

tenants, uninterested in the universal economy. Something of the same sentiment appears in the thought of many ancient peoples—the joy of autochthony, the aboriginal spirit and feeling. It was pagan, perhaps, to feel the maternal character of earth most, and make the soul a very shadowy thing; but even with our increased assurance of spiritual reality we lose much if we have not fellowship with creation. In the society of forest and mountain, away from the pert inventions of men, the solutions of many problems both of action and of speculation read themselves into the open mind. The consummation of all that is best in purpose, feeling, and desire can better be effected by looking thoughtfully on life than by becoming moral anchorites, starving our souls on formal ethics, with logic set skull-wise to stare us into dread of loading our tables with more substantial fare.

JOHN EDMUND BARSS.

A WEASEL'S VICTORY.

An eagle flapping o'er a dim ravine,
Watching a weasel on the brown earth
creep,
Like Thor's fierce hammer strikes adown the
deep,
Clutches the prey, then mounts the heights
serene;
But lo! the lithe beast turns for ravin keen,
And as they near the topmost, tow'ring
steep,
Grips sharp the royal neck and checks the
sweep
Of those imperial wings. The cyrie, lean
Of foray, glimmers in the mother's eyes—
A weary waft—the rock is won—her brood
Clamours the air, then death shuts out the
skies,
Abysmally she falls, while hot with blood
The other sniffs the nest: yet shall no more
A weasel seek the vale—an eagle soar?

ROBERT ELLIOTT.

"Tamlaghtmore,"
Plover Mills.

THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL.

About midday on the 19th October heavy firing took place at Nictheroy. Men from the fleet were engaged in removing stores from the Armacao, and while doing so were attacked by the land forces, aided by their batteries. The ships covered their men and a brisk fight was maintained until 6 p.m. The Government forts at the bar were quiet. During the night constant skirmishes took place between the soldiers on the Rio side of the bay and the patrol launches of the fleet.

On the 20th all was quiet until 5.30 p.m., about which time Santa Cruz, Sao Joas and Lage simultaneously opened fire on Villegaignon, which replied only occasionally. At the same time the land batteries in Nictheroy opened on the fleet and got "salted" in return. The firing lasted until after 7 o'clock, and every now and then, nearly all the night, an occasional shot could be heard.

During the early part of the day much activity was observed in Villegaignon, and the launches were moving around incessantly.

There is a search light on the Gloria Hill, and Villegaignon has several times fired at it, needless almost to say, without hitting it, but much to the alarm of those who live in the neighborhood.

As far as fighting was concerned, Saturday the 21st was comparatively quiet. The launches were very busy and on Villegaignon

non everything was being got ready for action, trenches being dug, breastworks erected, etc. A cannon was also put in position. The *Jupiter* was reported ready to run to sea.

Sunday, the 22nd Oct., was a day of heavy fighting. Up to the present Sundays have been quiet.

On looking out in the early morning the *Jupiter* could be seen lying right behind the Fort Villegaignon.

At 7 o'clock Lage opened fire on the steamer, followed by Santa Cruz. In trying to move out of the zone of fire the *Jupiter* grounded, and remained fast for over an hour and a half. The shot and shell fell all around and about the steamer but did not hit her once. One of the launches which went to assist her off had four men killed by a shell. Villegaignon replied to the fire of the other forts with great vigor and considerable effect. At 8.45 the *Jupiter* floated, and she retired up the bay at full speed, letting drive into Nictheroy as she went. The firing continued all day.

In the afternoon I, with a party of ladies and gentlemen, went to Morro da Viuva, at the entrance to Botafago Bay, and from whence we could get a fine view of the engagement. At about 3.30 a steam launch belonging to the Military College tried to run out of Botafago Bay to one of the forts, but some shots from Villegaignon made it turn tail in a hurry. The fleet was inactive, save for an occasional shot at Nictheroy.

On Sunday evening about 9 o'clock the Gloria search-light showed a couple of torpedo boats or launches cruising off Villegaignon and the troops on the water front immediately fired on them, provoking a regular rain of missiles from the machine guns on board. Villegaignon also fired. The doors and walls of the Gloria market, now serving as a barrack, are full of ball marks. An electric bond, full of passengers, was passing at the time, and the driver, conductor and all took to cover under the sea wall. The bond service was suspended for a time, and shooting continued more or less all night.

On Monday, the 23rd, all was quiet until after 5 p.m., when a general engagement began between the forts. The fleet remained quiet. Heavy firing lasted for about two hours.

The 24th was a day of rest for all. On the 25th firing was renewed between Nictheroy and the fleet. About 4 p.m. the *Aquidaban* hoisted the signal for combat and steamed down the bay to engage the forts. As soon as she opened fire Santa Cruz, Lage and Sao Joas replied. The Villegaignon, the *Trajano* and others joined in and the roar became terrible. At about 5 p.m. a terrific explosion was heard, and looking toward Nictheroy, it was seen that the powder magazine on the Island of Mo-caugue Segueno had gone into the air. The city shook as if an earthquake had taken place, and many windows were smashed. A sailor on board the German vessel *Professor Koch*, was putting on some hatches at the time the explosion occurred; the sudden shock made him lose his balance and he fell into the hold and was killed. The magazine was in Mello's possession and was exploded by a shell from Nictheroy. It is probable that Mello's position is not much prejudiced by this loss.

The amount of rain which has fallen since this almost incessant cannonading began is quite phenomenal. The same thing was observed in Chile during the various

bombardments there. At Iquique and at Autofagasta, where rain had not fallen for twenty years or more, rain fell copiously after each bombardment. Autofagasta caught it from the *Esmeralda* and *Blanco Eucalada* and from the *Lynch* and *Condell*. Iquique suffered from almost the entire Chilean fleet. Whether the rain has fallen as a result of the cannonading, or not, it is not for me to say. I simply state what has happened.

The heat is becoming very great; it was 295 degrees Centigrade a few days ago—about 80 degrees Fahrenheit. The people are becoming so accustomed to the shriek of the projectiles and the reports of the guns, that they have even learned to distinguish from what gun a shot is fired, by the sound as it passes through the air. While at first people would run and put their umbrellas in front of them at the sound of a shot, now they do not move, but talk and jest as the firing goes on. Familiarity does breed contempt, to a certain extent.

Floriano must be losing his senses. He has appointed a Doctor of Medicine to be a Judge of the Supreme Court, and he has done many acts of a like imbecile nature. It is reported that he is taking injections of morphine so as to get rest. Uneasy lies the head of a Dictator in a South American glorious republic.

On the 26th a report was going around with insistance that the cruiser *Republica* has run down and sank the steamer *Rio Grande* or another, *Rio de Janeiro*, and that some 600 of the 1,000 odd Government troops on board were drowned. The steamer is a national boat and was taking men to Santa Catherina. So runs the report. It is also said that the *Marcilio Dias* has captured the gunboats *Lamergo* and *Cabedello*.

A Provisional Government has been established at Desterry, in Santa Catherina, and Chile and Uruguay have recognized Mello as a belligerent.

All seems to be going well for him and his party. There was a regular scare in town on the 26th. A rumour got about that the fleet was going to storm the arsenals of war and marine, and to judge by the troops and guns being hurried to those points it looked as though it were true. Most people cleared out of town, but the expected did not happen.

Mr. Wyndham and Captain Lang called on Crashley and asked him to inform the English community that Floriano had broken the convention with Mello, and for three days had been fortifying the Morros do Castello and Sao Bento; that at the first shot from the land Mello would open fire on the city with his heavy guns, and at the first shot everyone should leave the city at once. Mr. Wyndham will not issue any more bulletins on account of the ridicule with which his former ones were received.

Floriano has not placed guns in front of the Misericordia as he intended to do. The two six-inch guns which were to have been put there have been taken to the Morros do Castello, just above the hospital. These guns came out for the *Almirante Tamandare*, and are splendid pieces of artillery.

The most wonderful and astounding accounts continue to reach us in foreign newspapers. People must have a fine idea of what we are having done here. It is bad, but not so bad but that it might be worse—and it will be.

While examining Villegaignon through a fine telescope the other day, I could see