

PREFACE.

In the following Journal and Remarks, the reader need not expect any critical disquisition on politics, nor any tasty flowers of rhetoric, or the beauties of fine writing; for though the author has been in Canada ever since he was a little boy, he has not had the privileges of a classical education at the King's College, or the less advantages derived from a District School. The greater part of his time has been spent in close confinement in the wilderness of Nissouri Township. Indeed it has been confinement enough, to watch over and provide for a tender and increasing family. He had in most instances to make his own roads and bridges, clear his own farm, educate himself and children, be his own mechanic, and except now and then, has had no society, but his own family. Has had his bones broken by the fall of trees, his feet lacerated by the axe, and suffered almost every thing except death.

He waited year after year in hopes of better days, expecting that the government would care less for themselves and more for the people. But every year he has been disappointed, and instead of things getting better, in many instances they have been getting worse. The Church ascendancy has been getting worse and worse, till they have at last got fifty-seven rectories established, and what next, who can tell.