

possible. Such were my other engagements, that I was obliged to leave them early the next morning, promising, amidst many entreaties, to visit them again as soon as I possibly could.

I am pleased with the form and execution of the *Harbinger*, and will hold myself responsible for twenty copies. The money I will forward as soon as I have collected it, which I expect will be soon.

JAMES NOLL.

Burford, March 1, 1842,

Extracts from the Journal of a recent Missionary Tour, continued from our last:—

The village of L'Original, and the Seigneurie of Longueuil on the front of which it stands, constitute a curious relic at once of feudalism and frenchism that would have extended to our farthest West had the Gallic nation remained masters of Canada. A point of land jutting out into the Ottawa near the village was in days of yore a favourite resort of the Mouse Deer, as a starting or landing point when they saw meet to cross the river. The French name of this animal, "Original" was transferred to the rising village in somewhat later days we may presume, hence L'Original. At a distance it is frequently called "*Original*," though I know not that its inhabitants deem themselves specially characterized by *originality*. The Seigneurie derived its name from an old French Baron, whose title existed until recently in the person of a Baroness now deceased. This Seigneurie is 6 miles long by 5 miles deep; the land is good; the basis of the population is French-Canadian. The village contains 400 inhabitants chiefly of American or British origin. It is built on the bank of the Ottawa, a very pretty stream running through it and after affording the needful power to some mills and other machinery, tumbling into that noble river. The scenery around it is exceedingly beautiful. The high and romantic banks of the Ottawa forming its opposite shore rather mountains than hills, the silent placid grandeur of the river as you gaze upwards and downwards until obscured from the view by some point or head-land, the gradual rise of the country from the village to the interior, exhibiting numerous well cultivated farms, constitute admirable materials from which the pencil might create a picture of no common beauty. The hint is given to our native Artists, who will please to observe that I am writing of *summer* not *winter*.

The seigniory contains 1200 inhabitants; what remain of seigniorial rights are the property of C. P. Treadwell, Esq. the Sheriff of the District. The townships of East and West Hawkesbury are on its borders, containing a very large proportion of highly productive soil and farms well cultivated and stocked. Many who entered upon them as the wild forest, and they without pecuniary means have attained a competency, being now the owners of a productive farm. It is surprising that more of our

immigrants do not remain in this neighbourhood. There are three churches in the village. The Roman Catholic, with a fine new cross erected alongside it to commemorate the visit of the Bishop of Nancy. The Presbyterian (kirk of Scotland) and the Congregational. A Court-House, moreover, occupies a commanding site, but its architecture and appointments are the reverse of commanding. While I was there the School Commissioners were arranging school districts, but as elsewhere they seemed perplexed as to the intention of some portions of the Act.

Taking leave of kind friends at L'Original I proceeded to St. Andrews, where I preached on Thursday evening.

Friday February 11.—Leaving St. Andrews in the morning, I spent a short time with the French Canadian Missionary Society's Agents, at Belle Revière, and another hour with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Clare, Petit Brulé. I found that much interest in religious subjects was manifested by the people. With a parting adieu, I set my face homeward. I wonder if this wild Bishop, who has been traversing the country to prop the dominion of the "Man of Sin," has won other and more intellectual trophies than the erection of the many new wooden crosses, one notices on the road to Montreal.

Saturday and Lord's day were spent at home. At the meeting for prayer, held immediately after the evening service, at which probably 150 were present, as on former occasions, I took leave of my flock for a short season and was by them affectionately commended to the care of the Great Shepherd of the Sheep.

Monday, Feb. 14.—Drove to Norton Creek this afternoon. The wind blew a hurricane while on the ice, and so continued after reaching La Tortue, some 10 miles from Montreal. Leaving the river, I proceeded to St. Pierre, where, such was the violence of the wind, I ran under a shed for shelter. Here I met with one of the District Council of Beauharnois—an Irishman. He was grumbling sadly about the municipal taxes. They could not afford to pay taxes at all, even for schools or for roads and bridges. They had left Ireland because of taxes, and they would almost rather rebel than pay them in this country.

Indeed, said the old man, if another rebellion was to break out, not one man in twenty who volunteered last time would do so again. I asked him if this was the general sentiment, he said it was. I inquired how roads were to be made or schools supported without money? how improvements could be made without taxation? he did not know, but one thing was certain they could not pay taxes; and their District Council would not lay any. Now how preposterous this is! People within 40 miles of Montreal, a cash-market, cannot afford to pay the taxes which are absolutely essential to keep their roads and bridges in repair by which their property is vastly improved, and to sustain schools, without which