

**OBEDIENCE TO THE VOICE OF GOD.**  
 The Catholicism of the Belgian Parliament has not risen to the level of the Catholicism of the Chamber. It is not the Chamber, but the mob, that has found some constitutional means of struggling for the maintenance of liberty. They have not done anything; we know not that they counselled anything. We fear to confess the truth, that they have inspired the counsel given by the King, that the discussion should be closed. How far this is correct, we are not informed. From whatever quarter this surrender to the mob came, it is most fatal. It was deemed necessary, it seems, in order to avoid greater evils. For our part, it perplexes us to imagine what those evils may be which are greater than such a recognised and admitted ruling of the mob over the Parliament, of the majority over the majority, of violence over law!

**PRUSSIA.**  
 BERLIN, JUNE 17.—The news has reached us from Windsor that January 18 of next year has been definitively fixed for the nuptials of the Princess Royal and Prince Frederick William. Originally the Prince's own birthday, October 18 of this year, was selected for that event; probably by the young Prince himself, and subsequently the Princess's birthday, November 21, was decided on as a more fitting occasion, it being the day on which she will complete her 17th year. Whatever may have been the reason for choosing the day now definitively fixed on, there is nothing left for their well-wishers but to congratulate the young couple that the day is definitively fixed at last, and to hope and trust that all auspicious influences may assist and mark that day for a long life of wedded happiness to look back to as its starting point.—*Times Cor.*

**HOW TO PUNISH ADULTERERS.**—A workman recently purchased, in Germany, ten pounds of powdered sugar, but on examining it he found that the grocer had mixed with it at least a pound of lime. On the following day he advertised as follows in the public prints:—"Should the grocer who sold me a pound of lime along with nine pounds of sugar not bring to me the pound he cheated me of, I shall forthwith disclose his name in the public papers." The next day the workman received nine pounds of sugar from different grocers who had similar actions on their consciences and feared publicity.

**SWITZERLAND.**  
 FINAL SETTLEMENT OF THE NEUCHÂTEL AFFAIR.—The treaty for the settlement of the Neuchâtel question has been ratified by the National Council of Switzerland. The first article of the treaty contains the absolute renunciation by the King of Prussia, for himself, his heirs, and successors, of the rights attributed to him by the treaty of Vienna over the principality of Neuchâtel and the county of Valangin. No reservation is made as to the nominal title, apart from any rights of sovereignty which it has heretofore been connected. On their side, the Swiss engage to pay all the expenses resulting from the events of September, which are to be spread over the whole Confederation, and not levied on the Neuchâtel alone. That portion of the expenses which is to be furnished by the canton of Neuchâtel as its contribution towards the general fund is to be assessed fairly on all the inhabitants, and not made to fall exclusively upon any class. Thus the families implicated in the Royalist insurrection are protected from the pecuniary punishment which might otherwise have been inflicted upon them in an indirect manner, notwithstanding the provisions of the amnesty in the following clause:—"Article 5 relates to the amnesty, which is full and entire, and includes not only all persons comprised in September, but political offenders anterior to that period. And articles 6 and 7 guarantee the application of the Church revenues and the funds of all the charitable institutions to their original purposes."

**AUSTRALIA.**  
 In the ecclesiastical estimates for Victoria, the Catholic Church is stated to be entitled to a grant of £9,843 and the Greek Church to £14, these sums being regulated according to the religious belief of the population.

**THE RE-ELECTION OF MR. GAVAN DUFFY.**—We have received from the *Warrnambool Examiner* the proceedings at the re-election of Mr. Duffy. On his arrival with his colleague, Mr. Horne, at Warrnambool, they were met by a deputation of the municipality to congratulate them upon their appointment to office, and assure them of cordial support in case they met any opposition. But no opposition seems to have exhibited itself in either case. Mr. Horne was elected within an hour or two of his arrival; and Mr. Duffy having proceeded to Belfast, where he was equally well received, appeared next day at the polling place accompanied by a number of his friends, and after the usual preliminaries, was declared duly elected.—*Melbourne Age, March 24.*

**THE HALF SIR.**  
 BY GERALD GRIFFIN.  
 (Continued from our last.)  
 CHAPTER VII.  
 "Why then 'tis in a great measure true for you—but still an 'all its a great thing for 'em to mane well any way, bekays that that mairns there's hopes they'll be set right one time or another, you see."  
 "O yeh, then, there is. But I'd be sorry there was as little hopes of our comen safe to shore this holy mornen."

**ITALY.**  
 A telegraphic despatch announces the arrival of the Holy Father at Bologna on the 9th June. The magnificent reception given to His Holiness may be said to be the crowning act of his triumphal journey. The crowd was immense, and the weather magnificent. On the morning of the 10th, Pius IX crowned the image of the Blessed Virgin della Guardia, which is so dear to the Bolognese. His Holiness addressed a discourse to the people, which was listened to with transports of indefinable emotion. Fifty thousand inhabitants of the north of Italy have arrived here.—*Univers.*

**BELGIUM.**  
 The Belgian affair has ended, at least for the present. The King and his Ministers have written letters. The measure for the liberation of charity is abandoned, and the streets have gained a complete victory over the Parliament. The Imperial Press of Paris hails it as a victory, as showing the absurdity and tyranny of Parliamentary Government; the free Press of London madly and inconsistently hails it equally as a triumph over the Church. Let us once more repeat that the measure, the defeat of which the *Times*, and indeed the whole London Press, think cheaply bought by the victory of a small minority of the shopkeepers over the Parliament and over the law, is one which only proposed in some slight degree to assimilate the law of Belgium to the law of England, and would by no means have afforded to any individual Catholic, or any Catholic community, anything at all approaching to the liberty possessed in England even by Catholics; who, we need not say, are in this matter much less free than Protestants. The *Univers* comments somewhat severely on the conduct of the Catholics of Belgium. "We must not utter the name of the Sonderbund in connection with this affair. No doubt the Sonderbund was but caittif in its resistance. But

provision which experience established as the difference in the speed of both forms the design of sailing round the Cape. And this combination of a complete disgrace with a complete triumph, she suffered her opportunity well, and taking as much odds as she thought would enable her to triumph, she suffered her sails to fill, loosened the main-sheet, and put the helm a little to windward. The sloop perceived her insolent intention, and attempted to follow her in a similar procedure. Finding that she was not making sufficient way, however, she struck out a reef at the risk of some perilous heeling. This was a measure on which the hooker had reckoned. She persevered in her undertaking, nevertheless, and swept across the bow of her rival so closely that the next plunge of the latter divided the froth which shone in the hooker's wake. Her triumph was complete; however, and the shout which her crew raised as she bounded fleetly over the breakers to the leeward, was answered from shore to shore by the boatmen of the surrounding vessels, who had watched the rather perilous assay with an intense interest. While sports like these were used to cheer the tediousness of their river voyage, (tedious to them from their perfect familiarity with all its magnificent details of scenery.) They had now passed the islet of Scatterry, with its round tower and eleven churches—the ruins of which would be all comprehended in a single coup d'œil—a little spot which has been immortalised by the legend of St. Senanus, and by the sweet melody which our national lyric has founded on the same subject. The sun was now fully risen, and as the vessel approached the Race of Tarbert, where the river dilates to the extent of several miles, and assumes the appearance of a considerable lake, the most agreeable opportunity was afforded to the voyagers of appreciating all the varied splendours and changes of this celebrated stream. On the left was the bay of Glenderlan, an opening of some miles extent, where the red and ruffled waters presented, to a considerable distance from the shore, on either side, a marked contrast to the dark green hue of those which ran in heavy swells and breakers in the channel of the river. On the right lay the villages of Tarbert and Glyn, (the hereditary domain of the far-famed Knights of the Valley,) while the undulating face of the surrounding country presented an appearance of sunny richness and cultivation, which rendered the scarcity of wood, (the only void in glancing over the prospect) scarcely, if at all observable. The wide surface of the Race was covered with innumerable vessels of all kinds—brigs, ships, (as three-masters are here emphatically termed) schooners, sloops, turf-boats, and bookers. The health-sea, which ran in the centre, rendered it rather a dangerous passage to the small craft, and many of them were observed lowering their peaks, and running to the anchoring places near shore—while others with sails reefed close, and presenting from the height of their turf lading, the appearance of a lighter with the bottom upwards, struggled on slowly, battling their way by inches against the heading wind, and stepping three rows of the turf which covered the leeward ganwale in the heaving brine. Now and then a huge porpoise was seen rolling its black and unwieldy bulk above the surface of the waves, in its hungry pursuit of a terrified salmon (a fish in which the river then abounded, though the weirs which have been since erected, and the clattering and noisy Limerick steamboat have rendered them much more rare at present)—and at longer intervals, the head of a seal, which had come up from his peaceful solitude in the river's bed to look about him and see how the world was going on, floated along the surface, like (to use a similitude of our friend in the hooker) "a sod of hand turf."

They passed the perils of the Race, and entered a narrow, and less boisterous channel, celebrated by a feat executed by a knight of Glin, similar to that of poor Byron, at the Dardanelles, running between two rather elevated points of land in the counties of Limerick and Clare, where the wood was more generally scattered over the soil, imparting an air of greater finish and improvement to the numerous seats which were within sight, and harmonizing well the many ruins that lifted their ivied and tottering bulk on the eminences in the distance. Farther on, the Shannon again dilated to a breadth of several miles, affording a view of a hilly but cultivated country, on the shores of which the waters formed numberless creeks and petty peninsulas, studded with cottages and old castles, and ornamented on the Clare side by an oak wood of considerable extent, which skirted the anchorage of Laha Sheeda (the silk bed,) a favourite road for the weather-bound shipping. The night fell before the hooker arrived at the Gut of Foynes, which was her resting-place for the night, and the final destination of two of her crew—the brown-coated passenger, and his companion, or master, in the cabin.

The night was too dark and stormy to admit of our friends landing with any convenience, so that the genteel politician was compelled, sorely against his will, to avail himself of the smoky shelter of the already crowded cabin, until the dawn. This was not long in arriving, and the sun arose on a scene as still and breathless, as if the elements, exhausted by the labors of the preceding day, had agreed to celebrate a Sabbath. While the passenger was occupied in getting his companion's luggage safe to shore, the latter walked slowly up toward the bold and jutting point of land called the Rock of Foynes, which overlooked a scene that was dear to him from many associations, and which, for these reasons, and for its own beauty, the reader will permit us to sketch, while we wait the approach of some new incident. He stood on a road which appeared to have been cut out of the side of a solid rock, of a clumsy nature, and presented, as far as the eye could reach on either side, one of the finest highways that could be formed as level, and nearly as broad as a Macadamized street in the British metropolis. At his back, the Rock ascended in, at first, a perpendicular and then a sloping form, covered, in its crevices and on its summit, with heath and wild flowers. At his feet, a suddenly descending earthy cliff, unchequered by the slightest accident of vegetation, vaulted off the waters of the Shannon, and presented a well-marked contrast to the green and undulating surface of the small islet of Foynes, which formed the eastern shore of the Gut, and looked gay and sunny in the morning light. At the base of the cliff, the waters of the Shannon now lay hushed in a profound repose, as if the genius of the stream, who had yesterday filled the air with the sounds of his own giant minstrelsy, were now lolling at leisure and conning over the song of a summer streamlet. A wide glassy sheet of water, on which a few dark-sailed boats floated idly in the dead calm, lay between the cliff and the north or Clare shore, which again presented an abrupt and broken barrier to the silent flood, and in others fringed its margin with a rich mantle of elm and oak-wood. Blue hills, cottages (which filled up the landscape not the less agreeably that they were the abode of sickness and of misery) formed an appropriate distance to this part of the landscape. Farther on the right lay the dreary flat of Abanish, and farther still, distant prospect of a wide, barren, and craggy country; the limestone surface of which was baked and whitened by the summer heat. This rather unfavourable portion of the scene, however, was so distant as not to affect in any degree the general air of richness which formed the fundamental character of the landscape.

"Why then we travelled far, sir, to see places in foreign parts that won't pay then to that for beauty," was the reflection of the humbler of the voyagers, as he sidled up, noiselessly, behind his companion, and contemplated the scene over his shoulder. However disposed the latter might be to admit the justice of the observation, the uncouth phrase in which it was couched did not appear to please him, for he turned aside with an abrupt and fretted "psha!" and walked up the road.

"If he hasn't any reason himself, he might hear to it from another," said Remy (for it was no other than he) disappointedly. "Like the dog in the manger. He hasn't but little brains of his own, and he won't let anybody else use them any farther than he can help." At this moment the attention of both was attracted by the appearance of a handsome tiburty at the cur of the rocks, which drove rapidly towards them. Before they had time to observe the rank or quality of the travellers (a lady and gentleman), a startling incident, very strange and unaccountable to the comers, though of fatally frequent occurrence in this quarter of Ireland at the period in question, interrupted their speculations: a shot, glancing from the hill above, the rock, grazed the person of the gentleman who held the reins, and glancing off the little Scotch coped parapet near Remy, cut with a rushing sound through the calm bosom of the river. A shrill halloo of mistaken triumph at the same instant rung through the peaceful scene, and Hammond, looking up, saw on the summit of the hill, gazing on the spot, and standing in dark relief against the blue morning sky, the figure of a man; his long neck extended to its full length, his enormous hooked nose looking like the beak of an eagle uplifted over his prey; and his long, thick, white hair thrown straight backwards, as if he had been, (naturally as well as morally) all his life running against the wind. Perceiving his error, he used an action of disappointment, and disappeared. Hammond turned his eyes again on the tiburty, and perceived that although Providence had saved the travellers from one danger, they were not yet free from its no less perilous consequences. The horse, terrified by the report of the gun, had set back several yards, and turning its head toward the cliff, began, in spite of all the exertions of the driver, who had cause enough for alarm already, to back rapidly towards the precipice. Remy, starting from the stupor into which he had been thrown by this unruly welcome to his native land, ran quickly towards the travellers and succeeded in seizing the reins just as the wheels had gained the little footpaths on the verge.

"Fool and dolt!" said Hammond, contemptuously, as Remy assisted the portly driver to dismount, and aided him in arranging the harness. "How he bows and cringes!" He touches his hat and fawns, as if he were the rescued wretch himself—as if he had not given that pompous, pampered thing, his very existence. It is so all over the world. In every corner of the earth, the same degrading tyranny is exercised. The rich persecute the poor—and the richer the rich. The proud insult the humble, and they too have their insolent superiors. Ha! he tosses him a piece of money. It is thus that the services of the poor are always valued. No matter what the sacrifice may be—of personal safety—of toil—of health—of heart's ease and all self-interest, the high-born ingrate thinks he is more than quit of all obligation, by flinging an atom from his hoards, to the real owner—flinging it too, as that man did, at his feet—not to be taken from the earth without defiling his fingers."

The tiburty at this moment drove up, and Hammond although he had purposely turned aside from the road, for the purpose of avoiding them, could see that he was closely observed; by both the lady and her friend, whether that in their fright they took him for one of the assassins, or recognised him for his real self, he could not conjecture.

"O murderer, sir!" said Remy, as he ran toward his master with open mouth and eyes—"did you ever see the peer of that?" In the broad daylight—and the open street—make no more of you, than or you wor a dog, just. We'll be kilt, fairly, sir, in a mistake. Sure there is myself shot—dead—with a bullet, in the middle of me brains, within—only just you see that it barely—barely missed me."

"Why did you delay so long after you had done all that was necessary?"  
 "I'll tell you that, sir. Why did I stop so long? She axed me—no—not me, neither—but when I was just putten up the bearen rein—the lady—pon me word, sir, she is a spirited little woman, I declare she is now—the man was twice as much frightened as what she was—I couldn't help admiring her in me heart, she took it so easy—A purty crathur too I declare. But as I was sayen, she hid her face from me in her veil (though I know 'twas handsome by the sound of 'er voice) and whispered 'to the gentleman' (be the same token he made me a most laugh; he was in such a flurry—calling me 'ma'am,' and 'my dear,' and sometimes 'my lord'—being fairly frightened out of his sivil senses—the poor man. He's a magister, it seems, and not over an 'above quiet, for which reason one of the lads comes down to have a crack at him from the rock, as if he was a saugull—though 'll be bound he isn't air a gull at all now); but as I was sayen, she whispered the gentleman, and he turns to me, and says he, 'Isn't your name Jemmy Alone?' 'iz he. 'Not Jemmy, but Remy,' 'iz the lady (I declare I never thought me name would sound so sweet)—'Tis please your honour, ma'am,' 'iz I. So she whispered the gentleman again, an' says he to me—'Mr. Salmon, your master, says he, 'where is he?' Well, I thought I'd drop down laughen, when I heard him call your honour Salmon. 'He's no such odd fish as that indeed, sir,' 'iz I, 'but such as is, there he is, he is appozit us on the road over.' So they drive away; the two of 'em. The gentleman is a Scotchman, and I don't know who can the lady be. He turns me something, for a rickompance as he called it. I suppose rickompance is Scotch for one-an-eight-peace."

After having with subdued impatience listened to the whole of this tedious harangue, Hammond dispatched his servant to the Castle for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements before his arrival, telling him that he would saunter on slowly over the hill, by a path which he remembered from his boyhood, so as to reach Castle Hammond by noon.

"How selfishly and vainly," thought Hammond, after Remy departed, "has all my long life been spent, and what would be my answer if that shot had (as it might well have done) taken in this weak head or wicked heart in its course, and sent me to hear the great accounting question—'In how much mankind had been the better or the worse for my sojourning amongst them?' Let me, as I have lived so totally for myself hitherto, endeavour, before the sun goes down, to fulfil even a portion of my neglected duty to others. Let me, since my own hope of happiness in this life is now for ever and for ever ended, endeavour to forget its sorrows, and occupy myself only in advancing that of others—for happiness is a gift which a man may want himself and yet bestow. I have seen enough of the world to know that even if I had succeeded in all my wishes I should not have succeeded in satisfying my own wants. If I had married Emily Bury (he paused, and pressed his hand on his brow as the thought suggested itself to him) I might be now mourning over her early grave. Is it not something that I know she yet lives—that she treads the same earth—breathes the same air, and is warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as Hammond is? Let this content me. Let me not risk the small share of peace which remains to my heart by forming new attachments (new? alas!)—rather, I should say, by indulging the memory of the old since the 'covenants of the world' are sure to die: Let me rather fondle and indulge the impulses of a generous benevolence, which the action of my selfish sorrow has so long retarded within me, and let my fellow-creatures be dear to me for his sake whose wish it is to be loved through his own bright creation, but not superseded by it. And where should I find objects worthy of such care, if not in my own impoverished and degraded country? My poor, humble friends! why did I ever leave your simple cottage circles—your plain, rough, natural manners, and kindly, though homely affection, for the tinsel of a world that has deceived and disappointed me—the glitter and smiles of a rank that has deceived and scorned me, and the false-hearted seeming of a love that has left me but a bruised and heavy heart, a loaded memory, and a spleen—hope for the eventide of my life."

He was interrupted by some person's plucking his coat skirt, and addressing him at the same time, in a voice which seemed to be rendered feeble, and broken by distress or exhaustion. "Sometime for the sake of your honour, and the Lord in his mercy save you from the sickness of the year."

Hammond turned round, and beheld a courtly man, middle-aged, dressed in a dark and curling hair, although otherwise well kept, and ragged appearance might otherwise have left the matter in doubt. "Our hero," who had been absent from home sufficiently long to forget nearly all the peculiarities of his countrymen, was not a little surprised to hear this "poor fellow," who seemed about to perish for want of the common necessities of life, petitioning for what appeared to him a luxury.

"Something for tobacco?" he repeated. "Why, my poor man, you seem more in want of bread than of tobacco."  
 "A little of that same would be no hurt, please your honour, but we can't expect to have everything."  
 "What is the matter with you?—why do you walk so feebly?"  
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 "The fever, please your honour," said the man, starting at him with some surprise. "Indeed I'm finely now, thank Heaven, but I think 'twould be a great strengthening to me, inwardly, if I had the price of the tobacco, it's so long since I tasted it."  
 "Do you live in this neighborhood?"  
 "I do, please your honour, in regard my wife and two children (poor crathurs!) has the sickness, above in the field, and I couldn't remove 'em a while. Heaven is merciful, sir, an' only for it, sure what would we do? for we hadn't anythin at all, an' the people (small blame to 'em, indeed, for it) wouldn't come a near uz, in dread of the sickness (being taking), until Miss O'Brien, the Lord be good to her, gev us a ticket for the male, an' soon money an' other things, an' she'd give more, I believe, if she knew I had more than meeself ill, an' that we wor without a roof over uz, which I was delikt of telling her, for 'twould be too much to suppose we should all of uz have enough, an' what no one is born to, hardly except he was a gentleman."  
 "Let me see where you live," said Hammond, "if it is not very far out of the way."  
 "Only a small half mile, please your honour. I can't walk only poorly, but your honor is good, an' the place isn't far."  
 While they proceeded along the path through the fields, the man gave, at Hammond's desire, a short account of the circumstances which had reduced him to his present condition, which, as they are in themselves interesting, and present a tolerably faithful picture of a Munster cottage life, we shall venture to transcribe.

**HOSPITALS OF PIEDMONT.**  
 I had, when in Piedmont, particular opportunities for learning the state of feeling in regard to the service of hospitals, and it deserves some consideration. A great number of the medical students were in opposition to the Sisters employed in the hospitals, and on inquiring I found that this opposition arose from various causes. In the first place, it was generally allowed that there is a great laxity of morals,—I might give it a harder name,—prevalent among the medical students in Turin as elsewhere, and that the influence of these religious women, the strict order and surveillance exercised and enforced by them; wherever they ruled, is in the highest degree distasteful to those young men; more especially the protection afforded by the Sisters of the poor young female patients, when convalescent, or after leaving the hospitals, had actually excited a feeling against them; though as women, and as religious women, one might think that this was a duty, and not the least sacred of their duties.

The adverse feeling took the color of liberalism. Now I had, and have, an intense sympathy with the Piedmontese, in their brave struggle for political and religious independence; but I cannot help wishing and hoping that the reform, in both cases, may be carried out in the progressive, not in the destructive spirit; and, thanks to those enlightened men who guide the councils of Piedmont, and who do not mistake a reverse of wrong for right, it has hitherto been so.

It will be remembered that the Sisters of Charity were excepted when other religious orders were suppressed; and in consequence, it was a sort of fashion with an ultra party to consider them as a part of ecclesiastical regime, which had been identified with all the evils of tyranny, ignorance, and priestly domination. This feeling was subsiding when I was there. The heroism of the sixty-two Sisters of Charity, who had accompanied the Piedmontese armies to the East, and of their Superior, Madame de Cordera, had excited in the public mind a degree of enthusiasm which silenced the vulgar and short-sighted opposition of a set of dissipated, thoughtless boys.

One thing more had occurred which struck me. A few months before my arrival and as a part of this medical agitation, a petition or protest had been drawn up by the medical students and the young men who served in the apothecaries' shops, against the small dispensaries and infirmaries which the Sisters had of their own for the poor, and for children.

The plea was, not that their infirmaries were ill-served or that the medicines were ill-compounded, or that any mistakes had occurred from ignorance or unskillfulness, but that this small medical practice, unpaid and beneficent, took the bread out of the men's mouths. Before we laugh at this short-sighted folly and cruelty, which supposes that the interests of the two sexes can possibly be antagonistic instead of being inseparably bound up together, we must recollect that we have had some specimens of the same feeling in our own country; as for instance, the opposition to the Female School at Marlborough House, and the steady opposition of the inferior part of the medical profession to all female practitioners. That some departments of medicine are peculiarly suited to women is beginning to strike the public mind. I know that there are enlightened, and distinguished physicians both here and in France, who take this view of the subject, though the medical profession as a body entertain a peculiar dread of all innovation, which they resist with as much passive pertinacity as boards of guardians and London Corporations.

Before I leave Piedmont, I must mention two more hospitals, because of the contrast they afford, which will apply illustrate the principles I am endeavoring to advocate.

The hospital of St. Joen at Verceilli, which I had the opportunity of inspecting minutely, left a strong impression on my mind. At the time I visited it, it contained nearly four hundred patients. There was besides, in an adjacent building, a school and hospital for poor children. The whole interior economy of these two hospitals was under the management of eighteen women, with a staff of assistants both male and female. The Superior, a very handsome, intelligent woman, had been trained at Paris, and had presided over this provincial hospital for eleven years. There was the same cheerfulness which I have had occasion to remark in all institutions where the religious and feminine elements were allowed to influence the material administration; and every thing was exquisitely clean and comfortable. In this instance, the dispensary (*Pharmacie*) was managed by apothecaries, and not by the women.

Now, in contrast with this hospital, I will describe a famous hospital at Turin. It is a recent building, with all the latest improvements, and considered, in respect to fitness for its purpose, as a *chef d'œuvre* of architecture. The contrivances and material appliances for the sick and convalescent were exhibited to me as the wonder and boast of the city; certainly they were most ingenious. The management was in the hands of a committee of gentlemen; under them a numerous staff of physicians. Two or three female servants of the lowest class were sweeping and clearing. In the convalescent wards I saw a great deal of card-playing. All was forms, cold, clean and

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 While they proceeded along the path through the fields, the man gave, at Hammond's desire, a short account of the circumstances which had reduced him to his present condition, which, as they are in themselves interesting, and present a tolerably faithful picture of a Munster cottage life, we shall venture to transcribe.

**HOSPITALS OF PIEDMONT.**  
 I had, when in Piedmont, particular opportunities for learning the state of feeling in regard to the service of hospitals, and it deserves some consideration. A great number of the medical students were in opposition to the Sisters employed in the hospitals, and on inquiring I found that this opposition arose from various causes. In the first place, it was generally allowed that there is a great laxity of morals,—I might give it a harder name,—prevalent among the medical students in Turin as elsewhere, and that the influence of these religious women, the strict order and surveillance exercised and enforced by them; wherever they ruled, is in the highest degree distasteful to those young men; more especially the protection afforded by the Sisters of the poor young female patients, when convalescent, or after leaving the hospitals, had actually excited a feeling against them; though as women, and as religious women, one might think that this was a duty, and not the least sacred of their duties.

The adverse feeling took the color of liberalism. Now I had, and have, an intense sympathy with the Piedmontese, in their brave struggle for political and religious independence; but I cannot help wishing and hoping that the reform, in both cases, may be carried out in the progressive, not in the destructive spirit; and, thanks to those enlightened men who guide the councils of Piedmont, and who do not mistake a reverse of wrong for right, it has hitherto been so.

It will be remembered that the Sisters of Charity were excepted when other religious orders were suppressed; and in consequence, it was a sort of fashion with an ultra party to consider them as a part of ecclesiastical regime, which had been identified with all the evils of tyranny, ignorance, and priestly domination. This feeling was subsiding when I was there. The heroism of the sixty-two Sisters of Charity, who had accompanied the Piedmontese armies to the East, and of their Superior, Madame de Cordera, had excited in the public mind a degree of enthusiasm which silenced the vulgar and short-sighted opposition of a set of dissipated, thoughtless boys.

One thing more had occurred which struck me. A few months before my arrival and as a part of this medical agitation, a petition or protest had been drawn up by the medical students and the young men who served in the apothecaries' shops, against the small dispensaries and infirmaries which the Sisters had of their own for the poor, and for children.

The plea was, not that their infirmaries were ill-served or that the medicines were ill-compounded, or that any mistakes had occurred from ignorance or unskillfulness, but that this small medical practice, unpaid and beneficent, took the bread out of the men's mouths. Before we laugh at this short-sighted folly and cruelty, which supposes that the interests of the two sexes can possibly be antagonistic instead of being inseparably bound up together, we must recollect that we have had some specimens of the same feeling in our own country; as for instance, the opposition to the Female School at Marlborough House, and the steady opposition of the inferior part of the medical profession to all female practitioners. That some departments of medicine are peculiarly suited to women is beginning to strike the public mind. I know that there are enlightened, and distinguished physicians both here and in France, who take this view of the subject, though the medical profession as a body entertain a peculiar dread of all innovation, which they resist with as much passive pertinacity as boards of guardians and London Corporations.

Before I leave Piedmont, I must mention two more hospitals, because of the contrast they afford, which will apply illustrate the principles I am endeavoring to advocate.

The hospital of St. Joen at Verceilli, which I had the opportunity of inspecting minutely, left a strong impression on my mind. At the time I visited it, it contained nearly four hundred patients. There was besides, in an adjacent building, a school and hospital for poor children. The whole interior economy of these two hospitals was under the management of eighteen women, with a staff of assistants both male and female. The Superior, a very handsome, intelligent woman, had been trained at Paris, and had presided over this provincial hospital for eleven years. There was the same cheerfulness which I have had occasion to remark in all institutions where the religious and feminine elements were allowed to influence the material administration; and every thing was exquisitely clean and comfortable. In this instance, the dispensary (*Pharmacie*) was managed by apothecaries, and not by the women.