

Those immoral officials, civil and religionist, to which I have made allusion, appear to have formed a secret league together in combination, for the benefit and purpose of that bad system ; and they have dishonest politicians in their behalf, editors of public papers, members of the legislature, and others in many other places and offices of the government, without distinction of origin or belief, and whose private or political intrigues lead me to the conclusion that many honest and useful individuals have lost their property, the fruit of their labour and honest industry ; and, moreover, their reputation and life itself. And as I myself, my late husband, and our son (and only child) have been innocent victims of that cruel system in the hands of traitors, either in Canada East and West, and perhaps also in the State of New York, by which we have been tyrannically persecuted and defrauded of our honestly acquired property, moveable and immoveable, the loss of our said son, and many other troubles and grievances in Canada East ; for which we came to the city of Toronto, about the 7th of May, 1855, in order to petition the Government against those abuses, and seek redress for so many injuries. But persecution and annoyance followed myself and my husband from place to place, whether in our dwelling or in the employment of my courageous husband ; and whether by the friends, spies, or agents of that league, and a party of the said system,—we were in constant danger and fear for our lives and security, even here in the city of Toronto. And while dishonest and deceitful politicians contrived to prevent us from complaining to the Government, or otherwise moving for our own rights and grievances, it seems to me—and I have reason for the belief—that they secretly plotted our destruction, either by assassination or poison, until my late husband took sick, by vomiting, at the building by H. Jackson (for Robinson, tailor), on Yonge street, on the 21st of May last, and died on the 15th of July of this year (1857)—the whole of his sickness having been a complaint about his heart, and a constant struggle to vomit. Since his death it has been hinted to me, and I have no doubt of the fact, that my husband died from the effects of poisonous drugs or arsenic, administered to him by some spies or agents of that league and party—likely in some water—at that build-