Exile from Acadia and Travel to French Louisiana was Hard Trail

By F. N. Whitaker

It came in the winter—and yet, many years have passed away since then, and now I am an old man. Yet the memories that rise up in my mind when I think of my early days are as clear now as they were then. I can see the face of my father, the kindly, gentle man who taught me to work hard and to depend on myself. I can see the face of my mother, the gentle, loving woman who taught me to be kind to others. And I can see the face of my sister, the one who always stood by my side, even when the going was rough.

During the wintertime, we would move from our home in Acadia to Louisiana, where the weather was warmer. It was a long journey, but it was worth it. We would travel by boat down the Mississippi River, and then by wagon up the Mississippi, to our final destination. It was a hard trip, but we were determined to make it.

My father's house stood on the edge of the forest, and we would often go hunting and fishing there. The forests were filled with game, and the rivers were teeming with fish. It was a life of hard work, but it was also a life of beauty.

The first time I saw the Louisiana landscape, I was amazed. The forests were filled with different kinds of trees, and the fields were green with crops. It was a land of promise, and I knew that my family would be happy here.

But it was not always easy. The winters were cold, and the summers were hot. The land was hard to work, and the crops were difficult to grow. But we were determined to make it work, and we did.

Years went by, and my family and I built a new life in Louisiana. We became a part of the community, and we were respected for our hard work and dedication.

The true story of the Acadians is a story of struggle and determination. It is a story of a people who refused to give up, no matter how hard the going. It is a story of a people who found a new home in Louisiana, and built a new life there. And it is a story of a people who, even today, are a part of the fabric of our nation.
OLD ACADIAN HOME—Above is a photograph of the home built by Valary Martin, pioneer Acadian and one of the first notary publics of his time. Mr. Martin was one of the most prominent planters of the Breaux Bridge area. This home is located between Breaux and Breaux Bridge.

When the Acadians were expelled from their homes, they built a new one in a forested area near the shore. They called it their "Old Acadian Home." The following text describes the home and the Acadian culture that thrived there.

**Chapter IV**

How did the Acadians build their new homes? What materials did they use? How did they ensure the safety and security of their homes? What were the challenges they faced in building a new home after being expelled from their former homes?

**Chapter VI**

What was the significance of the Acadian home in the Acadian culture? How did the Acadian home serve as a symbol of their resilience and determination in the face of adversity?

**Chapter VII**

What does the phrase "Old Acadian Home" signify in the context of Acadian culture? How does it relate to the Acadian identity and heritage?
Our people so quiet, so meek, so peaceable heretofore, became frenzied and made violent threats of acts of unbridled violence. The women and children were watching with dread the far-off sound of cannon shot, and every instant the voice of the strikers was heard, and the torch was spied mustering. We heard the crackling sounds of the burning house, and the rage of the mob was ap- proaching. The dark silhouette of a man was seen through the flame. We saw the flicker of a burning match, and the fire was spreading. The whole village was in flames. The mob was at the gates. They were golden-haired, blue-eyed, and in the ranks we saw the familiar faces of our friends. They were coming to our rescue. We were not afraid. We were ready to die. We were ready to fight. We were ready to defend our homes and our families. We were ready to die for our freedom.

Chapter X
As darkness fell on our village we were surrounded by our friends and neighbors. We were protected by the strength of numbers. We were not alone. We were not helpless. We were not defenseless.

But we knew that we could not remain there forever. We knew that we must escape. We knew that we must leave our homes and our village. We knew that we must go far away. We knew that we must leave our loved ones behind. We knew that we must leave our past behind. We knew that we must leave our pain behind. We knew that we must leave our suffering behind.

We decided to escape. We decided to leave. We decided to go. We decided to live.

We packed our things. We packed our hopes. We packed our dreams. We packed our futures. We packed our destinies.

We left our village. We left our homes. We left our families. We left our friends. We left our loved ones.

We left our past. We left our pain. We left our suffering. We left our despair.

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