

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

THE ENGLISH SOLDIER

AT THE CAPTURE OF DELHI.

Who says "they cried for quarter?"
I did not hear the cry:
I heard the sound of slaughter,
And shrieks of agony;
But they came from bodies moaning,
From outraged maids they came,
From tortured soldiers groaning,
At their wives' and daughters' shame;
No other sounds my ear could reach,
No signs of lesser woe,
These bore me through the smoking breach,
These hurled me on the foe.

Who says "they knelt before me?"
I did not see them kneel:
There were dark visions o'er me
That turned my heart to steel:
Visions of white limbs seething
Above the hissing brands
Of tender women writhing
In the violator's hands;
Of scenes of blood and lust
Done in the face of day—
These told me that my cause was just,
These bared my soul to slay.

Who says "'twas time for pity?"
I thought of other times:
I saw the accursed city
In the triumph of her crimes;
I saw the children smitten down,
Or hacked from joint to joint,
Or thro' the howling hooting town,
Tossed on the bayonet's point.
Defiled mothers, murdered men,
Rose in my path to show
What Delhi in her pride was then;
I could not see her now.

Who says "that I am merciless,
Or that my heart is hard?"
I heard the voices of distress
From the bloody barrack-yard:
Heard how the foul bazaar looked on
When innocence was shamed,
Saw the dark room where deeds were done,
Which never can be named;
I looked upon the ghastly well
Where treachery's victims lay,
And the tears that from my eyelids fell
Were woman's tears that day.

Those tears have long departed,
The horror lingers yet;
The tales for which they started
No lifetime can forget.
They crowd like spectres round me,
Sad sounds and horrid sights,
And like a spell they bound me
Through the sieges and the fights.
Midst the shouts of men assailing,
Like visions in a dream,
Came the sobs of infants wailing,
And the young girl's stifled scream.

They say my brow was twisted
With a frown which none could melt,
That I smote as they resisted,
And stabbed them as they knelt;
That my steps in blood were printed
From the carnage I had spilt;
That my sword was hacked and dented
And crimsoned to the hilt.
I heard no prayers—I heard no cries
From the devoted town—
But I kept the dead before my eyes,
And struck their murderers down.

But O! it is a fearful part
For sinful men to bear,
To feel within a human heart,
Yet have no power to spare.
Dare not test it now—it burns
So wildly in the strife—
But if a quiet pulse returns
In the evening of my life,
When I recall the horrors then
Of Delhi's closing day,
Till get me from the eye of men,
And bow my knees—and pray.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE SMUGGLER'S REVENGE:
A SEA-SIDE YARN.

Come list awhile unto a greybeard's story—
Old Play.

A fearful tale—the truth were worse.—P. B.

Shalley.

In the year 179—some five miles from the place where I am now writing, lived John Brown, the son of a substantial yeoman-farmer, and the hero of the tale I am now about to tell. A fine, jovial, open-hearted young fellow was he in those days, handsome enough to turn the heads of half the girls within an afternoon's ride of his father's homestead, where, but for his restless dislike of any settled mode of life, he might perhaps have been now leading a tranquil old age. But the life of a farmer had no charms for him. "A life of excitement for me!" said the wilful young man to his father's remonstrance, "none of your hum-drum, stay-at-home, fire-side happiness for Jack Brown." And, so thinking, he soon joined a band of smugglers, who at that time infested this coast. In those days smuggling was not

only more common but less disreputable than now. France being almost closed to fair traders by war, those who required such fripperies as muslins, and the like, or such creature comforts as Cognac, were obliged if they studied economy—to buy them in the cheapest market! and this was in the hands of the smugglers, who at that time formed no inconsiderable proportion of England's maritime population.—Young Brown, who from his childhood had been used to the sea, in a short time from the opening of this narrative had, by his energy and aptness for command, elicited warm praises from his brother smugglers, and was speedily elected captain of a "rakish" looking lugger, called "the Petrel," as ever baffled a King's cruiser. Once in every week or two the Petrel brought in the much-coveted muslins and silks for the ladies, and the Cognac, &c., for their liege lords, who, however much they might reprobate smugglers and smuggling in public, had not the least objection to become purchasers in private of the smugglers' wares, at far lower rates than they could have purchased them of the fair traders as by law protected and recognized.

Among Brown's intimate companions, was an old schoolfellow, who had joined him in his contraband cruises, a man of two or three-and-twenty, by name George Gilbert, the son of a gentleman in reduced circumstances, and who, having been wild at college, to which by his father, at great personal inconvenience, he had been sent, for he was a youth of promise, in expectation of then doing something good for himself, had some months returned home, and growing tired of family reproaches, and having to much spirit to wish to live as a pensioner on maternal good nature, had joined the Petrel's adventures. Brown and he were friends, yet never were two men more utterly dissimilar in mind and body. By the side of the genial Jack Brown, the quiet, saturnine George Gilbert made a poor figure—yet there was more in him than a stranger would have supposed—as the smugglers soon discovered. Stern in feature, with a face whereon a smile seldom beamed—and then it was a smile more unpleasant than any frown—with nothing genial about it—cold as moonlight, a smile of mingled bitterness and contempt, George Gilbert, nevertheless, was emphatically the brain of the Petrel's crew. He it was who planned for others to execute. Whenever a cool, calculating spirit, a keen eye and indomitable perseverance were required, Gilbert was the man who furnished them; whenever a dashing enterprise was to be carried out by a strong nerve, a reckless heart, and an iron hand, then Jack Brown was truly "Jack at a pinch." Little wonder then if, with two such men banded together in one cause, the Petrel soon became famous for successful cruises, and hair-breadth escapes—or that her crew who were all bound together in a kind of partnership, soon were in a good way to realise a handsome livelihood by their nefarious practices, in spite of the revenue.

Now, although it is by no means my intention to dose my readers with too much sentimentality in these veritable chronicles, still I suppose I should be lessening whatever interest my story may possess, by omitting such love matters as are necessary to that story's development.

Let me be brief, however.

Jack Brown wooed and won as pretty a girl as ever wore a contraband silk dress, or kissed a handsome young smuggler.—Kate Furness. It was likewise surmised at the time that George Gilbert—though he had never shown any feeling of interest when Brown announced his engagement to his lady love—had at one time been a suitor for Kate's hand. Scandal said that she had not treated the young man quite fairly—that, though she had up to a certain period encouraged his addresses, the moment Brown appeared on the field she had lighted Gilbert in a manner undeserved for, however harsh and unamiable in other respects might have been the character of George Gilbert, he loved her with all that deep—I had well nigh said—stern attachment of which such natures—and such only—are capable. Just before she formally declined his suit, he had led a steadier life, and had promised, if she would only offer him an object in view, that he would go to London and there make use of his talents to retrieve the past, and brighten the future. But, no Brown was a handsome, dashing, young sailor, and poor George was a man destitute of such advantages, and consequently was, like many a better man by many a more foolish girl, jilted. And so, like a sensible man, for a time he bore the blow in silence, and endeavoured to make the best of it.—True, she had deceived him, and then as coldly undecieved him, and then given him for his pains a sneer and his congee. No matter; pride would enable him to bear it, and for a while pride did.

One evening as he was strolling homewards along the cliff, he saw the two lovers, Brown and his affianced, sitting among the bushes in a loving *tele-a-tele*. Having no wish to play the part of a listener, he was turning away, when he heard his name mentioned. He had been more than man if he had not paused awhile then. Involuntarily he listened and soon verified in his own person, the old proverb, that

"listeners hear no good of themselves;" for Kate was just then telling Brown the issue of poor Gilbert's unsuccessful suit, adding thereto sundry facetious comments of her own, which went like swords through the heart of the proud man who heard every word then spoken, and never forgot or forgave one—and Jack Brown, with a horse-laugh, said, "Poor devil!" till he roared again. Little thought fickle Kate Furness, that pleasant evening, of the fearful consequences that would ensue from those foolish words of hers, spoken, after all, in merry jest, but taken by one of the listeners in fierce revengeful earnest—little thought she how a moment had alienated from her the faithful heart that had loved her for years. Little thought Brown how his coarse laugh in which there was not the least particle of ill nature, had severed a friendship that had existed from childhood between himself and his old schoolfellow, Gilbert, turning the friend into a deadly enemy henceforward. But it was so. From that hour Gilbert hated Kate and Brown with all that intensity which belongs to temperaments like his.

Still, Gilbert and Brown sailed together as heretofore, till one day as they were cruising off Jersey, a few hasty words between the two led to a quarrel blows were exchanged, and the combatants were separated by their crew. Directly they landed, Gilbert demanded satisfaction on the spot, and Brown, after a few well meant but vain attempts at reconciliation, took his ground, and shot his *quondam* friend through the arm. At his own request Gilbert sailed home. His wound, which was a simple flesh wound, rapidly healed, and from that time his connection with the Petrel ceased. But he had formed his plan already to crush his hated rival.

In a few months Brown was married to Kate Furness, and for a year all went on happily.—Gilbert, by exerting what little influence his father possessed with the county members, procured an appointment in the coast-guard, and from that day it was remarked that more seizures were made along the shore, and the Petrel went more rarely to the coast of France. Knowing well the character of the man they had lost as a friend, the Petrel's crew became dispirited, and Brown speedily found that the worst day's work he ever did was his quarrel with George Gilbert.

One dark night, however, after they had ascertained that Gilbert was on the sick list, the smugglers had arranged to effect a landing of several tubs of spirits, and this was to be brought about as follows:

About a mile from their usual landing-place, where the shore was less rocky than nearer home, to a stile, on the summit of the cliff, was attached a strong block and pulley, with one man to work it, a second as a general assistant in case of need, and a third some quarter of a mile off on the look out. Then the lugger ran in shore as close as possible, and the tubs were floated off and conveyed by the smugglers to a snug cranny, there affixed to the pulley, and then wound up to the brow of the cliff, when they were conveyed by the second man to the third, who soon disposed of them in a convenient stackyard to wait till called for.

But the smugglers had reckoned without their host," as the saying is. The sick-list was merely a sham, and in less time than served to convey four tubs up to the stile from the beach, a shrill whistle from the smuggler's outpost announced that danger was abroad. The smugglers on the beach regained their lugger and awaited the safe advent of the rest to sheer off. But it was too late. George Gilbert, with four or five men, was running to the scene of action, the smugglers on the high ground were intercepted, and after a short conflict were worsted, and by Brown's order retired, leaving one of their number shot through the body on the grass, and Brown himself a prisoner, though not before he had sent a bullet through the hat of one and the leg of another of his assailants.

He was dragged off to the Preventive station, and there detained in safe custody till morning, when he could be taken before a magistrate.—During that night he bitterly reproached Gilbert with his treachery in turning his hand against his former shipmates, and taking advantage of the knowledge he had acquired on board the Petrel, to capture her captain. He then went on to ask his old schoolfellow if he thought that a mere foolish quarrel justified such hatred as his. For a few minutes Gilbert looked at him with a smile of hate, blended strangely with contempt, ere he replied:

"Think you, Brown, that a petty squabble like that would have really turned the old friend of twenty years standing into a life-long foe, or that a few blackguard words, followed by a well-directed bullet from a wrong-headed idiot like you, could have made me what I am? No—it needed something more to do that."

"And that something was?" asked Brown, eagerly, in spite of himself—

"Listen; and you shall know a secret," said the other.

"A year or two ago I loved deeply, purely and truly, a village girl. Aye—you may smile, smile—but men like me can love as well,—or far better than people of your kind—your

love may have been a plaything for your vanity—mine was the one hope of life. I loved—was rejected, after having been coldly deceived—and loved on still. I could have borne that. Aye—I loved and was a fool for my pains. She I loved might have been a girl with no more heart than head—a jilt—but though thus driven from the only hope whereby my soul then seemed to anchor, my trusting love flung in my face—I forgave that and would have carried my secret forgivingly to the grave. She loved another; and I was to furnish mirth for my rival. Well—one evening I was walking out over yonder cliff—I saw her sitting by the side of him she loved—I had could not love her with half the intensity I had done—I heard words of endearment—words I shall never more hear or speak in this world now—then I heard my name mentioned with many a heartless jest by her, for whom I had suffered so much unrepiningly. I heard enough to tell me that in their eyes I was fit to be mocked and sneered at by a false coquette—to be the topic of the coarse jests of an empty-headed boor. My blood was turned to gall—that night I swore a bitter oath—I have kept the first part of it already—for that girl was Kate Furness, and that man was—yourself; aye—you—John Brown—the prisoner of the Coast Guard to-night, the committed for trial to-morrow, the transported, if there be justice in the land, at the next assizes. And I will keep that oath still further."

So saying, he walked out and left his prisoner to his reflections—which were not of a very pleasant nature. Not that the stout heart of Brown feared for himself—but for his wife, who was hourly expecting her confinement. He knew that if he was transported, she could be at the mercy of Gilbert in some measure; and he knew enough of the ingenuity of his captor to feel sure that he would allow nothing to balk him of his revenge.

"Secundum!" shouted he in his despair, "if ever I hear that my wife and child yet unborn, suffer aught at your devilish hands—I will come back, if it be three thousand miles and twenty years hence, to take such a revenge as man shall never forget."

These words were heard—not by the ear for which they were intended—but by one of the coast guard outside the prisoner's door, who remembered them long after the prisoner was wearing his heart out in a foreign land.

Brown was tried—found guilty of smuggling and firing, with intent to kill, at two of Her Majesty's revenue officers, &c., and sentenced to death—which was commuted to transportation beyond the seas for the term of his natural life. There was what the local papers of the day called "an affecting scene in court," when his grey-headed father entreated the mercy of the stern judge, on the prisoner for the sake of his poor wife and his unborn child. There was a yell of execration from the assembled mob outside the Sessions House as Gilbert passed out, to which that amiable personage vouchsafed a contemptuous sneer as a sole reply. And in a few months the capture of the Petrel by the ever vigilant Gilbert, broke up Brown's gang, and the story of the trial and the sentence were speedily forgotten, save by the convict's wife and a few sympathisers, smugglers, who over their pipes and grog, would often avouch their opinion that Brown would yet come back to keep his oath, of which—thanks to that loquacious member of the coast guard, who originally overheard it—they were aware.

With one of these men Brown kept up a correspondence and thus knew everything that took place in his absence. But Gilbert appeared to have forgotten his old grudge against Kate, and so Brown's heart grew light on that score. The revenue officer only bided his time till he could wreak his vengeance more terribly through her son.

(To be continued.)

LONDON.

I have arrived in London! I might end all I have to say, or ever shall have to say, in that one word. London! It is the beginning and the end, and comprises everything. London! the symbol of a dominion that rides round the world with the sun, and commands the commerce of the earth over seas and continents, through the agency of necromancers seated on tall stools, in little dark dens, with pens behind their ears, their thin legs dangling in the air, and their faces, hideous and cadaverous from the effects of the incantations they perform, brooding day and night over huge books of magic that are stretched out before them. These are the Ariels that put girdles round the earth in forty seconds—the Prosperos, that agitate the waters and still the tempests at will—the potent spirits that call up out of darkness the hidden treasures of the earth, and congregate by the wave of a quill upon one spot, at a given moment, the industry and genius, the muscle and brains, the art and the science, the energy and the wealth of the past and the future, of all the nations of the globe. This is London—a magician's cell, buried in eternal twilight, where the sorceries are prepared that control the destinies of kings and populations.