

Dear Nelly,
 Here I am in ten days from home in a little chamber in the Steamboat hotel on the South side of shore of the St Lawrence with the river foaming and tumbling beneath me on one side and the rattling of carriages and the sound of many voices from the street on the other It rains and a little and the wind blows tremendously, so that the men and boys do little else than chase their hats which business they have followed most perseveringly for an hour or so and generally with the ultimate success have not seen a lady out since I arrived which was at nine o'clock this morning) save one or two squaws came over in the horse-boat this morning with a Catholic priest from Nickolet he says I can go to school at the Convent there for about 55 dollars a year I would like to go if Father will leave me that is not decided as yet

I suppose you would like an account of my travels and you shall have it as nearly as I can recollect The first day we were presented with every variety of beautiful and picturesque landscape that pitch-pine-plains can afford stopped at Fices where I met Mr and Mrs Clemens from West Gorham She is a sister to Martha Fogg and was not married when I was at Gorham [?] Hill she enquired for you and her husband and Father had quite a talk upon quiet politicks Took tea as you probably already know at Mrs Bradley's and I need only say a pleasanter hour I never spent had the happiness of spending went up with Uncle [written sideways; continued from page 4]

face to face several feet apart the people were collected on either side in dense columns presently the sound of musick then clear the way resounded through the line of soldiery the voice of a bugle then came two horses foaming and dashing past almost with the fleetness of the wind past round out of sight and then there was mounting in hot haste the — fences and the cry of who wins? and again the sound of the bugle and the black horse has won a little while and the second heat commences the horses again dash past get half way round the circle and a rush among the crowd proclaims that something has happened the black horse has fallen ~~just~~ dead just on the point of winning a second victory To see this horse run to death there were at least 6000 people collected the elite of the city and men women and children of all ages and grades The Plains of Abraham are the scene of such a victory every year. I like Canada very much the French are extremely polite and seem very happy. Yankee politeness is almost incivility compared with theirs men and boys touch their hats as you pass them in the streets they are very easy in their manners I have seen more ease and gracefulness of manner in a log cabin with two families and but two or three rooms than I ever saw in Maine I could fill another sheet as well as not but am heartily tired of this letter and know you must be Mr Whitmore has just called he is very pleasant indeed I am now at Mr Patrick's a few miles from mill he has a daughter going to school at Three Rivers and I should like to go very much but suppose I shall not I have had a grand time and never knew what perfect health was before. I should have sent lots of papers to all hands before now if I could have got them but they were not to be had

for love or money
 best love to all
 and kiss for
 Jimmy
 Good by
 Beky
 P.S. I believe you like to have letters crossed ?
 I have not said a word I wanted to so you need not be surprised at another to some of you

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Contributed to Maine Memory Network by Maine Historical Society
MMN # 89849

Date: September 3, 1840
Description: Rebecca Usher of Hollis, who was about 19, wrote to her sister, Ellen Usher Sands, about her trip to Quebec with her father, Ellis B. Usher.

harness when he was taken sick again and the men all said he would die they were up with him until eleven when he got better from the we went to Compton here Father was sick so we had Charly turned into a clover field and laid by for the rest of the day after having rode nineteen miles only left C- in at eight next morning got passed through Sherbrock and Lenoxville both considerable villages to Brompton where we left Charly and came on to Melbourne a pleasant little village with a Canadian pony this was Saturday night here the Tavern Keeper offered Father his establish ment a brick house nearly as large as ours and seventy five acres of land for \$2000 next morning Sunday rode to ~~Sham~~ Derham where we attended meeting heard a very sound and able discourse from an English Reabtyerian minister after meeting went on to Drumondville this was the first home by village I had seen stood there since the time of Noah with very little improvement from Drumondville to Mr Robinson's in Grantham he is a young man from Gardiner cousin to George R— he lives in a log house had just moved and was fitting it up he ^{received with} gave us a Highland welcome I assure you He gave us a lunch of cake & wine while dinner was preparing which was both very nice he had two French cooks ~~wh~~ girls ^{wh} knew nothing of cooking when they first came whom he had learned so that that will rarely be excelled in "Yankee Town" judging from our fare he's a Yankee ^{wh} very gentlemanly and ~~we~~ we had a grand time assure you I had been very temperate all the way total abstinence & now ~~now~~ declined taking any wine but when he proposed a health to our friends in Maine I could not refuse to join him By the way I forgot to say that we had a fine melon for dessert by no means an unimportant part of the fare to me left about five o'clock and went back five miles to the mill ~~wh~~ spent the night at Maj- Swans found them a very pleasant family went into the mill next morning it is very much the largest one I ever saw the situation is very pleasant is twelve miles from Drumondville and only ³⁰ ~~eighteen~~ from Sourel & one day's travel from Three Rivers roads level and generally good Left Mr Swans Tuesday morn - rode about eight or ten miles and ~~then~~ left our pony with Johnny Oakes and a stout ~~he~~ canuck from him went to St Francis an Indian town with two churches thence to Port St F— through Sebay and next morning across the Ferry to Three Rivers where we spent the day and went to Quebec in the evening But I can say no more to night I have so much on my mind that I don't know what to say first so good night shall be more cool and collected in the morning. Sep- 7- As we sailed into the harbor on our left was the heights of Abraham ~~and~~ a gentleman on board pointed out the place where Wolfe as is supposed to have ascended a perpendicular cliff rising from the river about seventy feet or perhaps a hundred then the ascent is more gradual ~~on~~ to the top which is three hundred forty feet from the level of the river here at the foot of the cliff Wolf landed at 3 o'clock in the morning and after toiling up with his cavalry an almost perpendicular ascent of 70 feet and another more gradual rise of 250 ~~and~~ every moment in the greatest danger of being discovered by the enemy and suffering a most

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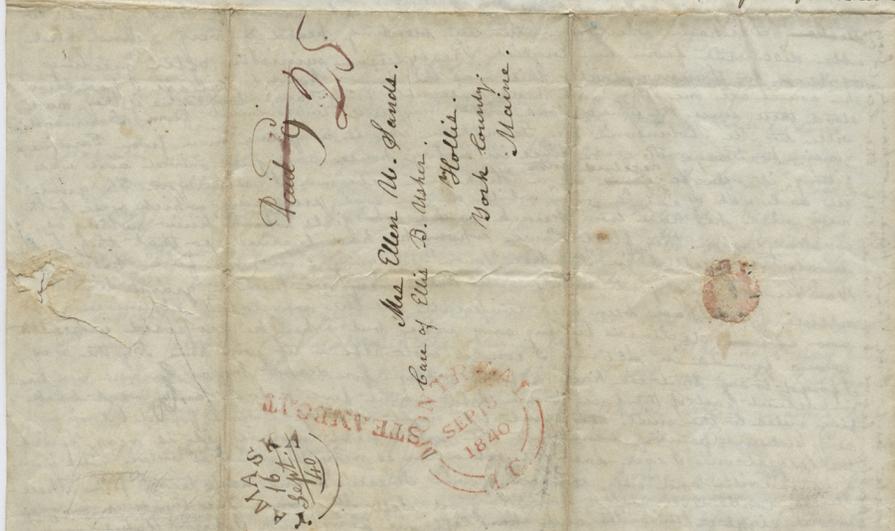
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[written along side]

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terrible defeat if not utter annihilation beside losing ^{to his country} the only chance of capturing ^{at last} ~~the top~~ and at eight o'clock 5 hours from the time of his landing below was drawn up in order for battle on the Plains of Abraham and after having accomplished his ~~mighty purpose~~ great design he laid himself down quietly to rest and a simple pillar of stone marks the spot inscribed with "here fell died Wolfe — victorious" We entered the City about nine in the morning on our way to the hotel engaged one thousand carters who assailed us on all sides three or four speaking at a time with "will you have a calash?" The lower town or business part of the City is below the ^{upper} town so that in riding from the lower to the upper town you ascend a long steep hill and in walking a long flight of stairs directly over the lower town are high barracks mounted by 32 pounders



which completely defends the lower lower town from all attack by water and the whole upper town is completely walled in and defended by canon at every turn The City is beautifully situated on one side is the beautiful St Lawrence and bearing on its ~~proud~~ broad bosom vessels of every size and shape from the light canoe to the mighty man-of-war and on the other some of the finest ~~landscapes~~ ^{scenery} that eye ever looked upon little fairy villages surrounded by fine farms fields of golden grain ripe for the harvest and here and there an English seat with its princely mansion and park of evergreens all combine to form a landscape of unrivalled beauty After riding round the City several times we went on to the Plains of A— here the street was bordered on each side by tents with Spirits fruit of all kinds cap cakes candy in every variety of shape displayed in the most tempting manner possible We left the carriage and went into the field here the soldiers her Majesty's troops were drawn up in two lines —

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Yamaska Mrs Ellen U. Sands.
 16 Care of Ellis B. Usher
 Sept. Hollis.
 40 York County.
 Montreal Maine.
 Sep 18
 1840
 Steamboat

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