

# Je Me Souviens

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## **AMERICAN-FRENCH GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY**

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### **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 @ junos.com**.

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### **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 every Saturday of each month from 10 AM to 4 PM. The library is closed on all holidays; there are no Saturday sessions in June, July and August.

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# TABLE OF CONTENTS

Volume 24, Number 1 — Spring 2001

AFGS Mission Statement .....	2
In Memoriam Viateur A. Pelletier .....	3
Antoine Latour, "Forgette", a Blacksmith, and His Son Pierre-Simon Latour dit Forget .....	7
La Guerre en La Belle France .....	19
Members' Corner .....	22, 48
Acadia 1612-1614 .....	23
The French Canadians of New England .....	49
A Family Story .....	53
A Legend of Heroes .....	53
Joseph E. Barrette and Marie Louise Adam .....	57
A Call to Arms .....	61
Questions and Answers .....	67
Our Ancestors Affected by the American Revolutionary War! 68	
Accepted Standards of Conduct for Family History Researchers .....	71
World War I Flying Aces .....	73
I Never Would Have Guessed .....	77
Research on the Library Computers .....	83
Excess Book Listing .....	90
Genealogical Materials & Publications For Sale .....	95
Authors' Guidelines .....	106
Index To This Issue .....	109
Parting Shots.....	112

# 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.



# In Memoriam

## Viateur A. Pelletier

This issue of *Je Me Souviens* is dedicated to Viateur A. Pelletier, age 90, who passed away on 15 March 2001. He was, with his wife, a longtime member of the Society. Born on 16 March 1910, he was the son of the late Wilfred and Georgianna (COURCHESNE). He was married to Sophie R. (WESOLOWSKA).

His funeral was held on 17 March 2001 and he is buried in Resurrection Cemetery, Cumberland, RI.

Our sincere condolences his widow and family.



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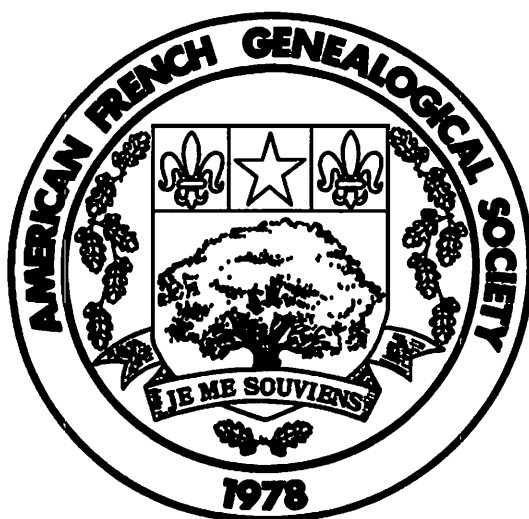
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# PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

## Roger Bartholomy, President

My wife, Sylvia, and I joined the AFGS in 1990. The Society had recently moved from its first home in Pawtucket into its expansive new space in the lower level of the First Universalist Church in Woonsocket, RI. We both clearly remember our first visit to the library. We were greeted by Leon Asselin who gallantly guided us through a whirlwind evening of research. I say "whirlwind" because Leon is a remarkably fast and thorough researcher.

The first name we researched was my mother's family line "Chapdelaine". Names, dates and places, generation by generation were revealed to us by Leon. That evening we researched from my mother, Antoinette Chapdelaine back to Andre Chapdelaine dit Lariviere from Plomb, Normandie who came to Canada as a soldier and married Marie Anne Chevretils in 1691. We were amazed, and we were hooked!

I'm sure many of you can relate to our first research experience. Once you set foot on the path of discovery, it becomes a never-ending journey as you search for just one more name and one

more date and place.

In the past eleven years I have seen the AFGS membership and its library resources grow dramatically. In fact our resources have outgrown our rented space. The Board of Directors has made it its mission to find a new home for the AFGS — a larger, more visible location that will adequately house our extensive and unique resources in a manner befitting their value and allow space for future growth.

However, the most valuable resource of our Society continues to be its members. They are the ones who support the AFGS financially through their dues and generous donations and through the thousands of hours of volunteer service that keep the Society functioning smoothly.

In closing I want to thank our past president, Roger Beaudry, who has steadfastly guided the AFGS for the last six years and the members of the Board of Directors who have consistently looked to the future in their decision making.

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Is it a coincidence that the only fifteen letter word that can be spelled without repeating a letter is *uncopyrightable*?

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# Antoine Latour, "Forgette", a Blacksmith, and His Son Pierre-Simon Latour dit Forget

by: Roy F. Forgit

*This article is taken from the book, A Study of the History and Genealogy of the Forgit Family in New England, Descendants of the Latour dit Forget Family of Quebec. It is reprinted here with the kind permission of the author. The book is in the AFGS Library.*

The man who bequeathed us our surname was a *forgeron*, the name given an ironworker or a blacksmith. Most likely he learned the craft from his father, the *fondeur*. But it is evident that he did not become a bell-maker as he was able to live his life in a single locale, at least following his 1737 marriage. This is chiefly shown in the fact that all three sons of his union with Marie-Louise PLOUFE are found at Berthier, a village located opposite Sorel on the St. Lawrence River. No doubt there were other children born to them, but not known to us.

The church of Ste. Genevieve was a mission there in the 1730's, and although founded in 1727 the records of 1733-1750 are lost. After that time-lapse we find the family Latour-Forget continuously in that parish for another half-century.

The contract of Antoine's marriage to Marie-Louise PLOUFE is dated

May 27, 1737. It was drawn up by the notary De LaFOSSE, who practiced law in the areas of Berthier and Sorel.(1) Their marriage is also found in records cited by the genealogist TANGUAY, who states that Antoine's parents were Pierre LATOUR and Catherine CHEVALIER.(2)

Although the birth location of Antoine is unknown, we do know that his bride was born at Vercheres on October 1, 1715 and baptized on the 4th at Contrecoeur, both villages just up-river from Sorel, along the St. Lawrence. Her parents were Louis PLOUFE and Marie TRUCHON, who had six other children, four daughters and two sons. Louis had been born at Montréal in 1691, a son of Jean PLOUFE, a *sauvetier* (rescuer or lifeboat man) as well as a *cordonnier* (shoe-maker).(3) By 1726-28 the PLOUFE family lives at Lachenaie, a large *seigneurie* on the north shore and abutting that of Berthier-en-Haut. We are told that many tradesmen of the time traveled to other fiefs to perform services, so Antoine may have done smithing there. But it is also a fact that the lawyers did match-making as a business, and Louis PLOUFE had five daughters to marry-off.

The first born of Antoine and

Marie-Louise is believed to be his namesake, Antoine, who wed at Berthier on August 30, 1757 to Elisabeth LAROCQUE.(4) We estimate his birth-year as 1738. Based on their order of marriage we list Francois as the second son, then Pierre-Simon. It is he who holds our real interest as Pierre-Simon is our next-of-line ancestor, thought to have been born in 1745. (Refer to Appendix for a segment of the Latour "tree" which focuses on Ste. Genevieve parish.)

In 1711 King Louis XIV had issued the "Edict of Marcy," a decisive break with earlier practices, to promote settlement in the colony of New France. He ordered the Canadian *Seigneurs* to grant land, a *roture*, without any initial cost to anyone who requested one. If refused the land was granted in the King's name and the annual charges went into the royal coffers. Thus a *Seigneur* could become legally no more than the King's land agent. (5)

Essentially, all of Canada had been structured under this legal system of land tenure beginning in 1598. Derived from feudal times in France, it was continued until 1854, out-lasting by over a half-century it's usage in France itself. There it was blamed for the social inequalities which led to the bloody French Revolution in 1789-92.

The earliest grants were to fur-trading companies and to religious missionary orders, as well as to some individuals. In most cases, a clause was included which required that a number of permanent settlers live on these lands. Occasionally, the king would take back title due to a failure to meet the

condition of bringing settlers to populate Canada.

A seigneur was anyone, the king included, who was entitled to an oath of fealty for land held from him. So all of Canada was a seigneurie and there were hundreds of subordinate *seigneuries* within it.(6) The system then was not only a way to allot land, but a complex social organization, as with the land came obligations of loyalty. These were termed *foi et hommage*. The contracts included terms of military service as well as a share of farm produce, hence all grants were called "land-in-fief."

Residing at the base of this "pyramid" were the people called *censitaires* in France. This referred to anyone who could not subgrant any land, earned a low income, and paid a *cens*. Thus a *censitaire* was a word synonymous with peasant. In Canada it was not used, being pejorative, and the name *habitant* appeared, to denote a resident who operated a farm and paid a *cens*. (7) Some histories use *censitaire* to denote a form of ownership, not a class of people, since in Canada some *censitaires* were also *seigneurs*, and became quite wealthy. In essence, New France, like New England, saw an evolution towards a less class-bound society, until the 1759 Conquest.

Berthierville and the present county of Berthier are named for Alexander BERTHIER, a Captain of the Carignan Regiment, who was granted land by the Governor of New France, Count FRONTENAC, in 1672. This was an area lying about 40 miles north-east of Montréal on the north shore, and

included some islands. First termed Bellechasse, it was later named Berthier-en-Bas. In 1673 his son acquired the neighboring grant, referred to as Berthier-en-haut, from *Sieur* RAUDIN, who had received it in 1672.

This was a much larger and more desirable grant, indicating that the younger Berthier must have made his own survey! The land *en-bas* was marshy and prone to river flooding.

A series of owners, all known as *Le Seigneur de Berthier* would succeed the original father and son. From 1718 to 1750 the local Seigneur is Pierre L'ETAGE (or LESTAGE), but in 1750 his widow sold Berthier-en-haut to Pierre-Noel COURTHIAU.(9)

Although we are uncertain of the years in which fiefs were granted to the LATOURs, we can assume it was before mid-century. It is likely that Antoine was a farmer as well as a blacksmith. Such a scenario could mean that his lands were large enough to subdivide as fiefs to his own sons, a big event most likely taking place when they married.

We have found ten grandsons of Antoine which suggests that they did go to their *Sieigneur* de Berthier, whose "domain" of idle land was still large. Consider that the original land grant in 1674 of Berthier-en-haut was about 3/4 of a league fronting on the St. Lawrence by two leagues deep, or inland to the River Chicot. A league was 84 *arpents* (each about 192 feet) and thus equal to approximately three miles! So two leagues inland was six miles.(10)

Further to the above, an augmentation was granted in 1732 to Pierre L'ETAGE adding to the Seigneurie de Berthier another three leagues square. The newer land was inland, abutting the fiefs of Chicot and Dautre (then called Antaya). This 80 square miles was granted by Charles, Marquis de Beauharnois, then Governor.(11)

An interesting description of the division of lands into fiefs is given to us by METCALFE: "In the St. Lawrence Valley, the seigneurial system of landholding led to long lots stretching back from the river with the houses being built along the riverfront. Later houses were built along the roads that paralleled the river, and the long lots extended back from the roads. Each row of long lots became known as a '*rang*'. As the long lots were divided into smaller units, the farms became very narrow strips with long narrow fields."(12) A visitor to Berthier County today will learn that many streets and roads are termed *Rang* instead of *Rue*.

Perhaps the single most important historical event in the lives of Antoine and his children was the fall of Québec in 1759 to the British. Termed simply *The Conquest*, it was to change the course of the future of Canada.

Throughout the second half of 1759 and into 1760 the LATOURs and their neighbors ardently believed that the King of France would send a military force and retake the colony's capitol. Montréal, Berthier and most of New France was still in French hands.

In the spring of 1760 the fate of

Québec would depend on whose ships arrived first from Europe with military reinforcements. On May 9th the race was won by England. French ships arrived on May 16th, only to be attacked off Pointe-aux-Trembles by two English warships, the Vanguard and the Diana, and sunk. A later French convoy of five ships, under Captain LA GIRAUDAIS, was pursued into the Baie des Chaleurs (south of the Gaspé), by five English vessels under Commodore BYRON. Near Restigouche they came under artillery fire from June 27th to July 8th and finally were sunk, also.(13)

Prior to these losses a French force under LEVIS had left Montréal and had attempted to retake Québec in late April, winning a battle at Ste. Foye. However, they failed to immediately advance on the Citadel, instead using a conventional siege tactic which allowed time for the British garrison to be reinforced in May, as above.

The summer of 1760 would see General MURRAY's forces sweep up the St. Lawrence in a campaign for Montréal. His fleet of 35 ships laid waste to a three-mile extent along the south shore near Sorel, when on August 22nd he ordered the burning of all houses whose men were absent. This conflagration was in revenge for an attack there by French militia.(14) Although islands separate the channel at this point, it is possible that the LATOURs saw the smoke columns from across the river at Berthier, or the glare in a night sky. Other atrocities were committed at Varennes, again to punish *habitant* militias who attempted to defend their homes, and again by order of MURRAY.(15) While the historian

PARKMAN relates the incident at Sorel he omits any mention of the British actions at Varennes, so deplored by LANCTOT.

Since Antoine was about age 43 both he and all three of his sons would have been obligated for militia duty, if chosen by the quota process. The minimum age was 15, so even Pierre-Simon, his youngest, was eligible.

On the north shore the Canadian militias were commanded by Captain DUMAS, who had fought in the 1755 bloody ambush rout of the British under General BRADDOCK along the Monongahela River in the Pennsylvania wilderness. But in 1760 the tactic was to harass the British fleet from both shores, since lacking artillery the defenders were unable to halt their advance.

By September 8th, Montréal was under siege by a force of 18,000, since MURRAY had been reinforced by General AMHERST, who had marched north along the Richelieu River from Chambly. The French garrison of under 3,000 was surrendered, although many desired to fight to the death. Governor VAUDREUIL had the French colors (flags) burned, since AMHERST had sought to humiliate the French troops in refusing the honors of war. This episode ended sadly a five-year long struggle to save Canada.

The French Governor and his retinue were given safe passage back to France. However, some of the King's ministers looked for scapegoats and a list of 55 people to be blamed was drawn up and a two year trial held.

When on December 10, 1763 the judgements were announced, the heavy sentences were against commoners. The historian LANCOT would attribute this to hard cash at work behind the scenes, as well as family influence. The Marquis de Vaudreuil and his nephew were exonerated, but BIGOT, the Intendant, was exiled for life and fined. He was able to afford to live in comfort in Switzerland as he was said to have amassed a fortune of 29 million *livres* through corruption and misuse of public funds in Canada.

Many French soldiers and marines elected to remain in the country as they had Canadian wives and children, and often held land-in-fief. Estimates run to about 1,000 such militarily-retired settlers. All had to swear an oath of allegiance to the English king. LANCOT disputes also the notion that all educated people fled New France: "Notwithstanding repeated affirmations based on a misinterpretation of facts, statistics and documents prove conclusively that Canada's elite did not emigrate. Not only the rural and urban population as a whole, but clergy, administrative leaders, seigneurs, officers of justice, merchants and leading citizens remained and took root in the country." (16)

Now a three-year long "limbo" period began, as all Canadians awaited a peace treaty while living under a military government and martial law. Three military officers ran the country as local governors: MURRAY at Québec, General GAGE at Montréal, and Colonel BURTON at Trois Rivières. The General-in-chief was still AMHERST, who made his headquarters at New York.

The seigneurial system was continued, with rents being paid to the British king on those lands formerly of Louis XV.

An indication that the farms about Berthier had survived the war's ravages is a purchase of grain in the Montréal area in February of 1761, as arranged by MURRAY and GAGE, and its distribution to the Québec region's farmers who had no seed for the spring planting. (17)

Upon the death of George II in 1761 all Canadians, as British subjects, were required to honor a period of public mourning. The Catholic churches were draped in black. Other events as well were proclaimed for celebration by the occupation's military leaders. These included the accession of George III, his marriage, and even English victories over French armies elsewhere!

MURRAY and BURTON reported that the Canadians had or would soon become good subjects of the king of England. Even Abbe MONGOLFIER, the Catholic Vicar-General at Montréal, who in February 1762 had sung a *Te Deum* on the occasion of George III's coronation, referred to "our" joy!

We must refer again to LANCOT to obtain some notion of reality: "None of these formulas is to be accepted at its face value. They are merely diplomatic phrases required by the convention of the time and commanded by the authorities or by circumstance... Grief, hope, resignation, these were some of the feelings experienced by Canadians between the surrender of Montréal and the Treaty of Paris." (18)

Yet Canada was but a pawn in the negotiations between the four European powers whose ambassadors in powdered wigs met outside of Paris at Fontaine-bleau. The kings of France, England, Spain and Portugal were in need of a peace settlement which would refill their exhausted treasuries while salvaging their egos. What is more the debate was a very public one, as noted here: "In England, as peace conditions were under discussion, a curious debate was carried on in newspapers and pamphlets as to which of the French possessions, Guadeloupe or Canada, England should insist on keeping. The argument in favor of Guadeloupe was that the island's exports in sugar and cotton were worth 1,000,000 pounds sterling, whereas Canadian furs did not bring in one-tenth of that sum." (19)

In the end it was other opinions in financial circles as well as strong pressures from the American colonies that favored the British keeping the prize of Canada. It can be termed a true twist of fate that within less than two decades many of these same voices in America would be raised in open revolt against George III.

The final Treaty of Paris, signed on February 10, 1763, and in French, contains only a single one of twenty-five Articles exclusively dealing with the colony of Canada. This was Article IV, by which Louis XV ceded New France to England. In turn, George III granted to Canadians the right to practice the Catholic faith "in so far as the laws of Great Britain allow." France kept Guadeloupe, Martinique, and three small neighboring islands in the West Indies. (20)

The *habitants* of a now former New France sought the advice and counsel as to the future from their *seigneurs* and the local parish *curé*. Uniformly among the clergy the reply was that all would remain as it had been before the Conquest. Indeed, life did go on as usual for more than a full decade. Marriages and baptisms continued to be celebrated, and crops grown.

Berthier's seigneurie continued to prosper, as populations grew where land was most available. The 1765 census states a total of 649 people, in 136 households. It counts 341 men of whom only 140 are married or widowed. There are 371 children, reflecting the high birthrates.

A second, neighboring community called Petite Riviere de Berthier has 372 people and 80 households. Farming dominates, as a separate counting of farms and livestock lists 78 farm houses with 7,295 arpents of land owned. This is larger than the 7,121 arpents held by 114 farms at the older settlement of Berthier itself, indicating that sub-fiefs have been issued there. (21) We believe that this second village became St. Cuthbert, which founded its own parish in 1765. However, the LATOUR family is not found at St. Cuthbert, even though we think that they owned lands away from Berthier, as we'll explain further along in this text. It should be noted that the Seigneurie de Berthier was one of the largest in area that was not a church-owned fief.

The extent of church-ownership in the colony provides some insight into the reasons why the Roman Church

was so prompt in accepting the British accords, and in promoting them to their lay faithful. Essentially, all church lands were left intact as they were seigneuries also, and provided incomes from sub-fiefs which were used to support hospitals and schools.

In his study of Canada's lands-in-fief as of 1760, HARRIS (22) estimates that the several religious orders and churches controlled fully one-quarter of all conceded lands. What is more, since these were some of the oldest grants and closest to the St. Lawrence and the major towns, they held one-third of the population. If one drew a 15-mile arc-radius about Québec City, it would be almost all church lands. Similarly, a 15-mile circle around Montréal enclosing both shores would reveal it to be chiefly church lands.

More specifically, the Sulpicians owned the seigneurie which covered the entire island of Montréal, plus those of St. Sulpice and Deux Montagnes. The Ile de Jesus, lying just to the north, was owned by the Québec Seminary. The Jesuits, in turn, owned seigneuries throughout Canada, many farmed by local habitants as fiefs. Those of the Jesuits included Cap de La Madeleine (1651) and Batiscan (1651), their two largest. They also held Belair, St. Gabriel (1667), and Notre Dame des Anges near Québec.(23) A good example of the farming development on the above is given in the census of 1765 of Batiscan which counted 636 people. There were 125 farms with 9,313 arpents of cultivated land sowing 2,390 bushels of seed.

My purpose in stating all these

numbers to you is to draw a distinction between church-owned seigneuries and lay seigneuries such as Berthier. For many habitants it would dictate their loyalties, their lives, and their fortunes.

The view of nearly every author writing in English about our French-Canadian ancestors, at least until quite recently, would assume that they were all incapable of independent thought and accepted every statement of their parish priest as true and beyond any doubt. This assumption could be traced almost always to the writings of Francis PARKMAN, who wrote what is still regarded as the "definitive" history of New France in English more than 100 years ago. A single quotation suffices to inform us of the Anglophile perspective of this Harvard-educated son of a Boston minister. In his 1884 "MONT-CALM and WOLFE," Parkman writes: "Civil liberty was given them by the British sword, but the conqueror left their religious system untouched, and through it they imposed upon themselves a weight of ecclesiastical tutelage that found few equals in the most Catholic countries of Europe."(24)

What the events which we discover in the local history of Berthier suggest to us is that in a lay-seigneurie, especially one owned by one of the "conquerors," is that the habitants would ignore their *cure's* pleas when the situation demanded it.

In 1765 COURTHIAU, then Seigneur de Berthier, sold his interests, doubtless a cause of alarm to those owing *foi et hommage*. For the new seigneur was James CUTHBERT, a British officer and a Protestant.(25) The

fact that CUTHBERT had been Aide-de-Camp to General WOLFE, the victor in 1759 at Québec, made him all the more distrusted. A testing of wills and of the entire body of obligations under fiefs would be inevitable. But fortunately this would not be necessary until after a period of peace had allowed some amicable relations to become established.

In 1769 Antoine LATOUR-FORGET would mourn the loss of his wife of 32 years. Marie-Louise (PLOUFE) FORGET died on October 23rd at Berthier, just three weeks after her 54th birthday. The burial record states that many attended her funeral, including Pierre GENEREUX and Alexis TUREOT.(26) GENEREUX had married a Marie FORGET, but we cannot establish an exact relationship.

In 1771, Antoine remarried. His second wife was Genevieve RIVIERE, whom he wed on November 2nd. However, she would pass away within 3 years. Pierre-Simon LATOUR, son of Antoine, wed Marie-Louise FRICHET on the 13th of January 1772, also at Berthier. She was the daughter of Jean-Baptiste FRICHET and Marie-Agathe LASAISE (or LAHAISE), both of whom were deceased. Marie-Louise was then age 23, as she was born on October 4, 1749. Her baptism had been at the parish of *La Visitation* on Ile Dupas, an island in the St. Lawrence between Berthier and Sorel. Her parents had married in 1748, indicating she was likely their firstborn. However, both her parents had earlier marriages: he in 1734 and she in 1745, thus Marie-Louise most probably had stepbrothers and sisters.

Witnesses for the bride at the 1772 ceremony were Louis GUILBEAU and Louis BARBIER. One of the groom's witnesses was Antoine LATOUR, whom we assume was his father as that was customary. But it could have been his older brother. The second named witness was Jean-Baptiste RIVIERE, who would be one of his stepmother's relatives.(27)

Less than three years later Antoine passed away at Berthier. He was buried in the cemetery of Ste. Genevieve on October 24, 1774 with all the sacraments. The parish-book entry by the *Curé*, Pouget, states his age as 66, but as with most other such estimates of age, it is doubted.(28)

The most interesting entries in the above are the name-usages. The left-hand column says the deceased is Antoine FORGET LATOURS. But in the handwritten French text he is Antoine, forgette. This is a notation of his occupation. Did he operate a small forge, thus explaining the use of the diminutive ending? Or did he make only relatively small-sized iron products, such as horseshoes, nails, or hinges?

The year following the demise of Antoine would again bring war to the door-steps of the habitants at Berthier. America's Revolution spilled over into Canada when her colonial troops invaded to pre-empt the British. We all know the stories of our local history: of the midnight ride of Paul Revere and the battles of Concord and Lexington in April of 1775. But who among us knows that the Colonial Congress on June 27th ordered General SCHUYLER to seize all enemy craft on Lake Champlain and to take St. Jean

and Montréal, as well as any other British posts so as to "promote the peace and security of these colonies." (29) The strategy was to prevent British forces from coming south and cutting the American colonies in two by seizing Albany and all of the Hudson Valley south to New York. Geography was to again determine that Sorel and Berthier lay in harm's way, as the water-routes to Montréal were down the Richelieu River from Lake Champlain. Sorel sits at the mouth of the Richelieu, where it empties into the St. Lawrence.

What John ADAMS and the Colonial Congress did not know was that the Governor of Canada, General Guy CARLETON, had only about 600 British Regulars to defend the entire St. Lawrence Valley! (30) On July 9th he had to issue a proclamation of Martial Law, calling out the militias, a force made up of civilians similar to the *Minute-Men* of Massachusetts.

The farmer-soldiers of Canada had much in common with those of the American colonies, as officers on both sides had discipline problems within the ranks. The historian HATCH describes the forces of the American General MONTGOMERY as they sailed up Lake Champlain: "The troops were still rent by sectional jealousies, and the New Englanders believed the army should be run like a town meeting, with the rank and file choosing and monitoring their officers." (31)

A very similar situation existed in Canada. The habitants were angered by CARLETON's failure to appoint any of their own as officers of the militia, instead staffing with the *noblesse*, sons

of French nobility. So the locals defied their seigneurs, as well as their priests who insisted that they obey the orders of the Governor. Abbé MONTGOLFIER at Mont-réal, always supportive of the British government, recalled the clergy from at least two defiant parishes to punish the people.

Among the incidents were several involving the Berthier seigneurie. However, accounts vary. At St. Cuthbert the local men took an oath never to fight against the Americans. They defied the Seigneur CUTHBERT's order to enroll a full company of militia instead of their quota of fifteen.. At Berthier, the militiamen took two of the *noblesse* as captives! Their names were Charles de LANAUDIERE and Godefroi de TONNANCOURT. According to HATCH (32), it was the village *curé* who negotiated their release. This would be *Père* POUGET, who had buried Antoine LATOUR less than a year before.

A more detailed account is given by MUNRO (33), which I am quoting because I believe that several of our ancestors had to be involved. "James CUTHBERT summoned the inhabitants of the seigneurie of Berthier to his house. They refused to come, met him at the junction of three roads where a large cross was erected. He made a pre-emptory demand of their military services, which they refused, advising that not a man of them would follow him. As soon as he was gone, they all made an oath on the cross, round which they were assembled, that they never would take arms against the Provincials; that, if one among them offered to join the government, they would directly burn his house and his barn and destroy his

cattle, and that, if General CARLETON should attempt to compel them into service, they would repel force by force. And, having thus sworn, they went home."

MUNRO estimates that this angry event took place in late July or early August. Then it was late September when LANAUDIERE was sent from Montréal by CARLETON, making threats. He did manage to convince 16 men to join him. They, along with he and TONNANCOURT, were taken prisoners by the local force. Whether the homes of any of the 16 were burned is unknown. After lengthy negotiations all were set free, on the promise of CARLETON's pardon, plus a promise never to return to Berthier on such an errand.

Of course not all men refused conscription, but refusal was greater near Montréal. Hatch relates that many British civilians, chiefly merchants, also resisted. Out of seventeen companies of militia raised at Québec, eleven were French *habitants*, indicating that in the church-owned seigneuries compliance was greater.

American forces did capture Montréal on November 13, 1775. Governor CARLETON made his escape on November 16, disguised as a *habitant* and speaking French "passably" well. On the 28th the American General MONTGOMERY sailed down-river to reinforce the troops of Colonel Benedict ARNOLD who had Québec under siege. In a New Year's Eve assault, MONTGOMERY was mortally wounded and the Americans repulsed. The siege was continued through the winter, as they tried to starve out the city.

Benjamin FRANKLIN and a Commission of Congress was at Montréal on May 10, 1776 when news arrived that the American forces had fled Québec in retreat before a new British force. Franklin and his fellow negotiator, Charles CARROL of Maryland, a Catholic, had realized already that the clergy at Montréal had effectively doomed any hope that Canada might join the revolt against George III.

Louis XV of France did not wish to aid the American invasion of Canada, as it might unravel the 1763 Treaty with England, involving too many European commitments. Ironically, he would send the French fleet to aid the Colonial armies within a few years, when asked by LAFAYETTE.

In Canada the American occupation left a lingering distrust of her big neighbor to the south. It reinforced the positions of the seigneurs and of the clergy, especially, as they had been consistent allies of the British. In particular they had feared all the talk by the likes of Ben FRANKLIN of referendums and elections. Democracy was anathema to these royalist clergy. Any king was better than this unknown rule by the ballots of an unwashed mob. And freedom of religion was beyond their comprehension!

Once again Berthier had escaped the horrors of a shooting war, sheltered behind her islands. Poor Sorel, so geographically exposed, had suffered again.

Pierre-Simon and Marie-Louise had continued to farm and to raise a large family. In the midst of the invasion's tumult a son, Louis, had been

born on June 1, 1776. Another son, Pierre, was born in 1779. This child died at age two, only two weeks prior to the birth on May 25, 1781 of Antoine, destined to be our next-of-line ancestor.

James CUTHBERT, evidently following the example of Governor CARLETON, took no retaliatory measures against his fief-holders. The Governor wanted peace now for Canada in order to prove that the much-maligned Québec Act Constitution of 1774 could become the means to integrate French and English institutions. This charter maintained French civil laws, thus there were no elected assemblies, no trial by jury, nor habeas corpus. Canada was to be ruled by a Royal Governor and his Council, all appointed by King George III. (34)

It would be 1791 before a new Constitution granted separate legislative assemblies to upper (Ontario) and lower (Québec) Canada. This was a scheme to avoid both the language problem and the fears of both parties of a plurality by the other.

We learn that *Père* POUGET is still at Ste. Genevieve in 1783 from another Latour family wedding. On July 28th he heard the vows of Antoine LATOUR dit Forget, son of Antoine and Elisabeth LAROC, and Therese CARPENTIER. The uncle of the groom, Pierre-Simon, is present as well as the fathers of both the bride and the groom. The above ceremony was in the original church at Berthier, now gone. Masonry work had begun on June 30, 1782 for construction of a new church which would be consecrated on August 22,

1787. This stone structure is now "*la plus ancienne du Diocese de Joliette*." (35) Of course it has undergone both repairs and enlargements, but is a remarkable structure and a *tresor inestimable* (a priceless treasure). In 1786 James CUTHBERT built a chapel at Berthier, also, and dedicated it to Saint Andrew. It is reputed to be the first Presbyterian church in all of Québec Province, and it still stands as a museum.

On November 19, 1794 the habitants of St. Esprit and St. Pierre applied to CUTHBERT for help in building a new chapel for their district, along the Bayonne River about eight miles west of Berthier. He granted them the land and construction began in 1798. The new chapel was a mission of Ste. Genevieve at first, but became the parish of Ste. Elisabeth in 1802. One old account states that *Seigneur* CUTHBERT named this church after his daughter.

After 1802 all family records of the LATOUR dit FORGETS are found at Ste. Elisabeth. Although our initial assumption was that they had been granted new land-in-fief, we believe now that the new Church was simply closer to their existing farms. Records show that baptisms of all nine of the children of Pierre-Simon were at Berthier's parish of Ste. Genevieve, the last being his namesake, Pierre-Simon, in 1799. Having your last son at age 54 was not unusual among the LATOURS.

However, the marriages of these family members are found for the most part at Ste. Elisabeth. For a village had grown up about the new church within a

short time. Thus it is there that we travel next.(37)

#### FOOTNOTES TO CHAPTER FIVE

1. Drouin files at A.F.G.S.
2. Tanguay. Refer to footnote 15 of chapter 4.
3. Jette, Rene, *Dictionnaire Genealogique des familles de Québec*, 1983.
4. Drouin files, microfilm, Berthier, 1757, A.F.G.S.
5. Harris, Richard C., "The Seigneurial System in Early Canada, a Geographical Study," University of Wisconsin Press, Madison, 1968, p.106.
6. Ibid. Preface, p.viii.
7. Ibid.
8. Munro, W.B., "Documents Relating to the Seigneurial Tenure in Canada. 1598-1854," 1908. Reprinted by Greenwood Press, N.Y. 1968. pp.106 & 141.
9. Ibid.
10. Québec Archives. *Registre des Foi et Hommage*, no. 9, folio 38, 26 januare, 1781. (This later date was when the original grants 27 April 1674 and 25 March 1675 were combined into one title.)
11. Québec Archives. *Registre d'Intendance*, no. 7, folio 4, 31 decembre 1732, "Derriere Antaya, Randin, Berthier et Chicot", Augmentation de Berthier. ( Note: Footnotes 10 & 11 are courtesy of a text lent to me by Clarence Gagne, which is in French. It is a study of Québec's geography and topography by each land grant, dated 1815, as follows: Bouchette, Joseph, "*Description Topographique de La Province du Bas Canada*," Published by W. Faden, London, England, 1815.)
12. Metcalfe, Wm., Editor, "Understanding Canada", New York Univ. Press, N.Y. 1932, p.55.
13. Lanctot, Gustave, "A History of Canada", Vol.3, trans. from the French by M.M.Cameron, Harvard Univ. Press, Cambridge, MA 1965, pp. 179-180.
14. Ibid.
15. Ibid. (Note: in his own foot-notes, nos 14 & 14a, Lanctot refers to orders by Murray to loot at Varennes.)
16. Lanctot.
17. Ibid., p. 190.
18. Ibid., p. 192.
19. Ibid.
20. Ibid.
21. Lanctot, Index charts.
22. Harris, see footnote 5, p. 43.
23. Ibid.
24. Parkman, Francis, "Montcalm and Wolfe", 1884, p. 622 of Collier Books edition, 1962.
25. Munro, W.B., see footnote # 8.
26. Drouin files, Berthier, of A.F.G.S.
27. Ibid.
28. Ibid.
29. Hatch, Robert M., "Thrust for Canada, The American Attempt On Québec in 1775-76," Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1979, p.34.
30. Ibid.
31. Ibid., p.49.
32. Ibid.
33. Munro, see footnote # 8, p.245.
34. Hatch, see footnote # 29, pp.8-12.
35. Rainville, Jacques, "*Tresor inestimable et Reflet d'une collectivite*," a pamphlet on the Church of Sainte Genevieve de Berthier-en-Haut, La Corporation du patrimoine de Berthier inc., Berthierville, Québec, 1977.
36. Champagne, Roland, see footnotes to Chapter One, # 3.
37. On Sept. 13, 1999, my daughter Rachael and I did travel to the village of Ste. Elisabeth and walked around the cemetery and the church. There are many "Forget" headstones.

# La Guerre en La Belle France

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 widow's permission. This is the twelfth installment in the series. This chapter continues Mr. Boissonneault's wartime experiences. Mr. Boissonneault's book is in the AFGS Library.*

On August 25, 1944, we crossed the English Channel in an LST (Landing Ship Tank) and set foot on Omaha Beach in Normandy. It was the very day that Paris was liberated from the Germans. Though the day was very warm, it was also rainy, forcing us to wear raincoats. Since we carried full packs on our backs, the raincoats left all of us sweating. We had to hike about eight miles from the beach to a cleared mine field where we were to bivouac for the night. After slogging through the muddy road, we were happy to reach our designated field. No one even bothered to pitch a pup tent, we simply laid the tents on the ground and slept on top of them. Some of the stragglers slept in the field next to ours; in the morning they found that they had slept with a group of German prisoners of war who were on their way back to the States. For them the war was over but for us it was just beginning.

Later that afternoon we were picked up by trucks from our squadron and then driven to our first air base in Normandy, in a town called Lessay. Before the war it had been home to a race track but a grandstand was the only thing standing when we arrived. While there we lived in Pyramid tents, six men to a tent. Since there was no mess hall, a kitchen was organized under the grandstand and we had our meals there at trestle tables. The food was good enough but instead of butter we were using orange marmalade from England. Every time we opened up a can, all the yellow jackets in Normandy buzzed around that can. I'm sure that most of us swallowed a few yellow jackets with the rest of our food — it's difficult to distinguish between marmalade and a yellow jacket.

We stayed at Lessay about three weeks. Our planes operated from there, bombing in support of the advancing troops. The planes would bomb German defenses, strafe the railroads bringing supplies to Normandy and bomb any air fields that still harbored German planes. At this time the German Air Force was almost non-existent. The troops moves so fast that we left Lessay to go to Chartres, where we remained about one week. I had time to visit the Cathedral, one of the most

famous in France, containing exquisite stained glass. While there I took my laundry to a French lady who did washing. I had to give her a big bar of G.I. soap and I paid her with some canned goods and seven or eight candy bars. She did not want any francs but she did need foodstuffs. I brought the dirty laundry to her one night and the next day we received orders to move out to another base. I had to dash into town and retrieve my laundry; luckily it was already washed but as it had not yet been hung out to dry, it was saturated with water. I stuffed it sopping wet into my barracks bag and fervently hoped that I could dry it at my next base of operations.

Our next stop was near Laon, France, northeast of Paris. We traveled all day to get there, going around Paris to our destination, a town called Marchais. At that time I had been assigned on detached service to the 98<sup>th</sup> Bomb Wing, a wing that controlled four bomb groups. We lived in a chateau that was the shooting lodge of the Prince of Monaco.

His mother, the Princess of Monaco, lived on the second floor of the chateau, just as she had while the Germans had their headquarters there. The wing's commanding general and his staff lived on the first floor and part of the second floor in one wing of the chateau. We enlisted men lived in the servants' quarters (where else?) The chateau had a beautiful kitchen but we had horrible rations and a cook to match. He was a Frenchman who had emigrated to the States and had either been drafted or enlisted. I believe that a lot of our rations found their way to the black market; our cook knew his way around

that busy place.

Two trailers were located in the rear of the chateau, one of which was used by the radio operators and housed the teletype machines. In the other were the cryptographers and their equipment. The trailer area was referred to as *Radio City*.

The whole town of Marchais was owned by the Prince of Monaco, with the exception of one house which was owned by a family named Chateau. I met the daughter, whose name was Simonne, when she came from Paris to check on the property. The house had been ransacked by the Germans and little of value remained in it. Simonne lived in Paris with her mother, who owned an antique shop, and grandmother. She invited me to visit them if I ever went to Paris and I did visit there about November 18, 1944. While I was there, her grandmother, who was in her nineties, died. They had very little food although they were well to do. I had brought some Spam and two bottles of champagne so we had a meal of sorts, with some French bread added. I only went there once, although I went back to Paris during the winter of 1945 and attended a very good show at the Folies Bergere. While in Paris I also attended a concert where Edith Piaf sang; she was a terrific singer.

I mentioned champagne in the story above. When the army occupied the Rheims, France, area, where most of the champagne is bottled, the army took over all the wineries. The army sold the champagne to us at \$1.00 a bottle, a price which assured a land office business. Because our quarters

had very little heat, I drank quite a bit of it every night before going to sleep; I slept very well!

All of the people in town worked as farmers on farms owned by the Prince of Monaco, raising sugar beets. In the fall and winter of 1944 there were stacks of sugar beets all over this town. The peasants worked very long and hard for very little money. The Prince of Monaco is one of the richest men in Europe through very little effort on his part.

We stayed at this base from October to January and were there during the Battle of the Bulge, which was only about 60 miles away. For awhile it appeared that we would have to retreat to Paris but as everybody knows, our paratroops prevented the Germans from completely breaking through. We did have some anxious moments, as the German Air Force operated even in bad weather and could always drop their bombs on French territory willy nilly. Though some of the outbuildings of the chateau were hit in bombing raids, luckily they were quite a distance from the chateau and from the place where we slept. No lives were lost and no one was hurt, not even the animals. Quite a few horses were used to work the various farms and with no tractors in use there in those days, the loss of a horse was a severe detriment. Manpower, on the other hand, was cheap and plentiful because those peasants had no other source of employment.

The Battle of the Bulge began on December 16<sup>th</sup>. On that day I had gone to Paris in a jeep with three other fellows. Our jeep of course had no

heater, and believe me it was a cold ride. After a few miles of shivering in the blustery cold, I was sorry I went. We did have a good time in Paris sightseeing however, even though we did not go to any shows that day. We had to eat at a Red Cross Club as there were no other places to eat. Food was very scarce at that time; you could buy wines and Calvados, but as I did not drink, they did not interest me very much. The Red Cross Club had Spam sandwiches, which were not a very great treat since our mess hall gave us a pretty steady diet of Spam. The Club could, however, boast of its doughnuts, delicacies that the mess hall lacked.

During our trip back it began to snow and to freeze on the windshield. We had hand operated wipers and it was a lot of work to keep the windshield clear. When ice formed on it we had no scraper and had to use razor blades to keep the windows clear. We had to stop often to clear the windshield and at one checkpoint we were stopped by the Military Police, who checked our IDs. They informed us that the Germans had started an offensive and that they had dropped a lot of troops dressed as American GIs over that section of France. The Military Police relieved us of two five gallon cans of gasoline. They had orders to do this, as gasoline was needed to resupply front line troops. We were about 30 miles from our base and they felt sure that we had enough fuel to reach it.

Eventually we arrived at our base at Marchais. Everyone was on alert and from our small complement of only 30 enlisted men, we had to organize for guard duty to protect our chateau. The

98<sup>th</sup> Combat Wing had a brigadier general and about 15 other officers, and all wanted protection. Meanwhile the MPs set up checkpoints north and south on the main highway, looking for Germans dressed as Americans. I remember that I was sergeant of the guard one night. The officer of the day instructed the guards to question anyone trying to pass their post. He said that we should ask anyone trying to pass, the question, "Who won the World Series in 1943?" Obviously very few Germans, if any, would know the answer to that query. There was also one American, myself, who did not know the answer. I had to ask the officer of the day to let me in on the secret. He was amazed but he gave me what I hoped was the correct answer; if I remember

rightly, it was the New York Yankees!

We guarded the chateau and nothing happened that we could prevent. The Germans were able to bomb us a couple of times at night, even though it was foggy. Since they no longer had troops in that section of France, no matter where they dropped the bombs, whatever they hit was bound to hurt the enemy (us.) During that time, an American troopship was sunk in the English Channel with a great loss of life; I believe that its name was *Leopoldville*. Some of the survivors were allocated to our base and we shared our rations and any spare clothing we had with those who had lost everything.

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## Members' Corner

Lorraine WEST (4558) writes:

Seeking information on David PELLERIN and Josephine BEAUDREAU.  
Two of their children were married at Notre Dame, Central Falls, RI.

Albert Ernest m. May 1934 to Elise Mary BLANCETTE

Marie Louise m. July 1933 to Joseph Aime GAGNON

Any information re this PELLERIN family, i.e.: Brothers and sisters of David (my great-grandmother's brother) would be appreciated.

Contact Lorraine at [westlor4@home.com](mailto:westlor4@home.com).

On another matter, I can help someone who needs assistance for Essex, Ontario.

# Acadia 1612-1614

## from: The Jesuit Relations

Letter from Father Pierre Biard to the Reverend Father Provincial, at Paris.

Port Royal, January 31, 1612.

Reverend Father,  
The peace of Christ be with you.

Were we compelled to give an account before God and Your Reverence of our administration and our transactions in this newly acquired kingdom of the Son of God, this new France and new Christendom, from the time of our arrival up to the beginning of this new year, I certainly do not doubt that, in the aggregate and final summing up, the loss would exceed the profits; the foolish cost of transgression, the goodness and wisdom of obedience; and the reception of divine talents, graces, and indulgence would exceed their outlay and use in the royal and agreeable service of our great and so benign Creator. Nevertheless, inasmuch as (I believe) no one would be edified by our losses, or greatly benefitted by our gains, it is better that we mourn our losses apart; as to our receipts, we shall be like the unjust steward commended by Our Lord in the Gospels, namely, by sharing our Master's goods with others we shall make them our friends; and in communicating to many what is edifying in these

early foundations of Christianity, we shall obtain intercessors with God and supporters of this work. yet in doing this have shall in no wise diminish the debt, as did the wicked Steward, giving out Our Master's goods with profit; but we shall, perhaps, by this prudence acquit ourselves of a part of the dues and interests. So be it.

Today, January 22nd, 1612, eight months have passed since our arrival in this new France. Soon after that, I wrote you in regard to the condition in which we found this infant Church and Colony. Here is what followed:

When Monsieur de Potrin court went to France last June he left his son here, Monsieur de Biencourt, a young man of great integrity and of very estimable qualities, with about eighteen of his servants and us two priests of the Society. Now our duties and offices, in accordance with our calling as priests, have been performed while residing here at the house and settlement, and by making journeys abroad. Let us begin, as they say, at home, that is, at the residence and settlement; then we shall go outside.

Here then are our occupations: to say mass every day, and to solemnly sing it Sundays and holidays, together with Vespers, and frequently the procession; to offer public prayers morning and evening; to exhort, console, administer

the sacraments, bury the dead; in short, to perform the offices of the Curate. since there are no other priests in these quarters. And in truth it would be much better if we were more earnest workers here for Our Lord, since sailors, who form the greater part of our parishioners are ordinarily quite deficient in any spiritual feeling, having no sign of religion except in their oaths and blasphemies, nor any knowledge of God beyond the simplest conceptions which they bring with them from France, clouded with licentiousness and the cavilings and revilings of heretics. Hence it can be seen what hope there is of establishing a flourishing Christian church by such evangelists. The first things the poor Savages learn are oaths and vile and insulting words; and you will often hear the women Savages (who otherwise are very timid and modest), hurl vulgar, vile, and shameless epithets at our people, in the French language; not that they know the meaning of them, but only because they see that when such words are used there is generally a great deal of laughter and amusement. And that remedy can there be for this evil in men whose abandonment to evil-speaking (or cursing) is as great as or greater than their insolence in showing their contempt?

At these Christian services which we conduct here at the settlement, the Savages are occasionally present, when some of them happen to be at the port. I say, occasionally, inasmuch as they are but little trained in the principles of the faith—those who have been baptized, no more than the heathen; the former, from lack of instruction, knowing but little more than the latter. This was why we resolved, at the time of our arrival, not to baptize any adults unless they were previously well catechized. Now in or-

der to catechize we must first know the language.

It is true that Monsieur de Biancourt, who understands the savage tongue better than any one else here, is filled with earnest zeal, and every day takes a great deal of trouble to serve as our interpreter. But, somehow, as soon as site begin to talk about God he feels as Moses did,—his mind is bewildered, his throat dry, his tongue tied. The reason for this is that, as the savages have no definite religion, magistracy or government, liberal or mechanical arts, commercial or civil life, they have consequently no words to describe things which they have never seen or even conceived.

Furthermore, rude and untutored as they are, all their conceptions are limited to sensible and material things; there is nothing abstract, internal, spiritual or distinct. *Good, strong, red, Black, large, hard*, they will repeat to you in their jargon; *goodness, strength, redness, blackness*—they do not know what they are. And as to all the virtues you may enumerate to them, *wisdom, fidelity, justice, mercy, gratitude, pity*, and others, these are not found among them at all except as expressed in the words *happy, tender love, good heart*. Likewise they will name to you a wolf, a fox, a squirrel, a moose, and so on to every kind of animal they have, all of which are wild, except the dog; but as to words expressing universal and generic ideas, such as *beast, animal, body, substance*, and the like, these are altogether too learned for them.

Add to this, if you please, the great difficulty of obtaining from them even the words that they have. For, as they neither know our language nor we theirs, except a very little which per-

tains to daily and commercial life, we are compelled to make a thousand gesticulations and signs to express to them our ideas, and thus to draw from them the names of some of the things which cannot be pointed out to them. For example, to think, to forget, to remember, to doubt; to know these four words, you will be obliged to amuse our gentlemen for a whole afternoon at least by playing the clown; and then, after all that, you will find yourself deceived, and mocked anew, having received, as the saying is, the mortar for the level, and the hammer for the trowel. In short we are still disputing, after a great deal of research and labor, whether they have any word to correspond directly to the word *Credo*, I believe. Judge for yourself the difficulty surrounding the remainder of the symbols and fundamental truths of Christianity.

Now all this talk about the difficulty of the language will not only serve to show how laborious is our task in learning it, but also still make our Europeans appreciate their own blessings, even in civil affairs; for it is certain that these miserable people, continually weakened by hardships, will always remain in a perpetual infancy as to language and reason. I say language and reason, because it is evident that there words, the messengers and dispensers of thought and speech, remain totally rude, poor and confused, it is impossible that the mind and reason be greatly refined, rich, and disciplined. However, these poor weaklings and children consider themselves superior to all other men, and they would not for the world give up their childishness and wretchedness. And this is not to be wondered at, for, as I have said, they are children.

Since we cannot yet baptize the

adults, as we have said, there remain for us the children, to whom the kingdom of heaven belongs; these we baptize with the consent of their parents and the pledge of the god-parents. And under these conditions we have already, thank God, baptized four of them. We instruct the adults who are in danger of death, as far as God gives us the means to do so; and experience has shown us that then God inwardly supplements the defects of his exterior instruments. Thus, an old woman dangerously ill, and a young girl have been added to the number of the children of God. The woman still lives, the girl has gone to Heaven.

I saw this girl, eight or nine years old, all benumbed and nothing but skin and bone. I asked the parents to give her to me to baptize. They answered that if I wished to have her they would give her up to me entirely. For to them she was no better than a dead dog. They spoke like this because they are accustomed to abandon altogether those whom their have once judged incurable. We accepted the offer so that they might see the difference between Christianity and their ungodliness. We had this poor skeleton brought into one of the cabins of the settlement, where we cared for and nourished her as well as we could, and when she had been fairly well instructed we baptized her. She was named Antoinette de Pons, in grateful remembrance of the many favors we have received and are receiving from Madame la Marquise de Guercheville, who may rejoice that already her name is in heaven, for a few days after baptism this chosen soul flesh away to that glorious place.

This was also our firstborn, for whose sake we could say, as Joseph did about his, that God had made us forget

all our past hardships and the homes of our Fathers. But in speaking of the Savages abandoning their sick, another similar occasion to exercise charity toward those who are deserted has had a more happy issue and one more useful in undeceiving these people. This occasion was as follows:

The second son of the grand sagamore Membertou, of whom we shall speak by and by, named *Actodin*, already a Christian, and married, fell dangerously ill. Monsieur de Potrin-court, as he was about to depart for France, had visited him, and being a kind-hearted gentleman, had asked him to let himself be taken to the settlement for treatment. I was expecting this suggestion to be carried out; but they did nothing of the kind. When this became evident, not to leave this soul in danger, I went there after a few days (for it was five leagues from the Settlement). But I found my patient in a fine state. They were just about to celebrate tabagie, or a solemn feast, over his last farewell. Three or four immense kettles were boiling over the fire. We had his beautiful robe under him (for it was summer) and was preparing for his funeral oration. The oration was to close with the usual adieus and lamentations of all present. The farewell and the mourning are finished by the slaughter of dogs, that the dying man may have forerunners in the other world. This slaughter is accompanied by the tabagie and what follows it—namely, the singing and dancing. After that it is no longer lawful for the sick man to eat or to ask any help, but he must already consider himself one of the “manes,” or citizens of the other world. Now it was in this state that I found my host.

I denounced this way of doing

things, more by actions than by words; for, as to talking, my interpreters did not repeat the tenth part of what I wanted them to say. Nevertheless old Membertou, father of the sick man, understood the affair well enough and promised me that they should stop just where I wanted them to. Then I told him that the farewells and a moderate display of mourning, and even the tabagie, would be permitted, but that the slaughter of the dogs, and the songs and dances over a dying person, and what was much worse leaving him to die alone, displeased me very much that it would be better, according to their promise to Monsieur de Potrin-court, to have him brought to the settlement, that, with the help of God, he might yet recover. They gave me their word that they would do all that I wished; nevertheless, the dying man was not brought until two days afterward.

His symptoms became so serious that often we expected nothing less than that he would die on our hands. In fact, one evening, his wife and children deserted him entirely and went to settle elsewhere, thinking it was all over with him. But it pleased God to prove their despair unfounded; for a few days afterwards he was in good health and is so today (to God be the glory); which M. Hébert, of Paris, a well-known master in Pharmacy, who attended the said patient, often assured me was a genuine miracle. For my part, I scarcely know what to say; inasmuch as I do not care either to affirm or deny a thing of which I have no proof. This I do know, that we put upon the sufferer a bone taken from the precious relics of the glorified Saint Lawrence archbishop of Dublin in Ireland, which M. de la Place, the estimable Abbé d’Eu, and the Pri-

ors and Canons of the said abbey d'Eu, kindly gave us for our protection during the voyage to these lands. So we placed some of these holy relics upon the sick man, at the same time offering our vows for him, and then he improved. Influenced by this example, Membertou, the father of the one who had recovered, as I have said before, was very strongly confirmed in the faith; and because he was then feeling the approach of the malady from which he has since died, he wished to be brought here immediately; and although our Cabin is so narrow that when three people are in it they can scarcely turn around, nevertheless, showing his implicit confidence in us, he asked to be placed in one of our two beds, where he remained for six days. But afterwards his wife, daughter, and daughter-in-law having come, he himself recognized the necessity of leaving, and did so with profuse excuses, asking our pardon for the continual trouble he had given us in waiting upon him day and night. Certainly the change of location and treatment did not improve him any. So then, seeing that his life was drawing to a close, I confessed him as well as I could; and after that he delivered his oration (this is their sole testament). Now, among other things in this speech, he said that he wished to be buried with his wife and children, and among the ancient tombs of his family.

I manifested great dissatisfaction with this, fearing that the French and Savages would suspect that he had not died a good Christian. But I was assured that this promise had been made before he was baptized, and that otherwise, if he were buried in our cemetery, his children and his friends would never again come to see us, since it is the

custom of this nation to shun all reminders of death and of the dead.

I opposed this, and M. de Biancourt, for he is almost my only interpreter, joined with me, but in vain: the dying man was obdurate. Rather late that evening we administered extreme unction to him, for otherwise he was sufficiently prepared for it. Behold now the efficacy of the sacrament; the next morning he asks for M. de Biancourt and me, and again begins his harangue. In this he declares that he has, of his own free will, changed his mind; that he intends to be buried with us, commanding his children not, for that reason, to shun the place like unbelievers, but to frequent it all the more, like Christians, to pray for his soul and to weep over his sins. He also recommended peace with M. de Potrincourt and his son; as for him, he had always loved the French, and had often prevented conspiracies against them. A few hours afterward he died a Christian death in my arms.

This was the greatest, most renowned and most formidable savage within the memory of man; of Splendid physique, taller and larger-limbed than is usual among them; bearded like a Frenchman, although scarcely any of the others have hair upon the chin; grave and reserved; feeling a proper sense of dignity for his position as commander. God impressed upon his soul a greater idea of Christianity than he has been able to form from hearing about it, and he has often said to me in his savage tongue: "Learn our language quickly, for as soon as thou knowest it and hast taught me well I wish to become a preacher like thee." Even before his conversion he never cared to have more than one living wife, which is wonder-

ful, as the great sagamores of this country maintain a numerous seraglio, no more through licentiousness than through ambition, glory and necessity; for ambition, to the end that they may have many children, wherein lies their power; for fame and necessity, since they have no other artisans, agents, servants, purveyors or slaves than the women; they bear all the burdens and toil of life.

He was the first of all the Savages in these parts to receive baptism and extreme unction, the first and the last sacraments; and the first one who, by his own command and decree, has received a Christian burial Monsieur de Biancourt honored his obsequies. imitating as far as possible the honors which are shown to great Captains and Noblemen in France.

Now, that the judgments of God may be feared as much as his mercies are loved, I shall here record the death of a Frenchman, in which God has shown his justice as much as he has given us evidence of his mercy, in the death of Membertou. This man had often escaped drowning, and only recently upon the blessed day of last Pentecost. He showed but little gratitude for this favor. Not to make the story too long, the evening before St. Peter's and St. Paul's day, as they were discoursing upon the perils of the sea, and upon the vows made to the Saints in similar dangers, this wretch began impudently to laugh and to sneer, jeering at those of the company who were said to have been religious upon such occasions. He soon had his reward. The next morning a gust of wind carried him, and him only, out of the boat into the waves, and he was never seen again.

But let us leave the water and

come on shore. If the ground of this new France had feeling, as the Poets pretend their goddess Tellus had, doubtless it would have experienced an altogether novel sensation of joy this year, for, thank God, having had very successful crops from the little that was tilled, we made from the harvest some hosts [Wafers for consecration] and offered them to God. These are, as we believe, the first hosts which have been made from the wheat of these lands. May Our Lord, in his goodness, have consented to receive them as fragrant offerings and in the words of the Psalmist, *may he* give graciously, since the earth has yielded him its fruits.

We have stayed at home long enough; let us go abroad a little, as we promised to do, and relate what has taken place in the country.

I made two journeys with M. de Biancourt, the one lasting about twelve days, the other a month and a half; and we have ranged the entire coast from Port Royal to Kinibéqui, west south-west. We entered the great rivers St. John, Sainte Croix, Pentegoët, and the above-named Kinibéqui; we visited the French who have wintered there this year in two places, at the St. John river and at the river Sainte Croix; the Malouins at the former place, and captain Plastrier at the latter.

During these journeys, God often delivered us from great and very conspicuous dangers; but, although we ought always to bear them in mind, that we may not be ungrateful, there is no need of setting them all down upon paper, lest we become wearisome. I shall relate only what, in my opinion, will be the most interesting.

We went to see the Malouins; namely, Sieur du Pont, the younger, and

captain Merveilles, who, as we have said, were wintering at St. John river, upon an island called Emenenic, some six leagues up the river. We were still one league and a half from the island when the twilight ended and night came on. The stars had already begun to appear, when suddenly, toward the Northwards a part of the heavens became blood-red: and this light spreading, little by little, in vivid streaks and flashes, moved directly over the settlement of the Malouins and there stopped. The red glow was so brilliant that the whole river was tinged and made luminous by it. This apparition lasted some eight minutes, and as soon as it disappeared another came of the same form, direction and appearance .

There was not one of us who did not consider this meteoric display prophetic. As to the Savages, they immediately cried out, *Gara gara enderquir Gara gara*, meaning we shall have war, such signs announce war. Nevertheless, both our arrival that evening and our landing the next morning were very quiet and peaceful. During the day, nothing but friendliness. But (alas!) when evening came, I know not how, everything was turned topsy-turvy; confusion, discord, rage, uproar reigned between our people and those of St. Malo. I do not doubt that acursed band of furious and sanguinary spirits were hovering about all this night, expecting every hour and moment a horrible massacre of the few Christians who were there: but the goodness of God restrained the poor wretches. There was no bloodshed: and the next day, this nocturnal storm ended in a beautiful and delightful calm, the dark shadows and specters giving way to a luminous peace.

In truths M. de Biancourt's good-

ness and prudence seemed much shaken by this tempest of human passions. But I also saw very clearly that if fire and areas were once put into the hands of badly disciplined men, the masters have much to fear and suffer from their own servants. I do not know that there alias one who closed his eyes during that night. for me, I made many fine propositions and promises to Our Lord, never to forget this. his goodness, if he were pleased to avert all bloodshed. This he granted in his infinite mercy.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day before I had time to feel hungry, so had I been obliged to go back and forth from one to the other. At last, about that time everything was Settled, thank God.

Certainly Captain Merveilles and his people showed unusual piety. For notwithstanding this so annoying encounter and conflict, two days afterwards they confessed and took communion in a very exemplary manner; and so, at our departure, they all begged me very earnestly, and particularly young du Pont, to come and see them and stay with them as long as I liked. I promised to do so, and am only waiting for the opportunity. For in truth I love these honest people with all my heart.

But dismissing them from our thoughts for the time being, as we did then from our presence, let us continue our journey. Upon our return from this river Saint John, our route turned towards the country of the Armouchiquoys. Two principal causes led M. de Biancourt to take this route: first, in order to have news of the English, and to find out if it would be possible to obtain satisfaction from them; secondly, to buy some Armouchiquoys corn to help us pass the winter, and not

die of hunger in case we did not receive help from France.

To understand the first cause you must know that a little while before, captain Platrier, of Honfleur, already mentioned, wishing to go to Kinibéqui, was taken prisoner by two English ships which were at an island called Emmetenic, eight leagues from Kinibequi. His release was effected by means of presents (this expresses it mildly), and by his promise to comply with the interdiction laid upon him not to trade anywhere upon all this coast. For the English want to be considered masters of it, and they produced letters from their King to this effect, but these we believe to be false.

Now, Monsieur de Biancourt, having heard all this from the mouth of Captain Platrier himself, remonstrated earnestly with these people, showing how important it was to him, an officer of the Crown and his father's Lieutenant, and also how important to all good Frenchmen, to oppose this usurpation of the English, so contrary to the rights and possessions of his Majesty. "For," said he, "it is well known to all (not to go back any farther in the case) that the great Henry, may God give him absolution, in accordance with the rights acquired by his predecessors and by himself, gave to Monsieur des Monts, in the year 1604, all this region from the 40th to the 46th parallel of latitude. Since this donation, the said Seigneur des Monts, himself and through Monsieur de Potrin-court, my very honored father, his lieutenant, and through others, has frequently taken actual possession of all the country; and this, three or four years before the English had ever frequented it, or before anything had ever been heard of these claims of theirs." This

and several other things were said by Sieur de Biancourt to encourage his people.

As for me, I had two other reasons which impelled me to take this journey: One, to give spiritual aid to Sieur de Biancourt and his people; the other, to observe and to study the disposition of these nations to receive the holy gospel. Such, then, were the causes of our journey.

We arrived at Kinibéqui, eighty leagues from Port Royal, the 28th of October, the day of St. Simon and St. Jude, of the same year, 1611. Our people at once disembarked, wishing to see the English fort, for we had learned, on the way, that there was no one there. Now as everything is beautiful at first, this undertaking of the English had to be praised and extolled, and the conveniences of the place enumerated, each one pointing out what he valued the most. But a few days afterward they changed their views; for they saw that there was a fine opportunity for making a counter-fort there, which might have imprisoned them and cut them off from the sea and river; moreover, even if they had been left unmolested they should not have enjoyed the advantages of the river, since it has several other mouths, and good ones, some distance from there. Furthermore, what is worse, we do not believe that, in six leagues of the surrounding country, there is a single acre of good tillable land, the soil being nothing but stones and rocks. Now, inasmuch as the wind forced us to go on, when the third day came, Monsieur de Biancourt considered the subject in council and decided to take advantage of the wind and go on up the rivers ill order to thoroughly explore it.

We had already advanced three good leagues, and had dropped anchor in the middle of the river waiting for the tide, when we suddenly discovered six Armouchiquois canoes Coming towards us. There were twenty-four persons therein, all warriors. They went through a thousand maneuvers and ceremonies before accosting us, and might have been compared to a flock of birds which wanted to go into a hemp-field but feared the scarecrow. We were very much pleased at this, for our people also needed to arm themselves and arrange the pavesade. In short, they continued to come and go; they reconnoitered; they carefully noted our numbers! our cannon, our arms, everything; and when night called they camped upon the other bank of the river, if not out of reach, at least beyond the aim of our cannon.

All night there was continual haranguing, singing and dancing, for such is the kind of life all these people lead when they are together. Now as we supposed that probably their songs and dances were invocations to the devil, to oppose the power of this cursed tyrant, I had our people sing some sacred Hymns, as the *Salve*, the *Ave Maria Stella*, and others. But when they once got into the way of singing, the spiritual songs being exhausted they took up others with which they were familiar. When they came to the end of these, as the French are natural mimics, they began to mimic the singing and dancing of the Armouchiquois who were upon the bank, succeeding in, it so well that the Armouchiquois stopped to listen to them; and then our people stopped and the others immediately began again. It was really very comical, for you would have said that they were two choirs

which had a thorough understanding with each other, and scarcely could you distinguish the real Armouchiquois from their imitators.

In the morning we continued our journey up the river. The Armouchiquois, who were accompanying us, told us that if we wanted any *piousquemin* (corn), it would be better and easier for us to turn to the right and not, with great difficulty and risks to continue going up the river; that if we turned to the right through the branch which was just at hand, in a few hours we would reach the great sagamore Meteourmite, who would furnish us with all we wanted; that they would act as our guides, since they themselves were going to visit him.

It is to be supposed, and there were strong indications of it, that they gave us this advice only with the intention of ensnaring us, and making an easy conquest of us by the help of Meteourmite, whom they knew to be the enemy of the English, and whom they supposed to be an enemy of all foreigners. But, thank God, their ambuscade was turned against themselves.

However, we believed them; so a part of them event ahead of us, part behind, and some in the barque with us. Nevertheless Monsieur de Biancourt was always on his guard, and often sent the boat on ahead with the sounding-lead. We had not gone more than half a league when, reaching a large lake, the sounder called out to us: "Two fathoms of water; only one fathom, only one fathom everywhere," and immediately afterward, "Stop! stop! cast anchor." Where are our Armouchiquois? Where are they? Not one. They had all silently disappeared. Oh, the traitors! Oh, how God had delivered us! They had led us

into a trap. "Veer about, veer about." We retrace our path.

Meanwhile, Meteourmite having been informed of our coming, came to meet us, and, although he saw our prow turned about, yet he followed us. It was well that Monsieur de Biancourt was wiser than many of his crew, whose sole cry was to kill them all. For they were as angry as they were frightened; but their anger made the most noise.

Monsieur de Biancourt restrained himself, and not otherwise Shoving any ill-will toward Meteourmite, learned from him that there was a route by which they could pass; that in order not to miss it, he would let us have some of his own people in our barque; that, besides, if we would come to his wigwam he would try to satisfy us. We trusted him, and thought we might have to repent it; for we traversed such perilous heights and narrow passes that we never expected to escape from them. In fact, in places some of our men cried out in distress that we were all lost. But, thank God, they cried too soon.

When we arrived, Monsieur de Biancourt armed himself, and thus arrayed proceeded to pay a visit to Meteourmite. He found him in the royal apparel of Savage majesty, alone in a wigwam that was well matted above and below, and about forty powerful young men stationed around it like a body-guard, each one with his shield, his bow and arrows upon the ground in front of him. These people are by no means simpletons, and you may believe us when we say so.

As for me, I received that day the greater part of the welcome; for, as I was unarmed, the most honorable of them, turning their backs upon the soldiers, approached me with a thousand demon-

strations of friendship. They led me to the largest wigwam of all; it contained fully eighty people. When they had taken their places, I fell upon my knees and repeated *My Pater, Ave, Credo*, and some orisons; then pausing, my hosts, as if they had understood me perfectly, applauded after their fashion, crying *Ho! ho! ho!* I gave them some crosses and pictures explaining them as well as I could. They very willingly kissed them, made the sign of the Cross, and each one in his turn endeavored to present his children to me, so that I would bless them and give them something. Thus passed that visit, and another that I have since made.

Now Meteourmite had replied to Monsieur de Biancourt that as to the corn he did not have much, but he had some skins, if we were pleased to trade with him. Then in the morning when the trade was to take place I went to a neighboring island with a boy, to there offer the blessed sacrament for our reconciliation. our people in the barque, not to be taken by surprise under pretext of the trade, were armed and barricaded, leaving a place in the middle of the deck for the Savages; but in vain, for they rushed in in such Crowds and with such greediness, that they immediately filled the whole ship, becoming all mixed up with our own people. Some one began to cry out, "Go back, go back." But to what good? On the other hand, the savages were yelling also.

Then our people were sure they were captured, and there was nothing loud cries and confusion. Monsieur de Biancourt has often said and said again, that several times he had raised his arm and opened his mouth to strike the first blow and to cry out, "Kill, kill;" but that somehow the one consideration

that restrained him was that I was outside, and if they came to blows I was lost. God rewarded him for his goodwill by saving not only me but also the whole crew. For, as all readily acknowledge at this hour, if any foolish act had been committed none of them would ever have escaped, and the French would have been condemned forever all along the coast.

God willed that Meteourmite and some other captains should apprehend the danger, and so cause their people to withdraw. When evening came and all had retired, Meteourmite sent some of his men to excuse the misconduct of the morning, protesting that all the disorder had originated not with him, but with the Armouchiquois; that they had even stolen a hatchet and a platter (a great wooden dish), which articles he herewith returned; that this theft had so displeased him that immediately after discovering it he had sent the Armouchiquois away from him; that, for his part, he was friendly toward us and knew very well that we neither killed; nor beat the Savages of those parts, but received them at our table and often made *tabagie* for them, and brought them a great many nice things from France, for which courtesies they loved us. These people are, I believe, the greatest speech-makers in the world; nothing can be done without speeches.

But as I have spoken here of the English, some one perhaps will wish to hear about their adventure, which was related to us in this place. So here it is: In 1608 the English began to settle at one of the mouths of this Kinibéqui river, as we have said before. They had then as leader a very honest man, who got along remarkably well with the natives of the country. They say, however,

that the Armouchiquois were afraid of such neighbors, and so put the captain to death, as I have said. These people make a practice of killing by magic. But the second year, 1609, the English, under another Captain, changed their tactics. They drove the Savages away without ceremony; they beat, maltreated and mis-used them outrageously and without restraint; consequently these poor, abused people, anxious about the present, and dreading still greater evils in the future, determined, as the saying is, to kill the whelp ere its teeth and claws became stronger. The opportunity came one day when three boat-loads of them went away off to the fisheries. My conspirators followed in their boat, and approaching with a great show of friendliness (for they always make the greatest show of affection when they are the most treacherous), they go among them, and at a given signal each one seizes his man and stabs him to death. Thus were eleven Englishmen dispatched. Others were intimidated and abandoned their enterprise the same year; they have not resumed it since, being satisfied to come in the summer to fish, at this island of Emetenic, which we have said was eight leagues from the fort they had begun building.

So, for this reason, the outrage to which Captain Platrier was subjected by these English having been committed upon this island of Emetenic, Monsieur de Biancourt decided to go and reconnoiter it, and to leave there some memento in assertion of his rights. This he did, erecting at the harbor a beautiful cross bearing the arms of France. Some of his crew advised him to burn the boats which he found there; but as he is kind and humane he would not do

it, seeing they were fishermen's boats and not men-of-war.

Thence, as the season was advancing, it being already the 6th of November, we turned our ships towards Port Royal, stopping at Pentegoët, as we had promised the Savages.

The Pentegoët is a very beautiful river, and may be compared to the Garonne in France. It flows into French Bay [the bay of Fundy] and has many islands and rocks at its mouth; so that if you do not go some distance up, you will take it for a great bay or arm of the sea, until you begin to see plainly the bed and course of a river. It is about three leagues wide and is forty-four and one half degrees from the Equator. We cannot imagine what the Norembega of our forefathers was, if it were not this river; for elsewhere both the others and I myself have made inquiries about this place, and have never been able to learn anything concerning it.

When we had advanced three leagues or more into the current of the river we encountered another beautiful river called Chiboctous, which comes from the northeast to discharge its waters into the great Pentegoët.

At the confluence of these two rivers there was the finest assemblage of Savages that I have yet seen. There were 80 canoes and a boat, wigwams and about 300 people. The most prominent Sagamore was called Betsabés, a man of great discretion and prudence; and I confess we often see in these Savages natural and graceful qualities which will make anyone but a shameless person blush, when they compare them to the greater part of the French who come over here.

When they had recognized us they showed their great joy during the

evening by their usual demonstrations; dancing, singing and making speeches. And as for us, we were very glad to be in a country of safety; for among the Etechemins, as these are, and the Souriquois, as are those of Port Royal, we are no more obliged to be on our guard than among our own servants, and, thank God we have never yet been deceived in them.

The next day I went to visit the Savages, and followed my usual custom, which I have described in speaking of Kinibéqui. But there was more to be done here, as they told me they had some sick; I went to visit them; and as priest, it being thus ordained in the Ritual, I recited over them the holy Gospel and Orisons, giving to each one a cross to wear around the neck.

Among others I found one stretched out, after their fashion, before the fire, wonder expressed in his eyes and face, great drops standing out upon forehead, scarcely able to speak, so severe the attack. They told me that he had been sick for four months and as it appeared, he could not last long. Now I do not know what his malady was; whether it only came intermittently or not I do not know; at all events, the second day after that I saw him in our barque, well and happy, with his cross around his neck. He showed his gratitude to me by a cheerful smile and by taking my hand. I had no means of speaking to him, as the trading was then going on, and for this reason the deck was full of people and all the interpreters were busy. Truly I was very glad that the goodness of God was beginning to make these poor and abandoned people feel that in the sign of the holy and salutary Cross there was every good and every blessing.

Finally, not to continue repeating the same story, both in this place and in all others, where we have been able to talk with these poor gentiles, we have attempted to impress upon them some of the simplest conceptions of the grandeur and truth of Christianity, in so far as our means would permit. And to sum it up in a word, this has been the result of our journey. We have begun to know and to be known, we have taken possession of these regions in the name of the Church of God, establishing here the royal throne of our Savior and King, Jesus Christ, his holy altar; the Savages have seen us pray, celebrate the mass, and preach; through our conversations, pictures, and crosses, our way of living, and other similar things, they have received the first faint ideas and germs of Our holy faith, which will some day take root and grow abundantly, please God, if it is followed big longer and better cultivation.

And indeed such is about all we are accomplishing, even here at Port Royal, until we haven learned the language. However, it comforts us to see these little Savages, though not yet Christians, yet willingly, when they are here, carrying the candles, bells, holy water and other things, marching in good order in the processions and funerals which occur here. Thus they become accustomed to act as Christians, to become so in reality in his time.

No need is felt except that we ought to be better workers for Our Lord, and ought not to divert from ourselves and others so many of His blessings by our many sins and great unworthiness. As for me, truly I have good reason to severely reproach myself; and all those who are imbued with earnest charity ought to be deeply touched in their

hearts. Stay Our Lord, by his sacred mercy, and by the prayers of his glorious mother and of all his Church, both heavenly and militant, be moved to compassion!

Particularly I beg Your Reverence and all our Reverend Fathers and Brothers to be pleased to remember in your most earnest devotions both us and these poor souls, miserable slaves under the tyranny of Satan. May it please this benign Savior of the world, whose grace is denied to no one, and whose bounty is ever beyond our merits, may it please him, I say, to look down with a pitying eye upon these poor tribes, and to gather them soon into his family, in the happy freedom of the favored children of God. Amen!

From Port Royal, this last day of January, 1612. While I was writing these letters, the ship which was sent to our assistance has, thank God, arrived safe and sound, and in it our Brother Gilbert du Thet. He, who knows the dangers and necessities we were in, will appreciate the joy we felt and that we feel at its arrival. God be praised. Amen.

Of Your Reverence, the son and very humble servant in Our Lord.

Pierre BIARD

*To the Reader.*

*After the Fathers of the Society of Jesus had overcome the ill-will of their enemies and again been admitted to France, they felt themselves called to other fields for the fruitful employment of their labors.*

*A rich harvest was offered in New France, where the natives lived almost like animals, without any knowledge of God.*

*To that country, accordingly,*

were sent two priests of the Society, Fathers Pierre Baird and Enemond Massé, who reached Acadia on the 22nd of May, 1611. After remaining there seven months, Father Baird sent this epistle to his Superior.

*The letter is divided, as it were, under four heads, and relates: "What New France is, the nature of the country, what tribes inhabit it, and their customs.*

*In what manner, with what help and with what success the Society secured a mission in this country.*

*In what condition the Society found the Christian religion in this region.*

*What has been done by the missionaries thus far, or rather what has been attempted."*

*Although the end of the letter reads: the last day of January, 1611,—either there is an error in the year, or Father Baird wrote according to the old style, for the year ought to be 1612.*

Canadian Mission.

Reverend Father in Christ,

The peace of Christ be with you.

The end of this year 1611, which is already so rapidly drawing near, invites me to write to your Reverence in acknowledgment of its beginning, in which our Society first penetrated into this territory of new France. The profusion of blessings and favors which the divine bounty has bestowed upon us while undertaking and sustaining this infant enterprise, requires that in this haven, as it were, of time and of the year we should, reviewing the course of our actions and the occurrences of our voyage, invite our dear Fathers and Brothers to share both in our rejoicing for those things which the hand of God has

happily effected through us, and, too, in our mourning and our prayers for our delinquencies and inefficiency in seeking the salvation of souls. The object sought by the Society for a long time previously and with many efforts, that it might in some degree impart help and light to this savage people also by its labors in bringing the Gospel among them, it seems at last to have attained in this year with a small and slight beginning indeed, yet auspiciously and in accordance with its hopes.

This also I must narrate and explain to your Reverence, of what nature and how numerous is this harvest of souls, and what has hitherto been given to us by our Heavenly Father, and what further gifts we may hope for in the future. But to facilitate my whole narration, and to obviate the possible omission of many details in its course, I think it best to divide the whole matter under four heads. I shall therefore first describe new France, the country, the natives, and their customs; next, in what manner, and with what help, and with what result, our Society secured a mission to this country; thirdly, in what condition we found the Christian religion in this region; and, finally, what has been accomplished by us thus far, or rather what has been attempted for the glory of God. This appears to me a very convenient and sufficient summary of all I am to tell.

And, in order that I may begin at the begin and explain first what sort of a land New France is the nature of the country and the customs of the natives, I think it will be not only a pleasure for your Reverence, but also a necessity for ourselves that the whole territory be rather accurately described. For, since this is the field assigned to us for

our labors, it is certain that your reverence cannot direct us in accordance with our varied needs without a knowledge of the extent of the country, of the impediments to travel, of the distance of neighboring settlements, and of the condition of people and things.

Besides, I find this matter involved in so may error and darkness by the older Geographers, that unless we, who know these things not from hearsay only, but are eyewitnesses thereof, come to the rescue, it is impossible that the mind, in tracing our footsteps and our journeys, should not wander as far away from the truth as it has to do from the body. They speak of a certain Norumbega and give the names of cities and strongholds of which to-day no trace or even report remains.

However, let me fulfill my promise. New France, as the French now call it, is that territory across the French Ocean which extends from the forty-first to the fifty-second, or even fifty-third degree of latitude.

I know that some extend the boundaries of this region much farther, while others restrict them more narrowly, but I am not arguing this point; I merely explain what is, as I have said, the prevailing interpretation of them, either because this part of the country has been for many years past particularly explored and claimed by the French, or because the parallels bounding this western region are almost the same as those of old France.

New France has an exceedingly varied sea-coast, indented by bays and rivers, broken and irregular. Where are two principal bays of vast size, one called the gulf of St. Lawrence, the other French bay. Indeed, from the forty-seventh degree as far as to the

fifty-first, the land opens its bosom, as it were, to receive the Ocean into it, or to facilitate the outflow of the great Canadian river. This gulf is known as the gulf of St. Lawrence, in the mouth of which lies that enormous island which the French call Newfoundland, the Savages *Præsentis* [Plaisance]; it is famous for its cod-fishery; the shores of the gulf and the rivers are occupied toward the North by the *Excomminqui*, or, as they are commonly called, the *Excommunicated*. This tribe is very savage, and, it is said, is addicted to cannibalism; although once in very peaceful relations with the French for a considerable length of time, it is now on a footing of irreconcilable enmity. There follow, in the interior, toward the west, the *Algonquins*; then the *Montagnais*; those dwelling at the head-waters of this same great Canadian river are the *Iroquois*, whose territory also extends far to the south.

These *Iroquois* are known to the French chiefly for the perpetual warfare which they maintain against the *Montagnais* and *Algonquins*, allied and friendly tribes. To the south, however, the coast gradually advances up to the forty-third degree, where once more it is interrupted by a very large bay called French bay. This gulf, advancing far into the interiors and bending toward the north and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, forms a sort of *Isthmus*; and this *Isthmus* is completed by the St. John, a very long river which, taking its rise almost at the very banks of the great Canadian river, empties into this French bay. This *isthmus* has a circuit of fully five hundred leagues and is occupied by the *Soriquois* tribe. In this *isthmus* is port royal, where we are now sojourning, lying on the parallel of 44° 40'. But this

port (to obviate misunderstanding) is not on the Ocean lying eastward, but on that gulf which I have called French bay. To the west and north, from the river of St. John to the river Potugoët, and even to the river Rimbegui, live the Etheminqui. The mouth of this river is in latitude 43°40'. Not far distant is Chouacoët, which is the other shore or arm embracing French Bay. For to the east lies what we call Cape Sable, while Chouacoët lies toward the West; both are on the forty-third parallel, though they are separated by an interval of a hundred leagues. From the Rimbegui river to the fortieth parallel the whole country is in the possession of the tribe called the Armouchiquois. Such is the distribution of the territory. The tribes amount to seven in number, differing from each other in language and character: the Excommunicated, the Algonquins, the Montagnais, the Iroquois, the Soriquois, the Etheminqui and the Armouchiquois. But of these neither the Excommunicated, nor the Iroquois, nor the Armouchiquois are well known to the French. The remaining four tribes appear already to be united in firm friendship and intimacy with them. They stay over night among us; we rove about with them, and hunt with them and live among them without arms and without fear; and, as has thus far appeared, without danger. This intimacy arose partly from association while fishing for cod, which abound in these waters, and partly from trading in furs. For the Savages, who have neither copper, iron, hemp, wool, vegetables nor manufactured articles of any kind, resort to the French for them, giving in return the only thing of value they have, namely, furs. This whole region is for the most part very cold, owing to various causes. In the

first place, the country is a very wet one; for, besides being washed on almost every side by the sea, it abounds in rivers and ponds and large lakes. Islands are so numerous that the whole shore is cut up by a confused procession of them, as it were. Moreover, though a land of frost, it is very windy, the wind being nearly always a cold one. Another cause of cold is the wildness of the country; for, being covered on every side by one continuous forest, it naturally follows that the soil hardly ever becomes really warmed through. A third cause is the mountains, covered with snow and perpetual frost, which are said to wall us in far away to the north and the west.

We certainly get nothing from that quarter but piercing winds and snow-storms. Elsewhere, however, the appearance of the country is very pleasing, and in many places inviting to the settler and quite promising; and, as experience has shown, it is not unfruitful if cultivated. The natives are not numerous. The Etheminqui number less than a thousand, the Algonquins and the Montagnais together would not amount to much more, the Soriquois would not amount to two thousand. Thus four thousand Indians at most roam through, rather than occupy, these vast stretches of inland territory and sea-shore, for they are a nomadic people, living in the forests and scattered over wide spaces, as is natural for those who live by hunting and fishing only. They are nearly all beardless and of average stature, even a little shorter and more slender than we, but not degraded nor ill-favored in appearance; their color is not very swarthy; they commonly paint their faces, and, when in mourning, blacken them. They love justice and hate vio-

lence and robbery, a thing really remarkable in men who have neither laws nor magistrates; for, among them, each man is his own master and his own protector. They have Sagamores, that is, leaders in war; but their authority is most precarious, if, indeed, that may be called authority to which obedience is in no wise obligatory. The Indians follow them through the persuasion of example or of custom, or of ties of kindred and alliance; sometimes even through a certain authority of power, no doubt. They wage war as a tribe on account of wrongs done to a private individual. The whole race is very revengeful and, after the fashion of savages, insolent in victory, carrying about the heads of their captives as trophies and spoils of victory.

They are even said to have been addicted to the eating of human flesh, and the Excommunicated and Armouchiquois tribes are said to have the same practice even now. Those, however, who are intimate with the French are far from being guilty of so great a crime.

Their whole religion consists of certain incantations, dances and sorcery, which they have recourse to, it seems, either to procure the necessities of life or to get rid of their enemies; they have Autmoinos, that is, medicine-men, who consult the evil Spirit regarding life and death and future events; and the evil spirit [great beast] often presents himself before them, as they themselves assert, approves or disapproves their schemes of vengeance, promises them the death of their enemies or friends, or prosperity in the chase, and other mockeries of the same sort. To make these complete they even have faith in dreams; if they happen to

awake from a pleasing and auspicious dream, they rise even in the middle of the night and hail the omen with songs and dances. They have no temples, sacred edifices, rites, ceremonies or religious teaching, just as they have no laws, arts or government, save certain customs and traditions of which they are very tenacious. If the Medicine-man predicts that a certain person will die before a fixed date, this man is deserted by all; and, in his misery, feeling certain of impending death, he voluntarily condemns himself to suffer hunger and complete neglect, apparently that he may not seem to contend against fate.

If, however, he does not appear to be in a dying condition by the time predicted, his friends and relatives even hasten his death by pouring jars of cold water over his stomach. Such is the piety of these servants of Satan. Thus, no doubt because he is always deceitful, the soothsayer never appears to deceive himself; although this lying race of prophets have lost much of their authority since the coming of the French, and now universally complain that their Devils have lost much of their power, if compared with what it is said to have been in the time of their Ancestors. They so completely bury the very remembrance of the dead with their bodies that they will not even suffer their names to be mentioned afterwards. Of the one supreme God they have a certain slender notion, but they are so perverted by false ideas and by custom, that, as I have said, they really worship the Devil. To obtain the necessities of life they endure cold and hunger in an extraordinary manner. During eight or ten days, if the necessity is imposed on them, they will follow the chase in fasting, and they hunt with the greatest ar-

dor when the snow is deepest and the cold most severe. And yet these same Savages, the offspring, so to speak, of Boreas and the ice, when once they have returned with their booty and installed themselves in their tents, become indolent and unwilling to perform any labor whatever, imposing this entirely upon the women. The latter, besides the onerous role of bearing and rearing the children, also transport the frame from the place where it has fallen; they are the hewers of wood and drawers of water; they make and repair the household utensils; they prepare food; they skin the game and prepare the hides like fullers; they sew garments; they catch fish and gather shell-fish for food; often they even hunt; they make the canoes, that is, skiffs of marvelous rapidity, out of bark; they set up the tents wherever and whenever they stop for the night—in short, the men concern themselves with nothing but the more laborious hunting and the waging of war. For this reason almost every one has several wives, and especially the Sagamores, since they cannot maintain their power and keep up the number of their dependents unless they have not only many children to inspire fear or conciliate favor, but also many slaves to perform patiently the menial tasks of every sort that are necessary. For their wives are regarded and treated as slaves. These Savages are extremely liberal toward each other; no one is willing to enjoy any good fortune by himself, but makes his friends sharers in the larger part of it; and whoever receives guests at what they call a *Tabagie* does not himself sit down with the others, but waits on them, and does not reserve any portion of the food for himself but distributes all; so that the host is constrained to suffer hunger dur-

ing that day, unless some one of his guests takes pity on him and gives him back a portion of what remains over from his own share. and they have often shown the same liberality toward the French, when they have found them in distress. For they have learned from us that, toward theirs than these, whether here or in the ships, nothing is readily given away. They hunt after the lice in their heads and regard them as a dainty. They are most importunate beggars and, after the fashion of beggars and needy people, they are hypocritical—contradicting, flattering and lying to achieve their ends. But when once they have gotten their fill they go off, mocking the French and everybody else at a distance and secretly laughing at everything, even the religion which they have received. They set up their tents easily and quickly in any place with branching stakes, which they cover either with bark or skins or even with mats. The fire is built in the middle. But this is enough, and more than enough, regarding the country and the people, especially as I send an accurate map of the region, a single glance at which will make clear whatever I have said regarding the geography of land and sea.

Now I shall enter upon my second topic and explain by what means the Society finally secured the sending of a mission to this province. It is true that our adherents at Bordeaux, in their zeal for the saving of souls, had looked forward to this, and had aimed at this for many years back, namely, at bringing help to this wretched race. But their pious and ardent efforts which recoiled before no danger, were long frustrated by lack of means for prosecuting them. When our Society was at last re-admitted into France, they

began to negotiate in earnest with Henry the Great, through Father Coton, to obtain permission to labor in these regions also, and the King, so full of good-will toward our Society, espoused this pious and important project; but, nevertheless, the taking of active steps was preceded by a long and vexatious delay. No Frenchmen as yet inhabited this region with the purpose of settling here, and such as had been sent by the King as explorers and in a tentative way, being indifferent to our holy aims, had soon returned to France, leaving these things not only unaccomplished but even almost hopeless. But our Prince, undeterred by these considerations, bade us be of good heart, and promised, if we would but designate those who were to be sent, that he would let us know when he deemed the time opportune; and, as an earnest of his promise, from that time forward he assigned to us a sum of money for the voyage. But at this point, unhappily, occurred the tragic death of the King. Yet at this very season God came to our help. Some messengers came to the new king from the man who last year solicited the royal permission to found a colony in this country.

This man is Jean Biencourt, commonly called Potrin-court, of noble birth and a magnanimous man. Accordingly, seizing this opportunity, we made overtures to the Queen Regent, Marie de Medicis, that most pious and exalted lady, begging her to execute what her husband had so piously purposed by giving a place to two of our Fathers in the ship which was to sail shortly for this place. The Queen assented, and responded to our request most liberally. Accordingly one Priest was immediately summoned from Aquitaine, and

another was chosen in France. But lo! Satan rouses himself again, and again interposes new delay. We were to sail from Dieppe, but the ship that was to bear us to this country was so completely under the influence of Heretical merchants that it could not stir without their consent. Accordingly, as soon as they saw our Priests they refused outright to let the ship sail if the Jesuits were to embark in it. The order of the Queen was alleged, and the authority of the Governor was interposed. Recourse was had to the Queen, and letters, and orders were obtained from her; but even Royal authority is, like that of the Church, unable to break or bend heretical obstinacy. This stubborn resistance lent all the more luster to the piety of our benignant Rulers. For Antoinette de Pons, Marchioness de Guercheville, a most illustrious lady, and governess to the daughters of the Queen, on learning these petty hindrances did not hesitate, in her love for God and for our Society, to ask in his name for aid from some of the greatest men in the council of this realm, that the contumacy of the heretics might be subdued and the Jesuits permitted to sail to this land. Nor did she have any difficulty in gaining the good-will of the Catholic Princes, inclined of their own accord to sympathize with this holy cause; in a word, the sum of four thousand *livres* was collected. This not only put an end to the iniquitous resistance of the heretics, but gave our Priests the influence of Masters rather than of mere passengers in the ship. Thus, no doubt Christ, as usual, has strengthened his own followers through the attacks of enemies; through their iniquity he has furnished aid to his own children and protected them from the darkness

find the baseness of their foes, even through their intrigues and insult; His be the glory forever and ever. Amen.

We sailed from Dieppe in a most unfavorably season on the 26th of January, of this year 1611. The ship was not large and was insufficiently equipped, the sailors were mostly heretics. As it was winter and the sea was stormy, we encountered many severe tempests and the voyage lasted four whole months, from which it is apparent how many sufferings of every kind we underwent. Indeed, during the greater portion of the voyage one or the other of us lay sick and debilitated. Yet we attempted to discharge the usual duties of our Society. Morning and evening, every day, the passengers were called together for prayer; on holidays certain Ecclesiastical services were held, pious exhortations were frequently made, and sometimes disputations with the heretics took place. The habit of swearing and using obscene language was repressed. Nor were there wanting many examples of humility and of charity.

Finally, with God's blessing, we brought the Heretics, who, evidently through the preaching of their own Pastors, regarded us as monsters, to recognize the malice of these impostors in this matter, so that they afterwards on many occasions stood up to proclaim our praises. Such, in brief, was our voyage to this land.

Now follows the third of the topics proposed in the beginning—the setting forth, namely, of the condition in which we found the Christian religion in this country. Certainly before this time scarcely any attention has ever been given by the French to converting the souls of the natives to Christ. There have been many obstacles. For the

French only wandered through these regions, but did not remain here, and those who wished to remain were harassed by so many calamities that they assuredly could not give much thought to this matter. Some natives, it is true, were occasionally brought to France and baptized there, but these not being sufficiently instructed, and finding themselves without shepherds as soon as they returned to these shores, immediately resumed their former habits and traditions. We landed here on the 22nd of May, on the holy day of Pentecost of this year 1611. In this very same year *Sieur Potrincourt*, whom I shall have occasion to mention several times, had come here to establish himself permanently, and had brought a secular Priest with him. This Priest, it is said, baptized nearly a hundred persons during the year, among them one of the most celebrated of the Chiefs, of whom we shall have to speak again later, *Henry Membertou*, with his whole family, that is, three children already married. But, since neither this Priest nor any one else knew their language, save so far as pertains to the merest necessities of Intercourse and trade, the neophytes could of course not be instructed in our doctrines.

They accepted baptism as a sort of sacred pledge of friendship and alliance with the French. As regards Christ, the Church, the faith and the Symbol, the commandments of God, prayer and the Sacraments, they knew almost nothing; nor did they know the sign of the cross or the very name of Christian. So, even now, whenever we ask any one, "Are you a Christian?" every one of them answers that he does not understand what we are asking him. But when we change the form of our question and

ask, "Are you baptized?" he assents and declares himself to be already almost a Norman, for they call the French in general Normans. In other respects there is almost no change from the religion of the Gentiles to Christianity. They keep up the same manners and traditions and mode of life, the same dances and rites and songs and sorcery; in fact, all their previous customs. Concerning the one God and the reward of the just, they have learned some things, but they declare that they had always heard and believed thus. We found one little chapel here, a very small and poor one, but the other dwellings also, as is to be expected among new settlers, are by no means large or commodious.

Sieur Potrincourt's family is the only one here; without the women we number twenty. We two of the Society have a wooden cabin in which we can scarcely turn around when we have a table in it. And everything else is certainly in keeping with our dwelling and our vocation in life, that is, poverty. God grant that from these humble beginnings may rise and greatly flourish the work of salvation; to this we bend all our efforts, though, as we are but feeble workers, with no great success. What the nature and extent of this success has been I must now relate, since I have already treated my third topic, namely, the description of the state in which we found this vineyard, or rather this wild-wood.

We arrived here, as already noted, on the 22nd of May. Accordingly, we have now sojourned here a little more than seven months. During this period we have accomplished some work both at home and abroad. Our first efforts we expended at home, so that, as far as it lay in our power, there might be no

interruption of Religious services. For the secular Priest who had preceded us here, immediately on our arrival, of his own free will and in accordance with a long-cherished desire, had returned to France. On Sundays and holy days we celebrate solemn mass and vespers; we preach and sometimes have processions, the boys of our children of the forest carrying before us, when they are present here, tapers and censers and other sacred utensils. For thus, little by little, they become accustomed to our ceremonies. Our procession was, however, a more solemn one on the day of Corpus Christi when we carried about the blessed Sacrament. Sieur Potrincourt himself praised highly our efforts in this, as well as in adorning our chapel as much as we could, in spite of our great poverty. Since we have observed that those who had been previously baptized had gotten scarcely anything else through their baptism than increased peril, we have restrained this eager inclination to administer this sacrament without discrimination, and we insist that no adult person shall receive it until he has the necessary understanding of his faith and his profession. So, as we have thus far been ignorant of the language and have been unable to explain our doctrines through any interpreter, or to commit them to writing, howsoever great a labor that may prove—and it will certainly prove a great one—the course of the Gospel is, up to this point, embarrassed by these shoals and quicksands. We try to persuade the savages to bring their babes to us for baptism; and this, with God's blessing, they are beginning to do. We have baptized two boys, and a girl about nine years old. This girl was wasting away as much from hunger and neglect

as from sickness; for this people very readily despair of relief in sickness, and, as previously stated, soon abandon those whose recovery is deemed hopeless. Thus, when this girl was given up by her relatives, we asked that she be given us for baptism. They very willingly gave her to us, not only for baptism but to dispose of at our pleasure, as being, they said, no longer of more value than a dead dog. But we, to show them an example of Christian piety, carried her to a separate cabin and there fed her and cared for her; and, after teaching her as much as was necessary for one struggling with death, we cleansed her with the saving waters. On her death, nine days later, we entertained the glad hope that our labor had found some favor in heaven. We soon found opportunity for another deed of charity not dissimilar to this, though its result was more auspicious. This was in the case of the second son of that famous Chief Membertou, whom I have already mentioned as having received our doctrines first of all the Soriquois.

I went to visit this chief's son, who was already at death's door. I found that, in accordance with their old custom, they were holding a tabagie, that is, a solemn feast for the distribution of his property, so that after the entertainment he might, not like Jacob give them his blessing, but might bid them farewell, after which they were to bewail his death and then to offer up a sacrifice of dogs. I rebuked as well as I could, through an interpreter, these pagan usages among a people who were already Christians. The father himself, Membertou, answered mildly that they were but neophytes; that I had but to command and that everything lay in my power. I said that this slaughtering of dogs was wrong, as well as this

abandonment of the sick man for whom they were mourning; I added that those dances and death-songs in the very presence of the sick man displeased me, though I permitted them to hold their tabagie elsewhere, as well as to visit the dying man and learn his last wishes. All replied that this was enough for them, and that they would dispense with the rest. Moreover, in the name of *Sieur Potrincourt* I invited them to transport to his house the sick man (who was at a very great distance), and said that we hoped, with God's mercy, for his recovery, so that they might thus learn at last that the predictions of their medicine-men or prophets are false and impious. They obeyed, and the third day after brought to us the sufferer, whose life they had despaired of, in a half-dying condition. God's right hand exerted its power; he did not die, but lived, and now, completely recovered, relates what God has done for him. Moved by this example, the elder Membertou himself, when he began to suffer from that sickness which was to be his last, desired of his own accord to be brought to us and to be received into our own cabin, and even, if it pleased us, to occupy one of our beds. He lay there five days, during which we performed every friendly and even every menial office. But on the sixth day, when his wife had also come, and when she saw that there was scarcely room left for one of us to find a wretched couch on the ground in our cabin, he, of his own accord, went elsewhere, and there died a pious death. We found, indeed, that this man (the first fruits of the Lord among this people) was, beyond all others, wont to be so wondrously moved within, that he apprehended much more of our faith than he could have learned

from hearing us. Thus he used to say frequently that he ardently desired that we might soon know his language. He said that as soon as he had learned them thoroughly he would become the preacher of this heavenly word and doctrine among his people. He himself had commanded that he should be buried in the ancient burial-place of his family, with those who were already dead (who, I knew, had died as pagans). I opposed this, fearing, of course, that the French and even the Gentiles might interpret this as an affront to our faith. But he answered that it had been promised him, before he gave himself to Christ, that this place should be consecrated; and he cited a past example of something of the sort, adding that he feared, on the contrary that if he were buried in our cemetery his people might thenceforth avoid the place and thus never return to us. I opposed all the reasons I could, and so did *Sieur de Biencourt*, the son of *Sieur de Potrincourt*, he being almost my only interpreter. I went off sadly, for I had accomplished nothing by arguing. Nevertheless, I did not refuse him the extreme unction, for which he was prepared. The power of the Sacrament manifested itself; the next day he called eagerly for *Sieur de Biencourt* and myself, and told us in the hearing of all the others that he had changed his mind, and wished to be buried in our cemetery; and to teach his people that they should not avoid the place in accordance with their old and erroneous notion, but rather, with the wisdom of a Christian people, should love and frequent it, in order to utter pious prayers for him.

Then he recommended to them again and again to maintain peace with us, and also piously gave his blessing

to certain of his people, I dictating the words and guiding his hand. A short time after, he died. We deemed it well to celebrate his funeral with great pomp. And certainly there has for a long time been no Chief of such great authority among these people. What is still more remarkable it that he always adhered firmly to his resolution never to have more than one wife at a time, even before his conversion.

Such are the things achieved at home; let us now consider what has been done elsewhere. I have explored with *Sieur Biencourt* a large part of this whole region—all that portion, namely, which the old geographers called *Norumbega*, including the principal rivers. The result is that not only have we come to know the country, but also to be known ourselves, and the savages, who had never before seen a Priest or the rites of our Religion, have begun to learn something concerning it. Wherever and whenever we could do so, we offered the priceless host to the Omnipotent God, so that the altar might be as a seat dedicated to the savior of men, whence he should begin to extend his dominion among this people, while their own hobgoblin tyrants are stricken with terror and driven from their usurpation. The Savages have often been present, always profoundly silent and reverent. Afterwards I would visit their huts to pray and to lay hands on the sick; I gave them little crosses of brass, or images, which I hung about their necks, and as far as possible I infused some religious notions into their minds. They received all these things very gladly, they made the sign of the Cross under my guidance, and nearly all the boys followed me a long distance in order to repeat it oftener. Once it happened

that a savage whom I had visited a couple of days before, finding him sick and almost given up by his friends, as I heard, met me rejoicing and well, and glorying in his cross, manifesting his gratitude toward me with hands and countenance, so that I strongly suspected that he had not only experienced the help of the cross but even recognized it. Whenever we fell in with French vessels—and this often happened—salutary counsels were given to the men, in accordance with time and place; sometimes, too, the passengers made their confession. Sometimes calamities that threatened the welfare and fortune of many were averted through the grace of God; sometimes, too, certain destruction and the slaughter of no small number. We have also succeeded in reclaiming a certain Young Man of great courage and hope who, through fear of *Sieur de Potrincourt*, has roamed about for a whole year with the Savages, adopting their ways and dress—not without suspicion, too, of something worse. The Lord brought about a meeting between us. I spoke with him, and at last he confided himself to me. I brought him to *Sieur de Potrincourt*; he did not repent of having placed faith in me; peace was made, to the great joy of all, and next day the young man, before receiving the holy Eucharist, of his own free will begged the pardon of those who surrounded him, for his evil conduct. But as it would be superfluous to speak of the many perils so miraculously escaped by our vessels, so would it be to speak of the many sufferings of those who sojourn here. We make no complaint of having to drink water: as for bread, in less than six weeks the supply ran so short that now no more is allowed for a week than formerly for a single day. We are awaiting a ship that

is to bring supplies. In the meantime, as Bakers and Artisans, a great and ancient quality withal, we continue living here, but we have each fallen seriously ill; however, the Lord sustained us with his hand. For this did not last long, and whenever one of us was sick the other was well. We feel, indeed, how great a burden it is to attend to all these household duties, in going for wood and water in cooking, in washing and mending our clothes; in repairing our cabin, and in giving the necessary time and attention to other material cares. Thus our days and nights wretchedly slip away; but the hope consoles and sustains us that God, who raises up those who are cast down, will some time in his mercy not despise our unworthiness. Though, certainly, when we consider our lack of resources, the trying nature of the country, and the manners of the natives, the difficulties incident to our undertaking and those incident to the establishing of a colony, the thousand perils and impediments interposed by the sea or by our fellow men, our enterprise seems but a dream and a Platonic idea. I might set forth all these things one by one, if this were not to imitate the Hebrew explorers, and rather with regard to our human strength than to God's help, and no less through the faintness of our own hearts than in accordance with the truth of things, to say: "This land devours its inhabitants; we are locusts, while there are here monsters of the race of Giants." But yet, however great these Giants be, that David with the sling and stone shall prevail against them, even he who tramples the earth under foot in his anger, and in his rage strikes terror into the senses of men; that Jesus, the Savior of mankind, who blesses the world and leads it toward

perfection in spite of all its shortcomings; he, even he, as we hope, will deem it a thing worthy of his love and his power that, as Isaiah prophesied, *The solitude should exult and blossom like a lily*; even as he deemed it good in his wisdom and his power that, as we see, the most civilized empires in the height of power and glory should receive the yoke of his cross and his humility. Amen, so be it. And may all heaven with its prayers further this, our hope, and above all the glorious Queen of heaven; and my own prayers be aided, too, by

the universal Church and especially by that portion of the Church over which, in accordance with God's will, your Reverence has so long presided—the Society; and I also pray and beseech your Reverence to further it with all possible aid, and to be pleased to bestow on us toward this end in all charity your benediction. From port Royal, in new France, the last day of January 1611.

*The son and unworthy servant of*  
*Your Reverence*  
 Pierre Biard.

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### **All Time Dumbest Questions Asked by Banff Park Tourists**

Yes, they're ALL TRUE as heard at the information kiosks manned by Parks Canada staff!

1. How do the elk know they're supposed to cross at the "Elk Crossing" signs?
2. At what elevation does an elk become a moose?
3. Tourist: "How do you pronounce 'Elk'?" Park Information Staff: "Elk." Tourist: "Oh".
4. Are the bears with collars tame?
5. Is there anywhere I can see the bears pose?
6. Is it okay to keep an open bag of bacon on the picnic table, or should I store it in my tent?
7. Where can I find Alpine Flamingos?
8. I saw an animal on the way to Banff today - could you tell me what it was?
9. Are there birds in Canada?
10. Did I miss the turnoff for Canada?
11. Where does Alberta end and Canada begin?
12. Do you have a map of the State of Jasper?
13. Is this the part of Canada that speaks French, or is that Saskat-chewan?
14. If I go to B.C., do I have to go through Ontario?
15. Which is the way to the Columbia Ricefields?
16. How far is Banff from Canada?
17. What's the best way to see Canada in a day?
18. Do they search you at the B.C. border?
19. When we enter B.C. do we have to convert our money to British pounds?
20. Where can I buy a raccoon hat? ALL Canadians own one, don't they?
21. Are there phones in Banff?
22. So it's eight kilometres away... is that in miles?
23. We're on the decibel system you know.
24. Where can I get my husband really, REALLY, lost??
25. Is that two kilometres by foot or by car?
26. Don't you Canadians know anything?

# Members' Corner

James WAIT was married on 1 November 1778 in Christ Anglican Church, Montréal, to Catherine HODIESNE, daughter of Gervais HODIESNE & Marguerite LAREAU. Would be interested in corresponding with anyone working on the WAIT lineage back to England.

Also I am looking for the marriage and ancestry for Joseph MIGNEE/MEUNIER and his wife, Marie-Anne AUBE. They had daughters, Marie-Anne, married (1) Jean-Baptiste MENARD and (2) m. 1 March 1802 at St. Joseph, Chambly to Michel-Amedée GOGUET dit GOYETTE (my ancestor); Geneviève, married 15 February 1808 at St. Joachim to Athanase AMIOT (widower of Catherine LABERGE); and Marie, married 13 November 1809 at St. Joachim to Nicholas GUI (Joseph & Marie ROI).

Michael Davis #4279  
8011 12<sup>th</sup> Avenue N.W.  
Bradenton, FL 34209

Seeking marriage and parents of Michel LALIBERTE dit ROIROUX and Catherine MAILLOT. Their son, Guillaume was born in St. Jean, Deschaillons, Quebec. Guillaume married

Marie-Anne LAFOND in St. Pierre les Becquets, Nicolet in 1797.

Ed Turcotte #4226  
[edturc@aol.com](mailto:edturc@aol.com)

Seeking marriage and parents of Michel FRANCOEUR dit CANTIN and Olivine JOYAL of St. David, Yamaska, about 1830-1850.

Claude Ledoux #3540  
[cledfarm@aol.com](mailto:cledfarm@aol.com)

I am seeking information on Canadian *voyageur* Jean-Baptiste COLON dit LA VIOLETTE. Who were his parents? Was he from La Violette, Nord-Pas-de-Calais, France? By 1692, he wed Kaskeskia Illini Ayw-wee-pah-kee-noo-kah, a.k.a. Mme. Catherine E8IPAKIN8CA COLON. They had four children. She died in Mobile, AL.

He had seven children by second wife Marguerite PREAU.

J.A.L. Miller, Jr. #4399  
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Success always occurs in private and failure in full view.

# The French Canadians of New England

by: Ellen Barry

*Editor's Note: This story ran on page A01 of the Boston Globe on February 12, 2001. We felt that it would be interesting to our members, especially those with no access to the Boston Globe. It is reprinted here with the kind permission of the Boston Globe. © Copyright 2001 Globe Newspaper Company.*

WATERVILLE, Maine – Rhea Cote was a ponytailed 5-year-old when she marched into the living room and informed her parents they would no longer hear French coming out of her mouth. Rhea was too young to explain her decision to her baffled parents, who continued speaking to her only in French until their deaths, but her reasons would be clear to all the Roys who became Kings, Boileaus who went by Drinkwater, Bonenfant who renamed themselves Goodchild. In Maine in 1959, French identified you as a descendant of French-Canadian immigrants – a person, Rhea had picked up from the other children, who would grow up to be considered the second-class citizens of Yankee New England.

Forty-two years later, it was a tremulous Rhea Robbins who showed up in Waterville on a recent weekend, hoping to speak French again before she dies. Some who have examined language

in Maine speculate that New England may have as many as half a million Franco-Americans like Robbins, people who share the experience of repudiating their birth language practically overnight. Born at a time when assimilation seemed the only route to social success, they bore the brunt of a systematic attempt to eradicate the French patois that had been spoken in Maine for generations. Now, as they reach middle age, they are trying to reclaim the ghost of a language. Phrases they cannot translate pop into their heads. Words get muddled between their brains and their mouths. And for many, the sound of spoken French prompts a great upwelling of loss. “Everyone who calls has the same message. They want to revive the language that’s buried in their brain,” said Linda Gerard der Simonian, who hosted the first meeting of the “language reacquisition” group that Robbins attended in Waterville last month. “It’s almost like a tape recorder.”

The women in appliqued sweat-shirts and leggings in der Simonian’s living room are predominantly in their 40s and 50s. One Acadian activist calls them “the Punished Generation” – the fourth- and fifth-generation Americans of French-Canadian descent who were chastised, or teased, or shamed into

purging from their consciousness the tongue they had learned from their grandparents.

Many of them spoke only French until they reached school age, and then were stunned to confront an official world that considered the language a bad habit. In the parochial schools to the north, near the Canadian border, which had received state orders to prioritize the switch to English, nuns employed strict and sometimes creative sanctions against the use of French, even at recess.

Martha St. Pierre was a 9-year-old who had been in Maine for five months when she broke her arm in a Van Buren schoolyard. When she ran to her teacher to ask for help, she was sent to her seat until she could ask in English, said St. Pierre, who is now 47. In the elementary school Don Levesque attended, children got a free pass on homework for reporting on classmates who lapsed into French. "It was total immersion," said Levesque, 53, who is editor and publisher of the St. John Valley Times, and grew up in Madawaska. "What was it that Vladimir Lenin said? Give me one generation and I'll give you the rest? Well, it almost worked."

Shadow of a memory. Ben Levine, who documented the French-Canadians' loss of language in his 1980 film "*Si Je Comprends Bien*," said he believes there are 300,000 to 500,000 Franco-Americans who abandoned the language abruptly under social pressure. He and his collaborator, a language teacher named Julia Schulz, began seeking out members of "the middle generation" at two Franco-American film festivals that they organized in Waterville

in 1999 and 2000.

As films flickered to an end, people began to come forward, telling organizers that something about the Quebec landscape had tripped a wire in their brain – but that they could not quite get hold of the memory. "They experienced tremendous tension, and they didn't learn to speak it," Levine said. "That's the group we're trying to contact." And so last month, at the first language reacquisition meeting in Waterville, Schulz used plastic fruit to teach the words for "apple" and "grape" to a group of women who weren't sure how much they knew. "What they want is to reconnect with some kind of a very deep place within themselves," said Schulz, president of the Penobscot School of languages in Rockland. "They sense that there's something very, very strong in there, and they want to reconnect with it. We're not going to practice ordering a meal in a restaurant."

That morning, ordinary complaints about case and gender were accompanied by wistful stories. Robbins said she found herself trailing French-speaking people in the supermarket, hoping to catch a few snatches of conversation. Estelle Guerette Quimby, who attended the Waterville meeting, said she once approached an old man in a store and asked if she could go to his house just to hear him speak. The meeting was awkward and unsuccessful, she recalled; she couldn't understand him and finally went home. When she tried to explain how she lost the language as a 5-year-old, Quimby sounded bereft. "It just left," she said sadly.

Some are beginning to take the attitude that their French was not simply lost, but taken. In parts of New England, attitudes toward French changed so radically that within many families, older siblings speak fluent French while younger siblings never learned it. The first waves of Canadian immigrants flowed into mill towns like Waterville starting in the second half of the 19th century, with about a million settled in New England before the Depression hit. As the French-Canadian neighborhoods boomed and overflowed, the immigrants found themselves an urban underclass, and some were even targeted by New England's Ku Klux Klan. Although many of the first wave of immigrants never did learn English, some children and grandchildren coming of age in the postwar era decided the best way to help their own children would be to raise them speaking English – a divisive decision in a community that resisted the idea of the melting pot.

Recent reversal. In Maine, schools began turning away from French in 1919, when a state law was passed establishing English as the only legal language of instruction. But the real dropoff came in the 1950s and '60s, when French masses were dwindling and the war had nudged Franco-Americans into the American mainstream, say historians. In the northern St. John Valley, where the parochial schools were attended by all children, nuns began serious enforcement of a ban on French, while to the south, Franco-American children like Rhea Cote felt the full force of peer pressure.

"You had to prove your patriotism," said Roger Roy, a business professor at the University of Maine-Fort Kent who recently wrote a paper about the loss of French-Canadian culture and language. By 1963, Roy said, it was over; French was threatened not just as a first but as a second language. Among people of Franco-American descent, the number of households using French would drop to just over 1 in 10 by 1990, Roy wrote. In recent years, a bilingual program has begun accepting children in the Madawaska area, the very border towns where nuns had cracked down hardest in the 1950s. But the last generation to be schooled in French is dying, said Schulz, conveying urgency to their middle-age children. In adulthood, many of them say they now understand the impulse behind the school rules. Levesque remembers the shock of showing up at the Sacred Heart School to discover that his native tongue was forbidden. Every week, children were issued red movie tickets, which they would have to hand over to any classmate who caught them speaking French. At the end of the week, the child with the most tickets would be exempt from homework.

Recently, Levesque learned of the death of the nun who had passed out those tickets. Reading over her obituary for publication in his newspaper, he realized something staggering. "You wouldn't have known it, but this nun may have been very French and very local," Levesque said. She probably spoke French with her own family, he added, wonderingly. "My feeling," he said, "is that they thought they were putting out good American citizens."

**Did I put  
that book  
back on  
the right  
shelf?**



# A Family Story

## A Legend of Heroes

by: Patrick N. Martin-Beaulieu

My Dear Children,

Do you know that you are descendants of heroes? They are the courageous 17<sup>th</sup> century patriots who risked their very lives to defend their homes and families, and have come to be known as the legendary "*Heroes of Rivière-Ouelle*."

They include François AUTIN, Michel BOUCHARD and his son-in-law, Pierre DANCAUSE; Jean-Galeran BOUCHER, Mathurin DUBÉ, and Pierre HUDON dit BEAULIEU. Also, Jean LAVOIE, Robert LÉVESQUE, Guillaume LIZOTTE, René OUELLET, Jean PELLETIER and his sons Jean and Noël, and Pierre ST.-PIERRE. They are your ancestors, and the ancestors of an innumerable posterity both in Canada and the United States.

The present-day village of Rivière-Ouelle lies on the south shore of the mighty Saint Lawrence, 150 kilometers north of the city of Québec. A bucolic village of some twelve hundred souls, many of whom – like their ancestors – derive their livelihood from the land and the river. The village's silvery church spire vies with silos for dominance of the landscape, where wildflowers, new-mown hay, and farm livestock perfume the air.

Three hundred years ago, the tiny parish and *signiory* of Rivière-Ouelle was the scene of a skirmish between the villagers and British invasion forces en route to Québec. The event would galvanize the defenders of Québec at the time, and remains to this day a source of inspiration and pride among Quebecers.

In October, 1690, a fleet of 24 British warships under the command of New Englander Admiral Sir William PHIPPS, dropped anchor at Rivière-Ouelle, then a tiny parish consisting of some forty men able to bear arms, and immediately launched several *chaloupes* filled with armed enemy troops. PHIPPS had sailed from Boston on the 9<sup>th</sup> of August with a force of 2200 British troops (300 sailors; the rest, ground troops). He was bent on laying siege to Québec, and word had spread to the villages along the coast to be watchful.

It was harvest time along the Saint Lawrence coast, and PHIPPS would take what food and fresh water he needed to resupply his forces. He would also terrorize the locals, knowing full well that word of his actions would quickly reach Québec, and demoralize her defenders.

Several days before PHIPPS' arrival, the farmers and villagers of Rivière-Ouelle, in the absence of their leader, the local *seigneur* (Jean-Baptiste DESCHAMPS, *seigneur de la Bouteillerie*), who was in Québec, begged their parish priest, Pierre TERRIEUR de FRANCHEVILLE, to lead them if it became necessary to defend their homes and fields against the invading *Bostonnais*. The burly fifty-year-old priest needed no coaxing; he readily agreed, and proceeded to assemble the men of Rivière-Ouelle and surrounding villages, exhorting them to be brave in the defense of their homes, their families, and their faith.

The townspeople of Rivière-Ouelle are now on high alert. When the ships appear on the horizon, the men grab their muskets, powder horns, and leather pouches filled with lead shot, and rush to a spot on the shore where a landing is most likely. There, with their priest-leader, they wait in silent ambush, hidden in the trees and underbrush that grows down to the shoreline.

As the boats filled with enemy soldiers approach the shore at high tide and come within range of their muskets, the voice of the parish priest ring out: "Fire!" And a deadly hail of shot rains down on the hapless invaders. Several of the enemy are killed or wounded in the first round and the terror-stricken survivors put about and head for open water despite the shouts of the English officers attempting to rally their men in a futile effort to continue the advance. The battle is over. The day is won.

One historian observes that the

surprise deadly attack at Rivière-Ouelle is a prelude to the reception that awaits the invaders at Québec [Madame E. CROFF, *Nos Ancêtres à l'Oeuvre à Rivière-Ouelle*]. Madame CROFF goes on to say:

*"The enemy had flattered themselves at the expectation of disembarking without any opposition. On arriving at the first settlements, they fully expected to come ashore and sit down to dinner. They were stunned to find that the first course consisted of a volley of gunshots."*

Historian Abbé CASGRAIN asks: *"Was it the memory of this repulse that impelled WOLFE's forces [General James WOLFE, victor of the Battle of Québec] to wreak such vengeance on this and adjoining parishes in 1759 by ruthlessly burning the dwellings, mills, etc.?"*

Though it is impossible to fully separate fact from fiction in this history of the *Heroes of Rivière-Ouelle*, Paul-Henry HUDON [*Rivière-Ouelle, Comité du Tricentenaire, 1672-1972*], notes that the fact of the English landing at Rivière-Ouelle is no mere legend, and the story bears all the hallmarks of truth. He cites the account of Mère Juchereau de Saint-Ignace [*Annales de l'Hotel-Dieu de Québec*], probably based on an interview with FRANCHEVILLE himself.

*"...the English began to disembark at Rivière-Ouelle, monsieur DE FRANCHEVILLE, the parish priest, assembled his parishioners, urged them to prevent the enemy from*

landing, reminding them that what is at stake is nothing less than their temporal and spiritual good, and ordered them to arm themselves and wait in ambush as the boats, filled with soldiers, approached. As soon as the first boats came within range of their muskets, he ordered the men to fire, killing everyone in the boat except for a couple who fled. The others thought better than to advance and thus expose themselves to the same hail of shot. Thus, having been so decisively repulsed, it was with great trepidation that they made a few more attempts to land, always without success."

Nevertheless, according to François TAILLON, director of the Centre Généalogique in nearby Ste.-Anne de la Pocatière, some aspects of the story have been magnified in the retelling. He points, in particular, to the heroic and larger-than-life description of the parish priest, DE FRANCHEVILLE.

"Fifty years old, graying hair, athletic build, passionate and hot-headed, soldierly in bearing with looks that pierced one's soul. And, like all the missionaries of his time, pious, zealous, and accustomed to fatigue." [Paul-Henri CASGRAIN, *Rivière-Ouelle, Une Paroisse Canadienne au XVIIe Siècle*]. The author goes on to compare FRANCEVILLE to the warrior-pope, Julius II, who berates MICHELANGELO for painting him holding a book: "Do you take me for a schoolboy? Paint me with a sword in hand!"

CASGRAIN, writing nearly two centuries after the event, puts the following words into the mouth of the parish priest:

"My friends, we are now on a war footing: I have learned that the English are preparing to seize our country to avenge the defeats they have suffered at our hands. De Frontenac [Louis de BUADE, Comte de Frontenac, commander of the French troops at Québec] has already dispatched militia along both shores to prevent the English from landing. Since he has not sent us any reinforcements, we must suppose that our governor is relying on your courage."

"I would refuse to acknowledge you if you proved so cowardly as to permit these Bostonnais to land here without striking a blow. You know what you can expect if you permit them to come ashore: they will burn your houses and your church, profane the sacred vessels as they have done in the past, and they will take you into captivity; you, your wives, and your children. They are God's enemies as well as yours. Take up your arms, and await the signal."

And the men respond:

"Yes, yes! We are ready to defend ourselves to the death! But, monsieur le curé, you must lead us. God will be on our side. If the Bostonnais attempt to land here, they will find themselves in hot soup! Vive notre gouverneur! Vive la France!"

When PHIPPS later arrives at

Québec with his forces, He immediately dispatches an emissary to French commander FRONTENAC, demanding that he surrender the city within the hour. FRONTENAC's famous reply is known to every school child in Canada: "*Je nay point de réponse à faire à vostre général que par la bouche de mais canons et à coups de fuzil!*" [I have no reply to make to your general other than from the mouths of my cannons and muskets!].

The siege of Québec was a dismal failure. PHIPPS returned to Boston on the 11<sup>th</sup> of May' 1691, with only seventeen ships, most of them only partially crewed. His failed attempt to take Québec had cost the lives of almost 600 men, mostly to disease (smallpox), inadequate food, and freezing temperatures and – some would say – the resourcefulness and courage of the defenders of Québec and the *Heroes of Rivière-Ouelle*.

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This one truly makes you realize what it means to be Canadian!!

### CANADIANISMS

And 'they' say the Canadian identity is hard to define! You know you're Canadian if...

1. You stand in "line-ups" at the movie, not lines.
2. You're not offended by the term, "Homo Milk".
3. You understand the sentence, "Could you please pass me a serviette, I just spilled my poutine."
4. You eat chocolate bars instead of candy bars.
5. You drink pop, not soda.
6. You know what it means to be on pogeys.
7. You know that a mickey and 2-4's mean "Party at the camp, eh?!"
8. You can drink legally while still a teen.
9. You talk about the weather with strangers and friends alike.
10. You don't know or care about the fuss with Cuba, it's just a cheap place to travel with good cigars and no Americans.
11. When there is a social problem, you turn to your government to fix it instead of telling them to stay out of it.
12. You're not sure if the leader of your nation has EVER had sex and you don't WANT to know if he has!
13. You get milk in bags as well as cartons and plastic jugs.
14. Pike is a type of fish, not some part of a highway.
15. You drive on a highway, not a freeway.
16. You know what a Robertson screwdriver is.
17. You have Canadian Tire money in your kitchen drawers
18. You know that Thrills are something to chew and,"taste like soap."
19. You know that Mounties "don't always look like that."
20. You dismiss all beers under 6% as "for children and the elderly."
21. You know that the Friendly Giant isn't a vegetable product line.
22. You know that Casey and Finnegan are not a, Celtic musical group.
23. You participated in "Participation."

(Continued on page 60.)

# Joseph E. Barrette and Marie Louise Adam

by: Marie Ange Barrette Lescault

*Editor's note: The following article first appeared in this publication in the Spring 1983 Issue.*

It was a sad and dark morning that May in 1923 on the *Rang Ste. Julie*, in Joliette. Shortly after breakfast my father told the children to gather around the kitchen table for he had some important news to tell us. As we sat there, our eyes were fixed on both our father and mother. What would the news be? "My children," my father said, "we are going to sell the farm and move to Fall River." He could say no more. He looked sad. He was so filled with emotions that he had to leave the kitchen and go outside. Mother could sense our sadness. "Listen," she said, "America is a good place to live. It is not unknown to me. After we married we lived in Fall River and five of you were born there. We will make a good living there. You know that the boys are all getting older and they cannot earn a living here in Joliette. It would mean that they would have to go to Montréal to earn their living. I cannot see the family broken up. Going to America will keep us all together." Shortly after this my father came in and read us a letter he had received from his brother, Zenon. Uncle Zenon had found a nice place for us to live on Thomas Street and assured my father that there was

plenty of work for him and the boys. They were looking forward to seeing us soon.

This was not the first displacement for my father. Just before he was born his father and mother had to leave St. Didace to find better living conditions. They went to St. Thomas in Ontario, where Joseph was born in 1883. They stayed there but a short time. They then went to Fall River in 1884 and lives there until 1888, when they came back to St. Didace. Joseph grew up in St. Didace until the age of twelve when he came back to Fall River with his brother Zenon and lives with his sister, Alphonsine. It was as a young man of twelve that my father, Joseph, started his long days in the cotton mills.

He had never forgotten the charming blue eyes of his cousin, Louise ADAM. Several times he returned to St. Didace to visit the family. Every time he was captivated by the looks of Louise. He knew that she would make him a wonderful wife and companion for life. So it was in 1900 that all preparations and dispensations were made for their wedding. Immediately after the ceremony they came to live in Fall River. It was during the great strike of 1908 that Joseph and Louise decided to return to Joliette and buy a

farm and bring up their children there. After fifteen years, it was time to return to Fall River and make a go of it.

It did not take long for the preparations for our long trip to Fall River. Everything was sold at auction within a week. We were ready to leave for America. It was a sad parting. To leave all of the people and places we loved; the school house, the church, and all our relatives. We slept at my uncle's house and the next day we left for the train station. Just imagine eight children with suitcases, boxes, and baskets under their arms. What a sight this must have been!

We got on the train in Joliette all excited to take our first train ride. We got off in Montréal, where we were met by some of the Barrette family. We had supper with them. Don't ask me what I ate. I just can't remember. At eight o'clock that evening we got on the train for Boston. By then we were tired and our feet were sore. The first thing we did was to take off our shoes. These were new shoes. At home we only wore shoes for Sunday to go to church. The shoes were pinching my toes. In those days a pair of shoes cost only fifty cents for girls shoes and one dollar for boys shoes. The train ride was exciting but long. At seven the next morning mother told us that we were in Boston. We put on our shoes and looked out the window. Everything looked so dirty and the houses were all together and touching each other. Mother said, "Wait until you reach Fall River, you will love it out there." We looked at each other without saying a word.

Mother took the four girls to

the wash room. The boys went with my father. Mother put on nice new ribbons on our hair to match our dresses. The ribbon cost two cents a yard. We all had new straw hats. They cost thirty-five cents. We thought that we looked like a million dollars. On the train to Fall River we were all silent. Mother said, "Don't ever look back. Always look ahead to the next day. The next day is something to look forward to."

As we arrived at the Fall River depot, I saw my uncle, Zenon BARRETTE, waiting for us. Our faces changed and we were happy to see him because he had visited us in Canada. He looked at us with a big smile and took us to his house to meet our new cousins. We thought we looked se dressed up with our starchy coats and dresses – so starched that they could stand up in a corner by themselves – but one look at our cousins told us another story. Auntie hugged and kissed everyone of us. We sensed right away that we were welcome here in America. Imagine when you have nine kids of your own and eight more join you. The supper was like a banquet. Seventeen children and four adults. Shortly after the meal, Aunt Marie HEBERT came and took the boys to her house. She had three boys of her own.

For two weeks we went from one house to the other, always with a warm welcome and a smile from everybody. I liked it at Uncle Zenon's house, because they had a little boy about two years old that reminded me of my brother who had died. He, too, would have been two if God had not taken him away. I would put him in the carriage for a ride. Now I remember

that this little boy is my cousin Reginald, whom I think of as a brother.

Two weeks after our arrival, we settles all together in our new home on Thomas Street. We all met together and recited the rosary in thanksgiving to God for bringing us all together in our new country.

My father and the boys got jobs at the Parker A. Cotton Mill on Jefferson Street. My father worked there until he was sixty-five years old, then he retired. We lived well in Fall River, but it was not always easy on my father and brothers. They worked from six in the morning till six in the evening for \$18.00 a week. One day, my brother Henri said, "Mother, I'm tired of Fall River and I'm going back to the farm. We work too hard in the cotton mills." Mother answered, "Go back if you want. As for me, I'm staying here and I will die here." That was the end of that. He never mentioned it again. My father worked hard to earn his living. But he had something of his father, Denis, in him. He liked to move from one place to the other. When the great depression hit us in 1929, he wanted to go back to Canada. Mother said, "Joe, I'm here to stay. No more moving. You were never a farmer. Why go back to farming. We are doing all right over here. God will provide for us." Again, that was the end of that.

My mother with light brown wavy hair and hazel blue eyes, five feet tall and on the stout side was born on a farm in Canada. She learned farming, canning, sewing, and cooking from her mother. She always had a smile on her face. She was very good natured and

always helping someone. In Canada she had been a midwife and knew a lot about medicinal herbs. Her friends and neighbors often called on her for medical advice. It seems that she always knew what to do at the right time. Many times as we washed the dishes she would start to sing. I would join in with her. I sing like a rooster who has swallowed a frog. One day I asked her why she sang so much. Well, she said, her mother had told her that if you are lonesome or blue, if you start to sing everything will be forgotten. Now I knew that this was the way she had forgotten so many heartaches – leaving her family and getting married at the early age of twenty.

She always wore navy blue or black. I always wondered how she would look in a colored dress. I always wondered how she would look in a colored dress. When Uncle Leonce and *Tante* Alida were celebrating their golden anniversary, I went shopping with her for a new dress and shoes for the occasion. She was looking at the blue dresses again. On my own, I was looking for a green dress with some style to it. Soon I found one with little silver beads on it. It was made for her. After a little coaxing she tried it on. It fitted her to perfection. I told the sales lady that we would buy the dress. I made her buy a green hat, white gloves, shoes and a pocket book. That very afternoon my sister Rita was taken to the hospital for an appendectomy. At first my mother was going to cancel the banquet, but I would not hear of it. She had a new outfit and I wanted her to wear it. So she put on the new outfit and appeared in the kitchen. You should have seen my father's eyes pop out. He didn't say

anything but he must have been thinking of his young Louise whom he had met and courted in Canada. At the hospital, Rita said, "Ma, you look wonderful. How did you do it?" At the reception in the afternoon everybody was telling her how nice she looked in colors. "Don't ever wear black or navy blue again." they said.

I'm something like my mother. If something hurts me, I sing to myself and everything seems to be forgotten. She taught us all how to sew and cook. Thank God for our father and mother.

To you my children who never

knew your grandparents; and to all my grandchildren and great-grandchildren to come, I leave this message: Every father and mother from every generation from years ago to now have worked hard to make this world a better place to live. They have made sacrifices because they loved you.

Your grandmother, Marie Louise ADAM and your grandfather Joseph E. BARRETTE lie in Notre Dame Cemetery in Fall River, Massachusetts. If ever you pass by Fall River, stop in at the cemetery and say a little prayer for them.

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(Continued from pg. 56)

24. You have an Inuit carving by your bedside with the rationale, "What's, good enough protection for the Prime Minister is good enough for me."
25. You wonder why there isn't a 5 dollar coin yet.
26. Like any international assassin/terrorist/spy in the world, you possess a Canadian passport.
27. You use a red pen on your non-Canadian textbooks and fill in the missing 'u's from labor, honor, and color.
28. You know the French equivalents of "free", "prize", and "no sugar added," thanks to your extensive education in bilingual cereal packaging.
29. You are excited whenever an American television show mentions Canada.
30. You make a mental note to talk about it at work the next day.
31. You can do all the hand actions to Sharon, Lois and Bram's "Skin-a-ma-rinky-dinky-doo" opus.
32. You can eat more than one maple sugar candy without feeling nauseous.
33. You were mad when "The Beachcombers" were taken off the air.
34. You know what a toque is.
35. You have some memento of Bob and Doug.
36. You know Toronto is not a province.
37. You never miss "Coach's Corner".
38. Back bacon and Kraft Dinner are two of your favourite food groups.
39. You cook meat outdoors in a BBQ, not a grill.

# A Call to Arms

by Robert R. Bellerose

*You can now retrieve information about your Civil War ancestor thanks to a National Park Service database.*

When I was a National Park Ranger on duty at the Blackstone River Valley National Heritage Corridor, often I would conduct walking tours of the valley's mill villages. One spring day in 1995 I was conducting a tour of the center of the town of Blackstone, in Massachusetts. On this day there was a middle-aged couple who was visiting the Blackstone River Valley and decided to take the tour. A highlight of the tour was the monument to the Civil War soldiers built in the old Blackstone town square. It was during my presentation about the monument that this couple noticed the name of an ancestor engraved on the pedestal. They asked if I had more information about that particular soldier.

Following the presentation I spoke to the couple. I described some reference volumes that might aid them in their search for information about the military career of their ancestral soldier. It was my hope that they could associate the name with a unit and compile a story of this soldier. They could learn of his assigned station and the battles that he fought in.

When I pass that monumental sentinel on his watch in the old town square I wonder if the couple was able to locate that soldier's military story. If only I had a resource at the Corridor's headquarters that could have helped them in their search.

Although I was happy to be able to point out some titles to that couple that would aid them in their research, I also had some concerns. What if that couple might have taken a tour with another Ranger who did not have the library training that I had. They also might have encountered a Ranger that would not have been familiar with some sources that I pointed them to. Also, they may have come during the summer. During this time I, along with other Rangers, would have our hands full with many more visitors. We would be unable to afford the time to help them in their research.

Available now to researchers and family genealogists is a new resource that quickly locates the type of information that the visiting couple needed. What is also great is that this resource does not rely on a Ranger's schedule or an information-seeker's capability of visiting a historic site. The *Civil War Soldiers and Sailors System* (CWSS) is a computer data-

base. It will soon hold the registers of every soldier known to have answered the call to serve in the war. The derivations of the names are from lists in the National Archives. The database is accessible on the Internet and eventually will be available through computer stations at 42 national parks that have some link to the Civil War. Officials with the Park Service anticipate the names of all Civil War soldiers to be in the database by sometime in 2001.<sup>1</sup>

The Civil War Soldiers and Sailors System, built over the past decade, involved the assistance of hundreds of volunteers from throughout the United States. Through their efforts, anyone with Internet access can type the name of any Civil War soldier into the CWSS web site. Quickly they can pull up a wealth of information. Anyone using the system can retrieve the history of a serviceman's unit and the battles in which the soldier may have fought. Also, researchers can find out whether his internment was in a national cemetery. At some time in the future, anyone using the system can retrieve such identifying features as height, weight, and eye and hair color. On the Internet the web address for the Civil War Soldiers and Sailors System is [www.itd.nps.gov/cwss/](http://www.itd.nps.gov/cwss/).<sup>2</sup>

"The goal of the CWSS is to increase the American people's understanding of this decisive era in American history by making information about it widely accessible."<sup>3</sup> The Civil War Soldiers and Sailors System will unlock for the public a wealth of information. It is making available information stored in dusty repositories and accessible only to experts or

resolute amateurs.<sup>4</sup>

Before the arrival of this database, anyone just trying to verify that a forebear fought in the war had a monumental task before them. They would have to make a journey to the National Archives in Washington, DC. Once there, they would have to search through mammoth records of catalog cards or microfilm. Another option is that they could write to the National Archives with a request for a search that might take weeks or even months to answer. Weekly the National Archives receives up to 1,500 inquiries concerning Civil War pension records alone. Also, the National Archives helps scores of historians specializing in the war. The Civil War Soldiers and Sailors database will make access easier for researchers and free up the archives' personnel for other demanding preservation duties. With the availability of an electronic database it will also eliminate wear and tear on crumbling historical records.<sup>5</sup>

The Civil War Soldiers and Sailors System in one result of a Park Service drive to deliver computer technology into the interpretive story. The system as originally envisioned would have kiosks at national battlefields. Their idea developed with the evolution of the Internet into something that could be put to use with home computers. This system will also help bring together the vast but diverse variety of material on the war that the Park Service has collected over the years. When the public retrieves the name of a soldier, they can then click on a link to a campaign in which he participated. For instance, they will be

using the synopsis of the 384 most significant campaigns. Park Service specialists created these chronicles for the Civil War Sites Advisory Commission. This commission began in the wake of the 1990 debate, over the improvement designs at Manassas National Battlefield Park in Virginia. The board cataloged and surveyed the country's endangered battlefield sites.<sup>6</sup>

Park Service employees wanted to produce a database that would be of use at all the Civil War sites. They did not want to produce a product that would be the result of a specific request for interpretive improvement. John PETERSON is director of the Branch of Partnership Systems at the Park Service's Information and Telecommunications Center. He is supervising the building of the Civil War Soldiers and Sailors web site. He is getting assistance from Park Service interpreter Eric SHEETZ and computer designer Wayne McLAUGHLIN. The final proofreading of names takes place in rooms at the Interior Department in Washington.<sup>7</sup>

Ultimately, those interred in the Park Service's 14 federal graveyards will be in the database. The list of the 1,200 Medals of Honor bestowed throughout the war are currently accessible. Names of prisoners of war, from Andersonville in Georgia and Fort McHenry in Baltimore have been previously accessible. The system will have connections to the web sites of the federal battlefields and will even incorporate exact positions of where particular military units engaged in battle. "Timothy GOOD, an NPS historian, formerly as Fords Theater

and now at Lincoln Home NHS, and Eric SHEETZ, NPS interpreter, are researching and assembling information for the CWSS about regiments and battles."<sup>8</sup> For all Union military units in the country, GOOD is making use of the *Compendium of the War of Rebellion*. Frederick DYER who wrote the book was a boy who played the drums throughout the war. He put himself into seclusion for five years, about the end of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, to finish the work. Since DYER consulted with Union veterans, his *Compendium* continues to be the most credible bases for material on northern military units. The Park Service has used Joseph CRUTE's *Units of the Confederacy* for all Confederate military unit narratives.<sup>9</sup>

This database, the Civil War Soldiers and Sailors System, is also fulfilling another purpose. For some Americans, their ancestor's exploits in the war have no commemoration on memorials or tablets. Here, the Civil War Soldiers and Sailors System acts as commemoration. "As resources permit, the CWSS may in the future, include information on the thousands of Civil War monuments and markers at NPS sites."<sup>10</sup> The Civil War Soldiers and Sailors System began as part of the consecration of the African-American Civil War Memorial. This memorial, located in Washington, DC, had its commemoration in July 1998.<sup>11</sup>

Creation of the database was for the monument at 10<sup>th</sup> Street and Vermont Avenue, Northwest. It contains the names of the 235,000 African-American infantrymen and mariners who fought in the war and were the earliest to become accessible in

September 1996. The monument includes tablets with the name of each African-American soldier who fought in the war. It also spotlights "*The Spirit of Freedom*," a bronze statue of African-American infantrymen and mariners. The next group of data appended to the program in the spring of 2000 contained the names of 194,872 Tennessee Confederate infantrymen and 95,898 Iowans.<sup>12</sup>

This monument and the Civil War Soldiers and Sailors System have helped in bringing to life the personalizes tales of the soldiers. One such story is that of Christian A. FLEETWOOD, a sergeant major with the 4<sup>th</sup> United States Colored Infantry. He received the Medal of Honor, during the Battle of New Market Heights, near Richmond in September 1864. He earned it for taking and bearing the flags of those persons who had been shot down. Despite his medallion and swift promotion withing the enlisted ranks, FLEETWOOD left the army in disgust at war's end. His reasons included the fact that no African-American colleagues from his military unit could get promotions as officers even with commendations from Caucasian officers.<sup>13</sup>

Tourists searching for details concerning FLEETWOOD in the Civil War Soldiers and Sailors System would discover that his name is on the monument at tablet A-11. He enlisted in the war as a sergeant, and that he left as a sergeant major. They could read a description of his military unit's ordeals. It proves that his declaration that no military unit has executed more vigorous, difficult, and hazardous duty than the 4<sup>th</sup> United States Colored

Troops. FLEETWOOD went on to say that more could be done for the prosperity of African-American people, in their pursuit of civilian life. The Civil War Soldiers and Sailors System indexes six different battles in which the unit engaged in combat. It describes the events under FLEETWOOD and 13 other African-American infantrymen won Medals of Honor at New Market Heights.<sup>14</sup>

A different moving narrative is part of a picture of a stone marker at Poplar Grove National Cemetery that is accessible on the Civil War Soldiers and Sailors System. Grave number 4803 is that of Robert DOUGLAS, an infantryman with the 11<sup>th</sup> Maine Infantry. He died at Appomattox Station on 9 April 1865; the same day that General Robert E. LEE yielded the Army of Northern Virginia to Union troops under General Ulysses S. GRANT.<sup>15</sup>

For many descendants of Civil War soldiers, the Civil War Soldiers and Sailors System will be a place to begin an inquiry. Here, due to the ease of examining the complete database, they can search for family who may have fought in the war. Ultimately, more than 5.4 million names will be in the database, an enormous data entry job. At the midpoint of the year 2000, by means of the labor of more than 1,000 volunteers, in 36 states, the project neared completion. These volunteers come from the United Daughters of the Confederacy and from state historical societies. The Park Service cannot put a monetary value on the Civil War Soldiers and Sailors System. The

reason is that all of the work has been done with existing finances that had no allocation for the undertaking. Even so, administrators are cognizant that employing volunteers has been the main determinant in holding expenses down. Whereas employing volunteers has also meant a longer time to finish the project, contracting out the data entry apart would have cost at least \$4 million.<sup>16</sup>

A key to the data entry was help from the Genealogical Society of Utah, a public-service affiliate of the Mormon Church. The society has contributed software and continuing development and revision assistance. By employing its *Universal Data Entry* software, members could distribute the names so that a volunteer could record as few as 200. This allowed project organizers to attract volunteers who might otherwise have been put off by the number of names.<sup>17</sup>

Approximately two-thirds of the names that are within the database were part of the work done by the Utah Army Corps. They are a modest band of volunteers made up primarily of Mormons and supervised by Terry MOYER, a retired worker of the Mormon Church in Draper, Utah. MOYER's band had both the microfilm and document transcriptions of the names, which he separated into lots to hand out to more than 400 volunteers. Each volunteer's work was double-checked. As each volunteer finished several names, he or she obtained advancement.<sup>18</sup>

One lady, a brigadier general in the group, suffers from cerebral

palsy and has the use of only a lone index finger. The Civil War Soldiers and Sailors System has also provided many retirees with a rewarding activity. This includes a wife who had to stay home because her late spouse had Alzheimer's sickness.<sup>19</sup>

Another key group has been the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The 23,000-member descendants' organization has recorded more than one million names into the database, including those of many Southerners who fought for the North. That lack of partisanship has been the norm with many volunteers.<sup>20</sup>

The primary source for the names in the Civil War Soldiers and Sailors System is the General Index Cards of the Compiled Military Service Records in the National Archives. Now very brittle and rarely used, the 5.4 million cards were part of a file of 140 million. War Department office workers made these 3-by-8 inch catalog cards in the late 19<sup>th</sup> century. These cards transferred the data from original recruitment documents, the list of officers and men that units in the field would keep as a record of their collective strength.<sup>21</sup>

There will be 5.4 million names in the Civil War Soldiers and Sailors System, whereas 3.5 million men fought in the war. The difference emanates from a judgement made when the first organization of the catalog cards took place. Their decision was to include all the names from recruitment documents even when it was apparent there were many doubles. It is an indication of the confusion of war as

men died or suffered injury. During the war it was also common to dismiss military units and reorganize them. The Park Service decided to adopt the following policy. They felt it is up to people to decide if it is the case that they have found the correct soldier in the database.<sup>22</sup>

The Civil War Soldiers and Sailors System concentrates on infantrymen. Yet, the Park Service would like to make an entry of the names of all Civil War mariners. It is a very difficult task because the names are not as well organized. Finding data concerned with African-American mariners has been hard because they were not isolated into detached units as were the soldiers. Approximations of the amount of African-American mariners have fluctuated from 9,000 to 30,000.<sup>23</sup>

To get an unmistakable representation of African-American mariners, the Park Service is accepting help from Howard University, in Washington, DC and the Navy Department. Graduate scholars from Howard examined vessels' recruitment documents and different registers. They later matched and organized them with lists furnished by the Navy Department near the end of World War II. So far they have fixed the identity of approximately 19,000 African-American recruited crew members whose names will be part of the Civil War Soldiers and Sailors System.<sup>24</sup>

Today the database might be nothing but a compilation of names. Yet those working on the Civil War Soldiers and Sailors System believe a day will come when it will be part of the work

being done by specialists. Professionals in archaeology and geographic information systems within the Park Service will come to rely on this database. With this capability a researcher seated at a computer station could take a virtual tour of the site of a battle. A researcher could envision the same terrain from the same viewpoint their forebear saw it one hundred and fifty years ago.

### *Endnotes*

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## Questions and Answers

### AFGS Research Committee

Questions for this issue:

29/1 Seeking m/p for Onesime MORISSET and Marie GIRARD ca 1869. (B. Beaudoin)

29/2 Seeking parents of Alexandre DeGUIRE born 3 May 1839, possibly in St. Michel Yamaska. (J. Nielsen)

29/3 Seeking m/p for Ismael LEBLANC and Addee RICARD ca 1860, St. Roch de Richelieu. (G. Brewer)

29/4 Seeking m/p for Philias

SURPRENANT and Victoria CORRIVEAU, ca 1880. (R. D. & L. Surprenant)

29/5 Seeking m/p for Joseph DUCHARME and Emma RENAUD or Selina RENA. (B. Gregory)

29/6 Seeking m/p for Georges BELANGER and Marie-Louise CLAVEAU ca 1850/1860. (J. Woodward)

29/7 Seeking m/p for Elie PETIT and Sophie PROVOST between 1856-1870. (J. Plaat-Denis)

# Our Ancestors Affected by the American Revolutionary War!

by Ed Turcotte

Having grown up in Newmarket, NH, a small town about half French Canadian and half Polish, in the 1950's and 60's, it is no wonder that the thought that I may have had ancestors involved with the Revolutionary War, was quite a stretch.

Genealogy for me is not only looking up and finding 2,000 direct ancestors, but trying to find out the most that I can about each one. The history buff that I am delights with each new find about the lives of an ancestor a few generations back. Having four French Canadian grandparents, my life growing up was closely tied to our relatives in Quebec and in many ways, I grew up thinking that all folks in Canada spoke French!

While looking up the Turcotte line, I came across an ancestor, Barbe MORRISONNE, who married Pierre TURCOTTE in St. Cuthbert, Quebec in 1827. Even to me, that didn't sound like much of a French name! It turned out that her father, Hector MORRISON, was the son of a British loyalist, Hector MORRISON, Sr., whose family had been exiled to Canada from New York State about 1779 during the Revolutionary War. My research on my Loyalist ancestor, at the Family History Center, on the Internet, and in libraries provided

me with a part of history of which I had not previously been aware. Besides finding out lots of information on my family, and its role in the Revolutionary War, it also led to many questions, still unanswered.

Hector MORRISON, Sr. was married to Barbara FRASER. Although no direct link has been made to the couple, I have a record of a Hector MORRISON and a Barbara FRASER being married, on 6 September 1773, in Durness, Sutherland, Scotland. The area of New York State from where the MORRISON family was exiled was settled in the early 1770's by immigrants from Scotland. We're only assuming that these couples are the same. Because of their recent arrival in America, probably late 1773 or 1774, their loyalties were still with England and the King. Although Hector's name cannot be found on any military list, it is known that this area around Albany, heavily settled by Scots, leaned heavily towards the British. Many public land records, as well as the 1776 state census, were destroyed in a 1911 fire. Documents lead us to believe that the MORRISON property was in Kortsright's Patent, in Delaware or Tryon County.

Most traces of Hector MORRISON and his family's life in New

York have yet to be found. Hector, especially, remains a mystery. The Haldimand documents in the public archives in Canada show that Barbara MORRISON and three children, William, Barbara and Catherine, arrived in late 1778 in the Loyalist's refugee camp in Yamachiche, Quebec. Records show that Barbara was a widow when she arrived at the camp, although within the next few months, a son, Hector, Jr., my direct ancestor, was born. No mention was made of Hector, Sr.; only that Mrs. MORRISON was a widow. What happened to Hector probably will never be known. Was he killed in anger in New York, or by accident on the way to Canada? However it happened, the rest of his family must have suffered tremendously. The New York State Confiscation list for Albany shows that in 1783, after the termination of the war, land belonging to Hector MORRISON, as well as many of the Loyalists, was taken by a judgment signed on 29 December 1783.

Barbara FRASER MORRISON remarried in 1784 to Duncan McCRAW. Duncan was in the British forces during the war, in the 78th regiment, also called "Fraser's Regiment", fighting in New York and Quebec.. Duncan died in 1803, leaving a will which provides more links to Hector MORRISON. William, Barbara, Catherine and Hector are mentioned specifically as Hector and Barbara's children and each received their share of the Duncan estate.

The MORRISON children quickly assimilated into the life and culture of Quebec. William and Hector became prominent in the area and were among

the founders of the parish of St. Gabriel de Brandon. One of the many questions remaining involves the marriage of my ancestors, Hector MORRISON, Jr. and Julie RIVARD, in Sorel, Quebec in 1804. Hector remained a non-Catholic until near his death in 1864. How customs and traditions change when necessity rules! Another clue about Hector, Sr. is found in their marriage record. It mentions that Hector was the son of Hector MORRISON of New York.

While doing research on my Loyalist ancestor, Hector MORRISON, Sr., I found that some research had also been completed about French Canadians who took part in the Revolutionary War on the American side. It's possible that Duncan McCRAW, Barbara FRASER MORRISON's second husband's Revolutionary War regiment may have fought some battles against our ancestors in Quebec.

Dr. Virginia DeMARCE completed a study of revolutionary war documents and compiled an index called, "Canadian Participants In The American Revolution". A copy of this index can be found in the AFGS library. Although most of the participants only "hassled" the British forces, some took part in local "rebel" militias. Some of my relatives who played an active role in the war sacrificed the health and welfare of their homes to take part in active campaigns.

Jean-Baptiste ROUSSEAU from St. Pierre-du-Sud, and Pierre JACQUES of St. Henri de Lauzon fought for the Americans in a battle at the house of Michel Blais. François

NADEAU-MUNIER, Sr. of St. Marie de Beauce, was known as one of the worst "British" subjects! He was known to hand over British goods to the Americans without any problem!

Also playing an active role was Charles CHARDONNET of Gentilly. He was the Captain of the militia for the rebel forces. Charles CANTIN of L'Ange-Gardien was deprived of his commission as Ensign in the local militia because "he served the rebels with affection". Dr. DeMARCE states that it was common to find villages that were pro-American and others that were pro-British. One of the more pro-Ameri-

can villages was the parish of St. Pierre Les Becquets. The study states that my ancestor there, Antoine SPENARD, served with the Americans with distinction.

What began merely as an ancestor's name that didn't sound French, make me look into parts of history that really affected my family. I'm sure that as time goes on and I turn up new stones, some of the mysteries of my ancestors will be solved, more mysteries will develop, and I will learn more of different events of life that affected those that came before me.

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### **Some things that are COOL about Canada:**

1. Crispy Crunch.
2. Smarties.
3. The size of Canadian footballs, football fields, and one less down.
4. The fact that the new "world cup" trophy is too gay for words when compared to the old Canada Cup trophy.
5. Lacrosse is Canadian.
6. Hockey is Canadian.
7. Basketball is Canadian.
8. The biggest flags ever seen at the Olympic closing ceremonies were Canadian (twice...and the second one was smuggled in against a rule that was made because of the first one).
9. Mr Dressup could kick Mr Roger's butt.
10. Way better beer commercials
11. Much Music kicks MTV's butt.
12. Maple Syrup kicks Mrs Butterworth's butt (I don't know about Aunt Jemima).
13. Tim Hortons kicks Dunkin Donut's butt.
14. In the war of 1812 we burned the White house and most of Washington.
15. Canada has the largest French population in the world that never surrendered to Germany.
16. Our "Civil war" was led by a drunken, insane William Lyon McKenzie.
17. Our civil war was a bar fight that lasted a little less than an hour.
18. The only person arrested and hanged after our civil war was an American mercenary who slept in and missed the whole fight, showing up just in time to get caught.

(Continued on page 75)

# 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. No copyright restrictions. This page and the information thereon may be reproduced in its entirety and distributed freely, as long as its source is properly credited.

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For all those of you who have access to the Internet out there... Check out the AFGS web site. You'll be amazed at what you'll see.

# World War I Flying Aces

by : Paul P. Delisle

In the course of my research, I often come across little bits of information totally unrelated to my research but too good to ignore. This was the case with the four individuals listed below. I would like to share this information with you.

Name: Charles Arthur Bissonette  
Country of Origin: United States  
Rank: Lieutenant

Service: Royal Flying Corps,  
Royal Air Force

Squadrons: 24, 64

Victories: 6

Born: 27 December 1895

Place of Birth: Los Angeles, California

Died: April 1971

Place of Death: Unknown

Bissonette joined the Royal Flying Corps in 1917. Flying the S.E.5a with 64 Squadron, he scored six victories before being reassigned to 24 Squadron on 24 September 1918.

Name: Oliver Colin "Boots" Le  
Boutillier

Country of Origin: United States

Rank: Captain

Service: Royal Naval Air Service,  
Royal Air Force

Squadrons: 9N (RNAS), 209  
(RAF)

Victories: 10

Born: 1895

Place of Birth: Unknown

Died: 12 May 1983

Place of Death: Las Vegas, Nevada

Le Boutillier participated in the dogfight in which Manfred von Richthofen was killed. When the war ended, he returned to the United States where he became a skywriter and gave Amelia Earhart her first lesson on twin engined aircraft. As a Hollywood stunt pilot, Le Boutillier appeared in eighteen movies including "Hell's Angels." In all, he had 19,000 hours of flight time when his flying career finally ended.



*Oliver Colin Le Boutillier*

Name: Emile John Lussier  
Country of Origin: United States  
Rank: Captain  
Services: Royal Flying Corps,

Royal Air Force

Squadrons: 73

Victories: 11

Born: 10 October 1895

Place of Birth: Chicago, Illinois

Died: 11 December 1974

Place of Death: Westminster,  
Maryland



*Emile John Lussier*

The son of a railway contractor, Lussier was living with his family in Canada when he joined the Royal Flying Corps in 1917. A Sopwith Camel pilot, he was posted to 73 Squadron in March 1918, becoming a flight commander in October 1918. After the war, he returned to the United States and

took up farming in Maryland. During World War II, he served with the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Distinguished Flying Cross (DFC): "During recent operations this officer has driven down out of control or destroyed seven enemy machines, and with the aid of two other pilots, has accounted for a further two. Three of these he destroyed in one day. In these combats he has proved himself an officer of very high courage, eager to attack without regard to the enemy's superiority in numbers." DFC citation, London Gazette, 2 November 1918



*Cleo Francis Pineau*

Name: Cleo Francis Pineau  
Country of Origin: United States  
Rank: Lieutenant  
Service: Royal Flying Corps,  
Royal Air Force  
Squadrons: 210 (RAF)

Victories: 6

Born: 23 July 1893

Place of Birth: Albuquerque, New Mexico

Died: May 1972

Place of Death: Williamsport, Pennsylvania

In December 1917, Pineau joined the Royal Flying Corps in Canada. Posted to 210 Squadron on 2 June 1918, he shot down six Fokker D. VII's while flying the Sopwith Camel. After scoring his final victory on the morning of 8 October 1918, he was shot down and captured near Roulers.

Distinguished Flying Cross (DFC): "An officer of exceptional

merit, who sets a very high example of courage and devotion to duty to other pilots. He has destroyed four enemy machines and driven down two out of control. After one of these combats, on 8 October [1918], in which he destroyed a Fokker biplane, he was reported missing." DFC citation, London Gazette, 3 December 1918.

These are certainly not all the French-Canadians who served in the air during the *Great War*, but it shows that Americans of French-Canadian decent played a role on the *War To End All Wars*. A look at the list of veterans shows that our people, from the United States and Canada had an honorable role throughout the war.

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### Some things that are COOL about Canada:

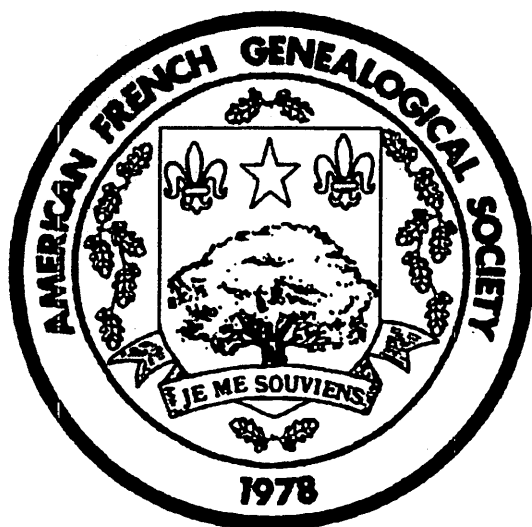
(Continued from page 71)

19. We knew plaid flannel was cool way before Seattle did.
20. The Hudson Bay company once owned 1/11th of the Earth's surface.
21. The average dog sled team can kill and devour a grown human in less than three minutes.
22. We don't have much of a taste for powdered bear testicles, but we know who does, and we're willing to sell them.
23. We still know what to do with all the parts of a buffalo.
24. We don't marry our kinfolk.
25. We invented snowmobiles, jet skis, velcro, zippers, zambonis, and the handles on cardboard beer cases.
26. We can hum the theme to "Definition".
27. We know that any scale that says water boils at 212 and freeze at 32 is asinine.
28. We've all frozen our tongues to something metal, and lived to tell about it.
29. We wear socks with our sandals.
30. We can out-drink Americans.

# The American French Genealogical Society has a new address:

AFGS  
P.O. Box 830  
Woonsocket, RI  
02895-0870

To prevent delays, use this address in all  
correspondence with the Society.



# I Never Would Have Guessed

## Introduction by Normand A. Fontenault

Time and life are fragile. People pass on, memories fade and stories get twisted. My Memere, Cecile GIRARD FONTENAULT, at 94, enjoys reminiscing of a simpler time. As a teen, she recounted a day in the life of her family. *Memere* went to her pocketbook and took from it a piece of family history. It was a newspaper clipping of an article written by Richard POOR in May of 1922. The story depicts the GIRARD family in the face of adversity and triumph one early Sunday morning. I am sharing this article with you... for without it, I never would have guessed.

### **"SACRED PICTURES SAVED US" CRY RI FAMILY, SPARED WHEN LIGHTNING WRECKS HOME**

With tears in his eyes, Alderic GIRARD, looks thankfully towards the wrecked and battered hulk that was once his home and says: *"It was a miracle! My children were spared. It was a miracle!"*

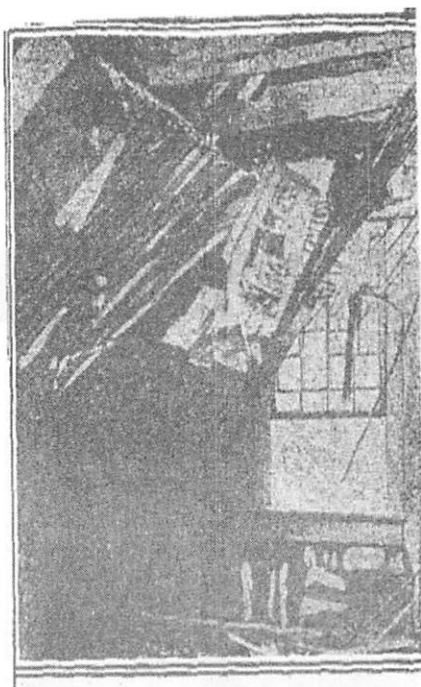
And since last Sunday morning at the darkest hour just before dawn, when the terrible disaster smote the GIRARD household, more than 5,000 people have come from far and near to gaze on the shattered lumber and broken glass that was once a happy home. Simple farmer folk, neighbors of the



GIRARDS, they have taken one look and then exclaimed in awed voices: "Yes, it was a miracle!"

Alderic GIRARD, a pleasant faced, weather beaten, hard working man, owns a 135 acre farm located about ten miles from Blackstone, MA, is located back from the railroad, on a desolate section, where land is cheapest.

He bought the place some seven years ago and by hard work has been laboriously lifting mortgages on the farm.



Only last month he paid the final installment and returning thankfully to his home, told his wife, Amelia GIRARD, that from now on things would go easier for them.

Why, they owned the farm — and, most of all, they owned the house on that farm. The house has always been a particular point of pride with the GIRARD's. Before the disaster, it was a neat weatherboard-eight-room residence, well furnished, such as any farmer might be proud of. In fact, all of Alderic GIRARD's neighbors knew how proud he was of his dwelling. In his earnest way it represented his final achievement in life. For Alderic GIRARD isn't as young as he once was. But he has done his duty, worked hard, and raised a family of seven children.

### **Rumble of Thunder**

The GIRARD children, ranging

from 2 to 17 years of age, all live at home. Mr. and Mrs. GIRARD, of French extraction, speak very little English — but they have got use to it, even in the trouble of paying for the little farm and the splendid house, that the children receive an education. Early in the morning, while it was still quite dark, the GIRARD's deliver milk to many residents of Blackstone. And with the milk goes the younger GIRARD children to school — they trudge back, seven long miles over lonely roads, every afternoon.

There was an ominous roll of thunder last Sunday night when the GIRARD family prepared for bed. It had been raining, but the rain had passed, and now there was only the occasional rumble of thunder, like distant cannon.

The children went upstairs to sleep in the four little rooms that nestle under the very ridge and roof of the house. Mr. and Mrs. GIRARD slept downstairs. With the children, when they trudged up the little stairway, after telling their parents goodnight, was the hired man, Andriane PARENT, who occupied one of the four rooms.

Soon the house was quiet and dark. The family slept. There are, of course, no electric lights. The nearest dwelling is a mile away, across the fields and through the woods. It is a lonely, quiet, desolate.

Still the lightning zigzagged in a wicked crimson across the sky and the thunder rolled ominously, but the family slept.

"A little before four o'clock" Alderic GIRARD explained in his halting English, "I looked at the clock. Soon, I told myself, I must get up and start to milking the cows — every morning at 4:20 we all go to work —

but I was sleepy and rolled over and slept again. I heard the thunder then. I thought nothing of it. It was just a storm."

And then the lightning struck the sleeping house! As swift and sudden as the hand of death, itself, it crashed high upon the ridge of the little home, just where the roofs join — and directly over the head of the sleeping children.

Following the telephone wires, and smiting into crushed splinters two telephone poles that stood in its way, the flaming lightning passed around the home and struck where the wires joined the house.

### Smoking Walls

A huge cannon, firing point-blank, could have done no more damage. The walls and roofs were split wide open. Every window in the house was shattered in one instantaneous crash. And, as though unsatisfied with its ferocity, the lightning rushed sizzling down the roof ridge and hurled a bolt that smashed down the walls of the inner rooms and that crashed directly over two of the sleeping children.

The crash was as sudden as thought. A vivid inferno of sound, violence, fear and terror — and then all was quiet — for a moment.

In one of the upper rooms, Cecile GIRARD, 17 years old hugged to her breast her little sister, Aurora, aged 7. The lightning had struck less than two feet over the heads and the down fallen wall imprisoned them in the bed. They screamed.

Overhead, against the sky now visible through the wide-open room, the roof caught fire in three places. The flames gained headway instantly and

wickedly. In the next room, Rena, 14, Doris, 4, and Robert, 2, began to scream piteously. Robert was unconscious from the shock. The lightning had burned a jagged edge from the very mattress on which they lay.

Eugene, 12, and Theodore, 10, staggered from the third room upstairs and began to shout and scream for their sisters and brothers. Alderic GIRARD and his wife came bounding up the stairs in the darkness shouting in terror for their children. The havoc that swept the house in that second had, it seemed to the half-crazed family, destroyed everything. Search as they would they could find no matches; every lantern and lamp in the house was in a thousand fragments.

Then, while the roof flamed overhead, and the screams of the children came from the blackened rooms, the GIRARD family proved its mettle. Each and every one of them, from Alderic GIRARD, down to two-year-old Robert, was shaken and dazed, still unable to appreciate the extent of the catastrophe that had struck them in the dark night.

### Slender, Frantic Strength

Thrusting frantically with all her slender strength against the wall that imprisoned them, Cecile GIRARD freed herself from her bed and carried to safety her seven-year-old sister. Then she dashed back into the house to save others.

They were working by the light of their own burning home now.

Alderic GIRARD, his hired man, his wife and his sons and daughters worked like a little army. All of the children were soon out of the house and Mrs. GIRARD crouched in the darkness



sheltering their shivering forms against her.

The flames that had gained some headway were quenched, and the family stood sadly in the yard, and as radiance came into the east, sadly contemplated the remains of their home.

Suddenly Alderic had a thought.

"The milk," he shouted. "We'll be late with the milk," and he dashed off to milk the cows so that they might deliver their supply of milk to Blackstone's late risers on time as usual.

And the family did deliver the milk. And it was on time as usual.

A mile from their demolished home they have some relatives and there they have taken up their temporary headquarters.

"It was surely a miracle," Alderic GIRARD said to me one day last week as I looked at the wreck of his home. "See, on the walls, although all of the other pictures were ruined, the Holy pictures escaped. It was a miracle."

#### **"Surely a Miracle"**

"Every window was crashed, the house split open, and still my children escaped. I'll tell you, Monsieur, we have much to be thankful for in this

world.”

He had no insurance on his home. He does not know where the lumber or the money for the lumber will come from. What is left of the house is in ruins. It will have to be torn down and rebuilt entirely — before the GIRARDS can have a house for themselves and their seven children.

Hanging by the door, shattered from its hinges by the force of that sudden blow in the dark, is a little box. In crude letters it says that anyone may contribute to the aid of the family who feel so inclined.

Alderic GIRARD didn't put the box there. Some friends of his did that and he cried when he saw it. He is a hard working man, he says, and he can make a living for himself and his children.

But his neighbors are looking with awed eyes at the unmistakable evidences of a most remarkable escape from death, and then, saying softly: “it is a miracle,” dropping their coins into the little box.

#### **Ascendance of the GIRARD Family**

1. Rene GIRARD/Marie BOSNERDE  
DeBures, diocese de see Normandie  
FR

2. Pierre-Jacques GIRARD/Françoise  
GRATIOT  
m. about 1681, Repentigny P.Q.

3. Jacques GIRARD/Marie-Françoise  
PETIT  
m. March 1710, Varennes P.Q.

4. Joseph GIRARD/Marie CADIEU  
m. October 14, 1743, Varennes P.Q.

5. Jacques GIRARD/Marie-Monique  
CHOQUET

m. July 11, 1768, Varennes P.Q.

6. Joseph GIRARD/Marie-Josephine  
ARCHAMBAULT

m. Aug. 10, 1807, St. Denis,  
Richelieu

7. Amable GIRARD/Marie-Louise  
JALBERT

m. Oct. 18, 1844, St. Denis,  
Richelieu

8. Augustin GIRARD/Louise CÔTE

m. Oct. 13, 1874, St. Denis,  
Richelieu

9. Alderic GIRARD/Amelia  
FREDETTE

m. Nov. 7, 1903, Precious Blood,  
Woonsocket, RI

10. Cecile GIRARD/Aldor A.  
FONTENAULT

m. Nov. 17, 1924, St. Paul's,  
Blackstone, MA

11. Roger A. FONTENAULT/Claire  
VEZINA

m. April 18, 1945, Our Lady of  
 Lourdes, Providence, RI

12. Normand A. FONTENAULT/Marie  
GAGLIARDI

m. April 19, 1980, Blessed Sac-  
rament, Fall River, MA

#### **Bibliography**

1. Jette Dictionnaire Généalogique des Familles du Québec, pp. 499 + 500
2. Drouin pp. 580 + 581
3. Drouin Répertoire des Mariages



These spaces are reserved for your ad!

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# Research on the Library Computers

by: Roger Bartholomy

Over the past few years we have endeavored to provide you with the best possible research material available in CD form. Unfortunately, there wasn't very much data concerning French Canadians.

In the last year and a half, with the purchase of a high speed scanner, we have begun to scan in some of our own repertoires produced over the years. Also, for the better part of the year 2000, we have labored for many hours, scanning, converting and bookmarking the Female Drouins—all 64 volumes. This project took from April to December 2000 to complete. Thousands of volunteer hours went into this project; and to those who helped us bookmark all 32,192 pages, I want to say "Thank you for your help". Without you, this project would have dragged on for many more months.

While the library was closed during the Christmas vacation, we took the opportunity to upgrade our main computer at the library adding many repertoires and databases that belong to the society. Many thanks to our computer guru, Gerald CONSTANTINEAU, who has upgraded our current system and has been instrumental in maintaining the various society computers so that everything flows smoothly.

We realized that we would have to add a lot more data to this unit in order to entice members to attempt to use these new-fangled inventions. In the past few weeks I have noticed an increase in the activity with the computer (finally). It's my hope that in the future many of you will be clamoring to be the next one on the computer.

The following is a listing of the new data added to the library computers to assist you in your research. The programs are menu driven and simple even for the novice.

**Surname Variations ('dit' Names):** Also available on our website "dit" Names etc. by Rita Elise PLOURDE. There are two reasons why there are so many variant spellings of some names. First, many of the citizens of the 1600-1800's were illiterate. Few could sign their names. The priests, seminarians, missionaries, monks and nuns were the most educated groups in the citizenry. Only an elite few were educated beyond what we, today, would consider a basic elementary education.

Consequently, many of the clerics & notaries, who under the French system of administration were charged with recording "vital statistics" wrote the names as they knew them to be in

France, as immigrants/colonists signed them, or as they heard them (phonetically). That is why one sees Garau, Garrault, Gareau, Garo, etc... even amongst the sons of a particular ancestor. A good example are the descendants of Louis HOUDE...some of the variant spellings found are: Houd, Houle, Ould, Houde, Hood, etc.

The second reason for variant spellings is: As the colonists migrated within Nouvelle France/New France & eventually beyond the areas of French-speaking Canada (ex. to current-day USA, the Caribbean, the West Indies, etc.) recorders of "vital statistics" who were not French speakers, usually spelled names phonetically, or changed them because they didn't have a clue how to write them. (Ex. Rochefort became Rushfort in the Carolinas, Champagne became Shampang, Thibodeaux became Thibodo, or Tibodo. LeBrun was changed to Brown & Leblanc to White, etc.etc.)

The "dit" names have an interesting origin. The English translation of "dit" is "said". The Colonists of Nouvelle France added "dit" names as distinguishers. A settler might have wanted to differentiate their family from their siblings by taking a "dit" name that described the locale to which they had relocated ( ex: since the Colonists followed the customs of the French feudal system, land was divided amongst the first born sons [primogeniture] . Soon there was not enough land to divide any further. Perhaps an adventurous younger son would decide to establish himself, with or without a family, in another area... say a fertile piece of land near some streams... he might add

des ruisseaux (streams/creeks/rivulets) to distinguish himself from his brothers. When he married, or died, his name might be listed as Houde dit DesRuisseaux, or Desruisseau(s).

The acquiring of a "dit" name might also be the result of a casual adoption, whereby the person wanted to honor the family who had raised them. Another reason was also to distinguish themselves by taking as a "dit" name the town or village in France from which they originated... ex: Huret dit Rochefort.

The American-French Genealogical Society web site has a large listing of Surname Variations and "dit" names. A number of people have identified surname variations that we do not have on the site and have submitted them to us for inclusion in our listing. We are in the process of updating the listing and would like to include as many names as possible that we are missing. If you are aware of any surname variation which we do not have on the website please fill out the form on line at <http://www.afgs.org/ditnames/surnafrm1.html> or mail them to us at:

Name Variations  
C/O AFGS  
PO Box 830  
Woonsocket, RI 02895-870

We are looking for the original name and the different variations also what is the source for the change. Please include an E-mail address if you have one so that we could contact you if there is a question.

**The Rhode Island Cemetery**

**Project:** Which lists all the cemeteries in the state of Rhode Island. The society took part in and continues to record all of the deaths and stone information from all of the Woonsocket cemeteries and the surrounding communities, (Cumberland, Lincoln, Ashton ) to name a few. For as small a state as RI is, it was a very large undertaking. This project was started in Woonsocket in 1992 by our former president, Roger BEAUDRY, and his friend and our Editor of the JMS, Paul DELISLE. Because of the sale of my former employers business, I found myself with some spare time on my hands; and so my wife Sylvia and I spent the whole summer of 1993 working in Precious Blood Cemetery. There are over 20,000 people buried in this cemetery alone. In addition to the names on the stones, the transcription also lists the size, shape and condition of the tombstone. For many of us it didn't end there.

We also got permission from the cemetery caretakers to copy their records and we were able to supplement the data because all names are not necessarily placed on the markers, there's usually more people buried there than are recorded on the stone. Also, many of these records were checked at City Hall so that we could "fill in the blanks". This is a wonderful source of information. This modified database, which can also be accessed online but does not contain the stone information, can be found at: <http://www.rootsweb.com/~rigenweb/>

**The Jesuit Relations.** Due to the generosity of one of our members (in memory of her parents), we were able

to locate and purchase one of the rare sets of books (74 of them) still in existence appropriately named "The Jesuit Relations". Spanning some forty years and constituting a lengthy, continuous commentary on the history of the time, it offers us a rich and impressive historical documentation. So naturally questions flow out of our curiosity: What are these *Jesuit Relations*? When did they begin? Who wrote them, and why? Are they still available today?

The first *Relation*, composed by the Jesuit Paul LE JEUNE at Quebec on August 28th, 1632, was sent to his superior in France, Father Barthelemy JACQUINOT, as a report of his trip to the New World. It was intended to be a private report between the missionary and his superior, the Provincial in Paris. Such reports were *de rigueur* in the Jesuit tradition of open and helpful communication, considered so necessary by Ignatius LOYOLA the founder of the Jesuits.

**Structure of the Relations:** Relations or reports, then, were simply the annual communications of the superior in Quebec to his higher superior, the Provincial in Paris. The *Relation* from Canada would be made up of various written reports and letters, as well as oral observations, that had come from Jesuit missionaries in the field. These would be edited to some extent by the Quebec superior, put in some kind of order and then, along with anything added by the superior himself, would be sent by ship to the Provincial in France.

From time to time, excerpts of these Relations will be printed in our

publication *Je Me Souviens*. Look for them, as they are very interesting.

### **Tanguay Dictionaries: Le**

**Tanguay:** The proper title is "Dictionnaire Généalogique des Familles Canadiennes." Abbé Cyprien TANGUAY searched every known parish register in Quebec province and accumulated more than 250,000 acts of baptisms and marriages. He published all these records in seven volumes containing 4,400 pages about 100 years ago. These seven volumes are still one of the standard references of French-Canadian genealogy. Volume One covers the years 1608 through 1700. Volumes Two through Seven cover the years 1701 through 1760. A few families are continued through 1800, and a very few are even covered up to 1880. As you might guess from the title, all the volumes are in French. However, an English speaker will still be able to read most of the information with only an occasional glance at a French-to-English dictionary.

**Our own Red Drouin CD:** Red or little (*rouge* or *petit*) Drouin. The early marriages were published in a three volume set called the "Red Drouin" from the color of its cover or "petit Drouin" from its number of volumes. The correct title is "Dictionnaire National des Canadiens Français (1608-1760)". It was first produced in 1958 and then republished in 1965. In following years (1978, 1979 and 1985) appendices with corrections were added.

This set contains the index to marriages for the period indicated in the title. Territory covered besides those areas included within the modern borders of Quebec are Acadia and some of

the upper northeast U.S. states where the French settled. It is a reliable secondary source for the areas covered by the microfilm of original records but less so for Acadia where Drouin relied on the work of others or made a separate entry for parents of parties in the registers where the marriage of the parents themselves are not found. In these cases, the dates of the parents' marriage is left blank or approximated and the location is the parish of residence given on the marriage record of the child from one of the microfilmed registers.

Indexed alphabetically by grooms, each entry will also state the name of the bride, the parents of both parties, the marriage location and date, if known. Sometimes if the marriage record was not found but the details of the marriage contract was known, Drouin gave the date of the contract and the name of the notary in whose records the full text can be found. For the first progenitor of the name to arrive in Canada, it lists the town of origin in France or other European country (e.g. England or Belgium) as well as occupation of the bridegroom. It will also tell you if the new immigrant was a soldier in the Carignan-Salieres Regiment with the name of his company commander.

The third & fourth volumes (are in French & English respectively) this set discusses the history of some of the significant ancient French founders of our country, such as Louis HEBERT, Guillaume COUILLARD and the forefather of Wilfrid LAURIER. These "petite histoires" often include pictures of family crests and monuments.

**Female Drouin Series (Orange Drouin):** This dictionary lists the same marriage information found in the Blue Drouin; however, it is listed alphabetically by the bride rather than the groom. There are two parts to this set. The first part is for the years 1760-1880 and the second part covers 1880-1945.

This CD can be accessed exclusively on the AFGS computer at the Library. The creation of this CD was a major undertaking which began in April 2000, when over 32,000 pages and more 1,000,000 marriages from 1760 to 1945 were scanned. These pages are accessible via Adobe Acrobat and are bookmarked alphabetically. This was a major undertaking which started last April with the scanning of the 64 volumes and culminated at the end of December 2000 with the bookmarking project. Our special thanks go out to the many volunteers who spent many hours indexing and bookmarking this data.

**PERSI: The Periodical Source Index** is the largest and most widely used index of articles from genealogy and history periodicals in the world. Created by the Allen County Public Library in Ft. Wayne, Indiana, this annually updated database is renowned as a key to superior genealogical research. There is an amazing amount of knowledge published in periodicals every year. PERSI brings it to light. The complete 32-volume set, updated in May 2000, is now remarkably easy to use on a single CD-ROM that is searchable with the advanced tools of AncestryView. This new version adds 200,000 entries, bringing the total to 1.5 million.

For many years, an index to periodical articles has been published by the Allen County Public Library (of Fort Wayne, Indiana). PERSI is an index to articles published in most genealogy and local history periodicals written in English (and some French-Canadian) since 1800. The index includes references to over one million articles in nearly 4000 separate titles (some of which have hundreds of issues published). Every article is listed according to locality, family (surname), and/or record type. The published index is over 32 volumes.

PERSI contains citations which are index references to specific articles. Each PERSI entry gives the title of the article, name of the periodical, volume and issue number in which the article appeared, the date it was published. PERSI does not contain the actual article, but rather is only an index to tell you that there was an article published and which magazine it appeared in. Once you know when and where the article appeared, you can visit a library to read the actual article.

The index currently refers to: 440,164 articles dealing with specific families, 547,680 articles concerning U.S. localities, 21,535 articles on Canadian localities, 40,078 articles covering international localities, and 18,194 articles on research methodology (how to do genealogy research). Topics of articles include bible records, probates, family histories, farms or estates, obituaries, Revolutionary War soldiers, and nearly all types of records in the U.S.

PERSI is a massive index of ar-

ticles written about genealogy and local history. It cites U.S. and Canadian materials written in English and French since 1800, with some additional materials going back into the 1700s and additional foreign materials. PERSI includes articles from almost 5,000 different periodicals, and is arranged in several index arrangements: locality, surname, and record type (or research area).

PERSI has been around for some time, and has been most commonly found in larger public, academic, and genealogical libraries whose budget accommodated the purchase of the massive printed volumes (32 at last report) or microfilmed version. In 1997, the Allen County Public Library Foundation and Ancestry.com, Inc., joined together to produce PERSI in a database format, available on a single CD-ROM. Finally, PERSI was available in a fully searchable database at a price that smaller libraries and individuals could afford. In addition, the commitment was made that PERSI would be updated annually. The PERSI database is presented and searchable using a product called Folio Bound VIEWS, a powerful database management tool. As mentioned before, PERSI is searchable in a variety of ways. With more and more resources becoming available electronically, our research opportunities continue to expand. Having PERSI available on CD-ROM makes periodicals research a snap.

If you haven't investigated the magazines, journals, and other genealogical periodicals indexed by PERSI, you may just be missing the most important clues available for some of your family history research. They may pro-

vide you with new leads to help you break through some dead ends.

**PRDH: Le Programme de Recherche en Démographie Historique (PRDH).** In 1966, the *Programme de recherche en démographie historique* (PRDH, Research Programme in Historical Demography) at the *Université de Montréal* undertook the exhaustive reconstruction of the population of Quebec from the beginnings of French colonization in the seventeenth century. This objective has been realized in the form of a computerized population register, composed of biographical files on all individuals of European ancestry who lived in the St. Lawrence Valley. The file for each individual gives the date and place of birth, marriage(s), and death, as well as family and conjugal ties with other individuals. This basic information is complemented by various socio-demographic characteristics drawn from documents: socio-professional status and occupation, ability to sign his or her name, place of residence, and, for immigrants, place of origin.

Over the years, the PRDH register has become an evolutionary and multi-purpose data base, available for queries regarding various human populations in general and that of Quebec in particular. It is a truly interdisciplinary information system. Created to provide demographic data, this remarkable tool has been used for a wide variety of research projects involving scholars from many disciplines – history, medicine, linguistics, anthropology, biology, genetics, and genealogy.

The project relies basically on

exhaustive gathering of data from the parish registers of old Quebec. By systematic attribution of baptism, marriage, and burial certificates to the respective individuals – a “family reconstitution” made on the basis of names and family ties – people are identified and their biographies established. PRDH’s data base, covering the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, thus contains the personal history of the Quebec ancestors of all French- Canadians.

### **Maine Marriages 1892-1966:**

All 625,000 marriages performed in Maine in this 75-year period are included here - over 1¼ million Mainers! With 2% of the population marrying each year, virtually the entire population of Maine appears here during the 2½ generations covered. It gives the date of marriage and the names and residences of both parties. An interpretive Introduction by Lewis Bunker Rohrbach CG shows you unexpected and valuable ways to use this comprehensive list of marriages in your research, and tells how to order copies of the very detailed original marriage records.

Many CD’s from Automated Archives: Social Security Data; Census records; Family Pedigrees; Master Name Index; Census Indexes from Me, Il. IA, MI, MN, MO, WI & NY; Marriages Indexes AL, SC, GA, MD, NC, VA, AR, MS, MO, TX, IL, IA; Royal Houses of Europe; Colonial America Pre-1790’s; Pioneers from France to Canada. Also, many of our own repertoires.

**Marriages of the following churches:**

Our Lady Of Victories,  
Woonsocket, RI

Our Lady Queen of Martyrs,  
Woonsocket, RI

Precious Blood, Woonsocket, RI  
St Agatha, Woonsocket, RI  
St Joseph, N. Grosvenordale, CT  
St. Joseph, Woonsocket, RI  
St. Theresa, Blackstone, MA  
St Theresa, Nasonville, RI

### **Births/Baptisms:**

Precious Blood, Woonsocket, RI

And more yet to come... The Male Drouins. We have just started to scan the next set of 32,000 + pages, after which they will be bookmarked... look for this project to be completed sometime in the year 2002.

We envision that soon you will be able to do most of your research from the computer as we intend to add all of our own repertoires that we have published and also we will be adding our Brides & Milestones volumes along with the Obit records that have been arranged throughout all these years by Armand and the late Mary Letourneau. If you feel there is something that should be available on the PC please drop us a line at [rogerafgs@afgs.org](mailto:rogerafgs@afgs.org). Thanks to the generosity of Mr & Mrs Eric Robichaud, (owners of Rhode Island Soft Systems, a nationally recognized company based in Woonsocket [www.risoftsystems.com](http://www.risoftsystems.com)), we will be adding a second computer to our research area. You might recognize one of their creations, the “dancing macaroni” screen saver, dancing to the tune of “The Macarena”.

# Excess Book Listing

Two years ago, we purchased the inventory of books owned by the former Drouin Institute. Like most collections purchased in one lot, there were books which we already owned. The following contains the titles of those duplicates. If you are looking to purchase a particular repertoire, please take a few minutes to look over this listing. Some of these books may be out of print and available nowhere else at this time.

All books are in fair to good condition unless otherwise indicated. Bear in mind that there is only one of each title, and they will be sold strictly on a first come, first served basis.

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### Quotations from Famous Sources

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— Johnny Carson

A slipping sear could let your M203 grenade launcher fire when you least expect it. That would make you quite unpopular in what's left of your unit.

— In the August 1993 issue, page 9, of PS magazine, the U.S. Army's magazine of preventive maintenance

Suppose you were an idiot. And suppose you were a member of Congress. But I repeat myself.

— Mark Twain

Don't worry about temptation – as you grow older, it starts avoiding you

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**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.



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has a new  
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*Please use this address whenever you  
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# Index To This Issue

## Volume 24, Number1, Spring 2001

### A

ADAM, Louise 57  
 ADAM, Marie Louise  
 60  
 ADAMS, John 15  
 AMHERST, General  
 10  
 AMIOT, Athanase 48  
 ARCHAMBAULT,  
 Marie-Josephine  
 81  
 ARNOLD, Benedict  
 16  
 AUBE, Marie-Anne  
 48  
 AUTIN, François 53

### B

BARBIER, Louis 14  
 BARRETTE, Alida  
 59  
 BARRETTE,  
 Alphonsine 57  
 BARRETTE, Denis  
 59  
 BARRETTE, Henri  
 59  
 BARRETTE, Joseph  
 57  
 BARRETTE, Joseph  
 E. 60

BARRETTE, Leonce  
 59  
 BARRETTE, Zenon  
 57  
 BEAUDREAU,  
 Josephine 22  
 BELANGER, Georges  
 67  
 BERTHIER,  
 Alexander 8  
 BISSONETTE,  
 Charles Arthur  
 73  
 BOSNERDE, Marie  
 81  
 BOUCHARD, Michel  
 53  
 BOUCHER, Jean-  
 Galeran 53  
 BRADDOCK, Gen-  
 eral 10  
 BUADE, Louis de 55

### C

CADIEU, Marie 81  
 CANTIN, Charles 70  
 CARLETON, Guy 15  
 CARPENTIER,  
 Therese 17  
 CARROL, Charles 16  
 CASGRAIN, Abbé  
 54

CASGRAIN, Paul-  
 Henri 55  
 CHARDONNET,  
 Charles 70  
 CHEVALIER,  
 Catherine 7  
 CHOQUET, Marie-  
 Monique 81  
 CLAVEAU, Marie-  
 Louise 67  
 COLON, Jean-  
 Baptiste 48  
 CORRIVEAU,  
 Victoria 67  
 CÔTE, Louise 81  
 COUILLARD,  
 Guillaume 86  
 COURTHIAU, Pierre-  
 Noel 9  
 CROFF, E. 54  
 CUTHBERT, James  
 13, 15

### D

DANCAUSE, Pierre  
 53  
 de LANAUDIÈRE,  
 Charles 15  
 de TONNANCOURT,  
 Godefroi 15  
 DeGUIRE, Alexandre  
 67

DeMARCE, Virginia  
69  
DESCHAMPS, Jean-  
Baptiste 54  
DUBÉ, Mathurin 53  
DUCHARME, Joseph  
67

## F

FONTENAULT,  
Aldor 81  
FONTENAULT,  
Normand 81  
FONTENAULT,  
Roger 81  
FORGET, Marie 14  
FRANCOEUR,  
Michel 48  
FRANKLIN, Ben-  
jamin 16  
FRASER, Barbara 68  
FREDETTE, Amelia  
81  
FRICHET, Jean-  
Baptiste 14  
FRICHET, Marie-  
Louise 14  
FRONTENAC, Count  
8

## G

GAGE, General 11  
GAGLIARDI, Marie  
81  
GAGNON, Joseph  
Aime, 22  
GENEREUX, Pierre  
14  
GIRARD, Alderic  
77, 78, 81

GIRARD, Amable 81  
GIRARD, Amelia 78  
GIRARD, Augustin  
81  
GIRARD, Aurora 79  
GIRARD, Cecile  
79, 81  
GIRARD, Doris 79  
GIRARD, Eugene 79  
GIRARD  
FONTENAULT,  
Cecile 77  
GIRARD, Jacques 81  
GIRARD, Joseph 81  
GIRARD, Marie 67  
GIRARD, Pierre-  
Jacques 81  
GIRARD, Rena 79  
GIRARD, Rene 81  
GIRARD, Robert 79  
GIRARD, Theodore  
79

GOGUET, Michel-  
Amedée 48  
GOYETTE,  
Geneviève 48  
GOYETTE, Marie 48  
GRATIOT, Françoise  
81  
GUI, Joseph 48  
GUI, Nicholas 48  
GUILBEAU, Louis  
14

## H

HEBERT, Louis 86  
HEBERT, Marie 58  
HODIESNE,  
Catherine 48  
HODIESNE, Gervais  
48

HOUDE, Louis 84  
HUDON, Paul-Henry  
54  
HUDON, Pierre 53

## J

JACQUES, Pierre 69  
JACQUINOT,  
Barthelemy 85  
JALBERT, Marie-  
Louise 81  
JOYAL, Olivine 48

## L

LABERGE, Catherine  
48  
LAFOND, Marie-  
Anne 48  
LALIBERTE,  
Guillaume 48  
LALIBERTE, Michel  
48  
LAREAU, Marguerite  
48  
LAROC, Elisabeth 17  
LAROCQUE, Elis-  
abeth 8  
LASAISE, Marie-  
Agathe 14  
LATOUR, Antoine 14  
LATOUR, Pierre 7  
LATOUR, Pierre-  
Simon 14  
LAURIER, Wilfrid  
86  
LAVOIE, Jean 53  
Le Boutillier, Oliver  
Colin 73  
LE JEUNE, Paul 85  
LEBLANC, Ismael  
67

L'ETAGE, Pierre 9  
 LÉVESQUE, Robert 53  
 LIZOTTE, Guillaume 53  
 LOYOLA, Ignatius 85  
 Lussier, Emile John 74  
**M**  
 MAILLOT, Catherine 48  
 Mary, Elise  
     BLANCETTE 22  
 McCRAW, Duncan 69  
 MENARD, Jean-Baptiste 48  
 Mère Juchereau de Saint-Ignace 54  
 MEUNIER, Marie-Anne 48  
 MICHELANGELO 55  
 MIGNEE/MEUNIER, Joseph 48  
 MONTGOMERY, General 15  
 MORISSET, Onesime 67  
 MORRISON, Barbara 69  
 MORRISON, Catherine 69  
 MORRISON, Hector 68  
 MORRISON, William 69  
 MORRISONNE, Barbe 68

**N**  
 NADEAU-MUNIER, François 69  
**O**  
 OUELLET, René 53  
**P**  
 PARENT, Andriane 78  
 PARKMAN, Francis 13  
 PELLERIN, Albert Ernest 22  
 PELLERIN, David 22  
 PELLERIN, Marie Louise 22  
 PELLETIER, Jean 53  
 PELLETIER, Noël 53  
 PETIT, Elie 67  
 PETIT, Marie-Françoise 81  
 PHIPPS, William 53  
 Pineau, Cleo Francis 74  
 PLOUFE, Jean 7  
 PLOUFE, Louis 7  
 PLOUFE, Marie-Louise 7  
 POOR, Richard 77  
 PREAU, Marguerite 48  
 PROVOST, Sophie 67  
**R**  
 RENA, Selina 67

RENAUD, Emma 67  
 RICARD, Addee 67  
 RIVARD, Julie 69  
 RIVIERE, Genevieve 14  
 RIVIERE, Jean-Baptiste 14  
 ROI, Marie 48  
 ROUSSEAU, Jean-Baptiste 69  
**S**  
 SPENARD, Antoine 70  
 ST.-PIERRE, Pierre 53  
 SURPRENANT, Philias 67  
**T**  
 TAILLON, François 55  
 TANGUAY, Cyprien 86  
 TERRIEUR, Pierre 54  
 TRUCHON, Marie 7  
 TURCOTTE, Pierre 68  
 TUREOT, Alexis 14  
**V**  
 VAUDREUIL, Governor 10  
 VEZINA, Claire 81  
**W**  
 WAIT, James 48  
 WOLFE, James 54

# PARTING SHOTS

**Paul P. Delisle, Editor**

We have a problem! I'm referring to the Editor of this publication, and also to our readers. This was a very difficult issue to put together. The difficulty is not the quality of contributions, but with their number.

Over the past two years, the number of contributions of articles has diminished a great deal. *Je Me Souviens* exists for our members. It is an opportunity for our members to share their research with other members and institutions throughout the world.

As I write this, it is nearing the end of March. This issue should have been in the print shop three weeks ago. What has happened? Why have we had to fill up space with reprints from past issues. The same thing has happened to the Editor of *AFGNews*, the Society's bi-monthly newsletter. No contributions!

If this continues, two things are going to happen: *Je Me Souviens* will be cut down in the number of pages; and it will be an *annual* publication. The Editor will benefit – We will have our workload cut in half. The membership will be the losers. *Je Me Souviens* is an outlet for our members' research. We urge you to contribute to this publication. *Je Me Souviens* exists solely for our members.

In other matters: Beginning with this issue we are including a chapter of the *Jesuit Relations*. This ancient history of French Canada was only available in a few libraries in the United States, and of course it was written in French. We have been made aware of an English translation on the Internet, and we will publish it here for the benefit of those members who are not on line.

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An eight-year-old boy approached an old man in front of a wishing well, looked up into his eyes, and asked, "I understand you're a very wise man. I'd like to know the secret of life."

The old man looked down at the youngster and replied, "I've thought a lot in my lifetime, and the secret can be summed up in four words.

The first is *think*. Think about the values you wish to live your life by.

The second is *believe*. Believe in yourself based on the thinking you've done about the values you're going to live your life by.

The third is *dream*. Dream about the things that can be, based on your belief in yourself and the values you're going to live by.

The last is *dare*. Dare to make your dreams become reality, based on your belief in yourself and your values."

And with that, Walter E. Disney said to the little boy, "Think, Believe, Dream, and Dare. When you make your life a vision, you will see an abundance of blessings."

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