



chez nous

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La société canadienne-française

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THE SEARCH FOR MY IDENTITY - MY PATRONYMIC NAME

by John Cote
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[ED. NOTE: Jean Cote is listed as one of the very earliest settlers in French-Canada, arriving about 1634 at Quebec. His namesake, and ancestor John Cote, has been researching actively the family history since the late 60's. Following lie John's findings, which may provide some insights that might help you in your own research. Thanks, John.]

Have you ever wondered about the origins of your family name? Where did it originate? In what country were the roots planted? To what other country might these roots have been transplanted and why? Does it designate or carry any particular distinction of the country of origin? What is its meaning?

For example:

Campagna	Latin	Field
Campagne	French	Field
Lee-Lees	Anglo Saxon	Meadow, Field

You are what you claim to be by the very virtue of the surname you bear and what your ancestors ever were. It identifies you and them as belonging to a special group, clan, family. It furthermore denotes the inter-relationship between you and others of the same name, either direct or collateral. Of greater importance, perhaps, it is the one and only possession that was left to you by your parents, paternal or maternal. All else that you might acquire, possess or control will perish or stop when you depart this world, but buried in archives, in city halls, state and church records, and most likely in government files, your name will be

collecting dust in perpetuity with many others. The only trace that you once existed will be on your tombstone. Engraved, it will state that you were once one with someone and you have left a non-perishable identity to future generations and descendants. This will serve to alert them that you and them have a consanguinity with a common heritage.

Many means are available today to establish kinship. Whether the relation is germane or collateral, you can identify with others outside of the surname you both bear. Some of these available resources are a "coat of arms", a heraldic emblem through which one may trace relationships by the similarity of the arms and emblem. Another is the genealogical search for your own family, running backwards into time to discover your ancestral origins. Other methods, also useful, are civil records in various repositories throughout the country. Yet another includes family bibles, diaries, along with recollections of an elder if you are luck to have one in the family. The one I find most interesting as well as educational is the connotation of your surname and its origins. The above information is a prelude to my name of COTE and its derivation.

The name is Norman French in origin, from Normandie France and can be located in archives as far back as 1087 A.D. Specifically it is from the Mortagne area of the Pêrche district of l'Orne.

Mortagne in ancient times was the capital of the Province of Pêrche. Today it forms part of the departement of L'Orne and is the (Chef lieu d'arrondissement et de canton), the principal town of the district. with a population in 1949 of about 5000, Mortagne



from Reader's Digest
Atlas of the World 1987
p. 84

today forms a part of the department of Orne. It is situated on the summit or slope (d'un coteau) of the Chippe river that flows around the base of the town. The Church of St. Jean de Mortagne is preeminent in the town. It was built between 1494-1635 and enlarged in 1835. Its portal doors, dating back to the 15th century, depict St. Denis in engravature.

Normandie is in the northern part of France now known as Orne. A small district within was known as La Pêrche to name it properly. The name is from the Latin words "Percus Saltus", which denotes extensive forests once in existence.

Pêrche is bounded on the north by Normandie, on the south-east by La Beauce and on the south-west by the district of Maine. A mountain chain equally separates it in two parts. This area, running east to west, was the ancient homeland of our ancestor Jean Cote. Years ago La Pêrche, independent and yet part of, was considered a district of Normandie. Although very picturesque and littoral, the surrounding countryside of Tourouve and Ventrouze are decidedly the most attractive parts of Pêrche. Here we find small villages renown for their leisure style country life and quaint customs dating back centuries. This idyllic corner of the gentle countryside is famous for its Percheron breed

of horses, cider and apples are amid her agricultural pursuits. It lies at an altitude of 1200 feet on a plateau, with a cool mountain breeze refreshing the wear traveler, or farmer after a hard long day laboring in the fields. In Tourouve, standing besides the ruins of an old chateau/fort, is a beautiful old church dating back to the 1500s and still in use today. The archival records of Tourouve, dating back to 1589 reveal numerous names of our Canadian ancestors who settled Canada. Over 100 natives of this land left their beautiful country and settled in Canada. They comprised the majority of the original Canadian settlers, coming from the northern part of France. Most of the very earliest colonists in Canada came from Normandie. We owe much to these hardy Normans who were our forebears. They gave us our Canadian-French Norman heritage for which we should be grateful and proud in recalling our bond with "La Patrie de mon amour, ma Normandie".

Why affix so much importance to Mortagne, Pêrche, Normandie, France? Does its geographical location, topography and other features that one would normally find uninteresting, except perhaps to art lovers and architects? A fair question deserves a fair answer.

If you, the reader, will take a flight of imagination and fancy with me, we'll roll back the film of time to the spring of 1634. We're now at the waterfront in Dieppe. It is a clear night with a bright beckoning moon. The chill of winter has passed and the hopes of Spring invigorates every one. Look to your right and you will perceive four ships readying for a long voyage, awaiting the outgoing tide. In a few hours, the small four ship fleet will fade from view over the horizon. Sieur Duplessis, Royal Admiral, is sailing to New France on a voyage that will last some 60 days. His ship will finally make landfall June 4th at Fort St. Lous, Quebec. The other three ships will arrive later. Now in port at Fort St. Louis, a gentleman disembarks. He is Robert Giffard, Sieur de Mortagne and Beauport. He and several colonists will make their new home on his land grant from the King, about eight kilometers (about 5 miles) away on the St. Lawrence River. Quebec sees them but for a few days, as they must leave for Beauport to make ready for the coming winter. Among the seven colonists is a confident and assured Jean Cote/Coste from Mortagne, Perche, France. More about this man and the special relationship that existed between the Giffards and the Cotes, later.

In the French language, the noun "Cote" has a distinct pronunciation and meaning when applied in a precise and particular instant, depending on the inflexion or accents used. From the Larousse French-English dictionary 1970 edition, as authority, we derive the following:

- Côte feminine French Kôte slope, rib, hill, shore, coast, small hummock
- Côte feminine French Kôte share, quote, quota, quotation
- Côte feminine French Kôte district, side, aspect, direction

There is another accepted derivative usage of the word "Cote" from the English language but the meaning is very different from the French version. The following is from Webster's New Word Dictionary, 1965 edition:

- Cote-Kôt noun M.E. Cot a small shed/coop for birds, chickens, sheep, doves
- Cot-Kôt noun M.E. cottage A.S. a hut, a covered place akin to M.D. (Kote)

Another source "The Book of American Surnames" by Eldson C. Smith, 1986 edition of the Baltimore Publishers Co, gives the following which are of English origins with one exception:

- Cote-Cotter-Cottrel one who tilled only five acres or less
- Cote a dweller in a cottage or hut
- Cote-Coady A small wood or shaw, a cope, rove, hearst, wood(s)
- Coat Wearing a distinctive outer garment, a mantle, cloak
- Coates One who tilled 5 or 10 acres or less and lived in a small cottage or hut
- Cody (Irish) One who helps, assists

All of the above are the common manner of spelling the name Cote but have a different meaning and interpretation in the English speech pattern. The lack of the accent marks, which are peculiar to the French language, have no place in the English words so therefore the specific meaning or inflexion is not transmitted as easily as in French. The precision in phrasing a meaning is lost in the English pronunciation of the word "Cote". It is the same in whatever circumstances the word is used. From all that I have read and researched on my name, one fact stands clear: It was transmitted without changes or corruptions over the centuries and has not lost its meaning. Other beautiful French names have not fared so well. They have been so changed, corrupted and misused that one can hardly distinguish or find his true name. In my

*LaSociete Member Kirk Lemieux (1984 Oakdale Ave W St Paul 55118) passes along information that the Lemieux family is planning two reunions in 1992 (in Lac St. Jean and Montreal, Quebec) and 1993 (Grand reunion in Quebec City). The events are to commemorate the 1643 departure from La Rochelle to Quebec, of Pierre and Gabriel Lemieux of Rouen, France. The Lemieux family is highly organized. If you know a Lemieux pass along the name and address to Kirk so he can see that they are contacted.

*We bid farewell to Bernice "Bunny" Girard Ryder, of Eau Claire WI. Bunny passed away recently. Bunny was a nephew of Pierre Girard, and was a member for the past four years.

*Let us know your news: to Dick Bernard, 7632 157th Street West #301, Apple Valley MN 55124.

case I have traced the name of "Cote" back to the 12th century and a variation of the name back to 1087 A.D.

In "The Origins Of Some Anglo-Norman Families" by Lewis C. Loyd, the 1975 edition published by the General Publishing Co of Baltimore Md, one will find the following: "Thomas des Costes (des Costes - from the side-slope) circa 1087, was granted a knighthood for services to the Crown, said knighthood being in the Shropshire District (Midlands). This can be found in the Red Book of the Ex-Chequer, extant today. Other notations are subsequent to the material. David Cote was of England in 1195. Roger Coste also of England in 1180-1195. Ralph Coste 1198. Robert de Coete/Coiete 1180-1195.

One may notice the similar spelling of Cote. The sound being almost the same while the pronunciation is the same. Notice also that the spelling has carried over to the present day with hardly any changes and is still in use today as such. Many "Cotes" carry a corrupted version of the original spelling of both the Norman and English versions. I am personally convinced that the original spelling was COIETE/COSTE and of Norman-French origin. The most probable roots of the name "Cote" would be the ancient archaic Norman spelling using the form of Coiete/Coete. The accepted form of this today would be as follows:

FRENCH	Côte	Côte	Côte
ENGLISH	Coty	Coates	Coat Cost

The Norman family of Coete/Coiete/Cote/des Costes originally descended from Viking forbears and settled in Norman-Land (Normandie). At the time of the conquest,

the group separated and dispersed into two existing branches, one in England and one in France. Their entity still exists today. The English Cote(s), dating back to 1066, are collaterally related to the one original source in Normandie.

Another interesting sidelight is the frequency with which the name "Cote" appears in Canada and the United States. Eldson Smith, in the 1969 edition of his book "American Surnames", devotes some pages to this issue and gives 2,000 family surnames in use today in the U.S. with the order of their appearance. "Cote" is listed as #1404 with an estimated 20,170 bearers in various forms.

Yet another book published in Canada in 1976 by the Laval University Press estimated that there were over 30,000 Cotes in Canada. Of that number 10,000 were enumerated in Montreal, the citadel of the Anglophiles. Thus in America there is estimated to be over 50,000 "Cotes" making them the second largest family group of Canadian descent. The Tremblays, who number almost 60,000, are considered to be the largest family of Canadian ancestry.

When compared to the American family name of "Smith" which ranks #1 with 2,238,000 in the U.S., the Canadian descent appears relatively pale. An explanatory fact in this comparison is that many more thousands of immigrants came to the U.S. than to Canada. The U.S. always had a larger population, even today.

A nice counterpoint to this story concerns the Giffards, given in a 1951 book by Loyd. It is entitled "The Origins of Some Norman Families". Loyd mentions and describes the Giffards, whose family place of origin was Longueville La Giffard (now Longueville sur Seine) in Normandie.

Two brothers, Walther and Osberne, were strong supporters of Duke William of Normandie. They supplied over 100 ships, food, men at arms and weapons to the Duke for the invasion of England in 1066. They were a potent, powerful, steel clad noble family who fully expected to be greatly rewarded with booty, spoils and land, after the battle and the defeat of Harold the Saxon.

The Giffards were so favored by the conqueror that 117 Lordships and Estates were granted and given to them as their reward for having materially and humanly supplied Duke William. Eventually this powerful Feudal family became the illustrious Earls of Buckingham. Their lineage died out in the

14th century as no male heir was issued. The title then passed down to a cousin.

The Giffard's seat of honor (Caput) was Longueville La Giffard. In an old Norman cartularity, one finds that the priory (religious house) was given as a foundation by the Giffards. The castle ruins are still visible today.

The family of Giffart/Giffard has been brought into the Cote/Coste history inasmuch as we find both a Giffard and a Cote arriving in Quebec in 1634 and I had to build a bridge spanning a time frame of 600 years.

Throughout my research and informative reading, the families of Giffard and Cote are intermingled, connected and involved in many affairs. I am led to believe, therefore, that this was the lord and servant type of relationship that destined both to be in each other's company. This was undoubtedly due to the Feudal relationship that existed at that time.

THE WORD "mortgage"
traces back into Norman
French to something very
nearly like "death pledge"—
but you knew that without the
definition, what?

L. M. Boyd in "The Grab Bag"
San Francisco Chronicle July 7, 1991

Starting with Thomas des Costes, knighted in 1087 for services to the Crown, in addition to being granted an estate in mid-lands of England, there is every reason to believe that Thomas was a man at arms in the train of either Osberne or Walther Giffard. This then, knighthood and estate, was the reward for his service at the Battle of Hastings in 1066.

We now come to the spring of 1634. Leaving Dieppe harbor, after crossing the Atlantic, four ships finally arrive at Quebec in June 1634 with the following as passengers: Robert Giffard, Sieur de Mortagne and Beauport, with seven colonists. One such colonist was a certain Jean Cote/Coste, habitant for Robert, his Sieur. Both men came from Normandie in the Perche area.

Strange fates and destiny are at work. Both Cotes, Thomas and Jean, follow the Lord from the habitat in Normandie. After crossing a body of water they arrive in a strange land to seek their fortune. Does history repeat itself? Is there nothing new under the sun? This is yet another

interesting facet of genealogy when searching for your family name and the bearers of it.

For persons interested in the Canadian genealogy there are books published about the subject that can be purchased or ordered in any book store. This should be helpful to seek out and determine if any of their ancestors were enabled for deeds rendered.

In conclusion, I salute and honor the memories of all my forbears. To Thomas des Costes, 1087, knight and hopefully also a collateral descendant of Jean Cote, 1634. They made it possible for me to bear an honored name well, for over 60 years. I have not discredited this one and true possession of mine, my Family name Côté/Costé.

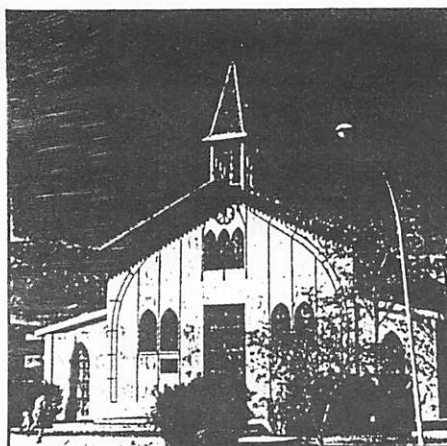
[POSTSCRIPT from the editor: Occasionally I am kidded about my German surname "Bernard". It is indeed of German origin, Bernhard, meaning I believe "brave bear". In fact, Jean Bernard dit Hanse, who arrived at Ile d'Orleans in Quebec about 1655, is recorded as being from Tionville Germany! Those who know their geography know that Thionville is in France, but is located at the far northeast corner of the country in the Alsace region, near the tiny country of Luxembourg.

So in fact I have for some years run into the western Bernards of more recent immigrants to the U.S. who declare their Germanness and trace their roots back to the Alsace-Lorraine!

The Alsace was a source of constant interest/conflict between what was then France and Germany, and in fact had been German territory until about the time that my ancestor found his way, perhaps, to Dieppe and thence to Quebec. I have always been interested in the "dit" name of Hanse (one of many variations - never used in my own "line" to my knowledge). In the times around my ancestors migration there existed in Europe a Hanseatic League, a confederation of sorts. Is there a relationship to his name? Who knows.

As John Cote points out, depending on one's point of view a case can be made for us being French, English, or even . . . Norwegian! (My paternal great-grandmother was Julienne Cote, so John and I are somehow related. Maybe I'm even related to Oscar Olson! Who knows. And of course if you take it back far enough every one of us are directly related. The search is very enjoyable. Enjoy yours.]

Dick Bernard



THE EIFFEL CHURCH

If houses can be prefabricated in a factory and successfully erected on site, why can't churches? A. Gustav Eiffel, the creator of the Eiffel Tower, asked the same question more than 100 years ago.

And to satisfy his curiosity, he actually designed a prefab church in 1884 to accommodate the needs of the French colonists in Africa. In 1887 he instructed his foundry to cast the parts. Two years later, one of four prototypes was exhibited at the International Exposition of 1889 in Paris, along with his magnificent 984 foot tower.

Needless to say, everyone was so awed by the tower that the church was overlooked. But a few years later, Eiffel sent his little church off to Brussels, Belgium, where it soon attracted the attention of Catholic missionaries to the Belgian Congo. Three of the four original prototypes, as planned, were then shipped to Africa.

Then in 1894, a group of French mining executives from Baja Peninsula in Mexico, were in Brussels on business when they heard about the church. After a brief negotiation, they purchased the exhibit model, had it dismantled, crated, and shipped to Mexico. Upon arriving at it's new home in Santa Rosalia, Baja, California, in 1895, the structure sat in it's crates for over half a year before being unpacked and erected. Called Iglesia Santa Barbara, it has faithfully served residents ever since. In 1987, in fact, the structure was declared to be a historic building by the Mexican government.

A simple yet handsome building, Iglesia Santa Barbara is not large. It measures only 60 feet long from front to back,

approximately 42 feet from side to side, and 24 feet from ground to peak. The bell tower and a cross add an additional 18 feet.

Architecturally, Iglesia Santa Barbara is a masterpiece, both structurally and aesthetically. Its external appearance is that of straight vertical wall lines intersected by diagonal roof lines.

Its interior, too, is pleasing to the eye. The internal ceiling contains the graceful pointed arches so prevalent in Gothic religious architecture. Formed by Eiffel-designed, delicately latticed cast-iron beams, the arches are nevertheless incredibly strong.

Additional strength, moreover, is achieved by "double-skinning": both inside and outside walls of the church are covered with sheet metal "skins" measuring approximately three feet square. Interlocking crimped edges keep the vertical seams together, while the horizontal edges are overlapped top to bottom.

The stained glass windows over the altar contain a large multicolored scene of Jesus' life. On the front end of the church, three double windows with pointed arch frames provide a panoply of color, while along the lower side walls, yellow-white windows allow sunlight to illuminate the interior. But it has two rows of magnificent blue windows recessed into the arched ceiling that make the church appear to bring a

little bit of heaven down to earth. For the azure light streaming from them upon visitors below simulates the star-filled panorama of the sky.

from: Catholic Digest, May, 1991
by: Jeff Siggins

10E

Saturday/June 29/1991/Star Tribune

Advice

Labeling family photos helps preserve history

Dear Abby: I have a suggestion for your readers. Tell them to urge their parents to identify the photos of their ancestors. When our parents died, my sister and I had no idea who was in the photos we were left. Fortunately, relatives were able to identify the people.
— Marilyn Bird, Rose City, Mich.

Abby says: I couldn't agree more. A few years ago, I received this letter that dealt with the problem:

Dear Abby: You suggested that "older people" should mark the backs of family pictures while they can still remember who's who, when the pictures were taken and the approximate dates. Why only "older people?" That's something everybody should do as soon as a snapshot is developed.

For years, I was too busy to do it, and now that I'm retired and have

plenty of time, I can't remember who half the people are. My parents can't help me because my father has been dead for 25 years, and my mother is in a rest home, unable to remember much of anything. So here I sit, with a big box of unidentified family pictures!

Abby, please remind your readers often to label their pictures. Then their grandchildren won't have to go through what I'm going through now.

— Kicking myself in Asbury Park

Abby says: Not only should family pictures be labeled, but accounts of historical events and newspaper clippings of births, graduations, marriages and deaths in the family should be preserved in a sturdy scrapbook. Fascinating family histories could be preserved if younger members interviewed older relatives at family gatherings.

Sunday/June 23/1991/Star Tribune

Life stories tell rich history for descendants

By Barbara Bradley

Memphis Commercial Appeal
Frances Gilbert well remembers 1907, the year she first encountered a sputtering, red monster known as an automobile.

Her mother, who was hauling the children in a horse-drawn buggy, pulled "Old Black" as far to one side of the road as she could while Frances, then 4, and her brothers and sisters hopped out, leaped a ditch and scrambled into the bushes.

Although genealogy has traced many an ancestral tree, it's memories like this that often are lost.

Gilbert, 88, of Selma, Ala., the last of a generation of her family, decided not to let it happen. Three years ago she put the finishing touches on a 29-page book about her life in the small town of Scooba, Miss.

Last Christmas she presented it to her daughter, Carolyn Gates, a county commissioner in Memphis, Tenn. Gates, 56, was so moved that she decided to work on her own autobiography. So did her daughter, Kimbrough Gates, 31.

Dr. Robert Ray McGee, 66, of Clarksdale, Miss., devoted a year

"They can say this is where I came from and where I'm going."

— Carolyn Gates

and a half to writing his story, including interviewing his grandmother, collecting genealogical data gathered by his uncles and drawing on stories he wrote years ago about his life as an intern.

Oral Hunnicutt, 73, a retired teacher, farmer and businessman, who has lived 47 years in Dell, Ark., finished an autobiography last year.

His 161-page book is packed with detailed, historical pictures of life in the Ouachita Mountain area of Arkansas where he grew up during the Depression. Hunnicutt published the book and, with the help of a Blytheville, Ark., book store, sold about 150 copies.

"I really regret that most people pass on leaving almost no record," said Gary Taylor, dean of academic affairs at Mississippi County Community College in Blytheville.

Two years ago, Taylor taught a noncredit course called "Writing the Story of Your Life." He had seven students. One was Hunnicutt. A second, Rose Widner, 68, a

retired teacher, also completed and published a book.

Hunnicutt, who grew up on farms in villages named Young Gravelly and Red Hill in Yell County, Ark., reported his yearly wardrobe as a boy: two pairs of overalls, two shirts, one pair of high-top shoes and two pairs of long johns with a flap that buttoned in the back. A jacket and a bill cap completed the ensemble.

Fear of contagious disease was commonplace when he began school, he wrote, and teachers forbid the use of a common dipper in the water bucket. However, it was OK for kids from the same family to share a cup.

"When the teacher was not looking, we would loan our cup to anybody," he said. Occasionally kids drank from the side of the pail — an infraction that Hunnicutt says earned him the only spanking he got in grade school, and a second one from his father when he got home.

Boys in the Hunnicutt's family came and went freely, but their

older sister, Beulah, was carefully watched and was allowed to attend social functions only rarely. That highly restricted life probably encouraged her early marriage at 18, according to Hunnicutt.

Taylor says it's better to begin a story with a memorable event or a turning point than to write in chronological order. This makes it easier to create a picture, and it can stir associated memories that become the basis of more stories. The chronology will fall into place almost on its own, he said.

Tying a story to a historical event, such as a war or the Depression, gives it added significance, as well as a sharper sense of time and place, he said. Old photos can be helpful memory joggers and can help illustrate a finished book.

"How to Write the Story of Your Life," a book by Frank P. Thomas, offers writing tips.

Writers may put their work in a softcover, book-like form without going to the expense of having it published. For a reasonable price, many print shops can produce a

spiral-bound book with a printed cover.

Carolyn Gates said writing her life story has been a catharsis for her, but she believes a child who receives such memories from a parent, as she did from her mother, is equally blessed.

"People now have such a sense of rootlessness and non-belonging," she said. Works such as these "give children and grandchildren something to live up to and attach to. They can say this is where I came from and where I'm going."

You don't have to be a literary giant to write for your family, notes James Gray, 53, an award-winning short-story writer. Gray says the autobiography he received from his father, Hubert Gray, gives him insights he would otherwise never have.

When his father hunted rabbits with a slingshot or when he chopped cotton, he thought about things boys think of at all times, in all eras, Gray said. "You realize your father was a boy at one time, and you feel closer to him."

Scripts Howard News Service.

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Editor: Dick Bernard

Co-Editor: Jerry Marie Forchette



IT IS NIGHT WHEN THE STORY STARTS,
A PITCH DARK NIGHT.
IN TOWN THE ROMAN CENSUS TAKERS
WERE STILL BENDING OVER THEIR LEGERS
AND BOOKS,
FILLING IN THE DETAILS.
SOLDIERS WERE PATROLLING
THE STREETS,
WHEN IN THE OPEN FIELD IN A STABLE,
MARY GAVE BIRTH TO HER CHILD
AND THEN THOSE ANGELS CAME
FIRST ONE, THEN SOME,
AND FINALLY A WHOLE THROG.
THEY DID NOT GO TO THE CENSUS TAKERS,
THEY DID NOT GO TO HEROD
OR THE HIGH PRIESTS,
THEY DID NOT EVEN GO TO THE MONKS
IN THE DESERT TO TELL THEIR NEWS.
THEY WENT TO THE MOST MARGINAL ONES
IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD,
THEY WENT TO THE SHEPHERDS.

Midnight Mass at the French Church

by: Treffle Daniels, St. Louis Park, MN

One highlight of Christmas at the French church, St. Jean the Baptiste in Duluth, was the pageant presented before the Mass by the school children. The French school at that time was a grade 1 to grade 12 school. When this pageant, which retold the birth of Christ, was started I don't know but I did participate in it during the late 30's and early 40's. The altar was the stage for the pageant before the Midnight Mass, a very solemn liturgy.

Girls were recruited as angels, boys as shepherds; as many boys were involved as altar boys in those days, there were fewer of them in the pageant. Practices were held during school days, which might account for the numbers in the cast. Songs, sometimes in French were memorized, movements planned by the sisters and priests were rehearsed until perfected. One year I remember one of my sisters telling my mother that she was "a big angel" not a "little angel". She concluded that because the gown she was fitted with was from the "big angel" wardrobe. All angels wore long gowns of various colors, had cardboard wings, and some form of headband. The shepherds also had long gowns, a cloth headband and carried wooden crooks or spears.

Back in those days the church charged "pew rent", giving each family it's own pew to sit in during Sunday Masses. Woe to the person who occupied the wrong pew...a few families jealously guarded their privileged pew! I think the rent per year was \$8., payable quarterly at the rate of \$2. Several times I had the job of going to the rectory to pay for the family's pew. In those days if your pew rent was up to date you could receive a ticket to the Midnight Mass and occupy your pew. Not all pews were rented so tickets were sold for 25¢ to sit in the open pews. As the French-Canadians were spread to many parts of the city and were proud of their church, a large number attended the Midnight Mass, so many in fact, that extra chairs were sometimes set up in the main aisle. It was also hinted that some only attended church on Christmas and Easter!!!

Of course the children were charged a quarter also ostensibly to pay for the costume, but it guaranteed you a seat

during the long services. Some of the angels were seated on risers near the front of the church, the shepherds usually sat in back pews. It wasn't unusual for some to fall asleep and even fall from the risers.

One altar on the right side, St. Joseph's was converted into a stable with figurines of shepherds, animals, etc. Evergreen trees added to the scene. Near the end of the pageant the infant Jesus was solemnly carried into the church, down the main aisle and placed in the manger. The girl chosen for the honor of being the Blessed Virgin, was probably one who had high grades and held in high esteem by the nuns. The stable scene was kept in the church for several weeks following Christmas and was not taken down until the parish had the "Blessing of the Children" on a Sunday afternoon, which usually was a very cold day. All children who attended this ceremony were blessed by the priests and given a medal.

Personally, I think that the pageant had it's roots in Medieval France and was brought to Canada and later the United States by early French settlers. One pastor referred to this as a "floor show" and gave the impression it was not his favorite event. The event continued until sometime in the 1950's. Why it was discontinued I don't know. Perhaps the interests of the children changed or people just didn't care for such events anymore. Of course the demise of ethnic parishes might have been a factor also. Today it seems like ethnicity is in vogue...perhaps the Christmas Eve pageant will be revived.

FRENCH HOLY DAYS AND CUSTOMS

Le Jour De L'An

Donalda LaGrandeur
Sommerset, Wisconsin (circa 1985)

New Year's Day is really the most important feast day in the French Canadian calendar and tops the list of family social events. The family always gathered at the patriarchal home. In the morning all the children knelt at their father's feet, as soon as they saw him, for his blessing. He placed a hand on each bowed head, making the sign of the cross while making a short prayer. No matter how old, or how long away from home, whether single or married,

the visiting children or visiting grandchildren knelt for the patriarchal blessing as soon as they entered the house.

Everyone kissed each other on New Year's Day. The young men when calling on their sweethearts started by kissing the grandmother, the mother, and all the other girls in the family so that no one could object when he finally kissed his sweetheart.

There was always much visiting on New Year's Day with neighbors and friends calling on each other. I also remember the custom of "Courrir la Vigne Alle". One man began by calling on his neighbor and enjoying a glass or more of wine, after which the two of them called at the home of a third friend for another glass of wine, and so on until there were 20 or more stopping for a glass of wine. The last visit made was to the richest man in the neighborhood, he alone would have enough glasses and wine to exercise hospitality.

(Editorial Note: Was the first man still walking by the time they reached the 20th house!?)

Cadeaux et Tourtieres

Gifts were always exchanged between adults on New Year's Day - and the children looked also for gifts which were supposed to be brought during the night by "Croque-Mitaine"

And of course there was always a big dinner to end off the day...the table for the family dinner was festive with the best dishes, glassware and silver. French Canadians were very fond of goose stuffed and beautifully roasted, with the traditional tourtiere a la viande as a close second. The tourtieres or meat pies, made of ground pork with onions, and spices with rich crust were baked just before the start of "les fetes". Starting with Christmas Day on to New Year's Day and "Le Jour des Rois (Epiphany, January 6) - a holiday in Canada - with the Sundays in between, made a lot of holidays for feasting, visiting and celebrating.

Housewives would prepare for the round of entertaining by baking as many as 30 or 40 tourtieres, 25 dozen doughnuts, as well as many fruit pies of all kinds, which were frozen and then heated as needed. Every household had a special cupboard built on the porch just off the kitchen where the frozen food was kept.

Mardi Gras

"Les Fetes" was the start of "Le Carnaval", each family receiving their relatives, friends, neighbors in their homes, and the rounds of festivities ending with Mardi Gras, which is the day before Lent begins. On the evening of Mardi Gras people would dress in masquerade and go calling on neighbors before gathering at some home to celebrate until midnight.

DO YOU HAVE MEMORIES OF MARDI GRAS?

Let us know for the next issue of Chez Nous. Deadline Janvier 20, 1992.
Send to: Dick Bernard, 7632 157th St
W #301, Apple Valley MN 55124.

Christmas Festivities in France

From: Celebrating Christmas around the World
by Herbert Wernecke

Christmas customs originating in the Orient, were introduced into France by the Romans. Rheims, which had known Rome's triumphs, was the scene of the first French Christmas celebration when, in 496, Clovis and his three thousand warriors were baptized. Bishop Remi had purposely chosen the day of the Nativity for this ceremony. Then other important events took place on Christmas Day in the following years. Charlemagne "crowned by God, the Great and Pacific Emperor", received the crown from the hands of Pope Leo III on Christmas Day in 800. In 1100, Godefroy de Bouillon's successor, his brother Baudouin, was crowned in the Basilica of St. Marie of Bethlehem. Later King Jean le Bon founded the Order of the Star in honor of the "manger", it remained in existence until 1352. In 1389 the crowd shouted Noel! Noel! in welcoming Queen Isabeau of Bavaria to the capital.

Thus, gradually, Christmas became a religious and secular celebration which in fact, until the end of the Middle Ages was confused with the celebration of the coming of the year, now held on "New Year's Day".

Today, Christmas in France is a family holiday, a religious celebration and for the children an occasion for merrymaking. New Year's Day is a more strictly adult festival where gifts are exchanged and calls are made.

An Englishman on French Christmas

In 1902 an Englishman, W.F. Dawson, wrote a book "Christmas: It's Origin and Associations".

Following are descriptions of Christmas in France in the 1800's written from the point of view of English correspondents of that time.

Merci to Kay Gutzman of the Hill Library, St. Paul.

Christmas in France

The following account of Christmas in France in 1823, is given by an English writer of the period:

"The habits and customs of Parisians vary much from those of our own metropolis at all times, but at no time more than at this festive season. An Englishman in Paris who had been for some time without referring to his almanac, would not know Christmas Day from another day by the appearance of the capital. It is indeed set down as a jour de fête in the calendar, but all the ordinary business life is transacted; the streets are as usual, crowded with wagons and coaches; the shops, with few exceptions are open although on other fête days the order for closing them is rigorously enforced, and if not attended to, a fine levied; and at the churches nothing extraordinary is going forward. All this is surprising in a Catholic country which professes to pay much attention to the outward rites of religion.

"On Christmas Eve, indeed, there is some bustle for a midnight Mass, to which immense numbers flock, as the priests, on this occasion get up a showy spectacle which rivals the theatres. The alters are dressed with flowers, and the churches decorated profusely; but there is little in all of this to please men who have been accustomed to the John Bull mode of spending the evening. The good English habit of meeting together to forgive offences,

The French listen to the church music, and to the singing of their choirs which is generally excellent, but they know nothing of the origin of the day and of the duties which it imposes. The English residents in Paris, however, do not forget our mode of celebrating this day. Acts of charity from the rich to the needy,

religious attendance at church, and a full observance of hospitable rites, are there witnessed. Paris furnishes all the requisites for a good pudding and the turkeys are excellent, though the beef is not be displayed as a prize production.

On Christmas Day all the English cooks in Paris are in full business. The queen of cooks, however, is Harriet Dunn, of the Boulevard. As Sir Astley Cooper among the cutters of limbs and d'Egville among the cutters of capers, so is Harriet Dunn among the professors of one of the most necessary, and in its results most gratifying professions in existence; her services are secured beforehand by special retainers; and happy is the peer who can point to his pudding and declare that it is of the true Dunn composition. Her fame has been extended to the provinces. For sometime previous to Christmas Day, she forwards puddings in cases to all parts of the country, ready cooked and fit for the table, after the necessary warming. All this is of course, for the English. No prejudice can be stronger than that of the French against plum-pudding--a Frenchman will dress like an Englishman, swear like an Englishman, and get drunk like an Englishman; but if you would offend him for ever compel him to eat plum-pudding.

Everyone has heard the story of St. Louis-Henri Quatre, or whoever else it might be--who wishing to regale the English ambassador on Christmas Day with a plum pudding, procured an excellent receipt for making one, which he gave to his cook, with strict injunctions that it should be prepared with due attention to all particulars. The weight of the ingredients, the size of the copper, the quantity of water, duration of time, everything was attended to except one trifle - the King forgot the cloth and the pudding was served up, like so much soup in immense tureens, to the surprise of the ambassador, who was, however, too well bred to express his astonishment. Louis XVIII. either to show his contempt of the prejudices of his countrymen, has always an enormous pudding on Christmas Day, the remains of which, when it leaves the table, he requires to be eaten by the servants, bon gré, mauvais gré; but in this instance even the commands of sovereignty are disregarded, except by the numerous English in his service, consisting of several valets, grooms, coachmen etc.

In his Year Book, 1832, Hone says that at Rouen, after the Te Deum, in the nocturnal office or Vigil of Christmas, the ecclesiastics celebrated the "Office of the Shepherds", in the following manner:

The image of the Virgin Mary was placed in a stable prepared behind the altar. A boy from above, before the choir in the likeness of an angel, announced the nativity to certain canons or vicars, who entered as shepherds through the great door of the choir, clothed in tunicks and amesses. Many boys in the vaults of the church, like angels, then began the "gloria in excelsis". The shepherds hearing this, advanced to the stable, singing peace, goodwill etc. As soon as they entered it, two priests in dalmatics, as if women (quasi obstetrices) who were stationed at the stable said, "whom seek ye"? The shepherds answered, according to the angelic annunciation, "Our Saviour Christ".

The women then opening the curtain exhibited the boy, saying, "the little one is here as the prophet Isaiah said". They then showed the mother, saying "behold the Virgin". Upon these exhibitions they bowed and worshipped the boy, and saluted his mother. The office ended by their returning to the choir, and singing Alleluia

Christmas in Normandy

In describing the old-custom-loving people of Lower Normandy, a writer on "Calvados," in 1884-5, thus refers to the season of Christmas and the Twelfth-tide; Now Christmas arrives, and young and old go to greet the little child Jesus, lying on his bed of straw at the Virgin Mother's feet and smiling to all the world. Overhead the old cracked bell clangs exultant, answering to other bells faint and far on the midnight air; a hundred candles are burning and every church window shines through the darkness like the gates of that holy New Jerusalem whose light was a stone most precious—a jasper-stone clear as crystal. With Twelfth-tide this fair vision suffers a metamorphosis, blazing out into the paganish saturnalia of bonfires which in Calvados is transferred from St. John's Eve le jour des Rois. Red flames leap skyward, fed by dry pine fagots and our erstwhile devout peasants, throwing moderation to the winds, join hands, dance and leap for good luck through the blinding smoke and embers their rude doggerel:

Adieu les Rois
Jusqu'a douze mois,
Douze mois passes
Les bougelees.

On Christmas eve, at 6:30 p.m., the Church of St. Louis (10th and Cedar, St. Paul) will pray one of its Christmas eve masses in French. This is a beautiful Mass. Plan to attend. The church is directly across the street from the Science Museum complex, just a block off the freeway. Take the 10th avenue exit.

Christmas in Provence

Heinrich Heine delighted in the infantile childishness of a Provencal Christmas. He never saw anything prettier in his life, he said, than a Noël procession on the coast of the Mediterranean. A beautiful young woman and an equally lovely child sat on a donkey, which an old fisherman in a flowing brown gown was supposed to be leading into Egypt. Young girls robed in white muslin were supposed to be angels and hovered near the child and it's mother to supply to him sweetmeats and other refreshments. At a respectful distance there was a procession of nuns and village children, and then a band of vocalists and instrumentalists. Flowers and streaming banners were unsparingly used. Bright sunshine played upon them, and the deep blue sea formed a background. The seafaring people who looked on, not knowing whether to venerate or laugh, did both. Falling upon their knees they went through a short devotional exercise, and then rose to join the procession and give themselves up to unrestricted mirth. In the chateaux of the South of France, creches are still exhibited and creche suppers given to the poorer neighbors and to some of the rich, who are placed at a table "above the salt". There are also "Bethlehem Stable" puppet-shows, at which the Holy Family, their visitors and four-footed associates are brought forward as dramatis persona. St. Joseph, the wise men, and the shepherds are made to speak in patois. But the Virgin says what she has to say in classical French. In the refinement of her diction, her elevation above those with her is expressed. At Marseilles an annual fair of statuettes is held, the profits of which are spent in setting up Bethlehem creches in the churches and other places. Each statuette represents a contemporaneous celebrity, and is contained in the hollow part of the wax bust of some saint. Gambetta, Thiers, Cavour, Queen Victoria, Grevy, and the Pope. Paul Bert, Rouvier (who is a Marseillais), the late Czar and other celebrities have appeared among the figurines hidden within the saintly busts.

A note from the Editor by Dick Bernard

Below is a response to my plea (October-November Chez Nous) for help on the correct word to describe a mistake I had made. "Faux Pas" didn't seem to fill the bill. Pat Ciochetto, Side Lake, Mn, "took the bait" and offers the following opinion:

"Now enlighten me as to what you were talking about on the last page of the most recent Chez Nous regarding faux pas". A faux pas is literally, a false step or a stumble, and figuratively, a mistake or an indiscretion. Your use of the term was perfectly in order according to definitions in both the French Larousse and the English/French Collins Robert dictionaries.

The only rationale I can see, is that you missed the little mark before temoignage which stands for faux, or in other words faux temoignage, which would indeed mean perjury. Don't forget you were looking at the definition of faux, which can be combined with a number of terms to result in different meanings.

"Il ne faut pas faire un faux pas! Ce n'est pas faux!"

May I respectfully suggest a good, useable French term which under the circumstances would be, âne, imbecile or souche, or perhaps only myope!

Look them up!

Pat Ciochetto

CONSIDER for 1992

The wonderful volumes of Our French-Canadian Ancestors by Thomas LaForest.

This set, now up to 19 volumes, may have a story about your families. Even if it does not it is a very interesting set with a wealth of information about France, and our families.

For more information:
LISI PRESS
Palm Harbor FL 34273-1063

You'll be glad you asked.

DEAR READER:

LaSociete, and Chez Nous, cannot exist without you, and this means your dues, your active support, and even your participation.

We are a volunteer organization which depends on people like you to provide the needed revenue to publish Chez Nous and Nouvelles Villes Jumelles every month; and to put together the programs and participate in the events we participate in every year.

First, remember to pay your dues by January 1, for 1992; then consider getting active in this, your organization. It is the only way that we can survive and thrive.

Dues: Family	\$15.00
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Send to:

George LaBrosse
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Merci beaucoup!

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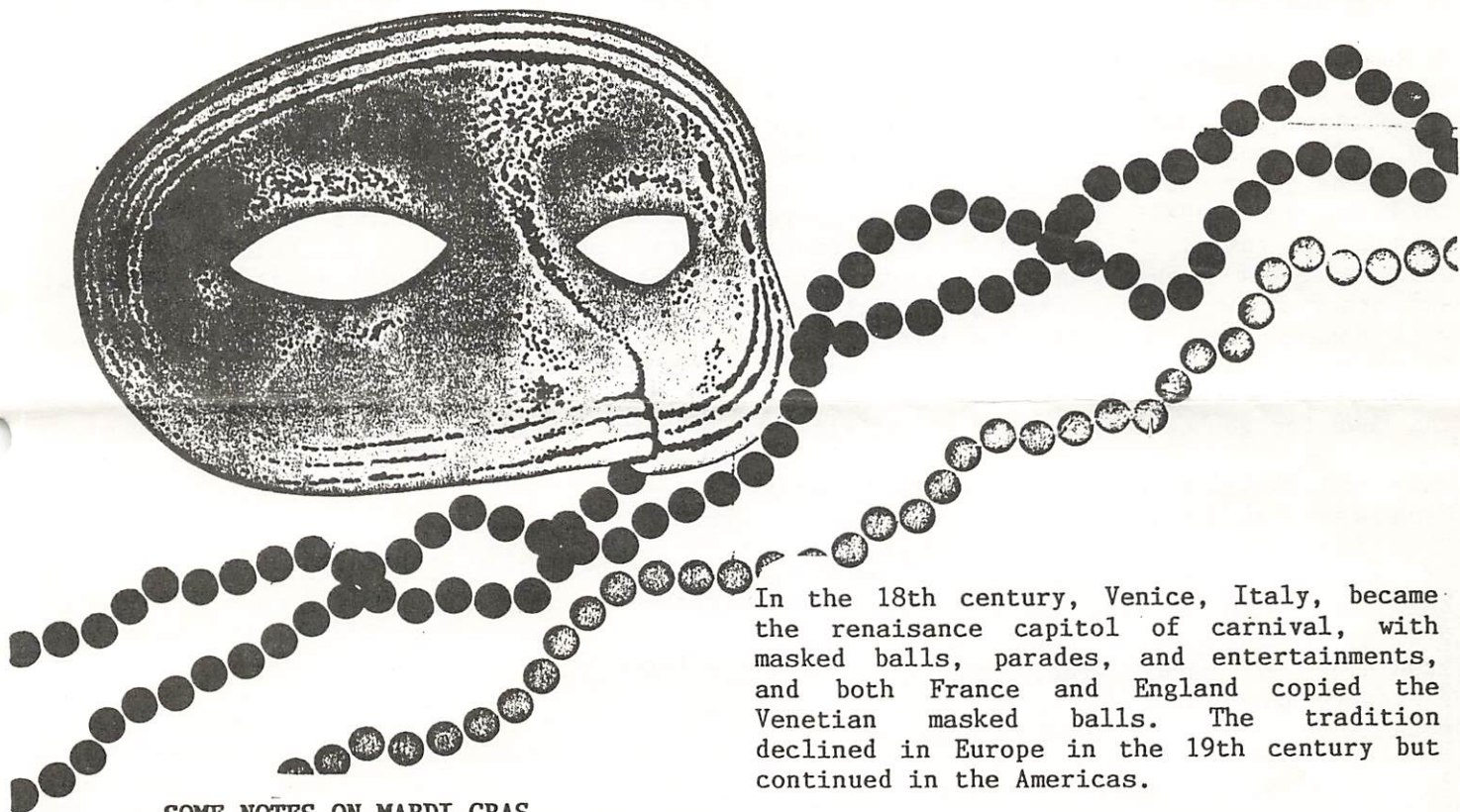
chez nous

NEWSLETTER OF Fevrier-Mars VOL. 13 NO. 4

La société canadienne-française

Editor: Dick Bernard

Co-Editor: Jerry Marie Forchette



SOME NOTES ON MARDI GRAS

by: Don E. Gribble, Hibbing, MN

Mardi Gras, or Shrove Tuesday, culminates the carnival season on the day before the beginning of Lent. Carnival, from the Latin "carnelevarium" (Removal of Meat) once extended from Twelfth Night to Lent and has roots in pre-Christian fertility rituals.

Carnival was a period of excesses, in food, in dress, and in entertainment, increasing in magnitude until Shrove Tuesday, when participants seemed bent on achieving complete debauchery. Protestant churches suppressed carnivals in the 16th and 17th centuries, saying they were idolatrous and popish. But carnivals remained popular in Catholic countries.

In the 18th century, Venice, Italy, became the renaissance capitol of carnival, with masked balls, parades, and entertainments, and both France and England copied the Venetian masked balls. The tradition declined in Europe in the 19th century but continued in the Americas.

Nicholas Charles, writing in Black Enterprise says that on the island of Trinidad, carnival began in the 18th century when French planters and their slaves arrived. In the 1830's, after emancipation, the theatrics and costume balls gave way to the street revelry and dancing that mark today's pageantry and musical competitions.

Manuel Vargas, in Americas, says that in Orura, Bolivia, carnival is full of symbols and characters from Old and New World religions. Carnival celebrants dance for 20 blocks to the church of La Virgen del Socavan (Virgin of the Mineshaft). Originally, only miners danced in the festival, but now they are joined by people of all trades.

Bill Kent, in the January, 1990 issue of New Choices for the Best Years, calls attention to the revival of Le Carnaval d'Hiver, the century-old pre-Lenten celebration of the unique Quebecois national heritage. Each February the celebration offers 11 days of parades, snow sculpture contests, canoe races and a masked ball.

Mardi Gras in New Orleans has been so well publicized that Mardi Gras in Mobile, Alabama has been overshadowed. Some say the Mobile celebration is the better of the two. However, more interesting than either may be the Cajun celebration in Mamou, Louisiana, as reported by Gregory Janes in Time and Johnny Greene in People's Weekly.

In Mamou blacks and women are not part of the pre-Lenten activities. It is a rite of passage for white boys who join other men, all wearing ugly masks and unusual hats, as they ride horseback from house to house to collect ingredients for large amounts of gumbo. At each stop, they dance with household members and are given spices and other gumbo ingredients. Some residents will donate live chickens, but riders have to chase and catch them. When the hunt is over, everyone gathers in the center of the town for gumbo, beer and more festivities

Many are familiar with the elaborate Mardi Gras festival in Rio de Janeiro, but few know that in the former Portuguese colony of Angola in Africa a similar festival is held each year in the capitol of Luanda. Venice, Italy widely known for its long tradition of Mardi Gras, continues its elaborate pageantry, but less known is the equally colorful Mardi Gras in Belgium.

The term "Mardi" Gras" is used mainly in countries with Latin traditions. In Germany, on the other hand, the day is called "Die Fastnacht" and the carnival, "Der Fasching". In England, Shrove Tuesday is called Pancake Day. In Denmark the carnival is called Fastelavn, a pre-Lenten festival held annually in February or March.

In Russia, the carnival of Maslenitsa (Farewell to Winter) is traditionally celebrated in villages. Helene Yvert-Jalu writes in The Unesco Courier that the festival is a period of eating, drinking, and celebrating that ends with the first day of Lent. On the final Sunday of the celebration, villagers mark the end of winter by destroying the grotesque

UPCOMING EVENTS

The next two meetings of LSCF Twin Cities will be on Sunday afternoon at 2 p.m. Please make note of the change.

Sunday March 1 our meeting will be at rooms 9&10, Whitby Hall, at the College of St. Catherine in St. Paul. Program will be excellent videotape of life in Cajun country of Louisiana, including Cajun music and Mardi Gras ritual in Grand Mamou, Louisiana. (Mardi Gras this year is March 3). Whitby Hall is on the northwest edge of the campus generally between Cleveland and Kenneth near Randolph. Enter the west door. Rooms 9&10 are on the lower level.

Sunday April 5, Pat Anzelc, an archivist for the Archdiocese of Minneapolis-St Paul, will talk about ethnic churches of the Twin Cities and Diocesan area, with emphasis on French churches and clerics. This talk will be held at St. Peter Claver Catholic Church, which is at the northeast intersection of I-94 and Lexington Ave in St. Paul. (Exit Lexington, go north one block, east one block to Oxford and the church is to your right. Park on Oxford or in the parking lot behind the school.

Maslenitsa doll, then they ask each other for forgiveness for their wrongs and embrace in reconciliation. These rituals may be rooted in the ancient Slav cult of the sun, or the festival may originally have been a fertility rite.

This survey of carnival and Mardi Gras is not exhaustive, and further research would probably discover other similar festivals, not only in the Americas and Europe, but also in Africa and Asia. Their origin as pre-Christian fertility rites seems to indicate that wherever man lived, he celebrated the end of dark fruitless days, the beginning of new growth, and the renewed promise of plenty.

For additional reading:

The old and New Worlds of Mardi Gras by Aileen Ribeiro.
In History Today, vol. 36, February 1986, pp 30-35

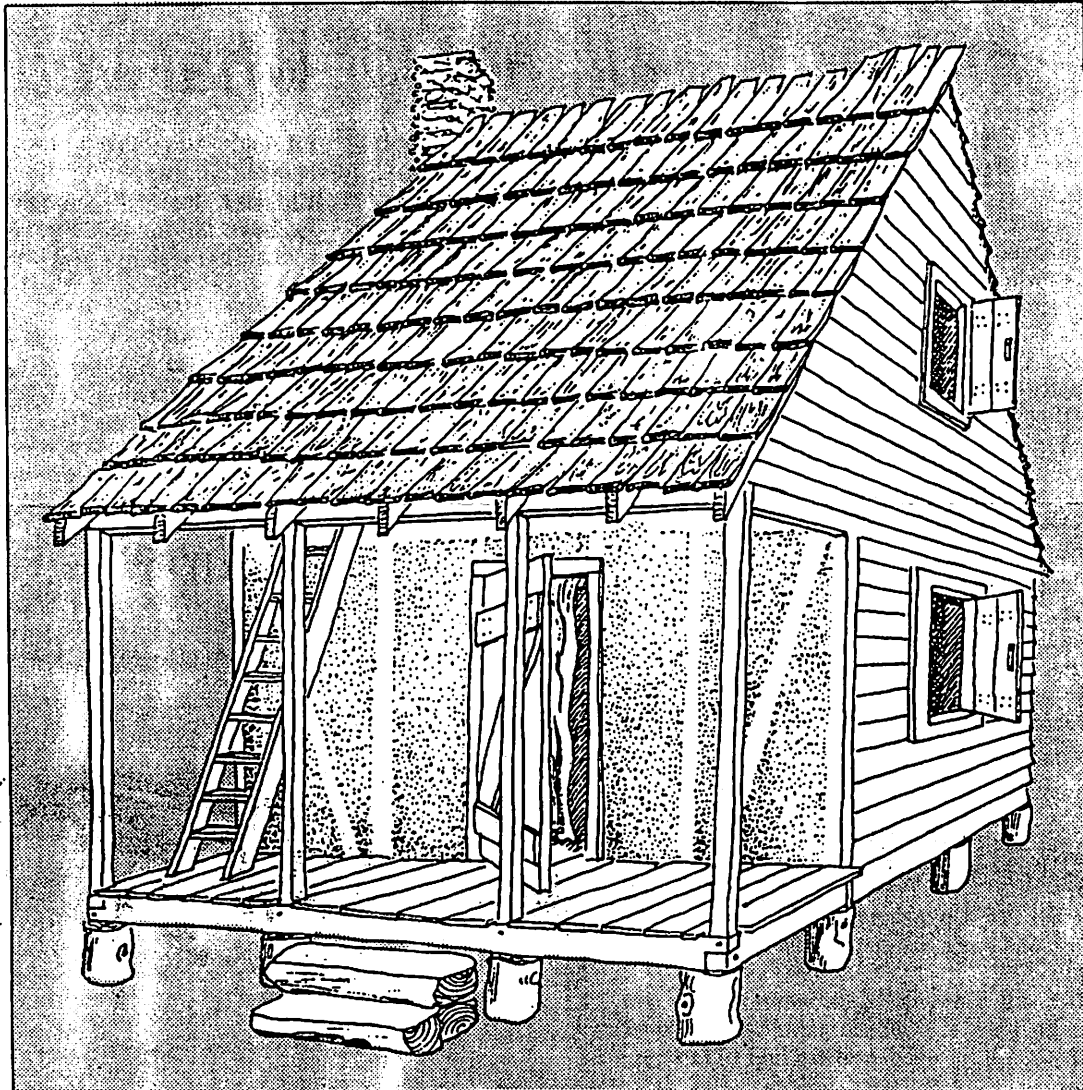
Weiser, Francis X. Handbook of Christian Feasts and Customs. N.Y., Harcourt, Brace & World, 1958. Pp 164-167



Xplorin' Acadiana

By SHERWIN GUIDRY

We extend special thanks to Anna Himel of Houma LA who has sent us the following articles which appeared in the Bayou Catholic Houma LA.



TYPICAL ACADIAN HOME - These sturdy and functional homes were usually built near or on the bayou bank, allowing an open 40 arpents to the rear for farming.

* - An ARPENT was about 192 English Feet (180 French Feet) in Length. (page 236 of Vol 2, Our French Canadian Ancestors by Thomas LaForest, LISI Press, Palm Harbor FL 33563. This multi-volume series of books is chock full of interesting information about French-Canadian families, etc. Write LISI Press for details. Editor)

Present-day Cajuns have inherited trait of diversity

By SHERWIN GUIDRY

The Acadians, in their quest for a home, traveled thousands of miles by land and sea before finding a permanent home in Louisiana.

The environments of the Canadian Maritime Provinces and South Louisiana are totally different. The Acadians had to adapt to new ways of living in their new South Louisiana home.

Their customs, of course, were a part of them and were not put aside. Many exist to this day. They were farmers, trappers and fishermen in Acadia and, naturally, they pursued the same livelihoods in Louisiana.

The old home of the Acadians was along the Bay of Fundy off the coast of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

The tides of the Bay of Fundy are the greatest in the world. The difference between high and low tide can be as much as 53 feet. Here, in Acadiana, the tides range from 1 to 1.3 feet.

The temperatures are also quite different between the two lands. Nova Scotia has an average January temperature of 22 degrees, and a zero reading on the thermometer is not unusual. Being snowbound for days was a part of their winter life in Nova Scotia.

Here in Acadiana, our mild winters average 55 degrees in January. And our summer July temperatures average 85 degrees, although summer days in the 90's are frequent.

The terrain was hilly in the northwest section of the Acadians' old home but was generally level along the coastline. The Acadians soon adjusted to the low, flat areas of their new Louisiana home.

They fished lobster, cod and salmon in the colder northern climate and crawfish, trout and redfish in the warm waters of Cajun Country.

In Canada, they had the British to contend with before they left, and the Spanish to deal with when they arrived on the banks of the Mississippi River in 1765.

It is said that diversity builds character. I believe present day Cajuns have inherited that trait.

LAGNIAPPE:

Many plantation owners maintained a house or apartment in the city of New Orleans. Visits here by steamboat were planned to coincide with certain seasons of celebration during the year. Courtyards, like the ones on Chartres Street, were often the scene of lavish parties.

Barnacles, shell-fish which become attached to boat bottoms, have plagued the Terrebonne fisherman for untold generations. Scientists have been

trying to duplicate the waterproof adhesive it secretes.

Nicholas Chauvin, a soldier under Napoleon, was wounded seventeen times. He was retired on a pension of \$40 a year. Instead of being bitter, he was loyal to Napoleon and praised him incessantly. By extension, Chauvinism has come to mean "blind attachment" to a group, especially to a country.

1906 Courier: Practically all the bricks used here for building are brought in from other places. Our soil is suitable for brick making, and before the war the bricks used were burnt in Terrebonne kilns.

The Bayou  Catholic

September 26, 1990
Houma, La.

'The Acadians' story - continued

By SHERWIN GUIDRY

We continue the story of "The Acadians" By Shirlene T. Cooper. This well researched, well written treatise on the Acadians of South Louisiana, is one we should review from time to time ... lest we forget.

"The Acadians lived in an unpretentious existence and their lifestyle was not geared to materialism but rather to the ideas of land and family. Their attachment to the land is reflected in their agrarian life-style and their deep attachment to the family estate.

"It is to be noted that the Acadians have consistently defended their personal property against outside claims. In the 1770s there were many land disputes when the Louisiana surveyors came in to survey the land. Disputes erupted when people attempted to remove cypress timber from land which was claimed by more than one individual. The disputes were usually settled peaceably through legal channels. Disputes also erupted over livestock

Continued on page six

History of the King Cake

In European countries, the coming of the wisemen bearing gifts to the Christ Child is celebrated twelve days after Christmas. The celebration, called Epiphany, Little Christmas or the Twelfth Night, is a time of exchanging gifts and feasting.

All over the world people gather for festive twelfth night celebrations. One of the most popular customs is still the baking of a special cake in honor of the three kings. . . "A Kings' Cake".

The Europeans hide a bean inside their cake and the person receiving the bean must portray one of the kings. Latin-American people put a *small figure inside the cake representing the Christ Child. It is said that a year of good fortune awaits the lucky person who gets the figure.

Louisianians like the idea of perpetuating the celebration by having the person who received the baby continue the festivities and another party and another cake. Starting the twelfth day after Christmas, King Cake Parties continue until the first day of lent, ending on Fat Tuesday, Mardi Gras! King Cakes were originally a simple ring of dough with little decoration. The New Orleans style King Cake is brightly decorated with Mardi Gras colored sugars and pieces of fruit.

Thousands of King Cakes are consumed at parties every year in the Crescent City making the King Cake another "Fine Louisiana Tradition".

*WE INSERT A SMALL PLASTIC BABY

At left: Some of us are lucky enough to get a "King Cake" from Your Just Desserts in Houma LA. Thanks to Ray and Anna Himel of Houma, your editor received such a cake last year. DELICIOUS. Anna reports that the cakes are also part of the Christmas-Epiphany tradition in the bayou country. Write Just Desserts for ordering information.

Below: Some recipes gleaned from the promotional brochure for Cajun Tours of Terrebonne, Houma LA. The newspaper is called "Gumbo Gazette".

COMPLIMENTS OF:
Larry and Ida Chauvin
Your Just Desserts
2731 West Main
Houma, Louisiana 70360
504-851-3336

Cajun Country Recipes

Green Beans Cajun Style

1/2 lb. ham cubed and fried down in 4 tablespoons cooking oil
3 lb. green beans
1 large onion chipped
8 small fresh potatoes salt and pepper to taste
Brown meat with oil. Add onions and cook a few minutes. Add beans and 1/4 cup water. Cover and cook on high for 10 minutes. Lower heat and cook for 45 minutes. Add potatoes and cook 15 minutes more. Add 2 cups of water and cook until potatoes are done. Salt and pepper to taste.

Shrimp Etouffee

3 lb. shrimp - season with salt pepper & cayenne 1/2 cup onion tops
1/2 cup parsley oil
1/2 cup cooking oil
3 large onions
3 stalks of celery
1 bell pepper
3 cloves garlic
Season shrimp with salt pepper and cayenne and set aside. Brown onions - Add seasoning and cook till brown. Add shrimp and cover. Cook 30 minutes. Add cornstarch to thicken. Add onion tops and parsley just before you serve. Serve on rice.

Cajun Peas

2 large cans sweet peas
2 medium onions chopped
1 teaspoon sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 can water
Fry onions till brown. Add the sweet peas and water. Add sugar and salt. Smash peas while stirring in pot. Cook until peas thicken. (use 2 tablespoons oil to fry onions)

Turnips With Pork

8 turnips
4 onions
3 1/2 lb. cubed lean pork (lean roast is o.k.)
5 pods garlic
Brown chopped onions in small amount of oil - Add pork and brown - Add turnips that are peeled and cubed. Cook until almost tender and add garlic (chopped very fine) and salt and pepper. You may have to add a very small amount of water when you add the turnips. Cook until very tender and serve on rice. (Turnips will form a gravy.)
A favorite winter meal.

Pralines

1 lb. light brown sugar
1 pint whipping cream
Mix in Pyrex bowl and cook on high in microwave for 13 minutes. ADD - 2 cups pecans, 2 tablespoons butter and beat.
Drop - By tablespoons on aluminum foil. Pralines are just like homemade but make in microwave.

Shrimp Jambalaya

1/2 cup oil
4 Medium onions
1 teaspoon salt
6 cloves garlic
1 green pepper (chopped)
4 ribs celery (chopped)
3 tablespoons parsley
2-1/2 quarts shrimp
1 lb. smoked sausage diced
1 teaspoon kitchen bouquet
4 cups long grain rice (uncooked)
8 cups water
Mix 1/2 cup oil - chopped onions and brown on medium heat. Fry sausage for 15 minutes and add shrimp. Cook for 20 minutes add kitchen bouquet, garlic, green pepper, celery, parsley and continue to cook for 30 minutes on a low fire. Add 8 cups water and bring to boil. Add 4 cups rice and cook 20 minutes before you cover pot. Cover pot and stir 3 or 4 times while rice is cooking.

Cajun Stewed Chicken

1 large fryer
salt & pepper to taste
2 lbs. shortening
2 tbs. flour,
2 lg. onions (finely chopped)
1 cup water
1 lg. bunch - green onions, chpd.
1 bunch parsley, chopped
1 bay leaf
2 stalks celery, chopped.
Cut chicken into serving pieces, salt & pepper to taste and place in a large sauce pan. Put shortening in a skillet, add

Lizzies

By Sandra A. Pellegrin
4 cups pecans
1 teaspoon soda
1 lb. chopped dates
1 tablespoon warm water
8 oz. chopped candid cherries
3 cups flour
8 oz. chopped candid pineapple
2 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup raisins
2 teaspoon cloves
1 cup butter
1 1/2 cup brown sugar
3 eggs
Mix fruit and nuts but set aside-Cream butter, sugar, eggs, water, cinnamon, cloves and soda. Mix flour into the creamed mixture. Add fruit and nuts to the creamed mixture using your hand to mix. Drop by teaspoon. Bake on 350 for about 12 to 15 minutes.

flour, and brown well. Add onions and cook for a minute or two. Add water, stir well, and add green onions, parsley, bay leaf, and celery. Pour this mixture over the chicken. Cook chicken for 30 minutes, or until tender, over medium heat. Stir from the bottom frequently to prevent sticking. Serve with steamed rice, and a nice side salad, perhaps some buttered corn on the cob.

ENJOY!

On February 2, 1992, Punxsutawney Phil, Pennsylvania's famous groundhog, saw his shadow, resigning us to six more weeks of winter. He has been performing this "service" since 1887.

Phil has been famous for years. Enjoy the following recollection of Henry Bernard about Grafton, North Dakota, 1912.

"I must have been four or five when this incident occurred. My father, Henry Bernard, was the chief engineer at the flour mill. During the summer the fellows caught a woodchuck (groundhog) and put him in a cage. He was named "Pete". Pete gave a lot of amusement to visitors. His ability to peel and eat a banana was a source of awe to visitors. However, his ability to eat a soda cracker without losing any crumbs was remarkable. Pete was kept in the cage until fall when he became very drowsy and slept almost all the time. Dad decided that Pete was ready to hibernate and took him home and released him in the unfinished basement that we had. Pete got busy and dug a hole in the dirt wall, "stole" bananas, apples, carrots, etc. and took them inside the hole and sealed it from the inside.

Dad remembered the story about the groundhog and on February 2nd told mother to watch and if Pete came out to send the "boy" (that was me) over to the mill to tell him. Sure enough Pete did come out. Saw his shadow and went back into the hole for another six weeks. We must have had more winter. Then he came out again but was sickly and died shortly after. The veterinarian said it was because he lacked certain things for his diet that he would have picked up if he had run wild. Dad had Pete mounted and kept him for many years. This story was often repeated and even I have repeated it many times since that time."

DO YOU HAVE SIMILAR KINDS OF RECOLLECTIONS?

If you have a favorite story write it down and send it to us for Chez Nous. Don't worry about the grammar, etc. Send to Dick Bernard, 7632 157th Street W #301, Apple Valley MN 55124. We publish about every other month.

Without you
there'd be
No CHEZ NOUS!

Printing, Postage comes
from your dues; your
ideas make this News-
letter... and LSCF... thrive.
THANKS for YOUR SUPPORT.

Continued from page five

encroachment and resulting crop damage and these disputes often resulted in the destruction of the offending animals (Brasseaux, 1987).

"The intensity and consistency of the defense of property rights by the Canadians demonstrates the prominent position that ownership of land played in the Acadian hierarchy of values. The farm was viewed as a personal domain and land boundaries were considered to be sacred. Due to the extended families, these ideals remained intact (Brasseaux, 1987).

"When the Acadians arrived in Louisiana, they were given a land grant comprising two to four arpents (192 feet) of river or bayou frontage per household. Usually, these land grants extended a generous forty arpents back off the river or bayou's natural levee ridge. Ribbon farms were common not only because of tradition, but also for practicality so the landowners would be able to build and maintain their own protective levees. When the landowners died, their children would split their parents' ribbon farms longitudinally and each heir would obtain an equal frontage of the homestead and identical forty arpents deep into the swamp (Rushton, 1979).

"The lines of kinship were followed by interpersonal relations and experiences, and the family was the most important group of affiliation and action. This idea of social institution of the family still remains an important adhesive of Cajun culture. Although this may not be the dominant force it once was, the family ties tend to be stronger and more solid than among the surrounding Anglo-Saxons. The family structure continues as a principal source of education, authority, status and identification. The family is still a major unit of action and activity even though modern generations may spend less time with their families. It is not uncommon to find grandfather, father and son dancing and having a good time at a dance hall on a Saturday night and then on the following day attending Mass together (Del Sesto and Gibson, 1975)."



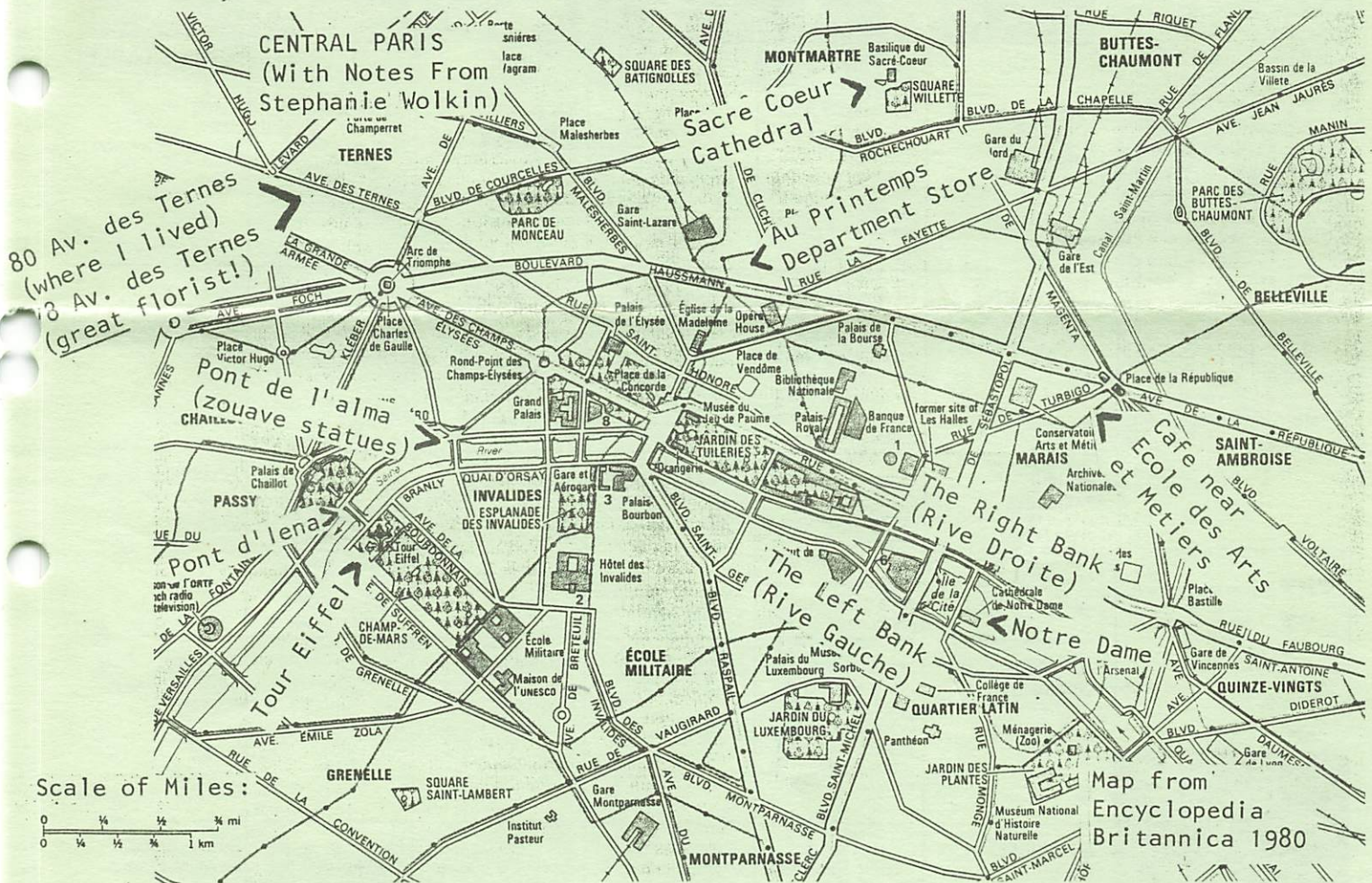
chez nous

NEWSLETTER OF Avril-Mai, 1992 VOL. 13 NO. 5

La société canadienne-française

Editor: Dick Bernard

Co-Editor: Jerry Marie Forchette



Much of this issue of Chez Nous pertains to Paris, and is in French. The contents come with MERCI BEAUCOUP! to STEPHANIE WOLKIN and to FLORENCE STEPHENS. Stephanie, a francophile (and phone as well) lived in France for what she describes as a delightful year in 1969-70. Snippets of her memories of Paris in the springtime are on the following page. (Above are marked the places to which she refers in her article). Florence lived in rural France near Fontainebleau for four years in the mid-60's, and on a trip to France in 1991 picked up a copy of Le Figaro, of which two portions are included in this issue. Again, MERCI BEAUCOUP!!!

FIGAROSCOPE







S E M A I N E D U 1 9 A U 2 5 J U I N

LE FIGARO du mercredi 19 juin 1991, n° 14 562. Cahier régional n° 3. Départements 60, 75, 77, 78, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95. — Ne peut être vendu séparément.

ORIENTISSIME

Après le traiteur-salon de thé libanais Noura, voici donc le restaurant, avenue Marceau. Installé dans feu Ramponneau, haut lieu de la bonne chère française, cette table a désormais opté pour le tout-libanais. De la cuisine et ses innombrables mezze en passant par le décor, véritable reconstitution d'une table libanaise drapée de parisianisme, jusqu'au service — voiturier compris — parfaitement rodé, la maison n'a pas raté son entrée sur la scène de la capitale. Propriétaire, la famille Bouantoum qui avait créé en 1981 Fakhr el Dine dont le chef, Elie Azar, est aujourd'hui en charge des cuisines du Pavillon Noura. (Photo Alain Aubert/Le Figaro.)

C'EST NOUVEAU !

 OÙ	 GENRE	 AVEC QUI	 QUAND	 PRIX	 BONNE TABLE
PAVILLON NOURA 21, av. Marceau, 8 ^e . 47.20.33.33. Près de l'Alma. ♥♥	Ramponneau, le temple de la bonne chère, a définitivement passé la main à une table libanaise de haut vol, au décor étudié mais pas trop chargé et à la cuisine fine et nuancée.	Une perle orientale.	Tous les jours de 12 heures à 15 h 30 et de 19 h 30 à 23 h 30.	Comptez de 200 F à 250 F. Menu déjeuner à 190 F. Menus à 280 F et 320 F. Arayess. Kafta tarator. Maamoul.	A droite en entrant. Superbe service, pléthorique et prévenant.
LA BOUCHERIE 10, rue Coquillière, 1 ^{er} . 42.36.03.14. Face à la Bourse du Commerce. ♥	Exit l'éphémère Ancre de Vattier. Place à une table sans complexe, décontractée, qui délivre avec une belle régularité des viandes déclinées à toutes les modes. Simple et sans prétention.	Une jolie carnassière.	Tous les jours de 12 heures à 1 heure du matin.	Comptez de 150 F à 200 F. Salade paysanne. Côte de bœuf. Profiteroles au chocolat.	Sur la terrasse par beau temps. Service gouailleur, tranchant et efficace.
PACIFIC PALISADES 51, rue Quincampoix, 4 ^e . 42.74.01.17. Derrière Beaubourg. ♥	Encore un changement de formule pour cet ex-haut lieu branché. La cuisine inspirée du Sud-Ouest reprend des couleurs, rythme le soir par la musique. Moins pire qu'avant.	Des oiseaux de nuit en mal de retour aux sources.	Tous les jours de 12 heures à 14 h 30 et de 19 heures à minuit.	Comptez de 150 F à 200 F. Menu midi à 69 F. Menu soir à 95 F et 145 F après 21 heures. Salade d'épinards. Magret de canard aux myrtilles. Terrine au chocolat.	Au centre pour être vu. Service un rien lymphatique.
AU VIEUX CONTINENT 3, rue d'Argout, 2 ^e . 40.39.94.94. A deux pas de la place des Victoires. ♥	La table en sous-sol de cette boutique très yankee joue la carte texane avec calme, simplicité et générosité, façon loft aménagé. Pas vraiment convaincant.	Des belles en Harley.	Sauf dimanche, de 11 h 30 à 15 heures. Fermé le soir.	Comptez de 100 F à 150 F. Salade Key West. Steak tartare. Cheese cake.	Dans le fond à gauche. Service long et un peu désinvolte.
AU TOURNE BOUCHON 42, rue Croix-des-Petits-Champs, 1 ^{er} . 42.61.49.98. Face à la Banque de France. ✂	Bar à vins de poche à la cuisine micro-ondée et à la carte des vins minimaliste. Plus bistrot alibi que véritable table. Sans intérêt gastronomique.	Un comptable de la Banque de France.	Sauf samedi soir et dimanche, de 8 heures à 20 heures.	Pas de menu. Comptez de 50 F à 100 F pour le déjeuner. Quiche lorraine. Assiette de jambon cru. Tarte tatin.	Face au comptoir. Service sans façon.

- ♥♥♥ Réservez maintenant.
- ♥♥ A vos fourchettes.
- ♥ Tiens, tiens!
- ✂ Ouf, un kilo de gagné.

François Simon
avec Colette Monsat
et Olivier Debray,
Gilles Dupuis,
Armelle Gauthier,
Suzette Lechat,
Gabriel Minaud,
Luc Napha,
Manuela Oliveira,
Pierre Rochambault,
Aurélien Vernon,
Sylvain Verut
et Alexandre Lazareff.

Have you ever wondered what April in Paris is like? Well, it's wonderful - a delightful time of joy and rebirth. If you're lucky enough to find yourself in Paris at springtime, you will marvel at the varied sights and sounds.

Cafes come to life when the days get a little longer and a bit warmer. Tables and chairs - and the inevitable umbrellas - move from indoors out to the sidewalks, creating an inviting climate for people-watching and conversation.

Flowers of all hues decorate the sidewalks in front of Parisian flower shops. No longer held captive indoors by the cold weather, flowers bring color and fragrance to small neighborhood streets and the grand boulevards.

At the Pont de l'Alma (one of many bridges that join the left and right banks of the Seine River), the zouaves are a handy guide for measuring spring rainfall. The statues, larger-than-life stone versions of the French infantry soldiers who fought in Algeria, rise from the river, majestically surveying traffic on the water. When the rains cause spring floods, the zouaves can be - literally - up to their necks in water!

A short distance west, the Pont d'Iena provides a glorious view of Sacre Coeur cathedral, several miles to the northeast. It's especially beautiful on a warm day, when the sky is blue and cloudless, and the cathedral's white dome reflects the bright spring sun.

And don't forget to stop by to see Madame Waxin on your way home from "la Messe" on Sunday morning. It's never too early in the day to chat, "boire un coup" and enjoy the splendors of le printemps en France.

L'ÉVÈNEMENT



from Le Figaro
19 Juin 1991

FÊTE DE LA MUSIQUE : DEMANDEZ LE PROGRAMME !

Si saint Barnabé et saint Médard le veulent le 21 juin, cette 10^e Fête de la musique, inventée par Maurice Fleuret, sera une réussite. Pour ceux qui restent chez eux, FR 3 organisera des multiplex, à 20 h 40, entre Paris, Lyon, Toulouse et le mont Saint-Michel. Mais c'est d'abord l'occasion de faire la fête dehors : à l'Hôpital Éphémère, Les Négresses vertes et Le Cri de la mouche animeront deux scènes de rock, la chanson française sera présente « Du lever au coucher du soleil » sous la Grande Arche de La Défense, Mozart fera la fête toute la nuit à l'église Saint-Eustache et à la gare de l'Est. Le jazz sera roi à Suresnes, Jacques Mercier dirigera le « Requiem » de Verdi, à Gennevilliers, on verra un opéra pour enfants à La Villette et un village mexicain place du Marché-Sainte-Catherine. Pour faire le bon choix, voici notre sélection, quartier par quartier, des concerts prévus pendant toute la soirée du 21 à Paris

MANNERS AND MORES THEN AND NOW

by Lowell H. Mercil

My brother used to tell me "I buy you books and more books but all you do is eat the covers off them". I guess he meant that I was not listening to what he was saying. Do we listen to what the past is saying? Everyone has heard over and over again "learn from mistakes of the past" but do we learn or keep making the same old mistakes? Maybe a look at some three hundred year old laws and court cases compared to present day practices will help us to judge whether we are advancing, standing still or regressing.

The Canadian settlers were basically a religious people with high moral values but frontier life did bring emotions and conflicts to the surface. What we today would consider minor matters, were major significance to them; the theft of a cow meant deprivation of the most valuable nutritional food. Conflicts could not be settled by correspondence with a corporate officer, Better Business Bureau or government official as it often is done today. Consequently, many seemingly trivial disputes were heard and resolved by the courts.

The historian, Francis Parkman describes the court system as follows: The office of judge in Canada was no sinecure. The people were of a litigious disposition, partly from their Norman blood, partly perhaps from the idleness of the long tedious winters, which gave full leisure for gossip and quarrel, and partly from the very imperfect manner in which titles had been drawn and the boundaries of grants marked out, whence ensued disputes without end between neighbor and neighbor."...and further... nevertheless, on ordinary local questions between the habitants, justice seems to have been administered on the whole fairly; and judges of all grades often interposed in their personal capacity to bring parties to agreement without a trial."

However, one must not imagine that there were only minor infractions of basic moral standards. The courts heard matters involving witchcraft, rape, concubinage, counterfeiting, wife beating, dueling, mistreating and stealing from Indians as well as barbecuing them for the thrill

of it - the Indians did not have a monopoly on cruelty. Many of the same crimes could be found in current newspapers; although it may be necessary to substitute devil worship for witchcraft and the use of flame throwers for barbecuing humans.

In some ways the proceedings were very sophisticated and similar to modern practices. This despite the fact that the American legal process is based on the English system as opposed to the French. Of considerable significance is the legal language; anyone who has read some of the early contracts and proceedings will have little doubt as to the origin of modern legalese or gobble-de-gook as some of us call it. The courts utilized summons, received petitions, considered different information, depositions and oral testimony and permitted the confrontation of the accused by the complainant, etc. ; the same procedures as are utilized today.

While researching family history at the Library of Congress, Washington, D.C., the author found a book containing an index of the court record of Montreal (Analytical Table of the Archives of Montreal) for the period 1670-1695. The book was in English thank God, and the more it was studied the more it was felt that the problems, edicts, solutions, etc. could be applied to the present time (de ja vu).

The author has prepared a number of excerpts derived from the court cases and ordinances outlined in the analytical tables, along with comments as to how the principals apply to the present time. Some of the court cases involve the Sauve family ancestors of the author. Readers interested in early family history may wish to review the index for their own ancestors and, if they have the time and ability to read the early documents in French and to obtain source material, who knows! Maybe this is the place to find that proverbial horse thief that we all have looked for. However, since there were so few horses in Canada at that time, it would be advisable to look for a pig thief instead!

Conservation

February 9, 1670: Ordinance of the King for the protection of the forests for the construction of ships in the country, and later; ordinance renewing the prohibition to cut down certain named kinds of wood for shipbuilding. Comment: Conservation of our forests and trees is certainly not a new concept. If this ordinance had re-

We do not tire of reminding you that this is your newsletter and its success depends on you. Each of you have wonderful stories, photos, recipes. . . . Share them with your friends through Chez Nous. See deadlines elsewhere in this issue. And send your contribution to: Dick Bernard, 7632 157th St W #301, Apple Valley MN 55124. MERCI.

ANANAS AUX FRUITS
(Pineapple with Fruit)

MERCI to Stephanie Wolkin, St. Paul

1 ananas frais
1 pomme
1 banane
100 grammes de fraises*
100 grammes de cerises
3 c a soupe de kirsch
1 c a soupe bombée de sucre semoule

Choisissez un gros ananas bien mûr aux feuilles vertes. Lavez-le et coupez-le en deux. Retirez la chair et coupez-la en des. Coupez également la pomme en des, la banane en rondelles. Lavez les fraises et les cerises et égouttez-les. Arrangez tous les fruits, arrosez-les de kirsch, saupoudrez-les de sucre et laissez macérer pendant une heure. Remplissez en les demi-ananas et mettez au frais au moins une heure avant de servir.

Translation:

1 fresh pineapple
1 apple
1 banana
100 grams of strawberries*
100 grams cherries (pitted)
3 tbl kirsch liqueur
1 tbl (generous) superfine sugar

Select a large pineapple, well ripened with green leaves. Wash it and cut it in half. Remove the fruit (flesh) and cut it into dice sized pieces. Also cut the apple into dice size pieces and the banana in rounds. Wash the strawberries and cherries and drain well. Mix the fruits together, and add kirsch, dust with sugar and let sit for one hour. Refill the pineapple shells with the fruit for at least one hour before serving.

* The French use the metric system. 100 grams equals about 4 ounces.

POUSSIN A LA MOUTARDE
(Chicken with Mustard)

from France Magazine, Fall 1989

1 small chicken
3 tbl. Dijon mustard
½ cup creme fraiche
Salt and fresh ground pepper
1 tbl butter

Preheat oven to 425. Truss chicken and cover all over with mustard. Bake in a small gratin dish until mustard turns golden brown, about 40 minutes.

Heat creme fraiche in a small sauce pan. Take the chicken out of the oven and remove any surplus mustard; pour on the creme fraiche. Bake 10 minutes more.

Place chicken on a hot platter, whisk the sauce, taste for seasoning and whisk the butter in just before serving.

LIQUEUR DE FRAMBOISE
Recette d'Irene Bocquet
Escaudoeuvres, France

MERCI to Stephanie Wolkin, St. Paul

Peser les framboises, les écraser à la fourchette. Laisser reposer 24 heures au frais. Mettre le même poids d'alcool à 90. Laisser 36 heures au frais. Ajouter le même poids d'eau que l'on a mis frémir (juste avant de bouillir). Ajouter le même poids de sucre. Mélanger le tout et filtrer.

200 grammes framboises + 200 grammes alcool à 90 + 200 grammes d'eau frémissante + 200 grammes de sucre.

Weight the raspberries, smash them with a fork, let them rest in a cool spot for 24 hours. Add the same weight in alcohol (90 proof). Mix and let stay in a cool place. Then, after 36 hours, add the same amount of water brought to the boiling point. Add the same amount of sugar. Mix well and strain after 3-4 days.

mained in effect, maybe we would still have some of those beautiful redwood trees!

In addition to hearing litigation, the courts implemented the King's wishes by entering on the registers all the edicts ordinances or declarations relating to Canada.

Infanticide and Husbandicide

July 8, 1671: The examination of Françoise Duverger, wife of Jean Poulin (actually Boulin) dit Leville, who having given birth to a child, is accused of having buried it secretly. Comment: Poor Françoise, the frontier life must have been too much for her. She was hung at Quebec on November 17, 1671 for having collaborated in the assassination of her first husband, Simon Galbrun, who had been found dead on the common two years prior, and for killing her infant the day after her second marriage. Think of the fun some television film director could have with this story. It sounds like the kind of current story one can see any week.

Forbidding the Enjoyment of Life

June 5, 1672: Ordinance of the Intendant Talon, expressly prohibiting all persons from leaving their domiciles, to run the woods, to trade with the Indians, under pain of corporal punishment. Comment: The law was primarily directed against the single men and the coureur-de-bois. Talk about restraint of trade! Well, the government had to do something to protect the fur monopoly and to force the young men to marry so the population would increase. We are fortunate today in that we can generally go where we please except for private property, park lands and military reservations. However, one may need a permit similar to the passports required of the trappers and traders. In some countries (i.e. behind the Iron Curtain) the restrictions against travel are more oppressive than they were in New France.

Slander

August 8, 1673: Petition of Rene Moreau, complaining that Robert Godois had slandered his wife, by accusing her of having been branded with the fleur de lys, in France, and asking in consequence for satisfaction to his honor. (How about his wife's honor?) Note: Branding of criminals was prevalent in medieval times and practiced in New France. Shades of

Nathaniel Hawthorn's *Scarlet Letter* and who can forget Paulette Goddard in *The Virginian*, the movie of the American Frontier. For more details of branding practices, see *Criminal Punishment in Early French Canada* by Mark O. Gauthier, ACG #346, page 95, Summer 1988 edition of the *Genealogist*.

A number of summons are issued, defaults on appearance noted, new orders issued and, upon the appearance of the witnesses, depositions taken. An order is issued to the Surgeon Forestier who makes an examination of Jeanne Merrin (improperly translated as Jeanne Mace), Rene Moreau's wife, to see if there are any branding or whip marks. He reports that there are no marks.

September 26, 1673: On the charges and depositions made against accused Roberte Gadois for having slandered Jeanne Merrin by charging her with having been branded and whipped, the said Roberte Gadois is condemned to make public reparation to her honor, after the parochial grand Mass, and to pay a fine of fifty livres (one livre equivalent of one to three dollars depending upon which author you read, but even fifty was a sizable amount). Comment: It would be interesting to know what Roberte's husband, Pierre Verrie dit LaSolaye, said to her when she returned home after making her public reparation after the High Mass. Probably, "fermer la gueule" (shut your mug) as some of us were told when we were young. Or maybe he didn't say anything since he had been accused of stealing furs Lachine or July 12th.

Regulation of Trade

May 11, 1676: There shall be an appointed place in the upper or lower town, for the establishment of a market to be held twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays.

Prohibition to all the inhabitants to sell private houses before eleven in the morning, and permission to the inhabitants of this town, to go to the country to buy what they want.

Prohibition to tavern keepers, traders and hucksters, to buy on the market before eight in the morning in summer and nine o'clock in the winter. (daylight saving time?) Comment: And we today think that blue laws are restrictive!

1992 - 93 Nominees for BOARD OF DIRECTORS of La Societe

Sr. Mary Henry Nachtsheim

Joined the Societe as charter member. Has been a member of the St. Joseph's Order for 47 years. Is of Irish and German descent. A professor of French at Ste. Catherine's University, she earned masters and doctorate degrees at Laval University in Quebec City. Sister Mary Henry likes to read, listen to music, travel, and promote the Societe. Present member of the BOARD.

LeRoy L. DuBois

Charter member of the Societe and current president of the Societe. Army Air Corps during World War II and thereafter 17 years in military security. Graduated from Moorhead State College in 1955 with degree in English. Has assembled and mailed Chez Nous since 1985. Interested in genealogy, music, singing (member of Les Canadiens Errants) and expanding Societe membership.

Treffle Daniels

Member of the Societe since about 1982. BS degree from University of Minnesota Duluth and two master degrees from U of Minnesota. Treffle assisted the students at Edina H.S. as librarian for 22 years and then taught in elementary school for 14 years. He served for a short time with military intelligence in Germany and also traveled to France. Treffle likes reading, genealogy (he's a descendant of Louis Hebert), travel, and spending time at their cabin. He most recently returned from a trip to Texas.

Leo Gouette

Member of the Societe since 1990. Attended Nassau College in Garden City, N.Y., and more recently the U. of Minnesota, in the field of Geriatric Patient Advocacy. Leo has held various employment positions, including a stint in the theater. He enjoys travel, cooking ethnic dishes, classical music and folk dancing, being a frequent participant at the Festival of Nations. His French Canadian ancestry is from the area of Lacine, P.Q.

Secretary's Notes: We would like to add information on the families, lovely wives and beautiful, intelligent, successful children and grandchildren of our nominees, but better that they bring them all to a meeting, so we can inspect them.

Travel Opportunity: Our own Justa Cardinal is seriously considering a "Grand Tour of France" in autumn of this year, conducted by Cosmos Tourama, an English tour company. Making a tour of France from North to South and back again (starting and ending in London), the cost is about \$1684 including air fare to London and back. Perhaps we could make a party of this. Contact Justa at 776-5087 or the company's local rep: Travel Professionals at (612) 224-7655.



Nouvelles Villes Jumelles

Newsletter of La Société Canadienne Française Du Minnesota

Dear Readers:

Beginning with this issue, Nouvelles Villes Jumelles, which features news of the Minneapolis-St. Paul area, will be included with the mailing of Chez Nous. This is an economy move.

Whereas in the past NVJ alternated with Chez Nous on a monthly basis, there will now be just a joint issue every other month. Please keep these deadlines in mind:

<u>Deadline for News</u>	<u>Reaches Members</u>
May 5	May 25 - 30
Jul. 22	Aug. 12 - 17
Sept. 23	Oct. 14 - 19
Nov. 13	Dec. 3 - 8

Please now send Twin Cities news and notices to Dick Bernard, who is the editor of Chez Nous, 7632 157th St. West, #301, Apple Valley, MN 55124. I will continue to assist him as associate editor for the Twin Cities, so, if I receive something, you may be sure it will reach Dick.

William B. Horn
341-2581 or 922-9013

A REMINDER

If you are sending material to LSCF, please check to see that you have our "new" post office box number.

P. O. Box 581413
Minneapolis, MN 55458

FESTIVAL HELP NEEDED

The theme of this years Festival of Nations is FLOWERS. La Societe has an exhibit and needs volunteers to help Thursday - Sunday. Call Seraphine Byrne at 224-2636 and offer to help.

EVENEMENTS A VENIR

April 23

Quarterly Meeting of The Little Canada Historical Society in The Old Fire Hall across from St. John's Church 7:00 PM. You are invited.

April 30 & May 1-3

Festival of Nations at the Civic Center in St. Paul. LSCF will have a display.

May 1 - 16

Rivertown International Film Festival. Watch newspaper for listings.

May 4

LSCF Regular Meeting
Monday, St. Louis Church 7:30 PM.

June 28 (Tentative)

LSCF picnic at Little Canada Park in connection with St. Jean Baptiste Day, which is June 24.

NUMERO DE TELEPHONE 222-3101

Pierre Girard, former LSCF President and associate of the telephone company, advises us that there is now a telephone number for general inquiries about the Société and Les Canadiens Errants 612/222-3101. This will be listed in the July St. Paul Directory under French Canadian Society and next year in the Minneapolis Directory. Via the Voice Mail method, messages will be routed by Pierre to the appropriate person in the LSCF organization. Merci beaucoup to les Errants. Quelle bonne idée.

POUR VOS VACANCES

If you have in mind a summer vacation trip to Quebec, call 1-800-363-777, to receive information. Or, the office of the Canadian Consulate General maintains a walk-in library of tourism information at their office in Minneapolis at 701 Fourth Ave. So. Hours are 9:00 to 4:30. The Consulate does not mail out material.

SPECIAL GUEST ON "BONJOUR MINNESOTA"

TRAILER ANYONE?

Les Canadiens Errants are seeking a reasonably priced (bon marché) flat bed trailer, ideally a used snowmobile trailer of 4-machine size. If they can find one, it will serve as a float transport in our parades. Call Pierre Girard at 612/222-3101 if you know about one.

On Tuesday, April 21 from 10 to 11 AM, be sure to tune in to 90.3 FM KFAI (Fresh Air Radio) to hear Linda Bneitag, who will be a guest on Georgette Pfannkuch's program of French music. Linda will play the fiddle and sing music from Canada in French. Some of you had the chance to see her at the LSCF Christmas Party. Bob Walzer, also known to LSCF members, appeared on Bonjour Minnesota on March 31.

Mercredi promises latitude to Bourassa: Native leader asks for guidance

Ottawa (Globe and Mail): Indian leader Ovide Mercredi has extended an olive branch to Premier Robert Bourassa, promising to be flexible in his constitutional demands if Québec shows some willingness to respect aboriginal rights. In a passionate appeal yesterday, Mr. Mercredi asked for guidance from Mr. Bourassa on the controversial question of recognizing aboriginal people as a distinct society. Mr. Mercredi, national chief of the Assembly of First Nations, said he understands Mr. Bourassa's difficult position, and he promised to give the "latitude" that the Premier will need to solve the constitutional deadlock. "There is only one politician in Canada, in my view, who can save the country, and it is not anybody who's at the table right now," Mr. Mercredi told 400 business and political leaders in a lunchtime speech. "It's Premier Bourassa. He is in a very difficult position right now because there's a lot of weight on his shoulders--far more weight than on the Prime Minister of Canada. We have to give him the latitude that he needs to make the choices at the right time." Mr. Mercredi has had a strained relationship with Québec politicians in recent months, repeatedly clashing with them on a number of issues, including his insistence on distinct-society recognition for native people. (18 MAR 92)

Public Affairs Section
Canadian Consulate General



chez nous

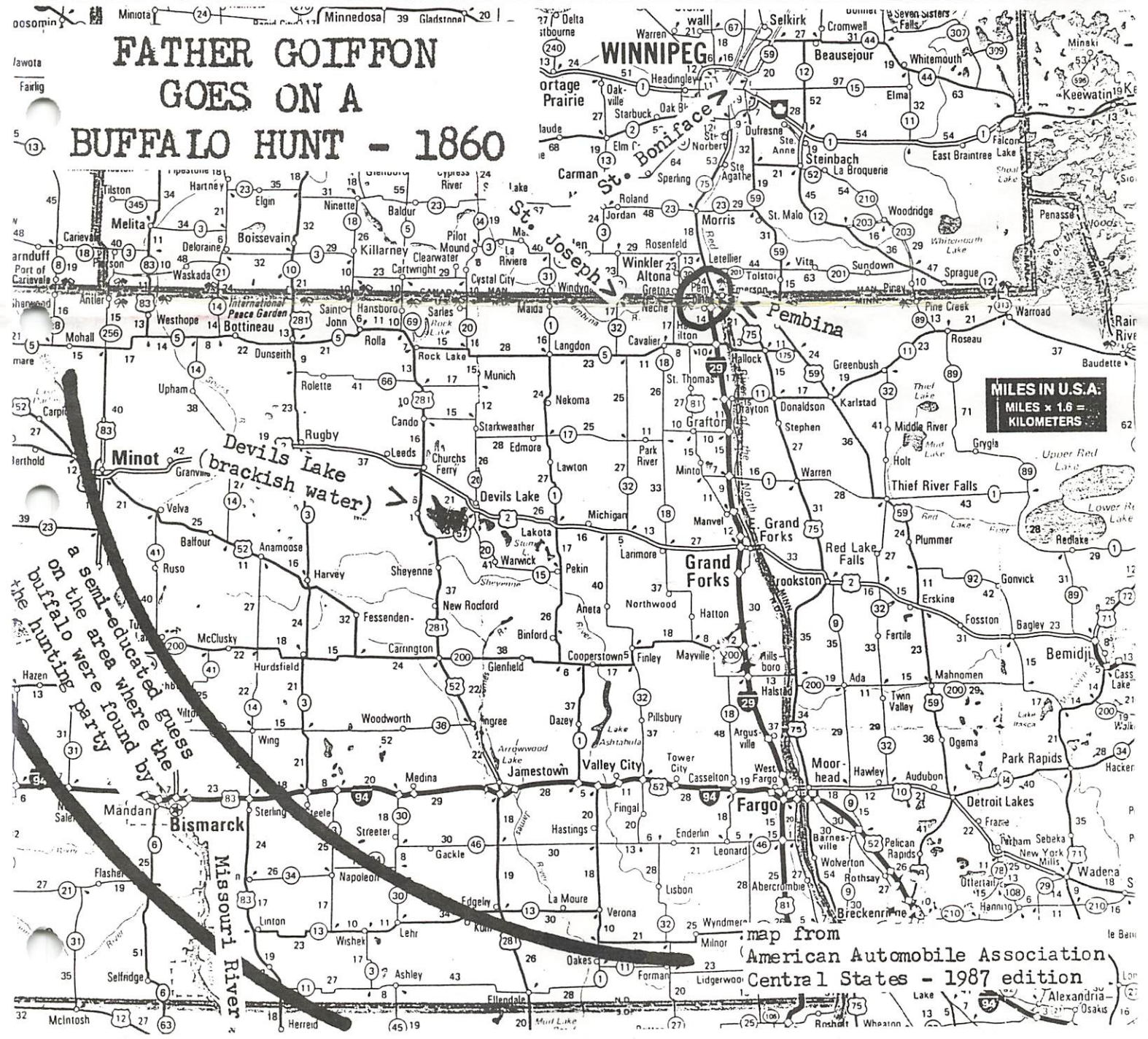
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La société canadienne-française

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FATHER GOIFFON GOES ON A BUFFALO HUNT - 1860



map from American Automobile Association Central States - 1987 edition



Father Goiffon

A NORTH DAKOTA BUFFALO HUNT, JUNE 1860

by: Father Joseph Goiffon

EDITORS NOTE: In previous issues of Chez Nous we have reprinted portions of the recollections of Father Goiffon, a French priest in the diocese of St. Paul whose career began in 1857. His earliest years in the priesthood were at Pembina and St. Joseph (Walhalla) near where present day Manitoba, North Dakota and Minnesota meet.

In the following story, written perhaps about 1900 when Father Goiffon was parish priest in Centerville MN (no suburban St. Paul), he recounts in his own words a buffalo hunt as well as his perceptions of relations between the Metis, Sioux, Chippeways, Canadiens and Americans. The words are exactly as written by Father Goiffon. (His references to Indians as "savages" is regrettable but acceptable in the context of the times.) Read on, and enjoy his story of North Dakota in the summer of 1860.

Before the white took possession of the northwest, the buffalo, the elk, the deer, the does, the castor (beaver), the hare, the rabbit, the wild cat, etc. were very plentiful. Game of all kinds was abundant; the lakes were full of large fish. The savages had but to leave their loges to bring back an abundance of whatever they desired in food. They wasted nothing, taking only what was necessary, and conserving the rest for their children.

What would seem incredible to future generations, even in 1820, 30, 35, 40, as I have often been told, and again related the other day by the old priest, Joseph

Bellanger, of New Canada, Ramsey County, of the time, when as pilot of rafts he descended the river from Stillwater to St. Louis, was that the ducks, the geese, the busard (buzzard), etc. were so thick in the waters of the Mississippi, that when on account of bad weather, they were obliged to stop for the night, they could not sleep because of all the noise made by the game.

What about the buffalo? I have heard many times, by those who traveled at that time, 1820, 30, 40, in the North West, to buy furs from the savages, that the buffalo were so numerous that they often traveled 3 days among them, as one would pass through a forest. The buffalo had not yet been hunted, and they let the travelers pass without paying any attention to them.

Father Bellanger, who 66 or 68 years ago, traveled for an English company, in that country, told me again, just the other day, that the buffalo were so plentiful that often in their migration, they would block the road. They were obliged to unhitch and remain there sometimes half a day to leave the animals pass, marching single file, in rows of 4, 5, and 6. These animals used to travel in herds from one place to another, and became so numerous that it was soon necessary to hunt them.

The English Hudson Bay Company and that of the North-West Company, in order to make their fortunes, engaged as many Canadiens as they could, sending them to all parts of the English territory to buy from the savages, all the pelts possible. The results were that they began to kill as many as possible merely for the hides and tongues of these poor animals. The Americans, advancing from the east, and pushing back the poor savages, did likewise.

The young Canadiens who roamed through Manitoba, having served their time, of engagement, found themselves in a vast country, where one could so easily find a living without working by marrying a young Indian woman who was strong and robust, sweet of disposition and did all the work, leaving to their husband, only the trouble of hunting and bringing back to the lodges the game they had killed. Of these two strong races were born numerous children, who became the best travelers and the most skillful hunters of the world. They called them the Metis.

Those who came from the Red River or "Mimitoba" were nearly all Metis Cree or "Montanais". They were civilized and evangelized early by the good Mgr. Provencher. Having become generous and capable of defending themselves against the Sioux, and seeing that they could not only sell the hides of the animals they killed, but also the meat by drying it, they organized buffalo hunts, one which began the 9th or 10th of June and lasted two and a half months, and the second in September and lasted until the cold weather. All of them, men, women and children repaired with all their possessions to the great prairie to cure the meat. That was their harvest. The proceeds of the first hunt, which sometimes amounted to 80 to 100 louis for each family, were often returned to the company of the Hudson Bay, when they returned from the hunt, for tobacco, tea and provisions. The proceeds from the second hunt, when the meat could not all be dried, was different; part of the meat was dried and sold and the rest was preserved for their winter. I will be able to tell you of the manner in which the hunt was conducted and how the meat was prepared when I tell about the hunt at which I, myself, assisted. Let us come back to the Metis; having at their head the Rev. Father Belcourt, they left the English territory and came to establish themselves beyond the English line and on the American side, in order to have a freer commerce (because being on the English line they could only sell their meat to English companies). It was these people who formed my two parishes of Pimbina and St. Joseph in North Dakota. The Metis of St. Joseph of Pimbina and those of St. Boniface, on the Red River as well as the Crees and the Chippewas, their grandparents had always been in open warfare with all the Sioux nations. Up to then it was which could surprise and kill and scalp the other; it is to say, which could remove the other's hair and leave the skull bare. In my time at St. Joseph, still lived an old woman, Gengras, to whom the Sioux had taken off nearly all the skin and hair on her head.

Some years previous when all our Metis with their families, the Chippewas were making the summer hunt, one morning, after having released their cattle and horses to feed,

and while preparing the breakfast, having no suspicion of danger, the Sioux, in great numbers hidden in the rear, came from behind, drove before them, scaring them by their cries, all the animals of the Metis. That year the poor Metis were obliged to return home as best they could, having lost all. Though our Metis were much better soldiers than the Sioux, and in battle, ten Metis could easily kill one hundred Sioux, who could not, as the Metis, load and fire their guns without holding onto their horses, going like mad, they always had to fear a surprise. On the other side, the Sioux feared the Metis, and with the intention of making peace with them, during the winter of 1860, all the Sioux nations sent us word that they wished to see us on the prairie to make peace with us.

I was happy amongst my good people and I thought but of passing another year with them, when, in the spring of 1860 I received a letter from the good Father Ravoux, ordering me again to St. Paul. He no doubt thought I would lose myself, alone on these great prairies. He was misinformed. I had for my guide, Mgr. Tache whom I went to see from time to time. And who was kind enough to return my visits. I replied to the grand Vicar Ravoux, that, in the circumstances where I found myself, it was almost impossible to go to St. Paul in the spring; that my parishioners were to meet all the Sioux nations in their hunt on the great prairie; that we had reason to fear a massacre and that I did not feel justified in abandoning my people in their hour of peril.

And besides, I had a very large number of Metis children of 14, 16, 18 years who had not yet made their first Communion, who did not know anything, and that I could not instruct on the prairie during the two months of the hunt. I could not get them to catechism, except on the prairie, because their parents had no fixed habitation and remained at St. Joseph but eight or ten days to prepare for the grand hunt with the others, and would then winter, somewhere or other, 100 or 200 miles from the village.

I added that with his permission, I would remain with my people during the summer, and that after the hunt, I would make my visit to him. The grand Vicar replied that my reasons were good and permitting me to remain and delay my visit until after I return from the prairie.

In the beginning of June, the grass having grown enough to nourish the animals, the aspect of the village was changed. The shops which had been closed all winter reopened, new ones opened everywhere, everyone started to work, some repaired the "charettes", and others made new ones, while others made harnesses and some repaired them, etc.

On June the 9th, the English Metis of St. Boniface arrived at St. Joseph for the rendez-vous. All was in readiness. The next day the men hitched to their carts, one by one, their oxen and their poorest horses, the runners were not in harness; they were reserved for the use of the cavaliers and of the hunters who chased the buffalo. The women threw, in a small valise, their baggage and the wealth of their homes, loaded it in their charettes, they then go into the shed to get the old piece of buffalo hide, which is to be used as it was at home for their bed; all is thrown on the same wagon. The mother takes her place with her children, the cavaliers mount their horses and all leave together, men, women and children and nobody remains to guard the village.

Your servant who loves them too well to abandon them, follows riding in a cart.

Only those who have seen an army in movement can form but a small idea of the curious aspect, one might say, marvelous, presented by three or four little villages advancing leisurely with all of it's inhabitants, on 1500 or 2000 carts, all covered differently, some with an old buffalo hide of one color, and another of another color and still more with cotton goods. One cart drawn by an ox and another by a horse, with harness made with raw buffalo hide, marching not in single file, which would make it too long, but in 5,6,7,8,9, or 10 rows on that beautiful road of the prairie, which ordinarily is not less than 10 or 20 miles wide. We marched thus for five or six hours from six thirty in the morning until eleven or eleven thirty according to the distance to the places where we were to have dinner and feed and water our animals. Arriving on the shore of the river, or on that of a lake of soft water, (as great many of the

lakes of that prairie are salt water, the same as the ocean), the guide gives a signal to stop; then it is no longer in eight or ten rows that we march, but twenty, thirty, or forty, each one trying to find the best place. In five minutes all is unhitched and installed, the animals feeding on the prairie and the cooks preparing the tea. After two hours on a signal from the guide, all the animals are in harness, and there we are marching again until seven or seven-thirty.

Having found a good camping place to pass the night, the guide signals all as it is not like at noon, when we could leave our wagons here and there on the prairie, the night coming on, we must improvise a grand enclosure to impound all the animals. One may be surprised by enemies, and we must make a fort for protection; before we unharness each one must come, in his turn, to place his cart against that of his neighbor with the back of his wagon in to form the big circle or the big enclosure that will hold the animals and serve as a fort in case of attack. The tents and the lodges are set up all around in front of the carts, and the village is constructed. The night closing down, they enclosed all the animals in the fort and after supper, everyone can sleep quietly and all is secure. The next day they let the animals out of the fort so they can eat, then comes breakfast and to give the signal the fort and village are to be undone and the march starts on, as the day before lasting 10 - 12 hours daily, that until somebody discovers a band of buffalo, which, in my time, 1860, had already become rare. All had been killed in 20 or 30 years. They say that, only the men of my two little parishes and some of their friends from St. Boniface alone, in the two big hunts of the summer had killed 40,000 per year, then when came the fall they only killed them merely for the hide and tongue, and sometimes they killed simply for pleasure for the fun of boasting of having killed so many.

The buffalo having been hunted too much, had become suspicious and wandered far, hiding themselves to save their lives. So in 1860, we traveled for 14 days, marching 10 or 12 hours each day seeing nothing. The 15th day, we discovered way off a band of 1000 or 1500. Quickly all the carts were stopped so the buffalo could not see us. Then all the hunters mounted on the best runners they could find carrying a little whip, with a short handle, loaded with shot and two feet long, attached to their right wrist, having nothing to hold themselves on the horses, but two little stirrups, fastened to two little cushions which served as a saddle, a horn of powder hung on their chest, a flint-lock of the old days, carrying five or six balls; keeping a few balls of lead in their mouths, they advanced all together as close as possible to the buffalo. Then perceiving by the movement of the buffalo, that they have been seen, the chief has them all form in line, as close as possible to one another. When all are placed, the chief taps his hands gently, one, two, three, the third tap given, all the hunters, to the number of 600, 700, or 800 start like lightning, all their horses going like mad and fall upon these poor buffalo before they realize their danger. One hears nothing but gun shots. The Metis are such clever hunters that as the Centaurs of ancient time, they seem to form but a single body with their horses who are so well trained that, going like mad, they know how to direct themselves towards the buffalo. Of all whom I know, neither whites nor even Sioux could accomplish what our Metis of the Red River, mounted on their best horses, driven like mad by these little whips loaded with lead, loading their flint-locks firing, killing, charging, firing, killing charging, firing, killing and continuing as long as remain one good animal to kill. That only lasts for four or five minutes, they say that these buffalo only fall when the ball hits in the heart or along side of the ear. What enables the Metis to load the gun so quickly is that holding before him, on his chest, his powder horn, he has but to stoop to let the powder into his gun and to let fall a ball which he holds in his mouth; he uses neither ramrod nor wad.

There are some Metis who in the course of a few minutes, have killed five, six, or seven buffalo. They have extraordinary memory to recognize the animals that they have killed and the place where the game fell, and he also adds, ordinarily to the ball he has put in his gun, several grains of lead to distinguish his victims from those of his neighbors.

All the buffalo killed, and because of the heat, these animals could not keep long without spoiling if they stayed whole. The hunters returned to the camp as quickly as possible, take the carts, butcher their victims, cut them in large pieces and return

to camp and deliver them to the women.

The task of the hunter is ended. They have nothing left to do but to sit on the grass and to smoke their pipes. The work of the women commences. Each one armed with a big hunting knife, very sharp, sits herself along side of a pile of meat and starts to carve it, not in little pieces, as do the cooks, but in long strips, wider or narrower according to the size of the piece. When the meat is cut, each family makes a sort of enclosure with branches and spreads out the meat, hanging it as they would a cloth in the sun. The meat is exposed to the sun, dries and is preserved quite well without being salted.

While the meat is drying, they gather up separately all the fat of the common kind, and they crush the bones of the animals, they boil them in large cauldron to extract the grease of the marrow which is the best grease that one can find, and is carefully set apart.

I do not think, in all the world, a slaughter house could present a more picturesque aspect than this great spread of meat laid on these poles and drying in the sun. When all the grease has been rendered and put aside, the meat dried enough to be taken up, they pile them up, fold them, and tie them in a bundle of 80 to 100 pounds and load them on their carts, and if all the carts are not sufficiently loaded, they break camp, as before, and march until they find another band of buffalo. The new band of buffalo discovered, the hunters and the women repeat that which they did the first time. If this band of animals is still not enough to load their carts with meat and grease, they will go again and discover a third band, and a fourth and so on until the carts are not only sufficiently loaded that they may return from the hunt, but so loaded that they cannot carry anymore. Then the guide who knows the prairie, directs the caravan to some place where they can find water and wood, which in these big prairies is rare. Sometimes they travel eight days without finding a branch big enough to make a stick or a handle for a whip. The prairie fires each year destroy all the wood. One only finds little patches of wood on the shores of some lakes or in the ravines of some rivers. If the wood was so rare in these big prairies, how in ordinary times could these 1500 to 2000 hunters, during the two and a half months they hunted, make fire to boil their tea and cook their meat? Providence has forseen this lack of wood. If there was no wood, there was the buffalo, and it was the buffalo that furnished the wood. The cooks, the women and girls went out on the prairie and gathered the dry manure of the buffalo, filled their aprons or their skirts and carried it to the camp where they made a satisfactory fire resembling soft coal or peat, such as we burn in our stoves.

The wagons fully loaded with bails of dried meat, to reduce the volume, they tried to arrive at a place where there was wood and water and remained camped for three or four or five days, they transformed that dried meat into another kind of meat known by the name of "torreau". And this is how it was done: the raw hides of buffalo were soaked in water in order to soften them, others were stretched on the earth in order to serve as a place on which to pound the meat, crush it and pulverize it with branches. The meat was already partly dried, having been slightly roasted, or grilled over a little fire. This is how the grilling was done: they dug in the earth a little ditch about one foot wide and four or five feet long, they made a little fire over which they suspended with the aid of branches, the bails of meat which had already dried in the sun.

When the meat dries, it is grilled and pulverized, the gathered grease is divided, the good to one side the common to the other, in big cauldrons where they were boiled.

It is a great manufacture where everyone has his work. The men and the young fellows prepare the wood and pulverize the dry meat. The women and the girls do the grilling, and make of the soaked hides, sacks. When the sacks were made, the grease sufficiently boiled, the meat sufficiently pulverized, they then poured the hot grease on the pulverized meat and they mix it throughly, just exactly as one would mix lime with sand to make mortar. When all is well mixed, they fill the buffalo sacks with this composition, the sacks being about the size of a 100 pound flour sack. The sacks are then sewed up with the nerves of the buffalo and flattened while warm like a sack of

flour. This meat so prepared hardens and can even without salt be preserved for several years. It then takes the name of torreau. They made two kinds of torreau, the common or coarse torreau, that is made from the pulverized meat and the common grease and the fine torreau which is made of a mixture of pulverized meat and marrow grease, that they obtained by boiling crushed bones. If one can gather some small wild fruits, such as the wild cherries, red or black, or other fruits of the prairie, they mix them with the marrow grease and the pulverized meat, and so obtained the torreau superfine which bring the highest price. This meat, on their return from the hunt, was sold mostly to the big English company of the North-West or the Hudson Bay Company. This was the ordinary food of the travelers who did not know anything about bread or potatoes. Their only food was meat or maybe fish, in certain sections, eaten without salt.

The torreau was eaten at every meal, without ceremony, and as a piece of very dry bread. The first class torreau tasted good enough, but one had to be accustomed to misery to be able, without vomiting, to swallow the common torreau made with it's fat like candle grease, however, one becomes accustomed to anything.

When one is rich enough to afford a stove, and to have water, and especially a little flour, one dissolves the torreau and adding a little flour he would make a sort of mortar that was called "rababou" and then he would have a feast. Oh, the happy time when one could have so little and still be content!

During the time of rest and especially in the evening after a day's work, I assembled my young boys and girls of 11, 18, 20, and 22 years who had not yet had an opportunity to be instructed in their religion. I taught them the catechism, and after much instruction, with patience and explication, I arrived at the end of two and one half months, to prepare if I remember rightly, about 44 for their first Communion which was made naturally on the prairie. All of them were Metis. I had brought with me a Chippeway catechism, but not one of the tribe came to my instructions.

On Sunday, to call my parishioners to Mass, I made a tour of the camp playing, to my best ability, my cornopean. My little lodge, where I arrange an altar the best way I could, and the vault of heaven served as a church, and my people attended Mass with great devotion.

The time of our hunt was about over and provisions made, and not yet having news from the Sioux, with whom up to that time, we had always been at war, and of whom we still had reason to be suspicious, we arrived to the little island of the "Morre"; we learned that all the Sioux nations had met and were waiting for us to make peace. Though the messengers talked of peace, we were not without fear because we did not know these islands and were afraid of being surrounded and massacred, that is why we stopped at quite a distance from there. We left our wagons with the women and children and all our hunters, gun in hand, well munitioned and myself, we advanced with great care, fully deciding to defend ourselves if attacked. Arriving at the Sioux camp, we soon discovered that all our precautions were unnecessary as they were honestly disposed to make peace. The arms were deposed and we shook hands most cordially. We visited their camps and they visited ours and we rejoiced together like old friends who meet after a long separation.

After the first gathering we reassembled in council. All the leading counsellors of both parties gathered in the lodges of each of the grand chiefs of the different Sioux nations. I was present at all the meetings of the chiefs and as I recall each deplored their misfortune and complained of the injustice of the Americans against them. Our grand-fathers, said some of them, displaying large copper medals, which had been given them by the old English kings, "our grandfathers have always told us to be faithful to our ancient masters, and to be suspicious of our new neighbors, the Americans. The Americans, the English had told us, measuring their arm, would make you promises as long as your arm and give you nothing; they wished you dead."

I saw clearly from their discourses, that they wanted to make war on the Americans and that it was for the sake of having a refuge in case of defeat, that they wanted to make peace with us; it was precisely during the following year, or 18 months later that

they committed the massacre of Buch Couley. It was in 1860, in the month of August, that we made this peace treaty with the Sioux, which had always been kept with great fidelity.

After the peace conference, I was asked to cure one of their grand chiefs who must have been close to one hundred years of age. I found him in his tent, lying on a poor buffalo robe. I gave him as much consolation as I was capable of, and for medicine a good cup of tea to which I had added some. I had brought the cow to the prairie and was now taking her back with some buffalo calves. It appears that my medicine had so pleased him, that on the following day, I was invited by him to a grand dinner. I arrived on horseback accompanied by one of my Metis. The dinner was served, outside the tent, on the grass in an old tin plate containing several pieces of dried meat, and a few wild turnips; it had no salt and was so badly prepared that, in spite of my desire, not to fail in politeness, I could only taste that dish with repugnance. Fortunately, my companion, less hard to please than I, ate nearly all. After the feast, to thank my host, I played on my corneopane one of my very best pieces. Then I mounted my horse and accompanied always by my Metis, I went about through the camps of the savages, playing from time to time some musical airs. I noticed with satisfaction that all the Sioux and their squaws carried themselves well, and that their children were dressed modestly. I saw but one little boy who was naked.

These Sioux were rather miserably ignorant rather than wicked. At one of our meetings, they were telling us that they recognized their faults, and they attributed them to the fact that once having had a priest and refusing to listen to his instructions. They added that now they were deprived of one, were unhappy and would like another priest, promising that they would listen to him this time. To prove their desire to do right and their fidelity to keeping their promises, let me relate some traits which occurred some time after they had made peace with us. First, on the second or third of November 1860, during the great snow storm which fell upon the Red River, (and where I myself was frozen)(Ed. Look for this story in the October/November 1992 Chez Nous), a Canadien, who carried the mail between Crowwing, Minnesota and Pimbina, was lost in the prairie, and at the end of 15 days, was exhausted, as well as his horse, reached a Sioux camp where he and his horse received all the care possible. When the horse and his master had both regained their strength, the Canadien begged the Sioux to conduct him to Pimbina, telling them that he was rich and would give them good horses in payment. Two or three Sioux, believing him, started with him to Pimbina. When the Canadien was close enough to Pimbina and able to travel alone, he told his guide that he had deceived him; that he had told them that he was rich to induce them to accompany him, but that it was not true, that he was very poor and could from here get home alone. Anyhow, that he had nothing to give them once he reached home. What would the whites have done if they had thus been cheated? The poor savages were not angry, "you cheated us, they said, and it is not right even if you cannot give us anything, we will take you home, because you, Frenchman, have not the head to be able to travel in these large prairies; you were lost once on the road which you knew, and will be lost again if we let you go alone from here. Then your horse and your papers, both belonging to your grandfather (that is to say the government) would be lost. We will take you home."

Without loss of time, they arrive at Pimbina just at the time when everyone, for the past month, thought all the papers of the office at the fort, together with the man who carried them, had been destroyed either by the fire or the cold. The Sioux were well received by the Metis of Pimbina, and were recompensed. They were accompanied, on their return, by two or three Metis who fared very well all winter and returned, in the spring time, loaded with pelts.

In the same winter of 1861, a man about 35 years of age, accompanied by his nephew of 12 years, being sent far out to find the Sioux, in order to make arrangements for war, (that I believe they meant to make against the Americans), and being surprised by bad weather and obliged to stop at St. Norbert, at the residence of Rev. Father Lestard had to pass the winter there. The Sioux took such good care of his nephew and conducted himself so well that the Rev. Father told me that he had never been so well served as by this man, and he was thinking of making him an Oblate Father. However, this never

happened because the good savage was killed the following summer while on a mission with which he was charged.

The ninth of June, 1861, the eve of their departure for the grand hunt of the summer, the inhabitants of Pimbina and those of St. Boniface, being assembled at St. Joseph and waiting to start in a body, 20 young Sioux braves arrived on horseback at St. Joseph, stating that these were horses that they had picked up in the winter, thinking them lost in the grand prairie; but when the Sioux had come together in the spring, their fathers and their chiefs had asked them where they had found these horses; they replied that it was in the prairie. They told us, "they are the horses of our friends the French. It is the time of their hunt, and they have need of their horses. you are going to take them back at once. So, we have brought them." They added: "there is also a mare that is not here, but whoever owns it need not worry. Not to injure it, we left it in route, because she had had a mare colt; you will find it in a certain place."

The Metis had a habit of wintering here and there in different parts of the woods, leaving their horses free in the woods, not worrying about them. These horses pawed the snow to find beneath it, their food, and when they were fat in the fall, they were found fat in the spring. That explains how the Sioux were able to pick up these horses, without thinking of doing any wrong.

Such conduct deserved recompense, so these young men were received with the greatest cordiality. They deposited their guns in the house of the chief, and all shook hands and smoked the calumet, a sign of friendship. To honor them with a big feast, our people were looking for a fat dog to kill as it was their idea of a feast. When a miserable Canadien, coming from St. Boniface, gave whiskey to the Chippeways, camped some distance from there, told them, "here is your chance to avenge yourselves against your enemies the Sioux, there are only 20 of them who just arrived at St. Joseph. They are now in the house of Chief Wilky. Go and kill them." These were Chippeways, who, only the year before had made peace with the Sioux, not knowing what they were doing, being under the influence of liquor, came into the house where the young Sioux were, who thought only of friendship, were assembled. Then they opened fire on them in the house, killing one or two and rushed out like cowards. The Sioux, so surprised, seized their guns and began firing, killing one of the traitors who had remained near the house thinking to hold the Sioux prisoners and massacre them.



Pictured are a group of Metis in North Dakota in mid-to late 1800's. Photo from North Dakota Historical Society.



Nouvelles Villes Jumelles

Newsletter of La Société Canadienne Française Du Minnesota

MERCI BEAUCOUP

President Leroy Dubois wishes all a happy summer and hopes to see as many of you as possible at the picnic.

Seraphine Byrne deserves our thanks for coordinating the Society's booth at the Festival of Nations. Al Girard spoke to 2nd graders in W. St. Paul in April; Dick Bernard spoke to 4th graders in Apple Valley in May, and in the same month manned a booth for a community school event in Eagan.

NOTRE DAME DE LOURDES SCHOOL

ATTENTION former students and graduates from Notre Dame de Lourdes parochial school, northeast Minneapolis, for an All School Reunion, Labor Day Weekend, Sept. 5, 1992. Registration at Our Lady of Lourdes Great Hall; social time and banquet at Jax Cafe. Do you know someone who was a student? Let us know. Call Evelyn Carpentier Lund 789-7051 or George Belair 789-6275.

EVENEMENTS A VENIR

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| June 28 | LSCF Picnic Spooner Park, Little Canada. |
| July 12 | Alliance Francaise Bastille Day Celebration. |
| July 22 | Next deadline for news. |
| August 3 | Regular meeting at St. Louis Church 7:30 PM. |

FOSHAY TOWER - UN TOUR DE LA TOUR

Sometime in late August or early September, there will be an evening Open House for LSCF members in Wilbur Foshay's private office in the Minneapolis landmark tower that bears his name. Your co-editor, who offices there, will be the host. Watch for the notice. Mr. Foshay was of French ancestry and the office decorations include a coat of arms, which he devised to reflect this. If you have any memories of the Foshay Tower, we'd like to hear from you.

POUR VOS VACANCES

If you have in mind a summer vacation trip to Quebec, call 1-800-363-7777 to receive information. Or, the office of the Canadian Consulate General maintains a walk-in library of tourism information at their office in Minneapolis at 701 Fourth Ave. So. Hours are 9:00 to 4:30. The Consulate does not mail out material.

BASTILLE DAY CELEBRATION

The Alliance Francaise will celebrate Bastille Day on Sunday, July 12, with a cruise of the St. Croix on the Andiamo Showboat 4:30 to 7:00. For sign up information call 644-5700. Non-members of the Alliance, particularly LSCF members, are invited.

FT. SNELLING ACTIVITY

Spencer Johnson, Hastings Middle School teacher and Fort Snelling voyageur, invites you to the Fort this summer. He writes:

"I have some new ideas and projects planned this summer for Fort Snelling. I am sure you know that we have special weekends once in a while. Two of my favorites include Civil War Weekend (June 20-21), and Fur Trade Weekend (Sept. 5-7). You may want to plan your next visit around these. I look forward to seeing you there sometime, be sure to say "hello"."

Spencer gave a very informative talk to our Club in 1991. He makes a great voyageur!

Deadline for News

Reaches Members

Jul. 22	Aug. 12 - 17
Sept. 23	Oct. 14 - 19
Nov. 13	Dec. 3 - 8

Please now send Twin Cities news and notices to Dick Bernard, who is the editor of Chez Nous, 7632 157th St. West, #301, Apple Valley, MN 55124. I will continue to assist him as associate editor for the Twin Cities, so, if I receive something, you may be sure it will reach Dick.

William B. Horn
341-2581 or 922-9013

A REMINDER

If you are sending material to LSCF, please check to see that you have our "new" post office box number.

P. O. Box 581413
Minneapolis, MN 55458

SEE YOU AT THE LSCF PICNIC - JUNE 28

Our annual summer outing, coordinated with St. Jean Baptiste Day will be at the shelter in Spooner Park in Little Canada.

When? Starting noon, Sunday, June 28.

How? See instructions below.

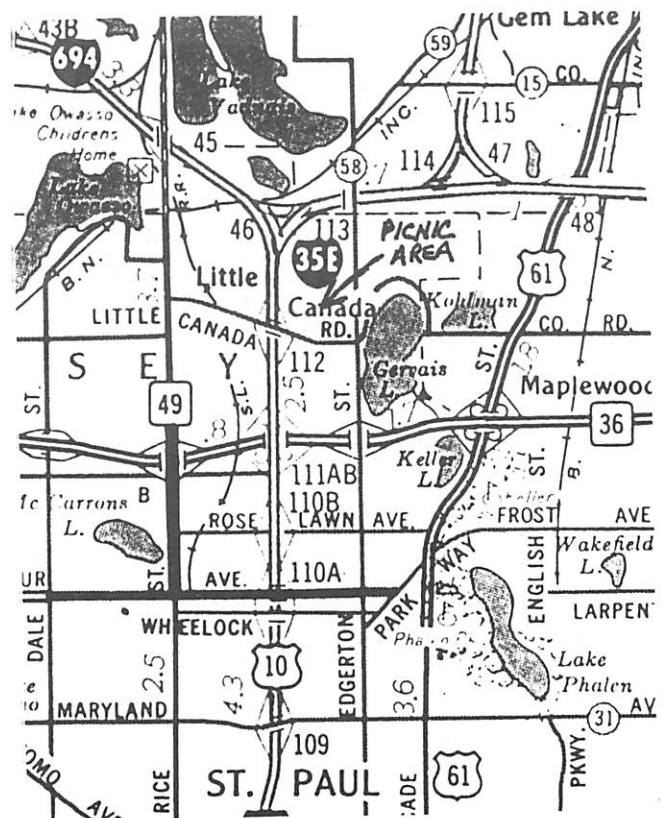
What? Bring potluck dishes, utensils and beverages. There are plug ins.

Who? You, family and FRIENDS, especially prospective members!

Justa Cardinal is in charge, so please call her if you have questions 776-5087.

DIRECTIONS TO THE PICNIC:

North on 35E from St. Paul; Exit Little Canada on to Little Canada Road; Left at first light on to Centerville Road; go about 1/4 mile to Eli Road; Right on Eli. See sign.



FESTIVAL OF NATIONS REPORT

Successful exhibit taught the French names of familiar flowers.

This year's Festival of Nations theme was about flowers and their use in the various cultures.

Our exhibit was colorful, thanks to the many colored papers available for the computer and many of the visitors to the Festival had fun guessing what the English language names of the flowers were.

I want to say a very special merci boucoup to all of the people who worked in the exhibit. Justa Cardinal, Leo Gouette (who is our resident specialist in American Sign Language), John England, Leroy DuBois (who also helped set up the exhibit), Ray and Huberta Bennett, Renee Juairé, Lowell Mercil, Kirk Lemieux, Faradon Bourboir from Les Canadiens

Errants, Trefle Daniels, and Amy Byrne Jensen who spent two whole days down there with me,

I would like to hear from those of you who are interested in working at the Festival next year as soon as possible. I would like to have the schedule all set up when the application forms come out in December. We will know the theme for the 1993 Festival in August, and I will be asking for suggestions for the exhibit in the September newsletter.

The dates for the 1993 Festival of Nations are April 29-30, May 1-2. MARK YOUR CALENDARS NOW.

We also need to think about having a Bazaar booth again. There were complaints that we weren't in the Bazaar. There were also complaints because Les Canadiens Errants didn't sing. The other complaint we got was about the lack of pea soup and maple syrup pie because the Canadians weren't there!

If you want to work next year, please contact me at 224-2636.
Seraphine R. Byrne

