

face to face several feet apart the people were collected on either side in dense columns
 presently the sound of musick they had the many windows of the hotel
 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 Patricks
 a few miles from mill he has a daughter going to school at Three Rivers and I
 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

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 but
 the wind blows tremendously, so that the men and boys can do
 little else than chase their hats which business they have follow-
 ed most perseveringly for an hour or so and generally with the
 ultimate succeed 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
 that

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
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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.

I suppose E.S. has gone home to N.Y. - Love to all have not time to name half of them - Yours Beky Usher

Bradley and looked out of the scuttle from which we had a fine view of the village with its beautiful intervals of living green enclosed by a chain of hoary headed mountains it seems like a sacred spot of sweet seclusion guarded from all intrusion by a wall of nature's own handywork it is in truth the finest village I have seen Had a fine ride to Pendexters in the evening where we spent the night (A Steamboat is just coming up the river towing a ship and a schooner and I must stop to look at them)
The second day rainy, went to the second Crawford's Just as we were passing through the Notch we had a tremendous shower I never saw a heavier one the rain poured down in torrents we did not get much wet however but were obliged to spend the night at C-ds instead of Fabens here ^{at 6:30} we found a party waiting for fair weather to ascend Mount Washington among them were a Sea Captain and wife from ~~Boston~~ ^{N. Orleans}, and her sister, and Mr Nash the Episcopal Minister from Saco they were all intelligent and agreeable and the evening passed off very pleasantly notwithstanding the rain The next day pleasant dined at Littleton at the new stone hotel met Mr Eastman Conway of N. Hampshire and Mr Smith of Portland 'twas a whig house and all whigs at table By the way tell Uncle Bradley I've seen but three Loco's since I came from home and Father has introduced the ~~su~~ Politics not only where we've stopped but with every one we saw on the road we did not ride before nor behind a man but that he managed some way to ascertain his politics Sourel Sep-6th have went to Quebeck ^{to} the evening of the 3^d and have had no time since to finish this to pick up the thread of my story spent the third night at Whelock here I was quite sick all night got better however in the morning and went on our journey passing through Glover & Barton When within eight miles of Hadley Charley attempted to lay lie down in the harness as we stopped at a trough to water him but Father persuaded him out of it and we went on to the village he was hardly out of the

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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 sixteen 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 ~~Derham~~ Derham where we attended meeting heard a very sound and able discourse from an English Presbyterian 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 were 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 had a ^{very} Yankee ~~on~~ very gentlemanly and ~~we~~ we had a grand time assure you I had been very temperate all the way total abstinence & now ~~refused~~ 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 insignificant 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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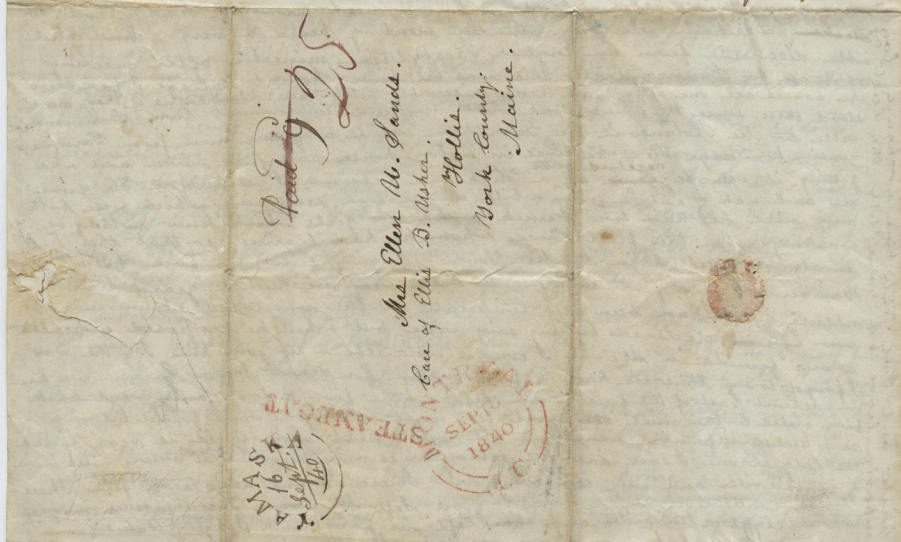
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terrible defeat if not utter annihilation beside losing ^{to his country} the only chance of capturing ^{at last} ~~the top~~ and at eight o'clock 5 hours from the time of his landing below was drawn up in order for battle on the Plains of Abraham 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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