

May was silent, not daring to ask if upon the reversion of his mother's three hundred pounds a year rested Christopher's sole claim to be considered a man of wealth.

"And so he should have been brought up to work, and he would have worked," went on Mrs. Lee, "if I had not had a brother who was a rich bachelor. He was an old man, and all his great wealth never made him happy. He had been always called a woman-bater; but when he was dying he sent for me, and he made some confessions about his views of life. He said he believed a single life led to all sorts of folly and wickedness, and that he had been a miserable man because he had been so lonely. He willed all his fortune to my son, on condition that he should marry before he was twenty-three. 'If a young man has any good in him,' said he, 'he has always fallen in love with some nice girl before that age. Let him marry her at once, and not wait till he has begun to think that she is not as handsome, or as clever, or as angelically tempered as he would like her to be. Most young men are prevented by want of money. He shall not be so prevented.' In this humour my brother made his will; and so, my dear ma'am, it happens that if Christopher be a married man before the last day of next September, he will be richer than most men in the kingdom. If he be not married by that time, he will be poorer than any other poor young man by just this much, that he will not know how to work."

"And this is July," said May; "they ought to be getting ready for the wedding."

"There will be no wedding here," said the troubled lady.

"Oh, Mrs. Lee!"

"There is no wedding thought of, except in my son's, poor, bedazzled brains. I told you before that it was this girl's amusement to lead him on to his ruin, and I tell you so again."

"But does she know the circumstances, as you have told them to me?"

"I told them to her myself seven or eight months ago. She only laughed, and said the old gentleman had made an exceedingly awkward arrangement."

"Perhaps she does not like to be tormented about the matter. She may choose to be a little mischievous; but I will not believe that she can be so wicked as you think."

"You don't know her as I know her. You have not seen her with other lovers around her, my dear. She was the centre of a crowd of them when we met her first; and she turned them off one by one, and seemed to delight in their vexation. At that time I thought Christopher would have married a sweet little girl, the daughter of his tutor in England. She was fond of him, I am sure; and though she had not a penny, he need not care for that; but this Katherine put her clear out of his head."

"Would it not be well to appeal to her father and mother," said May, now thoroughly roused to comprehend the situation, and feeling interested in averting this threatened danger.

"I tried that before," said Mrs. Lee, gloomily, "but I might have saved my pains. I believe they are afraid to interfere with the girl. They declared politely that they never could think of influencing their daughter's affections. As if I wanted them to do so! I asked for nothing but that she should make up her mind."

May began to share in the poor lady's dismay.

"So then I should have left this place in anger," said Mrs. Lee, "only for fear of making a quarrel, and destroying any hope that might be left. If the lady would marry my son I should be thankful, though, indeed, I do not like her. My poor boy loves her, and, at all events, his fortune would be secured; but if she turns him away now, at the last moment, when he finds himself ruined and disappointed, he will fall into a despair which she, with her light ways, could scarcely ever dream of. And things are no better to-day than they were weeks ago."

This conversation went on for some time longer; and during the course of it, much of the heaviness and unsightliness of Mrs. Lee's outlines became softened away, and was never after visible to May's pitying eyes. These two new friends parted at last with an understanding that May should, if opportunity offered, make interest for Christopher, and plead his cause with Katherine; and, after Mrs. Lee had gone away, May lay a long time still awake, wondering over the iniquity that had just been made known to her. She found it in the end too monstrous to be believed in.

Before she went to sleep she had persuaded herself that Katherine must come forth, triumphant in honesty, from under the cloud of this suspicion that was at present hanging over her.

(To be continued.)

Do not waste your money, and risk injuring your hair by purchasing useless washes or oils, but buy something that has a record—a remedy that everybody knows is reliable. Hall's Hair Renewer will invigorate, strengthen, and beautify the hair, restore its colour if faded or turned gray, and render it soft, silken and lustrous.

European scholarship has suffered a severe loss by the death at Rome of the famous archæologist, Father Raffaello Garrucci, of the Society of Jesus. He had just completed the revision of the proofs of a work on numismatics to which he had devoted many years when he was seized with a faintness, and died with his pen in his hand. He had reached the venerable age of 73 years, during 49 years of which he belonged to the illustrious Order of the Jesuits.

If France expected a war she could not be more active in her preparations. Under the name of *bataillons scolaires* every collegian over twelve is called out in uniform, with gun on shoulder, and goes through the exercises admirably, and this all through France. They will not at least be like raw recruits when they enter the army. War vessels are being launched constantly. One yesterday entirely in steel, with two screws and two engines, with artillery, torpedoes, etc., was put into the water at Rochfort. Her cost was 2,900,000 francs, close on £120,000, and there are four or five similar ones on the stocks. All this does not announce the return of the golden age, but does that of *l'âge de fer* most certainly.—Correspondent of *Nation*, May 23.

IRISH VALOUR AT FREDERICKSBURG.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New York Sun* gives the following interesting details concerning the historical fight at Fredericksburg:—

It affords me pleasure to add my testimony to that of your correspondent "S.S." in compliment of the courage of Meagher's Irish Brigade at the battle of Fredericksburg. We chanced to be on opposing sides of the contest, but he will not, I trust, reject on that account the evidence of one who, though then an enemy, is now glad to call himself a brother soldier.

My regiment, the Twelfth Virginia, Gen. Mahone's division, had reconnoitred the enemy nearly all day and night on December 12, under command of Major Field and myself as acting Adjutant. It came thus about, that on the succeeding day we were with the reserves on the left of our line, and were permitted to do little more than observe the battle.

Our elevated position enabled us to hear, and before the close of the battle to see all that transpired. On the evening of December 12 we were made aware by the enthusiastic cheering in the city below that something exciting was going on. It was the presentation to certain Union regiments of colours given by ladies of New York.

On the eventful day of December 13, though the mists of the winter morn prevented us from discerning all movements in the Federal camps, yet from the words of command which occasionally reached us, the taps of the drums, and the inspiring music of the military bands, we learned that the enemy had been marshalled and the attack was about to begin.

At last the fog was lifted. I was on the left, in front of our picket line, and can yet recall the admiration which thrilled me as I witnessed the steady and splendid advance of the attacking army. Meagher's Irish troops, with their sprigs of green, were plainly visible.

The battle opened with artillery fire, and our left was enfiladed by a heavy battery on a distant height. It was soon silenced, and as the smoke lifted I beheld with thrilling interest the resolute attack upon Marye's Height, and its quick repulse.

For hours the assault was often renewed and as often driven back. The defeated Unionists would advance in splendid order, would break upon our line of defence, as the waves of the ocean upon a rock-bound coast, and then recede in tumultuous disorder only to re-form behind the shelter of adjoining houses, sheds, or fences, again to advance and again to be driven back.

This power of rallying in the face of defeat struck us as an admirable evidence of superior discipline. Lack of that was our weak point. The Southern soldier, confident in his individual courage, was disposed to under-rate the cohesive power of discipline, and as a consequence it was always more difficult to rally the Southern than the Northern soldiers. I speak from an experience covering the entire war.

The valour of the Irish troops particularly impressed me, and was a theme of general admiration. I have no intention to dispargue my fellow countrymen—least of all the Massachusetts Twenty-first—but as a matter of historic justice I am impelled to assert, upon the evidence of what I myself witnessed, and upon the concurrent testimony of our burial parties, that the Irishmen of Gen. Meagher's command were more persistent in attack and approached nearer to our battle lines than any other of the assaulting forces.

Scores of them were slain almost at the top of the heights, and the slopes were covered thick with groups of their killed and wounded; so thick that in several instances the dead were used as breastworks for the protection of the living. In one old well, or ice house which had been used as a temporary tomb, I counted forty dead bodies.

In battle trifling incidents sometimes lead to momentous results. In the crisis of the attack, a Texas regiment, which was being pounded to pieces by artillery fire, began to exhibit that uneasiness which usually precedes demoralisation, when a roster belonging to one of their number flew upon a low wall in front of them, and, clapping its wings, uttered what seemed a shrill note of defiance. The effect was electrical. The regiment reformed its line, and for the remainder of the battle stood shoulder to shoulder in unshaken opposition to the enemy.

Happily these scenes of carnage are over. I passed through them all, from first to last, under the command of Robert E. Lee; and while I recall with admiration the patient courage of the dear comrades of the war, I raise my hat in respectful salute to those, Irish and Americans alike, whose opposing valour immortalised so many battle-fields.

Archdeacon Farrar (Anglican) speaks of over-pressure in the public schools as "the Juggernaut car of Cram, before which the English nation is throwing its children by thousands, to have all their qualities crushed out before its ponderous wheels."

Mr. Thomas Stevens, a well-known bicyclist, has passed through England on his great bicycle ride from San Francisco round the world, as correspondent of an enterprising American magazine. Mr. Stevens rode quietly into Birmingham *en route* from Liverpool, but as none of the local bicyclists knew when or where to expect him, none of them turned out to meet him. After a stay of a few hours he left for Coventry at the beginning of the month. His intention was to take boat from Newhaven to Dieppe, thence to Paris and Vienna, reaching Constantinople at the end of June. He will then proceed through Asiatic Turkey and Persia into Northern India, and on to China. From Shanghai he will take ship to Japan, and embarking from Yokohama, will return *via* the Sandwich Isles by steamer to San Francisco. It is estimated that the distance covered by the rider on his machine will be about 11,000 miles, including those done across America. It is to be hoped that the adventurous bicyclist will not find his passage through Central Asia obstructed.