

## **The Journal of Colonel Daniel Trabue**

From "Colonial men and times: containing the journal of Col. Daniel Trabue, some account of his ancestry, life and travels in Virginia and the present state of Kentucky during the revolutionary period; the Huguenots, genealogy, with brief sketches of the allied families by Lillie Du Puy Van Culin Harper". (1916).

I was born March 31, 1760, as per Register in Chesterfield County, Virginia, 15 miles from the city of Richmond. My progenitors were from France. My grandfather, Anthony Trabue, fled from France in the year of our Lord 1687 at the time of the bloody persecution against the dissenters by the Roman Catholics. The law against the dissenters was very rigid at that time. Who ever was known to be one, or even suspected, if they would not swear to suit the priest, their lives and estates were forfeited, and they were put to the most shameful and cruel torture and death.

Worse than all. they would not let anyone move from their kingdom. They say it was the most terrible time that could possibly be conceived of. Guards and troops were stationed all over the kingdom to stop and catch any that might run away; at every place where they would expect these persons might pass, there were guards fixed, and companies of inquisitors and patrollers on every road and every other place, hunting for the heretics, as they called them.

Where there was one who made his escape, perhaps there were hundreds put to the most shameful torture and death, and their estates confiscated. When the decree was first passed, a number of the people thought it would not be put into execution so very hastily, but the priests, friars and inquisitors were very intent for their estates, and they rushed quick. I understood that my grandfather, Anthony Trabue, had an estate, but concluded he would leave it if he could possibly make his escape.

He was a young man, and he and another young man took a cart and loaded it with wine, and went on to sell it to the furthestmost guards, and when night came they left their horse and cart, and made their escape to an English ship, who took them in, and they went over to England, left their estates, and native country, and their relations, and every other thing for the sake of Jesus Christ, who died for them.

My Mother was a daughter of John James Dupuy.<sup>2</sup> His father .... told him about the matter. She said she believed that the Catholics were wrong, and that she had experienced the true religion of Jesus Christ, and she could not renounce it. She said the priest had been to see her, and threatened her very severely and told her he would be there again the next day, and if she did not renounce her sentiment and swear thus and so, they would put her to the cruelest death that they could think of.

[<sup>2</sup> Meaning Olympia Du Puy, daughter of John James Du Puy and granddaughter of Susanne La Villan and Bartholomew Du Puy. Olympia married John James Trabue and was the mother of Col. Daniel Trabue.]

That night she thought she was in a terrible condition. She was looking for her husband; it was not certain he would come, and if he did come, she did not know how it would go with her, as he was a Catholic himself. She fasted that day and prayed to God to direct her what to do; she did not cease to pray all night.

The next day she saw the priest and inquisitors coming. She had time to fall on her knees a minute or two before they entered the house. She prayed to Jesus Christ, the mighty God, to be with her in this time of great need, and strengthen her and direct her what to do. She said it came to her not to deny her Savior. She jumped up and met them at the door and told them to come in. They asked her if she would now do what they called for her to do yesterday. She said she had not altered her opinion; they told her she was a fool; and they would kill her, as she was not fit to live longer. She said if they despised her and cast her off and put her to death, her dependence was in Jesus her Savior, who would receive her soul in heaven.

They told her again she was a heretic, and the way they were going to serve her was to pull off all her finger nails with pinchers; and they said, "Look at the door, there is a wild horse, we will tie the hair of your head to that horse's tail and let him go; what then will become of you?" She said, "I am a lone woman, you can do as you please. I can not help myself." One of them said, "Let her alone to-day, it is thought her husband will come home to-day, and he will tell her better." So they went away and left her.

The same day her husband came home she told him all that had passed; he loved her very much. She was a very handsome young woman, newly married. My great-grandfather Dupuy was a strict Catholic, but thought this persecution was wrong, and that he would take her over to England and leave her until times would alter, and he himself would go back to his estate. There were petitions going every day to the King to alter the decree.

My great grandfather thought the decree would be altered. Immediately he got a suit of men's clothes that would fit his wife; he gave her a sword, and she passed as his servant in the man's regimental clothing and a sword by her side, and they went to England. As he was an Officer and had on his regimentals, and sword, he could pass anywhere, showing his companion if necessary.

He had no time to dispose of his estate; he had been once offered, as I understand, as many dollars as would go round his farm laying them flat with the edges to touch. They said he had a valuable vineyard. He and his wife got safely over to England. He soon understood that the priests and inquisitors were displeased with him, as they suspected he had taken her away.

He wrote back several times, and got many letters from others, but nothing to his benefit. His land and other property were confiscated. My Grand Father Trabue was much fretted and perplexed about his estate, but concluded that it w<sup>^</sup>as certain the King would alter the decree some day, and restore his estate to him. In England they came across a number of refugees who had made their escape, although it was only here and there one who made his escape; yet when they got together it was a goodly company; they could tell one

another of their trials and difficulties. The King of England offered these poor refugees, if they would go to America, he would do something for them, as he wanted to populate this new country.

In the year 1700 my Grand Father Anthony Trabue, and my Great-Grandfather, DuPue, and many others, agreed to embark in the cause of God, to the New World, as they then called it. There was one of their ministers also went with them. Anthony Trabue was married this year to a French girl in Holland. She was also a refugee and of his sect. Many of the French people went to Holland expecting to return. My Great-Grandfather DuPuy thought he would go to America and would return again to France some day if times were altered.