

# Patrick's Journal from Ireland to Upper Canada

Today is an exciting day. My father came home from the shop to tell us that we would be moving to a new, free land called "Upper Canada" in a few weeks. Life here in Ireland isn't bad, but my father thinks new opportunities in Upper Canada will be better than the poor life we live here. Father asked me to gather up what we will need for our journey and our new lives. I am packing for myself and my little sister, Martha. Father says space is limited on the ship, so we will have to pack just the necessities. I am excited but also scared to leave our home and go on such a long journey.

We've finally boarded the ship. It is hard to write because it is dark where we are staying. The space is damp and small. There is not enough room for all the people that are here, but with such great promises in Upper Canada I understand everyone's eagerness to be a part of this adventure. The air down here smells damp and stale. Mother, Father, Martha and I have to share a small bed that is not comfortable or big enough for the four of us. We barely have enough food to eat and our stomachs are always rumbling. Martha has been sick and crying, I have been trying to calm her so Mother doesn't worry, but I can tell Martha is scared. I hope this journey is over soon so we can begin our new life in Upper Canada.

This journey feels never-ending. People are sick from the dirty water, germs and lack of doctors. Already 3 people have passed away from illness and they were 'buried at sea' which really means thrown over board into the ocean. It was tragic to watch, I shielded Martha's eyes so she didn't have to see it. I'm thankful that our family has been mostly healthy. I can't wait to taste simple things again, clean water, fresh bread, even berries would be a blessing now. The slimy water from the ship is not fit for drinking and I think the rats on this ship are getting more to eat than I. Still, I'm hopeful that life in Upper Canada will be worth all of this hardship.

Alas! I heard the glorious words! The shipmate yelled "Land Ho!". Everyone began cheering, dancing and singing! This journey has been terrible but seeing a glimpse of the new land is just what we needed. Everyone is in a better mood now. Martha even giggled with delight, she is too young to really understand all of this, but is happy to be off this dreadful boat. I feel terribly bad for those who were so sick that they did not survive the journey to celebrate this exciting moment with us. I thank heavens that our family has been healthy. I am grateful to be leaving this dark, damp boat behind. I will not miss writing in my journal by candlelight or the fear of rats running by. Soon, we will be on dry land. Soon, we will find land to call our own.

Soon, we will begin our new life.

- Patrick

# Activity

**Instructions:** You are asked to create a chart in your books about the following senses and feelings during Patrick's experience. Please write down 4 per box.

Sounds 

Smells 

Taste 

Sights 

Feel (Touch) 

Feeling (Emotions) 