

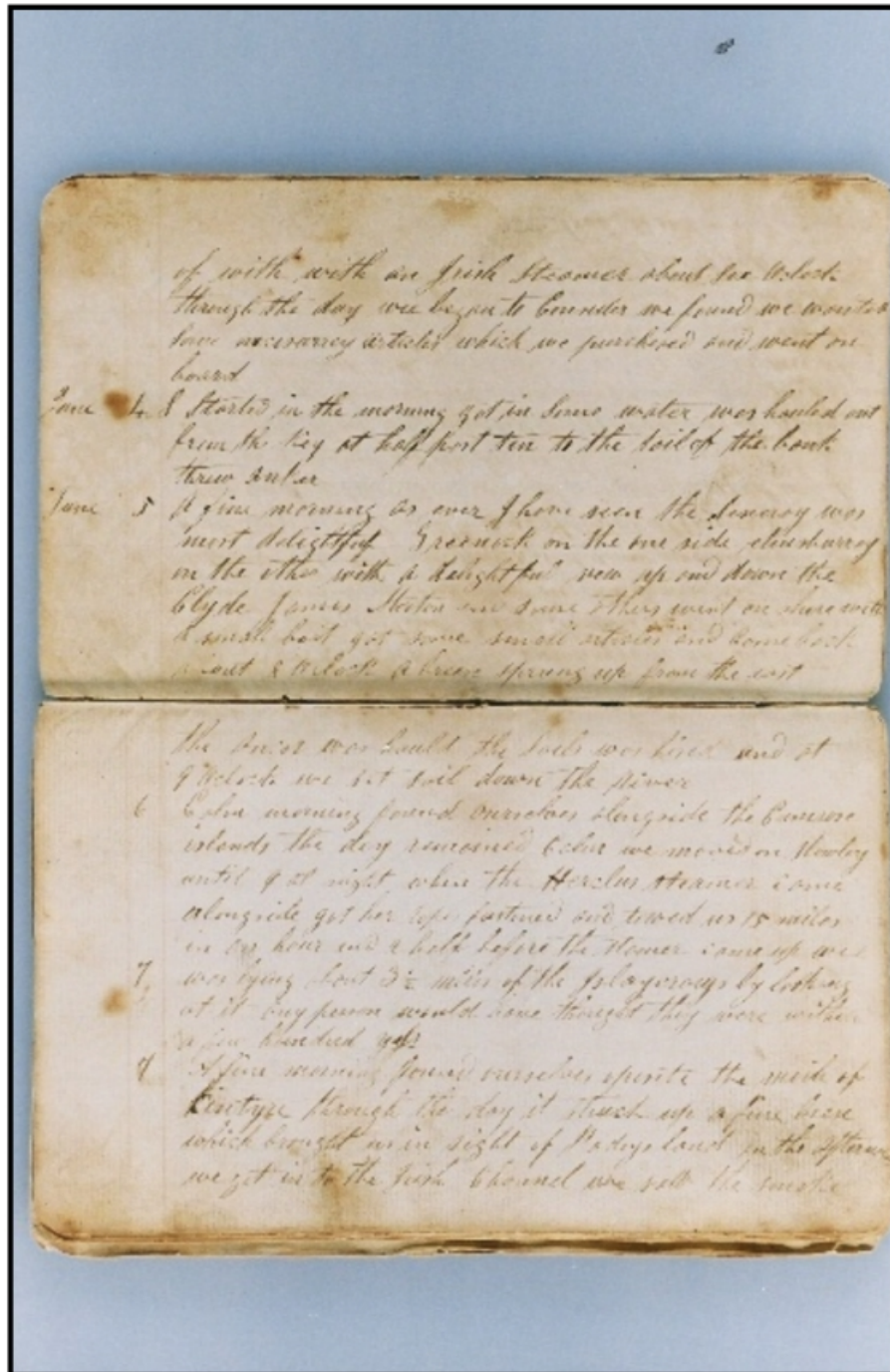
20. The Immigrants



"Twenty years from now, you will be more disappointed by the things you didn't do, than by the ones you did do. So, throw off the bowlines. Sail away from the safe harbor. Catch the trade winds in your sails. Explore. Dream. Discover!"

- Mark Twain

Thomas Baird's ocean journal, hand-written aboard the historic transatlantic Scotland to Canada voyage of the "Troubadour" from June to August 1842.



**"INTREPID TRAVELERS, FULFILLING OUR HOPES,
OPENING DOORS TO A BECKONING FUTURE!"**

Genealogical notes. Thomas and Janet (Dinsmore) Baird set sail for North America aboard the sailing ship Troubadour on June 2, 1842, from Glasgow, Scotland, with their two children, Jessie, 2, and John, 1. This is Tom's journal (boxed insertions provided later by Author Adrea Mach)

Journal Acquisition and Transcription. The original ocean journal was obtained by Tom Baird's namesake, Thomas B. Baird, 5th generation, and transcribed in 1985 by Tom's wife, Joy (both pictured here). Spellings were left the same as Tom wrote them. Some words were repeated, and some may have been indecipherable or archaic, but have been copied, as faithfully as possible.



1842

May 31st Left Tollcross with our luggage put it on board the Troubedour Janet, Jesey and John slept in Westmuir I went to Tollcross and slept in Old Deanses

June 1 We came into Glasgow, purchased some necissarreys had a merry night with a grate maney of our friends and aquantances and slept for the first night in the Trobedour

June 2 At six Oclock morning left the Broomalaw of Glasgow was towed down a little below Dumbarton, run aground at seven lay to seven at night, got the tug again which took us to Greenock half past eight Jack Barkley and Andrew made for the railway but was too late had one glass apiece, returned to the ship

June 3 I started in the morning, got Jack Barclely and Andrew of(f) with with an Irish Steamer about six Oclock through the day wee began to consider we found we wanted some necisarrey articles which we purchesed and went on board

June 4 I Started in the morning, got in some water, was hauled out from the Key at half past ten to the tail of the bank threw anker.

June 5 A fine morning as ever I have seen, the seneray was most delightful Greenock on the one side Helensburroy on the other with a delightful view up and down the Clyde. James Morton and some others went on shore with a small boat, got some small articles and came back about 8 Oclock a breese sprung up from the east.

The Ancor was hauld the sails was hised, and at 9 Oclock we set sail down the river.

6 ourselves alongside the Cumrose Islands the day remained Calm we moved on slowley until 9 at night when the Herclus steamer came alongside got her ropes fastened and towed us 15 miles in an hour and a half. Before the steamer came up wee was lying about 3 1/2 miles of(f) the Islaycraigs, by looking at it any person would have thought they were within a few hundred yds.

7 ourselves opisite the muile of Kintyre through the day it struck up a fine breese which brought us in sight of Padeys land in the afternoon we got in to the Irish Channel, we saw the smoke rising from some of the small towns on the Coast we had Ireland on our left and the Island of Islay on our right

3

1. On Resoluteness. *“Very determined; with backbone and decisiveness”.* They had decided to GO—Tom (35) and Janet Baird (28), together with their two toddlers, Jessie (2) and John (1). Leaving Scotland likely meant never re-visiting family, friends and country again. What must it have felt like to see that last bit of homeland slip away into the mist and be gone forever?

June 8 **Lost sight of land** a light breese but a heavy sea swell which roked us from side to side as if we had been in a cradle a great maney of the Woeman and children got sick and a good maney of the men Janet got verey sick and lay in her bed all (lay and emptyed her stomach well nothing was to he seen but boking gasping and throwing on all sides enough to make any person sick although they neglected to mention that Yesterday morning the Captain Caled a meeting of all the men in the ship and wee Chose a Comitee of 16 men of which I was one to make rules and regulations for the behaviour and Cleanliness of the passingers This day the 8th we had Tea serve out at 3/3 per pound coffey at /8 1/2 Sugar at 4 1/2 Tobakco at 1/9 Rum at /11 pr bottle and Brandy at 1/8 bo

2. On Leadership. *“The ability to influence and guide followers of a group, team, organization or society; though often due to a person's title, seniority or hierarchical ranking, it's an attribute one can naturally possess or develop.”* Tom Baird clearly HAD it, and I feel a great natural affinity to him in this pioneering role.

9 south by east wee we ar running at the rate of 5 or 6 notes or miles an hour and although wee are about 200 miles from land I saw a good maney birds which we Call divers or Sea Maws fly about the ship they most of the pasangers are geting rid of sickness Janet is pretty well has has been walking about all day and had a small washing they rest of us has escaped sickness as yet

June 10 Stil a fine sharp breese it is calculate that since yesterday 12 0 clock until 12 this day she has run 132 miles Janet is quite free of sickness we are all well Seed 2 large fish they call Grampures they appeared to be about the thickness of a large bullock but twice as long when they rose out of the water their head resembles a swine the one was a light yellowish colour the other was like a dark brown Cow we saw a ship at a great distance the first we have seen since we left the coast of Jreland

11 spirit with a light breese until about 11 or 12 Oclock when the Wind began to shift we were all afraid it was going to go ahead of us but fortunateley for us about 2 Oclock it got into the north by east and increased towards night she was calculate to be running about 8 miles an hour as it was Clyde pay night we had a glas of rum each and drank to the health of all the **Friends and Acquantances we had left behind**

3. On Reminiscence. *"Recalling usually pleasant incidents, experiences, memories or feelings from a recent or, more likely, remote past."* But the Bairds were out on the open sea now and, instead of feeling 'profoundly uncomfortable', they were looking only forward.

June 12 Sunday All is well and a light Breese about 10 Oclock we came along side a ship the first we have spoken since we left the Clyde she was the Goliath of Liverpool she was from New Orleans bound for Liverpool she had been 40 days at sea and had been 10 days laying about where we past her we were in 19 ours 20 minutes West Longitude at the time about 11 Oclock we were all caled together for Publik worship the Captain acted as Chaplin we sung the first 10 verses of the 139th psalm he then read the 32nd Chapter of duteronomy to the 29th verse on which verse he read a sermon out of a book we then sung the 30th paraphrase and Concluded the service by reading a prayer we also had Public worship in the afternoon about mid day we found that we had got a new pasanger it was a hawk sitting on the top mast we considered it had come from the ship we past at darkning one of the sailor boys brought it down and the Captain tethered it with the guard of his watch at the Cabin door. We saw a great maney large Porposis they appear to go in great Shoals

4. On Porpoises: *"Ocean mammals very similar to dolphins that prefer cold Northern waters and stay close to the shore."* Well, those seen by Tom were fairly far out, "pouring and leaping through strange seas" (Source: *"The Once and Future King" of Camelot, T.H. White*)

13 Monday nothing particlare hapned this day the wind is light and very Changeble we made little progress

14 Tuesday little or no wind in the fore part of the day about mid day the breese got better and we are running about 3 notes an hour

15 Wednesday verey calm spyed a ship about 50 miles to the suthest little Johney is rather sick

16 Thursday fore part of the day Calm, but by the afternoon it strick up a sharp breese running about 7 1/2 notes little Johney is no better

17 Friday verey calm seed great shoals of Porposes like droves of swine Johney is a little better

18 Johney is a great dale better light breese the fore part of the day towards evening the breese sharp but the atmosphere was verey fogey we could not see above 100 yds round us wee were afraid of running foul of some ship.

5. On Atlantic Hurricanes. *"Tropical storms having moved north to the Atlantic, primarily between June and November, with winds of 74 mph or more. Dangers include storm surges, torrential rains, heavy seas and high winds."* The fragile "Troubadour" survived at least two of them on this voyage alone; the description below gives just a taste of what the actual experience must have been like!"

Sunday
morning
about 2
O'clock
the
breese

19 got verely hard it increased through the day to that extent that some of the waves on the weather side of the ship dashed some of their waters over the deck some went down the hatches. Towards evening wee were a little afraid of it turning into a hurricane. However fortunate for us it did not go to that extent as to cause us to be hatched down Johney is almost quite better but his mother is complaining of the toothake and a little sick. In the forenoon wee had public worship in english and in the afternoon we had it in Galick as a great Majority of the passangers were Highlanders

Monday
morning

20 the breese is very hard but towards mid day it slackened and by the afternoon it got very calm spyed two ships ahead of us wee also seed great shoals of Porposes and great flocks of birds wee have seen less or more of these birds almost every day since we left the Clyde

Tuesday
this
morning
we found
the wind
right

21 ahead of us it blew very hard through the day but towardsnight it increased furiousley the most of us began to be a little afraid between 10 and 12 at night it raged furiousley the waves were dashing over the bulwarks and running in torrents along the deck the vessel was heaving to an alarming extent so much so that one of our sailors was thrown was thrown of(f) the yard while they were in the act of reefing their top sails but fortunateley he got hold of a rope and saved his life we had little or no sleep all night wee were like to be thrown out of our beds

Wednesday
this

22 morning the wind is rather abated but the sea is raging furiousley Janet is again got verely Sick she is a bad sailor this night it is blowing hard but not so bad as last had been standing on solid ground ...

6. On Seasickness. *"Nausea and dizziness, sometimes accompanied by vomiting, resulting from the rocking or swaying motion of a vessel in which one is traveling at sea; the result of a conflict in the inner ear, where the human balance mechanism resides."* Janet seems to have been extremely sensitive to this; she might also have been pregnant anew. Might Tom have shown a bit more empathy? Here, I felt little affinity with him, I must admit.

Friday
this day

23 Thursday morning wind still ahead and blowing very hard as on Tuesday it increased towards night and was nearley as bad Janet is scarsley as sick

24 the wind and sea is greatly abated A fine sharp breese but still ahead of us Seed two ships homeward bound but was not within speaking this day we are between 40 and 41 degrees west longitude Janet is recovered from sickness

Saturday morning we have again got a fair wind from

25 the north by east it blew very hard through the day but as on Tuesday and Thursday it increased towards evening and by darkning the sailors are dreading a gale

7. On Poetry: *“Literary expression that evokes a concentrated imaginative awareness of experience or a specific emotional response through language chosen and arranged for its meaning, sound and rhythm.”* With his at most eighth-grade education, Tom Baird created “poetry pure” with his following description of an Atlantic gale: “waves lashing down the hatches ... the wind and rain met me in the face as if angry at my very appearance on deck.”

26 noise the Ship is roaring and roling like to throw us out of our births Some of the waves are lashing down the hatches and gussing in my very face the Second Mate came down and told us that She was running like a hare but to prevent the spoiling of goods in the Hould it would be neccissarrey to close the hatch which was done we lay in our beds until about Six we arose and got the hatch opened I went up the trap the wind and rain met me in the face as if angrey at my very appearance on deck The darkness of the atmosphare the Owling of the wind and the roling of the tempestous deck raley gave the morning a wild appearence after breakfast however it began to calm and it turned out a fine afternoon this day we were considered to be entering upon the banks of New Foundland we had no public worship this day

27 breees which incr eased toward the afternoon Spoke the Arilea of Limerick an Irish Scooner which had been out with emigrants and was returning home ladened with wood we was 46 degrees 10 minutes west longit ude they told us to look out for ice the wind increased very fast between 10 at night and 4 in the morning it blew a complete huricane the Sailors said it was the worst night we had

8. On Newfoundland's feared Icebergs. *“The large maritime province of eastern Canada, composed of Newfoundland island and Labrador,” that often falls victim to bad weather, fog and floating icebergs.”* Those icebergs that Tom saw in 1842 had likely broken off from the Greenland glaciers and drifted southward on the open seas, similar to the one that later sank the “unsinkable” Titanic in April 1912.

28 out a fine day about 2 Oclock we Spied a large Ice berge a head of us when we drew nearer we discovered other 4 smaller ones which we considered were all atached to the large one under water about 5 Oclock we came in Sight of other 6 to the suthest the air was very clear and between 7 & 8 Oclock we had a fine view of them they were about 8 miles distant they had the appearance of a small town one in purticular had the appearance of a church with stiple on the one end 2 of them was a tremendous size they apeared as large as the Islay Craig which we saw corning out the Clyde through the night we past close by another which the Captain said was the largest he had ever seen they were considered to have come

from the North Seas

29 Wednesday fore part of the day very fogey Seed 2 small vessels from New Foundland after the fishing

30 Thursday a both sides tail of the fine sharp breese seed a good maney vessels on have not seen as maney since we left the bank at greenock

July 1 Friday very cold wind this day from the north more like the first of Feburarey or March

2 Saturday a fine clear day Spoke a ship about 7 Oclock in the morning she was from St. Andrews bound for Liverpool began to make the Mater-Chist (Water-chist?)

3 Sunday a good breese but rather fogey

4 Monday verey fogey we know we are near the shores of some land but dare not go foreward in Case of running aground

July 5th 6th 7th Thursday the last 4 or 5 days we have had a fine fair wind but durst not improve it the fog has been so verey thick that we seldom could see more than a gun shot round us

9. On Newfoundland Fog. *"Advection fog forms when moist air moves over a colder surface, and the resulting cooling of near-surface air to below its dew-point temperature."* Deemed the "foggiest place on earth", Tom didn't know this at the time, but Newfoundland's thick spring fogs often result from melting off-shore icebergs. He'd had enough of the sea by then and only wanted LAND!

8 Friday the fog is comming and going this day we see we are some distance from land and are proceeding on our course

9 caled out of my bed to make a coffin for a child which died through the night it belonged to a man the name of Robertson who came from Cooperangus We coffind the child about 9 Oclock put 3 pieces of pig iron in the coffin with the corpse to make it sink the water We had the funeral at 12 Oclock the bell was tolled about 10 minutes all the passangers were caled upon deck one of the passangers officiated we sung part of the 53rd paraphrase we had then a very appropriate Prayer for the Ocasion then sung part of the 8th Paraphrase the 14th chapter of Job was read after the 53rd Paraphrase was sung the coffin was then lowered to the water upon one of the hatches prepared for the purpose the outside was lowered the coffin slipped of(f) and sank in the Mighty Deep.

10. On Death at Sea. *"Burial at sea is defined as the disposal of human remains in the ocean, normally from a ship."* Tom not only experienced this first-hand; he also made the child's coffin. There must have been thoughts about his own small children, both of whom had fallen repeatedly ill during the three-month ocean voyage. God's grace?

Spoke the China of Limerick an Irish Brig homeward bound she was 14 days out from Quebeck. This day we came in sight of the first American land about mid day we entered the mouth of the gulph we saw Newfoundland on our right and Cape Breton Cape North and St. Pauls Isle on our left After darkning the wind began to blow verry hard and by 12 Oclock at night it blew a perfect hurricane

10 deck from 12 to 5 in the morning the wind and waves raged furiousley the Captain was afraid of of some small Islands we had to pass caled the Burdee Islands however we passed without seeing them It continued verry course until mid day when the wind began to calm and it turned out a fine night in the afternoon we came in sight of the Island of Anticosti

11 Monday A fine morning. Sailing in between Anticosti and New Brunswick
T 13 W 14 T 15 F Nothing particular but getting up the gulph with a head wind

16 up to the North West Shores of the gulph The South East Cost of lower Canada nothing to be seen but dense forests as far as the eye can carry you and for hundreds of miles more

17 Sunday a good breeze through the night and morning which took us in to the Mouth of the River
Jesey has taken a rash we think it the Masels

18 Monday Jesey is verry sick light wind which is taking us slowley up the river began to see some houses on the South side of the river

19 Tuesday Jesey is a little better Seeing a great many houses on the south side past Green Island

20 Wednesday A fine breeze the fore part of the day took us a long way up the river the South bank in particular is most delightful it is like one continued vilage all the way up

(July) 21 Thursday set sail this morning about one Oclock bot up to Gross Island or the Corentine ground anchored there about four in the morning got the doctor aboard about Six we had all to pass before him on deck like as many Sheep to see if we were all in good health 3 were condemned to go on shore to the Hospittle 2 men and a child hilanders

11. On Health and Québec City's "Hôtel-Dieu Hospital" . "Founded in 1639 by a small group of French Augustinian sisters who had boldly embarked on that Atlantic crossing in order to 'heal the bodies and souls of those living in Canada ('New France 'at the time)', it was the first hospital in the Americas north of Mexico." The Baird family "passed medical muster" in 1842 and didn't have to go to hospital. Instead, they could continue on to Montréal, to Kingston, to Toronto and to a brave new life.

22 Friday got up to within 3 miles of Qubeck the tide turned against us which obliged us to to Ancor about 9 Oclock

23 Saturday morning found ourselves at Quebeck was examaned again by a doctor A good many of us went on shore I purchased a large love some beaf tea and returned to the ship got a tug and set

sail for Montreal about 3 O'clock

Sunday 25 Monday forenoon arrived at Montreal the Troubidour was now at her destination a great many of us went on shore and spent the afternoon in town

26 all anxious how to proceed up the Country in the afternoon we agreed to go with the Steamer pilot to Kingston the Common fare was 3 Dollars and 2/6 for each hundred weight of luggage above 100 lbs but on account of so many of us going together and the Competition among the boats we got for one dollar apiece and luggage free

27 Wednesday got our luggage on board the pilot and in the afternoon set sail for Kingston

28th 29th 30th 31st 1st August Monday Morning arrived at Kingston got our luggage on board the Steam Princes Royal and after looking through the town we set sail about 2 O'clock for Toronto

August 2 Tuesday about 3 O'clock afternoon arrived at Toronto got our luggage on shore James Morton and I went in search of a room got one got our luggage conveyed there We were all very tired not having had of (f) our Close since we left Montreal we made our bed on the floor and slept for the first night on dry land since we left home

3 Wednesday went about the town all day tried to find out Peter Wardlaw's place but could not

4 down to the Market got intelligence from a farmer where Peter stopped Came home got breakfast and started for Peter's reached there about one O'clock Peter and sons were through commencing their wheat harvest remained there until about 5 in the afternoon got Tea with them and returned home

5 Came in with his wagon took out Janet Johney the two Children with all the dirty clothes and two Chests we all stopped there for a fortnight got the Close washed and all arranged took a house come into town on Monday the 22nd of August 1842

12. On Resilience. *"One's ability to withstand adversity, bounce back and grow despite life's downturns; also includes working through emotional pain and suffering."* After 181 days at sea, the Baird family made it safely to Canada, toddlers and dirty clothes in tow. Doubtless, Janet could have written her very own journal of this once-in-a-lifetime transatlantic crossing to a New World and a new life. We can only wish she had!

So closes Tom Baird's 1842 Ocean Journal. Now let's give it some historical context and compare it to other such voyages, both fictitious and contemporary.

Re-visiting History

Back then. Between the actual immigration of the Baird-Rigg family from Scotland to Canada in 1842 aboard the “Troubadour” and the Vilhelm Moberg fictitious sailing of Karl Oskar and Kristina Nilsson aboard the “Charlotta” in 1850, there were only eight years and only minimal differences in terms of routes and motivations.

- The Baird-Rigg sailing took place 181 years ago and lasted 81 days (02jun-22aug1842). The route was Glasgow, Scotland to Toronto, Canada.
- Karl Oskar and Kristina’s sailing would have been 173 years ago, lasting 68 days (14apr - 21jun1850) and sailed from Karlshamn, Sweden to New York City.

“Peasants at sea”. Back then, for both crossings (although Tom Baird’s authentic ocean journal doesn’t mention this explicitly), they suffered from major problems, which they may not have fully anticipated in advance.

First there was the psychological **separation** of consciously deciding to leave family and familiar environment, language and culture behind—never to return—for a fully “foreign” place on the other side of a vast ocean. Then, upon boarding, came the physical abandonment they must have felt in having the solid ground to which they were so accustomed being “snatched out from under their feet”! All of a sudden they would have been reminded that 75% of the earth’s surface was actually *water* while only 25% was the “good *earth*” from which all farmers drew their sustenance. Physical s presented as recurrent **seasickness** so typical for people who had never before set foot on a sea-going vessel; they were beset by dizziness, nausea and vomiting—the re having no firm ground under their feet, but instead only the rolling ocean—until they finally “got their sea legs” or weathered the next severe Atlantic storm.

The **sailing vessels** themselves were scarcely seaworthy; very small in both cases: the “Troubadour” cites no specific number of passengers and crew, but even the fictitious “Charlotta” eight years later numbered only 94 in total with 78 passengers and 16 captain and crew (eight were lost at sea). The “Charlotta” (the Moberg vessel) was only “twenty paces long and eight paces wide” with the wooden hull already rotting after only seven voyages as an emigrant ship.

Time, the tides and the weather. Of these three, none of these were friends. Though spring sailings were favored so that, ideally, crops could be planted for a fall harvest, the crossings were long: 81 days for the “Troubadour” and 68 days for the “Charlotta”. Months at sea on a lonely ocean. Not only that. As Moberg wrote, the *“continuous contrary westerly winds and the currents were against them. They and the fog.”*

And not to forget the ferocious gales: in both accounts, successive hurricane-strength **storms** hurled the tiny ships about like corks on the tremendous waves that crashed over the gunwales and down the hatch into the close-packed steerage, drenching the virtually imprisoned passengers (who were not allowed on deck during the storm for fear of being washed overboard) and increasing their misery. Besides that, one had to fear that the masts, made of supple Swedish pine, would break under the storms’ force and tumble into the ocean. A seagoing journey to Hell?

Passengers. These were usually families on this once-in-a-lifetime voyage, who often lived—or didn't—to regret their choice to sail to a distant continent and country, certainly never to return again home. Underway, they were plagued, not only by doubts but also by recurrent seasickness, not to mention mice and lice in their cramped, dark an moist steerage quarters below deck.

Also—what is all too easily forgotten—the courageous passengers on Europe's early immigration ships were young—mostly in their twenties, often with family—physically robust and most determined to better their lives. They were on a **mission** for themselves and their children and their *children's* children. That makes a tremendous difference when you're forever changing the course of your successor family's history.

(**Nota bene:** As for me, in retracing just the eastern Canadian part of their voyage, this was undertaken by me **solo** at nearly **eighty** in memory of them. But, believe me, I was nowhere near as physically robust ... as you will learn below)!!!

Disease. Luckily, on the two crossings described here, there was no cholera; however, other crossings lost many of their passengers and crew to this dreaded, highly contagious disease. But there *was* **scurvy**, unknown til that time and caused by a lack of vitamin C because there were no fresh fruits or vegetables to be had. When Kristina was beset by nosebleeds, it was extremely difficult to staunch the blood so that she wouldn't die from loss of blood before even arriving in the New World.

“COVID Cruise-from-Hell and Hurricanes”! This trip was ill-fated from the word “Go”, starting with a **renewed COVID alarm** though there was no last-minute time for a fifth vaccination. It turned out that, not only I, but also my friend’s daughter, who, ironically, is Pfizer’s Vaccine V-P, came down with it herself during the course of my visit and had to isolate at home. But wait, I’m getting ahead of myself!

To back up a bit, my “cruise from hell” actually began with the airborne part. First, my flights from Vienna, Austria via Munich, Germany to Boston, Massachusetts were beset by problems: **delayed flight arrivals**, delayed departures and, in between, the imperative to request “special assistance” —that is, my first ever **“whizzing airport wheelchair”**—in order to make the lightning-fast transfer for close connects from one Munich terminal to the other; my “charioteer” weaving recklessly through the “madding crowds” and calling incessantly to “Hold the flight. Hold the *flight!*” as we zoomed along.

We *just* made it—Whew!—only then to sit for three hours on the tarmac due to **technical delays** while the crew fiddled with the Airbus’ “internal communications system”. Little did I know that, despite all that time lag, Lufthansa nevertheless left my luggage behind ... but that bit of bad news emerged only later, day-by-day, port-by-port, when my luggage could never quite catch up with me!

Meanwhile, as we finally got airborne direction Boston, I tried to take such stuff in stride—after all, going by sea in a fragile ship would have been far worse ... or so I soothed myself. Supper and a sit-up nap in the quite full cabin. Soon we’ll be there, I smiled, back in well-known Boston where I’d studied back in the 1980s. Maybe I’d have time to visit Cambridge again before the cruise ship set sail the following afternoon. But having departed late, we also **landed late** (near midnight) at Logan Airport.

Dire surprise: despite the extra three hours in Munich, no one had seen fit to transfer my **bag** onto the ongoing flight; it should come next afternoon; only that would be too late as we would have already sailed. Maybe they should send it to Bar Harbor, Maine instead? On top of that, the **Boston airport pick-up** (part of the cruise package) was nowhere to be found so I had to take a taxi into Boston’s center. There, at the Marriott Copley

and TV football on every screen! Cheering, stomping football fans when all I wanted was my bed. Well after midnight.

As for that **missing suitcase**, it ended up traveling more than *I* did over the coming week, going twice transatlantic back-and-forth but never making it to *me* until the end of the cruise in Québec City! The ship's staff proved understanding though, gifting me with an exotic array of **crew's clothing** (e.g. men's marine blue oversized slicker, polyester pants, T-shirt, white plastic, oil-resistant tennis shoes), all of which I grew to treasure...

especially in the absence of anything else viable but socks and the clothes on my back! So, of course, I had to skip the dressy shipboard shows, the spa and so!

Clothes were not the only things “conspicuous in their absence” In Boston, I made another unpleasant discovery that was to stymie me for the unfolding future: my **cell phone** was broken; it must have been stepped on at night in the plane and could barely be used. In fact, it soon broke down entirely and was non-functional for the rest of the 2.5-week trip. Would the original immigrants have missed a mobile phone? Of course not, because they never had one in the first place; but I sorely did. With both my suitcase and my phone gone, I got just a tiny taste of what I might have felt like to travel with the Troubadour ... and a very different life without the amenities I was so used to. Was I ever “spoiled”!

Storm-hexed schedule. Next day we were collected from the hotel already at 10:30—so no chance to visit Cambridge. But then the next disaster happened: **Hurricane Lee!** Barreling up America's East Coast, it locked us down in Boston Harbor for two full days, meaning that we arrived at our daily ports of call either not at all (two of them) or a day late; as a domino effect, four of my five booked shore excursions were cancelled!

The voyage. Initially, I had made my way onto our cruise ship, the “Norwegian Pearl”, none the better for wear, tear, missing bag, broken phone and jet-lag. Still, an experience totally in contrast to early Atlantic crossings! If “what a difference a day makes”, then what an **enormous** difference 1,187 days (verify) make—from 2nd of June 1842 til the

22nd of September 2023! The start of one actual historic voyage to the end of another, to retrace just a part of that original route

The ship. The farthest possible cry from the original transatlantic “emigration ships”, this cruise ship—the Norwegian Pearl—is actually not even Norwegian but American-owned and operated since the 1960s and hedonistically modern! The fact sheet says: 93,530 tons, 965 ft. long, capacity: 2,394 passengers : 1,087 crew. Here the amenities offered: 16 dining options, 15 bars and lounges, spa and coiffeur salon, sports court, two swimming pools, six hot tubs, internet cafe, tax/duty-free shops” ... and not to forget the chapel, close to God on Deck 13 (never found it!) and the morgue down on the waterline Deck 4 (was comforted *not* to have found it!). But that was not a foregone conclusion.

Medical ultimatums/expenses The next hurdle was a health-related one. Hardly had I boarded the ship than I felt dizzy and unwell, not seasick though as we were still tethered to the dock. So I went post haste to the medical office and was met there by a Serbian medical assistant who (reluctantly) measured my blood pressure and—94/57—found it wanting. He said (and I quote): “If the doctor even sees you, it will cost you \$200; if you need *anything* here shipboard, reckon with \$2,000; and if you need *comprehensive* shipboard medical attention, calculate \$20,000.” That set my head spinning as I watched my checking account mentally dissolving before my eyes!

So I asked, “What would you advise?” And he said, “Get off the ship right now and go to the nearest Boston hospital.” Stand-off. But I said, “NO. I didn’t come all this way to then face-plant and land in a local hospital, although I know the Boston ones are excellent!” He said, “Well then, you will have to sign a **disclaimer** saying that, if your medical condition causes the ship to have to change course or evacuate you, YOU are solely responsible for all costs incurred.” How welcoming! He made me sign it, too.

Did the original immigrants have anything even vaguely resembling this? No. They either survived it ... or they died, in which case there was a short ceremony after which their coffin was lowered into the “eternal Deep”. This happened both on the “Troubadour” and “Charlotta” crossings. Luckily, this time we all were spared.

NCL-cancelled Ports of Call. We had five ports of call over seven days, but as I said, the the first four Shore Excursions never happened! They

were cancelled by the ship's captain. So I never got to see what I **came** to see—Bar Harbor, Halifax, Peggy's Cover, Cape Breton, Charlottetown.

We did, at long last, get to take one single excursion to the Saguenay Fjord, which was quite pristine-lovely but my forbears definitely hadn't gone there. Only at the very end, upon arrival in our disembarkation port of Québec City, did something unexpectedly wonderful happen! I discovered a place that my ancestors must also have encountered.

French Canadian refuge. My friend Jean had found a special place for us to stay, one that existed way back then in 1842 when my actual ancestors arrived in Canada: the Monastère des Augustines. This monastery was actually founded on the first of August 1639 (!) so it would certainly have been well-established when the Baird family reached Québec City on 23 July 1842, en route Montréal, then Toronto. Here's the back story:

A Short History of Le Monastère des Augustines (+ Lithograph)

<https://justinpluslauren.com/quebec-city-monastery/>

Le Monastère des Augustines is tucked down a quiet side street in Old Québec City. It's one of the city's best-kept secrets and has a long and fascinating history.

Back in August 1639, a small group of Augustine sisters became the first Catholic nuns to arrive in the New World to found their convent and adjacent hospital, the first hospital in the Americas north of Mexico. They had traveled from France to heal the bodies and souls of those living in Canada ('New France' at the time).

Once, 225 sisters lived in this monastery; today, only nine remain, their average age ca. 85. Undaunted, in 2000 they decided to renovate the 377 year-old monastery, creating a non-profit wellness hotel to keep their heritage alive. Construction of the wellness center and hotel was a 25-year project that cost Can\$45 million to design and build. Today it houses a hotel in two different styles, a museum, a wellness center and a restaurant. The center focuses on health, harmony and creativity. While the monastery does preserve the history of the nuns, it is no longer based upon any religion or creed.

Of historic interest, originally, a revolving wooden door stood at the entrance to today's museum. In the 1800s, women who gave birth to illegitimate babies would leave them with the sisters, the anonymous mother placing the infant inside this wooden container, then turning it to face the interior of the building so that one of the nuns could collect the child. That would be the last time the mother saw her

baby. Between 1800-1850, women left over 10,000 infants at the monastery for the nuns to raise or to be adopted by other families.

Today Le Monastère is a non-profit organization that invests its profits into social missions, primarily caring for those who care for others. Discounted rooms are reserved for family members of hospital patients while caregivers of the elderly can spend a gratis week at the hotel to recharge.

Not your typical tourist attraction, this Quebec City landmark offers a uniquely unforgettable experience: an historic monastery transformed into a modern wellness center, all the while keeping its history and legacy intact.

Just as the sisters once aimed to cure the sick and wounded, today's wellness center mirrors their mission while harmonizing with a healthy and fulfilling modern culture. Its ambiance offers tranquility and balance for mind, body, spirit. A unique discovery!

And when my ancestors originally arrived? Although by 1842 the French Canadian nuns will already have been well-established in Québec City, they seemingly were **not** sought out for medical support or so by the Scottish Baird family immigrants on the Troubadour. My ancestors will have weathered the Atlantic crossing without serious incident. Congratulations to them!

From Canada to America. My Scandinavian-Scottish immigrants proceeded to set down roots and thrive, first in Canada and later in America, where they further immigrated, the central plains' soil being more fruitful and the Kansas climate less frigid than Canada's. But remain farmers at heart, they did, at least at the outset! Not just my family, but thousands of others who found a new home there. And North America thrived!

"They—our forbears—needed far more than "just" resilience; more even than "just" fortitude. Their existential "must-have" was that very "defiance of the human spirit" that Frankl talks about. Stepping—whether by design or destiny—into the **Unknown** ...

- when one has left the safe harbor of all that is well-known and secure for
- an unknown place and future and finds oneself and closest family/friends
- in uncharted territory where, on top of all the rest,
- all the chips are down and even life itself is endangered or extinguished.

This **spiritual pivot point** need not even be externally apparent as in the above. But it IS always about severing the constraints of all that may be holding us back in this life and going firmly forward, if need be even alone and on our own.

Such situations—it bears repeating (and like Frankl's in the Nazi concentration camps)—call for far more than just "resilience". That strong soul would have to find a way into his/her deepest depths and the fortitude that will hopefully be found there. That person, that family, would have to stand firm amidst the storm and say, **"I'm doing this anyway and all out. No matter what and with my personal integrity intact"** though that very soul might be leaving its earthly life in the process. That's the stage "beyond resilience" where "the phoenix **has** to rise."