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Documenting the legacy and contribution of the
Congregations of Religious Women in Canada,
their mission in health care, and the founding and operation of Catholic hospitals.

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des hôpitaux catholiques au Canada

Retracer l'héritage et la contribution des
congrégations de religieuses au Canada,
leur mission en matière de soins de santéainsi que la fondation et l'exploitation des hôpitaux catholiques.

Jeanne Mance or "The Angel of the Colony": Foundress of the Hotel-Dieu Hospital, Montreal, Pioneer Nurse of North America. 1642-1673

by
J.K. Foran

Source: BAnQ: Bibliothèque et Archives nationales du Québec

Jeanne Mance

Her Life

Charlotte Jasse

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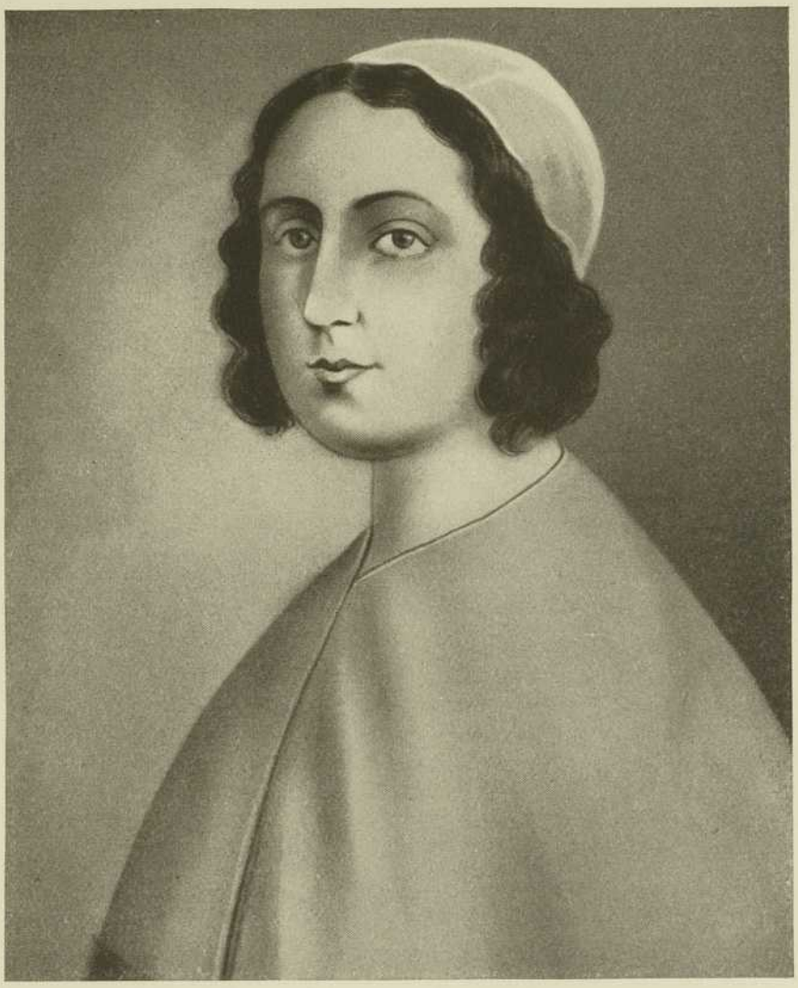

Jeanne Mance

The zeal of JEANNE MANCE was only increased by warnings that the rude walls of Montreal must be cemented in blood; that hostile Indians must be encountered and that she would be alone to care for the sick and wounded. Says the historian Parkman, "She had found her destiny. The ocean, the wilderness, the solitude, the Iroquois—nothing daunted her."

Jeanne Mance
Her Life

Jeanne Mance
or
"The Angel of the Colony"

Foundress of the Hotel-Dieu Hospital
Montreal
Pioneer Nurse of North America
1642-1673

By

J. K. FORAN, K.C., LITT.D., LL.B.

Author of

"POEMS AND LYRICS"
"THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE"
"IRISH-CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVES"
"THE LAWS OF OBLIGATIONS"
"SIMON THE ABENAKIS"
"CANADIAN ESSAYS"
ETC., ETC.

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Auxiliaire de Montréal

Montréal, 9 avril 1931

His Excellency
The Most Reverend George Gauthier, D.D.
Archbishop of Tarona
Coadjutor of Montreal

ARCHEVÊCHÉ
DE
MONTRÊAL

MUCH has been said and written concerning the wonderful devotion displayed by Florence Nightingale to alleviate human suffering during the Crimean war of 1852-54. However justified this admiration may be, I am convinced, after perusing Dr. Foran's "History of Jeanne Mance," that this devoted pioneer lay nurse of Canada is second to none in the field of nursing and social work, and that she should serve as a model for all those engaged in the care of the sick, the aged and the poor of this world.

With but very inadequate means at her disposal, throughout the years of her charitable ministrations, Jeanne Mance, relying solely upon the help of God, offers to our admiration a career of heroic devotion.

She is also known in the History of "Ville-Marie" as one of the most active amongst those noble women of New France in promoting the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of the burg of Hochelaga which has become the Montreal of to-day. She labors unceasingly till she brings into existence your Hôtel-Dieu, the model of all similar establishments on this continent. Her sole object is to have philanthropy develop into charity by directing towards Heaven the minds of the afflicted while caring for their physical ailments with untiring zeal. Such are the main features of the life of Jeanne Mance portrayed by the able pen of Dr. Foran just as we find them expressed in bronze upon Hebert's monument.

The perusal of the heroic deeds of charity of this great woman of pioneer days will instill into the hearts of many the desire to imitate her admirable virtues of self-denial and divine charity. May the seed take root, produce fruit in abundance in our midst and develop greater interest at large for hospital problems and social work.

Such will be the wish of all your readers, as it is the prayer of one who has been most delighted with the story.

POSUIT CUSTODES

+ Georges, coad. Arch.
of Montreal

Montreal, April 26th, 1931.

Foreword

In the religious romance of early North America there is no more lovable and inspiring heroine than Jeanne Mance, the subject of this Memoir. Saintly, womanly, courageous, idealistic, yet vastly practical, hers was a rich character in which a number of exceptionally fine qualities were graciously blended.

Requests for an authentic Life of Jeanne Mance in English have been frequently made; and it was thought most fitting that the present History should be sponsored by the Hôtel-Dieu at Montreal, the hospital of which Jeanne Mance was the foundress. It is well nigh three hundred years since the foundation of the present institution which has been the Mother Hospital of several others scattered over the Continent.

The Religious Hospitallers of St. Joseph of the Hôtel-Dieu have always had an affectionate veneration for their Foundress; and it was as an expression of this devotion, as well as to gratify the wishes of the countless admirers of Jeanne Mance, that they undertook to have published this History in English.

In this connection, the Sisters are especially grateful to the distinguished author of the present volume, the late Dr. J. K. Foran, K.C., Litt.D., LL.B., for the time and labor, particularly in research, that he expended in the production of this History, as also for the deep personal interest he showed in its preparation. The manuscript was in their possession for some years, but the delay in handing it over to the publishers was unavoidable.

It is now presented to the public with the ardent hope that many will learn to know and admire the beautiful character of Mlle Mance. Her portrait finds a resting place abroad in one of the galleries of the Vatican, in the National Library of Paris, and in the Royal Colonial Institute of London; may her features be enshrined likewise in the hearts of many as an inspiration to all that is noble, cultured and brave.

Before going to press, we wish to express our deep appreciation to our distinguished friend, Mrs. James Cochrane, who has helped to make the publication of this work possible, and whose great generosity in the past has been a support to us in many a worthy cause.

Sister Helen Mallon

S.H.O.P.

Hôtel-Dieu, Montreal, P.Q.,
April 2nd, 1931.

DEDICATION

To Thee, O Virgin Mary,
Do I dedicate this work,
To Thee who inspired and directed the
Founders of the privileged city which bears Thy name.
It was under Thy sweet Protection, most gracious Mother,
That numerous Churches were built and
Religious Communities founded.
And it was from Thy city, O Virgin Mary,
That the heroic Missionaries and Martyrs
Started on their discovery of distant lands,
To spread the Gospel fortified by Thy maternal care,
Our Lady of Montreal

"In 1663,
the Company of Montreal,
whose only object was
the conversion of the savages,
resigned into the hands
of the Priests of St. Sulpice
all seigneurial rights over the island,
titles confirmed a century later
by the British Government
after the conquest of Canada.
And thus it is that the
BLESSED VIRGIN MARY
is still
THE SOVEREIGN LADY OF MONTREAL."

—*MacLeod.*

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Introduction

THIS work is not a translation, although the authorities and documents upon which its details are based are all in the French language. From the standpoint of History it is absolutely exact, entirely authenticated in every part; yet, so closely does it skirt the realm of Romance that it might easily supply material for half a score of works of Fiction. Jeanne Mance's life of sixty-six years may be divided into two equal parts, each of thirty-three years. The first part is practically devoid of any special interest; but into the second part have been crowded events so numerous and so thrilling that they would suffice to make memorable the careers of a dozen historical personages.

Standing, as it were, upon the rising slope of the twentieth century and gazing back over the expanse of three hundred years to the early skyline of Canadian history, the eye of the historian can discern upon that far away horizon many stars and various constellations of different magnitudes and of variegated brilliancy. Look at a few of them. Jacques Cartier, Samuel de Champlain and Chomedey de Maisonneuve, then DeBreboeuf, Lallemant and Jogues —crimson stars that reflect the deep flush of martyrdom; besides these Marie de l'Incarnation, Marguerite Bourgeoys and Judith Moreau de Brésoles, pale orbs of intense beauty; then others that never crossed the azure of our Canadian sky—such as Olier, de Fancamp and de la Dauversière; finally, that Pleiades, so distinct in its orbit, so important in the sphere of its influence and so varied in the characteristics of its component planets—Madame de La Peltrie, Madame de Bullion and JEANNE MANCE.

Can you imagine a Joan of Arc and a Florence Nightingale united in one person, with the addition of physical and mental trials

that the former had not to endure and sufferings of body and mind that the latter had never experienced? Until you are able to form such a picture in your own mind and imagine all the endurance required to do battle with Atlantic's fury and the Iroquois' treachery, with cold, hunger, sickness and untold miseries, with misrepresentation, calumny and deception, you will not be prepared to grasp the whole truth concerning the life of Jeanne Mance. From early youth desirous of dedicating herself to the service of God, yet without any attraction towards or desire for the life of a religious, a foundress of communities and institutions by nature and a nurse by inclination and, we might almost say, by instinct, a person with lofty ideals and magnificent aims, relying upon the guidance of Providence, yet anxious to utilize every human means to attain her ends, such, in broad outline, is the character of this wonderful woman whose part in the grand drama of Canada's early history was far more important than our historians have seemed to recognize.

You have read of the famous Bayeux tapestry, those works of marvelous skill, woven with infinite care, reproducing the feats of crusaders and the miracles of saints, purchased at enormous sums to adorn the castles of the nobles and the palaces of kings. Have you ever heard how the tapestry was woven? The weaver sits at his loom, over his head hangs the design or model that he is to reproduce, a thousand threads, of various colors and lengths, are within reach of his deft fingers; with his eye constantly riveted upon the model he works the threads, interlacing them, intertwining them, weaving the woof of color into the warp of shade, and through the grooves of the loom sending the shuttle to and fro, knitting piece to piece of the design. He sees only the reverse side of the fabric, with all its rough edges and untrimmed knots and threads, as slowly, inch by inch and foot by foot and yard by yard, it is rolled around the long transversal roller. Not until the entire work is completed does he unroll the canvas, and then, for a first time, he beholds the result of all his skilled labor.

Such was the life of Jeanne Mance. For thirty-three years did she sit at the loom of her career, her eyes fixed upon the model above the design that she had placed before herself, weaving with patience and determination, with skill and assurance, the woof into the warp, while the bright shuttle of her unwavering faith flashed backward and forward through all the intricacies of unnumbered threads that constituted the lights and shadows of her achievement. And, like the Bayeux tapestry-weaver, she saw only the model before her eyes

and the reverse or rougher side of the fabric. She completed her work, she even trimmed off the ragged edges before laying down her burden at the feet of Death's Angel.

Two hundred and fifty-one years after her death, with all due sense of my personal inadequacy for the task, it has been reserved for me to unroll the precious canvas, to set it in the framework of this volume, and to hold it up for the study, contemplation and admiration of all lovers of the good, the true, the heroic and the beautiful. Like the guide in the tapestry halls of the Louvre, I shall attempt to describe each prominent figure upon that scene, tell of the lights and shades, the azure calm and the cloud-shrouded tempest the courtly elegance of the Old World and the savage grandeur of the New World, and follow through all the changes and vicissitudes of the most critical period in the story of Canada, the stately figure of this heroine of two continents.

J. K. FORAN.

The Life and Times of JEANNE MANCE

CHAPTER I

Nogent-le-Roi—The Mance Family—A Retrospect

IN THE fertile Province of Champagne, in the industrial Department of Haute-Marne, the most sunny and most tranquil portion of old France, stands the little manufacturing town of Nogent-le-Roi. A vast circular plain surrounded by rising slopes that are cultivated to their summits is the charming picture that the traveller looks upon as he approaches this one time famous spot. Today it is little more than a village, as quiet as Goldsmith's "Sweet Auburn." The stillness is only broken by the clang of machinery in the factories down by the river, and the tolling of the church bell from the antiquated spire that dominates the northern crest of the encircling hills. Time seems to have passed over that valley as does "the breeze over the sea where the halcyon has its nest." Yet high upon the rocky incline that stretches up from the plain to where the church looks down upon a valley of peace, are to be seen the massive remains of old fortifications, walls built in the eleventh century, and so thick and so solidly cemented that they seem to have been erected for eternity,—the shattered remains of the castle which the lords of Nogent constructed for their feudal defence, then ceded to the Counts of Champagne, who in turn handed it over to the King for the protection of that section of the country some time during the fourteenth century. Many sieges did the castle of Nogent sustain during the frequent wars that devastated France all through those medieval centuries.

It was in 1793, when the Terror centred in Paris and swept outward over all France, laying low every relic of the olden times, that the fortress-castle of Nogent fell to pieces beneath the pick of the iconoclast and the shovel and hammer of the peasantry. Fifty years ago the shops of workmen were to be found in the ruins of those once stately walls; here a column was pulled down to make a door-post for a villager's cabin, there an ornamented frieze was carted off to adorn the stable that housed a farmer's cattle. The great bastions that had defied the rage of unnumbered enemies and "had oft rolled back the tide of war" are still majestic in their shroud of moss and ivy, the shattered memorials of days when chivalry was abroad and deeds of arms made glorious the annals of French history.

Towards the beginning of the seventeenth century, the period when our story commences, the castle of Nogent-le-Roi still flourished in all its strength and importance. A royal governor made of it his residence. This residence bore the title of *Prévôté*, a distinction that linked it and its government more closely to the metropolitan administration at Paris. Several state officials lived at Nogent and its inhabitants comprised a few very distinguished families. Yet Nogent was isolated in those days as it is today. Fifteen miles away the city of Langres, the episcopal see of the diocese of Langres, was the most important place within easy reach of Nogent. As the latter town was off the main lines of travel, people came, stopped at and left Langres without ever dreaming of proceeding up to the less important place. Langres was to Nogent what Paris was to Langres —a place of great attractions, immense possibilities, wonderful events, marvellous sights and mysterious influences. To go to Langres was an event in the life of the untravelled inhabitant of Nogent, and distances were very great in those days because means of transportation were more or less primitive.

About the close of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries the Mance family was considered the most important one in Nogent-le-Roi. It comprised many members of distinction, and more than one generation of it held the principal offices in the place. However, strange as it may seem, the very member of that family who was destined to become really famous and to occupy a permanent place in history—Jeanne Mance—was unknown to the people of her native town, unheard of by them during all the years of her extraordinary career, and unrecorded even in the baptismal registers of their church.

About forty years ago the Abbé Rambouillet, a native of Langres and member of the Historical Society of that diocese, wrote a brief sketch of the life of Jeanne Mance, and in his work the kindly author states that until 1852, when Abbé Faillon's History of Canada appeared, he, like the rest of his fellow-countrymen, knew absolutely nothing about one whose achievements were calculated to shed such lustre upon her native province. He adds: "Jeanne Mance, who was as unknown in France as she was venerated in Canada, appears now with that halo of virtues and deeds that make of her one of the most illustrious personages of the seventeenth century."

This is saying a great deal, but not too much. The seventeenth century was the golden age, the Augustan period, of French glory. On the throne, during a lengthy reign, sat *le grand monarque*, surrounded by all the splendours and the licentiousness of the most brilliant court that Europe has ever witnessed; in the field of war Turenne and Condé had made the name of France ring triumphantly in the ears of the entire continent; in the pulpit, Bossuet, Fénelon, Bourdaloue, Fléchier and Massillon carried sacred eloquence to the very summits of grandeur and power. On the stage and in the domain of the Muses, Corneille immortalized the Cid and the chivalry of the Middle-Ages; Racine brought the most glowing stories of Holy Writ into public notice as he flung upon the scene his Esther and his Athalie; Molière convulsed a laughing world with the rich vagaries of his inimitable characters. In a word—art, science, poetry, military success, and far-away colonizing and civilizing works combined to make of the seventeenth century the age of revival and glory for France. And the humble Abbé Rambouillet was right when he declared Jeanne Mance to be one of the most illustrious personages of that epoch.

About the year 1600 Pierre Mance became king's proctor, *procureur du roi*, a position somewhat equivalent, in its importance and its functions, to that of Crown Attorney in this country. His wife was Catherine Mahudel, the daughter of Guy Mahudel, who had also been king's proctor at Nogent-le-Roi. The position seems to have been retained pretty well in the family, since Nicholas Mance, son of Pierre Mance and brother of Jeanne, succeeded to the office in 1627, and two or three cousins held the same position for over a quarter of a century later between them.

Pierre Mance was a man of great honesty, conspicuous talents, untiring energy and fervently religious. He had thirteen children,

of whom six were boys and seven girls. Two or three of the sons had remarkable military careers and two of them were ennobled by the king for their conspicuous services. One brother, Pierre, became famous as a learned professor at the Cambrai college in Paris. Before becoming professor this talented ecclesiastic had been parish priest of Saint-Aspaix, at Malun, and vicar-general of Troyes. But of all the members of that numerous family the tenth child, Jeanne, was destined to play the most important part in the history of those stirring times.

The Mance family had the distinction of bearing a coat-of-arms, which is in itself evidence of the nobility to which it had been raised. The armorial bearings were "Azur, à la *mancine* d'or, au fruit de sable bordé de gueule." While enjoying all the rights and privileges of the *noblesse* in their small circle at Nogent, they happily were too far removed from Paris to be in any way contaminated by the frivolity and the intrigues that marked the lives of almost all those who basked in the sunshine of royal favor and took part in the shameless freedom of intercourse that left black stains on more than one otherwise brilliant escutcheon. Such the parents and relatives of the heroine of this record.

But before turning to the story of her career, it may be well to correct an impression that seems to have been general regarding the birth-place of Jeanne Mance. Sister Morin, in her "Annales des Hospitalières de Ville-Marie," M. de la Tour in his "Mémoires sur M. de Laval," and Sister Juchereau in her "Histoire de l'Hôtel-Dieu de Québec," speak of Jeanne Mance as a native of Langres. Even the last mentioned writer calls her "the daughter of a Notary of Langres." The proximity of Nogent to Langres, the greater importance of the latter place and the fact of it being the episcopal town may account for the mistake. In the case of Sister Juchereau, she has evidently confounded the father of Jeanne Mance with one of her brothers-in-law, a Notary at Nogent-le-Roi, who had married her sister Claudette Mance, and who may have had charge of Jeanne's temporal interests. At all events, there never existed at Langres any Notary of the name of Mance.

It may be asked why such importance is attached to the fact of her birth-place being Nogent-le-Roi and not the more important town of Langres. As the story proceeds, as the scenes are unfolded before the reader's eyes, as figure after figure upon this lengthy roll of historic tapestry is brought to the front, it will be seen that the

locality of her birth and the scenes of her early years played no mean part in the shaping of her subsequent career. Had she been born at Langres and had she lived there during the first twenty years of her life, in all probability this biographical and exceedingly romantic story never would have been written. Moreover, it is unjust to deprive a place of the honor due to it when one or more of its inhabitants have become great and famous.

Seven cities of old fought for the distinction of being called the birth-place of Homer, although, while living, Homer begged his daily bread in their streets. Nogent-le-Roi ignored Jeanne Mance when she lived there, it forgot her when she was abroad performing works of heroism that rival and perhaps outshine those of any woman during the past three centuries. It had a Free School, established by the Mance family, which survived until swept away by the Revolutionists in 1789, but never associated that splendid institution with a daughter of that same family who had founded a still greater institution in the New World. Nogent-le-Roi has been ungrateful, but only because it knew not the greatness and the worth of its most renowned child. If the pages that follow are ever read by the good people of Nogent-le-Roi, perhaps they may inspire them with sentiments of gratitude towards her and that some day Jeanne Mance will be fittingly recognized and her life commemorated by them in a worthy monument raised to her honor upon the slope of the north hill, there where stood the home of her parents and the roof that sheltered her childhood.

CHAPTER II

Early Years of Jeanne—The Scourges of War and Plague—Her Vocation

OF THE early life of Jeanne Mance there is but little known, and what positive knowledge we have comes more from her own statements, in after years, than from records of that period. She was born towards the close of 1606. She was the tenth child and was very delicate in her infancy. When about six or seven years of age she felt a desire to consecrate her entire life to the service of God. Wisdom, piety, and loftiness of aims came to her at an age when generally children are full of meaningless fancies and live in dreamland, ignorant of and careless about what is transpiring around them. In Jeanne this very sublime conception of life and of the service of God increased as the years flew past, yet never in the slightest manner did it interfere with the performance of her numberless duties in her home, nor was there even the remotest tendency to become a member of any religious community. When she was about fifteen years old she lost her virtuous and noble mother; the care of the family, of the household, and of a younger sister and brother devolved to a great degree upon her. Her father never placed any obstacle in the way of her religious activities; he cherished her dearly and left her perfectly at liberty to act as she felt inclined, and she never once abused that freedom. Her devotedness to what she considered then her calling in life was only equalled by that which she displayed in all the ordinary duties of her home and surroundings. Uprightness of mind, soundness of judgment, unbounded charity, an irresistible attraction towards and affection for the sick, the wounded, the plague-stricken, the suffering and the misery-haunted of the world, combined with an assurance that marked her every action—indicating the divine hand that guided her—constituted the principal characteristics of Jeanne Mance.

After her father's death, which took place about 1629, Jeanne became free to give herself up entirely to a life of devotion to works

of charity and of mercy. While delicate in health, in general appearance she had become a very attractive and lovely woman. She was rather on the tall side, that is to say, slightly above the medium, elastic in step, quick in movement, with large, dreamy, brown eyes that mirrored her fine soul, so expressive of devotion, tenderness, pity, courage, and latent determination were they. Her complexion, which might have been very white and fair, was slightly tinged with that peculiar hue which indicates poor health or decline. In a word, Jeanne was a young woman whose appearance in any assembly would at once attract attention, and she was endowed with an exterior well calculated to win her the admiration of the great world. Her manners were of the most refined; she certainly displayed all the outward graces of the grand ladies of the court, minus the vanity and frivolity that made their worldiness so conspicuous.

During the ten years that elapsed between the death of her father and the commencement of her great lifework, this predestined child of a marvelous future grew stronger in every way, mentally and physically, while all that she had to experience in her own little town of Nogent-le-Roi seemed purposely designed to prepare her for the mission that awaited her beyond the Atlantic. Like Joan of Arc, she grew older and matured amidst the frequent calamities that fell upon her country. This gentle and timid young girl, whose destiny it was to live amidst turmoil and sufferings, to mix with warlike men, to help in their struggles, to bind their wounds, to console their expiring moments, required a special training, needed some sort of novitiate, that she might be enabled to fulfill her great destiny. So it was that during several years Jeanne Mance lived amidst scenes of strife and devastation, war let loose upon her native province and pestilence spreading desolation and death on all sides.

In 1635 France was at war with the Empire and as Nogent was situated on the frontier it had to suffer in many ways. When the Bassigny district was invaded by the Lorrains, the home of Jeanne Mance came in for its share of the misfortunes that follow in the wake of an invading army. Fresnoy and Montigny-le-Roi were burned to the ground, and 130,000 livres of war contribution was imposed upon the entire region, and Nogent had a large portion of that tax to pay.

In 1636 General Galas with his Croatian hordes invaded and devastated that section of France, and with a barbarism equal to that of the ancient Huns and Vandals, put the inhabitants to the

sword, burned their dwellings and pillaged their property. So great and widespread was the massacre of that year that the bodies of the victims, young and old alike, lay in the fields and along the waysides and rotted in the scorching southern sun, for none there were to do them the charity of common burial. The natural result was a plague that fell upon the smiling town, the picturesque hills and the fertile fields of Nogent-le-Roi. In the parochial register of the place for the year 1637 we find, written by the hand of the parish priest, an account of the five hundred inhabitants whose names could be ascertained and whose bodies were identified as being of the number of plague victims of the previous year. The record also states that on the feast of Saint-Roch a procession took place through the most afflicted parts of the town in thanksgiving for the removal of the terrible scourge.

These facts, meagre as they are in detail, suffice to show what a state of misery, affliction, sorrow, sufferings and death the town of Nogent underwent during the years 1635 and 1636. According to her own statements in after years, when, either with M. de Maisonneuve or with Sister Morin, she conversed upon the subject and told the fearful story of her experiences, Jeanne Mance played a very heroic part in that cruel drama. There and then she served a severe apprenticeship in the human craft of nursing. Her religious sentiments seemed always to have drawn her, like a mighty magnet, not towards the cloister and its seclusion from the world, but rather towards humanity suffering from all the ills that war, poverty, crime, sickness and the evil passions of men engender. She was a nurse by nature and a trained nurse by experience and inclination—by vocation from God. Her heart expanded in proportion to the misfortunes she was destined to witness and she exemplified, in her unbounded charity and her ever increasing thirst for active life in the field of her predilection, the sentiment of the Poet Priest who thus sang:

> "Those hearts of ours, how strong, how strong,
> A thousand sorrows may round them throng;
> They will bear them all, and a thousand more,
> And are stronger then than they were before."

Heretofore, retained by home duties and her interest in the poor and suffering of her native town, Jeanne had lived practically inside the cloister of its hills. Fifteen miles away was the city of

Jeanne Mance

Langres, the most important in that section of France and the most remarkable centre of religious activity. When the Venerable Sébastien Zamet was Bishop of that diocese, he brought into Langres, in 1619, the Fathers of the Oratory of Jesus, and in 1622 the Jesuit Order. In all that diocese, from the centre to the most remote village, regular missions were established and preached by one or other of these Communities. In 1635 we find that a Jesuit Father, from the house at Langres, came to Nogent-le-Roi and there preached the Lenten mission. The accounts of the Vestry Office of Nogent, which were kept by Nicolas Mance, a brother of Jeanne, contain, amongst other items that have served to assist history in later years, the following extract: "On the 6th of June, 1635, I paid to M. Rignier *une demie pistole* for three cords of wood sent to the Jesuit Fathers at Langres, for having during the present year, sent one of their number to preach during Lent." This Nicolas Mance was at the time called the "Sieur du Fife-Doland," and was "Procureur du Roi" at Nogent.

These missions were new to Jeanne, as they were to all her fellow-townspeople. On her they had a special influence and effect. She reflected upon all that she had learned from the eloquent preachers, and more and more did she experience a desire to go abroad into the great world and perform some mighty work that she felt in her soul awaited her there. Her father and mother being dead, her sisters and brothers all grown up and established in life, she had no longer any domestic or family ties to restrain her. Yet, in view of her frail system and her constantly recurring fits of sickness, she dreaded any special undertaking beyond the limits of the place with which she was familiar. However, there was one thing she resolved to do, one luxury she was determined to enjoy, and that was to hear more of the missions for which that at Nogent had given her a thirst.

As a result of this very natural inclination on the part of one so strangely constituted and so peculiarly surrounded by the circumstances of life, she went, in the month of April, 1640, to the city of Langres to hear the sermons that would mark the close of Lent and the imposing ceremonies of Holy Week. During her stay in Langres, she became acquainted with a venerable Canon of the Cathedral. He found her so bright, so intelligent, so full of wisdom and so fired with a desire to serve God through His suffering creatures on earth that he had many interesting conversations with her. At that time, every person in France was talking about that New France away

off in the unknown lands beyond the seas. The Canon told her of the noble projects entertained by many persons of distinction regarding the civilization and christianizing of that colony. He spoke long and with enthusiasm of the many sacrifices made by two high-ranked ladies—Madame de la Peltrie and the Duchess d'Aiguillon—to establish the Ursulines and the Hospitalières (Hospital Nuns) at Quebec. It was in 1608, when Jeanne was only two years old, that Champlain had founded the city of Quebec, and wonderful were all the achievements of the founder, his assistants, the colonists, the missionaries and all who aided in the establishment, the fostering, the protection and the success of that colony.

As when a sudden flash of lightning leaps across the darkness of the night, revealing for an instant the entire landscape and plunging it back into a deeper obscurity, so came to Jeanne Mance the vivid inspiration. She saw at a glance the field of her future labors, the region that called her to its shores, the Indian and the colonist, the missionary and the pioneer, the struggles with the savage and against the obstacles that nature raised in the pathway of civilization; she saw the tortured and the wounded, the sick and the dying; she saw, as if by inspiration, the grandeur of the part that she might play in that sublime drama of a country's dawning history. She left the old Canon to return to Nogent, but to return filled with the determination of devoting her life to the cause of Christ and of humanity in the New World.

CHAPTER III

The Die is Cast—Jeanne in Paris—Dawning of Fame

LONG and severe was the struggle that Jeanne Mance sustained even against herself during the days that followed the sudden revelation that came to her at Langres. She wrestled with the spirit that had taken possession of her; she tried to consider it all as a temptation; she reflected upon the magnitude of the undertaking and upon her own feeble state of health, the risks and the certain dangers that lined the pathway before her, the lack of funds, the apparent impossibility of securing the necessary means, the scarcity of friends capable of assisting her, her isolation in the world, unknown, unfriended, unencouraged, opposed by her spiritual adviser, ridiculed by her few associates; discouraged on all sides, she tried to persuade herself that it was all an illusion; but despite her every effort the vision of far-away Canada still haunted her dreams by night and her every thought by day. At last the ray of inspiration dispelled the clouds of uncertainty in her soul, and recognizing as a voice from Heaven the call that vibrated perpetually in her ears, she arose, after a long and almost agonizing prayer, fired with determination. Putting on as it were the armor of her vocation and unsheathing the sword of her invincible courage, like Joan of Arc, she stepped forth upon the highway of magnificent strife, nor did she ever again hesitate or look back. Jeanne Mance felt in her soul a transformation taking place, and as often happens even in the less momentous affairs of life, a physical improvement began already to make its appearance. She returned to Langres, saw the old Canon, told him the story of her struggle and the result. His answer then was: "Mademoiselle, go to Canada; I give you permission." But, at the same time, he advised her to take a trip to Paris and there see Father Charles Lallemant, who had charge of the Jesuit

missions in Canada, and who would be able to give her the information and direction she needed. This is the Father Lallemant who became one of the first martyrs for the Faith at the hands of the Iroquois.

Here began another of Jeanne's troubles. Perhaps, on one less sensitive and less refined the same effect might not be produced, but for her it was a severe ordeal to meet with and overcome the opposition of her relatives and the ridicule of her friends. So strongly were they all ranged against her and her "mad schemes," as they characterized the enterprise, that she was obliged to have recourse to an innocent subterfuge in order to go to Paris and there prosecute her plans.

Keeping absolutely silent upon what had been told her by the old Canon at Langres, she stated that she was going to pay a visit to some cousins of hers who lived in Paris. At once all sorts of rumors were set afloat at Nogent-le-Roi; some went so far as to state that Jeanne wanted to find a husband and that no person in her own town was good enough for her; others found that she was now growing more healthy and better in looks and that her vanity drew her to the Capital where she expected to make a good match in high circles; and others were mean enough to insinuate that it was mere petty vanity and a hankering after the excitement and frivolities of the great world that attracted her and that her life heretofore had been one of hypocrisy. Jeanne endured it all and kept her own counsel, wherein we find the very first evidence of her true greatness and grandeur of character. She, therefore, set out for Paris on the 30th of May, 1640, which happened to be the Wednesday after the Feast of Pentecost.

On reaching Paris she repaired immediately to the residence of her cousins, which was within a few steps of the church of Saint-Sulpice, and very near the Jesuit Novitiate, where Father Lallemant resided. The first time she interviewed this Superior of Canadian missions she unfolded to him her plans and he seemed to encourage her in her enterprise. On the second occasion he merely told her that there was a great field of usefulness awaiting her in Canada, but that he was obliged to leave at once for Lyons and could not furnish her with any further advice. Although he did not even hint the truth of the matter to Jeanne Mance, the missionary was on his way to meet M. de la Dauversière and to accompany him to M. de Lauzon on very momentous business connected with the establish-

ment of the colony on the Island of Montreal. M. de Lauzon was the holder of the grant of the Island and the missionary and his associate wished to have him cede that title to the new company then in process of organization. However, Jeanne Mance knew nothing of all these things nor of the persons concerned therein. Father Lallemant took his departure without giving her any information regarding his plans. Yet the day was rapidly approaching when she was to become the most important factor in all the transactions toward which these movements and dealings were to lead.

Determined not to be discouraged, Jeanne turned to the famous rector of the Novitiate, Father de Saint-Jure, S.J. He listened to her with politeness and kindness but without expressing in any way his approval of her decision. As this Father's time was very much taken up and as Jeanne's story had not been told to him in its fulness he did not attach very great importance to her oft-repeated desire for further interviews. She spent three months in Paris without being able to advance a step in her undertaking. It was truly discouraging.

During that time she became acquainted with a lady of high rank, Madame de Villecerain, who had access more freely to Father de Saint-Jure. Through the good offices of this lady, Jeanne secured another opportunity of holding converse with the Superior. After the interview and when Madame de Villecerain had departed, Father de Saint-Jure retained Jeanne for a few moments and then assured her that never before had he witnessed such positive evidence of a direct vocation or such undeniable proofs of the will of God. He told her that the time had come to take off the mask and to boldly announce to her relatives and to the world at large that she was going to work in New France and to there establish a refuge for the sick and a shelter for the unfortunate.

These words, the first real encouragement that she had ever received, had a magic effect upon the young and determined heroine. She could no longer retain herself. Wild with delight she hastened back to the house of her relatives and unfolded to them her entire plan. They were horrified. They simply concluded that she must have become suddenly demented. They saw only the darker side; they could only imagine the obstacles. She was absolutely unshakable in her determination. All their representations and arguments she brushed aside and the more they opposed, the stronger grew her resolve. Where was she to get the means? Never mind—leave that to God. How was she to secure the co-operation necessary? Do not

worry—it will come. Thus she stepped over every petty obstruction, for small were they compared to the mountainous obstacles that were ahead of her, away down the years to come.

Soon the news of her enterprise got abroad in Paris; it went from lip to lip; it spread like wildfire in the higher strata of society. Never before was anything so romantic, so tinged with the very spirit of ancient chivalry, so devoid of all selfishness and so replete with patriotic devotedness and religious devotion, heard of in Paris. A young lady, so polished in manners, so refined and so delicate, to cross the seas to New France, to face the dangers of the ocean, the terrors of Indian warfare, the sufferings and miseries of a rigorous climate, all the privations of which returning sailors had spoken—it became the wonder and the admiration of the city. Every person wanted to see and speak to this exceptional young lady. Like Lord Byron, in years long after, Jeanne Mance might well have said: "I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

Paris loved the excitement of the novel and the extraordinary in the seventeenth century just as she does in the twentieth. Soon the social leaders, the ladies of distinction at the Court, the wives of the prominent citizens who were organizing quietly the Company of Montreal, and many who were inclined to supply funds for the missions in New France, wanted to meet and talk with Jeanne Mance. Amongst others the Princess of Condé, Charlotte de Montmorency, Madame *la chancelière* and finally the Queen herself. The Abbé Charlet, in his work on the "Illustrious Personages of the Diocese of Langres," states that "Mlle Mance was held in high consideration by Anne of Austria."

In reply to all inquiries, Jeanne simply made answer that she was assured of the fact that it was the will of God that she should go to Canada, but what to do there she did not know; and that she gave herself entirely and blindly, without any thought of the results, to the will of Heaven.

During the early part of the following winter, the Provincial of the Recollets, Father Rapin, had returned to France from Canada. He had been amongst the first to establish a mission at Quebec, but as they had been expelled from there by the invading English in 1629, he came home. At the time we have reached in our story, Father Rapin was preparing to return to Canada. The *Grande Compagnie du Canada* had bound itself to see to the re-establishment of the Order in the New World, while Pope Urban VIII had, in 1635,

accorded the Recollets all the necessary powers to continue their mission at Quebec.

With his experience of Canada and the work to be done there, Father Rapin chimed in at once with Jeanne Mance and approved of her idea. In telling her of his appreciation of her ambition and zeal, he said: "You will have to forget yourself entirely, but others will have to take care of you." And this he proposed to accomplish through the good services of a very important lady in Paris.

A few days later he sent for Jeanne and informed her that she was to keep herself in readiness to visit Madame de Bullion who would be glad to meet her and receive her at that lady's house. That very afternoon she was summoned to the de Bullion mansion.

Here we must pause in the even current of our story and dedicate a chapter to Madame de Bullion, one of the most important personages connected with the early history of Canada and especially with the foundation of Montreal and its first institutions. History has ignored this exceptional lady, possibly because she so desired it; but now she is beyond the effects of praise or censure and it is time that her great merits should be recognized. "It is not Death alone, but Time and Death that canonize the great and patriotic."

CHAPTER IV

An Unknown Benefactress—Madame de Bullion—
Jeanne's First Encouragement

WHILE the annals of the world are filled with the names and deeds of great and good people, still there are thousands whose very existence has not been recorded although their works were of the highest merit. Many there are who, through humility or some other motive, practised self-effacement to such a degree that while the results of their lives are still felt in the world their own names have been swallowed up in oblivion. One of the most remarkable examples of any whose writings produced extraordinary effect but whose own identity has remained hidden, and will so remain for all time, was the famous "Junius," whose letters to the Duke of Bedford, and others, caused Governments to tremble and Ministers and even crowned heads to shake. This person, evidently, covered his individuality with the cloak of obscurity for high political and possibly less lofty personal reasons. Had it not been for the slip of the tongue, on the occasion of a banquet, the mask might never have been drawn from the face of "The Great Unknown," the author of Waverley, revealing the identity of Sir Walter Scott. In this case, the reason of the *nom de plume* being adopted was quite obvious; Scott had made such a success in the field of poetry that he feared fatiguing the public with a too frequent appearance before it—a fear totally unfounded in the case of one who had the gift and power of creating the masterly series that have immortalized him, and done more for his country's history and popularity than have the works of any other writer of his century.

There are others, however, whose deep sense of humility and whose absolute desire to work only for the glory of God and the salvation of their own souls constitute the motives of their retirement from the public gaze and their avoidance of all human praise or reward. Such a person is found moving like a spirit in the bosom of

Claude de Buillion, Conseiller du Roy en ses Conseils,
Commandeur et Garde des Seaux des ordres de Sa Majesté
et Surintendant des Finances de France

NOTICE ON CLAUDE DE BULLION

Squire Claude de Bullion, Knight, Seigneur de Bonnelles and other parts, King's Councillor, Chancellor of His Majesty's Orders, Superintendent of the Finances of France and President of the Parliament Court of Paris.

It would be a superfluous thing to particularize the negotiations, embassies, treaties and other extraordinary charges in which Sieur de Bullion had been employed under the reign of Henri IV and Louis XIII, of happy memories; the history of our time being full of them, the reader can learn all the details. I will only say that he died with the reputation of a great Minister of State and one of the most able men of our time. He began his first charge by being Councillor of the Parliament of Paris, to which he was appointed on the 26th of September, 1596. He exercised the same until the 20th of November, 1605, when he was named Master of Petitions. After which he was admitted to the King's private Council in his quality of ordinary State Councillor. Then in 1632, after the death of Marshal d'Effiat, His Majesty gave him the general superintendence of his finances. Finally, as a reward for his great and signal services to the State during over thirty years, he created in his favor an office of President of Parliament of Paris, to which he was appointed in the month of February, 1636. But the affairs of the Kingdom at which he was daily employed prevented him from having the punctuality required for the duty of such an important charge. He truly intended to some day find time if death had not surprised him; he died suddenly of apoplexy in his Paris home on the 29th of December, 1640, and was buried in the church of *Des Cordeliers de Paris* in the chapel of the House of Besançon. As this was the place destined for his sepulture and that of his maternal ancestors, he had it decorated with rich paintings.

He was the son of Squire Jean de Bullion, King's Councillor and Master of Petitions, and of Dame Charlotte de Lamoignon, whose house has already been described in the previous genealogy, and the grandson of Jean de Bullion, King's Councillor and Secretary, native of the City of Maçon, and of Mlle Jeanne Vincent. He himself married Dame Angélique Faure, daughter of Guichard Faure, King's Councillor and Secretary, and of Madeleine Brulart, sister of Squire Nicolas Brulart, Seigneur of Sillery, Chancellor of France, whom he left a widow with four sons and one daughter—

1. Noel de Bullion, founder of the branch of the Marquis de Bonnelles, President of Parliament, succeeding his father, and Honorary Councillor, Clerk of King's Orders in 1643, died the 3rd of August, 1670. He had married Charlotte de Prie, daughter of the Marquis of Toucy, and of Françoise de Saint-Gélais.

2. François de Bullion, first leader of the branch of the Marquis de Montlonet, President of Parliament and Superintendent of Finances.

3. Pierre de Bullion, abbé de St. Faron de Meaux, Canon of Notre-Dame de Paris, was the son of the Superintendent of Finances. Rich and entangled in the tumult of the world he lived a dissipated existence. When touched by Grace in 1655 he gave himself up entirely to the practice of piety and good deeds. He gave abundant alms and spent his last years in retreat. By his last will he left all his property to the poor. He died on the 30th of November, 1659.

4. Claude de Bullion, head of the branch of the Marquis d'Attilly and of Long-Chesne.

5. Marie de Bullion, married Pomponne de Bellièvre, diplomat and first President of Parliament, and now ambassador extraordinary in England.

(*François Blanchart: "Les Présidents au Mortier du Parlement de Paris". . . . . Paris, 1647, p. 449.*)

NOTICE ON ANGELIQUE FAURE, WIFE OF CLAUDE DE BULLION

If the life of Claude de Bullion is perfectly known, we cannot say as much of that of Angélique Faure, his wife. The information we possess about her is limited.

It is by contract, dated the 22nd of January, 1612, that Angélique Faure married Claude de Bullion. The latter belonged to a family originating from Maçon, of which he was to carry very high both the splendor and the fortune. Grandson of a Secretary of the King, son of a Councillor of Parliament, endowed with the office of Master of the Petitions, Claude de Bullion was allied by his mother, Charlotte de Lamoignon, to a family that equally became one of the most celebrated.

On the other hand, Mde de Bullion no doubt knew how to make people forget the excessive display of her husband. No mention can be found of this lady in the slanderous memoirs of the time. *La Gazette de France* did not even mention her death and the only information about her is furnished by Don Félibien and Lobineau. It shows at the same time, not only the piety but the modesty of this lady.

The author who relates the life and deeds of Mlle de Lamoignon tells us in his work that the Ladies of Charity of Paris assisted by St. Vincent de Paul's advice desiring to help the poor and the beggars who were very numerous, resolved to address themselves to the goodness and zeal of Mde de Bullion, widow of the Superintendent of Finances. Melle de Lamoignon, who was related to the latter, went to see Mde de Bullion and stated her present need. Mde de Bullion asking how much she required: "I would take sixty thousand crowns if you would be good enough to give them to me," replied the generous protectress of humanity. "I'll take you at your word," answered Mde de Bullion. "The sixty thousand crowns are yours, providing you will take them yourself and without anybody's knowledge." Melle de Lamoignon accepted this condition. Sending back her carriage and attendants, she begins to take a part of the money. She made many a trip afoot, having under her garment a leather belt to hold the money.

She had many an extra trip to make, as Mde de Bullion increasing her promise gave eighty thousand crowns, which assured the establishing of a general hospital opened on the 7th of May, 1657, where five thousand poor people immediately received hospitality.

Claude de Bullion wished to have a residence in Paris worthy of his rank and wealth and to this effect he had buildings constructed by an architect, otherwise unknown, as are seen on the old plans of Paris and particularly on the plans made and designed by Louis Bretez from 1734 to 1739 and known under the name of Turgot Plan.

These buildings towered on the site of the old Flanders' Hotel, established by Guy, Count of Flanders, about 1292. They took up a large part of the square comprised between Coq-Héron, Coquilliers and Platrière Streets.

As the authors of that day state, de Bullion had collected several works of art in his mansion.

—*From History of The City of Paris, T. II., p. 1267.*

society, spreading happiness on all sides, scattering blessings at every step, bringing joy where sorrow reigned, causing the smile to remove the tear, and the shadows of life to grow golden like the flush of the dawn upon the hills of the East. In the splendid chaplet of those noble souls, like a bead of exceeding brilliancy, shines the name of Madame de Bullion. Her own desire to be unknown as a dispenser of charity and patriotic as well as humanitarian blessings, may account to some extent for the very insignificant place to which writers of Canadian history have relegated her. But if ever Montreal should raise a monument to the distant and more obscure, but none the less important, founders of the city, high upon the shaft and carved in letters of gold, should the children of the future read the name of Madame de Bullion.

Claude de Bullion had been one of the most influential and trusted members of the French Government during the second and third decades of the seventeenth century. Apart from the large salary accorded him by the French Administration, Cardinal Richelieu, who considered that, as Finance Minister, M. de Bullion's services could never be sufficiently recompensed, sent him on the first of January in each year, the sum of one hundred thousand livres. Hence it was, that this nobleman became rich beyond the dreams of the most ambitious; and his desire to do good and to benefit France, individually and collectively, increased in the direct ratio of his swelling fortune. He had in the person of his lovely and lovable wife a most ardent seconder in all his lofty designs and his noble purposes. During the night between 22nd and 23rd of December, 1640, just as M. de Bullion was making ready for a celebration of the great festival of Christmas, he was seized with apoplexy and died without recovering consciousness.

The blow was severe in the extreme, but the great faith of Madame de Bullion sustained her in the trial, and she found consolation in the fact that she was sole possessor of an immense fortune with which she was absolutely free to do all the good that her heart dictated. Such was her situation when she first met Jeanne Mance.

As mentioned in the preceding chapter, Father Rapin introduced Jeanne to Madame de Bullion, and the latter immediately took a whole-souled interest in the ambitions and aims of the young enthusiast. On the occasion of her fourth visit to her new patroness she was asked to unfold all her plans. Jeanne had to admit that she had no fixed programme, that her desire was to go out to Canada,

look over the ground and discover in which way God wished her to be of use to the colony. Madame de Bullion told her to begin by finding out what it cost the Duchess D'Aiguillon to establish the hospital at Quebec, declaring that she would not be outdone by that lady in her generosity. In fact, were it not that circumstances absolutely prohibited, she would have gladly devoted her life as well as her fortune to the cause and have gone herself to Canada. But such being impossible, she saw in Jeanne Mance the inspired envoy and the predestined instrument of all her great conceptions to be realized in the New World.

The time for action had now arrived. No longer consultations but movements were to become the order of the day for Jeanne. The Spring of 1641 saw the departure of Jeanne from Paris. Vessels were being equipped to sail to Canada and she decided not to delay any longer nor to miss this first opportunity of going to the field of her future activity. She called on Madame de Bullion to bid her *adieu*, or rather a very fervent *au revoir*. The parting was most affecting, especially on the side of Madame de Bullion. Again she told Jeanne to find out all she could regarding the hospital at Quebec, its cost, its requirements, its prospects, requesting that she write to her all the details and that she accept the sum of one thousand two hundred livres, which, as she said: "I give you as gauge of my good-will, in the meantime, until you write to me, acquainting me of your whereabouts and informing me of the condition of things over there." She also gave Jeanne a present of her own portrait, a veritable work of art.

The sole condition imposed upon Jeanne Mance by Madame de Bullion was, that the latter's name should never be mentioned by her to any one, that any communications would have to come through Father Rapin and that she desired to be known only as "the unknown benefactress." Thus did Jeanne separate from her patroness, whose name will run like a silver thread through almost the entire fabric of this story.

Having learned that a vessel was to sail from Normandy and another from La Rochelle for Canada, Jeanne decided to take passage on the latter. Her friends, finding it impossible to prevent her carrying her project into execution, wished to have her sail from Normandy in order that they might be able to accompany her to the ship. But, ever filled with generous sentiments and desirous of avoiding all the heart-burnings of a separation, all the sadness of farewells, all the

pains of parting, to spare her relatives such scenes as she knew would mark her departure, Jeanne resolved to go to La Rochelle, where she was entirely unknown.

In this decision of Jeanne can be detected the visible finger of Providence. Not only was she destined, by taking that route, to make better time and safer voyage, but it was to bring her in contact with the organizers of the Company of Montreal, of which she afterwards became a member; also was it the means of making her acquainted with M. de Fancamp and M. de la Dauversière, both of whom, and especially the latter, were to play conspicuous roles in the drama of her life. A very virtuous and highly respected person of Paris, known as Marie Rousseau, vouches for the fact that, prior to reaching a final decision regarding the route to be taken, Jeanne had a supernatural vision of the scenes through which she was to pass and of those that the future held in store for her beyond the ocean. At all events the course she took was most providential, as the sequel will prove.

It must not be forgotten that the life of Jeanne, for upwards of thirty odd years, had been practically spent at Nogent-le-Roi, and that in those days travel was difficult and not very general. To reach La Rochelle she was obliged to make her way through a section of the country unknown to her, amongst people to whom she was an absolute stranger, and by means—that is to say, on horseback—that but ill accorded with her frail physical condition and her lack of experience in that kind of exercise.

Dollier de Casson, in his History of Montreal, referring to Jeanne Mance, at that particular period in her life, says: "God had endowed her with the gift of touching all hearts, as it were to compensate her for all, weak as she was, that she attempted for His glory." As she has told herself, on more than one occasion, every person with whom she came in contact seemed to be predisposed at once in her favor. She not only made friends wherever she went, but even characters that otherwise were harsh and hard appeared to soften into kindness in her presence. There was a something inexpressible in words about her that served as a coat-of-mail against all shafts of accident or adversity.

What a strange and even wonderful journey that was, from Paris to La Rochelle! All along the way she met with the most pronounced attention; the peasant left his field to show her the road, the laborer went out of his way to assist her in difficult places, the

innkeepers provided her with the best room, the richest food, the most elaborate attention, and scarcely could they be persuaded to take the money that she offered them in return for their hospitality. Did Thomas Moore have this journey of Jeanne Mance in mind when he crystallized the Irish legend of the fair daughter of Erin into his poem "Rich and rare were the gems she wore"? Probably not; but that journey, all alone, from Paris to La Rochelle, deserves a place in the brightest annals of French chivalry.

When, at last, Jeanne reached the old seaport city of La Rochelle, her first occupation was to find a place to lodge and then to make herself acquainted with her surroundings. She knew that a ship was to sail from that port for Canada; but that is all she did know. She was an entire stranger to the town and to the people and unaccustomed to the peculiarities of a seaport. After crossing half the city and having studied the exteriors of different sailors' resorts and marine inns, she selected one—not because of its attractive appearance but simply because it was within a few steps of the old Jesuit church of La Rochelle. Here ends one page in the life of Jeanne Mance; the next will present a very different picture.

CHAPTER V

La Rochelle—The Company of Montreal—A Marvellous Incident

LA ROCHELLE, situated on the Bay of Biscay or le Golfe de Gascogne, occupied a very conspicuous place in the maritime history of France during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It was out of that harbor that sailed most of the vessels carrying passengers, provisions or troops between old and new France. The city in itself was not in any way attractive. The streets were narrow, crooked, hilly and crowded. The houses with a very few exceptions were low-built, unornamented, devoid of any architectural embellishment and more remarkable for their solidity than for their elegance. A few cobble-paved streets in the higher portion of the town made some slight pretension to the title of residential; the rest was what might be looked for in a maritime port or a fishing station.

On leaving the high street one turned immediately into a labyrinth of lanes and by-ways that led down to the quays. All along these docks were one-storey buildings that housed the sailors from all parts of the coast. It was a rough, hardened, unkempt, floating population of small merchants, foreign traders, tavernkeepers, sailors, captains and mates. Not an atmosphere calculated to accord with the delicate refinement of a young lady, not surroundings likely to inspire her with courage for such an undertaking as she had set out to accomplish. But the ways of God are not our ways, and often do they seem ill-suited to an enterprise when subsequent facts prove that we were blindly mistaken in our estimate of them.

After resting for the night, Jeanne set forth in the early morning to find Father Laplace, a Jesuit missionary, about to sail for Canada and with whom she expected to make the voyage. Needless to say how delighted the missionary was to greet the lady whose arrival he

had expected but whom he feared would come too late to catch the ship.

As she was introduced into the parlor a gentleman, who had been talking to Father Laplace, arose and made way for the lady visitor. This was M. de Fancamp, who had been sent from Paris by the Company of Montreal to oversee the embarkation of the recruits that were to be sent out to Canada. After the priest had said a few words to Jeanne concerning her splendid undertaking, he remarked: "That gentleman who has just gone out gave this year twenty thousand livres for an undertaking connected with the country to which you are going. He is called Baron de Fancamp and he is associated with a number of prominent persons who are expending large sums for the establishment of a colony on an island called Montreal, in Canada." "That," said Jeanne, "must be the very place indicated to me in a wonderful manner." And she there and then concluded that this island of Montreal must be the theatre of her future activities.

It was known by Father Laplace that Jeanne Mance might possibly be amongst the passengers on the ship going out from La Rochelle that spring, but he did not know how she was to reach the place nor whether she would come in time. He even thought that she might have decided to go upon the vessel sailing, about the same time, from Dieppe. Apart from this vague information concerning her, no person knew anything about her at La Rochelle. Still, on the following morning, she was to have a most wonderful experience. The facts are incontrovertible; they have been vouched for by Jeanne Mance in person, by M. de la Dauversière, the party principally connected with them, by the Associates of Montreal (another title for the Company of Montreal) in their work written two years later, entitled "The Veritable Motives," by Sister Morin in "The Annals" and by Dollier in his "History of Montreal." It has been suggested by Dollier that Father Laplace may have informed M. de la Dauversière of the presence of Jeanne Mance at La Rochelle, but of this there exists no evidence. However, "facts are facts," and without wishing to place any timorous interpretation upon them, they are as follows:

As Jeanne Mance, on the following day, proceeded to the church, she met a gentleman coming out of that edifice. At once, as if by inspiration, she recognized him as M. de la Dauversière, and at the same moment he recognized her. They met, saluted each other,

called each other by name and immediately, without any formality, entered upon a conversation regarding the Island of Montreal. They entered the church together and prayed for a long time. What was said during that first interview has not been recorded, but until the very day of her death Jeanne spoke of it with a fervor that amounted almost to ecstasy.

Once the tie of mutual interest was established between these two exceptional persons, no time was lost on the part of M. de la Dauversière to instruct Jeanne in all the designs of the Company of Montreal. He insisted that she should become a member of the Company. This she declined at first on the ground that she could bring nothing to the Association, neither money nor even the assurance of services—the latter objection being based upon her fears concerning her poor health. But he insisted and argued that her advent was providential. He explained, moreover, that they had spent over seventy-five thousand livres that year in advancing their undertaking and had not the most remote idea where the next funds were to be found. She wrote to Father de Saint-Jure to ask his opinion and received reply that it was her duty to become a member of the Company.

Jeanne had no longer any hesitation on that score and her reception as a full-fledged Associate of Montreal was a source of great joy and self-congratulations to M. de la Dauversière, M. de Fancamp and M. de Maisonneuve. The last-mentioned gentleman had been selected to lead the expedition and to take charge of the government and defence of the colony to be established on the Island of Montreal, while Jeanne Mance was to superintend the internal economy of the establishment, to care for the sick, the wounded and the needy, to be, in a word, mistress of the household of governor and governed.

Like Madame de Bullion, the members of the Company of Montreal declined to have their names made public and the amounts of their subscriptions recorded. Here we find a group of wealthy, patriotic, generous and disinterested gentlemen, dedicating immense sums to a splendid cause—that of Christianity and Civilization—and yet doing so under the cloak of practical humility. The name of M. de Fancamp had to be made known, because he was the one selected to attend to the practical side of the work, the preparations, the supplies, the recruiting of workmen, tradesmen, colonists and soldiers to defend their intended establishment; but the names of all the others were kept secret. Imagine in our day a number of

millionaires undertaking some immense work of charity or of public utility without allowing their names to figure in the press!

"Times change and we change with them," sang Horace in the days of the Caesars; "Que les temps sont changés!" sang Racine in the days of Jeanne Mance. "Old times are changed, old manners gone," sang the Laird of Abbotsford two hundred years later. What might not the poet of the twentieth century sing as he conjures up the two pictures—that of the disinterested promoters of the Company of Montreal and that of the promoters of any present day enterprise?

Of M. de la Dauversière much will be said in the next chapter. He is one whose life and deeds might well deserve a volume, although our historians have dismissed him with but scant consideration—scant in proportion to all that he deserves of recognition and of gratitude from Canada.

As the day of departure approached, Jeanne Mance requested M. de la Dauversière to put in writing the full plan and designs regarding Montreal and to have copies of them made. This being done she added a personal note to each copy and sent one to Madame de Bullion, one to Madame de Villecerain, one to Madame *la chancelière* and one to the Princess of Condé. As our story proceeds, we will see the practical results of this wise precaution. Already was Jeanne an active member of the Company of Montreal and already did she give proof of her great executive ability.

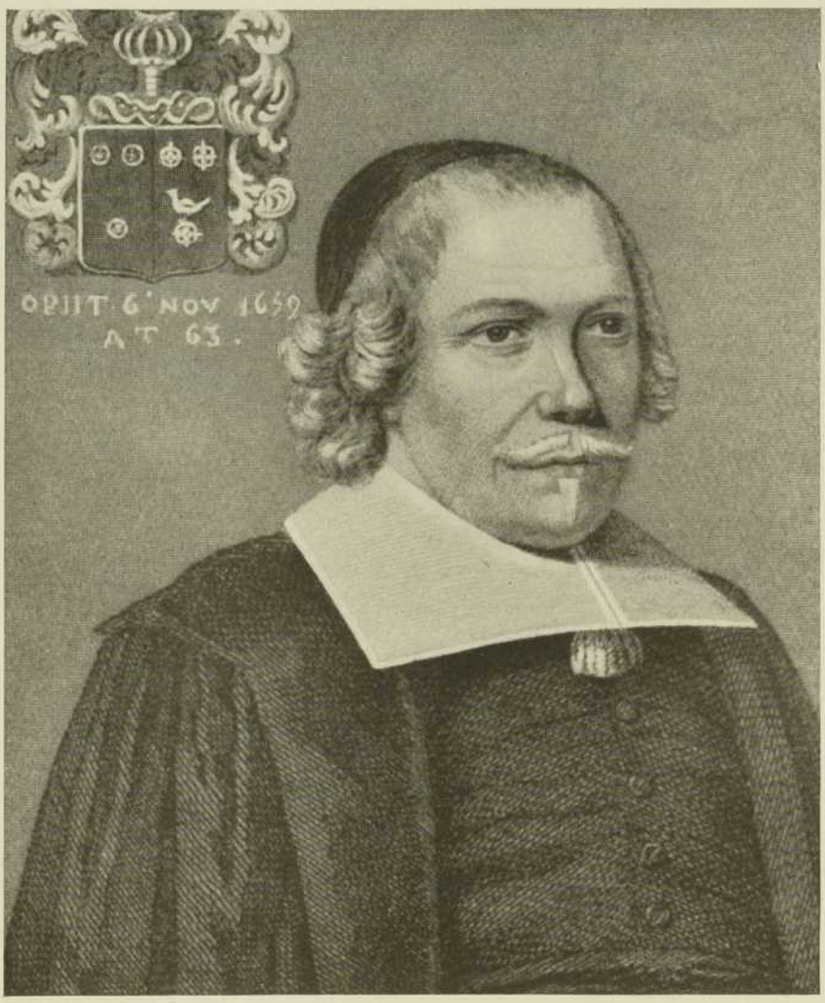
It may be timely now, before entering upon that portion of this story that deals with the various adventures of Jeanne Mance in the New World, and the important transactions of the Company of which she had become a member, to explain to the reader the meaning and value of the moneys mentioned heretofore and to be mentioned hereafter in the recital of events.

The livre was equal to the franc and consisted of twenty sous.

The écu was equal to three livres or sixty sous.

Now the livre of the seventeenth century was equivalent in value to five times that amount in our day. Thus Madame de Bullion gave Jeanne Mance 1,200 livres as an instalment and gauge of her goodwill. That was equivalent to $240 of our money in that day but to five times that amount, or to $1,200 at the present time.

This explanation, if kept in mind, may serve to elucidate many of the financial transactions concerning the foundation of Montreal,



Jerome le Royer de la Dauversiere
Founder of the Religious Hospitallers of St. Joseph
La Fleche, France
and
Co-Founder of Ville-Marie
1597–1659

that will be mentioned as we proceed. Much of the successes and many of the tribulations that mark the pathway of Jeanne Mance in her adventurous career in Canada are the result of dealings between herself, the Company of Montreal and other parties, both concerning money and lands.

Before resuming the thread of our story it might be as well to state here that, if Jeanne Mance had a clear vision of all that she was destined to undergo and to endure before her work would be accomplished (as has been contended by certain of her historians), she must have been endowed with a courage far exceeding in strength and intensity that of any other woman of modern or even of ancient times. Physical dangers are not always as crushing as are certain moral and mental ordeals. And she combined both in her marvellous career in the New World.

CHAPTER VI

M. le Royer de la Dauversière

THROUGHOUT the whole story of the establishment of Montreal, although he never personally visited Canada, M. de la Dauversière took a conspicuous part and practically set the entire machinery in motion and kept it going until his great aim was attained. There is so much of the marvellous in connection with his life, so many evidences of a supernatural guidance, such a positive indication that, like Moses of old, he must have been raised up by Providence to accomplish wonderful things, that it is necessary to tell who and what he was, how he came to be associated with the colony, and what were the results of his unceasing devotion to the cause that he had espoused.

Without loading this work with references, it may be well to state that everything told herein concerning M. de la Dauversière is derived from the best and most authentic sources. At the end of the volume will be found a list of the sources of information upon which the author has drawn. There is nothing stated in the entire work that cannot be fully authenticated. In as far, however, as concerns opinions and appreciations of facts, the author does not intrude his personal views upon the reader but leaves each one to draw the conclusions that to him or her seem the most logical, and the liberty of forming such conceptions of the events as appear most natural.

The old and noble family of Le Royer, after having established a splendid record for bravery and attachment to the cause of Christianity during the Crusades, served under the Duke of Brittany until after the revolution that shook that Province in the days of Charles de Blois, who was killed at the battle of Auray, in 1364. Then it was that one branch of the family moved from Brittany into Anjou and there became attached to the fortunes of the Dukes of Vendôme of the house of Bourbon. Finally, under the protection of Charles de

Bourbon, father of Antoine, King of Navarre, the family was established at La Flèche, where these princes were the Seigneurs and where the members of the Le Royer family held most important positions under their patronage.

Jerome Le Royer de la Dauversière, the gentleman with whom we have to do in this story, was born at La Flèche, on the 2nd of May, 1597. He held the office of Receiver of Revenues, while his brother, René Le Royer de Boistaillé, was the presiding Judge of the locality. The best evidence of the providential calling of this remarkable man seems to be the fact that, while he was destined to found a religious order and to establish the Church in an unknown section of the world, still he was in no way endowed with the qualifications that would seem necessary in the accomplishment of such important things. Every one will admit that History bristles with instances of the most unlikely instruments being selected for the performance of the most momentous undertakings.

De la Dauversière was a simple layman, and remained so all through his life; he was married and had a large family; he was a failure in business affairs and lost his means; he was slow and halting in speech and possessed none of the qualities that would seem necessary in a great enterprise; he was afflicted with sickness to such a degree that only in the patience and the endurance of Job could his contemporaries find a parallel; finally, he was a prey to the most severe trials—and the worst of them all was the temptation to despair. Yet this was the man destined to do more than any other in France for the propagation of Christianity in the New World, and for the establishment of institutions that have survived the passage of centuries and appear to-day only on the threshold of their wonderful future.

Nor should we forget to mention that he had to undergo the ordeal of misrepresentation, calumny, and accusations and insinuations so vile, that it required half a century of results to clear away the clouds from his name and let in upon his reputation the full sunlight of God's truth, the full effulgence of his sublime vindication.

On the feast of the Purification in the year 1631, according to the manuscript history of their institution by the Hospitalières of La Flèche, or in the year 1630, according to the Memoires of M. de la Dauversière written by his own son, this exceptional man dedicated himself, his wife and his whole family to the service of God, consecrated them to the Holy Family, and received a revelation from

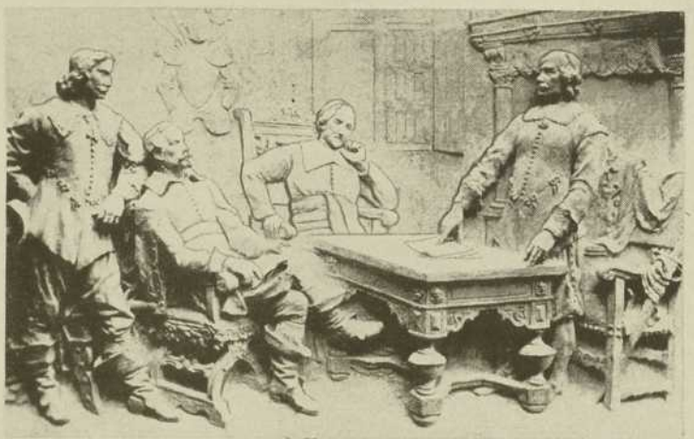
Heaven in which he was instructed to establish a new order of Nursing Nuns (Hospitalières), and at the same time to establish an hospital on the Island of Montreal, in Canada, which institution should be under the care of the members of the new community. In addition it was revealed to him that the Members of the Holy Family —Jesus, Mary and Joseph—would be honored in a special manner on that same Island of Montreal.

Thus do we find this particular event recorded in all the histories of that period, in all the memoirs extant, in the archives of the institution then founded, in the letters that passed between the principal people of the period and in the memoranda still conserved in the Marine Department in France and in the annals of the Community. Dollier de Casson, in his History of Montreal, assures us that de la Dauversière formed his project of founding Ville-Marie after having read one of the "Relations of the Jesuits," which came by chance under his eye. In this "Relation" the Island of Montreal is mentioned as a place very suitable for the establishment of a colony. This may have been written by way of explanation of the revelation above mentioned. However, it is certain that no description of the Island of Montreal was ever made in the "Relations of the Jesuits," or elsewhere, before the year 1637. Yet, in 1636 and 1635 M. de la Dauversière spoke of this establishment; even in 1634, the year he began the foundation of the Institute of St. Joseph by the building of a chapel at La Flèche, he declared that his ultimate purpose was the establishment of a Hôtel-Dieu at Montreal. Another striking fact in this connection is that M. Olier, founder of the Sulpicians, had his first idea of his vocation to Montreal in 1636. Consequently neither he nor de la Dauversière could have been inspired with the thought through reading the "Relations of the Jesuits," nor any other writings concerning Montreal.

Pious and enthusiastic as M. de la Dauversière might be, the fact remained that he was absolutely ignorant of the conditions in Canada; he knew nothing about the climate, the difficulties with the hostile Indians, nor the uncultivated and primeval state of that part of the country where the Island of Montreal was situated. It would be necessary for him, layman as he was, to found a new order of religious and to establish a hospital for them in the place indicated to him. The Island belonged to M. de Lauzon to whom it had been granted by the Grande Compagnie, on the condition of there establishing a colony—which, by the way, he had neglected to do.

CHATEAU DE MEUDON, WHERE OLIER AND LA DAUVERSIERE FIRST MET

JEROME LE ROYER DE LA DAUVERSIERE



AT MEUDON, OLIER, LA DAUVERSIERE, FANCAMP AND BARON DE RENTY PLANNING THE FOUNDATION OF VILLE-MARIE

JEAN JAQUES OLIER

JUDITH MOREAU DE BRESOLES, FIRST SUPERIOR OF HOTEL-DIEU, MONTREAL, LEAVING HER FATHER'S CASTLE TO BECOME A RELIGIOUS

LEAVING LA FLECHE FOR MONTREAL

"Within the castle-gallery a form
Approached, a moment's startled pause—I touched
Who lead that dream-cortege, his face and vestments.
Then clasped, as ancient friends, in dear embrace,
We volleyed welcomes forth; no episode
In either life unknown. 'Twas like St. Paul,
The Hermit, meeting first St. Anthony,
St. Francis greeting first St. Dominic.
'I wish to share in God's design,' he said."

* * * * *

"Like mine, his evidence was heaven-sent,
He heard my voices, dreamt my dreams! a priest,
Named Olier, a torch to light the Gentiles!
For three long hours we walked the castle grounds
And as we strolled, the town of Ville-Marie,
In Montreal, became a certainty."

—*From "The Birth of Montreal,"*
by Lady Roddick.

When de la Dauversière acquainted his spiritual adviser of his project he received but scant encouragement; and the Jesuit Fathers, who were familiar with Canada, considered it a wild dream that was beyond the probability of realization. They held that if he felt called upon to establish a new order of Hospital Nuns he should summon the Augustinian Sisters from Dieppe or Vannes to La Flèche. But there was not even a house to receive them, were he to so call them to La Flèche.

There was, at that time, a tiny building almost fallen to ruin, known as Saint Margaret's Almshouse, in the city of La Flèche. There three or four servants took care of the few sick that could be accommodated, and whose food they were obliged to beg in the streets. The miserable, dilapidated establishment had a revenue of only fifty écus per year—about three hundred dollars of our money. This poor shelter was destined, however, to become the cradle of the community whose future was so intimately linked to that of Montreal.

De la Dauversière wished to have St. Joseph specially honored in this home. He and his brother undertook to demolish the old chapel and to erect in its place a new building that would be dedicated to the Head of the Holy Family. These two men went forth through the city to make a collection. The first contribution received was two sous given by a poor boy; the second consisted of one sou given by a poor woman. The brothers looked upon this humble beginning as most auspicious: the poor boy reminded them of the Infant Jesus, the model of poverty, and the poor woman recalled to their minds the Mother of Jesus and the model of womankind on earth. From this insignificant seed sprang a mighty oak. Admiring the courage and determination of their fellow-citizen, the Council of La Flèche, on the 28th of June, 1634, voted the sums necessary to reconstruct the chapel and build the hospital.

The extraordinary manner in which de la Dauversière met M. Olier, and the vision of the Holy Family which the former had in the Church of Notre Dame, in Paris, lend to the record of this good man's life a supernatural tinge that heightens the coloring and beautifies the picture. As in the case of Jeanne Mance at La Rochelle, so in the gallery of the olden castle of Meudon, where he had gone to consult the keeper of the seals, did M. de la Dauversière meet M. Olier, the founder of the Order of Saint-Sulpice, a community destined to play an exceedingly important part in the history of Montreal; and although neither of them had ever heard of the other, they

recognized each other at once and immediately entered into conversation regarding the colonizing of the Island of Montreal.

As, in accord with his vision, de la Dauversière wished to dedicate the Island to the Holy Family, so did he find in the three Orders so soon to be sent out to that distant place the realization of his plan: the Sulpicians representing the Infant Jesus; the Congregation of Notre Dame representing the Holy Mother; the Hospitalières of St. Joseph representing the Foster Father of the Divine One. But we must not anticipate. As we will see, all these projects would have come to naught, were it not for the connecting-link between them that Providence created in the person of Jeanne Mance.

CHAPTER VII

The Institute of La Flèche—Baron de Fancamp—
Marie de La Ferre—M. de Maisonneuve

MDE LA DAUVERSIERE and his brother addressed a petition to the Bishop of Angers, Claude de Rueil, asking to have a Confraternity of the Holy Family established, under the special protection of St. Joseph. Nearly all the inhabitants of La Flèche signed the document. On the 17th of February, 1636, the Bishop granted his permit and gave the "Confraternity of Saint-Joseph of La Flèche" special statutes consisting of nineteen articles.

While the work of the reconstruction of the Hôtel-Dieu was in progress, two ladies of the place felt an inward sentiment drawing them to that institution—a religious desire to consecrate their lives to the care of the sick. The principal one of these two was a young daughter of a noble family of Poitou named Marie de La Ferre. Without knowing it at the time, she was destined, with de la Dauversière, to found the Institute of the Sisters of St. Joseph and to become the first superioress of the new Order. Unlike Jeanne Mance, whose vocation did not lead to the cloister, Marie de la Ferre felt that her lifework lay within the enclosure of strict community rules. She was then in her forty-fourth year.

Mlle Fourreau, daughter of a magistrate of La Flèche, and Mlle Anne de L'Epicier, a lady-in-waiting to the Princess of Condé, joined Marie de La Ferre, under the direction and upon the advice of de la Dauversière, and became the original members of the new community. On the feast of the Holy Trinity, 1636, they entered upon their religious life, taking with them three devoted maids who were to act as lay nuns for the community—Catherine Lebouc, Julienne Alory and Catherine Coherges.

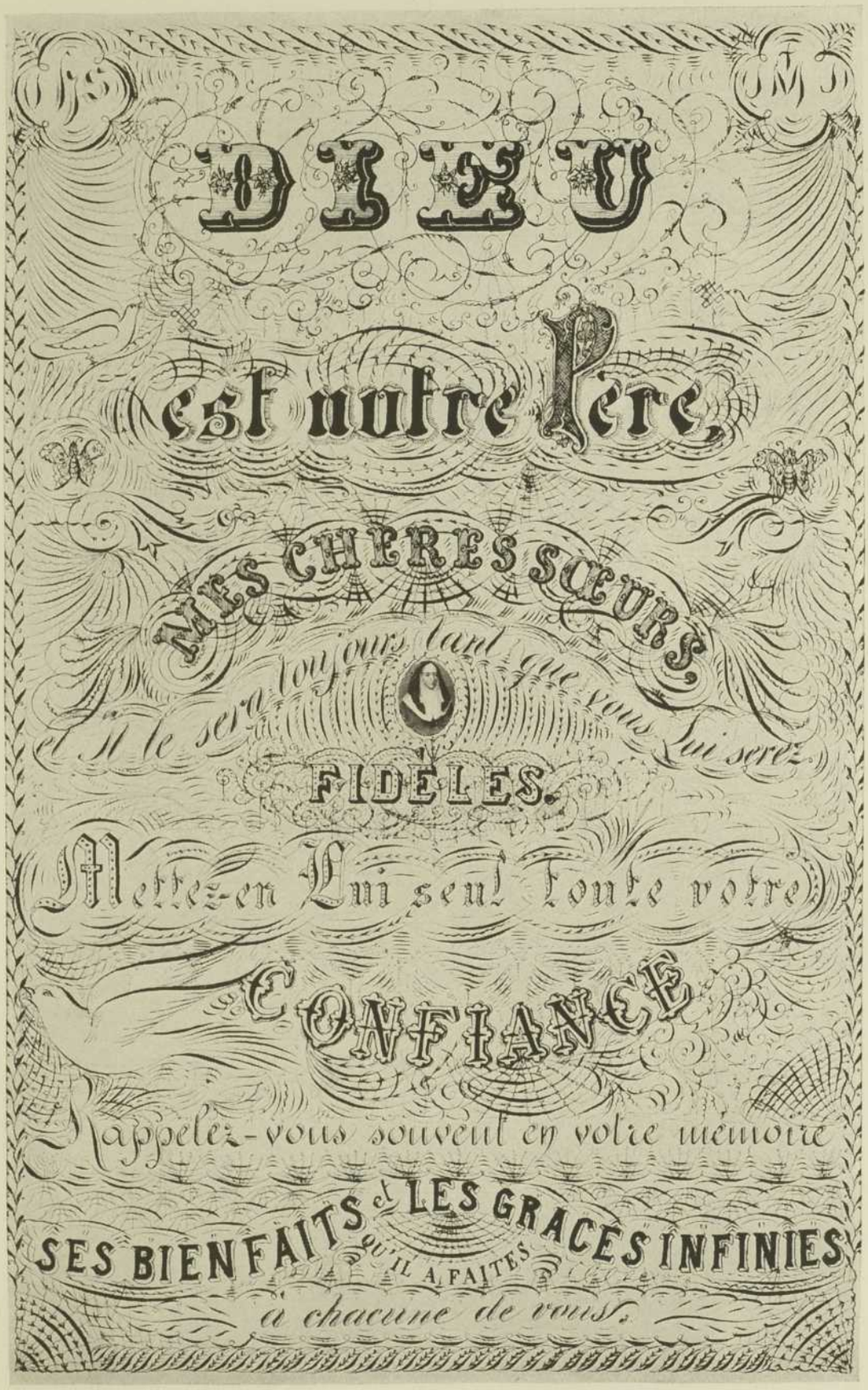
Pierre Chevrier, Baron de Fancamp, a wealthy gentleman, of whom mention is made in a previous chapter, wished to assist M. de

la Dauversière in his undertaking, and contributed so generously to the building of the Hospital that the entire establishment appeared like a perfect newly constructed edifice. M. de Fancamp not only furnished the funds for this great work, but he gave largely to the organization of the Company of Montreal and contributed his time, his talents and his whole life to the realization of de la Dauversière's plans, both in France and for New France.

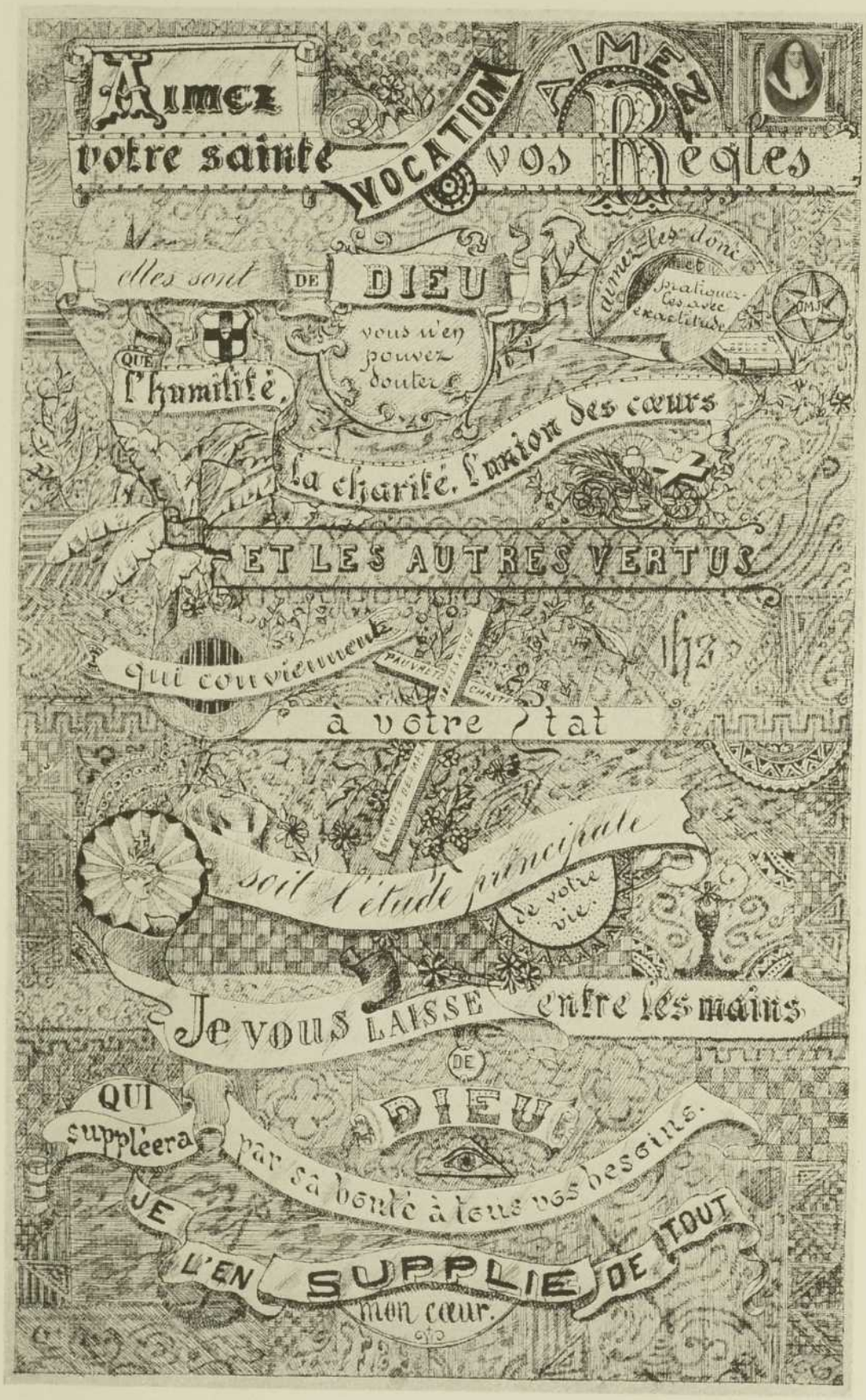
As M. de la Dauversière was a simple layman, it was deemed unadvisable that he should have control of the organization and the guidance of a religious community of nuns. It was suggested that he make application to the Hospitallers of Dieppe, a Community living under the rule of St. Augustine, to have regular sisters sent to La Flèche to take charge of the Hospital. The Bishop of Angers, on the 16th of August, 1639, issued an ordinance to the effect required. Here, however, comes in one of the very extraordinary events in the life of M. de la Dauversière. While the nuns at Dieppe felt very much inclined to correspond with this call to a new mission, they found it absolutely impossible for them to do so. The establishment of the hospital at Quebec, in Canada, which they were to have in charge and to which they were sending out sisters that very year (1639), appeared to be the reason of their refusal to accede to the request made them from La Flèche. The result was that the finger of Providence, directing this wonderful undertaking of de la Dauversière, was made visible. It became necessary to continue his project as he had conceived it and to establish the community of his choice, with Marie de La Ferre, its first recruit, as its superioress.

In the space that a work of this character must occupy it would be impossible to find place for the hundred and one interesting details concerning the establishment of the Institute of St. Joseph at La Flèche, the organization of this Community of Hospitallers, the co-operation of M. de Fancamp, the visits of de la Dauversière to Paris, the coming in contact with M. Olier, founder of the Sulpicians, the bringing together the different elements that formed the nucleus of the Society of Notre Dame of Montreal, afterwards known as the Company of Montreal, the securing of the grant of the Island from M. Jean de Lauson, Intendant of Dauphiné, and all the movements that led up to the organization of the expedition of 1641, with which the subject of this history—Jeanne Mance—was to make her first voyage to Canada.

Mother Marie de la Ferre
Foundress of the
Religious Hospitallers of St. Joseph
1592–1652



Last words of our Venerable Mother
Marie de La Ferre
by Reverend A. C. Porta, S.J.



Last Words of our Venerable Mother
Marie de La Ferre
by Reverend A. C. Porta, S.J.

Translation of the two preceding pages

LAST WORDS OF OUR VENERABLE MOTHER DE LA FERRE

"God is our Father, my dear Sisters, and always will be as long as we are faithful to Him. Place all your confidence in Him; love to recall to mind all His benefits and the infinite graces which He has granted to each one of you."

"Love your holy vocation, love your Rules; they come from God; of this you can have no doubt; love them and practise them with exactness. Let humility, charity, union of hearts and the other virtues which belong to your state, be the principal study of your life. I leave you in the hands of God, who, in His kindness, will provide for your needs. I pray for this with my whole heart."

It will be recalled by the reader that when Jeanne Mance saw Father Lallemant in Paris, the latter was leaving for Lyons to attend to some important business in connection with the Island of Montreal. He did not inform the young lady what his mission was. But it was to accompany de la Dauversière upon a second trip into Dauphiné to try once more to persuade de Lauson to surrender the Island to himself and de Fancamp. This journey had all the success that could have been desired. By deed of donation, passed at Vienne in Dauphiné, on the 7th of August, 1640, de Lauson ceded to de Fancamp and de la Dauversière the Island of Montreal, on the same conditions upon which he had received the grant thereof—namely, the establishment on that Island of a French colony such as existed already at Quebec.

Once they had full possession and right in regard to the Island of Montreal the Members of the Association (which we will henceforth call the Company of Montreal) determined to at once organize an expedition and send out a sufficient body of recruits and workmen to start the foundation of their colony. De la Dauversière went to see Father Lallemant again and pointed out to him the need of some one qualified to take charge of such an expedition. The Father at once made answer: "I have in view the very person required, he is a Champagne gentleman whose name is de Maisonneuve. He is stopping at an inn here and you would do well to call and have a chat with him."

Paul de Chomedey, sieur de Maisonneuve, was a country gentleman, from Champagne, who had spent most of his life in the exercise of arms and who possessed every quality required in a governor of a new colony. As early as the age of thirteen he had, in the wars with Holland, given evidence of his bravery, his coolness in danger and his admirable sense of military duty. In the army he kept aloof from the more dissipated companions in arms and even learned to play the flute that he might amuse himself in solitary moments, while the others were indulging in wilder methods of distraction.

De Maisonneuve had read one of the "Relations of the Jesuits" concerning Canada, and having learned that Father Lallemant, a missionary from that colony, was in France, he conceived the idea of making himself acquainted with the priest and of learning something about conditions in New France. This was with an idea that the New World might furnish a field for his own activities. Thus it was that Father Lallemant, after a few conversations with de Maison-

neuve, concluded that he was just the man required for the work in hand. Hence his advice to de la Dauversière to call upon the gentleman-soldier at the inn where he was rooming.

Quite romantic was that interview. De la Dauversière went to the inn, pretended to want a bed and supper that evening, asked to have the soldier pointed out to him, succeeded in getting a place at the same table in the dining-room, and by degrees managed to engage the future Governor of Montreal in conversation. To make a long story short, he succeeded beyond all anticipations; de Maisonneuve was delighted with the prospect. De la Dauversière made report of his interview to the Company, and de Maisonneuve was selected to lead their first expedition.

The King had confirmed the transfer of the Island of Montreal from de Lauson to the Company of Montreal and had accorded the latter body the right to appoint governors for the new colony. So far, only six members of the Company had contributed funds for the enterprise. Twenty-five thousand écus ($15,000) had been found to defray the cost of this first equipment and expedition. The associates of the Company requested de Fancamp and de la Dauversière to proceed to La Rochelle, from which port the recruits were to sail for Canada, and to there assist M. de Maisonneuve in the work of embarkation. De Maisonneuve was appointed commander of the expedition and first Governor of the Island of Montreal. Authorization was given them to engage at La Rochelle any sailors or other men deemed necessary, both for the voyage and for the defence of the new colony against the Indians. This brings us to the port of La Rochelle where we had left Jeanne Mance at the close of a previous chapter.

All was now ready for the voyage across the ocean—all, save one thing. They had the organization; the title to the Island of Montreal; the funds required for a first attempt; the leader calculated, through courage, experience with men and devotion to the cause, to command the expedition and to govern the colony; the captain and crew necessary; but they had no female suited to the work that must fall to the share of women. The Hospitallers of St. Joseph at La Flèche were not numerous enough as yet to spare any members of their young community; they had not yet been episcopally erected into a regular religious community, consequently they could not supply, at that time, the lack so keenly felt by the members of the Company. They needed at least one woman, with courage and

resolution, to take charge of the food provisions and the goods necessary, as well as to nurse the sick and possibly the wounded when they would have to struggle with the savage Iroquois.

Unknown to the members of the Company, Providence had supplied the one so much needed. It was thus that Jeanne Mance, in following out her own vocation to the Island of Montreal, came to La Rochelle, as has been already described, and became acquainted with the persons there assembled and joined the Company of Montreal as a member of that association.

When Jeanne Mance said good-bye to Madame de Bullion she had in view but one objective point, the Island of Montreal and her mission there; but she had not the faintest idea how she was going to attain her aim. The Company of Montreal, including de Maisonneuve, had no idea of Jeanne Mance nor of her undertaking. Guided by the hand of Providence, they all met at the seaport and after the necessary preparations were made, de Maisonneuve and Jeanne Mance commenced, each with special duties and a special sphere of activity, the first voyage to the Island of Montreal—the first move in the establishment of that colony.

Acquainted now with the principal personages in the drama of our story we will henceforth follow closely our heroine through all the vicissitudes of a wonderful career. Rapidity of action will mark all succeeding chapters; in the foreground the figure of Jeanne Mance.

CHAPTER VIII

Departure of Jeanne Mance—First Sea Voyage—Arrival

AT LAST the eventful morning dawned; it was a glorious day in June, when the sun rises earliest and sets latest, and all nature seems to smile in the fulness of the year. The one worry that Jeanne Mance felt was due to the fact that she was to be the only woman on board the vessel, and for aught she knew the only one to face, with soldiers, sailors and colonists, the dangers of the sea and the hardships of the unknown land to which she was going. It required no small degree of courage and determination to take the irrevocable step. Yet she never flinched. Her mind had been made up, she felt the call to the field of her future activity, she placed her confidence in God and she nerved herself for the ordeal.

An hour or so before the anchor was weighed, M. de Fancamp and M. de la Dauversière received information, through letters from their agents who were superintending the embarkation of the crew at Dieppe, in Normandy, that two of the workmen they were sending out declined to go without their wives, who decided to accompany them, and that a young girl of Dieppe, who felt an inclination to take part in the expedition, was also to sail with the contingent. This news satisfied Jeanne and corresponded exactly with what she had foretold herself before she left Paris—that is to say, that God would provide companions for her in her delicate and difficult mission in the New World.

The contingent for Montreal was carried on three vessels. One that sailed from Dieppe and carried men, provisions, arms, ammunition and various supplies for the Colony. From La Rochelle two ships set out. On one of these was M. de Maisonneuve with twenty-five men and an ecclasiastic who was to become chaplain of the Ursuline Convent at Quebec. On the other vessel was Jeanne Mance, with twelve men and Father Laplace, who went out as a missionary.

As we have seen already, the city of La Rochelle is situated on the Bay of Biscay. Outside the harbor and forming a calm landlocked expanse are two large islands—Ile de Ré and Ile d'Oléron—the Atlantic's dangerous arms. The scene can be better imagined than described. The two ships ready, with sails unfurled and with crew clearing away all encumbrances, standing at their posts on the deck or stretching out upon the yardarms and awaiting the signal to let go the cables and to turn the prows westward. On the gangways the captains surrounded by the friends who had come to bid them all "God-speed." Yonder stood de Maisonneuve shaking hands with de Fancamp and receiving a last word of advice or instruction; here Jeanne Mance speaking a parting word to de la Dauversière; on each deck a priest offering up a prayer to Heaven for the success of the voyage and calling down the blessing of God upon the enterprise.

The sun had climbed high into the blue sky of France when the last signal was given. The sails were spread to catch the feeble breeze that scarcely rippled the surface of the inner bay; slowly the two ships moved out towards the inlet between the two islands. For an hour or more, until almost high noon, the watchers on the quay could distinguish the forms of de Maisonneuve on the poop deck of one ship and that of Jeanne Mance on that of the other vessel, as they gazed back at the land they were leaving—perhaps forever. At last the two white sails vanished behind the green slopes of the islands; de Fancamp and de la Dauversière turned homeward, their souls too filled with emotion to permit of words; they went up to the old church on High Street and there offered up fervent invocations, for their envoys, to the "Star of the Sea."

Scarcely had the ships passed outside the shelter of the islands than they plunged headlong into the mad wilderness of billows that lash the rugged shores of the fatal Bay of Biscay. What must not have been the sentiments of Jeanne Mance as she stood there, during the hour or more of calm sailing out of that port? Had she known the words of the modern poet well might she have repeated that verse:

"Dear land of my youth,
Seat of friendship and truth,
Where love chased each fast-fleeting year,
Loath to leave you I mourn,

For a last look I turn,
And your spire is scarce seen through a tear.
The man doomed to sail
With the blast of the gale,
O'er billows Atlantic to steer,
As he looks on the wave
That may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a tear."

Yet, when we consider the heroism of this young woman, the courage displayed in the trying circumstances that accompanied her recent movements and the calm assurance that she felt in the heavenly guidance vouchsafed her, it is rather the radiant smile of expectation than the burning tear of regret that we can imagine upon her face. Naturally, as she afterwards admitted, she felt a pang of sorrow, a sense of loneliness, as the last speck of France sank below the horizon; but it was with the glance of the conqueror and the firm-set features of the heroic that she turned to face the setting sun, to look out upon the wilderness of billows that leaped over each other in mad confusion, and dashed across the ill-protected deck of the rocking vessel upon which she stood. The sun went down in a bank of clouds that June evening; those clouds took on the tinges of the rainbow, crimson, yellow, saffron, purple and a paler lemon-hue; the gray of twilight gathered and the last glories of the dying day hung upon the western rim—marking the golden pathway to the land that awaited her beyond the ocean. Then night rushed over space; the twinkling stars came out in myriads to bespangle the blue dome above. It was her first view of the "deep and dark blue ocean," her first experience of its buffeting waves and its mighty power. Like St. Brendan on the deck of his frail barque setting out for the "Land of Promise," she offered up a prayer to the Almighty Power that bends over the abyss and grasps in His hand the immensity above and below. Confident as a child in its cradle in the protection that rocks it to sleep, Jeanne Mance descended into the tiny cabin prepared for her, and which she was destined not to leave again until the vessel that carried her to the New World ploughed the waters of the great St. Lawrence. Seasickness made her its victim; and predisposed as she was through long anxiety and fatigues, unaccustomed to the ocean, she was thenceforth doomed to the imprisonment of her cabin.

During three or four days the two ships sailed in sight of each other and then the winds of the ocean drove them apart. As the top of the main mast of de Maisonneuve's vessel vanished from below the horizon the sailors on Jeanne Mance's ship were to see it no more. It is needless to describe the remainder of the journey, especially as we will have to give more details of the second and most important of her trips across the ocean.

It was the morning of the tenth of August, 1641, that Jeanne Mance came on deck, pale and weak after her six weeks of confinement in the murky cabin of the rolling, tossing, pulsing barque that carried her to Canada. What a different picture unrolled before her eager gaze! It was the anniversary of Jacques Cartier's first ascension of the great river; the feast of St. Lawrence, after whom the majestic stream was named. What memories must now have crowded upon the mind of the heroic and adventurous young woman! The ship that carried de Maisonneuve was nowhere in sight. But it might have gone ahead of them for aught she knew.

Already had they passed the frowning heights that mark the mouth of the world-famed Saguenay; already had the rugged, but wooded, uplands of the north shore unfolded their panorama of magnificence before their eyes; already did she note the fertile valleys and rich slopings of that southern shore, every mile of which was destined to one day become historic. What a world this was; how unlike the old she had left behind. Up, up, up with the tide and the wind in their favor, they passed in between the lovely upheavals of the Isle of Orleans and the rising declivities of the shore where de Lévis was one day to leave the impress of his name. She saw the spreading fields that joined, like a variegated ribbon, the frowning heights of Stadacona and the white curtain of Montmorency's cataract. On and on their vessel moved while a south-western breeze filled the sails and carried them nearer and nearer to the cluster of houses that nestled beneath the towering cliff and marked the first habitations of old Quebec.

The men who had sailed from Dieppe had already reached their destination and were busy constructing habitations along the shore for the reception of their associates. She could see them at work from the deck of her vessel. But she noticed them not at that moment. Yonder on the declivity, high above the street that marked the water-front, where the winding hill street climbed up to the fortifications, arose the first church of the colony, the walls of the

Jesuit College, founded in 1635 by de Champlain, the residence of the principal inhabitants scattered over the Cape, and the battlements of the old St. Louis Castle, looking down upon the confusion of antiquated houses that appeared to be glued to the flanks of the mountainous incline. The cross glittered in the sunlight from the spire of the temple; the *fleur-de-lys*, on the white folds of the Bourbon standard, waved from the flag-pole above the green glacis that seemed to support the weight of the great citadel. Quebec in all its primitive glory flashed upon her vision, and she dropped upon her knees beside Father Laplace and together they entoned a Te Deum of gratitude for the successful outcome of their venture.

The vessel seemed to creep slowly up to the mooring place; so anxious were they all to reach land and to grasp the hands of their fellow-countrymen that they thought it an age between the first sighting of Quebec and the landing at the quay. At last, however, the wharf was reached. There were many down to meet them and amongst the most eager were the friends from Dieppe who awaited their coming. One disappointment was in store for Jeanne; she learned that de Maisonneuve's ship had not been heard from and that she would have to delay her plans, on landing, until his arrival. Her sole and very reasonable dread was that he might not arrive that year; such would be the greatest misfortune that she could experience. Apart from this anxiety, it was with happy hearts that Jeanne and her companions went ashore, walked up Mountain Hill and entered the parish church of Quebec to offer up a prayer of thanksgiving.

Departure of Sisters from France
De Maisonneuve, First Governor

"Maisonneuve was a great man,

knightly in bearing,

brave as a lion,

and devout as a monk."

Parkman.

CHAPTER IX

Reception at Quebec—Madame de La Peltrie—M. de Puizeau—First Winter in Canada

COOL, indeed, was the reception that Jeanne Mance met with at Quebec. So much so was it that she felt intense anxiety about M. de Maisonneuve and worry as to his arrival. Every day, and often many times in the day, did she go up to that platform behind the St. Louis Castle and gaze out upon the St. Lawrence. She saw not the beauties of that incomparable panorama so eager was she to see the white sails of de Maisonneuve's vessel turning the point of the Isle of Orleans. Since her day thousands have stood upon the same eminence and watched the hundreds of ships that have come up the St. Lawrence as they rounded that same point and came on majestically towards the city of Champlain; but, possibly, never did anyone feel that a colony's destiny depended upon the arrival of any special ship. At last, on the 20th of August, the eyes of Jeanne Mance, and her heart as well, were made bright and light as she beheld the prow of the long-looked-for vessel and soon after, upon its forward deck, the dignified and striking figure of de Maisonneuve.

It was high time for him to arrive, because Jeanne was becoming entirely discouraged. The Governor of Quebec and all the leading inhabitants, as well as the members of the Grande Compagnie, opposed the idea of the founding a colony at Montreal. They considered that it was intended to rival them and their interests. Knowing how important Jeanne Mance was to the Company of Montreal and to the realization of its project, they spared no efforts to discourage her and to prevent her from going ahead with her enterprise. All alone to combat this strong opposition, in a strange place and amidst strangers, she felt that if M. de Maisonneuve did not soon arrive she would be unable to hold out against such influences. Imagine then her relief and joy on meeting once more that noble man, the Governor of her colony and the leader of her expedition.

After M. de Maisonneuve reached Quebec it was found that the season was too far advanced to dream of proceeding to Montreal. It would be otherwise had they any habitations on the Island or any preparations made for the winter; moreover the Iroquois were in the vicinity of Montreal and threatened daily to make a descent upon Three Rivers and Quebec. It would simply be going into the jaws of the lion to attempt any movement that year. Consequently they saw the necessity of spending the entire winter in Quebec—where, by the way, they were not very welcome.

In parenthesis it might be remarked that the peculiar rivalry and jealousy that have existed, in one form or another, from that day down to the present, between the cities of Quebec and Montreal had an early origin. In 1641 it was the fear on the part of the Grande Compagnie that the Company of Montreal would interfere with its trade affairs and rival its operations with the Indians; on the part of the Governor it was because the Company of Montreal was authorized to select its own Governor—who might eventually divide the authority over Canada with the Governor of Quebec; on the part of the general inhabitants it was because they felt that the new contingent should be added to their own population and thereby fortify their position as a colony; on the part of the religious, it was because de Maisonneuve and Jeanne Mance were going to establish an order of Hospitallers that would not be under their control nor form part of their establishment; on the part of the missionaries, because they deemed Montreal not yet ripe for a foundation and too much exposed to the ferocious bands of the Six Nations whose enmity to the French dated from Champlain's championship of the Hurons against them in 1615. Thus for one reason or another, all Quebec was opposed to their proceeding with their undertaking and seemed determined to discourage them in every imaginable way.

The merchants and traders of Quebec called a public meeting presided over by de Montmagny himself. De Maisonneuve was summoned to attend and discuss the situation. They offered him a place on the Isle of Orleans for his colony, if he needs must have a separate one.

De Maisonneuve proudly made answer that he was surprised to find them holding a meeting to consider a matter that only concerned himself; that he had not been sent out to discuss matters but to execute orders; that he had not been told to select a place, but to go to Montreal; and that he would go there with his contingent, even

had he to do so at the cost of his own life. This noble and firm reply dissolved the meeting and so won the heart of de Montmagny that the latter offered to take a trip to Montreal with de Maisonneuve to have a look at the place. During the autumn months they made the excursion accompanied by Father Vimont, S.J.; they drew up a deed of possession of the Island and de Maisonneuve selected a spot for the establishment of his colony the following spring.

There was at the time in Quebec a wealthy lady—Madame de la Peltrie—who had, two years earlier, accompanied the Ursulines to that city and assisted in their establishment. No sooner did she meet with Jeanne Mance than she "fell in love with the young lady from France." So delicate and so sincere was the evidence of her esteem that she became practically a partisan of the Montreal contingent. She seemed to have entirely detached herself from the Quebec party to associate herself with that of Montreal. Through her influence a rich and devoted elderly gentleman named de Puizeau afforded them all they required in the way of habitation, of food, of necessaries and of wood and other supplies to enable their carpenters and workmen to build boats for the spring and construct houses that they might use for the winter and bring with them the next year.

When de Puizeau met de Maisonneuve he formed such a high opinion of that gentleman and conceived such an admiration for his courage and grandeur of aims that he gave all his furniture, his cattle and his two houses, as well as one hundred thousand livres in money, to the Company of Montreal. One house was at Ste-Foye, a few miles from Quebec, and the other was (for that time) a palatial residence at a place called St. Michel, just outside the city. This is the Spencerwood of to-day; and in the north wall of the Lieutenant-Governor's beautiful residence may be seen part of the original walls of the de Puizeau mansion.

Writing to Madame de Chevreuse, in 1642, the 29th of September, the Venerable Marie de l'Incarnation thus refers to Madame de la Peltrie and her association with Jeanne Mance: "The persons who came last year to establish a colony in Montreal, who are a gentleman and a young lady from France, had no sooner arrived than our good foundress, who had with heroic generosity brought us to Canada, joined them. She afterwards took back her furniture and many other things, which were used for the church and which she had given us. To say she did wrong, I cannot before God; because, as she goes back into the world, it is right that she should have what suits her

station; and, finally, she has such piety and fear of the Lord, that I cannot doubt but that her intentions are good and holy." Evidently, however, the practical attachment of Madame de la Peltrie for Jeanne Mance was by no means pleasing to the very best of Quebec's population.

De Maisonneuve felt that this windfall was another evidence of the Heavenly guidance that had been promised him in his enterprise, and he was grateful accordingly to God. So much did M. de Puizeau detach himself from all his possessions in favor of the Company of Montreal that he caused de Maisonneuve to at once install himself and his companions in the residence at St. Michel. One day meeting Madame de la Peltrie on the grounds around the mansion he said: "Madame, it is no longer I who lodge you, I own nothing more here; it is M. de Maisonneuve to whom you are now obliged, he is master here."

Jeanne Mance spent the winter in this place, with Madame de la Peltrie, M. de Puizeau and M. de Maisonneuve. While the workmen were busy preparing for the Montreal habitation in the spring, she took care of the food, the household in general, and distributed to each, with rare tact and ability, all their requirements—over which she alone was mistress. Although only thirty-four years of age at the time, she was looked upon as a mother by all the colonists and they obeyed her even better than many children obey their parents. She had also charge of the ammunition and arms.

On the 25th of January, 1642, feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, and de Maisonneuve's birthday, she gave out extra supplies of powder to have a volley of musketry in honor of the occasion. The future Governor of Montreal was thus saluted an hour and a half before daybreak, and again one hour after sundown; marking the opening and closing of a day of rare festivity and happiness.

Almost daily Jeanne would take the snow-covered pathway that ran from the rear of the mansion of St. Michel to the old St. Louis gate, right across the fields that were one day to become famous as the historic Plains of Abraham, going to the city, where she heard Mass, attended to the purchases for the household, and got information concerning the different institutions already established in Quebec. These were the happiest months of her life—a bright oasis in the dreary desert of her adventures; the one solitary stage of repose along a route bordered on one side with dangers and on the other with sacrifices. How often did she not pause on her solitary path, as she

either saw the sun rising over the distant declivities of Point Lévis or gazed upon it setting in glory behind the purple ridges beyond Charlesbourg, and send up a fervent prayer of gratitude to Heaven for all the blessings that had been showered upon her.

We can almost imagine, at this distant day and amidst transformations little dreamed of then, that we see this refined and courageous young woman, glowing with the healthfulness that the crisp winter air imparted to her pale cheeks, with buoyant step and cheerful voice, singing one of the old ditties of France or humming a hymn to the Queen of Heaven, as she tripped along to or from the city. There was courage in her breast and hope in her eye; she felt that success would eventually crown her efforts; she realized the true greatness of the enterprise; she appreciated all the sacrifices that awaited her; and she longed for the hour when, quitting the repose of Saint-Michel, she would set eyes upon the Royal Mountain beneath the shadow of which she could, in imagination, see the stately proportions of the institution that many decades later were to testify to the sublimity of her mission.

CHAPTER X

Departure from Quebec—Journey up the St. Lawrence—Arrival at Montreal

NO MONTH of all the year is as lovely as May; in no country in all the world is the spring more glorious than in Canada. To one who has never experienced the transition from the cold, frost and snows of a Canadian winter to the delightful glow, the warm suns, the laughing skies, the rippling brooks, the verdant fields, the budding trees, the luxuriant vegetation, the profusion of wild flowers, the returning songsters of the forest, the almost sudden resurrection of all Nature in "the days that grow longer, the nearer the fullness of June," a May morning in Canada is a revelation and a veritable intoxication. It was on such a morning, the 8th of May, 1642, that de Maisonneuve, Jeanne Mance, Madame de la Peltrie, M. de Puizeau, Father Vimont and their companions—workmen, colonists, guides and associates—set out from Quebec on their way to Montreal.

They had all attended Mass in the parish church; then proceeded to the place of embarkation, which was near where stands to-day the little Scandinavian church not far from Wolfe's cove. They carried provisions, ammunition, clothing, household utensils, tools, implements, frame-works for constructions and gifts intended for the Indians. Their flotilla consisted of large flat-bottomed boats such as the raftsmen of after years used upon the Upper Ottawa and two large four-and-a-half fathom bark canoes, the former propelled by oars, the latter with paddles. With hearts overflowing with joy and souls filled with bright anticipations they moved slowly away along the north shore, passed Saint-Michel up there on the hill, passed Sillery and Ste-Foye, and finally passed out of sight of the places that their first winter's residence had made familiar.

It was not until the 17th of the month that they came in sight of Montreal. Progress was very slow up the St. Lawrence; the boats were loaded to their gunwales and at places the current was strongly against them. They made an early start each morning, rested for a couple of hours at noon and generally encamped about sundown. As the canoes, which contained Madame de la Peltrie and her personal servant, a young girl of Quebec, M. de Puizeau, M. de Maisonneuve, Father Vimont and Jeanne Mance, besides the men who did the paddling, went much faster than did the heavily loaded long boats, they reached the camping places earlier in the afternoon. The travellers in the canoes watched the shores on both sides and selected these camping places, stopping to land and prepare the cookery and the tents for the night. When the long boats came up, the supper was ready and all enjoyed a regular picnic on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

The travellers passed from one camping ground to another. There was not much difference in the events of the days spent in the journey, save the ever-shifting panorama of the country and the new sights, so wonderful to persons accustomed to the restricted extent and the congested character of Old World scenery. One night they camped beneath the rocky cliff beyond the top of which to-day rises the church of Lotbinière; another night it was at the mouth of the Batiscan river; one night they halted at the foot of a cape, just below Three Rivers, where since has been established the pilgrimage shrine of Cap-de-la-Madeleine; the next resting place was on a point above Three Rivers just at the end of Lake St. Peter. They did not cross the lake, but ran along the north shore, in and out amongst the many islands, until they came to the foot of the channel that leads up to where Berthier stands to-day. Here they crossed over to the south shore and encamped upon a point a mile higher than the mouth of the Richelieu—since called Pointe-aux-Pins. Of the other camping places one was not far from the site of Contrecoeur; the next exactly at Verchères; the following at a cliff—where they rested an entire day and avoided a storm that raged for several hours—christened by them Saint-Michel, in commemoration of the mansion in which they had spent the winter at Quebec.

On the evening of the 17th of May the little fleet skirted the south shore between its slopes and a wooded island that seemed to divide the St. Lawrence almost in two. On the upper end of this long and picturesque island they camped for a last time. This is

known in our day as Ile Grosbois—directly opposite the town of Boucherville and about six miles below Montreal. From the camping place on the upper end of the island the travellers could detect the round purple dome of Mount Royal, rising from out a wealth of forests, and a wide expanse of meadows, invisible to their eyes, where the beaver hay was decked with myriads of wild flowers, and birds of strange plumage and of still stranger song hovered or skimmed between the evening sky and the green of the uplands or the blue of the St. Lawrence. The sun set in all the glory of a May evening in Canada; and as the great round orb of light sank behind the summit of the Royal Mountain, as the picture before them grew dim in the haze of the evening, as the gray of twilight enveloped the landscape, and as the silver moon, then half full and suspended in mid-heaven, made a track of glory upon the breast of the giant stream and lit up with a weird and ghostly radiance the Island of Montreal, they sank upon their knees and joined Father Vimont in a prayer of thankfulness followed by the intoning of the *Veni Creator.*

At last their eyes beheld the longed-for Island that they had seen in vision only and that they had visited in their dreams. There it was before them: there towered the mountain towards which their lengthy and trying pilgrimage had been directed. There was the scene of their future labors, and, like Alexander of old, or like Condé in their own day, sleeping so calmly on the night before a first battle that guards had to awaken them in the morning for the strife, these leaders in the advance-guard of the great army of civilization laid them down to sleep that they might be refreshed for the important events of the following day. It was the eve of their triumphal entry into possession of their future domain.

The 17th day of May, 1642, dawned cloudless and balmy. The stars were still abroad when the travellers were busy folding their tents and preparing their breakfast. Long before the sun was an hour above the horizon, the boats and canoes were loaded and the journey was resumed. We can easily imagine their haste and anxiety to reach the Mecca of their pilgrimage. They landed at the foot of the St. Mary current, went ashore, portaged over the rapid and again set their vessels afloat. At last, about nine o'clock in the morning, they reached the spot selected by de Maisonneuve the previous October. This was then known as Pointe-à-Callières. Here their leader had levelled a small space which he had marked, chosen as his first settlement and called "Place Royale." It still bears the same

name as it hides its historic importance in a confusion of immense warehouses, wholesale establishments, antiquated stone buildings that have served many and varied purposes during the two hundred and some odd years that they have witnessed the vast changes, from time to time, that have come upon the most busy part of Canada's greatest seaport.

On that May morning in 1642 there was but scant clearance at that special point. The dense woods of maple, pine, spruce and tamarack, with an occasional butternut tree, a lofty elm or stately oak, extended almost to the river bank. However, there were spots of verdure in the forest, and behind the first line of trees, reaching to right and to left, were some acres of flower-spangled meadow-lands —all in the primitive condition of the "forest primeval" and its fringes of grassy fields.

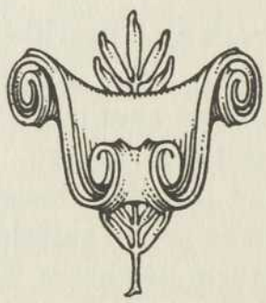
They lost no time in getting down to work; all helped, de Maisonneuve and de Puizeau taking their axes in hand like the others; soon a clearance was secured and trees enough were cut down to erect a hurried and roughly-constructed barrier around the encampment. Tents of birch bark were built by the workmen, who had learned that art in Quebec. In the middle of this space an altar was erected and the necessary preparations were made for a Mass on the following day.

By a singular dispensation of Providence, the little colony was not molested by the Indians. The Iroquois were away north on some expedition—either against another tribe or on a hunt—and did not know of the arrival of the strangers. This was most fortunate for the small colony. Had it been otherwise they might not have had time to fortify their encampment sufficiently to resist their savage neighbors. We may call them neighbors, because the Indian village of Hochelaga was situated about a mile, or perhaps a little less, from the place selected by de Maisonneuve. It was directly behind them, up towards the first slopings of the Mountain and divided from the river bank by a dense strip of forest which protected the new encampment from the observation of the old men and women and the little children that the warriors had left at home.

Bright and early next morning Madame de la Peltrie and Jeanne Mance gathered bouquets of wild flowers and with these and other decorations selected from their belongings ornamented the altar. Dollier de Casson says, in his History of Montreal: "Never did they tire of blessing Heaven for the favor accorded them in being chosen

for such an important function and in consecrating their hands by the elevation and decoration of the first altar in the colony."

On this rude but beautiful altar Father Vimont said the first Mass ever celebrated on the Island of Montreal. At the steps, made of planks taken from the boats, knelt de Maisonneuve, de Puizeau, and all the workmen and colonists that had come with them. At one side Madame de la Peltrie, at the other Jeanne Mance, and beside the former prayed her servant girl. Thus it was that, with the blue dome above for a vaulted roof, the radiant sun for an altar lamp, the stately trees of the forest for columns, the green grass for carpet, and the twittering of birds in the branches overhead for choristers, the first Holy Sacrifice was offered up in the presence of the two founders of Montreal—de Maisonneuve and Jeanne Mance.



CHAPTER XI

Events in France—Life in the Colony—The First Fort

WE WILL now have to return for a few moments to observe what took place in France at that particular time. On the 2nd of February, 1642, the Associates of the Company of Montreal met in the church of Notre Dame, Paris, and there, in the presence of M. Olier and de la Dauversière, dedicated the Island of Montreal to the Holy Family. About the same time M. Olier founded the Order of Saint-Sulpice, a Community of gentlemen destined to take charge of the spiritual requirements of the new colony. We have already mentioned that the members of the Company of Montreal, after the example of Madame de Bullion, declined to have their names mentioned or any credit given them for their sacrifices in behalf of the colony. Despite all researches it has been impossible to find their names—although it is known that the list contained forty-five at that time and amongst them were dukes, knights, courtiers, nobles and persons in very high and responsible positions. It was on the occasion above mentioned that the town to be built on the Island of Montreal was named Ville-Marie.

Greatly affected and impressed by the account of the plans and the letter sent to her from La Rochelle, by Jeanne Mance, Madame de Bullion was persuaded that it was the will of Heaven that an hospital should be established at Ville-Marie. Consequently, the following year, 1643, she gave 42,000 livres for that purpose, of which sum 36,000 was to be invested for the benefit of the hospital and 6,000 to be used for the construction of the buildings; in addition to which she sent Jeanne Mance 2,000 for her own personal use. This is anticipating a little, but it is necessary to do so in order to follow more closely the trend of the story in Canada.

We mentioned the consecration of the Island to the Holy Family, the ceremonies of which took place in Notre Dame, Paris, in February, 1642; the same year, in mid-August, on the Feast of the Assumption, the colonists celebrated the event in their birch-bark chapel at

Montreal. This chapel was of considerable size and during the early summer had been decorated with many beautiful ornaments sent out from France, as well as a splendid tabernacle which was made in Paris expressly for its use. This tabernacle still exists in Montreal, in the church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours.

Providence had been kind to the colonists in keeping back the more dangerous of the Indians and preventing them from molesting the little settlement. Thus there was time and leisure to build several constructions of importance—including the chapel.

On the morning of the 15th of August, 1642, the boom of the cannon and the rattle of musketry announced the celebration. A procession was formed, consisting of all those in the colony, headed by the Governor and accompanied by Jeanne Mance and Madame de la Peltrie, followed by the priest and attendants. They proceeded to the nearby clearance and there sang hymns; after which they returned through the paths of the woods to their enclosure of high palisades or palings, and entered the chapel to the sound of the little bell upon the roof and the accompaniment of three or four musical instruments that they then possessed. Mass was celebrated, after which the consecration of the Island took place. That evening there were great rejoicings in the community, and under the broad moonlight they kept high festival until the hour for retiring. It was the first real religious celebration that Montreal ever experienced.

Although we risk extending our story beyond the limits originally intended, it would be incomplete were we not to mention the mode of life in the colony during those early years. In fact for about eleven years, or down to 1654, with the exception of the few who had private means, the members of the colony lived in community of goods. They resembled to a remarkable degree the early Christians in the Catacombs. They lived in hiding and in constant fear of attack; not, as of old, from the spies and soldiers of Nero, but from the scouts and warriors of the Iroquois. There was no money in circulation, to any great extent; rather did they live by barter and interchange of commodities, of work and of services. They helped each other in all classes of work somewhat after the manner in which bees were held in modern days in the country districts. There was an absolute absence of crime, because there was no selfishness, no sordid ambitions, no speculation, no enmities: they vied with each other in the performance of religious duties, and we find Père Leclercq,

a Recollet priest of the time, calling the community at Montreal "The Holy Colony."

About the month of December, 1642, the St. Lawrence overflowed its banks and inundated the entire settlement. This can be readily understood by the people of our day, especially all who have witnessed the great floods that Montreal had to contend with a few years ago—until the harbor improvements obviated the danger. So strong was the rush of the water that year that it covered, ten and even twenty feet deep, parts of the shore. It will be remembered that in 1887 the entire parish of St. Ann's and all the district lying between Craig Street and the river front, as far east as St. Lawrence Street and as far west as Chaboillez Square, was thus inundated. What then must it not have been when there were no buildings and no barriers to the flood? The result was that the colonists were obliged to move their dwellings considerably farther inland.

De Maisonneuve made a vow that if the flood would cease he would make a pilgrimage to the summit of the Mountain and plant a cross thereon. The waters subsided before Christmas, and, in fulfilment of his promise, on the 6th of January, 1643, the Feast of the Epiphany, the entire community went by way of the paths through the forest up to the Mountain. The entire population followed the priest and the Governor. On the top of the Mountain an altar was erected, and Father Vimont said Mass in presence of the congregation and several Indians of the friendly tribes who had accompanied the pilgrimage. To commemorate this event, of late years there has been erected on this spot a magnificent cross, one hundred feet high, which is illuminated nightly. In the darkness of evening, this flaming cross suspended in the sky is a symbol of peace and protection to the present inhabitants of "Ville-Marie," silently speaking its message of comfort and recalling the words of the poet:

"God's in His Heaven,
All's right with the world."

The 19th of March, 1643, Feast of St. Joseph, was a great day for the little colony. On that day, in Paris, M. Olier had a Mass celebrated at Notre Dame for the prosperity and safety of the colony of Montreal. All the Associates of the Company of Montreal attended the service as did also Madame de Bullion and the Princess of Condé. But it was in Montreal that there were great things doing.

About the first of March the first Fort was completed. It was a solid stone fortress of considerable dimensions. The colonists fore-

saw the struggles they were destined to have with the Indians and they lost no time in erecting a refuge that was calculated to resist the attacks of the savages. Within the Fort were stored the ammunition and arms, the food and clothing material, and there was room therein for one hundred people, if driven to its shelter. Outside the Fort and forming a fence-work around it was erected a rough palisade, or wooden defence-work. There was a space of about one hundred yards between this breastwork and the walls of the Fort proper. In that circle were the wooden and bark houses and tents occupied by the inhabitants. One of these of considerable size was taken by de Maisonneuve for his own use and another was the home of Jeanne Mance, who had Madame de la Peltrie and her servant girl, as also a couple of women who had come up from Quebec, with her.

As stated, it was on the 19th of March that this Fort was inaugurated, solemnly blessed and a Mass celebrated in special honor of the occasion. It was a day of festivity for the little colony—one of the few days of perfect tranquility and peace that it was destined to enjoy.

It was a joyful day, also, for Jeanne Mance when she learned, by letter from France, of the gifts that Madame de Bullion had made to the Company of Montreal for the hospital and to herself for her own use. So far they had had no sickness in the colony and having no wars with the Indians they had no wounded to take care of. Several Indians amongst the allies of the French had been converted and baptised, and Jeanne Mance and Madame de la Peltrie acted as godmothers, while M. de Maisonneuve and M. de Puizeau acted as godfathers. The very first one so baptized was called Joseph, in honor of the Patron of the mission and of the feast-day on which the ceremony took place.

Considering the quiet state of affairs, the peaceful methods of living, the absence of illness and of persons in need of nursing, Jeanne thought that the funds given by Madame de Bullion might be better utilized if given for a Jesuit mission amongst the Indians than for a hospital. Consequently, she did not have any building erected for hospital purposes, and she wrote in explanation of the case, to Madame de Bullion. But the lady refused to hear of it and stated that the money must be employed for the construction and equipment of a hospital, for such, she said, were the instructions received, from Heaven, by M. de la Dauversière. She further said that the

money she gave would have to be employed "for a St. Joseph's Hospital in Montreal."

To make certain of the execution of her desires, on the 12th of January, 1644, a deed was passed before notary, containing a contract for the establishment of the Hôtel-Dieu of Montreal. This was signed in presence of several interested Associates, amongst others M. Drouart, Secretary of the Company, M. de la Dauversière, its bursar, M. Olier, M. de Bassancourt, M. Brandon, afterwards Bishop of Périgueux, M. Leprêtre, and MM. Lasiné de Barrillon and de Renty—all of whom promised to see that the funds be used as desired by the "Unknown Benefactress."

As the scenes that are now to unroll before us pass in rapid succession upon the canvas it will be noticed how wise and how inspired was the course taken by Madame de Bullion. The confidence that Jeanne Mance had in the continuation of peace and of good health in the colony, thus making a hospital unnecessary for the time being, was about to receive a rude shock. And that shock was to be but the first of many during the following years. Like her own first voyage, when out of the calm of the land-locked bay at La Rochelle, she dashed into the fury of the Bay of Biscay, so out of the calm of the first months on the Island of Montreal she was about to plunge into the turmoil and dangers of a most trying and terrible period.

CHAPTER XII

Indian Warfare—Further Contributions from France—
The New Hospital—Loss to the Colony

THE time was at hand when the struggles with the Indians, in particular with the ferocious Iroquois, were about to disturb the quiet and endanger the safety of the little colony on the Island of Montreal. As we have mentioned, outside the circuit of the forts and habitations, there were fields cleared of trees and prepared for cultivation. In these the men worked, sowing and weeding Indian corn, peas, rye, wheat and a grain that has since been known as buckwheat. The seed was in great part brought out from France. The men used to leave for the fields early in the morning, take a lunch with them and return before sundown. They always went in numbers, it being unsafe for one to venture out alone; moreover they worked within calling distance of each other, and were so placed that by one calling to the other, along the line, the alarm might be carried to the Fort in case of attack. But so far they had not been disturbed, although they often noticed Indians prowling about along the edge of the forest, and they did not appear to be very kindly disposed.

On the ninth of June, 1643, a little before the hour of noon, a band of some forty Indians pounced suddenly upon six colonists who were at work in the largest of the cornfields. The savages killed three of their number and carried off the other three to their camps. Of these prisoners one escaped and succeeded in getting back to the Fort, where, despite his terrible wounds, he was able to tell of the fate of his companions. They were carved up, scalped, and killed at the stake in the middle of the Indian village and amidst fearful scenes of barbaric fury. This was the first real patient for Jeanne Mance's hospital—which was not yet erected.

On the 30th of March, following (1644), over two hundred Iroquois attacked about thirty colonists, killed three of them while the others, after defending themselves as best they could and receiving most frightful wounds, succeeded in gaining the shelter of the Fort. It was high time that steps would be taken to strengthen the fortifications, to secure recruits to increase the little army of defenders and to have a suitable hospital for the care of the wounded.

Madame de Bullion, supposing in her own mind that the hospital had been built, sent out 2,000 livres for its expenses. This being a pretty broad hint, the colonists set to work at once upon the construction. So rapidly did they work that by the 8th of October that year they had the building finished. On account of the floods of the previous year, they selected a site somewhat higher up than the Fort. It may be here stated that the place selected for the hospital became its permanent location until 1861 when it was removed from there to the present magnificent institution at the base of the mountain. Any person visiting the Hôtel-Dieu of to-day may reach it by way of Jeanne Mance Street, or Sainte-Famille Street —names that recall both the foundress and the Holy Family in whose honor the institution was established.

The hospital building then erected consisted of a kitchen, a room for Jeanne Mance, a room for her servants, and two large rooms for the sick. The building was sixty feet in length by twenty-five in breadth. Apart from this house, which was at first made in bark and logs and subsequently clap-boarded and solidified in wood, they built an oratory, or chapel, in stone. It was quite small, but it sufficed for their purpose. It was ten feet long and ten feet wide. The roofing of this little chapel was exceedingly good. Ornaments and pictures, statues and sacred vessels were sent out from France for use in the hospital chapel. Amongst these gifts may be mentioned a chalice, a ciborium and silver ostensorium, candlesticks, altar cross, hanging lamp, three sets of vestments, all the cloths and accessories of the altar, a piece of bergamot tapestry, two carpets, and other minor articles used for Divine service.

Now that Jeanne Mance had her hospital going she wrote again to Madame de Bullion, but in a tone that indicated how much it cost her to impose any further on that noble lady's generosity, to ask one final favor from her charity. It was that she and her servant might have their livelihood out of the revenues and that the 2,000 livres just given be invested for the exclusive benefit of the poor and sick

—thus enabling the nurses to take better care of the unfortunate ones. The reply that came was characteristic of Madame de Bullion. She said: "I am more anxious to give than you are to receive. I have placed 20,000 livres with the Associates of the Company of Montreal to be used for the care of your sick and in addition thereto I send you 2,000 livres more for your own use."

In addition to these sums the Company of Montreal expended 30,000 livres for the construction and furnishing of the chapel; and to Jeanne were sent out supplies of hospital bedding, utensils of all kinds, for the kitchen and for the house and the wards; medicines, surgical instruments, pots for the mixing of ointments, and all the paraphernalia of a surgical pharmacy.

Let it be mentioned at once that in the Hôtel-Dieu Hospital in Montreal to-day are to be seen some of the tables used by Jeanne Mance and the vessels that contained the medicines, the mortars for the compounding of drugs as well as the surgical instruments of that day. In the St. Patrick's Ward of the present hospital is a long, narrow table, used for the placing of instruments, drugs, bandages and such like requirements used for the patients. The carved wood is magnificent and the polish of the top and the ornamented legs is as old as the colony.

In addition to the hospital and chapel the workmen built sheds and stables adjoining the institution and the Company of Montreal sent Jeanne two oxen, three cows and twenty sheep. The ground fenced in for all these buildings occupied four acres of land. Practically this was all her own property—of course for the use of the colony and the purposes intended—but all the same she was queen and sole mistress of the entire establishment. And we might say that everything was due to that "unknown benefactress," Madame de Bullion. At the outset it might be thought we referred to her in terms of exaggeration: not so, however.

Jeanne Mance was now about to see the realization of her grand dream and at the same time to experience a very sad trial. Her good and generous friend, M. de Puizeau, who had become almost a second father to her, was forced on account of increasing infirmities to leave Canada. He returned to France, where he ended his days in quiet but in great bodily sufferings. At the same moment that this noble old gentleman decided to return to the land of his birth, for he wished to die there, Madame de la Peltrie received orders from her directors to return to Quebec and take up her post with the

Ursulines there. At last the sad day dawned and Jeanne wept bitterly as she looked down the St. Lawrence and watched the boat vanish below the Island, bearing away her two precious friends and fellow-workers.

But God always compensates in some way the losses and trials that are suffered and endured in His name. No sooner had Jeanne offered up this great sacrifice at the foot of the little altar in the hospital chapel than she received news of the arrival of M. and Madame d'Ailleboust and the sister of the latter, Philippine de Boulogne. These were truly an addition of importance to the colony. Louis d'Ailleboust de Coulonges became an able lieutenant for de Maisonneuve, and his wife and sister-in-law equally able assistants to Jeanne Mance. This gentleman had been sent out from France recommended to de Maisonneuve as an expert in the construction of fortifications. He came direct from La Rochelle, bringing with him a number of select workmen. This was no mean addition to the strength of the colony, especially at that critical period.

Shortly after his arrival M. d'Ailleboust went to work with his crew of builders and constructed a series of forts or bastions to replace the palisades around the settlement. These became refuges for the Indians allied with the French who had to frequently take shelter from their enemies, the Iroquois.

It might be well to mention now, although we do not wish to pass judgment upon any of the personages or the institutions of that day, how great was the contrast between the Company of Montreal and the Grande Compagnie at Quebec. The latter spread all kinds of false rumors detrimental to the interests of the former; and as a result, through the One Hundred Associates and other bodies, the Company of Montreal had very much to endure. Yet there was no ground for any such enmity or jealousy on the part of the Grande Compagnie. In the first place as the Company of Montreal was not in trade of any kind it would not be a rival of the other. Besides the worst enemy of the Grande Compagnie's interests were the Iroquois. Now this tribe could not interfere with the people of Quebec without first having to fight their way past the establishment in Montreal. Consequently, the stronger the Company of Montreal, the safer that which had its headquarters at Quebec.

Louis XIII and Louis XIV both favored the Company of Montreal and treated it and its promoters in a manner that indicated that

they did not consider it so much a commercial as a civilizing and Christianizing body. Louis XIII, at the period at which we have arrived in our story, sent orders to the Governor of Quebec to assist de Maisonneuve and to second his endeavors regarding the foundation of the colony of Montreal. He forwarded from France a number of powerful cannons to be used at the Fort built in Montreal. Also a ship of two hundred and fifty tons was constructed and sent to the colony for transportation purposes. The vessel was christened "Notre Dame de Montréal;" possibly the first time the title was ever used in connection with any construction. Madame de Bullion had by this time raised the sum total of her donations to sixty thousand livres. Notwithstanding all of which favors, through death and other causes, the Company of Montreal was becoming considerably enfeebled. But Jeanne Mance saw the silver lining every time she gazed upon the cloud; hers was such a confident and hopeful, as well as sincere and determined nature.

CHAPTER XIII

The Foundation at La Flèche—Olier and de la Dauversière—
The Company Reorganized—Jeanne Mance in France

THIS chapter must serve as hyphen, or rather a series of hyphens, bringing together several important pieces of our story—events both in France and in Canada that marked the four or five years between the facts related in the previous chapter and the year 1650. As in the making of a patchwork quilt it is sometimes necessary to take squares here and there and stitch them together with basting threads in order to have a general idea of the whole work, so must we deal with the scattered personages and events that were distributed over Old and New France.

Before proceeding any further we shall tell, at once, of the foundation of the Community of Hospitallers of St. Joseph, at La Flèche. We saw how the buildings were prepared there, through de la Dauversière and his brother, and how the nuns of Dieppe could not send subjects for the new community. We also mentioned that Madame de Bullion's donations, in 1647, amounted to 60,000 livres. On the 17th of March, Feast of St. Patrick, in the following year (1648), a new contract was passed before notary in which it was stipulated "that the foundation of the said hospital in Canada could not be changed, nor transferred outside the Island of Montreal, nor could the funds for the said foundation be used for any other purpose, no matter what the reason or the occasion." This was to make it clear what the intention was, and further that it was of the plan that the Hospitallers to have charge of the institution must be the religious of St. Joseph newly established in Anjou.

Let us now return a little distance. On the 22nd of January, 1643, Mlle de La Ferre, who for some eight years had labored in the service of the sick at La Flèche, took the holy habit and pronounced the first simple vows. Part of the ceremony consisted in taking a ring on which were inscribed the names JESUS, MARY and JOSEPH. The words of consecration to the service were: "Receive this ring

in the name of Jesus, Mary and Joseph and be a worthy child of their peaceful and holy family, an imitator of their virtues, that you may one day participate in their glory."

That same year Sisters Fourrèau, de L'Epicier, Le Tendre, Jeanne Le Royer, a daughter of M. de la Dauversière, and Catherine Macé made profession. The last mentioned afterwards went to Montreal and we will deal with some of her adventures later on. The times did not seem propitious to send any of them to the new colony; the wars with the Iroquois, the troubles told of by Jeanne Mance in her letters and the need of a more solid foundation in France caused the movement towards Canada to be postponed. Meanwhile M. de la Dauversière felt it would be in accord with what he considered instructions from on High, to establish branches in France. Consequently three Hôtel-Dieu were founded, in connection with that of La Flèche—one at Baugé, one at Laval and one at Moulins. We cannot enter into the respective histories of these different foundations; we merely make mention of them in order to more clearly understand what is to come later on when the Order was brought to Canada—its real destination—by Jeanne Mance, in 1659.

Business of various kinds caused M. de la Dauversière to take frequent trips to Paris. He happened to be there in 1649 when Mazarin, the Chancellor, had so much trouble with the nobles during the regency of Louis XIV. The general history of France supplies all the details of the uprisings, the wars, both civil and foreign, that shook the country in those days. It was then that the Prince of Enghien, the great Condé, immortalized himself at Rocroi, Fribourg and throughout the entire war with Spain and supplied Bossuet with subject-matter for the funeral oration over the dead princes that will remain the most sublime masterpiece of pulpit eloquence in the French or any other language. So fierce were the struggles that the Court was removed to St-Germain-en-Laye.

De la Dauversière joined with M. Olier in his efforts to procure food and necessaries for his starving flock. As their most generous benefactors had removed from Paris with the Court, it became necessary for these two devoted men to go to St-Germain-en-Laye. This trip they took in midwinter and on foot, despite the dangers it presented. By dint of all manner of subterfuges, disguisings and hoodwinkings, they escaped from Paris notwithstanding the vigilance of the guards; and according to Canon Ramboullet, they travelled

across the country through the snow, sometimes up to their knees, and often to their hips; they waded the floods caused by the inundations of the river Seine; finally they reached their destination. Urged then by the two envoys of Charity, the Princess-Mother gave large sums for the purposes they had in view. The trouble was to return with their gifts. Condé had laid siege to Paris, there were no bridges left standing and no roads left unguarded. Still the heroic and persevering champions of God's cause made their way back, succeeded in getting into Paris, and distributed the alms—for alms they were—to all the needy of the flock. Needless to say how this adventure popularized both M. Olier and M. de la Dauversière. And it had its beneficial effect upon the future of Montreal.

Towards the end of that same year the Company of Montreal was reduced to nine members in France. Its very existence was threatened and with it the future of the colony of Montreal. When, in the following spring, Jeanne Mance took a business trip to Quebec she there learned of this dangerous situation, and also was told that M. de la Dauversière was either dead or dying. In fact he had been so ill, caused by his personal losses and by bodily infirmities, that it was not expected he could survive. All of which was true; but Marie de La Ferre had predicted that he would live ten years longer and see her community fully settled in Montreal. Subsequent events proved this to be so.

On learning all these disheartening tidings, Jeanne Mance, in her own business way of doing things, decided then and there to go to France and see what she could do to check the danger. She took passage at once; reached La Rochelle in due time; rushed on to Paris; interviewed M. Olier, de Fancamp, M. de la Dauversière, whom she found much improved in health and to her great relief still in the lists fighting for his colony; proposed certain business settlements and made ready to return. This was, especially for those days, lightning work; but it was characteristic of the daring and devoted young lady whose life was consecrated to the work she had in hand.

De Fancamp and de la Dauversière were the owners and seigneurs of the Island of Montreal. They abandoned their claim to the Associates of the Company of Montreal and became co-proprietors with them. M. Olier was made President of the Company and Louis Seguier was appointed Secretary. While the Company was thus revived by new blood being infused into it, through the exertions

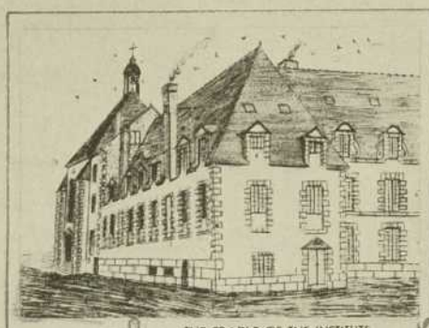
and plans of Jeanne Mance, the House at La Flèche had the good fortune to receive twenty new subjects in the space of seven months.

The three brothers Bretonvilliers were charged with the extension of the buildings at La Flèche. The oldest of these was Alexandre Le Regois de Bretonvilliers who was at the head of the work. He was destined one day to be M. Olier's successor as head of the Sulpicians; and the two brothers were named Jean and Bénigne. They were the sons of Claude de Regois and Marie Acarie. On the 22nd of September, 1649, they became the real builders of the La Flèche institution. They did the work of construction and supplying, on the sole condition that three times each year, in perpetuity, Masses would be said in their intention, and a general Communion of the entire community at each Mass, the days to be Christmas Day, the Feast of St. John the Baptist and that of the Assumption.

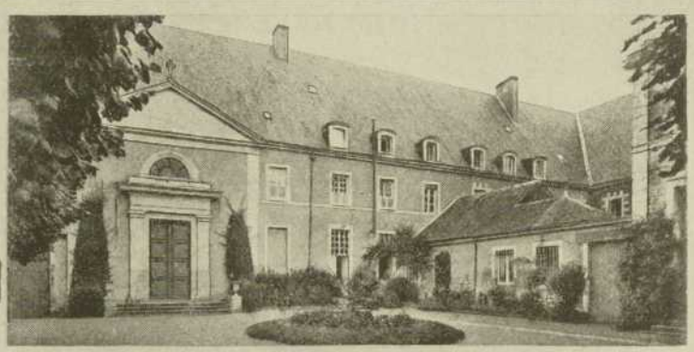
After performing this extraordinary piece of business, Jeanne Mance having crossed the Atlantic, rescued the Company of Montreal on the brink of the abyss, re-organized it; secured further funds from her friends, especially her patroness Madame de Bullion, saw the work of the Hôtel-Dieu at La Flèche fairly under way; she hurried back to La Rochelle, caught the outsailing vessel—the same that had taken her to France and returned to Canada, all in the space of three months. Possibly no other woman of her time or even of any period in history ever performed such a feat. It was with exceeding joy that the colonists saw her again in their midst, especially when she returned with all the good news she had to impart. But, if she had pleasant tidings for them, they had a sad story to tell her when she came home.

During the absence of Jeanne Mance in France there was a wholesale massacre of Indians in Canada. All along the Hurons had been on friendly terms with the French and rendered them immense services. On more than one occasion these friendly Indians saved the colonists from the dangers that ever threatened from the vicious and irreconcilable Iroquois. The enmity between these two sections of the primitive inhabitants came to a climax during that summer. The Iroquois gathered together all their strength, brought warriors from all sides, from the Hudson to the Detroit, from the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario, and having fired their braves with all the liquor they could secure from the traders in that infamous traffic, they set out on the warpath against the peaceful Hurons. They practically wiped out the whole tribe. In fact they massacred thirty-one

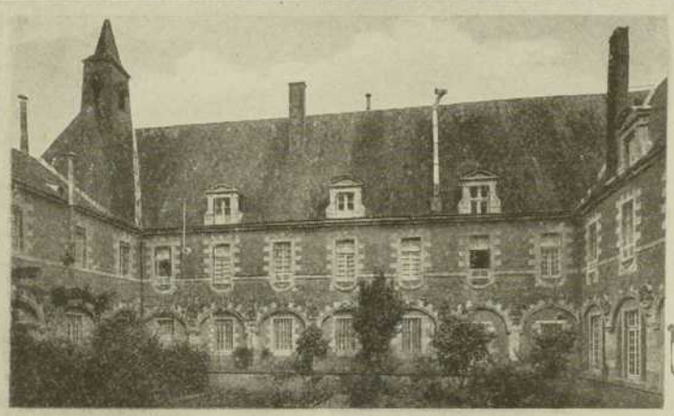
M. DE LA DAUVERSIERE RECEIVES THE ORDER TO FOUND A CONGREGATION OF HOSPITALLERS AND TO ESTABLISH A BRANCH HOUSE ON THE ISLAND OF MONTREAL



THE CRADLE OF THE INSTITUTE AT LA FLECHE



MAIN ENTRANCE



THE PRESENT HOTEL-DIEU OF LA FLECHE

THE CHAPEL

thousand of them; leaving only a few that were sheltered behind Quebec, out where their last descendants are to-day, at Indian Lorette.

On the 26th of July, 1651, the triumphant Iroquois decided upon the extermination of the settlement at Montreal. Two hundred warriors made the assault. Jeanne Mance and all her sick at the hospital were taken into the Fort. The major in command, Lambert Closse, took charge of the sixteen men at his disposal, and from six in the morning until six at night fought the entire band of assailants. These attacks and others which had preceded them during the time between the return of Jeanne Mance and this terrible battle need not be detailed in full. Were we to attempt the story of the horrors she witnessed and the dangers she underwent, it would require many volumes. However, before dealing with M. de Maisonneuve's trip to France, to secure soldiers to protect his colony, we must tell, in a necessarily curtailed manner, a few of the experiences of our heroine at that trying period. Moreover, such events have to do more with the career of Jeanne than with that of any other person of the time. In the next chapter we will tell of a few of the many terrific dangers she had to encounter, of her bravery and that of her little band of friends at Ville-Marie.

CHAPTER XIV

Some Thrilling Experiences—Departure of de Maisonneuve

AS THIS work is specially intended to be a sketch of the life of Jeanne Mance, while it would be impossible within the space of a volume to detail all the incidents with which she was remotely connected, it is necessary that the reader should form a just idea of her trials and difficulties in the prosecution of her plans and in the exercise of her chosen calling of nurse. We mentioned how the Iroquois had wiped out the Hurons and how the colony became exposed to their cruelty and unbridled enmity. We will now take a short extract from the writings of Jeanne Mance descriptive of conditions at that time in Ville-Marie.

In referring to that special period she writes: "The Iroquois have now turned entirely against us, with more pride and insolence than they ever before showed. They encircled us so closely and their attacks were so sudden and frequent that there no longer was any safety for any of us. They killed several of our people, and burned down the houses in the very vicinity of Ville-Marie. Our hospital was far from being in security, and we had to place a strong garrison in it to protect it."

Two redoubts were built near the hospital and were supplied with all the arms and munitions needed in case of attack. The Indians not only scalped and tortured the men who fell into their grasp, but on the women they practised still more horrible cruelties. On the 6th of May, 1651, Jeanne Mance very narrowly escaped from being one of the victims. On that day a man named Jean Boudart, and his wife Catherine Mercier, were chased by eight or ten Indians. They ran towards their house, when the husband noticed that his wife could not keep up the pace. He returned to help her along, and so doing he was taken and paid with his life for his act of devotedness. He fought with fists and feet until he was killed with a tomahawk. His wife was carried off and tortured.

A M. Lemoine and another hearing the cries rushed out to help their fellow-citizens. Scarcely had they made an appearance than over forty Indians, hidden behind the hospital, pounced upon them. They ran and dodged like lacrosse players until they found refuge inside the hospital, where, at the time, Jeanne Mance happened to be alone. They were fired on by the savages and Lemoine had a ball pass through his hat.

The hospital was surrounded by a heavy palisade in which was a large door and inside this a very small one; both of these were closed with iron bars. As the fugitives rushed past, they noticed that the two doors were open; they got inside, shut and barred the both portals. Had it not been so, the story of Jeanne Mance would end here. If the flying colonists had not noticed the doors being open and taken advantage of it, the Iroquois who were on their heels would have seen the situation—for they were exceedingly sharp—and would have got possession of the hospital and of Jeanne Mance. The Indians did not know how many or how few were in the hospital, so they gave up the chase.

On their way home with poor Boudart's wife they found another colonist named Chiquot whom they seized and scalped, there and then, leaving him dead in his field—as they supposed. Chiquot did not die, but he managed, in the night, to crawl to the hospital. He was taken in and Jeanne began to treat him. So skillful was she as a nurse and so well acquainted with surgical treatments, that she finally cured him, and he lived for fourteen years to serve her and the colony.

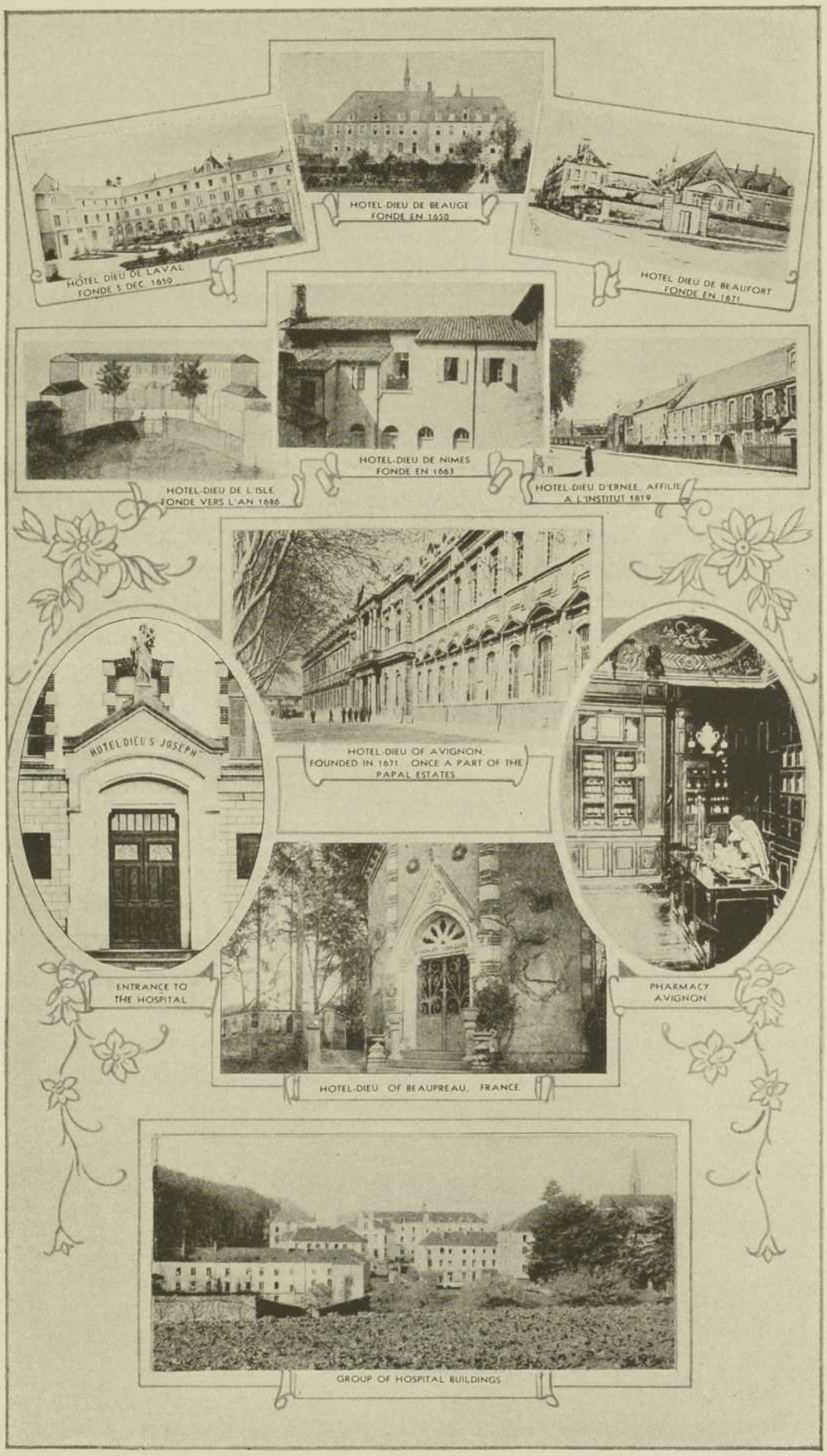
As these attacks were repeated daily and as there was no real safety in the place, the farmers and workers had to give up their houses and take shelter in the Fort. Jeanne had to do likewise and thus abandon her own home and hospital. Father Ragueneau wrote that year: "Montreal would be a veritable terrestrial paradise were it not for the Iroquois." Seeing the number of their defenders growing daily less and the reinforcements of the Indians becoming constantly more numerous, it was evident to the colonists that if help did not soon come from France, they would be forced to abandon entirely their settlement. In relating the circumstances of that time, Jeanne Mance wrote: "Every person was discouraged; I felt what a loss it would be to religion and what a disgrace for the State if we had to lose the colony after all we had done; I therefore urged M. de Maisonneuve to go to France for help."

De Maisonneuve entered heartily into Jeanne's views, moreover he saw no other way of rescuing the colony from ruin. He thought that he could raise a troop of one or two hundred trained soldiers in France, and that he could, with such aid, break the strength of the Iroquois.

At this point comes the beginning of one of Jeanne's greatest difficulties and one that was to have far-reaching effects. Money was needed to recruit the little company of soldiers; that company was necessary for the preservation of the settlement; and without such guarantee of permanent security, the establishment and continuation of the hospital became absolutely impossible. Jeanne Mance reasoned thus: "Madame de Bullion gave 22,000 livres for the establishment and maintenance of the hospital; her charity is boundless; to have a hospital we must first have the soldiers to make it possible to carry on such an institution; therefore, Madame de Bullion would surely consent to allow them to use the 22,000 livres for the recruiting of the soldiers." This amount was placed in Paris in the hands of M. de Renty. She also proposed, following out the same reasoning, that as procurator of the Company of Montreal, M. de Maisonneuve should give, in return for the 22,000 livres, one hundred acres of land on the Island. This was to be cleared land and for the use and ownership of the hospital.

This was all very well as a plan, and perhaps a very judicious one, but it was destined to be misunderstood. De Maisonneuve agreed at once to this arrangement, and appointing M. de Musseaux as Governor during his absence, set out upon his mission to France.

There were only seventeen men able to bear arms at Ville-Marie, and about ten others sent up from Quebec to assist the colonists. Hopes were high, on account of de Maisonneuve's trip to France; but it needed courage to face the months that were to intervene. During the summer, Jeanne became impatient to learn how de Maisonneuve got on and when he would return. She asked M. Closse to escort her to Quebec. He went with her as far as Three Rivers; but there, hearing that the Iroquois were preparing a fresh attack on Montreal, he was forced to return. Jeanne remained at Three Rivers until the Governor, M. Duplessis, was going to Quebec and went there with him. On reaching that city she found a letter awaiting her from de Maisonneuve. He said that he could not return that year, but that he hoped to return the following year with a couple of hundred soldiers and much-needed supplies. He added


HOTEL-DIEU DE BEAUGE
FONDE EN 1650
HOTEL DIEU DE LAVAL
FONDE 5 DEC. 1650
HOTEL DIEU DE BEAUFORT
FONDE EN 1671
HOTEL-DIEU DE NIMES
FONDE EN 1663
HOTEL-DIEU DE L'ISLE
FONDE VERS L'AN 1686
HOTEL-DIEU D'ERNEE, AFFILIE
A L'INSTITUT 1819
HOTEL-DIEU OF AVIGNON
FOUNDED IN 1671 ONCE A PART OF THE
PAPAL ESTATES
HOTEL-DIEU S JOSEPH
ENTRANCE TO
THE HOSPITAL
PHARMACY
AVIGNON
HOTEL-DIEU OF BEAUPREAU, FRANCE
GROUP OF HOSPITAL BUILDINGS

FRANCE

that he had "adroitly" seen Madame de Bullion. He asked Jeanne to write him, but not to mention Madame de Bullion's name in her letter.

This was both good and bad news at one time for Jeanne Mance. Good it was to know that the next year they would have reinforcements; bad it was to find that they had another winter to pass in their present undefended position.

Although Jeanne had always been faithful to her promise to Madame de Bullion never to mention her name, she felt that she could confide it to de Maisonneuve. He understood the delicacy of the situation and undertook to see Madame de Bullion without the latter ever thinking that he had been told, by Jeanne or by anybody else, that she was interested in Montreal. He knew that if that lady thought Jeanne had divulged her secret she would withdraw her patronage. Jeanne could not make a way to her for de Maisonneuve through the aid of Father Rapin, because he was then dead. Moreover, Madame de Bullion had expressly forbidden Jeanne to write to her, in case the gifts might by that means be traced to her. Consequently M. de Maisonneuve was left to exercise his diplomacy to its utmost and in its finest form. In the next chapter we will see how well he acquitted himself of the task.

One slight explanation may be timely. In an early chapter we said that Madame de Bullion had told Jeanne to send her all information as to Madame d'Aiguillon's donations to and work for the hospital at Quebec and the amount it cost. That is true; but later on Father Rapin sent word to Jeanne that she was to communicate through him and not to write directly to Madame de Bullion, nor to mention her name in any letters. This explains her difficulty in giving instructions to de Maisonneuve regarding his mission to France, and his difficulty in attaining his aim.

CHAPTER XV

De Maisonneuve in France—Keen Diplomacy—
Further Help from Madame de Bullion

AS SOON as M. de Maisonneuve reached France he visited each one of the Associates of the Company of Montreal. How was he to become acquainted with the foundress and fountain-head of all the enterprise —Madame de Bullion? It is most interesting to see how he went about this very delicate piece of manoeuvring. How the consent that he obtained from that lady to harmonize with his desires became the subject of long and painful discussions, which greatly affected Jeanne Mance in after years, will be told later on. But for the present we shall allow de Maisonneuve to relate, in his own words, the adventure he had in France.

"Having learned," said de Maisonneuve, "that a sister of mine had a small lawsuit in which the de Bullion estate was concerned, I offered to accompany my sister to that lady's place to talk over the matter. As I knew that she was not totally unacquainted with my name, on account of my being Governor of Montreal, I had my name announced at the door, so that the mention of it might awaken some thoughts of Canada in her mind. God seemed to bless my little trick, for, having saluted me and spoken some words to my sister regarding the case in question, she turned and asked if I were not the Governor of Montreal, a place said to be out in New France. I made answer that I was that person and that I had just returned from there. 'Tell us,' she said, 'something about that country: who are the people living out there, what are they doing, how do they live there? Tell me all this, if you please, because I am curious to know all that takes place in that country.'

" 'Madame,' I said, 'I have come over to get help to try and deliver the country from the terrible misfortunes brought on by the warfare of the Iroquois, and to try, if I can only find the means, to save it from ruin. Ignorance is very great amongst the Indians;

yet some are won over all the time. The country is vast, and the Island of Montreal is far inland, and very well situated to form the frontier town. It would be a very extreme annoyance were we to have to abandon all that immense country, without leaving a soul there to announce the truths of the One who created it. Moreover, that place is a land of benediction for all who inhabit it. Solitude, united with the dangers of death through the wars that constantly menace, makes it such that the worst sinners live in a most edifying state and are models of virtue. However, if all must be abandoned, I do not know what will become of the colony, nor what will be the fate of a splendid young woman named Mance; and this is what causes me the greatest grief. So much so is it, that, unless I can return there with sufficient help, I will not return at all—nor would my return there be of any use; and if I do not get back, I know not what is to become of that devoted lady. No more do I know what will be the fate of a certain institution that another good lady, whose name is absolutely unknown to us, established as a hospital, and over which this Miss Mance is administratrix; for if I do not go back with the required help, all must be abandoned and every person, including that young woman, will have to leave Canada.'

"When I had said this much, she looked at me very seriously and said: 'What is the name of that lady?' 'Alas,' I replied, 'she has forbidden Miss Mance to name her. Moreover, Miss Mance assured me that the lady in question was exceedingly generous, and that much might be expected from her if only she could have a chance to speak to her; but being at such a distance there is no way for her to lay before this lady the true condition of affairs. Formerly there was a good religious through whom she could communicate with the lady patroness, but that religious being now dead, it was impossible for her to communicate—because the lady had forbidden her to mention her name to any one or to write it in any of her letters. When the religious was alive Miss Mance sent him her letters, and he handed them to the lady; but now, he being dead, she had no way left to write. She said that were she to merely put that lady's name on any paper to help as an address that she would fall into disfavor, consequently she preferred to endure all silently and leave the outcome to Providence, rather than vex a person who had done so much for her and for the entire Company of Montreal.

" 'Such, Madame, is the true state of affairs. We are even so pressed for help that the young lady, seeing that all the plans of

the foundress are on the eve of annihilation, gave me the power to take the 22,000 livres that are in Paris in return for one hundred acres of land that the Company will give her, saying to me: "It is better to lose part of the funds of the foundation than the whole; use the money to raise soldiers to save Montreal, and thereby save the whole country. I do not fear, she added, to disturb my own conscience, I know the sentiments of the noble lady; did she only know the agonies we endure, she would not stop even at that sum." There, then, is the offer made me by Miss Mance. I did not care to accept it; but, finally, being urged by her, in the assurance that she could well interpret the desires of the lady patroness, I made a bargain with her for the one hundred acres of land in exchange for the 22,000 livres with which we hope to save the country—and this is the sole aim of that agreement.

" 'Such, Madame, is the condition of affairs in Canada'."

Deeply interested in this recital, Madame de Bullion asked de Maisonneuve to come back and again talk over the subject. He did so three or four times. She received him in her private boudoir, so as to be more at leisure to converse. But not once did she admit that she was the lady to whom Jeanne Mance owed so much.

She sent for M. de Lamoignon and told him that a person interested in the Island of Montreal wanted to help to protect the colony. She gave him, in this fictitious person's name, 20,000 livres to help in recruiting the soldiers for M. de Maisonneuve. Thus she did exactly what Jeanne Mance had predicted. She had consequently donated in all 42,000 livres to the raising of the regiment of one hundred and eight men which de Maisonneuve was to take out with him. The Company of Montreal had, in all, likewise paid out 75,000 livres for the defense of the colony.

Success had crowned de Maisonneuve's diplomatic effort; and yet the name of Madame de Bullion was not divulged.

CHAPTER XVI

Jeanne Mance Escapes Massacre—Meets de Maisonneuve—Arrival of Marguerite Bourgeoys

AS SOON as the ice was off the river, in the spring of 1653, Jeanne Mance, in her anxiety and haste to meet de Maisonneuve on his return from France, started off for Quebec. She scarcely stopped at the city of Three Rivers—and well for her it was that she had gone down so early and had not lingered on the way. The year previous the Iroquois had attacked Three Rivers and killed the Governor, M. Duplessis, and about eight hundred of the inhabitants. In the spring of 1653, encouraged by their success of the year before, they once more attacked that place. Over six hundred of them came down like an avalanche on the unfortunate town. Jeanne Mance had left Three Rivers two days before the siege was commenced—thus escaping providentially from a sad fate. Great anxiety was felt at Quebec in regard to her, and great was the relief when they saw her land safe and sound in the old city of Champlain.

On arriving at Quebec she learned from M. du Hérisson, who had come out on an earlier ship, that de Maisonneuve was on the high seas with a regiment of soldiers for the protection of Montreal. Anxious, in her goodness of heart, to acquaint the people of Montreal of the good news, she requested M. de Lauson, Governor of Quebec, to send a boat up to her friends to let them know that succor was coming. De Lauson did as she desired; but the boat never got past Three Rivers. That place was surrounded by the six hundred attacking Iroquois and its fate hung in the balance. The boat came back in all haste to let the people of Quebec know of the terrible danger that menaced them. It was clear that if the Iroquois carried Three Rivers they would at once make a descent on Quebec. How anxiously now they prayed for the coming of de Maisonneuve.

Delayed some forty days by adverse winds, de Maisonneuve did not reach Quebec until the 22nd of September. The crew that he

had on board was the most important to the colony that had yet reached the shores of Canada. He had with him, apart from the one hundred and eight soldiers, a fine company of able-bodied and clever workmen, strong and skilful men of Anjou and Maine. We will not pause to dwell upon the reception given to this band of defenders. Early in October they reached Montreal, and at once set to work to build a well fortified construction which was eighty feet long, thirty feet wide and twenty feet high. At one end of it was built a chapel, to which was added a steeple in which two fine bells were placed. In the end of the building nearest the chapel was a large door through which the sick, in this immense ward, could look into the chapel and at their ease hear Mass. At the other extremity of the building was an immense chimney, a double chimney rather, which served to heat the ward for the women, the kitchen, the pharmacy and in general all the house. So rapidly and so well was the work done that in the early spring of 1654 Jeanne Mance was able to leave the shelter of the Fort and take up her abode in this new and splendid hospital.

We have been obliged to run ahead in our story; but it is in order to dwell more fully upon the greatest joy that Jeanne had experienced on the return of de Maisonneuve. It was her meeting with Marguerite Bourgeoys, whom de Maisonneuve brought out as a teacher for the little pupils at Ville-Marie.

While de Maisonneuve was in France he talked to his own sister, a religious, La Mère Louise de Sainte-Marie, about securing teachers for the little girls and little boys out in Canada. His sister told him about the nuns of the Congregation of Notre Dame at Troyes and in particular about one, whom she considered highly calculated to serve his purpose. The name of this young person was Marguerite Bourgeoys. In consequence de Maisonneuve took a journey to Troyes and interviewed this young lady. The sisters there asked him to take a few of them out to New France, but as the Company of Montreal did not desire to have cloistered nuns as teachers, especially at the stage of advancement so far reached in the colony, he was obliged to decline the offer.

When Marguerite Bourgeoys saw M. de Maisonneuve she exclaimed: "Oh, this is the priest whom I saw in my dream." The explanation of this very peculiar expression is that Marguerite had seen de Maisonneuve in her sleep, and as he dressed very much in the style of the country parish priests of that time, in France, it was

not wonderful that she imagined it was a priest she had seen. When he explained to her the object of the mission he had in awaiting for her, she at once agreed to go. In fact her history tells us that she had a vision of the Mother of Christ, in which the Blessed Virgin said to her: "Go, Marguerite, and I will be with you."

The arrival in the colony of the soldiers frightened away the Iroquois and secured peace to the inhabitants of the Island of Montreal; the coming of the several women who came out with them, proved of the utmost moment to Jeanne Mance and her few devoted female friends; but the advent of Marguerite Bourgeoys was a blessing both for Jeanne and for the entire settlement. Like sisters they met, and like sisters they commenced together the magnificent work that has handed down through twenty-five decades two of the most important institutions that Canada can boast of to-day—the Hospitallers of St. Joseph and the Teachers of the Congregation of Notre Dame.

On the eighth of August that year, M. de Maisonneuve, in the name of the Associates of the Company of Montreal, had the agreement of which he had spoken to Madame de Bullion ratified officially; whereby he placed the Hospital in possession of one hundred acres of cleared land, and the one half of the buildings and animals thereon, in return for the 22,000 livres. This deed was ratified in Paris on the 4th of March of the following year.

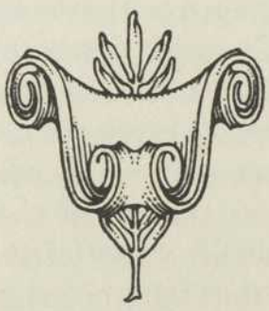
Thus did Jeanne Mance, through good judgment and competent business transactions, once again save the colony from ruin. M. de Denonville, the Governor General, and M. de Champigny, the Intendant, of the time, testified fully to this fact. They wrote to France as follows: "With the consent of the foundress, we borrowed 22,000 livres from the Company of Montreal to raise one hundred men to protect the Island against the attacks of the Iroquois. And these men actually saved it and all Canada with it."

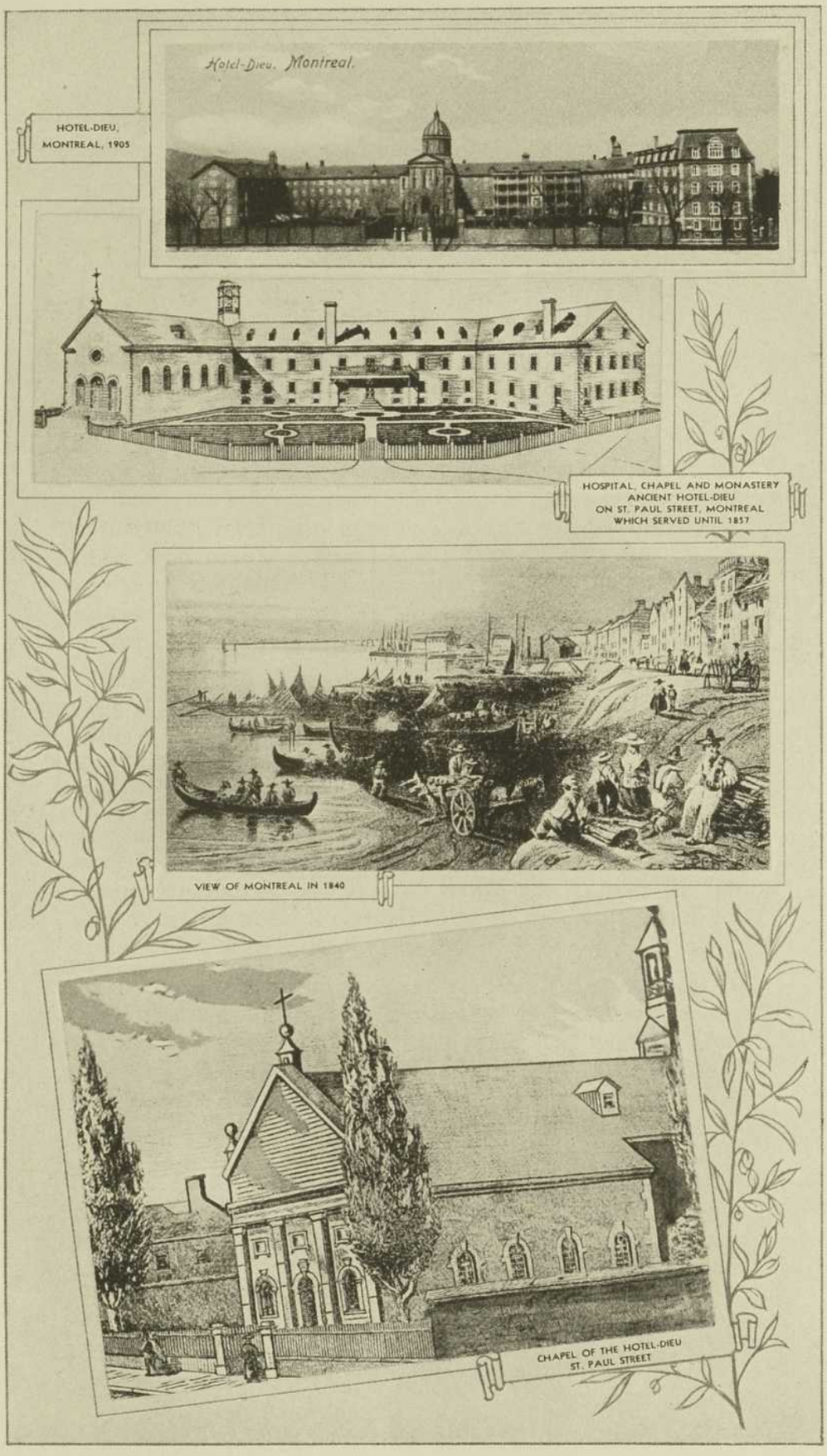
But Jeanne Mance was not only destined to save the colony once, twice and three times; she also was about to endow it with the three communities that were to represent the three members of the Holy Family, to Whom the Island was dedicated. These were the Hospitallers, the Teaching Order of the Congregation of Notre Dame, and the Priests of the Order of Saint-Sulpice. It would seem as if Divine Providence had so arranged matters in connection with the mighty enterprise undertaken by this young woman, that every success she obtained had to be at the cost of some exceptional sacrifice

or loss, some fearful privation or misfortune to herself. And herein can be seen, perhaps more clearly than in the mere record of her achievements, the supernatural influence that urged her on and that guided her movements. How much Montreal owes to her can never be related; how much Canada, as a country to-day, owes to her is beyond words to fittingly tell.

We have now reached the year 1655. Fourteen years have elapsed since Jeanne Mance first turned her eyes towards the Island of Montreal. In that space of time she has undergone hardships from which the very bravest would naturally shrink; she has crossed the ocean three times; she has struggled with the savage and endured the most terrible effects of the rigorous winters; she has hungered and shivered, labored and planned, met successes and reverses; she has changed a wilderness into a garden; she has made it possible to establish Christianity and to spread civilization in and over what was destined to become the most important centre of this great Dominion. All this she did, and many other great and noble deeds that we have not space to record.

Fourteen years of such wonderful work behind her; and eighteen years of still more stirring and marvellous achievements awaiting her. We are now about to enter upon what may be called the real life-work of "The Angel of the Colony." This period will begin with a most painful experience—the very painfulness of which is to serve as a fresh incentive for her, to demonstrate more than ever the bounty of God, and to pave the way to future security, happiness, prosperity and glory for the colony.





Old Montreal

MONTREAL

History and Tradition

Founded in 1642 near the site of a large Indian village visited by Jacques Cartier in 1534, Montreal proudly cherishes historical associations and traditions which are knit into the very beginning of civilization in the New World. From Montreal went forth intrepid explorers and missionaries who were first to carry the white man's religion and enlightenment to the dusky races, and pioneers who blazed the trails through pathless forests, sailed the uncharted waters of the Great Lakes, and discovered and descended the mighty Mississippi.

Little dreamed Paul de Chomedy de Maisonneuve on that memorable day in 1642, when he arrived to form his colony on the slopes between Mount Royal and the river, that 288 years later the great city of Montreal would be the glorious harvest of his effort.

There before the first great shrine in Montreal they knelt as the Host was raised aloft, and then as Parkman, the great historian, narrates from the records he had scanned, the good Priest turned to the company and addressed them:

"You are as a grain of mustard seed," he said, "that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but this work is the work of God. His smile is upon you and your work shall fill the land." 'Twas thus Montreal began its first day of life. And truly to-day as one visits this great city, and witnesses its great extent, and importance, and sees the children of New France in their hundreds of thousands, one cannot help but exclaim—"Indeed, this was God's work—His smile has been upon them these two centuries and a half."

CHAPTER XVII

De Maisonneuve Goes to France—the Sulpicians—
Accident to Jeanne Mance

THE Jesuit Fathers, then in Canada, found it impossible to continue the two-fold work of serving the colony and attending to their missions amongst the Indians. Consequently they asked to be relieved of their duties at Montreal. This was obviously reasonable. It was, at that stage of affairs in the new country, as necessary to attend to the conversion and civilizing of the numerous savage tribes, scattered over such an immense territory, as it was to build forts, supply arms, bring out soldiers and look to the protection of such centres as Quebec, Montreal and Three Rivers. As long as the Indians remained in a barbaric state the menace to the colony continued; like a dark cloud it hung over the entire country. Hence the importance and urgency of having the Sulpicians come out to Montreal.

There was also another reason for haste in this connection. M. Olier, who had been inspired with the idea of supplying clergymen to the Island of Montreal, had suffered a stroke of paralysis and was evidently approaching the end of his earthly career. If he were to die before his intentions were put into execution, there was no certainty as to what attitude his successor might take in this matter.

Hence it was that Jeanne Mance urged M. de Maisonneuve to return to France, to secure the services of a few of M. Olier's priests and of the Sisters of St. Joseph for the hospital. She also suggested that Marguerite Bourgeoys should accompany de Maisonneuve and bring out with her at least two Sisters to help her in the teaching section of their mission. De Maisonneuve had allowed Marguerite the use of a small stable, attached to his residence, for a school; but the time was at hand when this would be inadequate and one teacher insufficient to meet the growing needs of the colony.

M. de Maisonneuve, without making known to any person in Canada the real purpose of his trip to France, set out upon his

hurried journey. Having reached Paris he at once proceeded to secure the co-operation of M. Olier in his project to obtain the establishment of the Hospitallers of La Flèche for Montreal. His negotiations were very successful. On the 31st of March, 1656, M. Olier, M. de Bretonvilliers, M. de Fancamp, M. de la Dauversière, M. de Maisonneuve and four others of the Associates made an arrangement with the Hospitallers of La Flèche, assuring them of the direction of the hospital at Ville-Marie. By the contract they bound themselves, and also the "unknown benefactress," to receive into that house three or four of the Hospitallers of St. Joseph, and to allow them the use of the buildings to be erected for their habitation. The whole to be given to the ladies of the community to be established, the property and goods to be separate from those intended for the hospital. On their side the Hospitallers bound themselves, just as soon as the buildings were ready, to send out three or four of their number and to give to each one of them fifty écus per annum. This deed was passed before Chaussière at Paris and was signed by all the parties above mentioned as well as by M. Blondel, the bursar of the Hospitallers of La Flèche.

These details are given in full, because, later on, it will be seen that ignorance of the existence of this contract on the part of very important personages in Canada caused no end of dispute and trouble and was the source of untold annoyance for Jeanne Mance.

As for the second part of de Maisonneuve's mission, it can be told in a few words. M. Olier died on the 2nd of April of that year. The last act of authority he performed was to appoint four members of his community to accompany de Maisonneuve to Canada, and there to take up the spiritual direction of Montreal. He did not live to see them depart for the colony. Jeanne Mance always looked upon this narrow escape from a failure in this enterprise as a very emphatic sign of the Divine Will in regard to the Island of Montreal.

The four ecclesiastics selected by M. Olier were M. Souart, M. Galinier, M. Dallet, and as superior M. de Queylus, abbot of Locdieu, whom M. Olier had summoned from Vivarais and admitted as a member of the community. They brought with them the news about the sisters of La Flèche and their coming to Montreal as soon as the buildings for them were ready. Needless to here dwell upon the hearty reception given to the four founders of the Sulpician Order in Montreal.

While they and de Maisonneuve found Jeanne Mance overjoyed on seeing them and hearing their good news, they were profoundly pained to discover that, during de Maisonneuve's absence in France, Jeanne had met with an accident which threatened to destroy entirely her future active participation in the affairs of the colony.

It was on a Sunday morning, about eight o'clock, the 28th of January, 1657, that Jeanne Mance left the chapel after Mass and hastened to the hospital to attend to a very sick patient. It was cold, as that month generally is in Canada, and around the corner of the building was a sheet of glare ice. The wind that swept down from the mountain and howled around the building carried off all the light snow that covered the icy pathway. Any person who has experienced a brisk midwinter wind in Canada, tearing around the exposed side of a house where the footpath is ice, can imagine the difficulty of just "turning a corner." In her great haste Jeanne slipped, and in falling fractured her right arm and dislocated the wrist. The physician of the place, called to the hospital, arrived half an hour later. He found her extended on her bed and unconscious—a condition in which she remained for a quarter of an hour. When she recovered consciousness, he found that the two bones of the forearm were broken; but he failed to notice the dislocation of the wrist. Hence it was that his treatment was confined to the broken bones. It was only six months later that he discovered the dislocation of the wrist; when it was too late to do anything for it. Whenever he treated her arm the pain was intense.

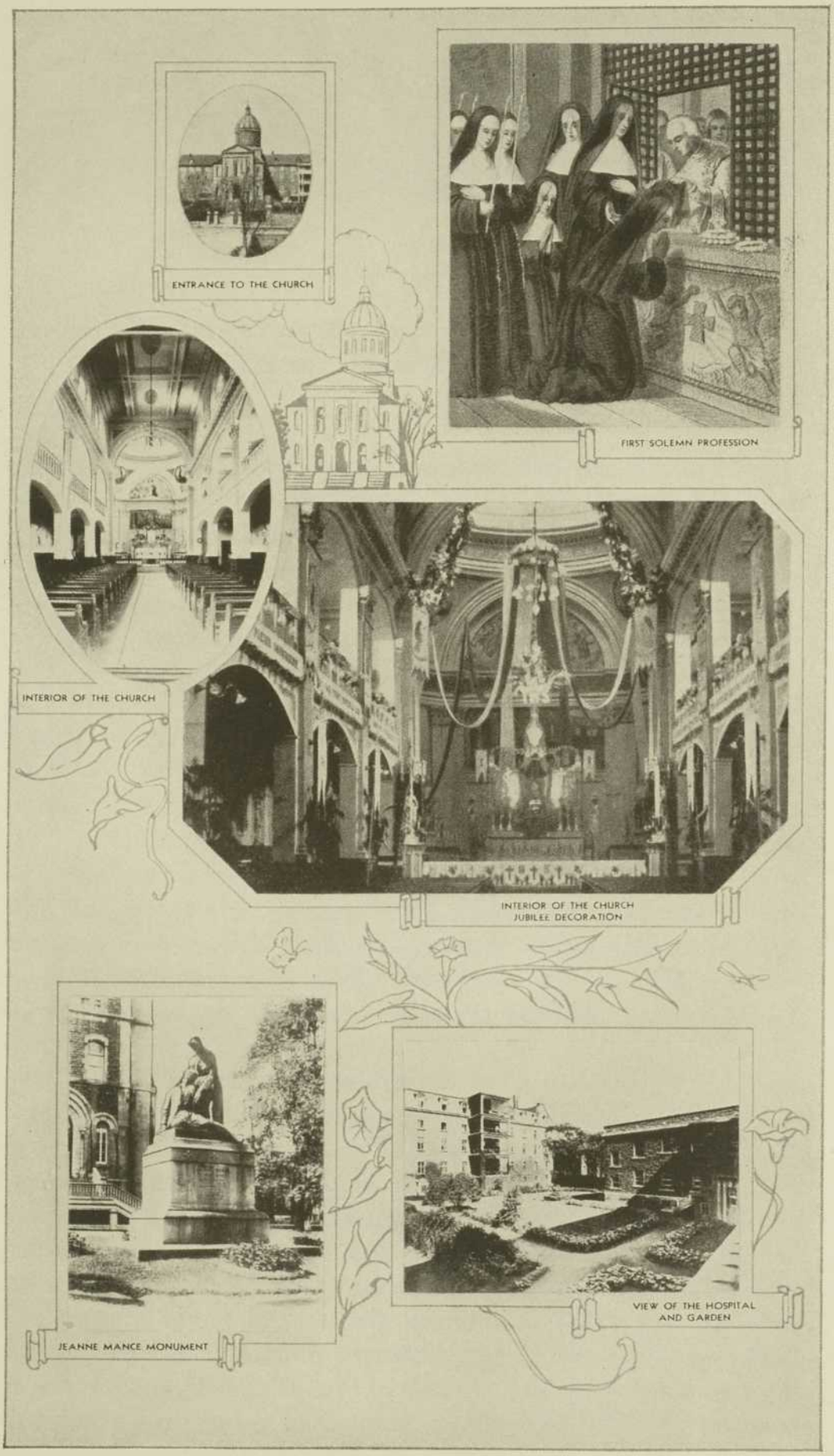
The name of this physician was Etienne Bouchard. He had come to Canada with de Maisonneuve in 1653. He had been engaged by contract to serve in the colony of Montreal, as a surgeon, for the space of five years. The Company of Montreal had agreed to take him out free and to lodge and board him, then to take him back free of cost to France, and to pay him one hundred and fifty livres per year.

When the news of Jeanne Mance's condition reached Quebec, M. d'Ailleboust, then Governor General, sent his own surgeon, Jean Madry, to see her. But this medical man failed, as did Bouchard, to notice the real cause of all her pain and trouble—the dislocation of the wrist. The fracture was entirely cured, but the arm and hand began to wither.

Referring to this sad experience, in a declaration made by her on the 13th of February, 1659, Jeanne Mance said: "I remained

deprived entirely of the use of my right hand, and moreover I suffered dreadfully. I had to carry my arm in a sling all the time, as I was not able to hold it up otherwise. Since the moment of the fracture I could not use my hand in any way, nor take the least freedom with it; so much so that I had to be dressed and served as if I were an infant."

No doubt this was a grave misfortune, both for the young lady herself and for the entire colony. Just at the moment when her activity was most needed came this stroke of ill-luck. But, before we shall have gone much farther along the way of our story, we shall see how this very accident was destined to become the source of untold blessings. Truly, if ever there were truth in the old saying that "out of evil comes good," the history of Jeanne's wonderful cure, and the magnificent results of the voyage which her accident forced her to take, will abundantly prove it. But what she must have endured during those long months of agony—a veritable martyrdom of body and of mind—can scarcely be imagined, much less pictured in words.



HOTEL-DIEU, MONTREAL
EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR VIEWS OF CHAPEL

CHAPTER XVIII

De Queylus' Designs—Cross Purposes—de Maisonneuve Offended—Jeanne Mance Worried

ACCORDING to the agreement of the 31st of March, 1656, the Hospitallers to be sent out to Montreal were to serve the poor free of all charge and not at the expense of the foundation. The fifty écus to be given to each would not suffice for maintenance; and as the hundred acres of land received from the Company were thickly wooded, it would cost considerable to clear it and make it suitable for use. Jeanne decided that she would go to France, firstly on account of her injured hand to seek medical aid there, and secondly to interview Madame de Bullion in connection with the critical situation regarding the establishment of the Hospitallers.

She was just in this frame of mind and almost ready to prepare for her journey when she met with an unforeseen and totally unexpected annoyance from a source that could not have been anticipated, namely, M. de Queylus, the newly-arrived superior of the Sulpicians.

De Queylus is described somewhere as "a grand French gentleman, of very distinguished bearing, lofty manners and with the characteristics of the old *noblesse*." This is probably a fair estimate of that new element in the affairs of the colony. At all events, his actions and his designs, immediately after his arrival, would indicate that he was one who did not brook opposition and who intended to have his own way in all that concerned himself and in much that did not concern him. It was only on his death-bed that M. Olier had sent for this commanding personage and appointed him to head his little company of four envoys to Canada. During seven or eight years, prior to his coming to Canada, de Queylus had been engaged

in converting Huguenots and in trying to reform the clergy in the Vivarais Department of France. Whatever experience he may have gained during these years may have served to create a reputation for him in the field of his labors and to have caused M. Olier, in his goodness of heart and his generosity of spirit, to suppose that de Queylus was suited to the work of converting Indians and reforming colonists. If such were the case, never was greater mistake made. Were it not that, in the end, the obstacles raised, the difficulties engendered, the subterfuges used and the unrest infused into the colony by de Queylus, all tended to the ultimate realization of the Divine plan, as revealed to de la Dauversière, in regard to the Island of Montreal, and to the final success of Jeanne Mance, we might be tempted to suppose that M. Olier had been ill-inspired when he made that selection. But events will abundantly prove that the great and holy founder of Saint-Sulpice was evidently acting under the guiding finger of a Wise Providence.

M. de Queylus knew nothing of the inspired plan regarding the establishment at Montreal of the three communities that were to extend in Canada the spirit of the Holy Family; and as an evidence that this plan was not one of mere human origin, God permitted that this energetic superior should do all in his power to frustrate it. A few days after his arrival at Montreal, de Queylus went down to Quebec, and he remained there nine months, without once going up to visit the colony to which he was especially assigned. Evidently the atmosphere, the associations and accommodations of the older city were more in accord with his tastes than were those of the newer and more exposed one on the Island of Montreal. However, be that as it may, while in Quebec he became very friendly with the Hospitallers whom the Duchess d'Aiguillon had established there, and who were anxious, ever since Jeanne Mance had created the Hôtel-Dieu at Ville-Marie, to secure the control and direction of that institution. De Queylus entered heartily into their plans and agreed to help them in that direction.

De Queylus may not have known, or, if he knew, he may not have bothered with, the fact that in 1639 this community of Augustinian Nuns, from Dieppe, had been offered the establishment at La Flèche and had declined it; nor the other fact that in 1641 they had been invited by de la Dauversière—and the invitation sanctioned by the Bishop of Angers—to take part in the foundation at Montreal, and that they had, possibly for good reasons, declined. Now, how-

ever, that Jeanne Mance had succeeded, through the forest of difficulties that we have described, in blazing a pathway to almost assured success, they were inspired with a great desire to take possession of the new institution and to cultivate the field that had been rescued from its primitive state of wildness by dint of so many sacrifices.

M. de Queylus gave some apparently strong reasons for his course in connection with the bringing of the Quebec Hospitallers to Montreal, and the handing over to them the Hôtel-Dieu that Jeanne Mance had created. But even these reasons "of ordinary prudence," as they have been characterized, do not cover the dealings by means of which he sought to attain the end in view. Moreover, La Mère Juchereau, in her "History of the Hôtel-Dieu of Quebec," tries in a peculiar way to justify both the community and M. de Queylus. She writes thus: "M. l'abbé de Queylus judged that it would be to our advantage and to that of the whole country if there were only the one institution at Quebec and at Ville-Marie, because the peace that should exist between religious communities would thus be better assured."

There were, however, other reasons given by de Queylus which were reasonable—at least on the surface. The Hospitallers of St. Joseph were not yet erected canonically into a religious order; they had as yet no funds to commence the work; the accident to Jeanne Mance deprived her of being able to carry on the supervision of the hospital; and de Queylus, being one of the Seigneurs of Montreal, might interpret in his own favor the clause in the contract of the 17th of March, 1648, that "in default of the Hospitallers of St. Joseph the administration might be carried on by the Seigneurs of Montreal, or whomsoever they might appoint." These were reasons that might hold water.

When de Queylus returned to Montreal, Jeanne Mance, not knowing anything about his intentions, informed him that it was necessary for her to go to France. Her arm was withering away; she was not able to attend to any duties in connection with her hospital; she felt that a personal interview with de la Dauversière, Madame de Bullion and others, might enable her to more quickly secure the Hospitallers of La Flèche for the work in Montreal; and finally she saw the great importance of consulting some specialists in Paris. As this proposal chimed in perfectly with the designs of de Queylus, which he was very careful to hide from Jeanne, he at

once agreed with her that the trip was urgent. He thought that the departure of Jeanne for France would furnish a fair pretext for placing the hospital under the Quebec nuns.

Fearing to shock Jeanne too much by telling her what his intention was, de Queylus sent M. Souart to Quebec to visit a Sister who was ill in that city and bring her to Montreal "for change of air." M. Souart had practised medicine before he became a priest, and, with Papal permission, he still practised the profession, when his services were required, in Canada. He also was ignorant of the plans of de Queylus, and he considered that he was merely going to Quebec to prescribe for Mother Marie-René Bouillé de la Nativité, the nun who was sick. Even Sister Juchereau qualified this course taken by de Queylus as "feigning a specious motive" (il feignit un motif spécieux).

The Hospitallers of Quebec sent Mother Bouillé to Montreal and with her, as a companion, Mother Jeanne-Thomas-Agnès de Saint-Paul. Accompanied by M. Souart, they reached Montreal the 18th of September, 1658. On their arrival de Queylus, who had said absolutely nothing of their coming to Jeanne Mance, went to inform her of their advent. He said: "There are two Hospitallers just arrived. One comes for a change of air; they will come to see you and ask shelter from you." She received them very kindly, as was her natural custom, saying: "You come, dear Mothers, just as I go." However, she suspected that there was something hidden behind all this; it was all so unusual and mysterious.

De Maisonneuve was indignant with Jeanne Mance; he thought that she had entered into a compact with de Queylus to substitute the Hospitallers of Quebec for those of La Flèche. Consequently she got a very cool reception when she called on the Governor to inform him of her proposed trip to France. But it took only a few words to settle the matter and prove to de Maisonneuve that he had too hastily come to a decision and thus misjudged her—it was the first and last time that a doubt regarding her ever was harbored in his noble mind. But to say that Jeanne was wounded, deep down in her heart and soul, is to state it mildly. Yet she never allowed either de Queylus or the two visiting Sisters to notice that she felt the pangs of vexation and rightful indignation. But all this served a good purpose.

M. de Queylus expected that Jeanne would leave the administration of the Hospital to the Sisters during her absence in France.

According to the contract signed by all the Associates and in virtue of which Madame de Bullion had supplied the funds, Jeanne was to remain the sole administratrix during her lifetime, with a reversion of that power, at her death, to the Hospitallers of La Flèche. In consequence of possessing this authority, and in view of the suspicions created in her mind, Jeanne confided the administration to Miss de La Bardillière, a pious and energetic lady of the place. And we may as well state here that this lady fulfilled her trust to the letter. She always treated the Quebec Sisters as visitors, giving every attention and care possible, but never allowing them to have anything to do in regard to the care of the sick, and seeing that they got no footing in the hospital, nor possession of any rights or authority therein.

As de Queylus could no longer keep all of his plans secret, he made a virtue of necessity, and told Jeanne that he wished to have her call on the Duchess d'Aiguillon and try to persuade her to add to her former assistance for the Quebec Hospitallers as well as to help in establishing them in Montreal, in case those of La Flèche could not come. Jeanne agreed to carry his message to the Duchess and, in the event of her own plans failing, rather than leave Montreal without a hospital, to forward those he proposed. Of course the incurable condition of Jeanne's arm, and the sad prospect of her continued disablement, had a share in this kind of promise made by her. But de Queylus, who never did things by halves, wrote to de la Dauversière, telling him that both Jeanne Mance and Marguerite Bourgeoys were in favor of the Hospitallers of Quebec, and going over all the arguments about the lack of canonical erection at La Flèche, the inability of Jeanne to get cured, and such like. We will see later on the effect of this letter on de la Dauversière and his anger with Jeanne, whom he supposed to have betrayed all her confidences and agreements with himself, Madame de Bullion and the Company.

Meanwhile, in view of her reduced condition of health, her inability to dress or even feed herself, she felt that she could not cross the ocean without the help of a female companion. As Sister Bourgeoys saw that she could not alone suffice for the school which she had established, and as it would be necessary for her, sooner or later, to go to France to secure assistance, she offered to accompany Jeanne. This was an extreme goodness on the part of Marguerite Bourgeoys, for it was also a sacrifice for her to leave at that time.

She had commenced the building of the Chapel of Notre-Dame de Bon-Secours, and was making considerable progress with the work. The trip would necessitate the closing up of that work for a year, if not more. Still she could not allow Jeanne to face the voyage alone, besides she felt it impossible to make any practical advancement in her own work without the assistance of other teachers. In fine she decided to accompany Jeanne to France. Consequently they left Montreal on the 29th of September, 1658; and spent eight days in Quebec. On the 14th of October they set sail on a vessel the crew of which was practically all Huguenots. This was to be Jeanne's most memorable visit to her native land and the most wonderful one in the record of her adventurous life.

CHAPTER XIX

Arrival in France—Cure of Jeanne Mance's Arm—
Additional Generosity of Madame de Bullion

THE voyage from Quebec to La Rochelle must have been intensely painful. Jeanne Mance has left no record of its details, and the few times she has referred to it she invariably said that it was one long, seemingly endless, nightmare of torture. The help and care that Marguerite Bourgeoys bestowed upon her cannot be adequately appreciated by the reader, especially at this distance of time and under the conditions of life and travel in our day.

At last, at the beginning of December, they reached La Rochelle. As soon as they landed Marguerite Bourgeoys proceeded to Troyes to make the arrangements necessary for sending the teachers she required to Canada. Jeanne Mance intended going directly to La Flèche to meet de la Dauversière and lay before him and the Associates the story of her work in Canada and the necessities of the colony. But it was the 8th of January, 1659, before she reached that destination. So ill was she, so severe her pains, so enfeebled in consequence, that she had to abandon all the then known modes of transportation and travel. It became necessary to carry her in a kind of sedan-chair. On the way they rested at Saumur for the purpose of making a pilgrimage to the far-famed shrine of Notre-Dame des Ardilliers. She did not expect a cure at the shrine, nor did she receive any—her intention was merely to ask for success in her business undertaking.

But the longest journey must come to an end, and Jeanne finally arrived at La Flèche. M. de la Dauversière had already been in possession of the information contained in the letter from M. de Queylus. At the same time he had, as a visitor, his friend and patron the abbé de Kériolet, who had supplied him with money,

with advice and with encouragement in his enterprises. There is a very romantic account given of this strange character, said to be a priest, exorcizer, magician, and seer. He lived at the castle of Kerlois, not far from Sainte-Anne d'Auray. He was converted at Loudun and became an excellent penitent. On one occasion, when driving an evil spirit out of a possessed person, the malign one declared that "de la Dauversière would be crushed just as the Hospitallers of Saint Joseph would be crushed." Whatever degree of faith can be put in this story, one thing is certain; that both de la Dauversière and later on the Hospitallers had to undergo privations, miseries, sufferings and sacrifices sufficient to give a semblance of truth to the wicked prediction.

Now, Kériolet happened to be at M. de la Dauversière's place and had just unfolded to him the unpalatable predictions of the exorcized one concerning his own coming misfortunes and those awaiting his Sisters of St. Joseph. In addition he had received that disturbing letter from de Queylus, which left him to suppose that Jeanne had betrayed all their compacts and agreements concerning the establishment of Montreal. Not much wonder, then, that Jeanne found her reception anything but hearty on reaching La Flèche. In fact, de la Dauversière was so indignant and so upset that, despite all his usual humility and generosity of disposition, he could scarcely hide his feelings. This was, perhaps, one of the most severe trials Jeanne had ever to undergo. The racking physical pains that had increased in the long and rough journey by sea and by land had made her more than ever sensitive to the slightest harshness. The unexpected and totally undeserved coldness of her reception, especially on the part of de la Dauversière, was sufficient to entirely upset her. It was another cross that was to gain for her a crown.

Explanations were soon in order; and it did not take Jeanne long to disabuse de la Dauversière's mind of the false ideas infused into it. As soon as he learned the truth, his devotedness to Jeanne seemed to have taken on fresh strength, and they both set out for Paris to see the Associates of the Company of Montreal and Madame de Bullion.

As they proceeded to Paris M. de la Dauversière gave emphatic expression to his feelings and to his determination. He said: "M. de Queylus may do his best, he will not prevent our Sisters from going to Montreal nor the designs of God from being accomplished." Jeanne, however, being scrupulous to a fault in everything concerning

her transactions with others, made it a point, on reaching Paris, to call on the Duchess d'Aiguillon and, in the name of M. de Queylus, explained to her how he wished for her help in establishing the Quebec Hospitallers at Montreal. Whether it was that the Duchess gleaned from her informant that this was contrary to all former arrangements, or whether she was inspired otherwise in the matter, there is no means of knowing, but she declined to have anything to do with such a project and refused her assistance. Jeanne had kept faith with M. de Queylus; and yet she had secured her own project at the same time.

When the Members of the Company of Montreal and Madame de Bullion saw the reduced condition of Jeanne's health and the terrible affliction of her withered arm and the condition of her wrist, they decided that before anything else was done the very best medical advice in Paris should be obtained for her. She was taken by M. Duplessis, Baron de Montbar, in his private carriage to each of the most celebrated surgeons of the city. One and all decided that there was no cure for her. After this a sister of Jeanne Mance, with whom she lodged in Paris, near the church of Saint-Sulpice, Férou Street, and M. Dolbeau, a relative of theirs, canon of the Holy Chapel, called into consultation several medical men. Jeanne afterwards wrote, in regard to this consultation: "They assured me that there was no means of restoring the use of my arm or hand; all that could be done was to prevent the natural heat of the arm from disappearing, so that my arm might not dry up entirely and become dead."

Seeing no hope of a cure and no prospect for the future, Jeanne decided to insist on the sending out of the Sisters of La Flèche at once, to Canada, to take up the work she had to abandon.

Jeanne and Sister Bourgeoys formed a resolution to go and pray at the tomb of M. Olier. They called on M. de Bretonvilliers, his successor, with a view to obtaining the required permission. M. Olier's body was buried in the chapel of Saint-Sulpice; but his heart had been embalmed separately and was in the Superior's room. As it was not customary to allow ladies to enter the grounds of the Seminary, and as they would have to cross the interior yard to reach the chapel, the Superior said that if they would come when the Community was at prayer, so they might not be seen, he would arrange for them to visit the tomb. He appointed the 2nd of February, 1659, Feast of the Purification, for the visit. But Marguerite Bourgeoys could not wait until that date, as she was obliged to hurry

to Troyes to complete her arrangements. Therefore, Jeanne was left alone to enjoy the privilege.

At the hour indicated, Jeanne presented herself at the Seminary. After hearing Mass, receiving Holy Communion and having taken the urn containing the heart of Olier in her hands, she was astonished to find herself perfectly cured. She had not asked a cure; she had not thought of any such thing; she merely wanted to pray near the relics of the one who had done so much, in life, to help her projects. How could any ordinary pen attempt to describe that wonderful cure? Far better to allow her to tell the story in her own words—words written subsequently by the very hand that had been stricken and withered. This is one of the longest and is certainly the most precious document left to posterity by the "Angel of the Colony." We quote the paper in full:—

"Being entirely deprived of the use of my hand from the moment of my fall, which happened at eight in the morning, on Sunday, the 28th of January, 1657 (not the 27th as stated by Sister Morin in her History), until ten in the morning of the 2nd of February, 1659, I made use of no remedies, having no hope of any cure, and never dreaming of a miracle. I was content to submit to the will of God, and to remain thus all my life in a state of sad and painful privation. I had a desire to see the late M. Olier's coffin, not with a view to my own relief, but simply with the intention of honoring him, whom I considered a very great servant of God. I received permission to see it on the day of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin. I knew that in his lifetime he had a great devotion for that day. As I was about to enter the chapel where his body reposed, the thought came to me to ask God, through the merits of His servant, to accord me some slight relief in my arm, enough that I might use it in some way, such as to dress myself and to fix up our altar at Montreal. I said: 'My God, I do not ask any miracle, but a slight relief that I may use my arm.'

"As I knelt in the chapel I was seized with a great feeling of joy, so extraordinary that I never felt anything like it in my life. My heart was so filled with it that I cannot express it. My eyes were like two fountains of tears that would never cease flowing—all of which came about so gently that I felt all melting away, without any emotional effort on my part—something unusual in me. I cannot express it otherwise than by saying that I felt as though I enjoyed a share of the immense happiness that God's servant possessed. I

spoke to him just as if he were before my eyes, but with far greater confidence, since I knew that he understood me better than when he was of this world. I knew that he saw my needs and the sincerity of my heart, since nothing was hidden from him."

Seeing that the use of her hand had been restored, Jeanne made the sign of the cross with it, as a first act of thanksgiving. She could not speak to tell her sister of the cure: all she could do was to move her hand and arm and show her how once more she could use them. It meant so much to her and to her projects in Canada.

CHAPTER XX

First Results of the Cure—Further Generosity of Madame de Bullion—The Hospitallers of La Flèche

WHEN Jeanne had sufficiently regained her self-control, after this pleasant shock to her entire being, she returned to the Seminary and was asked by M. Bretonvillers, the Superior, to write a certificate to that effect. She wrote the following which is an exact translation of the original, a facsimile of which will be found amongst the illustrations in this work:—

"In the Name of the Most Holy Family.

"Amen.

"I, Jeanne Mance, acknowledge and confess in presence of my God to have received the grace of the use of my right hand through the merits of the late Monsieur Olier, which took place in the following manner

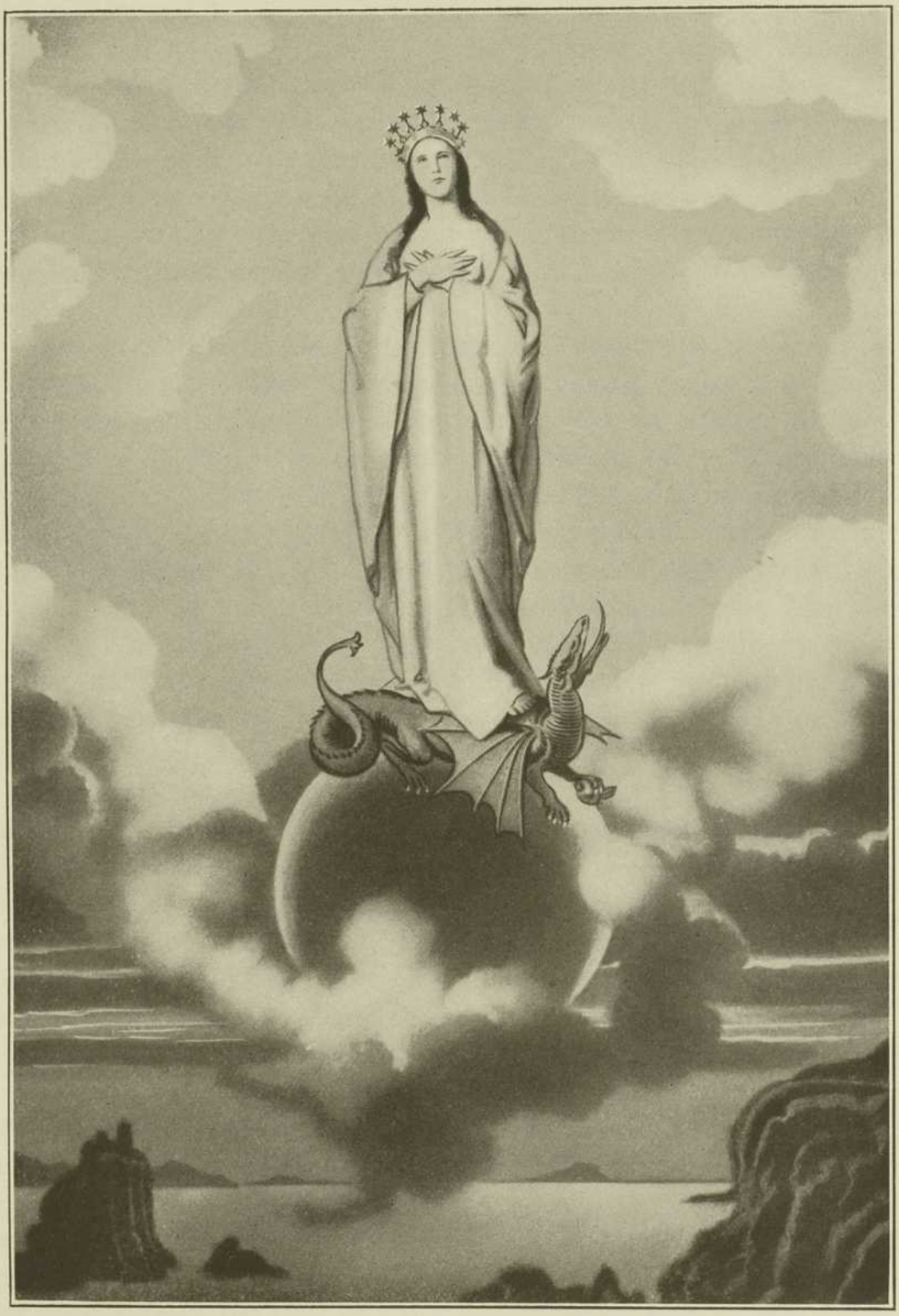
. . . . . .

I declare that all I have written herein above on these two small sheets is true and sincere, in testimony whereof I have written and signed it with the same right hand the use of which I received at Paris, this 13th of February, 1659.

Jeanne Mance."

Her next step was to write a full account of the wonderful event to Marguerite Bourgeoys at Troyes. In the correspondence of the latter we find full details of this communication with notes by Sister Bourgeoys in testimony of her knowledge of the wonderful cure. Soon the news went abroad over Paris and Jeanne became a sort of heroine on all sides. The Members of the Company of Montreal determined to put forth exceptional efforts to help her in her undertaking and on all sides help was coming in, even from unexpected sources.

A veritable fever seemed to have taken possession of the people. Each one sought to have an interview with her; it was a struggle to see who would have her first or entertain her more frequently; some



IMMACULATA

went so far as to try to cut off pieces of her dress to keep as relics; children followed her along the streets and their parents were curious enough to run to the windows to see her go past. She saw that this spirit of adulation was destined to ruin her work, and she hastened to leave Paris at the very earliest opportunity. Writing about this sudden and peculiar popularity she said: "The esteem that was conceived for me made me suffer a kind of martyrdom, since all I had contributed to this cure was my misery and infirmity, which drew down on me the mercy of God: I felt that I should leave Paris to escape such notoriety."

However, she remained long enough to obtain the testimony of all the leading physicians, whom she had previously consulted, regarding the inexplicable cure and its certainty. On the 25th of August, of the following year, Doctor Madry, of Quebec, said: "Since Miss Mance has returned from France, I have seen her using her right hand and her restored arm; and this without having the dislocation replaced, something that no human means could operate." On the 10th of July, of the same year, Doctor Bouchard, who like the former had attended her in the early stages of her accident, said: "I now admit that she is perfectly cured, and that she uses her arm and hand perfectly well, although the dislocated bone has not been replaced into its proper position."

When Jeanne called on Madame de Bullion and gave her the positive evidence of the cure, that lady was so struck by the wonderful event that she at once declared it to be a positive evidence of God's will that Jeanne's mission should be completed in Montreal; and she gave her another 22,000 livres to help in establishing the Hospitallers of La Flèche on the Island. She offered to pay all the costs of the journey out, and loaded Jeanne with presents for her Hospital.

Considering all these gifts and advances, on the 29th of March, 1659, M. de la Dauversière, as procurator for the Sisters at La Flèche, had an agreement drawn up before the Notary Marreau, whereby the Company of Montreal engaged to send out, at once, three of the Sisters to the Hospital at Montreal. These Sisters and a servant were to be taken from the house at La Flèche and from no place else; they were to serve the poor and sick free of charge, and to give copies of their contract-agreement to Jeanne Mance and to the Secretary of the Company at Montreal. It was also agreed that Jeanne Mance should remain administratrix of the property and goods of the

hospital until the day of her death; then the Seigneurs of Montreal would appoint two administrators, and every three years afterwards the eldest of these would retire to be replaced by a new administrator.

While all these arrangements were being completed at Paris, Marguerite Bourgeoys, on her side, had united at Troyes the three companions with whom she formed the nucleus of the Congregation of Notre Dame of Montreal.

Thus did Jeanne Mance, after having saved the colony on more than one occasion, succeed in drawing to it the three Orders that were to realize the dreams of de la Dauversière and represent the three persons of the Holy Family to whom the colony was consecrated.

One would imagine that, after all these marvelous events, Jeanne had a very clear road ahead. Not so, however; she had yet to meet and to overcome many serious obstacles. In fact her path was never one of flowers, and whenever roses did bloom along it they were so covered with thorns that one could scarcely tell which were the most likely to be remembered—the perfume of the flowers or the wounds from the thorns. A few more stirring events and we will finally see her on the ocean again, with her two Communities and on her way to the scene of her lifework. We shall hurry over the intervening difficulties in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXI

Selection of Hospitallers for Canada—Rules of the Community—Jeanne Mance Has Another Fall—Riots at La Flèche

ALTHOUGH we are now at the memorable year 1659, and we have another span of fourteen years to consider before the close of Jeanne Mance's career, still there are so many important events ahead, so much endurance and sacrifices to be met, that we feel as if we were yet in an introductory stage of our story.

In forming the Congregation of Hospitallers for Montreal, M. de la Dauversière had prescribed only simple vows for the subjects, leaving until later on the pronouncing of solemn vows—which would be exacted before the canonical erection of the Community could be obtained. In this he was supported by Marie de La Ferre, and by the three priests, Meslan, Dubreuil and Chauveau, successive spiritual directors of the Order. However, their successors did not see things in the same light, and this difference of opinion regarding the vows was the source of untold worries for the Hospitallers in Canada. But we need not anticipate, beyond the mention of this fact for future reference.

Before de Queylus left for Canada it had been proposed to erect the colony of Ville-Marie into a diocese and have him consecrated Bishop. But the Jesuit Fathers from Canada made representations to Rome that ended in the choice of M. de Laval de Montmorency as Vicar Apostolic of the new country, and Bishop of Pétrée *in partibus*.

Several meetings of the Company of Montreal were held in Paris, at all of which de la Dauversière, and at two of which de Laval, assisted. The latter urged that they postpone for another year the sending out of the Hospitallers to Ville-Marie, so as not to hurt the feelings of those in Quebec. But this did not alter the determination taken.

De la Dauversière selected the pioneer Hospitallers on account of their humility. The first was Sister Macé, then Sister de Brésoles

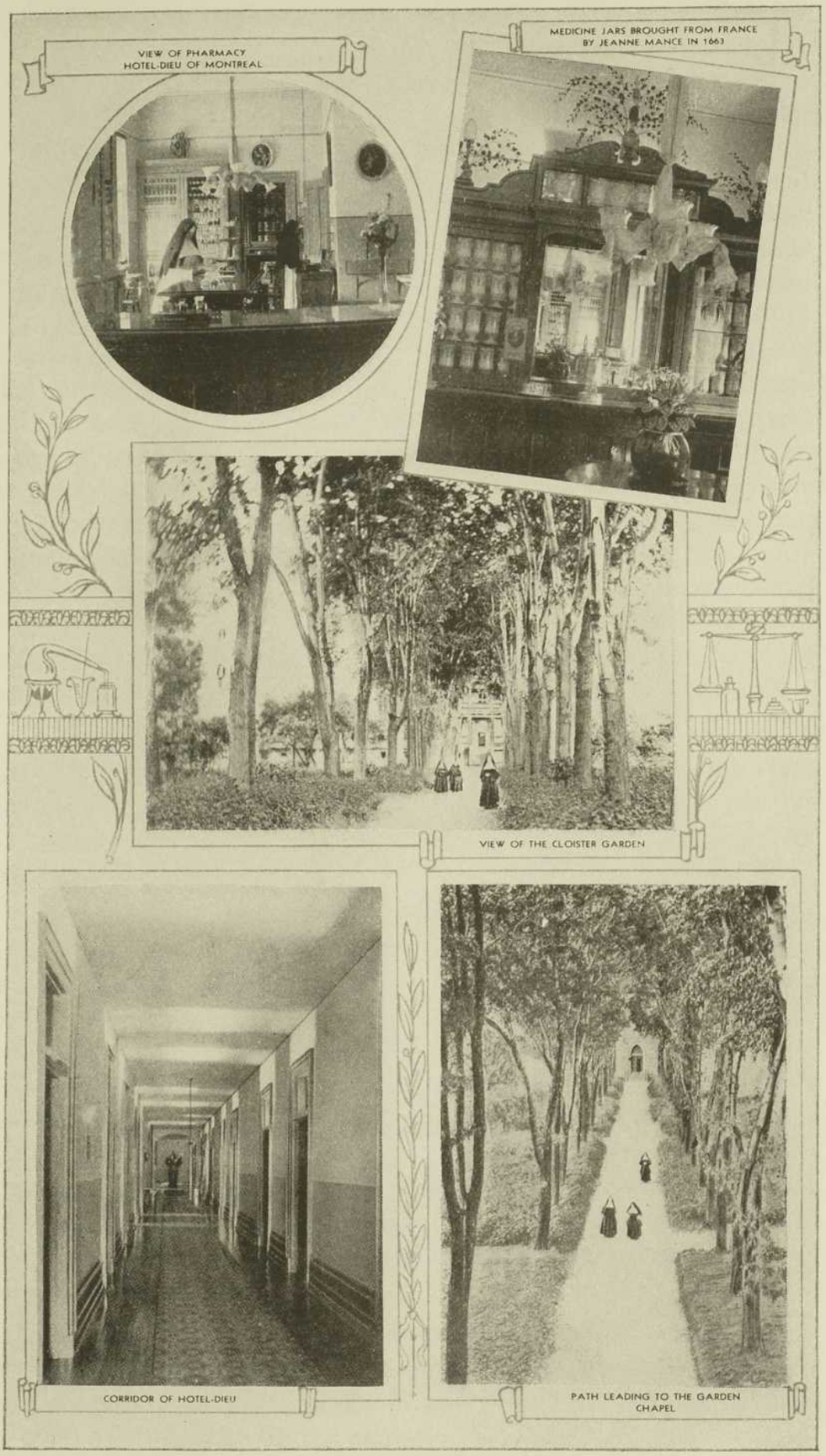
and finally Sister Maillet. Of these we will speak in detail later on. We need not dwell upon all the drawbacks arising through his own severe illness and the misunderstandings that seemed to multiply as the time for departure approached. As this engagement on the part of the three above-named Hospitallers, and of Sister Polo who was to go as a lay-nun to help them in the work, has a bearing on the future of the Community in Montreal and its connection with the House at La Flèche, we will cite it verbatim.

"I promise before God and the whole Heavenly Court that I will strive for my own part, and will try that my sisters do also, to maintain the holy union that we have vowed to this blessed Community, which I will recognize all my life as my mother, and whose rules and regulations I will observe as much as I can, without ever consenting to any innovations therein, without the general consent of the whole Community. I promise also that I will return to this House to live herein whenever so called by the Bishop of Angers, or by the Community, as I have lived heretofore, for the rest of my life, if I am not sent elsewhere by holy obedience. In witness whereof I have signed this promise at the aforesaid Hôtel-Dieu of La Flèche.

Judith Moreau (de Brésoles)
Catherine Macé
Marie Maillet."

Jeanne Mance had sent word to La Flèche that the time for departure was at hand and that she would meet them at La Rochelle. De la Dauversière, who had been exceedingly ill, recovered enough to go to La Flèche to superintend the departure and to accompany them to La Rochelle. Let us now follow Jeanne Mance on this memorable journey from Paris to La Rochelle.

As in 1641, Jeanne decided to go from Paris to La Rochelle on horseback. Eighteen years had passed away and what strange and inexpressible thoughts must not have filled her mind as she rode once again along the same route! Many of those she had met with in the earlier journey had died or had scattered; but here and there she encountered an older person who remembered her and her passage along the highway in the days of her first adventurous attempt to commence her self-imposed mission in Canada. She met with the same kindness and consideration as she went from one stopping place to another; nor could it be otherwise, since the peasantry of France never change, nor can time or altered circumstances efface their native-born goodness and hospitality.



HOTEL-DIEU, MONTREAL
VIEWS OF PHARMACY AND GARDEN

When within about twenty-four miles of La Rochelle a number of dogs rushed out of a barn and attacked her horse with barking and snapping, that caused the restive and mettlesome charger to run wild. Suddenly he leaped to one side, jumped over a hedge and plunged into a ditch on the other side. Jeanne lost her balance and was flung to the ground. In falling she saved herself from serious injury by the use of her right hand and arm. On these came down the entire weight of her body. Strange as it may seem, this fall in no way injured her recently-cured hand and arm. In fact it only stood out as an especial evidence of the completeness of the cure that had been operated. There can be no question as to the facts related by so many persons and so universally known at that time. There may be some who have no faith in miracles, who do not believe in the intervention of God, through the influence of His holy servants, in the personal affairs of men; with such we do not argue, nor do we insist upon the interpretation placed upon such extraordinary favors by those who have such faith; we leave to each the freedom of opinion that we claim for ourselves; but we insist that the facts are exactly as we have related.

If Jeanne Mance had a successful and adventurous trip to La Rochelle, and if Marguerite Bourgeoys reached there with her companions safely and without mishap, M. de la Dauversière and his Hospitallers met with opposition that had not been calculated on and that was entirely unexpected.

As there were no vows of a solemn character pronounced by the new Hospitallers, and as de la Dauversière wished to have as many virtuous and competent young girls take part in the work as was possible, it turned out that several of these had arranged to go to Canada not only without the consent, but even against the will of their parents and relatives. This can be easily understood when we consider the exaggerated ideas that people then had of the dangers to be encountered in New France—especially for young women. The rumor went abroad that de la Dauversière had taken them by force, hidden them in the convent, and awaited a favorable moment to hurry them off. Needless to tell how such a calumny would spread and grow in spreading.

The minds of La Flèche were surcharged with indignation; a veritable riot began; as the time appointed for the departure drew near, special guards were sworn in and placed around the convent

and all the approaches thereto; some of these sentinels even said that they could hear the moans and weeping of the poor girls in the convent. All night long the guard was kept up, and the streets were filled in every direction with mad, threatening, armed citizens. They wanted to kill de la Dauversière, as an enemy of the people and everything else that the fevered imagination of the excited populace could invent. All night long the watch was continued, as we have stated, and when daylight came the town was like one in a state of siege.

Ten in the forenoon was the hour selected for the departure. They were to go on horseback. So dense was the crowd around the convent gate and so determined were the people to prevent the Sisters from leaving, that M. de Saint-André and several other gentlemen, who had arranged to accompany the ladies as far as La Rochelle, were obliged to charge the mob. At last the people of La Flèche learned from the Sisters at the Hospital that all their fears were baseless, that the rumors concerning de la Dauversière were calumnies, and that their excitement should have taken the form of a thanksgiving to God and a prayer of "God speed" for the missionaries. Quiet was restored; but Sister de Brésoles and her companions never forgot the exit they made from La Flèche.

M. de Saint-André and his wife were to accompany the expedition to Canada. Strange to say, the name of the vessel on which they were to sail was also the "Saint-André." Jeanne Mance, hearing of the approach of the La Flèche contingent, went out to meet them on the highway. She brought a carriage with her and when they met she had them come off the horses and finish their journey in the carriage. On reaching La Rochelle, M. and Mme. Saint-André conducted them to the church where prayers of gratitude were said. After this they were taken to the inn where Jeanne Mance lodged. From that moment until the hour of setting sail the Hospitallers remained at the inn, only going out to attend Mass or to visit the hospital of the place.

In addition the four members of this new community, the priests of Saint-Sulpice sent along a Miss Gauchet and Jeanne secured the company of a Miss de Belestre, and nine other young women, all desirous of spending their days in the service of the sick and poor in the new colony.

CHAPTER XXII

Fresh Obstacles—Final Arrangements—Adieux of de la Dauversière

IF IT be a mark of God's special works that they are always accomplished in suffering and under crosses, certainly the establishment of the Hôtel-Dieu of Montreal was the work of God. If Jeanne Mance ever dreamed that she was eventually going to complete her great undertaking with ease and in comfort, she was soon to have her mind disabused of any such pleasant illusion.

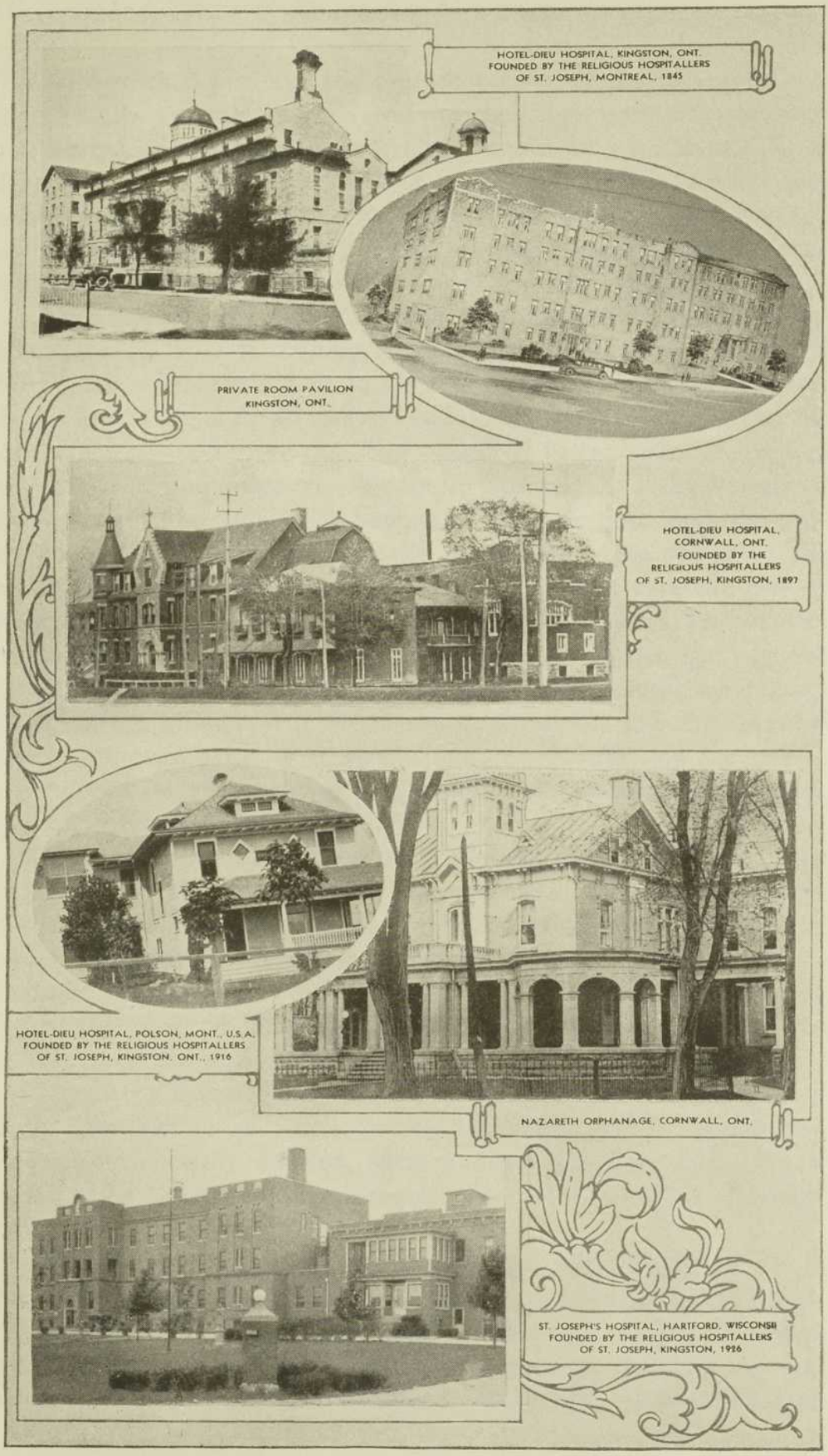
We have now reached the month of June, 1659—in fact the 12th of that month. This was the day fixed for the departure of the "Saint-André," the vessel that was to take them all to Canada. In La Rochelle were gathered a goodly company of enthusiastic people. M. de la Dauversière, just out of his bed of sickness and just after hearing of financial misfortunes that had fallen to his lot, was there to bid God-speed to his envoys. M. de Fancamp, now a priest, was on hand, as he had been eighteen years earlier on the occasion of Jeanne's first trip over the ocean. Sister Bourgeoys was present with her associates and companions, the future pioneer teachers of the Congregation de Notre Dame de Montréal. Jeanne Mance and her little colony of young women, including all those mentioned in our last chapter, awaited the moment of sailing. The crew was under the direction of a Captain appointed by the Grande Compagnie and there were over a hundred workmen, sailors, mechanics, soldiers, traders, and different classes of people whose destination was either the city of Quebec or the colony of Montreal. As was customary, a Mass was celebrated early in the morning to call down the blessing of Heaven upon the voyage; and all those in whom we are specially interested attended that service. It was a good time of the year to cross the ocean, as the month of June is generally warm, calm and free from such disturbances as the equinoxial gales or the tidal waves that, at given periods, make the Atlantic so treacherous and dangerous.

It will be recalled that Mgr. de Laval had asked that the departure of the Hospitallers should be delayed until the next year; he so desired it in order not to hurt the feelings of the Hospitallers of Quebec, and possibly to give these latter time to get a foothold in Montreal. His friends in France had taken the hint, if it were a hint, and placed all the obstacles they could in the way of the expedition setting out at the appointed time. But M. de Fancamp had warned de la Dauversière and in a letter of a few weeks earlier had said that "the time appointed by the Lord was at hand." When de la Dauversière was asked to explain his own haste in the matter he made answer: "If they do not go this year they will never go." Later on we will recognize how very true was this statement. Most certainly had they not sailed that summer they would never have had the opportunity of going to Montreal; and even if they were to have gone later on they would never have established the institution as he and Jeanne Mance and Madame de Bullion had intended it. Consequently the more objections were raised the more determined became these founders of a great institution.

The Captain of the ship, the "Saint-André," which was to take them to Canada, had been told that if he did not get paid for the passage of the one hundred and ten persons of the contingent, and the freight of their goods, before leaving port, he would never get any money. They had asked to be allowed to meet this cost on reaching Canada. But the Captain was told that he took a big risk, and that he was practically certain to get nothing for his voyage. The Company of Montreal had spent every franc they possessed in raising the recruits for Montreal; while the 22,000 livres given by Madame de Bullion were also exhausted. Twenty thousand had been given to M. de la Dauversière to invest in the name of the new community; and the other two thousand had been spent in fitting out the young women, procuring them all the necessaries for the trip and for their arrival, as well as in hiring two men, gardeners, to look after their fields when in the colony. Thus none of them could pay the sum demanded.

At the same time there was a fleet of vessels, belonging to the Grande Compagnie, that was to accompany the "Saint-André" across the sea.

As a result of this refusal, at the very last moment, on the part of the Captain, the vessel did not sail on the 12th of June, nor for three weeks after. He was headstrong and determined. De la



KINGSTON AND BRANCH HOUSES: CORNWALL, POLSON AND HARTFORD

Dauversière then went to the representatives of the Grande Compagnie and asked them not to send out their fleet until this difficulty was settled so that the "Saint-André" could go with them. It is clear that the advantage of sailing with a strong fleet of ships was incalculable. There was therein a protection both in case of wreck and in case of pirates. For in those days the high seas were infested with rovers that carried the black flag of the freebooter.

Once more we affirm that we only relate facts; but most certainly the cold facts bear a striking resemblance to the interventions of Providence. In vain did de la Dauversière plead with the Admiral of the fleet. Deaf to all prayer and to all reason, he ordered his fleet to set sail and leave the "Saint-André" to take care of itself as best it could, and whenever it could. Scarcely had the vessels of the fleet vanished from sight beyond the islands that form the protection of the port of La Rochelle, than they were seized in the mighty arms of the tempest that so often runs riot over the Bay of Biscay, carrying death and ruin in its howling path. The canvas was torn to shreds, the masts were snapped like laths, the riggings were twisted out of all order and shape, the huge hulls were flung about by the billows as if they were cockleshells, and the Admiral was swept overboard by a gigantic wave. Misfortune seemed to have spread its wings above them, and, like the spirit of ill-omen, to have shadowed them with death.

Meanwhile the Captain of the "Saint-André" relented and consented to take the word of de la Dauversière and of Jeanne Mance; and well for all that he did so. None are more superstitious than sailors, and when this Captain noted the ill results of the Admiral's obstinacy, he concluded that it would eventually pay him better to chance the promises of remuneration in Canada than hazard the frustration of the plans of such people.

It was the 29th of June, feast of Saints Peter and Paul, that they finally arranged to sail. As on the previous occasion, when they were so unexpectedly delayed, Mass was said for them in the Jesuit church of La Rochelle and at noon all were on board ready to weigh anchor.

There is an illustration in this volume representing M. de la Dauversière bidding adieu to the travellers on the deck of the vessel. Only the most prominent personages of our story are therein represented. The reader will notice in the centre the fine, manly and distinguished figure of the venerable Le Royer de la Dauversière, in

the act of imparting a paternal and final blessing, as he tells them that they go to do the work of God and accomplish His designs. Kneeling before him are Sisters de Brésoles, Macé and Maillet. Immediately behind him stand Jeanne Mance and Marguerite Bourgeoys, and one of the latter's assistants.

De la Dauversière now felt that his lifework was accomplished; the ten years that Sister Marie de La Ferre had promised him, were counted; the expedition that he had labored for, through ten thousand difficulties, was about to leave France; he announced to them the approaching end of his own earthly career; he had suffered untold ills of body and of mind, and had been temporarily relieved, apparently, for the sole purpose of performing this last act of direction in the enterprise he had been inspired to undertake; and, like Simeon of old, when he held the Infant Saviour in his arms, this great, good and wonderful man pronounced the solemn words of the *Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine, secundum verbum tuum, in pace.**

Four months and four days after this did he linger in agony beyond human language to describe—until the 6th of November, 1659. But his great mission on earth was accomplished. Before following our travellers over the ocean and through the troubles and terrors of that memorable voyage, let us linger a moment by the death-bed of the most remarkable personage, apart from the real heroine, that our story has to do with. It was so edifying that its record deserves to go down to posterity; and if, in our humble tribute, we are unable to do full justice to such a character, at least we will do what we can to embalm his memory for the future contemplation of all lovers of Canadian history.

After all, when every other source is exhausted, if, like our late beloved Sovereign Pontiff, Pius X, we seek comparisons for human joys or for human sorrows, it is to the pages of Holy Writ that we must go. Apart from the story of the good man Job, no place in the vast annals of human endurance can we find a parallel for the sufferings of de la Dauversière. Crushed with all manner of afflictions, blamed undeservedly on all sides, even by those he held most dear, even by members of the very community for which his life had been sacrificed, he dragged himself for a few weeks through the streets, falling in faints on the curbstones, trying to reach the church

*Now thou dost dismiss thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word, in peace.

or the hospital, to pray or to console the sick. At last he took to his bed. M. de Fancamp came to him and remained with him to impart the consolations of religion. He seemed abandoned by all, even by God Himself. Gout, stone-in-the-bladder, gallstones, ulcerated hemorrhoids, running sores in limbs, back, head, ears, eyes and nose, and internal disorders combined to torture him. The remedies used for one phase of his malady seemed to aggravate the others. In no position could he rest or endure the pains. His sole consolation was that Our Lord did not ask to change his position when on the Cross. How he longed for death, to be freed from pain, to be with God!

After a severe crisis some person sent to have the church bell tolled for the dying. "Not yet," he murmured, "not yet: I saw God in His Justice, and I was terror-stricken; but I have since seen Him in His Mercy, and it is a foretaste of Heaven." Shortly after this he crossed his hands on his breast, raised his eyes to the ceiling, bowed his head, and expired.

In the presence of such a death there is no more to be said, save to apply in his case the touching and memorable lines penned by Thomas D'Arcy McGee, one month before his own tragic end:—

"Sad were the hearts that laid him there:
Where shall we find his equal? Where?
Naught can avail him now but prayer:
Miserere Domine."

CHAPTER XXIII

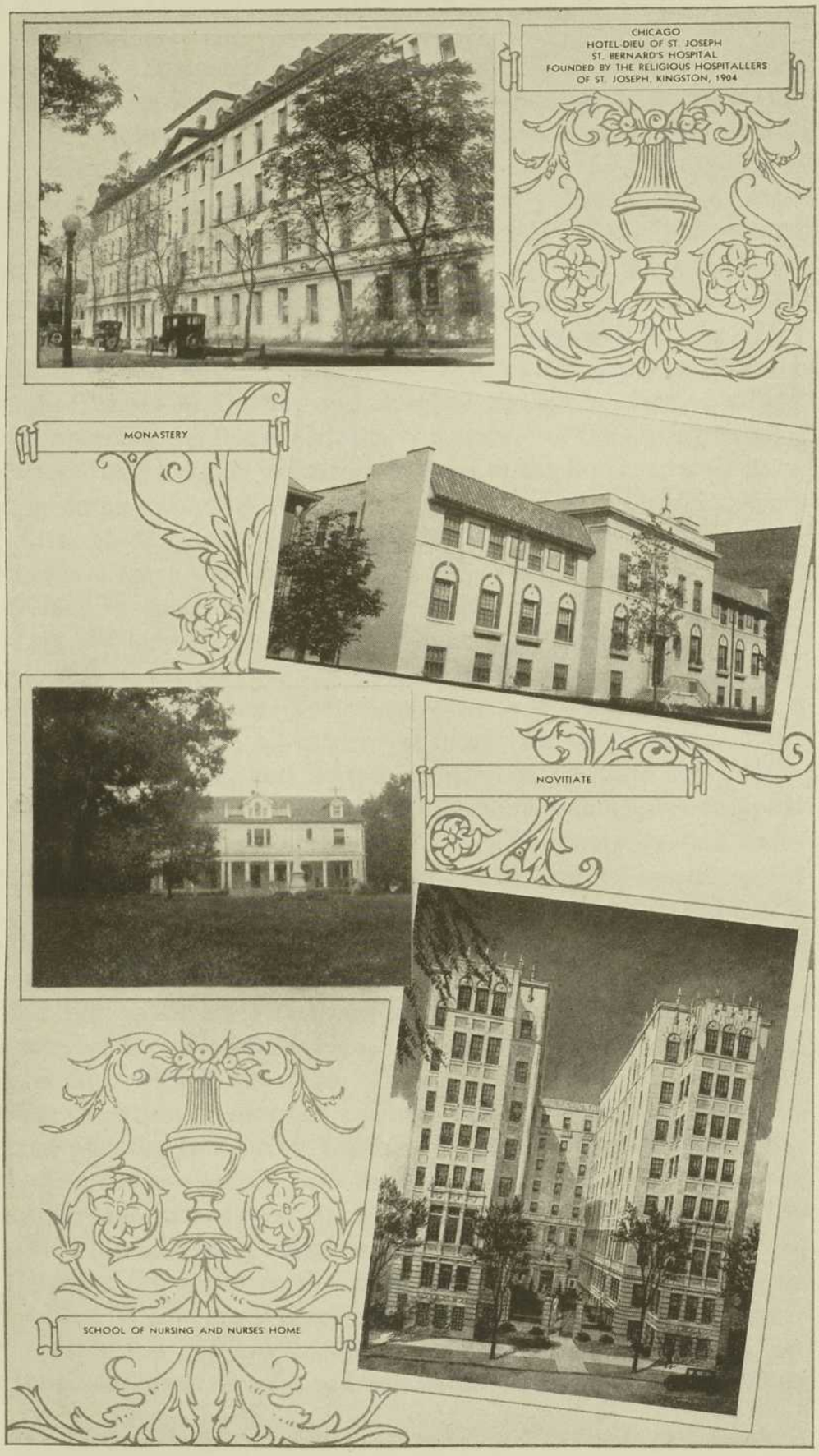
On Board the "Saint-André—A Floating Pest-House—The Terrors of the Deep

WE HAVE now to tell of the most important voyage taken by Jeanne Mance—the trip of the "Saint-André" from La Rochelle to Quebec, from the 29th of June to the 8th of September, 1659. Two months and ten days of buffeting, hair-breadth escapes from destruction; sickness, death, and every terror that the Atlantic, in those days of more or less primitive navigation, scattered along the pathway of those who faced the wrath of old father Neptune. That we may the better estimate the ordeals, or rather the one long and unvaried ordeal, we shall begin with a description of the ship that carried Jeanne and her company to Canada.

From the time of Columbus to the days of Jeanne Mance, about a century and a half, there had been but slight advancement in the construction of the larger sea-going ships. In size there was little improvement; in equipment there was somewhat more; in system of navigation there was less; and in the inconveniences and dangers of a trans-Atlantic voyage there was no difference.

The "Saint-André" had been, for some few years, a Government troop and hospital vessel; it had not been placed in quarantine, nor had any precautions been taken to disinfect it, before allowing it to sail with this human cargo of over one hundred and fifty persons. Hence the unsanitary condition of its pest-haunted hold and the abominable state of its very best compartments. It was a floating deathtrap; once launched upon the ocean in its plague-impregnated recesses, there was no escape from the phantom of disease, no refuge from the spectre of death.

The "Saint-André" was a first class cruiser of those days; a caravel of the most important type; in every way suited to make such a trip as that upon which it was now bound: that is to say, if everything else had been equal—the condition of the ship and the


CHICAGO
HOTEL-DIEU OF ST. JOSEPH
ST. BERNARD'S HOSPITAL
FOUNDED BY THE RELIGIOUS HOSPITALLERS
OF ST. JOSEPH, KINGSTON, 1904
MONASTERY
NOVITIATE
SCHOOL OF NURSING AND NURSES' HOME

CHICAGO, ILL.

weather on the Atlantic. Its length was 110 feet over all; its beam 35 feet 9 inches; its depth of hold 13 feet 6 inches; its gross tonnage 110.

Apart from her bowsprit she carried three masts. The mainmast was 92 feet in height and on top of it was the "crow's-nest", which was 10 feet 6 inches in diameter and 3 feet 6 inches deep; there the sailor on look-out duty was stationed. Under full sail she unfurled 5,250 square feet of canvas; and it must have been an exceedingly pretty sight when her sails were spread to the breeze and she stood out to sea in all her glory. Judging from the effect produced on the author many years ago, as he stood on the old Dufferin Terrace at Quebec and watched the spring fleet of sailing vessels rounding the Isle of Orleans, the picture of the quaint-looking "Saint-André," hanging upon the blue rim of the horizon, must have been inspiring even to poetry.

After boarding the ship by the main gangway, you came upon a large square space that might be called the main deck. Necessarily, every inch of space was occupied. Here the immense main mast took up considerable room, then a huge capstan, like an inverted barrel, with spokes in the top for turning it, was used to lower or raise the immense anchor—some 2,500 pounds in weight. This space was also filled up with all manner of blocks for the working of the rigging, coils of cable, and belaying pins. In the bow was a deck to which you ascended by eight steps; under this was a space occupied by the crew for sleeping accommodation. The more modern hammock was not yet in use and the bunks were crowded one on top of the other, comfort being something unheard of and unlooked for.

Behind the mainmast and on either side were two stairways, of six or seven steps each, leading up to the mizzen deck or central one. Behind this again, at a distance of some thirty feet, was another staircase, of the stepladder kind, leading up to the stern or poop deck, a third deck in this case. Here was the rudder beam used in steering the azimuth compass whereby the course of the vessel was directed and the two heavy Lombardic cannons—the largest of the kind then in use—which were fixed to the gunwales by means of heavy cordage and placed upon semi-turning wheel-carriages that permitted of their being aimed and sighted for use.

Going down again to the main deck, as we have called it, we find a stair of nine steps descending into what is the hold or under deck. Over this entrance to the stairway is a square trap-door, six feet by seven, made of solid oak and bound in iron bands, the whole

being about nine inches thick. This door is closed hermetically in case of great storms and all on board, except Captain and crew, are locked down in the hold. Just imagine being herded in that hold several days, without air or light, in the pest-filled atmosphere of the old hospital ship. Such was the fate of our travellers during several of those nine or ten weeks spent on the Atlantic.

It was in the space down there, between decks as we might call it, that were stored away most of the provisions, the tanks of fresh water, the cargo and the ammunition. Casks of powder were within a few inches of the rushlights and lanterns used to light up the almost perpetual gloom of that kind of floating prisonhouse. And here we might say that there were no port-holes below the first line of flooring in the vessels of that period; hence the increased darkness and lack of air.

Under this deck, or storey, of the interior or hold, is another lower and bottom hold, reached by a stairway of ten steps. It is here the few cabins are; we say few, because the space would not allow of separate cabins. Two rows on each side of the ship, converging towards a railed-off space within twelve feet of the extreme stern, were all the cabins there were, and these were mere tiny cells, without light and without furniture, save a bunklike bed, and a chair or shelf-formed table. Any person who had one of these could not have the other.

The space above mentioned in the extreme end of the ship and in the very lowest hold was twelve feet in depth and sixteen feet wide at the entrance and six feet wide at the inside end. This space was cut in two unequal parts, by a row of iron bars. The section to the left was the ship's prison where refractory or mutinous men of the crew were confined in irons; the other section was the ship's hospital. The sick could look in at the prisoners and hear their rough language, while the prisoners could look in at the sick and taunt them with jibes and mock their pains and contortions. Between these two sets of sufferers, the one set through its own fault the other through no fault of its own, the nurses and their leader, Jeanne Mance, had to do the duty that mercy and their situation imposed upon them.

Such is a rough and hurried sketch of the "Saint-André" as it carried that load of one hundred and fifty people and all their belongings into the fierce jaws of the maddened Atlantic during the scorching months of the memorable summer of 1659.

At the very outset the germs of fever and other diseases began to play havoc with all on board. So peculiar were some of those who fell ill that they would not allow Jeanne or any of her assistants to nurse them. Besides, the Captain said that it was not safe to let her undertake nursing, as her life, he was told, was too precious for the colony. However, after eleven of the sick died, they were willing to let her nurse.

Such the human freight and such the vessel that faced the long voyage of nine weeks on the 29th of June, 1659.

To follow the "Saint-André" through all the terrific scenes of that memorable crossing would lengthen our story beyond all due proportion. But we must have at least a slight idea of the journey. After the eleven deaths had occurred there were no more protests, and every spare moment was given to the care of the sick by Jeanne, Marguerite Bourgeoys and their associates. Sister de Brésoles and Maillet multiplied themselves in their efforts, and took no other precaution against the contagion than a simple trust in God. Sisters Châtel, Crolo and Raisin, who accompanied Sister Bourgeoys, felt the effects of the plague, but worked for the others all through. Towards the end of the voyage Sister Bourgeoys was very much exhausted and Jeanne Mance was at one time reduced to the verge of collapse. Sister Macé suffered the most continuously throughout the journey. She scarcely ever left the cabin.

During the first eleven days the sailing was lovely and all on the ship had turns on deck to breath fresh air. On the evening of July 11th, the sea was almost calm, a great heaving of the broad bosom of the ocean alone told that they were not on any placid stream. That evening Jeanne and Marguerite Bourgeoys were walking up and down the centre deck. The sun set like a ball of fire and on the eastern horizon, the moon arose red and round. It would recall, had he written before their time, the words of Chateaubriand: "There was immensity above and immensity beneath; and the Almighty seemed to bend over the abyss, staying the sun with one hand in the west, raising the moon with the other in the east, and lending through all the vastness an attentive ear to the voice of His creatures." A gray purple haze hung along the rim of the western sky; a few seagulls still followed the track of the vessel and skimmed hither and thither along the waves. The Captain passed and Jeanne remarked: "What a lovely evening." He made reply: "And what

a terrible night ahead." He knew the signs better than she did, and foresaw the oncoming cyclone.

The ladies were about to retire when they perceived, just along the south-western verge, where the heavens and the waters touched, a long snowy line, like the first view of the Alps, or of the Rockies from the distant expanse of the prairies. It grew rapidly higher and more broken. On it came, with fearful velocity, like the herald troop of an advancing army, waving a sea of white plumes to the breeze. It was the advance-guard of the hurricane that was rushing over the plain of waters to the scene of elemental strife. There was an oppressiveness in the air that forebode evil; there was a silence on the sea that foretold tumult. The order was given: "All below." The sailors rushed up the rigging to reef the canvas, to spread out the fore staysail and to make all snug aboard to face the coming storm. Down into the hold went Jeanne and all the passengers. As they started to descend they took a parting look at the disappearing sun. It was the last glimpse of it they were to have for nineteen days.

The hatch is closed; the passengers are huddled together in the space between decks below. Soon the ship seems to them to have started to steadily climb a steep mountain; it was the first foothill of the great sierra of undulating, tumbling, roaring billows that came to them—as if reversing the order of nature. In a few moments the vessel stood on her stern and rudder, like a racehorse, lifted by the reins to leap a hurdle. On the crest it balanced and quivered for a fraction of time, and then seemed to plunge headlong into an abyss that must have no bottom save the coral reefs on the bed of the Atlantic. Thus rising and plunging alternately, and ever rolling from side to side, went the "Saint-André" through the raging battle of billows that surrounded it. One would have thought that Father Neptune had waved his trident and gathered together, from the four corners of his broad domain, all the storms that were scattered over its surface and marshalled them into one immense army of rage and destruction.

The wind whistled and howled through the cordage; the yards and masts were bent like Indian bows; the ribs of oak groaned and moaned in the mighty exertion; at times it seemed as if the end had come and that no possible hope of weathering the tempest was left. Three days and four nights did this last, unabated, undiminished in fury. And yet the good ship came through the shocks triumphantly.

Fearful were the scenes in that hold. Sick men and women, careless of whether death came or not; hungry dozens, who could not eat nor sleep; thirst, fever, seasickness, unrest, tumbling from side to side of the ship, flung out of bunks upon the constantly moving floor, bruised, enfeebled, quivering, praying, screaming people; a veritable inferno of horrors.

Three times during the voyage was this experience repeated, and each time with variations that did not diminish its terrors. Few ships indeed would have survived the storms that lashed the "Saint-André." It is true she was an infected hospital vessel, but she also was one of the best-built that France possessed at that time—thanks to this fact she carried her precious cargo and human freight safe to their destination.

At last, the early days of September saw them enter the broad but more sheltered expanse of the St. Lawrence. It was the morning of the fifth of that month that they beheld the welcomed slopes of the Gaspé shore. Needless to say how relieved all were; nor how fervently went up the Te Deum entoned on the deck by M. Lemaistre and joined in by the entire body of travellers and crew. For two days more they sailed, before fresh winds and with favorable tides, upon the smooth surface of the majestic river. How they enjoyed the scenery, the ever-changing and shifting panorama of natural beauty that unfolded itself before them! To some of them the scenes were familiar, for others they wore the impress of novelty. But all felt, after the terrors of the ocean, that they were gliding into a land of peace, happiness and plenty.

On the 8th of September they reached Quebec. There they hurried to touch firm ground once more and to express to Heaven their gratitude for the manner in which they had been saved from the perils of the deep. The debt to the Captain was acquitted almost immediately, and he returned to France, to tell in every tone and with every adjective that his vocabulary could suggest, the praises and the glories of his ideal of womanhood, and his idol amongst all created beings—Jeanne Mance.

CHAPTER XXIV

Mgr. de Laval—Misunderstandings Cleared Away—Undercurrents of Cross-Purposes

BISHOP DE LAVAL, the first episcopal head of the Church in Canada, was a man of exceptionally fine parts—great learning, indomitable energy, deep sentiment and grand conception of his mission in the New World. It would carry us too far into our story were we to attempt any biographical sketch of one whose life would require, to be properly told, a whole volume. However, so many troubles surrounded the first years of his administration, so great was the contest between him and those we are more especially writing about, so numerous have been the misunderstandings of historians in regard to him, and his attitude in connection with the establishment of the Hospitallers of La Flèche at Montreal, that we must, in order to be exact and to cast light upon some of the shadows, dedicate a few pages to that important period.

Sister Morin, in her "Annals of the Hospitallers of Ville-Marie," seems to have been misinformed by what she had heard, in her younger days, concerning M. de Queylus, who had left Ville-Marie before she came to reside there. She assures us that M. de Laval, in refusing his approval of the establishment of the La Flèche Hospitallers at Montreal, claimed as his motive that he had given his word to M. de Queylus, that he would not erect their community canonically; and she adds that, through friendship for that ecclesiastic, M. de Laval persisted for many years in this determination. Sister Morin must have been unintentionally led astray in this. To so contend that, in a matter of such moment, the Bishop was influenced by such an unsatisfactory motive would be to do him grave injustice. It would have been childish and far from being in accord with his well-known character to have created so much trouble for the sake of what is styled, a personal friendship for M. de Queylus.

If M. de Laval was so taken with the importance of M. de Queylus and so blinded to his peculiarities that he was ready to ignore all agreements, contracts, and engagements taken solemnly between the Company of Montreal and the Hospitallers, or between Jeanne Mance and the various benefactors of the establishment, it is passing strange that he expelled M. de Queylus from the colony, and ordered him not to return; also that, some years later, when M. de Queylus did return and presented a commission from the Holy See, M. de Laval forced him to go back to France and to remain there.

However, we find one little consideration, in connection with M. de Laval, which seems not to have come to the mind of any of the writers regarding that period. It will be remembered that M. de Queylus was in the beginning designated as the first Bishop of Canada and that, for reasons that we have not space to enter into, at a last moment, M. de Laval was selected by Rome for that position. It is quite possible that M. de Laval felt this and through a sense of delicacy did not wish to impress it on M. de Queylus. This very natural and very praiseworthy sentiment on the part of the new Bishop may have had much to do with the tolerant manner in which he accepted dictation from M. de Queylus, at least in the commencement of his career in Quebec.

So much we deem necessary before entering into the details of the controversy regarding the establishment at Montreal, and the part taken therein by Mgr. de Laval.

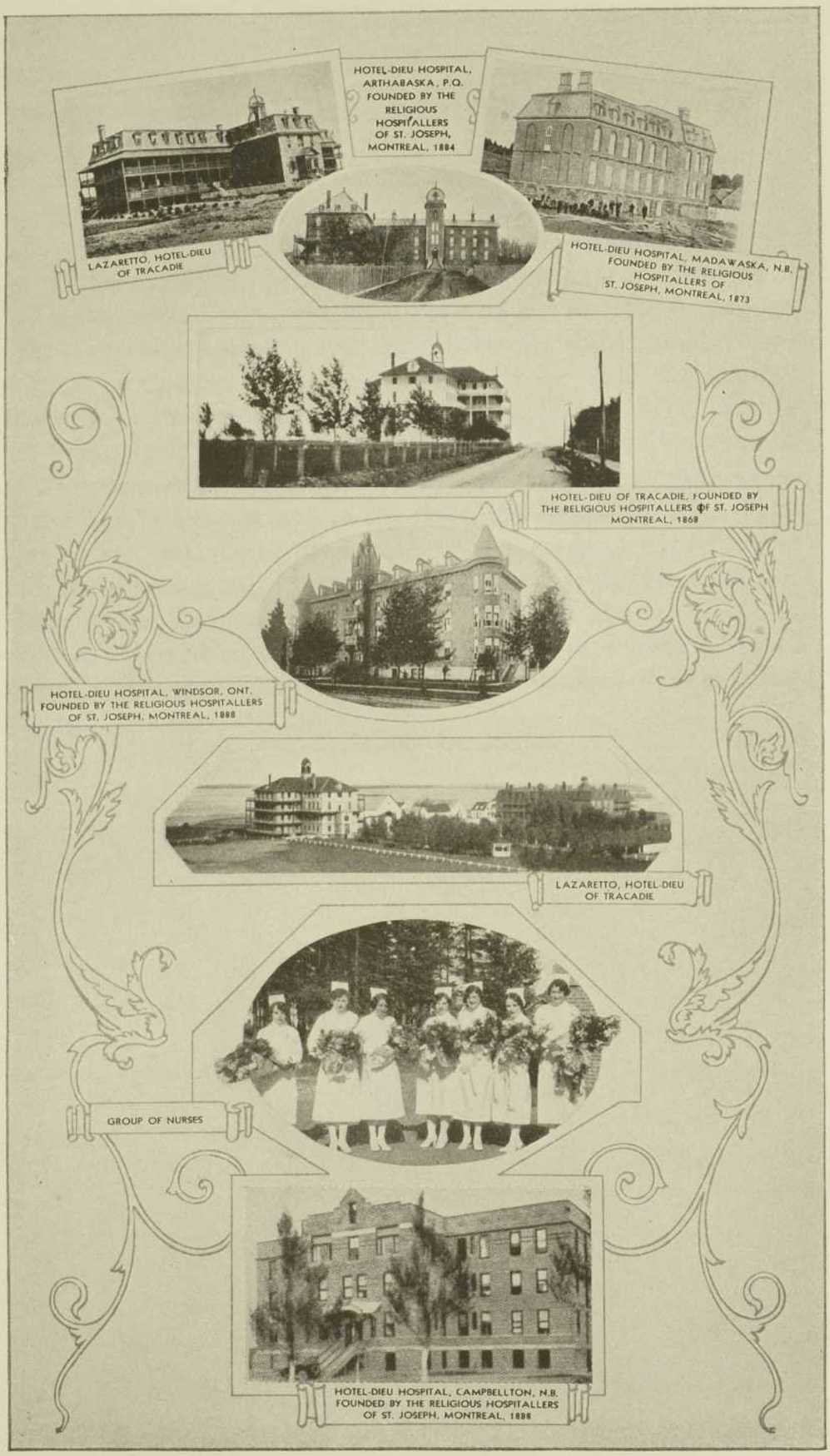
The Hospitallers and Jeanne Mance looked upon all the opposition raised to their project as so many evidences of the Divine character of the work. Hence it was that they explained, as not unexpected, the opposition of the pious de Laval and of the zealous Jesuits to their undertaking. The Company of Montreal considered that the sole object of M. de Laval was to secure for the Nuns at Quebec, two of whom were then in Montreal, the important Hôtel-Dieu about to be there established. But having entered into engagements with the Sisters at La Flèche, before ever M. de Laval was thought of for the colony, and seeing that the Hospitallers had now funds for their foundation—which funds, according to solemn contract, could not be otherwise used—the Company felt that it was serving the designs of God to send out the Sisters of La Flèche, despite the expressed desire of de Laval that they should delay their trip for another year. Besides there was always de la Dauversière's

inspired directions regarding the honoring of the Holy Family in Canada and the establishment of the three Orders at Montreal. Hence it was that, without any disrespect for M. de Laval's expressed wishes or disregard of his opposition, the Company, Jeanne and the Hospitallers continued on their course, undeterred, unwaveringly, through calm and storm alike. So much by way of explanation.

On arriving, our friends proceeded to the church to offer up a thanksgiving, after which they called on M. de Laval and presented a request for his authorization to establish themselves at Ville-Marie. The Bishop did not at once reply to this request, but confined himself to congratulating them upon their courage, asking them to go see M. d'Argenson, the Governor, and also the Hospitallers, and instructing them to take up lodgings with the Ursulines. However, they soon saw that all this kindness was merely intended to detach them from their own institution and to incorporate them with the Hospitallers of Quebec.

Sister Morin, in her "Annals," says: "They were closely pressed and solicited by the Bishop of Pétrée and by the Rev. Jesuit Fathers to leave their institute and to unite themselves with the Hospitallers of Saint-Augustin of Quebec, or else to return to France. They did their utmost to make them take one or the other of these courses, thinking to glorify God in so doing." But they could not join the Quebec Sisters without violating their solemn promise taken at La Flèche and mentioned in a previous chapter of this work; nor could they return to France without violating thereby their financial obligations. Placed in this dilemma, Sister Judith de Brésoles, their Superioress, who was a veritable Judith in courage, refused in their united names to take either course. Moreover, the Associates of the Company of Montreal left M. de Laval to understand that they would withdraw their contributions to the Montreal foundation, if the Hôtel-Dieu of that place were given to the care of any others than the La Flèche Hospitallers. The Bishop saw that the funds of the Quebec Hospital would never suffice to maintain the two establishments, and deprived of the aid of the Company of Montreal it would be useless to insist further.

After spending a month in this state of uncertainty, on the 2nd of October, 1659, M. de Laval gave them a written authorization to go and exercise the duties of their position at Ville-Marie; he confirmed Sister de Brésoles in the office of Superioress; and, as he thought their chaplain, M. Lemaistre, too favorable to their ideas regarding



TRACADIE, MADAWASKA AND CAMPBELLTON, N.B.
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their institute, he replaced him in that office by another member of the Order of Saint-Sulpice, M. Vignal. The latter was directed to accompany them to Montreal.

All through these discussions and contradictions, Jeanne Mance was seriously ill in a house in the Lower Town of Quebec. Also a number of the young girls who came out with her suffered from the effects of the contagion on the ship. Consequently, she begged of the Sisters to proceed at once to Montreal and not await her recovery. She feared any delay might cause fresh obstacles to be raised. Thus on the 6th of October they set out in boats for their destination. On the way up they met the two Hospitallers, Sisters de la Nativité and de Saint-Paul, who were recalled from Montreal and who came down accompanied by M. de Saint-Sauveur, chaplain of their Community. The two boats met on the river, but as the wind was high they could not get nearer than eight or ten yards of each other—hence their greetings were very brief and hurried. Thus, while the two Sisters that had been sent to Montreal "for change of air" a year before returned to Quebec, the Community that Jeanne Mance had destined for the Hôtel-Dieu of Montreal reached their destination in safety.

CHAPTER XXV

Montreal in 1659—Some Old Families and Descendants—Simple Offerings of Goodwill—Legal Possession

APART from the hundred people that came to Montreal with the Hospitallers, there were about one hundred and sixty men in the place, and of these about fifty were heads of families more or less numerous. Including wives, children and sisters-in-law, cousins, and others, they averaged about five to a family—making in all some two hundred and fifty citizens. The addition of the one hundred thus brought the population to something between two hundred and fifty and three hundred souls—there were a few not herein counted who might be called a floating population, consisting of agents or traders from below, hunters, *coureurs de bois*, and explorers, who came and went without any regularity.

There were about forty houses so situated that they were in no way protected from the incursions of the Iroquois. But there was the Fort at the southern extremity and a redoubt and mill that had just been constructed upon an eminence to the north, called Coteau Saint-Louis, which assured public safety. This latter place was not far from what has since been called Mount Saint-Louis, where to-day stands the important College of the Christian Brothers. Such was the Montreal of that day. Not a very extensive place, if you will, but so important for the future of the country, so unique in its geographical situation that it could not be other than the foundation of a mighty commercial metropolis in the years to come.

The Hospitallers, on arriving, proceeded to the church attached to the Hôtel-Dieu of that day, to return thanks to God. As the building intended for them was not completed, they took temporary abode in that occupied by Jeanne Mance. And now, who were they that Jeanne had brought to Canada with her and many of whose descendants are Montrealers of to-day?

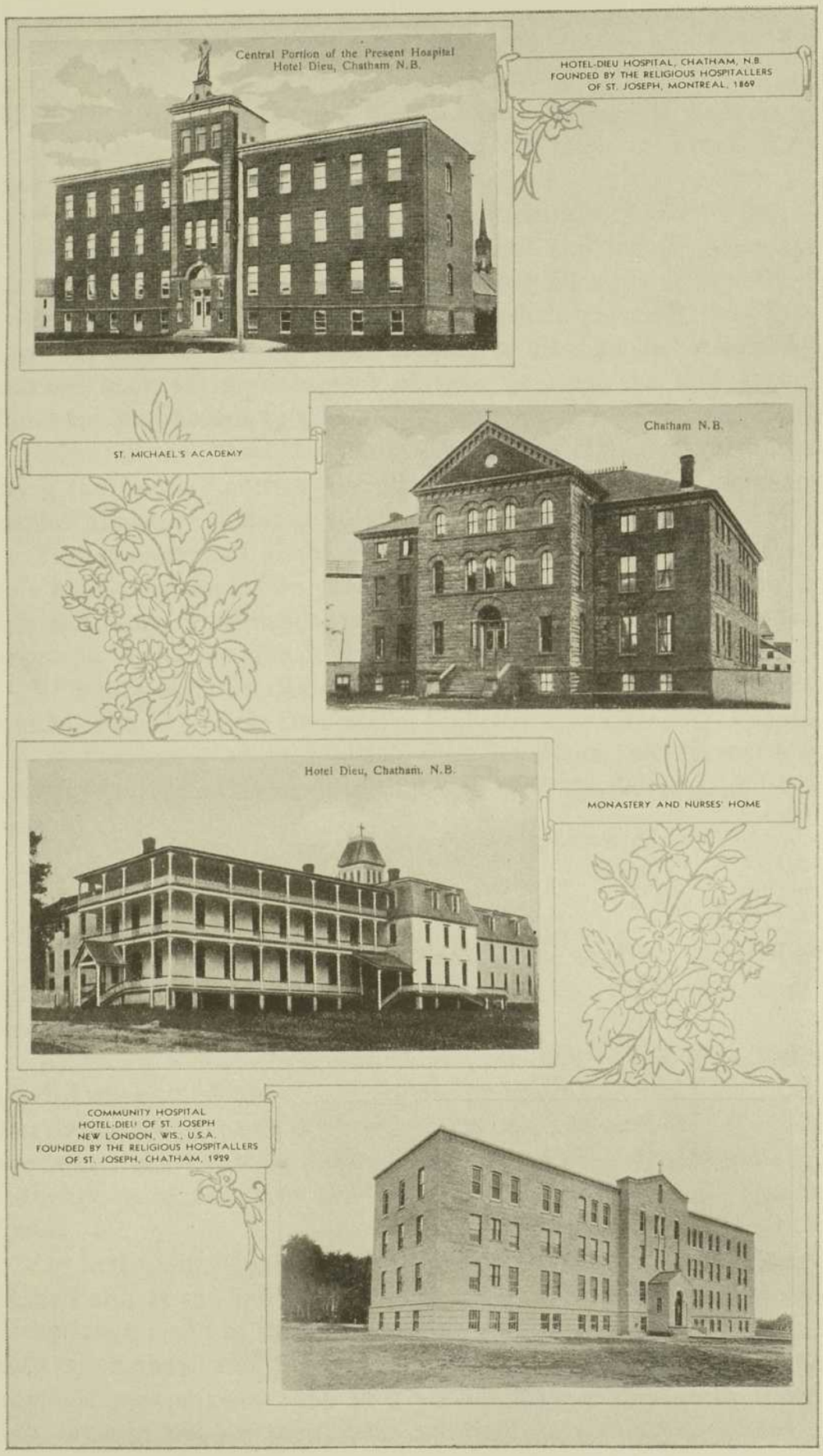
There is a quaint document buried under the dust of two and a half centuries in the archives of the Montreal Court House, which is of historic interest. It is a deed of obligation, between several colonists and Jeanne Mance, whereby they bind themselves to repay to her in instalments the sums she advanced them for their passage to Canada, from the city of La Rochelle to Quebec, paid "de la nouvelle France, sur le Saint-André." It is drawn up by M. A. Demontreau, "notaire royal," residing at La Rochelle and bearing date the 5th of June, 1659. Side by side with this curiously composed and more curiously spelled document is another, dated ten years later, at Montreal, 10th of November, 1669, and drawn up by Benigne Basset, a well-known Notary of that day. This latter document is an acquittance on the part of Jeanne Mance, to each of the families in question, for the respective amounts due her, all paid in full within the ten years delay mentioned in the first deed of obligation.

It would be too long to cite the two documents, but we will give the principal parts of the second one, both to show what Jeanne had done to assist those anxious to come to Canada, and to let our readers know the names of a few of the families that came out with her and the descendants of which are to-day either well-known citizens of Montreal or else of other sections of the Province. It would be really interesting, had we the space, to copy these documents in order to show the incongruities of spelling, orthography and phraseology that obtained in those days. But that is out of the question. However, any citizen of Montreal can see and read like documents in the museum of the Chateau de Ramezay any day in the year. We quote this much for our own present purpose:—

"The said persons addressed themselves to the person of the young lady Jeanne Mance resident of the Isle of Montreal, in the country of New France in Canada, being at present in this city of La Rochelle and present and accepting in person, to whom they did declare that having taken the resolution to go live with their families on the said Island of Montreal, they are prevented therefrom because of not having the means to pay their passages to that country, and did beg and request her to be kind enough to oblige them by paying the psssage of each of them, offering in kind to return to her and acquit the sums hereinafter (mentioned) in two to ten years being held so, each towards her and each one of the said husbands and wives (jointly and) severally, one for all, which having been accepted by the said Demoiselle Mance, in virtue whereof the said Olivier

Charbonneau and Marie Garnier, his wife, have bound themselves as aforestated to pay within the time above mentioned to the said Demoiselle Mance the sum of 175 livres (tournois) for their passage from this city to the said place of Quebec (quebecq) in the said country of New France for themselves and for Anne Charbonneau their daughter; the said Simon Cardinault and Michelle Garnier his wife the sum of 225 livres (tournois) also for their passage from the said city to the said place of Quebec, also for Jacques and Jean their children; the said Pierre Goyet and Louisa Garnier, his wife the sum of 175 livres for their passage and for Marie Goyet their daughter to the said place called Quebec; the said Jean Roy and Francoise Bouet, his wife, the sum of 150 livres (tournois) for their passage to the said place of Quebec; the said Mathurin Thibaudeau and Catherine Aurard, his wife, the sum of 350 livres for their passage, and for Catherine, Marguerite, Jeanne and Jacques Thibaudeau their children to the said place of Quebec; the said Jean Racaud and Renée Bouet, his wife, the sum of 275 livres for their passage to the said place of Quebec also for Marguerite and Jeanne Recault their children; (here we find the parents called Racaud and the children Racault); and for Antoine Pelletreau son of the said Bouet; (evidently a son by a previous marriage of Renée Bouet, wife of Racaud); the said Pierre Guiberge and Mathurine Desbordes, his wife, the sum of 225 livres;" —for the rest of the long list we will quote only the names and sums; after each are repeated the same set of words concerning "the said place of quebecq."

". . . . . Jeanne and Marie, daughters of the aforesaid Guiberge; Hélie Beojan and Suzanne Cougon, his wife, the sum of 250 livres, also for Suzanne de Beaujeu (mark the difference in spelling, they were quite indifferent to that detail in the days of Basset the Notary), their daughter and for Anthoine Cougnon brother of the said Cougnon; moreover the above obliged themselves to pay and restitute to the said Jeanne Mance 197 livres which the said Jeanne Mance had given to pay their debt to Daniel Guerry of this city, landlord of the boarding place called Grâce de Dieu, and to pay for chests (now called trunks) wherein to place their clothes—that is to say the said Charbonneau and wife 31 livres, 12 solz and 6 pence; the said Thibaudeau and wife 36 livres, 10 solz (solz, about a half shilling), the said Simon Cardinault and wife 31 livres, 9 solz; the said Roy and wife 21 livres; the said Goyet and wife 24 livres, 9 solz, 8 pence; the said Racaud and wife 6 livres for box or chest; and over and above the said Racaud



CHATHAM, N.B., AND NEW LONDON, WIS.

will pay and acquit to the said Jeanne Mance within the term above stipulated the 10 livres which she paid for them to Pierre Pots, landlord in Saint Nicholas Street;

"And all which obligations each of them are bound to pay to the said Jeanne Mance each one for himself and for all others (he means jointly and severally), and renouncing all right of benefits of division and discussion, and in default of which payment they have consented and do consent to be subject to all mild and reasonable measures such as imprisonment of their persons; the said Jeanne Mance binding herself to take them from this city to the said place of Quebec, in the vessel the "Saint-André," to supply all their food during the journey and to pay off what they owe to the merchant Jacques Mousnier of this city . . . . . ."

The document of discharge is short and declares that all these sums have been repaid to Jeanne Mance, by the parties hereto or their survivors or descendants within the ten years; and the last paragraph of that document reads thus:—

"Promet, obligean, Renoncant et faict et passé aud. Montréal en la Maison de la ditte Demoiselle, L'an 16c soixante-neuf, Le dixie. Jour de Novembre avant Midy en face des sieurs Jean Gervaise et francois Dailly, Tesmoings y demeurans et soub. Avec Lad. Demoiselle,

Jeanne Mance
Basset,
No. re."

The above is exactly as written, spelling, capitals, absence of capitals, abbreviations and all other peculiarities. "No. re." means Notaire Royal.

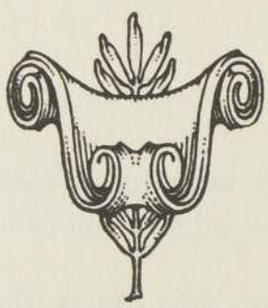
We might mention, amongst others, that the Thibaudeau family so well known in Montreal and Quebec as leading merchants of both cities during the past two or three generations, and members of which have been and are still legislators in Senate and Commons of Canada, is directly descended from the Thibaudeaus brought out by Jeanne Mance.

On arrival in Montreal, with Father Vignal (a future martyr for the Faith at the hands of the Iroquois), the Sisters were received by the inhabitants in their own simple and hearty way. Each one called upon them and they were invited to each family and each household was anxious that they should take a meal with them. They brought out all their little luxuries, such as milk, pumpkin

preserves, popped corn, and homemade bread and cakes. After a few days thus going from house to house, and not wishing to offend any by neglecting them, the Sisters selected a small apartment into which they placed their beds and the furniture they had brought with them, and set up their home therein and immediately began to look after the sick.

Right after this M. Vignal placed them in possession of the Hôtel-Dieu and all the buildings attached thereto, and on the 20th of November, M. de Maisonneuve handed them a document, dated from the Fort of Ville-Marie, where he resided, placing them in legal possession.

At last the Hospitallers of La Flèche were settled in Montreal.



CHAPTER XXVI

Jeanne Mance's Arrival—Hurried Construction—
A Twelve Years' Battle

AFTER a three weeks' rest at Quebec, Jeanne Mance felt pretty much recovered from her illness and able to proceed to Montreal. She had been considerably reduced through the two years of suffering on account of her broken arm and dislocated wrist; she had endured a great amount of fatigue of body and worry of mind during her year in France; while cured, as related in a previous chapter, she had been none the less enfeebled by her long siege of pain and sickness; the close of the journey out, on the "Saint-André," had added to her weakened condition; besides, the pestilential state of the vessel had added its quota of poisonous impregnation to render her state of health almost precarious; finally Jeanne was not as young nor as fresh as she had been in the earlier days of her labors. Still she was endowed with a splendid constitution. In her first thirty years of life, as we have learned, she was more or less sickly all the time, and it was never thought likely that she could face the hardships of life in the colony; but she seemed to have grown healthier and stronger as the years went past, and certainly the improvement in her constitution must have been very great to have permitted of her coming through so many accidents, exposures and troubles.

Here we might recall the fact that Jeanne was now fifty-three years of age. Despite that fact, and the wearing character of the life she had led during the past twenty years, she was still in her prime, she still had the elastic and graceful step and carriage that marked her in youth, she still displayed the fire and energy that were so remarkable in the early days of her pioneer work, she still possessed that spirit of determination and calm as well as calculating perseverance that carried her through passes where ninety-nine out

of every hundred women would have failed. Besides she had lost nothing of that personal charm which won for her the hearts of all with whom she came in contact.

Jeanne Mance was still a beautiful woman; somewhat thinner, less full in features, on account of so much suffering endured; here and there, in those auburn locks, were scattered silver threads, the first harbingers of the coming winter and its snows; instead of detracting from, they added to, the wonderful loveliness of those gracefully arranged locks and ringlets; faint pencillings of time were to be noticed behind the eyes and running towards the small and delicate ears, the evidence that the noon of life had been passed; but the large, round, soft eyes were as full of life as ever, the veritable mirrors of the soul, the barometers of the spirit, now filled with a sympathy that melted the soul upon which it fell, now with a stern resolve that bespoke innate heroism, now with a fire that flashed shafts of indignation and withering scorn in the presence of injustice, cruelty or suffering undeserved. There was a something so lovable in this woman that her mere physical appearance, attractive as it might be, faded into the commonplace when compared with the magnetism of her expression and her glance. Truly may it be sung of her, as of a more modern and none the less lovely being:

"Goodness is Beauty's best portion,
A dower that no time can reduce,
A wand of enchantment and happiness,
Brightening and strengthening with use."

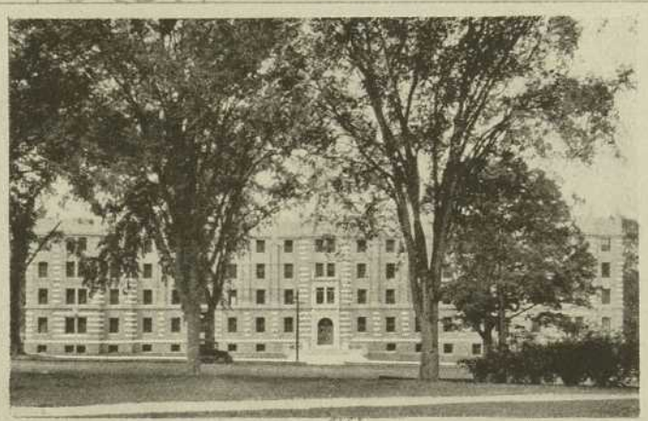
Were it not that we might be exposed to the criticism of those who cannot distinguish between a picture painted with the pencil of the fancy, and one drawn with the cold crayon of facts, we would devote many pages to the physical and mental delineation of this rare woman. We are not writing a special panegyric of Jeanne Mance, this is a record of absolute facts; we do not claim infallibility for her, for she made mistakes; we do not pretend that she was perfect, for she had her slight blemishes and even incongruities; but we do claim and without fear of gainsay, that no woman of her century surpassed or even equalled her in gifts and achievements, and that the number of women in the annals of the whole world who had done as much as she did for the cause of suffering humanity might be counted on the fingers of one hand.

ETHAN ALLEN
FAMOUS AMERICAN GENERAL
HERO OF THE BATTLE OF TICONDEROGA

THE HOTEL-DIEU OF WINOOSKI, VT. WAS BUILT ON THE ALLEN ESTATE TO COMMEMORATE A NOTABLE EVENT IN THE EARLY LIFE OF FANNY ALLEN. FANNY ALLEN'S HOSPITAL, FOUNDED BY THE RELIGIOUS HOSPITALLERS OF ST. JOSEPH, MONTREAL, 1894

WIFE OF GENERAL ALLEN
MOTHER OF SISTER ALLEN WHO BECAME
A RELIGIOUS OF THE HOTEL-DIEU OF
MONTREAL IN 1808

FANNY ALLEN AS A CHILD
BORN IN 1784, DIED IN 1819
A DISTINGUISHED DAUGHTER OF ETHAN ALLEN
WHOSE SHORT LIFE IS RECORDED IN HISTORY.



DE GOESBRIAND MEMORIAL HOSPITAL
BURLINGTON, VT.
BRANCH OF FANNY ALLEN HOSPITAL

General Ethan Allen and Family

When reading of the numberless chances for wealthy and influential marriages she had, all of which she cast aside to follow her vocation of Nurse and her mission in the New World, we could not but recall the striking lines from that quaint poem "Alice and Una," and apply them to Jeanne:—

"Alice was a chieftain's daughter,
And though many suitors sought 'er,
She so loved Glengariff's water,
That she let her lovers pine:
Her eye was Beauty's palace,
And her cheek an ivory chalice,
Through which the blood of Alice
Flow'd soft as rosiest wine,
And her lips were luscious blossoms,
Which the Fairies entertwine,
And her heart a golden mine."

After a very cold and painful journey Jeanne reached Montreal, just three weeks after the Sisters had landed. On reaching the colony she was painfully surprised to see the small advance made in the buildings that she expected to find finished. She complained strongly and started an investigation. It would seem that the crops that year were plentiful and that the work of the fields so took up the time of those who had been told to do the building of the houses for the Hospitallers that the construction was sacrificed to the gathering in of the grain. Jeanne put all the carpenters and builders to work at once, and for two months pushed them on until they had a place sufficient for the accommodation of the Sisters.

This apartment was situated above the men's and women's wards of the hospital and consisted of one room about twenty-five feet square, and a cell for the Superioress. The dormitory consisted of four little cells and a boudoir to serve as clothes-press. Such for many years afterwards was the monastery of the Sisters of St. Joseph, the first Hospitallers of Montreal. Later on we will have to detail all the miseries endured by these pioneer nurses in that abode.

The death of de la Dauversière, which we have recorded in a previous chapter, was nearly the cause of their being sent back to France, and the work they had now really commenced being taken from them and handed over to the Hospitallers of Quebec. In fact for twelve long years did they struggle against the influences that

sought to wipe out their foundation. De la Dauversière's indebtedness of over 100,000 livres had, without his knowledge, swallowed up the 20,000 that he had invested for the Hôtel-Dieu of Montreal and which had been given by Madame de Bullion. Thus left without the funds of their foundation, the Hospitallers decided, inspired by Jeanne Mance, to remain in Montreal and to carry on their work without any assurance of a foundation.

As soon as it was learned at Quebec that the Hospitallers of Montreal had lost their funds, the agitation was started afresh to have them go back to France and to have the place handed over to those of Quebec. But the Sisters of St. Joseph were steadfast and would not give in. The priests of the Seminary of Saint-Sulpice, especially M. Souart who had succeeded M. de Queylus as Superior, M. de Maisonneuve, Jeanne Mance, all the colonists at Montreal, and their confessors, M. Vignal and M. Galinier, also bursar of the Seminary, backed them up and encouraged them to remain and resist all pressure to the contrary. Many petitions were sent to Mgr. de Laval on their behalf. The fact is that the only friends they had in Canada were those just mentioned and the Ursulines of Quebec. Marie de l'Incarnation, writing on the 17th of September, 1660, said: "The good Mothers Hospitallers who came last year to settle in Montreal were nearly going back to France as their funds were seized and considered lost. But Monseigneur our Prelate kept them at the persistent request of the inhabitants of Montreal; for they are persons of great virtue and edification."

M. de Laval finally consented to allow them to remain despite the loss of their funds; but he never ceased for years to try and persuade them to join their lot with that of the Quebec Hospitallers. Sister Morin claims that this struggle lasted twelve years as a test of the firmness and perseverance of the Hospitallers. It was far from agreeable for them to have to be thus in constant controversy with their Bishop. M. de Laval declined to officially recognize the Community of Ville-Marie. Jeanne Mance felt this refusal keenly, and she said that she considered that it affected the Company of Montreal and the memory of M. Olier, who had accepted the Hospitallers of Saint-Joseph for this mission.

We are now about to enter upon the long series of crosses that were the share of the members of this institution. Perhaps in the entire history of the Church there has never been a like bead-roll of misfortunes gathered around the cradle of any of her communities.

So numerous, so diversified and so constant were these trials and sufferings that some of the best-disposed people of the time were urged to ask: "Why do they not give up a mission that is so evidently hedged in with impossible conditions?" But Jeanne Mance, silently and ever actively, continued on along the pathway that she knew would lead to final success. She knew the future better than did all the people who saw only the present and its immediate difficulties.

With the Hospitallers we shall begin now the year 1660, and with that year the gigantic struggle that is to end only within one year of Jeanne Mance's death. Yet she was to see the final crowning of all her undertakings and achievements before closing her eyes to the light of this world and opening them, no doubt, in the light of unending reward. It has been said that "if youth has its duty of labor, the birthright of age is repose." For Jeanne Mance that repose was to be an eternal one; she was to labor and struggle right on to the end.

CHAPTER XXVII

The Indians of That Day—Extreme Poverty of Hospitallers—Sufferings from Cold and Hunger

THERE were different tribes or bands of Indians in Canada, and especially around Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal, at that time. These differed from each other in manners, habits, customs, dispositions and in all traits of character, just as much as do the peoples of the different nations of Europe to-day. There were the Hurons, who were almost entirely extinguished by the savage Iroquois, and who made strong pretense of friendliness for the colonists. This, however, was to a great degree only on the surface; as we shall see later on, especially in one critical moment, they betrayed the colonists in a shameful manner. Their friendliness was more due to the fear they had of the Iroquois and the protection they expected from their French allies against their traditional and inveterate enemies. Then we have the Algonquins, who were the most easily civilized and the best disposed of all the bands. Of these we will have much to say later on.

But the Iroquois, or Six Nations, as they were sometimes called, were barbarians of the worst type—ferocious, cruel, cunning, deceitful, powerful, numerous and bloodthirsty. They always tried to create consternation in the hearts of their prey—for such really was the settlement at Montreal. Fenimore Cooper has described over and over the war-dance, war-paint, war-whoops, war-hatchets or tomahawks. But his pictures were never as horrible as the reality.

When a band of Iroquois decided upon attacking the settlement, they began by adorning their heads with feathers, about six inches long, and of every imaginable color. Some of them would prefer to go without food than to be deprived of feathers and paint. They managed to array their persons in the most abominable and ghastly manner. With the feathers they mixed porcupine quills and knit the whole into their hair—then daubed their heads with a kind of white clay, or what is now known as "blue clay." They wore no

clothing except the loin-cloth, or breech-cloth. Their bodies were painted a bright yellow, over the forehead a deep green, then streaks of black, yellow, blue and purple over the eyebrows and nose. Also, they made streaks of deep crimson, dotted with black, blue or green. It is almost impossible to form an idea of how hideous they looked when the bodies were deep yellow or bright orange, and the features tattooed in all kinds of fantastic ways. No circus clown could ever equal their ghostly and ghastly decorations. When a person saw for the first time these horrid creatures, wild, savage, mad, whether in the war-dance or getting ready for the war-path, it was sufficient to make the blood run cold, to chill the senses, to unnerve the strongest arm and strike terror into the stoutest heart.

Add to this the mad beating of the "tom-toms," or the Indian drums, the wild screechings that would awake the dead, the howls that might suggest a horde of lunatics escaped from an asylum, the fierce attitudes and gestures that menaced scalping and torture, the fantastic leaps and bounds accompanied with outbursts of the wolf-like war-whoop, and when you know that there is no mercy to be expected from knife, shot, spear, arrow, fire or stake, you may be able to form a faint idea of the terrors that hovered over the homes and lives of the colonists of Montreal in 1660.

There is another subject which we shall have ample occasion to deal with when we come to the question of the rivalry between the trading companies and the menace it was to the peace and success of the colony: we refer to the liquor traffic. That curse, especially when we consider the effect of the "firewater" on the already too savage Indians, was a disgrace to civilization and to humanity. Later on we shall have to tell of its fearful ravages and of the sudden stop put to its abominable use by interventions both human and divine.

In addition to the fears in which the Hospitallers perpetually lived on account of the Indians, they had to undergo privations of a poverty that can scarcely by described. The reader will have to consider all this, without our repeating it, as we unfold the stirring story of the years that we now enter upon. We know that they had lost their funds, through causes previously explained; but we must not lose sight of the fact that they were dependent for a livelihood upon people who themselves had but scant resources. The Governor had given them the hundred acres of land at the Lake, or the Prairie aux Loutres, as it was called, situated between the Saint-Gabriel

farm and the mountain. But that hundred acres were under bush and had not yet been cleared; consequently, apart from supplying them with firewood, they were not a source of practical revenue.

For food they had a kind of rough-made or coarse bread, some pork, salt-meats and a few vegetables. From time to time Jeanne Mance would send them a part of whatever she happened to get from the Governor or others, such as fresh fish, and a piece of moose-meat, whenever any hunter brought some of it in from the woods. The seminary priests often sent them a dinner of salted-eels, about the only extra dish they could afford. But we can easily imagine the lack of luxury when such were the best dishes their table ever knew—and these only on rare occasions.

Having no cellars to the houses wherein to keep provisions, everything froze on them. So cold was it in their house that the water on the table used to freeze during the meal. It was the same with all the other food. The building in which they lived showed cracks and chinks through which the wind blew and the snow drifted. The only consolation they had was that wood was plentiful and they could have fires at will. Yet it was necessary to pay for the cutting and hauling of the wood and the result was that Father Vignal often found them without a scrap of fire in the hearth. He had to get angry with them and order them to make fire and not expose themselves to perish with the cold.

If their extreme poverty was made manifest in their lack of food and exposure to cold it was not less so in their clothing. The fact is that their dresses were so worn and so patched over and over again, that it was often questioned what the original color of their costume really was and of what kind of material it was made.

M. Macé, a brother of Sister Macé, sent them each year a gift of four or five hundred livres—equal in value to them of about four or five hundred dollars twenty years ago with us, and to about half that sum now, since the high cost of living has more than doubled everything in Canada. After no end of perseverance, he succeeded, in a few years, to secure for them a donation of 30,000 livres, but not until they had put in many years of dire need. He also bought four acres from the Company of Montreal for them. Their one hundred acres were being cleared up by slow degrees, and they were enabled to start a medical garden near the hospital, in which plants were grown that supplied material for the compounding of medicines,

at which Sister de Brésoles was an expert: so much so that the Iroquois, after experiencing her skill in curing sick Indians, called her "Sunshine"—because as the sun brings back life to dead nature so did she bring back life to sick humanity. But we are getting ahead of our story. For twenty-eight years the Hospitallers lived in the state of poverty, wretchedness and destitution just described.

If it be a virtue to love and to practise poverty, for the sake and in the name of the One who preached the Gospel of the Poor in the Hills of Judea, certainly no closer followers of the Master were ever found than were the Hospitallers of St. Joseph of Montreal, during the first two or three decades of their existence in Canada. Jeanne Mance more than once saved them from absolute destitution and even sickness and death in consequence of their privations.

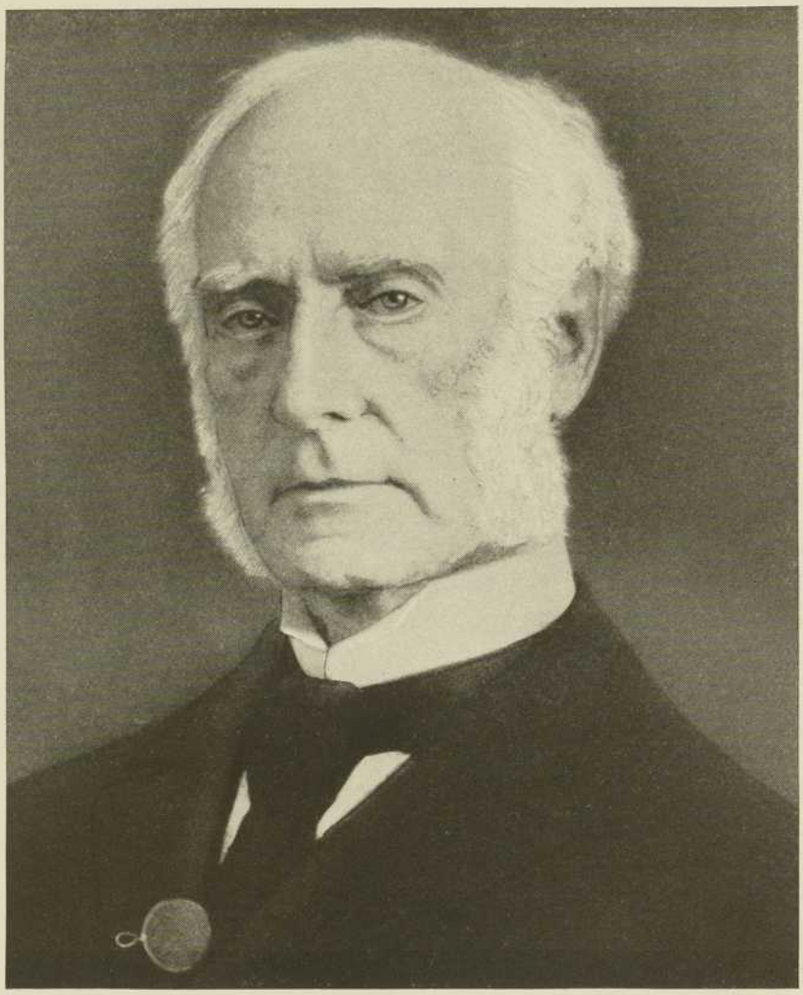
Before closing this chapter of ordeals we must not forget to tell how the Hospitallers were hampered in their work for the sick by the rigor of the first winters spent in the ill-constructed houses they had to inhabit. As nursing was their first and most important duty, it stands to reason that they were more anxious and solicitous about the patients in their hospital than about themselves. As long as they were obliged to inhabit the little apartments built for them on first arrival, they had absolutely no protection against the storms of the winter.

When a north-west wind blew the snow in fierce drifts against the house, built of poorly joined boards, it entered into every section of the place through the cracks in the walls and the loose windows. Heaps of snow were found daily in their community room, in their cells, in the stairways, in the wards for the sick. Every time that it snowed and drifted during the night, the first duty of the Sisters in the morning was to get to work with shovels and clear it out and then to sweep the entire house of the remaining parts of snow that the shovels could not remove. Hard work for delicate women, but necessary and part of their daily duty. Often they worked two and three hours before getting a bite of breakfast, and when they had a chance to eat, the food was so frozen that they could not use it. And all the time they were obliged to see to the sick and do the work of nurses in a hospital. Jeanne Mance tells us that if purgatory is a hot place for the sinner she and her Hospitallers were favored with a purgatory of their own on earth where the fire was replaced by frost, ice and snow.

When we hear, in our day, the

> "Lazy philosophers, self-seeking men,
> Fireside philanthropists, great with the pen,"

criticising the work of such an institution as the Hôtel-Dieu and such an order as that founded by these pioneers and Jeanne Mance, we feel a contempt for their meanness that is only equal to our sympathy for their ignorance of Canadian history.



Sir William Hingston

Sir William Hingston, K.C.S.G., F.R.C.S., M.D., Member of the Senate, Ex-Mayor of Montreal, and Chief Surgeon of Hôtel-Dieu from 1850 to 1907.

The name of Sir William Hingston will always remain attached to our Institution as a Family glory. He honored it during nearly half a century by his interest, his counsels and his invaluable services. "He loved everything in the Hôtel-Dieu, all, even its very walls." He was the friend as well as the physician of every patient. In a word he was the pride of his profession, the honor of his country, the consolation of the Church, and a model of Christian perfection.

—*From "The Annals of the Hôtel-Dieu."*

CHAPTER XXVIII

Sister de Brésoles—Sister Macé—
Their Devotedness and Charity

AS WE have proceeded so far with our story we have endeavored to bring before our readers the personages most connected with the adventurous career of Jeanne Mance; it is now time to give a brief sketch of the first superioress of the new Hôtel-Dieu of Montreal, and of her principal assistants and successors in later years—Sisters Moreau de Brésoles and Macé.

Judith Moreau de Brésoles was a member of an illustrious family of Blois. The Moreau family wrote the name which was added to the regular family one somewhat differently from the manner adopted by Judith; they wrote it "Brézolles." But this spelling makes little difference, especially when we consider that at that period French was written in many ways different from the spelling adopted in later years.

At the early age of six, this young girl had already commenced to display in a practical manner her great inclination in the direction of charity. She used to bring all kinds of good things from the city to distribute amongst the poor of the villages over which her parents were the seigneurs. Later on, she used to go about teaching them their catechism and their prayers. Her parents, in their affection for her, never interfered in her works of charity; but when she announced, a few years later, that she intended dedicating her life to works of mercy and charity, they opposed her resolve in a most determined manner, declaring that as long as they lived they would never consent to a separation from their cherished daughter. After trying every means to persuade them to agree to her entering a religious life, and having failed and even created a kind of paternal hostility on their part, she consulted her confessor, and, with his approval, decided to steal away from home.

She so arranged matters with an old servant of her father's family, but one who had a great love for her, that he would get two horses and have them at the gates of the city of Blois early in the morning. All turned out as arranged; the horses were held at the gate directly opposite the one she would have naturally gone by to reach her destination at La Flèche. They were accustomed at home to have her go out of the house at all hours of the morning, either to Mass or on some mission of charity; consequently, no attention was paid to her as she stole down and out before daylight that day. When she reached the appointed spot the old man was waiting with the horses. Judith lost no time in getting on her mount and cantering off around the town, taking a circuitous way to bring her back to the road she wanted to travel. This bold spirit of adventure in her, so displayed on that occasion, was simply akin to that same spirit manifested a score of times in after life when defending her hospital against the Iroquois or setting out on missions of danger through the primeval forests of Canada.

At last she reached La Flèche in safety and commenced her novitiate. During that term of probation she spent six months in the pharmacy of the Hospital, and so well did she profit by the lessons there, that she became one of the most clever members of the community in all that related to medicine. After her novitiate she was sent to the Hôtel-Dieu at Laval, where she spent six or seven years taking care of the sick, without her parents ever discovering the place of her retreat. One day M. Saint-Michel, her brother-in-law, drawn by curiosity to visit the new hospital at Laval, so much spoken of in all the country at that time, met her in one of the wards and, despite her costume, recognized her. He did all in his power to make her admit her identity, but she would not. Consequently, after reporting to the family what he had found out, he and her parents made life unbearable for her at Laval. She was in this very exceptional position when news came that M. de la Dauversière was looking for subjects to send to Montreal for the Hôtel-Dieu out there. This chimed in perfectly with her desires; she saw a way of escape from the worries she had to undergo, and offered her services as an Hospitaller in New France. This is how she came into our story.

Once settled in Canada, as we have already told, she displayed an energy and a capacity that were the wonder of all who knew of her work. She suffered intensely from headache, but this did not prevent her doing the work of nurse and religious in unceasing per-

severance. She took special charge of the pharmacy, did dispensing, looked after the cooking, the household work, the clothing and the medical requirements of the sick—Indians as well as white people. She had three special devotions that marked her life—one for the Infant Jesus, one for the Blessed Sacrament and one that might almost be called a devotion or faith in corporal sufferings for the glory of God. Later on we shall have to tell of her great works in connection with the Hospital and with the savage Iroquois. However, this much we deemed necessary in order to give the reader a briefly-told idea of the character of the woman that had been selected as the first head of the community of Hospitallers brought to Canada and therein established by the efforts and sacrifices of Jeanne Mance.

Sister Catherine Macé, the worthy assistant of Sister de Brésoles, and later on her successor in office, had all the fine characteristics of the one of whom we have just been speaking, and had also to undergo, perhaps in a lesser degree, many of the obstacles that were raised against the vocation of Sister de Brésoles. Sister Macé's father was a wealthy merchant of the city of Nantes, in France. When he heard that his daughter wanted to become a nurse and a religious he objected very strongly. In fact, were it not for his son, the M. Macé referred to in a previous chapter, he might never have consented. This M. Macé was a priest and a director of the Seminary of Saint-Sulpice in Paris. The father gave in at last to the solicitations of the son and daughter, and Catherine became a member of the community at La Flèche. For about twenty years she displayed untiring zeal and marvelous skill in the care of the sick. It was this spirit and this experience that she brought with her to the work that awaited her in the New World. Indeed, the sphere of her activity in Canada seemed to have been especially selected for her by Heaven.

Pages might be written about the great charity and the inexhaustible love for work that characterized Sister Macé. For fully thirty years, in addition to her community duties, she did the work of a lay-nun or house servant. She took charge of the fowl in the barnyard, fed the cows, milked them, drove them to pasture and went for them: she raised several pigs that she fattened for pork. All this in the constant state of dread on account of the Iroquois, in which the colony lived. They gave her a young girl to help her; but she would not let the girl do anything without taking part in the work herself. She had exceeding great care of the animals; she

carried their food, cleaned their stables, and weeded the acres of garden where the vegetables were raised. She had a special liking for the chickens and was very proud of her splendid hen-house.

One particular characteristic she possessed—it was a kindness of heart that made her see all the good in every person she met, and shut her eyes to the evil that might be in them. If she could not speak in praise of a person, she would be silent; and there was scarcely a fault or sin for which Sister Macé could not find and set forth an excuse. Some people thought that she was too indulgent for the shortcomings of others, but when she became superioress, this kindness of nature, which never left her, did not prevent her from pointing out and correcting the mistakes made by those under her. She would reprimand with authority; and after that duty done, she would take the one so reprimanded into her room and caress and console her. So much so was it that no one ever dared face the ordeal of being guilty of a fault that might come to the knowledge of Sister Macé. All wanted to save her the suffering of having to find fault.

Later on we shall have occasion to refer personally to Sister Maillet, the third member of the Community. For the present we must go on, without too much interruption, with the thread of our story.

CHAPTER XXIX

Story of the Old Man Jouaneaux—Madame d'Ailleboust as a Boarder—Her Recall to Quebec by Laval

MATHURIN JOUANEAUX was the type of a French peasant, or rather of a Canadian habitant; he plays an humble but important part in our little drama of early Montreal; he forms a connecting link between certain events of moment that could not be passed over without some slight attention. He was a native of Perrières, in the parish of Aubigny, in Anjou, and was hired by the Company of Montreal to come to Canada in the capacity of land clearer. He was a splendid axe-man and the woods supplied ample opportunity for the exercise of his ability in that line. By a contract signed at La Flèche on the 2nd of May, 1659, he was to work five years for the Company clearing land on the Island of Montreal.

When his term of engagement was over, in the name of the Seigneurs of Montreal, M. de Maisonneuve gave him fifteen acres on condition that he would clear the land, stump it, place it in condition for cultivation, build a house thereon and pay, each year to the Company, the small sum of three pennies per acre. This land was situated in what was called "the country of Saint-Joseph," or about where the Catholic Commercial Academy, and grounds, are to-day, between St. Catherine and Ontario Streets. As soon as he obtained possession of this property he set to work and cleared off five acres and got them into a state of cultivation. As this clearance exposed him to the attacks of the Iroquois, always prowling about and annoying and attacking the workers on land outside the immediate protection of the Fort and general buildings, he dug for himself a kind of underground retreat wherein he lived for several years. He got light from the door only in this cave-like abode, and an old tree-trunk, hollowed by time and weather, that was above his retreat, was used as a chimney to let out the smoke from his fire, when cook-

ing. He also built a little wooden shed or barn, nearby, to store his crops. This he built of logs covered over with long planks and roofed with rough shingles that he made himself. We had spoken of a mill that was at the Côteau Saint-Louis where the timber was cut up into building material; but they had no machinery suited for shingle making and most of the houses had to be covered with thatch. Jouaneaux devised a very good shingle, so planed off as to fit it on an incline and while letting the rain run off the roof it held the snow there in the winter, and this constituted an additional covering for warmth and to keep out frost.

While working on his roof one day Jouaneaux slipped off, fell to the ground and injured his head seriously. In fact, it seemed to be a fatal injury at first. He was taken to the Hospital where, by dint of care and of experienced nursing, he was cured and restored to his ordinary health. Seeing himself well again, when he had imagined that there was no recovery possible, he began to think how he could reward the Hospitallers for all they had done for him. He resolved to give them all he owned and to dedicate his life and services to them. This he carried out to the letter.

On the 12th of March, 1660, he had a deed of gift drawn up in presence of M. Vignal, M. de Maisonneuve and M. d'Ailleboust; by this deed he gave himself, his fifteen acres of land, all his stock and moveables; on their part the Hospitallers bound themselves to feed, clothe, house and care for this servant of God, in good or ill health until the end of his life. Apart from the benefits derived from what he gave them, especially his cow, pigs, fowl, and crops—something of importance in their poverty-striken condition—they had his work and experience. He superintended their gardening; he built a shanty at St. Joseph, wherein lived a number of men who worked at the clearing of the land, under his direction—he became a sort of foreman for the Community.

On the 21st of May, 1661, they gave him a writing, in presence of M. Souart and M. de Maisonneuve, whereby he was considered as a member of the Community, participating in all their prayers and good works. Later on we will speak of him again in connection with the Confraternity of the Holy Family.

At this particular time the Colony suffered a great loss in the death of M. d'Ailleboust. His widow, desirous of leading a quiet and helpful life, applied to be admitted as a permanent boarder into the Hôtel-Dieu. With this community, as with many others, even

to-day, the rules allowed the taking in of ladies thus desirous of leading quiet lives near the altar and near the sources of religious consolation, as well as within reach of the required attention that old age or infirmities would demand. Retaining only one servant girl and her furniture, she took up her abode with the Hospitallers. However, it was soon found that there was not room for this lady, especially as the number of the sick increased; consequently Jeanne Mance arranged with her to come and occupy an apartment in her own little house. This was small enough, considering the amount of furniture and belongings that Madame d'Ailleboust had, and the girl that she had to lodge with her. However, she made the best of the situation.

Madame d'Ailleboust was very retiring and very religious and did not want to mix in any way with the outside world; yet she was a woman of no mean advantages in society; she was exceedingly handsome, very distinguished in manners, young-looking, by ten years younger in appearance than in reality; she was highly educated and possessed a keen wit and magnificent conversational gift; she enjoyed a revenue of 20,000 livres which made her a rich woman for those days.

Madame d'Ailleboust was not idle with her money. She employed it to construct the first houses built at what was called Saint-Joseph's; she built a house for herself, a barn, a stable—all on a small scale, and erected in constant fear of the Iroquois. But these were the nucleus of a small town or establishment within easy reach of the centre of Montreal. The first interruption to the bright prospects that now opened out for Jeanne Mance's colony was an order or call from Mgr. de Laval to Madame d'Ailleboust to leave Ville-Marie and set up her home in Quebec.

There was one great menace that hung over the young community of Hospitallers—it was the almost certainty of final extinction. Age will come on with its winter, and no matter how necessary a person may be in the world, in the order of nature, sooner or later all must die. And, when that time would come for Jeanne Mance and for Sister de Brésoles and her companions, who would carry on the work? Who would perpetuate the Community? Lack of subjects for their novitiate was the danger they had to meet; and there was no avoiding it.

It will be remembered that in the early stages of their mission and organization Mgr. de Laval had suggested their postponing for

a year the journey to Canada. As they feared that he might refuse to erect them into a Community at Ville-Marie, and consequently that they would not be able to have any novices, Jeanne Mance and the priests of Saint-Sulpice had the precaution to bring out from France a number of virtuous young girls who might, later on, help in the direction of recruiting for the Community. Of these, two in particular—Mlles de Belèstre and Moyen. The former was admitted into the novitiate as soon as Sister de Brésoles had the Community established. The latter, whose father and mother had been killed by the Iroquois, at Ile aux Oies, and who had been taken prisoner and brought to Montreal to be exchanged for Indian prisoners there, also became a novice. Jeanne Mance, touched with compassion for this little orphan, had adopted her. During the winter of 1659-1660 these two began their novitiate. But their strength was not equal to their courage, and poverty, heavy work, constant exposure, poor food, lack of warm clothing and house shelter, soon told on their constitution and they were shortly after obliged to leave the novitiate and give up their aspirations in that direction.

The following summer came two others from France anxious to enter the Community of the Hospitallers of Saint-Joseph: Mlle Mulloys de La Borde and Sister Mathurine, of Saumur; the latter wanting to enter as a lay nun. These two had soon to follow their two predecessors and leave; they were not able to endure all the privations and labor of the house. It was becoming more and more discouraging; the outlook was darkening as the months and years went past. Jeanne Mance still kept up her confidence.

Next came a young lady, of a very distinguished family of Senlis, Mlle Catherine Gaucher de Belleville. She left the parish of Saint-Sulpice in Paris, where her parents dwelt, to follow Jeanne Mance to Canada, with the ultimate object of joining this Community of Hospitallers. This young person had a repugnance for the marriage state, she refused countless offers, and vowed she would devote her life entirely to God's service. M. Souart, having secured the consent of her parents, paid her way to Canada. She entered the novitiate; but after a few weeks of trial left it. She felt unable to undergo the labors and privations. After having refused some of the nobles of France, she married a M. Jean-Baptiste Migeon de Bransac. Never were there two more perfect models of domestic felicity. Two of their daughters, later on, embraced the religious state, one with the Hospitallers of St. Joseph and the other with the Ursulines of

Quebec. And when the husband died, the widow, in her seventieth year, entered the novitiate of the Hospitallers.

But all this did not bring novices to the Community. Every one of those who had tried and failed married afterwards, and were the mothers of young girls who, later on, served to perpetuate the Religious Orders. Mlle Moyen married M. Dugué, a captain, a man of high standing in the colony; Elizabeth Moyen married M. Lambert Closse, the major of Ville-Marie and hero of that day; Mlle Mulloys married Etienne Pézard de La Touche; Catherine de Lavaux, whom Jeanne Mance had brought out to help her in her hospital work, married Gilbert Barbier, the man who next to de Maisonneuve had done most to save the colony by bravery and skill; and their daughter, Marie Barbier, became the superioress in succession to Sister Bourgeoys as head of the Congrégation de Notre Dame de Montréal, while her sister, Adrienne Barbier, entered the Community of St. Joseph.

Thus it was that during the first thirty-three years of their existence, the Hospitallers lost over twenty young girls, at first anxious to enter their novitiate. "And this," says Sister Morin, "was in God's plan to supply the young colony with mothers of families worthy of the great country whose future depended upon their offspring."

CHAPTER XXX

Vocation of Sister Morin—Rival Companies and the Liquor Traffic

NOT only because she was practically the first postulant of the Hospitallers, but also because she became the historian of that stirring period, and her works have supplied the author of this volume with most useful information, will we consecrate some space to the vocation and life of Sister Morin. Her call to the life she thus embraced was certainly outside the limits of the ordinary. It was in August, 1662, that this religious came into the Community.

Marie Morin was born in Quebec, the 19th of March, 1649. Her godfather was M. d'Ailleboust, so often mentioned in this record, who was then an Associate of the Company of Montreal and Governor General of New France. Although Quebec had a Community of Hospitallers, yet, in 1659, when Marie heard of the new Order coming out from France to establish their Hôtel-Dieu at Montreal, she conceived a great yearning to become one of their number. Ville-Marie was then the theatre of the worst Iroquois outrages; it was the frontier rampart of the colony; it consequently offered every opportunity for the exercise of missionary zeal and the chances of martyrdom. These were some of the motives that led the little Marie to want to exercise her vocation in that section of the country. But she was only eleven years of age and her parents, very naturally, opposed any such design.

For two years and a half she coaxed and begged to be allowed to follow out her desire. Mgr. de Laval, hearing of this child, sent for her, and, after examining into the case, consented that she should go and join the Hospitallers of Saint-Joseph. It was but a feeble addition to the Community, yet it was accepted as a harbinger of greater things to come; Marie was only thirteen years old, she had no dowry, nor means to pay for board, and she was placed by the Bishop entirely under the care of the Hospitallers, who accepted her

thus. In the midst of their difficulties to find subjects for the Community they looked upon the advent of little Marie Morin as a sign that eventually they were to have successors when their own time to lay down their burden would come. They did all in their power to make the community life easy for the child—for child she yet was—and in Madame d'Ailleboust she found a real friend. That lady was the only person she knew at Ville-Marie, and, in consideration of the fact that her late husband was the child's godfather, she took special care of the young postulant.

Perhaps the good Hospitallers were too confident in their future and God wished to try them still further. However that may be, no sooner did Marie Morin reach the period when she might be admitted into the community as a professed member thereof than she fell sick —not once, but twice!—and her maladies brought her to the very verge of the grave. The care and nursing she received eventually restored her to health; but she had lost all desire to become a member of the Hospitallers, and even she conceived a very strong repugnance for the vocation she had so fondly embraced. Then came to her a homesickness, the like of which she had never experienced before. Fond as she had ever been of her parents, she now began to feel that she could not live without them. For two years and a half she fought this battle with the temptation that came to her to abandon the novitiate. Each time that she made up her mind to leave, she felt a reversal of sentiment and thought that she was about to fly in the face of God and to incur His anger for the rejection of His vocation; then she was discouraged because she could not, to her own satisfaction, imitate the practices and virtues of Sister de Brésoles, whom she considered as a model set for her by Heaven.

M. Souart and M. Pérot, both priests of Saint-Sulpice, neglected nothing to strengthen this young person in her vocation. But the news of her struggle reached Mgr. de Laval, and he opposed her entering the Community. Matters seemed to go from bad to worse. On this point we will quote what Sister Morin wrote, in her "Annals of the Hospitallers of Ville-Marie." She thus speaks of the situation: "No sooner had I resolved to remain with the Community, than M. de Laval, who had himself sent me to them, placed obstacles to my entry. He reflected on it and thought that to permit the Hospitallers of Saint-Joseph to invest me with their costume (habit) would be to tacitly establish them, and that he would thus fail to keep his word

given that he would not do so; and he asked M. Souart's opinion on the matter."

The Hospitallers, very naturally, felt keenly this fresh opposition to their establishment; but very soon came events that changed entirely the views of Mgr. de Laval in this regard, and not only he consented to the profession of Sister Morin, but even extended all his powerful protection to the Hôtel-Dieu of Montreal. So important in the history of the colony is the wonderful event that we are about to detail, that we shall have to consecrate to it an entire chapter; but before so doing, we must deal hurriedly with some other incidents that led up to the all-important event in question. A few words now, about the rival Companies and the liquor traffic—sources of grave anxiety to prelate and governor alike, causes no doubt of the fearful convulsions about to be described in the next chapter.

Abbé Faillon, Lescarbot, Parkman and all who have dealt with the early history of Canada tell us that these pioneers of civilization had to contend with the severity of the climate, the disadvantages arising from the imperfect means of travel and navigation, the long winters and months of separation from Europe, the famines that menaced, the ferocity of the Iroquois, the treachery of the Huron and the general ignorance of all the savage tribes. It did not need any very special knowledge of conditions at that time to set up such obviously natural difficulties. But the real and most dangerous obstacles in the pathway of civilization and Christianizing were created by the commercial or trading Companies.

These organizations, from time to time, received certain privileges and were granted a monopoly of the fur-trade in the colony. The special agents of De Mont, of de Caen, and of those of the Company of One Hundred Associates, the Company of New France, and the Grande Compagnie du Canada, made it their business to create distrust in the breast of the Huron, enmity in that of the Iroquois, and to retard, by every imaginable means, the cause of instruction. Through these monopolies they were building up colossal fortunes in Europe at the expense of the Indians' enlightenment. They knew that the more domesticated the tribes became the more they would neglect the hunting fields, and a consequent loss to the dealer and adventurer would follow; they also knew that the more enlightened the Indians became the more likely were they to know the value of their furs, which they had been long selling at a sacrifice. The result was that the agents, factors, interpreters and other employees of

those Companies put every conceivable impediment in the way of colonizing, of educating, of civilizing. They went so far as to even refuse to teach the missionaries the Indian languages; and, as a rule, when called upon to translate the sermons preached by the priests, they did so by giving the very opposite of what was said. The consequences were untold sufferings for the missionaries, unnecessary wars between the Indians, unprovoked massacres of colonists, and to use the words of Marie de l'Incarnation, "had it not been for the vileness of the Companies' agents and the treachery of the paid servants of the traders, perhaps Fathers Lallement and de Breboeuf would never have been martyred by the irritated Iroquois." They have since been officially declared martyrs.

These *Compagnies Marchandes* had obtained the monopoly of trade in New France on the condition of establishing at their own expense colonial settlements and the propagation of the Christian Faith amongst the savage tribes. But for them furs were more precious than souls.

In order to better obstruct the missionary work with the Indians and the realization of such schemes as those of de Maisonneuve, Marguerite Bourgeoys, the Hospitallers and Jeanne Mance, at Montreal, the agents of the Companies began to make use of a terrible weapon—intoxicating liquors. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the terrible effects of this "firewater" upon the Indians, and even upon many of the colonists. Demoralization was rampant in all the country. The Company of Montreal not being a trading company did not seek to carry on this hellish propaganda; but even this was an additional cause of enmity against the settlement of Montreal and all connected with it. When the Indians got liquor they became madmen, and as the colonists of Montreal were opposed to their being so supplied, they were easily incensed against the settlement and above all against de Maisonneuve and the Priests of Saint-Sulpice as well as the Hospitallers. The consequence was that all the raids made upon them by the Iroquois were in part due to the struggles between those for or against the liquor traffic.

Towards the end of 1662 and the beginning of 1663, Mgr. de Laval coaxed, pleaded, threatened, and finally menaced with excommunication, all those who persisted, to the ruin of lives and the peril of the entire country, in carrying on this traffic with the Indians. The Governor at Quebec, M. d'Avaugour, took vigorous measures to suppress the nefarious trade; de Maisonneuve did likewise in

Montreal. But all seemed to be in vain. A regular system of smuggling was started and no *coureur de bois* dreamed of going into the *pays d'en haut* without taking a supply of "firewater" for the Indians. The hour had rung when either the liquor traffic was to be destroyed or it would destroy the colony—the entire country.

It was at this critical moment in the history of Canada that the event took place which we shall record in the next chapter. It would seem as if the Almighty had stretched forth His Hand from His throne of light to shake terror into the hearts of those who menaced the ruin of what was destined to be a glorious country of the future.

CHAPTER XXXI

The Great Earthquake of 1663—Terror and Devastation

SAVE in minor details of little consequence, all the writers of Canadian history agree upon the subject of the fearful earthquake that convulsed Canada in the year 1663. In glancing over the various accounts given we find that each one referred to the event from that standpoint most important in that author's opinion; but all are of accord upon the principal facts. Sister Morin, in her Annals of the Hospitallers, Father Jérôme Lallemant in the Jesuit Relations, Boucher de Boucherville in his History of New France, published at Paris in 1663, Abbé Faillon in his History of Canada, Garneau in his History of Canada, published in 1845, and Marie de l'Incarnation, Marguerite Bourgeoys, Jeanne Mance, Madame d'Ailleboust, Sister de Brésoles, M. de Maisonneuve and others in their letters and official reports, tell the same story concerning this fearful cataclysm. We shall try to describe it, having in view the effects in Montreal more than elsewhere, in as few words as possible.

The earthquake lasted, with shocks at different and irregular intervals, from the 5th of February until the 5th of September, 1663. So rude was the first shaking that it seemed as if the entire country had been lifted up, hurled about and dropped down by some volcanic eruption. So disturbed was all nature that signs which had preceded the convulsions were looked upon as supernatural; and no wonder, when we consider the superstition of the Indians and the terrible reality of what they experienced. A globe or ball of fire, like a meteor, which it probably was, flashed across the heavens, with such brilliancy that it illumined all the sky from the south-east to the north-west; its tail was like the milky-way seen through an immense telescope, so magnified were its proportions; it sank with a noise like the explosion of a bomb, followed by a gush of wind such as might be heard when the fierce simoon sweeps across the desert.

Something of a like kind was witnessed at Quebec; but in all likelihood it was the same phenomenon seen over a considerable space of country. The heavenly visitor vanished behind the summit of Mount Royal, and all who had seen it declared that it was the precursor of some awful calamity.

On the 5th of February, which happened to be the Monday before Ash Wednesday, between four and five of the clock in the afternoon, while M. Souart was conducting the usual prayers in the chapel of the Hôtel-Dieu, which was then used as a parish church, and a large number of people were assembled there with him, a noise was heard not unlike that which comes from a forest conflagration. This rushing, crushing, grinding noise, now wild like the shrieks of a million ghouls, now deep as the roaring of a hundred cataracts, lasted five or six minutes. What was it? Consternation was painted on every face, and all felt that some fearful catastrophe was upon them. Scarcely had the booming and roaring ceased than the earth began to shake to its very foundations. So violent was the first shock that the houses in Ville-Marie trembled and tottered, rocked and cracked, like a house of cards under the breath of a forest wind. All rushed out of the church, to avoid being buried under its ruins; those of the sick in the hospital who could escape got into the outer yard, while those who were too ill to move made the air terrible with their cries and lamentations; all deemed that the end of the world had come. Those who succeeded in getting out of the buildings had to lie down on the snowdrifts, because the earth rocked so violently that they could no more stand erect than if they were on the slippery deck of a tempest-tossed vessel in the midst of the Atlantic. Madame d'Ailleboust, who was ill and in bed, sprang up and ran out into the snow without shoes and in negligé; at her feet a yawning abyss opened up, a veritable precipice.

Throughout all this tumult and consternation Sisters de Brésoles, Macé and Maillet never stirred from the chapel, but remained in silent prayer before the altar. Sister Morin, writing about this event, said: "In the terror that had seized me, I was encouraged by the bravery of Madame d'Ailleboust, who walked before me. We found our dear Sisters suffering a mortal agony in presence of the Blessed Sacrament, where they were prostrated. Sister Macé was speechless; yet none of us went out; I think that it was an excess of fear that made us so calm. M. Souart came several times to warn us to not remain within, as the church might fall upon us.

"The following morning at four o'clock came a second shock of earthquake which rocked us in our beds just as our mothers used to rock us in our cradles; and yet not one of us got up, we placed our trust in Our Lord, in the Blessed Virgin and in great St. Joseph. The same day, in the evening, during our recreation the earth once more shook, but with less violence."

There were three very remarkable facts connected with this terrific earthquake; firstly, the duration of its shocks, which lasted all through the summer and until the beginning of September, sometimes very violent, oftener more even, or undulating, and less dangerous; secondly, the extent of country over which the shocks were felt, being from Ile Percée, at the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to many miles above Montreal, and from the New England States to the end of Nova Scotia; thirdly, the fact that not one person was killed nor even injured. At times the trembling of the earth was such that the very trees of the forest were wrenched out by the roots and flung here and there in mad confusion, the streams changed their courses, hills were cast into valleys and mountains were split asunder as if by lightning. So wild and unnatural did it all seem that Indians declared that "the streams were full of firewater and the forests were drunk."

Father Jérôme Lallemant says: "We saw near us great openings made and a prodigious amount of land swallowed up; we saw ourselves surrounded by upheavals and ruins, without losing even a child, nor was the hair of a head hurt. While the surrounding mountains were laid low, we had only a few chimneys upset."

M. Boucher de Boucherville, writing to the great Minister Colbert, during the autumn of that same year, thus quotes Marie de l'Incarnation who says: "An honest fellow, one of our friends, had built a house with a very fine mill on the point of a rocky marble eminence; the rock, during one of the shocks, was split in twain and the house and mill were swallowed up in the hole. But what is wonderful, amidst all the debris so strange and so general, no person perished nor was any one injured. It is a very visible mark of God's protection over His people, which makes us believe that He is angered with us only for our own good. We trust that He will find His glory come forth from our terrors, through the conversion of so many souls that were asleep in crime and were awakened so suddenly to the need of grace. For, while God shook the marble rocks and mountains of the country, one would think that He was pleased to shake

equally the consciences of the people; the days of carnival were changed into days of penitence and sorrow; public prayers, processions, pilgrimages were unceasing; fastings on bread and water were frequent; confessions, more sincere than at the hour of death, were general. I do not believe that there was one inhabitant of the country who had not made a general confession. Reconciliations were admirable, enemies asking pardon of each other, so much so was it that all these changes indicated the Mercy of God rather than His Justice."

Sister Morin says: "At Quebec the churches were filled all day and all night and the priests were kept busy with confessions. The devotion was not so great in Montreal, because each remained at home, and the door of our church was kept closed; and may be we had not so much need of confessions, for at that time life was very good and innocent in all Montreal."

Needless to go further into details regarding that awful period. It would be easy to write pages of description that would make one feel chills and yet not exaggerate in the least. But that is not the purpose of this work. The most important thing for us to know is what were the immediate consequences of the great earthquake in the colony. There were three distinct results that are directly traceable to that convulsion of nature.

The first was the establishment of the Confraternity of the Holy Family in Montreal, then throughout all Canada. Of this we will speak in the next chapter.

Another important result was the curtailing of the heretofore unbridled licenses taken by the agents and factors of the fur-trading Companies and the reducing to a somewhat more civilized standard their methods of dealing with the Indians and with their fellow-whitemen. This in itself was a blessing for the future of the country; for its peace, its good name and its prosperity. Many of those who had allowed themselves, through thirst for money and gain, to enter into questionable ways of commercial dealing, were awakened to the iniquity of their conduct and became animated with a better spirit. The result, as we shall perceive, was of the highest importance to the good name of Canada and to the peace and happiness of those who had come to New France to make homes for themselves and their descendants.

A third, and not the least, result of the terrors of the great earthquake was the abolition of the liquor traffic. D'Avaugour, the

Governor, found at last that he could call upon the people to back him up in his laudable attempts to kill that serpent of evil that had crept into a veritable paradise of peace and fair prospects. Mgr. de Laval took advantage of the stir in the hearts of the people caused by the terrors of the earthquake to instil into them a feeling of distrust in, and antagonism to, all that savored of the liquor trade. His great influence was exercised to its fullest extent to protect the Indians and the whites against this curse, and in so doing to protect the entire country and to secure the salvation of hundreds of souls that were on the brink of perdition. Great, indeed, was the earthquake of 1663; but greater still were its effects upon the moral future of the country.

CHAPTER XXXII

The Confraternity of the Holy Family—Its Establishment in Montreal

SEVERAL times have we mentioned that the aim of de la Dauversière and Olier, as well as of Jeanne Mance, was to establish a special cult of the Holy Family on the Island of Montreal and to have that colony under the powerful protection of the three members of that saintly union. The Seminary of Saint-Sulpice to be consecrated to Our Lord, the Congregation to the Blessed Virgin, and the Community of Hospitallers to St. Joseph. The year 1663 saw the three communities in a very shaky condition; the continued opposition of M. de Laval to their respective establishments at Montreal caused them grave anxiety. But this was the turning point in their destinies. The Bishop had entire confidence in the Jesuit Fathers and through their efforts came about the creation of the Confraternity of the Holy Family—a work that was deeply cherished by the prelate at Quebec and that served to eventually make him favorable towards the establishment of Ville-Marie.

P. Chaumonot was selected by M. de Laval to go to Montreal, in the spring of 1663. He was received there by M. Souart and M. Galinier, the only two members of the Sulpician Order at Ville-Marie; M. Pérot had not yet reached the Island, and M. Lemaistre and M. Vignal had been both killed by the Iroquois—two events that will be described in a later chapter. The easiest way for us to tell of the work done by these three priests, at that special time, is to take Père Chaumonot's own account of what transpired. It is thus he writes:—

"On feast days and Sundays we officiated each in turn. I was happy to meet with Madame d'Ailleboust on my arrival at Montreal.

She had been recommended to me by our superior, Père Jérôme Lallemant, who had been her spiritual director when she was in Quebec and who wanted me to take his place in that connection. That lady, while I was at Montreal, conceived the idea of finding some strong and effective means of reforming the Christian families there upon the model of the Holy Family, by the institution of a society or confraternity wherein they might be instructed in a manner to enable them to imitate Jesus, Mary and Joseph in the world—the men imitating St. Joseph, the women, the Blessed Mother, and the children, the Infant Child. I unfolded the plan to M. Souart, my director, who approved of it. But as we could not succeed without the approval of the Bishop and the indulgences necessary from the Holy Father, I proposed to M. Souart, to Madame d'Ailleboust, to the Superioress of the Hôtel-Dieu, to Sister Marguerite Bourgeoys, Superioress of the Congregation, and to Jeanne Mance, for we all worked in concert, to recommend such a great undertaking to St. Ignatius, by making, for its success, a novena in honor of the worthy founder of the Company of Jesus."

Père Chaumonot drew up a document wherein each promised to make nine Communions and to have each one who would be admitted to the Confraternity recite nine "Glorias" on being received: this was then signed by M. Souart, Père Chaumonot, Sister Macé, then Superioress of the Hôtel-Dieu, Sister Bourgeoys, Madame d'Ailleboust and Jeanne Mance. This was on the 31st of July, 1663.

Père Chaumonot, in his Autobiography, written some years later, made the mistake in saying that the document was signed by "Sister Judith de Brésoles, Superioress of the Hôtel-Dieu;" at that time Sister Macé was the Superioress, having been elected on the 9th of April of that year. Likewise, Sister Bourgeoys, who mentions these facts in her own Memoirs, says that it was Sister Macé who signed with the others. But, after all, this is not of very much moment in our story.

Madame d'Ailleboust and Jeanne Mance, both members of the Company of Montreal, represented that Company in the Confraternity, and de Maisonneuve, who had a regiment known as "the Blessed Virgin's Regiment," consisting of sixty-three soldiers, caused each of them to join the Confraternity of the Holy Family. This is the true origin of the Confraternity of the Holy Family, established at Montreal, in 1663, notwithstanding the fictitious account of its

origin written and published in 1787 and republished in Montreal in 1841 and entitled "La solide Dévotion à la Sainte-Famille."

When Père Chaumonot returned to Quebec and reported to Mgr. de Laval what we have just related, that prelate became enthusiastic over the idea and resolved to have the Confraternity established in his city. As the people of Quebec, more numerous than those of Montreal, were not quite as fervent in matters of religion, the Bishop began by having only pious ladies as members of the Confraternity. In order to have it properly directed and explained, he called Madame d'Ailleboust from Montreal to come and take charge of its organization and become its head in Quebec. Considering this in the light of an obedience that she owed, especially as she was the first to conceive the idea of such an organization, she went to Quebec in 1664, and there spent three or four years working to infuse into the hearts and the minds of the ladies of Quebec the spirit of the Confraternity.

In 1665 M. de Laval gave his approval to the rules of the Confraternity, published the Indulgences accorded by the Holy See, and had a little book issued entitled "Catéchisme de la Sainte-Famille."

We have told how M. de Laval had opposed the profession of Sister Morin at Montreal. No sooner were the foundations laid of the Confraternity of the Holy Family, than, without being solicited by any person, the Bishop sent word to M. Souart that he was agreeable to the admission of Sister Morin as a professed nun into the Community of the Hospitallers of St. Joseph. We will give this in his own words. The following is an exact translation of an autograph letter, of Mgr. de Laval, written the 5th of November, 1664, to M. Souart, and conserved in the archives of the Hôtel-Dieu.

"I see nothing in good Sister Morin," wrote the Bishop, "that would prevent her giving herself entirely to Our Lord through a holy union and association with Him. You can therefore receive her vows in our name, at your hands, under the powers we give you therefor. I will not fail to ask the Holy Family to receive the perfect and entire sacrifice of her heart. Let her remember to ask of Our Lord and the Most Holy Family mercy for me."

This letter was entrusted to an Indian of the Wolf Tribe (les Loups), who did not deliver it until the 19th of March following. As Sister Morin completed her novitiate on that very day, the next day, the 20th, feast of St. Joachim, was chosen for the solemn profession. We shall not attempt any account of the grand ceremonials; but we

must not omit that, as Sister Macé found they had not enough voices for a large choir to sing the High Mass, the Sisters of the Congregation, Mère Bourgeoys, and Sisters Raisin and Hioux, invited them to hold the ceremonies in their place. Thus it was that the three Communities were fully represented on that occasion, and M. Souart preached a memorable sermon.

No longer were there any objections raised to the establishment of the Hospitallers. The greatest of all their difficulties had been overcome. But they were still without subjects for their Community and with little or no prospect of any. There was one exception to this dearth of novices—Catherine Denis. But even after her admission they remained nearly fourteen years without any others. Her coming was, however, a great source of joy for Sister Morin who thus found a companion of her own age and an assistant in the hard work of the hospital. Originally Sister Denis had intended entering the Community of the Hospitallers at Quebec, but as her father could not pay the dowry (dot) exacted by that order, she was forced, after a few years as postulant, to apply for entrance to the Community at Montreal. M. Souart, anxious to find subjects for the Hôtel-Dieu, offered to pay a dowry for her in the latter Community; and he actually gave 2,920 livres, in her name, "provided it pleased God that she should persevere in her vocation." She did persevere, and, after holding almost all offices, assistant, mistress of novices, bursar, she died at the age of ninety years, on the 6th of September, 1730.

Now for the trials and dangers from 1660 to 1666.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Constant Dangers from the Indians—1660 to 1666—
Jesuit and Sulpician Martyrs

BOTH the Jesuits and Sulpicians furnished martyrs to the cause of Christianity in the forests of the New World. Of the Jesuits the most memorable were de Bréboeuf, Lallemant, Jogues, Gabriel and Daniel. The Sulpician directors Lemaistre and Vignal were each in turn murdered by the ferocious Iroquois. Lemaistre had gone out to give some instructions to the men working on a little farm hardby, and was walking along reading his breviary, when a band of Indians leaped upon him, cut him down, cut off his head, cut up his body, cooked and ate it. Vignal was out at the quarries near Ile de la Pierre conversing with the quarrymen about the work, when they were attacked, and as the presence of the priest interfered with the Indians, in their mad desire to kill the men, they shot him down and treated him as the other barbarians had treated Lemaistre.

It would take a small volume to tell of all the encounters with the Indians that marked the six or eight years after 1660; the terror in which they constantly kept the people of Quebec, Three Rivers, Montreal and the surrounding countries; the battles that were fought, and the deeds of heroism performed; we shall merely deal, and very hurriedly, with some of the most stirring events in and about Ville-Marie, events that are connected with the life of Jeanne Mance and the lives of those with whom she was most associated in her career.

This continued warfare supplied the Hôtel-Dieu with a constant flow of patients, all more or less dangerously wounded and all in continual need of treatment and nursing. What with night watchings, the household work, the observance of the Community rules, considering their limited number, the Hospitallers had more than enough to keep them busy day and night.

We should like to describe the famous battles in which such heroic characters as Lambert Closse, Dollard DesOrmeaux and de Maisonneuve played parts that will go down in history side by side with some of the most marvellous feats of arms of the olden Greek and Roman warriors; but such accounts would swell our story out of all proportion. The historians of Canada have painted these pictures on the canvas of their works in colors that can never fade. We need not attempt any feeble imitation of what has been already done in a manner far beyond our humble capacity. But, for the purposes of our own little work, we cannot allow some of the events of that troublesome period to remain unrecalled. A page from the Annals by Sister Morin may serve to impress the reader with the awful seriousness of the situation in Montreal in those days.

"But, painful as was the service," writes that recorder of stirring events, "I may say that it was nothing, or very little, compared to the state of constant terror of being taken by the Iroquois. Every day we had under our eyes the awful spectacle of the cruel treatments that they meted out to those of our neighbors and friends who fell into their hands. All this imparted such a fear of those barbarians that you would have to have been driven to such extremities in order to form an idea of it. For my own part, I believe that death would have been far sweeter for me than a life filled and over-filled with such alarms for ourselves, and such compassion for our unfortunate brethren whom we saw so cruelly treated.

"Each time that any one of our people was attacked, the tocsin was rung to call the inhabitants to the rescue and to warn those who were at work in exposed places to take refuge from the danger—which they always did at the first sound of the bell. Sister Brésoles and I went up to the belfry in order not to employ a man, whose help might be needed against the enemy. From our point of elevation we could see the fights going on, close at hand, which produced a sense of terror in us; and we often came down trembling and believing our last hour on earth had come. Whenever we rang the tocsin, Sister Maillet used to faint away with sheer fright; Sister Macé, all the while the alarm rang, remained in a speechless condition that was most pitiful to see. Both of them would go hide in a corner of the gallery, near the Blessed Sacrament, and prepare for death. Whenever I learned that the Iroquois had gone off I went and told the Sisters, and they seemed to be relieved and to return to life. Sister de Brésoles was stronger and more courageous, and the fear,

against which she could not entirely resist, did not prevent her looking after the sick, and receiving the wounded or the dead that were brought in. When the enemy was at a safe distance and our people were reinforced, we found pleasure in going up to the belfry and watching our men rushing to the aid of their brethren and generously exposing their lives to save the lives of others."

In another place the same author says: "The women, like Amazons, ran out armed like the men and many times I have seen them in the fight."

One little incident may serve as an illustration of the times. In midwinter, 1661, before the coming of Sister Morin to Montreal, a woman named Duclos performed a deed that might rival any of the acts of patriotic courage most lauded in the annals of history. Looking out from her door one day, she saw a number of men being attacked by a horde of Iroquois; there being no man in her house and none within call, she loaded six or seven guns and rushed out with the armful of weapons to where the battle was raging; they were just on the point of running away, for they had no arms; she reached them in time to enable them to take a solid stand against their enemies and to drive them back into the shelter of the woods.

During all this time the priests of the Seminary were in constant peril; they went out to confess the wounded and dying, facing all the dangers unarmed and exposed to instant death. Sublime, indeed, was their heroism and their devotion to duty. The Sisters, even though enclosed in the Hôtel-Dieu, were not any safer than the rest of the people. But none had a more terrible time than had Jeanne Mance.

We have not forgotten the heroine of our story, although for some time we have not had any special occasion to mention her name. Yet, it must be remembered that all through the events described Jeanne was there and taking part in everything that transpired—be it of a joyful or of a painful character. Her own house was the next one to the Hospital. She had constructed near her home a stone granary of considerable size—some sixty feet in length. This formed one side of the yard and garden, while the other sides consisted of her house and two high fences of pickets along each of which was a row of big trees, white birch and maples.

Jeanne Mance was not in a position to assist the Sisters in case of attack; she had only her maids with her and an old man who was her cook, gardener and jack-of-all-trades. Many times the Iroquois

attempted to get possession of the young girls at Jeanne Mance's place. Frequently Indians spent the entire night in the yard of the Hôtel-Dieu, hidden in the long grass or hay that was grown there for the cattle. The cunning and patient savages would watch for any of the Sisters or servants that might, through the night, happen to have occasion to go into the yard. They also hid for hours in the tall trees along the fences on Jeanne's property, watching her door and windows and ready to pounce on her or any of her household who might inadvertently come out. Another hiding place for them was behind the fences and in the yard of the Sisters of the Congregation. Most certainly there was a Providential protection extended over all these good women; because, for the service of the sick, it was often necessary to go out at night, also was it quite easy to set fire to the houses, which were all made of wood, and yet not once did the Indians succeed in catching any of the Sisters, women or girls, nor did they ever think of putting fire to their dwellings. But what a state of fear, worry, anxiety and perpetual danger for these good women! Jeanne had become, as it were, accustomed to a life of danger, and it seemed almost a congenial atmosphere for her —at least so she pretended.

Frequently it happened that Indians were severely wounded and left on the field of battle; these were carried to the Hospital and cared for by the Sisters. But so ungrateful were they, and such was their wickedness of nature that they invariably made trouble and sought to repay all the kindness showered on them by deeds of the direst savagery. So much so was it that M. de Maisonneuve had often to station one or more soldiers in the wards in order to protect the patients and the nurses from the attacks of the convalescent Indians.

One case is told of an Iroquois—a young chief—who had been treated and cured by Sister de Brésoles. No sooner was he able to go about as usual than, forgetting all she had done for him, he watched a chance and drove her by main force into a closet and there tried to choke her to death. Her cries brought the sick around and some with crutches and others with chairs hammered the Indian until they were able to master him.

It must be admitted that in some cases the Sisters succeeded in converting Indians by dint of kindness. And they often got up entertainments for them. At one time Jeanne Mance succeeded in

having M. de Maisonneuve and other distinguished persons arrange a festival for the Iroquois. They prepared the yard of the Hôtel-Dieu for this purpose. They brought five or six big boilers into the yard, each holding seven or eight pailsful. These were filled with water and grained Indian corn; and to season it the fattest dogs were put in, being roasted beforehand. They also added beaver, bear-meat, wild-cat and other forest meats. All this was boiled for half a day; then they added prunes and raisins, that were cooked a couple of hours with the rest. Then this was distributed to the ravenous Indians who considered it the feast of their lives.

First came the Chiefs, then the ordinary braves, then the slaves; the women all carried wooden dishes, and the chiefs sent the first portions to those whom they wished to most honor. Amongst the first were the Sisters, and of course Jeanne Mance; and despite their repugnance for the food, they ate it with a show of delight, in order not to offend the warriors. By these means they succeeded in obtaining a little peace and in converting many Indians.

Poor old Jouaneaux, who was their right-hand-man, had four men working under him. These were Rolin Basile, Guillaume Jérôme, Jacques Petit and a man called Montor, who had been a soldier. On the 24th of April, 1665, while these five were at work, a band of Indians attacked them and it was reported that all five were killed. The tocsin was rung and all rushed to the rescue. Consternation was in the Community; all felt the loss of good old Jouaneaux more than can be expressed. A fearful battle ensued, in which the Iroquois were beaten and it was found that, although badly wounded, not one of the five were killed.

Feeling himself of no further use to the Sisters, Jouaneaux asked to be allowed to return to France. Much against their will the Sisters consented, especially as there was a small heritage awaiting him over there. At last he took his departure; went home to France; spent a short while gathering in his tiny fortune; then he retired to the home of the Community at La Flèche, where he did what age and infirmities would allow for a few brief years; and he died there in a most Christian manner.

What we have thus related will show the necessity of an increase in the military protection of the colony. It became absolutely impossible for the Sisters to live on under such awful conditions and de Maisonneuve and Jeanne Mance decided that something must be

done to strengthen the garrison and to protect the settlers as well as the different Communities—the Sisters of St. Joseph, the Sisters of the Congregation and the Priests of the Seminary. A turning-point had been reached in the affairs of Montreal, and Jeanne Mance saw, with her vast experience, that the "tide" had to be "taken at its flood," or else all her life's work might be wrecked.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Arrival of a Regiment—Le Mal de Terre—Royal Letters Patent to Hospitallers

SO DANGEROUS had become the situation in all Canada, on account of the Indians, that the French Government, at the request of de Maisonneuve, sent out a full regiment of regular soldiers. As soon as this regiment reached Montreal, the soldiers were sent to build forts along the Richelieu River to check the incursions of the Iroquois who came in from that direction. Dollier de Casson, a priest of the Seminary and also a writer of Canadian history, was sent to Fort Saint-Anne, some seventy miles from Montreal, to bring succor to the soldiers in garrison there. Some sixty soldiers were stationed at that place; an epidemic broke out amongst them and carried off forty of their number, while those that remained were exposed to death from famine. Great was the risk taken by this good priest in going into that hole of fever. The sickness was called "mal de terre" and lasted two or three months, and each one affected spent six to eight days in fearful agony before being relieved by death. One of the symptoms was a rotting away of the flesh, which created such a stench that it was practically impossible for any one, doctor, priest or nurse, to stand the odor. It seems to us that this sickness must have been somewhat like that fearful scourge that so often afflicted the shantymen in our own days known as "black leg," and due to eating improperly cured or preserved pork. The symptoms, in any case, are identical.

Jeanne Mance, fearing that the priest also would die either of the fever or of hunger, secured a number of sleds, or toboggans, and loaded them with provisions of all sorts, such as onions, chickens, salt-meats, prunes from Tours, corn, bread, bottles of liqueurs and medicines. This help kept many of the unfortunates alive and

enabled them to stand the journey from the Fort to the Hôtel-Dieu. All that were transported to the city hospital were cured, but nearly all that remained at the Fort died.

The services rendered to the soldiers by Jeanne Mance and by the devoted and indefatigable Hospitallers caused them to rise so highly in the estimation and in the appreciation of M. de Courcelles, the Governor General, and of M. Talon, the great Intendant, that they took a special interest in their case. M. Talon came to Montreal, went from house to house, visited every person and then the Hospital and made enquiries in detail as to the work being done by the Sisters. On the 15th of September, 1667, he gave authority to the citizens of Ville-Marie to hold a general meeting with a view to petitioning for letters patent in favor of the Hospitallers. The meeting, which was absolutely unanimous, was held in the large hall of the Seminary during the following October. The Sisters had been constituted a religious order already and with right to make solemn vows; the testimony of some very important personages, added to that of the entire population, served the purpose of the Intendant. Of these personages may be mentioned in particular M. Louis Artus de Sailly, Judge at Ville-Marie, M. Pérot, Parish Priest of the same place, and Mgr. de Laval, head of the Church in Canada.

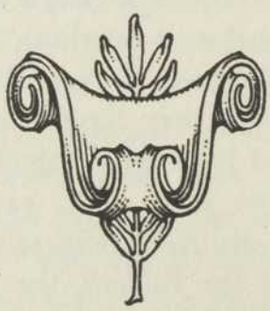
The same year M. Souart made a trip to France; there he met M. Macé, brother of Sister Macé, and they presented the petition to Colbert, the famous French Minister, who in turn obtained from the King the Letters Patent required. It was in August, 1669, that this document was issued, and, on account of its importance, being the crowning of Jeanne Mance's lifework, we give it in full.

"Our dear and well-beloved religious, the Hospitallers of Saint-Joseph of the Island of Montreal in New France, have had set before us that since the year 1659 they have been admitted and installed in the hospital which had been established on the said Island some years earlier. They have since then exercised all the duties of hospital work, with such disinterestedness of spirit and pious charity as well as economy, that the Bishop, the governor, the magistrates and the inhabitants of the Island have sufficiently explained to us the satisfaction that they experience and the great benefits the country derives in consequence. And, as it is just that so useful an establishment should be rendered firm, stable and solid, in order to encourage these religious to continue their good offices with the same fervor, we have felt that we could not do so in a more effective

manner than by confirming the establishment so that they may, for the future, live in community as one body. In which we are all the more desirous since the Seigneurs of the Island have increased the possessions of these religious by a donation (of property) *du cens et rentes*, close to the lands a very large portion of which they have already had cleared; by means of all which and of their other belongings and revenues they can easily subsist and keep themselves for the future."

They are thus confirmed, by the King of France, in their establishment, for themselves and their successors in perpetuity; they are empowered to acquire property and to build, for themselves and for the hospital, and to administer their own affairs, their goods and chattels as well as their landed estates, save to be responsible for whatever obligations may be incurred in favor of the Seigneurs of Montreal.

Although we have relegated to the appendix the authorities on which all information in this work is based, yet in this important matter we shall state that reference may be made to "Edits, ordonnances royaux, etc., Québec, 1803, page 55;" to "Les Archives des Hospitalières de Ville-Marie;" to "Les Archives de la Marine, Avril, 1669;" and to "Registre des Ordres du Roi, 1669, fol. 117."



CHAPTER XXXV

Solemn Vows Taken—Sister du Ronceray—Her Voyage, Sojourn and Return—Other Sisters

THE ultimate purpose, as we have often repeated, of M. de la Dauversière and of all the founders and friends of the Hospitallers of St. Joseph, was to have a religious community the members of which would be irrevocably consecrated by perpetual and solemn vows to the service of God and of the sick. We have told all the obstacles that arose in the way of the accomplishment of this great design. About 1665 or 1666, on account of the numerous houses established in France by the Hospitallers of La Flèche, they found their institution slowly but surely going to ruin; lack of subjects, lack of funds and lack of encouragement brought them to the very brink. And this was one reason why all appeals for help that came to them from New France were unanswered, or had to be postponed. This was the state of affairs when an appeal was made to Mgr. Henri Arnauld, Bishop of Angers. He felt that the first step to be taken was to have these religious bound to their vocation by the ties of solemn vows. He applied to the Holy Father, Pope Alexander VII, then Pontiff of the Holy See, and as a consequence, the Vicar of Christ accorded a Brief, dated the 8th of January, 1666, erecting the community religiously.

As soon as the Sisters in Montreal learned this good news they asked the Mother House at La Flèche to send them a few professed Sisters who might be able to superintend a novitiate in Canada. We need not detail all the difficulties that had to be overcome to obtain this apparently reasonable favor. The call of Sister Havard and then of the lay-sister Chevalier, and the reasons which finally prevented their going to Canada, would be very interesting, but would draw us beyond the scope of our work. Finally, from the house at Laval, came Sister Andrée du Ronceray, whose selection was greatly due to M. Macé and M. de Fancamp.

Her father, M. Antoine Duvernay, a distinguished physician of Laval and Alderman of that city, objected most strongly to his daughter exposing herself to the life of a Nurse and Hospital Nun in the wilds of Canada. The Bishop of Mans also refused her the obedience required for the Institution at Ville-Marie, and he even declared that no person from his diocese would ever receive any such authority. However, M. Macé persisted, and applied to the Queen Marie-Thérèse d'Autriche, wife of Louis XIV, and through Madame de Brisacier, private secretary of the Queen, secured a letter to the Bishop of Mans instructing him to accord the obedience for Ville-Marie asked by Sister du Ronceray. After this honor, the father had a change of heart and agreed to his daughter's departure. This much being settled, M. Macé looked around to find two other Sisters of disposition and qualities calculated to be of use to Sister du Ronceray in her mission. He found Sister Renée Le Jumeau de Lanaudiere and Sister Renée Babonneau.

We must hurry on, leaving aside the long series of difficulties that retarded again and again the departure of these Sisters. It was not until the 29th of June, 1669, that they managed to set sail. The captain of the ship was named Poulet. The ship was a filthy and unhealthy old tub. The long voyage was one continued sickness for all three. The narrow space allowed them for eating and for sleeping was such that they had neither air, light nor room to move. But they stood the trip with that heroism which marked all the women of that day. Finally they landed in Quebec and were received most hospitably by the Ursulines, with whom they spent a month. They could find no means of getting to Montreal, until M. Souart, having heard of their arrival, went to Quebec to conduct them to their mission.

They reached Montreal on the 1st of November, feast of All Saints. Before they entered their cloister, M. Souart made them visit the entire colony, the farms, the habitations, the institutions; they were visited in turn by all the people who brought them every kind of little luxury that the settlement afforded. Thus before being enclosed in their poor little cloister cells they had a fair idea of the condition of things in the colony.

The third day after their arrival Sister de Brésoles, who had on the 10th of May, 1669, succeeded Sister Macé as Superioress, resigned her charge, in the presence of the Community, and handed it over to Sister du Ronceray, who then and there became the Superioress.

Sisters de Brésoles, Macé and Maillet, who had managed the establishment so long, edified the whole settlement by their zeal and devotion to duty under a new head. Sisters Morin, Denis, Le Jumeau and Babonneau followed the example set for them by the former two superioresses and were indefatigable in their efforts to make the whole undertaking a success.

On the 7th of October, 1671, M. de Laval addressed a letter to M. Souart, in which he accorded all powers to that priest to take the solemn vows of the Sisters who had completed their novitiate. In consequence, on the 27th and 28th of the same month, the solemn vows were taken by Sisters Morin and Denis—on the first day—and by Sisters de Brésoles, Macé, Maillet, Le Jumeau and Babonneau —on the second day. Writing of this event, so all important in the history of the Community of St. Joseph and of the Hôtel-Dieu of Montreal, Sister Morin says: "Thus did Mgr. de Laval complete their establishment in as far as concerns the spiritual side, in a manner that left no future gainsay. It is not possible for me to understand the great degree of contentment experienced by the priests of Saint-Sulpice, who had always been our spiritual directors and friends, and especially M. Souart who had been for twenty-five consecutive years our confessor, and who helped us to live by his liberality and alms."

In parenthesis we may here mention that not only for twenty-five years were the Priests of the Seminary of Saint-Sulpice the spiritual directors of the Community of the Hôtel-Dieu, but for two hundred and fifty years they, and their successors, have performed the offices of that charge—and to-day they still are the spiritual directors of the Hospitallers of St. Joseph.

All seemed now on a fair way to prosperity, when a sudden blow came, in a most unexpected manner. The authorities at Laval, from which she came, recalled Sister du Ronceray to France. Every effort was made to keep her in Canada. She begged and prayed, herself, to be allowed to remain in the mission for which her special gifts so suited her. But it was all in vain. Even the Hospitallers offered to keep her without the annual dowry paid for her by the house at Laval; but the spiritual directors did not approve of this. As the result, Montreal was to lose one of the most useful and able ladies that had ever come to the colony.

When it was decided that Sister Ronceray should return to France, it became of importance to know who would accompany her on the journey—for it would never do to allow her to attempt the

trip alone. Sister Le Jumeau offered to go with her; but that could not be entertained for a moment; Sister Le Jumeau was too important for the Montreal Community to have her leave, especially at a time when her services were so much required. However, it was learned that M. Migeon de Bransac, of whom we spoke earlier in our story as having married Gabrielle Gaucher de Belleville, was going to France, and he kindly consented to take charge of the Sister. It was a very sad day for Ville-Marie when she took her departure; and a sadder one for Sister Le Jumeau, who was, despite all her piety and submission to God's will, nearly inconsolable.

To replace Sister du Ronceray the Community elected Sister Macé, on the 24th of August, 1672. After three years she was succeeded by Sister Le Jumeau; and for over twenty years these two able Sisters occupied alternately the position of Superioress—all to the great advantage of the Community.

It was one of the greatest consolations that came to Jeanne Mance, as her well-filled career drew to a close, that such noble and virtuous women should be associated with the perpetuation of the Institution that was really her lifework. After all she had done, during more than thirty years, to draw the Hospitallers of St. Joseph to Montreal, and establish them in that colony, it was a magnificent triumph for her to see them established by Letters Patent from the King, confirmed by Mgr. de Laval, and finally erected canonically by the Holy See. But the golden sunset of such a brilliant life was destined to have one more dark cloud upon the horizon—just to complete her marvellous years of sacrifice—before the twilight lingered over her and night encompassed her.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Worries of Jeanne Mance over Certain Financial Affairs—Her Ultimate Triumph

LONG and trying worries marked the closing years and especially the last year of Jeanne Mance's life. She held until her death the administration of the Hôtel-Dieu—that is to say, of its temporal affairs. This was in accord with all covenants and contracts, agreements and understandings that affected the process of its foundation. We need not travel over again the lengthy path we have trod with her, but it is now necessary to hurriedly recapitulate a few facts in her life in order to appreciate the troubles that flowed from them and which haunted her even to the brink of the grave.

After having blazed the pathway for the Hospitallers, and not being herself a religious nor inclined to a community life, she retired to live in her own little house which was, as we have seen, within easy distance of the scene of her labors and practically adjoining the hospital. Needless to state that all her troubles of mind and infirmities of body, brought on, one and the other, by her devotion to their cause, awakened unbounded sympathy on the part of the Sisters of the Hôtel-Dieu. Her greatest annoyance arose from the disputes over what was called the *fief de Nazareth*, that part of land now occupied by the Parish of St. Ann, in Montreal, and through the centre of which to-day runs Nazareth Street.

It will be recalled that the Seigneurs of Montreal had conceded to the Hôtel-Dieu one hundred acres of land "in return for the 22,000 livres given by Madame de Bullion to establish an hospital," but used by the Associates to raise troops for the protection of the colony. Bishop Laval contended that this contract was not valid because Madame de Bullion had not given her consent thereto; and he made every effort within his power to oblige the Seminary priests, who had become the successors of the Company of Montreal, to return that sum to the Hospital. No person knew better the details of the

transaction than did Jeanne Mance, and no one had more to do with it. She personally knew the intentions and the agreements of Madame de Bullion. She it was to whom the money was originally given and it was she who secured the approbation of the "unknown benefactress" when the money had been used to save the entire colony, as well as Montreal; and, so much was Madame de Bullion in accord with the proceedings, that she added another 20,000 livres to that sum. The deed of concession of the *fief*, from the Associates of Montreal to the Community of the Seminary, mentioned this substitution of the hundred acres for the 22,000 livres and stated that it formed part of the foundation of the hospital. Before his death, M. de Maisonneuve addressed a full explanation of the transactions to the superior of the Seminary in Paris; as we have related, de Maisonneuve was the one who transacted the business for Jeanne Mance with Madame de Bullion on the occasion of his memorable trip to France.

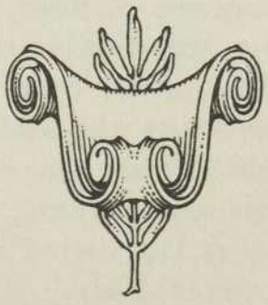
Despite all this, Bishop de Laval demanded to have a written consent to this substitution from the one who made the gift in the first instance. This was asking the impossible, since Madame de Bullion had given that and other sums on the express condition that her identity be unknown and that she be only recognized as the "unknown benefactress." The case was taken before the King's Privy Council and after no end of argument and delay, the judgment was given to the effect that not only did the Seigneurs, or their successors, the Priests of the Seminary, owe nothing, but that they had been overgenerous in supporting all the costs of recruits that saved the entire colony as well as the Island of Montreal. Yet, for fully twenty years after, de Laval continued the legal battle, ever seeking to force the Seminary to make what he considered to be restitution.

As events afterwards transpired, it was much to the benefit of the hospital that success did not attend his efforts. The land in question ended by becoming part of the city that was extending always in that direction; it formed part of the old Faubourg Sainte-Anne, and constituted a source of great revenue, the main resource in fact, of the Hôtel-Dieu. The 22,000 livres, if they had not been used by Jeanne Mance to save the colony and the entire country at the time, would have been spent in the construction of buildings that would have been lost by fire with those that were afterwards burned to the ground.

What worried Jeanne Mance the most in all this trouble was the fact that without her consent or knowledge, the proceedings in the Courts in Quebec were taken out in her name; thus making it appear that it was she who demanded the restoration of the 22,000 livres. She was obliged to address a petition to the Council. In that document, backed up by her personal appearance before the Courts, she disowned any connection with the case at law and, on the other hand, she justified, with powerful reasoning, the exchange of the 22,000 livres for the hundred acres. She even pointed out how in 1659 she had a personal interview with Madame de Bullion and how that lady had not only approved of her management but had given her another 20,000 livres, over and above the sum in question, to express her approval.

It can, then, be well imagined how such events must have worked upon the high and sensitive mind of Jeanne Mance. After all she had done, all she had undergone, all she had sacrificed, all she had endured for the sake of the settlement of Montreal and the establishment of the Hôtel-Dieu, to be treated as though she were some kind of adventuress, or a person who had not been faithful to her charge and obligations—that is what afflicted her the most, and made bitter those declining years of her life that otherwise were so gloriously rewarded in seeing the full accomplishment of all her great projects.

The last really official act of her career was in the spring of 1673, when she laid one of the foundation stones of the Parish Church of Notre Dame of Montreal. There were five stones laid; one by the Governor General, one by the Governor of Montreal, one by the Intendant, one by the Superior of the Seminary and one by Jeanne Mance. This alone is evidence of the position she held in the colony and the esteem that came to her from all quarters. To the end she was a foundress.



CHAPTER XXXVII

Death of Jeanne Mance—Reflections upon Her Career, Achievements and End

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VERY scant, indeed, is the record of the last hours and death of Jeanne Mance. What a strange fatuity! In her native town no record can be found of her baptism; in the thousands of pages consecrated to the history of the period of her life very few are devoted to her and her achievements; in all the histories of the time, in all the records kept, in all the correspondence and archives, we find simply the statement that "little is known about her last moments." All the authors agree however on one statement, namely, that "she died in the odor of sanctity." It could not well have been otherwise when we consider the life she had led. But that does not tell us very much; far more has been told about hundreds of people infinitely inferior to her in importance and whose lives were infinitely less interesting than hers.

One afternoon in the nineties the author of this work went into the old seminary on Notre Dame Street to visit the then Superior, the lamented Abbé Colin, who was upon his death-bed. As the writer approached the great big chair in which the emaciated form of the dying servant of God was propped up, the Abbé opened his eyes and the ghost of a smile played upon his lips as he said: "You have come to see a priest die; he dies as a soldier of the Church Militant." The feelings of awe, veneration, admiration and sublime submission to the Will of God that possessed the entire being of the visitor at that supreme moment, must have been a faint reflection of the sentiments that thrilled the hearts and souls of her daughters, the Hospitallers, of her dear and faithful friend, Marguerite Bourgeoys, and the others who knelt around the bed whereon the fading form of Jeanne Mance was extended, just as the soul responded to the summons and quivering for an instant, like a bird poising to take its flight, at last soared away from earth into the golden sunlight of God's eternal glory.

Jeanne Mance
Fondatrice de l'Hotel-Dieu de Ville-Marie
1606-1673

There are roses from the East that bloom, in their matchless beauty, all day long, and when evening approaches, close their petals, and as night falls, bow their drooped heads and disappear into obscurity, but whose presence is ever made known to the passer-by, because the sweet odor that they exhale fills the atmosphere around. So has it been with Jeanne Mance; lovely throughout her life was her appearance in whatever sphere she moved; but when the twilight of the years grew gray around her she faded into silence until the night of death encompassed her, and her head sank on the pillow to be raised no more and her form vanished for all time from the eyes of the world. But she did not entirely die, because the traveller along the dusty highway of two centuries and a half can still detect her presence revealed by the matchless perfume of virtue and noble achievement that lingers upon the air she once breathed and around the places that had known her.

None could have said with more truth than could she the words of the Apostle of the Gentiles: "Bonum certamen certavi." "I have fought the good fight . . . I have kept the Faith." On the field of her existence she had fought the good fight; in all her varied vicissitudes she had kept the Faith—she had also kept faith with all with whom she had to do in life.

She fought in her early years against the opponents of her calling, the discouragements that came her way, the sneers, the scoffs, the insinuations and even the calumnious suspicions that might easily have turned one of a less heroic character away from the path that she considered to be traced for her by the finger of God. She fought against the sickness and the terrors of the Atlantic in those days of perilous sea-travel. She fought against the inclemency of the climate, the hunger and privations of a life in the unexplored, undeveloped and uncivilized New World. She fought against the horrors of the Indians' enmity and savagery; against the opposition of those from whom she might reasonably have expected encouragement and help; against the self-interests, the petty jealousies, the harsh judgments of many for whom she had made untold sacrifices. She fought against the most cruel of all antagonisms—that which came from those who belonged to the same faith and claimed the same ambitions. Throughout it all—from the cradle to the grave—Jeanne Mance had "fought the good fight."

And she "kept the Faith," yes, she kept faith with de la Dauversière, and all the Associates of the Company of Montreal; she kept

faith with Madame de Bullion and all those who assisted her in her mighty undertaking; she kept faith with even the Captain of the vessel who had caused her untold anxieties; she kept faith with M. Olier and with the Priests of Saint-Sulpice; she kept faith with Marguerite Bourgeoys and the glorious Community that she established in Canada; she kept faith with Madame de la Peltrie and Madame d'Ailleboust and with all the ladies with whom she worked for the glory of God and the salvation of the colony; she kept faith with the Iroquois chiefs and even with the agents of the trading companies; she kept faith with the Community at La Flèche and with the one of Montreal; she kept faith with de Maisonneuve and with every person in authority—civil or religious—in Canada.

Well then might she have cried out, at that last moment, when all the joys and sorrows, all the successes and reverses, all the pleasures and trials of this life were fading away before her, like a Scotch mist over the hills of the past, and when the first flushings of eternity's dawn illumined for her the sky-rim of futurity, even as did de la Dauversière that memorable day on the deck of the "Saint-André," *Nunc dimittis, servum tuum, Domine.*

Our story draws to a close; yet there is still more to tell about the one whom we have accompanied down the sixty-six years of her mortal existence. She died at six o'clock in the evening, on the 18th of June, 1673; in the month of the roses, in the fullness of the year, in the month of the Sacred Heart. It is with reluctance we reach the close of our work; we have grown familiar with you, good reader, and we hesitate to break the silken bond of thought that united our minds as you perused these pages; we shall miss this long association with the lovable soul whose career we have sought to follow during so many months of study, research and writing; but Jeanne Mance is not dead—she lives on in the commemorative monument in the quadrangle of the Hôtel-Dieu, she lives in the heart of the Community that carries on her work, she lives in Canadian history, and she lives, above all, with God.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Dispositions of Jeanne Mance's Will Regarding Her Burial—Destruction of All Relics of Her

ACCORDING to the will, as well as the verbal recommendations to M. Souart, made by Jeanne Mance some short time before her death, her body was to be buried in the chapel of the Hôtel-Dieu, to repose near those whom, in life, she loved so well; and her heart was to be placed in a leaden vase and suspended near the altar-lamp of the new Parish Church of Montreal, to show that, when with God, she would never cease to pray for the colony for which her entire lifework had been given. These dispositions were carried out, save that, as the Church was not yet built, the heart of Jeanne Mance was suspended in the chapel of the Hôtel-Dieu awaiting such time as it could be transferred to the place for which it was intended. To this effect M. Souart had a notary draw up a document, setting forth that it was only as a temporary deposit that the heart was left in the chapel of the Hôtel-Dieu.

The building of the church dragged along so slowly that, at one time, it was thought they would never get it completed. Year succeeded year and still the construction seemed scarcely to advance. On this account the heart, as well as the body, of Jeanne Mance remained in the chapel of the Hôtel-Dieu. On the night of the 24th of February, 1695, the chapel and part of the hospital were burned to the ground. Wild was the night and terrible the experiences of the Sisters and the sick; but, with the very slight means at their disposal to fight the fire, they were unable to save anything from the chapel and very little from the hospital. In the ruins and ashes disappeared forever the body and heart of Jeanne Mance. Not a relic of her remains was left for the veneration of the future. All that was mortal of her passed out of existence, even as all that was immortal of her passed to immortality.

It will be recalled that M. Olier and M. de la Dauversière had always predicted a pathway of trial and tribulation, of disappointment and opposition, of afflictions and losses, for the Sisters of St. Joseph—and certainly these predictions were fulfilled. We have seen, even during the lifetime of Jeanne Mance, how severe were the trials the institution had to undergo. Now it was fire that became the instrument of that ceaseless series of trials. Scarcely had the Community built up anew their chapel and hospital than, in 1721, the whole establishment was again burned to the ground. It took five or six years to rebuild a second time, and amidst greater discouragements than before. They were once more fairly installed and their work progressing when, in 1734, for a third time, the hospital was absolutely wiped out by fire. If this is not a species of martyrdom, or trial, by fire, we know not what term to apply to that series of misfortunes. Certainly the sorrows and trials foretold by their founders came to pass, and all for the greater glory of God; and the ultimate triumph and marvelous success of the Hôtel-Dieu of Montreal may well be taken as an assurance of the constantly guiding hand of Providence over that establishment, from its very beginning down to our own day.

Jeanne Mance was known as "The Angel of the Colony." Save in our sub-title, we have not insisted much upon this happy, expressive and equally truhful appellation. The stirring events of those last thirty-three years of her life so absorbed all our attention that we did not stop to detail or reflect on the countless minor incidents, more or less of an intimate character and more or less sufficiently authenticated, that drew down upon her the blessings of hundreds, that caused unnumbered prayers to be sent up to Heaven for her, and that won for her, both in Canada and in France, that sweet and enviable title of "the Angel of the Colony." Perhaps it was because she had been an angel in life, that death left only the angelic part of her for the veneration of the world. May she watch over the institution that she founded and cause it to expand, amongst all races, wherever it is needed!

Two hundred and forty-one years have rolled, like waves on Time's river, into the great and endless ocean of Eternity, since Jeanne Mance, after a wonderful life of sixty-six years, went forth to her reward. The seed that she sowed, in sufferings and adversities, in confidence in her mission and trust in God, took deep root in Canadian soil; it came forth from the earth, and from ashes and

ruins, to develop into a noble tree; the trunk grew to powerful proportions, it became heavy with the rings of long decades; the branches budded and expanded; the foliage came forth in profusion; the birds sang their anthems of gratitude among its leaves; under its shelter hundreds and thousands of the weary, the faint, the sick, the wounded, the stricken, the agonizing and the departed, from generation to generation, found repose, care, protection, temporal relief or cure and frequently eternal salvation. Prouder and grander than any of the monarchs of the "forest primeval," that tree rears its sublime head to-day amidst a wilderness of institutions, and its name is THE HOTEL-DIEU.

In bringing this story of an important and most interesting life to a close, one feels, as did all those who knew Jeanne Mance in her days upon earth, inclined to do anything that might cause her pleasure and contribute to her happiness. There are three things that she would most certainly desire and for all of which she would feel that keen gratitude so peculiar to her sweet disposition. The first of these is to remember her in prayer before God; the second is to imitate her example in regard to the poor, the sick, the afflicted in this country; and the third is to assist in every way, within our means and according to our opportunities, in helping the Hospitallers of Saint-Joseph to multiply their good works and to extend on all sides, and for all elements, the benefits of their splendid institution. If this little work does aught to attain these three ends, it has not been written in vain.

FINIS

APPENDIX I

Authentic Record of the Death of Jeanne Mance—Her Will and what it tells us of her life

BEFORE the writer is an authentic copy of the Will, Codicils and subsequent inventories made of the property of Jeanne Mance. What a fund of information in those documents! Covering fifty-five pages in all, one can read therein the disposition, the methodical and business-like methods, the sentiments and the actuating principles of that splendid type of womanhood. It would be impossible to give the full details of the story unfolded by the documents in question, but from them we must extract what is necessary to supply the reader with an accurate idea of the financial as well as social condition of Jeanne Mance at the time of her death. The copy before us was given to Sieur Souart and to the Religious Ladies of Montreal on the 23rd of June, 1673.

The entire document contains the Will and first Codicil, 1669—3rd of June; the Holograph Will of the 16th of February, 1672; and a Codicil of the 27th of May, 1673; wherein she is styled "Administratrix of the Hospital of Montreal," and "made by Mons. the Parish Priest of the said place."

After a lengthy statement of her profession of Faith, Jeanne Mance proceeds with the following general provisions:—

"I will also and ordain that all the things that shall be found in my room such as furniture, clothes, linen, plates and dishes and all things generally belonging to me, and the food and provisions that shall be found both in the cellar and the garrets be equally divided between the Religious and the poor of this Hospital.

"I will also and ordain that all the things that shall be sent me from France and that shall belong to me, and generally all that is or shall be owing to me then after my death by right of succession or donation or by whatever way of manner soever they may come, be also equally divided between the aforesaid Religious and the poor of this Hospital.

"I declare that I have not made any debts for myself, on my own behalf, and that whatsoever shall be found to be owing both here and in France after my death has been so done for the needs of the poor of this Hospital."

In naming the executor of her Will, Mgr. de Laval, note the exceeding delicacy of thought and refinement of expression as well as the deep humility of the testatrix.

"I name as executor of my present Will, His Lordship the Right Honorable and High Reverend Bishop of Petrea, our most worthy prelate, most humbly and with the deepest respect of which I am capable, begging His Lordship that it may please him to forgive me this liberty which I take of having dared to name him for a matter of so little moment but which I believe to be necessary for the good and the quiet of this House and to the end that neither my relations nor others come to trouble this House."

Evidently she knew the world and how prone are relatives to look after inheritances, when there is any prospect of such, even when they in no way contributed to the building up of the same.

"I most humbly beg His Lordship to consent to it, and that so soon as I shall have passed away the doors of my room may be closed from without, and that all my papers, whether personal or for the Hospital, and the letters which shall be sent me from France, shall be placed in his hands, and that it please him to have prayers said to God for the repose of my soul."

The above was done on the 3rd of June, 1669; and on the 16th of February, 1672, Jeanne Mance added a Codicil, providing that, in the absence of the Bishop, M. Souart be executor; and in his absence it be the Superior "of the Gentlemen of the Island of Montreal" (the Seminary).

A few extracts from her last Will, or rather the last Codicil, passed on the 27th of May, 1673, one month before her death, before M. Souart, Superior of the Seminary, M. Pérot, Parish Priest of Ville-Marie, and Francois Dollier Remy, and recorded by Basset, Recorder, may be of deep interest to the reader.

"To wit, that she wills and ordains that the day of her decease besides the care which she very humbly begs the Reverend Mothers Hospitallers of this place to take of her funeral, on whom she relies for the whole, they shall have said a solemn Mass for the dead, another the third day, another the seventh, another the thirtieth

and a fifth the day of her anniversary, the whole conformably to the intention and the order of Holy Church and for the repose of her soul.

"She wills and ordains with the same intention and to the same end that one hundred Low Masses shall be said as soon as possible after her death.

"She wills and ordains that there shall be given to the work and vestry of the parish of this place the sum of one hundred livres paid at one time, the said sum to be applied to the building of the church begun.

"She wills and ordains that there shall also be placed in the hands of the said Vestry a further sum of one hundred livres also paid at one time to be applied to the construction of a tabernacle to hold the Most Holy Sacrament in the said church, praying Mons. le Curé for the time being to take charge of it, and to keep it in hand, not wishing that the said sum be applied to anything else, except he shall deem it more fitting.

"She wills and ordains that immediately after her death they shall place Angélique de Sailly, who is now with her, into the charge of Sister Marguerite Bourgeoys or of her who shall hold her place in the said House, entreating her to take care of her and that for this purpose she be given that which she shall need for her life and her maintenance until she can be placed in the care of her own mother, or at least until she is given news of her, which cannot be for more than a year, the which time being passed, the said testatrix does not expect her to be supplied with anything."

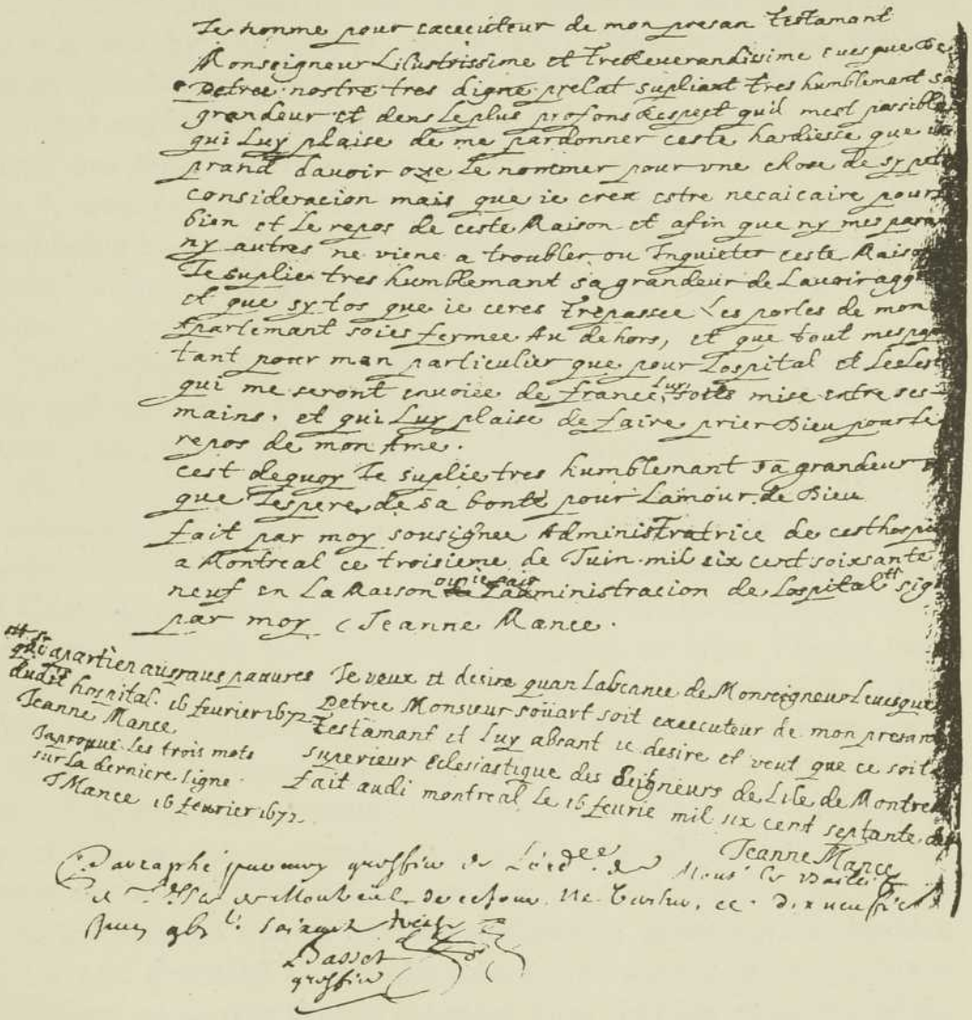
How careful she was of even her maid!

"She wills and ordains that there be taken from the discharge of these presents the contents of this codicil that which shall be needed from the advances made by her to the poor of the said Hospital according to the accounts thereof which she hath drawn up."

In the Inventory taken after her death the accounts kept by Jeanne Mance might well serve as models for the transaction of the most important branches of business even in our day. Models of book-keeping, banking, accounting, and financial transacting.

"She wills and ordains that from this same fund there be further taken a sum of two hundred livres which she gives to the said Sister Marguerite Bourgeoys and to her Community, in acknowledgment of the good services which she and her other Sisters have rendered her, entreating them all to kindly pray God for her and to offer her to Our Lord."

JEANNE MANCE.



Photographic reproduction of the concluding portion of holograph Will, showing Signature. From the original in the Archives of the Court House, Montreal.

The Inventory, covering forty-five pages, was taken on the 19th, 20th and 21st days of June, 1673, being the three days following the death of Jeanne Mance, affords very much and detailed information as to her financial circumstances, and as to who were with her in her last hours. In fact the information we herein give can be found no place else in history. These are all original documents preserved in the different archives in the City of Montreal, and certified to in each instance by the proper authorities. Previous writers do not seem to have become acquainted with these documents, consequently much that might have been told, by earlier authors, regarding Jeanne Mance, has remained in oblivion. For this reason does the writer deem it well to furnish the reader with as much as is convenient, regard being had to the extent of this work, of these precious sources of information. We will now proceed with extracts from the Inventory.

"1673—June 19th. Inventory of the moveable property, title deeds and directions of the late Demoiselle Jeanne Mance, in her lifetime administratrix of the Hospital of Montreal.

"In the year sixteen hundred and seventy-three, on Monday the nineteenth of June at about six o'clock in the morning, We, Charles d'Ailleboust, Esquire, Sieur Desmuceaux, Bailiff, Judge Civil and Criminal of Montreal, on the requisition of the surrogate of the procurator fiscal of the Island of Montreal in New France, who informed and showed us that the decease of Demoiselle Jeanne Mance, in her lifetime administratrix of the property and revenues of the Hospital of the said Montreal, having occurred the day previous at six o'clock in the evening, it would be necessary to proceed by way of sealing the property, title deeds and effects left after the decease of the said Demoiselle, the more so that there appears to be in this country no one of her heirs, direct or presumptive; besides, that the said deceased Demoiselle may have incurred certain debts in her lifetime, moreover that it concerns him, that the property of the poor of the said Hospital, whereof the said Demoiselle was administratrix be not wasted, and to whom the administratrix of the same shall hereafter belong, desiring us that we should presently proceed thither ourselves which we granted him, and in his presence, assisted by our clerk, we proceeded to the house of the said Hospital, wherein the said Demoiselle deceased, where we found her body in a room of the same on a bed, with the Demoiselle Dupuy, the Sister Marguerite Bourgeoys, Superioress of the Congregation, and in their

presence sealed the things which follow, the whole for the protection of the rights of whomsoever it shall belong to."

Here follows a most interesting detail of hundreds of items, found in Jeanne Mance's house and at the farm both inside and outside the buildings; the whole showing that she possessed a very fine stock of goods, in fact that she was rich for that period in Canada's history.

We shall now give, as a last extract in support of the facts related herein, the Deed of Burial of Jeanne Mance. All the other documents, including the inventory of all her goods and chattels, may be found at the Hôtel-Dieu of Montreal, an authentic copy of which is in the possession of the author of this work.

DEED OF BURIAL

The 19th of June, 1673

Extract of Burial
of
JEANNE MANCE

Extract from the Registers of Baptisms, Marriages and Burials performed in the Parish of Montreal, under the title of the Holy Name of Mary, County and District of Montreal, Province of Quebec, for the year one thousand six hundred and seventy-three.

The nineteenth of June of the said year was buried Demoiselle Jeanne Mance, Administratrix of the Hospital of this place, aged sixty-six to seven years, taken at this Hospital, her heart has been deposited under the lamp of the Chapel of the said Hospital, now used as a parish church, until the church begun shall be in a condition for it to be taken there according to her wish, a deed whereof has been made in presence of the Sr. Basset, Notary.

G. Pérot, Curé.

Which extract we, the undersigned, certify to be in conformity with the original.

At the Vestry Office.
This 21st June, 1912.

(Sgd.) N. A. Troie, Ptre. S.S.,
Curé de Notre Dame.

APPENDIX II

The Hotel-Dieu of Montreal—Celebration of the 250th Anniversary—Unveiling of the Monument of Jeanne Mance, Gift of The Most Reverend Paul Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal

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WE HAVE reserved for the last a few remarks concerning the Hôtel-Dieu—the Mother House of all the foundations on this continent and to-day the most precious fruit, in all the vast harvest of over two and a half centuries, that the tree planted on the Island of Montreal, in 1659, by Jeanne Mance, has produced. Many years have elapsed since the memorable commemoration of the foundation took place (1909), and the echoes of that universal chant of jubilation still linger in the hearts of all who participated in the grand event—and we might say that they are still heard like sweet and holy whispers of the Past haunting the corridors, the wards and the very chapel of the stately, expansive and magnificent structure of the Hôtel-Dieu. How to relate all that then occurred, and to do it in a few pages, is the puzzle.

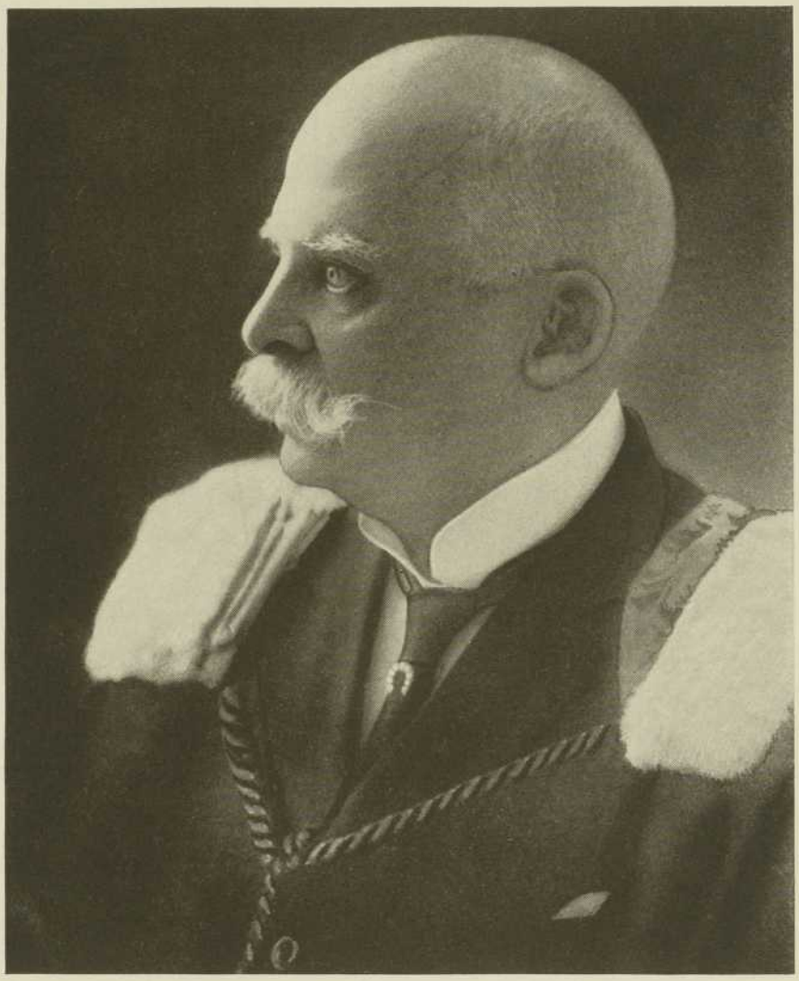
In the large quadrangle to the left of the Hôtel-Dieu Hospital rises Sculptor Hebert's *chef-d'oeuvre*, in the form of a monument in bronze, on a huge pedestal of granite, representing Jeanne Mance bending over and soothing the last moments of a dying soldier. This marvel of the Sculptor's genius is the gift of His Grace Archbishop Bruchési, of Montreal; and its unveiling was the principal event in the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the foundation.

The celebration lasted three days, the 1st, 2nd and 3rd of September, 1909. To describe the decorations of the House, the gardens, the chapel and the surroundings can be better left to the imagination —as its pencil is far more vivid than the humble pen of the writer.

However, in the centre of the chapel hung two large satin banners with the Arms of the Archbishop of Montreal and of the Seminary of St. Sulpice; while in the sanctuary hung those of the Archbishop and of Mgr. Sbaretti, the Apostolic Delegate. This fact speaks sufficiently under whose auspices this grand celebration was to be enacted. The first day was reserved for the Community. It was a family gathering; a coming together in unusual freedom of intercourse for a cloister, of all those who belong to the Sisterhood that traces its life back to that cradle at La Flèche which the hand of Marie de la Ferre rocked in the early decades of the seventeenth century. From all sides came delegates of the different Communities throughout the city, Canada and even the neighbouring Republic. Amongst them came nuns from the cloisters, under special dispensation of freedom for the occasion—even after all the celebrations were over some of them were to be seen in the aisles of the cathedral standing before Georges Delfosse's historic paintings and venerating that of Jeanne Mance, while wondering at the skill of the painter.

The Solemn High Mass was sung by Mgr. Hugh Gauthier, then Archbishop of Kingston and since Archbishop of Ottawa. The Assistant Priest was Father Colomban, Franciscan, since Bishop of Robat (Morocco) and later of the Suez district and Canal, the Deacons and Subdeacons of honor were Father Jobin, of the Oblates, and Rev. T. O'Reilly, former chaplain of the Hôtel-Dieu, with Messrs. H. Leclaire and Oscar-Louis Rolland, seminarians. The eloquent and historic sermon was preached by Abbé Lecoq, Superior of the Seminary of Montreal; while in the sanctuary, amidst a concourse of priests, were Archbishops Bruchesi and Langevin, and Bishops Emard, LaRocque, Racicot, and Mgr. Dugal, Vicar-General of Chatham, N.B. In the evening Mgr. Dugal presided and the Novices of the Congregation de Notre Dame supplied the singing and music. This closed the first day of the celebration.

The second day was the grand one, the day of outside ceremonials, when the State joined with the Church in doing honor to the occasion, and when the memorable addresses were delivered that marked the unveiling of the monument. As this is the keystone of the entire arch of commemoration, we shall tell now of the general events of the second and third days and reserve for the close the glorious picture in the solemn revealing to the world of Jeanne Mance's noble figure and sympathetic face, the laying of that wreath of eloquence's choicest flowers entwined with Art's most precious



Hon. J. J. Guerin, M.D., LL.D., K.C.S.G.
Professor of Clinical Medicine
Hon. President of the Medical Board
Hotel-Dieu

garlands upon the tomb of two and a half centuries wherein have slept the one whose spirit looked down from her home of unending reward upon the triumph of her lifework.

On the second day the Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Mgr. Sbaretti, assisted by Canon Martin, Curé Lamarche and M. E. Girot, of St. Sulpice, with the Reverend Messrs. Leclaire, Rolland and Perrin of the Seminary. In addition to the Archbishops and Bishops of the previous day were the Right Rev. Mgr. Archambault of Joliette, Canon Campeau of Ottawa, and Canon Sénécal of St. Hyacinthe. In the chapel sat Lieutenant-Governor Sir Alphonse Pelletier, and the Hon. Charles Devlin, representative of the Quebec Government.

In the evening the Benediction was presided over by M. Saint-Jean, P.S.S., former chaplain, assisted by Messrs. Volbart and Larue, both Sulpicians and both actual chaplains of the Institution. The sermon in the morning was preached by the Very Rev. Canon Georges Gauthier, since Coadjutor of Montreal and later Archbishop of Tarona and Apostolic Administrator. Throughout the ceremonials of the second day, in the chapel, the choir of the Grey Nuns supplied the music and singing.

The third day was reserved for the dead. In the morning a Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Mgr. Brunault, of Nicolet, in presence of the Archbishop of Montreal. The novices of the Congregation de Notre Dame sang the Mass of Solesmes. Must not Marguerite Bourgeoys and Jeanne Mance have enjoyed that spectacle in their heavenly home, and as they leaned over the battlements of God's mansions, how their ears must have been strained to catch every note that ascended to the Throne above and constituted the pean of their united triumph? The sermon was preached by Father Louis Lalande, S.J., which was in accord with his magic eloquence and seemed to unite those of to-day with their Sisters of two and a half centuries, scattered along that highway that led back to the days of Jeanne Mance.

UNVEILING THE MONUMENT

The 2nd of September, 1909, broke forth in all the summer glory, just tempered delightfully by the autumnal coolness, that belongs to a real September day in Canada. After the High Mass the quadrangle, at the corner of St. Urbain Street and Pine Avenue, began to fill up with the hundreds who came to witness the unveiling

of the monument. Beside the grandstand, erected for the purpose, were ranged the former pupils of the Mount Saint Mary's Academy, who sang the cantata composed for the occasion. How lovely they looked in their white robes and blue sashes, those choristers whom Archbishop Bruchesi so lovingly and appropriately called "Jeanne's Little Sisters." While the vast crowd of spectators was crushing into the space within the walls and filled the streets outside, an accident took place. At the corner, where the Avenue and Street meet, a young man was thrown from a passing wagon and horribly injured. The ambulance doctors of the Hôtel-Dieu rushed out to their duty; he was carried in on a stretcher; and just as the ceremonies were about to begin, a nurse and a Sister of the Community bent over him to revive him, to examine his injuries and to tenderly care for him. Here we have the reproduction of a scene similar to many in which Jeanne Mance took part during her lifetime. She no longer is of this earth; but just as the veil is dropped from her statue, the eyes of bronze that represent her eyes of tenderness and love, gaze down upon one of the Sisters of her Community in the very act of carrying out her instructions and fulfilling the mission she had left to them as a heritage. If the eyes of bronze could not see that injured young man under the care of the Hospitallers, the eyes of the spirit, from above, must have flashed gleams of triumph and glances of delight, as they contemplated this practical carrying out of her earthly mission. Happy young man! Timely accident! In years to come when speaking of his adventure he can say to those who ask him, that he was taken in and cared for at the Hôtel-Dieu under the very eyes of Jeanne Mance.

As the hour of noon approached, the immense crowd, with the representatives of Church and State and the invited guests on the grandstand, watched, as they listened to the songs of jubilation, for the moment when the veil would fall.

It was at last high noon; the sun shone in midday splendor; the whistles and the bells sounded and from all the surrounding churches as well as from the chapel of the Hôtel-Dieu, rang out the Angelus. At that moment the covering was seen to detach itself from the statue, to fall slowly earthward and to disappear. From out its folds, as if rising from the shroud of two centuries and a half, appeared the stately form of the immortal heroine of Montreal's first years, and as her arms entwined in raising up the old man stricken with wounds, she seemed once more to have come back to the place which

knew her of old, to continue the work that she had set for herself in the days of her activity on earth. The applause that burst forth from the immense throng gathered for the occasion was divided in its objects—between the heroic Jeanne Mance with the memories that cling to and twine around her history, and the Sculptor Hébert who had that day added one more laurel to the imperishable wreath he has woven for himself in the realm of Art.

When silence was restored, the first words heard were those of the Archbishop reading a letter from Mgr. Rumeau, Bishop of Angers, whom His Grace had invited to take part in the ceremonies of the day. It was a beautiful letter, filled with expressions of admiration for the one whom they had met to honor, and bristling with pertinent comments on the work of the Hospitallers of St. Joseph, whose Community began in his own diocese in the early days of the seventeenth century.

After the reading of this letter, His Grace Archbishop Bruchési, the real originator and inspiration of the occasion, delivered an address couched in that language so peculiar to all his utterances—in which the delicacy of sentiment was rivaled by the delicacy of expression and the fund of historical information was only equalled by the glow of his tribute to the heroine of the celebration. In that address His Grace compared Jeanne Mance to Jeanne d'Arc, and pointed out how both had to fight through life and both vanished from earthly view in the fires that consumed them. It was a piece of eloquence that corresponded with the grandeur of the occasion.

The next address was delivered by Sir Alphonse Pelletier, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, who, as the direct representative of Civil authority, spoke in the name of the State and in language that told eloquently how deeply he appreciated the work of Jeanne Mance and the benefits scattered over the city by the Hôtel-Dieu. Sir Alphonse was followed by the Honorable Dr. J. J. Guerin, Doctor Hervieux, Professor at Laval University and one of the faculty of the Hôtel-Dieu, and finally by Mgr. Sbaretti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada. Needless to say that all these addresses simply vied with one another in their terms of praise for the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph, the Hospitallers of the Hôtel-Dieu and of veneration for the memory of Jeanne Mance.

The Hon. Dr. Guerin, former Minister in the Quebec administration and former Mayor of Montreal, a Professor of the faculty of medicine at Laval University and for thirty odd years connected

with the faculty of the Hôtel-Dieu, spoke in English. His gem-like address adds to the story we have told in the pages of this book and for that reason we shall close this all too brief account of the ceremonies of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation with the words he then pronounced.

ADDRESS BY HON DR. GUERIN

"During the first strenuous years of our Nation's existence there was little time to rest on the way and contemplate heroes. Men were busy felling and planting, blasting quarries, bridging rivers and building cities. The unread pages of our history very often lay uncut. The glorious names of our great ones dwelt hidden in closed volumes. Our heroes awaited the day when their labours would have borne full fruition, and their children in prosperity and joy would arise to call them 'Blessed.'

"Ladies and Gentlemen, the time has come. Today, Canada, like a young giant, stands out with glory on her brow, strength in her arm and untold riches beneath her feet. All nations throng to her shores. May we not at last with deepest pride open our history and pointing to her, say: Behold! Is she not worthy of the valiant men and noble women who cradled her struggling infancy, of the warriors who fought, the saints who laboured, and the missionaries who bled for her? Our history is one of religious enthusiasm, patriotism, chivalry and romance; and perhaps its most brilliant page is the story of the foundation of Montreal. Where is there such a noble group as that which first stood upon our shores: de Maisonneuve, Dollard, and the valiant women who, with fearless hearts, laboured by their sides, Marguerite Bourgeoys and Jeanne Mance? Where are there more honoured names than among those who in France formed the 'Association of Montreal' for colonization? Such are de la Dauversière, the devoted friend and benefactor of Jeanne Mance, and Olier who not only advised the Association of Montreal, but who founded the Society of Saint-Sulpice which was destined to play an important part in the development of the new colony, and he who blessed them with his holy help—Lallement, the Jesuit martyr?

"Never, perhaps, before in the history of the world did a city have such an ideal beginning. All were inspired with the same lofty motives. Religious enthusiasm led them on, and self-sacrifice

was their motto. With dauntless courage they faced the dangers of a three months' journey in small sail-boats, the rigours of a northern winter, the awful loneliness of an uninhabited country, and the merciless Indian foe. Their first deed upon our shores was to raise an altar, their first thought was to kneel and pray. Standing where we are now, at the portals of this great Hospital, and looking upon the magnificent panorama beneath us, it is difficult to imagine 250 years ago when this was all a vast wilderness, to picture to ourselves the day when three young nuns alighted from a boat, climbed the rugged shore, and passed into the primeval forest. Suffering and privation awaited them. In the comfortless poverty of a miserable hut they found their habitation, but never was king's palace graced by more gentle guests. Their presence glorified it, and forever more it was to bear the gracious title of the 'Hôtel-Dieu.' Fifteen years before, Jeanne Mance had faced the wilderness. She was the first white woman to set foot upon the Island of Montreal. During all these years she had toiled patiently at her weary task, preparing the way for the Sisters who at last came to her aid.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, there was no lack of hospital work in those days. No sooner had the pioneers commenced to hew trees and erect houses than the Iroquois with barbarous cruelty attacked them. Strife became incessant, blood flowed, and every moment was filled with peril. Our heroines never faltered. With open arms they received the sick and wounded, red-man and white-man alike. We see them in the cold dreariness of a winter night raking the embers of a dying fire to prepare a draught for parched lips; smoothing the pillow of some poor wounded French boy, and bathing the wounds of a fierce Iroquois. And again in the gloom of an autumn morning breaking the ice upon the pools with their delicate hands to wash garments reeking with foulness, contagion and disease. These were delicately nurtured women, timid, too, we may suppose, as women generally are; yet, from the windows of their poor abode, they could often see dusky forms crouching in the rank growth or prowling behind trees waiting for a victim to come within reach of their tomahawks. They were awakened in the dead of the night by the savage yells of the wild men, often followed by a charge of musketry which bade the nuns rise, for they knew that the hour had come for Charity to perform her task.

"Two centuries and a half have gone and the Hôtel-Dieu has passed through many a phase. From the little hut which first

sheltered the sick and wounded of Montreal has evolved the magnificent hospital, where is found all that modern science and trained nursing can offer to relieve pain. One thing only, ladies and gentlemen, has remained unchanged. The spirit of Jeanne Mance has never died. Enter these portals and pass through the wards and you will find the same high aspirations, the same overwhelming charity, the same bright intelligence and tender solicitude that characterized the founders.

"To illustrate this, allow me to recall an incident that occurred during the lifetime of the late beloved and much lamented Sir William Hingston, and which he used to delight in telling in his own incomparable way.

"Some years ago, one day, the Reverend Mother Superioress received a letter which caused her great trouble. It was a request from a colony of lepers for nuns to nurse those afflicted with this terrible disease. Now, she knew that the call of charity had never gone unanswered by the Hôtel-Dieu; yet, how could she ask any one of those under her charge to accept such a mission? It was dooming them almost to a living death. For several days she pondered it in silence, until at last she conceived a plan by which she could find out whether among them there was one heroic enough to offer herself as a voluntary victim.

"One evening, when all were gathered together in the Choir, and the last prayers were said, she told them of the call that had come to them. With fearful accuracy she explained to them the nature of the work; she spared no detail; she lightened no duty. In clear, strong words she pictured to them the foulness of the disease, the horror of constant contact with the unfortunate sufferers, the possibility of contagion, and the complete isolation from the other Sisters and their friends.

" 'No one can be asked,' she said, 'to accept such a mission. No one is expected to do it, unless within her heart she feels a special call. To-morrow, I will place in the Chapel, upon the Altar-steps, a little box, and if there be such a one among you, let her write her name upon a piece of paper, and slip it under the cover, but let her do it in silence and alone, that her example may not influence others.'

"The next day it was noticed that there was a great deal of exhilaration in the Community; the younger nuns moved around about their duties with unusual buoyancy, and the older ones seemed to be trying to assume the alacrity of youth. If possible, there was

more devotion and tenderness shown to their patients, more thoughtfulness to each other.

"At last the evening hour came. Once more they were all united in the Choir, and the last prayers were said.

"In silence, the Reverend Mother arose and held up the little box. Her face was pale, and her hand slightly trembled as she raised the lid. Did her eyes which were filled with tears deceive her? It was almost full. She drew a slip of paper and read—it was her own name. Then, one by one, she unfolded the tiny scraps, each telling its story of sublime renunciation and read aloud each name. They were all there—not one was missing.

"Needless to add that the lepers got their nurses; and now, besides the place that is kept apart for them, and which is to-day the Lazaretto that harbours all the lepers found throughout this vast Dominion, there is a flourishing Hôtel-Dieu hospital in Tracadie.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, before this magnificent monument which has just been unveiled, no eulogy of the great and noble woman that it represents is needed. It tells its own story with the impressive simplicity of the truth. It does more, it conveys to us all a message from the past. In eloquent silence, as the years go by, it will still whisper to our successors that true patriotism consists in fidelity to the ideals of the heroic founders of our country and of our beautiful City of Montreal."

The part that the Hôtel-Dieu of Montreal has played in the history of the City is of the greatest moment. Its foundress and its first Sisters stood by the cradle of the Metropolis of Canada and rocked it in the days of its infancy; their successors accompanied it along the pathway of its youth and manhood; they cared for the sick, alleviated sufferings, brought light where there was gloom and happiness where misery held sway; they saw the rise of every institution that the city's history can boast, they took part in the immense progress and expansion that have marked each passing decade; they added materially to the embellishment and improvement of Montreal, as year succeeded year and generation succeeded generation; they have walked with it down the long and difficult highway of two and a half centuries; their Institution is one of the most striking and magnificent monuments that the city can point to with pride at this hour; they have well deserved it through all that

lapse of time, and each year has added to the debt that it owes them. If this little work can in any way serve to convey to the world an idea of all that the Hôtel-Dieu has been, is to-day and will certainly be in the future—if it can impress the world with the fact that the history of the Hôtel-Dieu is that of Montreal—then will the author thank Heaven, feel rewarded for all the work done, and realize that which he has felt all through the hours of research and of composition, that the spirit of Jeanne Mance was with him and that from her home of reward and unending rest she has deigned to lend inspiration to this task and to smile upon the sincere, if feeble, efforts of the writer as he has endeavored to place one important stone in the edifice of her construction and to rescue from oblivion memories that deserve immortality.

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Extracts from an Address entitled

JEANNE MANCE, THE FIRST CANADIAN NURSE

By COLONEL MURRAY MACLAREN, C.M.G., M.D., M.P.

Many public homages have been paid to Jeanne Mance; to quote them all would double the size of our book. We cannot, however, renounce the pleasure of offering a few extracts from an article published by Col. Murray MacLaren in *United Empire*, the journal of the Royal Empire Society (March, 1930).

After mentioning the foundation of the Hôtel-Dieu of Quebec, in 1639, he writes: "In the meantime, at La Rochelle, a zealous layman, Dauversière by name, conceived the idea of founding a new order of Hospital Sisters at La Flèche, and of founding a hospital on the Island of Montreal. So he, with a number of other enthusiasts, purchased the Island of Montreal from Lauson, former President of The Hundred Associates, and proceeded to colonize it. For this purpose they secured the services of Maisonneuve as Soldier-Governor, who, with forty men, set out for Quebec in 1641. With them went Jeanne Mance as Administrator and Head Nurse of the Hospital to be established in Montreal. With her came three other women."

There follows a sketch of Miss Mance's life and the hardships she endured with remarkable fortitude. The article ends with a most beautiful tribute to our heroine. Says Dr. MacLaren, who, by the way, is Minister of Pensions and National Health in the present Canadian government:

"Jeanne Mance was the soul of the expedition that settled in Montreal. Her energy stimulated the lazy, her indomitable courage shamed the timid, her angelic sweetness comforted the sick and wounded. Her life was truly a romance of Christian chivalry. She not only assisted at the birth of the great Canadian metropolis, but powerfully aided in assuring its continuous existence by inducing colonists to come and settle there and in procuring funds for its maintenance.

"Some of the old writers speak of her delicate and frail appearance, her rare charm, exquisite manners and refinement, inspiring great interest and pity; yet neither terror of the Iroquois nor any difficulty presented to her could daunt her. Through everything she maintained the courage of her convictions and persisted in her work. Empowered with an energy which would be remarkable in a man, this frail woman had no fear in leaving her native land and civilization to become a leader in an expedition destined to found a new colony in a strange and barbarous country, and to succour ills and afflictions which were the lot of the colonists in their strife against the elements and the ferocious Iroquois.

"The necessity of the work to which she had consecrated herself in her fervour of devotion upheld her in her task, for she possessed an unalterable confidence in the Supreme Master. Jeanne Mance might well be called the 'Florence Nightingale' of Canada's nursing system."

United Empire adds its own tribute by presenting a full-page reproduction of the portrait of Jeanne Mance which hangs in the smoking room of the Royal Empire Society's home, London, England.

NOTE

As we go to press there appears in *Le Devoir*, one of Montreal's French dailies, an article entitled "Date of birth and birthplace of Jeanne Mance." The author, Abbé J. M. Melançon, reminds his readers that early chroniclers all were agreed in saying that Miss Mance hailed from Langres. This tradition remained unchallenged as late as 1854, when the historian Faillon published the first biography of Jeanne. In this work he emphatically affirmed that Nogent, not Langres, was the birthplace of his heroine. Although he gave no real proofs, his authority prevailed.

Recently there was discovered in the archives of Sillery, near Quebec, a document showing that, before coming to Montreal, Miss Mance twice stood as godmother to Indian children. On both occasions she declared she came from Langres, adding in one case that she belonged to the parish of St. Peter and St. Paul.

Spurred to further research, Abbé Melançon got in touch with certain French clerics who have just reported that the birth registers of the now extinct parish contain the names of several offspring of the Mance family and that one Jeanne was born on the twelfth day of November, 1606.

This date fits quite well with the age ascribed to Jeanne Mance at the time of her death, in Montreal. It would seem, then, that Langres and not Nogent may rightly claim the honor of having given birth to the illustrious nurse. (The distance between the two towns is about four leagues).