

## LACHINE RAPIDS.

When La Salle, the great explorer, who discovered the Mississippi and was treacherously murdered by his own followers in a wilderness as unknown in those days as the heart of Africa is in these, started on his expedition to find a northwest passage to China, his point of departure was from the village thence known as La-Chine. Now, however, it is the spot from which many thousands of tourists every year take boat to enjoy the unique sensation of running the Lachine Rapids. Those travellers who come to Montreal by the steamboats through Lake Ontario and the fairy-land scenery of the Thousand Islands, enjoy the sight of a panorama unequalled for beauty and variety in any part of the world, including the descent of these rapids—the most delightful, exciting, and withal perfectly safe adventure any traveller could undertake. Many able pens have attempted to describe the sublimity of the scene and the bated-breath sensations of terror and delight felt by all who make this trip.

Those who do not come to Montreal by boat from the West may, during the summer months, take the train for Lachine village any morning. The boats put in there for the purpose of accommodating such visitors. Having got aboard and taken a position on the upper deck, the tourist feels himself gliding out on the stream amid a peculiar silence, as if the awe of a fearful expectation had its effect upon the waters as well as the human beings by whom he is accompanied, and which is reflected in the countenances he sees about him. Gradually the banks of the river on either side assume a wilder, more grim and savage aspect. The rocks, clad with trailing creepers and the banks crowned with their lordly elms, rise sheer from the river, which now seems to seize the vessel with a giant grip from below and hurry it forward with ever increasing speed. In former times the steamer used to lie-to off the ancient and historic Indian village of Caughnawaga for a few minutes, to take on board the Iroquois pilot, who, in the full costume of his tribe, would come off in a bark canoe to guide the vessel in its perilous descent of the rapids. But the old Indian who, for many years, performed this interesting ceremony, whose portrait