

Mary's Crime

A Visit to the Battle Field.

COMPOSED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF THOSE KILLED IN THE

E. A. ST.

I see in fancy, can it be correct? A blood stained plain; Oh yes, alas! 'tis true, but pause, reflect Upon the slain.— Upon the slain.— I bent o'er one on whom time's iron hand, Could scarce be traced; Angels await me in a brighter land He cried in haste; And I feel that this is my dying hour; Yet I smile at death and defy his power, For I know my country regards with joy, The fallen soldier's wife and infant boy, Calm as the summer wind floats on the deep, The Christian warrior closed his eyes in sleep. The midnight orb shed forth its rays of light, The lightnings' dart, Illumed the scene, and the whole sight that night Would melt a heart, Though callous as an adamant stone. The morning came— And flushed as it viewed the aspiring hearts For worldly fame! Fame which this earth can give or take away, Laurels that glisten with a borrowed ray, And is the shrine of honour ever found, Where bayonets sparkle, and the shots resound? Glance at the friends bereaved, if this be fame, From off its burning scroll, erase my name. Aided by morning's light, I searched and found: Among the dead— A man of years, from whom the vital spark Had scarcely fled; Upon the gory earth, his head he leant, And breathed a sigh. "Think you," he cried, while tears stole down his cheeks, "I fear to die. Oh! no, I scorn the thought, but I now see, A streamlet gliding near the old oak tree, Beneath whose shade, my boyhood's hours flew past, Ere my young brow by trouble was o'ercast, And there I won the bride I now desecry, Farewell! I haste to meet her in the sky."

ALFRED W. TUTHILL, London, England.

[From the Golden Era.]

THE BROTHERS.

In '49, the banking institutions of the chance kind, in San Francisco, were the Bella Union, Verandah, Mine de Oro, E. Dorado, and Parker House, all situated above the Plaza, and each employed a band of music to lessen the tedious hours of that rainy winter, and to drown the noise of jingling gold and silver, and the cursing ejaculations of the gamblers. Many a sad scene had taken place within those saloons that chilled the blood of the beholders, and is remembered with horror. I was once carelessly sauntering through one of these places. My attention was attracted towards a person who had large piles of gold before him; the starting eyeballs, the swollen veins upon his forehead, the cold sweat upon his face and clenched hands, told of heavy losses; mingled exclamations of horror and contempt would escape him, and he seemed unconscious of all else going on around him; his gaze bent upon the cards as if his life's blood was the stake at issue; and in this case his last dollar was placed within the dealer's bank, when, with the frenzy of a maniac, he drew a long dirk knife and plunged it up to the hilt into his own body, and sank a corpse upon the table. A few rude jeers followed the act; the body was removed, and the game went on as though nothing had happened—as though another victim had not been added to the page of the gamblers damning record! or another soul had not gone to its final account!

I learned this much of his history. He started with a large stock of goods, given him by his father to sell on commission, and the father's fortune depended upon a sure return of the money so invested; but, as usual with young men, he indulged in the full liberty of unbridled license, and while the ship stopped at one of the South American ports he engendered the first seeds of "play;" but for a while after his arrival the excitement of trade, and the energy necessary to accomplish a successful issue, kept his mind busy. One day, by appointment, he was to meet a mercantile friend at his house, and, while waiting for his friend, he staked a few dollars on the turning cards, when the latent disease sprang into life, and it carried him headlong over the precipice, and ended in the tragic manner related.

The 'Mine de Oro' was a gambling saloon, situated on Washington street, and 'El Dorado,' and in '49 it was the principal resort of the dis-

banded soldiers of the California regiments, and also the soldiers who had been engaged in the war with Mexico. Behind one of the largest monte banks in the room sat a man who had won for himself honorable mention, and an officer's commission was given him for his bravery at the storming of Monterey; but preferring the climate of California and its prospects to a more northern home, he embarked for that country at the close of the war with Mexico, and upon his arrival he opened a bank for gambling. The emigrants came in by thousands, and a few nights after his arrival a young man entered this saloon and seated himself at the bank, and staked various sums upon the cards until he had lost nearly all the money he possessed. Excited with the play, and maddened by his losses, he accused the dealer of cheating; the dealer replied sharply to the accusation—the lie passed, when the young man struck the dealer a severe blow upon his face; as quick as thought the sharp report of a pistol followed, and the gambler's clothing was covered with the young man's blood—he had been shot through the right breast. The room was soon cleared of the spectators present, the doors closed, and medical attendance called in aid of the wounded man. The gambler sat moodily over his bank, running the small monte cards through his fingers, and perhaps thinking over the deed just perpetrated, when the wounded man gave a moan of agony as the doctor's probe reached the bottom of his wound. The doctor inquired what State he was from, and the wounded man replied—

'Vermont.'

The gambler raised his head, for it had been a long time since he had seen a person from the home of his childhood, and Vermont being his native State, the mere mention of its name interested him. The doctor next inquired the name of the place where his parents resided, if he had any. The wounded man replied—

'Montpelier.'

The gambler sprang to his feet, his limbs trembled, and his face was as pale as death, for Montpelier was the home of his youth, and perhaps the wounded man might have been his playmate in childhood—perhaps a schoolmate—knew his parents, his brothers and sisters. He clung convulsively to the table, and with the contending emotions of rapid thought, and the weight of the injury he had inflicted, he could scarcely keep upon his feet. A stimulant was given to the wounded man, and he was momentarily relieved from that weakness the body is so subject to after a severe wound—when the doctor inquired if there was any friend in the city he wished sent for,

'Yes,' he replied. 'My wife—she is at the City Hotel, on the corner of Clay and Kearny streets. Tell Mary to hasten, for I am badly hurt.'

A man was sent to bring his wife. Doctor said the gambler, 'save that man's life and there is my bank, and \$10,000 in Burgoyne's—you shall have it all.' The doctor felt the pulse of the man and probed the wound anew. The gambler watched him with the greatest anxiety until his inspection was finished, when the doctor shook his head in token of impossibility. The gambler sat down by the side of the wounded man, and bathed his head with water, and staunched the flow of blood from the wound until the arrival of his wife: she came accompanied by a few friends, and as heroic women bear their misfortunes, she bore hers. Not a word of reproach escaped her—words of cheerfulness only came from her lips as the tears coursed down her cheeks. To her inquiry as to the chances of her husband's recovery, the doctor assured her that there was no hope; that the wound was mortal; and that in a few hours he would die—she sank upon her knees and invoked the mercy of a forgiving God for her dying husband and his murderer. The gambler asked the forgiveness of the dying man for the wrong he had committed, and also that of the wife, which was readily granted.

'This,' said he, 'is for not obeying the sacred injunction of my aged mother—not to gamble. I have faced death a thousand times, and still I have escaped; the balls of an enemy have whistled past my ears as thick as hailstones, and the bursting bomb has exploded at my feet, still I have lived—oh, God! and for this! High above the red tide of battle I have carried my country's ensign—and that won for me a name among men—when not one comrade was left to tell of the deeds in the battle, I escaped unscathed. Why was I not killed like the rest? All that was proud and pleasing to man I have had; and if I could recall this last act by living upon carrion, sleeping in a pauper's grave, and renouncing every proud act in my life, I would do it. I was born in the same village with that man; we have

been classmates together at the same school; received instructions from the same aged man; we were born beneath the same roof, and, oh, God! the same mother gave us birth! He must not die—he is my brother!'

And the gambler sank down in a swoon upon the floor. The wounded man raised himself on his elbow; his glassy eyes wandered about the room in search of some particular person.

'Mary,' said he, 'is my brother William here?' and the words choked in his throat, the gurgling blood stopped his utterance, and he sank a corpse upon his pillow. The wife knelt again, but it was beside a dead body, and invoked the mercy of God upon his soul, and forgiveness for the murderer.

The gambler awoke from his swoon, and staggered up to the wife and said—

'Mary, would it were otherwise, for I have nothing to live for now; the dead and dying do not want anything in this world; take this certificate of deposit to our aged father, and tell our parents we are both dead—but oh! do not tell them how we died.'

Before the woman could reply, or any one interfere, the report of that pistol sounded again, and the fratricide ceased to live.

On the hill near Ricon Point were two graves, a few days ago, enclosed with a white picket fence, and one tombstone stood at their head with the simple inscription—"BROTHERS."

A RIDE BEHIND THE SNOW-PLOUGH.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher thus describes "A ride behind the snow-plough." "Among the things I have always longed to see is the work of the snow-plough, driven along the covered track, and through heaped snows drifted into deep cuts. This at length I have seen. The train came to Watertown from Cape Vincent, N. Y., with two engines and a snow-plough. When we reached Pierpont Manor, the conductor kindly acceded to my request to go forward and take a berth with the engineer. I was soon in position. For two days it had been storming. The air was murky and close. The snow was descending, not peacefully and dreamily, but whirled and made wild by fierce winds. The forests were laden with snow, and their interior looked murky and dreary as a witch's den. Through such scenes I began my ride on the plough-shoving engine. The engineers and firemen were coated with snow from head to foot, and looked like millers who had never brushed their coats for a generation. The floor on which we stood was snow and ice half melted. The wood was coated with snow. The locomotive was frosted all over with snow—wheels, connecting rod, axles, and everything but the boiler and smoke stack. The side and front windows were glazed with crusts of ice, and only through one little spot in the window over the boiler could I peer out to get a sight of the plough. The track was undistinguishable. There was nothing, to the eye, to guide the engine one way more than another. It seemed as if we were going across fields and plunging into forests at random. And this gave excitement to the scene, when two ponderous engines were apparently driving us on an outlandish excursion. But their feet were sure, and unerringly felt their way along the iron road, so that we were held in our courses.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of snow in the gracefulness with which it falls, in the curvature of its drift line, and in the curves which it makes when streaming off on either side from the plough. It was never long the same. If the snow was thin and light, the plough seemed to play tenderly with it, like an artist doing curious things for sport, throwing it into exquisite curves that rose and fell, and quivered and trembled as they ran. Then suddenly striking a drift that had piled across the track, the snow sprang out as if driven by an explosion, twenty and thirty feet, in jets and bolts, or long-stemmed sheaves of snow, that spread out, fan-like. Instantly, the drift past, the snow seemed by an instinct of its own to retract, and played again in exquisite curves that rose and fell about our prow. 'Now you'll get it,' says the engineer, 'in that deep cut.' We only saw the first dash, as if the plough had struck the banks of snow before it could put on its grazes, and shot it distracted and headlong, up and down on either side, like spray or flying ashes. It was but a second, for the fine snow rose up round the engine and covered it like a mist, and sucking round poured in upon us in sheets and clouds, mingled with the vapor of steam and the smoke which, from impeded draft, poured out, filled the engine room and darkened it, so that we could not see each other at a foot distant, except as very filmy spectres glaring at each other. Our engineers had on buffalo coats whose natural hirsuteness was made more shaggy by tags of snow melted into icicles. To see such

substantial forms changing back and forth every few minutes, from a clearly earthly form into a spectral lightness, as they went back and forth between body and spirit, was not a little exciting to the imagination.

When we struck deep bodies of snow, the engine ploughed them laboriously, quivering and groaning with the load, but shot forth again nimble as a bird the moment the snow grew light.

Nothing seemed wilder than to be in one of these whirling storms of smoke, vapor and snow. You see one ponderous monster, and another roaring close behind, fastened together, and looking up when the thick snow-mists opened a little, black and terrible. It seems as if you were in battle. There was such an energetic action, such irresistible power, such darkness and light alternately, such fitful half-lights, which are more exciting to the imagination than either light or darkness. Thus whirled on in the bosom of the storm you sped across the fields, full of wild driving snow, you ran up to the opening of the dark hemlock woods, and plunged into their sombre mouth as into a cave of darkness, and wrestled your way along through their dreary recesses, emerging to the cleared field again, with whistles screaming and answering each other back and forth from engine. For in the bewildering obscurity we have run past the station, and must choke down the excited steeds and rein them back to the depot.

We think Mazeppa's ride, lashed to a wild horse and rushing through the forest wolf-driven, to have been rather exciting. If a man in a buffalo hunt, by some strange mishap should find himself thrown from his horse and mounted on the back of an old fierce buffalo bull, and go off in a rush, in cloud and dust, among ten thousand tramping fellows, pursued by yelling Indians—that, too, would be an exciting ride. But neither of these would know the highest exhilaration of the chase, until, in a wild day in January he rides a double engine team behind a snow-plough, to clear the track of banks and burdens of snow.

English and Foreign.

THE POSITION OF THE ENEMY'S FORCES IN THE CRIMEA.

The "Militarische Zeitung" reports the position of the Russian forces to be as follows:—

"General Liprandi's division is stationed on the Inkerman road, with the centre in Tschorgoum, and the left wing in the Baidar valley. The right wing touches General Osten-Sacken's corps, which is on the north side of the harbour of Sebastopol, its lines extending from the ruins of Inkerman to the North Fort. Sebastopol has a garrison of at least 40,000 men, and as a reserve for the support of either Liprandi's or Osten-Sacken's corps. Ruptoria is watched by three divisions under Lieutenant General Korff."

ALARM OF THE NOBLES AT THE ARMING OF THE SERFS.

"Accounts from St. Petersburg," says the "Gazette de France," speak of remonstrances which are said to have been addressed to the new Czar by the body of nobles against the arming of the serfs. It is well known that this measure comprised in the general armament ordered by the Emperor Nicholas, had not met with opposition.—If as it is said, its execution now meets with any remonstrances on the part of the nobility, it is doubtless because the resolution of emancipating the serfs having being long attributed to the heir presumptive now become Emperor, it is feared that the arming of that class will be a good step towards that object."

SECOND BOMBARDMENT OF ODESSA.—A letter from Vienna, in the Augsburg Gazette, says; "The events which have lately taken place at Odessa have attracted more attention than usual to that port. It has now been transformed into a fortified place. During the summer of 1854 it had been in contemplation by the allies to destroy Odessa—a measure, which, though severe, then appeared to be called for by strategical reasons. Out of feelings of humanity, however, Admirals Hamelin and Dundas wished to spare the property of so many mercantile houses, which during the scarcity of 1847 and 1853, had preserved the half of Europe from famine. They consequently confined their operations to the destruction of a part of the military port and the establishment of a blockade. What has since taken place there? All the warehouses have been transformed into military depots and Odessa, which was the centre of maritime commerce, has become the pivot of the operations of Prince Gortschokoff and Prince Menschikoff.—This is why hostile operations are about to be undertaken against that port for strategical reasons and if the Russians do not evacuate it voluntarily