

ence, Esther involuntarily took a step forward and raised the stick she carried, with a whispered "Hush!"

The action and words might have been her last, had she not been suddenly pushed aside by Marie Louise. There was a click, a report, a shriek, and the next instant the faithful Frenchwoman lay bleeding at Esther's feet.

At the sound of women's screams there was a second of amazed silence within. Then, Harry, crying, "What have I done?" sprang to the door, and rushed madly out.

His mother followed, bidding Joe come with a light, and in a moment had joined the group outside, where Esther and Harry were on their knees by the wounded woman's side.

With Joe's help she was carried in and laid gently upon a couch in the kitchen, and as Esther noted the expression of one face bending over poor Marie Louise, she felt that none of the horror-struck group was more to be pitied than its owner.

Forgetting that the darkness rendered the women's forms indistinguishable from those of the men, and that Esther's step and action—her whisper being unheard—afforded him every reason to fear an attack, Harry, in his shame and misery, felt himself a very Cain.

When, between her sobs, Esther told of the Frenchwoman's noble self-sacrifice in receiving the bullet aimed at herself, and Mrs. Stebbins, bending over the couch, said with a choke in her voice:

"Yes, the poor critter's gin her life fer you. I can't never say nothing against her any more."

Harry broke down, and with quivering lips that tried to murmur, "God forgive me and save her," hurried from the house to saddle his fleetest horse.

With so much tumult within, the outsiders had been half forgotten, but as Harry went down the steps, he caught sight of his brother clad in a nondescript uniform peeping in at the window, and a light broke over him.

"Jim, it was you then," he said, sadly, and walked on without a word of reproach for the thoughtless prank which had caused so much trouble.

The inmates of the Castle kitchen soon recovered from their astonishment, at Marie Louise's appearance, but the fright of the aunts and uncles was only increased, for the catastrophe not having been explained to them, they were sure Fenians had fired the shot.

Mr. Wingley revived sufficiently to suggest from his corner that the door be again fastened, "for, by Jiminy, they can shoot rite in!"

Joe, muttering, "The d—n coward!" closed the door and stood with his back to it, grimly regarding Cliphos, who, bandanna in hand, was staring stupidly at his wife's recumbent figure.

"Ma wafe it keek some bucket, don't it?" he asked at length of Esther in a tone so at variance with his funny words, that in all her grief the young girl could not refrain from smiling.

It must not be supposed that during this time the injured woman had been neglected. Everything possible was done to ease her pain, but all to no purpose, and everyone felt relieved when Harry arrived with the doctor.

He at once removed Marie Louise to an inner room, examined the injury to her shoulder, and at last informed those anxiously waiting outside that she would recover.

At the same moment, glimmerings of light appeared in the east, Uncle Lysander's voice was heard calling cheerfully: "Come boys, time to get up the cows!" and the night of terror was ended at Castle Askew.

Just here we may as well inform the reader that no real Fenians ever appeared at the Castle, though local history abounds with tales of their exploits near the scene of our story; and though not many miles from there, a skirmish took place between Canadian militia and the invaders, in which one poor Irish lad paid with his life the penalty of misguided zeal.

Mr. Wingley, now almost a centenarian, still firmly believes, as do Mr. Breeson and Uncle Rashe, that on that memorable night a bloodthirsty band of Fenians surrounded the Castle, and only by chance refrained from destroying the inmates.

Though he can say very little of his bravery on that occasion, the old man is sure to inform us, "By Jiminy, if I hadn't ben took sick, the reskils wouldn't a got away so easy!"

Polly, mistress of a happy home near her birthplace, often speaks laughingly of the siege of Castle Askew, and wishes that she had left her steel trap in the hedge to welcome the "Finnians"; remarks which, when uttered in Jim's presence, always cause him to look rather sheepish, for he has long ago given up boyish tricks, and as a dutiful son, kind husband, and owner of many broad acres, is much respected.

In the outskirts of our Queen City stands a fine stone mansion surrounded by trees, whose master and mistress have always a warm welcome for the prosperous looking French couple who come, occasionally, to inquire after the welfare of "Meessis Hestare, and Haree."

A pleasant chat with Cliphos and Marie Louise, who tell all the home news, invariably leads Harry and his wife into reminiscences, and as the former says tenderly, "Esther, *ma chere*, it was your look of pity that miserable night, that gave me courage to ask for your dear self, and made a man of me," the wife answers with a smile:

"Then, setting aside the wound of my poor Marie Louise, I can never be thankful enough for the 'siege' of Castle Askew."

Montreal.

SARAH C. THOMAS.

THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL.

At last writing, firing against unhappy Nictheroy had just been begun. It continued far into the night.

Monday, 9th October, held a big surprise in the declaration of Fort Villegaignon in favor of Mello and the fleet. Under Saldana de Gama, this fort had maintained a neutral position for thirty-two days, and had the Government not tried to break up this position, it might have remained so until the end. It is reported that the Government having refused to pay the garrison of the fort, Mello did so, and in British gold! Now it will be said that England is prime mover in the revolt. With Villegaignon, Mello gains to his side Admiral Saldana de Gama, who is admittedly the ablest naval officer of the day in Brazil; he also gets seven hundred marines and sailors, the cruiser *Liberdade*, the training brig *Alfredes Marinheiro*, the Ilha das Cobras and its fortifications and docks, shops, etc., lying right in front of and perfectly commanding the Marine Arsenal and the Alfandega or Custom House. Then last, but not by any means least, the Ilha das Encadas, the naval college there, and its cadets, who at

the beginning of the revolt were spoken of by Admiral Gama, as "the sole hope of the future Brazilian navy." Most of the offices and business houses closed early on this day, in consequence of a notice sent around by the British legation, that hostilities might be renewed at any moment.

Those papers that are allowed to say anything on the subject, speak of the defection of Villegaignon as of no account. It is in reality a most tremendous blow against the Vice President. The moral effect, too, must be taken into account. Launches were seen all day busy transferring men from the fort to those ships which were short manned. The walls have been further protected by sand bags, and everything prepared for fighting. Should the forts of the bar fire on Villegaignon, it is quite possible that the city will suffer to some extent, for surely there never was a worse display of gunnery than that made by Santa Cruz, Lage and Sao Joao, and Villegaignon being in line with these forts and the city, it is quite possible that the shot will go over the fort and fall into Rio itself. Save us from our so-called friends.

The British vessels here are the *Sirius*, 3,600 tons, 9,000 h.p., two 6 in., six 5 in. guns, 2nd class cruiser, Captain Lang; *Beagle*, 1,170 tons, 2,000 h.p., sloop, Capt. Neeld; *Racer*, 970 tons, sloop. Many rumors are current about more ships ordered out, but it is stated on pretty good authority that no more are coming.

An incident occurred on the 9th Oct., at about 12 o'clock, which has not served to quiet the fears of those who doubt the ability of the Government to keep order. At the Gloria market, which for the time being is used as a barrack, two battalions of the National Guard are quartered, and for some reason or other they quarrelled. Rifles and bayonets were immediately resorted to as weapons, and for some time a very brisk row went on. The *Paiz* and other papers say that only six were wounded, one mortally. It is, however, pretty certain that at least twenty men were killed. When I passed the place at three o'clock, there were five litters with wounded men in them; the dead had already been removed in two carts belonging to the corps of firemen.

Some hundreds of men have been killed since the 6th September, yet the papers say that hardly a man has been even wounded! How do they account for the Custom House flagging having been the pery with blood on the day following the firing on that place (26th Sept.), and how do they account for the field hospitals being full of wounded men? It is curious, but none the less true, that all the regular line regiments are strictly confined to barracks, while the National Guard, composed of men impressed on the street, is doing all the dangerous guard duty along the water front. Some batteries of regular artillery are in readiness with their guns in position, but the only attempt to move infantry was made on the 25th Sept., and resulted in a signal failure, for the men refused to embark for the Ilha das Cobras. Had Mello quietly allowed them to cross, he would have had the services of perhaps 2,000 extra men.

The 10th October opened calm, but before mid-day nearly every place was closed and the city empty of people. The reason for this was that the fighting ships were taking up firing positions, and flying the red flag, which is used to give the signal for action. Fort Villegaignon was also active