

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 rapidly down the narrow passage to the glen below. A few minutes more brought them in sight of the rude hovel known as the "Smuggler'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 entrance to a dark and unexplored cave, where the smugglers concealed their contraband goods, and celebrated their midnight orgies after a successful adventure. It was supposed 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, contained but two apartments, both of which appeared to be brilliantly lighted, and the forms of men were seen through the darkened windows, 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 distinguish the cause of the unusual noise which prevailed in the cabin. A large party of smugglers were making merry over a can of whiskey, 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 uncommon period of rejoicing; for Ricardo, as prudent as daring, rarely allowed his followers to celebrate 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 noiselessly round, and looked into the other apartment.

"Good G—!" exclaimed he, as the sight of Francesca in the arms of the Spaniard, burst upon his view, "Good G—!" 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 shook violently with emotion, and with trembling steps returned 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 affairs, 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 accordingly 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 instant the blade of the dagger entered the heart of the Spanish monster! A dismal howl burst from the dying villain, and all 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 triumph 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 rude 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 curse 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 Frederick her deliverer.

The body of Ricardo was taken from the hut as a trophy of victory. The ladies were assisted 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 community, 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 called 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 was 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 conversation for months, in the society where they moved, and indeed throughout the city. The noble character, devoted attachment, and the bravery of De Vere, were every where complimented; 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 lawful husband; how that villain and his false witnesses shrunk from 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 innocent 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 punished, and a life of crime ended by a sudden and bloody death. This story frequently held the attention of his auditors enchained for hours together; and often would they come again, "and with a greedy ear devour up his discourse."

Thus ends this eventful history. De Vere and Francesca long enjoyed the reward of their virtuous and devoted attachment, and their noble perseverance under great calamities. They were blessed with an abundance of worldly good; they were respected and honoured in life, and their declining years were rendered comfortable and happy by dutiful and affectionate children. The father of Francesca lived 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 connexion with a band of villains in after years; and he endeavoured in some measure to atone for the evil of which he had been guilty, by devoting the remainder of his property to benevolent objects; and he spent the greatest part of his latest days in seeking out and ministering to the wants of the poor and distressed.

From Fisk's Travels in Europe.

#### TAKING THE WHITE VEIL.

After refreshment we went into the church of St. Cecilia, and soon an aged bishop, with locks whiter than wool, entered with his attendants. A golden crosier was borne before him. He was then clad with his sacerdotal vestments, the principal of which was a robe of silver tissue bordered with gold, and a mitre studded with brilliants. Soon the candidates entered, dressed like princesses, followed by little girls with wings from their backs in the character of angels, holding up their trains. After some ceremony by the bishop and the candidates, a discourse was delivered by the priest, which seemed to be a defence of perpetual virginity, and a reference to the advantages of the monastic life. The novices then retired, and directly appeared at a grate communicating with the church. This grated window had an altar on each side, within and without, and a communication between them about eight or ten inches square. Here, with the bishop and priests on one side, and the young ladies with their attendants on the other, the appointed service was performed. By the kindness of the brother of one of the candidates, I was accommodated with a favourable position near the altar, and near the new vestments with which they were about to be clothed. These lay in two separate piles, with the name of each upon her parcel. After a portion of the service, the candidates placed their heads by the window of the grate; and the officiating bishop, with a pair of golden scissors, taken from a plate of gold, cut off a lock of their hair. They then underwent a complete transformation as to their garments. The rich head-dress and ornaments were taken off, the hair turned back, the fine tresses straightened, and a plain tight cap without a border put upon the head. The ornaments were taken from the arm, the ears, the neck; the rich dress, in short, was removed, and left the candidates modestly blushing with only a close white underdress to cover them. The whole of this gay attire and these princely ornaments were loosely rolled together and put into the hands of the wearer, who, with some sentence which I could not understand, but which was, undoubtedly, expressive of her abdication of the world and its vanities, as if she should say,

"I bid this world of noise and show,  
With all its flattering smiles, adieu,"

cast them from her. Her new attire was then brought forward, and article after article was received through the grate, affectionately kissed and put on, an official nun standing by each candidate and assisting in the investment. The order of the clothing was, as nearly as I can recollect, as follows: first, a scarf, with an opening for the head, was thrown over the shoulders, and hung down, perhaps, as low as the knees, before and behind; around this a white sash; over the whole a robe, which, like the other garments, was of fine white stuff like worsted; then a peculiar collar for the neck, which was turned down before, but turned up behind, and pinned at the back of the head; and finally, the white hood or veil, which was made stiff, and fashioned somewhat, in the part for the head, like a peasant's sun-bonnet, in our country,

without, however, being gathered behind, for it extended down like a stiff veil over the shoulders. A crucifix, rosary, and prayer-book, together with a lighted candle, were given to each; all of which as they were received one by one, were kissed by the candidates, as also was the priest's hand who presented them. Last of all, the head was surmounted by the armillary crown, either of silver, or tinsel resembling silver. The whole of this transformation was sudden, and the contrast most striking. It was as if a princess, by the touch of a Roman wand, had been metamorphosed into a meek-eyed, modestly-apparelled sister of charity.

Thus habited, the two novices threw themselves again upon the altar, with their faces buried in the velvet cushions before them, when the venerable bishop, assisted by other priests, performed the most solemn part of the service, which consisted of short sentences and brief responses, in which all seemed to join with a good deal of spirit. The new sisters then arose and kissed their assistant officials, the other attendant nuns, their attending cherubs, and their female friends who were within the grate. Up to that moment the friends of the *buried alive*\* seemed to be cheerful; but, now that the final separation was come, there was more apparent difficulty in concealing the emotions which, doubtless, they had all along felt; and I now noticed that the sister of one of them, who had been remarkable gay, drew back with swimming eyes. The candidates, on the contrary, through the whole scene manifested little emotion either of devotion or of excited sensibilities for friends, but seemed to pass through the ceremony with a self-possession and firmness that to me indicated either deep principle of duty or the indifference of disappointment.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.—The burthen of the poet's song may, "by Fortune's favourites," be stigmatised as satirical and misanthropic; but take a peep into society, as its circles revolve in giddy whirl, and the just, moral mentor shall be impelled to say, that its state of conventional feeling on such cases as the theme alludes to, is *rather more depraved* at present than it was in Ovid's time. There is a mass of demonstration in the experience and observation of individuals, which, combined with the commentaries and essays of the most profoundly learned, and equally practical men, in all ages of the world, leaves the subject barren of contradiction. It is a vernacular proverb, that "Prosperity gains friends," but that "Adversity tries them." Now, the chief object of the moralist is to prove, or essay to explain, the *rational* origin of such aphorisms: a task which we will test our ability to perform.

Perhaps the following simile may do it succinctly, if not perfectly. As creeping insects, venomous reptiles, with myriads of animalcule, are attracted and engendered into life, by the effulgent and vivifying rays of a genial summer's sun, whilst riding in the meridian of his splendours, and are equally repelled to fly for warmth and shelter to their mouldy holes and moss retreats, when the damp, chilling vapours of day-light descend, and the lengthening evening shade obscures his departing glory; so, that animal—man, generally speaking, (for *there are* the noblest exceptions to every dry and rigid rule,) joins himself, apparently with the most cordial sincerity, proffering an eternal friendship, to the circle of the social evolution of some wealthy compeer—the rising sun of molten gold, carved and engraven with man's device; revelling in the convivial enjoyments of his banquet-board; sharing, perhaps, in the dearest and most sacred penetralia of his household gods; commending his prodigality, and probably inciting him to grandeur, deeds of luxury, and profusion; going with him where he goes, dwelling with him where he dwells, and, in one word, making himself the *double* of his friend.

But,

Oh! what a falling off is there!

when his fortune is wrecked upon the rocks of unforeseen mischance, his influence declines—his income gradually grows less;—first one, and then another prop of human vanity is thrown down. *Where* are his fulsome, loving friends, to mend his shattered means—to rescue him from a jail, perhaps the tomb of his mortal existence, or the sepulchre of his hopes, his prospects, and his honour?—where are those vermin that basked in the noon-tide glow of his affluence and fame? Alas! for the integrity and holiness of the human character! The "*multi amici*" of his happier hours have *forsaken*, and left him to the "merciless pelting of the pitiless storm" of adverse circumstances; and, unless *God be with him*, he is left alone! And, in return for the many favours and acts of charity done to others, the world derides his *want of discrimination*—his *imprudence*—perhaps his extravagance; and dares to *justify* its own cold heartedness, duplicity, and dissimulation, by ungratefully exposing its victim's foibles, and fendishly ridiculing that *generous and ingenuous confidence in human nature*, which was the *real and primary* origin of his misfortunes!

He that's ungrateful has no crime but one;  
All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.

*Frcemasons' Quarterly Review*, No. XVIII.

\* I say *buried alive*, because, although these had only taken the white veil, and therefore may, it is pretended, at their option, come out at the end of a year, still, I believe, in most cases, having taken the first step, they are made willing to proceed.