great hall on the ground, where they make their fire and live in common; then they retire to their said chambers, the men with their wives and children,"

ABBOT

BLIGH.

CRANK

LA TH

LEGAL

LEMIE

MARTI

MIGNA

MONT

REVU

REVU

REVU

SHAF

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WEIF

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The town thenceforth completely disappeared from record until its site was re-discovered in 1860 by excavations of much interest, some of the relics of which are preserved in the Museums of McGill and of the Chateau de Ramezay. In 1611, Samuel de Champlain selected a site for a future town on the little point of land now occupied by the Custom House, which he named "La Place Royale." Traders annually visited the spot from that time, until, in 1642, it was made the site of a permanent settlement under Paul de Chomedy, Sieur de Maisonneuve, the founder of Ville Marie. The latter came as the representative of a religious association, "La Compagnie de Notre Dame de Montréal," An account of the enthusiasm of the movement is brilliantly given in the pages of Parkman. The object of the Association was to convert the savages. A hospital was one of the first elements of the project, and Maisonneuve was accompanied by its foundress, Mlle. Mance; its name being the Hotel Dieu-God's Mansion. The little fort and settlement of Ville Marie were soon the scene of constant attacks and surprises by the Iroquois, so that every street of the old French town is marked by memories of romantic and sometimes bloody episodes. In 1657 the Island and town were acquired by the Seminary of St. Sulpice, of Paris, and the Canadian Branch, still its Seigneurs, has always been a characteristic institution of the place.

About 1685 the city, which had grown to contain about 2,000 souls, was surrounded by a wooden palisade, fifteen feet in height, pierced by four gates, and was the centre of the Indian fur trade of the West, which occasioned a picturesque and crowded annual fair. When the spring fleet of canoes came down about the end of May, laden to the water's edge with their precious bales of beaver skins, worth a hundred good crowns apiece, the little Market Place was filled to its utmost capacity and the fur trade was at its height.

The reckless *conveurs de bois* made the place a pandemonium while money lasted, and every one, high and low, joined in rivalry for the valuable skins. Beaver was king.

Let us glance for a moment at the material condition of the dwellers within this stockade of cedar now recognized as Montreal.

Society, as it then existed, was divided into tolerably distinct classes; the gentlemen of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Seigneurs of the Island, had the actual interest of their charge at heart, and thanks to the remarkable personal qualities of some of their early superiors,