

I beg to observe upon this letter, that the denial of the accusations brought against the reverend gentleman, by Jonah, is too general. His failings certainly appear to have been much exaggerated; but what does Castigator say to the imputation of ingratitude displayed in his conduct towards Mr. Wintertown, on which subject I had, at the time, more than one indignant representation? And surely the detestable project for enslaving the consciences, and controuling the actions, of the good people of Montreal, by a protestant inquisition, under the title of a MORAL POLICE, is too notorious to be denied. L. L. M.

*An address to the Patients, Physicians, and Directors of the General Hospital.*

*Poor Patients—*

Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest :—because it is polluted, it shall destroy you, even with a sore destruction.

Permit me to address a few words to you, miserable and suffering poor, who are condemned to undergo the excruciating, and wanton experiments, of barbarous and unskilful doctors, and their blundering students. The gates of this mansion opened themselves to you with promises of healing and of comfort. How have ye found it? You have been made the objects for trying remedies, known and unknown; a school for shopboys, scullions, and fiddlers, to learn how to handle a scalpel, mix a potion, or administer a glyster; almost a theatre for anatomical exhibitions: 't is not how to cure the diseases of the poor, but how the cure of the diseases of the rich can be best protracted, that is the object for which you suffer almost a martyrdom. And your comfort, where is it? Peremptory orders, coarse language; seclusion from your friends and relatives; your dearest and best nurses, wives,