



VIEW OF CAUGHNAWAGA.

CAUGHNAWAGA, AND THE REV. JOSEPH MARCOUX,
ITS LATE MISSIONARY.

BY JOHN G. SHEA.

As the traveller descends the Saint Lawrence towards Montreal, just beside the boiling rapid of St. Louis, he descries on the shore an Indian village, and strange combination of savage and civilized life, the dusky sons of the forest will guide the steamer, pride of modern skill, over the yawning, seething gulf, amid the bristling rocks ever and anon disclosed by the gaping waters. The scene is thrilling and exciting beyond description; all around impresses one with awe, the wide expanse of the river across which the rapid extends—on one side, the Canadian village of La Chine, historic of the mighty projects of La Salle, projects inherited from Columbus in the fifteenth century, and bequeathed to Franklin in the nineteenth; historic too of the fearful massacre wreaked on its sleeping denizens, by men set on to the work of midnight slaughter by the colony of New York: on the other, the stately church and scattered cabins of the Indian town, which the French call Sault St. Louis, from its proximity to the rapid, but which the Iroquois inhabitants style simply Caughnawaga, a term which in their language is equivalent to our English word "rapid." Here too the ages blend: over the level plain behind the Indian village, you see approaching the panting steam car with its groaning train, and at a pier, lies a steamer to convey the passengers to La Chine.

See No. 36449