VA

Je Me Souviens

A Publication of the
American-French Genealogical Society

Special Twentieth Anniversary Issue

Volume 21
Number 2

Autumn 1998

AMERICAN-FRENCH GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
Post Office Box 2113
Pawtucket, Rhode Island 02861-0113

CORRESPONDENCE

Written correspondence should be addressed only to our post office box. The library telephone number for voice and fax is **(401) 765-6141**. An answering machine will take messages when the library is not open. The Society can be reached by E-mail at **AFGS @ ids.net**. E-mail to the Editor of *JMS* should be addressed to **delislep @ juno.com**.

MEMBERSHIP

Individual: $30.^{00}$; family: $30.^{00}$ + $10.^{00}$ ea. addl. member; institutions: $27.^{00}$, life: $360.^{00}$ Except for life memberships, add $2.^{50}$ outside of the United States. Make checks payable to the A.F.G.S. in U.S. funds. *Non-U.S. residents must use postal money orders or credit cards.*

LIBRARY

Our library is located in the basement of the First Universalist Church at 78 Earle Street in Woonsocket, Rhode Island. It is open for research on Mondays from 12 PM to 5 PM, Tuesdays from 1 PM to 10 PM, and the first and third Saturdays of each month from 10 AM to 4 PM. The library is closed on all holidays; there are no Saturday sessions in July and August.

RESEARCH

The Society does undertake research for a fee. Please see our research policy elsewhere in this issue.

ARTICLES

Original manuscripts are welcomed. Please see our authors' guide elsewhere in this issue.

ADVERTISING

Rates for camera-ready copy are $50 for a full page, $25.00 for a half -page and $12.50 for a quarter-page. The Society assumes no responsibility for the quality of products or performance of services advertised in ***Je Me Souviens***. The Society reserves the right to reject advertisements which it deems inappropriate.

COPYRIGHT

I.S.S.N.: 0195-7384

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Volume 21, Number 2 — Autumn 1998

AFGS Mission Statement

The mission of the American-French Genealogical Society is:

— To collect, preserve and publish genealogical, historical and biographical matter relating to Americans of French and French-Canadian descent.

— To play an active part in the preservation of French-Canadian heritage and culture in the United States.

— To establish and maintain a reference library and research center for the benefit of its members.

— To hold meetings for the instruction of its members.

— To disseminate information of value to its members by way of a regularly published journal and other appropriate means.

— To disseminate genealogical and historical information to the general public, using appropriate means.

President's Message

Roger Beaudry, President

On 26 September 1998, I will be attending a banquet in Manchester, NH. This banquet, along with many other activities, are being planned in celebration of the 25th anniversary of the American-Canadian Genealogical Society. One week later, the American French Genealogical Society is also planning a weekend of activities in celebration of our 20th anniversary. Both organizations have gotten where they are through the hard work and devotion of pioneers who began both organizations and saw the value in their existence, and the volunteers who served on committees, and boards. I would like to use this forum to honor those in our organization who I have had the privilege to work with over the years.

First of all I would like to single out our former presidents, Henri Leblond, Bob Quintin, Lucille Rock, Dennis Boudreault and Jan Burkhart. Each in their own way brought us from one stage in our growth to the next.

I must also single out the following volunteers who have helped so much in our development:

Leon Asselin & Eveline Desplaines: When was the last time you worked on your own research? Every Tuesday night they are in the library, ready to help newcomers find their way around the library.

Roger Bartholomy, Bob Edwards, George Perron & Alice Riel: Our computer committee. They brought us out of the dark ages and put us on the internet, produced our first CD, and led us into the land of Megahertz and bytes.

Sylvia Bartholomy: Our publicist who has gotten our name into the media more times then I can really remember.

Robert Bellerose: Editor of AFGnewS. It isn't always easy to get all the news that's fit to print. Bob still manages to get it done every other month. Thanks for all you've done.

Roland & Noella Bouliane: While Roland is helping to punch & bind books, Noella is busy helping new members and working on our Obituary books. Thanks for all you've done for us over the years.

Jan Burkhart: Our Librarian, Membership Chairperson, typist, editor, and former President. She took over our library years ago and organized it into what it is today. I could fill this entire column with all she has done for this organization. Her selflessness and patience is appreciated by all who have worked with her.

Bob Charpentier & David Coutu: These two gentlemen have been typing repertoires for us for as long as I can remember. The speed at which they work is incredible. Thanks to both of you, we have been able to publish so

many repertoires.

Larry Choiniere: Your sense of humor certainly keeps the library jumping. Your assistance with copying, collating, punching and binding, keeps us growing. Thanks so much.

Paul Delisle: I've known Paul since we were kids. We lived in the same neighborhood, belonged to the same Boy Scout Troop, and in fact, being so much older then I, he taught me to drive. His attention to detail and imagination has made *Je Me Souviens*, the excellent publication it is today.

Ray Desplaines, Gene Arsenault, Tom Allaire: Research Committee. How they are able to find some of the things they find is beyond me. They will spend hours trying to find that one marriage, and still manage to keep their sanity. We just wouldn't be the same without them.

Brother Louis Laperle & Jerry LeFrancois: We picked the right people for the job when we asked them along with Leon Asselin to re-write our by-laws. Their patience and knowledge, provided us with a document that will serve us for years to come. Thank you.

Armand & Mary Letourneau: They have done so much for us, typing repertoires, indexing the obituary, brides and milestone books, making book covers, editing, and working on so many other projects. Thanks so very much.

Emile & Laura Martineau: The hours Emile has spent organizing our periodical shelves, along with the time spent by Laura, working on a multitude of Library projects, has certainly not gone to waste. Our library would be lost without the two of them.

Lucile McDonald: I think every time I go to the Library, Lucile is there. If she is not copying records for us, she is collating, punching or binding repertoires, preparing books for the shelves, editing, and sometimes I've even caught her sweeping the floor. Lucile if you ever lose your key, please let me know right away. Your help is so very much appreciated.

Henri Paradis: Why is it that some people work harder after they retire. Henri stepped in as treasurer after Therese Poliquin had to step down. It is no simple task. I know that the hours spent on the books is great and his only pay is the satisfaction of a job well done. Thanks for being there.

Therese Poliquin: Our treasurer for so many years. How can I thank you for all the work you've done for us over the years. You, more than anyone, have seen us grow during this time. You constantly rose to the occasion and did the added work without complaint. We will truly miss you.

If I have forgotten anyone I am sorry. There are so many people who help out every day with so many different things, that I sometimes lose track of them. You are all appreciated, and without you all we would be so much poorer.

A great many people think they are thinking when they are merely rearranging their prejudices.

— William James

The Journal of Sophronie Marchessault

Translated by: Robert P. Goudreau

Editor's Note: This article first appeared in two parts in the September 1978 and January 1979 issues of this publication. It is reprinted here as part of the Society's observance of its twentieth anniversary year.

Preface

The AFGS is honored to present the narrative of the journals of Sophronie MARCHESSAULT, which covered his experiences and adventures in the gold fields of the American West from 1850 to 1880.

The journal was donated to the Society by Robert J. QUINTIN who received it from one of his students — Christine PELLETIER. According to Mrs. Evelyn PELLETIER of Pawtucket, RI, Sophronie MARCHESSAULT was the uncle of her mother. It appears as though Sophronie MARCHESSAULT was the son of François and of Sophie RICHARD. The Pelletier family obtained the journal from the Public Administrator of Butte, MT in the 1920's.

The Journal of Sophronie Marchesseault
St. Jean, P.Q. — April 11, 1850

The departure of 11 Canadians from St. Jean, P.Q. Canada for the gold mines in California. Julien MARCHESSEAU, Sophronie MARCHESSEAU, Isaac MARCHESSEAU, Georges MARCHAND, John WOOD, Pierre CARTIER, Olivier CHEFFRE of St. Jean; Beloni CHARET, J. B. LEDOUX, Narcisse PRAIRIE, Alex MARCHAND from l'Acadie; accompanied by the Reverend Charles LAROCQUE, pastor of St.Jean, up to Lachine.

The route taken was as follows: St. Jean to Laprairie by train, Laprairie to Montréal by boat, Montréal to Lachine by train, Lachine to Oswego by boat. Magnificent weather going up the St. Lawrence but bad weather on Lake Ontario. The lake was choppy, and nearly everyone felt sick. The boat was rocking so much that we had difficulty docking at Oswego. From Oswego (we went to) Niagara Falls by horse train. We stopped here for two hours. We descended to the river to examine between the water and the rocks. From the falls to Buffalo by horse train. At Buffalo on Lake Erie by the boat *Mayflower* up to New Buffalo. From New Buffalo by boat up to Chicago on Lake Michigan. Chicago at this time was a little village and very muddy. From Chicago we took a canal boat to Joliet. From Joliet by boat on the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers to St. Louis. Here we stayed one month before starting our journey across

the prairies to our destination.

From St. Louis we took the boat, *Fulton*, up the Missouri River to where Kansas City is now located. At that time Kansas City was nonexistent. We sent to Independence from West Port (12 miles) to purchase our mules and wagons. At West Port we trained our mules. After this was done we began our journey to California Along the trail traced by General Fremont.

The second day out we met some Indians for the first time, after that we met some every day. Robidoux, the one-armed man, who worked for the fur company told us that whenever we met Indians to speak French among ourselves, because the Indians liked the French very much, but hated all those who spoke English. So we always spoke French when we saw Indians. From that day on we began to see buffalos, antelopes, deer, geese, chickens, and ducks; so that every day we had some game to eat. On Sundays we camped in order to rest our mules and give us time to wash and make repairs; and when we camped near rivers or streams we fished. The Indians were always good to us, they never tried to steal from us or harm us; although we were never too sure of them.

On the shore of the Blue River we saw a group of Indians sneaking, one after the other, while they crossed a small hill. We feared an attack from them. We stopped our wagons and placed bayonets at the end of our rifles and then walked in front of our wagons with our rifles on our shoulders. The Indians came to us and asked for something to eat, we gave them a sign that we had nothing to give them, and to go back. They left immediately. Many families of savages followed us for several days, and at night while waiting for supper, or at noon, we would put a five cent piece on the end of a little stick and we let them fire at it, signifying to them that the one that would hit it, that the five cent piece would be his. Also we made them run for a five cent piece and those darn Indians would run like deer. The Sioux, the Pawnees, the Snakes and the Bannack are huge savages with much black hair. The women are small and the squaws do all the work. The male Indians believe themselves so far superior to women that when they kill a buffalo, they let the women cut it up into pieces and bundle it and pack it on the horses and bring it into camp. They believe themselves to be too much of a distinguished warrior to lower themselves to do work.

In front of us there was a caravan with many wagons and about 112 passengers. The passengers did not get along with the wagon masters because the provisions were getting very low and the passengers were afraid that they would run out before reaching Salt Lake. Upon reaching Fort Laramie, fighting broke out and shots could be heard from quite a distance; so when we found out that quite a few passengers were wounded in this fight, we decided to pass in front of them, and we forged ahead at a rapid pace to get away from the danger.

Between Forts Kearney and Laramie we crossed the North Fork of the Platte River. We went down the hill of Ash Hollow, which was quite steep, by blocking the wagon wheels; and we also had to block the wheels to cross

the river because the current was so swift and the bottom was moving sand. Because our wagons were floating, we had to tie the wheels with cables and keep the wagons so they were facing the current. Our provisions were jammed near the top of the wagons so as not to get them wet. Wood was scarce and quite often we had to gather dried buffalo dung to do our cooking.

There was a lot of sickness on the prairies: cholera, chicken pox, scurvy, etc. but we were spared of any sickness. There were many fatalities. At the Little River, we set up camp to dry some buffalo meat, to rest, to do our wash, and make our repairs.

At the Great Sandy River, we went fishing and then climbed Independence Rock to inscribe our names. We camped here for the night. After supper we suddenly heard the cry of a woman. She was the wife of a shoemaker who was camped near us. He had beat her and his little brother-in-law. She came to our camp asking for protection for the night. She lifted up the sleeves of her dress to show us bruises that her husband had caused, and the little boy also showed us the injuries that had been inflicted on him. What to do to punish this brute of a shoemaker!!

There was camped next to us some Americans whose leader was a man named Thompson, and they had heard of this affair. Thompson came to our camp to ask for help to flog the shoemaker for having mistreated his wife and the boy so badly. Old Pierre CARTIER, who was big and strong, was the first to offer his help. They took a rope and tied the man around the waist, and gave him 40 lashes with a whip, and then threw him in the river to wash the blood that covered his body. While in the water, he promised never to beat his wife nor her little brother. He remained camped there for 15 days before he could move about enough to continue his journey. We met them again at Salt Lake and his wife told us that he had been very good to her and her brother. The flogging had been very good for the bad husband.

There was a family that followed us for a long time. The father, the mother and two boys eventually died, leaving two sisters. We always camped a good distance from them so as not to expose ourselves to their sickness. One morning, one of the girls came to ask us to help her bury one of their last; and if we would help protect them until they reached Salt Lake where they would be in less danger. We promised our protection. We took care of their animals, we brought them wood to do their cooking and helped them hitch up their wagons. With all that it did not exempt them from leading the oxen and having to walk beside the wagon in the dust — morning till night. As their oxen could not travel as fast as our mules, we often had to wait for them. When night came and it was time to make camp, we could not distinguish their sex, as they were so covered with dust and with a fatigue that was great. We got them to Salt Lake in good health. They thanked us for what we had done for them, and expressing that they would have liked to continue to California, if they had not been so tired and worn out.

To get back to our journey — upon arriving at the Green River, we had to swim the mules across and put the

wagons on a barge. There were so many animals, that they were scattered pel-mel all over the place. The man that was crossing the animals nearly drowned. He was Isaac MARCHESSEAU. It took all day to make this crossing and arrange our camp for the night.

We met with a few Canadians who had been hunting in this region for a number of years for the fur company. The oldest was Jean-Baptiste LOUIZON. There was one of our companions who played the violin, and had his instrument with him. He was invited by the old man, Louizon, to play for them so they could dance. Our companion, John WOOD, accepted the invitation immediately. All the hunters and trappers began to level a plot of land to make it hard like a floor, and at night, after supper, all the Canadians who had squaws as wives began to dance. It was funny to see them enjoying themselves in this manner two thousand miles from civilization. It goes without saying that the following morning there was more than one who had a big head, because the whiskey had flowed freely.

We continued our journey — we went to Fort Bridger and from there to the Great Salt Lake. Arriving at the Mormons, we camped for a month to rest ourselves and also to rest the mules. We were nicely welcomed by the Mormons. They offered us six dollars a day to work in their gold mines, which were on the south end of the lake; providing that we join their religion and take as many wives as we could support, and to stay with them without having to worry about going any further in our search for gold mines. Even with all these great propositions, everyone refused, saying that our destination was still California, where we had friends waiting for us. Before breaking camp and leaving Salt Lake, we sold them all that we did not need to finish our trip, thus lightening our wagons because our mules were getting quite thin and tired.

This city is well divided with water canals and trees on each side of the streets. There was a hot water spring nearby where we could go and cook our eggs. When we were ready to leave, our old companion Pierre CARTIER decided to spend the winter with the Mormons, and we would meet him the next summer in California.

After crossing the Bear River we camped for the night, and while having supper quite a few Indians and their squaws came near our camp fire. While we were eating, an Indian woman, without the least bit of embarrassment, prepared water while being nearly nude, except for a few grass mats to cover part of her nudity.

At Gooseberry Creek we all took turns and went hunting for ducks, while being careful not to lose sight of the wagons that kept moving. All of a sudden we spotted a bunch of Indians coming out of the bushes and running very fast towards our wagons to steal provisions. With one loud whistle, everybody ran back to their wagons to stop the Indians and save our provisions. We got there just in time, as they were already beginning to take some out. We didn't shoot them, but we did beat them up pretty good.

After a two day march on the same creek following this escapade, as

we were taking our noon day lunch, we saw two men coming from a distance. Some thought they were Indians, others were saying that they were white. As they came closer, we saw that they were white. As there was danger from the Indians, we waited for them to catch up to us. And sure enough, they were two Germans that we had previously met on the prairie. They had left their wagons because their provisions had run out. The Indians had not only taken what was left, but they had also taken about half their scalps. They stayed with us for quite a while and we fed them to save their lives. Thank God that we had enough for ourselves and them.

Further down the same creek we came to a place where we found three men lying in the grass. Hesitating to get closer, fearing that there might be more about, we prepared our guns, ready to fire. Getting close to them, we spoke. But they did not answer because they were weak from not having had any food or drink for quite a while. They were so weak that they could not drag themselves to the creek for a drink.

It was early afternoon, and still too early to make camp for the night; but to save the lives of the men who had been robbed of their provisions and hair, we decided to camp. While we were unhitching the mules, others made a fire to boil some rice for the three men whose tongues were swollen. After the rice was boiled, we gave them water and a little to eat. Towards evening, they started to try to talk, and a little later they could make themselves understood. The next morning, they were much better and could tell us of their adventure. The Indians had stolen everything — provisions and scalps. For a few days they had survived on rosebuds. We took them to California. When we parted, they thanked us for all what we had done for them, and told us that if they ever made money they would repay us for our troubles. But we never met again, each going his own way.

When we arrived at Humboldt Sink, we camped for the night and cut some grass to feed our mules. We also needed to get a good supply of water since we had 40 miles of desert ahead of us. This trip would have to be made at night because of the intense heat during the day. At 10 o'clock the next morning we still had 12 miles to travel in this shifting sand. Having little food and no water for us or the mules, and with the intense heat taking its toll on both the men and the animals, we decided to stop for two hours. Three of us walked two miles to a small lake to fetch some water, while the others prepared dinner. In the desert we saw many animals dead from starvation, thirst, and fatigue. These animals' bodies were swollen.

We could also see where some immigrants were so starved that they had sliced meat off their oxen. When the animals were too exhausted to go on, the people would just abandon everything — animals, wagons, harnesses, etc.; and take their blankets and provisions, bundling this on their backs, so as to try to make it to the Carson River, where there was good water.

After our two-hour rest, we started walking to arrive early that night at a little village located on the Carson River. The village was built only of canvas

tents. There was much good grazing, so we rested ourselves and our animals. After a few days rest at *Rag Town*, we continued our journey and soon arrived at some mines. We stopped only for a short time to watch the miners work and then continued on our way. Upon arriving at the foot of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, we camped for the night. The next day we had to try to cross the Sierras and the route was rocky and plenty of planning was needed so as not to damage our wagons on the big rocks. Not being able to cross over in one day, we camped on the summit near Lake Bigler. In a small valley of the mountain, near the lake, there was lots of perpetual snow where the sun rarely shined. The snow was more than twenty feet deep. To descend the mountain on the California side, the trail was rather good. Arriving at the bottom of the mountain, we were amazed to see such big trees. We measured an oak that was 17 feet at the base, one cedar measured 9 feet, and a pine was ten feet.

Arriving at the Valley of the Strawberries, we stopped for an instant so we could contemplate the beauty of the Sierras, which we had just descended. The panorama was magnificent; and here and there on the small ridges, the foliage of all colors really stood out against the peaks of the mountains.

We arrived at Log Town, El Dorado County, California on the first of October, 1850. After a few days rest, we had to get some work. We went to see the Canadians who worked at the mines, and among them there were quite a few that we knew from before, such as Dr. Eusèbe LAROCQUE, N. COLEMAN, and others.

We were anxious to start mining, so after setting up our tents and beds, we took over a plot of land and started to work. During the first few days, we worked harder. This was because the more buckets of sand that we washed, the bigger the payment — and if we washed less, less money was made. So we washed as much as possible. Not being accustomed to this kind of work, we found it very hard. Our hands had plenty of blisters and often the skin would stick to the handle of the pick and the shovel. Once our hands hardened, we did not feel it so much and the ambition to make our fortune stopped us from griping about our little aches. Julien, Sophroni, and Isaac MARCHESSEAU worked together, and the others formed groups of two and three with other miners and worked their plots.

When autumn arrived, we all dispersed to different mining camps. In 1851, the three Marchesseau brothers went prospecting in the mines of northern California along the Yube River. We found some good prospecting at Long Bar, but the gold was so fine that it was very difficult to save enough to make some money. Not satisfied with our results, we moved further up the river to Donneyville. Here we prospected the area and mined until the autumn of 1852. Isaac MARCHESSEAU then decided to go to the gold mines in Australia. Julien went to Sacramento where he became a partner in a soda company. Sophronie stayed at the mines and opened a little store. Charet, Cartier and Prairie returned to Canada.

1853

In 1853 I started a store on the American River with Louis BLAIS of Québec. In 1854 I returned to French Town and worked the neighboring mines of southern California — Mokolumni Hill, San Andreas, Murray Creek, Camp Seco, Jackson, Amador, Indian Diggings, Volcano, Murphy's Camp, and Big Cannon. But not having found much, I returned to central California to Orlean's Flat, Forest Hill, Dutch Flat, Greenwood Valley, Georgetown, and Auburn.

California is a very pretty country with a good climate. The rainy season starts in December and generally finishes in February. During the rainy season the miners build reservoirs to preserve the water, to wash the mining ground on the slopes; and at the summit of the mountains where the water runs too fast, they make little ditches to steer the water towards the reservoir and the mining grounds.

Hunting is abundant everywhere in California — bears , deer, antelope, hare, quail, pheasant, chicken, ducks, pigeons, crane, geese, and bustard. Fish are in great abundance wherever you have running water — except where there are mines. Grain of many kinds grows abundantly. Vegetables grow lavishly everywhere, and fruits grow in abundance wherever there are trees. Also, grapes are drawing the great attention of the people; without a doubt, California will become the greatest vineyard of the Pacific coast. Wild flowers cover the mountains and prairies.

The Mexican gang of Joaquin has been the terror of California for two years. They rob, kill, and burn houses regardless of anyone, as long as there is something to steal. The authorities were incapable of stopping these bandits, so it was necessary for the people to form a vigilante committee to make war on them. The committee, with great difficulty, finally reduced the gang. The committee showed no mercy to the assassins. They hung them as soon as they caught them. The decisive coup was at the Feather River where the Mexicans went to rob the Feather Company. The miners heard that Joaquin's gang was planning to rob the company that night. After supper, the miners made a big fire and laid their blankets nearby to make the bandits think that the miners were asleep by the fire. Meanwhile they hid in the bushes on the side of the hill and kept their rifles ready for the bandits that were on the other side of the river.

During the night the bandits rode around the fire and fired on the blankets, believing the miners to be sleeping there. To their great surprise, the miners came out of hiding and fired on the gang, killing 27 of them, including their leader. The rest of the gang fled in the direction of Mexico.

Joaquin's crimes were allegedly acts of vengeance against the Americans for the cruelties and insults that the Americans had committed against him and his wife. The Americans had insulted his wife and driven them away from their little ranch. They tied Joaquin to a tree and flogged him. After he was released, he vowed vengeance against the Americans. But for Joaquin, it did not matter who he robbed and killed. He stopped anyone on the roads that passed his way; be they American, French, German, English, Irish, or any other nation-

ality. He made no distinctions.

It is told that one day he met a Frenchman who had a blanket on his back and who was on his way to a new mining camp. Joaquin stopped him and demanded his money. The man told Joaquin that he had but five dollars, and with that he had to reach a certain place. Joaquin searched the Frenchman and found that he was telling the truth. He took five dollars from his own pocket, gave it to the Frenchman, and told him that if he ever met him again without money, he would kill him. He told him that a man has no business travelling without money in his pocket.

The Indians of California are very dirty and lazy. They live by hunting and fishing. They also eat locusts. To catch a quantity of locusts, a bunch of Indians will get together and find a hole with water in it. Then fanning out in the prairie, with branches in hand they drive the locusts toward the water hole. Once the locusts are wet they cannot fly, and the Indians gather them up and put them in pouches, then they crush them with fruits or meat and eat them.

1858

We left for the new discoveries on the Frazer River, British Columbia. We were many together to protect ourselves from the Indians. The distance from San Francisco was 1500 miles. From San Francisco, we went by steamer up to Victoria, then from Victoria to Bellingham Bay, also by steamer. At What Come we camped for many days, waiting for low water on the Frazer River. We brought our canoes to cross over the Strait of Georgia and go up the Frazer River by rope — because the current was so strong that it was nearly impossible to row, and this way we could go faster.

Upon reaching Fort Anglais we had to camp for three weeks, while waiting for the water to calm down. This made our rope pulling easier. Our intention was to go as far up the river as possible, because in the first mines there was already too many people. For this reason we took the route by Harrison and Lilonette. One day before arriving at the portage, the river was very narrow and the water rushing against big rocks caused our canoe to tip over and we lost everything we had. Our two companions in the canoe (one to steer and the other to keep the nose of the canoe facing the river bank) both nearly drowned. One of them was caught in an eddy. With the help of a good cable we hauled him ashore without any harm. The other was thrown on a sandbar by the current and we saved him also without injury, save the fright. Since we were quite a few in our group, those that had escaped the dangers offered us provisions at a dollar a pound, and with these we reached the mines. At the Thirty-Mile Portage we hired some Indians to help us bundle and carry our supplies. We paid them with some thread, some needles, and tobacco.

When we arrived at the lake that we had to cross, we hired an Indian chief. Instead of coming himself, he sent his wife to steer the canoe to the other end of the lake and then bring it back to their camp. The squaw was pretty and knew how to handle the canoe to perfection. While going up the

Harrison River we heard a noise in the bushes. We went to see since we believed that it was a bear. But instead of a bear, it was a squaw having a baby by herself. After having seen what it was, we retired rapidly so an not to disturb this poor savage woman. This was proof to us of the rumors that these savages have their babies by themselves, except in extraordinary cases.

Between the lake and Lilonette there was a portage of two miles. For this portage we hires some Indians to help us not only with the portage, but also to cross the lake that was before us.

Before reaching Frazer River there was still another portage from the lake to the river.. Arriving at the river, we camped on a large plateau and a little higher than us was a little river which drained into the Frazer. This smaller river was called the Kridge. Here was a camp of savages. They were quite numerous and had been quite insolent toward the miners who had arrived before us. They had gone to the miners and forced them to make meals for them. After the Indians had eaten their fill, they spit in the miners' faces.

As we arrived near the miners on the Frazer River, they came to our camp and told us of their troubles with the Indians. They didn't dare turn against them because they were so few in number. After the miners told us of their troubles, we decided to let the Indians know, through an interpreter, that we wanted to see their chief. We told him that we wanted to come to an agreement that neither party would come in contact with one another; that we did not wish to harm them; and also in the same manner, we did not want the savages to do us any harm. We wanted to live in peace with them, and them with us. Also, the chief was to give orders to his people to steal nothing from the whites, and if there were any stealing by his people, there would be trouble between us. The Indians saw that we were now in great numbers, and also heard that there were 400 miners arriving soon on the other side of the river. Many among these we knew from California. They contacted us by messenger and told us that we could count on them for help to avenge the insults made upon our fellow miners if the Indians refused to live in peace.

Already the Indians were holding a council of war. We sent an interpreter to their camp, telling them to come to our camp so that we could talk this thing over. The Indians asked for a day to answer us — and decide whether they would fight or make peace. The next day, three chiefs arrived with an interpreter, and we made peace with them. This done, we gave them little presents to show our friendship and goodwill. We gave them tobacco, thread, needles, etc., and since that day we have all lived in peace. One of the chiefs told us that if any of his braves stole from us, to shoot them, and that if any of the whites did anything wrong to his people, they would do the same. So the rules were the same for Indian and white, and everybody stayed in their place.

During the autumn, meat became scarce, and the miners were forced to buy horse meat in order to survive. Provisions were also becoming rare, and the miners pondered what to do in order to last the winter. Everyone deprived

themselves to make the provisions last as long as possible. To save the bacon that we had, we sometimes had to eat horse meat, mules, dogs, and even dried meat. On Christmas day we tried to buy provisions from miners who came from Caribou Mines, but with no success. Many among us decided to return to California. Upon arriving at Victoria to take the boat for California, quite a few changed their minds and decided to spend the winter in Victoria, and in the spring, return to the mines they had left.

1863

We got news that miners had found gold in Montana. Since I still had the gold fever, along with the excitement of a new discovery; I decided to go. But first I would return to Canada to visit my parents which I had not seen for thirteen years; and then come back to Montana by way of the Missouri River.

On my first return to Canada in 1863, I took the ship *Moses Taylor* bound for Nicaragua. We had a rather rough trip on the Pacific. The ship rocked terribly, and we always had to hang on to something to keep from crashing into something or other. One night about nine o'clock, as we were seated at the table having our supper, a sudden storm hit us and rocked the ship more and more. The boat suddenly tilted to one side, and everybody that was trying to eat fell all over the place; also the dishes and the food went flying. What a mess! We spent the whole night trying to find a comfortable place. At day break we entered the harbor at Acapulco, Mexico. We stayed there a few hours to clean up the mess of the previous night and to get some new dishes and provisions that we needed. This done, we continued on our way.

Today the sea was calm and quiet. Sunrise and sunset on the ocean are magnificent sights. During the day while at sea, we played cards and fished to pass the time. We watched the albatross, big birds that follow ships, and sometimes we would hear a shout from some passenger, "Whale, whale!" Then another cry of "Shark!" All this helped to pass the time. The big fish, such as the spouting fish, whales, porpoise, etc., seem to play a lot during the day. They leap out of the water from five to eight feet, and around 5 a.m. they seem to wake up the flying fish. These fish fly out of the water for quite a few yards, and some of them even fell aboard the ship. When the sea is calm, there are many beautiful sights to keep the passengers occupied. But when the sea is rough, there is no fun. Everybody feels sick and ready to vomit; and with many, the worry is that the ship might sink. Then nobody thinks about the beautiful sights.

Arriving at the port of Nicaragua, we got some mules to travel the twelve miles to Virgin Bay, through the forest of Nicaragua. Upon reaching the bay, we met Bishop Blanchette who was returning from Canada with quite a few nuns and young priests on their way to the missions of Oregon. They took the mules to get the boat we had just left to take them as far as San Francisco, and we were to take their boat to go down the San Juan River, and there we would take the boat for New York.

At Virgin Bay we took one meal. The natives told us we were eating wild turkeys, but it was really crow — and

hard as a rock. Towards evening we went aboard the boat and had a good meal. It took us all night to go down the San Juan River and into the bay. Just before noon, we arrived at the big boat. It was so windy that we had a hard time transferring from one boat to the other. The river was full of crocodiles, and the passengers amused themselves by firing at them, but they could not hurt them at all. One of our passengers (a little drunk) fell into the water, and by the time we could pull him out, a crocodile had eaten one of his legs. A little worm — chiggers — as big as a hair, goes through your shoe, lodges itself in your foot, then deposits its eggs. Then we have to cut the skin to get it out of there.

At the mouth of the San Juan River where our boat was anchored, the wind was blowing so hard up the river that the sand was being washed up the channel. This made it impossible for our boat to get out to the sea. We stayed there for four days before we were able to get out. It was necessary for all the passengers to pull the cables, which were arranged in such a way as to rock the boat and help it slide through the sand in the channel. During our four days in this place we amused ourselves by fishing, picking up crocodile eggs, shells, etc. Others spent the day catching many pretty fish and baby crocodiles. Crocodiles bury their eggs in about two inches of sand to make them hatch. Many of our passengers had the bright idea to go hunt wild pigs in the forest. As soon as the pigs spotted the hunters, they took off after them. The hunters, overtaken by fright, turned and ran as fast as they could to get out of the woods. A few had to climb trees to escape from these mad beasts who would have no trouble chewing them up.

One day, we stopped at a place called Gray Town, which was under the British flag. It was extremely hot there. The houses are made of bamboo so the air can pass through, and the people sleep on mats. The fancy attire there is sandals.

On the fourth day we lifted anchor and sailed for Cuba. The weather was nice, and with a favorable wind we were making 18 knots. We entered the port at Havana and stayed one day. Havana is a very pretty city and so is the rest of the island. All Spanish. On account of the heat the streets are narrow, so they can get more shade. The women are prettier than the men. Matanza (in the interior of Cuba) is a very pretty place and very wholesome.

From Cuba we sailed nonstop to New York. After two days of rest, and to visit the city a little, our little group left for the country of our birth — Canada. There we separated and everybody went to rejoin their families.

During my visit I was attracted by new discoveries of gold in St. François de la Beauce. In the summer of 1864 I spent time at these mines and while there I met a few miners from California. They, like me, had returned to Canada to visit their parents before going to Montana to make their fortunes.

1865

In the Spring of 1865, I left with quite a number of Canadians from St. Jean, St. Athanase, and Acadia for St. Louis. There we took the boat to go up

the Missouri River up to Fort Benton, and from Fort Benton we took wagons to reach the gold mines. Our first stop would be at Helena. Here the mines were fairly rich.

During our boat trip on the Missouri we had a lot of fun. We were quite numerous, so when the boat was sailing we played cards, dominos, checkers, and chess. From time to time we could see buffalo, antelopes, bears, wolves, and some Indians. At times there were so many buffalo in the water that the Captain had to stop the boat. If he had tried to pass, we would have hit this mass of buffalo and damaged the boat. This is where the fun began. The passengers would fire their pistols at them and others would go ashore to capture buffalo calves. When the boat would stop to take on wood (this usually lasted two hours), some of the passengers would stand guard; others would fish, have foot races; or go to shore and shoot wolves.

At the upper end of the Missouri there are many rapids, and sometimes they are difficult to navigate. When the water was too low, we had to tow the boat with ropes. But before doing this we had to unload the cargo, tie a big cable to the bow, and put a big pulley on the mast. With the help of all the passengers pulling the cable, and with a full head of steam, we finally got the boat up. The unloading of the boat was done by sailors and all the passengers who wanted to work at an hourly rate of pay. The loading was done in the same manner.

We eventually arrived at the Moria River, 12 miles below Fort Benton, where eleven wood cutters had been killed by the savages, and buried near the river. On account of the low water, we had to leave the boat at the Moria River to reach Fort Benton. Here we hired some wagons to reach Helena, which was most renown for its gold mines, especially at Last Chance Creek. On June 26 we arrived at Helena during a big hail storm. Pieces as big as the yolk of an egg were falling, and the streets were full of water.

After a few days rest, the 48 Canadians (the biggest part coming from St. Athanase) began looking for work. Many stayed at Helena, and the others left for different places. The discovery of gold at French Gulch drew many of my traveling companions. As for me, I stayed at Helena and worked at the mines for a few months before I caught mountain fever. I then had myself transported to Deer Lodge, which is a small village in a valley of the same name, and built on the river of the same name. My recovery was slow and difficult, until a friend told me that a lot of attacks of this fever were healed by eating onions. I tried this remedy, and after eating a mess of onions, I finally got rid of the fever. Once I had recovered enough to travel, I visited my friends at French Gulch.

After my visit, I returned to Helena and took a contract to bore a tunnel in the Whitelatch Union mine — a mine owned by a New York company. I was earning ten dollars a day. Then one day an officer of the company arrived from New York. He wanted to make a lot of changes to reduce the wages. Being the mine examiner for the company, Professor Hodges told be, "We have to start by you, and we will cut your wages." I told him that I did not want to work for

lower wages, that I knew the merchandising trade and that I had already bought a lot of merchandise and shipped it to Butte. This branch of business I knew, and I was sure I could make more money than here, without the risk of being killed in the mines. The professor did not want to see me leave, but I told him, "Everybody works for his own interest, you want workers at a low wage, and I want top wages. Since we can't reach an agreement, I am leaving." I left and started a store and stayed in business until I retired.

1868

In 1868 I returned to Canada to see my mother who was very ill. We were delayed coming down the Missouri River because the water was too shallow for the boat. To get over the sand bars, we had to use spars, full steam, and the passengers had to pull the boat with cables. This delay caused me to arrive too late. My mother was dead and buried when I arrived. I spent the winter in Canada, and in the Spring I returned to Montana.

In Butte, water was so scarce that nobody could work the mines, so I went to French Gulch to run a store for a few months. Later I went to Bitter Root to lend some money to the farmers, but the guarantees on the loans were not satisfactory, so I stayed there a few months. During my leave from Butte, the developments of quartz mines took place and in 1876 I returned to Butte. I built a better home of stone, and I also took Mr. Pierre VALITON as a partner. Our company was called Marchesseau & Valiton. All the while that I was in business, I went east every year to buy our merchandise, and to California to buy fruits. In 1883 we sold our business to Foster & Company.

1884

In 1884 I went to the exposition at New Orleans and stayed for the winter. This part of the country I did not like — the climate is too humid in the winter, the land is too low, the city is dirty, and the population is too mixed with Negroes. Though there were some nice things to see — nice buildings with pretty lawns; orange trees, magnolias, and many other fruit trees; and flowers in great profusion around some residences. There were many interesting points of interest around the city, such as the cemeteries, the West End, Lake Panchartrant, the Spanish fort, Shell road, the jetties, the Jackson Battle Ground, Jackson Square, the French Market, the Monaie, the sugar refinery, the monuments of Lee, Jackson, Lafayette and Washington, the churches, and the rice and cotton markets.

The city is seven feet below the level of the Mississippi River. The population is 240,000 people of every nationality. The Negro population is 40%. The New Orleans of today is not the same as before the war with the union. It isn't as prosperous as before, it is poorer and less aristocratic.

Since I sold my business, I spend my winters away from Butte, either in California or Puget Sound or other places. I return in the Spring and spend summers here, which are nice and wholesome. I have many small enterprises that give me the means to live well.

Accepted Standards of Conduct for Family History Researchers

· I will be courteous to research facility personnel.

· I will do my homework, and know what is available, and I will know what I want.

· I will dress appropriately for the records office that I am visiting.

· I will not take small children into repositories and research facilities.

· I will not approach the facility asking for "everything" on my ancestors.

· I will not expect the records custodian to listen to my family history.

· I will respect the record custodian's other daily tasks, and not expect constant or immediate attention.

· I will be courteous to other researchers and work with only a few records or books at a time.

· I will keep my voice low when conversing with others.

· I will use only designated areas for my work space.

· I will not go into off-limits areas without permission.

· I will ask for permission before using photocopy and microforms machines, and ask for assistance if needed.

· I will treat records with respect.

· I will not mutilate, rearrange, or remove from its proper custodian any printed, original, microform, or electronic record.

· I will not force splines on books or handle roughly any original documents.

· I will not use my fingertip or a pencil to follow the line of print on original materials.

· I will not write on records or books.

· I will replace volumes in their proper location and return files to the appropriate places.

· I will not leave without thanking the records custodians for their courtesy in making the materials available.

· ***I will follow the rules of the records repository without protest.***

* The above was compiled by Joy Reisinger, Certified Genealogical Records Specialist, 1020 Central Ave., Sparta, WI 54656 for the 1995 annual conference of the Federation of Genealogical Societies, Seattle. Some points were adapted from codes adopted by the Board for Certification of Genealogists and the Association of Professional Genealogists.

Quebec: Its Formative Years

by: Lucille F. Rock

Editor's Note: This article first appeared in the September 1978 issue of this publication. It is reprinted here as part of the Society's observance of its twentieth anniversary year.

The unknown has always held fascination and intrigue for many; but for a chosen few, it is a chance of adventure, to touch danger, to conquer and to prove oneself in the face of extraordinary odds. The New World, virgin territory, attracted these few, but it was not until the end of the fifteenth century that men set foot on its shores.

A few ships followed and the discovery of the plentiful schools of cod on the coast brought many fishing vessels from Europe. By 1519, the French fishing fleet numbered over one hundred ships. Through the first three decades of the sixteenth century, the eastern seaboard of North America was explored by English, Portuguese, Spanish, and French ships, but none penetrated the interior waterways.

In 1534, Jacques CARTIER was sent from France to explore the *Bay of Castles*, now called the *Strait of Belle Isle*. He arrived on 10 June and finding the coast barren and rocky, sailed southward. For the nest two months, he explored the coast and the on the fifteenth of August, set sail back to France. The following year, Cartier returned to Canada where he gave the *Ile d'Orleans* its name and also christened *Mont Royal*, which later became *Montréal*.

Meanwhile, the fishing vessels on the coast became more numerous every year and soon the fishermen became aware that they could exchange small trinkets with the native peoples for valuable furs. By the middle of the sixteenth century, vessels sailed to New France for the sole purpose of fur trading, which proved to be very lucrative.

In 1599, a monopoly of the fur trade was given to the Huguenot, Pierre CHAUVIN, with the stipulation that he would bring in fifty colonists each year to New France, as Canada was then called. In the summer of 1599, Chauvin landed sixteen men at the mouth of the Sanguanay River and left them in a small log hut. When the vessels returned the following summer, Chauvin more interested in fur profits than in colonization, didn't bring any new settlers. Only five of the sixteen he had left the summer before survived the winter, and only because they had sought refuge with friendly Indians.

Other traders, excluded from business by Chauvin's monopoly, com-

plained bitterly of favoritism. Finally, in the winter of 1602-03, a commission was appointed that recommended the admission of certain traders from Rouen and St.-Malo on the condition that they bear their share of the cost of colonization. It was also deemed advisable to survey the country in order that a favorable site be chosen for a settlement.

The survey began in 1603, when Samuel de CHAMPLAIN, a naval officer, and Du Pont GRAVE, a fur trader, explored the country. This exploration laid the foundation for what is now known as the Commonwealth of Canada. Champlain and Du Pont Grave journeyed farther into the continent than anyone else before them. They saw a land where Frenchmen could live in peace and prosperity.

As a result of the Champlain and Du Pont Grave survey, a new monopoly was granted to the company of Pierre du GUAST, Sieur de Monts, in 1604, for the span of ten years. This new grant also contained the stipulation that the company would bear the cost of colonization by sending no fewer than sixty colonists each year to New France.

The first settlement, comprised of men only, was landed in the summer of 1604 in the Bay of Fundy on the island of Ste.-Croix. The winter proved so severe for the colonists on this exposed island that the following summer, the settlement was transported across the Bay of Fundy to the harbor of *Port Royal*, now called Annapolis Basin. This part of Nova Scotia is a land of gently rolling hills and fertile soil. The buildings were erected in a square formation, so that one would protect the other against the bitter cold. However, the following winter was equally hard and the colonists were driven to seek a fishing boat that would ferry them home to France.

In the Spring of 1607, word was given to the company of Pierre du GUAST, that its monopoly had been terminated. Although this monopoly had seven remaining years, its downfall had been caused by the subterfuge of the *Hatter's Corporation* of Paris. Wishing to recoup a portion of his losses, and trusting to the advice of Samuel de CHAMPLAIN, du GUAST petitioned Henry IV and was granted a fur trading monopoly in the St. Lawrence Valley for one year.

Champlain returned to New France in 1608 and founded the city of Québec. There he constructed a trading post consisting of three small two-story buildings and a single storehouse below the cliffs. It was hoped that this excellent geographical location would give the company an advantage over the other companies in the later years of open market. It was also hoped that this would help to secure a safe passage on the St. Lawrence River, made dangerous by the warlike Iroquois.

When the monopoly ended the next year and the fur trade was opened to the merchant marine of France in the summer of 1610, so many furs were brought to the trading post that a glut in the market caused the price to drop. The situation became unbearable and traders found it impossible to get rid of even a portion of their pelts.

It soon became apparent that the

problem needed to be resolved. Champlain, suffering from a broken leg caused by a fall from his horse, spent the summer of 1612 petitioning the King's uncle, Louis de BOURBON, *Comte de Soissons*, to apply for a monopoly and to close the open market. This was granted on the condition that six families would be brought to New France every year during the life of the twelve-year contract.

The *Comte de Soissons* died a few weeks after the monopoly was granted and the holding was transferred to Henri de BOURBON, *Prince de Conde*. This monopoly, obsessed with the profits derived from the fur business, gave little thought to colonization. Only one family, that of Louis HÉBERT, was brought to New France in 1617. Two years later, the families of Abraham MARTIN and Pierre DESPORTES were brought to the colony.

In 1627, Cardinal RICHELIEU and other prominent individuals formed the *Compagnie des Cent Associes*, whose aim was to lead "the people inhabiting New France to the knowledge of God, and to instruct them in the Catholic, Apostolic, Roman religion." Although this was a well meaning plan, the company never had a chance to prove itself. Two years later, the colony fell victim to the Kirke brothers, sailing under the English flag.

At the time of this English occupation, only thirty-four people of French origin lived in the colony. They were: Marie ROLLET, widow of Louis HÉBERT; Guillaume HÉBERT; Guillaume HUBOU; Adrien DUCHESNE and his wife; Abraham MARTIN, Marguerite LANGLOIS, his wife, and their three children, Anne, Marguerite, and Hélène; Pierre DESPORTES, Françoise LANGLOIS, his wife, and their daughter, Hélène.

Also: Nicolas PIVERT, Marguerite LESAGE, his wife, and their niece; Guillaume COUILLARD, Guillemette HÉBERT, his wife, and their three children, Louise, Marguerite, and Louis.

In addition to these few families, there were eight interpreters: Etienne BRULÉ, Nicolas MARSOLLET, Thomas GODEFROY, Jean GODEFROY, François MARGUERIE, Jacques HERTEL, Jean NICOLET, and an individual known only as Gros-Jean.

Also living in the settlement were the *Sieur de Baillif*, Pierre ROYE; Froidemouche; Lecoq; and someone who was employed by Nicolas PIVERT, whose name is unknown.

On 29 March 1632, the treaty of St.-Germain-en-Laye was signed whereby the King of England returned the colony to the King of France. Although the colony was once again at peace, the monopolistic companies did little to colonize New France; despite their contracts.

To encourage colonization, immigrants were granted large parcels of land, usually in excess of one hundred acres, each having frontage on the St. Lawrence River. This frontage on the river was extremely necessary because the river afforded the inhabitants their only means of transportation.

According to the system of land tenure at that time, the rural society was

divided between the *seigneurs* or landlords, and the *censitaires* or tenants. In Canada, as in France, gentility and the possession of an estate went together. However there is an important difference between the feudalism of the mother country and the colony. In France, the peasants bore appreciable burdens during the seventeenth century, but in Canada no *censitaire* could be seriously financially crippled by the taxes or services to which he was bound.

The moderate demands of the *seigneur* may be seen from a single instance. A deed of 19 June 1694 conceded a lot of land three *arpents* in frontage by forty *arpents* in depth (about one hundred acres) "in consideration of 20 *sous* and a good live capon for each *arpent* of frontage and one *sou* of *cens*, payable at the principal manor house of the seignory on St. Martin's day of each year so long as the grantee shall occupy the land."

Besides the farmers who cultivated their fields in the valley of the St. Lawrence, New France also had a small population called *coureur de bois*. These men had adventurous spirits, laughed at danger and thrilled at discovery. They roamed the woods (thus their name), traded in beaver skins, explored the *pays-d'en-haut* (lands west of Montréal), and discovered rivers, streams, and mountains. Occasionally they served as guides and interpreters for the French and the clergy when they dealt with the Indians. Although their vices were an object of scandal to the missionaries and their lawless habits an embarrassment to the government, they were an important aspect to the settlement of the colony.

Also inhabiting the area at this time were three major tribes of the native peoples: The friendly Hurons and the Algonquins, with whom the French bartered; and the Iroquois, who were a constant menace and threat, not only to the colonists but also to other Indians.

An attempt was made in 1653 to force the Iroquois back into the forest and to protect the settlers from their savage forays. Monsieur de MAISONNEUVE, agent for the *Compagnies des Cent Associes*, hired 154 Frenchmen, mostly from the area near Fleche. These men were under contract to work in New France for five years. This endeavor, known as the *Grande Recrue* also helped to colonize the province, since many of these young men never returned to the mother country. M. de Maisonneuve selected these men carefully. He hired only young men, robust and courageous, devout Catholics, knowledgeable in warfare, and each having a skill or profession that would help the settlement of *Ville-Marie*, as Montréal was then called. They also had to be of irreproachable moral character so as not to corrupt the existing colonists. Of the 154 selected, only 105 arrived in New France; some had reneged on their contracts and others had died at sea.

This action helped to establish a semblance of peace, but did little to keep the Iroquois at bay. In the 1660s, the colonists feared annihilation by the Iroquois and pleaded with the King of France to send them support. In 1665, the famous Carrignan-Salières regiment arrived, comprising of twenty-six companies or twelve hundred men. Their brave and stunning exploits brought

peace to the colony for some time. When the regiment returned to France in 1667, approximately four hundred soldiers and thirty officers elected to remain behind and settle as colonists. The officers were granted seignories along the Richelieu River by the King and the soldiers by choice settled on the seignories of their respective officers.

Colonization was more or less promoted by the state until 1672; thereafter it was discouraged in favor of Louis XIV's plan of *European Hegemony*. During the following century there was little incentive to colonize the new territory. In the census of 1681, the population of New France had grown to a meager 9,677. In fact, it is estimated that during the French Regime only 10,000 Frenchmen immigrated to the colony. Thus, from its very beginning, the colony was badly handicapped in its long and arduous race with its southern competitors. It was not the lack of courage, resourcefulness and industry that brought the fall of New France; it was their great misfortune of having had kings who, due to lack of foresight, were more concerned with continental ambitions and royal alliances than with colonial development and sea power.

The French government had given its colony an excellent and effective system of land tenure and an equally competent judicial system. However, this was not so from 1632 to 1663, when the affairs of the colony were controlled by the Crown in France through the Company of New France. This organization was managed with an abnormal amount of ineptitude and suffered greatly through its war losses until it was finally dissolved.

However in March of 1663, Louis XIV approved the formation of a Sovereign Council in New France under the auspicious control of a governor, a bishop, an intendant, and a board of councilors which varied in number from five to twelve. The governor, who was always a noble, held the highest office in the colony. He commanded the military forces and had the authority to make judgements in matters of emergency. The intendant ordinarily belonged to the middle class and had training in law and business. The board of councilors was chosen by mutual agreement between the governor and the bishop. This council had legislative powers and also served as a court of appeal in both civil and criminal cases.

From Champlain's time, Trois-Rivières and Québec had existed as two separate governments. When Montréal was founded by M. de Maisonneuve in 1641, it became a third government. These three districts carried the names of their respective cities and after 1663, each had its own civil and judicial organization. Québec had a provost court, while Trois-Rivières and Montréal had civil and criminal courts organized in the same fashion as Québec's provost court. The judicial system of these three districts functioned so well that neither the governor nor the Sovereign Council interfered with their authority except in cases of appeal.

The Catholic Church and the judicial system of New France cannot be separated. The Church was supported by the government and the government was run by some members of the clergy. The judicial system served judgement not only in criminal cases, but also in

matters of morality as defined by the Church. Court decisions always mentioned the church and fines levied were payable to the King as well as to the Church.

Following are two examples which prove not only the bond between church and state, but also the severity of seventeenth century justice.

On 8 November 1679, Charles CATIGNON was accused and found guilty of having used blasphemous language during a dice game. The game took place with the Sieur de Repentigny at the home of Pierre NOLAN on the previous 4th or 5th of October. A fine of two hundred *livres* was assessed against him in the following manner: Fifty *livres* to the Recollets (a reformed order of Franciscans), fifty *livres* to the religious of the *Hôtel-Dieu* (hospital), fifty livres to the poor of the *Hôtel-Dieu*, fifty *livres* to the King, plus court costs.

During Lent in 1670, Louis GABOURY ate meat, which was forbidden by Lenten regulations. He was reported by his neighbor, Etienne BEAUFILS. On 26 October of that year, Gaboury appeared in court and was found guilty. He was sentenced to be tied to the public post for three hours. He was then to be led bareheaded (a sign of disgrace) to the chapel at Ile d'Orleans, where he was to be made to kneel with hands clasped and beg God and the King, and the courts of justice for forgiveness of his sin. He was then fined twenty *livres*, payable to his parish charity. Additionally, he was forced to give the witness against him a cow as well as the profits of one year's work.

Finding this sentence harsh, Gaboury appealed to the Sovereign Council. On 1 December 1670, the council voided his original sentence. They fined him sixty *livres* to be awarded to his accuser in lieu of the cow and year's profit. He was also fined an additional twenty-five *livres*, to be divided equally between the poor and the King.

Although the Church was an integral part of the colonists' existence and had almost absolute authority over them, the two lived in harmony except for a few inconsequential instances.

With an effective seignorial land tenure system, good courts of justice and hardly any taxation, New France possessed an absolute and centralized administration. Its annals are adorned with noble deeds and its life represents a characteristic form of civilization.

A democracy cannot exist as a permanent form of government. It can only exist until a majority of voters discover that they can vote themselves largess out of the public treasury.

—Alexander Tyler, eighteenth-century Scottish historian

Jean De Brebeuf
1593-1649

by: Robert P. Goudreau

Editor's Note: This article first appeared in the September 1979 issue of this publication. It is reprinted here as part of the Society's observance of its twentieth anniversary year.

Of all the Jesuit martyrs in French Canada during the seventeenth century, the name of Père Jean DE BRÉBEUF stands out above the rest.

A man of excessive humility, he devoted his entire life to the strenuous task of missionary work among the Huron peoples. His prayers were that God might chose him to spend his strength and to give his life for the salvation of their souls. He worked and toiled under painful burdens, yet never showed a sign of regret or disappointment. His external actions reflected his internal beliefs, feelings and thoughts.

How he arrived at these convictions and fulfilled his goals represents the theme of this work.

Jean DE BRÉBEUF was born in the northern French province of Normandy on 25 March 1593. About his childhood and young manhood, he left us no reminiscence, and no other information is available. It is known that he was born into a manorial family of landowners and farmers, enriched with Norman heritage.

During this period, France was laboring under a constant struggle between the Huguenot *Condés* and the Catholic *Guises*. Despite the rampant Calvinism in their part of Normandy, the Brébeuf family defiantly remained Catholic. To Jean DE BRÉBEUF, his family's racial heritage and their undeviating devotion to their faith always remained a source of great pride[1].

In accordance with his family's status and because of his own inclinations to become either a lawyer or a priest, he sought a higher education by attending the University at Caen. Here he became interested in the Society of Jesus. The Jesuits were, in this period, the most explosive topic of debate. They were hated, feared, and attacked by the Huguenots while at the same time were loved, lauded and patronized by the traditional Catholics. Emotions rise quickly in a religious conflict and this may have influenced his crusading spirit as a young man. In the end, whatever compulsive ambition led him on is a matter of speculation. The only certainty remains the fact that at the age of twenty-four, he applied for admission to the Society of Jesus.

Exceptionally tall, somewhat lean,

but broad-shouldered and well built, Brébeuf often became too conscious of his bulk and strength and would pun of being *"un vrai boeuf,"* a real ox. Yet he became emotionally, intellectually and spiritually aroused. He developed an excessive humility, which he felt to be a true sense of his utter unworthiness.

In the course of his studies he contracted pneumonia and later tuberculosis. During his illness, his superiors deemed it advisable that he should be consecrated a priest before he died[2]. Almost miraculously, he recuperated. During his recovery he became the treasurer of the College at Rouen in 1623. Because of this position, he became not only cognizant of, but involved in the whole business and financial life of the city. It also gave him the opportunity to become acquainted with two Recollet missionaries who had just returned from New France. Père Irénée PIAT (two years at Québec) and Pére Gabriel SAGARD-THÉODAT (one year with the Hurons) told him of the desperate needs of the Recollets. They could not carry on the labor of converting the savages while battling against the mercenary trading companies. Père Irénée also carried a secret report to the Recollet Provincial in Paris which recommended that the Jesuits be invited to join them in the missionary field[3].

Père Gabriel's experiences with the Hurons greatly inspired Brébeuf. They were a totally distinct racial stock from the other native peoples in the area. The Hurons were a sedentary people who cultivated corn and lived in permanent houses in palisaded towns. They could be the key to saving thousands of souls in the New World.

In his interview with Père Coton, the Recollet Provincial, Brébeuf volunteered to go to New France as a missionary to the Hurons. As a boy, the sagas of the Norman fishermen in the New World probably encouraged him; and as a novice, thoughts of dangerous missions in the name of the Church also probably attracted him. Yet, his chances of acceptance were slim. A Jesuit for only seven years, and a priest only three, and that by accident, Jean DE BRÉBEUF was astonished when he learned that his request had been granted.

In his personal diary, Père Coton provides us with an insight as to why he unexpectedly chose the young Norman: "For so high an enterprise was required an accomplished man, and especially one of eminent holiness. This is what he did not see in himself, but what all who have known him have always admired in him. A virtue which seemed natural to him."[4]

Along with fellow Jesuit priests Charles LALEMANT and Ennemond MASSÉ, he represented the first solid thrust made by Jesuits to spiritually conquer New France. After a voyage lasting some three months, the weary Jesuits finally reached Québec on 15 June 1625.

The Recollet Superior, Père Joseph LE CARON, aided the Jesuits in establishing themselves in New France. At the same time he had discouraging news for Brébeuf. The Hurons were reluctant to take such a big man as Père Jean in their small canoes. But they did promise to take *Echon*[5] with them the following year.

Despite his keen disappointment, Brébeuf decided to stay with a family of Montagnais for the winter, as the interpreters had done. Living with them as they lived, he would gain a clearer insight into their minds. The winter of 1625-26 was spent in the lofty foothills above the St. Lawrence River, searching among the uncharted streams for beaver. Within the cabins, the sickening stench of dirty bodies, stale food, excrement, freshly skinned furs, dogs, and the smoke from the fire of wet wood were more nauseating than the fresh air was cruel. Despite the ordeal, he felt a stronger determination to do all for God, to give of himself.

In the Spring of 1626 he was finally able to set out for the Huron country. His companion, Père DE NOUE, provided a good account of Brébeuf's nature: "His humility caused him to embrace with more love, more joy and more natural inclination, the humblest and most painful duties."[6]

Despite the discomforts, Brébeuf was overjoyed to begin his apostolate. His first and most important step in their evangelization was that of mastering the Ouendat language. Then they had to familiarize themselves with the customs of these natives, their beliefs, and understand their myriad forms of superstition.

With persistent, inexorable enthusiasm he labored through his second winter to master the language. In his studies he was puzzled as how he could express abstract and spiritual concepts. The Huron vocabulary was limited to specialized, concrete, and material things that they knew through their senses.

Beginning his third year (1628), *Echon* was the only priest in the area. He had little companionship but many contentions with Etienne BRULÉ and the French agents who used his cabin as their headquarters. His consolation, however, was with the Hurons. He had progressed far enough in the language that he could converse with them, and during the coming year he intended to press forward more vigorously in instructing them. The hardships and strenuous work did not crush him, only his own personal failures bothered him.

During the summer a severe drought plagues the area near Toânche, where he was residing. The wrath of the people turned on the sorcerers and they begged *Echon* to make rain. After instructing them in the meaning of the cross, he invited them to venerate it. The Hurons, each in turn, kissed the crucifix and he related that "they did so well that, on the very same day, God gave rain and in the end a plentiful harvest, as well as a profound admiration for the Divine power."[7] To the Hurons, this marked the beginning of a profound admiration for *Echon*.

At the end of May, 1629, he received a letter from Québec ordering him to find means of returning at the earliest time possible. His dreams were shattered. Instead of the new missionaries that he expected would come, he had to abandon his Hurons just at the time when they were prepared to accept the word of God.

The temporary rule of the English in New France brought to an end the first

labor of Jean DE BRÉBEUF among his Hurons. The next three years were spent in France, undergoing private spiritual directions for his final vows. Some of his personal notes reveal the intimate feelings which motivated his actions: "I feel within myself an overpowering desire of suffering something for Christ ... do with me harshly, Lord, according to Thy heart ... that I might be the future apostle of Canada, if I should respond to you."[8] Once again his persistent sense of self abasement is reflected upon.

Not until March, 1633 did *Echon* return to his mission. His reputation forced him to settle at Ihonatiria in order to be easily accessible to his growing number of followers. Centrally located between the Cord and Rock nations, Ihonatiria proved to be dangerously near the menacing Iroquois nation.

The toil, vigil, sorrow and patience experienced by Brébeuf soon gathered in a small harvest. Even those who did not embrace the faith acknowledged the strength of his preachings. He had won the respect of the strongest warriors by his own great height, strength, and endurance, as well as by his wisdom, courage and determination. Eventually *Echon* was raised to a position of Chief of Council for the Rock nation. As consulter of the Huron Mission, Père Jean was able to send an extremely optimistic report to Rome in June 1648: "Christianity makes very satisfactory progress, the Christians increasing more and more not only in number but also in virtue."[9]

In reality this proved to be the culmination of the Jesuit success with the Hurons. Too many obstacles were placed in their path. The depopulation of the region, the hatred expressed by the infidel Hurons, and finally the traditional enemy, the Iroquois; each played a role in the eventual doom of the mission.

The end came in March of 1649 when the village of St.-Ignace fell to the invading Iroquois. Captured along with some sixty Christian Hurons was Père Jean. The triumph of the fiendish and impious Iroquois agonized his soul more than their cruelty could afflict his body. He knew the code, what they expected of him, what he might expect from them. On their part, they must burn and slash him and otherwise torment him, until they beat down his courage. On his part, he resolved to beg God to convert them from their savagery and to forgive them for their satanic cruelties.

Echon continued to exalt his fellow captives while being tortured. Angered to insanity by his defiance, the Iroquois became frantic because they could not find a weakness in him. The hideous tortures and torments inflicted upon his body were too numerous to mention. After some thirty hours of torture, Père Jean died on Tuesday, 16 March 1649.

It appeared also as if God had determined to put an end to the mission of the Hurons at the same time that He put an end to the life of its founder. With his death began the irreparable ruin of the Huron nation. Within ten years the once mighty confederacy of the Ouendats was obliterated from the area.

No greater tribute to Père Jean can be given than that expressed by his con-

temporaries. They revered him as a saint, and they molded themselves according to his spirit. They were daily witnesses of his austerities and self-chastisement and his trust in God regarding all happenings. Père François Bressani's *Relation* of 1653 indicated the true worth of an individual such as Brébeuf: "Père Jean DE BRÉBEUF was the first who carried the Gospel to those regions, and having found on his arrival not one Christian, at his death left more than seven or eight thousands."[10]

Père Jean believed and practices his faith to such an extent that his whole life reflected its greatest merits.

NOTES:

[1]POULIOT, Léon, S.J., *Étude sur les Rélations des Jésuits de la Nouvelle-France* (Montreal: Collège Sainte-Marie, 1940, p. 24.)
[2]*Rapport de l'Archivist de la Province de Québec*, (Collège de Sainte-Marie, Montréal: Collection Studia, March 1940, Vol. V, P. 75.)
[3]CAMPBELL, T. J., S.J., *Pioneer Priests of North America, 1642-1710*, (New York: American Press, 1910, p. 75.)
[4]*Étude sur les Rélations...*, p. 37.
[5]This is a corruption of the name *Jean* by the Hurons, according to Joseph Donnelly in *Twaites' Jesuit Relations, Errata and Addenda*, (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1967, p. 72.)
[6]CARAYON, Auguste, S.J., *Première Mission des Jesuits au Canada, Lettres et Documants Inédits*, (Paris: L'Ecureux, 1864, p. 297.) Translated from the original French.
[7]THWAITES, Reuben G., *The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*, (Cleveland: Burrows Brothers, 1899, Volume X, p. 72.)
[8]CHILD, Philip, *The Noble Army of Martyrs in Huronia*, (*University of Totonto Quarterly*, Spring 1935, p. 49.)
[9]POULIOT, Léon, S.J., *Les Saints Martyrs Canadiens*, (Montréal, Editions Bellarmin, 1949, p. 163.) Translated from the original French.
[10]THWAITES, *The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*, (Volume XXXIX, p. 259.)

A child who lives with criticism learns to condemn.
A child who lives with hostility learns to fight.
A child who lives with fear learns to be apprehensive.
A child who lives with pity learns self pity.
A child who lives with encouragement learns confidence.
A child who lives with praise learns to be appreciative.
A child who lives with acceptance learns to love.
A child who lives with recognition learns to have a goal.
A child who lives with fairness learns justice.
A child who lives with honesty learns what truth is.
A child who lives with friendliness learns that the world is a nice place in which to live.

Remember The Surcouf

by: Maurice Labelle

Longtime area residents of French or Belge ancestry may remember the announcement in April, 1942 of the mysterious sinking of the world's largest submarine — the Free French Surcouf — whose crewmen occasionally visited relatives and friends in French–speaking area of New England and Canada.

The Surcouf, with its 139–man crew, was reported sunk with all hands on 18 February 1942, but wartime secrecy delayed the announcement, which finally appeared in the New York Times on 19 April 1942.

Many ugly rumors surfaced with the sinking of the Free French Navy. A cloud hovered over the Surcouf and its crew following the sudden capitulation of France to Nazi Germany in 1940 after the bulk of the French and British armies were cut off from the rest of France by Hitler's Panzers. There followed the heroic and miraculous escape from Dunkirk of a large contingent of British, French and Belge soldiers.

The Surcouf escaped to England, but an unfortunate jurisdictional fight broke out between British authorities and some of the Surcouf 's crewmen while the giant sub was docked in Portsmouth. A small number of casualties resulted before order was restored and the sub's officers and crew were subsequently placed under Free French rather than direct British control.

The 4,304–ton cruiser–submarine Surcouf boasted twin eight–inch guns mounted in turret, ten torpedo tubes and its patrol aircraft stored in a deck hangar, Larger than a destroyer, it had a top speed of 16 knots, a range of 12,000 miles and could operate for up to three months without refueling.

For two years, Surcouf was assigned to help protect convoys plying the German U–boat–infested North Atlantic and would make port in Halifax, Nova Scotia or at various New England naval bases to resupply and give leave to its crewmen.

I was a boy of 15 when I first saw the crewmen of the Surcouf on their visits to Woonsocket families of French and Belge origin. Clad in their blue, white and red uniforms, topped by red pom-poms atop their hats, the enlisted men cut a colorful figure. Though I never spoke to any of them, they were occasionally entertained by our neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Westphal and their daughter, Madeline, of 92 Cote Avenue. *(Volume 19 No. 2, Autumn 1996)* Cote Avenue at that time was home to several French and Belge fami-

lies.

It was my uncle, a career U.S. Navy petty officer residing in Woonsocket, who in early 1942 revealed to my father, the late George Labelle, a retired navy World War I veteran, that the Surcouf had been sunk under mysterious and ugly circumstances, presumably while on patrol in the North Atlantic. It is safe to say now that my uncle undoubtedly broke wartime secrecy laws by revealing that the Surcouf had been sunk, but he probably felt that it would go no further,

Back in the summer of 1941, my uncle had revealed an even more startling bit of news — that the U.S. Navy was engaged in an undeclared war with Germany, attacking and sinking German submarines while convoying British merchant ships in the North Atlantic. Germany retaliated by attacking American naval warships, provoking angry responses from the Roosevelt Administration and denials that the U.S. Navy was depth-charging German subs. It would be years later that historians would confirm the undeclared war with Germany that preceded the December 7, 1941 Japanese sneak attack on Pearl Harbor and which brought the United States officially into World War II. There followed an exchange of war declarations between Germany and Italy and the United States as well as Japan

It is no secret that, although the British and French have fought on the same side in two wars against Germany, old rivalries, religious differences, envy, jealousies and condescending attitudes, tarnished the relationship between the two allies.

The French, who had heroically held off the German invaders with British help in World War I, were humiliated by their sudden defeat in 1940. Although the bulk of the French Army had been interned by the Nazis and held hostage, its navy, mainly in North Africa, was largely untouched and large forces of French and French colonial troops remain in Africa and the Far East. A conflict resulted between Frenchmen led by World War I hero, Marshall Henri Philippe Petain, who, sought to abide by the terms of surrender to the Germans, and the Free French, who chose to continue the fight against Hitler.

The British, under Winston Churchill, fearful that the bulk of the French navy would fall into Axis hands, attacked their ships while still in African ports. Dozens of French ships, including battleships, aircraft carriers, cruisers and smaller ships were sunk or damaged and thousands of French sailors killed and wounded in the attacks. Even so, the Free French, who eventually rallied under General Charles De Gaulle, formed a formidable army in North Africa which would join in the liberation of the European continent from Nazi control.

As to the Surcouf, compromises in command were made and, to facilitate language communication problems and suspicions of loyalty, the French eventually agreed to have three British seamen on board the Surcouf. In the early years of World War II, before the entry of the U.S., the Surcouf plied the North Atlantic, helping to provide protection to convoys and ferrying vitally needed supplies to the embattled British.

The Surcouf's crew paid frequent visits to relatives and friends in Woonsocket and other New England and Canadian cities with large French-speaking populations during this period. The announcement that the Surcouf had been lost mysteriously, followed by all sorts of ugly rumors, was a shock to Americans who had come to know some of the crewmen.

The Surcouf's location off the San Blas Island when it disappeared in the Caribbean Sea and its failure to report to its next destination provides proof that it was not sunk in the North Atlantic. It was, in fact, approaching the Panama Canal on route to the Pacific where it would have found more lucrative targets.

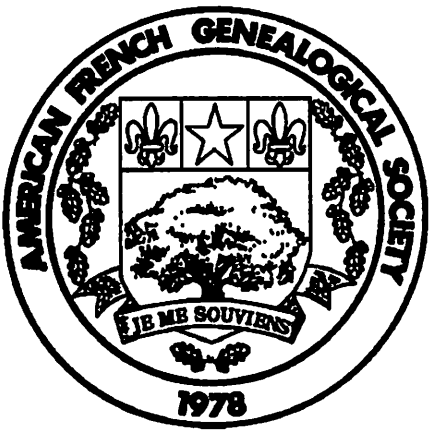
Surcouf and its crew met their fate, not as the result of enemy action, nor the unconscionable rumor that it had been destroyed by two American subs (scrapped 20 years earlier) , but by an unfortunate nighttime collision with the American freighter, Thompson Lykes. Its captain, Pierre Blaison, was preparing to transverese the Canal when Surcouf collided at night with the merchant vessel.

There were no survivors. Captain Blaison and a total of 139 French and three British crewman have been entombed in the Surcouf lying in 2,000 feet of water since that fearful day in 1942.

British author, James Rushbridger, who wrote, "Who Sank Surcouf?" London: Century. 1991, concluded after investigating and repeating all the submarine and its crew, that none were true and, unfortunately, that its heroes were not accorded the recognition and honors that they deserved.

Perhaps some day, utilizing available technology such as that which led to the discovery of the Titanic, the wreck of that fateful submarine and its crew may be found, burying the ugly rumors once and for all.

Genealogy—where you confuse the dead and irritate the living.
A job is nice but it interferes with genealogy.
"Give me your tired, your poor..." Hey, they're genealogists!
Research: What I'm doing when I don't know what I'm doing.
Whoever said "seek and you shall find" wasn't a genealogist.
To a genealogist, everything is relative and a relative is everything.
I only work on genealogy on days that end in Y.
Don't be afraid, cemetery ghosts are only genealogists with lanterns.
Genealogist: Always in search of a good dead man!
Floor: The place for storing your priceless genealogy records.
When I'm real old, I'm gonna kick this genealogy habit.
A single fact can spoil a good genealogy.
If you're not confused, you're not paying attention.
A well-written life is as rare as a well-spent one.



These spaces are reserved for your ad!
Over 1500 copies of this publication are mailed to AFGS members in the U.S., Canada, and Europe; including over 200 libraries and genealogical/historical societies.
Your advertisement will be seen by thousands of people in your market.

Full page — $50.00
Half page — $25.00
Quarter page — $12.50

Above rates are for camera-ready copy, and are payable in U.S. funds.

Other Wars, Other Valois

by: John Valois

Editor's Note: This article first appeared in two parts in the January and September 1979 issues of this publication. This apparently unfinished work was meant to be continued after the second part. Unfortunately, no other installments appear. This article is reprinted here as part of the Society's observance of its twentieth anniversary year.

The War for American Independence

Through accident of birth, the Valois family served on the wrong side during the American Revolution. Or did they? The year long bicentennial celebration that took place in the United States in 1976 served to reinforce the truism that history is usually the winners' version of their achievements; the truth is something else again.

In this regard, historians have effectively challenged the longstanding view that George III and his regime were the hard-nosed tyrants that Boston's Sam ADAMS, extremist leader and firebrand propagandist, painted them to be.

It was Adams who successfully engineered the 1773 Boston Tea Party, the first of the defiant acts that generated eight years of war with England.[1]

One prominent voice of reason on this side of the Atlantic, pretty much forgotten today, belonged to Joseph GALLOWAY (ca. 1731-1803). Loyalist, attorney, and Pennsylvania colony assemblyman, he recognized that both factions had justifiable grievances and sought to resolve a growing discord by peaceful, legal means.[2]

Galloway presented a two-fold resolution, calling for a new American constitution, linked with compromise measures, to the First Continental Congress convening at Philadelphia in September of 1774. Incidentally, the term *Continental* was coined in a luckless attempt to attract a delegation from Canada.

The Pennsylvanian's proposal was rejected by a narrow vote; instead, the delegates authorized preparation of a Declaration of Rights and Grievances to be sent to the London Parliament.

Further discussion on the subject was tabled until the Second Congress, scheduled to get under way the following May. The opening battles of the revolution intervened three weeks before that meeting.[4]

These differences also stood a good chance of being arbitrated by the

Prime Minister, Lord Frederick NORTH (1732-1797). His resolution of 20 February 1775 proposed suspension of the king's unpopular tax laws in every colony which paid the cost of its own civil administration and contributed to the upkeep of English defense forces in America.[5]

But the Sons of Liberty in Massachusetts already had begun large scale military preparations for revolt that included stockpiling guns and powder. A move by Boston-based Redcoats to seize those supplies and arrest patriot ringleaders provoked two skirmishes in one day — 15 April 1775 — at Lexington and Concord where the killing of seventy-three English troopers and forty-nine Minutemen cancelled any hopes for reconciliation.[7]

A recent, provocative article by a Canadian professor, W.S. MacNUTT, realistically credited the ultimate success of the uprising to the superior organization of the Patriot party and the energy of its leaders — as opposed to the lethargy and lack of coordinated effort displayed by Britain.[8]

Loyalists Versus Rebels

The patriots never did win an impressive mandate from the people. It's estimated that in 1775 only one-third of the colonists supported the revolution, while one-third opposed and one-third were indifferent or opportunistic fence straddlers. By the summer of 1776 though, fully half the population favored separation from the mother country.[9]

Loyalists, derisively called Tories, were concentrated in New York and New Jersey where they constituted a majority. There were significant numbers in Pennsylvania, Georgia, and the Carolinas, too. In New England, Virginia, and Maryland, colonist sentiment leaned toward the rebels.[10]

About 395,000 men served with the Continental Army, or in militia units of the thirteen colonies, between 1775 and 1783.[11] Possibly another 30,000 Americans enlisted in the armed forces of the crown. During and after the war, some 80,000 loyalists left homes and, in many cases, property behind to vote with their feet in a mass exodus to Canada, Nova Scotia, and more distant parts of the empire.[12] They believed that the British Crown and its parliamentary government offered a better guarantee of freedom and order than the violence and vigilante-type disorder encountered at the hands of insurgent colonists.

Those who fled to Canada pioneered — amid a largely wilderness environment — the geographic, economic, and political development of modern-day Ontario and the maritime provinces along the Atlantic coast.[13] Descendants of these Tories, known in Canada as United Empire Loyalists, still commemorate the contributions and sacrifices of their Revolutionary War forebears through dominion-wide auspices of the United Empire Loyalists Association.

Timely enactment by England of the Quebec Act in 1774 had been instrumental in keeping its new Gallic subjects loyal. Largely the brainchild of General Guy CARLETON (1724-1808), veteran of the French and Indian War and civil-military governor of the

province, it gave *Québecois* full religious freedom, permission to retain their language and, more importantly, restored legal and political rights enjoyed under French rule.[14]

Not unexpectedly, the Act stirred up a hornet's nest south of the border. Americans considered the law intolerable because, in awarding all territory north of the Ohio River to Lower Canada, it revoked cherished middle western land claims of the coastal colonies. The concessions favoring Roman Catholicism roused fiery resentment among Puritan and Anglican religionists.[15]

Invasion of Lower Canada

In an attempt to persuade Canadians to join the revolt, and thwart the possibility of Indian attacks from the north aimed at frontier settlements, the fledgling Continental Congress decided to dispatch an invading army into Québec.[16]

They were inspired by reports from American agents that Governor Carleton's English regulars totaled only seven hundred in May of 1775 (a remarkable estimate: Carleton's June 1775 military strength return listed 859 Redcoat infantry of all ranks within the undermanned 7th and 26th battalions of the Fusileers). Congress was aware as well that British authorities considered the loyalty of French-Canadian militiamen questionable.[17]

George Washington even envisioned Canada as a fourteenth colony, his premise being that its 80,000 french would jump at the chance for revenge against the island nation that conquered them in 1760.[18]

To this end, Yankee fifth columnists spread rumors around the province: *Habitants* would suffer the 1755 fate of Acadians, with transports waiting in the St. Lawrence River to deport them to Boston. Other word-of-mouth scare propaganda warned that: 1. All French Canadians had been "sold" to the hated Spaniards, with the money already in Carleton's purse; 2. Their men might be drafted into the British army and sent to fight in New England; and 3. If they didn't support the rebels, an American army 50,000 strong would devastate Québec with fire and sword.[19]

Two Valois served in Canadian militia units during the Revolutionary War. Jean VALLOIS (sic) (1757-1809) is listed on an 18 January 1779 roster as an ensign in one of two companies recruited from parishes in the Pointe Claire area near Montréal.[20] The son and grandson of fur trade *voyageurs*, his grandfather Pierre was Jacques LE-VALLOIS' first son. Jean's son served as a Canadian militia sergeant in the War of 1812.

Total strength of both area units was 272: two captains, two lieutenants, two ensigns, six sergeants, 135 married and 125 unmarried privates.[21]

The other militiaman was François VALOIS (1736-1797), not known to be related to Jacques LE-VALLOIS. A Normandy native whose name is spelled LEVALLOIS in some documents, François arrived in New France as a sixteen year old naval seaman in 1752. He later became a master mason.

François is carried on a 1775 muster roll, now in the Public Archives of Canada at Ottawa, as a thirty-nine year old private in the *Second Company of the Militia of the Town of Quebec.* A son of his, also a mason, founded a branch of the family in St. Louis Missouri near the end of the eighteenth century.

The Capture of Montréal

Just four months after Lexington and Concord, General Richard Montgomery (1738-1775), an ex-officer of British regulars, with 1,200 colonists and a small flotilla of boats, launched an invasion of Canada on 28 August from recently captured Fort Ticonderoga, New York. Their ultimate target was Montréal.[22]

At the same time, they penetrated the Montréal region with intimidating leaflets. *The Quebec Gazette* of Thursday, 21 September 1775 published an extract from a letter datelined three days earlier at Montréal: "The Rebels have sent circular Letters to some of the Parishes above, upon the South Shore, threatening them with Military execution if they do not send to their Camp fifty men each, completely armed, with four Days Provisions, at their own expense. To these they returned a spirited and indignant Answer, and are preparing to Arm, and join the King's Troops."

In a more bombastic manner, the article went on to proclaim that: "The Canadians appear now to be sensible — of the danger they run in giving credit to false promises of Friendship and Union, or even neutrality from these People, propagated by a set of miscreants, who, while they are promoting their own Malignant ends, know they were setting the Reputation, Safety and Welfare of a generous but deluded People at Stake, and involving them in certain ruin under pretense of relieving them from imaginary Grievances, fancied dangers, and the oppression of a Government whose Delight and glory it has been, and ever will be, to protect, enrich and make the Subject happy."[23]

Outnumbered five to one, two hundred redcoats of the 26th Fusileers at Fort St. Jean, along the Rachel River — supported by militia, a band of Indians, and several cannon — nonetheless held off the invaders for fifty-nine days before capitulating. A company of ninety *Canadiens* from Montréal, commanded by Captain François DE BELESTRE, participated in St. Jean's defense.[24]

The other side of the coin was displayed on 18 October 1775 by a Major Stepford. He inexplicably surrendered Fort Chambly, twelve miles downstream, with valuable stores and a garrison of eighty-eight English soldiers to a much smaller force of attackers after a halfhearted resistance lasting thirty-six hours.[25]

With the Rachel forts lost, the route to Montréal lay open. Carleton withdrew his remaining complement of 150 men from that town to ships waiting on the St. Lawrence, but approaching Americans captured the vessels. The English general and several aides managed to escape to Québec.[26]

The seven month occupation of Montréal won few Canadian hearts.

General David WOOSTER (1711-1777), native Nutmegger and former British army officer, threatened to evict from their homes and town any residents caught criticizing the Continental Congress. He made good that promise, despite harsh weather, in the cases of several hundred incautiously vocal citizens.[27]

When their comparatively valueless Continental currency ran out, some soldiers of the occupying army appropriated or stole what they were unable to buy. Following a common Revolutionary War practice, scores of Americans left for home as soon as their short-term enlistments expired, weakening Montgomery's troop strength.[28]

Arnold's March to Québec

While the Montréal expedition was still at Fort Ticonderoga, George WASHINGTON approved a daring and imaginative plan proposed by the accomplished, enigmatic Colonel Benedict ARNOLD (1741-1801) to capture the Québec citadel by way of the northern Maine wilderness. they knew the British would never expect a winter assault from that quarter.[29]

The thirty-four year old Arnold, once a New Haven druggist and bookseller,[30] joined the Connecticut militia as a teenager in the French and Indian War and revealed an erratic nature by deserting soon afterward.[31]

Arnold assembled his Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New England volunteers on 13 September 1775 at Cambridge, Massachusetts. they boarded sailing ships at Newburyport and proceeded up the Kennebec River past the present site of Augusta. Transferring to *bateaux*, the troops quickly foundered in trackless swamps, rivers choked with ice, rapids-filled streams, and dense forests.[32]

Casks containing meat and vegetable rations were severely battered during the rugged journey, their contents spoiled. Men were reduced to eating pet dogs, moosehide moccasins, and leather ammunition pouches. Injuries and illnesses from cold and exposure, compelled the return to Cambridge of the unfit, leaving the army with eight hundred effectives. To make matters worse, an Indian courier, sent ahead with dispatches for a Québec secret agent, was intercepted. The element of surprise was now lost.[33]

Aided by French settlers and friendly Indians, survivors of the arduous march at last reached the St. Lawrence on 9 November at Point Levis, opposite the Québec shore. A storm held up their river crossing four days, enabling Carleton to obtain much needed reinforcements from area communities. They boosted defender ranks to 1,800 regulars, English and French-Canadian militia, plus seamen and marines from ships in the river.[34]

Canadien militia, under overall command of Colonel Noel VOYER, assisted by a Captain Dumas, comprised 543 men in one company of artillery and seven of infantry that included François VALOIS' Second Militia Company.[35] Except for the storm delay, Arnold's initially superior numbers probably would have won Québec from an understrength garrison.

Siege and Defeat

The invaders crossed the St. Lawrence on the nights of 13 and 14 November under cover of snow and darkness, taking the same path used sixteen years previously by General James WOLFE to climb the cliffs onto the Plains of Abraham.[36]

Siege lines established, Arnold demanded the town's surrender. His messengers were greeted instead by bullets and the besiegers had to content themselves with shooting arrows, with ultimatums attached, over the parapets.[37]

Joined on 2 December by Montgomery and three hundred men from his Montréal contingent, the colonials made an unsuccessful New Year's Eve attack in a blinding snowstorm. Thirty-five were killed, including General Montgomery (who belatedly fulfilled an earlier vow to dine in Québec[38] on Christmas Day or die in the attempt).

Thirty-three Americans were wounded, among them a nineteen year old Montgomery aide named Aaron BURR. Arnold himself was wounded in the leg. Three hundred and seventy-two invaders were taken prisoner; of these, ninety-four switched sides and enlisted in the king's service.[39] Enemy losses amounted to under a dozen killed and wounded.[40]

The Yankees were hampered from the start by a lack of heavy cannons necessary to destroy town gates and battlements. Sole casualties caused by their light artillery prior to the main onslaught were one mortally wounded civilian and a noncombatant turkey who suffered a broken leg.[41]

Letters written by Arnold at Québec indicate that his troops were reinforced during the campaign by a Colonel Livingston with a regiment of two hundred Canadian recruits, both English and French. These documents support the position that some locals were willing adherents of the patriot cause, even in the face of a 1775 edict from the Bishop of Québec forbidding parish priests to administer holy sacraments to any catholic siding with *Bastonnais*.

Examples: A 5 January 1776 letter from Arnold to General Wooster declared that, "Last night, a faithful Acadian — was sent out of town by Carleton and Lanaudiere — and told to carry the note to one Mange, at Varenne, who was to raise two hundred men ... He was further ordered to call on the Captains of Militia on his way up, and endeavor to prevail on them to raise their parishes against us ...Some of the country people have come in to our assistance. In general, they appear friendly, and concerned for us; many offer to join us who have no arms. I have given out several commissions to the inhabitants, who are raising men."[42]

An 11 January 1776 letter to the Continental Congress confides: "I am well assured more than half of the inhabitants of Quebeck (sic) would gladly open the gates to us, but are prevented by the strict discipline and watch kept over them ..." His 14 January 1776 letter to Congress notes: "...I have put on foot the raising of a regiment of two or three hundred Canadians, which I have no doubt of effecting ..."[43]

And finally, a 24 January 1776 letter to Congress: "...every artifice is used by Governor Carleton to procure provisions, and induce the Canadians to take arms against us, to no effect, though seconded by the clergy, our bitter enemies."[44]

Retreat to Crown Point and Aftermath

Notwithstanding an influx of Canadian volunteers, the arrival of 34,000 soldiers from England in the spring of 1776 broke the back of the siege. One last effort was made by the Americans in May at Trois Rivieres, above Montréal, but opposition remained formidable and they withdrew down the Richelieu to Crown Point and Fort Ticonderoga with Carleton in pursuit.[45]

Candid evaluations regarding the conduct and performance of the colonial militia, made by their own officers during and after the invasion, were not complimentary. Two weeks before occupying Montréal, General Montgomery complained in a letter to his former commander, General Philip SCHUYLER: "The New England troops are the worst stuff imaginable for soldiers ... There is such an equality among them, that the officers have no authority ... the privates are all generals, but not soldiers ..."[46]

Colonel Jonathan TRUMBULL, Continental Army paymaster and afterwards governor of Connecticut, jotted down his reactions after encountering returning remnants of the Canadian expedition. "Ruined by sickness, fatigue, and desertion, and void of every idea of discipline or subordination ..." He observed that of 10,000 men who embarked the previous spring, only 6,000 were left. Of the missing 4,000, "The enemy has lost us perhaps one (thousand), sickness another thousand, and the others God alone knows in what manner they are disposed of ..."[47]

Another American officer commenting on their final withdrawal from Québec called it a "Disgraceful retreat," he himself "meeting the roads full of people, shamefully flying from an enemy that appears by no means superior to our strength."[48]

General Washington summed it all up in a June 1776 postmortem to Continental Army General John SULLIVAN by stating that "many of our misfortunes (in Canada) are to be attributed to a want of discipline and a proper regard to the conduct of the soldiery."[49]

Knighted for his defense of Québec, the Irish-born governor became Sir Guy CARLETON and, later, Baron Dorchester. High principled, an astute political administrator with a genuine affection for French Canadians and, unlike most of his fellow generals, a competent field commander, Carleton was one of the few English military leaders to come out of the Revolutionary War with reputation intact.

Bad fortune continued to stalk his recent adversaries. Arnold turned traitor 1780 for 6,350 pounds sterling, 13,400 acres of Canadian land, and a brigadier's commission.[50] He narrowly averted arrest for treason after Major John ANDRE, his British intermediary, was captured with incriminating evidence while returning from their meet-

ing at West Point. General Arnold later fought against his arrest while comrades-in-arms and, at war's end, faded into obscure exile — first in Canada, later in England.

Strangely reminiscent of John Nolan in Edward Everett Hale's classic tale, *The Man Without a Country*, Arnold's death bed words were, "Let me die in the old uniform in which I fought my battles for freedom. May God forgive me for putting on any other."[51] His former countrymen never forgave. The bizarre *Monument to a Left Leg* on the Saratoga, New York battlefield site features in bas-relief a cannon, a general's epaulet, a wreath, and a military boot. But no mention of Arnold. Rather, the inscription anonymously honors the "most brilliant soldier of the Continental Army who was desperately wounded on this spot ...winning for his countrymen the Decisive Battle of the American Revolution."

Not long after Québec, General Wooster was dismissed from the Continental Army for dereliction of duty, placed in charge of Connecticut militia, and died in battle near Danbury in 1777.[52]

Aaron BURR (1756-1836) resigned from the army in 1779, pleading ill health. Yet he managed to live on for another fifty-seven years. He rose to vice president under Thomas JEFFERSON, killed Alexander HAMILTON in a famous duel, and won acquittal on a treason charge which nevertheless ruined his career.

As for the Other Side ...

Its hard to picture the vaunted English losing a war. Surely not from lack of courage. redcoat officers and men charged up Breed's Hill (erroneously labeled the Battle of Bunker Hill) three times under steady fire before capturing it. despite heavy losses, they stubbornly held their ground in 1777 at Bemis Heights (unaccountably called the Battle of Saratoga) and came close to victory until Benedict ARNOLD's dazzling leadership turned the engagement into Britain's most critical defeat of the conflict.[53]

The failure of British arms lies with the monumental strategic and tactical blunders committed by their generals and admirals. Add the logistical difficulties of supplying an army with food and equipment across 3,000 miles of ocean, dependant on sailing vessels at the mercy of wind and sea. The materials then had to be hauled in slow moving, horse drawn wagons over considerable distances, where roads were primitive or nonexistent, in a sparsely settled region which itself could yield few provisions to an invading army.[54]

Supply obstacles might have been overcome with efficient administrative practices. But efficiency was relatively unknown among eighteenth century British bureaucrats hampered by interdepartmental friction, divided authority, ineffectual business methods, ignorance, and incompetence. The wonder is that the underequipped, poorly fed Lobsterbacks accomplished as much as they did. Substandard military leadership on top of all else made the loss of Britain's coastal colonies a foregone conclusion.[55]

Manifest destiny, a concept dear to the hearts of territorial expansionists throughout U.S. history, was a factor behind the decision of America's fourth president to involve this country in war. The chief executive, Virginia aristocrat James MADISON (1751-1836), was influenced by wealthy planter types who fostered the War Hawks — a congressional lobby not adverse to conflict with England.[56]

These politicos represented frontier states adjoining coveted Spanish land in the south plus English (read: Canadian) and Indian lands in the Midwest. Southern members of the Washington clique, led by House Speaker Henry CLAY and Congressman John O. CALHOUN (both destined for prominence in the coming fratricidal schism over slavery), convinced themselves that war with Britain offered an excuse to seize Spanish territories in East and West Florida.[57] Clay boldly went on record to declare it "absurd to suppose we shall not succeed."[58]

One Shawnee chief proved an irritant to the Midwest branch of the War hawks. Long ago forced out of their original holdings in warm, coastal Florida by whites, the tribe was now making its stand in Ohio. Tired of quasi-legal, land stealing forays by settlers, Tecumseh (1768?-1813) ruled that their acreage was the common property of all tribes and couldn't be ceded by, or bought from, an individual red man or Indian nation.[59]

In his 1810 rebuke to William H. HARRISON, then governor of Indiana Territory, the fluently bilingual Shawnee expressed himself: "Sell a country? Why not sell the air, the clouds, the great sea, as well as the earth. Did the Great Spirit make them all for the use of his children? ... No tribe has the right to sell land, even to each other, much less to strangers, who demand all and will take no less."[60]

The United States wasn't keen about accepting that disturbing socialistic judgement. So with weapons and backing from English sources in Canada, Tecumseh set out to organize nearly fifty tribes of the Midwest, South, and eastern Mississippi valley into a single, powerful coalition to protect their remaining lands and way of life.

His plan misfired in 1811 at the indecisive battle of Tippecanoe in Indiana Territory where troops under Harrison — who would be heard from again — repelled a foolhardy attack by a half-armed band of Shawnees in the absence of Tecumseh and his warriors.[61]

The strong minded yet oddly compassionate (Tecumseh abolished the barbaric Shawnee custom of torturing captives at the stake) champion of red man rights continued the struggle by actively allying himself with the British. They reciprocated with a brigadier's rank — an achievement equalled by few chiefs — for his stinging June 1812 defeat of a 600 man American detachment near the Raisin River below Detroit, with only seventy Shawnees and forty British soldiers.[62] Thereafter, his fierce warriors were utilized with considerable effect as guerrillas and scouts.[63]

England, France, and Spain by

then were up to their armpits in the Napoleonic Wars that raged intermittently across Europe from 1803 to 1815. With the Indian coalition weakened by Tippecanoe, America's War hawks concluded that inasmuch as Britain was busy on the continent, the mid-western peninsular of Upper Canada, a Great lakes area rich in furs and waterways, was ripe for the taking.[64]

Problems at Sea

For public consumption, other reasons were found to stir up anti-English feeling. Among these were the treatment accorded U.S. sailing vessels in foreign war zones. East coast ship owners and merchants discovered early on that substantial profits went to neutrals carrying needed materials and supplies between France and Spain and from France to its Caribbean colonies in the South Atlantic. American presence in those seas helped fill a supply demand created by the Royal Navy's clean sweep of French and Spanish shipping from the same regions.[65]

Disturbed about neutral countries getting rich at her expense through trade with the enemy, Britannia in 1806 clamped a naval blockade on the English Channel, North Sea coast of France, and European satellite nations of Napoleon. Elsewhere, the Caribbean in particular, American ships remained free to trade with England's foes.[66]

In November of that year, Bonaparte pulled a shrewd one. He proclaimed the British Isles under blockade and threatened seizure of any neutral or English shipping caught in the area. The Corsican knew the embargo was unenforceable, French navymen being no match for the British in numbers or seamanship. He wanted to goad Britain into countermeasures that would further alienate neutrals such as the U.S.[7]

Sure enough, early in 1807 the Royal Navy blockade expanded to include all French harbors and possessions. Moreover, neutral ships found trafficking with the enemy were liable to capture and forfeiture as prizes of war unless a cargo tax was paid beforehand at an English port.[68]

President Jefferson protested that a blockade must be effective before being judged binding under international law. Since France couldn't enforce its blockade, he contended (possibly with tongue in cheek) that French *and* English embargoes were therefore "paper" blockades, hence illegal.[69]

Another sore point was the British practice of stopping neutral vessels on the high seas and forcibly impressing into service any sailors with English or Irish accents. British law regarded such individuals as subjects of the king. Since royal Navy deserters comprised a significant proportion of seamen on U.S. merchant ships,[70] there was extra incentive for skippers of English men-of-war, with crews perpetually understrength, to board the nearest American merchantman.

Uncle Sam Declares War

President Madison sent Congress a message on 1 June 1812 asking that it seriously consider declaring war on England based on three grievances: 1. Refusal to discontinue impressment of

seamen; 2. Willful interference with trading ships in international waters; and 3. Anti-American intrigue with Indians in the Midwest.[71]

The request squeaked through Congress on 18 June despite divided opinions among capitol politicians. A surprising number of House members disapproved the measure: sixty-two nays opposed a slim majority of ninety-eight affirmative votes.[72]

Though hardly admirers of John Bull, New Englanders were so incensed by War Hawk tactics that they refused to support the unpopular war and merchants in that section defiantly traded with the enemy. Massachusetts, joined by one political party in Vermont, actually negotiated with England for a separate peace and alliance. On several occasions, New York troops wouldn't fight outside the state.[73]

Britain revoked her naval blockade of neutral shipping two days before the declaration of war. Attempts to patch up differences were stymied by American interests still determined to risk battle over impressment of seamen, Midwestern grudges against Indians, and those tempting Canadian and Spanish lands. As it turned out, northern opposition in Congress nearly sabotaged immediate War Hawk hopes for territorial conquest in the Midwest or south.[74]

The government belatedly learned that it wasn't prepared for war. Congress called for a volunteer army of 35,000 but settled for fewer than 10,000. State militias were untrained, undisciplined and consequently, untrustworthy in battle. Some governors followed New York's example, declining to let their militias outside state borders. the country's navy strength was also inferior, consisting of sixteen frigates and sloops-of-war. No plans were made to ensure naval control of the Great Lakes, essential to any invasion of Canada.[75]

The administration abruptly found itself unable to finance the struggle. Compelled to enact war taxes, it sought loans in New England banking circles as well. But east coast Yankees from Connecticut to Maine stayed resolutely anti-war; only a fraction of the necessary funds was ever raised.[76] And the region kept its promise to remain neutral, taking no part whatsoever in the subsequent hostilities.[77]

Canada Invaded Again

U.S. military strategy began disastrously enough. Devised by the commander-in-chief, Major General Henry DEARBORN (1751-1829), a physician turned soldier in the Revolutionary War, the plan proposed an attack on Canada at two widely distant points: across the Detroit River at the western end of Lake Erie and across the Niagara River from New York State. When the British supposedly fell back along the Lake Ontario shore, a third operation would begin via Lake Champlain against Montréal.[78]

The Detroit campaign got underway first. Brigadier General William HULL (1753-1825), Connecticut native and Yale graduate, emerged from the revolution as a Lieutenant Colonel with a creditable record. An attorney, former judge, and ex-Massachusetts state senator, Hull had himself appointed governor of Michigan Territory in 1805. Prior

to the outbreak of war, he took over the already formed northwestern invasion army.[79] General Hull arrived in Detroit in mid-June of 1812 with 2,500 men; on 11 July he marched into Canada[80] and occupied the village of Sandwich (presently Windsor, Ontario).

Until 1791, the area invaded by Hull formed the western portion of Québec. In that year, it became Upper Canada — now Ontario. Not including Indians, four-fifths of the province's 1812 population was comprised of American immigrants. Only one in four could be termed loyal to the crown. With war declared, some American sympathizers returned to the states, others were expelled by provincial authorities, and a few of those remaining became openly pro-Yankee when Hull arrived.[81]

In 1812, English forces in Upper (Ontario) and Lower (Québec) Canada totaled 4,450 regulars in addition to the 2,500 militia in Lower Canada and 1,800 in Upper Canada.[82] In July of 1812, the U.S. regular army totaled 6,686 officers and men plus 5,000 non-regular recruits enlisted after January of 1812 by special authorization of Congress.[83] The settler population of British North America at the time was 500,000; against six million Americans.[84]

Bad news always travels fast. Hull quickly learned of the war's first disaster — Michilimackinac (later shortened to Mackinac). This strategic American fort, controlling the northwest fur trade from the junction of Lakes Michigan and Huron, was captured on 17 July by a motley group of forty-five troopers from the Tenth Royal Veterans regiment and 180 French Canadian *voyageurs*. Three hundred as yet uncommitted Indians went along to watch. Unaware that there was even a war on, the garrison of fifty-nine Americans woke one morning to find enemy field artillery menacing their flimsy wooden stockade and called it quits.[85]

Worse happenings were ahead. fearful of an Indian uprising following Michilimackinac Hull aborted the Canadian adventure on 7 August 1812 and headed for the safety of Detroit. In his own words, "...after the surrender of Michilimackinac, almost every tribe and nation of Indians ...joined in open hostility, under the British standard against the Army I commanded ...The surrender of Michilimackinac opened the northern hive of Indians and they were swarming down in every direction.[86]

Enroute to Detroit, Hull sent an urgent dispatch to Captain Heald at Fort Dearborn, 215 miles west of Detroit, instructing him to abandon the post (site of downtown Chicago today). In the midst of evacuation, Heald and his small detachment of regulars and militia — accompanied by male civilians, women, and children — were attacked on 15 August by a hoard of Potawatomies, Foxes, Sacs, and Winnebagoes. Many of the whites were slaughtered.[87]

At this point, the beleaguered U.S. commander's main adversary approached Detroit. Major General Isaac BROCK (1769-1812) — who masterminded the Michilimackinac takeover — spent years on active duty in the Netherlands, Denmark, and West Indies before assuming control in 1806 of upper and Lower Canada defenses. The

immediate task: defending nearly 1,000 miles of frontier. His exploits during 1812 brought a knighthood, the nickname *Hero of upper Canada*, and death in combat at age forty-three.[88]

Surrounded by enemy troops and Indians, all means of communication sealed off, General Hull reacted to Brock's presence (at the head of 1,300 effectives: 300 British soldiers, 400 Canadian militia, and 600 Indian auxiliaries under Tecumseh) by surrendering without a fight the fort at Detroit and his 2,500-man army.[89] Many of the garrison threw down their weapons in rage and wept over the disgrace.[90]

Hull was conned by one of the oldest tricks in warfare. The Britisher shrewdly crossed and recrossed the Detroit River with his smaller army, in full view of the fort, duping his opponent into thinking the English contingent was double its actual size. Tecumseh was singularly impressed with Brock's energy, foresight, and military skills and said so: "This is a man! Other chiefs would have ordered us to *go* into battle; Brock says *Come!*"[91]

An 1814 court-martial convicted Hull of cowardice and neglect of duty, sentencing him to be shot. President Madison remitted their verdict in consideration of the general's age, sixty-one, and his Revolutionary War service.

Endnotes

[1]Bridgewater, W. & Sherwood, E. J., eds.; *The Columbia Encyclopedia*. New York: Columbia University Press, 1950.
[2]Ibid.
[3]*Encyclopedia Americana*. New York: Ameriana Corp., 1956.
[4]Goodwin, A., ed.; *The New Cambridge Modern History*. Cambridge England: University Press, 1965.
[5]Ibid.
[6]Wallechinsky, D. & Wallace, I.; *The People's Almanac*. New York: Doubleday & Co., 1975.
[7]Goodwin, *op. cit.*
[8]MacNutt, W. S.; *The Loyalists, A Sympathetic View. Acadiensis, No. 1, Autumn 1976.*
[9]Goodwin, *op. cit.*
[10]Ibid.
[11]*The Army Almanac*.Harrisburg, PA: The Stackpole Corp., 1959.
[12]Goodwin, *op. cit.*
[13]Chidsey, D. B.; *The War in the North, An Informal History of the American Revolution in and Near Canada*. New York: Crown Publishers, 1967.
[14]Bird, H.; *Attack on Quebec*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1968.
[15]Stember, S. Article in the *New York Times*, 25 April 1976.
[16]Chidsey, *op. cit.*
[17]Stember, *op. cit.*
[18]Ibid.
[19]Stanley, G. F. G.; *Canada's Soldiers*. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd., 1960.
[20]*A History of the Organization, Development and services of the Military and Naval Forces of Canada From the Peace of Paris in 1763 to the Present Time*. Ottawa: Canadian Department of Militia and Defence, 1919.
[21]Ibid.
[22]Stember, *op. cit.*
[23]Canadian Dept. of Militia & Defence, *op. cit.*
[24]Stanley, *op. cit.*
[25]Ibid.
[26]Stember, *op. cit.*
[27]Ibid.
[28]Stember, S. Article in the *New York Times*, 21 September 1975.
[29]Ibid.
[30]*Encyclopedia Americana, op. cit.*
[31]*The Columbia Encyclopedia, op. cit.*
[32]Stember, 21 Sep 1975, *op. cit.*
[33]Article by Gough, B. M. in *The Loyalist Gazzette*; Toronto: United Empire Loyalists Assn. of Canada, Spring 1976.
[34]Stanley, *op. cit.*
[35]Ibid.
[36]Gough, *op. cit.*
[37]Ibid.
[38]Stanley, *op. cit.*
[39]Coffin, V.; *The Province of Quebec and the Early American Revolution*. Madison, WI: University of Wisconsin, 1896.

[40]Gough, *op. cit.*
[41]Ibid.
[42]Roberts, K., ed.; *March to Quebec — Journals of the Menbers of Arnold's Expedition.* New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1938.
[43]Ibid.
[44]Ibid.
[45]Bird, *op. cit.*
[46]Coffin, *op. cit.*
[47]Ibid.
[48]Ibid.
[49]Ibid.
[50]Ibid.
[51]Ibid.
[52]*The Columbia Encyclopedia, op. cit.*
[53]Curtis, E.E.; *the British Army in the American Revolution.* New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1926.
[54]Ibid.
[55]Ibid.
[56]Kerr, D. G. G., ed.; *A Historical Atlas of Canada.* Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons, 1960.
[57]Brebner, J. B.; *Canada.* Ann Arbor, MI: University of Michigan Press, 1970.
[58]Mallory, E.L.; *The Green Tiger.* Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1976.
[59]*The Columbia Encyclopedia, op. cit.*
[60]Owen, L.; *The Indian Lover.* New York: Bantam Books, 1975.
[61]Mallory, *op. cit.*
[62]Eckert, A.W.; *The Frontiersmen.* Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1967.
[63]*The Columbia Encyclopedia, op. cit.*
[64]Brebner, *op. cit.*
[65]*The Encyclopedia Americana, op. cit.*
[66]Ibid.
[67]Ibid.
[68]Ibid.
[69]Ibid.
[70]Ibid.
[71]Ibid.
[72]Brebner, *op. cit.*
[73]*The Encyclopedia Americana, op. cit.*
[74]Ibid.
[75]Ibid.
[76]Ibid.
[77]Stanley, *op. cit.*
[78]Ibid.
[79]*The Encyclopedia Americana, op. cit.*
[80]Kerr, *op. cit.*
[81]Landon, F.; *Western Ontario and the American Frontier.* New York: Russell & Russell, 1941.
[82]Mallory, *op. cit.*
[83]*The Army Almanac, op. cit.*
[84]Mallory, *op. cit.*
[85]Stanley, *op. cit.*
[86]Ibid.
[87]Eckert, *op. cit.*
[88]*The Encyclopedia Americana, op. cit.*
[89]Stanley, *op. cit.*
[90]Eckert, *op. cit.*
[91]Mallory, *op. cit.*
[92]*The Columbia Encyclopedia, op. cit.*

Quotes on Character

"No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irreclaimably bad."

—Thomas Carlyle

"It is innocence that is full and experience that is empty. It is innocence that wins and experience that loses."

—Charles Peguy

"Always do right — this will gratify some and astonish the rest."

—Mark Twain

"Few things are harder to put up with than a good example"

—Mark Twain

"Of all the properties which belong to honorable men, not one is so highly prized as that of character."

—Henry Clay

Attitude Is Everything

by: Francis Baltazar-Schwartz

Jerry was the kind of guy you love to hate. He was always in a good mood and always had something positive to say. When someone would ask him how he was doing, he would reply, "If I were any better, I would be twins!" He was a unique manager because he had several waiters who had followed him around from restaurant to restaurant. The reason the waiters followed Jerry was because of his attitude. He was a natural motivator. If an employee was having a bad day, Jerry was there telling the employee how to look on the positive side of the situation.

Seeing this style really made me curious, so one day I went up to Jerry and asked him, "I don't get it! You can't be a positive person all of the time. How do you do it?" Jerry replied, "Each morning I wake up and say to myself, 'Jerry, you have two choices today. You can choose to be in a good mood or you can choose to be in a bad mood.' I choose to be in a good mood. Each time something bad happens, I can choose to be a victim or I can choose to learn from it. I choose to learn from it. Every time someone comes to me complaining, I can choose to accept their complaining or I can point out the positive side of life. I choose the positive side of life."

"Yeah, right, it's not that easy," I protested. "Yes it is," Jerry said. "Life is all about choices. When you cut away all the junk, every situation is a choice. You choose how you react to situations. You choose how people will affect your mood. You choose to be in a good mood or bad mood. The bottom line: It's your choice how you live life."

I reflected on what Jerry said. Soon thereafter, I left the restaurant industry to start my own business. We lost touch, but I often thought about him when I made a choice about life instead of reacting to it.

Several years later, I heard that Jerry did something you are never supposed to do in a restaurant business: he left the back door open one morning and was held up at gunpoint by three armed robbers. While trying to open the safe, his hand, shaking from nervousness, slipped off the combination. The robbers panicked and shot him. Luckily, Jerry was found relatively quickly and rushed to the local trauma center. After 18 hours of surgery and weeks of intensive care, Jerry was released from the hospital with fragments of the bullets still in his body.

I saw Jerry about six months after the incident. When I asked him how he was, he replied, "If I were any better,

I'd be twins. Wanna see my scars?" I declined to see his wounds, but did ask him what had gone through his mind as the robbery took place. "The first thing that went through my mind was that I should have locked the back door," Jerry replied. "Then, as I lay on the floor, I remembered that I had two choices: I could choose to live, or I could choose to die. I chose to live."

"Weren't you scared? Did you lose consciousness?" I asked. Jerry continued, "The paramedics were great. They kept telling me I was going to be fine. But when they wheeled me into the emergency room and I saw the expressions on the faces of the doctors and nurses, I got really scared. In their eyes, I read, 'He's a dead man.' "I knew I needed to take action."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"Well, there was this big, burly nurse shouting questions at me," said Jerry. "She asked if I was allergic to anything. 'Yes,' I replied. The doctors and nurses stopped working as they waited for my reply. I took a deep breath and yelled, 'Bullets!' Over their laughter, I told them, 'I am choosing to live. Operate on me as if I am alive, not dead." Jerry lived thanks to the skill of his doctors, but also because of his amazing attitude. I learned from him that every day we have the choice to live fully. Attitude, after all, is everything.

A Look at French Kings

The title to the most sporting of the French kings goes without a doubt to the one in power when the Catholics drove the Huguenots out of France. On this particular day, the Huguenots were thrown bodily into a fast-moving stream, with no regard as to whether they could or could not swim. This was the time when gunpowder was being introduced for warfare. As the bobbing bodies were passing the King's castle, he had his servants reloading his weapon to target the hapless Protestants as they floated by. Cruelty seems to have been the order of the day in those times. One of the Coucys had an especially cruel way of dealing with captured prisoners. He had his jailers hang the poor prisoner by his testicles until they were ripped off by the poor man's body weight.

At the battle of Crecy, the blind French king insisted on leading the initial charge, guided only by a circle of knights. No need to tell the result . . . they were all slain. During this famous battle, so many died on the battlefield that a truce had to be called. There were so many bodies of men and horses that there was no more room to fight!

A Tribute to the People of Quebec

by: Daniel T. Doyle

The French Canadians are truly a distinct people whose history and culture deserves unique recognition among its English counterparts. In turn, to associate them with the people of France would do then a disservice as well. The French Canadian deserves a truly significant standing as a culture that is vibrant, prosperous, energetic, compassionate, emotional and creative. In a few short words, they value the full pleasure of life.

History has recorded many contributions to humanity that has had far reaching impact on many people throughout the world. One such selfless act was recognized in August 1997, at Grosse Isle in the Province of Québec. A Celtic cross was erected to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the hundreds of thousands of famine-struck Irish immigrants who were displaced on this island in the St. Lawrence River near Québec City. Of equal importance is the story of those children who survived because of the people of Québec who became their savior.

After the failure of the potato crop in Ireland in 1845 and 1846, the Irish poor, who had been exploited by the prosperous English landlords, were dying of starvation by the tens of thousands outside the gates of productive English farms. The English Parliament required that the English landlords were responsible for their own tenants. The landlords found an alternative that was less expensive.

A one way commerce existed between England and its colony in Canada. England was mining the forests of Canada just as she had stripped the forests of Ireland to build her navy fleet. The ships carried the timber to England but required ballast for the empty ships returning to Canada. The English landlords of Ireland were paying 12 pounds a year per person to place their tenants in poorhouses. They found it far less expensive at 6 pounds per person to book passage for these Irish tenants on the empty ships returning to Canada. Not only was it less expensive, but the landlord then had permanently rid himself of the responsibility of these tenants. The English landlords began large-scale evictions of their Irish tenants, thus providing them with the opportunity to turn their land over to more productive cattle and sheep raising.

The ships were not designed to carry passengers. There were no walls for privacy with little ventilation below the deck and no sanitary facilities. The Irish were stacked below the deck for ballast and let up only once per day for

fresh air. Many ships and lives were lost at sea in storms. Others could not survive the 10-12 week trip and perished of starvation in these *coffin ships.*

Canada had no choice but to receive these starving, disease-ridden souls. They were sent to quarantine stations that were set up to receive them. One of these stations was an island in the St. Lawrence River near Québec City in the Province of Québec. The island is called Grosse Isle. The quarantine station was established by the English to deal with the anticipated disease-ridden Irish. Hundreds of thousands of Irish immigrants ended their miserable journey at Grosse Isle. Many suffered from malnutrition, typhus and cholera. Over 100,000 Irish immigrants were sent to Grosse Isle. 25,000 died on this island and were buried in mass graves.

But out of sublime tragedy came hope and salvation for over 2,000 orphaned Irish children on Grosse Isle. A French Canadian priest, Father Charles Felix CAZEAU, who was also known as the "priest of the Irish," organized a Catholic charity to come to the aid of these children. He sent priests out amongst the French Canadians of the Province to urge them to adopt these children. All were adopted and more importantly the children were allowed to retain their Irish surnames. One might speak of the act of allowing these children to retain their Irish names as magnanimous but such an act by a French Canadian can only truly be regarded as a normal reaction.

Even in 1847, The French Canadian zeal for retaining one's identity was of high importance. Today, the French Canadians struggle to retain their identity through their desire to separate from the rest of Canada. French Canada greatly contributes to differentiating Canadians from their American cousins to the south as well as from its English siblings. Perhaps such an approach to preserving one's culture is extreme but the message is clear that the French Canadian culture is an integral part of Canada's life-style, and Canada's identity.

Perhaps secession is not the answer. To do so would truly destroy a great nation. However, what needs to be done for French Canada is what they did for those Irish children. They need to be brought into the fold — not to pamper or placate them, but to respect their desire and passion to retain their identity as equals in a distinct society. I pay tribute to the French Canadians and thank them for the assistance that they provided to the children of my heritage and I hope that their struggle to preserve their identity can be accomplished without the breakup of a nation that I love and regard as my adopted home.

Editor's Note: The author is a practicing attorney in the Town of Blackstone Massachusetts and is the Historian for Division 17 of the Ancient Order of the Hibernians in that town.

An Atheist is a person who has no invisible means of support.

— Sam Levinson

Grandma and the Family Tree

— Author unknown

There's been a change in Grandma, we've noticed her of late,
She's always reading history or jotting down some date.
She's tracking back the family, we'll all have pedigrees.
Oh, Grandma's got a hobby, she's climbing family trees.

Poor Grandpa does the cooking and now, or so he states,
That worst of all, he has to wash the cups and dinner plates.
Grandma can't be bothered, she's busy as a bee
compiling genealogy – for the family tree.

She has no time to baby-sit, the curtains are a fright,
No buttons left on grandad's shirt, the flower bed's a sight.
She's given up her club work, the serials on TV,
The only thing she does nowadays is climb the family tree.

She goes down to the courthouse and studies ancient lore,
We know more about our forebears than we ever knew before.
The books are old and dusty, they make poor Grandma sneeze,
A minor irritation when you're climbing family trees.

The mail is all for Grandma, it comes from near and far,
Last week she got the proof she needs to join the DAR.
A worthwhile avocation, to that we all agree,
A monumental project, to climb the family tree.

Now some folks came from Scotland and some from Galway Bay,
Some were French as pastry, some German, all the way.
Some went on west to stake their claim, some stayed near by the sea,
Grandma hopes to find them all as she climbs the family tree.

She wanders through the graveyard in search of date or name,
The rich, the poor, the in-between, all sleeping there the same.
She pauses now and then to rest, fanned by a gentle breeze
That blows above the Fathers of all our family trees.

There were pioneers and patriots mixed in our kith and kin
Who blazed the paths of wilderness and fought through thick and thin.
But none more staunch than Grandma, whose eyes light up with glee
Each time she finds a missing branch for the family tree.

Their skills were wide and varied, from carpenter to cook
And one (Alas!) the record shows was hopelessly a crook.
Blacksmith, weaver, farmer, judge, some tutored for a fee,
Long lost in time, now all recorded on the family tree.

To some it's just a hobby, To Grandma it's much more,
She knows the joys and heartaches of those who went before.
They loved, they lost, they laughed, they wept, and now for you and me
They live again in spirit, around the family tree.

At last she's nearly finished, and we are each exposed.
Life will be the same again, this we all supposed!
Grandma will cook and sew, serve cookies with our tea.
We'll all be fat, just as before that wretched family tree.

Sad to relate, the Preacher called and visited for a spell,
We talked about the Gospel, and other things as well,
The heathen folk, the poor, and then – 'twas fate, it had to be,
Somehow the conversation turned to Grandma and the family tree.

We tried to change the subject, we talked of everything
But then in Grandma's voice we heard that old familiar ring.
She told him all about the past and soon was plain to see,
The preacher, too, was nearly snared by Grandma and the family tree.

He never knew his Grandpa, his mother's name was... Clark?
He and grandma talked and talked, outside it grew quite dark.
We'd hoped our fears were groundless, but just like some disease,
Grandma's become an addict – she's hooked on family trees!

Our souls were filled with sorrow, our hearts sank with dismay,
Our ears could scarce believe the words we heard our Grandma say,
"It sure is a lucky thing that you have come to me,
I know exactly how it's done, I'll climb your family tree!"

Amended Lines: Genealogy and Adopted Children

by: Theresa Poliquin

Editor's Note: This article first appeared in the Spring 1982 issues of this publication. This article is reprinted here as part of the Society's observance of its twentieth anniversary year.

Editor's note accompanying this article: The following is a true story, although not an isolated case, as it bears a strong resemblance to my mother's situation. There are many adopted children, who, wanting to trace their heritage and genealogy, could go no farther than themselves, and there are those who have stumbled upon a whole world they never knew existed. Either that door has opened with warmth and acceptance or else it has closed with rejection.

It is strange how among the families of immigrant couples in which one spouse has died, the youngest child has often been placed into the care of another couple, who later adopted them. This article is written to show that, although an adoption has taken place, sometimes it is possible to learn one's real heritage and discover a lost family. Sometimes, it happens sheerly by chance or god's Providence that somewhere along the road of life, we meet those to whom we really belong. Or do we?

A Suspicion Grows

Throughout the years, my three children have often heard me tell the story of my strange adoption, and how I later encountered my real family. They have often urged me to write it down so that they may pass it on to their children. It happened in this way ...

My foster parents, Albert and Eva (BANVILLE) VERMETTE were of Canadian descent, and lived on the corner of South Main and Charles Streets in Fall River, Massachusetts. They married in Fall River on the 11th of July 1921, and had one son, named Maurice, who died at birth. My dad came from Ste.-Floré, Québec, and was the son of Norbert VERMETTE and of Esther MOREST. Mom came from Coaticook, Québec, the daughter of Anthime BANVILLE and of Eleanor GAUTHIER. Albert worked as a loom fixer in the King Philip Mill in Fall River.

One day, I was cleaning out a closet of our home, when I accidentally came upon a small wooden chest, painted black and red. Being curious of the contents, I opened it and found a baptismal certificate for a Cora COUTURE, which confirmed my suspicions. I suddenly remembered my childhood years, as an only child, when people had

been constantly secretive whenever someone began comparing me to my real sister, whom they knew, but whom I, at the time, didn't know. Perhaps they thought I wasn't listening to them as I played, but I was taking in every word. Certainly I had grown up with the deep suspicion that I was not the Vermette's child. I put the chest back into the closet, realizing that I was still too young to approach the delicate subject with my foster parents. I kept growing with the knowledge, never saying anything to anyone. What a secret to live with!

The Meeting

I worked as an office clerk for the Pomfret Bakery on Pleasant Street in Fall River, and as it was a one-girl office, I spent most lunch times alone. One day, my friend called and told me that she was on her way to have lunch with me. After hanging up, I didn't think any more of the call, aside from the time away from the office, spent with a good friend.

Before long, three girls came through the door. It was nearly noon. With my friend were two other girls, coworkers of hers whom I had never met before. Soon, we were on our way to a small Chinese restaurant downtown. While on our way to our destination, I was formally introduced to my real sister. Needless to say, my surprise was endless, and I was at a loss for words. It was a good thing that my sister, Loretta, did all the talking.

After arriving at the restaurant and ordering our meal, I then found out about my real family. My father, Paul COUTURE, who was still living, married my mother, Laura HOUDE, on 2 July 1912 in Fall River. My mother died a little more than two months after I was born, the youngest of six children. Loretta, with whom I had lunch that day, later married Harold CODERRE in 1937. I learned that I also had three brothers: Elizée (who married Laureta BOUFFARD); Arthur; and Joseph-Romeo. The latter two at that time were in the Army. Joseph-Romeo was married to Jeannette FORCIER. There had been an additional child who died young.

After my mother's death, my father married Merilda LEVASSEUR, who bore him six more children: Thérèse, Benoit, Robert, Normand, Albin, and Peter. Little did my friend realize that she had opened up a whole new world for me.

The Adoption

But why was I adopted? To some, it may seem a sad story, but certainly not for me. I had a very happy and good home with the Vermettes, my foster parents. What I learned from my sister enlightened the issue.

Fall River in the early 1900s was strictly a mill city. People working there could just about make ends meet; for the most part, they were poor. My natural father, Paul COUTURE, was a weaver in one of the mills. When my mother died shortly after my birth, no one was available to care for me. I was sent to the orphanage on Bay Street in Fall River.

About this same time, my foster parents also experienced a tragedy. Eva VERMETTE gave birth to a beautiful eleven-pound son at home. However,

the baby was stillborn. Complications from the birth set in, and she was admitted to a local hospital, where she nearly died. While there, she learned that she would never be able to have another child. It was then that my foster parents decided to adopt.

Their parish priest at Blessed Sacrament church suggested that they adopt an illegitimate child, which they refused. My foster father's mother, Esther MOREST, suggested to her son that perhaps he could adopt this poor baby girl that she knew. This is exactly what they decided to do.

Of course, Mr. Couture was reluctant to give away his youngest child. He wanted the Vermettes to just "take care" of the child. But they refused, realizing that they would become attached to her and it would sadden them to have to give her up later. Knowing that his daughter would have a good home, he finally agreed and allowed the adoption. And so, the Vermette home became my home, and they became the only parents I knew — until I met Loretta.

A Postscript

Through my sister, I went on to meet my three brothers. I also met my natural father, Paul COUTURE and his second wife, Merilda, and their children. I was never really able to extend my love to them, however. I had known and loved the Vermettes as my parents for too long. It is possible that, as I was growing up, they feared that I would lose my love for them if I found out that I was adopted. Certainly, that can never be so.

Five years after our meeting, Paul COUTURE became ill and was hospitalized. My sister, Loretta asked me to visit him there, which I did. In those last moments by his bedside, I told him that I loved him, though I never knew him; and that I forgave him for having given away his daughter. Later that day, after I had returned home, Loretta called me to say that he had passed away shortly after I left his hospital room. He has struggled to hang on and wait for me.

I attended his funeral, mainly out of respect, feeling a bit uneasy as the eyes of my relatives were upon me. They were all strangers to me, and somehow always will be.

Three years ago, my adoptive mother died, leaving me to care for my adoptive father. He is 86, and I could not ask for a better parent.

Certainly, others may not be so lucky to encounter long lost relatives as I have been. Suddenly I found my world opened so much, only to discover how very small it really is. May other adopted children who read this have as much success as I did in finding their families. In reality, we are all related! There are no orphans!

Human Beings, who are almost unique in having the ability to learn from the experience of others, are also remarkable for their apparent disinclination to do so.

—Douglas Adams, *Last Chance to See*

These panels are the actual size of quarter-page horizontal ads.

Deadline for the Spring issue is 1 January.
Deadline for the Fall issue is 1 July.

Ad prices quoted are per insertion.

The American-French Genealogical Society assumes no responsibility for the quality of products or performance of services advertised in *Je Me Souviens.*
The Society reserves the right to reject advertisements which it deems inappropriate.

Single insertion ads must be paid in full prior to the deadline date. Multiple insertions will be billed and are payable in full prior to each insertion's deadline date.

Captives From Haverhill

by: Armand Letourneau

Editor's Note: This article first appeared in the Winter 1984 issue of this publication. It is reprinted here as part of the Society's observance of its twentieth anniversary year.

During the latter part of the seventeenth century, the inhabitants along the large rivers of New England were constantly on the alert for marauding bands of Indians. These Indians, traveling rapidly by canoes along the waterways of the region and forever on the lookout for any opportunity to attack the settlers and small settlements, carried on savage raiding parties that created deep fears in the hearts of the population.

The summer of 1696 was to witness many such raids along the northern area of the Massachusetts Colony. On the 26th of June of that year, a large party of Indians fell upon Portsmouth, killing twenty-four inhabitants, severely wounding one and carrying four into captivity. Several days later, Amesbury suffered the effects of a similar raid when three persons were killed, three houses were gutted by fire and a certain captain named Samuel FOOT was put to the torture in a most fiendish manner. In July, Dover also experienced the same kind of misfortune: here, three persons were murdered, three were wounded and three were taken as hostages.

Elsewhere, smaller bands of Indians scouted along the banks of the Merrimack River for opportunities to ravage and to kill. Circumstances favorable for such a situation became possible on the 13th of August when a small group of red men surprised a farmer named John HOYT and a younger companion called Peter, both from Amesbury, who were then hauling farm goods along the road between Haverhill and Andover. With arms raised, the Indians pounced upon them and quickly tomahawked them to death.

Not far from the last murder scene, there lived on a farm, in the village of Haverhill, a man named Jonathan HAYNES. Jonathan, born in England, was the son of William and of Sarah INGERSOLL. Sometime after his arrival in the Massachusetts Colony, he had married Mary MOULTON of Hampton. But Mary died shortly thereafter and six months after her death, Jonathan married Sarah, the sister of Mary.

Jonathan and Sarah made their home in the West Parish, near the Hawks Meadow Brook Section of Haverhill. It was here that the children were born. They were:

Mary: born 14 November 1677.
Thomas: born 14 May 1680.
Jonathan: born 3 September 1681.
Margaret: born 3 March 1687.
Joseph: born 4 August 1689.
Ruth: born 10 February 1692.
Elizabeth: born 22 March 1697.

On August 15, 1996, just two days after the surprise attack on the Haverhill-Andover Road, tragedy was to befall the Haynes family. On that day, Jonathan together with his daughter Mary, his sons Thomas, Jonathan Jr. and Joseph had gone to a nearby field to gather some beans when a small group of Indians suddenly appeared as if from nowhere, grabbed all four of them and dragged them to waiting canoes. Securely tied, the captives were then taken north to Pennacook (Concord, New Hampshire).

At Pennacook, the party decided to split into two groups. One group was to remain in the area for a while and the second group was to head for Maine. Mary, Jonathan Jr. and Joseph were to remain with the Pennacook group, while Jonathan Sr. and Thomas were selected to accompany the second band to Maine. Tradition has it that the first band of Indians remained in Pennacook until winter when they carried their captives on sleds to Canada and sold them to the French. Tradition has it further that Mary was redeemed a year later for one hundred pounds of tobacco.

Meanwhile, on the journey to Maine, Jonathan Sr. and his son Thomas were forever on the lookout for a chance to escape their captors. That chance came not long after their departure from Pennacook. Taking advantage of an opportune moment when the Indians were all asleep, father and son successfully effected their escape. Mustering all their woodsmen knowledge, they managed to elude pursuit. Aware also of the Indian's keen tracking habits, they knew that to increase the distance between themselves and the pursuing party was of the utmost importance.

Due to the fast pace forward and because of the lack of food and the energy spent in escaping the enemy, fatigue soon took its toll and the older Hayes fell to the ground utterly exhausted. Unable to encourage his father to go on, the son started onward and reaching the top of the hill, he proceeded to climb a tall tree for the purpose of detecting any sign of civilization within his visual area. Finding none, he descended the tree in great discouragement. When the first moment of panic had subsided, his ears brought him to reality, for in the distance, he could hear a very faint sound. Alert now and intensely attentive, he soon distinguished the sound as that of the whirring of a saw. Proceeding cautiously toward the source of the sound, he discovered that indeed the sound emanated from a sawmill located in the settlement of Saco. At the settlement, he was given milk and nourishment. With the assistance of the settlers, he returned to the spot where he had left his father. The fresh milk and food helped to restore some of the older man's strength. He was further revived by the fact that he no longer faced death.

The two Haynes remained in Saco for a few days to recoup their physical and mental fitness. After having sufficiently recruited their strength, they departed for Haverhill where they soon

arrived without undue difficulty.

Several months later, on 22 February 1697, Jonathan Sr. and his son, Thomas, accompanied by a neighbor named Samuel LADD and his son, Daniel, were heading for home on wagons filled with hay, when all of a sudden, they found themselves surrounded by two lines of Indians, one on each side of the wagons. To resist would have been useless and to endeavor to escape would have been equally useless, so the fathers begged the Indians for quarter. Not relishing the idea of being taken prisoner, the young Ladd, despite the urging of his father, managed to unhitch one of the horses and made good his escape. Angered by the loss of a prisoner, two of the Indians sneaked behind the fathers and administered each a heavy blow on the head. Mr. Haynes, who was quite aged, instantly fell to the ground, but not Mr. Ladd. Seeing this, one of the Indians advanced toward him with raised tomahawk to strike a fatal blow. Ladd closed his eyes in fatalistic anticipation. The blow never came. Samuel Ladd opened his eyes with an unbelieving expression only to find the Indian laughing at his fear. He did not however see the red man behind him raise his tomahawk to sink it deeply into his skull.

The Indians had killed Jonathan HAYES because he was "so old he no go with us" meaning that he was too old to travel north with them. As for the stern looking Mr. Ladd, the Indians killed him because he was "so sour."

Of the captives taken in the earlier raid in Haverhill, Joseph and Jonathan Jr. never returned home. Both were assimilated in the French Canadian way of life, both learned the French language, both embraced Catholicism, and both married into Canadian families.

Thus it was that Joseph HAYNES married Marie POSE (PAUSE) on October 3, 1712 at the church of St. Thomas, in Montmagny. Together, they raised ten children, one of whom named Marie-Josette married a Joseph GENDRON on the 7th of January, 1742 at St. Thomas. A direct descendant of this union, a girl named Cecile GENDRON, married on the 11th of August 1837, a man named Pierre LETOURNEAU from St. Pierre du Sud, Montmagny County. This Pierre LETOURNEAU is my own great-grandfather.

The descendants of Joseph HAYNES and Marie POSE multiplied and settled in many areas of Canada and the United States. Today, thousands of them, share the same common ancestry. Noteworthy is the fact that in this case there exists cousins of French Canadian ancestry as well as cousins of English American ancestry who are all descendants of Jonathan HAYNES and of Sarah MOULTON. Generally, on the American side, the name appears in print as Haynes, Hains or Hayns. Whereas in Canada, the variations of the name have been greater. Thus we see in some genealogical records the name Hains, Hin, Hinse, Hince, Aince, Ainse, Ains. All these names, however spelled, trace their origin to Haverhill, Massachusetts. Today one may visit the old cemetery in Haverhill and see the name Haynes on the tombstone of Jonathan and Sarah.

In trying to piece the events that make up this narrative, the task has been

a challenging one. The genealogical records consultedand the stories that cover this subject offer conflicting versions at times. For instance, the *Vital Records of Haverhill* and Emma Lewis COLEMAN's *New England Captives Carried to Canada* show four children born of Jonathan HAYNES and his wife Sarah, while in his *History of Haverhill*, George CHASE shows seven children born of the couple.

Also, George CHASE has Jonathan Sr. and his son, Joseph, going to Maine with the second group of Indians after the separation at Pennacook, while Emma L. COLEMAN indicates that it was Jonathan Sr. and his oldest son, namely, Thomas who went to Maine. The latter appears to be the correct version since it is stated by both authors that Joseph and Jonathan Sr. never returned from Canada after their capture by the Indians.

In his *History of Haverhill* George CHASE recalls a legend, carried on from earlier days, which suggests that in one of the companies in the Canada expedition of 1757, there were three brothers named Haynes and that while campaining in Canada, the brothers were granted leave to allow them to search for their long lost relatives. The legend goes on to allow that indeed the relatives were found but that by now, they had been totally estranged from the English language and that an interpreter was needed to converse with them. This legend can be given credence by the fact that one of the captive brothers remembered that before the raids, his sister, Mary, had had a finger accidentally cut off by a neighbor. This was confirmed by the others who now truly believe in the identity of their long lost relatives. No amount of persuasion, however strong, could induce the brothers to return to Massachusetts.

The facts of the case nullify the legend to a great degree when one relies on Tanguay, who shows Joseph as having died at Montmagny on the 29th of March, 1745. As to Jonathan Jr., no records can be found of him in Canada, except perhaps, to link him to the second Joseph mentioned in Tanguay. To lend weight to this assumption, Emma L. COLEMAN states that in the *Naturalization Paper of 1710* for Haverhill, there appears the following notation: *"Joseph hins living at Cap St. Ignace, another Joseph hins, his brother, living at Beaupre"*.

After reading and rereading all available material concerning the Haynes brothers, one can find many more discrepancies other than the ones already mentioned. Suffice it to say that a researcher in genealogy may exercise convincing logic in certain circumstances, but at the end, there are always some lingering questions. The only plausible solution is to present the facts, even if they suggest a frictional status and allow the reader the benefit of his or her own conclusions.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

COLEMAN, Emma Lewis. *New England Captives Carried To Canada Between 1677 And 1760 During The French And Indian Wars.* Vol. 1, pps. 339-340

CHASE, George Wingate. *The History of Haverhill, From Its First Settlement,*

In 1640 to The Year 1860. Published by the author. Haverhill, 1861

Vital Records of Haverhill, Massachusetts. Births, Vol. 1, Edition of 1910

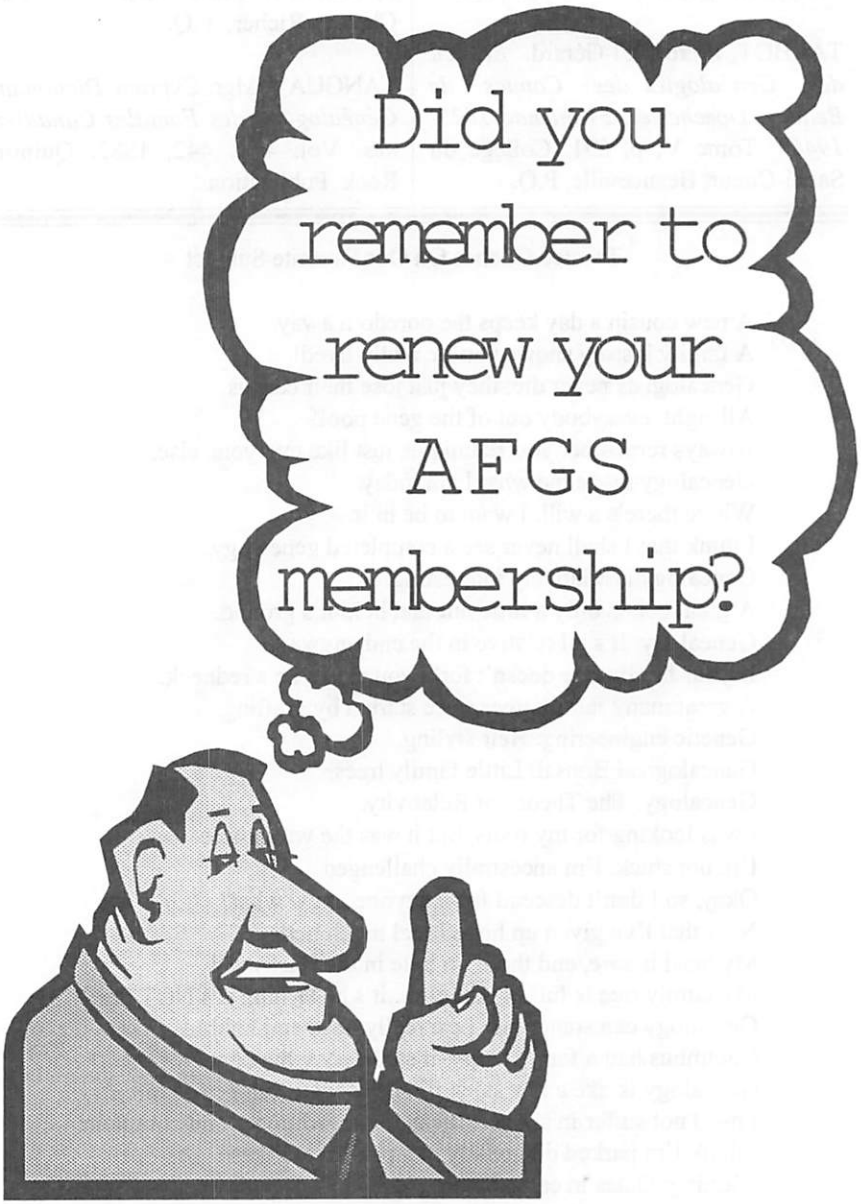
TALBOT, Frére Eloi-Gérard. *Recueil des Généalogies des Comtes de Beauce, Dorchester, Frontenac. 1625-1946.* Tome V, p. 291. College du Sacré-Coeur, Beauceville, P.Q.

TALBOT, Frére Eloi-Gérard. *Généalogie des Familles Originaires des Comtes de Montmagny, L'Islet, Bellechasse.* Tome VIII, p. 45. Pub. Chateau Richer, P.Q.

TANGUAY, Mgr. Cyprien. *Dictionaire Généalogique des Familles Canadiennes.* Vol. 4 p. 442, 1982, Quintin-Rock Publications.

Twisted Cliches On Our Favorite Subject

A new cousin a day keeps the boredom away.
A family history shows you've really lived!
Genealogists never die; they just lose their census.
All right, everybody out of the gene pool!
Always remember you're unique, just like everyone else.
Genealogy made me what I am today.
Where there's a will, I want to be in it.
I think that I shall never see a completed genealogy.
Genealogy is relatively interesting.
A great oak is only a little nut that held it's ground.
Genealogy: It's all relative in the end anyway.
If your family tree doesn't fork, you might be a redneck.
A great many family trees were started by grafting.
Genetic engineering: Heir styling.
Genealogical Bonsai: Little family trees.
Genealogy: The Theory of Relativity.
I was looking for my roots, but it was the wrong tree.
I'm not stuck, I'm ancestrally challenged.
Okay, so I don't descend from anyone...now what?
Now that I've given up hope I feel much better.
My head is sore, and there's a hole in the brickwall!
My family tree is full of notholes...it's NOT him, it's NOT her!
Genealogy can sometimes be a really dead end hobby!
Columbus had a fourth ship—it sailed over the edge.
Genealogy is like a hay stack full of needles, but I need threads.
I need not suffer in silence...I can moan, whimper and complain.
I think I'm parked diagonally in a parallel universe.
Warning: Dates in calendar are closer than they appear.
Friends come and go, but relatives tend to accumulate,
My problems are all relative. Just too many of them,
Old genealogists are simply chronologically gifted!


Did you remember to renew your AFGS membership?

It's Off To Work I Go

by: Albert Boissonneault

Editor's Note: The following is taken from the book, Je Me Souviens — A Family Remembrance, by Albert Boissonneault, and is reprinted here with his widows permission. This is the seventh installment. Mr. Boissonneault's book is in the AFGS library.

In October 1923, I turned 14 and my family decided that I should leave school and go to work to help with the finances. I was then in the eighth grade at the Edward B. Newton School in Winthrop Center. A boy or girl could begin work at age 14 at that time by obtaining a working permit. The one condition to getting that permit was that the minor's employer would agree to let him attend *Continuation School* for four hours each week. This school was on Brimmer Street in the South End of Boston.

My step brother, John Howard Robertson (called Howard by his mother but John in later years by his wife) was then working as a blueprinter for the Boston Blueprint Company at 177 State Street, Boston, across the street from the Custom House Tower. About the middle of November, 1923, John was able to get me a job as an errand boy at $10.00 a week. I worked five and one half days per week; Monday through Friday 7:30 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., and Saturday, 7:30 a.m. to 11:00 a.m. The company had two errand boys and although we spent some time inside the plant, most of our workday was spent outside. Every day we made the rounds, calling at 15 or 16 offices of architects, engineers, or lawyers, and picking up any plans or documents that they wanted to be blueprinted or brown lined. There were two directional rounds, one north towards North Station, and the other going towards South Station. The company also had another office at Park Square in the Back Bay (184 Boylson Street, between Boston Common and the Public Gardens). Life as an errand boy was not too bad on a bright, sunny day when we could dawdle along and do a lot of window shopping. When it was cold and rainy, we would call the customers to see if they had any plans or drawings for us to process. If they had, we would then take along a copper tube about three and one half feet long in which to protect the plans from the weather.

The plans, which were either on tracing paper or tracing cloth, would be taken to the blueprint machine once we reached the plant. This machine was about five feet wide with a canvas going through various rollers. After the plans were laid on the canvas with the printed parts on top, they would travel

slowly through a section that had strong carbon lights. Next they would travel through a tank containing a potash mixture. By this time the original had been ejected to the side of the machine, and the specially treated paper would then proceed through a wash of plain water, washing out the potash. The paper would then travel over some heated pipes to dry out, exiting at the end of the machine. There trimmers, one on each side of the machine, would cut the plans at the machine as they came by and trim them to get rid of excess paper. A sheet of plans would go through the whole process in about three minutes. The shop also had a photostat machine which would photograph documents, and increase or decrease their size. In those days there were no copying machines as we know them today, if you can imagine that. How did we ever manage without those miraculous machines? There was a way of copying small sheets of paper, using some gelatinous substance, but it made poor and messy copies, hence the use of a photostat machines by attorneys. Brown lines used the same process as blueprints except that the special paper produced brown lines on a white background, a more expensive process.

We errand boys were used as trimmers in our spare time whenever we worked inside. When the work was completed, we would return it to the customer, sometimes on the same day that we had picked it up. Service was pretty good, with one day service guaranteed as a rule.

On Tuesday mornings I would go directly to the Continuation School from 8:00 a.m. to 12 noon. As the school was quite far from the business district, I was given two tokens a week to use in the subway. During my four hours we would have English, history, and math periods, plus a little time to do mechanical drawing. I did not find it boring but rather enjoyed it. I always loved school. Life as an errand boy in Boston in those days was not too bad.

I have already mentioned our routine on rainy days. On the good days (and there were many) we were more or less on our own, as long as we covered our territory. It was understood that during our travels we would have our lunch. On Court Street, which is an extension of State Street beginning at the Old State House and ending at Scollay Square (now Government Center), there was a tobacconist's shop named *Ehrlich*, carrying tobacco, pipes, cigars and cigarettes. An *oldtimer* sat in the window of the shop all day, five days a week. With his long white hair and a white beard, he seemed to be the personification of Santa Claus. Oblivious of the nosy people like me peering in on him, he carved amazingly lifelike figures in white pipes made of meerschaum, a material resembling ivory. In my opinion, he was a real artist with the various knives and picks he used as his tools. His finished product was pure white, exquisitely beautiful and, I am sure, very expensive. As the entranced crowd outside the window watched the magic carving of his skillful fingers, he paid us no attention but kept his eyes and mind glued closely to his work. Probably thousands of people were as fascinated as I was during the many years that unknown carver sat in his window. Though his artistry was meant for rich people all over the world, we congregation of window watchers had

the pleasure of watching those ethereal figures emerge under our spell bound gaze.

One of my fondest memories of those days spent on the streets of Boston is of the many Waldorf Cafeterias where I ordinarily ate my lunch. At that time this restaurant chain owned about 40 lunchrooms located in the greater Boston area. In those busy days, there were two Waldorfs on State Street, three on a short section of Tremont Street, and three on Washington Street in the business area. These cafeterias usually had about 80 seats, some at small tables, and others with an enlarged arm rest in the shape of a restaurant tray; these last were set against the wall. Some restaurants, such as those at the North and South Stations and the Park Square bus terminal were considerably larger and open 24 hours a day.

The food at the Waldorf was always well prepared and very tasty, at least to my unsophisticated taste buds. All of these restaurants featured baked apples, in fact their logo was a red apple. The moment you entered the restaurant, you would smell those apples, usually lined up on a bed of crushed ice at the counter where your order was taken. Also on the ice were various jellos, canned fruits in large stainless steel bowls and three or four kinds of puddings. It all looked very appetizing, and looks did not deceive you, they were all delicious, especially when heaped with real whipped cream. When I say whipped cream, I do not mean Cool Whip or Reddy Whip out of a can, but honest to goodness real whipped cream, whipped by hand with a little sugar and vanilla added for that extra taste. I believe some chefs or cooks still use real whipped cream but they are a rarity.

When you entered the restaurant you obtained a lunch check from a dispensing machine and then proceeded to the counter to give your order to one of the countermen. The menu did not vary much from day to day and featured good but plain food such as corned beef hash, shepherd's pie, liver and onions, etc. The Thursday feature, a New England boiled dinner, was super and every day my favorite, Boston baked beans and brown bread, was served.

I could go on and on about the food at the Waldorf, the egg trilby sandwiches (fried egg with slices of onion), the gingerbread rounds, the jelly doughnuts bursting with mixed jelly, and the deep rich coffee that was specially roasted by the La Touraine Coffee Co. The demise of the Waldorf was a loss to the ordinary working man who wanted who wanted a good inexpensive meal without frills or fuss. All of their cafeterias were very brightly lit and very cheerful places to eat. Now as far as I know they are all gone, what a pity.

In October, 1924, I was sent to the Back Bay shop at 184 Boylston Street. Consequently I had two new territories, the Back Bay and the South End.

The South End of Boston, in those days, was home to Jewish, Greek, Armenian, Syrian, and Albanian colonies. Each of these ethnic groups had its own section with small stores or vendors' push carts lining the bustling streets. I always found it fascinating to see all the strange foods, the colorful

clothing, and hear the incomprehensible languages. Whenever I had a chance, I would wander through these entrancing areas.

I don't know how many miles a day I hiked as an errand boy – but it was quite a few. I got off the ferry boat at Rowe's Wharf on Atlantic Avenue, went to South Station, crossed over to Essex Street, walked all the way to Tremont Street, and from there to Park Square, by way of Boylston Street. Though it was reversed at night, the walk was just as long. I worked five and one half days, the same as at State Street and for the same $10.00 a week gross. (It was also net, as there were no deductions in those days, not even income tax.

After working there about two years, I went to work at the Bethlehem Shipyard's dry dock in East Boston. The pay there was better, 60 cents an hour, which was quite a raise. We scraped and painted the outside of ocean going tramp steamers. Unless the weather was extremely bad, we worked most every day so as not to keep ships in dry dock longer than necessary. They would much rather pay us overtime to get the ship floating again. The crew painting the ship would contain 50 men. Ten men would have long scrapers with which they would scrape the barnacles off the ship's bottom, which had been placed on big wooden blocks. The rest of the crew would sit in a row and start painting with anti-corrosive paint, painting up to the water line. In an eight hour day we could put one coat of paint on a fairly good size ship; on the next day we would put on the second coat.

Meanwhile some other fellow would be painting the ship's water tank and fuel tanks. These tanks are situated way down on either side of the ship's keels, where the ribs of the ship are joined to the keel. There is a rib about every 15 feet, and each rib has a circular opening about 30 inches wide so that the water can level off between each rib section. When the painting is done, the worker goes down the tank from the deck above it, about seven feet. One man stays on that deck with an electrical board holding about 12 outlets. Each man going down carries a light plugged into that board, and then crawls from one rib section to another until he reaches the bulkhead, maybe crawling through six rib sections. The cement paint used had a strong odor, and of course the tank itself did not smell too good. It was only possible to work down there for about a half hour, before being forced to come out for a breath of fresh air. The work was cold and filthy, but the money was good.

One event that stands out in my memory from those long ago days, still tickles my funnybone. I had been working in the tanks of a banana boat owned by United Fruit Company, a Boston company which had bananas brought to the city and then shipped by freight cars throughout the United States and Canada. The Port of Boston handled three or four banana boats a week. Of course, some of these boats would also carry bananas to Europe – but all repairs and dry dock work was done in Boston. One day in the middle of winter, I was in the bowels of the banana boat, painting drinking water tanks. To combat the bitter cold, I wore two pairs of pants. As I crawled through the ship's ribs to get to the tanks, the

inner pair of pants began to slip down around my knees, so I went on deck to straighten my clothing.

When a boat is in dry dock, the toilets cannot be used; the workers have to get off the boat and use the toilets on the pier. Well, I went up on deck and took a drink of water from a bubbler on deck before starting to fix my clothes. Meanwhile, the captain of the boat, An Englishman, said to me "Yank, you know that you're not supposed to use the toilets while the ship is in drydock." I told him that I had not gone to the toilet, but had only had a drink of water. The captain looked me up and down and said, "I've been all over the world and seen strange sights in many countries, but you're the first man I ever ran across who had to take his trousers down to have a drink of water." The laugh I had over his chastisement has lasted for many years.

One Wish For Christmas

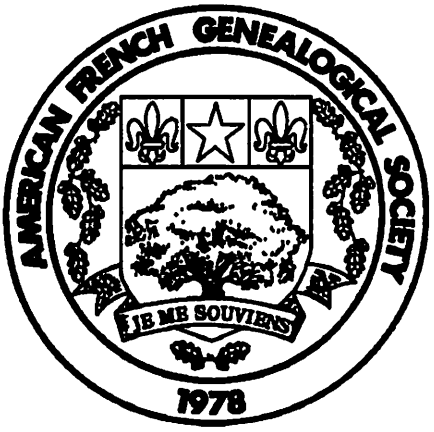
If I had one wish for Christmas
That really would come true,
I'd wish that Christmas joy and
peace
Would last the whole year through.

Hearts are filled with joy and love,
Folks go to church and pray,
On the eve that brought our Savior
And on the morn of Christmas
Day.

Songs and stories, old yet new,
Are told around the tree,
As it stands in splendid radiance
For everyone to see.

There is pleasure gained in giving
And a quiet, inner glow,
For in making someone happy
The angels sing, you know.

If I had one wish for Christmas
I know it would bring cheer,
If the folks on earth just carried
Christmas in their hearts all year.



These spaces are reserved for your ad!
Over 1500 copies of this publication are mailed to AFGS members in the U.S., Canada, and Europe; including over 200 libraries and genealogical/historical societies.
Your advertisement will be seen by thousands of people in your market.

Full page — $50.00
Half page — $25.00
Quarter page — $12.50

Above rates are for camera-ready copy, and are payable in U.S. funds.

Standards For Sound Genealogical Research
Standards For Using Records Repositories And Libraries
Standards For Use Of Technology In Genealogical Research

Recommended by the National Genealogical Society

Remembering always that they are engaged in a quest for truth, family history researchers consistently:

* record the source for each item of information they collect.

* test every hypothesis or theory against credible evidence, and reject those that are not supported by the evidence.

* seek original records, or reproduced images of them when there is reasonable assurance they have not been altered, as the basis for their research conclusions.

* use compilations, communications and published works, whether paper or electronic, primarily for their value as guides to locating the original records.

* state something as a fact only when it is supported by convincing evidence, and identify the evidence when communicating the fact to others.

* limit with words like "probable" or "possible" any statement that is based on less than convincing evidence, and state the reasons for concluding that it is probable or possible.

* avoid misleading other researchers by either intentionally or carelessly distributing or publishing inaccurate information.

* state carefully and honestly the results of their own research, and acknowledge all use of other researchers' work.

* recognize the collegial nature of genealogical research by making their work available to others through publication, or by placing copies in appropriate libraries or repositories, and by welcoming critical comment.

* consider with open minds new evidence or the comments of others on their work and the conclusions they have reached.

Recognizing that how they use unique original records and fragile publications will affect other users, both current and future, family history researchers habitually:

* are courteous to research facility personnel and other researchers, and respect the staff's other daily tasks, not expecting the records custodian to listen to their family histories nor provide constant or immediate attention.

* dress appropriately, converse with others in a low voice, and supervise children appropriately.

* do their homework in advance, know what is available and what they need, and avoid ever asking for "everything" on their ancestors.

* use only designated work space areas, respect off-limits areas, and request permission before using photo-

copy or microform equipment, asking for assistance if needed.

* treat original records at all times with great respect and work with only a few records at a time, recognizing that they are irreplaceable and that each user must help preserve them for future use.

* treat books with care, never forcing their spines, and handle photographs properly, preferably wearing archival gloves.

* never mark, mutilate, rearrange, relocate, or remove from the repository any original, printed, microform, or electronic document or artifact.

* use only procedures prescribed by the repository for noting corrections to any errors or omissions found in published works, never marking the work itself.

* keep note-taking paper or other objects from covering records or books, and avoid placing any pressure upon them, particularly with a pencil or pen.

* use only the method specifically designated for identifying records for duplication, avoiding use of paper clips, adhesive notes, or other means not approved by the facility, unless instructed otherwise, replace volumes and files in their proper locations, before departure, thank the records custodians for their courtesy in making the materials available.

* follow the rules of the records repository without protest, even if they have changed since a previous visit or differ from those of another facility.

Mindful that computers are tools, genealogists take full responsibility for their work, and therefore they:

* learn the capabilities and limits of their equipment and software, and use them only when they are the most appropriate tools for a purpose.

* refuse to let computer software automatically embellish their work.

* treat compiled information from on-line sources or digital data bases like that from other published sources, useful primarily as a guide to locating original records, but not as evidence for a conclusion or assertion.

* accept digital images or enhancements of an original record as a satisfactory substitute for the original only when there is reasonable assurance that the image accurately reproduces the unaltered original.

* cite sources for data obtained on-line or from digital media with the same care that is appropriate for sources on paper and other traditional media, and enter data into a digital database only when its source can remain associated with it.

* always cite the sources for information or data posted on-line or sent to others, naming the author of a digital file as its immediate source, while crediting original sources cited within the file.

* preserve the integrity of their own data bases by evaluating the reliability of downloaded data before incorporating it into their own files.

* provide, whenever they alter data received in digital form, a description of the change that will accompany the altered data whenever it is shared with others.

* actively oppose the proliferation of error, rumor and fraud by personally verifying or correcting information, or noting it as unverified, before passing it on to others.

* treat people on-line as courteously and civilly as they would treat

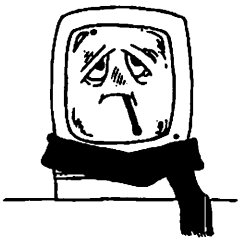
them face-to-face, not separated by networks and anonymity.

* accept that technology has not changed the principles of genealogical research, only some of the procedures.

From Letters And Ads:

"Any ancestors you can dig up would be appreciated."
"He died at the end of the War of Disease."
On a tombstone: "I told you I was sick."
"I am looking for PLENTY."
"Looking for anything you may have."
Sign at junkyard next to cemetary: "Used Body Parts."
"As he was on wife #4, I think his health was probably ok, till the very end."
"Possibly she was born with a different surname."
"Thank you for reading this long boring query."
"I have children for the rest and I'm willing to share."
Found in Waterloo, IA death records: "Cause of death: Studying too hard."
"I am trying to tie him into the family."
"I do not know if that address is still any good after 2 wars."
"I have many dates in cemetaries, if anyone is interested."
"If anything fits, please let me know.:
"...let me know and I'll supply the rest of the children."
"I am still hitting a dead end wall."
"To whom it may concern, my name is **** *******. I am looking for family history."
"I have been chasing this fellow for 20 years."
"No one said this is for dead people only."
"When she died, she was his widow."
"I have one son named George and one named Robert. Does anyone know who the father is?"
"...this is probably the only way I will ever tie some of those folks up..."
"...that more people died of the flu than from the war was one of the tragedies of the war."
"...am willing to check cemeteries and take pictures of persons known to be buried..."
"I'm hoping to find my way all the way back to Africa, but I need help."
"I have 6 of their children with birth dates."
"She died in Childbirth, Mississippi."
"If interested in the above marriage e-mail me."
"I found out that half my forefathers were female."
"I'm always late. My ancestors must havy arrived on Juneflower."

The Joy Of Giving .... PCs

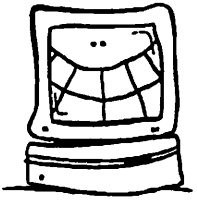


Do computers, like people, slow down as they get older? No, but it sure seems that way! Today's software places greater demands on equipment. That, along with higher expectations, nifty options, and tax depreciation, feeds "upgrade fever".

But, while we're preoccupied with when to upgrade, and to what, an important question is often ignored...what do you do with the old equipment? Some of our members just pass it down the ladder to other family members, or to those whose demands aren't as great as those who are upgrading. The trouble is, many members often can't find anyone who can use the older machines. One alternative is to try and sell the hardware, while another is to sell your equipment to a liquidator or used computer dealer.

A better option, however, might be to give it to a nonprofit organization, such as the ***AFGS***. What these machines lack in dollar value often pales in comparison to their value to groups and individuals that really need them.

Our organization would be happy to accept any old IBM-PC, 386, 486 or higher compatible. But, do not forget to take a few precautions! For example, software that works for you might be inappropriate for volunteers. Be careful about giving away machines with copyrighted software on the hard disk. Some software companies allow users to donate older versions of their programs, but it's best to check with the vendor.



Whatever you do, do not let your PC sit in a closet gathering dust! So many people can use them for so many different and very good reasons! (And, it could mean a substantial tax deduction for you!)

Don't Just Donate A Piece Of Equipment...
Donate A Solution! You'll Feel Better For It!

For More Information, Contact Roger Bartholomy @ 401-769-1623

Criminal Punishment in New France and New England

by: Richard L. Provost, Ph.D.

In doing your genealogical research I am quite sure that you have run into references to odd and unusual punishments and forms of execution. I thought that it might be interesting to take a look at some these methods of punishment that our ancestors might have been forced to submit to.

In New France and in the English colonies to the south there were three general areas of criminal justice. They were crimes against the state, crimes dealing with religion, and crimes against people and property. The punishment meted out to the perpetrators of these crimes depended upon three factors — the type of crime, the degree of involvement, and the criminal record of the accused.

In 1664, Louis XIV gave control of the colony of New France to the *Compagnie des Indes Occidentales*. The king gave the judicial authorities of the colony specific instructions to enforce the legal and criminal codes of the mother country.

The judicial system of New France was divided into two separate courts of law. The first court was established in the city of Québec in 1666 and was called the Provost and Admiralty of Québec. In addition to civil and criminal cases in the colony, this court also had jurisdiction over maritime cases. A second court was established at this time at Trois-Rivières. Montreal did not receive its own court until 1693. Prior to this time the *seigneurs* of the city enforced the law and held court.

Seigneural courts usually tried minor crimes in their locality. Major cases and important civil and criminal cases were tried in a royal court. Appeal of these courts' rulings were taken to the Sovereign Council in Québec for review. This body acted much like our modern day Supreme Court.

Executions were rare except in times of war. The average person might only witness two or three executions in his lifetime. The primary reason for this was the cost of the execution. The cost of erecting a scaffold and hiring a jailer and executioner was often prohibitive for this poor colony. Added to this was the cost of providing heat and food for the prisoner. The cost of punishing criminals came from tax receipts of the locality. This was obtained from market tolls, ferry dues, milling rights, fishing and hunting permits, the rent collected on the common grazing land, and so on. Community expenses took most of this money. The crime had to be very horrendous for the town to willingly put

up the money for an execution.

Criminal justice was cruel by today's standards and harsh penalties were the rule rather than the exception. Male prisoners were kept in the local jail. Women were given over to the local nuns and kept in the convent until their trial. The accused was not allowed to confront his accusers or witnesses to the alleged crime.

The prisoner was brought in to the trial after the witnesses were questioned. The accused had no right to counsel nor did he have the right to cross examine witnesses. In most cases the accused was ignorant of the evidence that was presented to the court. In the case of a major crime, the accused was often tortured to obtain information. This was known as *preparatory interrogation.* In such cases the prisoner was brought before his accusers and witnesses to see if his confession agreed with their testimony.

The judge could hand down a sentence without the accused being present in court. The clerk of the court would go to the prisoners cell and read the sentence of the court to him. A review of the sentence was made by the Sovereign Council. After this proceeding, the sentence was carried out.

Most crimes against the state carried the death penalty. Crimes against the state religion were usually punished by death or maiming. Civil crimes including up to murder, sex crimes, and the sale of alcohol to the Indians were subject to a range of penalties, including death.

Children, women, the sick, and the aged were sometimes spared torture. This was not done out of a sense of sympathy, but because it was assumed that these individuals had no fortitude and would confess to anything too easily. Witches, warlocks, and religious dissenters were usually mutilated and then killed.

The actual punishments in both the French and English colonies were carried out in public. This served two purposes: the shaming of the criminal and to serve as an example to other colonists. Additionally, these public punishments served as a form of entertainment. The local population had an excuse to come in to town and shop. Merchants set up shop near the site of the execution to hawk their goods. Churchmen used this opportunity to sermonize on the consequences of straying from the fold.

Most large cities and the central government of the colony had a headsman to carry out sentences of death. Depending on the severity of the crime, the condemned would have one or both hands cut off before losing his head. In the case of a very serious crime, the condemned could lose his legs as well.

The worst punishment in this category was called *drawing and quartering.* The condemned would lose both arms and both legs in turn. The stumps would be stuck in pine tar to stem the bleeding and keep the criminal alive while the rest of the sentence was carried out. After the amputation of his extremities, the condemned's abdomen was cut open and his entrails were re-

moved and burned. He then was placed upon the block and beheaded. The punishment didn't end with the prisoner's death. Sometimes the condemned's body parts were placed on public display, and sometimes they were publicly burned.

Hanging was a common form of execution in the North American colonies. One of the biggest obstacles to this was finding a hangman. This problem was solved in several unique ways. One was to offer clemency to a criminal who had committed a capital offense if he would act as hangman.

Garrotting or strangling was another form of execution. This consisted of being tied to a chair or stake and slowly being strangled to death. The body was later burned.

In an unusually cruel form of punishment, the prisoner was tied to a wagon wheel. The executioner would then break that person's arm and legs with a steel rod. Sometimes the back was also broken. Prisoners allowed to live were crippled for life in most cases.

A form of execution most often used for religious dissenters, witches and warlocks was burning at the stake. The condemned would be chained to a pole in the public square. Well dried hardwood was piled low around his legs. Using this wood assured a hot fire with a low flame, thus assuring that the prisoner died slowly.

The hammer was an extremely brutal form of execution. After being strapped to a cartwheel, the condemned was given blows with a sledgehammer which crushed the bones in his arms and legs. The killing blow was given to the abdomen. It usually took some time for the prisoner to die. In a variation of this, steel plates or large stones were piled on the prisoner until he was slowly crushed to death. This torture was often used on criminals to force them to confess.

With the advent of firearms in the 1600's, the use of the firing squad became popular to dispatch traitors and soldiers. Prior to the use of firearms, archers or crossbowmen were used.

A punishment often used against sailors at sea was called *keelhauling*. In this form of torture, the errant sailor was tied hand and foot to two pieces of rope. He was then passed under the ship from one side to the other several times until he either drowned or the captain determined that the sailor had enough punishment. A variation of this was used on land where the prisoner was strapped to a stool at the end of a lever or hung from a rope, and repeatedly dunked in deep water. This torture, called *ducking* was used to determine if the accused was a witch. The theory behind this was simple: If the accused was a witch then he/she was expected to use his/her powers of witchcraft to stay alive under water. If the accused survived the ducking, then this was proof of guilt and execution was called for. If the victim drowned, then he/she was proclaimed innocent of witchcraft and given a Christian burial.

The ducking stool was more often used on women than men. A woman who was constantly scolding, slandering, or scandalizing was pun-

ished by the ducking stool. Couples who quarreled were often tied back to back and ducked in a pond. Woman beaters were also punished in this manner. Bakers of bad bread and brewers of bad beer and ale also earned punishment in this manner. Paupers who were bold and unruly often found themselves tied to the ducking stool.

A variation of the ducking stool was called the *tumbrel*. This was a chair set on wheels and had a long wagon shaft and rope attached. The accused was strapped into the chair, which was then wheeled backwards into a pond. The wagon shaft was then tilted upward, sending the chair seat in a backward plunge into the water. Other common names for the ducking stool were *scolder's chair, gumstool,* and *coqueenstool.*

The use of cages was a non-lethal form of punishment in use until the early 1700's. The prisoner was locked in a cage and put on public display for a time. He may or may not have been fed during this time.

In lesser crimes that did not justify death, the prisoner was sometimes bound and forced to stand on the gallows with a noose around the neck. Flogging usually followed. Another form of non-lethal punishment involved the wearing of a locked halter, sometimes for months or even years.

There is no doubt that our ancestors were more intimidated by derision and mockery than we are in modern times. The court records from colonial times are full of suits for petty slander and libel. Scandal and gossip were rampant.

One method of punishment for minor crimes was the *bilboe*, also called *laying by the heels.* The *bilboe* originated in Spain. Large numbers of this device were aboard the ships of the Spanish Armada. From there they made their way to England and France, and from there to these countries' colonies. The *bilboe* consisted of a long bolt of iron to which was attached two sliding shackles, similar to handcuffs. These shackles were placed on the ankles of the miscreant and locked with a padlock. In some cases, the bolt was attached to the floor. Other times a chain was attached to the bolt. This chain was fastened to the top of a post; as a result, the prisoner could not stand because the chain was not long enough. The prisoner was forced to lay with his back in the dirt. This variation was called *"to be laid flat in bilboes."* Later the stocks and pillory took place of the bilboes.

Pillories and stocks were common from the twelfth century until the 1790's. They were usually placed near the center of town or in the town square. This form of punishment was often used for lesser crimes, such as fraud. The prisoner was forced to stand in the stocks for hours and sometimes days, enduring the taunts and abuse of the citizenry. In some cases, the prisoner's ears were mutilated to mark his/her guilt.

Branding was also used to permanently mark a person's guilt. Usually the forehead was branded with the first letter of the crime, such as an M for manslaughter, or H for heresy.

The boot and *caschielaws* were crushing devices. Made of wood, the boot was made in the shape of a stocking that encircled the leg from the ankle to the knee. The *caschilaws*, similarly constructed, covered the arm from the wrist to the elbow, and in some cases, to the shoulder. After putting the leg or arm in the device, wedges were driven between the casing and the limb. The number of blows was determined by the severity of the offense. The effect on the limb was so severe that it was severely crushed and rendered permanently useless. In extreme cases, the limb was so severely damaged that it had to be amputated. Considering the level of medical care available in those days, this amounted to a death sentence.

The hair shirt was another cruel form of punishment. The shirt was soaked in vinegar, then put tightly on the bare body of the accused. After a period of time it was removed, often pulling the skin of the prisoner's body.

The whipping post was used from the very beginning of the French and English settlements. In many towns vagrants were cruelly whipped. Lying, swearing, perjury, slander, name calling, and selling rum to the Indians were all punishable by whipping. Also whipping offenses were killing game on Sunday, sleeping in church, drunkenness, and wanton behavior. In addition a person could be whipped for slandering the government and stealing. Crimes of a sexual nature which would not be considered offensive behavior today were also punishable by the lash. This included unlicensed lovemaking, which included speaking or writing to a person of the opposite sex; company keeping, unnecessary familiarity, disorderly nightly meetings, gifts, or sinful dalliance (this last offense was a catchall).

Whipping posts were prominent in private schools and were used by school masters to impress upon unruly and backsliding students the virtues of study.

Women who strayed from their marriages and were caught in an illicit relationship were sentenced to wear the letter *A* on their outer clothing. Similarly, the letter *V* was used to signify viciousness; *D* stood for drunkard; and the letter *H* was worn by a person who did not belong to the state church.

In a variation of this, the prisoner was forced to stand in the town square holding a sign describing his or her offense. This was often used for persons accused of minor offenses, such as disturbing the peace, cheating, or lying.

Colonial records show us that scolding women were plentiful and were punished by being gagged. Also used for this was the *scold bridle*. Also known as a *brank, gossip bridle, dames bridle,* or *scold's helm*, this was a metal apparatus that fit over the woman's head. She could see and breathe unimpaired; however if she tried to speak, a metal plate with sharp spikes in her mouth caused great pain.

Public humiliation was used to punish minor crimes. The accused was forced to stand in the town square or in front of the congregation in church and announce his/her transgression. Immorality, cheating, defamation of charac-

ter, or disregard for the Sabbath could bring on this punishment.

Someone convicted of drunkenness could be placed in an inverted wine barrel with his head sticking out of a hole in the bottom. A variation of this was called a *Spanish mantle* or *drunkard's cloak.*

From the time of the Romans until about 1675, most ships were propelled with oars as well as sails. The oars were used in a calm sea with no wind. This was a lowly job reserved for slaves, captive sailors from enemy ships, and men condemned to the ship's galley in place of jail or death. There are several cases of this in the first fifty years of the French colony in Québec.

Flogging was a method of punishment in common use by the military. The lash or cat o' nine tails often had metal beads attached to the end of the lash. The result of this was that skin was torn from the prisoner's back.

In most cases, these punishments took place in public, adding shame and humiliation to the physical pain. The cruelty of justice in those times causes us to wonder about our ancestors and the value they placed on human life.

Bibliography

EARLE, Alice Morse. *Curious Punishments of Bygone Days.* Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago, IL; reprinted by Charles E. Tuttle Co., Rutland, VT, 1972 & 1986

FELT, Joseph B. *History of Ipswich, Essex and Hamilton, Massachusetts.* The Clamshell Press, Ipswich, MA, 1966.

Members Corner

Looking for parents and marriage of Desire OUIMETTE aka Jeremiah WILMOT, married to Henriette HARNOIS. I believe he was previosly married and had three children, Peter, Jerry and George.

Marriage and parents of William GAUDREAU married to Celina CHAMPIGNY. William was married to Lucie MAYNARD in a first marriage.

Sr. Alice Ouimette
65 Lake Shore Dr., Warwick RI 02889-1618

Under Questions and Answers, page 93 Autumn 1997: John Bloniasz was looking for the parents of Leon and Theodore SAUCIER. In *A Saucier-Socia-Sochia Family Genealogy* by Mary Jean (Stark) Farnham & Blanche (Sochia) Gunn, 1994, on page 9, are listed Leon and Theodore. Theodore's marriage is shown with parents Leon SAUCIER/SOCIA and Christine BOUSQUET.

Mrs. Farnham's address, as of 1994, was HC64, Box 52, Tamworth, NH 03886

Norm Young
456 Shantyville Rd., Gouverneur, NY 13642

French-Canadian Exiles In Bermuda

by: Armand R. Letourneau

Editor's Note: This article first appeared in the Spring 1984 issue of this publication. It is reprinted here as part of the Society's observance of its twentieth anniversary year.

In 1837, there erupted in Canada, an insurrection known as the Rebellion of 1837, the effects of which in the minds of many, lingered for decades in continued resentment. The causes of the insurrection were deeply rooted and of long standing given the strongly entrenched British military caste system and the titled and privileged aristocracy that ruled the country. Also, in some areas, undercurrent animosities stemming from religious and ethnic considerations had been simmering for a long time. The populace, nurturing ill feeling toward their government, could only vent its resentment and grievances through the Elective Assembly whose voice was too often taken lightly by the ruling councils. Members of these councils and many of the elected legislators had for years carried on certain activities for the purpose of broadening their own power base. This conflict of minds could only result in a boiling situation. The clash was further precipitated by the strong dissenting voices that extended in both Lower Canada (Québec), which was under the leadership of Louis-Joseph PAPINEAU and in Upper Canada (Ontario), which was under the leadership of William Lyon MACKENSIE.

At the time of the uprising, Sir John COLBORNE commanded the military forces of Canada and acted as the Governor "pro-tem" pending the arrival from England of Lord Durham, the newly appointed Governor General of Canada. It was during this interim period that an actual armed confrontation materialized. Sir John quelled the rebellion quickly. His forces were ruthless, especially along the Richelieu River where the soldiers pillaged and burned several settlements and indiscrimately arrested many of the inhabitants of this region. Fortunately, prompt screening by the regimental officers brought about the release of almost all the prisoners thus taken.

By the end of 1837, there were 487 prisoners in detention. This number was further reduced to 161 during the early months of 1838 and as of June 20 of that year, these same 161 prisoners were still being held in the New Montréal Prison. Since they were accused of High Treason, the disposition of their fate rested with the highest authority. This authority was vested in Lord Durham, the newly appointed Governor General of Canada. What to do with the prisoners became the first

preoccupation of the new governor.

In an exchange of correspondence with Lord GLENELG, the British Colonial Secretary in England, a recommendation was made that those accused of High Treason should be tried by *ordinary tribunals* or trial by jury. To this method of procedure, Sir John COLBORNE and others objected strongly under the supposition that such trials would inevitably end in sure acquittals, since the juries would most likely be panelled by Canadians of French descent whose sympathies were known to favor the accused.

An alternative plan was then considered which suggested the use of a *pack* jury to which the legal council of Durham objected on the grounds that such an approach would create a dangerous precedent. A third plan which called for trial by court martial was also quickly dismissed for fear that such trials would mean certain conviction.

Lord DURHAM was now in a dilemma. The matter on hand required careful and delicate consideration in light of the instructions received from the Melbourne Government which directed him to treat the prisoners with "the utmost leniency ... compatible with public safety." He had been given the authority to grant pardons for treason and to exercise this power "largely...but not entirely without exception." He had been further instructed to avoid capital punishment except in cases of murder. In the communications from London, there also came the suggestion of considering possible banishment or deportation from the Province for "a certain period" for some time of the prisoners who would be selected by the Governor himself.

In mulling over the situation, Durham sought the advice of Buller and Turton, his legal counselors. The advisors were of the opinion that the leaders of the insurrection should be punished but lightly by invoking an "ex post facto" (made afterward) law, a law not strictly legal but perhaps applicable in this one case only. Durham subscribed to this suggestion only if the prisoners themselves would agree to it. In presenting this solution to the Governor to avail itself of the power to "pack" a jury and moreover, that the leaders were willing to have their case disposed of without trial by jury after having been apprised that a guilty plea on their part would result in exile for them and above all, freedom for their fellow prisoners, except those that were accused of the murder of Lieutenant George WEIR and Joseph CHARLAND.

John SIMPSON, a customs officer at Coteau du Lac, undertook the task of negotiating between the Canadian Government which was represented by a council of five people who had been appointed by the Governor following the dissolution of the Elective Assembly at the beginning of hostilities and between the eight prisoners selected for exile. After a while, the eight signed an acceptable statement of guilt, thus paving the way for the release of their compatriots and exile for themselves.

On June 28,1838, Lord Durham issued a proclamation which provided for the deportation to Bermuda of the eight leaders of the rebellion, for the

release of those prisoners accused of High Treason and the denial to the rebel leaders, who had fled to the United States, to return to Canada under the penalty of death.

In carrying out the mandates of the proclamation of June 28, Vice Admiral Paget, Commander in Chief of the British Navel Forces in North America and the West Indies, ordered Captain Thomas Wren CURTIS of H.M.S. Vestal to communicate with Governor Chapman of Bermuda to arrange with him a time and place for the landing of the deportees.

Deportation to Bermuda in itself, was not a precedent creating incident. Years earlier, several Canadian felons had been deported there. These felons had worked on the docks or at other public projects and the hulk of ships had been their prison environ. The eight prisoners now destined for transportation to Bermuda were to enjoy almost preferential treatment when one considers their status as condemned insurrectionists.

At first it appeared that the eight leaders were not to be treated that leniently as they were escorted in chains from their New Montréal Prison to the ship at anchor. The Canadian authorities, it is presumed, wanted to hold them up as an example to others while they were still on Canadian soil. Once aboard ship however, the manacles were removed and the men were allowed to move about at will. Captain Curtis refrained from any but official contact with the men but the other officers and midshipmen showed friendly and sympathetic attitude.

During the voyage, Dr. NELSON and R.S.M. BOUCHETTE proceeded to write a document about their grievances and those of their compatriots. Their document bore the long title of *A Brief Sketch of Canadian Affairs Hastily Drawn Up on Board HMS VESTAL by Particular Request of Several Officers on That Ship.* The most important of these grievances were

1. Improvement grants of the wild Crown Lands in the Province and their maladministration.
2. Maladministration of justice because judges and sheriffs depended upon the Executive Council for their offices.
3. Plurality of offices whereby as many as four positions might be held by one person.

Citing examples of maladministration, the two authors recounted that before the rebellion broke out *warrants of arrest (were) issued wholesale against the most popular and influential men of the country* and *would it be credited that many of the warrants were signed in Blank!* Nelson and Bouchette further wrote:

...hundreds were manacled cruelly bothered with ropes--dragged into dungeons and languished for upwards of six months within the walls of a prison--private property was sacrificed, and whole villages destroyed, pillaged and wantonly burnt to the ground not in the heat of action but deliberately and nefariously when not a shadow of resistance was offered."

The HMS VESTAL arrived at Hamilton, Bermuda, on July 24, 1838. At first, the governor, his advisors and

others were not too happy to receive the expatriates in light of the seeming affront to the governor who received the official proclamation of June 28, after it had appeared in print in the *Bermuda Royal Gazette* on July, 1838. Added to this was the fact that the governor objected to accepting the exiles since they were not within description of convicted felons.

This objection was set aside however, when the Canadians signed a *Parole of Honor* and a pledge to make no attempt at escape while on the Island and to confine their travel in Bermuda between the Somerset Bridge on the one side and the ferry between Coney Island and St. George on the other.

The eight men who signed the pledge were:

Wolfred NELSON, doctor
Luc-Hyacinthe MASSON, doctor
Henri-Alphonse GAUVIN, medical student
Robert Shore Milns BOUCHETTE, lawyer
Toussaint GODDU, farmer
Simeon MARCHESSAULT, usher, Superior Court of Montreal
Rodolphe DES RIVIERES, bank clerk at Banque du Peuple, (considered as having been an agency for the collection of funds for the rebellion.)

One cannot fault the treatment given the exiles while in Bermuda judging by the letters of Simeon MARCHESSAULT to his wife in which he states that he and his companions had nothing to complain about except perhaps the fear of running out of funds as they found it very difficult to live on less than ten shillings a day and that their situation would be *plus triste* if their compatriots in Canada would forget them. Unlike his other companions, Marchessault was the only one who could not speak English. This placed him at a distinct disadvantage since there were only three Bermudians on the Island who could speak French.

The fear of being forgotten as expressed by Marchessault was to be of short duration for on 28 August, R.S.M. BOUCHETTE's father visited the exiles bringing with him cheers, money and up-to-date news from Canada.

By this time, the official text of the proclamation of 28 June, had reached the British Government where it became the subject of strong political debates. The opposition in Parliament, in an effort to make the Melbourne Government look bad, criticized at length the deportation of the Canadian rebel leaders to Bermuda. Prime Minister Melbourne, for fear of losing coming elections, abandoned his support of Lord Durham and picked on a technicality to reprove him. The Prime Minister while agreeing with Durham on the banishment edict ruled that the latter had exceeded his authority when he specified the place of exile. Upon hearing this, Lord Durham immediately revoked his proclamation of 28 June.

The Privy Council of Bermuda met on 25 October 1838, to consider the latest development in England and Canada as they applied to the exiles. The Council's decision lifted all restrictions imposed on the Canadians thus allowing them the right to leave the Island. Within days, the eight deportees petitioned Governor Chapman for pas-

sage back to Canada aboard a British Warship, to which, Admiral Paget objected most indignantly. Failing in this request, the leaders sought and obtained passage aboard the *Persevere*, an American merchant vessel bound for Alexandria, Virginia.

The refusal by Vice-Admiral Paget to allow the exiles to return to Canada via a British warship had an ironic twist of fate most favorable to the Canadians. On 5 November, Admiral Paget received word from Sir John BOLBORNE, the interim Governor of Canada once more, following the resignation of Lord Durham, that an insurrection had resurfaced in some areas of Lower Canada and consequently, that the deportees should not be allowed to leave Bermuda. By this time, the eight expatriates had already left the Island.

None of them could return to Canada immediately however, as banishment from the Province still applied. Wolfred NELSON settled temporarily in Plattsburg, New York, where his family joined him and where he practiced medicine. After the general amnesty that granted pardon to all who had participated in the recent uprising, Nelson returned to his homeland. Here, he served in the Legislative Assembly from 1844 to 1851. During this period, he often clashed with Louis-Joseph PAPINEAU who had also returned to his native land following the amnesty. The clashes emanated from the resentment that many felt toward Papineau, because of his flight to the United States before the rebellion had become an open encounter. In 1851, Nelson assumed the duties of Inspector of Prisons and eight years later, he became Chairman of Prisons and eight years later, he became Chairman of Prison Inspectors. He died in Montreal in 1863, at the age of 67.

Robert Shore Milnes BOUCHETTE travelled to Detroit, Michigan, where he met and married Caroline Anne BERTHELOT. This was his second marriage. His first wife was Mary Anne GARDNER, whom he had met and married in England and who had died of cholera but four and a half months after their marriage. His second marriage would also be of short duration. Caroline Anne died three years after their marriage. Bouchette then married Clara LINDSAY. She was the only wife who bore him children. He returned to Canada after the amnesty. In 1851, he became Commissioner of Customs and returned to this post for the next twenty-four years.

Four generations of Bouchettes had distinguished careers in Canada. Grandfather Jean-Baptiste, born in 1736, had been Commandant of the British Naval Forces on the Great Lakes; father Joseph had been Surveyor General of all Lower Canada; Robert, the patriot, as previously stated, became Commissioner of Customs; and son, Errol; later performed the duties of Chief Clerk in the Library of Parliament in Ottowa.

Little or nothing is known of the post exile activities of Bonaventure VIGER, Luc-Hyacinthe MASSON, Toussaint GODDU, Henri-Alphonse GAUVIN, and Rodolphe DES RIVIERES.

Simeon MARCHESSAULT, who had settled in Swanton, Vermont, a town

just south of the Canadian border, resumed his correspondence with his wife, while awaiting the amnesty that would grant him a pardon from the treason charges.

The injustices of the British judicial system at the time of the insurrection is evident when one considers how easy it was for the crown to obtain convictions for high treason in Upper Canada, compared to Lower Canada, despite the express wishes of the Colonial Secretary against the use of capital punishment. In Upper Canada, for their part in the rebellion, James LOUNT and Peter MATHEWS were executed in 1838 and many rebels were exiled to Van Dieman's Land

When trouble broke out again in 1838, Sir John COLBORNE dealt harshly with the rebels of Lower Canada in contrast with the mild exile to Bermuda of the earlier offenders. This time, several public executions were carried out and many insurgents were mercilessly deported to the penal colony of Van Dieman's Land.

Eleven years after the ending of the rebellion, a general amnesty allowed the return to the homeland of all who had been under weight of the penal consequences of the political offenses that had resulted in the insurrection. Following the amnesty, all eight exiles to Bermuda returned to Canada at one time or another. These men and many others like them are still known and honored to this day as true patriots in some Canadian circles.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

THE CANADIAN EXILES IN BERMUDA. Bermuda Historical Quarterly. Vol. XXXVIII. Nos. 3 & 4. pp42-45; 63-68. Hamilton Bermuda. Nina L. Edwards

PATRIOTES DE 1837-1838. Aegidius Fauteus. Les Editions des Dix. Montreal, Quebec, 1950. pp. 55-61; 80-81; 126-128; 211-212; 250-252; 256-259; 131-315; 319-321; 392-395.

Ste. Anne School, Woonsocket, RI, ca 1920

La Federation des Familles-Souches Quebecoises

by: Janice Burkhart

The following family associations are associated with *La Fédération des familles-souches Québécoises, inc.* This group was founded in 1983 at Ste.-Foy by representatives from several of these associations. The *Fédération* currently represents 140 family associations with a combined membership in excess of 24,000.

The *Fédération* is a non-profit organization whose aim is the preservation of existing family associations, and the creation of new family associations in French Canada. Information about this group and the organizations it represents can be obtained from:

La Fédération des familles-souches Québécoises, inc.
C.P. 6700
Sillery, QC G1T 2W2
Canada

Association des Albert d'Amérique
Association des Asselin
Association des Auclair d'Amérique
Association des Baillargeon
Association des Barrette d'Amérique
Association des familles Beaudet
Association des descendents de Lasare Bolley
Association des Beaulieu d'Amérique
Association des familles Bégin
Association des familles Belley d'Amé-rique
Association des familles Bérubé
Association des familles Bois, inc.
Association des familles Boisvert
Association des familles Bonneau
Association des familles Boulerice d'Amérique
Les descendants de Bourbeau
Association des Bourgault d'Amérique de Nord
Les descendants d'Antoine Bourg
Association des Boutin d'Amérique
Association des familles Brisson
Association des Brochu d'Amérique
Association des familles Brouillard
Association des familles Campagna et alliés
Association des familles Caron d'Amérique
Association des Cartier d'Amérique
Association Chalifour, Chalifoux, Chalufour
Association des familles Champagne
Association des Charbonneau d'Amérique
Association des Charron dit Ca-

bana

Association des Charron et Ducharme

Association des descendants de Michel Chartier et Marie Magnier

Association des familles Cheval dit St.-Jacques d'Amérique

Association des Chouinard d'Amérique du Nord

Association des familles Cliche

Association des Cloutier d'Amérique

Association des Corriveau d'Amérique

Association des familles Demers

Association des familles Déry

Association des Dion d'Amérique

Les Dionne d'Amérique

Association des familles Doré

Les Doyon d'Amérique

Association des Dubé d'Amérique

Association des familles Dubois

Les descendants du René Duchesneau dit Sansregret

Les Dumas d'Amérique

Association des familles Duplain

Association des familles Durand

Association des familles Emery-Coderre d'Amérique

Association de la Famille Foisy

Association des Fournier d'Amérique

Les descendants des Fréchette

Association des familles Gagné-Bellavance d'Amérique

Les familles Gagnon et Belzile

Association des familles Gareau

Association des familles Gautreau

Association des Gourgues et Gourde d'Amérique

L'association des familles Grenon

Association des familles Grondin d'Amérique

Association des familles Héroux

Descendants de Louis Houde et de Madeleine Boucher (1655)

Association des familles Huard

Association des familles Jean

Association des familles Kirouac

Association des Familles L'Étoile d'Amérique

Association des Lacombe

Association des familles Laflamme

Association des Lambert d'Amérique

Association des Laporte et Saint-Georges du Monde

Les familles Laroche et Rochette

Association des familles Lavallée

Association des familles Lavoie d'Amérique

Association des Lebel d'Amérique

Association des familles Leblond

Association des familles Leduc

Les descendants de Jacques Lehoux

Association des descendants des Lemieux d'Amérique

Association des familles Lemire

Association des familles Lessard

Association des familles Letourneau

Association des Levasseur d'Amérique

Association Lévesque

Association des familles Loignon

Association des familles Malenfant d'Amérique

Association des familles Marchand

Les Martineau-Saintonge, descendants de l'ancêtre Mathurin Martineau

Les familles Mathieu d'Amérique

Association des Mercier de l'Amérique du Nord

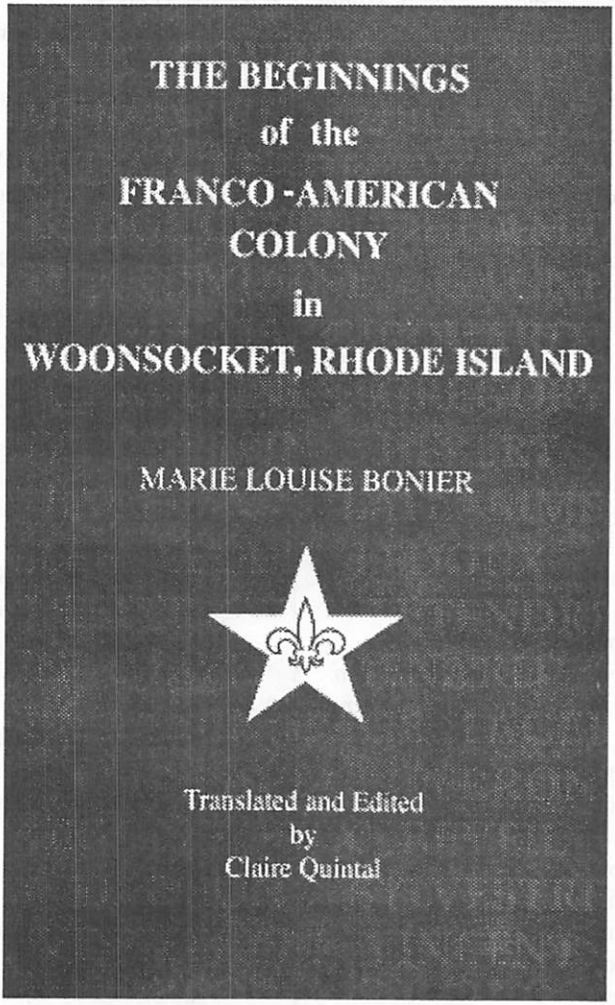
Association des familles Messier

Association des familles Michaud

Les descendants de Pierre Miville
L'association des familles Moisan
La grande famille Monast
Association des familles Morency
Association des Morin d'Amérique
Association des familles Morissette
Association des familles Nau
Association des descendants de Jean Le Normand
Association des familles Ouellette
Les descendants de Jean Ouimet
Les familles Pagé d'Amérique
Association des familles Paquin
Association des familles Parent d'Amérique
Association des familles Parenteau
Association des Pelletier
Association des familles Pépin
Association des Perron d'Amérique
Association des Pilon d'Amérique
Les descendants de Louis Pinard
Association des familles Plante
Association des familles Poulin
Association des Prévost-Provost d'Amérique
Association des familles Provencher
Association des familles Rasset
Les descendants de Jacques Raté
Association des familles Raymond (Phocas)
Association des familles Richard
Association des familles Rioux
Association des familles Robitaille
Association des familles Rodrigue
Association des Rouleau d'Amérique
Association des familles Roy d'Amérique
Association des Saindon de l'Amérique du Nord
Association des familles Saint-Amand
Association des familles Saint-Pierre-Dessaint
Les descendants de Julien Charles de Sévigné dit Lafleur
Association des familles Tanguay
Les Familles Tardif d'Amérique
Association des familles Théberge
Association des familles Thériault d'Amérique
Association des Thibault d'Amérique
Les Tifault d'Amérique
La famille Trudel(le)
Association des familles Vandandaigue-Gadbois
Association des familles Veillette d'Amérique
Association des familles Veilleux
Fédération des associations de familles acadiennes
La Maison des Ancêtres

The problem with people who have no vices is that generally you can be pretty sure they're going to have some pretty annoying virtues.

—Elizabeth Taylor



Now available from the
American-French Genealogical Society
$26.95 plus $2.70 shipping*
AFGS
P.O. Box 2010
Woonsocket, RI 02895

*$5.50 Shipping on Canadian orders. U.S. funds only - no C.O.D. orders.

By Any Other Name

by: Irene Alice Peloquin

Editor's Note: This article first appeared in the Summer 1986 issue of this publication. This article is reprinted here as part of the Society's observance of its twentieth anniversary year.

On 12 September 1984 my grandmother died at the age of 81. Hushed, perhaps by memories of a difficult life, as well as by a rather secretive nature, she had shared very little of her family history during her lifetime. After her death, there emerged from her personal effects an old newspaper article which provided an abundance of genealogical information and, not incidentally, shed light upon a long-standing riddle. I present it to the readers of *Je Me Souviens* because it holds such a wealth of information for Brissettes, especially, but also for St.-Martins, Paulettes, and a host of other families.

(From the *Providence Sunday Journal*, 17 January 1926)

Champion Quartette of Rhode Island Sisters

Who can beat this record? All four living within hailing distance of each other, three married brothers. Total ages 314 years, all in good health.

Here perhaps is the champion quartette of Rhode Island sisters-champion in more ways than one. Their total age is 314 years. Three of them married brothers. All four are in good health. All four live within hailing distance of each other in the same village.

The oldest is nearing 90 years the youngest is 72. Their descendants number approximately 200, and they are "aunt" or "grandma" to seemingly half the countryside. One of them is the first in a family of five generations.

If any other Rhode Island community can produce a more interesting family group it will have to look sharp, thinks the village of Pascoag. There, in neighboring homes, live the four: Mrs. Peter Brissette, age 89; Mrs Maxime Brissette, 79; Mrs. Benjamin Brissette, 74; and Mrs. Peter Paulette, 72.

Ask almost anyone in Burrillville township for one of the Brissettes, and the inquirer is certain to find a quick response. For practically everyone thereabouts knows either one of the sisters, or some of their children, grandchildren, or great-grandchildren.

The story of the Brissette families — of the union of three brothers with three sisters named St-Martin, and of the fourth sister who became Mrs. Paulette — is one of the most interesting narratives of family association that will be met in many a day. It is as well a unique record of family establishment and long life in a single village that can probably stand unchallenged for the State, if not for a much wider area. Here is the story:

More than 60 years ago Peter Brissette, a French Canadian, who had been brought up in St.-Thomas (Joliette), P.Q. came to Pascoag, bringing with him his bride, who had been Mlle. Caroline St.-Martin, of his native village. She was the daughter of Jean-Baptiste St.-Martin, of the old home town in Quebec. So charmed were the young couple with life in the little mill town in northern Rhode Island that they told their friends in the northern country of their new home, and successively brothers of the Brissette family, and sisters of the St-Martins, came to join them in their adopted country.

Ties of early association and common country and language were strong, and as time went on, two more of the Brissettes became husbands of two more of the St-Martin girls. The third of the girls, Marie was married to Peter Paulette. Thus began the long term of delightful family life that is now represented by so many descendants in Pascoag, while four ancestresses still survive. The four couples had married early in life, and early marriages and large family continued to be the rule. Pascoag would not be a very tiny village, if it contained more people than can be numbered among the descendants of the four families here concerned.

Caroline, the eldest of the sisters, who had become the wife of Peter Brissette in Canada, was the mother of 12 children, eight of whom are still living. The eight are Mrs. Joseph Deniko of west Swanzey, NH; John and Peter Brissette of Concord, Mass.; Albert J. and Michael of this city, Benjamin of Central Village, Conn., and Mrs. Alzada Cornell and Mrs. W.W. Logee of Pascoag. To the families thus established there have been born 56 grandchildren, 45 great-grandchildren and three great-great-grandchildren. Mrs. Peter Brissette has been a widow 17 years.

Genevieve, second of the sisters, who was married to Maxime Brissette, had 15 children. Only four of these, however, are living- Mrs. Cyrus Dominick, Mrs. Joseph Gendreau and Mrs. Eva LeDouke of Pascoag, and Mrs. Mary Morse of Glendale. There are 12 grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. Genevieve's husband died a number of years ago.

Alexandrina, who became the bride of Benjamin Brissette, had 15 children, of whom 9 are living. These are Peter, Michael, and Fred Brissette of this city, Archie Brissette of Pawtucket, John Baptist Brissette of Rockville, Conn., Mrs. Walter DeCota and Mrs. Joseph Macclase of Pascoag and Mrs. Joseph Dennis of Woonsocket. Alexandrina, who was known for short as "Sandrina", has 25

grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Paulette, the only one of the quartet of sisters whose husband is still living, is the mother of 12 children, five whom are still living. Her children are Mrs John Quinn of Oxford, Me.,and Henry Paulette, Miss Glory Paulette, Archie Paulette and Peter Paulette, all of Pascoag.

All four sisters bear their age well. They hear well, and have little need of glasses. Their knowledge of the English language is limited, but in their native Canadian French they converse animatedly together, and show little if any traces of deafness. If there is any difference in their general condition of good health, it is in favor of the older ones of the family, especially, Caroline, who is approaching her 90th milestone.

On New Year's Day, this year, she celebrated the advent of a new year in the calendar by dancing a few steps to a lively tune that was playing on the phonograph. She recently made an extended visit to one of her descendants, and intends to make another soon. All the sisters enjoy automobiling, and are never afraid to go away from home.

The sisters are great knitters, and accomplishment that is common among the old French Canadian people, who produce such wonderful lace. Caroline looks back proudly to her record of knitting socks for soldiers during the World War. Specimens of the remarkable lace are many in the possession of the Brissettes and Paulettes.

The Brissettes are as proud of their numbers and family associations as they are of their long-lived ancestresses. Five members of the family were in the service of their country during the World War, coming home unharmed. Two members of the family, Wilfred M. and Edward F. Brissette, are members of the Providence fire department.

An Addendum

Do you remember the television ad featuring Raymond J. Johnson: "You can call me Ray. You call me J...", etc.? Sometimes, genealogical research seems just like that, a silly string of variations on a name, last and first. I'm now accustomed to the four or five versions of most surnames, and I hardly flinch when Theophile becomes Chris or Cleodulphe becomes John, though during research, this can create occasional riddles. One riddle nearly had me stumped: a birth certificate for Genevieve Alexandrina Cecelia Leduke, issued to my grandmother (who was also my godmother; after whom I am named).

With the help of my great-aunt Viola, my mother, some photographs and the preceding article I have the answer. I think.

Genevieve and Maxime Brissette (who incidentally, was the seventh son, and said to have had special healing powers) were known as Sarah and Michael. Their daughter, Mrs. Eva Cecelia LeDouke had three children, among them a daughter. Mrs. Joseph Gendreau

(Alexandrina Brissette-Gendron), as godmother and aunt of the child, chose her name: Genevieve, after the grandmother; Alexandrina, perhaps after herself; and Cecelia, after the mother's middle name.

Mrs. Eva LeDouke (actually Leduke or Ledoux) didn't like any of those names, and simply called her daughter Irene because she liked it. Ironically, the girl (my grandmother) was ultimately raised by the aunt who named her Genevieve, but by then, even she called her niece, Irene. My mother (Irene's daughter), whose name is Blanche Cecelia, calls herself "Lyn" and named me Irene – after my grandmother, whose real name was Genevieve.

Got that? I'm not sure I want to ask who Cecelia was.

Memere

by Joyce Holland

Sewing seams
And sowing seeds
Memère filled
Her family needs.

Eleven children
Youngest age three
When she was left
Full care of her family.

Oldest boys worked
To provide some money.
Corner store trusted her
When there wasn't any.

Blackberries and blueberries
Plentiful in the fields.
Fish and crustaceans
Bountiful yields.

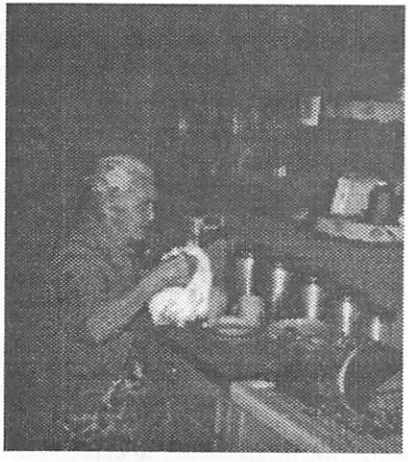
Canada by train
Every summer
To provide for the
Needs of her brother.

The best rice pudding
I ever had.
When she babysat
Was I ever glad.

Blind in her old age
Rocking in her chair,
Alone with her memories,
That were ever there.

What color's my dress?
She would always say.
If we replied, "red,"
A smile came our way.

Singing softly
An old French song
She seemed content
The whole day long.



Sarah Gauthier Martell
1875 - 1960

GENEALOGICAL MATERIALS & PUBLICATIONS FOR SALE

Je Me Souviens — Our Journal

Vol. II, No. 2	September	1979	$2.50*
Vol. III, No. 2	March	1980	$2.50*
Vol. III, No. 3-4	October	1980	$5.00*
Vol. IV, No. 1	December	1980	$2.50*

*Please add $2.00 for postage and handling.

Vol. V, No. 2	Autumn	1982	$3.50**
Vol. VI, No. 1	Spring	1983	$3.50**
Vol. VI, No. 2	Autumn	1983	$3.50**
Vol. VII, No. 1	Spring	1984	$3.50**
Vol. VII, No. 2	Winter	1984	$3.50**
Vol. VIII, No. 1	Summer	1985	$3.50**
Vol. VIII, No. 2	Winter	1985	$3.50**
Vol. IX, No. 1	Summer	1986	$3.50**
Vol. IX, No. 2	Winter	1986	$3.50**
Vol. X, No. 1	Summer	1987	$3.50**
Vol. X, No. 2	Winter	1987	$3.50**
Vol. XI, No. 1	Summer	1988	$3.50**
Vol. XI, No. 2	Winter	1988	$3.50**
Vol. XII, No. 1	Summer	1989	$3.50**
Vol. XII, No. 2	Winter	1989	$3.50**
Vol. XIII, No. 1	Summer	1990	$3.50**
Vol. XIII, No. 2	Winter	1990	$3.50**
Vol. XV, No. 2	Autumn	1992	$3.50**
Vol. XVI, No. 1	Spring	1993	$3.50**
Vol. XVI, No. 2	Autumn	1993	$3.50**
Vol. XVII, No. 1	Spring	1994	$3.50**
Vol. XVII, No. 2	Autumn	1994	$3.50**
Vol. XVIII, No. 1	Spring	1995	$3.50**
Vol. XVIII, No. 2	Autumn	1995	$3.50**
Vol. XIX, No. 1	Spring	1996	$3.50**
Vol. XIX, No. 2	Autumn	1996	$3.50**
Vol. XX, No. 1	Spring	1997	$3.50**
Vol. XX, No. 2	Autumn	1997	$3.50**
Vol. XXI, No. 1(20th Anniv. Issue)	Spring	1998	$5.00**

**Please add $1.50 for postage and handling.

Baptism/Birth Repertoires

Baptisms of Notre Dame Church (1873-1988), Central Falls, RI.
Published by AFGS. Spiral bound, 1244 Pages
$50.00 & $6.50 Postage, ($11.00 Canada)

Baptisms of St. Cecilia's Church (1910-1988), Pawtucket, Rhode Island.
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 466 Pages.
$35.00 & $3.50 Postage, ($8.00 Canada)

Baptisms of St. James Church (1860-1991), Manville, RI.
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 706 Pages.
$40.00 & $4.50 Postage, ($8.00 Canada)

Baptisms of St Stephen's Church (1880-1986), Attleboro (Dodgeville), MA.
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 317 Pages.
$25.00 & $3.00 Postage, ($7.00 Canada)

Baptisms of St. John the Baptist Church (1884-1988), Pawtucket, RI.
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 765 Pages.
$40.00 & $5.00 Postage ($9.50 Canada)

Baptisms of St. John the Baptist Church (1873-1989), West Warwick, RI.
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 2 Volumes, 1260 Pages.
$60.00 & $6.50 Postage, ($11.00 Canada)

Baptisms of St Joseph's Church (1893-1991), Pascoag, Rhode Island.
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 349 Pages.
$35.00 & $3.00 Postage, ($7.00 Canada)

Baptisms of St Joseph's Church (1872-1990, North Grosvenordale, Connecticut.
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 2 Volumes, 770 Pages.
$45.00 & $5.00 Postage, ($9.50 Canada)

Births of Swansea, Massachusetts (1879-1973).
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 359 Pages.
$35.00 & $3.00 Postage, ($7.00 Canada)

Births of Peterboro, New Hampshire (1887-1951).
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 454 Pages.
$35.00 & $8.00 Postage ($8.00 Canada)

Marriage Repertoires

Marriages of St John the Evangelist Church (1872-1986), Slatersville, RI.
Published by AFGS. Soft Bound, 310 Pages.
$28.50 & $3.00 Postage ($7.00 Canada)

Marriages of St Joseph's Church (1872-1986), Ashton, RI.
Published by AFGS. Soft Bound, 246 Pages.
$24.00 & $3.00 Postage ($8.00 Canada)

Marriages of St Stephen's Church (1880-1986), Attleboro, MA.
Published by AFGS. Soft Bound, 225 Pages.
$19.95 & $3.00 Postage ($8.00 Canada)

Marriages of St Joseph's Church (1905-1986), Attleboro, MA.
Published by AFGS. Soft Bound, 232 Pages.
$22.50 & $3.00 Postage ($7.00 Canada)

The Franco-American Marriages of New Bedford, MA, (1865-1920).
By Albert Ledoux, Published by AFGS. Soft Bound, 478 Pages.
$40.00 & $3.50 Postage ($8.00 Canada)

Marriages of Ste Cecilia's Church (1910-1986), Pawtucket, RI.
Published by AFGS. Soft Bound, 398 Pages.
$35.00 & $3.50 Postage ($8.00 Canada)

Marriages of St Matthew's Church (1888-1986), Fall River, MA.
Published by AFGS. Soft Bound, 310 Pages.
$27.00 & $3.00 Postage ($7.00 Canada)

Marriages of St John the Baptist Church (1873-1980), West Warwick, RI.
Published by AFGS. Soft Bound, 2 Volumes, 622 Pages.
$50.00 & $4.50 Postage, ($8.50 Canada)

Marriages of St John the Baptist Church (1884-1988), Pawtucket, RI.
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 496 Pages.
$50.00 & $3.50 Postage, ($8.00 Canada)

Marriages of St Joseph's Church (1872-1990), North Grosvenordale, CT.
Includes mission records from St Stephen Church, Quinebaug, CT.
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 484 Pages.
$50.00 & $3.50 Postage, ($8.00 Canada)

Marriages of St Joseph's Church (1929-1980), Woonsocket, RI.
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 248 Pages.
$20.00 & $3.00 Postage, ($7.00 Canada)

Marriages of St Agatha's Church (1953-1986), Woonsocket, RI.
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 119 Pages.
$15.00 & $3.00 Postage, ($7.00 Canada)

Marriages of Our Lady Queen of Martyrs Church (1953-1986), Woonsocket, RI.
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 142 Pages.
$15.00 & $3.00 Postage, ($7.00 Canada)

Marriages of Sacred Heart Church (1904-1990), North Attleboro, MA.
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 242 pages.
$35.00 & $3.00 Postage, ($7.00 Canada)

Marriages of Holy Family Church (1902-1987), Woonsocket, RI.
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound 686 pages.
$45.00 & $4.50 Postage, ($8.50 Canada)

Les Mariages des Iles de Madeleines, PQ., (1794-1900).
By Rev Dennis M. Boudreau. Includes all marriages of the islands as well as many others from areas where Madelinot families settled, extending some lines beyond 1900. Complete listing of Madelinot Boudreaus from 1794-1980.
Published by AFGS. Soft Bound, 326 Pages.
$21.00 & $3.50 Postage, ($8.00 Canada)

Marriages of St Joseph's Church (1893-1991), Pascoag, RI.

Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound 276 pages.
$35.00 & $3.00 Postage ($7.00 Canada)

Marriages of St Theresa's Church (July 1929-June 1987), Blackstone, MA.
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound 132 pages.
$15.00 & $3.00 Postage ($7.00 Canada)

Marriages of St Theresa's Church (1923-1986), Nasonville, RI.
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 65 Pages.
$15.00 & $2.50 Postage ($5.00 Canada)

Marriages of St Joseph's Church (1875-1989), Natick, RI.
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 410 Pages.
$40.00 & $3.50 Postage ($8.00 Canada)

Marriages of Blackstone, MA, (1845-1900).
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 601 Pages.
$35.00 & $4.50 Postage ($8.50 Canada)

Marriages of Peterboro, NH (1887-1948).
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound 559 Pages.
$35.00 & $4.00 Postage ($8.50 Canada)

Marriages of Notre Dame Church (1873-1988), Central Falls, RI.
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 2 Volumes, 1017 Pages.
$50.00 & $6.50 Postage ($11.00 Canada)

Marriages of Blessed Sacrament Catholic Church (1892-1995), Fall River, MA.
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 204 pages.
$30.00 & $3.00 Postage ($7.00 Canada)

Marriages of St. Anne's Church (1890-1986), Woonsocket, RI.
In addition to the name of the bride and groom and their parents, this repertoire contains a section listing the date and place of each bride and groom's baptism.
Published by AFGS. Spiral bound, 480 Pages.
$35.00 & $3.50 Postage ($8.50 Canada)

Death/Funeral Home Repertoires

Menard Funeral Home (1970-1990), Woonsocket, RI.
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 272 Pages.
$25.00 & $3.00 Postage ($7.00 Canada)

Hickey-Grenier Funeral Home (1911-1987), Brockton, Massachusetts
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 412 Pages.
$35.00 & $3.50 Postage ($8.00 Canada)

Elmwood Memorial-Meunier's Funeral Service (1934-1990), Burlington, Vermont
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 248 Pages.
$30.00 & $3.00 Postage ($7.00 Canada)

Burials of Gilman-Valade Funeral Home (1920-1969), Putnam & N. Grosvenordale, CT.
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 563 Pages.
$35.00 & $4.00 Postage ($8.50 Canada)

Burials of Gilman-Valade Funeral Home (1970-1990), Putnam & N. Grosvenordale, CT.
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 458 Pages.
$30.00 & $3.50 Postage ($8.00 Canada)

Burials of Potvin Funeral Home (1893-1960), West Warwick, RI
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 2 Volumes, 1068 Pages.
$50.00 & $5.50 Postage ($9.00 Canada)

Burials of Potvin Funeral Home (1960-1995), West Warwick, RI
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 2 Volumes, 1068 Pages.
$25.00 & $3.50 Postage ($9.00 Canada)

Burials of the Lamoureux Funeral Home (1930-1980), New Bedford, MA
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 304 Pages.
$25.00 & $3.50 Postage ($8.00 Canada)

Burials of the Auclair Funeral Home (1944-1992), Fall River, MA
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 373 Pages.
$30.00 & $3.50 Postage ($8.50 Canada)

Deaths of St Joseph's Church (1872-1990), North Grosvenordale, CT.
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 576 Pages.
$35.00 & $4.00 Postage ($8.50 Canada)

Burials of the Alfred Roy & Sons Funeral Home (1904-1994), Worcester, MA.
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 2 Volumes, 1286 Pages.
$50.00 & $6.50 Postage ($11.00 Canada)

Burials of the Joseph Lauzon & Sons Funeral Home (1911-1988), Woonsocket, RI
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 624 Pages.
$35.00 & $4.50 Postage ($8.50 Canada)

Combination Repertoires

Baptisms, Marriages & Burials of Sacred Heart Catholic Church (1879-1990), West Thompson, CT.
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 234 Pages.
$30.00 & $3.00 Postage ($5.50 Canada)

Baptisms & Marriages of Our Lady of Good Help Catholic Church (1905-1995), Mapleville, RI.
Published by AFGS. Spiral Bound, 298 Pages.
$30.00 & $3.00 Postage ($8.00 Canada)

Baptisms & Marriages of St. Michael Catholic Church (1922-1995), Ocean Grove (Swansea), MA.

Published by AFGS, Spiral Bound, 409 Pages.
$30.00 & $3.50 Postage ($8.00 Canada)

Canadian Maps

These maps illustrate the counties within the province as well as the cities and towns. Lists county population and has location index. The following are available: Alberta, British Columbia, Manitoba, Maritime Provinces, Yukon & Northwest Territories, Newfoundland, Ontario, Quebec, & Saskatchewan.

Quebec map $4.00, all others $3.00.
Postage (in mailing tubes) $3.50 ($8.00 Canada)
Postage (folded approx. 8 1/2 X 11) $2.00 ($5.00 Canada)

Charts

Eight Generation Family Tree Chart.

23" X 28"; Heavy parchment-like stock; Shipped in mailing tube.
$4.00 & $3.00 Postage, ($8.00 Canada)

Standard Family Group Sheets.

8 1/2" X 11"; Punched for 3-ring binder; Places to record pertinent data for a couple and up to 15 children. Reverse side blank for notes and references. Minimum order 100.
$3.50 per 100 & $2.00 Postage, ($3.00 Canada)

Straight Line Chart.

12" X 18"; Designed by Gina Bartolomucci. Handsomely decorated borders printed in brown ink on 24 pound aged tan antiqua parch-bond. Suitable for other uses. Shipped in mailing tubes.
$2.00 & $3.50 Postage, ($8.00 Canada)

Five Generation Chart.

8 1/2" X 11"; Standard pedigree chart; Punched for 3-ring binder. Improved version, designed to be either handwritten or typed. Minimum order 100.
$3.50 per 100 & $2.00 Postage, ($2.50 Canada)

Ten generation Fan Chart.

25" X 36 1/2"; Printed in two colors on heavy paper, suitable for framing. Space for 1,023 ancestral names. Shipped in mailing tube.
$6.00 & $3.00 Postage, ($7.00 Canada)

Miscellaneous Books

La Cuisine de le Grandmere I.

Reprint of our first cookbook. Completely re-typed and re-indexed. Contains hundreds of our favorite recipes. Spiral bound.
$7.95 & $2.50 Postage, ($4.00 Canada)

La Cuisine de le Grandmere II.

All new edition, over 400 recipes, traditional and current in English.

Spiral bound with plasticized cover.
$7.95 & $2.50 Postage, ($4.00 Canada)

Both cookbooks may be purchased for $12.00 & $3.50 Postage ($4.50 Canada)

Beginning Franco-American Genealogy.
by Rev. Dennis M. Boudreau. Describes how to research French-Canadian roots including valuable references, resources and addresses for research. Spiral bound; 75 pages.
$7.00 & $2.50 Postage, ($4.00 Canada)

Drouin Family Name Books

These books were originally published by the Drouin Institure of Montreal. They are photocopies of pages from *Dictionnaire National des Canadiens Francais, 1608-1760* and *Repertoire Alphabetique des Mariages des Canadien-Francais de 1760 a 1935*. These books are hard bound with the family name engraved on both the cover and the spine of the book. Quantities are limited. The names available at this time are *BOUCHARD* (146p), *BOUCHER* (147p), *GAGNON* (241p), *ROY* (289p), *SIMARD* (101p), and *TREMBLAY* (275p).
$30.00 & $3.00 Postage ($6.00 Canada) per book

CD-ROMs

Dictionnaire National des Canadiens Francais (a.k.a. The Red Drouin Books)
$150.00 ($120.00 to AFGS members) & $2.00 Postage

Payment

UNITED STATES: Checks payable to the American-French Genealocical Society, or Mastercard/Visa.

CANADA: Postal money orders payable to the American-French Genealogical Society or Mastercard/Visa. ***U.S. funds only.***

Prices are subject to change without notice.


Did you remember to renew your AFGS membership?

AUTHORS' GUIDELINES

Subject Matter: *JMS* publishes articles of interest to people of French Canadian descent. Articles dealing with history and genealogy are of primary interest, although articles on related topics will be considered. Especially desirable are articles dealing with sources and techniques, i.e. "how-to guides."

Length: Length of your article should be determined by the scope of your topic. Unusually long articles should be written in such a way that they can be broken down into two or more parts. *Surnames should be capitalized.*

Style: A clear, direct conversational style is preferred. Keep in mind that most of our readers have average education and intelligence. An article written above that level will not be well received.

Manuscripts: This publication is produced on an IBM-compatible computer, using state of the art desktop publishing software. While this software has the capability to import text from most word-processing programs, we prefer that you submit your article in straight ASCII text or in WordPerfect 5.1 or 6.x format on 3.5" floppy disk. If you do not use an IBM-compatible computer, or do not have access to a computer, your manuscript should be typewritten on 8.5" x 11" paper. It should be double-spaced with a 1-inch margin all around. If notes must be used, endnotes are preferable over footnotes. A bibliography is desirable.

Illustrations: Our software is capable of importing graphics in most IBM-compatible formats. Vector graphics (PIC, PLT, WMF, WMT, CGM, DRW, or EPS) are preferred over bit-mapped graphics (BMP, MSP, PCX, PNT, or TIF). Scanned images can also be used. We prefer the Tagged Image File Format (TIF) for scanned photos. You may also submit printed black-and white photographs. We will have them scanned if, in our opinion, the photo adds enough to the article to justify the cost.

Other Considerations: Authors are responsible for the accuracy of all material submitted. All material published in *Je Me Souviens* is copyrighted and becomes the property of the AFGS. All material submitted for publication must be original. Previously published material, except that which is in the public domain, will be accepted only if it is submitted by the author and is accompanied by a signed release from the previous publisher. Articles that promote a specific product or service, or whose subject matter is inappropriate, will be rejected.

Members' Corner: Members' Corner is a section whose purpose is to provide a conduit by which our members may contact each other for the purpose of exchanging information. This is a service provided for members only at no cost on a space-available basis. You may submit short items (one or two paragraphs) in the following categories:

Work in Progress - If you are involved in an unusual project or are researching a specific subject or surname, you may use Members' Corner to announce this fact. Members able to help are encouraged to contact you.

Books Wanted - If you are searching for a book or books to aid you in your research, you may advertise your need here. Please include as much information as possible about the books, i.e. title, author, publisher, publication date, etc.

Books for Sale - We will accept items for used books which you wish to sell, or for books you have personally authored. Be sure to include the name of the book and your asking price. Book dealers may not use this space. Book dealers are encouraged to purchase advertising space in this journal. Rates are published on the inside front cover.

Cousin Search - If you have a living relative with whom you have lost contact, you may use this space to help in your search. Include the person's full name and last known address, along with any other pertinent information.

All submissions to Members' Corner must include your name, address and phone number. Deadlines are 15 December for the Spring issue, and 15 June for the Fall issue. Keep in mind that this is a semiannual publication. Where time is important, items should be sent to AFGnewS.

To Submit Articles: Mail all submissions to Paul P. Delisle, P.O. Box 171, Millville, MA 01529.

Questions and Answers

AFGS Research Committee

The following answers were received from Mr. Al Berube. Once again we owe him a big thank you for taking the time to research our questions.

Answers to the Autumn 1997 questions:

23/2 RAYMOND, Joseph (Toussaint & Angelique BLEAU) Angelique LAVALLEE (François & Maril MAJACQUES) married 18 August 1817, L'Acadie, Québec.

23/3 TARTE dit LARIVIERES, Jean-Baptiste (Jean-Baptiste & Marguerite FORTE) Joaannet-Marie (Joseph & Marie FLEURY) married 20 January 1772, Sault au Recollet, Québec.

23/4 DUFRESNE, Jacques (Jacques & Marie-Anne LEDUC) RENEAU, Marie-Genevieve Angelique (Jean-Baptiste & Genevieve GUION) married 11 January 1779, St. Charles, Québec.

23/5 THIBAULT, Germain (born 5 October 1833, Rimouski) (François & Louise DUBÉ) Caroline ROUSSEAU (born 23 September 1841, Campbellton, New Brunswick) (no parents listed) married ca 1860.

23/11 *Possible?* ELIE-LEONARD, Louis (Leonard & Marie-Jeanne BOUBON), LECLERC, Marie-Rose (Joseph & Marie BELANGER) married 21 January 1781, Charlesbourg, Québec.

23/12 *Possible?* GERARD, François (Gerard & Marie-Jeanne LABONTE) PILON, Catherine (no parents listed) married 19 February 1748 Ste. Anne de Bout de L'Ile.

23/17 MARTINEAU, Marie Emma (Vital & Claire ROUX) born & baptized 22 October 1866 at Ste. Sophie D'Halifax, Québec.

23/18 SYLVESTRE, Isaac(no parents listed) LAMBERT, Victoire (Gabriel & Marie VAILLANT) married 9 February 1841 St. Jean sur Richelieu, Québec.

23/19 SYLVESTRE, François-Xavier (Alexis & Marie-Louise SEINE) MICHAUD, Marie (Louis & Archange PAQUIN) married 10 October 1828, St. Barthelemy, Québec.

23/20 *Possible?* PALIN-DABON-VILLE, François (Louis & Genevieve DEBLUCHE) CHEROUX, Genevieve (widow of Jacques CHAJON) (Antoine & Charlotte DURET) married 18 January 1768, Montréal (Contract by Notary Simonet, 16 January 1768.

23/23 LAPERCHE, Jean (Jean-Baptiste

& Agathe GOULET) BISSON, Ursule (Joseph-François & Marguerite HOUDE-HOULE) married 22 February 1756 (Contract by Notary Joseph DAGUILHE).

24/6 The marriage Act in Beloeil 20 September 1811 re. Michel SENET and Marguerite SANSIER is very poorly written and the answer could one of the two following marriages,
a. MASSE-SANCIER, Jacques (Jean-Baptiste & Charlotte DENOYEN) BLEIN Marie-Louise (Antoine & Madeleine PETIT) married 16 September 1771, Boucherville, Québec; or
b. MASSE, Jacques (Jacques & Josephte LAVOIE) SANCOUCY, Marie-Louise (Pierre & Madeleine SIMON-LEONARD) married 15 November 1779, St. Mathias, Québec.

24/8 FORAND, Gaston (Henri & Rosealba MENARD) LAMOUREUX, Fernande (Prime & Grazielle MADORE) married 19 October 1940 Sacré-Coeur, Ottawa, Ontario.

Questions for this issue:

25/1 Seeking P & M of George STONE (Laroche) and Laura-Vitaline LABELLE ca. 1896 in Ormstown, Québec. (Joseph Gee)

25/2 Seeking P & M of Joseph DELISLE and Marie-Catherine DUCEAU. Their daughter Marie-Josephte married Joseph MARSIL on 16 Feb. 1795 at St. Antoine-de-Longueuil. (Donna Dobbelaere)

25/3 Seeking P & M of Isaac DEXTRA-LAVIGNE to Genevieve SIMARD, ca 1830 in Ste Hyacinthe. Their daughter Euphemie married in St. Hyacinthe in 1848. (Elaine Boulay)

25/4 Seeking P& M of Elijah ST. PIERRE (aka St. Peter) to Amey "Annie" BROSSON, b. 1838 & 1843, Canada: d 1917 & 1895, in Massachussetts. Daughter Pamilo (Emily) b. Bristol, RI and m. Ed FLYNN 1889 in Framingham, MA; d. 1944 Natick, MA. (Virginia Emily Flynn)

25/5 Seeking P & M of Joseph GAUTHIER and Marie CHAMBER-LAND their daughter Marie Julie m. Antoine GAGNIER in St. Jean, Port Joli on 18 June 1793. (Corrine M. Smith)

25/6 Seeking the parents of Henriette or Annette PREJEAN. She married Adolphe CHANDONNET about 1850. Their daughter Etudienne m. Joseph DESHAIS on 24 October 1870 in Richmond. (Ken Dupuis)

25/7 Seeking P & M of Olivier FORAND and Celina BRISSAN. Their son Louis-Joseph was born 17 March 1847 in Chateauguay, NY; he married Rosina-Alphonsine LABERGE ca 1867.

25/8 Seeking P & M of Fred LAROUE and Mary DONNELY ca 1860 in Fall River, MA or Canada. (Sam LaRoue)

25/9 Seeking P & M of Bastien GAGNON and Marie RENAUD their daughter Madeline m. Charles VERRIER-VERIEUL on 19 January 1789 in Louisville, Québec. (Robert Larochelle)
25/10 Seeking P & M of Jean-Baptiste

MEUNIER/MINIER/LAGASSE and Josephte GRENIER-JUNIER their son Joseph m. Elisabeth LARIVIER-PACQUET on 14 February 1825 in St. Hilaire, Rouville Québec. (Gerald Messier)

25/11 Seeking P & M of Joseph LAFOREST and Victoire FERRON. Their son Joseph m. Emilie RAYMOND in Sorel on 25 November 1834. (Suzette Carpentier)

25/12 Seeking P & M of Louis NORMAN and Marjorie DES-CHAMPS. Their daughter was born in Canada. (Lawrence Tupper)

25/13 Seeking P & M of Jacques LEBLANC and Marguerite LA-COMBE, previous marriage is ca 1827 in Boucherville. (Grace Hansen)

25/14 Seeking P & M of Jean-Baptiste NOLIN and Genevieve HEROU. Their daughter Marie m. Jacques BOISVERT 18 October 1852 at St. Gregoire, Rouville. (Albert Larin)

25/15 Seeking P & M of Jean-Baptiste BOISVERT and Marguerite LAJOIE, their son Jean-Baptiste married Louise GODIN, 9 January 1792 at St. Jean d'Iberville. (Albert Larin)

Members' Corner

Solange PLOURDE, 1890 rue Milan, St.-Hubert, QC J3Z 1B6, is seeking contact with AFGS members who have an interest in the PLOURDE family. She can correspond in either French or English.

Martha RADER, 33824 Sunset, Lucerne Valley, CA 92356 (e-mail mrader @ juno.com) is seeking the marriage and parents of François BEAUDOIN and Marie HUBOUX-DESLONGCHAMPS who married ca 1820. They had at least two children: Marguerite, born 217 December 1823 in St. -Lin, Canada (married to Ancelat CHARTRAND on 23 February 1845); and Frank, born in April 1824 in Canada.

Karen CUFFARO (kcuffaro@parkerhunter.com) is researching Charles-Nicolas OUDINOT of Bar-LaDuc, France, reportedly a Marshall in the Army of Napoleon. She would like to correspond with anyone researching this line.

David K. BEAULIEU, 19 Chestnut St., Newtown Square, MA 19073 (WA3KL@juno.com) is looking for the spouse of Honore H. BEAULIEU. Their son Isaac was married to Hedwidge MATHIEU on 12 September 1869 in Woonsocket, RI. Their only son, Hildege, married Marie-Anna SAVIGNAC on 3 July 1900 in Providence, RI

AFGS RESEARCH POLICY

STEP ONE: WHAT YOU SEND

Your request and a self-addressed stamped envelope. Your choice of the type of research to be done according to the following descriptions:

A. Single Marriage - Only one marriage to search. Marriages of parents will be counted as additional single marriages and billed as such. Rates are $5.00 per marriage for AFGS members and $10.00 per marriage for non-members.

B. Direct Lineage - A straight line of either a husband or wife back to the immigrant ancestor. This will include each couple, their date and place of marriage, and their parents' names. Origin of immigrant ancestor in France will be included where this information can be obtained. Price for this service will determined by the number of generations found times the applicable rate quoted above for single marriages.

C. Five-Generation Ancestral Chart - Standard five-generation ancestral chart of 31 ancestors with 8 marriages found. The last column of names will give parents' names only: no marriages as they will each start a new chart. Prices are $35.00 for AFGS members and $50.00 for non-members.

NOTE: *Do not send payment in advance.*

STEP TWO: OUR JOB

After receiving your properly submitted request, we will immediately start your research. We will then notify you of our findings and bill you for the research performed according to the applicable rates quoted above.

STEP THREE: YOUR APPROVAL

After receiving our report and billing statement, return the top portion with a check for the proper amount payable to AFGS. Upon receipt, we will forward your requested research.

All requests not resolved by the Research Committee will be placed in the Question and Answer section of *Je Me Souviens.*

Again, please do not send payment in advance.

INDEX TO THIS ISSUE

School Picnic, St. Anne School, ca 1925

Eugene Poulin and Marie-Louise Belanger
Married on 27 July 1920 at St. Bernard, Dorchester Co., Que.