

DOVER, Dec. 29.—We are very sorry to acquaint the Public, that Capt. Bale's vessel *Zorvuldegheid*, is entirely lost, having got on shore upon the Mole Rocks, just to the eastward of Dover Pier, about six o'clock on Friday evening. She sunk immediately, but as the tide was going down, her bow fortunately remained above water. The crew, in their hurry and fright, jumped into the boat to save their lives, and left a Mrs. Wood, of Calais, two foreign gentlemen, and Mr. Lariman, the Dover Pilot, on board.

Capt. Bale was on shore when the accident happened. The brave sailors of Dover launched a boat to save the unfortunate persons on board. They succeeded in getting the Pilot out, but were obliged to come away without the passengers, who were less active, to save their own lives. Thus they were left in a most melancholy situation, without the chance of life, the wind blowing hard at east, with a severe frost, a fall of snow, and the sea running dreadfully high.

About eight o'clock at night, the tide having changed, the brave fellows who made the former attempt, determined to try once more to save the lives of their fellow-creatures, whose cries were plainly heard at times on the shore. They launched their boat again, in one of the darkest nights ever remembered, in the midst of a heavy shower of snow, and happily succeeded in bringing them all on shore. The men soon recovered, but Mrs. Wood, though she shewed signs of life on landing, soon expired at the City of London Inn, kept by Mr. William Crow, to whom every praise is due, for the humanity he testified, and the promptitude with which he procured every possible assistance for the unhappy sufferers.

An occurrence of a very extraordinary kind took place a few days since in the County of Wexford, Ireland, at Clough-East-Castle, the seat of Dr. Richard Waddy.

Doctor Waddy having rendered himself very obnoxious to the Rebels, by his active loyalty during the Rebellion, particularly by having been principally concerned in the apprehension of Bagenal Hervey, found it necessary for the safety of his life to reside in the old vaulted Castle of Clough-East, where the entrance to his bed-chamber was secured by an antique Portcullis; thus fortified, Mr. Waddy had hitherto defied all the threats of assassination which came against him from every side. A few days ago a mendicant Popish Friar of Taghmon, named Burn, visited the Doctor at his Castle, and was hospitably entertained at dinner. In the evening, when it was time to part, Burn begged to be allowed to remain, and after some difficulty on the part of his host, was permitted to lie in a second bed in the vaulted chamber. While the Doctor and the Friar were going to their beds, the Friar expressed great anxiety that his host should say his prayers, a duty which the Doctor, who had drunk freely, seemed disposed to neglect; in the middle of the night Doctor Waddy heard somebody drawing his cavalry sword, which hung at his bed head, and immediately after was attacked by the Friar, who had arisen from his bed, dressed himself, and was now endeavouring to murder his host; the latter received several wounds in the head and arm, and at length the Friar, supposing that he had accomplished his purpose, attempted to escape under the portcullis. Doctor Waddy had just strength enough remaining to loose the cord which supported it, and it fell on the Priest with such violence as almost to sever his body, which fell down lifeless into the apartment below. The next morning the body of the Friar was found; and the Servants going into their Master's apartment, found him covered with his own blood. Immediate medical aid was had, and we have the satisfaction of learning that Dr. Waddy is now out of danger.—A Coroner's Inquest was held on the body of Burn, and the Jury (composed of the Roman Catholic Inhabitants of the neighbourhood) found a verdict of Accidental Death.—(*Dublin Journal*).

We have authority to state, that on Thursday se'n-night, Mr. Abbott, a broker, in Kingsland-row, went from his house about eleven o'clock in the morning, with an intention of attending a sale in the neighbourhood of Finsbury-square, whence it appears he shortly returned home, and, about half an hour afterwards came running out, when, having assembled the neighbours, he told them he was *that instant* returned, and had just found his wife murdered! The poor woman, who was far advanced in years, exhibited a most dreadful spectacle. Her head was literally beat to pieces by a mallet, which lay by her; and her left ear was completely torn off; notwithstanding which she lived in a speechless state till the ensuing Saturday, when she died, without having been able to afford a single trace of discovery.

From the circumstances above stated, it was thought necessary to carry the Husband before the Inquest, and, from their report, it was further judged expedient, that an investigation should take place at the Office in Worship-street.

After a very close examination, he was informed that nothing appeared to criminate him, and that therefore he was discharged; but that the Magistrates expected he would appear in case they should again require him; which he very cheerfully promised.

A Jew, who had repeatedly frequented the house, was next called; but his account was so very satisfactory to the Magistrates, that they declared him by no means implicated in this shocking charge.

At the above examination it was related that Mrs. Abbott, while lying in the agonising pain which such a wound must inflict, uttered, in a sort of scream, and with peculiar emphasis, "A Pot Boy! a Pot Boy! a Pot Boy!" three times successively, and with astonishing velocity; but upon being questioned, relapsed into her former state of insensibility.

Thus there appears no clue to direct the Officers of Justice to a discovery of the perpetrator of this horrid crime; and we have only to hope, that the all-seeing Eye, which penetrates our inmost thoughts, and pervades the most impenetrable gloom, will, at a proper season, bring the Wretch to condign and retributive punishment, by clearly proving that "Whoso sheddeth Man's Blood, by Man shall his Blood be shed."