

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—In No 1, fever hospital, there is a man named John McAuley, a member of your congregation extremely ill, and very anxious to see you. As he expressed so earnest a desire of being visited by the pastor of his soul, and as I consider the poor man in a very dangerous state, I deemed it my duty to inform you of the case.—I am, Rev. Sir, your obedient humble servant,

"P. HORNES, C.C.

"Great Clyde Street, 16th September, 1836."

Some days after, an *opened** letter was delivered to me in the Infirmary containing the subjoined answer:—

"19, Monteith-Row, Sept. 21, 1836.

"I am not sure as to the duty of visiting in the fever wards of an hospital, and if that were clear, I am humbly to confess that I am afraid. I take it very kind that you have written, and will be much obliged to you if you will favour me with the patient's address, that if it please God to spare him, I may afterwards visit him, and improve to himself and family the occasion of his danger. Please also to make my love to him, and assure him of my fervent prayers in his behalf.—I am, my dear Sir, yours, most sincerely,

"NATHL. PATERSON."

I own I could scarce restrain the indignant feeling that arose in my mind on reading the reply. However, I said little for some days. The man, at whose request I had sent for the minister—after a hard struggle—got the turn of the fever and began to recruit. When I thought that the use of his senses had fully returned, I read to him the ministers answer. The poor man, weak as he was, seemed to writhe with vexation as I went along; and, before I had well finished, exclaimed,—"That should be published." At all events, "I will never cross his kirk-door again."

I shall not in the mean time delay in detailing the circumstances that led to the writing of the other two letters. Suffice it to mention that both the individuals there named were *very* ill, and that both expressed a strong desire of being visited by their respective pastors. With regard to M'Neil, I am sure every person will acknowledge that she was in imminent danger of death. With respect to Campbell the case was somewhat different. For several days she had hinted, and even said with a kind of longing wish, that she would like to see the minister. Still I did not think her in such a state of danger as to justify my sending for any gentleman not in the habit of coming there at any rate; and, particularly, as at the end of some little time she seemed beginning to recover. The very day, however, on which I had come to the resolution of writing in behalf of M'Neil, Campbell appeared to threaten a relapse, and was very ill indeed. Although I did not think her just dying, still, as I had resolved to write for the other, and as I did not consider the ministers of the Established Church in any way overburdened with duty; besides as this was a fair opportunity for the exercise of their pastoral zeal and charity, I thought I might just as well write on the part of both patients at once. Accordingly I did so—and, that there might be no mistake of the quarter whence the communication came, I dated 31, Great Clyde-street, and signed Peter Forbes, Catholic Clergyman, at full length!

On or about the same day, while passing through one of the female wards, Old House, a sickly woman (who I did not think was a Catholic) unexpectedly addressed me by name, and seemed to recognize me. She said she had often seen me during the time of the Cholera at the Mile-End Cholera Hospital, while she was nurse there. She went on with various marks, which, to spare the feelings of the Established Gentlemen, I shall not here repeat. In summary, however, she said that we were the only clergymen that attended the Cholera Hospital—that their ministers never went near it; I said that was not the only place they never went near—that they did not attend the Fever Hospital any more than the Cholera, and, in confirmation of the fact, I said I had received a letter just the other week from one of the Established ministers, declining to visit

a member of his own church, then in one of the fever wards. I read, I think, about a sentence of the letter—I am sure I did not read two. I then closed it, and putting it in my pocket, I uttered, not the words attributed to me; but, with a host of ideas now awakened in my mind, I, in a moment of honest indignation, asked, "Do you now think that this is the religion of a crucified God, who *gave his life* for man?" When coming away, the woman said she would be glad if I would have the kindness to call back to see her. My answer was, that if she wished me to call back, I would. Next day, however, I did not go back; but upon the second day, while about to leave the Infirmary, I called at No. 2, and being rather in haste, I asked the nurse if she had any person very ill? She said, No, except the woman in the sick-room. I asked, what woman? "The old cholera nurse." I instantly recollected the pledge I had given of returning to see her, and being ignorant of the object of her request, I, without a moment's hesitation, proceeded to her bedside. Two other females were present. I requested them to retire for a moment until I would speak just one word to this patient. After inquiring how she was, I asked "if there was anything that she wished me to do for her?" She hesitated a little, and said "not to-day." Resuming, I remarked in substance, "that although it be hard to tell how long any of us may be here, still she must be sensible that her case was dangerous—that the sooner we make up our peace with an offended God, the better—and that if there was any thing she wished me to do for her, now was the time." Not to think, however, that I wished by any means to intrude upon her with regard to religion; that I made it a sacred rule to intrude upon no person; she said, or sighed, that there was nothing. "O, well, beg God to bless you," and away I came without one word more; and from that day to this I never so much as mentioned religion to her. Here, then, is the case as it stands, plain, simple, and unvarnished. Without going farther, I fearlessly and at once ask, What have I done wrong?

To be Concluded.

TORY SCRIBES.

Verax has written to inform us that "the Proof Sheet of one of the most beastly of all the Tory Journals is regularly sent to an officer connected with this Garrison who is well known for his scribbling propensities, and that the fact was discovered by its being left, in mistake at the wrong house." Verax little knows the extent of our information on this and other points connected with the rascalities of the Tory Press. We will astonish some of those gentry by a small earthquake one of those fine mornings. When a goat gets his head into a corner he thinks he is quite secure. Just so with some of those officials who instead of discharging their duty to their Queen and country, are basely employed in writing for the Tory Press. Those who would uphold the principles of Toryism in these Provinces are positive traitors to the Queen, and deadly enemies to the integrity of her Colonial Empire. British North America cannot be treated like Ireland.—She is three or four thousand miles too far off for that. We are loyal subjects of our Gracious Sovereign, and it is because we wish to see those Provinces under the Government of the British Crown, that we are so anxious for the annihilation of North American Toryism.

*The letter had been opened by mistake, by a person of the same name.

A Freeholder should communicate his infor-