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THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY J. S. HOUGHTON.

Time passed on and nothing was heard of Ricardo. De Vere gradually forgot his fear, and occasionally appeared in public with his beautiful wife, and introduced her to that society which she was so well fitted to enjoy and adorn. Wherever they appeared, at ball or party, or in the social circle, their society was courted and Francesco, by her native vivacity and grace, reigned "the bright particular star" of the hour. De Vere was alike dazzled and surprised by these attentions. He was too modest to believe he deserved them, and possessed too much firmness and sagacity to be deceived into extravagance by these fashionable flatteries. His success in his occupation was equally gratifying. His ready talents, and vigorous style of composition, soon attracted notice, and he was offered the sub-editorship of the journal on which he had been employed, which he immediately accepted. This proved a very lucrative situation, and raised him greatly in the estimation of his friends and acquaintance. He was now on the broad road to prosperity and honour.

One evening, soon after this change in his business, which of course brought him more directly before the public, De Vere appeared at the theatre with Francesco, to witness the performance of a new celebrated opera, which required a critical notice. On taking his seat he observed that a person in the next box, who was apparently attempting to conceal his own features, eyed him very sharply, and then retired. De Vere mentioned this incident to Francesco, who was about to reply, when the overture ceased the curtain rose, and the circumstance was forgotten.

The new play was eminently successful. The scenery was magnificent beyond description—the actors performed their parts admirably—the music and singing introduced were excellent—the curtain fell amidst thunders of applause, and the audience retired highly delighted with the entertainment. A performance of this character combines the highest efforts of poetry and painting, of music and eloquence. De Vere was happily fitted, by nature and education to enjoy and appreciate these efforts, and during the progress of the piece, he frequently joined in the applause with the utmost enthusiasm. He left the theatre with the mass, and pursued his way, by the dim light of the expiring lamps, to his humble lodgings. He had not yet left this place, for fear of discovery, although his income was amply sufficient to support a house worthy of his station. Just as he reached the corner of the obscure lane, by which he entered his dwelling, a man armed with a stout club sprang from the thick darkness, and with a single blow felled him to the earth. Francesco uttered a shriek and leaped to the opposite side of the lane. Her cries alarmed the city watch, and three of them immediately came to her assistance. The villain, perceived his danger, groined about in search of his victim, gave him another blow and disappeared. De Vere was immediately taken to his lodgings where his wounds were examined by a surgeon. He was found to be much bruised, but not dangerously injured. He was soon able

to sit up, and in a few days pushed his profession as usual.

This incident gave rise to much fearful speculation. De Vere had little doubt but that the villain who attacked him was Ricardo or one of his emissaries. The object could not have been plunder, for there was its demand made, nor any attempt to rifle his pockets. When the watchmen appeared, instead of making his escape, the villain stopped, at the hazard of his life, to give his victim another blow. The vengeance of the Spaniard undoubtedly followed in his path, and he feared that he should yet fall a victim to his bloody purpose.

De Vere therefore immediately procured a suite of apartments in a more public and eligible part of the city, presuming that an assassin would not be so likely to assail him, where thousands were constantly passing, as in the dark and unfrequented lane where he first resided. He rarely ventured abroad in the evening without the protection of a friend, and never without being suitably armed. No further attack was made, however, and the circumstance of the first assault gradually died away upon his mind, or were ranked with the thousand singular affairs that daily occur in that great commercial city.

At this time an incident occurred, which opened upon De Vere in still bolder colours, the fiendish character of Ricardo, and in its consequences brought the eventful history of that monster to a close, unveiled a dark chain of events, and re-dered the life of our hero and his amiable and accomplished partner peaceful and happy.

"Francesca!" exclaimed De Vere, as he entered the apartment where his wife was sitting, his countenance blanched with fear. "Francesca, the paper which I hold in my hand contains bad news—Ricardo or his confederates are still in Paris at their customary work—your father has been arrested as a smuggler!"

"My father!" cried Francesco, catching the paper in her hands, and bending eagerly over its contents.

"Yes—arrested, imprisoned, and awaiting his trial. The old man, it is evident was betrayed—he will die beneath the blow!"

Francesca raised her eyes from the paper, and looked steadfastly at Frederick, while her lips quivered, and her whole frame trembled with emotion.

"He was betrayed, beyond all doubt," continued Frederick, pacing the apartment, "and he will die beneath the blow, unless some kind friend can snatch him from the power of the Spanish fiend."

"I will not—justice and the laws save him!"

"I fear not—justice may be blinded."

It was no time to waste words. The trial of old Marlow came on in a few days. Frederick decided upon his measures promptly.

"I will go," said he, "I will go and plead his cause myself. I will unveil the character of his accusers and their witnesses—I will save him from their secret arts, and trust to Providence for protection!"

It was a noble resolution, and characteristic of the speaker. Francesco made no reply. She spread her husband's spirit, but dreaded its consequences. De Vere was resolute. He prepared for the journey that very day, and the following morning, leaving his wife in the family of an intimate acquaintance, and inwardly recommending her to the protection of Heaven, started on his perilous enterprise.

A week passed away, and no tidings of her absent husband reached Francesco. He promised to write, and inform her of the progress of the trial; but no letters arrived. Where they interposed? Or had he been murdered on his journey? The worst was apprehended.

It was evening. Francesco and a little group of friends were seated in the family parlour, earnestly discussing the atrocities of Ricardo, and the probable fate of De Vere. A loud rap was heard at the door.

"Hark!" exclaimed Francesco, rising from her chair.

A servant answered the call, and in a few minutes returned with a note addressed to

Francesca. She hastily broke the seal and read as follows:—

"Dearest—Your father is safe. The trial has terminated in his favour. I shall be detained here a few weeks adjusting his affairs, when we shall both return to New York. I shall be happy to have you join us, and visit once more the scene of your early days. Danger is passed. Come, and you shall know all. A private carriage is the best conveyance. Ask Ellen to bear you company. Your's affectionately.

F. DE VERE.

The contents of this letter brought welcome relief to the troubled mind of Francesco. As soon as its import was made known, a murmur of satisfaction burst from the little assembly of friends present, who awaited the announcement in breathless silence. Francesco was happy—and she lost no time in complying with the request of her husband. A carriage and driver were obtained, and with her friend Ellen, who received the proposal with pleasure, she left the city full of anticipation, to join her husband, to meet her kind but injured father, and to visit those rude scenes which early associations and simple happiness had endeared to her heart.

The next day after her departure, De Vere arrived in the city, with her father, and unconscious of her absence, hastened to meet her embrace, and to make her acquainted with the happy issue of his efforts. When informed that she had gone to meet him, at his own request, (as he supposed) he sunk into a chair, speechless. The history of the villainous stratagem by which she was decoyed from home—the letter, which it is needless to say was a forgery—overwhelmed him with astonishment and the deepest concern for her welfare. This was the unkindest cut of all.

But his usual energy and self-possession soon returned, and calling a post-chaise to the door, he sprang into it, and pursued the route to New Jersey, which Francesco had probably taken, determined, if possible, by relays of horses, and constant driving, to overtake her, or at least to learn something of her fate.

This task he soon accomplished—too soon, alas! for his own peace. On the evening of the first day he stepped an obscure public house, to make inquiries respecting Francesco and her attendants. A crowd of people, collected in the traveller's room, were engaged in earnest and noisy conversation about an outrage recently committed in those parts. The hot blood darted through his veins, as De Vere inquired of the landlord what outrage he spoke of. It was a high-way robbery; a carriage containing two ladies had been attacked the previous evening, a few miles from that place; every thing of value was taken, and the ladies forced from the carriage and carried, so one knew whither! The driver, who escaped with a slight wound, was then in the house. He was called, at De Vere's request, and confirmed the melancholy story. Francesco and Ellen had fallen victims to the hellish parts of the Spaniard! Thwarted in love—disappointed in his attempts upon the life of his rival—cheated of revenge in the father—and now, with the dear object of all his toils, the precious prize for which he had laboured so long and so desperately, fairly in his power, what would not Ricardo attempt! The thought was distraction.

But De Vere had seen too much of misfortune, to be utterly disheartened at her approach, even in this fearful shape. Indeed, adversity seemed to inspire him with new energy. On the present occasion he followed Ricardo and his unprincipled crew to their den of infamy with a suddenness that the monster little expected.

As soon as the crowd at the inn understood that De Vere was the husband of one of the ladies carried off by the confederates of the famous smuggler, they all, with one accord begged to be lead in pursuit of the villains. Warrants for their apprehension were issued by a neighbouring justice, the services of several officers were obtained, carriages were provided, and the party, which was constantly increasing, was soon ready to start. Popular indignation was excited to the highest point. Every body, far and near, knew and

feared or despised the villain Ricardo, and they longed to revenge the wrongs he had committed.

Just as De Vere was about to step into his carriage with an officer, a tall, swarthy looking man, in a coarse fisherman's dress, tapped him upon the shoulder, and begged to whisper a word with him.

"I am a ruined, desperate man," said he, in a low sorrowful tone, "and I seek revenge. Take me with you—I can lead you to the den you seek. The monster is now there, and his death shall end a life of infamy and crime, without a parallel. Lead on—lead on."

De Vere was not reluctant to receive the assistance of an old confederate of the Spanish villain, although inclined to believe that he might be in the service of that arch enemy. This was no time for inquiry, however, and they mounted the carriage together. The subject was mentioned to the officer of the law, who thought best to make the most of the assistance offered, if the man should prove honest, but if otherwise, to arrest him as an accomplice. The word was then given, and the party started off amidst the cheers of a crowd of spectators.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM LATE EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN PAPERS.

Her Majesty has been on horseback almost every day throughout the week. The influx of visitors to Windsor by the Western Railway continues immense, and the display on the terrace of the Castle on Sundays is extremely gay. Her Majesty frequently walks among her subjects.

Van Amburgh, the Yankee "lion tamer," is creating great sensation at Astley's. He has publicly denied that he made an attack on him, but that it was a part of her regular performances.

Lord John Russell is visiting the Irish Viceroy at Dublin.

A Mr. Crabb, of Southampton, has undertaken the hitherto neglected task of reforming the morals and religion of the gypsies.

Mr. Dunn, the Irish barrister who has so much annoyed Miss Coutts Burdett with his addresses, was not long ago a persevering suitor of the present Countess of Clonmel, the beautiful Miss Burgh, daughter of Lord Downes who felt obliged to have the enamoured lover taken into custody.

The dockyards in England extend over nearly 500 acres. Deptford dockyard covers 30 acres, Woolwich 36, Chatham 90, Sheerness 50, Portsmouth 100, Plymouth 96, and Pembroke 60.

The widow of Parker, who was executed at the Nore for mutiny, a very aged woman, was on Friday brought before Mr. Minshull, at Bow-street, being blind, and found in very great distress at a miserable lodging in Duke's Court, Bow Street.

The visitors of Buckingham Palace, who have an opportunity of seeing the Queen, and who are accustomed to conclude royalty must repose on feather beds and pillows, will be astonished to have pointed to them a small camp bed, with a hard mattress and one small pillow, as the couch of royalty such is the fact.

On a single day, Tuesday last, six ships were launched into the Wear, the banks of which 105 sail are now building.

Liverpool, Oct. 2.—It is generally understood that the American house of Meloy Wilson & Co., are about to pay a dividend which it is supposed will be about 6s. 6d. per pound. The winding up of these who were so very unfortunate as to receive either an extension of time or assistance from the Bank of England, is said to be going most satisfactorily, and that their creditors are fully satisfied, which may be confirmed by the fact that the dividends have been paid, or about to be paid, to the general creditors.