

High Pontiff, has pronounced your sentence... The centurion, drawing his broad, short sword, presented it to the unfortunate victims... 'They fell on their knees,' said to me the young Vestal, Antonia, from whom I learned these details—being in an adjoining room, she had crept to the door and had been a silent and terrified witness of the horrible scene— they begged those two men to spare their lives, to let them, at least, justify themselves from the vague charge.

some decency; but to day, with what forgetfulness of all shame, with what ardor of insane debauchery and incredible frenzy these matrons are seized, who congregate under the pretext of honoring the conjugal chastity of Fauna... 'The first time that I was called upon as Grand Vestal to preside over these mysteries, I suspected nothing wrong. The preparations were made with due decorum, and the matrons even covered with thick veils the family pictures of the consul, Petilius Rufus—in whose house we had assembled—in order to carry out to the letter the precept of the rites which demands the absolute exclusion of men from the assemblage.

Waterford has not many features of interest. The ruins of its feudal walls and bastions and of its once celebrated religious houses have been effaced by the hand of time; and, strange to say, its most venerable structures, perhaps the oldest stone building in the Kingdom, is not, even at this day, a ruin. This is the round tower of Beginglad the Dane, said to have been the first year of the eleventh century, and to have been the place where Eva, the daughter of the O'Neil chief of Leinster, gave her hand to Earl Strongbow, the Norman conqueror, a marriage intended in good faith to have been the pledge of a union of races, but that, in its policy and its results, reminds the student of history and of the pupils in a subsequent age, of the Indian Princess and the Virginia settler.

of presenting, as some persons would insist, that it would inevitably present an appearance of backwardness and decline, it displays all the marks of thriving prosperity. This result must, in the main, be ascribed to the management of the present proprietor. The mud cabins have disappeared, and have been replaced by excellent cottages, built wholly at the expense of the landlord; the dense population, in a great measure, has been kept together by productive employment; the little farmsteads have been gradually re-formed by the judicious expenditure of the owner, encouraging the efforts of the occupiers; and, though the outlay has been very great, I believe it has been fairly remunerative, while it is unnecessary to dwell on the good social consequences. At this moment the Bessborough estate is a beautiful specimen of small farm husbandry promoted, and stimulated by the proprietor, and of industry well directed and vigorously compensated. Lord Bessborough spends every year large sums in improving farm houses, fences and drains, in selling seed and manure at low prices to the occupiers in want of such aids; and in keeping his noble demesne in fine order. As I saw the results of this assiduous care in garden-like fields and happy homes, in the signs of comfort and triumphing industry, spreading from the valley to the high hill-top, I could not help thinking how different might have been the fate of this property in different hands, and how different at this moment would be the position of the land question of Ireland had all landlords followed a like course.

They have begun to light candles, wear vestments, and imitate Catholic services. Others take their notions of the Ritualists from some Protestant, and playing at Popery, who have taken up with ceremonialism as a mere piece of antiquarianism or 'interior meaning'; or, if they have taken up with Catholic doctrine to a certain point, consider them as manifestly dishonest, and consciously untruthful, because they do not at once accept all other doctrines which, naturally, if these men believe as they say, in the Supremacy, the evidence for which is no less clear in Scripture and the tradition of the Church? The instant doctrine because it would oblige them to quit their position as Anglicans,—to break many dear ties of friendship and worldly interest,—and if they are Clergy, to resign their livings and all that gives them influence and importance; and enter as simple laymen into the Catholic Church.

'It was some years later, that returning from one of these ceremonies, I had occasion to save Metellus Celer. Cecilia I cannot tell you how dear this young man has become to me. You know him and you have been able to judge whether he is worthy of the affection which fills my heart. Is this affection then a crime? Your religion forbids complaint in suffering and would have one rejoice at sorrow, you said; would it condemn my sentiments? Shall I not be free soon?... And then....

What I wish to examine in this letter are the circumstances of a single estate, which suggest reflections of an interesting kind to every student of the land question of Ireland. About ten miles to the north-west of Waterford the traveller reaches a deep broad valley, almost closed in by hills in the near distance, through which the Suir winds its silvery way along luxuriant spaces of pastures, rich cornlands with their yellow sheaves, green masses of wood crowned with fair houses, towns, villages, arms, and peaceful homesteads. Two centuries ago a Cromwellian soldier, of ancient and noble descent however, settled on a nook of this fertile tract, at a place where the valley, forming a curve, seems like a gem set in the surrounding mountains. He became the ancestor of a family which, emerging gradually from mere local rank, mingled his blood with that of the highest in the land, grew into one of those patrician houses which have so powerfully affected the empire, and gave to the State a worthy succession of gallant soldiers and not unknown statesmen.

Anglican Catholic tendencies. In several articles lately we have laid before our readers what may be called a hopeful view of the Anglican, or as it is some times termed, the Ritualistic movement. We have done this, because we think it a view which may fairly be held, and which we hold ourselves. We are sure many Catholics take little interest in the movement, either because they know little about it, or are impressed with a conviction that it is in no sense the work of God, but rather a cunning device of the devil to keep those who are yearning for the truth from the one true Home of Souls, the Catholic Church, by means of a spurious imitation of Catholicity. Thus, many Anglican converts are unable to take a hopeful view of the Anglican movement, and so, feel little more interest in its details than in those of any other of the two or three hundred varieties of Protestantism.

THE LAND QUESTION OF IRELAND. (FROM TIMES SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.)

No. 16. WATERFORD, Sept. 30. The road from Wexford to New Ross ascends from the estuary of the Suir, and traverses a series of light uplands, laid out evidently in small holdings, with here and there some fine country seats. You leave to the left the range of hills, notched and jagged like a Spanish sierra, that cuts off the communities of Bargy and Forth from the inhabitants of the rest of the county, and that doubtless, contributed to shape their destiny in the distant age of their colonization. After passing the village of Taghmon you reach a country rather more fertile, yet in which the peasantry appeared to me rather less prosperous than those near Wexford, though I could not trace a very marked distinction. Some miles further on you descend suddenly by a steep incline to the valley of the Barrow, and light on the little town of New Ross, hanging on the slope of a hollowed eminence, and thence slanting down to the side of the river. New Ross, though a stirring and busy place, has not flourished as you might have expected from its extraordinary natural advantages; it is still only a small seat of trade, though ships of a thousand tons burden can discharge their cargoes upon its quay at a distance of 20 miles from the sea, and though the Barrow is navigable a long way upwards. From New Ross I went by steamer to Wexford, and dull is the mind that is not touched by the beautiful scene of richly-wooded lowland, dotted in many places by fine mansions, and over topped by picturesque hills, through which the stately stream glides down to the ocean. A student of the social state of Ireland will not fail to notice that this landscape, too, presents the marked varieties of culture to which I have already adverted—the large parks and farms, of the wealthy below; above, the little homes of a peasantry that has gradually encircled the whole mountain-side; and as he will observe, with a feeling of regret, that hardly a sail appears on the watery expanse, and that life is not quick and stirring upon it. After rounding Cheek Point, where the Barrow and the Suir unite in their onward course to the sea, the signs of industry suddenly increase; craft of all kinds often meet the eye, and you feel yourself on a highway of commerce. Having hastened by a beautiful succession of villas, ke boats and trim enclosures, divided by the now animated river, you see the roofs and spires of a large town open from a fine and broad reach, and you are soon landed on the magnificent quay that skirts the whole length of the city of Waterford. Though one of the most ancient cities in Ireland,

the Grand Vestal and Cecilia could not restrain a cry of surprise. They had recognized in this old man, the pontiff of the Christians. 'You here, my lord,' exclaimed Cornelia, and she looked at Clemens with mingled astonishment and anxiety; 'what motive can have led you to this place?' 'Madam,' said the old man, 'I have taken charge of an important mission near you, and I hold in my hands an answer to some of the questions I have heard you propound to this young woman... But at the same time, I have to speak to you on serious matters. Can you grant me this interview?' The Grand Vestal acquiesced with a gesture of respectful deference, and motioned to the pontiff to take a seat. 'My daughter,' said Clemens, turning to Cecilia, 'you may retire... Your presence here is no longer necessary. It remains with me to continue the work commenced by you, and to reply to the questions asked of you as I came in.' Cecilia kissed the Grand Vestal's hand, and having made a low obeisance to the venerable old man, left Cornelia and Clemens together. The Christian priest and the heathen virgin looked at each other in silence; Cornelia with her heart beating with strange anxiety, Clemens with sadness, as he thought of the sufferings of the young woman and the dangers that threatened her.

Some, as we have intimated, cannot be said to have any view on the subject; for they know next to nothing about it. They have seen, indeed, that certain Protestant clergymen have taken to dress themselves so as to be mistaken for Catholic priests in the streets; and they have heard that in certain Churches

'You know, my dear Cecilia,' Cornelia went on to say, 'that the mysteries of the Good-Goddess are celebrated on the Kalends of May, in the night-time. Matrons are alone admitted. On the eve of that day, the Grand Vestal, taking with her the sacred objects from the temple, proceeds to the house of the pretor, or of the consul, who must vacate instantly the premises and not return until the mysteries are over. I do not know if, as alleged by a poet [Juvenal, vi.—Lines 334 and 335] who in our days has justly denounced the frightful license of those mysteries, they were formerly accompanied with

They hold all Catholic doctrine except that of the Papal Supremacy. We can understand many Catholics taking a different view from our own, and believe it to be the work of the devil, a mere imitation of Catholicity; a