



TITLE
ROMANCE
OF
DOLLARD

57

Gatherwood



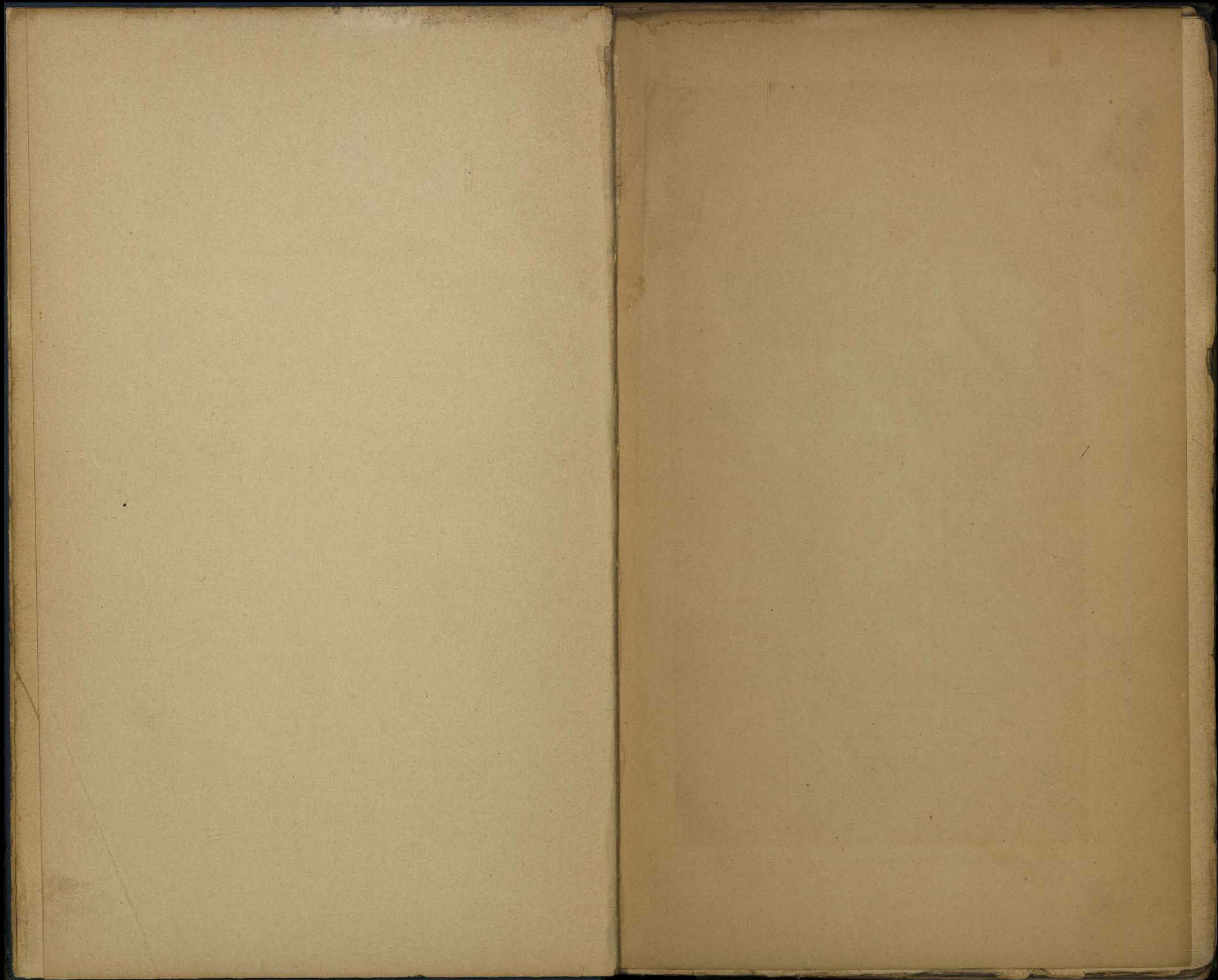
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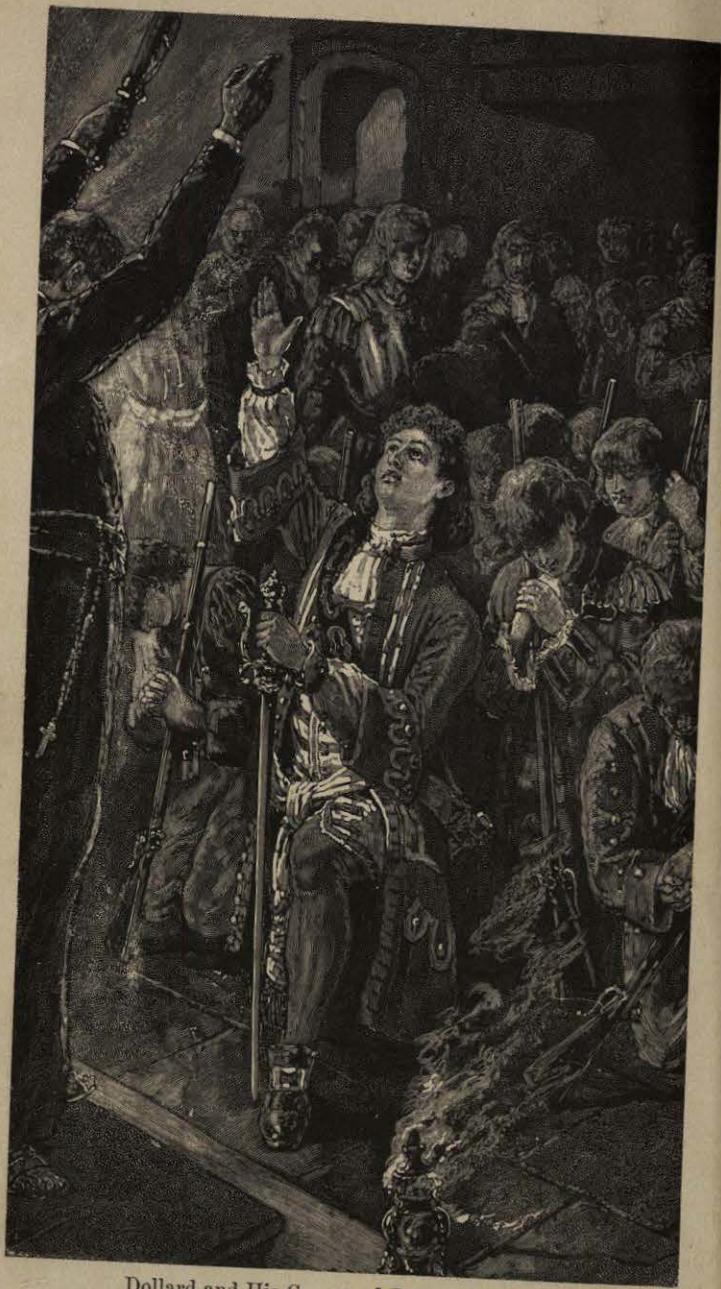


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Dollard and His Command Taking the Oath.

THE
ROMANCE OF DOLLARD

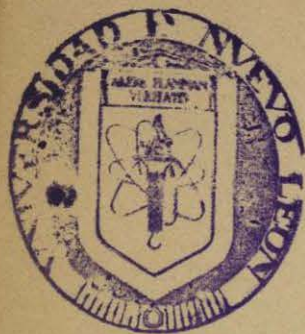
BY
MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

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THE ROMANCE OF DOLLARD.

PREFACE.

BY FRANCIS PARKMAN.

THE exploit which forms the basis of the following story is one of the most notable feats of arms in American annals, and it is as real as it is romantic.

The chief personages of the tale—except, always, the heroine—were actual men and women two and a quarter centuries ago, and Adam Dollard was no whit less a hero than he is represented by the writer, though it is true that as regards his position, his past career, and, above all, his love affairs, romance supplies some information which history denies us. The brave Huron Annahotaha also is historical. Even Jouaneaux, the servant of the hospital nuns, was once a living man, whose curious story is faithfully set forth; and Sisters

Brésoles, Maçé, and Maillet were genuine Sisters of the old Hôtel-Dieu at Montreal, with traits much like those assigned to them in the story.

The author is a pioneer in what may be called a new departure in American fiction. Fenimore Cooper, in his fresh and manly way, sometimes touches Canadian subjects and introduces us to French soldiers and bush-rangers; but he knew Canada only from the outside, having no means of making its acquaintance from within, and it is only from within that its quality as material for romance can be appreciated. The hard and practical features of English colonization seem to frown down every excursion of fancy as pitilessly as puritanism itself did in its day. A feudal society, on the other hand, with its contrasted lights and shadows, its rivalries and passions, is the natural theme of romance; and when to lord and vassal is joined a dominant hierarchy with its patient martyrs and its spiritual despots, side by side with savage chiefs and warriors jostling the representatives of the most gorgeous civilization of modern times,—the whole strange scene set in an environment of primeval forests,—the spectacle is as striking as it is unique.

The realism of our time has its place and function; but an eternal analysis of the familiar and commonplace is cloying after a while, and one turns with relief and refreshment to such fare as that set before us in Mrs. Catherwood's animated story.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

PREFACE.

BY THE AUTHOR.

THE province of Canada, or New France, under the reign of Louis XIV., presented the same panorama of lakes, mountains, rivers, rapids, that it does to-day; but it was then a background for heroes, and the French population which has become concentrated in the larger province of Quebec was then thinly dripped along the river borders. Such figures as Samuel de Champlain, the Chevalier La Salle, impetuous Louis de Buade, Count of Frontenac, are seen against that dim past; and the names of men who lived, fought, and suffered for that province are stamped on streams, lakes, streets, and towns.

All localities have their romance, their unseen or possible life, which is hinted to the maker of

stories alone. But Canada is teeming with such suggestions — its picturesque French dwellers in remote valleys are to-day a hundred or two hundred years behind the rush of the age.


Adam Daulac, *Sieur des Ormeaux*, stands distinct against the background of two centuries and a quarter ago. His name and the names of his companions may yet be seen on the parish register of *Villemarie* — so its founders called *Montreal*. His exploit and its success are matters of history, as well authenticated as any event of our late civil war. While the story of *Thermopylæ* continues to be loved by men, the story of *Dollard* cannot die. It is that picture of stalwart heroism which all nations admire. It is the possible greatness of man — set in this instance in blue Canadian distances, with the somber and everlasting *Laurentines* for its witnesses. The phase is medieval, is clothed in the garb of religious chivalry; but the spirit is a part of the universal man.

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

THE ROMANCE OF DOLLARD.

I.

A SHIP FROM FRANCE.

N April of the year 1660, on a morning when no rain drizzled above the humid rock of *Quebec*, two young men walked along the single street by the river. The houses of this *Lower Town* were a row of small buildings with stone gables, their cedar-shingled roofs curving upward at the eaves in Norman fashion. High in north air swelled the mighty natural fortress of rock, feebly crowned by the little fort of *St. Louis* displaying the lilies of France. Farther away the cathedral set its cross against the sky. And where now a tangle of streets, bisected by the city wall, climb steeply from *Lower* to *Upper Town*, then a rough path straggled.

The *St. Lawrence*, blue with Atlantic tide-water, spread like a sea betwixt its north shore and the high palisades of *Fort Levi* on the opposite bank. Sail-