

St. Alban's. They demanded to see the child, which I produced. Mr. Hoyte demanded if I had discovered the mother; I said not. She must be found, said he; she has taken away a shawl and a bonnet belonging to a servant girl at Goodenough's; he would not pay for them; she had cost him too much already; that his things were kept at the hotel on that account; being afraid that this might more deeply involve my daughter, I offered my own shawl to replace the one taken; Mr. Hoyte first took it, but afterwards returned it to me on my promise that I would pay for the shawl and bonnet. In the course of the day, Mrs. Tarbert found my daughter, but she would not come to my house; she sent the bonnet and shawl, which were returned to their owner, who had lent them to my daughter to assist her in procuring her escape from Mr. Hoyte at the hotel. Early on the afternoon of the same day, Mr. Hoyte came to my house with the same old man, wishing me to make all my efforts to find the girl, in the meantime speaking very bitterly against the Catholics, the Priests, and the Nuns; mentioning that my daughter had been in the nunnery, where she had been ill treated. I denied that my daughter had ever been in a nunnery; that when she was about eight years of age, she went to a day-school; at that time came in two other persons, whom Mr. Hoyte introduced; one was the Rev. Mr. Brewster. I do not recollect the other reverence's name. They all requested me, in the most pressing terms, to try to make it out my daughter had been in the nunnery; and that she had some connexion with the priests of the seminary, of which nunneries and priests she spoke in the most outrageous terms; said that should I make that out, myself, my daughter, and child would be protected for life. I expected to get rid of their importunities, in relating the melancholy circumstances by which my daughter was frequently deranged in her head, and told them, that when at the age of about seven years, she broke a slate pencil in her head; that since that time her mental faculties were deranged, and by times much more than at other times, but that she was far from being an idiot; that she could make the most ridiculous, but most plausible stories; and that as to the history that she had been in a nunnery, it was a fabrication, for she never was in a nunnery; that at any one time I wished to obtain a place in a nunnery for her, that I had employed the influence of Mrs. De Montenach, of Dr. Nelson, and of our pastor, the Rev. Mr. Esson, but without success. I told them notwithstanding I was a Protestant, and did not like the Roman Catholic religion—like all other respectable protestants, I held the priests of the seminary and the nuns of Montreal in veneration, as the most pious and charitable persons I ever knew. After many more solicitations to the same effect, three of them retired, but Mr. Hoyte remained, adding to the other solicitations; he was stopped, a person having rapped at the door; it was then candlelight. I opened the door, and I found Dr. McDonald, who told me that my daugh-