

If from the latter town you would visit Caughnawaga itself, you may take this boat, or more romantically still a birch-bark canoe, such as Cartier found here three centuries ago; in which, by Indian hands, you will soon glide across the majestic river. As you near the southern shore, you find it a kind of bluff, the steep ascent crowned by an old stone fortification, parts of which still frown upon the intruder. Ascending the slope this bastion appears alone, now forming the parsonage garden wall; the curtain is gone; the ruins of the rear of the fortress overgrown with vines and creepers which laugh through its once deadly loop-holes, stretches behind the school house. The church is more recent than the parsonage, which dates back to the days when the sons of St. Ignatius, who founded the mission, still directed the dusky sons of the forest, whom they had won from the worship of the demon Aireskoi to faith in the Son of Mary. It is a classic spot in Canadian soil: we have enshrined the Homes of American authors; this too, deserves that name: here, with all that is grand in nature to inspire them, Bruyas, the philologist, completed his Mohawk grammar and dictionary; here Charlevoix, wrote his *History of New France*; here Lafetau drew up his "Manners of the American Indians, compared to the manners of the earliest times," in which every classic author gives his part; and here, in our own day, Marcoux gave the last form to his incomparable grammar and dictionary of the Caughnawaga dialect of the Iroquois language, and compiled those catechisms, books of prayer, devotion and instruction, which furnish such a library to his flock. Home of literary men, home of laborious priests, to whom science owes so much! 'tis time indeed that pen and pencil should essay to portray thee.

Marcoux is no longer there: but a few months in zealous devotedness to his flock, he sank a martyr to charity, and as we wander through the irregular streets of the town, and enter at the evening hour of prayer the Church of St. Francis Xavier, we find indeed the same Indian forms, veiled in their blankets, blue and white, each sex apart, and distinguishable only to the stranger by the color, for the former hue adopted by the saintly virgin of the mission, the far-famed Catharine Tehgahkwita, is still the exclusive color worn by the female portion of the congregation. All this we find, but the well known voice of the pastor is silent; never again will the church echo to his words of Caughnawaga, which none, red man or white, e'er spoke as he did.

The Reverend Joseph Marcoux was born at Quebec on the 16th of March, 1791, of a family originally from the county of Tonnerre in Champagne, which was, however, one of the first to enter into the spirit of colonization, and at an early date settled at Beauport, near Quebec.

The young Joseph was educated in his native city; the English government had indeed suppressed the College of the Jesuits, and turned the venerable building into a barrack, but it could not extinguish the Catholic spirit of the Canadians, or the devotedness of their bishop and clergy to the Holy See. The priests of the foreign missions, who had from the time of the holy Laval directed the ecclesiastical seminary, now developed their preparatory school, to meet the wants of the time, and in the University, Laval, have at last established the noblest seat of learning in the land. In this institution, then known merely as the "Little Seminary," the youthful Marcoux received a solid education: his piety was remarkable; not volatile and fitful, but steady and constant, upheld by a strict watchfulness over his own heart and passions. He was clearly marked out for the priesthood, and none who had known and admired him, wondered at his entering the ecclesiastical seminary: least of all, did his school-mate and firm friend, Peter Flavian



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