

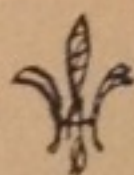
Notes On The Travel Diaries

Pages 14, 17, and 18 (page numbers marked at the bottom of each image) describe faith healings during a pilgrimage to the basilica of Saint Anne in Quebec.

Page 51 contains an anecdote about Chinese laundromats. The Chinese have been stereotyped throughout the late 20th century, often humorously, as being owners and operators of laundromats and this tradition appears to go back to at least the late 1800's as well.

Life was centered around church and prayer. Hiking and playing cards was mentioned as recreation people engaged in.

The writer of this diary is Odelie Demers, she is of Acadian heritage (a type of French Canadian). At the end of the diary is an image of a brief report on The Acadians written in 1790 as well as an image of her in a portrait with her family and an image of the basilica of Saint Anne. In the portrait her surname is Dubois and the surname of her sister Eva has changed to Doiron. Their father and mother is to the viewers left of them and they are named Henriette and Telesphore Demers. This diary was written in 1898.



TRAVEL NOTES

ODELIE DEMERS

Sanford, Maine

departure June 21

return July 12

1898



Introduction

The original manuscript is now in the possession of Oline Doiron of Sanford, Maine, daughter of Eva Demers Doiron 1879-1962. Eva was the younger of two sisters whose trip to Canada in 1898 is the subject of this narrative. My aunt, Odelie Demers Dubois 1871-1937, committed her notes in careful penmanship to a blue-lined notebook, tightly filling its 75 pages with some 12,000 words.

Beyond its obvious interest to members of the Demers, Dubois and Doiron families, the journal provides a glimpse into the daily lives of typical Franco-Americans during the early days of the French Canadian migration.

Born in Canada, the two girls, aged 19 and 11, arrived in Sanford, Maine in 1890 as members of the large family of Téléphore Demers. The youngsters found work in the textile mills while their father worked as a carpenter.

When Odelie was 27 and Eva 19, they planned a three week trip to Canada. A high point of the trip would be the pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupré, an experience duplicated by thousands

of Franco-Americans.

The importance of the extended family and the obligatory social calls on all the relatives is well documented here. The relative ease of travel to Canada in the heyday of the railroads is seen. The simple pastimes which provided entertainment in rural French Canada are recorded.

After returning to Sanford from New Bedford, Mass., in 1921 Odelie Demers Dubois lived at 51 High St.. Later she moved to 24½ State St. where she died in 1937.

Eva Demers Doiron spent most of her married life at 7 Nason St., Sanford, Me. She died there in 1962.

Translator's Notes

Paragraph divisions and punctuation marks, almost totally absent in the ms., have been supplied; also short sentences, consolidated; long ones, divided. Clock times and numbers have been reduced to arabic numerals for brevity. French spelling of personal and place names has been kept. My comments are in parentheses. Numbers in the margin refer to pages of the ms.

Edmund Demers

Farmington, N.H.

1990

Travel Notebook
of
Odelie Demers
Sanford, Me.

departure 21 June, 1898

return 12 July, 1898

I started out on the 21st of June on a pleasure trip to Canada accompanied by my sister Eva. We left the house at 11:20 after having said our good-byes to the family. They loaded us with good wishes after which we set out for town where we met Miss Rose Parent who works at Samuel Smith's store. She spoke just a few words to us wishing us a good trip. Then we boarded the trolley - it was 11:40. We made the trip from Sanford to Springvale in a quarter of an hour.

2 Mr. George Lizotte looked after our trunk and at noon we boarded the Portland and Rochester train. We were a score of Canadians from Sanford heading for Canada. One of our young men took a seat near us while frequently giving us the eye; nevertheless we made the trip all the way to Portland without him having spoken to us.

Nothing very unusual appeared along the way. Upon leaving Hollis Center station we beheld a magnificent field of corn outfitted with the nicest scarecrow fashioned in the old Canadian style: man's hat hanging on a stick, clothing also, serving "public notice" to all fur and feathers who might have wanted to get into this extensive field. Continuing on our way we met a train at Gorham station carrying a coffin. Since the name of the person inside was unknown to us, we took less note of it, although the sight of a coffin always leaves an impression. Finally we arrived at Portland. It is 1:40 and we must wait an hour to get to Central station in Portland. Miss Clarice Porell, having been informed that her aunt, Delphis Porell was passing through Portland came to make a short visit at the station. After exchanging a few words, we boarded again to go to the Central Office where we had to get tickets, but to our great disappointment, they made us get off at the Portland and Rochester station while telling us we would have to wait till 8:00 p.m.. Some Canadians who were working on the line spoke to us, joking that we would have time to visit since we were only leaving at 8:00. Wisecracking away,

4 they got on their handcar, which was manually operated. I found they didn't seem any more independent than we were, just because we preferred waiting a few hours to working to get there by handcar.

Seeing that we were having to wait so long, Messrs. Lizotte and Brouillard decided to go to the Central Office on foot - it was only a twenty minute walk. Upon arriving, they telegraphed us not to be discouraged - that a train at 5:00 would take us to our destination. At 5:00 we got aboard, very happy to leave this "lil' ol' place" where there was only this "lil' ol' station and a few lil' ol' boats" to relieve our boredom. Arriving in Portland, we found Mr. Lizotte busy preparing our excursion tickets, but since our trunk had remained behind at Cumberland Mills and we had intended to take the Maine Central excursion train, we were a little upset. Mr. Lizotte looked after us - he sent a Telegram to Cumberland Mills to have them send our trunk to St. Samuel, Beauce county, where we were to go after visiting Ste. Anne de Beaupré. Since there was no longer any question of taking the Maine Central, we decided to board the Grand

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Trunk. After consulting Mr. Carrian, who was director of the excursion and who had made a mistake in selling us our tickets, he advised us to get on with them and he would change our tickets at Sherbrooke, or he would give us a pass to Tring on the Québec Central.

6 We cannot let the few hours we spent in Portland go without comment. To our great surprise we had the pleasure of shaking hands with Mr. Charles Langlais, former clerk at Mr. Lizott's in Sanford, and whose marriage to Miss Odellie Pelletier had been celebrated on Monday morning, after which the young couple was embarking on a honeymoon trip to Canada. As Mr. Langlais and his spouse had been living in Somersworth only briefly, they were happy to chat awhile about the latest news from Sanford. After bringing him up to date as well as I could, I went for a walk with his wife, while he went off to smoke a cigar. He rejoined us with some of his friends. Thinking I should leave him with his bride, I thought it better to go back inside the station, but they offered me a cordial invitation to please accompany them. I quickly acceded to their offer

7 as I was enjoying their company very much. Again we began to talk of Sanford - I think we covered all topics. On re-entering the station, he introduced us to Mr. Demers, lawyer, of Somersworth. I had barely made his acquaintance when we left to take our seats in the coaches which were to take us to Quibec; although we had yet to wait another hour! Mr. Demers came and took a seat near us while engaging us in conversation. We had a fine time until the car was set in motion by the steam engine. In order to shorten the night a little, several gentlemen set about organizing a card party: Messrs. Lizotte, Pelletier, Demers and a young lady from Biddford whose name I don't know - the four began to play "quatre-sept" (four-seven) Mr. Lizotte was the young lady's partner and they fancied themselves champions, since they had the honor of making the first trick, without observing that it didn't count a single point! To our great satisfaction, our great champion, Mr. Lizotte held a "dog", if I may use the vernacular. Since it was on the first deal, I thought it remarkable enough to record it in my travel notes. The men, tiring of the card game

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decided to go for a cigar smoke. After having spoken to us, Mr. Pelletier stayed on with us. We continued our conversation until, overcome with drowsiness, I thought of resting a bit after having a snack. Upon closing my eyes, I fell into a peaceful sleep. I soon found myself transported to Sanford where I was busy picking strawberries in our garden, but since everything changes quickly in dreams, I awoke and concluded that we were at
9 the station in Gorham, that I was weary with fatigue, and longing mightily for a few minutes in my own bed.

Our young men had resumed their card game with an enthusiasm that was a joy to behold. But a young gentleman, seeing his mademoiselle busy playing cards with strange men came and got her to withdraw. Our young fellows had to round up a replacement, and were determined to find a young man so as not to be disrupted in the future. It seemed like a very long night!

At the break of day Mr. Charles Langlais came and spent a little time with us, meanwhile serving us a good glass of wine which was welcomed and toasted to the health of the

newlyweds, Mr. Langlais and his lady. Messrs.
Pelletier and Lizotte passed several hours with us
10 telling us some good yarns - very appropriate on a
trip.

Several other youths, whose names were unknown to me, were acting boisterously. Occupying seats near us, they spoke to us often, but in spite of their geniality and their tall tales, we did not care to engage them in conversation, finding their manner a bit forward.

At every stop they looked for young ladies promenading with their beaux on the station platforms, since their mothers told them they used to stroll there with their boy-friends when they were girls. They had been hearing about the station platforms so long, they were glad to learn what they were in order to inform their good buddies back in Manchester. On arriving at Stanfold, they noticed a poor old lady who was walking barefooted, oblivious of anyone
11 passing by — but they were convinced it was an old woman arriving from Cuba! They could still see the ship in the Nicolet River, but they were fearless! They could face the Spaniards!

I believe they had stories in reserve for the whole trip. We had a lot of fun listening to them, fortunately their discourse was very respectable.

Among us there was a poor old man who was extremely eccentric - his mind somewhat befuddled by whiskey. He was much pre-occupied to learn whether he was on the line to Montreal and also whether we had left United States territory. On arriving at Quibic he was still enquiring if we were coming in to Island Pond! (a Vermont town near the U.S. - Canada border)

Since we were on the way to Ste. Anne, the young fellows, seeking to put themselves in a devotional mood, began to sing "Daignez, O Sainte Anne" (Grant, O Saint Ann); but since piety did
12 not seem to concern them too much, they gave up their hymn for a song. I would very much have liked to learn their identities, but we're not permitted the indiscretion of asking them their names. While crossing the river Ste. Julie they saw the battleship "Maine" which had been sunk in Cuba by the Spanish. They could still see the masts and even sailors still in the sea! Slowing the pace a bit, our young cavaliers began to play cards.

This was greatly to be desired! While overhearing them talk, we found out that the name of the nicest one was Mr. Roy.

Passing through Methot's Mills we saw Adeline Aubin, formerly of Sanford. We were not able to speak to her - we just waved from the railroad car.

13 As we arrived at St. Agapit, a young child of four, daughter of Mr. Narcisse Bédard, was accidentally killed by the train we were riding. Her head was completely severed from the body. She was busy playing on the railroad tracks with a few other children, and from what we could determine, she would have started across the tracks upon seeing the train coming at high speed - she was struck at that very instant. The accident occurred not far from the home of her parents who were completely unaware of the whereabouts of their child when informed of the accident. The conductor, not having noticed anything on the tracks, saw by the movement of the cars that they had run over something. He stopped the train instantly, saying that they must have killed someone and thereupon the grievous accident was confirmed. The child's parents were not present to claim the mortal remains of this dear little one, already numbered in the

great family of the dead. None of those who were in
the coaches could have known the child when a woman
14 came up and told them that it was her little niece,
the child of Mr. Nazaire Bédard. They hastened to
notify the weeping family, already aware of the
tragedy that had befallen them — they saw every-
one running to the scene of the accident and noticed
that one of their family was missing. Consider the
anguish of the poor parents upon seeing the little one,
now no more than a bloody mass; yet from Heaven
on high, she prayed to God for her desolate parents.
Her body was placed in the baggage car and brought
to the station for the coroner to render his verdict
which was "accidental death". We were stopped for a
quarter of an hour at the accident scene and, arrived
at the station, we were stopped for another twenty
minutes. Everyone sympathized with this good
Canadian family which God had plunged into sorrow
in taking from them this pure white soul to be enrolled
5 among the angels in heaven. I did not see the corpse
close up because I was afraid to see this little victim,
heroine of a scene so moving that I will keep the me-
mory of it forever. If ever I pass through St. Agapit
again, I will say to myself "Here is the spot where

I must ponder this tragedy whenever I happen by."

The train was very late. It was 10:20 when the accident occurred and we arrived at Lévis at 10:45. From there we crossed over to Québec by boat, then we hired a driver, Mr. Gaudio Boivin, who drove us all over the city, traveling the principal thoroughfares, and informing us as well as you please. We stopped at the Cathedral for a visit, but since time was rather short, we offered but a brief prayer in remembrance of our trip to Québec.

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From there we went to the Citadelle where a young Irish gentleman on guard duty escorted us to the top of the Citadelle. I regret not being able to record his name. But if I may describe him, I can tell you he was a young recruit from Ireland, having just arrived but three months ago, yet he carried himself very well; moreover he had fine, handsome features.

After having visited the Citadelle we returned to our waiting carriage (this was the same horse-drawn "calèche" still serving tourists in Québec today). We thanked the young gentleman who had accompanied us after which we went to the Hotel St. Louis where we had ourselves served a

well deserved meal since we were being overcome with travel fatigue.

17 Leaving the Hotel St Louis we went to Laval University to visit the Museum, almost complete in all areas. We visited all the rooms under the guidance of a young Canadian gentleman who welcomed us warmly. After having covered the whole extent of the Museum, we signed our names in the registry. Observing that we lived in the United States, he began to chat with us on various subjects most interesting to us, but since time was short, it was impossible for us to prolong the conversation any longer. We thanked him and left delighted with our visit.

Since we had to think about getting to Ste. Anne de Beaupré we decided to go to the Charlevoix and Montmorency station. Being somewhat unfamiliar, we went to the Grand Depot and seeing that it wasn't the Charlevoix station, we set off trying to find it. Fortunately a young gentleman who was also going to Ste. Anne spoke to us and led us to the station which looked rather shabby. Upon arrival we procured two-way tickets for Ste. Anne. It was 4:00 p.m., but the train was only

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due to leave at 5:00; still, we took our seats and I sat to work writing these brief notes to pass away the time. Allow me a brief review of events.

While visiting the city of Québec we met up with Mr. Bélanger, formerly of Sanford - we merely greeted him in passing. At 5:00 we left Québec for Ste. Anne, making the trip in one hour. We arrived at Ste. Anne at 6:00 p.m. and repaired immediately to the "American Hotel" operated by Mr. E. Morel.

We were served supper and afterwards went to pay a short visit to the church of Ste. Anne, then going to the store of the Redemptorist Fathers where we bought some devotional objects for ourselves as well as for our parents, relatives and friends in Sanford.

19 We wished to get them little souvenirs honoring this Benevolent Mother who had just granted a miracle the very day of our arrival, the twenty second of June.

On a pilgrimage coming from Joliet, there happened to be a nun who was paralyzed. Four men helped her down from the carriage and carried her into the church - she couldn't move at all.

At communion time some people supported her head so that she could receive the Sacred Host.

After mass, to the great surprise of the whole congregation, she left the church without the assistance of anyone. She still had some difficulty walking, it is true, but — miracle! she was healed — saved by her faith.

20 A young man had also arrived on the same pilgrimage and could only walk with the aid of two crutches; but that morning he boarded the train walking easily. He had deposited his crutches in "ex voto" at the feet of Ste. Anne. A married man about 30 years old arrived this morning on a pilgrimage originating in Montmorency. One of his legs was completely useless. He knelt at the feet of Sainte Anne, and weeping profusely, begged the Benevolent Mother to restore him to health. His prayer, seeming so fervent, was undoubtedly heard by Ste. Anne. At communion time he went up with the others and returned without a crutch! After thanking the Benevolent Mother, he went over and deposited his crutch which is to be a memorial, recalling him to Ste. Anne's every year to thank her for her favors.

All of these marvels wrought seemed impressive enough, but nothing touched me like this

little scene which transpired before our eyes. A young girl of fifteen - beautiful and demure - and apparently enjoying perfect health was afflicted with a nervous malady. She continually burst out laughing loudly in church. She was accompanied by her mother who came weeping and imploring the Benevolent Mother who always allows herself to yield when fervently entreated. 21 "Restore health to my child" she cried with all her might "O Good Sainte Anne!" But we did not witness a healing.

After resting well all night, we went to 8:00 a.m. mass. The church was crowded with pilgrims who were to start at 9:00 on the return trip to Joliette. After mass a Reverend Father addressed them most eloquently. After laying their requests at the feet of Ste. Anne, they boarded the waiting train. They departed singing hymns of thanksgiving in honor of Ste. Anne, happy in having recorded several miracles.

After the pilgrims had gone, we went to breakfast after which we returned to make a visit, first of all to the old chapel, to the Scala Sancta (Holy Stairs), to the Calvary, and afterwards to

the cemetery.

22 We have, you might say, read almost all the inscriptions recorded on the stones placed over those resting in this small cemetery. All were unknown to us, but we were impressed in reading on one stone these few words: "Vous tous, enfants de Marie qui me visitez, priez pour moi" (All of you, children of Mary visiting my grave, pray for me). The thought that we ourselves were consecrated to Mary made us understand that one day, like her, we will seek the prayers of those who, like us, march under the Banner of Mary. We dedicated a fervent "Our Father" to her, along with the prayer for the dead. We continued our tour, going to the Cyclorama and from there returning again to the church for a final prayer before leaving this magnificent sanctuary. To enter it impresses even the most hardened hearts who witness so many miracles, whether spiritual or physical, taking place there every day. From there we went to pick up our baggage which had remained at our boarding house. After thanking the proprietors of the house for the hospitality shown us, We bade them goodnight and started off to board the

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train taking us to Québec

Upon leaving the house, we met Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Laflamme of Berlin Falls, but formerly of Sanford. I was shocked to see him walking with two crutches, although I had certainly been informed of the accident which caused the amputation of his leg.

24 While we were on the platform waiting for the train, I began conversing with a Mr. Champoux of Montreal who told me something which impressed me so much that I wish to record it here as a remarkable fact. His young daughter, aged 10, was seriously ill, even given up by all the doctors. Believing that she could not sustain life much longer, the doctor gave her a strong dose of poison, thinking perhaps to try another avenue to health. Observing that she failed to disgorge the dose of poison he had given her, they awaited her death from moment to moment. The father himself was dangerously ill, as well as the eldest of his daughters. But in their suffering, losing hope of life, they found this appeal to St. Anne as their last and only resort: they lighted a candle, burning it in honor of St. Anne.

As the candle burned, the young girl improved,
and when the candle was completely consumed,
the young girl had regained consciousness and sat
up by herself on the bed. Without a doubt Ste.
Anne was the author of such a miraculous heal-
ing! Mr. Champoux was on a pilgrimage to Sainte
Anne de Beaupré to thank the Benevolent Mother
25 for so great a favor obtained through her intercession.

We left Ste. Anne at 11:40 arriving at Levis
at 1:15. Upon leaving the train, we obtained tickets
for St. Samuel, Beauce County. On our way to board
the express, we encountered Mrs. Lebel with one of
her daughters and her son Frank who live in St.
Agapit. We exchanged a few words after shak-
ing hands. It was 2:00 when we left Levis, but
we were rather forlorn that we didn't have our
trunk. Remaining confident in the future, we
reached Tring Junction where we changed trains
for St. Samuel. It's fine on the Tring line, except
that they proceed VERY slowly! We have no fear
of accidents - they have time to avoid anything.
26 They stop for a quarter of an hour at all the
stations, and moreover, three or four times between
stations! We begin to fear being unable to get

there tonight if we continue stopping at every
lumber pile along the way! Happily we made
the acquaintance of two young men who were headed
for Lac Mégantic and who were most refined. We
had a good time with them and in the course of
conversation we told them of our misadventure
with the trunk. Since the conductor was nearby
he came over to talk to us. Thereupon I told him
that we were to get off at St. Samuel and had failed
to notify anyone to meet us, since we had intended
to hire a carriage and driver. He offered his
services in introducing us to the mail carrier who
would take us to my uncle, Honoré Demers, who
27 lived four miles from the station. At the same
time he said he would look after our trunk after
taking down some information. I told him that
it had stayed at Cumberland Mills and most
likely we would have some difficulty in having it
come. He said he would telegraph that very
evening, and if it were possible to track it down,
it would arrive tomorrow night and he would
get it to us immediately. On leaving the train,
he introduced us to Mr. Bilodeau who carries the
mail from the station to the village.

After thanking the conductor who had shown himself so thoughtful on our behalf, we got under way. It was 7:00 and we arrived at my uncle's at 8:15. The distance was four miles, but it did not seem long to us.

28 Turning the corner on the road which leads to my uncle's, we saw the smokestack of the sawmill. We both said to one another, "that must be our uncle's place, we see the sawmill's smokestack!". Our driver was silently listening to us talk without saying a word. We were thinking that we might not recognize them, but on arriving at the house we saw Eugenie and the boys playing croquet. Immediately we waved to them. Eugenie began to exclaim, "It's Odelie and Eva!", and already the whole family was gathered at the door to receive us. They were very surprised at our arrival, because I had notified them in my last letter that we had to delay our trip till later - in order to provide them with a more agreeable surprise! After greeting them all, we informed them of all the good news from Sanford while my aunt busied herself preparing a supper which was eaten with relish, inasmuch

29 as we were getting a little tired from the trip, and that it was getting late. The evening being rather advanced, we began to think of retiring, all the while planning entertainment for the next day. We slept comfortably all night.

At 7:00 the mill whistle sounded awakening us. On opening my eyes, I was so sure of being in Sanford that I said to myself, "I've got to get up to go to work!" I was soon disabused of my error. Seeing that the hour was late enough, we decided to get up. After eating breakfast, I got to work writing our parents as I had promised them. Eva has gone to visit the sawmill with Eugenie and Rosanna. After that they took a boat ride on Lac Drolet. They had taken Narcisse along with them to serve as boatman. On the way they obtained some maple leaves to decorate their boat since it was the feast of St. Jean Baptiste which is on the 24th of June. Eva was pleased with everything - she was having a good time.

30 In the afternoon we went to the village with Alphonsine and Rosanna. We paid a small visit to the chapel, saying a brief prayer; from there we went to the Post Office to mail my letter.

which would bring news of us to our parents in Sanford. We entered Mr. Pouliot's store. While my cousin bought herself various items she needed, we began talking with Mrs. Pouliot — anyway, we informed her that we were from the United States and that our residence was in Sanford. She sought information about the family of Mr. Cyrille Martineau, her brother-in-law. We informed her as best we could. After this we resumed our way back to my uncle's, who lived two miles from the village. The distance did not seem long, however, since we had not seen each other for several months and many subjects remained to be discussed.

As soon as we got back to house, the rain began to fall in buckets which forced us to stay in the house the rest of the day; but by evening we had made our plans for the morrow which happened to be Saturday. The program was set: we were to take a boat ride, eat some strawberries, and play some croquet. But to our great disappointment, upon opening our eyes the following morning, we realized it was pouring, and it continued all day — anyway, we had to be resigned.

32 In the evening the Misses Thiberge and Dalairé called for us to go visit Mr. Albert Dalairé's cheeseworks. Since he only began to make his cheese at 8:00 p.m., we saw the cheese being made and so much more that we were very happy to have made the acquaintance of Mr. Albert Dalairé, cheesemaker, as well as Mr. Alfred Thiberge who is courting my cousin Eugénie, and several other young folks who happened to be at the cheesebarn. All these young people seem quite presentable.

The next day, Sunday, we got up early to get ready for mass, but glancing outdoors, we realized that it was the same old story as Saturday — it was raining buckets again. With courage marvellous to behold in spite of our disappointment, we had to change our plans again and stay in the house. We thought that it was because our trunk had not arrived that God had sent rain to keep us from going. Seeing that we had not been able to get to church, we began chanting the mass of the sixth tone (of the Gregorian chant in Latin) Eugénie accompanied us on the parlor organ. In the afternoon we had a visit from Mr. Alfred Thiberge, but since the Rev. Mr. Dechêne had organized a pilgrimage

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to Ste. Anne de Beaupré, which was to take place on the 25th of June, a party of young people from St. Samuel had boarded the excursion train due to transport the pilgrims at 8:00 p.m.. My two cousins, Arthur and Sinai were among the pilgrims and they witnessed the healing of a parishioner of St. Samuel, Mr. Joseph Beaudoin. He could only walk with great difficulty, much bent over, and with the aid two canes. It was an acute case of rheumatism, I believe. After venerating the relic of Ste. Anne, he deposited his two canes at the foot of the statue while thanking the Benevolent Mother for having restored him to health.

34 Monday morning we got going early. Since the sun was shining we took a boat ride with our cousins as well as my uncle who was our oarsman. We went up to the head of Lac Drolet. The weather was so beautiful and the water so calm we spent part of the morning there. On returning to the house we found dinner ready and ate with a good appetite, meanwhile planning an outing for the afternoon.

About one o'clock we went picking strawberries on Mr. Thiberge's property. We returned at 4:00 with a good supply - the picking had been excellent.

After we had had supper, the Misses Thiberge, Robert and Fortier came over to take a boat ride.

35 We formed a party of eight girls. We had a very good time, singing many a verse out on the water. Night-fall approaching, we returned to the house and spent the evening singing. Eugenie accompanied us on the organ. We noted that the young people of St. Samuel were very well bred. We met several young women we found very likeable at first sight - they seemed like old friends.

Tuesday, the 28th of June, we began to talk about the feast of St. Peter which fell on the next day and we happened to remember that it was also (our sister) Lydia's birthday who was about to celebrate her 25th year. We must not allow this beautiful feast day to pass unnoticed - What to do? We were very far away at this moment; we could not give her our wishes in person. Finally we began searching for something suitable for the occasion and found that a bouquet would be very à propos. But what to call it? It wasn't a spiritual bouquet, (a card listing prayers, masses, and other devotions offered by the donor and dedicated to the recipient) neither was it a natural bouquet,

36 nor artificial - jokingly we called it a "corporate bouquet" It goes without saying that we had a good time composing it! meanwhile making sure to get it to the Post Office immediately so that it would reach her in time at Sanford. At the same time I sent her a letter bringing her up to date on what was happening with us at St. Samuel while being careful not to tell her that we didn't have our clothes. I didn't breathe a word about our trunk, thinking that it would make them worry.

After finishing our work we went for a boat ride. I undertook to row with my cousin Roseanna, but since I wasn't used to it, I rowed so vigorously that I hurt my hand.

37 Wednesday, the 29th of June, we went to high mass at 7:30. The weather was a little foggy. But since we had not been able to go to mass on Sunday, we set out anyway. The high mass was celebrated by the Rev. Mr. P. Déchêne, pastor of the parish, and sung by Mr. Tanguay. After mass - beautiful, hot sunshine. We returned very slowly. Our walk did not seem long in spite of the bad roads.

Eva had an accident along the way.

She was walking with Eugenie when all of a sudden she fell on both knees in the mud! She had to go wash up at the edge of a brook before getting back to the house.

In the afternoon we returned for another strawberry picking session, but the yield was not as abundant as the picking we had experienced on Monday — but we were satisfied with less.

38 In the evening, Mr. Pouliot, his wife, and his brother and sister as well, came from the village to spend the evening with us at my uncle's. Part of the evening Mr. Pouliot entertained us with stories. On departing, they invited us to come see them before leaving. At the same time they asked us to give their best wishes to the Cyrille Martineau family of Sanford, Maine, Mr. Pouliot's brother-in-law.

Thursday we spent part of the day at the house — we worked a few hours cultivating the garden, the better to remember the few years we lived on the farm in Canada where we were brought up.

That night the Messrs. Thiberge, Dalaire, and their sisters spent the evening with us.

We sang all evening with gusto. On leaving, Miss Thérberge invited us to visit her on Friday, as she was due to leave Saturday morning on a pleasure trip. We did not fail to honor her invitation!

39 Friday afternoon we went over with our three cousins and had a very good time.

Saturday morning while our two cousins, Alphonsine and Rose, were busy with housework at home; we went strawberry-picking with Eugénie, but the sun was so hot that we came back early.

At two in the afternoon our two cousins, Téléphore and Fortunat Demers arrived from Dorset on a pleasure trip to St. Samuel, after being informed of our visit. Their intention was to bring us to Dorset where they live.

About 4:00 we went for a boat ride, Fortunat was the oarsman. We sang several songs in chorus out on the water. After circling the island, we decided to return to the house. On our arrival we found my uncle busy playing croquet with Téléphore and Nartisse. They kindly offered to play a game with us. My cousin Fortunat offered to be my partner, to which I agreed with pleasure. And
40 to our great satisfaction, we could boast of being

called the champions!

After having supper we spent the evening at Mr. Dalair's, who lives near my uncle. I went in the company of Fortunat and we had a magnificent evening. We were happy to observe that everyone welcomed us with the warmest hospitality — but all that didn't give us back our trunk!

Sunday had arrived and our clothing was still at Cumberland Mills. Our outfits were beginning to be a little dusty — since our arrival in Canada we were attired weekdays and Sundays alike. How we would have loved to change our costumes a few times! Nevertheless, we had to go to mass. The weather was beautiful, but the sun was hot and the wind disagreeable. Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Mr. Déchine, and I observed that they had a good choir. The organ music was rendered by Miss Lucie Potvin, the Rev. Mr. Déchine's
41 niece. Since the church was too small to contain all the parishioners, we had to hear mass in the sacristy. At noon we were back at the house.

After dinner, we left in two wagons to go for a hike up Mt. St. Samuel. We got up to the foot of Mt. St. Samuel by wagon. From there, the remaining

distance had to be covered on foot. It was a good half mile and we had to follow the path through trees, rocks, and branches — to tell the truth, the trail was almost impassible. After reaching a certain height, we were so tired that we stopped for a while to rest. The heat made the atmosphere so oppressive and the wind was so gusty that we were afraid to go to the summit. After viewing several lakes and small villages nearby we decided
42 to return to the house. It must have been 6:00 p.m. when we emerged from the woods. We realized that a heavy storm was brewing. The weather was so threatening that we were afraid — again because of the strong wind. Soon after our arrival at the house, the thunder and lightning blinded us completely. The rain began to pour — fortunately it didn't last long — but when the weather cleared up we began to sing, remembering our old songs and our soirées in Sanford when we were all gathered together.

Early Monday morning we busied ourselves with preparations for the trip to Dorset. We got on board with our two cousins, Fortunat and Téléphore, as well as our two cousins, Alphonsine and

43 Rostanna. We regretted very much being unable to prolong our pleasure trip to St. Samuel, as we were having such a good time, but now it was time for goodbyes. It was difficult to delay our departure any longer. We said our goodbyes to the whole family and thanked them for the warm welcome and the hospitality we had received among them.

We got off at 9:00. The rain which had fallen Sunday had badly damaged the roads, and arriving at the woods, we realized that the wind had blown down a number of trees along the way. Several of the trees had even fallen completely across the road. A Mr. Beaudoin of St. Hilaire was clearing the road so that wagons could pass. Damages are very substantial; Fortunately this destructive force had not
44 struck an inhabited area, because we certainly would have had several losses of life to record.

En route to our cousins' home we passed near the house where Israël Morin and his family lived. In passing we saw Adelia, without being able to speak to her. After that we passed close by the church, or more precisely, near the schoolhouse. I wish I had had a camera to take a photograph of it; but anyway, I will give you a description of

the belfry as a tribute to my cousins who constructed it. I forgot to learn where they had procured the plan. Four wooden trusses on the roof of the church supported the bell. Its weight is not excessive since it is properly distributed.

45 Continuing on our way, we reached the home of our two cousins, Nazaire and Télésphore. We found them quite nicely installed. Since we were unacquainted with Télésphore's wife, we were eager and happy to meet her. We concluded that she appeared likeable and very amusing. After chatting a bit, Lea prepared our dinner which was downed with relish — in Canada everything tasted good to us! The ambiance seemed very congenial to us.

After dinner we thought that a little walk would be good for us after travelling eleven miles in a wagon. We went picking strawberries and got a good supply in a short time. On our way back, we went into Télésphore's quarters where they served us some maple sugar while Demerise prepared supper for us.

46 After supper at Télésphore's, we spent the evening at Nazaire's. We found ourselves constituting a group of young people, among whom were the

Messrs. Beaudoin and their sisters, Mr. Alay and his sister, as well as the two Messrs. Buteau who lived near the Demerses. Mr. Pitre Buteau is a cheese-maker and lives with his brother. We enjoyed a nice evening. I was escorted by my cousin Fortunat. Eva played the few pieces of music she could manage, although with a little difficulty. After this, the Misses Demers sang together "Montagnes Pyrénées." It goes without saying that it was no small affair to behold!

The following day Eva went to the village with my cousin Rosanna and also Nazaire, who was their driver. During their absence, Alphonsine and I went to visit the sawmill, accompanied by Téléphore's wife — everything there worked efficiently.

In the afternoon we paid a short call at Mr. Beaudoin's who lives near Nazaire's Place. We had received an invitation to go to the wedding of Mr. Begin to Miss Dumont, and of Mr. Dumont to Miss Lavallière. We were most eager to accept this invitation, but we were thinking of our wardrobes. Our travel clothes were beginning to look a little dusty. But all things considered, we were to go with the others in the evening. Since they

had not wanted to send us our clothes, we would go and have a good time anyway!

48 Fortunat offered to accompany me - I was pleased to accept. We left, several couples together. I believe there were six wagons. Our group formed a wedding party all on its own! The evening was spent at Mr. Couture's. We danced a few sets, but since we asked a fiddler, it was not as much fun to dance. We left about an hour after midnight - the moon was bright and all were returning, satisfied with the evening.

Eva passed part of the evening with Mr. Buteau, although he had come with Rosanna; but since she usually didn't dance, Eva had the honor of being his dance partner - and all the while, appearing to have a very good time!

Wednesday morning we had to think of getting under way for St. Fortunat. Time was so short that we had to sharply curtail our visits. Since we had to travel 50 miles by wagon we could not afford to delay our departure. After having paid our respects to our cousins for the manner in which they had received us, we bade them a last
49 goodbye and we got aboard with Fortunat.

It was 8:30 a.m.

Passing through the village of St. Evariste we stopped a few minutes to make a short visit to the church. We noticed that it looked very nice on the outside, but since construction was not completely finished, there was no fine woodwork to be seen inside. After a short prayer, we got back on the wagon to continue our journey. The village is still small, but fairly well built up.

50 From there we went to the village of Lamp-ton where we stopped for a while to rest from the wagon. Again we visited the church, which was not as beautiful as that of St. Evariste, but finished better on the inside. Since time was short, we only said an "Our Father," after which we left to continue our trip. The hours passed so quickly! the distance seemed but a few miles to us, and yet we had come a good half way!

Finally we arrived at D'Israeli. It is 3:50 and since we had thought of making the trip by railroad, I had informed my uncle, Hilaire Aubin, of our scheduled arrival at D'Israeli, and he had come in to pick us up. Seeing that we had not gotten off the 10:00 train, he had gone to the

Messrs. Champoux's sawmill. We were completely unaware of his presence in the village when, on our way to the Hotel Begin to get a few hours of rest, we were informed that my uncle had arrived early in the morning to meet us. While resting from the
51 wagon, we took a walk in the village. On passing the church, we entered and realized they were observing the "forty hours" (an annual parish devotion featuring the exposition of a consecrated host for forty continuous hours - an important Catholic devotion of the pre-Vatican II era). We participated in the Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, then we returned to the Hotel Begin; but on our arrival, we saw that my uncle had not yet returned. Not knowing in what part of the village he was to be found, we preferred awaiting him to making a search for him. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed when we saw him coming.

After greeting him we set out again for St. Fortunat. Eva got on with my uncle and I continued the journey with Fortunat. I enjoyed myself very much in his company, since we had
52 not had the pleasure of talking to each other for several years; moreover, it was my lot to share,

not only a cousin's affection, but more, the esteem of a very intimate friend.

We arrived at St. Fortunat at 8:30, and installed ourselves at my uncle, Hilaire Aubin's, who lives in the village. To our great surprise, we had the pleasure of greeting our cousin Delienne, wife of Joseph Lambert of Berlin Falls. She was visiting her relatives with her little girl, Appoline, who was as dear as ever.

53 After greetings had been exchanged, my aunt served us a good supper which was greatly appreciated, as it was getting late. After we obtained information which might interest our parents in Sanford, they informed us that Hilaire had left that morning for Stanfold to pick up our cousin, Alphonsine Demers. She was coming from Lewiston to spend a vacation with her relatives in Canada.

Since the clock was striking eleven and they had not yet returned, we decided to get some rest since we were rather exhausted from the wagon ride. Our travellers arrived at 2:00 a.m., but the bed felt so good, we found it preferable not to leave it!

54 It was at least 9:00 Thursday morning before we got up. Seeing the sun shining, we planned a party, but my aunt's being sick abed in the morning upset our proposals a bit. Since I had procured some (Carter's) Little Liver Pills at Portland to cure headaches, I gave her two which did her a great deal of good, but failed to give her the strength to get up right away. Seeing that she couldn't do the housework, we had to look after our breakfast and dinner, but we managed well enough. We made Delienne superintendent; she charged us with washing the dishes, after that we went to get a supply of strawberries for our dinner. We planned our program in advance: we shouldn't make elaborate preparations to avoid work as much as possible. Returning home from the fields we found my aunt up - she had gotten much better.

55 After eating dinner, we set out for a visit to our grandfather Lamontagne, who lives with my uncle, Narcisse Gerard. I got on with Fortunat. Eva and Alphonsine also made the trip with Hilaire. Since we liked to visit his saw-mill which is several miles from the village,

we decided to extend our trip a little in order to view his property. We found him to be well established, and since we were guests, Hilaire let us into his quarters which were under lock and key. We judged it to be the most efficient apartment we had ever seen! All was found combined: living room, dining room, kitchen and bedroom! We had a lot of fun. We found his furnishings somewhat incomplete, but he had prudent enough to outfit his house for two. We asked him if he intended to take in boarders. He said that he would get along just fine without boarders — that all he wanted was a cook. All in all, his house-keeping was neat and orderly. After visiting all the
56 rooms, we retook the road to uncle's.

Passing by Mr. Côté's, who lives next to the sawmill, we had the pleasure of greeting Mrs. Côté, who was one of our classmates. Since we had in no way informed my uncle's of our stay in Canada, we treated them to a magnificent surprise!

They were all busy making hay near the house and close to the road. On seeing my aunt, I waved and laughed, but she didn't recognize me. Upon seeing my glasses, she began to say: "It's an

Irishwoman!" But since I seemed to know them, she looked more closely. As soon as we had passed by she began to say, "It's Odelie and Eva!" They couldn't begin to explain our arrival from this direction with Fortunat, because they assumed our arriving in Canada only this morning. After telling them our story, we began to talk of Sanford. There was no time to lose because we lots of news to tell them. My aunt was so surprised over our arrival in Canada that she couldn't get over it! She found me very different with my glasses, it being a good five years since she had seen me and I had changed some meanwhile.

We found them all alert and well, including our old grandfather. Although he seemed to me to have aged a lot, he appeared able enough. His sight and hearing are as good as our young folks' and his mind is not deficient in any way.

My aunt got our supper ready and, without being asked twice, we took our places at the table — also Fortunat and Hilaire who were driving us. But since Fortunat was only staying in St. Fortunat for a few days, he was hurrying to make his round of calls.

In the evening we went over to our cousin's, Arsine Lamontagne. We gave them a good surprise, too! and since his wife was, so to speak, a stranger to us, we were happy to make her acquaintance; finding her very likeable, we spent an enjoyable evening. We had fun, being a gathering of young folks. We danced all evening like everything!

At 11:30 we decided to return to our separate lodgings. As we were installed in the village on arriving, we returned there after the soirée. On the following day we went to see my uncle, Joseph Bourassa, still in the company of Fortunat and Hilaire who filled the role of wagon driver. Delienne and her little girl Appoline and Alphonsine came with us.

59 After eating dinner, we took a little exercise, going out to eat strawberries which weren't too plentiful; we were also upset by the rain which poured part of the afternoon. We had to take advantage of the first ray of sunshine to head for the village to my uncle Hilaire Aubin's, where we were to put up every night. But we were barely under way when a heavy shower drenched us for the whole trip.

Arriving at the house, we had to do a washing.
Our coats were covered with mud!

As my aunt was asking herself what she was going to prepare for our supper, we began to say together, "du Souilli au lait!" (milk gruel) Well, no sooner said than done! — my aunt prepared us a good kettleful of gruel which was downed in the wink of an eye.

60 After supper, Hilaire and Fortunat went to set up a swing and invited us to come and try it. We found that it worked beautifully, but since dusk was falling rapidly, we had to return to the house.

I passed the evening with Fortunat. Since it was the last one we would be spending together, it seemed well to put the time to good use. There were many subjects to consider, and as I had received a letter from my sister Lydia that very evening, I confided its contents to him. The hours were passing so quickly, we would very much have liked to prolong our conversation; but since it was getting late, one had to think of retiring.

The following day we went to my uncle Narcisse Girard's, making a second visit — we

had promised to return to spend Saturday with them. Fortunat brought us there before setting out for Dorset. After saying goodbye, he set off for St. Hilaire de Dorset, although the weather
61 was threatening; but since he had promised his brothers to return on Saturday, he didn't want to disappoint them — they had much work at the sawmill.

After his departure we got to work doing our laundry to be able to go to mass on the morrow. Our trunk had not yet arrived! We were very discouraged and even more disappointed in spite of our having made many efforts to recover it. Eva took charge of the washing and I did the ironing. Since I hadn't been alerted to such a frustration, I had not served an apprenticeship with the Chinese (laundry man) — the white collars left a little to be desired!

We reviewed many subjects during the day. We told my aunt that we had been able to sell
62 our tickets that morning. My uncle, Hilaire Aubin had strongly advised us to sell them and spend another month with them. After that we could get excursion tickets which would only

expire on the fifth of August. But in spite of our desire to prolong the visit, we had to refuse the generous offers just made us because we had no clothes.

In the evening Hilaire met us to take us back to the village to be close to the church for the following day. On arriving at my uncle's we found several young people from the village who had come to pay us a call. We were happy to be able to shake hands with many old friends and classmates. We had a very good time recalling former years. Among the youths were the Messrs. Garneau, Mr. Gosselin and his sister, Mr. Vermette and his sisters, as well as Mr. Goulet.

The morrow, Sunday, we busied ourselves early in the morning preparing for mass, as the sun was shining. Also, we were decked out in our very best: our nice shirtwaists of calico that we had carefully washed and ironed on Saturday and that the sun had bleached almost white; our skirts, well brushed and nuanced with spots of clay; our dress-up hats whose plumes had to be attached with pins lest we lose them, and the trimming all faded by the sun; we had borrowed some

varnish to blacken our shoes — in a word, that is the description of our splendid outfits for Sunday morning! We heard young people commenting that some folks looked "chic", according to their manner of speaking, but they were careful not to apply this compliment to us!

64 All the same, we went to church. On arriving we shook hands with Mr. Stanislas Laitres who lives on our old farm. We found that he had changed a lot, having aged a great deal. We attended mass which was celebrated by the Rev. Mr. Plante. We observed that Mr. Guillaume Gosselin was still organist, and almost all the same choir members stood by the organ. After mass we met Amanda Laitres, one of my former students and today, Mrs. Cookson. She had changed so much that I would not have recognized her at all if she had not been introduced to me.

We paid a visit to the Rev. Mr. Plante who thought me very thin. We found that he was not as spry as usual, as his health is not too good. Since time was short, we hastened to bring him up to date on everything concerning
65 our parents in Sanford. We went to my uncle's

where they awaited us for dinner.

After dinner we visited the cemetery where repose many relatives and friends. The epitaph at the grave of our dear aunt Alphonsine affirmed that it was indeed here that lay her mortal remains. We also saw the spot where rest the bones of our aged grandmother Demers and two of our little sisters recently transferred to the new cemetery.

66 The excavation of the old cemetery had taken place on Wednesday. An anniversary service was sung at 8:00 after which all the parishioners set to work. All the caskets were opened and several people were still recognizable. In the two caskets of our little sisters, only the bones were found. But our old grandmother was just as natural as the day we laid her 'neath this mound of earth on the 9th of March, 1880. All her clothes were still just as on the day she had been laid away, except for the shroud. Opening the casket of Cyrille Noël, they noticed that he was turned on his side, giving reason to believe that he was buried alive. The most natural corpse found in digging up the cemetery was that of Mrs. Napoléon Paquette — both as regards her person as well as her clothing;

but there was a bit of flesh gone from one cheek as if it had been cut away with a knife - the gap was about an inch square. Work lasted part of the day; each recovered the remains of their parents, relatives, or friends. What was unclaimed, they deposited together in one casket. Several old caskets were still at the site, the others had been burned. Nothing so moving as a pile of coffins like this all in flames!

67 On returning from the cemetery we stopped in at Mr. Luc Gosselin's. We found them all well and in good spirits; but since it was already quite late in the afternoon, our visit was short.

In the evening we got an invitation to go to Mr. Louis Frechette's where several young people were to gather. We were most eager to accept their invitation, but as our wardrobe left something to be desired, we were asking ourselves whether we should decline. Since the young gentlemen who had offered us their company appeared eager that we should go to the soiree with them, however, we went at their request. We numbered 25 young people, most of whom were strangers to us - there were only a few old friends - but acquaintance

was quickly made as they welcomed us like old friends.

68 I passed the evening with a young gentleman that I was happy to see again after an absence of eight years. We had a very good time and were very sorry to see ourselves obliged to leave St. Fortunat for Sanford; and after having received invitations to weddings on Monday and Wednesday. Nevertheless, we had to decline while thanking them from the heart for the warm invitations just received.

After the party we returned to uncle Hilaire Aubin's in the village. It was 1:00 a.m.. Since it was our last get-together, we took advantage of it. We were delighted with our evening - better yet, with our entire holiday trip! We sorely regretted seeing it end. Impossible to delay any longer, since our tickets expired on Tuesday, July 12.

69 Monday, July 11, we had to embark on the road to Sanford. After thanking my uncle's family for the warm hospitality they had shown us, we said goodbye to the whole family as well as to Delienne and Alphonsine. Afterwards, at 7:00 a.m.,

we got on with my uncle, Hilaire Aubin, to go to Ste. Victoire d'Arthabaska where we were to take the train to Richmond. We had to cover 28 miles by wagon — the trip seemed very long! Arriving at 11:40, we had to wait till 3:00 p.m.. We went to the station and after inquiring about traintimes we went to the store to get various items and candy for our trip.

Waiting for train time, the two of us were occupied talking about our trip to Canada — re-telling our adventures, each from her own perspective — but still very upset for failing to have received our trunk during our Canadian stay. But we were consoled in having made an agree-
70 able trip after all.

We boarded the express for Richmond at 3:00, arriving at 3:40, and then we had to wait till 11:30 p.m. — the time seemed very long to us! There were about ten of us in the waiting room. We made a visit to the church and said our evening prayers. On the way back we stopped at a restaurant and bought some good cakes. From there we returned to the station, having nothing but the memories of the few weeks just elapsed

71 to shorten the length of the evening a bit. I began to write some notes which occupied me for at least an hour. A few minutes before the arrival of the train, we had the pleasure of greeting Mr. Charles Langlais and his wife returning from their wedding trip. We spoke a few words to them, but the train announced its arrival and we left to take our seats.

It was 11:45 p.m. when we left Richmond for Portland. On boarding we found ourselves with Mrs. Roulx, her two daughters and her little boy who were returning from their trip - we finished the journey together. Since I was worn out with fatigue, I fell asleep peacefully.

72 On waking I noticed that a young man had taken a seat near me. Immediately he spoke to me and I continued the conversation. Each of us recounted his tour. He told me that he lived in Berlin Falls, that he had made a trip to Canada, that he had visited several places in the vicinity of St. Fortunat where we had gone. He too had boarded at Ste. Victoire, but only on the evening train. I didn't commit the indiscretion of asking his name, but he was a young gentleman, likeable at first sight,

and he appeared very refined, too. He made the trip with us as far as Berlin Falls. I informed him that we happened to be visiting in St. Fortunat with Mrs. Joseph Lambert of Berlin Falls. He told me that he knew her well. Jokingly he said that he had had his laundry done in Canada; but he complained that the "chinese" had not served him well - the laundering was well done, but the ironing left something to be desired. I thought they must have served their apprenticeship in St. Fortunat, because his shirt and our collars appeared to have been pressed in the same shop! We had a lot of fun over our chinese story. During the conversation he proposed that we get off at Berlin Falls where we could make a short visit and take the 3:00 express for Sanford. Seeing as we didn't have our trunk, we preferred not to go showing our fine wardrobe in Berlin Falls! We thanked him for his invitation after which he bid us goodnight and "bon voyage".

Arriving in Portland, Charles Langlais came to pay us a brief visit and stayed with us until we reached the station. We arrived at 9:00 a.m. and then had to wait till 12:30. Getting off the train, we met Mr. Joseph Benoit who was

74 returning to his family in Sanford. During the conversation, I told him we were arriving from Canada and that we hadn't had our trunk — that most likely it had stayed in Cumberland Mills. He went to find the agent who assured him that it was there and that we could find it as we passed through. He took charge of it himself. I was very happy because we were getting sick of the trunk affair; and especially Eva who was obliged to trot out her English — it gave her some practice.

Passing through Cumberland, Mr. Benoit got off, but didn't have time to inquire, since the train had stopped but a few minutes. The conductor informed us that we had only to telegraph when we got to Springvale and he would ship it to us directly. Arriving in Springvale at 2:00 p.m. we got on the trolley for Sanford.

We found the whole family very well.

75 After they inquired about our trip, we declared that we had made a happy pleasure trip, being very careful not to tell them the story of the trunk. Since mother was awaiting our return to do her weekly wash so she could include our dirty clothes, we told mother she need not delay

her washing — that our clothes were all clean. She figured that we had done our laundry in Canada, but through repeated questioning, in one way or another, we ended up telling them everything!

Our trunk arrived on Thursday after Mr. Thomas Chasson had sent them a telegram on Wednesday night. We were glad to see it arrive, but we would have been much happier had it arrived in Canada! I hope that a similar misadventure doesn't happen on our next visit!

Odellie Demers

July 12, 1898



Donat

Odias

Emile

Phidelem

re Sr.

Henriette

Odellie
Dubois

Virginia
Reid

Eva
Doiron



Report about the Acadians, written in 1790:

It was written in 1790 by Moses Delesdernier, original from Suisse who arrives at Nova Scotia in 1750. He was living at that time in company of acadians of Pisiquid, a part of Windsor nowadays. At the request of Dr. Andrew Brown, from Halifax, who was doing a vast research about acadian life, he was sent to make what he called **"Observations of the Situation, Customs and Manners of the Ancient Acadians"**, from where we have these excerpts :

"The Acadians are the most innocent and virtuous people whom I have ever known or heard tell of in any history. They live in a state of perfect equality, without distinction of rank in society. The title of 'Messieurs' is not known among them. Ignorant of the luxuries and even of the conveniences of life, they are content with a simple mode of life, which they easily derive from the cultivation of their lands. Very little ambition or avarice was seen among them; they helped each other's wants with benevolent liberality; they required no interest for loans of money or other property. They were humane and hospitable to strangers, and very liberal to those who embraced their religion. They were very remarkable for the inviolable purity of their morals. I do not recollect a single case of illegitimate births among them, even now. Their knowledge of agriculture was very limited, although they cultivated their dyked lands pretty well ...Each farmer was his own architect, and each proprietor was a farmer...They raised and made their own clothing, which was uniform. They were fond of black and red with stripes down the leg, bunches of ribbons and long streamers...They were a strong, healthy people, capable of enduring great hardship, and generally lived to an advanced age, although no one employed a doctor.... To conclude, they seemed always cheerful and light-hearted, and on every occasion were unanimous. If any disputes arose in their transactions, etc., they always submitted it to arbitration, and their last appeal was to the priest. Although I have seen cases of mutual recrimination on returning from these decisions, you seldom, if ever, discovered among them any thought of malice or vengeance."