

AFFIDAVIT

MARIA MONK'S MOTHER.

" On this day, the twenty-fourth day of October, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-five, before me, William Robertson, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the district of Montreal, came and appeared Isabella Mills, of the city of Montreal, widow of the late William Monk, formerly Barrack master at St. Johns, Que. who declared, that wishing to guard the public against the deception which has lately been practised in Montreal by disingenuous men, who have taken advantage of the occasional derangement of her daughter, to make scandalous accusations against the Priests and the Nuns in Montreal, and afterward to make her pass herself for a nun, who had left the Convent. And after having made oath on the Holy Evangelists, (to say the truth) the said Isabella Mills declared and says, a man decently dressed (whom afterward I knew to be W. R. Hoyte, stating himself to be a minister of New York,) came to my house on or about the middle of August last, and inquired for one Mr. Mills; that Mr. Eason, a minister here, had told him I could give him some information about that man; I replied that I knew no one of that name in Montreal, but that I had a brother, of that name five miles out of town. He then told me that he had lately come to Montreal, with a young woman and child of five weeks old; that the woman had absconded from him at Goodenough's tavern, where they were lodging; and left him with the child; he gave me a description of the woman: I unfortunately discovered that the description answered my daughter, and the reflection that this stranger had called upon Mr. Eason, our pastor, and inquiring for my brother, I suspected that this was planned: I asked for the child, and said that I would place it in a nursery: to that Mr. Hoyte started every objection, in abusive language against the nuns. At last he consented to give me the child, provided I would give my writing that it should be presented when demanded. We left the house together; Mr. Hoyte requested me to walk at a distance from him, as he was a gentleman. I followed him to Mr. Goodenough's Hotel, and he directed me to room No. 17, and to demand the child; a servant maid gave it to me; Mr. Hoyte came up, and gave me the clothing. I came home with the child, and sent Mrs. Tarbert, an old acquaintance, in search of my daughter; her deposition can be seen. The next day, Mr. Hoyte came in with an elderly man, Dr. Judge Turner, decently dressed, whom he introduced to me as a Mr. Turner, of St. Albans. They demanded to see the child, which I produced. Mr. Hoyte demanded if I had discovered the mother; I said no, she must be found, said he; she has taken away a shawl and a bonnet belonging to a servant girl at Goode-

nough'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 afterward 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 the time came in two other persons, whom Mr. Hoyte introduced, one was 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 connection 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 one time I wished to obtain a place in a nunnery for her; that I had employed the influence of Madame 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 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 found Doctor McDonald, who told me that my daughter Maria was at his home, in the most distressing situation; that she wished him to come and make her peace with me; I went with the Doctor to his house in McGill street; she came with me to near my house, but would not come in, notwithstanding I assured her that she would be kindly treated and that I would give her her child; she crossed the parade ground; and I went into the house, and returned for her—Mr. Hoyte followed me. She was leaning on the west railing of the parade; we went to her: Mr. Hoyte told her; my dear Mary, I am sorry you have treated yourself and me in this manner; I hope you have not exposed what has passed between us, nevertheless, I will treat you the same as ever, and spoke to her in the most affectionate terms; took her in his arms; she at first spoke to him very cross, and refused to go with him, but at last consented and went with him, absolutely refusing to come to my house. Soon after, Mr. Hoyte came and demanded the child; I gave it to

him. Next morning Mr. Hoyte returned, and was more pressing than in his former solicitation, and requested me to say that my daughter had been in the nunnery: that should I say so, it would be better than one hundred pounds to me; that I would be protected for life, and that I should leave Montreal, and that I would be better provided for elsewhere. I answered, that thousands of pounds would not induce me to perjure myself; then he got saucy and abusive to the utmost; he said he came to Montreal to detect the infamy of the Priests and the Nuns; that he could not leave my daughter destitute in the wide world as I had done; afterward said, No! she is not your daughter, she is too sensible for that, and went away—He was gone but a few minutes, when Mr. Doucet, an ancient Magistrate in Montreal, entered. That gentleman told me that Mr. Goodenough had just now called upon him, and requested him to let me know that I had a daughter in Montreal; that she had come in with a Mr. Hoyte and a child, and that she had left Mr. Hoyte and the child, but that she was still in Montreal, so as to enable me to look for her, and that I might prevent some mischief that was going on. Then I related to him partly what I have above said. When he was going, two other gentlemen came. I refused to give them any information at first, expecting that they were of the party that had so much agitated me for a few days; but being informed by Mr. Doucet, that he knew one of them, particularly Mr. Perkins, for a respectable citizen for a long time in Montreal, and the other Mr. Curry, two ministers from the United States, that if they came to obtain some information about the distressing events she related to have occurred in her family, he thought it would do no harm, and I related to them; they appeared to be afflicted with such a circumstance; I have not seen them any more. I asked Mr. Doucet if the man Hoyte could not be put in jail; he replied that he thought not, for what he knew of the business. Then I asked if the Priests were informed of what was going on; he replied, yes, but they never take up these things; they allow their character to defend itself. A few days after, I heard that my daughter was at one Mr. Johnson's, a joiner, at Griffintown, with Mr. Hoyte; that he passed her for a nun that had escaped from the Hotel Dieu Nunnery. I went there two days successively with Mrs. Tarbert; the first day, Mrs. Johnson denied her, and said that she was gone to New York with Mr. Hoyte. As I was returning, I met Mr. Hoyte on the wharf and I reproached him for his conduct. I told him that my daughter had been denied me at Johnson's, but that I would have a search-warrant to have her; when I returned, he had really gone with my unfortunate daughter; and I received from Mr. Johnson, his wife and a number of persons in their house the grossest abuse, mixed with texts of the Gospel, Mr. Johnson bringing a Bible for me to swear on. I retired more deeply afflicted than ever, and further sayeth not.

(Signed,)

ISABELLA MILLS,

Widow of the late Wm. Monk.

"Sworn before me, on this 24th of October, 1835."

(Signed,)

WILLIAM ROBERTSON, M.D., J.P.

N.B.—Mrs. Monk was house-keeper of the "Government House," the old Château de Ramezay, where the Commander of the Forces, and the Governor General always resided during their stay in Montreal.