

he does so, is he concerned to present Protestantism in a favourable light. It seems to be his object to depict this as bad but the Church as being much worse. He has been stung by the conduct of the Protestants; notwithstanding the virtues of the "old Catholics," and the horrible condition according to his showing of Catholics, the Protestants have not leant towards his party. The contrary indeed appears to be the case. He complains as follows: "The signs of the times are not to be mistaken. Orthodoxy has already begun to hold out a hand to ultramontanism. There is a large class of the Protestant clergy who long for the same sort of power which the Romish clergy possess." Demoralised indeed they must be if they desire to reduce their people to the state of degradation which Professor Von Schulte represents as being that of German Catholics. But the fact is the Professor has over-shot his mark; he has rushed to England for sympathy in his rages and poured into English ears, with such an object, a torrent of abuse that can only be listened to by vulgar bigots. We find a proof of how men of culture have received him in the very cool notice of his article given by the *Saturday Review*. The reviewer passes over with silent contempt his gross charges against Catholics, and quietly inquires whether, when he speaks of putting a stop to "the present system of experimenting," he alludes to the "old Catholic" movement.

It is always pleasant news for us when we learn that Protestants of any rank or calling have been so circumstanced as to have had an opportunity of seeing members of the religious Orders as they really are. We rejoice at it, because we know how much of their dislike and suspicion against our nuns and monks has been caused by a total ignorance of them, and by the inheritance of the centuries-old calumnies invented for the spoliation of the convents by the wretched Henry VIII. These renewed from time to time by the tirades of pulpit-bigots, or by the publications of shameless and shameful impostors, cut down in school-books as suitable poison for the minds of children, and chattered of here and there after the fashion of stupid but mischievous cant, are for the most part all that persons brought up in a Protestant country know of those self-denying and holy communities whose lives are in truth so beautiful, and so completely the opposite of all that is falsely and foully imagined concerning them. In a word, our feeling for Protestants concerning this matter rather than one of anger or indignation should be that of pity, for they are deceived, and, unless under exceptional circumstances, it is impossible that they can be undeceived; their own plain sight and hearing alone are sufficient for this, because prejudice is fearfully strong, and the man must be reasonable and broad-minded indeed from whom argument is sufficient to remove it. We say, then, that it is particularly pleasing to hear that some people who have been brought up in the ordinary Protestant manner have been so placed as to have had their eyes opened to the truth, and we now find an instance of it. The correspondent of the *Times*, in short, writing from Pietermaritzburg on July 17th, speaks as follows:—"Upon the village green of Ladysmith is the Dutch church, at present devoted to the purposes of a central hospital. It is surrounded by several large hospital marquees, in which the less serious cases are domiciled. Surgeon-Major Babington has now about 60 patients under his care. Only six of these are wounded men; the rest are suffering from various maladies, principally, though, from fever. . . . Quietly and unostentatiously labouring to soothe and tend the sick are five Sisters of Mercy from Bloemfontein. Surgeon-Major Babington spoke in terms of the highest praise about the assistance they had rendered him and the benefit his patients derived from their cheering presence and womanly care. If this were a Franco-Prussian or Turco-Russian war, we might perchance hear of Englishwomen coming forward to nurse the sick and wounded. There is, however, a romantic attraction about the bearded, pathetic foreigner, that hardly distinguishes the snub-nosed, ugly boys who fill our own ranks. As with their charities, so with their sympathy, English women require a dash of romance to touch their pockets and command their energies. The residents of British extraction about Ladysmith have been exceedingly kind and assiduous in their attentions to the hospital inmates. Fresh eggs, milk, butter, and other delicacies of a like nature which to an invalid are of importance have been brought from all directions. One lady to her other donations adds the loan of her little three-year-old son. A Sister of Mercy calls for him every afternoon and takes him with her to a convalescent ward, where the boy's childish laughter and prattle are looked forward to with the greatest interest by the soldiers." For our own part we are too well pleased by hearing the Sisters' praises to care about joining with this correspondent in his blame of other ladies, but we have already remarked more than once that it is to a kindred "dash of romance," with that to which he alludes that is due the prodigious preaching now taking place in foreign lands, while such places as East London, and such individuals as "Ary," are left to proceed heavenwards or in the contrary direction as best they may unaided. Meanwhile we are convinced it will be grateful to those liberal and kind-hearted Protestants, who so well aided the Sisters of Mercy the other day during their bazaar at Wellington, to learn that when engaged in doing so they were returning to the Order the

kindness some of its members were, it may be at that very moment, bestowing upon British soldiers in the wilds of South Africa.

It is hardly credible, but as it comes to us on the authority of that correspondent of the *Times* from whom we have already quoted, we conclude it must be received as true. It seems that if a soldier died of disease or his wounds in South Africa during the war, the expenses of his funeral were defrayed out of the arrears of his pay. It is not recorded as to whether those who were killed in battle were mulcted after death in order to pay the men who dug the trenches into which their bodies were flung, but the one charge would seem hardly more outrageous than the other. It is to be concluded rationally that the soldier who dies of disease contracted during warfare sacrifices his life for his country quite as much as the soldier who is literally killed. The service indeed appears to be a truly liberal one. The other day we were told of a man who had lived in it until old age, and then been turned out to seek an asylum in a work-house, whose sour accommodation he might earn by daily breaking a ton of stones, and now we are informed that should a soldier succumb to the hardships of war and die of illness or of his wounds in any place where a coffin can be found for him, that grim luxury will only be provided at his own expense. Verily the recruits whom the *Saturday Review* asserts to be needful must have souls wholly devoured by martial longings or they will hardly be found to appreciate the many attractions held out to them.

In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of August 1st, M. G. Valbert draws a sketch of Lord Beaconsfield, in which, although he gives his Lordship credit for success and talent, and appears to accord him as considerable measure of admiration, he still paints him in colour that betray some degree of ridicule. He says of all free peoples the English show the least reserve concerning their grievances. British good sense, justly boasted of, does not consist in never straying beyond that which is reasonable, but in balancing one freak by another. English bells ring all together at full swing, but they soon get tired of a monotonous peal; nor does the action follow the word as swiftly as is the case elsewhere. Throughout the United Kingdom exaggeration reigns but does not govern. In England hyperbole of insult is not a deadly poison, for Lord Beaconsfield has not died from it, and there is reason to hope that he will not soon die. In one of his writings he has recorded that his grandfather lived for ninety years, and as he unwillingly confessed that his father had died at eighty, he accounted for it by adding that the hardy old man had been carried off by an epidemic. He himself was just thirty when he wrote that he should in fifty years to come be found faithful to his present principles. He no doubt will endeavor to fulfil his prophecy, and to prove that a man may not be the less sound for having a crowd of enemies. No one can boast of having more of them than Lord Beaconsfield, and it must be agreed he has done nothing to soothe them, his ironical coolness and cutting malice have not helped towards this. But even though he were without reproach, if he had never committed a fault in Europe, Asia, or Africa, he would still have many irreconcilable enemies. Montaigne said of his friend, "If I had been asked why I loved him, I should have answered, 'Because it was he.'" More than one Englishman, if he were asked why he hated Benjamin Disraeli, would answer, "I hate him because it is he." Lord Beaconsfield is a *parvenu*, and he only attained even to being so much by forcing himself forward. A brazen face, an unshaken confidence in his genius and his planet, sarcasms, threats, prophecies, the art of astonishing his neighbour, daring pranks and petty intrigues, a pride not overthrown by defeat, insolence mingled with allurements—such were the means he employed. He was still nothing when he wrote to O'Connell, "We shall meet one day at Philippi, and I will inflict upon you a humiliating and salutary lesson." He was of little account when he said to the House of Commons, who were stifling his voice with shouts of laughter, "The day will come when I shall make you hear me." It might long have been believed that in this man of endless powers there was only a blusterer and an adventurer combined with a charlatan. What prodigies of boldness and ability have not been accomplished by the descendant of a race to which England refused all political existence, in order to impose his authority and leadership on the proudest aristocracy in Europe. Since the creation of the world, or rather since the shepherd, Joseph, became the minister of Pharaoh, no more adventurous wager was ever gained: and charlatanism, in this instance, has done no harm, it serves to lay the foundations of fortunes and to propagate religions. The Jew's son who now governs the British Empire thirty-six years ago wrote that Joseph Smith, Father of the Mormons, would always have more disciples than the rational Bentham. He had made this discovery in stepping out of his cradle before Mormonism had come into existence; it is natural that he should have profited by it. M. Valbert gives Lord Beaconsfield credit for a good deal, amongst the rest for fidelity to the traditions of his race: he says His Lordship asserts that if there is anything which is better than a Christian it is a Jew. But however much M. Valbert may say in his favour, he has certainly hit upon nothing more happy