

tion to the very heart of the unknown depths of the vast continent, beside which the achievements of Stanley in Africa pale into insignificance.

The whole of the island of Montreal, which in 1644 had become the property of the Sulpicians, had been thoroughly explored within five years of that time, and by 1660, the year of the Lachine massacre, some of the settlements within a ten miles radius of the original stockade had assumed the aspect of thriving villages.

In 1667 Montreal had a population of 766 and was beginning to assert itself as an independent centre of trade. It had a market day and a public warehouse erected by the people themselves. And brave trade pioneers and even braver priests, the latter with the zeal of the apostles and the spirit of the martyrs in their composition, were with marvellous rapidity bringing a constantly widening area, if not into subjection, at least within the trade influence of the bustling little town. Fort Frontenac, now Kingston, nearly two hundred miles to the westward, at the outlet of Lake Ontario, became a western outpost of the enterprising merchants of the town at the foot of Mount Royal.

It was Montreal's commercial enterprise and religious zeal that planned those audaciously adventurous trips of exploration of Joliet, Hennepin, La Salle and Dulhut, and Montreal men who carried them out to their successful conclusion. They discovered the Great Lakes, the Mississippi and the productive country at present forming the western states, before the explorers of England's old colonies along the Atlantic seaboard had got further westward than the Allegheny Mountains.

One superbly heroic incident stands out in the early, most romantic period of the city's history. It is the story of how not only Montreal, but the whole of New France, were saved by the devoted bravery and self-sacrifice of Adam Danlae (or Dollard), *Sieur des Ormeaux*, and his sixteen chosen comrades from the little garrison of the infant city. This was in the year 1660. The destruction of the colony had been planned by the ferocious Iroquois. Their parties, converging for the attack, were of such great strength that a union must have resulted fatally for the ill-prepared settlement. Danlae, a young and dashing officer of Montreal's little garrison, conceived the idea of anticipating the combined Indian attack by a desperate onslaught on one of the converging war parties. It was realized that the whole party would have to pay with their lives the penalty for their daring, but it was felt that their action would engender such a wholesome appreciation of French prowess as to discourage the Iroquois from proceeding with the execution of their designs upon the settlements. The young heroes—the oldest of them was not over thirty-one—having calmly made their wills and conse-

crated themselves to their inevitable martyrdom by attending mass, started out on their glorious undertaking, met a great war party of the Iroquois on the Ottawa River, kept their enemies at bay until their ammunition was exhausted, sold their lives as dearly as brave men possibly could; and, exactly as Danlae had calculated, saved New



The Incline Railway leading to the top of Mount Royal, Montreal

France. The heroes of this Canadian Thermopole deserve a place in the temple of fame with the very bravest in history.

Another sanguinary, but much less satisfactory, incident stands out among the events of the many years of stirring Indian warfare of which Montreal was the focus. On the night of August