

THE WHITE MAIDEN AND THE INDIAN GIRL.

"Child of the Woods, bred in leafy dell,
I'll show to thee the home where I dwell,—
Gaze on those walls with their frescoes rare,
Damasks—laces, transparent as air;
And, tell me, dost thou not think it bliss,
To dwell in a home as fair as this?"

"Has my pale-face sister never seen
My home in the pleasant forests green,
With the sunshine weaving threads of gold
Through boughs of maples and elms old,
And tinging green moss and wild flowers sweet
Carpet more bright than this, neath our feet?"

"Well, see these diamonds of price untold,
These costly trinkets of burnished gold,
With rich, soft robes—my daily wear,
These graceful flower wreaths for my hair,
And now, at least, thou must frankly tell
Thou would'st like such garb and jewels well."

"The white Lily surely speaks in jest,
For has she not seen me gaily dress'd?
Bright beads and rich wampum belts are mine,
Which by far these paltry stones outshine,
Whilst heron plumes, fresh flowers and leaves,
Are fairer than scentless buds like these."

"But, forest maiden, in this my home,
What sights—what sounds of beauty come,
Pictures of loveliness—paintings rare—
The charms that flow from science fair—
Ravishing music of harp and song,
Sweet notes that to gifted art belong."

"The wild birds sing in our shady trees,
Mingling their notes with the vesper breeze;
The flow of waters, the wind's low moan,
Have music too as sweet of their own;
Whilst surely no tints, or colours rare,
With those of sky or wood, can compare."

"But what of the winter's cheerless gloom,
When nature sleeps in a snowy tomb,
The storm clouds brooding over head,
Thy song-birds gone—leaves, wild flowers dead,
Imprisoned,neath, ice, the river's foam,
What then, what then, of thy forest home?"

"We sing gay songs round our winter fires,
Or list the tales of our gray-haired sires;
When the hunting path has claimed our braves,
We pray to the gods of winds and waves;
Or, on snow shoes swift, we quickly go,
Over the fields of untrod 'en snow."

"Then, I cannot tempt thee here to dwell,
Oh! way-ward child of the forest dell,
To leave thy wandering, restless life,
With countless dangers, hardships rife
For a home of splendour such as this,
Where thy days would be a dream of bliss."

"I thought the pale-faces wise and sage!
Quick, let me out of this gilded cage
With its high close walls, each darken'd room,
Heavy with close stifling perfume;
Back to the free fresh woods must I hie,
Amid them to live—amid them to die."

Mrs. LEPRONON.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY,"
FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND," EDITED BY
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Continued from page 238.

CHAPTER LXIV. THE BARRICADE IN THE VIA LOMBARDI.

Disagreeably conscious of being roused, as it were, against his will from something heavier than sleep, of a painful struggle for breath, and of a sudden deluge of cold water, Saxon opened his eyes, and found Lord Castletowers leaning over him.

"Where am I?" he asked, staring round in a bewildered way. "What is the matter with me?"

"Nothing, I hope, my dear fellow," replied his friend. "Five minutes ago, I pulled you out from

under a man and horse, and made certain you were dead; but since then, having fetched a little water and brought you round, and being, moreover, unable to find any holes in your armour, I am inclined to hope that no damage has been done. Do you think you can get up?"

Saxon took the Earl's hand, and rose without much difficulty. His head ached, and he felt dizzy; but that was all.

"I suppose I have been stunned," he said, looking around at the empty battery. "Is the battle won and over?"

The guns were gone, and the ground was ploughed with their heavy wheel-tracks. Dark pools of blood and heaps of slain showed where the struggle had been fiercest; and close against Saxon's feet lay the bodies of a cuirassier and two Neapolitan gunners. At the sight of these last he shuddered and turned away, for he knew that they had all three been shot by his own hand.

"Why, no; the battle is not over," replied the Earl; "neither can I say that it is won; but it is more than half won. We have taken the guns, and the Neapolitans have retreated into the town; and now a halt has been sounded, and the men are taking a couple hours rest. The bridge over the Nocito, and all the open country up to the very gates of Melazzo, are ours."

"There has been sharp fighting here," said Saxon.

"The sharpest we have seen to-day," replied the Earl. "The cavalry re-took the guns, and drove Dunn's men out of the battery; but our fellows divided on each side of the road, received them between two fires, and when they tried to charge back again, barred the road and shot the leaders down. It was splendidly done; but Garibaldi was in imminent danger for a few moments, and I believe shot one trooper with his own hand. After that, the Neapolitans broke through and escaped, leaving the guns and battery in our hands."

"And you saw it all?"

"All. I was among those who barred the road, and was close behind Garibaldi the whole time. And now, as you seem to be tolerably steady on your legs again, I propose that we go down to some more sheltered place, and get something to eat. This Sicilian noonday sun is fierce enough to melt the brains in one's skull; and fighting makes men hungry."

Some large wood-stores and barns had been broken open for the accommodation of the troops, and thither the friends repaired for rest and refreshment. Lying in the shelter of a shed besides the Nocito, they ate their luncheon of bread and fruit, smoked their cigarettes, and listened to the pleasant sound of the torrent hurrying to the sea. All around and about, in the shade of every bush, and the shelter of every shed, lay the tired soldiers—a motley, dusty, war-stained throng, some eating, some sleeping, some smoking, some bathing their hot feet in the running stream, some, with genuine Italian thoughtlessness, playing at morra as they lay side by side on the green sward, gesticulating as eagerly, and laughing as gaily, as though the reign of battle and bloodshed had passed away from the earth. Now and then, a wounded man was carried past on a temporary litter; now and then, a Neapolitan prisoner was brought in; now and then a harmless gun was fired from the fortress. Thus the hot noon went by, and for two brief hours peace prevailed.

"Poor Vaughan!" said the Earl, now hearing of his death for the first time. "He had surely some presentment upon his mind this morning. What has become of the horse?"

Saxon explained that he had sent it to the rear, with orders that it should be conveyed back to Meri, and carefully attended to.

"I do not forget," he added "that we are the repositories of his will, and that Guinevere is now a legacy. I think it will be wise to send her to Palermo for the present, to the care of Signor Colonna."

"Undoubtedly. Do you know, Trefalden, I have more than suspected at times—that he loved Miss Colonna."

"I should not wonder if he did," replied Saxon, gloomily.

"Well he died a soldier's death, and to-morrow if I live, I will see that he has a soldier's burial. A braver fellow never entered the service."

And now, the allotted time having expired, the troops were again assembled, and the columns formed for action. Garibaldi went on board the Tuckori, a Neapolitan steam-frigate that had gone over to him with men, arms, and ammunition complete at an early stage of the war, and was now lying off Melazzo in the bay to the west of the promontory. Hence, with no other object than to divert the attention of the garrison, he directed a rapid fire on the fortress, while his army advanced in three divisions to the assault of the town.

Medici took the westward beach; Cosensz the road to the Messina gate; and Malenchini the Porta di Palermo. This time, Saxon and Castletowers marched with the Cacciatori under General Cosensz.

By two o'clock, they found themselves under the walls of Melazzo. The garrison had by this time become aware of the advancing columns. First one shell, then another, then half a dozen together, came soaring like meteors over the heads of the besiegers, who only roused up the more eagerly to the assault, and battered the more desperately against the gate. A shot or two from an old twelve-pounder brought it down presently with a crash; the Garibaldians poured through; and, in the course of a few seconds, almost without knowing how they came there, Saxon and Castletowers found themselves inside the walls, face to face with a battalion of Neapolitan infantry.

Both bodies fired. The Neapolitans, having delivered their volley, retreated up the street. The Garibaldians followed. Presently the Neapolitans turned, fired again, and again retreated. They repeated this manoeuvre several times, the Garibaldians always firing and following, till they came to the market-place, in the centre of the town. Here they found Colonel Dunn's regiment in occupation of one side of the quadrangle, and a considerable body of Neapolitan troops on the other. The air was full of smoke, and the ground scattered over with groups of killed and wounded. As the smoke cleared, they could see the Neapolitans on the one hand, steadily loading and aiming—on the other, Dunn's men running tumultuously to and fro, keeping up a rapid but irregular fire.

No sooner, however, had the new comers emerged upon the scene, than a mounted officer came galloping towards them through the thick of the fire.

"Send round a detachment to the Via Lombardi," he said, hurriedly. "They have thrown up a barricade there, which *must* be taken!"

The mention of a barricade was enough for Saxon and Castletowers. Leaving the combatants in the market-place to fight the fight out for themselves, they started with the detachment, and made their way round by a labyrinth of deserted by-streets at the back of the piazza.

A shot was presently fired down upon them from a neighbouring roof—they advanced at a run—turned the angle of the next street—were greeted with three simultaneous volleys from right, left, and centre, and found themselves in the teeth of the barricade. It was a mere pile of carts, paving stones, and miscellaneous rubbish, about eight feet in height; but, being manned with trained riflemen, and protected by the houses on each side, every window of which bristled with gun-barrels, it proved more formidable than it looked.

The detachment, which consisted mainly of Palermitan recruits, fell back in disorder, returning only a confused and feeble fire, and leaving some four or five of their number on the ground.

"Avanti!" cried the officer in command.

But not a man stirred.

At that instant the Neapolitans poured in another destructive volley, whereupon the front ranks fairly turned, and tried to escape to the rear.

"Poltroni!" shouted their captain, striking right and left with the flat of his sword, and running along the lines like a madman.

At the same moment Castletowers knocked down one defaulter with the butt-end of his rifle,