



Newfoundland

No. 499.

THURSDAY, February 16, 1837.

Sixpence.

THE BRIDE OF BEARHAVEN. OR, THE GRANDFATHER'S PROPHECY.

On the afternoon of a bright October day, in the year —, a frigate was discovered, a few miles to the westward of Dursey Island, beating up against a fierce north-easter, with a signal for a pilot flying at the fore. The only boat which happened to be on that part of the coast on that day was the small fishing hooker of Denis O'Sullivan, a Bearhaven pilot; who, after a hard night and morning's toil, with but slender success, had sought shelter in Dursey Sound, where, under the lee of the lofty cliffs of that rugged coast, his little craft lay like a sleeping seabird on the unruffled bosom of her snug anchorage, gently heaving and sinking to the long ocean swell.

The idle fishing lines were coiled over the quarters of the bark; and of the crew, (after their frugal meal of potatoes and the herring,) two lay stretched in sleep, wrapped in the slack of the lowered mainsail, while the watchful *Din* kept a look-out seaward. With the dudheen in his mouth, *Din* drowsily hummed some old Irish ditty, occasionally comforting himself with a drop of the cratur, until he lulled himself into a half-dozing state; when a glimpse of the frigate, with her well-known signal fluttering in the breeze, threw new life into him. In an instant, overboard went the pipe. "Oh, then, it's welcome you are, my jewel," cried *Din*, "whether Turk, Jew, or Crischin." Then hauling away the slack of the mainsail, he roused his sleeping messmates. "Jump up," shouted *Din*—"every mother's son of the two of ye's. Here's the best haul we'll have to-day—a man-of-war! and, by the looks of her, or a long voyage. Barney Bawn, lay houl!"—addressing a square-built, white-haired little fellow, with arms like an ox—"lay houl, boy, and let's get in our killick. Here goes. Yo, ee! yo, ee! Darby Lowney, you could thief of the world, is it *draining* you are? Up mainsail, or she'll be by us in no time. Yo, ee! yo, ee! here it comes, Barney; now, my boy, hand over hand, and in with her—that's id." *Din* ran up his foresail, belayed his halyard, and then sprung aft, to ship his tiller. "Fore-sheet to windward, Barney!" sung out the skipper. "Now, she pays off—let's draw! Well done, ould girl!—it's yourself that can do it! Aise off mainsheet, Darby, and we'll soon see what the stranger's made of."

The little hooker soon cleared the sound, then, hauling her wind under the western cliff of the Dursey, shewed her diminutive black hull, sparkling like jet, as she bounded from wave to wave, like the stormy peteral. Nor was she long unobserved by the frigate, which, in her next tack, stretched in for land; and, when within hailing distance, shortened sail.

"What land is that on the weather bow?" asked the officer of the watch.

"Blackball head, sir," answered *Din*.

"How's the tide?"

"Rising, sir—rising—'bout half-flood; but don't make too free with the land, sir; I'll be aboard of you in a jiffy."

This was more easily said than done. On this part of the coast of Ireland, the swell of the sea is at all times immense; but when, as was then the case, the flood tide, rolling in from the mighty Atlantic, is met by a stiff easterly wind, the conflict is for some hours terrific. The bold pilot, however, nothing dismayed, dodged in the wake of the frigate, at a respectful distance. But how to get on board, was the question. No boat could, with safety, be launched from the frigate; nor could the anxious *Din* venture his fragile craft to approach much nearer.

"Blood and oons, then," said the daring pilot, fearing to lose the prize, "what's to hinder me from having a swim to her?"

"Och, then, nothin' at all," deliberately answered Old Darby—"that's iv you've a mind for it." Resigning the helm to Darby, *Din* sprang forward to the hooker's head, and, holding on by the fore-stay, bawled out, at the top of his voice, to the officer on the quarter-deck of the frigate, to "cast off the life buoy!" No sooner said than done. The buoy had not been many minutes afloat, ere it was hooked to by *Din*; who, taking the precaution to hang a fine cod, half as large as himself, to his belt, as a present for the captain, was soon on his travels. With a close hitch round his arm, and well

secured by the life buoy, he boldly buffeted the waves. Old Darby, who beheld him with looks of admiration, could not refrain from his joke, and, with all the recklessness of danger which is the characteristic of his country, sung out to him—"More luck to you, *Din*, my boy! Faith, and it isn't dry and hungry you are!" In a few minutes, the pilot, half-smothered with the broken waves, was hauled over the frigate's taffarel; his long glibs (or locks) hanging over his shoulders like the fabled mermaid, and the huge monster of a cod hanging at his girdle, which, at first sight, appeared to have seized on him as its prey. He soon shook off the fish, and, having recovered his breath, doused his sealskin cap to his Majesty's colours, then making his best bow to the captain, welcomed his honour to OULD IRELAND.

"Thank you—thank you, my man," said the captain; "you're a gallant fellow, and a credit to it. Here, Mr. Slops, serve out a change of duds to the pilot, and after that give him a good dram to warm him."

"Begging your Honour's pardon," interrupted *Din*, "the *dhrum* would agree with me all the better afore." He was soon accommodated; and then, waving his cap to the crew of the hooker to be off, she bope up for her former anchorage, and was soon shut up from view by the island.

The pilot, having been comfortably clad, took his station beside the helmsman, when the captain approached to enquire whether he should venture to take the frigate round the Mizen Head that night, or seek a shelter in Bantry Bay.

"Faith, then, master, for that matter, it's all as your Honour plases; but there would be no harm in jist putting into the bay afore night, for fear of the worst, as I can see that there's a mighty poorly mackerel breeze a-brewing over head."

The wind had, in fact, increased to what might be called the commencement of a gale. The frigate already felt it. Three years' service in the West Indies had not much improved her condition either in upper or lower works; and, however anxious the captain might be to reach Cork harbour, he was not insensible to the risks of buffeting with such a right-a-head sneezer; and through such a night as the declining sun gave tokens of.

"Well, then, for Bantry Bay let it be," ordered the captain.

"Ay your Honour, and for Bearhaven too, with God's help! We shan't want for wind; and, maybe, the tide would be civil to us for another couple of hours. Now, sir, ready about! if your Honour plases."

The frigate was one of the crack ones of her day, but, just then, not in her best sailing trim—yet the pilot declared that "she sailed *sligantly*!" In a few more bounds, the captain had the satisfaction of seeing his gallant bark between Sheeps-head and Bear Island; with a clear look up the bay, plenty of sea room, and a rough, but not lofty sea. The heavy squalls, however, which came thundering down the mountains of Meentravaura every quarter of an hour, tried the frigate's powers—topgallant sheets and halyards were never for a moment out of hand—so sudden and impetuous are those mountain squalls.

Nothing can equal the unrelenting fierceness with which a regular north-easter sweeps down this splendid bay. The French fleet, under Hoche, were caught by it when nearly half way to Bantry; and, after being tantalized from day to day for upwards of a week, with a sight of the Emerald Isle, were compelled at length to take a reluctant forewell of the expected prize, and fly to the ocean for safety.

The captain of the frigate expressed his fears of being nipped in the bay, and all was made clear forward to drop anchor. The pilot, however, who well knew the powerful influence of the tide, and had already experienced the admirable sailing qualities of the frigate, seemed quite confident, with half an hour's flood-tide in his favour. The day was fast declining—a chain of rugged rocks under their lee, creating breakers mast-head high, struck a sudden awe into all on deck. Conceiving the pilot to be making too free with them, the captain expressed his alarm. The pilot gave the word "Ready about!" but still withheld the "Helms a-lee!" The anxiety of the captain for the safety of vessel, wrought to the highest pitch, betrayed itself in a sudden explosion, threatening the pilot that, if any accident happened to the ship, that instant he should "swing at the yard-arm."

"Swing!—swing, your Honour!" exclaimed poor *Din*, with astonishment: "sure then, sir, it isn't afraid of me you are. Only thry the depth of water. Why, it's deep enough to swally up *Hungry Hill*, yonder beyant."—pointing to that gigantic mountain, then in view, whose serrated and sterile outline presents that idea of starvation so forcibly expressed by the French officer who, with his boat's crew, was blown ashore and captured in 1796, that it was "Nature's backbone picked bare by the Devil!"

"Now, then, sir," said *Din*, "rap-full, and about with her!" The frigate came round like a top, and, in less than another quarter of an hour, had shot up a mile to the eastward of Bear Island. "Now, sir," said *Din*, exultingly—"only look over your lift shoulder at the sweet little haven under your lee." The captain's satisfaction at the prospect was somewhat damped by certain feelings of self-reproach at his hasty threat. "Now, sir, another short tack half across the bay, and then round in weather braces."

The frigate was soon going large before the wind. The rugged "Roan Corrig" (which stands like a hoary giant, guarding the eastern entrance to the haven, and from whose scraggy sides the snowy foam rolled down like an avalanche) was passed with the rapidity of lightning; and, in another half hour, the gallant crew, released from further toil, beheld His Majesty's frigate, *Torquoise*, safely moored in one of the finest harbours in the universe, where a thousand sail of the line might in safety have kept her company.

Din's task being now finished, he ventured to approach the captain, and, stepping out with his best bow, said—"Now, plase your Honour, we're clear of all safety, thank God!"—Three gold Joes† were slipped into the pilot's hand by the generous captain, as an acknowledgment of his skill, and perhaps a silent atonement for a hasty, but not unpardonable threat.

Twilight was fast falling; but the frigate had scarcely dropped her anchor ere several country boats came alongside, with compliments and offers of service from the owners of the few houses the shores of Bearhaven present, as well as from others from more remote habitations, on whom the attractions of a homeward-bound man-of-war's expenditure were not lost, and who had watched her from her first appearance off the Dursey. Cards, and scraps of paper where cards were wanting, were passed up the side for the captain, who politely expressed his readiness to receive all visitors on the following morning.

To his great surprise, on looking over his handful of visiting billets, he found that every one of them bore the name of Mr. O'SULLIVAN! This was a puzzler, which honest *Din*, the pilot, was ushered into the cabin to expound. "O sir," said *Din*, "all the rale gentlemen of these parts are O'Sullivan's"—adding, but with a most respectful scrape—"I am one myself, born and bred."

And all these gentlemen your relatives, of course, Mr. O'Sullivan?"

"Troth, yes, sir—every soul of them. There's seventy-two score of us, and all the rale breed." *Din* took the cards in succession from the captain's hand, and pronounced each gentleman's style, title, and patronymic. "That's Jerry O'Sullivan of the Bank."

"What?" asked the captain, "have you a bank here?"

"Yes—no, sir—that is, we had a bank the year afore last; but the talk of the Frinch invasion caused such a devil of a run on it; that it failed one morning for TWO GUINEAS! and, although Jerry received the first HALF-A-GUINEA note from Cork by express, his credit was quite bothered entirely; and he has never been able to open the Bank since. Well, then, the next is Jerry Swinish, commonly called Jerry the Pig; and that's Jerry O'Sullivan Faugh, (or Dirty Jerry, saving your Honour's favour,) a fine jontleman and his wife, that lives above at Bantry; and it's himself that keeps his priest, his pack of hounds, and his piper! And this is Jerry Darby, and that's Jerry Paddy; and here's Jerry of Garniesh, and Murty of Quolough, and Murty of Inch; and this is Darby of the Dicksies, &c. &c.—all O'Sullivan's, and all of the true

* Corrig or Carrick, a rock.
† Johanneses—pieces of eight—(dollars.)
‡ There were various small banks (as they were termed) in remote parts of Ireland, which issued printed notes of the value of from threepence to three shillings!

blood on father and mother's side, in and in."

The pilot did not depart from the ship without receiving overflowing proofs of the kindness and liberality of the officers of the gun-room, whom he had amused for an hour with a flattering description of the beauties of this wild, unfrequented region, until every man of them had a fair, a dark, or brown-haired Miss O'Sullivan in his mind's eye, (according to his fancy in female charms,) all longing for the next coming day to realize their hopes—at least gratify their curiosity.

Nor was *Din* less prodigal of his praises of the captain and officers of the frigate, when he reached Castletown, the then poor village at the mouth of the haven, (consisting of only a few scattered cabins,) where a post-office had been established for the convenience of the navy. The most extravagant expectations were raised by *Din*'s glowing description of the wealth and generosity of the officers, more particularly when he jingled his broad gold coin, as convincing proofs. The gentlemen calculated on a bit of barter in the contraband way—the ladies on lovers. But, alas! the next day brought disappointment. During the whole of that night, it had blown a heavy gale of wind; the morn did not improve the scene. The gallant frigate rode with two anchors a-head, and topgallant masts struck. Not a boat could shew her nose in the haven; and the day passed over in fruitless regrets and wishes both on shore and on board.

This interval of non-intercourse was not, however, passed altogether in idleness. On shore, the native beaux were busy in bucking up their holiday clothes—the belles, in curling and clear-starching; while, on board, the mates and middies were equally industrious in furbishing up their uniforms and shore-going toggery.

The following day proved more propitious—the easterly wind having expended its fury, the now tranquil haven scarcely presented a ripple. Shortly after the crew had dined, two boats were observed to leave the ship. Their course was anxiously watched; and, in less than half an hour, the captain's beautiful azure-painted gig was seen skimming across the Cove of Castletown, followed by the cutter; the latter crowded with officers of all grades. In a few minutes, the whole party landed on a kind of terrace in front of the post-office; the only level spot, of any extent, to be seen in those days. The strangers stood in groups, gazing in silent astonishment on the wild disjointed scene before and around them. The few scattered houses or cabins in sight, appeared as if thrown by the hand of Providence to fall where they might, and cling wherever they fell; no two were alike, in size, shape, or construction—no two together; everything appeared the work of chance! The most wild and fantastic order, or rather disorder, prevailed; here and there, cabins would be seen perched on an acclivity, the approaches to which were invisible to the stranger's eye; others, projected into the peaceful Cove, built on the shelving rocks or green banks with which it was indented. Many of these looked beautiful at a distance, like Portuguese villages; but, like them also, inconceivably mean and wretched on closer inspection.

The post-office, a large and comfortable house, but, like all others, without an *up-stairs* floor, was selected for head quarters, and thither the stores were removed from the cutter; for the party did not come unprovided. Bob Higginbottom, the postmaster, an old Píngalian smuggler, and one of the SIXTEEN Protestants in the barony, (the population of which was upwards of SIXTEEN THOUSAND!) produced his two Dutch telescopes, by the aid of which the officers could take a survey of the distant fair ones across the Cove, whose figures were seen fitting from cliff to cliff, and cabin to cabin, in pairs or clusters, all trying to get a peep at the men of war.

Sailors are not of the most ceremonious order of mankind, particularly after a long voyage; and, now released from the trammels of discipline, with health, spirits, money, and music—for their indulgent captain had permitted them to bring on shore two or three of his excellent band—all hands were agog for their first spree ashore. So, leaving their captain to pore over a file of old Cork newspapers in the parlour of the post-office, the gallant lieutenants and youngers soon introduced themselves to the fair ones of this fairy land; and, long before their good skipper had waded through the details of that hollow and inconclusive peace which was the death-blow to prize-money and promotion, and

which was so soon to turn them adrift, the whole body of officers, headed by two fiddlers and a bugler, broke in on his studies, each officer double-banked with beauty, or, in other words, with a fair one on each arm. But the captain was a choice soul—a skipper in a thousand—and they knew their man. Refreshments were unpacked, corks and compliments flew about, and mirth, love, and wine, were the order of the afternoon.

Let it not be supposed, however, that amongst the joyous and gratified group, there was one female into whose heart a base or licentious passion had found entrance. They were the children of nature—strangers, it is true, to the elegancies, but sensitively alive to all the proprieties of life. Frank, free, and mirthful as they were, the first quarter of an hour past in their society, convinced even the most gay and thoughtless of their new acquaintances, that all speculations on their supposed lack of modesty were vain and futile. Time passed so merrily that the rising moon first reminded the officers that they were trespassing too long on their captain's kindness. The parties separated with feelings of mutual good will, happy in the anticipation of a speedy reunion.

The next morning brought on shore (at an early hour) a fresh batch of visitors, whose welcome was facilitated by their being the bearers of a general invitation from the captain and officers of H. M. S. *Turquoise*, to the ladies and gentlemen of Bearhaven, to a grand ball on the next night but one—thus affording two days for the gathering. Expresses were sent east, west, and north—not an excuse, not a negative was received. The beaux of this day mustered as strong as the ladies of the neighbourhood, doing the duties of hospitality according to their limited means; and the officers, equally delighted as their predecessors, departed at sunset, loaded with presents of game, fish, fresh butter, eggs, honey, &c. &c., which were poured on them in abundance.

A young marine officer of the party was found missing; and, as they had stopped to the last moment of their time, he was, of necessity, left behind. And here begins the tale of love.

This youth had been struck at first sight with the dazzling beauty of one of the fair nymphs of the *Cottage on the Rock*—his partner in the merry dance. This young lady was the daughter of an ancient *bon vivant*, who, besides being connected by marriage with the O'Sullivans—a great distinction in that part of the world—could boast of some gentle, if not noble blood in his veins; but the copious draughts of whisky in which, for a quarter of a century, he had too fondly indulged, had nearly obliterated all traces of that gentility, which, when seen in his sober moments, it became evident had been once familiar to him. The whole income of this poor gentleman did not exceed £60 a-year, with twelve in family; yet want or privation was unknown to them. In this out-of-the-way corner of Ireland, where there existed neither trade nor traffic, meat, fish, potatoes, butter, turf for fuel, &c.—the chief necessaries of life—were matters of barter, or, if purchased at inconceivably low prices. The only ready-money expenditure was, in fact, for wearing apparel, and occasionally for groceries; but even these indispensables could be obtained on terms of mutual accommodation. The Bearhaven gentleman could always oblige his customer from Cork with a firkin or two of Nantz brandy, ornamented with a patch of fine butter on its crown, to act as its passport through the toll-gates of that city, in company with a string of a hundred mountain ponies, each bearing a couple of firkins of the commodity of the country; and a sack of potatoes, was not the less acceptable to the dealer in cloth and calicoes from having a pillow-case stuffed with fine tea, or a roll or two of tobacco in the interior. By these means, *honest men could live!* But, alas! the "good old times of smuggling" are no more! In those halcyon days, when brandy—drunk out of egg-shells, for want of glasses—could be had for half-a-crown a gallon, one could afford to get drunk like a gentleman; but, between the revenue-police, the Peelers, and the soldiers, poor Bearhaven has become civilized, enlightened, and—unhappy! Roads have succeeded the rough and broken tracks which, for ages, were the only passages by which travellers could explore their way in this mountainous district. Shapeless rocks have been blasted, and well-paved roads made from the *dabris*. Shops and tipping-houses abound. The rich copper mines of pool-yeen (which in days of yore were the wealth of that part of the country, but which lay for ages dormant and neglected for want of capital and enterprise) are now in full and flourishing work. Wheel carriages (things formerly but read of) have been introduced; and it only requires the wonders of a *railroad* to complete the metamorphosis. The increase of wealth, of a strange population, of knowledge, and, alas! of vice, has changed the habits and character of this once sequestered and happy people.

But to return to our tale. The young lieutenant had lingered behind his companions with the hope of obtaining a tête-à-tête with the object of his admiration; but the curtains of night closed on his hopes; and, failing in all his attempts to get a put-off to his ship in a country boat, he was fain to console himself with a booze in a shebeen, with half a score of the young lady's friends, brothers and relatives. The poor young fellow, unused to such orgies, awoke at daybreak, finding himself stretched on the *settle*, almost unconscious where he was, and hardly able to move with pains and aches; while around him lay, in happy confusion of posture, in sound and snoring sleep, some of his companions of the preceding night: this was his first taste of Irish hospitality. He was shortly after removed to

the Cottage on the Rock, where he was received with much kindness; and, after a few hours' comfortable repose, he enjoyed the happy opportunity of breathing his vows of love and eternal constancy in the ear of his fair one; but these professions, at all times suspicious, are doubly so after a *West-India voyage*. They were received with good humour, at least, if not with much favour. The family pride (which was as potent as if they possessed thousands per annum—for such is or was "ould" Ireland) could not take offence at the honourable addresses of the young marine; but there was an insurmountable barrier—in fact, there was an old prophecy afloat about this identical young lady, which lost nothing of its force as she daily advanced in age, in grace, and beauty.

The grandfather of our heroine—a man who, according to vulgar report,

"Held converse with the world unseen"—was a person of extraordinary mental endowments. His family, highly respectable, had resided in a neighbouring county; and, although connected by blood with an ancient and noble house, became so reduced in circumstances that this, their only son, had no other portion at their decease than the excellent education they had bestowed on him, and which his constant habits of sobriety and deep study had improved. He was a first-rate mathematician, an astronomer of no common order, and a most enterprising calculator. Humble in worldly wealth, but rich in knowledge, he passed those hours which others spent in dissipation or in idleness, in the pursuit of one object, on which he seemed to have fixed all his earthly thoughts; and when death deprived him of the partner of his hitherto peaceful life, he withdrew altogether from the world of inferior spirits, to embrace a life of solitude and study on one of the loftiest and most lonely cliffs of the country. In a "cave dug by no mortal hand" he took up his solitary abode. His books, instruments, papers, and a few articles of indispensable furniture, were all the property he brought with him; the remainder of his little wealth he left with his son.

The common people, who respected, yet pitied him, accounted for this solitary seclusion by the usual conjecture—that he was "cracked by learning." So Festus said to Paul eighteen hundred years ago; and it is a consolatory thought to the ignorant of all ages and nations. Still the kind-hearted peasants, male and female, made it a point of conscience to pay frequent visits to his mountain eyry; and his son took care that all his moderate wants should be regularly supplied.

Although an enthusiast, the old man was perfectly sane, and quite astonished some scientific persons—who, attracted by the fame of his talents and eccentricities, had made a pilgrimage to his aerial retreat—by the profundity of his knowledge, and, at the same time, simplicity of his manners. After many years passed in this extraordinary mode of life, he reappeared amongst his neighbours of former days. But the intercourse was but for a short period—merely while he arranged his books and papers—when he once more mysteriously withdrew; but not to his mountain cave—his retreat was then unknown to all; but, in a few days after his departure, a note was delivered to his son, which disclosed the secret cause of his flight—he had, as he thought, discovered *THE LONGITUDE!* the object to which, through life, he had devoted his time and talents; but he enjoined silence on the subject until his promised return. Month after month passed away without any tidings of the enthusiast, and the most painful bodings were entertained of him, when, at length, a professional gentleman from Cork arrived with a letter from the old man, in which he bade adieu to his family, and sent them a gift of a sum (at that time and place, splendid) of £500. This was an era in the history of Bearhaven.

He had, it seems, embarked at Cork for Bristol; and, making his way to London, entrusted all his papers and calculations, with his memorial, to the Admiralty of that day; but, being an obscure and unknown person, without patronage or introduction, his claims for notice were, for several weeks, disregarded. In the meantime, some persons who had official access to his papers, were so struck with their importance and value, that the Board was solicited to afford a weekly stipend to the old man, while others were preparing to reap the benefit of his labours. "A being of his own world"—unsuspicious in his nature, and unaccustomed to the flatteries and chicanery of those with whom he had to deal—he unreservedly answered all questions, explained all his calculations, and the data on which they were founded, to those persons whom he supposed had been officially employed to examine into the subject. Months passed on in this kind of juggling, when the poor man, driven to despair by the disappointment of his hopes, loudly insisting on the restoration of his papers, was tempted with the offer of *one thousand pounds*, on condition of resigning all claim to them, and to all rewards, present or future, to which his discoveries might have entitled him.

That these discoveries were (if not perfect) most highly valuable, may be inferred from the amount of the reward with which he was tempted for the surrender of his papers; and that base and ungenerous advantage had been taken of his innocence and his necessities were equally clear. But

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DREADFUL EXPLOSION OF GUNPOWDER IN LIMERICK.

Tuesday night an explosion of gunpowder took place in the house of Mr. Richardson, at the cor-

ner of George-street, Denmark-street, Limerick, which was attended with the most fatal and destructive consequences. The catastrophe occurred at ten o'clock, and so great was the concussion that all the main streets in St. Michael's parish were shattered to their very foundations, the windows were all demolished, and the pavements covered with a shower of broken glass. Scarcely a house in the city escaped without some damage to the windows, all the glass was driven out of the gas lamps in the streets, and the lights were extinguished. Ten persons have lost their lives, and others lie in the Barrington Hospital, in a sad state of mutilation, but with hopes of recovery.

The entire family of Mr. M'Mahon, a clerk in the coach establishment near the scene of the calamity, are among the sufferers. His father, mother, brother, sister, and maid-servant were all buried in the ruins of their own house, which was shattered to the ground. Mr. Healey, a medical man, who happened to be passing by at the time, was killed. Three houses were completely levelled with the ground. The extent of the calamity was not known for some time after the explosion, as everything was enveloped in total darkness.

The Mayor, Recorder, and all the magistrates repaired to the spot, with the parish watch and police, to afford assistance. Picquets of the royal regiment and 72d depot were brought up soon after, beside labourers, and fatigue parties of both corps were set to work by Lieutenant Colonel Mansel, Brigade Major, clearing away the immense pile of rubbish in which several persons had been overwhelmed, in order to rescue the sufferers, if possible, alive.

At half-past 11 on Tuesday night seven bodies were taken out of the ruins, and conveyed to Barrington Hospital, terribly mutilated, yet still retaining the vital spark, though literally black with powder. One of the first victims, and who died in a few minutes, was Mr. John Healy; when the shock occurred a great beam struck him on the head and dashed his brains out.

The active and undaunted exertions of the Mayor, throughout the entire of this dreadful crisis, and occasionally in scenes of great personal danger, were beyond all praise.

The names of the persons lying in the hospital are Honora Grady, Mary Enright, Mary Sheehy, Anne M'Mahon, and Terence Blake.

On Friday morning the men had penetrated under the levels in some instances, and a human head or scalp, with part of the hair, was raised over ground; shells were provided, and very soon the mangled bodies of seven persons, four males and three females, some in a state of nudity, were lifted out of the ruins. The sensation of the crowd at this awful spectacle of mortality was unprecedentedly great. The bodies were recognised as follows:—Margaret M'Mahon, wife of John M'Mahon, spirit retailer, Denmark-street, who is yet in the ruins—her entire body a mass of livid contusions. John M'Mahon, their son, in a state of nudity, his arms and legs broken, and part of his head blown away. Bridget Donoghue, servant to M'Mahon's, terribly crushed. John O'Brien, servant to Mr. Patrick Hogan, hardware merchant. Patrick Doolan, native of the Queen's County, workman in the employ of Mr. Cogan, cutler. Mary Barry, an interesting girl of 15 years, from Market-alley, who was buying bread at M'Mahon's when the blast took place. John Enright, a western pilot, general contusions and burns.

The first victim to this fatal explosion was Dr. John Healy a young physician, unfortunately passing at the moment, and who had only arrived in town the day before to visit his family. Some heartless miscreant stole the gold watch out of his pocket as he lay on the ground in the pangs of death. The second was Margaret Hynes, servant of Mrs. Michael Ryan, in the next house to Richardson's, who was blown by the shock out of the window into the street, by which her head and back were fractured. She died soon after being removed to hospital. Michael O'Neill, the watchman, was the third victim. He stood near the gas lamp pillar at the corner of Mr. Ellard's shop, after crying the hour of ten, when the force of the explosion lifted him off the ground, and dashed him across the street, where he lay senseless with his arms broken. O'Neill lingered in hospital until the next evening, when death closed his sufferings. Honora Grady was the fourth, having died of severe lacerations. She was servant in the house of Mr. M'Namara, cloth merchant, next door to Richardson's.

Saturday at ten another body was taken out of the ruins by soldiers of the Royals, who found the body of a woman in the excavations of Richardson's cellar; she is recognised to be a servant of his, Bridget Doolan, wife of Doolan deceased, another of the victims, Mr. Colgan's workman. Her remains are almost reduced to a mummy. This constitutes twelve in the known aggregate of sufferers, whose bodies have been recovered from what may be termed the focus of a fiery furnace. Great part of a human head has been since raked out of the rubbish in the lower part of the premises, and to what unfortunate mortal it belonged is mere conjecture, also a lump of flesh with part of the sinews or tendons attached; but, in fact, the accumulation of horrible details every hour attended with more aggravating features almost induces us to conclude the appalling narrative of this tragic event. A fearful responsibility rests somewhere.

One o'clock, p. m.—This moment three coffins, inclosing the remains of Mr. M'Mahon's family—mother, son, and cousin—passed our office for interment at Kilquane, followed by a large concourse of sorrowing friends and acquaintances. These

mournful scenes grow nearly insupportable, but we have some consolation that they have now almost come to a finish. The magistrates are engaged to-day in taking most important evidence on the adjourned inquest, from persons in the immediate vicinity of the catastrophe, including Mr. Richardson himself.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

The amount of property destroyed on this melancholy occasion, the loss sustained in furniture, shop goods, and the fall of houses, cannot be less than £9,000 at the lowest estimation.

BREVET PROMOTION.

(From the Naval and Military Gazette.)

On the 5th of November, long prior to any other publication, we stated, "that a Brevet would shortly take place, and that the Naval and Military services have his gracious Majesty alone to thank for this boon, as he has borne down the opposition made to it, and insisted on the claims of his servants not being any longer passed over." Since that publication we have, week after week, assured our readers that our information was correct; and in our last we stated, "that the Brevet was on the eve of announcement." Some of our contemporaries, however, in their wisdom, thought proper to fix on the day, and confidently asserted that the Brevet would appear in last Tuesday's Gazette; thus occasioning great disappointment to parties confiding in such unauthorised statements. The fact is, when we last went to press, the final arrangements had not even been laid before the King; and they were only submitted for his Majesty's approval on TUESDAY last. We are, however, happy to inform our readers, that there is every probability of the brevet being gazetted on the 10th instant; and it will be our object on Saturday next, when we shall publish the Gazette promotions, to furnish also as correct a list as we can possibly obtain of all the NAVAL PROMOTIONS.

In the mean time, we can repeat our statement of the 19th November, that the Flag Promotion will not extend beyond, indeed, we have reason to fear it will fall short, of the Captains of 1805.

Great circumspection, we understand, has been used in deciding upon the claims of the minor grades, and candidates for the numerous appointments which will become vacant, owing to the general promotion.

The Army Brevet, it is supposed, will include the Lieutenant-Generals of 1814; the Major-Generals of August 12, 1819; Colonels down to 1829, inclusive; and Lieutenant-Colonels, Majors, and Captains, to 1821 or 1822, inclusive. We trust the latter year.

THE MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR AT CORK.—Connected with this affair is a circumstance which has occasioned some annoyance to a respectable gentleman resident in this city (Cork), and the magistrate concerned in his arrest. The gentleman alluded to is Mr. Scott, son of the late banker of that name in Waterford; the magistrate, Sir Anthony Perrier. Sir Anthony was on Saturday taken to the house of Mr. Clerke, the spirit-dealer, in Winthrop-street; the door of a small office was opened, and inside was an individual who, Sir Anthony was informed, was the person who had obtained the signature from Mr. Wise. This individual Sir Anthony at once recognised as Mr. Scott, and intimated to the gentlemen who accompanied him that they must be mistaken—that he was well acquainted with the individual pointed out to him, and that he was as incapable of the act imputed to him as any gentleman in Cork. Mr. Wise's butler, however, seeming satisfied of the identity, Sir Anthony apprised Mr. Scott of the offence with which he was charged. Mr. Scott denied that he knew anything of the transaction, and expressed his readiness to afford any facilities in his power towards its investigation. At Sir Anthony's suggestion the party proceeded to Mr. Wise's. The butler still persisted, we understand, in his confidence respecting Mr. Scott's identity; but the instant Mr. Scott was introduced to Mr. Wise, that gentleman said that neither in voice, dress, face, nor figure did he bear any resemblance to the individual who had favoured him with the visit on Friday, and expressed his regret at the annoyance occasioned to Mr. Scott by the mistake which had been committed. We detail these circumstances thus minutely because the fact of Mr. Scott's arrest was soon spread over the city, and we are anxious to contribute to the removal of the imputation, and to the assuagement of feelings which have been unintentionally wounded.—*Cork Paper*.

ATTEMPT on the LIFE of LOUIS PHILIPPE.

PARIS, Dec. 29.—The culprit who committed the attempt on Tuesday upon the person of the King has been identified. He had continued to refuse giving his name, but yesterday morning an old man went to the Procureur-General, and said: "I have the misfortune of having a nephew who is a very bad man, and of violent opinions. He has often talked of assassinating the King, and I believe him capable of committing the crime. He went out about twelve o'clock on Tuesday, and has not since returned. The descriptions I have seen in several of the journals lead me to fear that it was he who made the attempt." The Procureur General confronted him with the prisoner, whom the old man immediately recognised as his nephew. At the sight of his uncle, the assassin showed some symptoms of emotion. His name is Louis Françoise Meunier, and he was a journeyman saddler

at La Chapelle, near Paris. We were ill-informed yesterday, in stating that he declared he belonged to the Societe des Familles. He has hitherto persisted in declaring that he has no accomplice, that he belongs to no political association, and that he has been actuated solely by the hatred he bears to the Orleans family.

It has been remarked as a melancholy though singular circumstance, that the officer most in danger from the ball of the assassin was the Duke de Trevis, the son of Marshal Mortier, the most illustrious of Fieschi's victims. The Duke, who is attached to his Majesty's staff, was near the King on Tuesday, in the same position occupied by his father on the 28th of July, 1835. His duty was, in conjunction with Marshal Lobau, to guard the right side of the King's carriage—a post of honour which he never cedes when it falls to his lot. The ball, levelled at his Majesty, passed within a few lines of the Duke's body, and, although more fortunate than the deceased Marshal, he certainly was in the most imminent danger of sharing his fate.

It is feared that the attempt of the 27th will not prove to be an entirely isolated crime. The Presse contains the following:—"From numerous reports, and from positive intimations received by the authorities, it would appear that the anarchist party had calculated upon an attempt against the King's life. Frequent reports of fire-arms discharged in the evening of the 27th and the next morning, at the extremities of certain faubourgs pointed out as inhabited by dangerous characters, had been heard, and excited much attention, as leading to the supposition of a coincidence between these facts and the crime near the Tuileries. The police are making active exertions to discover the truth.

BILBOA, Dec. 29.—The Carlist faction has experienced a mortal defeat; a blow from which it cannot recover. The whole of the enemy's artillery has fallen into our hands; it consists of 28 guns, among which is the monster-mortar, as it is called, a 36 pounder, several 24 and 18 pounders, and the rest twelves, nines, and howitzers. The greater part of these are beautiful brass guns, with all their ammunition and appurtenances complete. The whole park of artillery, in fact, is taken; the mules attached to the same are also in our possession, together with a quantity of military stores of every description, which are coming to light in the neighbourhood daily. The quantity of gunpowder is very great. The official returns cannot be made out.

The Rev. Thaddeus O'Malley, one of the clergymen of the Roman Catholic Metropolitan Chapel, Dublin, and who has recently astonished the world by his brilliant and argumentative speeches in favour of a poor law for Ireland, was born at Limerick in 1797, and was pastor of the small Catholic congregation at Falmouth, in Cornwall, from August, 1822, to August, 1833; shortly after he quitted the West of England for Philadelphia, and has but recently returned to his native country.

The Newfoundlander

ST. JOHN'S, (Thursday,) February 16, 1837.

We have been politely handed English papers to the 14th January, by the Charlotte, (27 days from Plymouth) the latest date containing the particulars of the extensive promotion which has recently taken place in both SERVICES.—We believe it has fallen short of what was anticipated with respect to the Navy—in which it was hoped that the boon would have been extended to the first hundred Captains on the list—but we find that thirty-five only have been appointed Flag Officers—and that the number placed on the retired list, as admirals, is thirty-seven; extending the promotion to 72 Captains. Our late Governor, Sir Charles Hamilton, is promoted to the rank of Admiral of the White. The only military promotions we have remarked at this station are the following:—Capt. WALKER, Royal Engineers, Capt. FRASER, Royal Artillery, and Fort Major GRIFFITHS, to take Brevet rank as MAJORS in the Army.

His Excellency the Governor has issued a Proclamation directing a term of the Supreme Court to be held here on the 10th April, and continue until the 13th May following—and Circuit Courts to be opened at St. John's and Harbor Grace, respectively, on the 22d May, and continue until the 17th June.

Married, at Charles Church, on Saturday last, by the Rev. T. Hare, Mr. WILLIAM SOFER, merchant, of Newfoundland, to ELIZA PERING, niece and adopted child of Mr. N. Peek, 15, Jubilee-street. After the ceremony, the happy pair left for Exeter. Plymouth Herald, Jan. 14.

Shipping Intelligence

CUSTOM-HOUSE, St. John's,

VESSELS (ENTERED.)

February 13.—Brig Dingwell, Graham, Viana; 90 tons salt. Brig Puchal, Picken, Demerara; 140 puns molasses, 11 puns rum. Schr. Charlotte, Harris, Plymouth; 60 tons potatoes, 40 boxes candles and sundries.

The brig Sarah, Sharp, from this port for Bristol, was lost on the 7th January on Bideford Bar.—Crew and principal part of the cargo saved.

Sales by Auction.

SALE OF CLOTHS, &c.

THIS DAY,

At 11 o'clock,

By Perchard & Boag,

- 2 PIECES 30-inch Olive Duffie
- 1 Piece do. 27 inches 1 Piece 29 do. do.
- 2 Pieces Brown do. 27 inch, 2 do. 29 do. Brown do.
- 2 Pieces do. do. 30 inch
- 2 Pieces 7-4 Brown Kersey Flushing
- 6 Pieces prime Norwich Carpeting
- 1 Piece Brown Cloth, 4 pieces Blue Fearnought
- 4 Pieces Olive Fearnought, 12 do. Olive Duffies
- 3 Ditto Red Flannel, 5 doz. pair Kersey Drawers
- 1 End Oxford Grey Cloth, 2 do. Black do.
- 1 Do. Blue Cassimere, 1 piece Bedtick
- 12 Pieces Irish Linen, 7 pieces Fustian
- 10 Pieces French Gingham
- 1 Double Tangent Quadrant, 2 Union Jacks
- 1 Green Ensign, 3 Telescopes
- 3 Charts of Newfoundland
- 20 Dozen Striped Caps, 12 pair Deck Boots
- 10 Dozen Guernsey Frocks
- 50 Dozen Pair Men's and Boys' Shoes.
- 40 Qr.-chests Bohea Tea
- 1 Cask Red Wine
- 1 Hhd. Geneva
- 20 Baskets Figs and Raisins
- 1 Hhd. very prime Sugar
- 1 Sack Corks
- 1 Very handsome Wardrobe
- 1 Do. Mahogany Table
- 50 M. Prime Shingles.

February 16.

THIS DAY,

(Thursday) At 12 o'clock,

AT THE SHOP OF

THE SUBSCRIBER,

- 13 Bolts full-bleached No. 1 CANVASS
- 1 Bolt ditto No. 2 ditto.

Having recently got slightly wet, is not at all lessened in value if required to be made up at once, being perfectly cool and free from mildew.

DANIEL FOWLER,

February 16.

Notices.

ASSOCIATION OF

NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERMEN & SHOREMEN.

THE Anniversary Meeting of the above Association will be held at the ORPHAN ASYLUM SCHOOL, on MONDAY next, the 20th inst., at 12 o'clock. As the election of Officers for the ensuing twelve months will take place, and other important business be brought under the notice of the Meeting, a full attendance of the Directors and Members is requested.

By Order

JOHN SHEA,

Secretary.

February 16.

To Masons, Carters, & Quarry-Men.

TENDERS will be received at the Office of BULLEY, JOB & Co., until TUESDAY, the 21st inst., at Noon, for forming an EMBANKMENT, and erecting STONE PIERS, upon which to place a BRIDGE leading to the South Side of St. JOHN'S, according to Plans and Specifications to be seen at MUDGE & Co.'s office, South Side, and at the office of

BULLEY, JOB & Co.

February 16.

DESERTED from the service of the Rev. CHARLES DALTON, P. P. Harbor Grace, a youngster, by name WILLIAM RYAN, aged about 25 years, and about 5 feet 10 or 11 inches in height. Notice is hereby given, to all persons to whom it may concern, not to harbor or employ the aforesaid William Ryan, as the Rev. C. DALTON intends prosecuting the lad as far as the law will direct.

February 9

Mr. GOSSE,

Miniature Portrait Painter,

BEGS leave to acquaint the Ladies and Gentlemen, and public generally of St. John's, and its neighbourhood, that he will take Likenesses on Ivory, of various sizes, at from 2 to 5 Guineas each,—warranted correct, and superior finish. On Ivory cards at 15s. each. Color'd profiles on ditto 7s. 6d.

Residence at Mrs. BELCHER'S.

January 5.

To be Let.

THE Subscriber offers to let, from the 1st day of April next, that very eligibly situated Stone House, now occupied by him, adjoining the Premises of Messrs. B. BOWRING & SON, with or without Stores in the rear.

JOHN HOWLEY.

January 19.

On Sale

Cordage.

20 Tons Assorted CORDAGE.

Viz.—

- Hawser-Laid from 1 to 6 inch
- Shroud-Laid from 6 thread Ratline to 6 inch
- Houeline, Hambroline, Marline, & Spun yarn
- 1 and 1 1/2 inch White Rope
- 9 and 10 inch Bunking Cables

For Sale by

W. & H. THOMAS & Co.

February 16.

BY

BLAND & TOBIN,

100 Barrels prime Irish PORK, per Blandford from Cork.

And of former Importations.

- 40 Puncheons RUM
- 40 Ditto MOLASSES
- 30 Hhds. Muscovado SUGAR
- 100 Firkins Prime Cumberland BUTTER.

February 16.

By

EWEN STABB,

Ex Charlotte,

Hide & Shoulder LEATHER of excellent quality CALF SKINS.

Also on hand, and will be Sold Cheap,

- 30 Barrels American APPLES
- 8 Marble CHIMNEY-PIECES.

February 16.

G. & R. CLAPP

OFFER FOR SALE,

On reasonable terms,

- RUNNING RIGGING and Bolt Rope of all sizes,
- WARPS of from 3 to 5 in., Seaming, Roping, and other Twines, Tar, Varnish, Rosin, Pitch,
- WHITE LEAD,
- Black, Green, Red and Yellow Paints, in Kegs of 14 and 28 lbs.,
- Whiting, Ochres,
- Oils, Turpentine,
- Spars, Coals,
- Men's Deck BOOTS,
- Men's, Women's, and Children's SHOES,
- Great Coats, Flushing Jackets,
- Cotton Shirts,
- Also,
- Cognac BRANDY in Puns. and Hhds.
- Port, Pale, Brown Sherry and Bronti Madeira WINE, in Hhds., Qr. Casks and Bottles,
- Choice Claret and Scheidam HOLLANDS, in cases containing 1 dozen bottles,
- Italian Macaroni and Vermicelli in cases containing about 10 lbs.,
- Souchong Tea in Qr. Chests,
- Mould and Dipped Candles.

February 2.

TEAS.

LATELY RECEIVED AND

FOR SALE BY

B. BOWRING & SON,

Hyson, Twankay and Congo TEA.

ALSO—

150 Boxes Soap, 20 Barrels Currants

Feb. 2.

By Private Contract,

The fine, fast-sailing

Schr. CHARLES, Only 2 years old. Burthen per Register, 79 Tons. She is a most desirable Vessel for a Sealer or Coaster, being full-timbered, sharp built, and well found in Rigging and Sails. Inventories may be seen and terms known by applying to

W. & H. THOMAS & Co.

January 26.

Baine, Johnston & Co.

HAVE RECEIVED,

By the ELIZA, from Boston,

- 300 Barrels new BEEF
- 16 Puncheons choice MOLASSES
- 8 M. W. O. Hogshead STAVES
- 20 Dozen Carpet BROOMS
- 600 Barrels INDIAN CORN
- IRISH BUTTER, in Store, ex Clydesdale.

January 12.

CODNER & JENNINGS,

450 Bls. excellent Devonshire Potatoes, at 9s. per barrel,

2 Tons English Hay,

(JUST ARRIVED)

ALSO,

A large assortment of Cordage A lot of Canvass Leatherwares and Leather, in variety. Oakum, Pitch, Tar, Paint, &c. &c. &c. January 12.

On Sale.

JOHN RYAN,

LOAF SUGAR, Currants, L. B. B. and Mould Shot, Gunpowder, Cognac Brandy in hhd., Gin in cases, Stockholm and Coal Tar, Pitch, Cordage, Oakum and Spun yarn, Starch and Blue, Hyson and Gunpowder Teas in small packages, Boot Legs, Upper and Sole Leather, Iron (assorted), Nails (assorted), Iron Hoops, Pipes in boxes, London Mould Candles, Barclay and Perkins's Porter, Sherry Wine in Qr.-casks, Lime in casks, To either with a general assortment of SLOP GOODS, suitable for the Seal Fishery. January 19.

POTATOES, &c.

Per Kingaloch, 12 days from Cork,

NOW LANDING

AT THE STORE OF

L. O'BRIEN,

The Cargo of the above Vessel—

CONSISTING OF

- 1200 Barrels Prime POTATOES
 - 150 Bushels Poland or Seed OATS
 - 60 Firkins BUTTER
 - 40 Bls. & Half Bls. PORK
- both of the best quality, and ordered particularly for family use. St. John's, January 12, 1837.

New Provisions, &c.

RICHARD HOWLEY,

IS NOW LANDING

The Cargo of the COLUMBIAN PACKET, from

Lamburgh,

WHICH HE OFFERS FOR SALE

At reduced Prices—Viz:

- 200 BARRELS Prime Mess Pork
- 200 Firkins new Butter (Holstein) for family use
- 300 Barrels Superfine Flour
- 50 Do. Extra do. for Pastry
- 100 Do. fresh Oatmeal
- 175 Bags superfine Cabin Biscuit
- 75 Do. fine do. do.
- 1000 Do. Good Common do.
- 50 Coils assorted Cordage
- 600 Pair Yarn Hosi
- 50 Pair Deck Boots
- A few Kegs Tongues, Pickled Rounds Beef and Smoked ditto.

Also,

Per BLANDFORD and CHERUB, from

London,

3 Pipes and 20 hhd. Cognac Brandy, (Martell's brand) warranted of the very best quality

40 Hhds. Bordeaux ditto, (Dumon Frere's brand)

20 Do. Pale Skiedam Geneva

400 Boxes best London-Tallow Candles, Mould's and Dip's

20 Do. Imperial Wax do.

50 Do. Hard Yellow Soap

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

London Butt Leather, Calf Skins, Kips, Basils and Boot Legs (block'd)

1000 Doz. Paste and Liquid Blacking

40 Casks gold-colored Sherry Wine, 3 doz. each

6 Qr.-casks and 20 cases prime old Port

100 Dozen London Brown Stout

100 Do. Pale Burton Ale, &c. &c.

N. B.—Connoisseurs can be accommodated with a few gallons of Genuine

COGNAC and HOLLANDS—perfect

Cordials.

Kelly-Grews Packet.

JAMES HODGE

Of Kelly-Grews.

BEGS most respectfully to inform his friends and the Public, that he has a most safe and commodious Four-sail BOAT, capable of conveying a number of Passengers, and which he intends running the winter, as long as the weather will permit, between Kelly-Grews, Brigus, and Port-de-Grave.—The owner of the Packet will call every TUESDAY morning at Mr. J. CRUTE'S and Mr. P. KIELTY'S for Letters, Packages &c., and then proceed across the Bay, as soon as wind and weather will allow; and in case of their being no possibility of proceeding by water, the Letters will be forwarded by land by a careful person, and the utmost punctuality observed.

JAMES HODGE begs to state, also, he has a HORSE and SLEIGH, which he will have every Tuesday in St. John's, if the weather and path will permit, for the purpose of conveying Passengers to Kelly-Grews; He has also, a CATAMARAN for carrying Luggages &c., from St. John's to Kelly-Grews, and from Kelly-Grews to St. John's,—he will carry a Saddle with him every trip, in case the path should not be answerable for the Sleigh to return; He has also, good and comfortable Lodgings, and every necessary that may be wanted, and on the most reasonable terms.

Terms of Passage &c.

One person, or three, 15s. passages across the Bay; above that number 5s. each. Passage in the Sleigh 7s. 6d. each, from St. John's to Kelly-Grews and the same from Kelly-Grews to St. John's; Saddle Horse 10s., Luggages carried on the most reasonable terms. January 19.



Ecce Cornet

"JE VEILLE SUR TOI, MA MERE!"

Je veille sur toi, ma mère!
I hear thy softest sigh of love;
I listen to thy lightest prayer,
And echo it above

I see thee, when in lonely hour
My remembrance wins thy ready tear,
Thou canst not hear my spirit step—
But, mother, I am near.

When glowing morn the mountain treads
With foot of fire and dewy eye,
And dazzled seraphs veil their heads
Before the light on high;

And when, beneath my home of joy,
The stars are smiling thro' the air,
Where angels roam in blest employ,
"Je veille sur toi, ma mère!"

If o'er thy wearied frame is shed
The welcome balm of soothing sleep,
Lightly o'er that beloved head
My vigils still I keep.

Dost thou not see, in visions fair,
A radiant being wander by,
And hear a soft voice murmuring there,
"My mother, 'tis I!"

And when above my early grave
Thy gentle spirit pray relief,
Feel'st thou no angel plume wave
Above thee in thy grief?

Je veille sur toi, ma mère!
Oh! still thy lost but happy boy
Is near thee, with thee, every where,
In sorrow and in joy.

Forget not then, where'er thou art,
The promise—words that bless thy pray'r,
But wear them in thy "heart of heart,"
"Je veille sur toi, ma mère!"

(Continued from second Page.)

what could he do? The sum of ONE THOUSAND pounds sounded largely in the ears of a man who never probably possessed £10 in ready money. He was a necessitous stranger in that populous desert, London—friendless, and in debt, without any one to consult with or advise him. No wonder, then, that, under such circumstances, he parted with the fruits of forty years' meditation and labour for the sum proposed—one-half of which he assigned to his son and family; and, with the residue, after paying his debts, he equipped himself with the most complete set of instruments for astronomical observation which London could furnish—all the recent publications on that, his darling science—then, bidding an everlasting adieu to England, betook himself, it was stated; to the South Sea Islands; but his ultimate fate was lost in obscurity.

"No trace or tidings did his doom declare!" Amongst the books he left behind with his son was that of his *Predictions*, which the latter took care never to produce until some event had borne out the prophecy; and, in truth, there were fulfillments so extraordinary that they would stagger the scepticism of the disbelievers in prophetic lore. But that which most interested the family was one in which the old man foretold the birth, the beauty, and happy fortunes of a female child to his son, who, although at the time of the prediction he was the father of but FOUR, was promised a progeny of TEN, and no more; the seventh to be a female, and to be named Rachel! Well, so far so good. Years had brought round the promised increase to the mystical number, TEN; and Rachel, the beautiful Rachel! the SEVENTH BORN! THE CHILD OF PROMISE! is now before us—the beloved of the bold marine.

No great wealth, honour, or fortune presenting in that quarter, it is not to be wondered at that his addresses were respectfully declined by the parents. But love is ever rendered more keen by the first disappointment; and the disconsolate *Jolly** would not allow himself to abandon all hopes; trusting to his persuasive manners and attentions, on the occasion of the forthcoming ball, to overcome all maiden scruples. But, alas! even here the fates were adverse. All the beauties of Bearhaven, but herself, the most beautiful, graced the joyous festival; a slight indisposition deprived the party of the presence of one who would have proved its most brilliant ornament. To say that the eagerly-expected entertainment gave unfeigned and general delight to these unsophisticated daughters of this desert land, would be superfluous; and equally so, that the gallant captain and his fine corps of officers rendered themselves pleasing, as they could never fail to do, with the fair sex. Inexperienced and unaccustomed to the minute elegancies of the entertainment, as the great majority of the visitors must have been, still there was that inbred pride and natural tact which is a peculiar quality in the Irish female character, (and one which strikes all foreigners) which repressed all appearance of surprise or vulgar admiration. The astonishment of the higher-informed and more experienced of the officers, was only equalled by their admiration, on

* For the information of the gentle sex and uninitiated landsmen, it is proper to state that, in the tar's vocabulary, "a JOLLY" means "a MARINE;" and no bad compliment either to that distinguished corps.

learning that scarcely one of the laughing, lively group they conversed with, had ever been nearer to the civilized world than the pitiful town of Bantry.

The merry dance was suspended for an hour for the exhibition of a comic farce, got up and excellently performed by the young gentlemen of the ship, aided by some old dramatic hands amongst the crew—a species of entertainment quite new to the greater number of the gratified audience. At midnight the supper was announced, and served with all that taste and splendour which the wealthy and liberal commander was ever wont to display on such occasions. He, good soul, though neither young active, nor handsome, bustled about, delighted with his visitors, and equally delighting them by his kind affability and condescension. The hour of separation was protracted till daybreak; when, after escorting their fair guests to the shore, the gallant tars returned to their ship—one-half of the lieutenants, and all the mids, leaving their hearts with their partners.

A grand battée on Whiddy Island, (near Bantry,) with a *dejeuné a la fourchette* given by Lord Bantry to the captain and as many officers as could be spared from the frigate, afforded a couple of days' repose to the ladies of Bearhaven, and also (let it not to their shame be added) time to repair and refit their slender stock of finery.

A few days after the ball, the young lieutenant of marines (who had made his peace with the captain for his late "absence without leave") humbly solicited a private interview with his chief; which, being kindly granted, the youth with many blushes and stammering excuses, preferred his earnest request to be allowed to pass three days on shore.

"For what purpose, lad?" inquired the captain.

"For the purpose, Sir, of—of getting married, Sir," replied the young fellow, colouring up as red as his coat.

"Married!" exclaimed the captain, with staring eyes and uplifted hands. "Why, you young dog, do you want to go to the devil before your time? Married!—who the deuce are you in such a d—d hurry to marry?"

"Miss Rachel—, Sir; the beautiful young lady at the Cottage on the Rock!"

"Pshaw! nonsense, boy! Marry a girl you never saw but once or twice! Was there ever such folly! No, no, young gentleman; your mother (who, by the by, was an old flame of mine, and whom I shall ever respect) delivered you into my care; and I promised to act by you as a parent; your father was my old friend, and fell by my side, my boy, like a gallant soldier. I trust I have acted to you as your mother desired; and must now lay a parent's, or, at least, a friendly commander's injunctions on you, to think no more of this foolish love affair. Did I see the young lady at the ball?"

"No, Sir; she was prevented from coming by illness."

"Well, well, my boy—stay on board. We shall sail the first hour the wind settles to the westward; then, 'out of sight out of mind,' all will be well again. Here, you are going to be shelved on forty pounds a-year!—pretty provision that for a wife and family! No, no—think no more of it. Come, eat your dinner with me to-day."

The poor lieutenant retired with a heavy heart. Although rejected by the seniors of the family, the young ones, to whom his very amiable manners had endeared him, all encouraged him to press his suit; yet, he could not but admit that there was sense and reason in the captain's observations. Poor fellow! had he been at Plymouth, Portsmouth, Yarmouth, or any one of the naval mouths, his romantic love fit would have evaporated after one night's carouse on shore; but poor unenlightened Bearhaven was not then the soil of impurity—therein lay the spell.

The gentlemen of Bearhaven, in return for the entertainment given by the captain and his officers, planned a day's amusement for them ashore, by a hare hunt, on foot, on Deenish, a small island, about half a league in circumference, near the village of Castletown, and which abounded in undisturbed game. This romantic-looking spot must have been a place of some note in the palmy days of the Island of Saints, to judge from the majestic ruins of an old monastery, which still survive the ravages of time and the elements, for possibly ten centuries. Due preparation having been made, the invitation was dispatched by a deputation, and cordially accepted, with an offer of the band. On the appointed morn, the shrill hunting horn's blast from the island, was soon responded to by the mellow-toned bugle from the frigate; and, in another hour, almost the whole of the officers, headed by their kind-hearted captain, mustered in force on the little island. The day was bright and breezy; the sky as clear as a crystal. The beagles, impatient for the chase were soon uncoupled; and, in an instant, all was mirth, and joy, and din. Never was the expectation of pleasure more fully gratified. The death of a brace of hares seemed but the prelude of future sport. The game started up on all sides—the difficulty was to whip in the hound to one object. So ho! and away! was the cry—officers and seamen, marines, mates, and middies, all joined the mad mêlée; and the exhilarated sportsmen did not give up the amusement until six brace of vigorous pussés had rewarded their pedestrian toil.

Then to the walls of the old monastery to regale. The entertainers had, by the aid of sails, spars, colours, &c., erected a very comfortably pavilion, where the plentiful table was covered with all the good but homely fare their poor country afforded. But the captain's liberality supplied all defects. No officer in the service could boast of a

more abundant or choicely-selected stock of wines. He brought on shore a hamper-full; which, with tropical fruits, rich preserves, and liqueurs, he unostentatiously requested leave to add to the general store. Pleasure was at its height; when, to crown the joys of the day, a fleet of small country boats from Castletown, freighted with youth and beauty, debarked their welcome cargoes on the island. Then came the jest, the song, the merry country dance, and maddening jig, while the distant rocks and "cloud capped" mountains returned, in rich echoes, the sounds of trumpet, drum, and bugle!

Amongst the delighted party by whom the captain (who had rendered himself a general favourite) was surrounded, he beheld one face, from which he could not, for a moment, withdraw his enraptured gaze. 'Twas that of the beautiful Rachel! For all others he seemed to have neither eye nor ear; his late loud, unbroken laugh, equally ready for any nonsense as for wit, was now subdued into a reflective smile. He

"Sighed and looked, and sighed again."

He attached himself to the fascinating object of his admiration during the rest of the afternoon; and, when the waning day warned them that the hour for breaking up the merry party had arrived, he insisted on escorting the beauty to her humble domicile, where he passed some hours. Every moment spent in her society seemed to increase his infatuation, if a passion such as she was calculated to inspire, should be so called. Previously to taking his leave for the night, he solicited a private interview with the mother of his fair one; and, in a few sentences, expressed his admiration, and at once offered his hand, his heart, and fortune to the lovely Rachel! A proposal which seemed to realize the prediction of a long lost grandsire, was too flattering to be declined. The captain was a man of wealth, rank, and interest—an M. P., and near his flag. What visions of future greatness then floated before the anxious parent's eyes! who found no difficulty, when assembling all her children in full and secret divan, in obtaining a universal consent to the generous captain's proposals. The beautiful Rachel bowed her head in silent assent; and, shortly after, the captain heard, with unspeakable delight, the acceptance of his offer, but delicately forbore, for that night, to express to the dear girl herself, his happiness and gratitude. The father, being in his usual state of unconsciousness of good or evil, was not consulted on the occasion; but that was deemed of little consequence. The sons, equally with the daughters, embraced the golden chance; and so eager was the enamoured captain for the tying of the nuptial knot, that, had due preparation been made, and the priest in the way, that night would have seen him a Benedict; but, determined not to trust his fate beyond another day, the following evening was fixed, by general consent, for the awful ceremony. It was nearly midnight ere the love-struck captain gained the ship; he was in such an ecstasy of pleasing recollections, that, to the astonishment of all, he seized the hands of the officers, who, of course, kept the gangway to receive their commander, and shook these one by one, as he passed towards his cabin. Before he retired to his cot, he confided to his gallant second in command, the secret of his heart, begging him to cause all due preparation to be made for the following day.

And what were the thoughts of the gentle Rachel that anxious night? Her fate seemed fixed—wealth, rank, and splendour were within her grasp! But was her heart her own, to repay, by grateful love, the generous man who sought to transplant her from an ungenial soil, to the "gay sunny vale where fortune flowers." Happily, her heart was free!—love had never yet found an entrance there. With her prayer of thanksgiving ere she closed her lovely eyes that night, she vowed to heaven to do her duty with honour and fidelity—and nobly did she perform that vow!

Yet there way a something supremely ridiculous, after all, in this hasty marriage project. The captain could not dwell with feelings of self-complacency on the state of mind to which it would reduce the young marine. He sent for the youth next morning; and, after explaining how matters had turned out, concluded by observing that it was better an old fellow should make a fool of himself than a young one; then putting ten Joes in his hand and an order on Cork for £30 more, he ordered him off to London on leave—"When I shall meet you, my good boy, you shall see I shall not forget you. Cheer up!—you have a wife's fortune to spend yet, my lad." The marine took his leave; and, in two hours after this interview, was at Bantry, on his road to Cork. The captain proved as good as his word to this fortunate young officer.

The eventful evening came. The first and second lieutenants, the surgeon and purser, with four mids, were the captain's escort. The steward and captain's cook had been on shore since day-break, making the necessary preparations for the banquet. The band followed the captain's barge, in a separate boat; and, when the bridegroom set his foot on shore, it struck up

"SEE THE CONQUERING HERO COMES!"

which, together with the shouts of assembled hundreds and the cheers of the bride's people* and friends, (and who were not her friends, dear girl?) put the worthy commander to the blush. The whole family, excepting the bride, were ranged to meet him at the porch of the Cottage on the Rock; and he was led by the overjoyed parents to the beautiful, blushing bride.

The captain was full dressed, as for a drawing-room; and his golden splendour accorded but ill with the humbler habiliments of the rest of the party. But there was not a particle of vanity in this—it was entirely a complimentary homage to his idolized Rachel.

The entertainment was all that was good and grand; never had such a display of plate been seen in that part of the world before or since. Joy and smiling mirth pervaded every countenance. The bridesmaids, dressed in all their best, blushed and simpered, after the good old fashion on all such occasions; while the female guests kept up their conversation in suppressed whispers and giggles; throwing sly glances on their handsome neighbours, the officers. The evening was fast advancing; the ruddy-cheeked priest, "all shaven and shorn," clean-shirted, powdered, pompous, and silent, sat with crossed legs, twirling his thumbs, anxious to bestow the nuptial benediction and "pocket the gold." The awful moment approached; when some embarrassment arose, from the inability of the father to go through the ceremony of giving away the bride. His enjoyments at the festive board and subsequent libations had been so profound that he was just then undergoing a curious operation in the further end of the cottage, by courtesy called kitchen, though the dormitory of six. There, extended half-naked, before a huge turf fire, he lay, in glorious insensibility, while an old crone was applying an embrocation of goose grease, with all her powers of friction, to the distended stomach and abdomen of the surfeited glutton—a never-failing remedy for repletion; and one worthy the attention of civic gourmands. The eldest son (then, no matter what, but, not many years after, a field officer in the army) was chosen as his substitute. This difficulty surmounted, another and much more serious impediment suspended the ceremony, and threw a sudden gloom over the party. This was the captain's scruples against a marriage celebrated by a priest of the Catholic church! His views on that occasion, as in every other act of his life, were pure and honourable; and, with all the bluntness of his professional and personal character, he expressed his fears that, if by any misfortune he parted his cable before he could be respliced by a Protestant parson, his dear pretty Rachel might be left as a pensioner on the bounty of his family; to guard against which contingency, the honest upright sailor insisted on executing a will in her favour that very hour! Poor Rachel must have half loved him for the generous thought. Pleasure once more beamed in the almost tearful eyes of the anxious party. That honourable duty performed and duly witnessed, the father pronounced out of danger, and, what was better, out of the house, the priest joined the hands of the happy lover and the blushing bride, amidst the blessings and good wishes of all present. The triple cheer of the party within, when drinking health and happiness to the bride and bridegroom, was the signal to the band without, to pour forth its noisy strains of harmony; while the discharge of a few pater-roses, paraded in front of the postoffice, was the signal for the application of the blazing faggot to the various bonfires which soon illuminated all the neighbouring hills.

At an Irish wedding, the absence of a piper would have been deemed an unlucky omen. One had accordingly been engaged for the occasion; who, in compliment to his Majesty's officer, tuned his chanter in an attempt to play "GOD SAVE THE KING;" but, either from force of habit or national feeling, he involuntarily broke into "ERIN GO BRAGH"—a lapse from loyalty which was punished by the agreeable penalty imposed on the Bearhaven Orpheus, of swallowing, at a draught, a bottle of Madeira, to the health of the KING and (as the piper insisted on adding) the CAPTAIN! This feat performed, the pipes were silent for the rest of that night.

Within, all was unbounded joy and gaiety—without, noisy, uproarious, but still most goodhumoured mirth. Barrels of ale and tubs of whiskey were consumed, on the happy occasion, to the health of the captain and his lady. Nor was the memory of the "old saint," her grandfather, forgotten; for, with all the pride of their country, they had canonized him within the last twenty-four hours.

At length, the stocking having been thrown in the old Irish fashion, the captain was escorted to his chamber-door by the four young mids, his bridesmen, where we shall leave him to his happiness while we join the merry party below in "midnight dance and revelry," which were enjoyed until all parties were compelled to seek a brief repose.

The morning broke with a fine clear northwester; by noon, bluepeter at the fore, and topsails loose, gave the dread signal of departure. The whole population of this "ultima Thule" were in motion. The frigate was hove short on her anchor—the captain's barge in waiting. Greetings and congratulations were interrupted by the sighs and tears of the painful farewell. At three P. M. the worthy captain, with his lovely and honoured bride, embarked from the very rock on which the lowly cottage in which she had been born and reared, was founded; where, receiving and bestowing the tender embraces of family and friends, this admirable woman (who for upwards of twenty years lived the pride and happiness of her husband) took a long farewell of the land of her birth, cheered by the blessings of a thousand voices, as *The Bride of Bearhaven*.

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Printed and Published every Thursday by the Proprietor JOHN SHEA, at his Office, near the EXCHANGE BUILDINGS, Duckworth Street, where advertisements, &c. will be thankfully received and carefully attended to—Orders will also be transmitted by Mr. Thomas Foley Merchant, Harbor Grace—One Guinea per annum.