

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Vol. I.—No. 111.]

SATURDAY, 10th NOVEMBER, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

Portry.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRANSCRIPT.

—Perhaps the leisure hours of an invalid
be worse employed than in supporting a
real professedly devoted to literary purposes.
on think the following lines likely to forward
and, they are at your service. If not, there is
harm done. For a title, let us call them

AN OLD MAN'S TWADDLE.

CHAPTER I.

It is a comfortable thing;
in my chair of state, with slippers feet,
patient, calm, investigating mind,
in empire; and philosophize
magnificent sceptic vanished long ago.

It might jewel, what important truth,
these long years procured me? Briefly this—
that man's life lies not in outward things,
but in the quietude of his soul. A man may seem
sabbatic, contented, full of hope,
yet be like a surface-frozen stream,
shel, and cold, and glittering to the eye,
frantically whirling underneath.

It was a couple one, whose early life
was blessed with happiest auspices. From youth,
his soul was knit together, and their love
was that of an inseparable pair.
He was a man of letters, and she was
a woman of letters; and their
conversations were as sweet as music.
They were both of them, and their
love was as true as steel.

They were both of them, and their
love was as true as steel.

They were both of them, and their
love was as true as steel.

CHAPTER II.

It was a couple one, whose early life
was blessed with happiest auspices. From youth,
his soul was knit together, and their love
was that of an inseparable pair.
He was a man of letters, and she was
a woman of letters; and their
conversations were as sweet as music.
They were both of them, and their
love was as true as steel.

THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY J. S. HOUGHTON.
(Conclusion.)

The retreat which the robbers had probably
chosen, if they were the agents of Ricardo,
was suspected by many. But few, unless
assisted by a strong force on the present occa-
sion, would have dared to approach it, upon
such an errand. Death to invaders, was the
fearful motto of the wretched men who follow-
ed the fortunes of the Spaniard. Their guide
led the way, and about midnight announced,
that they were in the vicinity of the "Smug-
gler's Cave." It was a dismal place. On one
side, a range of unbroken hills, covered with
tall vines and rocky precipices, extended as far
as the eye could reach. On the other, a barren
headland spread itself to the very verge of the
ocean. At the entrance of a dark ravine which
it was impossible to pass with carriages, the
party halted, and leaving their horses in the
charge of a select body of men, who possessed
stout hearts and strong arms, they followed
their guide, with silence and caution along
a rugged and winding pathway to the summit
of the nearest hill. The dim twinkling
of a light, seen at intervals through the trees
of the forest, assured them that the den of
the smugglers was not entirely desolate.

Having decided upon the method of attack,
should they discover the objects of their search,
and assigned to each man his duty, they armed
themselves with stout clubs, and moved rap-
idly down the narrow passage to the glen be-
low. A few minutes more brought them in
sight of the rude hovel known as the "Smug-
gler's Cave." It was a miserable hut, patched
up with boards dragged from the neighboring
sea shore, and thatched with a covering of
straw and the limbs of trees. It was situated
under the brow of a hill, and formed the en-
trance to a dark and unexplored cave, where
the smugglers concealed their contraband
goods, and celebrated their midnight orgies
after a successful adventure. It was suppos-
ed to have secret outlets in other parts of the
hills, by which the smuggled goods were sent
out to different parts of the adjacent country.

The hovel at the mouth of the cave, con-
tained two apartments, both of which ap-
peared to be brilliantly lighted, and the forms
of men were seen through the darkened win-
dows, passing to and fro, and occasionally a low
shout fell upon the ears of the approaching
party. They halted. De Vere and the guide,
with an officer, moved cautiously towards the
cave to reconnoitre. No spies or guards were
discovered, and by degrees they approached
nearer and nearer, until they were able to dis-
tinguish the cause of the unusual noise which
prevailed in the cabin. A large party of smug-
glers were making merry over a can of whis-
ky, and as the bowl passed round, the song and
the shout grew louder and louder, until the
surrounding forest echoed and re-echoed with
the sound. It was evidently an unseasoned
period of rejoicing; for Ricardo, as prudent as
daring, rarely allowed his followers to cele-
brate their successes in the front apartments
of the cave, but drove them far into the bowels
of the everlasting hills, where the sound of
their boisterous revels died away unheard by
the world without. The guide now approached
still nearer the hut, and pushing aside the
boughs that overhung the window, looked in
upon the revellers. De Vere passed noiseless-
ly round, and looked into to the other apart-
ment.

"Good God!" exclaimed he, as the sight
of Francesca in the arms of the Spaniard, burst
upon his view, "Good God!—is it possible!"
Ricardo was alone with his fair victims, and
was endeavouring to force Francesca to submit
to his foul embrace. De Vere's blood chilled
with horror at the sight. He shot violently
with emotion, and with trembling steps return-
ed to the guide, and informed him what he
had seen.

They immediately joined the main body of
the party, and making known the state of af-
fairs, proceeded at once to their work. The
hut was surrounded, with a view to prevent
the escape of the revellers. The guide desired

them to remain quiet while he effected the most
desirable part of the task, the capture of
Ricardo—and requested them to aid all in their
power if he failed in the attempt. They ac-
cordingly stood upon their posts, and awaited
the result in breathless suspense.

The guide approached the hut. The door
was partly open. He stepped cautiously into
the entry, and with a stout club secured the
door leading to the apartment in which the
smugglers were carousing. Then moving
back a few steps, he drew a broad dagger from
his belt, and taking a glance at the position of
Ricardo, he stepped again into the entry,
burst the door of the apartment, and in an in-
stant the blade of the dagger entered the heart
of the dying villain, and fell was over. His
comrades in the opposite room, alarmed by the
noise and probably suspecting the cause, fled
through a secret passage, and left the scene of
their revels in total darkness. A shout of tri-
umph was raised by the people who surrounded
the hut. De Vere, seeing Ricardo fall, rushed
into the apartment, seized the senseless
Francesca in his arms, and placing her upon a
rupe pallet in a corner of the room, knelt down
and thanked Heaven for her safety!

The sequel of our story may be told in a few
words. Francesca soon recovered her senses,
but it was long ere she could seem to realize
that she had actually been delivered from the
power of that hated fiend who had been the
cause of her life. Her friend Ellen, the partner
of her misfortunes, was a terrified witness of the
dreadful act which restored them to liberty,
and with tears of joy, grasped the hand of Fre-
derick her deliverer.

The body of Ricardo was taken from the hut
as a trophy of victory. The ladies were assist-
ed along the rough pathway to the carriages,
and the whole party returned to the inn in
triumph. The death of the notorious villain
who had so long been the terror of the commu-
nity, created a great sensation at the time,
and was undoubtedly the means of breaking
up and dispersing one of the most desperate
and successful gangs of smugglers that ever
infested those shores.

De Vere did not return immediately to New
York. Francesca and Ellen wished to recover
from the effects of their frightful adventure,
before commencing their journey. An account
of the affair reached the city before them,
and when they arrived, a crowd of friends cal-
led in daily to congratulate them upon their
happy escape from the dangers through which
they had passed.

Francesca here met her aged father, who
knowing well the character of Ricardo, had
given her up as lost. No human power, he
thought, could rescue her, if once in his hands.
Their meeting was cordial and affectionate;
and rendered more happy by the reflection that
they would not again be separated until death
should part them.

The circumstances of the extraordinary
events in which De Vere and Francesca had
been such prominent actors, it will readily be
imagined, were a fruitful theme of conversa-
tion for months, in the society where they mo-
ved, and indeed throughout the city. The no-
table character, devoted attachment, and
bravery of De Vere, were every where com-
plimented; while all rejoiced in the death of
the monster Ricardo. De Vere was obliged to
relate for the hundredth time, the whole history
of his adventures in New Jersey; to tell how
Ricardo and his associates betrayed the father
of his beautiful and amiable wife, because he
would not assist in the destruction of her law-
ful husband; how that villain and his false-
witnesses shrunk from the investigation when he
appeared before the court as counsel for the
prisoner; how, when all hopes of his conviction
for an infamous crime of which he was inno-
cent had vanished, Ricardo resorted to the bold
scheme of drawing his wife from home by
means of a forged letter; how that scheme
succeeded for a time, but was finally punis-
hed, and a life of crime ended by a sudden and
bloody death. This story frequently held the
attention of his auditors enraptured for hours
together; and often would they come again

and with a greedy ear devour up his dis-
course.

Thus ends the eventual history. De Vere
and Francesca long enjoyed the reward of their
virtuous and devoted attachment, and their no-
ble perseverance under great calamities.
They were blessed with an abundance of world-
ly good; they were respected and honoured
in life, and their declining years were render-
ed comfortable and happy by dutiful and affec-
tionate children. The father of Francesca liv-
ed many years to share their prosperity. The
old man sincerely repented the pursuit of an
unlawful traffic in the early part of his life,
and his conscience with a band of villains in
after years; and he endeavoured in some mea-
sure to atone for the evil of which he had been
guilty, by devoting the remainder of his prop-
erty to benevolent objects; and he spent the
greatest part of his latest day in seeking out
and ministering to the wants of the poor and
distressed.

(From the New York Mirror of Saturday last.)
ORIGINAL LETTER OF GENERAL WOLFE.

The following letter from General Wolfe,
written only four days before his death, will be
read with interest. It has never before been
published in this country, and is taken from
the "Correspondence of William Pitt," now
in press in London. Wolfe's letter is address-
ed to the Earl of Holderness.

"On board the Sutherland, at anchor off
Cape Rouge, September 9, 1759.

"My Lord,—If the Marquis de Montcalm
had shut himself up in the town of Quebec,
it would have been long since in our possession,
because the defences are inconsiderable, and
our artillery very formidable; but he has a
numerous body of armed men, (I cannot call
it an army,) and the strongest country, per-
haps, in the world to rest the defence of the
town and colony upon. The two battalions,
and grenadiers of Louisbourg, are a chosen
body of troops, and able to light the united
force of Canada upon even terms. Our field
of artillery, brought into use, would terrify the
 militia and the savages; and our battalions
are in every respect superior to those com-
manded by the marquis, who acts a circum-
spect, prudent part, and entirely defensive;
except in one instance that he sent six or
seven hundred men over the river to attack our
batteries upon the Point of Levy, defended by four
battalions. Bad intelligence, no doubt, of our
strength, induced him to this measure; how-
ever, the detachment judged better than their
general, and retired. They dispute the water
with the boats of the fleet, by the means of
floating batteries, suited to the nature of the
river, and innumerable bateaux. They have
a great artillery upon the ramparts toward the
sea, and so placed that shipping cannot af-
fect it.

"I meant to attack the left of their en-
trenchments, favoured by our artillery, on the
31st July. A multitude of traverses prevented
in some measure, its effect, which was never-
theless very considerable; accidents hindered
the attack, and the enemy's care to strengthen
that post has made it since too hazardous. The
town is totally demolished, and the country in
a great measure ruined; particularly the lower
Canada. Our fleets block up the river, both
above and below the town, but can give no
manner of assistance in an attack upon the
Canadian army. We have continual skirmishes
of old people, seventy years of age, and boys of
fifteen, fire at our detachments, and kill or
wound our men from the edges of the woods.
Every man able to bear arms, both above
and below Quebec, is in the camp of Beauport.
The old men, women and children, have retired
into the woods. The Canadians are extremely
dissatisfied; but, curbed by the force of this
Government, and terrified by the savages that
are posted round about them, they are obliged
to keep together, to work and to man the
entrenchments. Upwards of twenty sail of ships
got in before our arrival, and brought suc-
cessful of all sorts, which were exceedingly
wanted in the colony. The sailors of those
ships help to work the guns, and others con-
duct the floating batteries; their ship-

Sad news!
Daddy! so then he is gone at last.
It is an oft-told tale: a tale of one
who threw his heart's dear treasure, to the winds,
and was never seen again. It was the fate,
of love, and be beloved,—yet love in vain!
I do so better half of being died:
a heart grew old and chill: his spirit, like
a meteor cloudlet, which he was to see
pass, for a while, with his own glorious beams,
now leaves to fade in hoariness and gloom,
at the sight of his garment of enthusiasm.
I do so in solitude; a barkless tree,
unregarded and bare, and risen; yet erect,
and with its shattered trunk, and leafless arms,
and pointing up to Heaven. Thus he lived,
and by nightly pangs, and sick a heart,
I do so in solitude; a barkless tree,
unregarded and bare, and risen; yet erect,
and with its shattered trunk, and leafless arms,
and pointing up to Heaven. Thus he lived,
and by nightly pangs, and sick a heart,
I do so in solitude; a barkless tree,
unregarded and bare, and risen; yet erect,
and with its shattered trunk, and leafless arms,
and pointing up to Heaven. Thus he lived,
and by nightly pangs, and sick a heart,
I do so in solitude; a barkless tree,
unregarded and bare, and risen; yet erect,
and with its shattered trunk, and leafless arms,
and pointing up to Heaven. Thus he lived,
and by nightly pangs, and sick a heart,

Cap Rouge, November 7th.