

Les Chabotteries

Association des Chabot

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*The lost diamond
From first essays ... to the finished work... (to read in page 8)*

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Mailing Address :

P.O. Box 10090, Succ. Sainte-Foy

Québec QC G1V 4C6

Web site : www.webchabot.com

The deadline for submission of texts destined for the next issue is April 15 2013.

EDITORIAL TEAM :

Coordination, graphic design and layout :

Marcel Chabot

Telephone : 450 960-1197, 450 750-4874 (cell.)

Revision team : Claude Chabot, Diane Chabot-Pard, Jean-Louis Chabot, André Goggin et Maryo Tremblay

Translators : Jean-Luc Bilodeau, Jean-Nil Chabot, JoAn Easton Marchese

Collaborators for this issue:

- **Claude Chabot** (1)
- **Marcel Chabot** (96)
- **Nathalie Chabot**
- **André Goggin** (85)
- **Maryo Tremblay**(275)

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- **President**
Maryo Tremblay (275) (418) 304-1574
- **Vice-président**
Christian Chabot (269) (418) 883-2893
- **Treasurer**
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Marcel Chabot (96) (450) 960-1197
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Gaétan Chabot (378) (418) 466-2807

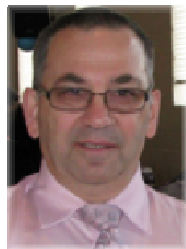
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Summary

President line's.....	3
Editor line's.....	3
Mathurin, serger?.....	4
Some light on the aboriginal Chabots.....	6
The lost diamond.....	8
Did you know?.....	10
Cross of temperance.....	11
From American Dream to Nightmare.....	12
Henri-Louis Chabot, professional photographer.....	14
New service : reminder!.....	15
Coat of Arms.....	16

President line's



Good day to all!

When you read these words, hopefully winter will have been replaced by spring. This is an opportune time to sort out old photos and documents that recall events in our ancestors' lives. We invite you to send these to your Association as it will help us to enlarge the Chabot database. We are also in search of funeral cards, obituaries and bookmarks. If you would like to share any with the Association you can both digitize and scan or snail mail the documents. We will scan them into our database and return them to you unharmed and unchanged.

On another note, some of you may have experienced a recent death in your family; I as well as the administrative council offer our sincere condolences to all who have lost someone dear.

Others may have a new little one that has joined your family; our congratulations to the parents and grandparents. These events too will help to greatly enrich our database.

We have recently created a new membership database (many thanks to Louis Chabot (404) for his work) and we do believe that this new tool will prevent further errors.

In the near future, you will be receiving a membership card with your date of expiration; you will now know in advance when you are due for renewal. We have noted that some members have failed to renew; it is important to do so in a timely fashion in order to maintain the financial health of your Association.

In closing, I would like to thank Claude Chabot, our founder and first president (1) for taking the necessary steps which resulted in the adoption of our Coat of Arms; the official version appears in this edition of the revue.

Chabottement votre,

Maryo Tremblay, President

Editor lines's



Greetings!

I think it's great and exciting! Those of our colleagues who occupy much of their time digging out our roots never end making discoveries on the descendants of Mathurin and Marie Mésangé. We find them everywhere, the representatives of the Chabot family. They all practice trades and professions and make their mark wherever they lived.

However, and this is a trait that characterizes them, they do not flaunt their talent or success. To discover their art, their dedication, their courage, or their success, one must search their life, interview their relatives and friends and take time to measure the impact of their actions.

That is the observation I have made when reading the dozens of articles published in *Les Chabotteries* since its beginning. Most of those whose story is told had remained in the shadows, or at least, never sought fame. It seems that they are unaware of their worth, their skills, their talents, their cleverness, their hard work... Their goal is simple: help others, without ostentation or bravado. In their minds, it is their actions rather than recognition that matters.

"Do what you must" they always seem to say, "remain humble and avoid grandstanding". This is the attitude that has prevailed in my own family; the example my parents have given me : to do your best at whatever you do, with honesty, putting all your heart in it... The articles published in the journal *Les Chabotteries* over the years tell me that I am not the only one to have benefited from such example!

I hope that Claude, our president-founder, and Diane, in particular, our enthusiastic and unrelenting researchers, will continue to relate inspiring stories such as those we have read so far and I take this opportunity **to invite our readers to let us know about still other unknown characters, of the past or the present.**

Marcel Chabot

Mathurin, serger?



The census of 1666 indicates that our ancestor Mathurin Chabot was serger¹. Was it truly the case ? Did he exaggerate? Rather, would it not be his spouse, Marie Mésange?

To resolve this enigma, we must go back to the 17th century, while taking into account a social context very different from ours, and the important role played by Jean Talon in the Laurentian colony. One lived then in a society which included social classes and a total absence of democracy; the king was the absolute master.

First, let us ask ourselves what is a serger? The answer is simple, it is someone who makes serge. Serge is a light twilled cloth usually made of wool².

We question especially the fact that we can find no indication that Mathurin had ever been a serger either in the donations made to his sons, or in the legal inventory of his goods consecutive to his death³. If this trade was sufficiently important to be pointed out to Intendant Talon, we should have found in these documents a list of the tools related to this work. Yet, there is nothing; it is an absolute void.

Born in 1637, Mathurin is 29 years old at the time of the census. His beautiful Marie is 23 years of age. The little family is already composed of 3 boys : Michel 3 years old, Joseph almost 2 years old, and Pierre is a baby a few months old⁴.

In the fall of 1665, Mathurin had moved his family from Château-Richer to the Isle of Orleans in the arrière-fief, or tenant fief, of Charny-Lirec in the seigneurie of Beaupré (today St-Pierre).

To better understand the intentions of Louis XIV and the mandates given to the Intendant Jean Talon, there is nothing better than to let Jean Talon put it in his own words. Let us imagine that after having powdered and adjusted his wig, he tells us about the census in his own way.

Louis XIV is my King. I am totally at his service, even though my health leaves much to be desired. He

sends me to New-France with the mandate to change the way things are done in this French colony. My King estimates that the monopoly granted to the Compagnie des Cent-Associés is contrary to the advancement of the country, and he is right. The objective of the shareholders was to make profits, and not to fortify and develop the colony⁵.

Louis XIV is obsessed with building a powerful State. The time of nobility struggles and religious wars is now ended. After the death of cardinal Mazarin, he decided not to replace him and to govern the country himself by surrounding himself with his minister Colbert, from whom I receive my instructions. The King created the French West India Company in 1664. I, along with the governor, will be an essential element of this new entity.

The King decided to modify the commercial régime that existed in New France by putting aside Mercantilism. Mercantilism favored the metropolis (France) and considered the colonies as suppliers of natural resources on one hand, and as markets for manufactured goods on the other hand⁶. The colony must not compete with the mother country for the production of goods that would have harmed French products. To help to acquit the expenses of the colony, importers had to pay a tax of 10%, which resulted in a pair of shoes costing a fortune for the colonists. Neither could massive immigration to New-France be encouraged, as the King did not want to depopulate the old France for the profit of the new⁸.

I am the second Intendant of New-France, but the first to go to Canada. I would like to spread New-France the entire width of the continent to mark the greatness of my King, but he reminds me constantly that he is more interested in the concentration of the population than in its dissemination, which renders the population incapable of defending itself against the Iroquois Indians, our enemies.

I receive my instructions from Colbert. My mandate is not an easy one, even though Colbert gives me a lot of freedom because of the distance. I disembark in Quebec in the fall of 1665 with the mandate to «incite» the inhabitants to commerce to make the colony self sufficient from France, and to let it engage in triangular commerce with our other colo-

nies, the Antilles. I would like to clothe the settlers from head to foot.

From my arrival, I am rushed to put myself to the task. Colbert wants to follow the evolution of the population, as the Cent-Associés are criticized for having neglected the settlement of the colony. His instructions for the month of March 1665 ask me to visit all the households of the colony, one after the other. The task is not easy due to my state of health, but I give myself this as a priority. I disembark at the Isle of Orleans even before arriving in Quebec, to the great displeasure of the elite of Quebec who want to celebrate my arrival. It will wait. This fall, I travel seven leagues through the country going from dwelling to dwelling from the parish of Sainte-Anne-du-Petit-Cap to the one at Notre-Dame-des-Anges where I arrive in Québec on September 12^e. This task will keep me busy during all the winter of 1666, during which time I will visit the Isle of Orleans (from the beginning of January to the end of April), and Quebec. Luckily the ships that arrived this summer brought the first horses to the colony. I would have never succeeded with this census of the country without the presence of these brave beasts that can easily cross the snow-covered fields that separate the homes of the colonists. One day, I will have to think about creating roads, but for now the concessions are too far apart from each other to make it worthwhile. The river is still the best route.

I call my first census the "Roll of Families". I never received any precise instructions. My census of 1666 counts the population by indicating the name, sex, marital status, age, origin in France, profession, and ability to sign their name. We also want to know the number of men capable of bearing arms (16 to 50 years old). According to my census, the population of Canada (the St. Lawrence Valley) would be 3173 people.

At each home, I introduce myself and describe my mandate to develop more commerce in New-France. I look for people who have the talent to ply a trade, and most of all for volunteers to assist me in my project. I understand that because of the anterior policy, none of the inhabitants of the country could exercise commerce here other than the village trades necessary for the first establishment such as those cabinet makers, carpenters, masons, bakers, and butchers. Very few among the others practiced a trade before setting foot here. In the name of the King, I urge all the settlers capable of

helping and ask their collaboration, including women and children. As the husbands are exhausted from their work clearing land and cultivating wheat, the women take care of the brats, the meals, the clothing, the garden and the feeding of chickens, pigs, and the cow. They must surely have a little bit of time. I ask them to sow hemp and make cloth with the wool from our "beasts of wool".

The census of 1666 was not to the taste of Colbert. I had to take it again in 1667. Colbert is more interested in the beasts held by each person and in the areas cultivated. He wants to be able to take away the concession granted to a colonist if he neglects his commitments to clear the land. The concession will be given to a more valiant colonist.

I am retiring now to my cold and humid lodging to finish a report and to be able to remove this wig that itches so much.

Analysis and observations

- The census is well organized. The historians Benjamin Sulte and Marcel Trudel reproduced it and commented¹⁰ on it. An exhaustive review of the census allows us to note that no woman declared a trade or manifested her intention of practicing one (except for two midwives).

- Was Talon misogynous? He stayed a bachelor till his death. Surely he participated in the social activities of the elite of Québec.

- If a woman is not accorded any trade in the census, it is because she has no legal status in this society. Almost all her life she is perceived as a minor. The Coutume de Paris (le Civil Code of the period) stipulated that a woman was under the tutelage of her father till she was 25, then her husband when she left the paternal home. For this reason, even if Marie had learned this trade in France before immigrating here, it was normal for Mathurin to take the credit for it. These are the mores of the times.

- How could Talon verify if the artisan who declared himself to have a trade is still plying this trade here, or if he plied it in France? People surely must have exaggerated, as those who declared having trades are numerous, which is not very credible. Let us remember the long road to learn a trade: apprentice, companion, and finally master. To declare a trade is to elevate yourself a bit higher than those who declare none¹¹. One way or another, the ob-

jective of Talon was clearly to find volunteers for his projects.

· Talon introduced looms for weaving to the colony. He urges the women and children to learn to spin, and he entrusts to Mother Marie of the Incarnation of the Congregation of the Ursulines the task of teaching not only to the Frenchwomen, but also to the «savages»¹².

· The sheep, these 'beasts of wool', are rare in the colony. Colbert limits the expeditions to New-France and Talon forbids eating them.

· In spite of the great ambitions of Talon, commerce will not take the desired expansion. After his return to France in 1672, New-France loses its ambassador and its greatest entrepreneur. Les preoccupations of King Louis XIV turn completely from the colonies to the European continent. His ambitions of grandeur lead him into European wars and to the construction of the chateau of Versailles.



Jean-Talon

Photo : Jean Gagnon

deur lead him into European wars and to the construction of the chateau of Versailles.

· The American colonies will easily surpass New-France in its development; their populations are concentrated to the east of the Appalachians, and their religions are more favorable to commercial practices.

· In conclusion, we can only try to reconstruct the most likely scenario starting from the facts. Mathurin was probably not in all likelihood a serger. Maybe his spouse Marie had learned to

spin or weave in France. We will never know. One thing is for sure, she did not practice this trade other than for her family, the census of 1667 indicates only three cattle for the Chabot family¹³.

André Goggin

Notes and references

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8. DICTIONNAIRE BIOGRAPHIQUE DU CANADA en ligne – Jean Talon.
9. TRUDEL, Marcel, *La population du Canada en 1666*, cité plus haut, p. 38.
10. TRUDEL, Marcel, *La population du Canada en 1666*, cité plus haut et Benjamin SULTE, cité à la note 13.
11. TRUDEL, Marcel. *Histoire de la Nouvelle-France*, p. 303.
12. TRUDEL, Marcel. *Histoire de la Nouvelle-France*, p. 418.
13. SULTE, Benjamin, *Histoire des Canadiens-Français 1608-1880*. Wilson & Cie, Montréal, 1882, p. 71.

The author desires to thank JoAn Gregory Easton Marchese for her excellent English translation destined to our members outside of Quebec.

Some light on the aboriginal Chabots...



Since my very first step in the quest for my roots, the same question has been coming back to me: "Do the Chabots have any blood relationship with the Aboriginal peoples?" "Well, yes, they do. But only with the wives of Chabots."

In particular, many are questioning about the son of Mathurin, Pierre, who had married an Indian, Symphorose Tapakoé, from whom he had two children, a daughter and a son, the latter having himself fathered two daughters. Remarried to a Quebec woman after the death of his first wife, Pierre died in Kaskaskia, Illinois.

Many people have asked me if John David Chabot, the hockey player who played for the Montreal Canadiens, was a descendant of our common ancestor. Well no! He was the son of Clarence John Chabot, an Algonquin from Maniwaki, commander in the Canadian army. Recently I took myself to Maniwaki and visited the Interpretation Center of their community, which is truly splendid. I also visited the old cemetery and had the chance to chat with several people in the village. I came to the conclusion that new lineages of Chabots had appeared in Canada in the past. It was said that residential schools administered by different churches were responsible for changing the surnames of their students, probably supported in this by the Canadian government, in order to facilitate their assimilation. But, even more certain, the aboriginal people, having no surnames in their indigenous society, were assigned some at their baptism or registration.

I discovered, at the entrance to City Hall, a plaque with the name of Chief Jean-Baptiste Chabot, whose real Indian surname was Kaponicinou or Capuneshing. He had been Algonquin chief at three stages of his life; from 1920 to 1924, from 1924 to 1927 and from 1939 to 1951. He had also been part of the League of Indian Nations who negoti-



ated the rights of their people with the Government of Canada.

I also found the names of a Mohawk leader, from Sharbot Lake, named Francis Sharbot and that of his great grandson, Cecil Sharbot, who also was chief as you can see from his picture.

What is more difficult to establish clearly in this research is the original spelling of Indian or even Quebecois names. In the early days, as the Aborigenes were mostly nomads who changed territory at the whim of seasons, many could not write and therefore mixed or amalgamated different languages, French, English and Indian.

For example, we find variety of spellings for the name Chabot: Schaubut - Schabot - Shabbot - Chabott - Schabitt - Shabot - Sharbot - Charbut - Chabotte - Sharbot's - Jabot - Jabotte.

Remarkably, we also find in the United States notable differences in spelling the names of the Mathurin Chabot's descendants who settled there at the time of the great exile of the late nineteenth century.

I hope that in this short text, I have been able to answer a number of questions from our readers.

Claude Chabot



The lost diamond



After reading the article by Isabelle Chabot, a journalist with *L'Actuel du Québec Hebdo* newspaper, about an exhibition by the artist Nathalie Chabot, I went to meet the latter at the *Maison O'Neill*, art gallery in Quebec City, where her artwork was on exhibition.

A surprise awaited me when I read the description of one of her paintings entitled *The Lost Diamond* ("Le Diamant perdu")

Claude Chabot

Here is the beginning of the story told by the artist...

In the years 1895-96, Gaudias Fecteau built this house for Séraphine Berthiaume, before their marriage. It was built on one of the lands that belonged to his parents. This couple had three children: two died and one girl survived (Yvonne Fecteau). After the death of Gaudias in 1899, Seraphine remarried on September 29, 1902 with Joseph Chabot.

Four children were born from this union, Bernadette, Joseph II, Paul-Eugène and Alexander.

The summer kitchen was built in 1945, this is the place which was inhabited by my aunt and her brother Alexandre. My great-grandmother left a portion of this land to her son Joseph, my grandfather, so as to build his own home on it and raise his 16 children including my father Laurent.

The story of the painting entitled *The Lost Diamond* begins with the loss of the diamond on my wedding ring. It is a little later than I got the idea to paint the ancestral home that I used to see on my way back from school when I was a child. Sometimes I dreamed of visiting this house but it never happened. As I walked in front of it, I dreamed about it but I would go on my way home for dinner or do my homework. In 2008, I received a newspaper article from the Charlesbourg Art Society about an art ex-

hibition to be held that summer and which theme was: "Tell me a story about... Quebec " to mark the 400th anniversary of Quebec City. So I asked my father to help me reconstruct the image of the ancestral Chabot Berthiaume house. The work was not without difficulty, because when I outlined a sketch I sent to my father who emailed it back me with alterations and corrections. After some back and forth, I started to work to paint a canvas reconstructed from the memories of my father.

During the time that the experiment lasted, my father was not often at home so I had to call him to have further details on chimneys, windows and trees and plants that were in front of the house. I was fortunate to have the consent of my father before putting the painting on the display at the exhibition. But I needed a title. Despite some suggestions that opposed it, I still decided to keep the one that first came to my mind: "The diamond lost.". Lost, because in 1985, the city of Charlesbourg decided to allow firefighters to make fire drills and the house was one of those that were chosen to be part of their exercises.

The art work was then exhibited in June 2008 at the art gallery Magella-Paradis located in Charlesbourg, in the Trait-Carré.

In 2009, in May, a young man from the town of Lotretteville gave me a form so that I register for the art work contest of the city of Quebec. I talked about it with my family and also with my friend Sylvie. All advised me to sign in for the competition with *The Lost Diamond* and with two other paintings, one entitled *Looking Toward Quebec City* and the other «From 1805 to 1810, the Martello Tower in Quebec». It was on June 12, 2009 when I sent images of the paintings on the website of the city. On July 22, the day of the death of my brother Guy, I received confirmation that I was selected as a finalist for the contest with the painting *The Lost Diamond*. My heart jumped up and, in my surprise, I thought it was an error. After reading the letter several times, I realized

that I would receive the time and place where to bring the canvas the following September 14, a Monday. I went to drop it at the City Hall with my mother because I had had surgery recently and I was not allowed to lift anything. We left the painting at the City Hall that day, but I had to return the same week, on September 17, for the announcement of the winner. I returned that day while my mom stayed with our daughter for dinner. Upon our arrival, I was handed a corsage and this is where I was directed to the room. I felt very small, the corridor seemed very big and tall but it was the white marble floor that caught my eye. It's great to go to a place as beautiful: pristine white tiles, sublime decoration, and large doors with tinted shades of burnt sienna. I heard voices while I was following the lady who invited me to enter the room on the ground floor. I was nervous because I was late: I was expected before the unveiling of the winner for my district. My cheeks were red, nervousness came over me, but fortunately my husband stood by my side. I crossed the main doors of the room where the previous Monday, I had left my paintings. Some people were watching me, and then they turned back to the person who was naming the winners of the borough of Charlesbourg. Then it was the turn of the Borough of La Haute-Saint-Charles, because we had warned them of my arrival.

In alphabetical order, the nominees are Nathalie Chabot, Marie-Claude Gendron and Robert Pelley and the winner is... Nathalie Chabot for *The Lost Diamond*. People applauded wildly, but as I was the last to arrive and I am not a fast walker, I was in the back of the room. My shyness prevented me to ask people to move aside. Emotions came to my eyes. Yep! Tears, oh! No! I knew I had lost control over myself. My husband cheered me and people turned around to look at me. And then began what I found to be the longest walk because I had to go forward through a guard of honor while people on all sides around me were applauding me. All I could say then, because I had no idea that I could be the winner, was this one simple sentence: "All I can say is THANK YOU, thank you!". The tears did not stop and I wanted to stop, but nothing worked. At that time a

picture of me with Mr. Verret was taken. I went to a corner of the room to calm down and the people were nice and congratulated me. I was happy but I was crying without control over my feelings. My husband Richard was thrilled and tried in many ways to calm me down.

I had to have a picture of me taken at least two other times: a group photo of the winning artists and also, I believe, at the time of signing the guestbook for the city of Quebec. The one that was taken when I received this great prize, alongside Mr. Verret, is the fondest memory of that day. I always have with me but it is a copy of this unique moment.

A space was kept in the Guestbook for our signature. One of the winners then commented: "Yes, we will put our signature in the same book as Celine Dion and Paul McCartney!". My tears then came back to the surface and I struggled to sign. After that, I called my mother and this is when she asked why I was crying. She then understood my explanation.

When I arrived home, I told my in-laws about the prize that I had won but, to my dismay, tears still flooded my cheeks. Then it was the turn of my father who pushed me since my childhood to do what I dreamed of doing in this life in order to take my place in the world. He consoled me and congratulated me at the same time. That night I had trouble sleeping because the tears came to the surface all the time. In the morning, I noticed a large wet circle on my pillow: I had cried in my sleep. It is odd what a happy event can produce after surgery.

The paintings were exhibited in seven districts of the city of Quebec in 2009 and 2010. Mine was exhibited on the chimney of the "Trait-Carré" art gallery. I have a photograph of this exhibition.

In 2012, I was offered a solo exhibition space at "Maison O'Neill" art gallery. Mr. Christian Labbé (the Chairman of the Board) asked me during our first

meeting if I could bring my winning painting for this exhibit. I agreed. This is what I do with this painting as I am writing this article. It is part of my exhibition "Dream Vision" which is currently held since November 17 and through November 2012. When I was first asked in 2011, I just had enrolled in two solo exhibitions, so I thanked him and confirmed him my presence for the next year.

Today, I think this story is a gift that was given to me by Joseph 1st and his wife Séraphine Berthiaume. The painting is a family connection, but also a reminder of the late Quebec City Zoological Garden, because the house was on the grounds and owned by the zoo for several years. It was located near the children's garden. You know part of the story of this painting and I hope it will be part of your life now. If you're up to it, you can check out my website:

<http://chabotnath65.voila.net>

Nathalie Chabot

artist and winner of the
Quebec City art contest in 2009

Nathalie Chabot
Daughter of Laurent Chabot
and Rollande Laflamme

Granddaughter of Joseph Chabot
and Marie-Anne Bédard



The lost diamond

It is about the work of the precious article which is the outcome of several essays (shown in cover page) which the artist made with the help of his father to reconstitute in a most realistic possible way this house in the rich past, left in smoke by taking with her a crowd of memories...

Did you know?



Laurent Chabot, son of Alphonse Chabot and Juliet Bourbeau, distinguished himself as a trailblazer between 1962 and 1973, contributing to the organization of two cycling tours, "Tour du St. Laurent" and "Tour de la Nouvelle-France". As the athletic director of the team "As de Drummondville" and team "La Patrie", he was the instigator of the Optimist Club Cyclist Organization and the promoter of road races in the area of Drummondville, notably the Quebec on-road championship.

Father Chabot, as Jules Béland one of his former racers (himself inducted into the Hall of Fame in 1997 as an athlete) lovingly introduced him, cheered the audience by telling the beginning of his bike club and paying tribute to his wife: "[...] we finally found a sponsor who gave us eight bowlers sweaters to dress our 6 riders. My wife took the remaining two sweaters and cut them to make pockets for supplies to turn that into cycling jerseys! "

Mr. Chabot did not fail to thank everyone who helped him in his initiatives, the many racers, the officials who – according to Mr. Chabot - have been very tolerant, and the Selection Committee of the Federation for not remembering only his bad moves.

Information ferreted out by *Claude Chabot*



Cross of temperance



As I engaged in my favorite pastime, genealogy, I discovered a wealth of information which revived memories of my childhood. When I was a young boy I often noticed a plain black cross without Jesus on a wall of the house. In my childhood innocence, I thought that, probably,

poor people could not afford one real crucifix. Perhaps this black thing could have a link with grief. But one day, I stopped by an antique collector, I saw several of these black crosses on a shelf. I wondered what value these things without much luster might have.

I got my answer when I met a gentleman, Mr. Chabot, who told me a story about his father. Given the misery that reigned everywhere in Quebec and the widespread tendency of people to drown their problems in alcohol, several fathers were abusing this pernicious drink (everyone remember the tribulations of Bidou Laloge, a character in the TV series « Les belles histoires des Pays d'en-haut », written by Claude-Henri Grignon), which did not help, however, especially in the case of large families. In many parishes, it was almost a curse.

So, pastors, with the help of some parishioners, as the father of my interlocutor, found a way to help those who deviated from their route and fleeing their paterfamilias responsibilities to feed and clothe their children, including giving them a good example. Once a wrongdoer was targeted, a group of volunteers visited him to lecture him and convince him to practice abstinence.

This man then signed before witnesses a formal commitment to be abstinent, and to help him not to forget, he was handed a cross of temperance which was to hang prominently on the wall of the kitchen: the new abstinent could not miss it! This, in my opinion, is a good example of support for people in difficulty by people of the community.

It was a different era, when the fate and well-being of the neighbor still made a sense!

I leave it to the curious reader to find information on this subject on the Internet, including the documentation provided by the following websites:

-<http://www.encyclobec.ca/main.php?docid=463>

-http://www.larevue.qc.ca/chroniques_un-brinhistoire-n19907.php

-http://www.joenonante.qc.ca/httpdocs/pdf/LaBeauce%20_Coutumes.pdf

Among the issues adressed in those websites is the story of Charles Chiniquy, an ardent propagandist of temperance who, because of his misconduct, was involved in quarrel with the Catholic clergy.

Claude Chabot



On this picture, we can perceive hanging on the wall of the kitchen, very in sight, this famous cross of temperance which we found in many homes in the first half of the XXth century.

From American Dream to Nightmare

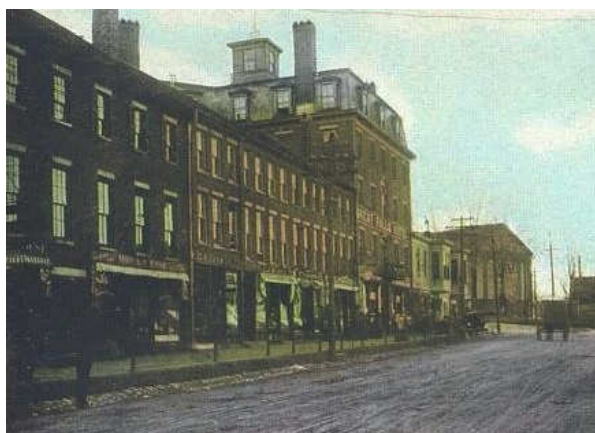


The moment my colleague André Goggin was getting ready to write an article about the great migration that emptied Quebec of one million of its inhabitants at the turn of the nineteenth century, I thought that the following text, fictionalized, but based on real facts, could serve as an introduction.

I borrowed the pen of my grandmother, Aurelie Bilo-deau, who lived this expedition with her family, to narrate the events marked by the cruel blows of fate.

I will not tell you all the peripeties of shipping a family of twelve children, of whom the youngest was only two years old, from Saint-Lazare to Somersworth. Fortunately, the eldest were there to ensure the transfer of luggage, the supply of food, and the accommodations during the trip that lasted a week, punctuated by numerous stops in many localities bordering the railway. Despite their rush and their eagerness, this trip was, I can say today, the worst moment of all my life.

The nightmare however, was not finished. The house on 243 Main Street that Joseph had rented was dilapidated and cramped. It took days to restore it



Main Street in Somersworth, New Hampshire

and to finally modify the three rooms to accommodate the twelve members of our little tribe. Then, our stash exhausted, we had to make the rounds of the mills to find work. As factories were allowed to hire children over twelve years, Joseph, Maria, Alfred, Joséphine and Léontine were candidates for employment.

After a week of rest, they were able to find work without too much trouble. The two youngest were engaged as threaders who attach spools of yarn to a loom. Alfred agreed to be temporarily sweeper. As for the two eldest, they were entitled to a more prestigious function, that of loom operators. My poor Peter, he who was now past forty, was unable to find anything better than a job as a manual worker. After all these tribulations, I was exhausted, as I was carrying another child who was close to birth. He was born on July 6. I do not know why we stuck him with the name Ladislas.

The money that we so sorely lacked in our country fell into our hands like manna. The first week, thirty whole dollars, promise of the fortune that we would amass... For sixty hours of hard labor, six days a week, the little girls and Alfred brought in \$ 4.80 each, Pierre \$ 2.00 more, while the salaries of Joseph and Maria together totaled \$ 10.80. Spirits that had rejoiced at the sight of all these bills spread out on the kitchen table soon darkened when I deducted what was needed to pay rent, food, and miscellaneous unavoidable expenses... By minimizing our expenses, we would succeed in saving ten dollars a month...

The weeks passed. I was sad to see the kids come back every day from their work, exhausted, pale, so short of breath from breathing the dusty air of the factories. They were a pitiful sight, going out very little except on Sundays to go to church. This was, so to speak, their only entertainment of the week. Then, they slept all the afternoon to restore their strength because they could not be late at the mill at six on Monday morning.

Fortunately there existed between us, the people of Quebec, a strong sense of fraternity and community spirit. Otherwise, life would have been impossible as the Irish and Scots, numerous in the region, held a grudge towards us that was difficult to understand. Battles between youths were common in the street and at school.

As soon as she reached the age of 12, on April 15, 1901, Albertine left school to replace her sister at the mill as Ludvine had fallen ill a few weeks earlier, shortly before the birth of another boy, Lauradan, on May 4. It's a miracle that he survived in the hubbub that reigned in the house. Having lost a lot of

blood and constantly coughing, Ludivine had little dry cough that pulled red-tinged sputum from her throat. Called to her bedside, the doctor diagnosed tuberculosis. She died in my arms on May 24, her poor lungs clogged by flows of secretions and mucus. We had to believe the doctor, but I entertained some doubt. Ludivine had been a healthy young girl before we came to Somersworth. She had started to have spells of coughing and expectoration after a few months the mill...

Misfortune never comes alone, the saying goes. One month to the day after the death of Ludivine, on June 24, it was the turn of Leontine, 3 and a half years old, to succumb also to consumption, according to the doctor. Since winter, she had been suffering from what I thought was a bad cold. During the last few weeks, her pain seemed worse. I felt bad that I had not taken care of her enough after the death of Ludivine. From that moment, the fear of disease ceased to haunt me.

Maria, who had become a very remarkable lady had no difficulty finding a suitor, Pierre Lambert. When he asked Pierre for his daughter's hand on Christmas Day 1901, he gave it without hesitation. He was a homeboy, honest, reliable, well-established, and he loved Maria as she also loved him; you could see her eyes light up when he came through the door, tilting his head a little to avoid hitting the top of the door frame. On the eve of St. Jean-Baptiste 1902, the pastor of our church blessed their union.

Ominous... Shortly after the marriage of Maria, it was the turn of Albertine to be shaken by nausea, vomiting, and repeated coughing spells. She was discreet to avoid alarming me, but I was not fooled for very long. Despite her protestations, I resolved to keep her at home to take care of her. I had sworn that no other child of mine would die in this house.. But what evil had struck the poor child? Despite all the care I lavished on her, her health continued to decline. The doctor remained evasive about the diagnosis and mentioned gastritis, although her symptoms strangely resembled those shown by Ludivine a few months earlier. I struggled, but nothing helped, not baths, potions, or poultices, so day after day, she continued to decline and decline day after day. Her thin little body, curled up in pain and by the extreme fatigue produced by an incessant cough and uncontrollable diarrhea, had become a rag.

On September 11, she breathed her last. Oh! How I was shocked! Oh! How I lifted my eyes up to heaven with rage! I could not understand how God could reserve such a fate for children! And then, and then, gastritis or tuberculosis... Should we believe these doctors, probably in the pay of the bosses of these dammed mills that were poisoning the children's lungs? One down, ten replacements! Without the support of Peter and my other children, I would have collapsed after this ordeal. I brooded day and night... Unchristian ideas kept running through my head... I thought of Joseph and Alfred still working like slaves in these diabolical mills.

From that day on, I never ceased to make plans to return as soon as possible to our beloved Quebec. It was not true that I would let my children fall one after another, suffocated by air that was saturated with deadly dust. Repelled by the deplorable conditions of work in the warehouse where he tired himself out, Pierre began to share my wish. The eldest would not listen. Despite the death of their sisters, the color of the money that adorned their pockets every fortnight goaded them on. Alphonse, who had reached the age of twelve, now accompanied them every morning. I would say to myself as I saw them leave at dawn, "My God, at least, do not take those three from me"!

During the following months, there was finally a lull. The youngest, Antoinette, Leo, Alphée and Leontine attended French school, financially supported by the Catholic clergy. It was with great surprise that I noticed, as each month passed, that they were mastering the language of our patrons better and better. Truth be told, Peter and I were only able to utter a few words. For the first time since our arrival in Somersworth, we celebrated Christmas and New Year's Day with joy. Everyone was healthy. The wool sock was starting to bulge. For once, there was not a cloud in the sky, and I felt that I had regained my serenity.

The summer of 1903 was mild in New England. I remember that every Sunday I prepared a snack that we would eat after Mass in a small park along the winding Salmon Falls River nearby. I loved those moments when all the family was together, all laughing, bantering, talking nonsense ...

Then in August, the sky fell on my head... My big guy, my Joseph, he who was so robust and so strong began, like his sisters in previous years, to

cough and sputter. He did everything to hide his pain, but the signs could not fool anyone. Very soon he was overwhelmed by bouts of fever. "Tuberculosis", whispered the doctor as he walked out of the room after examining him. I remained unable to speak upon hearing this word ... I had a lump in my throat, because otherwise I would have screamed my rage, launched it to heaven, like a wolf at bay, a howl that would have made the bosses of the surrounding mills shudder with fright from head to toe. It is with death in the soul that I witnessed the last moments of this beloved son who died on November 9 of the year 1903. So young, his head full of dreams, this dammed illness had reduced him to a moaning wreck, drooling out his lungs. Tuberculosis! What a lie! My heart was filled with rage, but what good did it do? There were the others, and they had to be saved from this hell. Pierre was devastated. His eldest son, dead this way, a gruesome end... Our resolution was taken. We would return home at any cost.

Winter was at our door once the funeral was over, so we decided to wait for spring to take the road back. I was happy when April arrived and all the travel arrangements for the trip were made and we embarked in direction of our homeland. When the train finally crossed the border, it was for me a deliverance, like when the child we bring into the world takes its first breath.

Marcel Chabot



**Pierre Chabot (1858—1930)
et Aurélie Bilodeau (1861—1943)**

New service: reminder!

To insure the financial balance of the Association, but also allow members of the big family Chabot to make known their company or to offer a product or a service, the current C.A. decided, during its first meeting, to agree to publish of the advertising in the magazine *Les Chabotteries* and in the website. For the moment, the service is reserved for the persons carrying the patronymic Chabot or which make the promotion of a charitable cause and the available space is restricted to the dimension of a business card, is approximately 5X9 cm (2X3½ inches)...

The persons or the companies interested to take advantage of this service or wishing to obtain more information about rates have to address in:

Association des Chabot

Att. : Secretary

C. P. 10090, Succ. Ste-Foy

Québec, QC, G1V 4C6

Email : chabotm@me.com

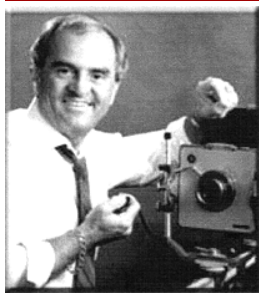
Tel. : 450 960-1197

Mobile : 450 750-4874

The C.A. team wishes a very happy birthday to all the members, their partners and the parents, who aged (or made look younger!) of one year during the last half-year! Health and long life!

He offers his condolences to those who would have lost a loved person.

Henri-Louis Chabot, professional photographer



In order to trace the origins of Henri Studio and learn about its founder, Henri-Louis Chabot, one has to go back to 1956. Indeed, at that time, Henri Studio was located in St-Damien-de-Bellechasse where the owner operated both a photography studio and a small press. Although the clientele was mainly found in small surrounding towns and villages the studio's reputation already radiated as far as Quebec City.

In 1971 he bought a property on William-Stuart Street, in Sainte-Foy, with the idea of opening a studio. The floor had an area of over 2000 square feet (600 square meters), which allowed him to accommodate a spacious posing room, a workshop, an office, etc.. The site was not selected at random; it was situated in a developing neighborhood with an affluent population. Proximity to these potential customers was beneficial and it greatly facilitated the growth of the studio. So much so, that after a short period of time, the Henri Studio had no less than four branches in the immediate area of Quebec City and suburbs. The Henri Studio had become well known and occupied a prominent position in the professional photography market of the capital.

But Henri-Louis was a perfectionist and was always looking for innovations. For example, his expertise in wedding photography led him to imagine he could greatly improve the quality of his photographs if he offered his clientele the opportunity to move and talk in a relaxed and warm atmosphere. Indeed, when photographing couples at weddings, it seemed impossible to obtain from them all the expressions of love he wanted to capture because of the stressfulness of the day. So he annexed a garden of an area measuring approximate of 6000 square feet (1830 square meters) to his studio so he could work in peace. And, to be protected from unfavorable weather, he covered almost the entire area with a permanent transparent canvas. The attractive setting of greenery provided curtains of foliage, which cut off the studio from prying eyes and served also as a backdrop. By brightening the sessions, the flowers and nature helped to capture on film what was the most unforgettable, the expression of joy and excitement on the faces.

Over the years, the Henri Studio had become a thriving business whose prestige and reputation spread beyond the borders of Quebec Province. Indeed, during his career, Henri-Louis Chabot won several awards and recognitions from his fellow photographers and photographic associations all over Canada. In addition, he participated in numerous exhibitions and was invited several times as a speaker in Quebec and in France.

In 1992, Henri-Louis Chabot abandoned his business and sold his studio, complete with its lush garden and flowers, to a professional photographer who continues to operate the studio.

Article ferreted out by *Claude Chabot*



Genealogy of Henri-Louis Chabot

10 - Henri-Louis Chabot and Pauline Métivier

Married on July 22, 1961 to St-Damien

Married to Lise Paquet on February 8, 1975

9 - Georges Chabot and Anne-Marie Bélanger

Married on August 15, 1935 to St-Lazare

8 - Charles Chabot and Amazélie Fradette

Married on November 21, 1892 to St-Lazare

7 - Pierre Chabot and Adélaïde Trudel

Married on May 17, 1846 to St-Lazare

6 - Pierre Chabot and Geneviève Gosselin

Married on July 31, 1810 to St-Charles

5 - Jean Chabot and Marguerite Lacasse

Married on January 8, 1781 to St-Charles

4 - Pierre Chabot and Thérèse Leclerc

Married on April 17, 1752 to St-Laurent, J. Q.

3 - Jean Chabot and Marie Dufresne

Married on April 26, 1718 to St-Laurent, J. Q.

2 - Jean Chabot and Éléonore Énaud

Married on November 17, 1692 to St-Pierre, J. Q.

1 - Mathurin Chabot and Marie Mésange

Married on November 1, 1661 to Québec



Georges Chabot et
Anne-Marie Bélanger,
Henri-Louis parent's

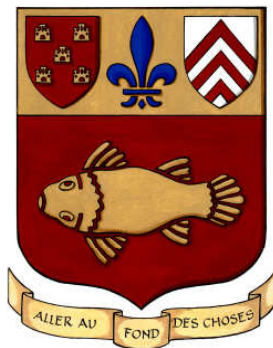
* Charles Chabot was the brother of Marcel, the father of my mother Eugénie, so my maternal great-uncle. My mother told me about another uncle, brother of Charles, named Guillaume, married to Alphonsine Dugal. Charles and Alphonse were, according to my mother Eugénie, tall and rather stout.

Marcel Chabot



Coat of arms

Below, the official document proving their commitment with Heraldry Canada



Dessin annexé aux
lettres patentes de concession
d'enseignes héraldiques à l'

Painting to accompany
Letters Patent granting
Armorial/Bearings to the

ASSOCIATION DES CHABOT

Tels que consignés dans
le volume VI, page 185 du
Registre public des armoiries,
drapeaux et insignes du Canada,
ce 15^e jour d'octobre 2012.

As entered in
Volume VI, page 185 of the
Public Register of Arms, Flags
and Badges of Canada,
this 15th day of October 2012.

Chancelier d'armes

Herald Chancellor

Héraut d'armes du Canada

Chief Herald of Canada

Vice-chancelier d'armes

Deputy Herald Chancellor

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