

TO THE READER.

During the last twenty-four years or more, Upper Canada has lost thousands of her best sons. They have gone to another land, never to return. This has been a great grievance to many of their friends. For this great migration there must be some cause. Yes there are two of them—It is the law jobbing craft and the land jobbing craft; these are the principal actors. I have watched them for over thirty years. Previous to the union with the French, they were harmless; since then, they have got power they never had before, and have grown into monster leeches. These have produced a boil, into which, if a probe was sent to the bottom, the pus that would come forth would astonish the people. After getting a sight of the sore unexpectedly, I have been striving to uncover it, but its fever heat was so great that it burned me. I then began to explain how the burning was done, in a few random verses, so that I might be able to put others on their guard. If there was a good doctor that would begin and purify the blood first, he might then make a cure. Our Ontario government is beginning to rub a little costic on the old sore, it hurts, but I am afraid it will have to use the knife and cut away the diseased parts before there be a perfect cure made.

I want to see our population doubled during the