. The walls are nineteen inches thick. The conventional small front portico has been replaced by a broad verandah.

Constant’s death was caused by chronic pneumonia followed by paralysis that lasted almost a year. Although his time was chiefly taken by his farm he served as County Treasurer in 1852.

Louise Antoinette b. Oct. 25, 1808; d. Feb. 4, 1891, some eight years after the death of her husband. Her life was spent
looking after her large family and her home. She was a plump, cheerful, motherly little woman. Children:—

1 Henri Rudolf b. May 17, 1832; d. Sept. 5, 1841.


3 Clarissa Louise b. Sept. 25, 1835; d. Oct. 25, 1891; m. Sept. 16, 1858 Rev. James Crawford, d. Oct. 14, 1896, age sixty, Ventura, Calif., where he had been pastor of Pres. Church for twenty-five years. Was pastor in Indianapolis Church in 1878. Of inventive genius, he designed and made the first folding bed, installing it at his home in Ventura where it still is. For this he received no remuneration. He also hand carved an old mahogany stump into a beautiful pulpit. Children:—Edward, Louise, Albert, Eleanor, Harry, lived to be adults; Wm. d. at two years; also Belle; Walter, scalded to death at age of six.

a Edward Crawford m. Rose Sharp, Indianapolis, Ind. After death of first wife m. Mabel Robinson, Madison d. also; Edward d. 1929; Mechanical engineer and foundry expert. Was sent to France as aeroplane engineer, World War I. Held responsible positions in Indianapolis, Detroit, St. Louis. Ill health forced him to relinquish his work in later years. No issue by second wife. Children of first marriage:—

1 Charles S. Crawford m. 1904 Adah Williams, Indianapolis, Ind. Grad. Mechanical engineering, Wash. U., St. Louis; Responsible positions Indianapolis, New York, Detroit. 1929 sent to Germany by General Motors as chief engineer Subsidiary plant of General Motors. Health impaired, returned to Indianapolis; d. few months later, 1935. Was one of world’s foremost auto-motive engineers. One child:—


b James M. Crawford m. Anna Florence Ball, Indianapolis, Ind. Since 1929 he has held the position of Chief Engineer of the Chevrolet Company, Detroit, Mich. “Fortune” carried an article in 1939, mentioning his work and printing his picture. Child:—

A Marian Alice, grad. with high honors from Ward
Belmont, Nashville. Became art instructor in same school. 1934 m. Thomas Moule, advertising executive, Detroit, Mich. Children:—

1st James Crawford

2nd Richard


1st Charles Seeholzer m. wife's name unknown. Lives in Seattle, Wash. n.f.r

2nd Berthold Seeholzer, address unknown

3rd Clare Seeholzer, nurse, New York City.

c Albert Crawford b. 1870; d. Los Angeles hospital 1929 m. Alice Meeker, Greenville, O. Cabinet maker. Later had position with So. Pac. R. R. in So. Calif. Ill health forced him to resign about a year before his death. Children:—

1st James Crawford, Greenville, O.

2nd Virginia Crawford m. Chester Mercke, Greenville, O.

d Eleanor Crawford b. 1872; d. 1930 Moundsville, W. Va. and buried there. m. 1916 Dr. Marion Robinson, osteopath. For several years Warden at Penetentiary at Moundsville, W. Va., Eleanor was a nurse. Dr. Robinson, originally of Madison, Ind., was a first cousin of Eleanor, on paternal side. No issue.

e Harry Crawford b. 1876; d. 1930; in 1903 m. Louise Leach stenographer, San Francisco, Calif. He was manufacturer and salesman. One child:—


Roy, George Constant, and Philip Andrew. A family known for their great piety.

2nd wife, Margaret Eshleman, Indianapolis, 1930. No issue.

I1 Carroll Gottlieb b. Dec. 21, 1897 in Vevay.
I3 Eloise Rose b. Sept. 23, 1902, in Indianapolis.
I4 Elizabeth Barbara b. July 18, 1905 in Indianapolis.
I5 Clair Elisha b. June 14, 1906 in Indianapolis.
I7 Charles Maurice b. Aug. 31, 1912; d. 1916.
I8 Caleb Ralph b. May 21, 1914 in Indianapolis. n. f. r.

One child.—

One child.

A1 Charlene La Budde b. July 31, 1925—gifted in writing, music, art.


I1 Paul Henry b. July 26, 1914
I2 Lawrence Albert b. Nov. 22, 1916
I3 Wesley Maurice b. July 15, 1919
I4 Wilma Mae b. May 2, 1921
I5 Helen Rose b. July 18, 1925
    Helen Rose has artistic ability.
I6 Philip Andrew b. May, 15, 1927

The brothers, Roy, George and Philip are metal pattern workers in Link Belt Co., Indianapolis. All devout Christians, prominent in Salvation Army work. Philip, grad. Vevay H. S., has artistic ability. Holds residence at Moravia. George has published a book of poems.

a John Dickason Golay, grad. Vevay H. S., studied Agri. Purdue Univ. Farmer until 1925 when he entered Bldg. and Realty Bus., Cin, O. Residence Pleasant Ridge, O.

m. May 11, 1914, Grace Faber, Cin., O.


b Edith M. Grad. Vevay H. S.; Bible School; Nursing School, Cin. O. Also Palmer College Chiropractice, Davenport, Ia.; attended Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, O. Licensed by Calif. State Board of Chiropractic. Resides Los Angeles, Cal. Strong, beautiful character.

c Earl Wilbur. Grad. Vevay H. S., Purdue University and Bus. College, Cin., O. Bldg. and Realty bus. Columbus, O. Successful. m. Oct. 18, 1911, Gertie Simms, musician, Columbus, O.


d Grace Louise b. on birthday of her father and Aunt Cecile, Feb. 1st. Grad. Vevay H. S. and Ind. State College; taught East Chicago, Tulsa, Okl. Now teaches Public Schools, Los Angeles. m. July 24, 1928, Ulysses Shaw, grad. Vevay H. S.; Agri. Course Purdue University. Farmer; Sergeant, First Class, Quartermaster’s Dept., World War I. Since 1926 grain and milling bus., Los Angeles. No issue second marriage. Daut., Elizabeth, now in High School, of first wife, long since d.

8 Elisha Golay b. Feb. 28, 1845; d. Aug. 11, 1847
9 Josephine Eliza Golay b. Feb. 6, 1847; d. Feb. 24, 1911, diabetes; m. Mar. 9, 1873, Moses Crawford, brother of Rev. James Crawford, husband of her sister, Clara Go­lay. (Moses' first wife was dau. of Louis Golay) Moses was an inventor. Mentally ill for last years of his life.

Children of second wife—

a Constant Golay Crawford d. Apr. 28, 1933; m. Margaret Simms, registered nurse. No issue. Constant was foreman Pattern Shop and Metal Makers, Link Belt Co., Indianapolis.

b John Crawford, cabinet maker. d., when about thirty-three, in Calif. n. f. r.


10 Charles Edward Golay b. Dec. 29, 1848; d. Nov. 1900. m. Lorena Simmons June 1, 1894. One child.

a Marjorie m. Arthur McNamara, Freight Adjuster Penn. R. R., Indianapolis, Ind.  

11 Suzanne Marguerite Golay. b. Feb. 9, 1851; d. Oct., 1936; m. May 1, 1895, John B. Lamson, farmer, Craig Township, Ind. He preceded her in death more than seventeen years. No issue. (She was his second wife, the cousin of his first, Louise, dau. of Louis Golay.) They made several lengthy trips to Calif.


B Louis Golay m. Julia Le Clerc, sister of Robert E. Le Clerc, husband of Julie Morerod, whose mother was Antoinette Dufour, sister to Suzanne, Louis' mother. (See Antoinette line) Julia Golay was said to have been very unemotional and welcomed her husband home from a trip "down the river" as casually as if not been away more than an hour. Children—Clara, Louise, Mary, John, Lawrence. Adolphus. Prudence and Louis Albert d. infancy. Julia lived to be ten.

1 Clara, "Cal" to close friends, first wife to Moses Crawford. D. after birth of two dauts; Frances and Celestine.

a Frances m. John Baker, plumber, Indianapolis. After
birth of their four sons moved to Oklahoma City, 1907. Mr. Baker d. 1914. In 1926 the widow and her sons went to Los Angeles, Calif., where she died Feb. 1939. Children—Donald, Lawrence, Crawford, Le Clerc.

I Donald m. Esther Webber, Oklahoma City. Teacher in San Gabriel, Calif., schools. He is foreman in Lithograph Dept. of a printing plant, Los Angeles, Calif. No issue.

I Lawrence William m. Zola Cassidy, Guthrie Okl., Printing bus., Los Angeles, Calif. Children—
   A1 Frances E.
   A2 Cora Delores
   Both small.

I Crawford Robert, Printer Los Angeles, Unm.

I Le Clerc Golay, also printer, Los Angeles, unm. All three brothers in different companies.

b Celestine Crawford m. Herman Fuller, Illinois grocer. Now widow in Denver, Col., with her dau., Marian.

I Marian m. Michael Charles Sullivan, dentist.
   A1 Michael, Jr.

I Helen m. Wilbur P. Bennett, banker, Sacramento, Calif. No issue.

2 Louise Golay m. John B. Lamson, Apr. 10, 1856. She d. May 30, 1861, age 27. Children—
   a Julia b. Feb. 15, 1857, Craig Township, Switz. Co., Ind.;
   d. Hermosa Beach, Calif., Sept. 19, 1918; m. Mar. 27, 1884, Matthias Madary, Fresno, Calif. A. Switz. Co. native, made a fortune in lumber. Returned, after 6 yrs absence, and claimed his betrothed. Lived in a beautiful mansion. She was an artist, some of her paintings are in Vevay. Good business woman, civic leader. Helped establish the Fresno Moratorium where she was one of the first to be interred. He d. few yrs later. No issue.

3 Mary Golay m. Charles Early. Unfortunate union, soon dissolved. She d. about 1933. Children—
   a Edward d. unm, about 1932.
   b Carrie or Clara m. John J. O’Conner, Wholesale Dry-
goods bus., Topeka, Kansas. He d. 1932.

I Edward d. 1918, about 23.
She m. again, Mr. Macleod. n. f. r. about him. She d. Nov. 1941 after a long illness.

*John B. Lamson's second wife was Suzanne Golay, dau. of Constant. She was first cousin to his first wife.

4 John Golay d. unmarried about twenty-four years ago, Topeka, Kan. (?)


C Vincent Golay d. young, unmarried.

D Clarissa Golay m. Oct. 9, 1833, Dr. Wm. Armington, Greensburgh, Ind. She d. about 1850 leaving three sons, Aurelius, Augustus, Alfred and two dauts., Clara and Mary. Latter nurse now d. n. f. r.


F Albert Golay m. 1840, Sarah Anne Rebecca Williams, Pensacola, Fla. where many of his descendants yet live. Children:—Clarissa, Clarine H. Zerilda, Sabra, Susan, Malvina, Margaret, Albert Armington, and Vincent Joe.
1 Clarissa d. about two years old.
2 Clarine H. b. 1843; m. William Bell Runyan.
   Children—
   Albert Harkley, Manuel Gonzalez, William Bell, Anna Rebecca, Amos Golay
   a Albert Harkley Runyan m. Ruth White. Children;—
      I\textsuperscript{1} Lucille Runyan
      I\textsuperscript{2} Dorothy Runyan m. Husband’s name unknown.
      I\textsuperscript{3} Louise Runyan
      I\textsuperscript{4} Ruth Runyan
   b Manuel Gonzalez Runyan unmarried
   c William Bell Runyan m. Claire Silver of Ohio. Child;—
      I\textsuperscript{1} Nina Runyan
   d Anna Rebecca Runyan m. Willis Barnes, widower. No issue.
   e Amos Golay Runyan m. Modeste Wilkins. Children;—
      I\textsuperscript{1} William Bell Runyan, afflicted. d. at fifteen
      I\textsuperscript{2} Ethel Runyan
      I\textsuperscript{3} Amos Golay Runyan, afflicted.
3 Zerilda Golay m. George Garrett. She was married second time to an Episcopal minister, name unknown. She was lost in Galveston flood. Children;—
   a Louise Garrett, d. infancy
   b Charles Garrett, d. at sixteen
   c George Golay Garrett m. Wife’s name unknown. Had one daut. All dead.
4 Sabra Golay m. Hart Collins. No issue. Sabra taught for fifty years in Pensacola, Fla. d. there Jan. 24, 1932. A school was named for her.
5 Melvina Margaret Golay b. 1849 m. Philip F. Caro, an Italian.
   a Annie Le Clerc Caro b. Sept. 29, 1872 m. Gregory Julian Quina, Italian. Their children: Gregory Julian, Annie Malvina, Constantine Francis, Le Clerc Manuella, Phillip Anthony, Mary Sabra, Rachel Theresa. (Annie Quina has twice visited her cousin, Mrs. Susan Golay Lamson, near Vevay. She lives in Pensacola, Fla.; is
State Secretary, Catholic Daughters of America and officially connected with Court Madonna for a number of years. The Pensacola Journal publishes her poems often and a year or two ago, together with a Christmas poem, carried her picture with the caption, "A Pensacola Poet." She has been a widow for fifteen or sixteen years. Children—

I 1 Gregory Julian Quina m. Mary L. Fitzhugh, Nashville, Tenn. No issue. Adopted son, Donald Josef Quina.

I 2 Annie Malvina Quina—a Sister of Mercy

I 3 Constantine Francis Quina m. Emma Sanders. Children:—
   A 1 Catherine Emma Quina
   A 2 Norma Elizabeth Quina
   A 3 Constantine Francis Quina, Jr.
   A 4 Gregory Sanders Quina

I 4 Le Clerc Manuella Quina, a Sister of Mercy, d. Oct., 29, 1927

I 5 Philip Anthony Quina, d. infant

I 6 Mary Sabra Quina m. Philip Sanchez, Jr. Children:—
   A 1 Annie Le Clerc Sanchez
   A 2 Mary Sabra Sanchez
   A 3 Phillip Joseph Sanchez

I 7 Rachel Theresa Quina m. Henry B. Thorsen. Children:—
   A 1 Henry Bredal Thorsen
   A 2 Rose Mary Thorsen
   A 3 Annie Elizabeth Thorsen

b Philip Golay Caro m. Allie Mc David. Children:—
   I 1 Philip Mc David Caro m. Dorothy Andrews. Child.—
      A 1 Patricia Caro

I 2 Paul Wiley Caro m. Doris Hatton.
   A 1 Paul Caro, Jr.

c John Gormley Caro m. Catherine Baker. One child.
   I 1 John Gormley Caro Jr. m. Josie Burpe. One child
      A 1 Jack Caro

6 Albert Armington Golay d. m. Caroline Bell. Their children: Bell, Daisy, Edna Earl, Albert, Gam Bell Golay.
a Bell d. about two years old
b Daisy Golay m. Robert Robinson, one son, d. infancy
c Edna Earl Golay m. Norman Briggs. Children:
   I1 Elizabeth Briggs
   I2 Norman Briggs, Jr.
   I3 Edna Earl Briggs
d Albert Golay m. Grace Robertson. Portsmouth, Va (?)
   Children:
   I1 Elizabeth Golay m. Boyden James
   I2 Hubert Golay, in the navy
e Garn Bell Golay m. Mildred Rocheblave. One child,—
   I1 Albert Golay

7 Vincent Joe Golay d. m. Mollie Leonard. Their children:
   Travis L. and Edith, twins, Clarine Rebecca, Vincent, Dorothy
a Travis L. Golay m. Hallie Marlen. One child,—
   I1 Martha Golay
b Edith Golay m. J. T. Lake. Children:
   I1 Jack Lake
   I2 Rebecca Lake
c Clarine Rebecca Golay m. Walter Monroe. Children:
   I1 Jane Monroe
   I2 James Monroe
   Vincent and Dorothy Golay. n. f. r.

Notes on Chapter IX— Suzanne Marguerite Dufour Golay,
   Her Husband and Descendants

Miss Edith Golay, Los Angeles, Calif., great granddaughter of Judge
Golay, presented the Switzerland County Historical Society with a daguer-
reotype of the old Judge in a quaintly handsome tooled leather oval
frame which she says is well over one hundred and twenty-five years old.
Young, broad shouldered, shrewd eyed, he looks out upon the world with
dauntless, unruffled air; the same can not be said of his hair, carelessly
tossed back.

The writer is indebted to Mrs. Marjorie Golay McNamara, of In-
dianapolis, great granddaughter of Elisha for the following history of
the family. Through some foreign correspondence Mrs. McNamara ob-
tained a copy of an old French document of Bevaix, County of Neucha-
tel, Switzerland. This states; "The first Gaula (Golay), Guillaume,
(William) came with the Bernois, about 1536 into the Vallee of the Joux,
probably accompanying the conquerors and offering help to Geneva. In
1560 the Gaula family were purchasers of part of the lands of a convent,
then in liquidation. In the most ancient records the family were wood
cutters and then innkeepers. At the end of the sixteenth century Claude and Jean Golay, twins, became large land owners near the River Orbe at Risoux. The families of these two branches were very large, making a big contribution to emigration. The Golays had the reputation among their neighbors of being fond of birds. One finds among them many young canaries and buntings. A fine example of this characteristic is furnished in the Golay coat of arms; a shield with a crown and seven flowers, or ornaments, upon which a bird is perched.

In 1801 George Phillipe Golay and his son, Jacques David, wife and family started to America. The old man died en route and was buried at sea. David bought the land west of Vevay, now owned by the heirs of Dr. Theophile Danglade, pioneer physician. He died and was buried there but later his remains were interred on the land of his grandson, Constant Golay, east of Vevay.

The writer has the copy of the birth certificates of Jacques David Golay and some of his family. Apparently some of it has been lost. Paper is yellow with age but the ink still bright and the penmanship beautifully legible, written in French.


George Phillippe and Joseph were both horologers (clock and watchmakers.) The inference is they were brothers and business partners.

One son of Jacques David, Jacques Francoise, about nine years old, died of measles near Paris, en route to this country.

The other children, who married into the best pioneer families of Switzerland County, and have descendants among the Bakes, Ogle, Kirkpatrick, Shaw, Richards, Golay etc. families, were — Elisha, Suzanne Francoise, Louise Harriette, Elise (Eliza Anna), Charlotte, George David, Louis Frederick, Marianne, John Phillippe.

Mrs. Jane Brooks Golay b. Dec. 27, 1821; d. Apr. 14, 1914 wife of Phillippe, youngest child of Judge Elisha, gave to the writer the old family Bible, brought to this country in 1801. It is a large folio volume, bound in leather, Noerville edition. Revue et Corrigee avec Soin, A. Bienne. M. D. C. LX. Illustrated by funny little wood cuts. Is in French language.
CHAPTER X

Jeanne Marie Dufour Siebenthal and Her Descendants.

Jeanne Marie was born in Sales Commune du Chatelard, Montreaux, Switzerland, May fourth, probably 1787; married Jean Francois Siebenthal, 1806, Jessamine County, Ky, the "First Vineyard", just before they came to the Swiss Colony at Vevay.

Siebenthal had come with his father, Francis Louis, a widower, from Switzerland, on the same voyage as the Dufour family in 1801.

Jean Francois became a leading member of the Swiss Settlement. When a youth, along with a number of other young men of prominent families, he was sentenced to imprisonment for debt, a sentence never carried out as the debt was paid.

He was first sheriff of Switzerland County after it was organized by Territorial Legislation, appointed by Gov. Thomas Posey and gave bond with security for four thousand dollars. This office he held under the governor's commission until 1817 when the state government was formed. Then he was elected to the same office, serving until 1820. In 1822 was re-elected and again re-elected for four years more.

In 1818 he was required to execute the court order to publicly whip one John Jones, for larceny. But when another man received the same sentence, Siebenthal would not administer the lashing—once was too much. This punishment was discontinued after 1824, only two having suffered it. Siebenthal served as revenue collector from 1814 until 1827.

He built a large two story brick residence on his farm, at the western edge of Vevay and lived there many years. Although erected more than one hundred years ago, it is in good repair. A broad concrete front porch has replaced the conventional, little frame portico of the time, which now does duty at the rear. The substantial, old building is at state cross roads,
leading to Madison and Versailles. The broad hall, thick walls and different floor levels, showing convenience was no factor to the old time builders, testify to its age.

The entire upper floor was originally one great room and three smaller ones, full of old furniture, breathing of the past. The garret stairs are so unexpected one wonders if the garret were meant as a hiding place from pioneer dangers. A few steps to a cupboardlike door through which you see more steps wide apart, not in front, but at one side, led up to a mysteriously fascinating darkness.

Mr. and Mrs. Siebenthal spent their declining years in Cincinnati, O. with their children. There Mrs. S. died Feb. 8, 1857. Her husband followed July 7, the same year. So, death did not separate them long.

1 Jeanne Marie Dufour m. Jean Francois Siebenthal, 1806. Children:—Benjamin,Liverstev, Helvetius, Pauline, Eliza, Cecile and Marie Justine.

A. Benjamin Francois b. 1807; d. Mar. 6, 1883; m. Dec. 10, 1829 (The Court House records in possession of writer) Elizabeth Jones, daut. Steve and Elizabeth Roberts Jones. (The latter probably the Elizabeth Jones allowed a dollar for killing a wolf in 1814, as related in Perret Dufour's history) Benjamin's wife b. 1806; d. Mar. 26, 1880. Death divided them only twenty days. He is said to be the first white male b. in the Swiss Colony. Children:—Perret,Eliza, Fleming, John Aime,' Andrew Jackson, Mary.


a Sarah Elizabeth b. Dec. 12, 1855; d. Dec. 17, 1932; m. Mr. Chas. Harvey. Went to Calif. Both d. One daut. living. n.f.r.


c Benjamin Franklin b. May 30, 1860; m. Phema Rawlinson. Two children living:—

11 Beulah m. Richard Tyree. Have two children. Live
Lindsay, Calif.

I\textsuperscript{2} Bradford. n.f.r.

d Mary Ellen b. May 3, 1862; d. Sept. 29, 1938; m. Louis Atwater, M.D. Lives Riverside, Calif. No issue. Mary Ellen was a nurse.

e Jacob Francis b. May 15, 1869; m. Mary — in Calif. She is dead. Employed in oil fields. Has two children. Live in Riverside, Calif. has been away from birthplace in Indiana more than fifty years. n.f.r.

f Isaac Fleming b. Feb. 2, 1859; d. Jan. 10, 1940; m. Feb. 10, 1881, Nancy Adeline Wilkins who d. Dec. 5, 1937. Lived Manville, Ind. Like many of his family was miller and then a farmer. Old age unusually hale and hearty. Shortly before his death was the subject of an interesting newspaper article, featuring an old mill he had run and eulogizing his energy, physical and mental. Children:—Sylvia Ellen, Bertie Francis, John Henry, Edgar, Sarah Elizabeth, Louis, Abbie, Mary Jane.


Children:—Icy Marie, Opal Agnes, Russel Lewis, Abbie Irene, Martha Myrtle.

A\textsuperscript{1} Icy Marie b. June 12, 1900; m. 1928, Alex Copeland farmer near Manville, Ind. b. 1885. Children:—

1\textsuperscript{1} Victor Gene b. Nov. 15, 1929.
1\textsuperscript{2} Robert Louis b. July 2, 1931.
1\textsuperscript{3} Johnnie Fredd b. Jan. 27, 1933.

A\textsuperscript{2} Opal Agnes b. Mar. 8, 1908, teacher in Colorado.

1\textsuperscript{1} Patricia Anne b. July 17, 1939.

A\textsuperscript{5} Martha Myrtle b. Sept. 16, 1920; d. Mar. 5, 1935.


   1ª Patricia June b. June 21, 1934.
   1ª Chas. Edward b. Sept. 10, 1939.


   1ª Joann b. Nov. 28, 1936.


   A² Kenneth b. Aug. 15, 1926.
   A³ Frieda Mae b. Apr. 24, 1929.


I⁸ Mary Jane Siebenthal b. May 20, 1900; m. Oct. 11,


A 3 Edna Ellen b. Nov. 11, 1921, engaged in secretarial work in Indianapolis, Ind.


2 Eliza Siebenthal d. 1868; m. John Brown. Only child:—

a Andrew J. Brown, miller; m. Sarah Smith. Vevay, both d. some years. Only child:—


a Orlena m. Daniel Voorhies Seavers, school teacher, Florence, Ind.; d. some years ago. Mrs. Seavers lives in Oklahoma with a daut. school teacher.

I 1 Helen Seavers m. Henry Tracey, lawyer. She teaches school. Lives at Tuttle, Okla. No issue.

I 2 Elizabeth Seavers m. Ralph Hamilton, salesman, Houston, Pa.

A 1 Helen Hamilton.

I 3 Douglas Seavers, unmarried. Electrician in Mo.

b Bess Siebenthal m. Frank Packingham, farmer, Florence, Ind. No issue.

with her husband for Seattle about thirty-five years ago.) Children:—
I¹ Vivien Scott m. Russell Palmer, near Berkley, Calif.
   A¹ Jack Palmer, Los Angeles printer. Married. n.f.r.
I² Marion Scott m. Dorothy Johnson.
   A¹ Patricia Ann Scott.
I³ Helen Scott m. Mr. Cathers.
I⁴ Robert Scott m. Mildred Carne.
   A¹ Gerald Scott.
   A² Jack Scott.
   A³ Claudette Scott.
I⁵ Emma Scott m. Charles L. Darst.
   A¹ Louise Marylin Darst.

d Edgar Siebenthal m. Alice English. Lives at Toledo, O.
I¹ Alberta Siebenthal.
I² Kirby Siebenthal m. Jerry Wilmont.
e Ernest Siebenthal d. minister of Christian Church; m. Alice Simonton.
I¹ Howard Siebenthal m. Gretel Moore.
   A¹ Romaine Siebenthal.
   A² Edith May Siebenthal.
I² Stanley Siebenthal m. Cornelia Calkins.
   A¹ Cornelia Marie Siebenthal.
I³ Gertrude Siebenthal m. Elmer McConnaghy.
   A¹ Virginia McConnaghy.
I⁴ Carroll Siebenthal m. Wilma Lawton.
   A¹ Carolyn Sue Siebenthal.
I⁵ Gretchen Siebenthal m. 1940, Louis Vance, Cincinnati, O.

f Charles Siebenthal, musician, d. early; unm.

4 John Aimé' Siebenthal, miller and Civil War veteran; m. Annie McKay, daut. Isaac and Annie Shaw McKay. Both
d. at Bloomington some years ago. Children:—
a Claude Ellsworth b. 1869 in Vevay; d. Daytona Beach, Florida, March 1, 1930. Interment Bloomington, Ind. m.
1904, Myrtle Madden, Olney, Ill. No issue. Widely known geologist and specialist on lead and zinc, U. S.
Geological Survey; Degrees from several universities; member Geological Society of Am.; Am. Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers; Cosmos Club; Pick and Hammer Club. Made series of relief maps of stages of Pleistocene Lake Chicago which attracted wide attention; author of many works on geological researches. Stationed in Washington, D. C.

b Maude, b. Vevay; d. Washington, D. C. shortly after death of her brother to whom she was devoted. Grad. Ind. U. Employed as an artist in Entomological Dept. Wash., D. C.

5 Andrew Jackson Siebenthal d. 1928. Miller. The Siebenthalers were a dynasty of millers, chiefly grist. They ran mills at different times, at Vevay, Florence, Long Run and Manville, Ind. The three brothers, Perret, Fleming and Jack were all Civil War veterans. M. Mar. 4, 1873, Onisca Wenonah Netherland, b. Feb. 22, 1853; d. Nov. 30, 1940. Very remarkable woman. Named for Indian nurse, her mother d. at her birth. Ed. Midway Academy, in Ky. Taught school before marriage. When her husband failed in health and business she moved to Bloomington, Ind. to give her children opportunity to attend I. U. Numbered among her friends many of I. U. faculty. Leader in all activities of Christian Church; life member W.T.C.U. in which she was tireless worker; mem. of Eastern Star and Historical Society; civic leader, good neighbor and friend. Charm of personality and intellectual alertness was hers to the last, as also a dauntless buoyancy that made her a wonderful asset to any community. A wonderful wife and mother, she cared for an invalid husband for years and left a fine heritage to her country in the family she reared and her influence lives on in her children and grand children, who, as useful citizens, are carrying on the torch she lighted for them. Mrs. Siebenthal traced her lineage to Revolutionary ancestry and kinship with President James Madison. Children:—Ward, Wade Anthon, Mary, Lane Estill, Nola Alma, Tait Evert, Mottier, Tracey, and twins, Pauline and Percy Rous.

a Ward A., farmer in Texas. Enlisted in Spanish-American War, saw service during entire war in Phillipines. M. No information about wife. Separated. Son, John,
in business in Bloomington, Ind.

b Wade Anthon b. Vevay, Jan. 6, 1874; d. Mar., 1935 at Tucson, Ariz. Interment, Vevay. Noted mining engineer and Supt. mining at Republic, Mich., for many years. During World War was detailed to investigate manganese production possibilities. At Phillipsburg, Montana he developed mines, without which manufacture of some war materials would have been impossible. Poor health made residency necessary in Arizona where he was employed as consulting engineer. Was mem. Am. Institute Mining and Metallurgical Engineers; 32nd. degree Mason and Shriner; Grad. I. U. 1903; Sigma Chi; prominent in Christian Church. M. Elizabeth Heller, b. Wisconsin who survives; teacher and lecturer, Tucson, Arizona. Children:—Helen, Wilda Anne and Mary Elizabeth, d. after three days of life.


1 Mary, grad. of I. U. m, Aug. 29, 1938, Alfred Beck, lawyer, Evanston, Ill.

A1 Alfred Beck, Jr. b. July, 1940.

institutions. No issue.

I\(^e\) Robert in business Bloomington, Ind. Attended I. U.


I\(^f\) Thomas Lane Curry b. 1922. Gives promise of distinction as pianist and violinist.

f Tait Evert, attended I. U. Supt. iron mines, Nashwauk, Minn. Also civil engineer. In 1922 removed large hill in the city of Rio Janeiro, Brazil, making much more valuable land in the heart of the city, now covered with air ports, business buildings etc. The project was written up in the National Geographic, 1940. m. Rosilda Frizze, French Canadian. d. some years ago.

I\(^g\) William Sen. Law Dept. Minn. University.

I\(^h\) Mottier. Fresh. Mining Engineering Dept., University of New Mexico.

m. 1923 Alice Tracey b. Wisconsin. No issue.

g Mottier d. early childhood, diphtheria.

h Tracey d. July 13, 1890, infant.

i Percy Rous. j. Pauline, twins. The former d. early infancy. Pauline, grad. I. U. Held world record in pole vault, while in college, 1915-1916. Lawyer. m. George Bridengager, also lawyer, and P. M., Liberty, Ind. Children; Charles Andrew, and George Franklin, about ten and eight.

6 Mary Siebenthal m. George McKay, Craig Township, Ind. farmer. Both d. many years. Children:—Scott, Ben, Wm., Anna, Georgia, Edna.

a Scott McKay m. Helen Jewett. Lived in Fresno, Calif. Died there. Children:—Warren and Helen, both m. and living in Calif.

b Ben McKay m. Elva Stoops. She grad. Vevay, H. S. Have lived in Arcadia Calif. many years. Retired rancher, Children:—Thelma and Scott.

I\(^i\) Thelma m. Mr. McIntosh, South Pasadena, Calif.

A\(^i\) Bruce McIntosh. Eight or nine.

I\(^j\) Scott, Gov. employee, Gamba, Canal Zone, Expert in steam and Diesel engines.

c Josie McKay (eldest of the family) m. Albert Grey, Brooksburgh, Ind. Moved to Anderson, Ind., where she
died some years ago. Children:—Hilda, Wilbur, Harold.

I. Hilda Grey. d.

I. Wilbur Grey m. ? Living at Anderson, Ind.

I. Harold Grey m. ? Living at Anderson, Ind. n. f. r.

d William McKay m. Myrtle Craig (niece of Mrs. Andrew Schenck. Later Mrs. Wm. Fry). He disappeared when his two children were small.

I. Lewis Craig McKay d. unmarried some years ago in Chicago, Ill.


e Anna McKay died when a college student.

f Georgia d. unm. at Lamb, Ind.

g Edna McKay m. April 28, 1901, George Scott, Supt. Schools, Blythe, Calif. Children:—

I. Wilbur Scott, Tourist Camp and filling station bus., Blythe. m. Mary Cambon, were divorced. No issue.

m. Dorothy—?

A. Kenneth Scott, infant.

I. Hazel Scott m. George Dunagan, rancher near Blythe.

A. Mary Louise Dunagan.

A. Nancy Ann Dunagan.

A. Georgia May Dunagan.

A. Donald Ross Dunagan.

I. Reba Scott m. Paul B. Jones, Cotton and wheat buyer, near Fresno.

A. George Charles Jones.

A. Betty Jones.


B Lvester Siebenthal m. wife’s name unknown. One son and one daughter somewhere in Texas. n.f.r.

C Helvetius Siebenthal m. Wife’s name unknown. Two
Pauline Siebenthal m. Emil Amiel Wegelin, French. Very eccentric. Lived in Cin., O. She was a quiet, sympathetic personality, facing her troubles tranquilly. Died Feb. 2, a few years before her eighty-second birthday. Her husband died some years before. Had nine sons:

1 Edgar.
2 William.
3 George.
4 Paul.
5 Charles
All these died unmarried, Charles age, sixty-five; Paul, thirty-six. He was Adjutant of First Ohio National Guards.
6 Francis m. Louise Brightenback. n.f.r.
7 Rufus m. Kate Voight. One child:
   a Carston m. Miss Carey.
      1 Carston, Jr.
8 Gustave Adolphus m. Isabell Oldcraft, He d. March 24, 1930 at Carthage O., aged seventy-nine. A Mason. n.f.r.
9 Victor m. Kitty Hull, extremely tiny woman. She d. 1936; he d. Dec. 2, 1933.
   a Kitty Jr. m. Joseph Swartz. Both d.
      1 Jackson Wegelin Swartz. n.f.r. The Wegelin branch seems almost extinct.

Cecilia (or Celestine) Siebenthal m. James Vaughn.
1 Van Buren Vaughn. n.f.r.
2 John Francis Vaughn.

Eliza Jane Siebenthal m. John J. Dumont. Children:
Harriette, John, Antoinette, Eugene, Charles, Matilda, William.
1 Harriette d. May 3, 1923, aged eighty-one. m. Elias A. Ehler, d. Apr. 14, 1898, Cin. O. Children:—George, Annie, Charles, Mary, Blanche, Herbert.
I^1 Harriette b. June, 1889 d. in infancy.
I^2 Geneva b. June 29, 1890.
I^3 Helen Bertha b. Mar., 1892.
I^4 Kathryne b. Sept. 1894; d. 1901, Oak Park, Ill.
b Annie L. b. Oct. 24, 1867 m. May 24, 1887, at Mt.
Lookout, Cin. O., Hugh Knox Miles, N. Y. now Cin.
Retired R. R. employe since 1935. Spend winters in
Clearwater, Fla. No issue.
c Charles E. b. Aug. 27, 1869; d. June 14, 1913, El Paso,
Tex.; m. Nov. 16, 1892, Henriette Yahle of Penn.
d. 1934, Phoenix, Ariz. Children:—
I^2 Arthur Stanley b. Apr. 2, 1900. In the Navy, d.
March, 1941; m. Aug. 24, 1921, Ruth Jones.
I^3 Fred Hack b. Feb. 11, 1905 in Mexico. m. Joyce
Gilson, Warren, Ariz.
d Mary E. b. July 29, 1871; m. Nov. 28, 1889, Walnut
Hills, Cin., Harry L. Miller who d. Nov. 22, 1924, age
fifty-five. Children:—
I^1 Morris E. b. Apr. 27, 1893; m. Nov. 16, 1921,
Margaret Moyer, Constance, Ky.
I^2 Henrietta F. b. Mar. 6, 1891; d. May 1, 1891, Cin.
I^3 Ormonde B. b. Apr. 22, 1896; d. Feb. 25, 1921; m.
May Hudson, Cin. Divorced.
I^4 Clarence C. b. July 29, 1907; m. Aug. 9, 1931,
Dorothy Wolf, Cin. Divorced. m. again, Oct. 17,
Georgia Haun, Columbus, O.
I^5 Harry L. Jr., b. June 24, 1912; m. Mar. 8, 1932,
Florence Martin, Cin.
Mrs. Mary Ehler Miller reports she has five grand-
daughters. n.f.r.
e Blanche H. b. June 28, 1873; d. May 8, 1887, Lookout
Mt., Cin.
f Herbert B. b. June 30, 1876; m. Mar. 26, 1895, Sadie
Morton, Cin.
I^1 Byron b. Mar. 12, 1896.
2 John Dumont. Served in Civil War. Lived Topeka, Kansas. Wife’s name unknown. Children:—
   a Maud, South Bend, Ind.
   b Arthur, Des Moines, Ia.
   c Another daughter, Houston, Tex.
      n. f. r.
3 Antoinette Dumont m. Alfred Stout, well known family of Ohio, with long genealogical record. Lived awhile in Cin., afterwards in Calif. where she d. Children:—
   a Fred, Cin. O.
   b Robert.
   c Frank d. auto accident few years ago, in Calif. His wife also instantly killed.
   d Anawalt m. Carrie — ?, Manchester, O. (Her father was Captain of Str. Longfellow that sank in a fog, leaving the Cin. wharf.) Four children, first died at birth. n.f.r.
4 Jean or Eugene Dumont. m. Carrie—? Children:—
   a Charles T. Dumont m. Laura Long, Reading, O.
   b Henry E. Dumont m. Isabelle—, Canada.
5 Matilda Dumont, d. at 24 yrs.
6 Charles T. Dumont, lawyer and judge, police courts, Cin., O. d. some years ago. m. first wife, Kate Wilkerson, Carthage, O. Their children:—Mabel Matilda, Clara Gertrude, Wilfred Mears and Theodore Le Clerc.
   a Mabel Matilda Dumont b. 1876; m. Louis Robert Paul, English-German extraction. Coal business, Dayton, O. Their children:—Kathryn and Louis Julius Paul.
      I1 Kathryn Dumont Paul b. 1902; m. Max P. Baker, aeronautic engineer, Dayton, O. Children:—
         A1 Thomas J. Baker, age 16.
         A1 Mary Margaret Paul.
         A2 Cynthia Le Clerc Paul. Both minors.
b Clara Gertrude Dumont d. age 14.
c Wilfred Mears Dumont b. 1884, owns trucking corporation, Paducah, Ky. m. Mildred Forster, Seattle, Wash. Divorced. One child.—
   I¹ Dorothy Dumont who lives with her mother in Madison, Wisconsin. m. second time. Wife’s name unknown.
   I² Patricia Dumont.
   I³ Michael Dumont. Both minors.
d Theodore Le Clerc Dumont b. 1887; retired naval officer. Lives at Bellevue, Ky. m. Catherine Wentworth.
   I¹ Theodore Edgar Dumont, brilliant student, senior at Cincinnati University.
   After the death of his first wife Judge Charles T. Dumont married Bertha Reeder. Children:—
a Charles T. Dumont III b. 1900, salesman of J. B. Ford Co., Cin., O. m. Johneta Wuest b. 1899, a sister of Lilian Wuest, Ass’t Librarian of Philosophical and Historical Society of Ohio, at Cin.
   I¹ Mary Ellen Dumont, about 14.
b Elizabeth Dumont b. 1903; m. Herbert Bauer b. 1903, employed in the Main Office of Sears Roebuck Co., Oak Park, Ill.
   I¹ Herbert Bauer, Jr. about 8.

7 William Dumont lived in the west. Wife’s name unknown. A granddaughter, Mrs. Donna Salter, lives at 2409 S. 6th Ave., Arcadia, Calif. Husband a physician. n.f.r.

After the death of his first wife, Eliza Siebenthal, John J. Dumont m. Josephine Lucas Hayes, Lawrenceburgh, Ind., widow of Gen. Hayes and sister of Gen. Lucas. John J. was b. in Vevay. He and Dr. Gatling invented the Gatling gun which was manufactured at Dumont and Sinker Boiler Works, Indianapolis. Later moved to Cin. He served on the Commission that determined the boundary between Ohio and Indiana.

(His brother, C. T. Dumont I, was in St. Boat boiler business, Cin. d. 1895. The Str. C. T. Dumont, on the Ohio River, named for him).

J. J. Dumont had one daughter, Marie, by second wife.
G Justine Marie Siebenthal m. John Emmanuel Mottier, b. Canton de Vaud, Switzerland, Aug. 9, 1801. Came to America 1818. Was married Apr. 25, 1827.

FAMILY AND DESCENDANTS OF JUSTINE MARIA SIEBENTHAL MOTTIER

1 Albert Emanuel Mottier, s. John Emanuel and Justine Maria (Siebenthal) Mottier; b. Hamilton Co., Ohio, Feb. 22, 1837; moved to farm near Gibson City, Ill., Feb. 28, 1880; farmer; d. Gibson City, Ill., July 11, 1895; c. Gibson City, Ill.; m. Farmington, Ill., Nov. 27, 1860, Parthenia Ellen Gentle, dau. John and Louisa Ellen (Higdon) Gentle; b. near Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 4, 1838; d. Gibson City, Ill., March 14, 1907; c. Gibson City, Ill.

Children:


b William Clarence Mottier, b. Hamilton Co., Ohio, Sept. 4, 1863; moved to Gibson City, Feb. 28, 1880; farmer and florist; a. Gibson City, Ill.; m. near Gibson City, Ill., Aug. 2, 1885, Catherine Cryder Trailor, dau. George Henry and Mary Alice (Butts) Trailor; b. near Princeton, Ill., Nov. 10, 1865; moved to Chatsworth, Ill. about 1867; moved to Gibson City, Ill. in 1874.

Children:

1 Fannie Schuler Mottier, b. near Gibson City, Ill., May 13, 1886; a. 6439 Woodlawn Ave., Chicago, Ill.; m. Gibson City, Ill., July 19, 1913, Charles Manley Bell, s. Chas. Henry and Alice Viola (Manley) Bell; b. Tolono, Ill., April 12, 1887; Univ. of Ill. B. S. in Civil Engr. 1910; Asst. Eng. I. C. R. R.

Child:


I2 Arlie Zelia Mottier, b. near Gibson City, Ill., May 13, 1886; a. Tonkawa, Okla.; m. Gibson City, Ill. Dec. 29, 1908, Ralph Eric Patterson, s. Sylvester and Margaret Catherine (Michel) Patterson; b. Chenoa, Ill., Aug. 17, 1882; Univ. of Ill. 1900-01; Electrical en-
gineer.
Child:
A\textsuperscript{1} William Sylvester Patterson, b. Tonkawa, Okla.,
Taylorville, Ill.
I\textsuperscript{3} Charles Helvetius Mottier, b. near Gibson City, Ill.
April 21, 1888; Univ. of Ill. B. B. in Civil Engr. 1910, Univ. of Ill. C. E. 1923; Engr. of Design I. C.
R R.; a. 6513 Woodlawn Ave., Chicago, Ill., m. Boyne
City, Mich., Aug. 12, 1915, Myrtle May Robinson,
dau. Wm. and Norah Anna (Morehouse) Robinson;
b. New Decatur, Ala., Nov. 3, 1888; Northwestern
Univ. (Medical College) R. N. 1915.
Children:
A\textsuperscript{1} Katheryn Louise Mottier, b. Chicago, Ill., June
15, 1916.
A\textsuperscript{2} Margaret Charleyen Mottier, b. Chicago, Ill., Oct.
22, 1921.
A\textsuperscript{3} Charles Helvetius Mottier, Jr., b. Chicago, Ill.,
Aug. 6, 1924.
c Walter Favor Mottier, b. Hamilton Co., Ohio, July 17,
1867; moved to Gibson City, Ill., Feb. 28, 1880; to El
Campo, Texas, Sept. 17, 1916; farmer and inventor; a.
El Campo, Texas; m. Gibson City Ill., Jan. 30, 1890,
Mamie Victoria Morgan Rockwood, dau. Charles Edward
and Rebecca Morgan; b. Chicago, Ill., Jan.
31, 1866; father did not return from Civil War and
mother died Dec. 9, 1868; she was adopted by John
and Sarah Rockwood at Normal, Ill., in May, 1869; a.
21 Old Shore Rd., Maple Bluff, Madison, Wis.
Children:
I\textsuperscript{1} Julia Louise Mottier, b. near Gibson City, Ill., Oct.
15, 1893; Univ. of Ill., A. B. 1916; Univ. of Wis.
M.S. 1929, Univ. of Wis. Ph.D. 1932; college teacher;
a. 21 Old Shore Rd., Maple Bluff, Madison, Wis.; m.
El Campo, Texas, June 20, 1917 (1st marriage),
William Leonard Frank, s. Leonard Michael and
Caroline (Meider) Frank; b. Chicago, Ill., Feb. 13,
1891; Univ. of Ill. A. B. B. S. agr. 1914; farmer;
d. El Campo, Texas, Jan. 9, 1921; c. El Campo, Texas.
Children:
A1 Infant son (not named); b. near El Campo, Tex.,
Apr. 3, 1918; d. near El Campo, Tex., Apr. 8,
1918; c. El Campo, Tex.

A2 Rosemary Lynette Frank, b. near El Campo, Tex.,
June 7, 1919.

Julia Louise Mottier Frank; m. Madison, Wis., Aug.
8, 1931 (2nd marriage) William Laughlan Nofsker,
s. William Harvey and Ada Belle (Carnahan) Nof­
sker; b. Creekside, Pa., Aug. 29, 1898; Alleghany
College and Univ. of Wis. (not a graduate); athletic
director and salesman.

I2 Sarah Blanch Mottier, b. near Gibson City, Ill., Dec.
29, 1894; d. near Gibson City, Ill., Feb. 9, 1895; c.
Gibson City, Ill.

I3 Infant son (still born, not named); b. near Gibson
City, Ill., Dec. 12, 1895; d. near Gibson City, Ill., Dec.
12, 1895; c. Gibson City, Ill.

I4 John Albert Mottier, b. near Gibson City, Ill.,
Nov. 18, 1896; Univ. of Ill. agr. 1919-21; world war—
coxswain in navy and on destroyer 1917-19; florist
and nurseryman; a. 21 Old Shore Rd., Maple Bluff,
Madison, Wis., m. Rockford, Ill., June 24, 1923 (di­
vorced July, 1930); Lillian Esther Peterson, daut.,
Swan and Sarah (Moline) Peterson; b. Gibson City,
Ill., Oct. 29, 1896; Rockford Teachers' Training
School 1915-16, Univ. of Ill. 1920-21; teacher; a. 1055
E. State St., Rockford, Ill.

Child:

A1 John Albert Mottier, Jr., b. Rockford, Ill.,

I5 Parthenia Irene Mottier, b. near Gibson City, Ill.,
Jan. 22, 1899; Univ. of Ill., 1918-20; a. 12055 Yellow­
stone Ave., Detroit, Mich.; m. San Antonio, Texas,
July, 30, 1921, John Abraham Waugh, s. William Ho­
ward and Sarah (Abraham) Waugh; b. near Mt.
Pleasant, Ia., July 6, 1894; world war—U. S. Navy,
1st class musician; School of Electrical Engineering;
Milwaukee, Wis., 1919-21.

Children:

20, 1922.

I⁶ Walter Clair Mottier, b. near Gibson City, Ill., Sept. 3, 1902; Univ. of Ill. 1922-23; a. Pierce, Texas; mechanic.

d Julia Gentle Mottier, b. Hamilton Co., Ohio, Jan. 7, 1875; d. near Gibson City, Ill., Aug. 2, 1890; c. Gibson City, Ill.

Footnote. The information concerning the descendants of Marie Justine Siebenthal Mottier furnished by her great grandson, Charles H. Mottier, Engineering Assistant to the Vice-President of the Illinois Central, at the time this was given me, 3-21-'38, has been very carefully and exactly worked out. Mr. Mottier very generously relinquished his plan of writing the Dufour history when he found I was engaged in the same project.

The de Siebenthal family dates back to Rudolphe de Siebenthal, 1166. He was a native of Canton of Berne, Switzerland.

The name is said to have been evolved from the place of residence, Sieben, and Thal, valley. During the Middle Ages, according to the Chronicle, the Siebenthals were knights, living by hunting and pillage, as was the custom in those times, taking refuge from their enemies in their fortified towns. The family has a coat-of-arms.

The above information was furnished by Charles H. Mottier who obtained it from foreign archives.
CHAPTER XI

The Dufour Sisters

It is to be regretted the personalities of the three sisters are not as well known as those of their brothers and husbands who stamped themselves so strongly on the colony they were so great a part in creating. We know they must have been women of strong character who bravely bore the hardships of pioneer life.

Even more than forefathers, foremothers should come in for their share of our gratitude and veneration, because their difficulties must have been twice as great as those of their men. They boosted untiringly, remaining patiently in the background, bearing their families, and keeping the home fires burning, with all that meant in those arduous times.

They spun, they wove, they knit, mended and darned (Probably in more ways than one, if they had any ginger). Their experiences were not fraught with the glamour of adventure that often seasoned those of their men. The mere thought of their heroic endurance of inconveniences of all sorts is enough to cause us, grown “soft” through our modern comforts, to “gooseflesh” and feel altogether unworthy. We have a sneaking feeling they might be heartily ashamed of us as failing to justify our heritage.

The Dufour sisters lived long enough to enjoy the fruits of their labors in the fine homes, built for them by their husbands, as well as freedom from financial worries. These houses were so substantially put together that they are still in such a good state of preservation that their age would never be suspected.

Suzanne lived to be eighty, her husband, Judge Elisha Golay, outlived her just a year; Jeanne Marie died at seventy, her husband, Jean Francois Siebenthal, according to some of the records, four years her junior, lived only five months longer; Antoinette passed on at seventy six, Feb. 10, 1857, just two days after Jeanne. She outlived her husband, Jean Daniel Morerod, nineteen
years. He was twelve years her senior. Antoinette was a helpless paralytic years before her death.

Nowadays when the span of life has increased, these ages do not seem old. Most of their descendants in the next generation, lived much longer. As a matter of fact the dates of their births have been variously given and considerable uncertainty is involved except in the case of Antoinette whose dates are taken from her gravestone.

These three sisters and their three younger brothers were children of Jean Jacques Rudolf Dufour, by his second wife, Suzanne Marie Dubochet de Chernix. The first wife was a Mademoiselle Cattail.

Antoinette was the mother of four daughters and three sons; Jeanne Marie, three sons and four daughters and Suzanne, five sons and one daughter. Their children were more prolific, especially those of the last two sisters.

There has been a sprinkling of Baptists among their descendants but those of Antoinette were chiefly Presbyterian with some Methodists; those of Suzanne, the most pious branch, were mostly Methodists so far as can be ascertained while Jeanne Marie’s were of various beliefs, including many members of the Christian Church. Some of the southern branch of Suzanne, which intermarried with Italians, were Catholic as was also the family of Jean Franklin, youngest son of Jean Francois.

The Dufour girls seemed to have had a certain amount of business ability as they were admitted into free partnership on equal terms, with their brothers, in the Vineyard Association, and later when they came to the Swiss Settlement at Vevay, the land brought from Congress was divided equally among the boys and girls.

In Jean Jacques’ diary there is an entry of indebtedness to Jeanne Marie for money she had advanced to him, which seems to prove also these young women held their own purses. They brought with them from Switzerland the ability to weave a certain kind of straw hat much in demand in this country. When one of the brothers took six of these to Cincinnati to sell, he was offered a piece of land, now a public square, variously said to be the site of the Court House, Spencer Hotel etc. in exchange for the hats. He felt obliged to refuse because they needed groceries too much.

The fact that Antoinette was made, by her husband, sole
executrix of his will, seems to prove his opinion of his wife’s business ability. At that early date it was unusual to accredit a mere woman with such acumen.

The husbands of all three sisters were “known in the gates when they sat among the elders of the people.” Judge Golay was, perhaps, the most prominent, being active in military and judicial, as well as civic affairs, but they were all men of importance and substance, as well as the Dufours, their brothers-in-law.

Jean Jacques and Jean Daniel married in their native country. Jean David wed an American as did the other two brothers. Jean Francois’ wife was from N. C. and Aime’ married in the New Orleans neighborhood.

It is interesting to note these sisters were not called upon to bear the numerous progeny, characteristic of many pioneer women, who worn out by work and child bearing, gave up the ghost early, leaving their husbands to marry and re-marry “ad-lib.” Most of the descendants were not unduly prolific, either. In many instances husband and wife grew old together, surviving each other but a short time. Many of the wives did the surviving—“if any.”
CHAPTER XII

My Grandmother, Mrs. Julie Elsie Le Clerc, Pioneer Business Woman of Southern Indiana and her Household.

Some of my fondest childhood recollections are of my grandmother, and her home, the old LeClerc House, now the Swiss Inn of Vevay, Indiana. I have always felt a great pity for those deprived of the happiness of close association with a grandmother. Both of my grandfathers and my paternal grandmother, passed off the stage of life before I came on, but my mother's mother quite made up to me for the others.

She was a very remarkable woman in many respects, but it was only as I grew older that I realized this. As children are wont to do, her grandchildren took her too much for granted. She was to us, “just Grandma, a tower of refuge and of strength, a very present help in time of trouble.” But was not that to be expected of a grandmother? The fact that she was unusual grows on us with the years which sharpen the perspective.

Her oldest grandchild, writing of her when he, himself, was well along the pathway of life, says; “It was only after Grandma’s death that I was impressed with the fact that she was a remarkable person and how much we all loved her, though I doubt if any of us ever told her so, in so many words. She was always cheerful and apparently happy, a contented spirit, and in her daily life, an exemplification of, “Love thy neighbor as thyself” and “Do unto others as you would be done by.” I know now she had many burdens to carry but she never uttered a complaint.”

Julie Elsie was the daughter of Jean Daniel Morerod (pronounced Mo’ro’) and Antoinette Dufour Morerod, eldest sister of the Dufour brothers.

In October 1832 she was married, before she was twenty, to Robert E. LeClerc, born of French parentage, in Detroit, Michigan. It gave me quite a turn when recently I discovered in the old family attic, some letters of Grandfather to Grandmother and one of hers to him. It was hard to think of her as other than
I knew her, a plump, motherly little, old lady—very difficult to envision her as young and the object of the passionate adoration that those tattered old letters, yellow with age, breathed forth. Young Robert accused the girl he loved of flirting with him by putting off the wedding day from time to time, and hinted darkly at what might become of him if she continued to listen to the parental objections on account of his poverty. I suppose the consent of the obdurate father and mother was at last won, for I can not imagine Grandmother's eloping.

In the year following their marriage they opened the hotel which was never closed until a year before my Grandmother's death at the age of eighty-three. My Grandfather died in 1856 and left his widow with nine children, the youngest at that time but three years of age. One son, Aime, when but a child, had preceded his father in death.

If Grandmother ever regretted her early romantic marriage that committed her to a life of hard work and heavy responsibilities, no one ever heard her murmur. Her sisters, more financially fortunate in their marriages, led sheltered lives but she never seemed to think their lot was any happier than her own and to the end of her days, "Robert" was enshrined in her loyal heart. Though she had offers of marriage during her widowhood, her first and only love was never supplanted.

I've often wondered about Grandfather Robert and tried to picture his personality. I know that he had literary tastes for my first copies of Shakespeare and Byron were inherited from him. The first was guiltless of back with very fine print and very thin paper. My eyes ache even now to think of it. Byron had one leather cover left and the frontispiece was a picture of the author. When one comes to think of it, does it not seem rather unusual for a young, pioneer innkeeper to care for such books, or any books, for that matter?

Grandmother, as I knew her, had little time for reading, but when she did read it was along historical lines and I well remember her advising me to spend time on history. She believed that reading fiction was often a waste of time. The books that came down to me from her, are historical, philosophical, or religious, as: "Royal Path of Life," "Museum of Antiquity," "History of the Bible," "Egypt and the Holy Land," "Queenly Women, Crowned and Uncrowned" etc.

The youthful daguerreotypes of my grandfather, one set in a brooch, represents him in rather handsome, dashing profile, not
unlike Lord Byron. A large portrait in oil, shows him older and more sedate, with long patrician nose, inherited by some of his children and eke his grandchildren. The companion portrait of Grandmother was painted shortly after her marriage. She wears a white cap with coquettish pink bow, for, no matter how young the bride, she assumed at once a cap-symbol of wifehood. I remember seeing her without the black lace cap she always wore, only when arranging her hair. Ever after my Grandfather’s death, she wore heavy black and when she went to church or called on her friends, she donned a little bonnet with long, black crepe veil. She not only put on mourning herself but dressed all her children in black, even to the youngest, then just three years old. This was an old French custom and was followed by all of the family, on the occasion of the death of one of them, until recent years.

Grandmother went calling but seldom as she was too busy attending to her multifarious tasks and entertaining those who called on her, her social duties being very one sided.

I have heard one of my aunts tell how as a child, she admired her parents when dressed for a party—Grandmother in stiff pink silk and Grandfather in broadcloth, swinging a gold-headed cane, and how she and several of her small brothers and sisters, with adoring pleasure, tagged along after them a block or two. But when they were kindly but firmly admonished, “Now, children, it is time you went back home,” they went without a word of protest.

Born in 1812 when women were handicapped by circumstances and prejudices against female education, my grandmother had more than the usual opportunities of the times, though they seem quite meagre now. Beside the village school, she and her sisters had a short term at a Louisville boarding school. Yet she developed into a good business woman for any day, but especially for that early period. She did her own marketing, personally supervised the dining room and kept her own books. After the day’s work was over, she sat at her great desk, behind the anthracite stove, in the private, family sitting room and balanced her accounts.

At such a time we children were warned, not by her, but by one of the aunts, to be quiet as “Grandma was working on her books.” She was never in debt to any one but many were in debt to her. She was always distinctly the head of her house, not in a domineering way, but in a gentle, dignified manner, and she
was always looked up to and consulted by her daughters, married and single, who always had to "talk the matter over with Moth­er first." Her sons-in-law, too, had the habit of seeking her advice and often her financial help, as none of them were any too suc­cessful, and she never failed them.

Left a widow with nine children, she bravely faced the fu­ture and not only reared all of them but when two widowed daughters took refuge "back home with Mother," with six little boys, between them, she helped to rear those boys to manhood and good citizenship. For many years only two married daugh­ters lived out of her home, and it is safe to say that there were not many days that some of those two families did not sit down at Grandma's table. Always at Thanksgiving and Christmas, we were all there together. She would have resented any other ar­rangement. The great Christmas tree in the back parlor was shut off from curious children until the proper time. Then we entered, en masse, to behold the gorgeous sight, decked out with candles, trimmings and everything, with one of the boarders dressed as Santa Claus. The fundamental gift for each of us was a little net bag filled with candy sticks, striped like barber poles, little hard peppermint ovals, gumdrops, peanuts, and an orange, the last at that time a luxury indulged in only at Yule­tide. Then there were gifts from every one of the large family to each other. So, each had quite a pile.

Grandma gave to each of her seven daughters, on succes­sive Christmas Days, in the order of their ages, handsome, Swiss gold watches, with long ropes of heavy solid, gold chains that went around the neck and hung below the waist in a loop, the watch being anchored in a fancy hip pocket. Some of these watches were embossed with delicate black lines and the chains had ornaments called "charms," strung on them. One of the aunts had a tiny spy glass on her chain, that piqued my childish curiosity and it was regarded a special privilege to get to peep through it. These watches have been handed down in the fami­ly to the second and third generation and are prized as heir­looms.

At the earnest solicitation of her family, Grandmother sat for her portrait and gave one to each of her children at Christ­mas. This likeness, painted in her old age by a really good artist, is excellent. The black lace scarf about her neck is fastened by a handsome, onyx brooch, now my treasured possession. These portraits have been handed down to the grandchildren, like the
watches and old family silver and jewelry.

I can see the dear, little, old lady now just as she looks in the portrait, coming along the front hall, smiling at me and smoothing her black sateen apron with one hand while she reached into her capacious pocket with the other and drew out a nickel which she placed in my willing hand, saying, "Here is something for a good, little girl," which I might have been at that precise minute, at least in her eyes. She gave me my first silk dress, a warm, rich garnet color. How well I remember it! There was a peculiar fragrance about that silk, as of bees at work in honey. My first fine hat feather, in the day of ostrich plumes, was a gift from her. It was long, soft and curly and circled my hat crown in a way that thrilled me to contemplate. Dear old soul! She loved to give happiness. I was her namesake but she played no favorites and was just as generous with her other nine grandchildren.

When children's epidemics broke out, we had to stop at Grandma's on the way to school and be fortified against contagion by little asafoetida-filled bags, worn around the neck like a locket, but next to the skin. The odor acted like a charm to keep companions at bay, which was probably where the real efficacy came in. We were carefully dosed with some sort of cordial, likewise supposed to guard against disease. If we got sick in spite of all her precautions, Grandma was on hand to help us get well.

When she took her afternoon nap, in the back parlor, behind the screen, we tried to keep quiet, though I'm afraid we did not often succeed. When we were quite small, the lively snoring seemed surely a growling bear. In this idea we were strongly encouraged by a mischievous aunt, in order to better protect the sanctuary of Grandma's slumber.

With her brothers and sisters Grandma always spoke French and also with the old French farmer who delivered butter and eggs at the back door. His nose was so long and sharp that I used to wonder, in "my artless Japanese way" if it had been wished on him by a bad fairy and I felt something should be done about it, but that was as far as I could go.

All the great aunts and uncles broke into torrents of French when together, especially when we children were present. As a prelude one of them would usually remark, "Little pitchers have big ears!" When I asked my mother what kind of pitchers had ears, she tried not to look amused and put me off with the pro-
mise that I would understand when I grew up. All of which prejudiced me against the French language. My mother and aunts refused to study French, though they all spoke somewhat like foreigners. They wanted to be considered Americans and resented being called "little French girls" at school.

A little lullaby with which my mother used to sing us children to sleep, was all the French I ever heard from her. I doubt very much if she knew or cared what the words of the song meant.

Grandmother planned to send her two oldest daughters, the twins, Isabel Antoinette and Henriette Angelique, to boarding school in Louisville. Their trunks were already packed when Great Aunt Henriette, who was Grandma's oldest sister and was accordingly looked up to, as the head of the family, counselled her against such a great risk in such evil times, as sending young girls so far from home among strangers. So, their ambitious hopes of a broader education were destroyed, and, at the same time, those of all the younger sisters, who could not expect to have advantages denied the older ones. A grudge was thus held against grim, old Aunt Henriette to the end of time, because she had spoiled their plans for higher education. And so their opportunities were no better than those of their associates.

The two sons were sent to a Catholic boarding school, near Cincinnati, for although Grandma was a staunch Presbyterian and brought up her family in that faith, the Catholic boarding schools and colleges at that time were believed to be the best in her section of the country. Some sketch books, of my uncles, found in the attic, show they had some artistic ability. Uncle Johnny died before my mother was married. Uncle Eugene, whose pictures show him a handsome young man of a distinctly French type, was a civil engineer and helped to build the Union Pacific Railroad. He married young and died at twenty-six without issue.

Uncle Johnny, when a mere lad, ran off to the Civil War, and joined the Tenth Indiana Cavalry and died shortly after his honorable discharge, from the effects of hardships, and a wound received in battle. A bundle of old letters to my mother from this soldier brother, who had meant to me just a faded portrait in an oval frame, constructed for me the living personality of this gallant young life, snuffed out so prematurely by war. Teasing, affectionate letters from college, practising his French and German on his admiring young sister. Cheerful letters from
“the front.” One just before a battle. No sob stuff, just manly acceptance of what must be.

Uncle Aime’, the youngest, died of croup at three yrs. of age. And so the name, Le Clerc, perished with Grandma’s only unmarried daughter, except as preserved as a Christian name by one member, at least, in each generation of every branch of the family.

Grandma had seven daughters—a Pleiades. The twins, Isabel and Henrietta were always called by us children, “Aunt Belle” and “Aunt Yettie.” They were thought indistinguishable but to me they did not resemble at all. They could never bewilder me by changing hats, dresses etc, though they often tried. Aunt Yettie was one of my favorite aunts. When I played with the red button box she kept in the corner cupboard and scattered the contents over the floor she never made me pick them up but her two young lady daughters always did. These grown up cousins were kind to me in many ways—dressing dolls for me, allowing me to open the door when their young gentlemen friends called etc. They exacted toll from me in errands I was called upon to run before the day of telephones. As I tried to pass their home unobserved on bare tiptoes, not seldom would a voice from behind closed shutters, summon me to arms, as it were, when I was hastening to some rendezvous for play. Aunt Yettie lived in a quaint old house where my mother was born, though that made no difference to me then, even if I knew it. Her garden was enticing. Honey suckle grew over the fence and sent out its fragrance. There was a rose garden where the June bugs were wont to foregather and we gave them chase and tied a string to their legs until our elders persuaded us it was cruel. We did not realize, a June bug had feelings. A delightful, old pear tree provided us with mellow golden fruit—just dropped them down to us for the wishing. The scent of those pears come back to me across the years. The bees of ten beat us to the fallen fruit and gave me my first serious encounter with the business end of a bee as my bare foot unwittingly tread on one enjoying a pear. I felt indignant but my aunt tried to convince me the bee had its side, as she took me on her lap and bound soda on my swollen foot.

It was on Aunt Yettie’s back porch that a dramatic trial took place to detect the youthful criminal who had broken a window pane. It lay among us five children, all strongly denying guilt. So several of the aunts, more or less cleverly concealing
their amusement, decided to put us to the test of the rooster and
the kettle, savoring of medieval trials. A rooster was put under
the kettle and we were marched past, putting a finger on the
kettle. The bird was supposed to crow at the touch of the guilty
one. Fearlessly we four innocents did our touching and this
vindicated ourselves, while the fifth, unknowingly acknowledged
his sin by stubbornly refusing to go near the kettle. Accordingly
justice was meted out.

Aunt Bell made no secret of her preference for my sister.
She seemed haughty and stiffly dignified as I first remember
her but grew more mellow with age and I finally fell into her
good graces and grew very fond of her. She was widowed early
in life and came to live at Grandma’s with her three sons. Her
husband’s first wife was her first cousin, the “Twoinette” of
Eggleston’s “Roxy.” She spent her last years in the home of her
son, Nat R. Titus, in San Diego, Calif., died and was buried there.

This story about the resemblance of these twin sisters was
often told in the family. Before either was married Aunt Bell
was escorted to church one evening by a young man from Ken-
tucky who did not know she had a twin sister. Aunt Yettie had
gone with her fiance. In those days the men and women occupied
different sides of the church. While the Kentuckian waited at
the door for Aunt Bell, he saw her, as he supposed, walk off
with another fellow. Forthwith he went off in a huff, and Aunt
Bell, finding no one waiting for her was in even a “huffier huff.”
It was not until long after the matter was explained. These aunts
were very handsome.

The next in age was Aunt Lucille Prudence, whose full
name I never fully realized until I saw it on her tombstone. Be-
cause she was tiny as a child she was given the French sobri-
quet, Petite, shortened into Tete, by which she was always
known, although she finally became the heftiest of the brood.
She was the traveler of the family, skirting the continent from
ocean to ocean and from north to south, although she could not
be persuaded to cross the Atlantic with her husband, when he
went as a business delegate of some organization. She was sup-
posed to be the best business woman of the sisters, but I think
my mother deserved that title. Aunt Tete resembled “Tish” in
her independence of thought and motion and outspoken way.
She usually got the best of any argument with her sisters,
sweeping off the field with a victorious chuckle of humor. She
was not inclined to house work and often busied herself with her
numerous birds, mocking birds, canaries etc., when her services were called for in the kitchen. She took good care of herself and her possessions. Her trunks contained yards and yards of fine goods, purchased on her travels that she never had "made up;" satin parasols, gloves, scarves etc. Her bedroom was the nicest in the house and she always kept a large bottle of fine cologne water on her wash stand. And how we children adored to anoint ourselves with it when we could sneak in and get it! How surprised we were when she always could detect the culprit, though we never told on each other! It seemed nothing short of wizardry and our respect for her superiority was thereby enhanced. Dismissed with spirited reproof we refrained from transgression until the spell of that fascinating bottle again overpowered us. That enchanting bottle now belongs to me—daisy and button pattern—but the charm has somehow vanished and it now sets empty, dignified and forlorn, in the guest room.

Aunt Tete had many romances but did not marry until some what late in life—a girlhood acquaintance, who went off to make his fortune and returned, a widower.

Aunt Tete made an excellent stepmother, never resting until she had brought about a reconciliation between her husband and his only son from whom he had long been estranged, even though she thus cut herself out of a great deal of money at her husband's death. She still had enough to live well and hand down to those of us who survived her. After Uncle Sam died she hastened back to "dear old Vevay," as she always called her birthplace and built herself a comfortable home, a smaller replica of the palatial residence her husband had erected for her in Joplin, Mo. She welcomed to it Aunt Lena who had kept house for her during her married life and later, the youngest sister, Aunt Julia, when she too, became a widow. Too individual to see eye to eye, they were devoted to each other despite difference of opinion. They spent their time in entertaining and being entertained, and in making all sorts of "fancy" work at which they were all adepts. Their wide veranda was filled on summer evenings. I've known as many as fifteen persons to call in one evening frequently. And every one who came back to Vevay, after years of absence, was sure to hunt up the Le Clerc "girls" to talk over old times.

When I grew old enough to have discrimination I appreciated Aunt Tete more than I had done as a child, and more and
more do I feel grateful to her for the home which has finally descended to me, the "Last of the Mohicans," as it were.

Aunt Isolene was the only unmarried aunt. Grandfather got her name from a book. I think it was "The Days of Bruce." She was the careful Martha of the family, being chief housekeeper and cook, and always Grandma's faithful henchman. She was one of the most unselfish persons I ever knew, although as age came on she became more autocratic, as she held the matriarchal position of the eldest of the family living. We children felt free to play in her room; she put away tidbits in the ice box for us and pretended to scold, so as not to seem too easy, when we appropriated them. She spent any spare time she had on her flowers, and good recipes for pickling and preserving and was always sending out little buckets of her famous soup to the sick and the poor. She has been known to risk her life and limb over icy streets in winter to lend a friendly helping hand at sick beds and many did she help prepare for their last sleep. Her appreciation of kindess was so great she could never rest until she had returned it twofold. She was thoughtful of the rights of others, and bluntly honest, had a naive way putting things that was amusing. Devoted to her family, she yet felt perfectly free to offer any criticism, a liberty she would have resented in an outsider. She lived to be ninety-three—a span of life that compassed many scientific improvements. She saw the match displace flint and steel; the signet ring and wafer give place to the postage stamp; the candle followed by the lamp and the lamp by electric bulb; telephone, phonograph, radio, auto, aeroplane, etc.

Her early romance was frustrated by parental objections but this did not embitter her but seemed to increase her flair for matchmaking. Her favorite colors were browns and tans and she wore her clothes with a chic not possessed by any of her sisters. She showered gifts on my sister, her namesake, toys in childhood and a watch when she graduated from high school. Most of the aunts had favorites among their nieces and nephews but there were enough to go around and no one was left out. Aunt Lena lived longer than any of her sisters, most of them dying in their sixties.

My mother, Louise Antoinette, came next chronologically. To me, of course, she was the cleverest and best looking. Her eyes were brown, her curly hair matched and her complexion was lovely in the days when "make up" was beneath the dignity of the self respecting. My father called her "Lou" and her nieces
and nephews, "Aunt Lou" but to the rest of the family and close friends, she was, "Soce," a corruption of French for gravy, of which she was very fond. She was gay and vivacious, although life was not easy for her. She had many suitors and yet she elected to marry my father, nine years older, a widower, with three small children and went to live with him on a farm, six miles from town when those roads became so bad in the winter that for three months she saw no one but her husband and step children. She was an excellent stepmother, proof of which is that the youngest child never knew she was not his own mother until he was told by brutal school children and it nearly broke his heart.

She was extremely ambitious for her children and endeavor-ed to inculcate in us habits of honesty, perseverance and thrift, inherited from her Swiss ancestry. She led us to appreciate the Scripture and good literature and urged us to accept our share of responsibility for the world's load with a free hand for those weaker. She was ahead of her generation in a knowledge of hygiene and was such an excellent nurse that her own health was broken down by the demands made on her by her neighbors, in the days when the sick were dependent on the kindness of friends, and she passed away at an earlier age than any of her sisters. Like all of her family she was an expert in fine needle work of all kinds, knitting crochet, etc, an artist in her way. Above all she was a devoted mother and wife.

Aunt Clara Ellen was next, chronologically. She was called by her nieces and nephews "Aunt Callie" but by all the rest of her family and friends, "Toad," a nickname given her by a mis-chievous brother because she was as agile as one of these little animals, in her childhood. Her ambition was to study medicine, a course at that day, taboo to women. But she found vent for her gift in nursing the sick of her family. There always seemed healing in her magnetic touch. She had great personal charm and a natural buoyancy that made her more or less cheerful in very trying circumstances. Left a widow early in life, she also came back to Grandma's with her three small boys. Her hus-band left her a competence but she lost much of it in over generous loans to those unable to repay her. She spent much of her time in the training of her children and was well repaid by their unusual devotion to her and tender care of her in her old age.

We children enjoyed romping in her pleasant sitting room. When my sister and I were there we had to play boy's games.
With blocks we built steamboats and played storekeeping down the river as our cousins’ father had done. At our home we had choice of weapons, as it were, and the games were girls.” Aunt Callie put on her son Gene a little green polynaise of mine to keep him from running off to our house. But his dislike of female apparel was not sufficiently strong to keep him at home. Strangely enough he never seemed to think it possible to shed the ignoble garment.

Some years ago Aunt Callie’s son, Gene, who lived in Arizona was attending a movie in Tucson. An Ohio Valley scene was thrown on the screen. An old gentleman next to him remarked that he had once filled a contract for building a court house in a small town on the Ohio River, called Vevay. In the conversation that followed he said he had boarded at the Le Clerc House and had been an admirer of one of the Le Clerc girls, named Clara.

The youngest aunt, namesake of her mother, Julie Elise, was the petted darling of the entire family and it was a tradition with us all that her feelings were always to be spared. Early in life she married the man of her choice and survived him twenty years. She was passionately fond of children and young people, and not having any of her own she mothered those of her sisters and her friends. She could not count the stick horses she made for little boys nor the dolls she dressed for little girls. Every new baby, far and near, was greeted on its entry into the world with her crocheted or knitted caps, socks, sacks etc. She loved dogs and had a succession of canine pets that fared better than many children. She had their portraits painted and all that. She was gay and light hearted and found happiness in little things. She delighted in giving and for months before hand was busy preparing gifts for Christmas. She retained her youthful agility, graceful as a bird, until her last illness. Like all her sisters she had great vivacity and love for society and skill in fine needlework of all kinds. She delighted in weaving butterflies and pansies in all her designs. Lavendar and pink were her favorite colors. She took care of Aunt Lena during her crotchety old age which broke down much of her buoyancy and her last few years were saddened by a tragic illness. But almost until the last of her some eighty three years she preserved a surprising youthfulness and zest for life. I was her name sake and said to be her favorite. To me she was a second mother.

These seven sisters had a happy girlhood, the center of the
town’s social activities, with hosts of friends and a comfortable home. Their clothes were always of the best as the old trunks in the attic testify, with their stiff silks, passementarie dolmans etc. Life was none too easy for them in maturity but each led a useful existence, worthy of her ancestry.

One winter Grandma was prevailed upon to take a trip south to visit Aunt Callie, whose husband, at that time, kept a provision store at Luna Landing, Arkansas. Uncle Ed, husband of the youngest daughter fitted up a house boat and took a load of produce down the Mississippi, as was the custom in those days. Grandma and Aunt Tete went with them (Many of the older inhabitants of Vevay and Switzerland County had “made their pile” by the flat boat trade. George Cary Eggleston’s “Last of the Flat Boats” portrays this industry.)

Grandma brought back with her an old negro servant to look after her horse, tend her garden, do the “chores” and be general factotum. “Old Henry,” as he was dubbed, attempted to give the impression that he was a “Voodoo” doctor, whatever that meant. He had a certain dignity, bordering at times on surliness and wore, among other articles of raiment, a pretentious derby hat, the pride and joy of his heart.

He walked with a limp which he asserted was caused by the bite of an alligator which converted what might have seemed an affliction into a glamorous distinction, to our childhood imaginations. Our boy cousins brought back from the sanctuary of Old Henry’s quarters, where we girls were never allowed to penetrate, fascinating stories of the contents. For one thing there was a human finger in pickle. From him they learned all sorts of negro superstitions, which they relayed on to us, with considerable additions and embroiderings, I am now inclined to believe. With difficulty I managed to shake myself free from the superstitions relating to picking up pins and after making a wish, thrusting in the left shoulder of my dress and other fooleries supposed to ward off trouble, that the old darkey filled our minds with.

Grandmother’s house was always full in summer of non-paying guests—distant kin who came in rafts and stayed months at a time. Dimly remembered are Great Aunts Rose and Roxy, and Cousin Victorine, a Creole from New Orleans, who brought her three impish, little boys who are more vividly recalled. There were many others whose names have wholly faded from my recollection. It is a great wonder Grandma was not eaten out of
house and home, but she seemed never happier than when playing the gracious hostess. She was always too busy to return any of these visits but occasionally the more ambitious of her seven daughters did go to Gallipolis, Ohio, a hot bed of Grandfather's French kin, or take a trip “down south” to see the family of Grandmother's youngest sister, Josephine, or visit more distant relatives for the family was very, very clannish and “great on kin.”

The LeClerc House was established in 1833 on ground purchased from Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati, forbear of the late member of national House of Representatives of that name. The hotel was operated until 1894, just a year before Grandma's death, a period of sixty-one years, a long time for the continuation of a business at the same place by the same person, especially by a woman. From Grandfather's death in 1856, at the age of forty-eight, Grandmother conducted the business herself. Like that of the “village preacher” of Goldsmith her home was known to “all the vagrant train” and beggars went away from the back door with full baskets. Several hungry youngsters fed in her hospitable kitchen, rising to some prominence later, returned unashamed, to acknowledge their one time poverty and bless the family of their early benefactress.

The original building was added to until it grew like the “Chambered Nautilus” into the present three story brick with some forty rooms. A great cellar, divided into several immense rooms, was as awesome to me as Mammoth Cave. I had the courage to penetrate the inky darkness but once. In those days there were no electric lights to turn on, and we were armed only with candles or lanterns. Above the old dining room there was a long ball room with cotillion figures painted on the floor. The French and Swiss were socially inclined and could swing a lightsome foot. My grandfather, they said, was an especial adept. Almost every one of the larger houses, private or public, was equipped with a ball-room.

The Le Clerc House ball-room was later rented to the Odd Fellows as a meeting place and was approached by an outer stair. It became a hall sacred to that secret order and was thus surrounded with a mysterious glamour to us children because of dark whispers that the members rode a goat upon occasion. We wondered if the uncanny animal, suggestive of the powers of darkness, might not be tethered thereabouts. I remember once having a fleeting glimpse of that fascinating room. I
stealthily followed a maid ("hired girl" we dubbed such servants then) who went up to sweep and dust. Warily I trailed her, until she mischievously let out a terrific "Ba-a-a-a!" which struck terror to my excited imagination and sent me scurrying down stairs (where I belonged) to relate the adventure to the rest of the youngsters. They jeered at my fears and boasted loudly they were not afraid of any old goat but none of them ventured up to investigate.

In those days the private part of the hotel was divided from the public part by the hall. The west entrance led into a large square apartment, called the "gentlemen's sitting room, a place taboo to the little girls of the family but the boy-cousins had full range. So, of course it had all the lure of Blue Beard's closet. Needless to say we did steal in occasionally to look around but there was nothing especial to charm the eye. Just a tall desk with immense guest book in which the "drummers," as the commercial travelers were called, registered; big tables on which to display their wares; a giant stove and huge splint bottom chairs. In fact everything in that room looked Brobdingnagian to us whose heads scarcely reached the desk. There were great brass cuspidors (Augean stables, as it were) that old black Henry had to clean every morning and row on row of brass candlesticks that had to be scoured and replenished with tallow candles that we had seen made in moulds. These were used by the transients, (who came in at night on steamboats), to light themselves to bed. These candles caused the old LeClerc House to be known up and down the river, as "The House of Candles"—not "A Thousand Candles," though there seemed that many to us children. There was no night clerk, so each drummer learned to light his taper, climb to the third story, sacred to transients, and turn in at the first room whose open door proclaimed it unoccupied. This custom offered a chance for free lodging to those inclined to abuse a trust by an early and unostentatious flitting. I've often wondered how many an errant lodger arose betimes and "silently stole away," with no one to call him to account. Cincinnati and Louisville newspapers used often to publish reminiscences of the old time travelling men, appreciative of the old Le Clerc House, its, candles, hospitality, French cookery and its presiding genius, "Aunt Julia," as she was generally called. But those old drummers have long since ceased to travel and are now lodging in their long home, as are all the adults who made the old hotel a homelike place in those days.
Caroline Dale Owen Snedeker in her novel, "Seth Way," incidentally writes of some of the New Harmony personages passing through Vevay and being shown hospitality by my Grandmother.

The old hotel register that used to seem to me large enough for Gulliver's signature, is now the property of the Switzerland County historical Society. It bears not a few nationally known names. Among them are: Henry S. Lane whose efforts helped to make Lincoln President; Benjamin Harrison who stopped there when electioneering as candidate for Governor of Indiana and Daniel Voorhees, "the tall sycamore of the Wabash" as he was admiringly called by his followers. There were many others of the rather recent date that now seems so remote. One of my earliest recollections is of Governor James D. Williams, "Old Blue Jeans," who took me on his knee in the family sittingroom and offered me a big two-cent piece if I would kiss him. That was the time when candidates felt they had to "make over" the babies to get votes. I did not want the kiss but I did want the money. I was admonished by the surrounding family to wrap the coin in paper and never, never spend it. But, I fear me it was all too soon laid out for the first tempting confection.

William H. Venable the Ohio 'Historian and humorist and James Whitcomb Riley met for the first time at this old inn. I recently found in a family scrap book the poem by which the former commemorated that meeting. The paper is yellow with age and the lines entitled "The Greenfield Wizard," begin with the stanza:

"An angel with mysterious eyes,
Appareled in Hoosier guise;
I entertained him unawares,
At Vevay, in a room upstairs
Of the old inn, yclept Le Clercs."

In yet later days Thomas A. Marshall and others were distinguished guests. Many regular boarders remained for years. Once a boarder there was likely to remain always a boarder. Some lived there fifteen, twenty and twenty-five years, until they all seemed members of one large family.

A huge clarion-voiced bell, in the cupola, atop the house, rang regularly three times a day to summon regular boarders to regular meals. The ringing of the bell was never a minute late and people could set their time pieces by it. What a thrill we
youngsters got out of the almost sacred commission to ring it! "Visions of Curfew shall not ring tonight!" darted through our minds as we were swung almost off the floor by the strong pull of the swinging bell. It rang out the old and in the new year, and enjoyed the distinction of being the first to sound the fire alarms. With or without the consent of the owner it was often borrowed when there was a charivari on, an established custom of trying to wreck the happiness of newly weds. A fine Halloween prank was to take the bell for a vacation. But woe to the luckless wight responsible for its not being on the job at the proper time next morning. It finally burst its throat on some forgotten occasion but not until it had helped to make history; it rang defiance when Ft. Sumter fell and sounded taps for Lincoln and welcomed home the returning heroes of '46 and '61. Now, like the old register, it is the property of the county historical society.

The spacious double parlors of the Le Clerc House were a social center over which Grandmother and her daughters presided, dispensing a lavish hospitality. It was a place to "feel the public pulse." Every evening the black horse hair sofas and chairs were filled with the elite of the town. Many were the family dinner parties with great aunts, great uncles and cousins, galore, feasting and making merry. No one's birthday was passed over. Each must be celebrated, especially Grandma's. These parties were always arranged as a surprise, and she never failed to appear surprised. One of the largest affairs was a celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the hotel. It was also a farewell reception for a grandson, Harry L. Titus, reared in the Le Clerc House. He was departing for California to make his fortune.

In this he succeeded. He became a corporation lawyer for the Spreckles Company and built him a fine home on Coronado Beach. This was sold after his death to Madame Schumann-Heinke who made it her residence. He married the niece of A. E. Horton, founder of San Diego, California.

An item in an old scrap book describes this party in the flamboyant style of the period. Some two hundred guests were present and the great dining room became a ball room with Grandma, her daughters and grandchildren, all on the floor.

Grandma had a wonderful garden of old fashioned flowers for there are fashions in flowers as well as other things. Arbors covered with red, white and purple grapes, sheltered the walks.
Gay marigolds with their clean, pungent odor, rioted among
dahlias whose downcast air seemed to show they knew their
lovely heads would soon roll off as if guillotined. Verbenas
sprawled over the ground, thus getting their faces quite dirty.
Giddily bright nasturtiums, turned cheerful blooms sunward and
climbed prankishly upward. There were petunias with grace and
fragrance and cockscombs, known also by the more glamorous
name of Prince’s Feather, and seeming to fit both titles equally
well. There were bleeding-hearts that suggested valentines and
maiden-hair ferns whose threadlike fronds substantiated their
names. Dainty rock-roses that thrust their delicate blossoms
between the stones in the path, often to be crushed by our ruth­
less copper-toed shoes. The eerie sensitive plant often went “on
sit down” strikes when weary with our rough handling. There
were touch-me-nots whose seeds seem to have perished from
the earth for where now can they be found? We could not under­
stand why Grandma tore down and uprooted the morning glories
in such heartless fashion unless she condemned their lazy habits
of “shutting up shop” for a whole half day. We did not know
what she meant when she said they were marauders. Larks­
spurs, mignonette, and sweet smelling alyssum were grown, but
perhaps, most charming of all, were the vanilla and strawberry
shrubs which squeezed tightly in our grubby little hands, gave
up such delightful fragrance. I think Owen Meredith must have
had these in mind when he penned these lines in “Lucille”:

“The heart of man is like that delicate weed
Which requires to be trampled on, sorely indeed,
Before it gives forth the fragrance we wish to extract...”

The more delicate flowers were nurtured in the pits—bell
shaped fuschias with long protruding tongues, like spent run­
ners, geranium slips and tender young roses. Chrysantheums
were potted and seated on tierlike supports, as if they were at a
ball game, while bachelor buttons, their first cousins, were left to
“rough it out” in the ground all winter, which did not seem quite
fair.

A mock-orange tree in a tub in the dining room tempted me
with its deceptive fruit, even as the Apple lured Eve, until I had
proof positive it had no gastronomic value and then how I loath­
ed it for its false pretense!

A wonderfully lovely night-blooming cereus slept through
the day and then like a queen held court when the sun went
down. People came from near and far to admire it as they filed
up and down past it by twos and threes.

On Saturdays the flowers that lent themselves to bouquets,
were gathered while the dew was yet on them and Grandma
sat on the great back porch and arranged them in little tight
boquets, tied neatly with string and placed each, in its own con-
tainer along the ledge of the verandah, ready to be taken, in the
cool of the evening to decorate the graves of her husband and
three sons. (Her seven daughters all survived her). Old Billy
was hitched to the phaeton and one of us children drove Grand-
ma to the cemetery. Billy was a stubborn, hardmouthed, old fel-
low. He held his head on one side in a supercilious fashion and in
spite of curb and rein, like the wind, went where he listed. But
there his likeness to the wind ended, for he took his own good
time. It shames me now to think how averse I was at taking my
turn in driving for the dear, old soul but the blame lies with the
arrogant, unlovely personality of old Billy.

The family monument in a long lot was one of the first to
be erected in the cemetery and yet holds up its head proudly, ac-
knowledging few better. Now, stretched in a long line in front
are the headstones, marking the last resting places of dear, old
Grandma and all of her family (except three) of which, in death
as in life, she was center, and circumference—a kindly, old mat-
riarch.

At the urgent request of her family, Grandma had about
decided to retire from business at the end of her fiftieth year as
hotel keeper, but at the last minute determined to continue
awhile longer because the busy habits of a life time were hard
to lay aside. Not until six years later was the old Le Clerc House
closed to the public. The several maids who had been in her ser-
vice so long, left her with great reluctance. But she continued to
occupy, with the two daughters, who still made their home with
her, the private side of the house, while a few apartments in the
other part, were rented.

And, here where she lived so long and had done so much
good, she died, surrounded by her devoted family. Aware of her
approaching end, she was fully prepared to meet it, dying as she
had lived, with dignity and courage, and retaining consciousness
to the end. A few minutes before she breathed her last she in-
quired after the comfort of a grandson who had travelled some
distance to see her once more.

Not one to di scant on the virtues of life, but to practise
them, my Grandmother lived a beautifully rounded out life, crowned by a brave and peaceful death. She was like a ship that goes down with all sails flying.

Through her long and useful career she was fortunate in preserving the somewhat sturdy health, characteristic of the Swiss stock. She lived to be almost eighty three, spared the infirmities that usually accompany old age. Sight and hearing remained good, she was free from rheumatism and her mental powers were undimmed. She suffered a short general decline and then passed on, universally loved and respected. Her children and grandchildren admired and respected her as much as they adored her.

A daughter who lived thirty five years longer, on her death bed, exclaimed; “Mother, Mother!” reaching out her arms, as if that motherly solicitude, transcending time and mortality, were extended down to her from the “Other Side.” Who knows?

Grandmother was a valiant soul in line of duty as the following incident, recalled to me by Mrs. Nora Lewis Dupraz, illustrates.

During the early part of the Civil War Vevay was divided between Unionists and Southern sympathizers, and feeling ran high. When Jason Brown, member of the lower branch of Indiana legislature, from Dearborn County, came to speak in support of Vallandingham, the people were stirred to primitive depths, and Brown was not permitted to speak. His supporters decided to present him with a gold-headed cane, at that time considered the gift, par excellence—as a token of esteem and as a sort of apology for his not being allowed to make his speech.

Without permission the admirers of Brown assembled for the presentation in the Le Clerc House parlors. The opponents, scenting “something in the wind,” rushed in and seizing Brown, threatened to swing him from the nearest lamp post. Grandmother, who happened to be on the second floor, heard the commotion and addressed the mob from the head of the stairway. She demanded that Brown, a guest of the House, be immediately released, and that the disturbers of the peace disperse at once and quietly. She emphatically denounced those who, without authority, had chosen her premises for the reception of Brown. She then descended to the first floor, took her stand in front of Brown and dared any one to touch him.

The mob, recalled to their better senses by the words of the courageous, little widow, shamefacedly departed. So, Brown owed
his life to the determined stand of his landlady. In order to
effect his escape, he had to climb through a back window of the
hotel and conceal himself in one of the outbuildings at the rear
of the Le Clerc House until he could be conveyed safely away.

The old Le Clerc House is now called the Swiss Inn. So
many changes have been made in the interior that I quite lose
my bearings when I step inside, yet nothing can destroy a nos­

talgic sentiment.

"It takes a heap of living in a house to make it home." Surely this old house has proved its right to be called a home, not
only by the Le Clerc family but by the many others who shared
its hospitality.

"Aunt Julia" as my Grandmother was called and her daugh­
ters, "the Le Clerc girls," have passed into tradition as all must
pass in time. This "robin's leaf" to deck their memory, is brought
by one of her only two descendants left in the old home town.
CHAPTER XIII

Aunt Lucie Morerod Detraz (pronounced Da’ traw’)

Lucille Marguerite, the second child of Jean Daniel and Antoinette Dufour Morerod and the fifth white child born in the Swiss Settlement, first saw the light October 11th, 1806, and lived until May 3rd, 1903. She was ambitious to round out one hundred years but missed it by only a slight margin. For some years she enjoyed the distinction of being the oldest inhabitant of Switzerland County and, like all her brothers and sisters, was mentally clear to the very last.

At seventeen she was sent to a boarding school in Louisville, Kentucky, for a term, which was then almost equal to a college education today or a trip abroad. With the exception of this experience she spent her entire life in Vevay and was never in a rail road car.

A zealous reader of the French Bible, she proved the Bible is the best of classics for she impressed one as a woman of knowledge and intelligence. All her life she was a devout Presbyterian and felt every one else should be. She was always in attendance at church services when her health and the weather permitted. As she was hard of hearing she occupied a place of state under the pulpit, cupping a careful ear not to miss a word of the sermon.

She greatly loved Vevay that she had seen develop from a few scattered log cabins in a forest to a little city with modern improvements. Seven years before the town was laid out by her uncles and father, she was born in a log house on the farm now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. James Wright. The fine large brick house on the place was erected by Aunt Lucie’s father in 1817 and was her home until her marriage in 1827, at the age of twenty-one, to Benjamin Detraz, a carpenter and contractor.

Uncle Ben was born November 10th, 1792 in Vevey, Switzerland. He was of a genial disposition, sympathetic and charitable. He attended college in his native land but was extremely
modest and retiring and few knew how well educated he was. His father wished him to be either a lawyer or a minister but he preferred mechanics. The unknown author of his obituary, signing himself “Amicus,” said he was under great obligation, for valuable information, to Mr. Detraz who he asserts was an avid reader “whose acquaintance with ancient and modern history was great and he was possessed of a vast store of general information.” (Measured by present day standards this knowledge might not seem so vast, but it is certain his education was superior, for his time.) To this account of his death was appended a translation of a poem he had written in French to console his wife for the death of their daughter, Twonnette, a character in Eggleston’s “Roxy.” He had not intended this poem for publication, but it is very beautiful in thought and phrase.

His characteristics were repeated, more or less forcibly, in his only son, his grandsons and now are to be seen in his great grandson, Orville Detraz, a graduate of Purdue University and a civil engineer in government employ.

His death which occurred October 7th, 1869, was occasioned by a fall from one of his houses which he was helping to shingle. His wife, like Caesar’s Calipurnia, had a premonition of tragedy and begged him not to take the risk of such a dangerous task at his age (seventy seven) but, manlike, he ridiculed her fears. He fell about fourteen feet, directly on his head and death was instant.

The portraits1 of Aunt Lucie and Uncle Ben, done in oil by a well known early Indiana artist, Will Z. Yonge, belong to the Switzerland County Historical Society.

Until far advanced in life Aunt Lucie moved about with a long, graceful step, her spare, lithe form, invariably clad in brown with a shawl, folded three cornered and always the brown lace cap under the bonnet, neat and genteel. Daily she was seen on the street, as she went from house to house, here on an errand of mercy, there for a social call, with a word of cheer and kindness for all she deemed needed it. While charitable to all she never withheld a merited reproof for she was brusque and outspoken to a fault. Her eccentricities were widely known and respected and her remarks often quoted. They were pertinent, philosophical amusing. Once a reporter asked her her age. She responded “Eighty-four.” Quickly adding, “And I do not eat hog meat nor drink tea or coffee!” When he asked if she never had done so, she said, “Yes, when I was a heathen!”
It was like reading history to hear her talk. The panorama of the past unrolled thrillingly in her lively narration. She remembered the War of 1812 and loved to tell of her fright when she first saw a band of Indians about that time. Against her mother’s command she followed her to her Uncle Daniel’s, whose home was on the western edge of Vevay. Just as her mother was out of sight the little girl saw behind her six Indians with guns on their shoulders. The governor of Canada had offered $5 for every scalp brought in and a settler near Eagle Creek had just been relieved of his head piece, so the child had reason for fright. “Between Scylla and Charybdis,” she decided it safer to risk her mother’s punishment than the tomahawks of the redskins. She often pointed to this experience as a warning to us children against disobedience. She reached her uncle’s home just before the warriors and with her French gesticulations, related how she and her small cousins ran up the ladder to the loft and pulling the ladder after them, hid in empty barrels, feeling, ostrichlike, when they covered their eyes that they were safe. The senior members of the family were not exactly at ease either, until their visitors, knowing they were French, said “Friendship” in that language, and seating themselves in a semi-circle on the puncheon floor, smoked the pipe of peace once around and handed it to their host. After that they ate heartily of the bacon and cornbread served them and then went quietly on their way. The red men came often after that to the settlement, bringing squaws and papooses and never caused any trouble.

Aunt Lucie said it was no uncommon thing for her and her little brothers and sisters to hear the cry of the panther on the hills as a sort of lullaby when they were tucked in their trundle beds at night. She saw buffalo on the opposite side of the river come down to drink and a bear walking on its hind feet, carry off a pig from her father’s pen. Deer and wolves were hunted in the woods.

She loved to recall the visit of Lafayette to Cincinnati in 1824 when the Swiss artillery from Vevay went up to help receive him. Her husband was chief gunner and she related with pride how he fired the historic old cannon (Betz) “twenty-eight times in three minutes, lacking one second, and was deaf in one ear ever after,” and how Lafayette wrote “a piece on the paper” and said it was the best time he had ever seen made any place—the time made by the Swiss-French gunners of Vevay.

All visitors to the little town were taken to call on Aunt
Lucie as well as her brother, Uncle Aime. Reporters from Cincinnati and Louisville papers came to interview her and her pictures were spread on the front page. The family scrap books are full of long accounts of birthday parties in her honor. Often large family groups with Aunt Lucie in the center, were photographed on these occasions. The dinner tables were spread all through the house and she was the recipient of many gifts, some sent from a distance by those unable to be present.

In her younger days of widowhood, she was engaged for a time with her sister, Henriette, also widowed, in the dry goods and dressmaking business. It was then spoken of as mantua making or modiste shop. Henriette Tardy, the senior partner, did the buying and made frequent trips to Cincinnati and Louisville. In those days such expeditions were almost equal to a journey to New York or even Paris, in later times, to study the fashions of Worth. Aunt Lucie carried scissors, for cutting off yard goods, hanging by a long ribbon fastened to her belt. This, as a symbol of commercial importance, made a strong impression on the children of the village.

As she grew older her hearing became defective but otherwise she retained full possession of all her faculties and was ever an interesting conversationalist. She enjoyed her "second sight" and read and did the most marvelous needle work without glasses.

She was present at the birth of Edward Eggleston and put his first clothes on him and always called him "Eddie" which he seemed to enjoy. He always "made a great deal over" this old friend. Her home is the scene of some of the action of Eggleston's "Roxy" and is known as "Roxy" House.

She and her husband figure in the story as Monsieur and Madame Lefaure.

Uncle Ben bought the place in 1835 and in removing a large stone chimney in the center of the house, found a secret compartment full of counterfeit coins and a complete set of counterfeiting tools. It was traced back to a former occupant, a man, named Perkins, who had unsuspectedly, left the community. So, there was nothing to be done about it and the oldest child of the Detraz family had some lead dollars to play with.

Mrs. Julia L. Dumont, for a time, had taught school in an upper room. As it was unceiled, cold weather made it uncomfortable, and to please their beloved teacher, some of the larger
boys, voluntarily, remedied the matter. Uncle Aime Morerod
was one of these gallant school boys.

This interesting old home has passed out of the Detraz
family, only three great grandchildren and their families re­
main. It is now the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. K. Danglade,
both of whom are descendants of fine pioneer families. Mr. Dang­
lade, editor of both county newspapers, can trace his lineage
back through eleven generations.

The old house has been changed some to suit modern con­
eniences; the funny little kitchen that hung down over the hill
and made the building look as if it were petering out to a fine
point, has been torn away, etc. Yet it is still quaintly appealing.
A rambling, low ceiling frame, it juts out over the sidewalks.
The town council in ordering houses moved back out of respect
of Aunt Lucie's age promised her it would never be changed
during her lifetime, and although she has been "On the Other
Side" some thirty seven years, it still dignifiedly defiant, stands
its ground. The old place is full of surprises, turning off, here
and there, into a closet, room or porch, one does not suspect.
Most of the doors have the "raise-the-latch-and-walk-in" fasten­
ings, like those of Red Riding Hood's grandmother and there are
fascinating little closets off the stairs. The queer, vine covered,
overhanging back veranda recalls the morning conversations of
the mischievous "Twonnette" at the window above and "the
boarder, Reverend Whittaker," characters in Edward Eggles­
ton's "Roxy."

The grandfather clock which figures in the same novel is
now in the possession of a great granddaughter, Mrs. Lucille
Detraz Skelcher of Vevay.

The old house has many times sat for its picture and is one
of the main objectives of every historic minded tourist to Vevay.
The rose trellised gates and the terraced flower gardens at the
back testify to the horticultural skill of the present owners.

Aunt Lucie had only three children; Francis, Antoinette or
"Twonnette" and Josephine. The latter was her mother's close
companion during her declining years. Her filial devotion was
proverbial. She, too, was a remarkable woman. After her
mother's death the mantle of village historian fell on her should­
ers. She was a charter member and director of the Switzerland
County Historical Society and also a member of the State His­
torical Society. She was one of the three in the first graduating
class of the Vevay High School in 1867; honorary president of the H. S. Alumni Association; a charter member of the Eggleston Club and a tireless worker in the Women’s Christian Temperance Union. She was a life member of the Presbyterian Church and a loyal worker in every project of church and Sunday school where she was a teacher. Before her marriage to Dr. J. H. Shad­day she also taught in the public schools.

She lived to be eighty one and retained her beauty and mental alertness to the last. She was confined to her bed only the last few days of her life, so that few realized the end was so near. No one could think of her as old as she was always so active. Her great strength of character and powers of endurance were often put to the acid test as her life was a series of sacri­fies.

Just a short time before her death she wrote a club paper on aviation which illustrates how valiantly she kept stride with the times in spite of the many distractions and perplexities with which her life was full. She embodied in herself the many worthy characteristics of the Swiss ancestry of which she was so proud. Her only child died in infancy.

Aunt Lucie’s other daughter, Antoinette, “Twonnette,” as she was always called, was a young lady when her sister Josephine was born. She was the original of Eggleston’s character of that name in his novel, “Roxy.” She married early in life James Harvey Titus, a lawyer of Vevay and died shortly after.

She was a beautiful and vivacious young woman.  

Aunt Lucie’s only son was her only child to leave descend­ants. (See Antoinette Dufour line).

Notes on Chapter XIII

1Prof. Wilbur Peat, in charge of Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis, recently made an especial trip to Vevay to photograph these portraits, and those of Mrs. Julie Le Clerc and Madame Morerod. Was making re­search of early Indiana portraiture.

2The first magazine article of the writer was inspired by pioneer stories of Aunt Lucie, and was published in the “Indianaian,” Jan-Feb. num­ber, 1901, a publication that had a short and troubled existence. Aunt Lucie was so pleased she presented me, her great niece, with a wonderful silk quilt, pieced and embroidered in her own designs, without glasses, in her ninety-fifth year.

3This picturesque old home was given a marker by the local Historical Society.

4Her great nieces, Mrs. Lucille Skelcher and Mrs. Louisa Fox have in­herited many valuable pieces of antique jewelry from her.
CHAPTER XIV

Great-Uncle Aime Morerod and Great-Aunt Clara, his Wife

Aime' was the sixth child born to Jean Daniel Morerod and Antoinette Dufour Morerod. He came into the world January 8th, 1815 when the unnecessary Battle of New Orleans was being fought and lived to be ninety five, just lacking two months and one day. He was the last but one of a family of eight. His youngest sister, Mrs. Josephine Hill, who lived to be ninety three, survived him four years. With the exception of two of his immediate family (Great-Aunt Henriette who died at seventy-two and Uncle Rudolf, whose span of life was not quite fifty-four) his brothers and sisters lived well into the eighties and nineties.

Uncle Aime' was one of the first students at Hanover College but did not remain there long. Although the president and his parents urged him to return he did not do so, as he was more interested in running a farm than in conning over school books. Besides farming he was in company with U. P. Schenck, one of Vevay's hay kings, in flat boating to New Orleans for some years.

November 22, 1845 he was married to Mrs. Clara Lindley Elmore. She was the widow of Otis Elmore whom she had married February 27, 1838 and who died two years later. Aunt Clara, the eighteenth of twenty-one children, was born in 1816, in Hamilton County, Ohio.

One of her sisters married John Ellis, a prominent banker of New York, who was offered by President Grant the position of Secretary of the Treasury which he refused.

Aunt Clara died at eighty-four, May 28, 1900. For fifty-seven years she was a devoted wife and helped her husband care for his widowed mother through a long period of invalidism. When at his mother's death the old home place was turned over to a younger brother, he bought the handsome residence, built by John L. Dumont, prominent lawyer of Vevay and husband of
the better known Julia L. Dumont, school teacher and writer. (Judge Dumont, back in the 40's, was an unsuccessful candidate for Governor of Indiana. He was defeated by Governor Wallace.) In this home Mrs. Dumont conducted her famous school in which Edward Eggleston and his brother George were pupils. Eggleston was, at one time, in his boyhood, a member of Uncle Aime's family. Of him Uncle Aime said that while he learned French easily, he never succeeded in mastering the art of planting corn.

Uncle Aime and Aunt Clara, never having had any children of their own, “brought up” many children of others. Like all their Swiss family, they were noted for hospitality and often gave big dinners that were really BIG, to which half the town was invited. Their birth days and wedding anniversaries were celebrated to the very last and the local papers carried long accounts, nearly always accompanied by their pictures and that of their home, and they were hailed as Vevay's best beloved old couple.

Uncle Aime's name was synonomous with honesty and uprightness, so charitable he never acquired wealth. He was always going security for people and having to pay the debts of others, although he might have evaded doing so. He scoffed at the idea of not living up to his word which he accounted equivalent to his bond. Hence his record for truthfulness and honor and his reputation as the “Grand Old Man” of the community.

Imbued with the principles of Jacksonian Democracy, he never voted any other ticket than the Democratic. Positive in character he was a leader. A great reader of newspapers he had a retentive memory and was often called upon to settle any controversy about the date of any event. He was good company and visitors to Vevay were always taken to call at the Morerod Home, as his fellow citizens were proud of him. He retained his mental activity to the very last as did all his brothers and sisters. No case of senility among them.

He was a great admirer of Napoleon I, his father having helped to haul the cannon of the “Little Corporal” over the Alps before the Battle of Marengo. An engraving of the Corsican General occupied a place of honor above his mantel in the living room. It was presented to him by some French officers whom he entertained when they passed through the village. This picture in its original frame is now in the possession of the writer.

Uncle Aime was, for some time, a member of the Swiss Guards that went to Cincinnati to welcome Lafayette in 1824,
although at that time he was too young to belong to the organization.

Aunt Clara was also much beloved and touched society at many points. She was a life long member of the Methodist Church and was active in all its work. She was a great favorite with her husband's relatives and numbered several namesakes among them. Energetic, cheerful, and gay she was hospitable to a fault. Her "peppy" independence was shown by her visit to the Chicago World's Fair alone, when she was seventy eight. The friendless and homeless could always find refuge with Aunt Clara and Uncle Aime. In the days before professional or even practical "paid" nurses, Aunt Clara carried assistance to the sick, consolation to the sorrowful and closed the eyes of the dead. In trouble it was always—"Send for Aunt Clara!" and she always came. For several years before her death she was an invalid. After her death Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Spillman kept house for the bereaved old man. Mrs. Spillman was the daughter of Franklin Dufour, first cousin to Uncle Aime. When they moved to California an old house keeper took their place.

As long as he was able to get about Uncle Aime was a familiar figure about town. A waggish playmate of the writer said he would make a good joker for a deck of cards, as, in his old plaid lined over coat, great slouch hat, lantern in hand, he wended his way home, in the evening, accompanied by his shepherd dogs. He was certainly a picturesque figure—his mighty frame—all the more pitiful in its decrepitude, crowned by a shock of iron grey hair. The grief of the old man at the death of his wife whom he outlived ten years, was extremely pathetic. His nieces and nephews visited him often, as did the townspeople, doing what they could to alleviate his loneliness.

The old Morerod Home now converted into the County Infirmary, has lost its one time stately dignity. The avenue of trees, bordering the path from the gate to the door, has been shaved away. The chestnut grove adjoining, has also gone the way of all things, sooner or later.

Nothing less than a dragon with a fiery tail would have been able to guard those chestnuts from the village boys who thought it so much more fun to steal them than to ask Uncle Aime for them, though he was never known to refuse to give away the chestnuts. I heard a man say once that he never felt meaner in his life than when as a youngster Uncle Aime kindly offered him a sack of nuts, at the same time his little boy blouse was stuffed
full of pilfered ones.

The old Morerod Home is known in Eggleston’s “Roxy” as “the house with the Lombardy poplars” where Mark Bonamy took his bride Roxy. This book is based on actual happenings in Vevay. The writer’s mother gave her a list of the originals of the characters, all of whom she personally knew. Julia L. Dumont’s son, Aurelius, is depicted in Bonamy and Roxy was Harriet Dufour, daughter of Daniel Vincent, only son of Jean Jacques, eldest of the Swiss brothers.

Aunt Lucie Detraz and her husband figure in the story as does their residence scene of some of the action. Their daughter “Twonnette” is one of the chief characters.

The old Morerod Home used to have a very story book appearance, resembling somewhat, from the north side, an old French chalet.

The front entrance was approached by stone steps, worn by the many feet that had passed in and out the colonial doorway. A broad hall opened at the right on the high cellinged old parlour. The windows had brass trimmings at the top and heavy glass knobs at the sides behind which the damask draperies were tucked, like a girl’s long hair behind her ears.

On the opposite side of the hall was the bedroom-sitting room with its great presses on each side the high mantel and the long, old divan between the windows, Uncle Aime’s favorite reclining place. That and his big arm chair are now the property of the writer.

This room opened on a long west porch. There were some fifteen rooms, with halls, here and there. The wainscotted walls were very thick as in all of the old Swiss houses. The bedrooms upstairs did not open into one another but only on the halls, thus preserving a rigid individuality. Many of these rooms were on different floor levels, up a few steps here, down a few there.

The school room of Mrs. Julia L. Dumont was called “the stone room” and was at the rear. There was an outer stair by which the pupils entered. This has long since been torn away.

The descendants of the pioneer families are proud if they can claim an ancestor as a pupil of this gifted teacher. The writer’s father was one and he used to speak with admiration of her methods of discipline and instruction which stamped her as a teacher far in advance of her times. She spent much effort in character training and was extremely successful in inspiring
boys and girls with the ambition to learn. She did a great work in feeding these young people both spiritually and mentally.

And now this old “story book” homestead that had about it a flavor of inevitableness, suggestive of human destiny, has become the official county home of charity—a quality for which it was ever known.
CHAPTER XV

The Dufours in Switzerland—Early History and some account of the Family in more recent times.

The Dufours are of ancient French Swiss lineage, traceable to about 1498. There are many branches of this family, some of Upper Savoy, Chatelard, Montreaux and Vevey, which it now seems rather impossible to straighten out. There are also a number of Vaudois families of the same name, citizens of Lausanne, Morges etc. They seem to be descendants of the people entrusted with the ovens of the baronage, a function which was hereditary, in many cases. The name Dufour is French for "of the oven." The oven of the old baronage of Chatelard was located in the village de Sales, near the still existing house of Jean Jacques Rodolphe Dufour, the father of the Dufours who emigrated to America in 1801.

Another explanation of the name, traditional in the family, is that it was conferred on the then head of the family by Charles of Burgundy whom he helped hold back his enemies in battle until reinforcements arrived. For this he was knighted and given the name because of his valor in the heat of fight. Another tradition is that Henri of Navarre did the knighting.

The Dufours of de Sales and de Planches have been among the most outstanding branches. The first mentioned were possessed, for a long time, of the maison forte with a tower, called today the Convent of Sales, actual property of the Museum Society of Ancient Montreaux, which had been sold by Jean Jacques Rodolphe Dufour, mayor and son of Jean Jacques to the family Dubochet. On one of the gates the initials of Adam Dufour still may be seen, with the date 1615. Adam was the first abbot of the noble fraternity of Escharpes Blanches, oldest rifle association of the region. Still exists. Part of the building has been standing, according to archeological researches, since the beginning of the 14th century. On an adjacent structure with the date 1618, are the initials of Daniel David Dufour, brother of Adam.
The Dufour family has, at all times, produced local magistrates, mayors, standard bearers, clerics and judges of the peace; and pastors furthermore they have been a dynasty of notaries. Besides exercising their official functions, they have been farmers and vinegrowers and managed their own domains. At present there are representatives of the family in almost every rural settlement in the region.

The house de Sales, built by Jean Jacques Dufour, in the middle of the eighteenth century, on the site of a former home, still existed a few years ago, at least.

The Dufour coats-of-arms (there are several) date back to the seventeenth century, adopted, very likely, by the first notary of the name. At that time officials, instead of sealing acts with the seals of the respective offices, used by every following office holder, according to the way it is today, had their own personal seal with coat-of-arms engraved on it.

The Dufours had come to a certain wealth and power at about the year 1536. Some of the more recent branches of the family are:

I Dufours de Breut—Outstanding person—Vincent (1852-1900) Vineyard proprietor and major of artillery.

II Dufours de Chernex — Outstanding — Vincent Louis (1821-1890 Vineyard proprietor, Lieutenant Colonel of Infantry, was in command of 70th Battalion during the occupation of Swiss frontier 1870-71.

III Dufours de Vuarennes—Descendants live in Morges and Lausanne.—To this branch belong the following:—Three brothers, Charles, Louis and Marc and the sons of the last two, Jean, Jules, Othmar Pierre, and August.

Charles (1827-1902) professor of mathematics and astronomy at University of Lausanne. Has published astronomical surveys of great astronomical value.

Louis (1832-1892) Professor of Physics, University of Lausanne.

Marc (1843-1910) oculist, professor of Ophthalmology, University Lausanne. Philanthropist. Upon his recommendation one of his patients, Count Gabriel de Rumine, of Russian origin, donated his fortune of a million and five hundred thousand francs to the city of Lausanne, specifying this sum be augmented after
a certain time, by the interest, destined for the transformation of the old university.

Jean (1860-1903) son of Louis. Professor of botany at University of Lausanne, Director of the Experimental Institute for viticulture and editor of numerous publications about wine diseases (mildieu, black root, etc).

August (1864-?) professor of optometry, University Lausanne, also son of Louis. Another son of Louis, Jules (1875-?) banker at Vevey and Councillor of state of Canton de Vaud. Colonel of Infantry since 1923.

Marc's sons Othmar, private lecturer on optometry, Oculist at Lausanne and Pierre, civil engineer. Othmar was born 1876 and Pierre in 1881.

Excerpts from papers furnished the late Mrs. Bettie Dufour Smith, great granddaughter of Jean Francois Dufour, by the Swiss Consul at Cincinnati, O. some years before her death.

Captain Charlie Dufour, well known captain and pilot for many years on the Ohio River, grandson of Jean Daniel Dufour, received a number of letters from the Professor Charles Dufour of Lausanne, Switzerland. The correspondence started through inquiries Captain Charlie made about a Dufour he heard had died in 1897 while traveling in Germany, leaving a fortune. He thought the American Dufours might have a claim. To this the Swiss professor replied that he had never heard of any Dufour's going to Germany but had often heard his father speak of those who came to America. But he added a certain Francis Dufour had died in Algeria in 1859, when about twenty four, leaving a considerable fortune. The greater part of it he had bequeathed to his tutor, Monsieur Bocard of Montreaux, who speedily lost it all. Some legacies were left to acquaintances and vine dressers and 100,000 francs to two first cousins. His grandfather had been an English teacher, so it was not he but possibly Spencer Dufour, the father, who died in 1842 at Montreaux, who had accumulated the fortune.

Professor Charles also wrote that his grandfather, Jean Pierre David Dufour, born at Montreaux in 1767, died in 1821, was first cousin to Jean Daniel, grandfather of Captain Charlie, who had urged him to come to America which he probably would have done but for his wife, who was much opposed to the idea. He wrote the name Dufour is scattered over Europe, especially in Belgium, France and several cantons of Switzerland and that
the only Dufours left of his branch at Montreaux were the descendants of his father. (But since then most of these have died.)

Professor Charles continues, "You see our family has furnished and still furnishes a good number of professors for Lausanne University and it is sometimes called the 'University of the Dufours'." He adds that he has a daughter, Caroline, born 1860, married to a Monsieur Lavanchy, pharmacist, near Geneva and a younger daughter, Emma, married to a Monsieur Vautrier, proprietor of a tobacco factory at Grandson. He writes he had a letter from George Dufour, Veyay, Ind. (son of Jean David) inquiring about this Dufour inheritance.

Both Professor Charles and his brother, Dr. Marc have since died. Their funeral announcements, written in French, were sent to Captain Charlie Dufour of Ghent, Kentucky.

That of Professor Charles reads—

"Madame Charles Dufour at Morges; Madame and Monsieur Auguste Vautier-Dufour and their children, Emmeline, Germaine, Hilda and Camille at Grandson; Monsieur Alfred Lavanchy-Dufour and children, Charles, Berthe and Pierre at Carouge-Geneva; Monsieur, the Professor and Madame Marc Dufour; Madame Louis Dufour-Dapples; Monsieur the Professor Jean Dufour; Monsieur, the Dr. and Madame Auguste Dufour and their children; Madame and Monsieur Ernest Chavennes-Dufour; Monsieur Othmar, med.; Monsieur Pierre Dufour at Lausanne; Madame Jules Falquier at Veytaux and her family have the great sorrow to announce the great loss by death which has come to them in the person of Monsieur Charles Dufour, their dearly beloved spouse, father, father-in-law, grandfather, brother, uncle and great uncle whom the Lord hath taken to Himself, Sunday, December 28, in his seventy sixth year." Then follows the Scriptural Quotation, Proverbs 2, vs. 6 and 7.

This serves to show the customs, the names of the family still living at that time, and that the sons-in-law tacked on the Dufour name, according to the French Swiss custom, adopted by Jean Daniel Dufour who was married in Switzerland, a custom strange to America. Dr. Marc Dufour's funeral announcement came later, in much the same style, though evidently, several others of the family had preceded him in death. He died in his sixty-eighth year.

The announcement was heavily bordered with black and stated Dr. Marc was chief physician at the Hospital of the Blind
at Lausanne, Professor of Ophthalmology in the University, officer of the Legion of Honneur, Commander of the Royal Order of the Saviour.

Pierre, son of Dr. Marc, was a class mate at an engineering school, near Pittsburg, Pa., of Captain Charlie’s son, Perry. The young men, drawn together by the similarity of their names, discovered their kinship, though distant, and had some correspondence after they separated. The letters given are by courtesy of Professor Russell O. Dufour, Pleasureville, Ky., younger brother of Perry who has been dead some years. The first is dated June 6, 1906. Wilkinsburgh, Pa. Pierre writes his father and brother had come to America on a trip around the world, travelling very fast as his father wished to return to Switzerland by the first of November when his lectures at the University began. Going rapidly through America, they sailed from Vancouver for Japan. “Coming straight from New York I travelled with them from here, to Niagara Falls, Toronto and down the St. Laurent. From Montreal we went straight to Yellowstone Park. I left them at St. Paul and they went to the Canadian Park in the Rockies and spent a few days there and in the neighborhood of Vancouver. I received this evening news from them safe in Japan. Both were interested in your family and very sorry to rush through America without time to see some of their cousins in the neighborhood of Cincinnati. But I hope they will come back later, and I am sure after traveling around the world, they will find a trip to America very easy.

As you see I spent my whole vacation traveling to see three wonders of your country and now I have to stick on my work. Nevertheless I hope to have an opportunity of seeing you not far in the future. In our engineering apprenticeship we can comparatively easily get a regular vacation. I was much interested in your letter.”

The second letter was also from Wilkinsburg. It begins; “My dear cousin,” thanks Perry for the cards he had sent, “as they bring me the good news you have not yet sailed for the Phillipines as was your intention.” Then he describes a two weeks’ vacation, traveling in Canada with a friend, who was a graduate of Lausanne University, canoeing and bathing in the lakes, visiting the French part of Quebec and coming back via Lake Champlain, Lake George and the Hudson. They stopped at Boston which he says is quite different from Pittsburg. He adds the country was of great historical interest. “You can see
nearly all of Switzerland in two weeks. I can not say that of your country. I travelled many miles but have seen only a very small part of the states.” He expressed a desire to see the center and south of America as he had seen the north. (One wonders if he understood how little of the north he had really visited.) I plan many good trips. One would be, for example, to sail down the Ohio, stop in Vevay, see the curiosities of Kentucky, visit St. Louis, and then down the Mississippi to New Orleans; take a train west across Texas, stop at San Antonio and see Mexico. Then come back from the western coast through the Grand Canyon and see Yosemite. Unhappily I am not here with the only purpose of traveling and the R. R. does not give away many passes.” Then follows some account of his work in the laboratory and he concludes with the hope of hearing soon from his cousin, expressing an interest in his career.

The third letter is dated Jan. 10, 1908 from Zurich Switzerland and addressed to Perry at Manila, Phillipines. He speaks of being employed in “one of our biggest firms for electricity.” He speaks several times of his wife whom he had married the previous March. Wedding announcements from both his grandmother and parents and his wife’s parents are among this correspondence. The translation of the latter from the French.

“Monsieur and Madame Jean Jacques Mercier announce the marriage of their daughter, Mademoiselle Danielle Mercier with Monsieur Pierre Th. Dufour, engineer Mars 1908. Lausanne, Avenue des Toisses 9”.

There is also a small card de visite photo of Pierre, taken in Lausanne, but dated 1907, Pittsburg. This represents him as a small, delicate young man with long head, broad high forehead an ingenuous expression and prominent teeth that an incipient moustache does not conceal.

In 1932 this same Pierre wrote J. K. Danglade, editor of Vevay Reveille-Enterprise for information about the Dufours who settled Vevay. He said he was then president of the Society of Natural History of “our canton,” and as it was holding a meeting near Montreaux, birthplace of Jean Jacques, he wanted to give information concerning the achievements of the Dufours in America. He states: “I, myself am a Dufour of Montreaux-Chatelard, the same branch as J. J. Dufour. About twenty six years ago I exchanged letters with a young engineer of the Philippine Survey, named Perry Dufour. I wonder if he is back in Vevay.
I was much interested to know that Mrs. Sylvia Dufour De Vecchio, granddaughter of Jean Francois, is still living. I am much interested in the articles of Mrs. A. V. Danner on the old books, written by early settlers of Vevay. I am trying to find now a copy of the "Vinedresser's Guide," by Jean Jacques Dufour.

A short time after the writer sent him some information but as he did not acknowledge it, it might be inferred he had died.

In October 1936 the writer received a call from Mr. G. L. Burdette, Knoxville, Tenn., who was visiting in Rising Sun, Indiana. Having heard Vevay had been settled by the Dufours of Switzerland he was interested to see the place, as he had been born in Switzerland and had come to America in 1876. He said he had known the Dufours who lived at Lausanne and Morges. He had been a pupil of Professor Charles Dufour and spoke very highly of him, both as a man and an educator. He said his family was very fine, aristocratic one who thought he belittled himself by accepting such a position as a professorship. (This does not seem to fit with the fact so many of the family were professors at the University of Lausanne). Mr. Burdette spoke of one of the family as a famous dentist with a long line of patients always waiting outside his door.

He spoke of the prestige of General Dufour, first president of the Red Cross Society which he had helped to organize and said he was looked upon with the same respect in Switzerland as George Washington in America. He came from Geneva and according to some, is not related to the Dufours of Montreaux. He was in command of the Swiss Army during the Civil War of 1847.

I have not been able to make sure of this kinship but among my earliest recollections of the daguerreotypes and funny little photographs in the family collection, is one of the old general, firm lipped and dignified, epaulets on his shoulders, medals on his breast and the Swiss flag bound around his arm. So, I was very much thrilled when I went abroad the first time to strike the trail of this childhood hero at Geneva. An equestrian statue of him is in the public square. A street, and a steamer on Lake Geneva, are named in his honor. There is also a mountain peak not far from the Matterhorn named Dufour Spitze, whether in honor of the General or for the family, is not clear.

In the Hotel de Ville, in the room where the first overtures
for international peace were made, and the Alabama Claims settled, is a large oil painting, representing the organization of the First Red Cross Society. In this picture the president, General Dufour, is presenting the Red Cross symbol, the Swiss flag reversed, to the Society. When the curator was told I was a descendant of the Dufours who went to America in 1801, and probably distant kin of the General, she treated me with the greatest respect. When I returned home and found some of the family doubted the kinship, I felt like a pretender to the throne.

On my trips to Europe in 1928 and 1930 I learned of some fourteen Dufours in Geneva and several in Montreux and Vevey but had not time to make any personal contacts with them. Some of them were spoken of as people of means, education and social prominence.

Mrs. Adah Swaine, great granddaughter of Jean Daniel, and widow of Major Wm. Swaine of the U. S. A., lived abroad some years where her husband was stationed and made contacts with some families of Dufour in Switzerland. The writer is indebted to her for the photographs of the old Dufour Home, in Montreux and the chateau home of Frances Isabel le Blanc before her marriage to Jean Daniel.

Mrs. Susan Golay Lamson said her grandmother Suzanne Dufour Golay, averred the old home was built of stone and dated back to the old Romans. She also said her grandmother told her she had seen Napoleon I and his wife driving through the streets of Paris.
Copy of the will of Jean Daniel Morerod.

In the name of God Amen.

I Jean Daniel Morerod of the County of Switzerland and state of Indiana, Considering The uncertainty of This Mortal Life, and being of sound and perfect mind and memory, do make and publish This my last will and testament, in manner and form following, viz.

1st—Having heretofore given my daughter, Henrietta, furniture and other articles from the house, to the value of One Hundred Dollars, I therefore give and bequeath to the other four daughters, to wit: Lucy, Louisa, Julia and Josephine, and to my two sons, Aime' and Rodolph, One hundred Dollars each, to be paid to each of them in household furniture, clothing, and other articles from the farm and house at the time of their marriage, if they shall marry or when they shall arrive at the age of twenty-one years.

2nd—I give and bequeath to my dearly beloved wife, Antonia Morerod all my property, real and personal, of whatever kind or nature the same may be of which I die seized and possessed of, to have and to hold, The same, without having to account for the same to any person, court or other tribunal whatever, for and during her natural life, Provided, she shall so long remain my widow, pay the above mentioned legacies, and accept the terms of my last will and testament.

3rd—At the death of my said wife and after the payment of all debts and the above named legacies, I give and bequeath unto my two sons Aime’ Morerod and Rodolph Morerod, One fourth part of all my property, Real and personal, to have and to hold The same, from and after the death of said wife to Their use and benefit and to Their heirs and assignees forever.

4th—And the remaining three-fourths of my said property as aforesaid, as well Real as Personal, I give and bequeath unto my seven children, viz, Henrietta, Lucie, Louisa, Julia, Josephine, Aime’ and Rodolph, to be divided amongst them into equal parts, to have and to hold The same from and after my said wife’s death unto Themselves Their heirs and assignees forever, Provided however, and it is here expressly reserved, That my two sons, Aime’ and Rodolph shall have the privilege by Themselves or guardians, of retaining and keeping to Them-
selves, The farm and tract of land on which we now reside, Containing about One hundred and ninety two Acres of land at A fair Valuation, and to be allowed four years after getting possession Thereof, to pay to my other heirs the amount the said farm may be valued at, over and above Their shares of the estate, by paying yearly The legal interest on the same and provided also, That such of my daughters who shall not be married, shall have the privilege of making Their home in some part of the home in which we now live, of having a piece of ground for A garden, and of taking fruit out of the Orchard for Their provision, and for drying, for their own use, until they shall marry or arrive at the age of twenty-one years.

5th—It is further my wish that my grandson Eugene Morerod be raised on The farm as one of the family (his Mother consenting thereto) without any charge either to himself or his Mother, until he shall arrive at the age of twenty-one years, provided my said wife should live so long—

6th—And I hereby Constitute and appoint my dear wife Antonia Morerod sole executrix of this my last will and testament, And guardian over the persons and property of my minor children, without having to account to any person, Court or tribunal, except in the Case she should marry again—

7th—In order that my said wife may be brought to account for the property which shall come into her possession, by virtue of This my will in event she should marry again, she shall within Three months after my death make, or cause to be made, A true and perfect Inventory and valuation, of all and singular, my goods, chattels, and credit, And file The same in The office of The Court of Probate of Switzerland County and cause The same to be recorded, but she shall use her own pleasure as to selling or not selling The whole or any part of The same—

8th—And Though it may appear singular to some, it is my will and pleasure That no costly clothing nor A costly coffin be buried to rot with my body, but if I should die at home, I wish my body to be wrapped up in A plain white sheet and put in A plain Coffin made of pine or other cheap boards The cost of which shall not exceed two dollars. And That The difference of price, between This equipage of Mine and That usually afforded in Vevay to travellers to That place whence no one returns, be dealt out to Those who shall meet at my house to accompany my
body to the grave, in the best wine that may then happen to be in my cellar—

In witness whereof, I have set my hand and seal This fourteenth day of February in the Year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and twenty nine—

JEAN DANIEL MOREROD (seal)

Signed, sealed published and declared by the above named Jean Daniel Morerod, to be his last will and testament in the presence of us, who have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses, in the presence and at the request of the testator—

JOHN F. DUFOR
J. F. TARDY
ABRAHAM RAYMOND
PERRET DUFOR

Spelling, punctuation, captilization and phrasing kept intact in the copy. The original document is in possession of J. K. Danglade, Ed. Vevay Reveille-Enterprise.
APPENDIX

A copy of the Gazette of Lausanne, Switzerland, May 22, 1925, has been furnished the writer by Mrs. Adah Swaine, Whit­tier, Calif., descendant of Jean Daniel. This paper in celebration of the centennial of Lafayette’s visit to Cincinnati, O., contains an account of the trip of the Vevay Swiss Artillery to that city to honor the French General.

A letter, written on board the Str. Herald, on the Ohio River, to a secretary of the General, describes the occurrence. The translation boils down to the following: The party of Lafayette had scarcely disembarked at Cin. before it was surrounded by a dozen or more Swiss emigrants, headed by the venerable J. J. Dufour. Having learned the General would not pass through Vevay, these brave men, as citizens of the New World, had travelled eighty miles to thank him for the liberty they enjoyed. They spoke of their hardships and privations but hopefully of the future and their thankfulness for freedom and opportunity. Apologizing for their common clothing, they said they were confident the General would attach more importance to patriotic virtue than to clothes.

They had brought some of their wine in which they toasted the General and his son who drank with them. They begged him to accept an unopened cask of a dozen bottles to take back to France to remind him that it was on account of his courage and zeal that their vineyards could be cultivated by free men under the American sun.

The chronicler continues that at the departure of the Gen­eral the Vevay Military Company saluted by very rapid firing and that this admirable company owed its proficiency and fine set up to its Swiss Captain who had served long in France.

This Captain was Daniel Vincent Dufour, only child of Jean Jacques. This expedition of the Swiss was an outstanding event in the history of the colony, the memory of which has been care­fully cherished by the descendants of these loyal Switzers.

Their account of this visit is told more fully in Perret Dufour’s History of the Swiss Settlement.