

AN ACADIAN ODYSSEY

A journey in translation through the
stories and characters of Acadie

Literary Translation Portfolio

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May 2018

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INTRODUCTION

Vous apprendriez bien des choses avec ces conteux-colporteurs-raboteux-arrêteux-de-sang-et-défricheteux-de-parenté. Tant pis pour vous si vous avez choisi de vous instruire dans les livres.

—Antonine Maillet & Rita Scalabrini, *l'Acadie pour quasiment rien*

Acadie has recorded a rich, dynamic, and turbulent, history in the 414 years since its settlement in 1604, one which presents with characteristics of an epic narrative: strong roots in the oral tradition, moments of grave calamity and unflagging optimism, and populated with heroic and legendary figures. The etymology of the word 'Acadie' is contested, with some historians tracing it to the indigenous Mi'kmaw word 'akadie,' meaning 'fertile land,' and others arguing it comes from the idyllic 'Arcadia' of Greek poetry. Regardless, the qualification confers onto the toponym a sense of grandeur and prosperity.

Yet, Acadie remains an ambiguous designation:

En termes géographiques et ethnographiques, l'expression Acadie est l'une de celles qui embarrassent le plus un grand nombre d'historiens. Il y a l'Acadie d'avant la Conquête qui répondait à une unité géographique, coloniale; il y a l'Acadie d'aujourd'hui qui ne répond à rien du tout sur le plan du territoire juridique.¹

[In geographical and ethnographic terms, the word 'Acadie' baffles a great number of historians. There is the pre-Conquest Acadie, which corresponded to a geographical, colonial entity; there is the Acadie of today, which corresponds to nothing at all in legal terms.]

For the purposes of my Portfolio, 'Acadie' encompasses the geographical territory, cultural affiliation, and historical context of the French-speaking population of the provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island in Atlantic Canada.

The epic attributes that characterise the history of Acadie are also woven through the fabric of its literature. The stories in the collection that follows capture this uniqueness and richness. Their characters embody the resilience, resourcefulness, vivaciousness, and *bon*

¹ Maillet, Antonine. 1971. *Rabelais et les traditions populaires en Acadie* (Québec : Les presses de l'Université Laval)

vivant nature of the Acadian people. Their landscapes chart a vast land, from the rough waters of the Bay of Fundy west of Nova Scotia, to the frozen fields of a Madawaskan winter, to the fertile marshlands of Tantramar. Their plots narrate adventure and misadventure, from fighting for social and linguistic causes, to settling the land gloriously in the name of God and country, to defending a fortress and its people. Their languages express identity and nationhood, from the salty, marine Acadjonne of the Baie-Sainte-Marie, to the Chiac dialect of Moncton, to the rural accent of Cap-Pelé, to the Rabelaisian French of the first settlers.

All but one of the stories included below are based on real people and events, or on legends and folklore that have grown out of the popular imagination. Prudent Robichaud, La Mariecomo, Majorique Mailloux, Daniel Auger de Subercase, Madeleine Bourg, Tante Blanche, and Marc Lescarbot have become legends in Acadian folklore. They certainly belong amongst the ranks of the first Acadian superhero, Acadieman.

To my knowledge, only *Histoire de la Nouvelle-France* has been published in English, which means that these stories are new to an anglophone readership. Each of the target texts is written for a Canadian audience and therefore respects Canadian spelling conventions (*Oxford Canadian English Dictionary*) and grammar (*Canadian Style Guide*).

I hope you enjoy the journey through the stories and characters of Acadie in translation. *Bon voyage!*

TIMELINE OF KEY EVENTS IN ACADIAN CULTURAL HISTORY

- 1604 First settlement at Île-Sainte-Croix by Pierre Dugua, Sieur de Mons; most of the settlers perished during the winter due to the elements and from scurvy.
- 1605 First permanent settlement established at Port Royal, in present-day western Nova Scotia (this is where Marc Lescarbot lived and wrote *Théâtre de Neptune*)
- 1710 Fall of Port Royal
- 1713 Signing of the Treaty of Utrecht, placing Acadie under British rule until Confederation (1867)
- 1755 Beginning of the Deportation, also known as the Great Disruption and the Expulsion. By 1763, the British had deported 10,000 Acadians living in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to New England, France, and England.
- 1884 Following the first National Acadian Convention in 1881, delegates settled upon a national anthem, motto, and flag; beginning of Acadian cultural renaissance
- 1953 Publication of the first edition of Pascal Poirier's *Glossaire acadien*, a dictionary of about 3,000 words and 500 locutions with comparisons of usage in Acadian language and French literary texts
- 1972 First Acadian publisher, Éditions d'Acadie, is founded in Moncton, NB

BOOK ONE

THE THIRD DAY

GEORGETTE LEBLANC

Student Number	17301831
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	'Le troisième jour,' from <i>Prudent</i>	Title	The Third Day
Year Published	2013		
Author	Georgette LeBlanc		
Language	Acadjonne French	Language	English
Word Count	1652	Word Count	1694
Description of Source Text (200 words max) <i>what is the source text like (genre, register, tone, dialect, rhythm, alliteration, word order, and other poetic devices)?</i>	<i>Prudent</i> is a lyrical novel that recounts the mutiny of 232 Acadians forced onto the Pembroke and headed for Virginia (USA) during the Deportation of 1755. The narration alternates between third-person omniscient and 86-year-old Prudent Robichaud's internal monologue, as well as between past and present-day. The narrative spans three days, the excerpt picking up at dawn on the third day as Prudent and Charles Belliveau await, from the hold of the ship, the opportune moment to set the mutiny in motion. The text is written in the Acadjonne dialect of the Baie-Sainte-Marie (Nova Scotia). It is reminiscent of 16th century French (Maillet 1971: : 133-168) in its verb conjugations (e.g. 'aviont braqué') and archaic usages (e.g. 'point'). It features phonetic spellings (e.g. 'tcheque') and some English words (e.g. 'shifter' line 25). LeBlanc's free verse is highly literary, poetic, and figurative. She plays with double-meanings repeatedly (e.g. 'rage'/'enragé'; monter au Ciel (lines 4-5), la tempête monte (line 28), la dispute monte (line 78)). Frequent word repetitions (e.g. 'braquer' occurs 11 times) anchor the narrative in the immediacy of the moment and short sentences create a rhythm that captures the movement of a boat in rough seas. Assonance (e.g. line 34), alliteration (e.g. line 4), and internal rhymes (e.g. line 37) occur frequently, and end rhymes (e.g. lines 29 and 30) sporadically.		
Strategy (200 words max) <i>what have you decided to do in your translation and why?</i>	With LeBlanc's recent appointment as Canada's Parliamentary Poet (<i>Parliament of Canada</i>), there is growing interest in making her work available in Canada's other official language. I translated with the goal of publishing with a literary press such as Gaspereau Press (see references), for a niche market of contemporary readers of poetry and Atlantic literature (i.e. readers of Sue Goyette and Alistair MacLeod). My strategy was akin to Philip Stratford's in his translation of <i>Pélagie-la-Charrette</i>, written in a similar Acadian dialect: I opted for 'plain English,' 'forgo[ing] the arch, the quaint, and the picturesque' (1986: 327). LeBlanc ennobles her dialect by giving it a literary status, and I wanted to reproduce this effect by choosing words in a slightly more formal register than spoken language (e.g. 'leaden'). I also introduced language reminiscent of Joseph Conrad's <i>Lord Jim</i> and Sue Goyette's <i>Ocean</i> to add a tinge of saltiness evoking the sea, highly symbolic in the Acadian consciousness, especially in the context of the Expulsion (Antonine Maillet quoted in Aresu 2006: 230). I reproduced LeBlanc's poetic devices wherever possible: word repetition ('up' occurs 9 times), assonance (e.g. line 9), alliteration (e.g. line 34), end rhyme (e.g. lines 141-2). I kept the source's rhythm by using, like LeBlanc, short words, reproducing her line breaks and keeping the punctuation as much as possible.		

Critical Reflection (200 words max)

what could have been done differently to achieve your goal more effectively?

My use of plain English rather than dialect runs counter to the trend, in translations of Acadian literature in prose, with 'equivalent' dialects (see p. 88). Newfoundland English (*Heritage Newfoundland and Labrador*) would be the likeliest Canadian English dialect equivalent for LeBlanc's Acadjonne because of its geographical proximity to Nova Scotia and similarly maritime feel. Previous translators of Acadian literature, however, agree it does not produce an ideal result (Godard 1987: 95). Besides, my knowledge of Newfoundland English is insufficient to produce a translation that does not traipse into mockery. Moreover, the translators of the only published anthology of Acadian poetry in English, *Unfinished Dreams*, italicised anglicisms and neologisms to signal 'relations among various cultural and linguistic systems evoked in the poem[s]' (Cogswell and Elder 1990: xvi). However, they translated for poetic merit in the target language and for a readership that shares 'common roots' with the source culture (1990: xv). I chose *Prudent* for its story, and risked alienating a potentially broader anglophone audience (i.e. American, Irish, British) had I followed their lead. While this necessarily meant sacrificing some the uniqueness and beauty of LeBlanc's language, it did allow me some freedom, in the words of Cogswell and Elder, to 'say as many things as the original, though not necessarily the same things' (1990: xvi).

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- 1 La nuit du troisième jour était plus noire encore.
2 La lumière des étoiles s'avait cachée derrière des nuages épais.
3 Des nuages remplis, pesants, pris par leur poids.
- 4 C'était point dans le Ciel que Prudent voulait
5 monter.
6 Prudent avait goûté la souffrance jusqu'au fond
7 de la cale.
8 Prudent avait accepté la force de la misère.
9 Prudent avait compris ça qu'il avait refusé
10 d'entendre.
11 Prudent voulait point se laisser mourir comme ça.
- 12 La prière l'avait réveillé.
13 L'avait ramené au bois de ce matin-là.
14 Le bois de la première chasse, de l'original.
15 Il voyait la gelée, sa dentelle mirer dans la lumière
16 froide du matin,
17 les feuilles des branches tombées.
18 La mousse de l'automne, la fourrure, la chaleur
19 des peaux qu'il avait récoltées.
20 Prudent était dans le bois. Il était devant l'original.
21 Il était devant son premier original.
22 Cti-là qui lui avait donné signe de vie.
- 23 Les vents avaient braqué à lever.
24 Tcheque part l'alizé était enragé, provoquait
25 les autres vents à shifter,
26 provoquait la tempête à changer les directions.
27 C'était point la première fois qu'ils avaient vu
28 une tempête monter,

- 1 Night on the third day was darker still.
2 The light of stars hidden behind thick clouds.
3 Leaden clouds, dense, halted by their burden.
- 4 It wasn't up to the Heavens Prudent wanted
5 to go.
6 Prudent had tasted hardship down
7 in the gut.
8 Prudent had accepted the force of misery.
9 Prudent had understood what he'd refused
10 to hear.
11 Prudent didn't mean to let himself die like this.
- 12 The prayer had woken him.
13 Had taken him back to the wood, to that morning.
14 The wood of the first hunt, the moose.
15 He saw the frost, its lace reflected in the
16 cold morning light,
17 leaves from fallen branches.
18 The autumn moss, the furs, the warmth
19 of the pelts he'd gathered.
20 Prudent was in the wood. Stood before the moose.
21 Stood before his first moose.
22 The one that had shown him signs of life.
- 23 The winds had started to pick up.
24 Out there the trade-winds raged, spurred
25 the other winds to shift,
26 spurred the storm to change direction.
27 It wasn't the first time they'd seen
28 a storm gather,

29 tenter confronter les voiles blanches des trafiquants,
30 des chasseurs d'Or et d'Argent.

31 Le Capitaine sentait la peur grimper.
32 Un grondement, un roulement de loin, le bote
33 s'avancait [sic].
34 Le Second, les mousses, les soldats, courrirent
35 d'un bout à l'autre.
36 Le Capitaine regardait le fait du mât,
37 l'arbre grand et solide, le plus fort et monté par ses Infortunés.
38 Le Capitaine regrettait d'avoir accepté.

39 Le mât allait craquer.
40 Le Capitaine en était sûr.
41 Il s'avait fait jouer.
42 Il aurait mieux fait de les amarrer, de les enchaîner.
43 Il aurait mieux fait de les traiter comme les esclaves
44 qui serient.
45 Mais il avait été impressionné par Prudent.
46 Il l'avait suivi au bois pour trouver le pin blanc,
47 pour inspecter son choix.
48 Pour faire sûr que le Belliveau cherchait point
49 à le tricher.

50 Charles Belliveau avait point aimé les façons
51 du Capitaine.
52 Il avait point aimé sa façon de parler.
53 Le Capitaine donnait des ordres.
54 Le Capitaine parlait comme si toute était décidé.

55 Charles Belliveau était connu,
56 il avait lui-même été capitaine.

29 tempt battle with the white sails of traffickers,
30 hunters of Gold and Silver.

31 The Captain felt the fear rise.
32 With rumbling, roaring in the distance, the ship
33 moved ahead.

34 The Second, ship's boys, soldiers, they all scampered
35 to and fro.

36 The Captain stared at the tip of the mast,
37 that tall and solid tree, the strongest one, mounted by those sad Wretches.
38 The Captain regretted having accepted it.

39 The mast was going to snap.
40 The Captain was sure of it.
41 He'd been had.
42 It would've been better to tie them, chain them.
43 It would've been better to treat them like the slaves
44 they would become.

45 But he'd been impressed by Prudent.
46 He'd followed him to the wood in search of the white pine,
47 to inspect his pick.

48 To make sure Belliveau hadn't been looking
49 to cheat him.

50 Charles Belliveau hadn't liked the Captain's
51 ways.

52 Hadn't liked the way he spoke.
53 The Captain gave orders.
54 The Captain spoke as if everything had been decided.

55 Charles Belliveau was known,
56 he too had been captain.

57 Il avait lui-même navigué toutes ses botes.
58 Il était connu des quatre coins du Nouveau Monde
59 pour ses mâts.
60 C'était Charles Belliveau qui savait mieux,
61 comment faire avancer un navire,
62 comment faire qu'un arbre, un grand pin
63 transplanté sur la grande mer salée
64 s'ajuste bien, reprenne ses mires, rebraque à guider.
65 Un mât avait été un arbre, fallait point l'oublier.
66 Ça prendrait un bon grand mât solide pour remettre le Pembroke à flot.

67 Dans la cale du bote ils écoutaient.
68 Le Capitaine et le Second se disputaient la raison et la direction.
69 La grande Roue de la Fortune voulait virer asteure.
70 La baie, ses vagues, ses éclats montaient plus haut
71 pour arriver au ciel,
72 pour rejoindre les nuages de pluie qui s'apprêtaient
73 à se déchaîner.
74 Le Capitaine avait point confiance.
75 Le Capitaine se méfiait, maudissait le mât.
76 Maudissait l'appât.

77 Dans la cale du bote, ils entendaient toute.
78 Sa rage, la dispute monter et fesser contre le pont
79 du bote.
80 Prudent écoutait de toutes ses forces.
81 Prudent les écoutait hucher sans leur faire de place
82 cte fois icitte.
83 Il écoutait comme pour traquer des pistes.
84 Il écoutait comme s'il était dans le bois.
85 Le bourreau avait perdu son droit d'entrée.
86 C'était le moment.

57 He had helmed his ships.
58 He was known around the New World
59 for his masts.
60 It was Charles Belliveau who knew best,
61 how to make a ship move along,
62 how to make a tree, a tall pine
63 transplanted onto the salty high seas,
64 find its position, regain its bearings, start guiding again.
65 A mast was once a tree, let's not forget.
66 It would take a good solid mast to set the Pembroke afloat once more.

67 From the ship hold they listened.
68 The Captain and the Second disputed the reason and the direction.
69 The great Wheel of Fortune making to turn now.
70 The bay, its swells, its bursts rising
71 up to the heavens,
72 joining up to the rain clouds about to
73 rage.
74 The Captain was not trusting.
75 The Captain was wary, cursed the mast,
76 Cursed the lure.

77 From the ship hold they heard it all.
78 Rage, the dispute rising and rapping against the bridge
79 of the ship.
80 Prudent listened with all his strength.
81 Prudent listened to their shouting without making room
82 for them this time.
83 He listened as though he were trailing tracks.
84 He listened as though he were in the wood.
85 The tormentor had lost his right to enter.
86 It was time.

87 Les Infortunés aviont rentré dans la prière avec
88 Henriette et l'Ainé.
89 Et tout le monde en sortait les épaules relevées.
90 L'Ainé avait raison de dire ça qu'il disait.
91 L'Ainé avait raison de blâmer leurs ventres gros
92 de sécurité.
93 La rage, la honte, la peine braquaient à craquer.

94 Charles braquait à lever les yeux, braquait à regarder
95 autour.
96 Il rencontra les yeux de Landry, marin lui itou.
97 Les fers de leurs cœurs aviont été brisés.
98 La prière, le feu dans la voix de Prudent les avait
99 réveillés.
100 Le bote brassait fort.
101 Fallait se tiendre pour point tomber.
102 Mais les matelots et marins braquirent
103 à se raguerner.
104 Ça allait prendre un plan, de la stratégie, pour
105 gagner cte fois icitte.
106 Pour reprendre le Paradis.

107 Sur le pont, les matelots aviont arrêté de gambler.
108 C'était pus comique, c'était les eaux de la Baie
109 Fondé.
110 Ils connaissent trop d'amis et de navires enfouis
111 dans ses marées.
112 Le cuisinier s'avait empressé de ranger cuillères et
113 couteaux.
114 C'était le début de la troisième journée et personne
115 avait mangé.

87 The sad Wretches had gone into prayer with
88 Henriette and the Old Man.
89 They had all come out shoulders squared.
90 The Old Man was right to say what he'd said.
91 The Old Man was right to blame their bellies plump
92 from security.
93 The rage, the shame, the anguish were starting to break.

94 Charles started to lift his eyes, started to look
95 around.
96 He met Landry's eyes, he too a sailor.
97 The irons of their hearts had been broken.
98 Prayer and fire in Prudent's voice had
99 woken them.
100 The ship heaved.
101 You needed to hold on to not fall.
102 But the mariners and sailors started
103 sowing the seeds.
104 They would need a plan, some strategy, to
105 win this time.
106 To take back Paradise.

107 On the bridge, the sailors had stopped gambling.
108 Nothing comical about it now, those waters of the Bay
109 of Founded.
110 They knew of too many friends and ships swallowed
111 by its tides.
112 The cook hurried to put away spoons and
113 knives.
114 It was the start of the third day and no one
115 had eaten.
116

116 Les prisonniers avio^{nt} refusé de prendre ce qui
117 restait du diner.
118 Ils avio^{nt} pus de place dans leur ventre pour l'appât
119 de la mort.
120 Ils avio^{nt} leur vie à gagner.

121 La voix enflammée de Prudent montit jusqu'à
122 ses oreilles.
123 Le cuisinier compris dans le ton.
124 C'était le ton de la rébellion.
125 Cte fois icitte, ils étio^{nt} pris.

126 *Y a pus de coupables.*
127 *Y a pus de Sauvages.*
128 *Y a pus de Red Coats.*
129 *Y a pus de Rebels.*
130 *Y a pus de Robes Noires.*
131 *J'ai maudit les révolutions.*
132 *J'ai maudit les Rebels.*
133 *J'les maudis encore.*
134 *J'croirai plus jamais à la Paix.*
135 *Il avait raison de me dire de me réveiller.*
136 *J'suis réveillé, Joseph.*
137 *J'arrive.*
138 *J'allons monter l'escalier.*
139 *La porte s'ouvrira une fois pour toutes.*

140 Le Capitaine du Pembroke en pouva^{it} pus.
141 Le bote avançait, avançait, chargeait,
142 fonçait, poussé par les vents.
143 Poussés par la tempête qui montait.

116 The prisoners had refused to take what
117 Had been left from dinner.
118 There was no room in their gut for the lure
119 of death.
120 They had their lives to gain.

121 Prudent's enflamed voice rose up
122 to his ears.
123 The cook understood from the tone.
124 It was the tone of rebellion.
125 This time, they'd been caught.

126 *No more guilty parties.*
127 *No more Savages.*
128 *No more Red Coats.*
129 *No more Rebels.*
130 *No more Black Robes.*
131 *I've cursed the revolutions.*
132 *I've cursed the Rebels.*
133 *I curse them still.*
134 *I'll never again believe in Peace.*
135 *He was right to tell me to wake.*
136 *I've woken, Joseph.*
137 *I'm coming.*
138 *I'll go up the stairs.*
139 *The door will open once and for all.*

140 The Captain of the Pembroke could no longer take it.
141 The ship moved, moved, charged,
142 forged, forced by the winds.
143 Forced by the gathering storm.

144 L'orage braquit à craquer, à faire écho au feu
145 qu'avait allumé l'Ainé.
146 Les éloizes braquirent à éclater, rouler, proches
147 asteure.
148 Proches assez pour toute taïser.

149 La peur pris le Capitaine par le got, il pouvait pus
150 souffler.
151 L'eau salée lui montait à la gorge, la boucane y
152 remplissait le nez.
153 C'était-il de même qu'il finirait, lui?
154 C'était-il de même, au fond de la grande mer salée?
155 Les mains de corps invisibles, de ces âmes vendues,
156 revenues pour le prendre au got,
157 pour y faire goûter du tourment, la percé de l'eau
158 salée.
159 Le Capitaine était viré fou.
160 Il huchait partout comme s'il avait été possédé.
161 Tirait des balles de fusils aux nuages pour faire
162 percer, pour forcer la lumière.

163 L'Ainé proclamait asteure, accompagné.
164 L'Ainé poussait avec toute la force, tout le feu
165 qui lui restait.
166 L'Ainé poussait, virait jusqu'à faire bruler la trappe,
167 jusqu'à faire bruler les fers et chaines.

168 *Il faut le prendre!*
169 *Il faut prendre le bote!*
170 *Il faut reprendre nos corps!*

144 The storm started to break, echoing the fire
145 the Old Man had set.
146 Lightning starting to flash, to roll, closing in
147 now.
148 Close enough to quiet everything.

149 The Captain was gripped with fear, he could no longer
150 breathe.
151 Salt water rose to his throat, smoke
152 filled his nose.
153 Was this how it would end for him?
154 Was this how it would end, at the bottom of the great salty sea?
155 The hands of invisible bodies, of these sold souls,
156 come back to seize him by the throat,
157 to make him taste torment, the sharpness of the salty
158 sea.
159 The Captain had snapped.
160 He shouted to and from as though he were possessed.
161 Fired gun shots up, piercing the clouds,
162 forcing the light through.

163 The Old Man proclaimed now, accompanied.
164 The Old Man pushed with all his strength, all the fury
165 left in him.
166 The Old Man pushed, turned enough to set the hatch alight,
167 enough to set the irons and chains ablaze.

168 *We have to take it!*
169 *We have to take the boat.*
170 *We have to take our bodies back.*

171 Charles Belliveau avait compris et se mit à flâler, à
172 pousser contre la trappe.
173 Il se mit à pousser avec tout ce qu'il avait dans son
174 corps et dans son âme.
175 Avec toutes les forces qu'il avait, qu'il pouvait
176 gagner.
177 Il avait pus peur de perdre.
178 Il avait pus peur de gagner.
179 Fallait rinque essayer, fallait risquer, fallait prendre la
180 chance et vivre
181 Fallait sortir de la cale et refaire spinner la Roue.
182 On l'écrirait point enterré.
183 On l'écrirait point noyé.
184 On l'écrirait point responsable de la mort
185 de ses enfants.
186 Charles Belliveau pouvait agir asteure, il poussait
187 plus fort.
188 Frappait de toutes ses forces contre la trappe.

189 Le Capitaine et le Second étiont pris.
190 La trappe se défonçit, éclatit.
191 La pression, le feu des paroles de l'Ainé aviont
192 réussi.
193 Charles saisit le Capitaine, renforçi par deux autres
194 pour y donner la Roue,
195 pour y donner chance de prendre le bote, asteure,
196 une fois pour toutes.
197 Le Second essayit même point de s'en défaire.
198 Dugas et Landry aviont la balance, le pied marin.
199 C'était point tcheques vagues déchainées qu'alliont
200 les empêcher de gagner.

171 Charles Belliveau had understood and started to flail,
172 pushing against the hatch.
173 He started pushing with all he had
174 in his body and in his soul.
175 With all the strength he had, all he could
176 summon.
177 He was no longer afraid to lose.
178 He was no longer afraid to win.
179 He only had to try, had to risk, had to take the
180 chance and live
181 Had to get out of the hold and make the Wheel spin again.
182 His name wouldn't be written among those buried.
183 His name wouldn't be written among those drowned.
184 His name wouldn't be written as the one responsible for the death
185 of his children.
186 Charles Belliveau could act now, he pushed
187 harder.
188 Hit against the hatch with all his strength.

189 The Captain and the Second were done for.
190 The hatch smashed, burst.
191 The pressure, the Old Man's fiery words had
192 worked.
193 Charles seized the Captain, two others helping
194 to give him the Wheel
195 to give him the chance to take the ship, now,
196 once and for all.
197 The Second never put up a struggle.
198 Dugas and Landry had balance, had their sea legs.
199 A few raging waves were not about to
200 stop them from winning.

201

201 Le vent et la pluie déchainée firent rinque
202 les encourager.

203 C'étaient des bêtes. C'étaient des hommes organisés.
204 Les fusils furent garochés aussi loin que l'eau
205 pouvait les emporter, envalés par l'eau salée.
206 Le Capitaine fut emmené dans son quartier, la porte
207 barrée.
208 Il finirait iousqu'il avait braqué.
209 Seul et prisonnier d'un plan sale et calculé.

210 Ils aviont point le temps de le dire.
211 Ils aviont point le temps de s'embrasser.
212 Point le temps de pleurer et de crier victoire.
213 Ils aviont réussi.
214 Ils aviont fait l'impossible.
215 Ils aviont fait virer la grande Roue de la Fortune.
216 Ils aviont pris le Pembroke.
217 Charles était sur le pont asteure.
218 Charles pouvait respirer, pouvait parler et grouiller.
219 Charles était là parce qu'il connaissait le bote.
220 Charles pouvait respirer parce qu'il connaissait
221 la marée.

222 Mais c'était point fini.
223 C'était point assez de gagner.
224 C'était pas le temps de savourer, de hucher victoire.
225 Faudrait les emmener asteure.
226 Faudrait naviguer la marée, et la tempête encouragée
227 asteure.
228 Faudrait les faire entrer dans la baie Sainte-Marie.
229 Risquer le petit passage pour y arriver.

201 The wind and raging rain merely
202 spurred them.

203 They were beasts. They were organized men.
204 Guns were flung as far as the waters
205 could take them, swallowed by the salty sea.
206 The Captain was brought back to his quarters, the door
207 locked.
208 For him it would end where it had begun.
209 Alone and prisoner of a dirty, calculated plan.

210 They had no time to say it.
211 They had no time to embrace.
212 No time to cry or call out victory.
213 They had succeeded.
214 They had achieved the impossible.
215 They had made the great Wheel of Fortune turn.
216 They had taken the Pembroke.
217 Charles was on the bridge now.
218 Charles could breathe, could talk and move.
219 Charles was there because he knew the ship.
220 Charles could breathe because he knew
221 the tides.

222 But it was not over.
223 It was not enough to win.
224 This was not the time to relish, to call victory.
225 They had yet to bring them back.
226 Yet to navigate the tides, and the gaining storm
227 now.
228 Yet to float into the Baie Sainte-Marie.
229 Risk the narrow passage to get there.

230 C'était point fini mais Charles Belliveau était
231 à la tête asteure.
232 Le Pembroke répondait, grouillait enfin, de mains
233 et de sens aiguisés,
234 guidé par commandes et compas d'un cœur vrai,
235 de marin.

236 La Roue de la Fortune avait viré.
237 Les Infortunés étiont partout dans le bote asteure,
238 à le peupler,
239 à prendre chaque espace, chaque territoire qui leur
240 avait été refusé.
241 Fallait se tiendre, fallait se mettre paré pour accoster
242 Le bateau comme un ile était peuplé d'un village
243 entier.
244 d'un village qui cherchait à rebraquer.

245 L'Ainé revint aux côtés de sa femme.
246 L'Ainé se laissit niger contre les courbes de son corps,
247 contre la chaleur tendre qu'elle gardait.
248 Il avait été vidé.
249 Son corps vieux de ses quatre-vingt-six ans braquit à
250 trembler,
251 à trembler comme une femme qui vient
252 d'accoucher.
253 L'Ainé avait prié avec tout ce qu'il avait de reste
254 en lui.
255 L'Ainé avait offert son cœur, son sang, ses tripes
256 aux autres.
257 Malgré la tempête qui continuait.

230 It wasn't over but Charles Belliveau was
231 at the helm now.
232 The Pembroke answered, finally moved under sharp hands
233 and senses,
234 guided by the commands and compass of a true heart,
235 a sailor.

236 The Wheel of Fortune had turned.
237 The sad Wretches scattered round the ship now,
238 populating it,
239 inhabiting each space, each territory they'd
240 been refused.
241 They had to hold on, had to ready to land.
242 The ship, an island populated by a
243 village.
244 A village looking to make a new start.

245 The Old Man came back to his wife's side.
246 The Old Man let himself nestle into the curves of her body,
247 against her tender warmth.
248 He was empty.
249 His body, eighty-six years old, started to
250 tremble,
251 to tremble like a woman who'd just
252 given birth.
253 The Old Man had prayed with everything he had
254 left.
255 The Old Man had given his heart, his blood, his all
256 to the others.
257 In spite of the raging storm.

258 Malgré le danger qui restait,
259 qui menaçait toujours et encore de faire bascule
260 de la victoire,
261 l'Ainé sentait un calme lui rentrer dans le corps.
262 L'Ainé sentait une force qu'il avait repris
263 dans la prière.
264 Les hommes avaient poussé.
265 Les hommes avaient réussi.
266 Il y avait de-quoi de repris.
267 C'était point rinque le bote.
268 C'était point rinque qu'ils avaient le Capitaine
269 d'amariné.
270 C'était plus fort que ça encore.
271 Prudent avait rebraqué le feu de sa lignée.
272 Prudent avait repris la main de son fils.
273 En prenant le bote, ils avaient repris boussole.
274 Il retrouverait son petit-fils.
275 C'était point fini.
276 C'était rinque commencé.

258 In spite of the danger that remained,
259 that threatened still and again to unsettle
260 the victory,
261 the Old Man felt a calm take hold of his body.
262 The Old Man felt a strength he'd regained
263 in prayer.
264 The men had pushed.
265 The men had won.
266 Something had been taken back.
267 It wasn't just the ship.
268 It wasn't just that they'd tied up
269 the Captain.
270 It was more than that.
271 Prudent had stoked the fire of his people.
272 Prudent had taken back his son's hand.
273 By taking the ship, they'd taken back the compass.
274 He would find his grandson again.
275 It was not over.
276 It had only just begun.

BOOK TWO

LA MARIECOMO

RÉGIS BRUN

Student Number	17301831
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	La Mariecomo	Title	<i>La Mariecomo</i>
Year Published	1974		
Author	Régis Brun		
Language	French Acadian dialect	Language	English
Word Count	1979	Word Count	1602
Description of Source Text (200 words max) <i>what is the source text like (genre, register, tone, dialect, rhythm, alliteration, word order, and other poetic devices)?</i>	A historical reimagining of the life of sorceress La Mariecomo (1838-c.1910), Brun's novel is deeply rooted in the Acadian storytelling tradition. It draws inspiration from anonymous tales collected in <i>Contes d'Acadie</i> (Gallant and Raymond 2011: 558). <i>La Mariecomo</i> was one of the first books published in an Acadian dialect (Bruce 2006: ii). The language is from southeastern New Brunswick, a vernacular that harkens back to 16 th century French with its ancient words, locutions, proverbs and idioms (Maillet 1971: 133-168). The excerpt includes dialogue and reminiscences narrated by the titular heroine, all written in the same dialect. This 'langue des freaks de cent ans passés [language of the freaks of a hundred years ago] (Gallant and Raymond 2011: 560) is the novel's most striking feature, frequently remarked upon in Acadian and Québécois criticism because of its close affiliation with the oral tradition through its 'rough, ungentrified, and rather unsystematically transcribed Acadian' (Runte 1997: 45). The text features archaic vocabulary (e.g. 'faire la petite école' (line 30), 'tawaille' (line 2)), phonetic spellings (e.g. 'qu'rire' (line 20), 'a prit' (line 2)), and unconventional grammar (e.g. conjugation of 'trouvions').		
Strategy (200 words max) <i>what have you decided to do in your translation and why?</i>	I translated this text for a broad audience of anglophone readers in Canada and other English markets following the novel's re-issue (in French) in 2006. I wanted to keep the sense of oral tradition because of its importance in the source (see above) so I adopted different registers for dialogue and narration. I had to transform the narration from first-person point of view (La Mariecomo's voice) to third-person, omniscient narration not to create cultural and linguistic distance between La Mariecomo and the other characters. I rendered the dialogue in New Brunswick colloquial English, the regional accent of the rural areas of the novel's setting, using expressions such as 'up north' and 'bury her back' and an informal register (e.g. 'bitch about'). (For reference and comparison of this accented vernacular, see links to videos of Marshall Button playing Lucien, New Brunswick's (fictional blue collar philosopher), in the bibliography.) To avoid reader fatigue with dialect, I used an unmarked English for the narration, but kept the language plain and idiomatic. I used equivalent expressions (e.g. 'kicked the bucket' and 'work their asses off') to make the target text fluent for an anglophone readership, to 'insure [sic] easy readability by adhering to current usage' (Venuti 2004: 1) and maintain the humour and wit with which Brun makes political statements.		
Critical Reflection (200 words max) <i>what could have been done differently to</i>	I considered and attempted a heavily accented dialect for the dialogue. The result bordered on mockery and gave the effect of a semi-literate rather than rural people, an effect which has been deemed problematic by critics of Acadian literature in translation (Paratte 1985: 260). Nevertheless, a dialect would have		

<i>achieve your goal more effectively?</i>	kept the source's 'transcription au son' [phonetic transcription], an emblematic feature of the source when it was published (Bruce 2006: ii). Furthermore, Acadian dialects such as Brun's or <i>chiac</i> continue to be relatively uncommon in literature, with some exceptions in the works of France Daigle and Guy Arsenault, for example, so keeping it in translation would have helped convey cultural particularities to an Anglophone audience. The decision to transform the monologue into third-person narration is justified by the lack of typographical and punctuation marks in the source to indicate dialogue (Runte 1997: 45). However, this transformation also meant I had to sacrifice some references to cultural identity that ground Brun's text in his political ideologies (e.g. 'dans votre pays' in line 4), thereby jeopardising Brun's goal of reclaiming the Acadie of marginalised voices and countering myths perpetuated by the clerical elite under the guise of a cultural renaissance (Gallant and Raymond 2011: 554-8).
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1 « Y a une chose ben curieuse qu’eché m’en rappelle, quand j’étais p’tite fille », ajouta Julienne
2 en se levant de son siège. A prit la lampe et marcha vers la p’tite escalier qui montait dans le
3 grenier. « Y a quelque fois, éché montais et éché jetais un coup d’œil entre le plancher et le
4 grenier, à un endroit où que sé pas planché, et y me semble qui avait là quelque chose comme
5 une planche rabotée. Tiens, Tit R’nard, éclaire-moi » ; et elle lui passa la lampe tandis qu’elle
6 montait l’escalier. A s’arrête où le plancher finissait, pis plongea sa main où qui avait un trou,
7 et sortit par lés p’tits une vieille planche pleine de poussière et de crottes à souris. A l’emmena
8 en bas, oussa à côté lés plats qui se trouvaient sur la table et y posa la planche. A prit un vieux
9 bréyan et essuya a planche et par lés p’tits, apparut de l’écriture dans le bois.

10 « Toi qui sais lire, Tit R’nard », dit Coq-à-Chien ; « cousse que cé qué écrit? »

11 « Ça dit : La Grande Borgitte, more 1838. 116 ans, 4 m. 3 s. 3 j. »

12 « Ben goddam de goddam! regarde moi voir ça asstheur », s’exclama Cop-à-Chien;
13 « j’étais sûr d’avoir été avec mon père l’emporter au cimetière. Cousse que cé qué écrit en
14 haut Tit R’nard? »

15 « Ben ça doit être ça que le monde mettre sur lés tombes : JMC », répondit Tit R’nard,
16 étant pas sûr. « Mais ça pas l’air d’être ça, ça l’air comme c’avait été brûlé dans le bois. »

17 « Eché te dis que cé peut-être un avertissement de la Grande Borgitte parce qu’on a
18 oublié de mettre sa tombe », ajouta la Grosse Zelda en suivant de sés yeux La Mariecomo et
19 Gros Pied qui s’approchèrent et examinèrent de près le signe, en se regardant avec un étrange
20 regard dans lés yeux. « Ben voyons astheur, vous regardez vous deux comme si vous aviez vu
21 un revenant! Ma grand for djeu, cousse que cé La Mariecomo? »

22 « Eché va vous le dire tout net, cé la Griffé du Djâble. Tiens, regardes, éché vas suivre
23 lés traces de la griffe avec mon doight... Eché la reconnais parce que cé la même qui a dans le
24 Nord à Caraquette, au Ruisseau-à-Saint-Jean. Là, la griffe é dans une grosse roche. Le monde
25 du Ruisseau, cé comme le monde de par icitte. Y avons itout un Village-de-l’Église comme
26 icitte itou, pis éché t’assure que cé de la même crasse. La Bigarine, une sorcière de par-là, dit
27 qui sont toutes attoqués sur le tchuré, pis lui é attoqué sur l’église, pis l’église é attoquée sur
28 lés Robin, les grosses poches de par là, comme lés Smith de par icitte.

29 La première fois que moi pis Jackayelle on a été par là, on a été rester sur La Bigarine
30 pis son homme. Elle, à lé par là comme la Grande Borgitte l’était un temps par icitte. Cé elle
31 qui guérit le monde qui sont malade? Son homme, lui, dés fois y fait la p’tite école, pis aussi
32 dés rabots de bois, qui vend pour se faire vivre, lui et sa famille.

1 “There’s one weird thing that I remember from back when I was little,” added
2 Julienne as she stood up from her seat. She grabbed the lamp and headed towards the small
3 staircase leading up to the attic. “Sometimes, I’d go up and have a look between the floor
4 and attic. There’s a spot with no floor, and I think there was something like a smooth board
5 there.” She passed him the lamp as she started up the stairs. “Here, Ti R’nard, light up the
6 stairs for me.” She stopped where the floor ended and stuck her hand in the cavity, slowly
7 taking out an old board covered in dust and mouse droppings. She brought it downstairs,
8 moved aside the plates on the table, and set it down. She wiped the board with an old rag,
9 gradually exposing writing etched into the wood.

10 “You can read, Tit R’nard,” said Coq-à-Chien; “what’s it say?”

11 “It says: La Grande Borgitte, died 1838. 116 years, 4 m. 3 w. 3 d.”

12 “Well goddam de goddam! Look at that now,” exclaimed Coq-à-Chien; “I was sure I
13 had brought it to the cemetery with my father. What’s that, written up there, Tit R’nard?”

14 “Well, it must be what folk write on tombs: ‘JMC,’” answered Tit R’nard, hesitating.
15 “But it doesn’t look like that, it looks like it was burnt into the wood.”

16 “Let me tell you, it’s maybe a warning from Grande Borgitte ‘cause we forgot to put
17 up her tombstone,” added Grosse Zelda, following La Mariecomo and Gros Pied with her eyes
18 as they came closer and studied the sign, looking at each other with a strange look. “Well,
19 come on now, you both look like you’ve seen a ghost! Holy Mother of God, what’s the matter
20 La Mariecomo?”

21 “I tell you clear as day, that’s the Devil’s Mark.” La Mariecomo traced the mark with
22 her finger, recognising it as the same as the one up north in Caraquette, at Ruisseau-à-Saint-
23 Jean. That one is carved into a large rock. “The lot from the Ruisseau, they’re like folk from
24 here, and I guarantee they’re the same bunch of misers, too. La Bigarine, a witch from there,
25 says everyone leans on the priest, and the priest leans on the church, and the church leans
26 on the Robins, the deep pockets from there, like de Smiths here.”

27 On their first visit there, La Mariecomo and Jackayelle had stayed with La Bigarine and
28 her guy. La Bigarine was to the north what Grande Borgitte had been here at one point. Is she
29 the one who cures the sick? As for her husband, he sometimes lessoned, sometimes made
30 wooden planers to sell to support himself and his family.

33 Pis pour parler comme sur Lés Borgitte, y faisaient juste assez pour vivre pis à pas se fendre le
34 tchu à travailler. Pis le reste du temps, y bardjeulons contre tout le monde.

35 Cé elle La Bigarine qui m’a conté que le Père Gagnan, dans le temps qui fasait sés
36 rondes dans le Nord pour ramasser l’argent du pauvre monde, y a eu un enfant avec une
37 taweille de Miramichi. A disait itou uand que lés missionnaires canadjens ont fini à voler le
38 monde du Nord, y s’en vont dans le Sud, dans votre pays, pour voler le pauvre monde de par
39 chez vous, qui sont un p’tit brin plus riches que le pauvre monde du Nord. Pis après ça, cés
40 missionnaires-là s’en retournent au Canada pour vivre sur leur argent qui ont ramassé. A
41 disait itou que dans le Nord, cé dés gros bidoux qui parlent français qui volent le monde, pis
42 par chez vous, cé dés grosses poches qui parlent l’anglais. Mais dans le fond, y font toute la
43 même saloperie : y volent le pauvre monde.

44 A m’a conté comment que c’était arrivé qui avait une Griffes du Djâble sur une roche
45 au Ruisseau : la roche marquait l’endroit où que le sorcier Jean Malfaisant a été enterré, et
46 que c’était le premier dés Sorciers de la Côte qué venu au Nord. Y l’était même là avant que
47 lés Anglais ont décidé, un bon jour, de botter le tchu dés Acadjens dehors et lés envoyer
48 prendre un trip dans le Sud dés États, pour se faire grâler le ventre au soleil. Pis dans le fond,
49 dit La Bigarine, y étions mieux par là, parce qu’icitte l’hiver, quand qui a un vent du Nordet
50 qui souffle de la grande mer, eche te dis que cé pas chaud entoute.

51 Apparence que quand que Jean Malfaisant a levé lés pattes, le monde du Ruisseau
52 l’ont mis dans un trou en arrière de chez lui, pis par-dessus y ont halé une grosse roche avec
53 un bœuf, pis y l’ont mis pour boucher la fosse du sorcier. Un bon jour, le tchuré du temps a
54 décidé qui voulait la roche pour mettre à l’entrée de son cimetiére, pis écrire dessus le nom
55 de Caraquette. Le monde du village du Ruisseau avont pas voulu entendre parler de ça, et y
56 ont mis la roche sur garde, le jour comme la nuit. Mais le tchuré a été plus rusé qu’eux! Y la
57 su que le morceau de terre au vieux sorcier appartenait aux Robin, et y la été voir le grand
58 boss pis y la eu la permission écrite qui pouvait aller et venir sur la terre, pis prendre lés roches
59 qui voulait pour l’église.

60 Comme de faite, in bon matin, y é arrivé avec une dizaine de mastocs dés Robin, le
61 Sheriff anglais de Chatham, et une team de bœufs prêtés itou par lés Robin. Quand que le
62 monde du Ruisseau ont vu ça, y se sont dit qui fallait mieux reculer pis penser à leurs affaires.

30 And, like the Borgittes say, they do just enough to live on without working their asses off. The
31 rest of the time, they bitch about everyone. La Bigarine is the one who told La Mariecomo
32 that Père Gagnan, back when he did his rounds up north to collect money from the poor folk,
33 fathered a child with a squaw from Miramichi. She also said that when the Canadian
34 missionaries finish stealing from folk up north, they come south to steal from the folk from
35 here. Seems here we're a bit better off than the poor folk from up north. And after that, the
36 missionaries go back to Canada to live off the money they collected. She also said that up
37 north, the fat cats who steal from people speak French, but down south the deep pockets
38 speak English. But in the end, they are all just as rotten, all stealing from poor folk.

39 La Bigarine had told them how the large rock at the Ruisseau came to have the Devil's
40 Mark. It marked the spot where the sorcerer Jean Malfaisant had been buried. He was the
41 first of the sorcerers on the coast to go up north, even before the English decided to kick the
42 Acadians out and send them on a trip to the southern States to roast their bellies under the
43 sun. And really, La Bigarine figured they were better off there since the winter here was pretty
44 cold, especially when the north wind blew in from the sea.

45 The story goes that when Jean Malfaisant kicked the bucket, folk from the Ruisseau
46 put him in a hole behind his house and blocked the grave with a huge rock hauled in by an ox.
47 One day, the priest decided he wanted that rock to put in front of his cemetery, you know, to
48 have the name Caraquette written on it. The village folk were having none of it and kept watch
49 around the clock.

50 Sure enough, the priest arrived one morning with a dozen of the Robins' henchmen,
51 the English sheriff from Chatham, plus a crew of oxen also borrowed from the Robins. When
52 the folk from the Ruisseau realized what was happening, they decided to leave and rethink
53 their plan.

54

58 Et en plusse que c'était la tombe d'un sorcier, et que Malfaisant se laisserait pas voler
59 sa tombe par un tchuré. Pis y ont déviré talon pour chez eux pour attendre que quelque chose
60 se passe.

61 Après la job finie, le tchuré a invité lés hommes au prisvytère pour prendre un p'tit
62 coup, pis après y sont partis. Dans la soirée, y a fait un de cés vents de sorcier pis y mouillait
63 à boire deboute. Pis au p'tit matin, toute était ben calme; le tchuré sé levé de bonheur pour
64 voir lés premiers rayons du soleil sur son monument. Quand qui a sorti dehors, y pensait
65 encore rêver dans son lit de plumes, parce que devant son cimetière y avait plus de grosse
66 roche. Y a frotté lés yeux pis y a regardé de nouveau mais la roche était partie, comme le vent
67 de sorcier.

68 Là, apparence qui a piqué une crise de nerf, pis y lé parti au galop à l'église, et y la
69 commencé à sonner les cloches à toute volée. Lés premières qui sont arrivées à l'église
70 c'étaient quelques vieilles femmes, vieilles filles et dés hommes. Et y sont toutes partis avec
71 le tchuré en tête au village du Ruisseau, à l'endroit où que la roche était, avant de la haler. Et
72 comme de faite, la roche du sorcier était de retour à son trou, et en plus de ça la Griffes du
73 Djâble avait été comme brûlée dans la roche. Pis pour faire une histoire courte, cé la même
74 griffe que celle-là qui se trouve devant nous autres sur la tombe à la Grande Borgitte. »

75 « Eche te dis », répéta la Grosse Zelda ; « que cé quelque avertissement pour nous
76 dire quelque chose, y a-tu quelqu'un qui le sé? »

77 « Quant à moi », dit Gros Pied, « ça veut dire yinque une chose : la Grande Borgitte ne
78 veut pas rester où qu'a lé dans le cimetière au monde du Village-de-l'Église. A veut s'en
79 revenir sur son monde sur lés Borgitte. »

80 « Moi itou, » ajouta le conteux de contes; « eche pense comme Gros Pied, a lé comme
81 le sorcier de Caraquette, a veut être sur son monde. Pis le plutôt que ça se fera, le mieux ça
82 sera! Cousse que vous en pensez vous autres? »

83 « Cousse tu veux dire, le conteux de contes », demanda Tit R'nard?

84 « Eche comprends pas à cousse que vous voulez en venir, le sé-tu-toi, Théotime? »
85 demanda sa femme.

86 « Ben eche pense », répondit enfin La Mariecomo, « qui a yinque une chose à faire, et
87 cé d'aller qu'rire la Grande Borfitte pis de la ramener icitte sur Lés Borgitte, pis y faire un trou
88 dans le mitant du village et la mettre dedans. »

Add to that the fact that it was a sorcerer's grave and that Malfaisant would not be one to let his tomb be stolen by a priest. So, they all turned around and headed for home to wait for something to happen.

The job done, the priest invited the men to the presbytery for a drink before they all went on their way. That evening, the wind picked up, one of those sorcerous winds, and it started raining buckets. Everything was calm again the next morning. The priest woke up early to see the first rays of light shine on his monument. He thought he was still in his soft bed dreaming when he stepped outside and noticed that the rock was gone. He rubbed his eyes, looked again, but it had really disappeared, just like the sorcerous wind. They say he then threw a fit, sprinted to the church, and set the bells pealing. Old hags, old maids, and men were the first to get to the church. With the priest leading the way they all made for the village of Ruisseau, where the rock stood before it was hauled to the cemetery. And sure enough, it was back in its place blocking the sorcerer's grave. And, on top of that, the Devil's Mark had somehow been burnt into the it. To make a long story short, that mark is the same as the one on the board from Grande Borgitte's tomb.

"I tell you," repeated Grosse Zelda, "it's a warning to tell us something. Anyone know what?"

"For me," answered Gros Pied, "it can only mean one thing: Grande Borgitte doesn't want to stay where she is in the cemetery with the Village-de-l'Église folk. She wants to come back to her folk here with de Borgittes."

"Me too," chimed in the storyteller, "I agree with Gros Pied, she's like the sorcerer of Caraquette, she wants to be with her folk. The sooner we make that happen, the better! What do you guys think?"

"What do you mean? You're a teller of tales." asked Ti R'nard.

"I don't understand what you're talking about. D'you know, Théotime?" asked his wife.

La Mariecomo finally joined in: "I think that there's only one thing to do, and that's to go get Grande Borgitte and bring her back here at the Borgittes'. We'll dig a hole in the middle of the village and put her there."

102 « Moi itou eche pense comme La Mariecomo », ajouta le grand garçon à Théotime à
103 Bédèche ; « eche m'offre pour aller dans le cimetière la qu'ri. Viens-tu, toi ma belle? »

104 « Attendez astheur », ajouta Coq-ç-Chien ; « y faut planer ça d'avance et y faut que ça
105 se fasse toute dans une même nuit, pour pas que le monde du Village-de-l'Église s'en
106 apercevions. Y faudra quelqu'un qui reste icitte pour préparer le trou à la Grande Borfitte
107 tandis que lés autres iront la qu'ri. Comme ça, ça ira plus vite pis personne saura cousse qui
108 sé passé. Depuis le temps qu'a lé morte, a lé sûrement toute virée en os et en poussière. Y
109 faudra se gréyer un sac pour la mettre dedans et ça, cé de l'ouvrage d'homme. »

110 « Pis nous autres, lés femmes, cousse que nous allons faire », demanda la Grosse Zelda,
111 secondées par Dauphine, Julienne et la fille à la Veuve Madoueste.

112 « Ben voyons astheur, ma femme » ajouta son homme, Théotime. « Y faut l'enterrer
113 à nouveau. Penses-tu qu'on va garrocher le sac avec la Grande Borgitte dedans en arrière du
114 poêle, pis la laisser là! »

115 « Eche pense, » dit Cop-à-Chien, « que la meilleure chose à faire pour son trou, cé de
116 la mettre dans le vieux puits abandonné à côté de la chaintre à Tit Jean Paurelle, où qu'était
117 la vieille emplacement. Mon défunt père racontait que ce puits là, cé le sorcier Latour qui la
118 creusé. Y lé pas creux entoute parce qui avait une veine d'eau à une dizaine de pieds sous la
119 terre. Latour avait trouvé la veine avec une rod.

120 Apparence que c'était pas tellement de la bonne eau à boire, mais Latour la dit à
121 personne, parce que tout l'temps que le monde allions chez lui, y disions qui avions jamais bu
122 de l'eau aussi bonne. Pis y en buvions d'autres et ajoutions : a lé si bonne que ce doit être une
123 veine sans pareille parce qu'a donne la soif. Latour à dit à mon père, quelque temps avant de
124 quitter le pays, que la raison que le monde trouvions que son eau était tellement bonne pis
125 qu'a donnait l'envie d'en boire d'autre, c'était à cause qu'a l'était un p'tit brin salée et qui
126 l'avait yinque découvert ça après qui avait emmuré son puits. Pis l'ouvrage fini, y l'était trop
127 fier de son puits pour dire au monde la vérité. Et comme ça, personne la su, yinque mon père.
128 Eche pense que la Grande Borgitte dans le puits du sorcier Latour, a peut pas demander
129 meilleur que ça ; ça fera une tombe à eux deux, pis ça sera comme de la viande salée dans un
130 baril, ça la préservera! Cousse t'en penses, La Mariecomo? »

131

87 “I agree with La Mariecomo,” added Théotime-à-Bédêche’s eldest, “I’ll go to the cemetery to
88 get her. Coming, honey?”

89 “Wait a minute,” replied Coq-à-Chien, “we have to make a plan and do everything in
90 one night so the folk from Village-de-l’Église don’t notice. Someone has to stay here to dig
91 the hole for Grande Borgitte while the others go to get her. It’ll go faster that way and no
92 one’ll be the wiser for it. She’s probably turned into bones and dust since she died. We’ll have
93 to find a bag to put that in, that’s man’s work.”

94 “What should the women do?” asked Grosse Zelda. Dauphine, Julienne, and widow
95 Madoueste’s daughter agreed.

96 “Well, cripes, woman,” replied her husband, Théotime. “We have to bury her back.
97 What, do you think we’ll pitch the bag with Grande Borgitte behind the stove and leave her
98 there!”

99 Coq-à-Chien suggested that the best thing to do about the hole was to put Grande
100 Borgitte into the abandoned well besides Ti Jean Paurelle’s headland, where the old site was.
101 His late father had told him that the well had been dug by the sorcerer Latour. The well is
102 really shallow because of a water vein about ten feet underground, which Latour found with
103 a rod.

104 Seems that like the water was not particularly good to drink, but Latour did not tell
105 anyone because every time someone went to his place they said that it was the best water
106 they had ever tasted. They drank more and said that the water was so good it must be a one-
107 of-a-kind water vein because it made them thirsty. Latour had told Coq-à-Chien’s father,
108 shortly before leaving the country, that the reason why everyone thought his water was so
109 good and made them thirstier was because it had some salt to it. He had only found that out
110 after walling up his well, and by then he was too proud to tell folks the truth. So, no one other
111 than Coq-à-Chien’s father knew. “I think that Grande Borgitte couldn’t ask for anything better
112 than to be put in the sorcerer Latour’s well. It’ll make a tomb for the two of them, and it’ll be
113 like salt meat in a barrel, it’ll preserve her! What d’ya think, La Mariecomo?”

BOOK THREE

LE VIEUX MAJORIQUE

CALIXTE DUGUAY

Student Number	17301841
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Le Vieux Majorique</i>	Title	<i>Old Majorique</i>
Year Published	1967/1994		
Author	Calixte Duguay		
Language	French	Language	Click or tap here to enter text.
Word Count	1664	Word Count	1,508
Description of Source Text (200 words max) <i>what is the source text like (genre, register, tone, dialect, rhythm, alliteration, word order, and other poetic devices)?</i>	Duguay wrote this short story in 1967 but published it in 1994 as a preface to <i>Louis Mailloux</i>, a reworking of it for musical theatre (Duguay 1994: 11-5). <i>Le vieux Majorique</i> fictionalises the 1875 Caraquet Riot after the provincial government's adoption of the Common School Act (1871), threatening Acadians' French-Catholic education system (Snyder and Lambert). An altercation with the (English) militia led to Acadian teenager Louis Mailloux being killed by a stray bullet (Levasseur 1997: np). Duguay relied on a questionable memoir and interviews more than fact for his historical reimagining (Duguay 1994: 12). He clearly has a nationalistic agenda, masking facts that would present Acadians in a weakened light (Levasseur 1997: np). The tragic tone conveys a sense of resistance to injustice (e.g. line 40). Narration alternates between a child recollecting the story told by his grandfather, and the grandfather, so the voice is both naive (e.g. 'diplôme de ramasseux de patates [potato-picker diploma]) and mature (e.g. 'twigged'). The language is idiomatic (e.g. 's'écrase la fourche en l'air dans un quart de viande salée' [crashed to the floor, backside facing up, like a slab of salted meat]). Language is representative of spoken language, with phonetic spellings (e.g. 'djâble' for 'diable') and pronoun repetition (e.g. 't'en souviens-tu), while narration is formal (e.g. 'abroger', 'dépêtré').		
Strategy (200 words max) <i>what have you decided to do in your translation and why?</i>	The source text's historical basis and musical accompaniment make it ideal for classroom study, so I decided to translate for an audience of high school or university students (ages 14 and up). To focus on the story and historicity, I researched Government of New Brunswick archives to find proper English terminology related to referenced laws (e.g. 'British North America Act', 'non-denominational schools', 'neutral schools' (<i>Provincial Archives of New Brunswick</i>). I kept proper nouns in French for historical accuracy. I also reproduced the fluctuations in narration between the child's and the reminiscing grandfather's points of view, which make the text accessible to a general audience with wide-ranging interest and reading levels. To make the target text relevant to a history class, I reproduced the subtext of cultural tensions, the good/bad binary embedded in the Acadian-versus-English conflict (Levasseur 1997: np) (e.g. lines 45-46). This meant keeping derogatory terms (like 'Anglo') and qualifiers such as 'damn Protestants.' I rendered the source's multiple idioms with target-language equivalents, e.g. 'what we were made of' for 'de quel bois on se chauffait' [with what wood we heated ourselves] (line 40).		
Critical Reflection (200 words max) <i>what could have been done differently to</i>	The source text's idiomatic language would have provided ample opportunity to adopt Venuti's resistance strategy, to forego the 'replacement of the linguistic and cultural difference of the foreign text' (Venuti 2004: 18) and make Acadian culture and figurative language shine through the translation. Finding semantic equivalents, though, made the target text more readily available to the anglophone receiving		

achieve your goal more effectively?	audience and to young readers alike than having, for example, a somewhat non-sensical sentence like 'let them eat the wool off our backs' for 'se laisser manger la laine sur le dos' (line 45). I could also have corrected Duguay's historical omissions (see above), which he uses to represent Mailloux as 'hero' or a 'symbol' that embodies the determination and resourcefulness of the Acadian people (Boudreau 1994: 7-8). Doing so, however, would undermine the author's purpose. Neither the source text nor the target text purports itself to be historically accurate, and Duguay uses historical fiction as a poetic device to celebrate an Acadian hero on the anniversary of his death. Nevertheless, should the translation be published in a school textbook, it could be useful to include as an addendum the true account of the 1875 rebellion or a translator's preface.
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1 —T'en souviens-tu, grand-père, de l'histoire du gars de Caraquet que t'as contée l'autre soir à
2 ma petite sœur Georgine? Elle m'a dit que c'était la plus belle histoire qu'elle avait jamais entendue.

3 Comme s'il était possible qu'il ne s'en souvienne pas, le vieux Majorique! Il était dans la maison
4 quand les coups de fusil avaient été tirés. Il avait vu, lui, vous entendez, il avait vu! D'ailleurs, nous
5 assurait-il, son oncle lui avait raconté dans le menu détail tout ce que sa curiosité d'enfant n'avait pu
6 saisir. Bon!

7 Il se faisait un peu prier, pour la forme. Mais il se mit bientôt en frais de faire revivre devant les
8 yeux du jeune auditoire que nous formions les péripéties du drame qui s'était déroulé à Caraquet, il
9 y avait déjà presque cent ans. Ah! s'il s'en souvenait! Sa vieille peau ridée de centenaire ne
10 l'empêchait pas d'avoir encore les yeux pétillants, le vieux Majorique. Et cela même s'il n'avait pas
11 été à l'école bien longtemps. Il devait avoir une dizaine d'années à l'époque. À cet âge, on lui avait
12 déjà donné, comme il disait avec un sourire, son « diplôme de ramasseur de patates ». Les mâts de
13 misaine, les beauprés et les grandes voiles, c'était là son alphabet quotidien. Il lui arrivait souvent,
14 dans ses histoires, de faire combattre Napoléon dans les rangs des sauvages ou de faire échouer
15 Jonas et sa baleine sur les rives de la baie des Chaleurs. Mais il accompagnait ses récits d'une
16 mimique si convaincante, il y avait dans ses gestes une telle éloquence qu'on le croyait sur parole.

17 J'étais tout jeune quand je l'entendis raconter cette histoire pour la première fois. Nous étions
18 là, une quinzaine d'enfants, avec lui sur le perron de sa porte. À travers la fumée qui montait du
19 fourneau de sa pipe, à travers les mots, le jeu des mains, les clignements d'yeux, nous comprenions
20 tant bien que mal ce qu'il mettait tant d'âme, tant de cœur et tant de gestes à vouloir nous
21 expliquer. Il fallait comprendre que la Confédération, signée en 1867, avait assez mal servi la cause
22 des Acadiens. Pour Majorique Mailloux, c'était clair, les Acadiens de l'époque avaient été victimes
23 d'une injustice.

24 L'article 93 de l'*Acte de l'Amérique du Nord britannique* avait accordé aux provinces pleine de
25 juridiction en matière d'éducation. Forte de cet article, la législature du Nouveau-Brunswick avait
26 adopté, en 1871, une loi qui supprimait les octrois aux écoles confessionnelles en existence avant
27 1867. Cela voulait dire que les Acadiens, tous catholiques, auraient à payer une taxe supplémentaire
28 s'ils voulaient maintenir leurs écoles séparées. La loi interdisait aussi le port du costume religieux
29 dans les écoles et exigeait que les instituteurs et institutrices venant du Québec fassent un stage
30 dans les écoles normales de la province avant d'obtenir leur brevet d'enseignement.

31 — Vous comprenez, les enfants, tint à préciser Majorique, ça, ça voulait dire pus moyen de se
32 faire instruire en français pis de prier le Bon Dieu comme du monde. Je serais pas surpris que le
33 diable était encore en-dessous de cette histoire-là. Ç'aurait pas été la première fois qu'y venait se
34 mêler de nos affaires.

1 – Grandpa, do you remember the story that you told my little sister Georgine the other night,
2 about the lad from Caraquet? She told me it was the most beautiful story she ever heard.

3 As if there were a chance Old Majorique would forget it. He was in the house when the shots
4 went off. He saw it, you know, he saw it! Besides, his uncle had told him in great detail everything
5 that his child’s curiosity hadn’t twigged.

6 He pretended to hesitate, for appearances’ sake. But before a growing audience he soon did
7 his best to bring to life the drama that unfolded in Caraquet almost 100 years ago. Ah! how could he
8 forget? His old, wrinkled, centenarian skin didn’t keep him from having a sharp eye, that old
9 Majorique. Even if he hadn’t been to school very long. He must’ve been about ten at the time. By
10 then, as he puts it smilingly, he’d already been given his “potato-picker” diploma. Foremasts,
11 bowsprits, and mainsails, this was the stuff of daily schooling. In his stories, he often had Napoleon
12 fight on the side of the natives or Jonah and his whale wash up on the shores of the Baie des
13 Chaleurs. But his versions were so convincing, his gestures so expressive, that you just took his word
14 for it.

15 I was very young when I heard him tell the story for the first time. We were there, with him,
16 about fifteen of us kids on his door step. Through the smoke rising from his pipe, through all the
17 words, gestures, blinking, we understood what he was trying to explain to us, somehow, in his
18 soulful, heartfelt, vivid way. The thing was, Confederation, which was signed in 1867, wasn’t good
19 for the Acadians. For Majorique Mailloux, it was clear that the Acadians had been suffered an
20 injustice.

21 Article 93 of the *British North America Act* had given the provinces complete jurisdiction
22 over educational matters. The New Brunswick government used it intentionally to adopt a law in
23 1871 that cut grants to denominational schools that existed before 1867. This meant that Acadians,
24 all of them Catholics, had to pay an additional tax if they wanted to keep their separate schools. The
25 law also forbade the wearing of religious garb in schools and required teachers from Quebec to
26 complete training in a New Brunswick teachers’ college to obtain their teaching certificates.

27 – You see, kids, added Majorique, that meant we couldn’t go to school in French or pray to
28 the Good Lord properly anymore. I wouldn’t be surprised that the devil was behind the whole thing.
29 It wasn’t the first time he poked his nose in our business.

Et avec un clin d'œil malicieux :

— Le djable ou ben les Anglais, ce qui revient quasiment au même.

Ce n'est que quelques années plus tard, en fouillant dans l'histoire de l'Acadie, que je pus reconstituer dans leur ensemble tous ces détails historiques. Le conteur, lui, en savait tout juste assez pour empêcher ses auditeurs de perdre le fil. Il n'avait aucun scrupule à déplacer les dates ou les faits.

De l'amusant mélange qu'il nous servait, il fallait dégager qu'après de vaines tentatives pour faire abroger la loi, on avait refusé de payer les taxes scolaires destinées à subvenir aux besoins des écoles neutres. Les esprits s'étaient échauffés. Caraquet n'avait pas voulu s'en laisser imposer. Après tout, ne vivait-on pas dans le plus long village du monde? Avec un tel titre de gloire, on se devait de ne pas se laisser manger la laine sur le dos. On montrerait à ces maudits protestants, dont on était sûr que le Bon Dieu les précipiterait un jour au fond de l'enfer, de quel bois on se chauffait.

Et puis, ce qui avait mis le feu aux poudres, c'était l'affaire des syndics. À l'automne de 1874, le gouvernement provincial avait refusé de connaître les commissaires d'écoles, tous acadiens, qui venaient d'être élus à Caraquet, et les avait remplacés par une nouvelle commission scolaire composée uniquement d'Anglais. Cette action ne fut pas sans causer tout un émoi dans une paroisse où il y avait quarante Acadiens pour un Anglais. Des gens de Caraquet, dans une tentative pour intimider les anglo-protestants de la paroisse, allèrent faire du tapage chez certains d'entre eux. Quelques-uns tirèrent même des coups de feu en l'air.

Après s'être d'épêtré avec beaucoup d'honneur de cet amas de faits et de dates, le vieillard poursuivait :

— Y en a qui avont commencé à dire que des soldats s'en venient de Newcastle pour nous faire la barbe. Moi, y pouviont pas me la faire parce que j'en avais pas encore, mais mon frère, lui, y en avait, pis y voulait pas se la faire couper par eux autres.

Il sourit à cette facétie qu'il disait peut-être pour la vingtième fois, toujours étonné qu'elle provoquât chez son innocent auditoire le rire général. Après avoir ainsi détendu l'atmosphère il baissa le ton. On sentait qu'il en était rendu à un point pathétique de son récit. On aurait dit qu'il avait navigué jusque-là dans une mer inconnue et pleine d'écueils. Mais il voguait maintenant en eau familière. Plus besoin de faire un effort de mémoire pour démêler des dates qu'il n'avait jamais pu retenir exactement, pour expliquer des faits qu'il n'avait jamais trop bien compris. Ce qu'il allait raconter, il l'avait vécu.

— Avec une vingtaine d'hommes, mon père a été attendre les soldats dans la maison à André Albert. Y aviont apporté leur fusil avec eux autres. Je m'en souviens comme d'hier. C'était un mardi gras. Les hommes nous aviont fait accroire que c'était pour jouer aux cartes qu'y alliont là.

30 And with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, he added:

31 – The devil or the English, it's practically the same.

32 It was only a few years later, digging into Acadian history, that I was able to piece together
33 all this historical information. As for the storyteller, he knew just enough to keep his audience
34 focused. He had no scruples about swapping dates or facts either.

35 From the amusing hodge-podge that Majorique was dishing out, we had to deduce that,
36 after multiple attempts to repeal the law, Acadians had refused to pay the school taxes intended for
37 neutral schools. Tempers flared. Caraquet didn't let itself be bossed about. After all, didn't we live in
38 the longest village in the world? With such an illustrious title, we owed it to ourselves not to let
39 them walk all over us. Sure that the Good Lord would one day send them to the depths of hell, we'd
40 show these damned Protestants what we were made of.

41 And, what really stirred the hornet's nest was the question of the trustees. In the Fall of
42 1874, the provincial government refused to recognize the newly elected school board, all of them
43 Acadians, and replaced it with a board made up only of Anglos. In a parish where there were forty
44 Acadians for every Anglo, this of course didn't happen without causing trouble. In an effort to
45 intimidate the Anglo-Protestants of the parish, some people from Caraquet made a racket outside
46 the houses of some of them. A few even fired shots in the air.

47 After admirably untangling himself from the pile of facts and dates, the old man continued:

48 – Some started saying that soldiers were coming from Newcastle, probably to teach us a
49 lesson. They couldn't teach me one because I didn't know enough yet, but my brother, he was old
50 enough and certainly didn't want to learn it from them.

51 Majorique smiled at the play on words, which he'd used maybe for the twentieth time, always
52 surprised that it provoked general laughter amongst innocent listeners. Now that the atmosphere
53 was a bit more relaxed, he lowered his voice. You felt that he was getting to the sad part of his story.
54 You felt that he'd been charting unknown, choppy waters up to this point. But now he was drifting
55 into familiar seas. There was no longer a need to strain his memory to untangle dates he never was
56 able to keep straight, to explain facts that he'd never really understood. What he was about to tell
57 us, he'd lived through.

58 –My father went to André Albert's house with about twenty men to wait for the soldiers. They
59 had their guns with them. I remember it as if it were yesterday. It was Shrove Tuesday. The men had
60 pretended that they were going there to play cards.

69 Mais nous autres, les jeunes, on savait ben qu’y alliont discuter de choses sérieuses. C’est pour ça
70 que j’ai été trouver les petits gars du voisin dans la maison d’à côté. Ça faisait déjà une bonne
71 escousse qu’on regardait par le châssis quand on a vu une trentaine de soldats monter la butte pour
72 s’en venir à la maison à André. Tout de suite, j’ai couru les avertir que les miliciens s’en veniont. Faut
73 croire qu’y les aviont déjà vus, parce que quand j’ai rentré dans la maison, presque tout le monde
74 avait grimpé au grenier. Tout ce que j’ai pu voir, c’est qu’y haliont l’échelle après eux autres pis qu’y
75 fermiont la porte. Y a seulement deux hommes qui avont resté en bas pour attendre les soldats. Eux
76 autres, les soldats, y étiont déjà arrivés à la maison. Pareils comme des sauvages, y avont ouvri la
77 porte, sans cogner.

78 — Y avons pas cogné? C’était pire que des sauvages!

79 Pris par la vivacité du récit, j’avais oublié qu’il ne fallait jamais interrompre Majorique lorsqu’il
80 racontait.

81 Pas une ride de son visage n’avait bougé. Il attendait placidement, les yeux rivés devant lui, que
82 mon intervention soit terminée, ce qui ne tarda guère. Devant l’indifférence qu’il me manifestait,
83 mieux valait se taire. Il enchaîna, comme si de rien n’était.

84 — Le chef commence à regarder partout dans la maison, mais y trouve personne. C’est là qu’y
85 voit la porte du grenier. Y monte sur les épaules d’un autre, pousse la porte pis tire trois coups de
86 fusil. Pendant ce temps-là, les soldats tiriont à travers le plafond. Tout d’un coup, le chef qui avait
87 grimpé dans la trappe du grenier lâche son fusil pis s’écrase la fourche en l’air dans un quart de
88 viande salée. Y avait reçu une décharge de fusil en pleine face. Mort! ... Moi j’tremblais dans mes
89 culottes. J’ai jamais eu tant peur de ma vie.

90 Il parlait lentement, pour laisser à la peur le temps de nous pénétrer jusqu’aux os. Nous étions
91 tous là, haletants, la bouche entrouverte; nous buvions les mots, les gestes. Quand il fut sûr d’avoir
92 produit son effet, il continua :

93 — C’est à ce moment-là que j’ai vu les hommes sortir un à un du grenier et sauter sur le
94 plancher de la cuisine en criant aux soldats d’arrêter. Y s’avont laissés attacher les mains et les pieds
95 par les soldats, sans parler. Y avait rien que Joseph Duguay qui arrêta pas de crier : « Louis s’est fait
96 tuer! Louis s’est fait tuer! ... » Louis... Y l’avont descendu du grenier; je les ai vus l’étendre sur le
97 plancher de la cuisine. Y baignait dans son sang... À 19 ans.

98 Rendu à ce point de son récit, Majorique détourna le visage et je vis qu’il essayait furtivement
99 quelques larmes. J’avais toujours cru que les grandes personnes ne pleuraient jamais. Du moins, je
100 n’aurais jamais eu l’idée que lui, Majorique, pût verser des larmes. Je me hasardai donc à lui
101 demander :

102 — Pourquoi que tu pleures?

61 But us kids, we knew very well that they were going there to talk about serious stuff. That's why I
62 went to meet the other neighbourhood boys at the house next door. We had already been staring
63 out the window for a while when we saw about thirty soldiers coming up the hill towards André's
64 house. Right away I went to warn them that the soldiers were coming. Seems they'd already seen
65 them because when I came in the house, nearly everyone had gone up to the attic. All I could see
66 was the last one hauling up the ladder and closing the door. Only two men stayed downstairs to wait
67 for the soldiers, who barged in just like barbarians the minute they arrived.

68 – They didn't knock? That's even worse than barbarians!

69 Caught up in the drama of the story, I'd forgotten that you should never interrupt Majorique
70 in the middle of a-story.

71 Not a wrinkle in his face moved. Eyes fixed straight ahead, he waited quietly for my
72 intervention to end. It didn't take long. From the look of indifference on his face, it was better to
73 shut up. He continued, as if nothing had happened.

74 – The leader started looking around the house but couldn't find anyone. That's when he
75 spotted the door to the attic. He climbed up onto the shoulders of another soldier, pushed the door,
76 and fired three shots. Other soldiers fired shots aimlessly at the ceiling at the same time. All of a
77 sudden, the one who had climbed up through the attic door dropped his gun and crashed to the
78 floor, backside facing up, like a slab of salted meat. He'd been shot in the face. Dead!... I was
79 shaking. Never been so scared in my life.

80 He was talking slowly, to let fear seep into our bones. We were all there, holding our breath,
81 mouths agape; we were eating up his words, his gestures. When he was sure he'd produced the
82 desired effect, he continued:

83 – That's when I saw our men come out of the attic one by one, jumping onto the kitchen
84 floor yelling for the soldiers to stop. They let the soldiers tie up their hands and feet, not saying a
85 word. Only Joseph Duguay kept yelling: 'Louis's been killed! Louis's been killed!' Louis... They brought
86 him down from the attic; I saw them lay him down on the floor. He was dripping in blood... Just 19
87 years old.

88 At this point in his story, Majorique turned his face away and I saw him wipe away a few
89 tears anxiously. I had always thought that these grownups never cried. At least, I'd never thought
90 that he, Majorique, would ever shed a tear. I dared to ask:

91 – Why are you crying?

103 Il ne répondit pas, se contentant de me regarder en bourrant sa pipe. Il continua à raconter
104 qu'après la bataille du grenier, les soldats avaient emmené avec eux les personnes qui y avaient
105 participé; qu'on avait intenté à plusieurs d'entre eux un procès où Joseph Chiasson avait d'abord été
106 condamné à être pendu, puis gracié par la reine Victoria. Je ne l'écoutais presque plus. Je ne pouvais
107 me sortir de l'esprit que j'avais vu pleurer le vieux Majorique, lui d'habitude si joyeux. Je voulais en
108 avoir le cœur net :

109 — Pourquoi que tu pleurais tout à l'heure?

110 — Tu sais, mon p'tit gars – et cette fois, son visage ne trahissait plus aucune émotion – le jeune
111 homme que j'ai vu couché de tout son long dans une mare de sang, y s'appelait Louis Mailloux.

112 — Mais, grand-père, Mailloux, c'est un nom comme le tien?

113 — J'sais, c'était mon frère.

92 He didn't answer, content with looking at me while filling his pipe. He continued the story,
93 telling us that after the battle of the attic, soldiers had taken away those who had participated, had
94 brought many of them to court, and that Joseph Chiasson had been condemned to hang before
95 being pardoned by Queen Victoria. I was barely listening to him. I couldn't get over the fact that I
96 had seen old Majorique cry. He was usually so happy. I needed it off my chest:

97 – Why were you crying earlier?

98 – You know, kid – and this time his face betrayed no emotion – that young man who was
99 lying on the floor in a pool of blood, his name was Louis Mailloux.

100 – But, grandpa Mailloux, that's the same name as you?

101 – Yes it is, he was my brother.

BOOK FOUR

LA REDDITION

ALEXANDRE BRAUD

Student Number	17301831
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>La reddition</i> (from the epilogue of <i>Subercase ou les dernières années de la domination française en Acadie. Drame historique en trois actes et un épilogue</i>)	Title	<i>The Surrender</i>
Year Published	1902/1936		
Author	Alexandre Braud		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	380	Word Count	356
Description of Source Text (200 words max) <i>what is the source text like (genre, register, tone, dialect, rhythm, alliteration, word order, and other poetic devices)?</i>	<i>Subercase</i> is a play written in alexandrines with rhyming couplets and medial caesuras. It dramatises a historical event, the 1710 surrender of Acadian fortress Port Royal to British forces by Governor Daniel Auger de Subercase, thereby placing Acadie permanently under British rule (<i>Canadian Encyclopedia</i>). From the epilogue, the excerpt is a soliloquy delivered by the eponymous protagonist upon realising his doomed fate. The text is written in literary French (e.g. line 10) and in a formal register (e.g. verb tense, <i>vouvoisement</i>). There are several metaphors and highly evocative imagery (e.g. lines 3, 18), emphasising the pastoral, idyllic nature of pre-conquest Acadie to contrast with the violence and uncertainty of war. In keeping with the dramatic tradition of early twentieth century Acadian literature (Gallant and Raymond 2012: 806-7), ‘Subercase’ embellishes history, using glorifying language more reminiscent of victory than defeat, and joining in the nationalistic discourse of the Acadian cultural renaissance (Maillet et al 1992: 160). The play accordingly features epic conventions such as invocation, battle, and scale (Baldick 2015: 119). The play was produced in 1902 in Nova Scotia, though the manuscript was lost to fire in 1915. Braud reworked the play in 1936, adding namely the epilogue (Gallant and Raymond 2012: 804-5). I worked from this later manuscript.		
Strategy (200 words max) <i>what have you decided to do in your translation and why?</i>	With history told from the point of view of the defeated rather than the victor, the text provides appropriate material to raise awareness of, and introduce the Canadian anglophone reader to, the shared history between English- and French-Canada. The intention then is to include the excerpt in an historical anthology rather than to have it performed as a play. I therefore forfeited theatrical elements such as stage directions. Because the use of alexandrines alludes to the literary French tradition (Baldick 2015: 7), I chose an English form that would suit the anglophone literary system and target culture while mimicking the reading experience. I kept the source’s formal register (e.g. lines 22, 25, 44) and caesuras whenever possible to reinforce the drama and maintain epic connotations (Baldick 2015: 7). I opted for a close rendering of the meaning and sense of the source text, finding equivalents for metaphors and imagery (e.g. lines 3, 12, 35, 44) and choosing words with Anglo-Saxon rather than Latinate etymology (e.g. ‘soothe’ instead of ‘allay’). To maintain the source’s historicity and situate the text geographically and temporally, I preserved numerous toponymic, colonial, and religious references to (e.g. Pomboncoup and Île Saint-Jean have since been renamed (Brown 1922: 120; <i>Tourism</i>: para. 3)).		
Critical Reflection (200 words max) <i>what could have been done differently</i>	The greatest obstacle to achieving my goal was to write in rhyming iambic pentameter. Choosing this form, however, allowed me to celebrate the source-text literary tradition while anchoring the translation in the target-text system, for many translations of classical epics into English adopt a similar approach		

to achieve your goal more effectively?

(Wilson 2018: 82). In certain places I had to sacrifice rich rhymes and reverse iamb stresses to maintain semantic coherence and producing a text appropriate for an anglophone reader (e.g. line 11). I could have rendered the language differently, choosing for instance to transpose into an early eighteenth-century vocabulary to match the setting or to gloss explicit references to colonialism and religion potentially jarring to a contemporary reader (e.g. lines 12, 29). I could also have minimised references to Acadian nationalism (e.g. lines 14, 27) or provided English equivalences to place names (e.g. Pubnico for Pomboncoup). However, as these characterisations are integral to Acadian identity and the historicity of the text, as well as to the increased sense of cultural awareness for which I was aiming, I opted to render keep cultural references. This approach aligns well with the prevalent strategy of minimising difference of the 'other' in French-to-English translation in Canada (Lane-Mercier 2006: 82).

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1 L'avenir dites-vous, c'est bien là ma tristesse,
2 Alors qu'on ne peut pas nous taxer de faiblesse.
3 Certes votre parole est un baume à mon cœur.
4 Mais qui peut apaiser mon atroce douleur?
5 Lorsque je fus nommé gouverneur d'Acadie,
6 Que j'entendais laisser libre, fière, agrandie,
7 Pour elle je rêvais de grands et fiers destins,
8 Malgré nos ennemis arrogants, et hautains.
9 Oui j'avais fait un rêve audacieux, splendide,
10 Qui berçait mon esprit d'optimisme intrépide,
11 Sur ces bords où la France a tracé son sillon
12 Prêché le Christ, porté la civilisation,
13 Je voyais s'établir dans notre colonie
14 De très nombreux Français, orgueil de la Patrie.
15
16 De la Hève jusqu'aux rivages de Louisbourg,
17 De Pomboncoup jusqu'à notre fort Beauséjour,
18 Je voyais des clochers abritant des villages,
19 Où vivaient fraternels, le long de nos rivages,
20 De prospères fermiers et d'heureux Acadiens,
21 Du Roi loyaux sujets et fidèles chrétiens
22 Cependant je rêvais plus magnifique encore
23 À mes yeux se levait une brillante aurore.

- 1 In thoughts of the future lies my sadness,
- 2 Though none can reproach us any weakness.
- 3 To my sore heart your words bring some relief.
- 4 Could anyone now soothe such bitter grief?
- 5 I was, as Governor of Acadie,
- 6 Intent upon it being proud and free,
- 7 For her I dreamt of noble destinies
- 8 In spite of vain and prideful enemies.
- 9 I had a dream, so daring and sublime,
- 10 A fearless confidence, and over time,
- 11 On these shores where France now turned its furrow,
- 12 Preached the Word of God, made a nation grow,
- 13 I watched settle in our dear Acadie
- 14 A great many, a proud French colony.
- 15
- 16 Between La Hève and Louisbourg,
- 17 Pomboncoup and our own Fort Beauséjour,
- 18 With church towers to shelter each village,
- 19 Lived peacefully, land ready for tillage,
- 20 Prosperous farmers, blessed Acadians,
- 21 Loyal subjects and faithful Christians
- 22 But brighter still my hopefulness shone on
- 23 For I saw rise a new and brilliant dawn.

24 Des rives d'Acadie aux bords du Saint-Laurent
25 Surgissait devant moi, toujours plus beau, plus grand,
26 Un immense pays français et catholique
27 Tête et cœur à la fois de toute l'Amérique.
28 Vous, prêtres, vous prêchiez aux Sauvages la Foi,
29 L'amour de Jésus-Christ et sa sainte loi,
30 Et nous, soldats, aux vives éclairs de notre épée,
31 Nous faisons une histoire aux accents d'épopée.
32 Malheur à qui venait nous braver dans nos droits
33 Avec, en nous, le sang des croisés d'autrefois,
34 Portant leur nom, nous inspirant de leur mémoire,
35 Nous ne craignons personne et chevauchions la gloire.
36 La forêt reculait sans cesse, et nos colons
37 Dans les champs tout nouveaux alignaient leurs sillons.
38 Faisant partout sentir son pur et clair génie
39 La France était du ciel la nation bénie.
40 En elle on saluait le vrai soldat de Dieu.
41 Et sa puissance était respectée en tout lieu.
42 Et j'entendais des voix, formant un chœur immense,
43 Qui, dans le monde entier, criaient : vive la France!
44 Et mon rêve s'écroule, et je vois tout sombrer
45 Dans la défaite que je n'ai pu conjurer.
46 Tout fuit, tout disparaît. Et maintenant, ô prêtre

24 From Acadie to the Saint Lawrence shore,
25 There swelled, vaster and grander all the more,
26 A great nation, subject of God and France,
27 Of the New World both mind and heart at once.
28 With priests preaching the Faith the natives heard,
29 The love of Jesus Christ, His Holy Word,
30 While we soldiers, our swords flashing mighty,
31 Did shape for France an epic history.
32 Misfortune to those who denied our rights
33 Still fresh the blood of unforgotten fights,
34 In their name and in their memory,
35 We feared no one and rode gloriously.
36 Forests narrowed as men conquered meadows,
37 And in fresh fields aligned their long furrows.
38 As far and wide its influence impressed,
39 Was France a nation by the heavens blessed.
40 In her we found God's most loyal hand.
41 Her force was well revered in all the land.
42 I heard voices, forming one vast choir,
43 Exclaiming 'Long live France!' the world over.
44 My ardent hopes shattered, all had foundered
45 In the defeat that I had not conjured.
46 Fleeing and vanishing. Now, O Father,

Qu'en notre Port Royal l'Anglais reste le maître,

Bientôt vous le verrez attaquer de nouveau

Sans s'arrêter jamais, et par terre et par eau

Louisbourg, l'Île Saint-Jean, Québec, Ville-Marie

Sceller au Canada le sort de la Patrie.

In Port Royal a new English master,
Beware, for I suspect further attack,
By land or sea, unwilling to hold back,
On Louisbourg, Québec, or Ville-Marie
And seal for Canada its destiny.

BOOK FIVE

MADELEINE BOURG
ANDRÉ-T. BOURQUE

Student Number	17301831
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	'Madeleine Bourg', from <i>Chez les anciens acadiens (Causeries du grand-père Antoine)</i>	Title	<i>Madeleine Bourg</i>
Year Published	1911		
Author	André-T. Bourque		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	1826	Word Count	1494
Description of Source Text (200 words max) <i>what is the source text like (genre, register, tone, dialect, rhythm, alliteration, word order, and other poetic devices)?</i>	'Madeleine Bourg' is one of 19 '<i>causeries</i>' [stories] in <i>Chez les anciens acadiens</i>, a collection that idealistically depicts 18th century Acadian life, and the first book to deal with Acadian folklore (Léger 1998). The story of Madeleine Bourg's bravery and wit upon being attacked by a British soldier has become the stuff of legends in Acadie (Bourque 2015: 55). Nevertheless, as historical fiction the story is steeped in historicity with its precise geographical and historical setting (lines 1, 3) and characters (the Bourgs settled the Tantramar region (<i>Tantramar Heritage Sites</i>)). The plot and tone of the story are patriotic, as Bourque was contributing to nationalistic discourse of early 20th century Acadian renaissance (Bourque 2015: 55). The prose is simple and slightly archaic (e.g. lines 46-47); Bourque states in the foreword that the narrator is a storyteller more than a literary figure (Bourque 1911: np). There are several lexical repetitions (e.g. 'brave' appears six times), uncommon sentence structures (e.g. 'il était possesseur de' (line 5)), unconventional grammar (liberal use of ellipses, inconsistent quotation marks in dialogue), and spelling mistakes (lines 79, 95). All the characters speak in the same informal register, and language does not differ between indigenous and settler characters or in dialogue.		
Strategy (200 words max) <i>what have you decided to do in your translation and why?</i>	Wanting to mimic Bourque's objective of ensuring that future generations not be cut off from their roots (Léger 1998), I rendered to encourage a contemporary anglophone Canadian adult readership to learn about Acadian (and necessarily Anglo-Canadian and indigenous) culture and history. I therefore aimed to make the target text suitable for inclusion in a twenty-first century anthology of Atlantic Canadian folkloric stories. This dictated linguistic choices (e.g. spelling of 'Mi'kmaq' (<i>Nova Scotia Museum</i>)) and converting imperial miles to metric kilometres. I kept all of the content, including historical references, setting, and comments that may be deemed racist or sexist by today's standards (e.g. 103-104). I also added in-text explanations of cultural references to increase accessibility for an audience potentially unfamiliar with certain Acadian customs: 'aboiteaux,' [see lines 6-8] for example, symbolise Acadian resourcefulness and carry deep meaning in the collective consciousness (LeBlanc). I differentiated narration from dialogue by making the latter less formal, using contractions and colloquial expressions (e.g. lines 18, 26). I also set the indigenous character's speech apart by using a simple English vocabulary, present verb tenses, and omitting articles, adjectives, and adverbs.		

**Critical Reflection
(200 words max)**

*what could have
been done
differently to
achieve your goal
more effectively?*

With the benefit of hindsight, I struggled with the source text's derogatory representations of indigenous peoples and women. My first instinct was to remove these references, but doing so would change the text's meaning, function, and literary value both in the source and target cultures. I therefore kept the sexist comments potentially jarring to a contemporary readership, though I did gloss overtly racist stereotypes of indigenous culture (e.g. 'à la façon des indiens' [with the way of the Indians], lines 135-165) in light of ongoing sociopolitical discourse centering on aboriginal issues in Canada (*Government of Canada*). Instead, I marked indigenous cultural differences through language, rendering the indigenous character's speech in simple English (see above), using as a basis for my grammatical decisions an indigenous character's speech in a critically acclaimed Atlantic Canadian novel (Crummey 2001). Altogether, these decisions are well-suited to the target text's function as an educational, culturally productive piece, though consultation with an indigenous writer would be preferable. I decided to maintain the source text's intertextual echoes of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's poem *Evangeline* (e.g. using 'Disruption (instead of 'Expulsion', line 1); the poem was written for an anglophone audience in the first place and it helps reinforce the cultural connection between French and English.

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1 On était à la veille du *grand dérangement* en Acadie, mais rien jusque là ne faisait
2 prévoir le cataclysme affreux qui devait engloutir tout un peuple.

3 Dans un endroit situé non loin du fort Beauséjour et connu aujourd’hui sous le nom
4 de Sackville ou *Tintamarre*, vivait vers ces temps-là un brave Acadien du nom de Jean Bourg.

5 Il était possesseur d’une jolie petite ferme qu’il cultivait avec intelligence. De plus au
6 moyen de levées d’*aboiteaux*, il avait su ravir à la marée, une large étendue de marais qui
7 était devenue une prairie verdoyante qui lui fournissait le foin en abondance, lui permettant
8 ainsi d’entretenir un bétail assez nombreux. Cette riche prairie porte son nom encore
9 aujourd’hui et s’appelle « le pré des Bourg ».

10 Malgré l’insécurité des temps et toutes les tracasseries auxquelles étaient en butte
11 nos Acadiens d’alors, Jean Bourg avait prospéré, et sans être riche, on savait dans le pays
12 que c’était un habitant à l’aise.

13 Pour le seconder dans les travaux de son ménage, le Ciel lui avait accordé une bien
14 digne compagne, la vraie femme forte de l’évangile, qui, avant son mariage, s’appelait
15 Madeleine Belliveau.

16 Bons chrétiens tous deux, doués des qualités de l’âme et du cœur et bénis d’une
17 intéressante famille, il n’y avait point dans ces temps-là de couples plus heureux sous la
18 calotte des cieux que Jean Bourg et sa femme.

19 Un jour Jean dit à sa compagne : « Madeleine, il faut que je m’absente pendant trois
20 ou quatre jours. Tu sais que les grandes marées vont bientôt arriver et il faut absolument
21 que j’aie réparer nos levées et nos *aboiteaux*. J’ai trouvé trois individus qui viendront
22 m’aider dans ce travail. Nous allons emporter des provisions avec nous et ne reviendrons
23 que lorsque tout le travail sera achevé.

24 « En attendant, sois sans crainte, car on n’a rien vu de suspect ou d’inquiétant dans
25 les environs depuis assez longtemps.

26 « Tout de même il est bon de prendre quelques précautions en cas d’accident, et il
27 serait prudent de bien fermer toutes les fenêtres et de bien barrer les portes de la maison
28 tous les soirs avant de vous coucher. Ce serait un vrai malheur de perdre l’argent qui est
29 dans le grand coffre et qui est l’héritage de nos enfants comme tu le sais. »

30 Pas plus tard que la semaine d’avant, Jean avait encore vendu une douzaine de bêtes
31 à cornes qui lui avaient rapporté une assez jolie somme.

1 It was the eve of the Great Disruption in Acadie, though nothing until then had presaged the
2 devastation that would befall an entire people.

3 In a place near Fort Beauséjour, known today as Sackville or Tantramar, lived at that
4 time a brave Acadian by the name of Jean Bourg.

5 Jean owned a charming little farm that he cultivated respectably. He had been able
6 to reclaim from the tides a vast stretch of marshland thanks to his *aboiteaux*, a unique
7 system of dykes with sluice gates allowing water to drain from the fields while preventing
8 tidal water from entering. The *aboiteaux* had turned the marshland into a grassy meadow
9 that supplied Jean with abundant hay and made it possible for him to keep several head of
10 cattle. The lush meadow still bears his name, the *Pré des Bourg*.

11 Even with the uncertainty of the times and the difficulties looming over the
12 Acadians, Jean Bourg had prospered. It was widely known in the land that, though he was
13 not rich, Jean did not want for anything.

14 To help him with the affairs of the household, God had given Jean a worthy
15 companion, a true strong woman of the Gospel. Before she married Jean, her name was
16 Madeleine Belliveau.

17 Good Christians both, they had been gifted with qualities of the soul and of the mind
18 and blessed with a fine family. There lived at that time no happier couple under the sun
19 than Jean Bourg and his wife.

20 One day, Jean said to his companion: "Madeleine, I must go away for three or four
21 days. The strong tides are nigh as you know, and our dykes and *aboiteaux* need mending.
22 I've found three friends to accompany me. We'll bring provisions and return when our work
23 is finished.

24 Meanwhile, no need to fear, we've seen nothing suspicious or worrisome in the area
25 in a long while."

26 "Still, it's best to be cautious in case of an accident. It'd be prudent to shut the
27 windows and lock the doors nightly before retiring. It would be a terrible misfortune to lose
28 the silver in the chest, our children's inheritance as you know."

29 Jean had sold a dozen horned cattle as recently as the week prior, and had made a
30 handsome sum.

32 « Dans tous les cas, continua Jean, si tu t'apercevais de quelque danger, envoie
33 immédiatement notre Philippe chercher du secours chez le voisin, Pierre Therriau. »

34 Philippe était âgé de douze ans et l'ainé de la famille.

35 Quand au voisin Therriau il demeurait à un mille de l'habitation des Bourgs.

36 « Va à ton travail, mon ami, répondit Madeleine. Comme tu le dis, je ne vois pas qu'il
37 y ait de danger pour le moment. Dans tous les cas tu sais que je ne suis pas peureuse, et de
38 plus, pendant ton absence je prierai le bon Jésus et sa Sainte Mère encore plus fort que de
39 coutume. Ils sauront bien me protéger. »

40 Là-dessus, Jean était parti pour se rendre à l'un de ses *aboiteaux* qui se trouvait à six
41 milles de sa demeure, où il avait construit une cabane qui lui servait de refuge aux mauvais
42 temps et où il passait la nuit lorsque le travail pressait et qu'il ne pouvait revenir le soir à la
43 maison.

44 Son mari une fois parti, Madeleine se sentit bien le cœur un peu oppressé en se
45 voyant toute seule à la maison avec ses jeunes enfants.

46 Aussi pendant la journée elle égréna plusieurs fois les dizaines de son chapelet tout
47 en vaquant à ses occupations. La journée lui parut bien longue, et enfin, la nuit arrivant, la
48 bonne Madeleine, après s'être assurée que toutes les fenêtres étaient solidement fermées,
49 se préparait pour aller barrer la porte d'entrée, lorsque celle-ci fut ouverte brusquement,
50 livrant passage à un inconnu de grande taille et d'un aspect peu rassurant.

51 À cette vue, le sang se figea pour ainsi dire dans les veines de la malheureuse
52 femme, et elle en faillit perdre connaissance.

53 « Bonsoir, la femme, dit le nouveau venu, avec un accent anglais très prononcé, n'aie
54 pas peur; je ne fais pas de mal aux femmes. »

55 « Mais que voulez-vous donc et que cherchez-vous ici, articula faiblement
56 Madeleine.

57 « Oh! pas grand'chose. J'ai beaucoup marché aujourd'hui : je n'ai pas mangé de la
58 journée et j'ai grand'faim. Pourriez-vous me donner quelque chose? »

59 Madeleine, toujours charitable, et maintenant un peu rassurée, s'empressa de lui
60 servir à manger.

61 Mais elle ne le perdait point de vue. Aussi ne fut-elle point longtemps sans
62 s'apercevoir que ce vagabond d'anglais examinait d'un œil scrutateur tous les coins et les
63 recoins de la maison.

31 “In any case,’ said Jean, ‘if you sense the slightest danger send our son Philippe to fetch help
32 from our neighbour Pierre Therriau.”

33 At twelve years old, Philippe was the eldest of Jean and Madeleine’s children.

34 Therriau lived about one kilometre away from the Bourgs’ home.

35 “Get on with your work, my friend,” replied Madeleine. “I don’t foresee any danger
36 either, not for the time being. In any case, you know I am not easily frightened. I shall pray
37 to the Good Lord and the Holy Mother more fervently than is my wont during your absence.
38 They will protect me.”

39 With that, Jean set off for the first of his *aboiteaux*, a distance of about ten
40 kilometres. He had built there a cabin for shelter in bad weather, a place to sleep when
41 work persisted and delayed his return.

42 With her husband gone, Madeleine was overcome with sadness at the thought of
43 being alone with her young children.

44 She recited the rosary repeatedly while seeing to her daily chores. The day seemed
45 interminably long. When night finally came, our good Madeleine went about making sure all
46 the windows were securely shut. She was coming up to the door when it suddenly burst
47 open and there entered a burly, menacing stranger.

48 At the sight of this, Madeleine’s blood froze in her veins, and she nearly lost
49 consciousness.

50 “Good evening, woman,” said the stranger in a strong British accent, “don’t be
51 frightened, I’m not in the habit of hurting women.”

52 “Why are you here? What do you want?” uttered Madeleine meekly.

53 “I’m not looking for much. I’ve been walking all day, and I haven’t had much to eat.
54 I’m famished. Would you have something for me?”

55 With her generous spirit, and now somewhat comforted, Madeleine hastened to
56 prepare food for the stranger.

57 But, she kept her eyes on him, and it did not take long for her to notice that the
58 vagrant Englishman was furtively examining all the nooks and crannies of the house.

64 Enfin après avoir satisfait sa faim, réelle ou factice, notre voyageur se levant tout à
65 coup et confrontant Madeleine, lui dit brusquement :

66 « Écoute, j'ai dit que je ne faisais point de mal aux femmes et je ne t'en ferai point,
67 mais à la condition que tu me délivres sans bruit et tout de suite l'argent que vous avez dans
68 votre maison, autrement je ne réponds pas des conséquences. Je sais que ton mari est
69 absent, et te voilà sans défense : ainsi, dépêches-toi. »

70 « Lâche!... lui dit Madeleine qui commençait à sentir tout son sang bouillir de colère.
71 C'est donc ainsi que tu veux me remercier pour le souper que je viens de te donner? Je n'ai
72 point d'argent, et lors même que j'aurais une fortune, je ne t'en donnerais pas un seul sou.

73 « Eh! bien, si tu ne veux pas me le donner, je le prendrai ton argent. »

74 Et là-dessus, comme par instinct, le voilà qu'il se dirige vers le grand coffre qu'il
75 trouve bien barré. Et alors, saisissant un tisonnier, il se met en frais de vouloir en faire
76 sauter le couvert.

77 Prompte comme un éclair, Madeleine décroche un fusil pendu au mûr, en tend la
78 gachette et vise notre voleur.

79 « Sors d'ici, lui crie-t-elle où [sic] je te tue. »

80 « Arrête, arrête, lui dit l'anglais, ne tire pas, je m'en vais. »

81 « Oui, sors au plus vite, lui dit notre héroïne, le visant toujours, et ne reviens pas, car
82 je te tuerais comme un chien. »

83 L'anglais était sorti, mais en partant, Madeleine l'entendit bien qu'il murmurait :
84 « Maudite française, je l'aurai ton argent, je reviendrai, va, et je ne serai pas seul cette
85 fois. »

86 Ayant bien barricadé la porte, Madeleine se disait : Mon Dieu, mon Dieu! Que vais-je
87 devenir? Que faire? Il va certainement revenir! Sainte Mère de Dieu, c'est le temps de venir
88 à mon secours.....

89 Tout à coup apercevant son grand garçon, Philippe, qui la regardait avec de grands
90 yeux effarés :

91 « Philippe, dit-elle.

92 « Oui, mère....

93 « Tu viens de voir ce qui s'est passé. Cet homme, cet infâme va revenir ici, il l'a dit en
94 partant, et il ne reviendra pas seul. Aurais-tu peur d'aller chez notre voisin Therriau pour lui
95 dire de venir à notre secours et cela sans tarder. [sic] »

96

When his hunger, real or imaged, had been satisfied, the stranger rose swiftly and confronted Madeleine, saying abruptly:

"Listen, I told you I don't hurt women, and I won't hurt you as long as you give me, silently and at once, all the silver you've in the house. If not, don't blame me for the consequences. I know your husband is away, you're defenseless. Get to it."

"Coward!" said Madeleine, beginning to seethe with rage. "That's how you thank me for the meal I've prepared you, then? We don't have any silver here, and even if I had a fortune I wouldn't give you a single coin."

"Well, then, if you won't hand over your silver willingly I'll simply have to take it."

The intruder made directly for the chest as if by instinct. Finding it locked, he grabbed the fire iron and tried to wrench the lid open.

With quick thinking, Madeleine unhooked a gun hanging on the wall, put her finger on the trigger, and aimed at the thief.

"Get out," she shouted, "or I'll kill you."

"No, no," cried the intruder. "Don't shoot, I'll leave."

"Yes, you will get out now," answered our heroine, still aiming at him, "and don't come back or I'll kill you like a dog."

As the Brit left, Madeleine overheard him mumble: "I'll get your money, you damn Acadian woman. I'll come back, and I won't be alone next time."

Madeleine hastily fastened the bolt as the intruder left. "Dear God, dear God! What will become of me? What shall I do? He'll surely come back! O, Blessed Mother of God, now's the time to come to my rescue."

She suddenly noticed her eldest son, Philippe, looking at her, aghast.

"Philippe," she said.

"Yes, mother...."

"You saw what happened. That man, that foul man, will come back. He said so as he left. And he won't be alone. Are you too frightened to run over to our neighbour Therriau's house and fetch help at once?"

96 « Non mère, dit Philippe.

97 « Eh! bien, mon enfant, pars donc. Il fait bien noir maintenant et on ne saurait te

98 voir. Dans tous les cas comme tu es très agile, prends bien garde de ne pas te laisser

99 prendre par ce vaurien d'anglais. Suis le petit chemin détourné que tu connais et dépêche-

100 toi. En attendant je vais prier la Sainte Vierge de te protéger.

101 « Je pars, dit l'enfant; maintenant barrez bien la porte. »

102 Il avait déjà franchi la moitié de la distance qui le séparait de la ferme des Therriau,

103 lorsque tout à coup quelqu'un lui barra le chemin tout en faisant entendre un *hou! hou!* des

104 plus terribles.

105 Philippe allait s'enfuir à travers le fourré, lorsque l'individu mystérieux lui dit :

106 « Pas peur, Philippe, c'est moi, Marcou, le chef micmac. »

107 Oh! la joie du pauvre jeune homme en reconnaissant alors dans l'individu devant lui,

108 le vaillant chef micmac, le grand ami de sa famille.

109 « Mais, petit blanc, où vas-tu donc à cette heure de la nuit et tout seul comme

110 cela? »

111 Alors Philippe s'empessa de raconter au grand chef tout ce qui venait d'arriver à la

112 maison.

113 « Ouah!... dit Marcou, les chiens d'anglais sont toujours les mêmes. Attaquer une

114 pauvre femme, seule et sans défense.... Pas besoin d'aller plus loin, Philippe; viens, nous

115 allons retourner chez-vous. »

116 Les voilà arrivés à la maison, et Philippe frappant doucement à la porte, dit : mère,

117 mère, ouvrez, c'est moi Philippe. Je ne suis pas seul non plus, le chef Marcou est avec moi. »

118 Comment dépeindre la joie de Madeleine à cette nouvelle!... Car elle savait qu'elle

119 avait dans le brave chef micmac, un défenseur à la vie et à la mort. Elle lui raconta alors et

120 en détail ce qui venait de lui arriver, récit que Philippe n'avait fait qu'ébaucher en revenant

121 à la maison.

122 « Hou!... dit Marcou, femme de mon ami Jean, être brave, aussi brave que femme

123 indienne. Mais pourquoi n'avoir pas tué le chien d'anglais lorsque femme pâle l'avait au

124 bout de son fusil?

125 « Oh! s'écria Madeleine avec un demi sourire, comment le tuer, lorsque le fusil

126 n'était pas chargé?.....

87 “No, mother”, said Philippe.

88 “Go, then, my son. It’s night so they won’t see you. You’re swift anyhow, but be
89 careful not to get caught by this scum of a Brit. Take the back way, you know it well, and
90 hurry! Meanwhile I’ll pray to the Holy Virgin to protect you.”

91 “I’m off,” he said, “lock the door!”

92 Midway to the Therriau farm Philippe suddenly came upon someone blocking his
93 path, calling out with strange, dreadful sounds.

94 Philippe was about to flee through the thicket when the shadowy figure said:

95 “Not scared, Philippe, it’s me, Marcou, Chief of the Mi’kmaq people.”

96 Oh, the joy Philippe felt when he recognized the man before him as the valiant
97 Mi’kmaw Chief, a long-time friend of his father’s.

98 “Where you go alone so late?”

99 Philippe hastened to report the events to the Chief.

100 “Oh!” said Marcou, “English dogs all same. Attack poor woman, alone, no defense.
101 Stop, Philippe. Come, we go to house.”

102 When they arrived at the house, Philippe knocked faintly at the door. “Open up,
103 mother, it’s me, Philippe. And, I’m not alone, I’ve Marcou with me.”

104 Words can scarcely describe the joy that Madeleine felt at the news! She knew she
105 had a loyal ally in the brave Mi’kmaw Chief, a defender to the death. She explained in detail
106 what had happened, adding to the story that Philippe had sketched out on their way back.

107 “Oh!” said Marcou, “wife of friend Jean, brave woman, brave like Mi’kmaw woman.
108 Why white woman not kill English dog?”

109 “Well!” cried Madeleine with a half-smile, “how could I kill him when the gun wasn’t
110 loaded?”

127 « Hi! hi! hi!... ne put s'empêcher de rire notre chef, par ailleurs et d'habitude si grave
128 et si sérieux. Femme blanche aussi rusée que femme indienne.... hi! hi! hi! bon! bon!....

129 ... « Maintenant, continua Marcou, je vais partir, fermez bien les portes et n'ouvrez à
130 personne. Il va revenir ce chien d'anglais comme il l'a dit, et il ne sera pas seul, car j'en ai vu
131 cinq autres de son espèce qui rôdaient dans les environs cet après-midi, et c'est ce qui m'a
132 amené dans le voisinage, moi et quelques-uns des miens. Donc soyez sans crainte, je
133 veillerai sur vous. »

134 Quelques instants après Marcou avait disparu silencieux et sans bruit à la façon des
135 indiens.

136 Il était à peu près deux heures du matin, et Madeleine, on le comprend, était
137 toujours aux aguets, attentive aux moindres bruits qui venaient du dehors.

138 Tout à coup des pas précipités se font entendre et peu d'instants après on frappe
139 violemment à sa porte.

140 « Ouvre vite, chienne de française, lui crie-t-on, ou bien on va défoncer et puis on te
141 tuera. »

142 À peine ces paroles brutales étaient-elles prononcées, qu'une formidable fusillade se
143 fit entendre, suivie du cri de guerre bien connu des micmacs et une mêlée terrible
144 s'engageait dans l'obscurité, devant la maison de Jean Bourg.

145 Madeleine toute tremblante était à genoux, priant de toute son âme.

146 Cependant le combat fut aussi court qu'il avait été soudain. Il n'y eût que quelques
147 plaintes de la part des mourants ou des blessés, et peu après tout rentrait de nouveau dans
148 le silence le plus absolu. [...]

111 “Hi! hi! hi!” Generally a man of grave and serious disposition, the Chief laughed.
112 “You smart woman. Hi! hi! hi! good! good!”
113 “I go,” continued Marcou, “lock door, not open. English dog come back, like he say,
114 with others. I see five others close so I come and bring brothers. No fear, I watch.”
115 A few moments later, Marcou disappeared silently into the woods he knew well.
116 It was past midnight and Madeleine, understandably fretful, gave a nervous start at
117 the least noise coming from outside.
118 Suddenly, she heard hurried footsteps, then a violent rap at the door.
119 “Open up, you French bitch,” they shouted, “or we’ll break down the door and kill
120 you.”
121 The menacing words were barely out of their mouths when a clatter of gunshots
122 rang out, followed by the familiar war cry of the Mi’kmaq. A terrible fight ensued in the
123 dark, on Jean Bourg’s doorstep.
124 Trembling, Madeleine fell to her knees, praying intensely.
125 The fight was as short as it had been sudden. Only the rattle of the dying or hurt
126 could be heard, followed by utter silence. [...]

BOOK SIX

TANTE BLANCHE

SERGE PATRICE THIBODEAU

Student Number	17301831
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Tante Blanche : Biographie de Marguerite Blanche Thibodeau 1738-1810</i>	Title	<i>Tante Blanche: A Biography of Marguerite Blanche Thibodeau 1738-1810</i>
Year Published	2014		
Author	Serge Patrice Thibodeau		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	759	Word Count	714
Description of Source Text (200 words max) <i>what is the source text like (genre, register, tone, dialect, rhythm, alliteration, word order, and other poetic devices)?</i>	<i>Tante Blanche</i> is a short biography of Marguerite Blanche Thibodeau (1738-1810), who lives on as a myth in the Acadian collective imagination (Thibodeau 2014: back cover). As far as I know, Thibodeau's is the only published biography of Tante Blanche. The excerpt recounts Tante Blanche's heroic efforts to save her people from starvation during the 1797 'black famine' that ravaged Madawaska (straddling present-day New Brunswick, Maine and Quebec on the eastern US-Canada border). My excerpt features three narrative voices, all written in standard French, though in different registers: 1. biographical content (lines 1-12, 28-30, 56-59, 71-73), written in plain, simple prose 2. two verbatim quotes from Father Thomas Albert's 1920 <i>Histoire du Madawaska</i> (1920: 177-8; lines 13-27 and 60-70), also written in literary French but with slightly more archaic vocabulary (e.g. 'hirsute', 'semonce'), figurative language (e.g. lines 21-24), and clearly reflecting thorough historical research (Raymond 1921: 81-2) 3. Thibodeau's translation from English into French of Pierre Duperré's actual petition to Governor Thomas Carleton in 1797 imploring assistance to the colony (lines 31-55); the petition contains 18th century language and letter-writing conventions (see p. 86 for a reproduction of letter)		
Strategy (200 words max) <i>what have you decided to do in your translation and why?</i>	I approached the translation with the goal of publishing it as biography in Canada or the US, not unlikely given the region's shared linguistic and cultural heritage (<i>National Parks Service</i>), continued interest in Tante Blanche (see above), and desire to keep tourism attention going after the 2014 World Acadian Congress (Duval 2015: para. 9). Reproducing three separate voices was most challenging, but they were essential in ensuring the historical accuracy required of a biography. In translating Thibodeau's prose, I chose contemporary Canadian-English, aiming for fluency (as if it had been originally written in English). I added in-text explanations to clarify historical and cultural references (e.g. line 11). In translating excerpts from Father Albert's <i>Histoire du Madawaska</i>, I opted for a formal voice echoing early twentieth-century historical writing. Finally, in rendering Duperré's letter to Governor Carleton, I found an earlier letter written by Duperré (1790) to determine his grasp of English, and translated into an archaic English (e.g. 'sheweth', 'as in duty bound, ever pray'), including linguistic and structural conventions of petitions from the time period (Sokoll: 2006: 91-112; Brown c.1780).		
Critical Reflection (200 words max) <i>what could have been done differently to</i>	In keeping with my strategy of maintaining historical accuracy, I researched English names for historical events (e.g. the <i>Annals of Madawaska</i> (Acadian.org) call 'la misère noire' [black misfortune] the 'black famine'). Similarly, I spelled the name 'Duperry' with a 'y' instead of an 'é', as per the anglicised spelling that		

achieve your goal more effectively?	appears in the original letter (Duperré 1797/1998: 187). I could have consulted, or excerpted from, the published English version of Father Albert's book, <i>History of Madawaska</i> (Albert 1989) and reproduced Duperré's original letter (I confirmed with Thibodeau that he had translated it from English to French). This approach would have enhanced the authenticity of the target text, but my re-translation and back-translation were both exercises in developing distinct narrative voices within a single text. The re-translation allowed for Canadian spelling and grammar, while my back-translation was a good exercise in historical research and writing using archaic structure and conventions (I used several examples of petitions published around the same time as Duperré's to recreate the letter).
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1 Il faudra beaucoup de courage à Marguerite Blanche Thibodeau pour affronter les 15
2 dernières années de sa vie, marquées de situations aussi éprouvantes que celles vécues
3 depuis son départ de Grand-Pré en 1749.

4 D'abord son père décède le 11 avril 1795; Jean-Baptiste Thibodeau, dit Cramatte, est
5 inhumé à Saint-Basile le 14 avril suivant. Il est le patriarche de tous les Thibodeau du
6 Madawaska.

7 Puis l'hiver arrive prématurément à l'automne de 1796 et toute la récolte est
8 perdue; le sol est gelé et les pommes de terre sont ensevelies sous la neige. L'hiver de 1797
9 est connu comme étant celui de « la grande disette » ou de « la misère noire ». Les
10 provisions manquent et les hommes sont obligés de partir à la chasse dans l'épaisse forêt.
11 Leur retour se fait attendre. L'abbé Thomas Albert raconte les exploits de Blanche dans un
12 récit enjolivé :

13 « C'est pendant ces longs jours de faim et d'anxiété que Marguerite
14 Blanche Thibodeau, épouse de Joseph Cyr, accomplit des prodiges
15 d'héroïsme et de charité. Douée d'une force herculéenne et d'une
16 charité aussi robuste, elle fut l'ange protecteur des faibles, des
17 infirmes, des affamés de la colonie éprouvée. Montée sur des
18 raquettes, trainant un lourd bagage de vêtements et de provisions
19 dont elle se privait ou que sa charité lui faisait trouver, elle allait, de
20 la porte du plus riche à celle du plus pauvre, porter la nourriture et la
21 vie avec un rayon d'espérance. Ensevelissant les morts, arrachant à la
22 tombe des victimes qui allaient y descendre sans son secours
23 inespéré, elle prodiguait ses soins, relevait le moral de ceux qui se
24 laissaient abattre par l'infortune et la faim.

25 Enfin, un soir, les absents revinrent, rapportant un compagnon
26 mort de froid et de privations et un autre mourant, mais aussi
27 quelques provisions : la colonie était sauvée. »

28 La situation était périlleuse. Une pétition est présentée par Pierre Duperré au
29 gouverneur Thomas Carleton, si bien que le gouvernement du Nouveau-Brunswick décide
30 de porter secours à la jeune colonie dès le printemps de 1797.

1 It would take great fortitude for Marguerite Blanche Thibodeau to face the final 15
2 years of her life as she coped with tribulations as trying as any she had endured since
3 leaving Grand-Pré in 1749.

4 First, there was the death of her father, Jean-Baptiste Thibodeau, known as
5 Cramatte. Patriarch of all the Madawaska Thibodeaus, he died on April 11, 1795 and was
6 buried in Saint-Basile on April 14.

7 Then, the crops failed in the fall of 1796 after an unseasonably early winter. Frost set
8 in the ground, and snow blanketed the potato crops. The winter of 1797 came to be known
9 as ‘the great want,’ ‘the black famine’. Food reserves ran short, and men were forced to go
10 hunting in dense forest. Those left behind anxiously awaited the hunters’ return. In a lively
11 account of Blanche’s heroic efforts, Madawaska historian Father Thomas Albert (1879-1924)
12 wrote:

13 “It was during those long days, filled with hunger and anxiety, that
14 Marguerite Blanche Thibodeau, wife of Joseph Cyr, accomplished
15 feats of heroism and charity. Blessed with herculean strength and an
16 equally generous heart, she became a guardian angel for the weak,
17 crippled, and starving people of the struggling colony. On snowshoes,
18 hauling a heavy load of clothing and provisions—of which she either
19 deprived herself or that she foraged out of kindness—Blanche
20 Thibodeau travelled from house to house bringing food, life, and a
21 sliver of hope to rich and poor alike. She buried the dead and saved
22 from the grave poor souls who would have otherwise perished. She
23 cared for, and lifted the spirits of, those crushed by misfortune and
24 hunger.

25 At last, the men returned from their absence, carrying back a
26 companion who had succumbed to the hardships and cold, along
27 with another hovering between life and death. Yet, they brought
28 relief as well: the colony was spared.” (my translation)

29 The situation was precarious. Pierre Duperré successfully petitioned Lieutenant
30 Governor Thomas Carleton to bring relief to the fledgling colony, which the New Brunswick
31 government afforded as early as Spring 1797.

31 Qu'il plaise à votre Excellence et à son conseil,

32 Le soussigné prend la liberté de faire connaître à son Excellence
33 que les colons français établis au Madawaska sont dans la détresse
34 absolue et dans un état lamentable, plus de 30 familles n'ayant pas
35 une bouchée de nourriture, les femmes et les enfants mourant de
36 faim, et tellement accablées de misère qu'elles ne sont même pas
37 capables de vaquer à leurs occupations journalières. Quelques-unes
38 de ces familles peuvent avoir du pain pour jusqu'au 10 mai, mais très
39 peu en ont pour jusqu'au 15 mai. Ces familles ont été jusqu'ici à la
40 charge de voisins charitables, mais qui ont donné tout ce qu'il leur
41 reste.

42 Et cette grande détresse n'est pas causée par leur négligence. Les
43 gelées de la saison dernière ont détruit les deux tiers de la récolte
44 dans cet établissement. Depuis ce grave contretemps, elles n'ont pas
45 eu de viande ni de poisson, et Dieu seul sait ce qu'elles vont devenir.
46 Cependant, le soussigné, comptant sur la bonté de Votre Excellence
47 et de son Conseil, espère qu'Elle et son Conseil prendront en
48 considération l'état déplorable de ces familles, et aviseront aux
49 moyens de les secourir.

50 Les secours donnés à ces pauvres sujets français de votre
51 Excellence, qu'ils implorent comme un père et un protecteur, n'en
52 seront jamais oubliés.

53 Et le soussigné se croira toujours tenu de prier pour votre
54 Excellence, etc.

55 Pierre Duperré, Fredericton, le 1^{er} mai 1797

56 Entretemps les croyances prennent racine et le personnage de Tante Blanche
57 commence à s'installer dans l'imaginaire collectif des Madawaskayens, dont plus de la
58 moitié lui sont apparentés à cette époque. À sa façon, l'abbé Thomas Albert ajoute plus
59 d'une pierre à l'édifice.

32 May it please Your Excellency and Honourable Council,
33 The humble Petition of the undersigned sheweth that Your
34 Excellency's French settlers of Madawaska are reduced to the lowest
35 and lamentable state of distress. Upwards of 30 families near
36 starvation and can hardly attend to daily tasks so stricken are they
37 with misfortune. Some of the families may have bread until the 10th
38 of May, but very few will last until the 15th of May. Such families
39 have until now depended upon the goodness of neighbours
40 proffering the last of their rations.

41 Their unhappy situation is not owing to a disregard on their part;
42 the early frosts of last season destroyed two thirds of the harvest in
43 that region. They have had neither meat nor fish since the great
44 calamity befell them. Only God knows what will become of them.

45 Your Petitioner trusts in Your Excellency's and his Council's
46 wisdom and presumes to beg Your Excellency and Council to take
47 into consideration the grievous state of these families and advise
48 with respect to providing relief.

49 Any assistance brought to Your Excellency's poor French subjects,
50 whom they beseech as father and protector, will not be forgotten.

51 Your Petitioner, as in duty bound, ever pray etc.

52 Pierre Duperry, Fredericton, 1st May 1797

53 Meanwhile, speculation grew, and the figure of Tante Blanche began to take shape in the
54 Madawaskan collective imagination. More than half of the population of Madawaska at the
55 time in effect counted Tante Blanche among their ancestors. In his way, Father Albert
56 contributed to the lore:

57

60 « Tante la Blanche, quand toutes ses œuvres de miséricorde furent connues,
61 devint l'objet d'une vénération générale qui tenait du culte. Elle guérissait les
62 malades, chassait les sorts, trouvait les objets perdus, réconciliait les ennemis,
63 donnait la chance par ses souhaits. Sa plus grande prérogative était de ramener
64 les endurcis, les jureurs, les renards, à la piété la plus tendre, à la vie la plus
65 exemplaire. Ses rudes semonces, et quand celles-ci ne suffisaient pas la menace
66 de son redoutable poing, avaient raison des plus invétérés ivrognes qui la
67 craignaient plus qu'un évêque! Aussi plus d'une hirsute moustache se mouilla de
68 larmes quand on descendit la tante dans sa tombe quasi royale. »

69 Ce sera le début de nombreuses légendes entourant Marguerite Blanche Thibodeau
70 qui deviendra, sous le nom de *Tante Blanche*, un célèbre personnage du riche folklore
71 madawaskayen.

57 “When all of Tante Blanche's merciful deeds came to light, she
58 became the subject of veneration so profound it traipsed on cultic.
59 She cured sickness, lifted curses, found lost objects, reconciled
60 enemies, brought good fortune. Her greatest virtue was to restore
61 lost, rough-tongued, swindling souls to a pious and exemplary life. If
62 her stern reprimands were not enough, the threat of her formidable
63 fist would set straight the most incorrigible drunkards... they feared
64 her more gravely than they did the bishop! Tears were rolling down
65 many a scruffy face at her burial, a ceremony fit for a queen.”
66 So began many legends about Marguerite Blanche Thibodeau, who would become,
67 under the name Tante Blanche, a significant figure in Madawaskan folklore.

PETITION FROM PIERRE DUPERRÉ TO GOVERNOR THOMAS CARLETON

* * * * *

95

Pierre Duperry au Gouverneur Carleton

1st May 1797

May it please your Excellency and Council:

Your petitioner humbly sheweth that your Excellency's French settlers at Madawaska are at present in a most distressed and lamentable situation, upward of thirty families, having not a morsel of provisions of any kind to put in their mouths, their children and wives starving, and so impoverished as not to be capable of assisting themselves even in doing the lightest work, one supposing he may have bread till the first, another till the tenth, and very few had till the fifteenth of May. The above number of families have hitherto been supported by their neighbours, who have given them all they can spare.

And this great distress is not doing so much to their own misconduct, as to the severe frosts the last season, which destroyed about two-thirds of all grain they had raised the last season in that settlement. Meat and fish, they have had none this long time, and what they will do, God only knows.

However, relying on your Excellency's goodness, prays your Excellency and Council will be pleased to take their miserable situation under consideration to whom they look up to as their father and protector, and send them such relief as you, in your wisdom and goodness, may judge best to relieve their immediate necessities.

Your Excellency's attention to so many poor, unhappy French subjects, will ever be acknowledged by them, and your petitioner as in duty-bound will every pray, etc., etc.

P. Duperry

Fredericton, 1st May 1797

Note: Sur l'endos de ce document se trouvent les mots suivants:

Petition of the French settlers at Madawaska, filed 1st May 1797.

I gratefully acknowledge the assistance of Nicole Lang and Serge Patrice Thibodeau in procuring a copy of the petition.

BOOK SEVEN

ACADIEMAN

DANO LEBLANC

Student Number	17301831
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Acadieman : Ses origines</i>	Title	<i>Acadieman: The Beginnings</i>
Year Published	2007		
Author	Dano LeBlanc		
Language	Chiac (dialect)	Language	English
Word Count	568	Word Count	455
Description of Source Text (200 words max) <i>what is the source text like (genre, register, tone, dialect, rhythm, alliteration, word order, and other poetic devices)?</i>	Acadieman, the first Acadian superhero, was created by Daniel Omer (Dano) LeBlanc, first as a monthly comic strip, then animated series on community television, and comic books (Cormier 2008: 53). The first issue of the latter and recounts Acadieman's coming-of-age as he is finally deemed ready to leave the woods (where he was raised after after being left there mistakenly by his parents) for the city by his mentor Farty. The text is written in the Chiac dialect, the spoken language of the comic's setting, Southeastern New Brunswick. Chiac is a 'mixed code where French remains dominant quantitatively, structurally, as well as symbolically' (Leclerc 2005: 161). It mixes in English words and grammar, creating, for example: 'des guys en weird outfits' [guys in weird outfits] (p. 99). The language also includes old French words ('happer' [grab] (Poirier 1995: 251)), phonetic spellings ('or 'yinqe' for 'rien que' [only]), and contractions ('d'la,' 'quand'sse'). The excerpt also includes several onomatopoeias denoting the action, typical of comic book conventions (Zanettin 2009: 38), as well as a riff on the 70s American television show (lines 1-2). (The source and target texts are included for reference on pages 102-105, and a glossary on page 106).		
Strategy (200 words max) <i>what have you decided to do in your translation and why?</i>	My goal in translating this excerpt was to create a work that supported the current political discourse of keeping New Brunswick youth in the province (McPhail 2018). My target audience is therefore local 16- to 30-year-olds. I kept the comic book genre because it is uncommon in the Atlantic Canadian literary cannon (see Atlantic Publishers Marketing Association membership catalogue) and therefore reinforces the richness of artistic opportunities in Atlantic Canada. I essentially had three other options in choosing how to render the vernacular: adopt an English dialect, assimilate to a standard English, or create a language that replicates Chiac as translators Barbara Godard, Philip Stratford, and Robert Majzels have done respectively with their translations of Acadian works (Paratte 1985). I therefore kept cultural references such as people and place names (Acadieman, Haut-Aboujagane) and food (poutine). I chose to use a colloquial and informal New Brunswick English (e.g., 'right' as an adjective) to capture a sense of spoken language of the source text, which mostly consists of dialogue and Acadieman's thoughts. I translated the onomatopoeias and humour in illustrations that were not already in English (e.g. 'Kung Fool' for 'Kung Fou').		
Critical Reflection (200 words max) <i>what could have been done differently to achieve your goal more effectively?</i>	Although comic book translations often use a localisation strategy that overrides cultural and regional particularities (Zanettin 2009: 38), combining linguistic fluency and imported cultural references would achieve my goal of making the text accessible to, and entertaining for, an audience familiar with the cultural and geographic references of the source. Acadian sociolects, including Chiac, have rarely been rendered in translation nor been discussed in translation theory (Biahé 2011: 70). Since the Chiac vernacular is so deeply rooted in and 'connotes a specific Francophone [Acadian] identity' (Leclerc 2005: 161), I could have produced a translation in a so-called equivalent vernacular, though it would		

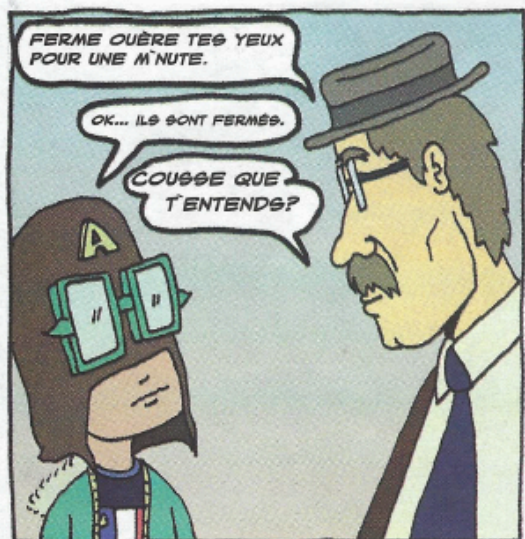
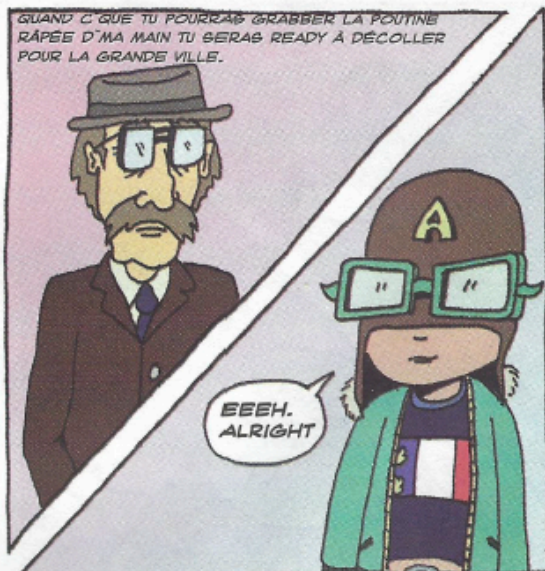
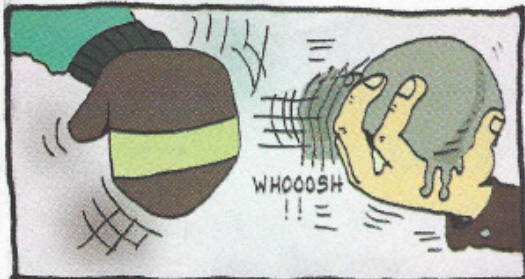
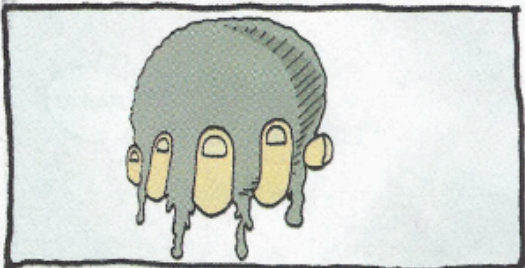
	inevitably connote another cultural identity (Berman 1985/2012: 250). Regardless of which approach I chose, I would lose the sense of identity embedded in the source vernacular (see above). The source text is highly self-aware of its role within its literary and cultural traditions—Chiac ‘challeng[es] the traditional representations of Acadie’ (Leclerc 2005: 165)—and it parodies traditional Acadian culture (Cormier 2008: 53-4). I was able to use the ‘semiotic dimension and interdependence of words and images’ (Zanettin 2009: 39) particular to comic books to justify leaving in specific cultural references, such as ‘poutine râpée,’ without explanation in the text.
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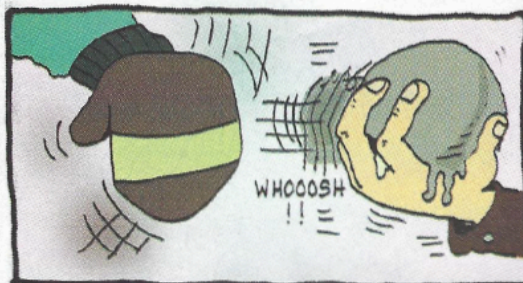
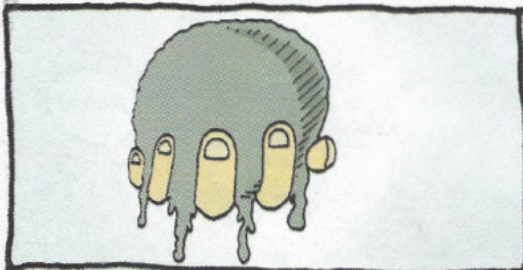




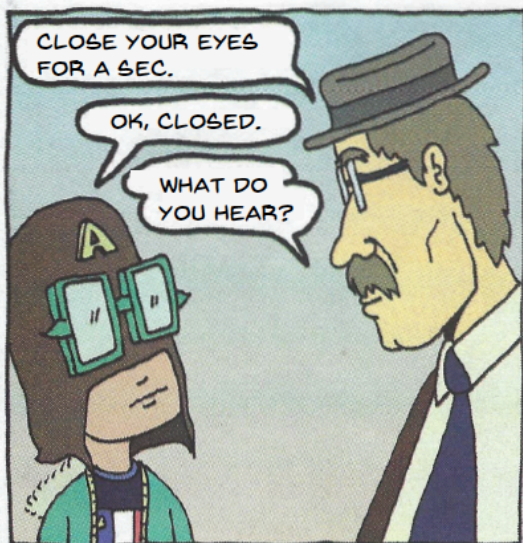
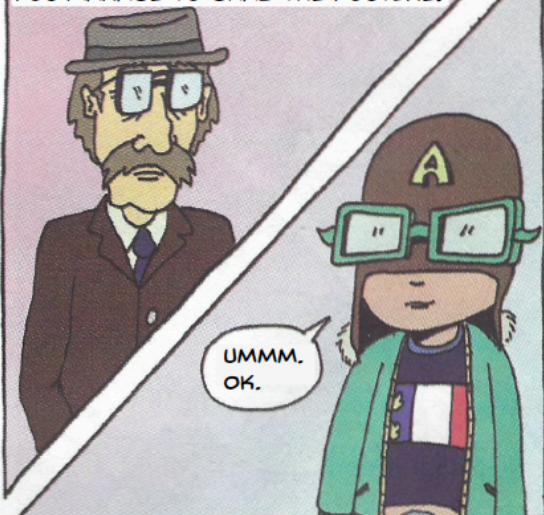
AT THIS POINT, ACADIEMAN'S LIFE SORT OF TURNED INTO THE TV SHOW KUNG FU... NO, NOT THE 90S ONE BUT THE ORIGINAL 70S ONE WITH DAVID CARRADINE. THIS PART'S CALLED:



FARTY WAS EVERYTHING TO ACADIEMAN, A DAD, GRANDPA, SPIRITUAL GUIDE AND, OBVIOUSLY, FART MENTOR.

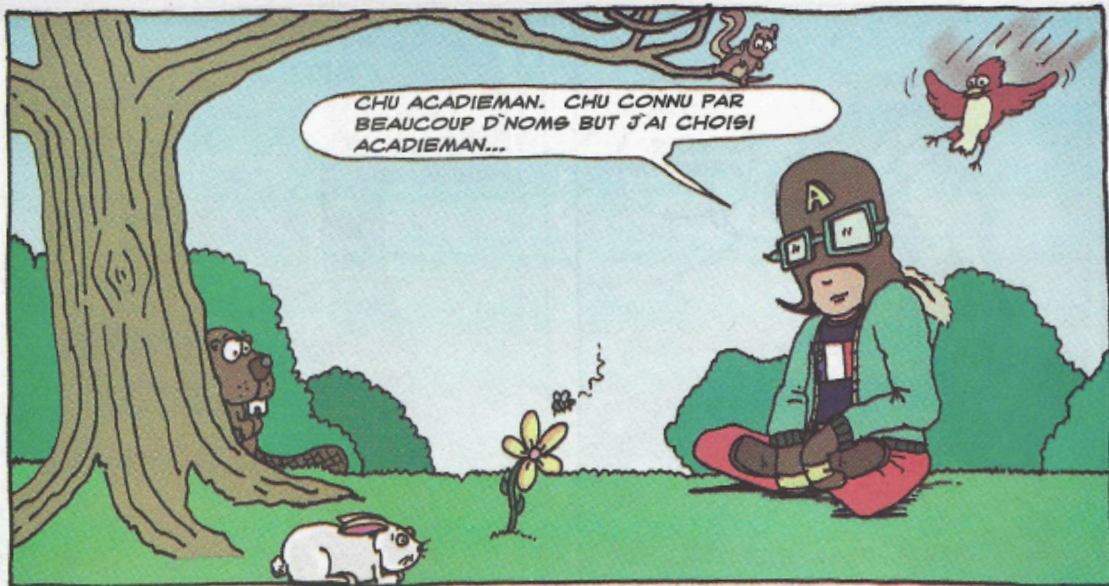


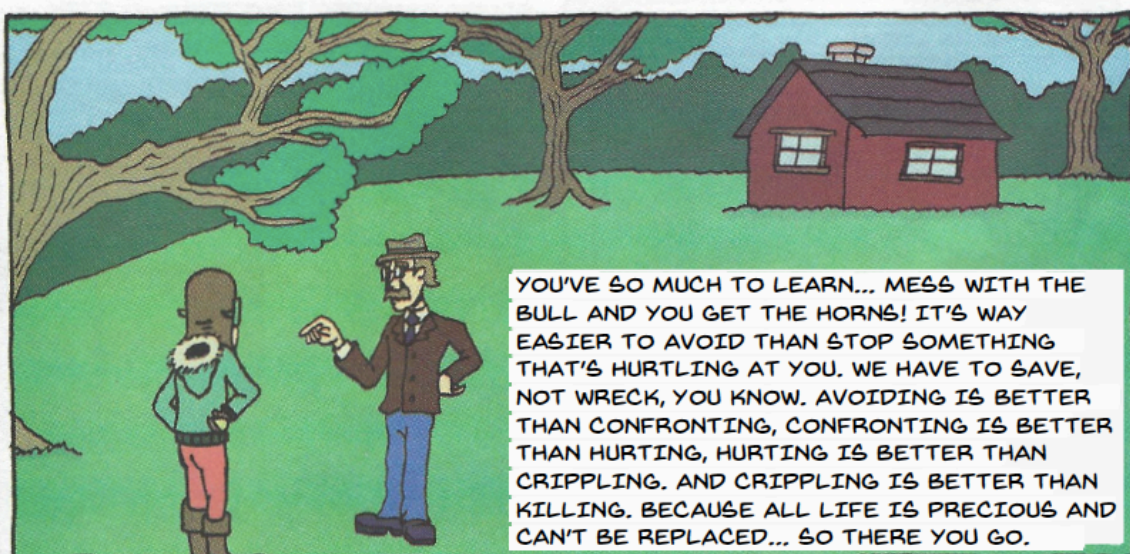
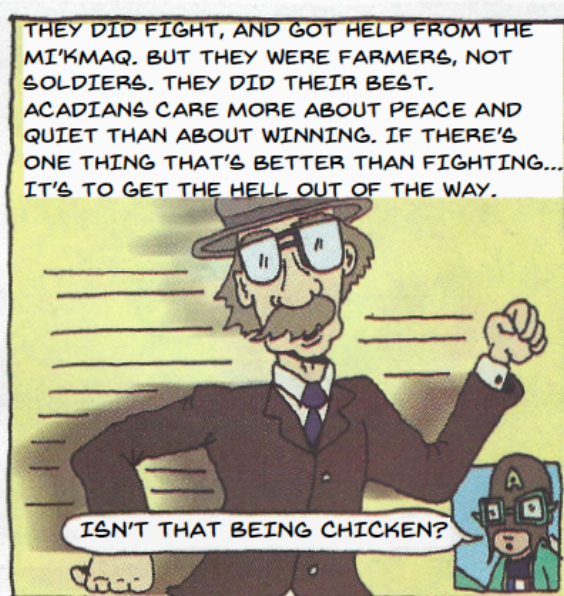
YOU'LL BE READY FOR CITY LIFE ONCE YOU MANAGE TO GRAB THE POUTINE.



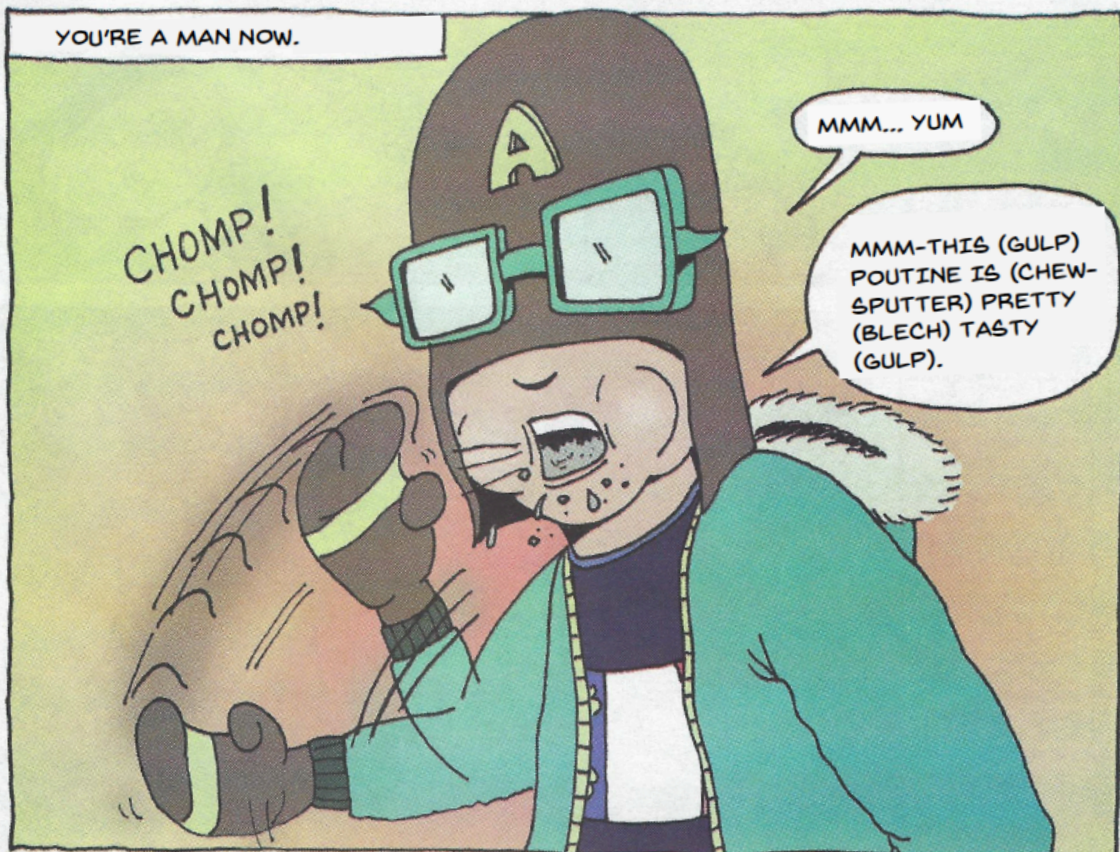
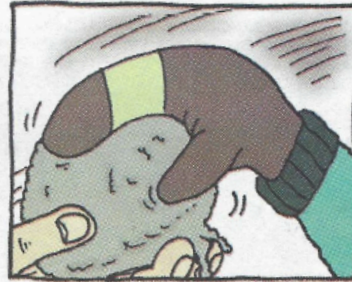
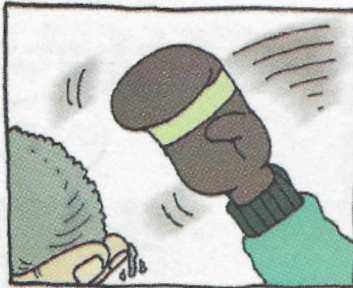








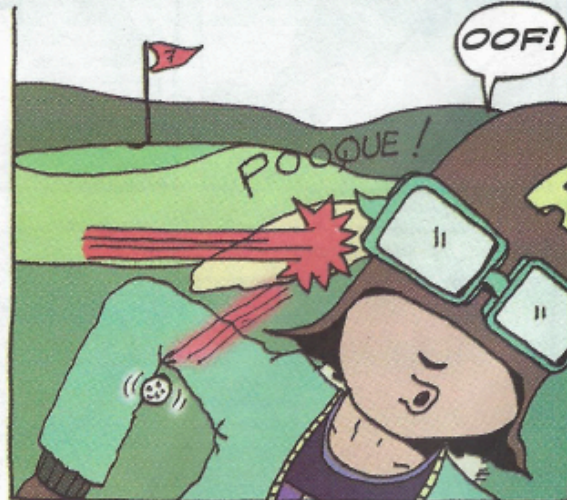




ACADIEMAN DIT SES ADIEUX AUX ANIMAUX DE LA FORÊT ET SE PRÉPARE POUR SON VOYAGE AU PAYS DES HUMAINS. IL EST ENFIN UN HOMME. SON MAÎTRE FARTY LUI A EXPLIQUÉ QUE LES CHOSSES SONT DIFFÉRENTES DANS LA GRANDE VILLE. IL FAUT FAIRE SA JOB SUR UN SIÈGE DE PORCELAINE ET SE TORCHER AVEC UN PAPIER SPÉCIAL ET NON PAS AVEC DES FEUILLES.



MA TRIP ÉTAIT PAS MAL ROUGH PIS IL Y AVAIT BEAUCOUP D'OBSTACLES. UN EXEMPLE EST CETTE WEIRD DE PLACE ICITTE AYOUSQUE LE LAWN EST COUPÉ RIGHT COURT PIS IL A DES GUYS EN WEIRD OUTFITS QUI PRENIENT DES BÂTONS DE FER PIS SWINGAIENT APRÈS DES P'TITES RIGUES QUI SEMBLANT DES OEUFS DE POULES KIND OF, EXCEPT QUAND'SSE QUE Y'UNE M'A CORKÉE DANS LA TÊTE. ELLE ÉTAIT DURE COMME D'LA ROCHE.



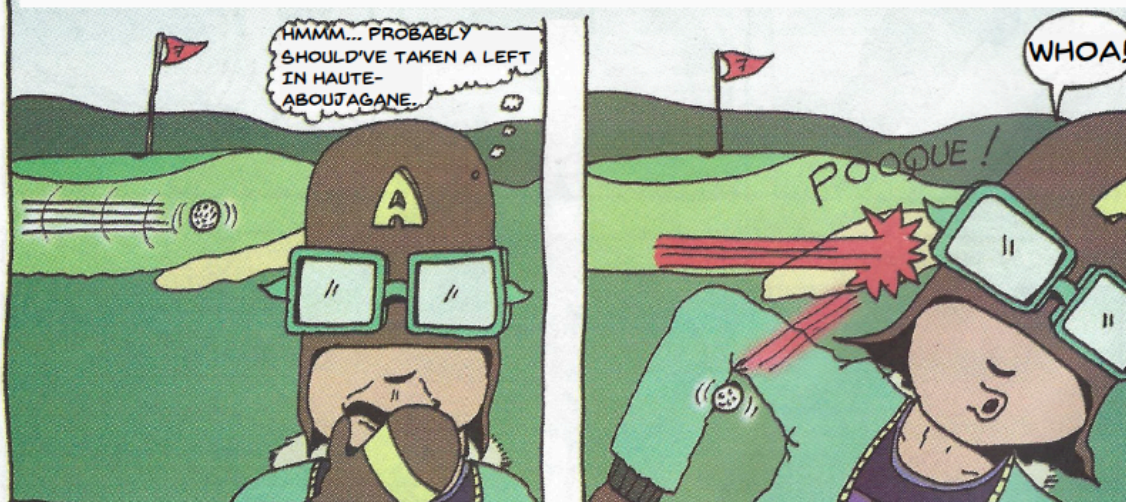
IL SAVAIT QUE LA VILLE N'ÉTAIT PAS LOIN. IL ENTENDAIT DU VACARME. IL POUVAIT SENTIR LA PESTE HUMAINE, LA POLLUTION, LE PARFUM, LA BOUFFE, LES CIGARETTES, LES INDUSTRIES, UN NOUVEAU MONDE L'ATTENDAIT, IL NE SAVAIT PAS À QUOI S'ATTENDRE. IL SAVAIT SEULEMENT QU'IL SE LANÇAIT DANS L'AVENTURE DE SA VIE.



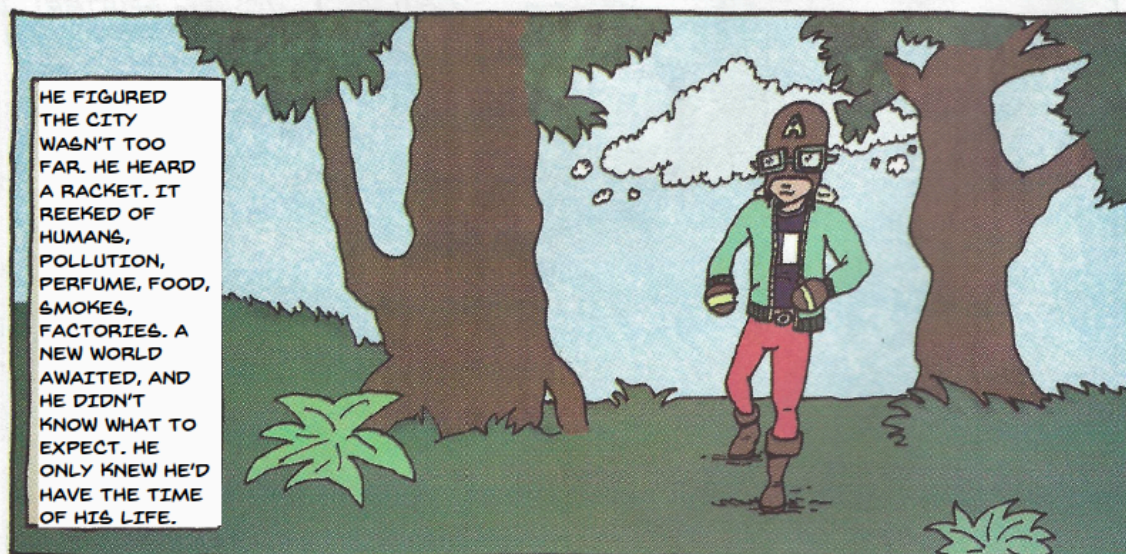
ACADIEMAN SAID GOODBYE TO THE FOREST ANIMALS AND GOT READY FOR HIS JOURNEY TO THE LAND OF HUMANS. HE'S A MAN NOW. MASTER FARTY SAID THAT THINGS ARE DIFFERENT IN THE CITY. YOU DO YOUR BUSINESS ON A PORCELAIN SEAT AND WIPE YOURSELF WITH SPECIAL PAPER INSTEAD OF LEAVES.



MY TRIP WAS PRETTY ROUGH, LOTS OF PROBLEMS. LIKE THIS WEIRD PLACE WHERE THE LAWN'S CUT SUPER SHORT AND GUYS IN WEIRD OUTFITS SWING IRON STICKS AFTER LITTLE THINGIES THAT SORTA LOOK LIKE CHICKEN EGGS, EXCEPT WHEN ONE SMACKS YOU IN THE HEAD. HARD AS ROCKS THOSE THINGS.



HE FIGURED THE CITY WASN'T TOO FAR. HE HEARD A RACKET. IT REEKED OF HUMANS, POLLUTION, PERFUME, FOOD, SMOKE, FACTORIES. A NEW WORLD AWAITED, AND HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT. HE ONLY KNEW HE'D HAVE THE TIME OF HIS LIFE.



- 1 À c'te point icitte, la vie à Acadieman est devenue un p'tit peu comme la TV show Kung Fu...
2 Non pas celle là des 90's but l'original one avec David Carradine des 70's. Cette partie
3 s'appelle :
- 4 Acadie Man
5 Kung Fou! Les origines part 2
- 6 Farty était everything pour Acadieman. Il était son père, son grand-père, son maître spirituel
7 et bien sur, son fart mentor.
- 8 Essaie-ouère de grabber la poutine râpée d'ma main.
- 9 Quand c'que tu pourras grabber la poutine râpée d'ma main tu seras ready à décoller pour
10 la grande ville.
- 11 Eeeh. Alright
- 12 Ferme ouère tes yeux pour une m'nute.
13 OK... ils sont fermés.
14 Cousse que t'entends?
- 15 J'entends d'l'eau qui coule pis sa me doune envie... eeeh, pis j'entends des p'tits oiseaux qui
16 chirpent.
17 Entends-tu ton tchoeur qui bat?
18 Non.
19 Entends-tu la bébitte sur ton pied?
- 20 Quelle bébitte?
21 Aaaaah bébitte!
- 22 Une demi-heure later.
23 How come que tu peux entendre ses chouses là?
- 24 La question est how come toi tu n'peux pas les entendre?
- 25 Chu Acadieman. Chu connu par beaucoup d'noms but j'ai choisi Acadieman...
- 26 Maître Farty, how come les acadiens se sont fait déporter? Ils aurions tu pas pu s'fighter?
- 27 Ils se sont fightés avec d'la help des Mi'kmaqs, but ils étaient des farmers pis pas des
28 soldats. Ils ont fait le mieux qu'ils pouvoient. Les acadiens se priment sur la paix et la
29 tranquillité [sic], au-de-là d'la victoire. Il y a une méthode qui est préférable à la violence...
30 pis c'est de se sauver au plus sacrant.
31 C'est tu pas kinda chicken ça?

- 1 At this point, Acadieman's life sort of turned into the tv show Kung Fu... no, not the 90s one
2 but the original 70s one with David Carradine. This part's called:
- 3 Kung Fool
4 The Beginnings: Part 2
- 5 Farty was everything to Acadieman, a dad, grandpa, spiritual guide and, obviously, fart
6 mentor.
- 7 Try and grab the mighty poutine râpée from my hand.
- 8 You'll be ready for city life once you manage to grab the poutine.
- 9 Ummm. OK.
- 10 Close your eyes for a sec.
11 Ok, closed.
12 What do you hear?
- 13 I hear water running, it's making me have to pee. And, ummm, I hear little birds chirping.
14 Hear your heart beating, too?
15 No.
16 Hear the bug on your foot?
- 17 What bug?
18 AAAAAH bug!
- 19 A half hour later.
20 How come you hear those things?
- 21 Question is, how come you don't?
- 22 I'm Acadieman. I've had many names, but I chose Acadieman.
- 23 Master Farty, how come the Acadians were deported? Couldn't they JUST fight?
- 24 They did fight, and got help from the Mi'kmaq. But they were farmers, not soldiers. They did
25 their best. Acadians care more about peace and quiet than about winning. If there's one
26 thing that's better than fighting... it's to get the hell out of the way.
27 Isn't that being chicken?

32 T'es pas ben m'n'houmme, tu fesses pas une wave head on! Tu l'cernes. Il ne faut pas
33 qu't'arrêtes une grande force, c'est way plus facile de la redirecter. Chouse, il faut trouver
34 des ways à préserver pis non pas à détruire. Cerne à la place de confronter. Confronte à la
35 place de faire mal. Fais du mal à la place d'estropier... Pis estropie à la place de tuer. Parce
36 que toute forme de vie est précieuse pis une vie ne peut pas être remplacée... so there you
37 go.

38 Happe la poutine râpée out de ma main...

39 Pis tu seras ready à décoller.

40 T'es un houmme astheur

41 Mmm... yum

42 Chhh-ta poutine (gulp) râpée icitte est (chew-sputter) pretty (umm) good (gulp).

43 Acadieman dit ses adieux aux animaux de la forêt et se prépare pour son voyage au pays des
44 humains. Il est enfin un homme. Son maître Farty lui a expliqué que les choses sont
45 différentes dans la grande ville. Il faut faire sa job sur un siège de porcelaine et se torcher
46 avec un papier spécial et non pas avec des feuilles.

47 Viens back me ouère!

48 Ma trip était pas mal rough pis il y avait beaucoup d'obstacles. Un exemple est cette weird
49 de place icitte ayousque le lawn est coupé right court pis il a des guys en weird outfits qui
50 prenent des bâtons de fer pis swingaient après des p'tites rigues qui semblent des œufs de
51 poules kind of, except quand'sse que y'une m'a corkée dans la tête. Elle était dure comment
52 d'la roche.

53 Hmmm... j'aurais dû prendre une left turn à Haute-Aboujagane.

54 Oof!

55 Il savait que la ville n'était pas loin. Il entendait du vacarme. Il pouvait sentir la peste
56 humaine, la pollution, le parfum, la bouffe, les cigarettes, les industries, un nouveau monde
57 l'attendait, il ne savait pas à quoi s'attendre. Il savait seulement qu'il se lançait dans
58 l'aventure de sa vie.

28 You've so much to learn... mess with the bull and you get the horns! It's way easier to avoid
29 than stop something that's hurtling at you. We have to save, not wreck, you know. Avoiding
30 is better than confronting, confronting is better than hurting, hurting is better than
31 crippling. And crippling is better than killing. Because all life is precious and can't be
32 replaced... so there you go.

33 Just grab the poutine...

34 And you'll be ready.

35 You're a man now.

36 Mmm... yum

37 Mmm-this (gulp) poutine is (chew-sputter) pretty (blech) tasty (gulp).

38 Acadieman said goodbye to the forest animals and got ready for his journey to the land of
39 humans. He's a man now. Master Farty explained that things are different in the city. You do
40 your business on a porcelain seat and wipe yourself with special paper instead of leaves.
41 Come back and visit!

42 My trip was pretty rough, lots of problems. Like this weird place where the lawn's cut super
43 short and guys in weird outfits swing iron sticks after little thingies that sorta look like
44 chicken eggs, except when one smacks you in the head. Hard as rocks those things.
45 Hmmm... probably should've taken a left in Haute-Aboujagane.

46 !Whoa!

47 He figured the city wasn't too far. He heard a racket. It reeked of humans, pollution,
48 perfume, food, smokes, factories. A new world awaited, and he didn't know what to expect.
49 He only knew he'd have the time of his life.

50

Lexique

(en ordre d'apparition)

TCHULOTTES : culottes, pantalons	BOUNE : bonne
TCHÈQUE : quelque	MINDER : s'occuper de
AYOUSQUE : où est-ce que	GROUS : gros
PIS : et, puis	GROBBER : manger
PARSOUNE : personne	ICITTE : ici
COUSSE : qu'est-ce que	GRABBER : saisir
CHU : Je suis	POUTINE RÂPÉE : mets acadien fabriqué avec une boulette de porc salé et des patates râpées
OUËLLE : well (anglais), donc, alors	DÉCOLLER : partir
LARGUE : lâcher prise, laisser échapper, laisser tomber, abandonner qqch.	TCHOEUR : cœur
ASTHEUR : à cette heure, désormais, maintenant	BÉBITTE : insecte, petite bête
PITCHÈ : pitié	BEN : bien
CECITTE : ceci	HOUMME : homme
OUAS, OUÈRE : vois, voir	FESSER : frapper
DOUNNER : donner	RIGUE : amanchure, chose
CHOUSE : chose	HAUTE-ABOUJAGANE : un petit village près de Cap-Pelé dans le sud-est du N.-B.
APIMPÈ : se faire beau, bien habillé	HOLÉ : (expression brayonne) holy (anglais)
YINQUE : seulement	CHÊPA : je ne sais pas
ZEUX : eux	CHARCHER : chercher
HÂLER : tirer	TCHIN : tenez
YELLE : elle	HARDES : vêtements
CORVER : crever, mourir	SOUTER : convenir, plaire
EJ : je	

BOOK EIGHT

HISTOIRE DE LA NOUVELLE-FRANCE MARC LESCARBOT

Student Number	17301831
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Histoire de la Nouvelle-France</i>	Title	<i>History of New France</i>
Year Published	1617		
Author	Marc Lescarbot		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	1689	Word Count	1837
Description of Source Text (200 words max) <i>what is the source text like (genre, register, tone, dialect, rhythm, alliteration, word order, and other poetic devices)?</i>	Marc Lescarbot (1570-1642) was a French lawyer, poet and playwright and was in New France in 1606-1607, among the first settlers of Port Royal in present-day Nova Scotia. He is best known for his 1606 play <i>Théâtre de Neptune</i>, ‘reputedly the first theatrical production in North America’ (Reid 2008: np). In 1609, after returning to France, Lescarbot published his account of the colonisation of New France in <i>Histoire de la Nouvelle France</i> (Kellett-Betsos 2018: np). The text selection is from the prefatory material of the 971-page 1617 edition of the <i>Histoire</i>. It contains excerpts from the address to King Louis XIII and from the address to the mother country, France. I have reversed the order of these two texts from how they appear in the book, as the address to France is effective in thematically framing the address to the King. The text is written in early seventeenth-century French with archaic spellings (e.g. ‘François’ for ‘Français’ and ‘affligez’ for ‘affligés’), vocabulary (e.g. neither ‘coutumièrement’ nor ‘saper,’ appear in <i>Larousse</i>), usage (e.g. ‘cependant’ used for ‘meanwhile,’ as Molière does, rather than ‘however’), expressions (‘bel oeil’), and syntax (e.g. lines 65-69). It makes use of old-style typography (e.g. ‘j’ for ‘s’ and ‘v’ for ‘u’) and symbols, particularly the ampersand. The tone is highly formal (using namely the polite <i>vouvolement</i> form). The sentences are long and convoluted (e.g. lines 99-107).		
Strategy (200 words max) <i>what have you decided to do in your translation and why?</i>	I translated these excerpts for a Canadian adult audience, to be included in a compilation of early historical accounts of the colonial settlement of New France to celebrate Canada’s 150th anniversary (celebrated in 2017). Because of the archaic nature of the language, syntax, and ideology of the source text, I had to strike a balance between making the text accessible and relevant to a contemporary audience while connoting a sense of its historicity. I chose to render the text using contemporary grammatical conventions (e.g. ‘and’ instead of ‘&’) and broke up long sentences in French (e.g. lines 89-94), but adhering closely to the content. Canadian readers of history books tend to be well-educated and avid readers of non-fiction (Booknet Canada 2018: 4) so I adopted a relatively formal register that reflects the essence of the source text. To capture the excitement of the early colonisation apparent in the source text (e.g. lines 72-75) and help situate the text in its time period, I chose grandiloquent and slightly archaic (e.g. ‘heretofore’) language and reproduced the source’s literary conventions (e.g. the repeated interjection of ‘Sire’). I also added footnotes, common in non-fiction historical narratives, to provide contextual biographical details of characters mentioned in the source, and adopted common spelling for names (e.g. ‘de Mons’ ‘Razilly’ instead of the source’s ‘de Monts’ and ‘Razilli’ (MacBeath 2003)).		
Critical Reflection (200 words max) <i>what could have been done differently to</i>	The four-century gap between source and target texts proved difficult to overcome because of the source text’s language, syntax, and typography. I therefore allowed myself latitude to achieve my goal, namely reversing syntactic order, shortening sentences, etc, but necessarily sacrificed the poetics. Alternatively, I could have adopted Nabokov’s strategy of ‘reproduc[ing] with absolute exactitude the whole		

achieve your goal more effectively?	text' (1955/2012: 119), though this may have created additional distance between text and reader. Trying to balance contemporaneity with historicity led to certain anachronisms. The word 'brag', for example, came into use in the mid-16th century but brings a modern feel to the text that contrasts sharply with the target text's more archaic expressions (e.g. 'gentleman of imperishable memory'). I could have rendered the source text's disused words (e.g. 'sustenter' and 'saper') with Elizabethan English equivalents, which would have reinforced the historicity, perhaps to the detriment of coherence and understanding. For the contemporary Acadian reader, Lescarbot's language is very close to their own spoken language, as the Acadian vernacular today is resoundingly similar to mid-16th century French (Maillet 1972). That language not only conveys a rich oral history but also shaped the identity of a people (Maillet 1972: 131), imbuing the Acadian's reading experience with a deep sense of belonging to the period of settlement that cannot be replicated in English.
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À LA FRANCE



¹ EL oeil de l'Univers, Ancienne nourrice des lettres & des armes,
Recours des affligez, Ferme appui de la Religion Chrétienne, Tres-
chere Mere, ce seroit vous faire tort de publier ce mien travail
(chose qui vous époinçonnera) souz vôtre nom, sans parler à vous,
& vous en declarer le sujet. Vos enfans (tres-honorée Mere) noz
peres & majeurs ont jadis par plusieurs siecles été les maitres de
la mer lors qu'ilz portaient le nom de Gaullois, & vos François

8 n'étoient reputez legitimes si dés la naissance ilz ne sçavoient nager, & comme
9 naturellement marcher sur les eaux. [...]

10 Plusieurs de lache coeur qui s'épouvantent la veuë des ondes, étonnent les simples
11 gens, disans (comme le Poëte Horace) qu'il vaut mieux contempler de loin la fureur de
12 Neptune:

13 Neptunum proculè terra spectare furentem,
14 & qu'en la Nouvelle France n'y a nul plaisir. Il n'y a point les violons, les masquarades, les
15 danses, les palais, les villes, & les beaux batiments de France. Mais à telles gens j'ay parlé en
16 plusieurs lieux de mon histoire. Et leur diray d'abondant que ce n'est à eux qu'appartient la
17 gloire d'établir au nom de Dieu parmi des peuples errans qui n'en ont la conoissance: ni de
18 fonder des Republiques Chrétiennes & Françaises en un monde nouveau: ni de faire aucune
19 chose de vertu, qui puisse servir & donner courage à la posterité. Tels mesurans chacun à leur
20 aune, ne sçachans faire valoir la terre, & n'ayans aucun zele de Dieu, trouvent toutes choses
21 grandes impossibles: & qui les en voudroit croire jamais on ne feroit rien. [...]

22 Mais ceux qui ont accoutumé de voir de beaux chateaux, villes & palais, & se contenter
23 de l'esprit de cette veuë, estiment la vie peu agreable parmi les forêts, & un peuple nud: Pour
24 auxquels repondre je diray pour certain, que s'il y avoit des villes ja fondées de grande antiquité
25 il m'y auroit point un poulce de terre au commandement des François, & d'ailleurs les
26 entrepreneurs de l'affaire n'y voudroient point aller pour batir sur l'edifice d'autrui.
27 D'abondant, qui est celui (s'il n'est bien sot) qui n'aime mieux voir une forêt qui est à lui, qu'un
28 palais où il n'a rien.

TO FRANCE



Beauty of the Universe, ancient nourisher of letters and arms, refuge
for the afflicted, stronghold of the Christian faith, dear Mother, it
would be remiss of me to publish in your name my work (prick as it
might without addressing you to state its concern. Your children,
our fathers and men, were long ago and over many centuries
masters of the seas, carrying the name of Gaul. Indeed, your
subjects were not deemed proper if from birth they could not swim

nor naturally walk on water. [...]

Dismayed at the sight of swells, many faint-hearted men surprise simple folk,
observing (like Horace) that Neptune's furor is best contemplated from afar:

*Neptunum procul è terra spectare furem,*¹

and that in New France there is no pleasure. None of the violins, masquerades, dances,
palaces, cities and the grand edifices of France. But to these people I told my story widely.

And tell them amply that the glory of settlement among ignorant, drifting peoples in the name
of God belongs not to them, nor does the founding of French and Christian Republics in a new
world, nor do virtuous acts that may serve and embolden posterity. Such men, who measure
their own worth, know not to stake their claims to the land, have no zeal for God, and find all
great things impossible: to believe them would mean never achieving anything.

Those who are accustomed to seeing beautiful castles, towns, and palaces, and who
content themselves with the nature of this view, see little joy in life among the forest and
rude peoples. To them I answer surely that if there were ancient towns not a sliver of land
would lie in French hands. The founders would not build on the settlement of others. After all,
who (if one has any sense) does not prefer a forest to oneself to a palace with nothing?

¹ The passage, from Horace *Epistles I*, reads 'Scis Lebedus quid sit : Bagiis desertior atque / Fidenis uicus; tamen illic uiuere uellem, / oblitusque meorum, obliuiscendus et illis, / Neptunum procul e terra spectare furem,' which translates as 'Or do you extol Lebedus, because sick of sea and roads? You know what Lebedus is—a town more desolate than Gabii and Fidenae: yet there would I love to live, and forgetting my friends and by them forgotten, gaze from the land on Neptune's distant rage.' (from Horace. 1926. *Satires. Epistles. The Art of Poetry*. Translated by H. Rushton Fairclough. Loeb Classical Library 194. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press)

AU ROY TRES-CHRÉTIEN DE FRANCE ET DE NAVARRE LOUYS XIII
Duc de Milan, Comte d'Ast, Seigneur de Genes.



SIRE, Il y a deux choses principales, qui coutumierement excitent les Roys à faire des conquêtes, le zele de la gloire de Dieu, & l'accroissement de la leur propre. En ce double sujet noz Roys vos preddecesseurs ont esté dés y a long temps invités à étendre leur domination outre l'Ocean, & y former à peu de frais des Empires nouveaux par des voyes justes & legitimes. Ils y ont fait quelques depenses en divers lieux & saisons. Mais

36 après avoir découvert le païs on s'est contenté de cela, & le nom François est tombé à mépris,
37 non par faute d'hommes vertueux, qui pouvoient le porter sur les ailes, des vents les plus
38 hautains: mais par les menées, artifices, & pratiques des ennemis de vôtre Couronne, qui ont
39 sceu gouverner les esprits de ceux qu'ils ont reconu pouvoir quelque chose à l'avancement
40 d'un tel [sic] affaire. Cependant l'Espagnol auparavant foible, par nôtre nonchalance s'est
41 rendu puissant en l'Orient & en l'Occident, sans que nous ayons eu cette honorable ambition
42 non de le devancer, mais de le seconder; non de le seconder, mais de venger les injures par
43 eux faites à noz François, qui souz l'avoëu de noz Roys ont voulu avoir part en l'heritage de ces
44 terres nouvelles & immenses que Dieu a présenté aux hommes de deça depuis environ six-
45 vints ans. C'étoit chose digne du feu Roy de glorieuse memoire vôtre pere, SIRE, de reparer
46 ces choses: mais ayant de hauts desseins pour le bien de la republique Chrétienne, il avoit
47 laissé à vos jeunes ans ces exercices, & l'établissement d'un Royaume nouveau au nouveau
48 monde, tandis que par-deça il travailleroit à réunir les diverses religions, & mettre en bonne
49 intelligence les Princes Chrétiens entre eux fort partialisés. Or la jalousie de ses ennemis lui
50 ayant envié cette gloire, & à nous un tel bien, on pourroit dire Que le fardeau que vous avez
51 pris de l'administration des Royaumes qui vous sont écheuz vous pese assez, sans rechercher
52 des occupations à plaisir & non necessaire. Mais, SIRE, je trouve au contraire, que comme le
53 grand Alexandre commença préque à vôtre âge la conquête du premier Empire du monde;
54 Ainsi, que les entreprises extraordinaires sont bien-seantes à vôtre Majesté, laquelle depuis
55 six mois a donné tant de preuves de sa prudence & de son courage, que les cieux, en ont esté
56 ravis, & la terre tellement étonnée, qu'il n'y a celui d'entre les hommes qui ne vous admire,
57 ayme & redoute aujourd'hui, & ne vous juge capable de regir non ce que vous possédés, mais
58 tout l'univers.

TO THE MOST CHRISTIAN KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE LOUIS XIII
Duke of Milan, Count of Asti, Lord of Genoa



ire, two things that have customarily spurred Kings to conquest, zeal for the glory of God and zeal for their own glory. In this dual matter our Kings, your predecessors, have long been pressed to extend their dominion overseas and establish at little expense new Empires by just and rightful means. They made some expenditures in sundry locations and seasons yet settled with discovering the

33 country. Thus, the French name fell into contempt, not by fault of virtuous men able to carry
34 the name on the wings of mighty winds, but by the schemes, artifices, and practices of
35 enemies of the Crown who commanded the minds of those recognized as capable of
36 advancing the enterprise. Meanwhile, our indifference incited the previously meek Spanish
37 to gain power in the Orient and Occident. Still, their gains did not stir within us the noble
38 ambition to follow if not to forestall, to avenge if not to follow. Indeed, avenge offenses
39 upon the French who, by our Kings' avowal, wished to share in the heritage of vast new
40 lands proffered by God nearly one hundred and twenty years ago. It was a worthy cause of
41 the late King, your glorious father, Sire, to redress such matters. With honourable intentions
42 for the good of the Christian Republic, he left you, in your innocence, to oversee these
43 enterprises and establish a Kingdom in the New World whilst he laboured to unite the
44 disparate religions and bring into concord prejudiced Christian Princes. Barring the jealousy
45 of enemies who envied his glory and our property, it may be said you bear sufficient burden
46 in governing the Kingdoms and need not add frivolous and unnecessary occupations. On the
47 contrary, Sire, as the great Alexander was nearly your age when he embarked upon his
48 conquest of the first Empire, I believe that extraordinary enterprises are fitting to Your
49 Majesty. For six months you have shown such prudence and courage to delight the heavens
50 and astonish the world, and today there is no man who admires, loves, and thinks you not
51 formidable and capable of reigning over not only that which you possess but the universe
52 entirely.

59 Cela étant, SIRE, & Dieu vous ayant départi si abondamment ses graces, il les faut reconoitre
60 par quelque action digne d'un Roy tres-Chrétien, qui est de faire des Chrétiens, & amener à
61 la bergerie de Jesus-Christ les peuples d'outre mer qui ne sont encore à aucun Prince
62 assujétis, ou effacer de noz livres & de la memoire des hommes ce nom de NOUVELLE-
63 FRANCE, duquel en vain nous nous glorifions. Vous ne manquerez, SIRE, de bons Capitaines
64 sur les lieux s'il vous plait les ayder & soutenir, & bailler les charges à ceux-là seuls qui
65 veulent habiter le païs. Mais, SIRE, il faut vouloir & commander, & ne permettre qu'on
66 revoque ce qui aura été une fois accordé, comme on a fait ci-devant à la ruine d'une si belle
67 entreprise, que promettoit bien tot l'établissement d'un nouveau Royaume aux terres de
68 dela, & seroit l'oeuvre aujourd'hui bien avancé, si l'envie & l'avarice de certaines gens qui ne
69 donneront point un coup d'epée pour vôtre service, ne l'eût empêché. Le feu sieur de
70 Poutrincourt Gentilhomme d'immortelle memoire bruloit d'un immuable desir de
71 Christianiser (ce qu'il avoit bien commencé) les terres échuës à son lot: Et à cela il a toujours
72 été traversé, comme aussi son fils aîné, qui habite le païs il y a dix ans, n'ayans jamais trouvé
73 que bien peu de support en chose si haute, si Chrétienne, & qui n'appartient qu'à des
74 Hercules Chrétiens. Les sieurs de Monts & de Razilli font même plainte à leur égard. Je laisse
75 les entreprises plus reculées de nôtre memoire és voyages de Jacques Quartier, Villegagnon,
76 & Laudonniere, en Canada, au Bresil, & en la Floride. Quoy donc, SIRE, l'Espagnol se vantera-
77 il que par-tout où le soleil luit depuis son reveil jusques à son sommeil il a commandement;
78 Et vous premier Roy de la terre, fils aîné de l'Eglise, ne pourrez pas dire le même? Quoy? les
79 anciens Grecs & Romains en leur paganisme auront-ils eu cette loüange d'avoir civilisé
80 beaucoup de nations, & chés elles envoyé des grandes colonies à cet effect; Et nous nais en
81 la conoissance du vray Dieu, & sous une loy toute de charité, n'aurons pas le zele, non de
82 civiliser seulement, mais d'amener au chemin de salut tant de peuples errans capables de
83 toutes choses bonnes, qui sont au-dela de l'Ocean sans Dieu, sans loy, sans religion, vivans
84 en une pitoyable ignorance? Quoy, SIRE, noz Roys voz grans ayeuls auront-ils epuisé la
85 France d'hommes & de tresors, & exposé leurs vies à la mort pour conserver la religion aux
86 peuples d'Orientaux; Et nous n'aurons pas le même zele à rendre Chrétiens ceux de
87 l'Occident, qui nous donnent volontairement leurs terres, & nous tendent les bras il y a cent
88 ans passez?

89

53 Nevertheless, you must recognize the grace that God has bestowed upon you so abundantly
54 with an act worthy of a most Christian King: to make Christians and lead to the fold of Jesus
55 Christ those peoples overseas who are not yet loyal to any Prince. Otherwise, we may
56 expunge from our books and memories the name of New France with which we glorify
57 ourselves in vain. You will not, Sire, be short of good Captains there, if it pleases you to help
58 and support them, and to confer offices only onto those who wish to inhabit the country.
59 However, Sire, we must want and command, and not revoke what has been allocated, as
60 has been done heretofore much to the ruin of a promising enterprise to establish a new
61 Kingdom in faraway lands. Today, such a Kingdom would be well-advanced if not for the
62 envy and avarice of those who would not raise their swords in your service. The late Sieur
63 de Poutrincourt,² gentleman of imperishable memory, harboured an immutable desire to
64 Christianize his lands, an enterprise which he commenced proficiently. He was preoccupied
65 by this task, as is his eldest son, in the country for ten years now, though receiving little
66 support for so mighty, so Christian a cause worthy only of Herculean Christians. The Sieurs
67 de Mons and de Razilly³ complain of the same. I leave out older memories, the voyages of
68 Jacques Cartier, Villegagnon, and Laudonnière in Canada, Brazil, and Florida. Therefore, Sire,
69 will the Spanish brag of vast domination, dawn to dusk, whilst you, first King of the land,
70 eldest son of the Church, cannot say the same? Will the ancient Greeks and Romans in their
71 paganism be praised for having civilized many nations and supplied vast colonies for that
72 purpose? And for us, who know the true God, governed by our charitable nature, will we
73 not have the zeal not only to civilise but to bring to salvation scores of drifting peoples
74 capable of goodness but living Godless, lawless, and faithless across the sea in pitiable
75 ignorance? What, Sire, our Kings your forbears, did they deplete France of men and
76 treasures and risk their lives to preserve the religion of Oriental peoples, will we not be as
77 zealous to make Christians in the Occident of those who have freely given us their lands and
78 proffered their hands for one hundred years now?

² Jean de Biencourt de Poutrincourt, Baron de Saint-Just (1557-1615) was part of the first expedition to Acadie in 1604, staying until the revocation of the trading monopoly in 1607. He returned in 1610 with his sons.

³ Pierre Dugua de Monts (1558-1628) founded Port-Royal in 1605, the earliest permanent settlement in North America. Isaac de Razilly (1587-1636) served in the French navy before taking possession of Port Royal and becoming Governor of Acadie from 1632 to his untimely death.

89 Pourrons-nous trouver aucune excuse valable devant le throne de Dieu quand ilz nous
90 accuseront du peu de pitié que nous aurons eu d'eux, & nous attribueront le defaut de leur
91 conversion. Si nous ne sçavions l'état auquel ilz sont, nous serions hors de reproche. Mais
92 nous le voyons, nous le trouvons, nous le sentons, & n'en avons aucun souci. Si quelques
93 gens nouveaux nous viennent d'Italie ou d'Espagne avec un habit, ou un chant nouveau,
94 nous allons au-devant, nous les embrassons, nous les admirons, nous les faisons en un
95 moment regorger de richesses. Je ne blame point cela, SIRE, puis que les largesses des Roys
96 n'ont autres bornes que leur bon plaisir, & puis qu'en vôtre Royaume chacun est maitre de
97 son bien. [...] Et si nous attendons encore un siecle la France ne sera plus France, mais le
98 proye de l'étranger, qui nous sappe tous les jours, nous debauches vos alliés, & se rend
99 puissant à nôtre ruine en un monde nouveau qui sera tout à lui. Et pour nous eblouïr on
100 demande des tresors tout appareillés en ces terres là, comme si la voye n'étoit point
101 ouverte à votre Majesté pour y entrer d'un Tropique à l'autre quand il lui plaira: Comme si la
102 gloire & force des Roys consistoit en autre chose qu'en la multitude des hommes: Et comme
103 si vôtre antique France n'avoit pas de beaux tresors en ses blez, vins, bestiaux, toiles, laines,
104 pastel, & autres denrées qui lui sont propres: Qui sont aussi les tresors à esperer de vôtre
105 NOUVELLE-FRANCE plus voisine de nus, laquelle dés si long temps telle qu'elle est, sustente
106 de ses poissons toute l'Europe tant par mer que par terre, & lui communique ses pelleteries,
107 d'où noz Terre-neuviers & Marchans tirent de bons profits.

108 [...] Il y a beaucoup d'autres choses à dire sur ce sujet, SIRE, dont je m'abstiens quant
109 à cette heure pour les représenter à vôtre Majesté quand elle aura considéré l'importance
110 de ce que dessus, & donnera des témoignages qu'elle veut serieusement entendre à ce qui
111 est du bien de son service & de la gloire de Dieu és terres de l'Occident. Ainsi Dieu vous
112 vueille inspirer, SIRE: Ainsi Dieu vous ayde & fortifie vôtre bras pour r'entrer dans vôtre
113 ancien heritage, & domter vos ennemis: Ainsi Dieu nous doint voir bien-tot vôtre grandeur
114 servie & obéïe par toute la terre: A quoy je me reputeray glorieux de contribuer tout ce que
115 doit un homme tel que je suis,

116 SIRE,

117 De vôtre Majesté

118 Tres-Humble, tres-obeissant,

119 & tres-fidele sujet.

120 MARC LESCARBOT

121 de Vervin.

Will we not find satisfactory excuse before the throne of God when they accuse us of showing little mercy towards them and blame us for not converting them? May we be beyond reproach if we knew not their state. But we see their state, find it, feel it, and still we do not make it our concern. Should someone arrive to us from Italy or Spain dressed or speaking differently, we shall greet him, embrace him, admire him, and shower with riches. I do not blame you for that, Sire, as Kings' riches have no boundaries other than pleasure and because in your Kingdom each is master of his property. [...] If we wait another century, France will no longer be France but the prey of the foreigner who undermines us, breaks up our alliances, and makes itself powerful in our ruin and in a new world that is all his. And we ask for lavish treasures in those lands to dazzle us, as if Your Majesty could not set foot in the land anywhere from one Tropic to the other whenever it pleases you. As if the glory and power of Kings consisted in something other than the multitude of men, as if your ancient France had not its own treasures of wheat, wine, cattle, canvases, woollens, pastels, and other commodities. Not to mention the treasures of your New France, which for so long sustained all of Europe by land and sea with its fish and trades its pelts, from which our settlers and merchants draw strong profits.

[...] There is much more to be said on this subject, Sire, from which I abstain at this time so that I may represent them to Your Majesty when you have considered the importance of the above matter and expressed serious interest in hearing about the greatness of your enterprise and the glory of God in the Occident. May God inspire you, Sire, and help and fortify you to reclaim your ancient heritage and tame your enemies. Soon God shall see your greatness served and obeyed in all the land, for which I will gloriously esteem myself as having contributed all a man of my worth should,

Sire,

Your Majesty

Your humble, obedient, and loyal subject,

MARC LESCARBOT

of Vervin