

wished to speak with her. 'I hae nae time the noo: eh, eh, I'm runnin a race wi' the train, ye see, eh, he, unless eh, eh, you keep up wi' me.' This her friend attempted to do, but soon found that she had bellows to mend and was forced to give in. The winner went home, triumphantly, pocketed the stakes with great gusto, and was so little the worse for her exertions that she offered to run the same distance against her son, who, after the specimen he had just had of his mother's powers in the racing line, very prudently declined the proposal. There is evidently no great need of sanitary reform among the braes of Annandale.—*Scotch Paper.*

POLITICS AND NEWS.

SMITH O'BRIEN—HIS ARREST.

The Dublin Freeman's Journal, of the 12th of August, contains the following article in reference to Smith O'Brien and his arrest. We fully, and entirely endorse the sentiments of the Freeman regarding this 'single-minded—honourable—unstained—unselfish—candid—and chivalrous' man:—

Never, perhaps, within the memory of the present generation, was the public mind of Dublin more deeply swayed by anxiety than on Sunday, the sixth day of August—a day of remarkable import to Ireland—the day that gave birth to Daniel O'Connell, and a prison to Smith O'Brien.

No sooner had the depressing intelligence that Smith O'Brien had been apprehended and committed for 'high treason' been diffused, than anxious enquirers flocked from every quarter of the city to learn the particulars of an event fraught with so many painful feelings and recollections.

There was no difference of feeling where a common sentiment of sympathy for suffering and respect for the private worth and high and honourable character of the devoted man filled alike all bosoms—There was no exception—all, Conservatives, Repealers—aye, and even Whigs—felt a generous impulse when the event of Sunday became known. And why should it not be so? Men will ever sympathise with a self sacrificing devotion—a quality as rare as it is heroic, and which always reminds men, however it may be occasionally misdirected or misapplied, of better times, and of more heroic deeds than fall to the lot of these degenerate days.

It is not now for us to dwell upon the painful event of Sunday, or of the few preceding days. It is enough to know that they have ended in the committal—for the highest offence known to the law—of a man as single-minded, as honorable, as unstained, and unselfish, as candid and as chivalrous as ever trod the Irish soil. Those who most differ with Smith O'Brien, who place themselves in the strongest antagonism to the principles which he advocated, must accord to him the possession of the highest qualities and noblest virtues which adorn man. Men who cannot ascend beyond the low and vulgar level of their own baseness, will, of course, affect to recognise in William Smith O'Brien qualities of an opposite character. With those men we cannot argue—we shall not argue—we will not vindicate Smith O'Brien's personal character from the motives with which such men seek to asperse his fame. We are content to leave his personal reputation in the hands of even his political adversaries, sure and certain that when the heat of present contention shall have subsided—when the mists of prejudice, raised by recent events, shall have passed away, men will deal more justly with his fame, and be slow to ascribe to mean or unmanly motives, however they may otherwise disapprove or condemn, the acts of William Smith O'Brien.

One act—the last free act of Smith O'Brien—illustrates more powerfully than the fabricated calumnies of a thousand London 'special reporters,' the spirit that swayed the conduct of this high hearted man—an act worthy of his ancient name—worthy of his own reputation, and honorable to the country of his birth.

During a whole fortnight Smith O'Brien escaped the hot and vigilant pursuit of power, and its ten thousand armed men. He found safety and refuge in the cottage of the peasant. But when he discovered that to 'harbour,' 'shelter,' or 'aid' William Smith O'Brien, would involve the party extending such 'aid, shelter, or harbour,' in the tremendous penalties of high treason, he at once resolved to absolve his poorer countrymen from the performance of that instinctive duty of the Irish race—*hospitality*—which the cautionary proclamation had converted into a legal crime, he vowed that no man should suffer for having extended to him the shelter of his humble roof-tree.

To this magnanimous resolve is due the arrest at Thurles. Worn and weary from long and painful watching, and fearing that to accept the protection of the peasant's fire-side might direct the vengeance of the law on the innocent, he determined never again to lay his head beneath roof other than his own; and in pursuance of that stern and heroic resolution, he turned his wandering footsteps once more towards home—careless of personal consequences—provided only the injury and the ruin fell upon himself alone.

Efforts were being made throughout the Union for the relief of the Albany sufferers. Four Mercantile houses in New York had subscribed the munificent sum of \$3,400.

Arrival of the English Mail. THE FOURTH FOR AUGUST.

Last night (Sunday), about 11 o'clock, the Packet, bringing the English Mail from Pictou, arrived at the Wharf. Though part of our country edition had been struck off when we received our English Mail papers, we stopped printing in order to give insertion to the following intelligence, which is all the papers afford.

LIVERPOOL, AUGUST 26.

DESTRUCTION OF THE OCEAN MONARCH PACKET SHIP BY FIRE.—170 LIVES LOST.

The splendid American ship Ocean Monarch, of 1,300 tons burthen, belonging to Train's line of Boston Packets, left the Mersey early on Thursday morning, in splendid trim, with about 360 persons on board, including the crew and emigrants. As she passed through the channel, her progress was reported by the telegraph, but at length the sad news arrived that she was in flames. When the announcement was made in the Exchange News-room, great consternation prevailed, it being well known that she had a large number of passengers on board. Great was the anxiety to learn any tidings whatever of the vessel, but it was not till the arrival, about half-past five, of the Queen of the Ocean yacht, belonging to Thomas Littledale, Esq., that the extent of the calamity was known.

The scene which presented itself to Mr. Littledale on nearing the vessel was of the most appalling and harrowing description. The flames were bursting with immense fury from the stern and centre of the vessel. So great was the heat in these parts that the passengers, male and female, men, women, and children crowded to the fore part of the vessel. Their piercing and heart-rending shrieks for aid were carried by the breeze across the blue waters. In their maddened despair women jumped overboard with their offspring in their arms, and sunk to rise no more. Men followed their wives in frenzy and were lost. Groups of men, women, and children also precipitated themselves into the water, in the vain hope of self-preservation, but the waters closed over many of them for ever. The flames continued to rage with increased fury. In a few minutes the mizenmast went overboard—a few minutes more, and the mainmast shared the same fate. There yet remained the foremast. As the fire was making its way to the fore part of the vessel, the passengers and crew, of course, crowded still further forward. To the jibboom they clung in clusters as thick as they could pack—even one lying over another. At length the foremast went overboard, snapping the fastenings of the jibboom, which, with its load of human beings, dropped into the water, amidst the most heart-rending screams, both from those on board and those who were falling into the water. Some of the poor creatures were enabled again to reach the vessel, others floated away on spars, but many met with a watery grave.

In about an hour and a half after the yacht reached the vessel, the Brazilian steam-frigate Affonso, which was out, we believe, on a trial trip, came up. She anchored immediately to windward, and close to the burning vessel. She got a rope made fast to the Ocean Monarch, and by the use of the said rope, her boats were enabled to go backwards and forwards to the burning vessel with great facility, and by this means a large number of persons were saved. The Prince of Wales steamer, which was on her passage hence to Bangor, came up shortly afterwards, and, with the New World packet-ship, bound for New York, sent boats to the rescue of passengers, and were the means of saving a large number.

The Queen of the Ocean remained alongside till three o'clock. At that time the vessel was burnt near to the water's edge, and there were only a few of the passengers on board, several boats being along side endeavouring to take them off.

The Brazilian frigate Affonso was out on a pleasure excursion. She was commanded by the Marquis d'Alisboa. There was also on board the Prince de Joinville, his lady and suite, the Duke and Duchess d'Aumale, the Brazilian Minister, the Chevalier d'Alisboa, Admiral Grenfell and daughters, and other distinguished individuals. When the Affonso discovered the Ocean Monarch, no time was lost in bearing down to her, and it was intended to anchor under her bow, but the wind changed a little, and prevented this from being accomplished. Four boats were, however, at once lowered, and were soon followed by the large paddle box boat. The Marquis d'Alisboa jumped into one, and Admiral Grenfell into the other, and were untiring in their exertions to save the poor people. The Prince de Joinville stripped his coat, and was perfectly assiduous in assisting the passengers on board the frigate. The heat was very intense, and even to those on board the boats alongside was very oppressive. What it must have been to those who were crowding on the poop and bowsprit of the vessel, none can tell but those who experienced it. It was sufficient, however, to make them jump into the water, seeking succour from one element, by taking shelter in another equally as destructive, but far less agonizing in its effect. From the crowd of human beings in the water clinging to the spars, &c., the boats were unable to get as close to the vessel as they otherwise

would have done, and, of course, considerable time was unavoidably consumed in rescuing the poor unfortunates.

The Affonso rescued in all about 160 persons, including 13 seamen. Of these, about 130 landed, and the remainder preferred staying on board the frigate all night, the Marquis de Lisboa having given directions that all who were desirous of remaining should be accommodated in the best way possible.

Some of the passengers state that the fire originated by the fall of a candle amongst some spirits, but the cause is generally ascribed to the fire in the ventilator.

All the sufferers, the greater portion of whom were emigrants from the south of Ireland, have lost their luggage, clothes, and everything which they possessed. Many of them when landed were nearly naked, and had borrowed coats, jackets and other articles of wearing apparel in order to protect them temporarily from the effects of the cold.

The sufferers consisted chiefly of young men and women, many of them going over to America to join their relatives and friends. Those in the second cabin were principally English.

With respect to the conduct of the captain on the occasion, we last night heard many reports of a very distressing character, and we abstained from giving currency to them; but further inquiry this morning only confirms what we heard last night. All with whom we have conversed describe his conduct as most unseamanlike and cowardly. If half of what we have heard be true, a most searching inquiry should be made into his conduct, many lives having been sacrificed in consequence of his leaving the ship, instead of remaining with his crew to endeavour to save the lives of those who had been entrusted to his care. He is spoken of in terms of the deepest reprobation; and one of the passengers declared to our reporter this morning, that his conduct was such that if he had a pistol he would have shot him through the head.

One person on board lost 800*l.* and his wife and child.

The vessel was the property of Messrs. Enoch Train & Co., of Boston, and was fully insured. Her cargo consisted of 700 tons of iron, a large quantity of salt, and some dry goods. The Prince de Joinville and the Duc d'Aumale behaved most gallantly, humanely, and charitably, using their best exertions to rescue the sufferers from impending death, and distributing all the money they had with them amongst the unfortunates, and particularly rewarding those who had assisted them in their endeavours. The Princess was naturally dreadfully affected with the frightful appearance of all around. Too much praise cannot be given to Admiral Grenfell for his coolness and bravery.

DREADFUL HURRICANE ON THE EAST COAST OF SCOTLAND.

On Friday night, about one thousand boats, each manned by five fishermen, left the various ports of the east coast of Scotland, betwixt Stonehaven and Fraserburgh, for the herring fishery. When at the offing, at about an average distance of ten miles, and the nets down, the wind, which had continued during the day at the south and south-west, suddenly chopped out to the south-east with rain. About 12 o'clock it blew a gale, the rain falling in torrents, and the night was so dark that none of the land lights could be seen. As soon as the gale came some of the fishermen began to haul their nets, but the sea ran so high that most of the fleet had to run for the shore to save life. At Fraserburgh, the boats being to leeward of Kinnaird's head, which forms the entrance to the Murray-frith, were less exposed than the boats on the southward, and managed to get a landing without loss of life; but at the Peterhead, which is the easternmost point of the coast, and altogether exposed to an easterly gale, seventy out of the four hundred boats that were fishing there are missing, and there is too much reason to fear that most, if not all of them, are wrecked or sunk. At daybreak on Saturday morning the scene that presented itself along the shore between the Buchanness lighthouse and the entrance to the south harbour, was of the most appalling description. The whole coast for a mile and a half was strewn with wrecks and the dead bodies of fishermen. Twenty three corpses were carried into Peterhead before 9 o'clock, and at the time the latest accounts left others were being constantly thrown ashore among the wreck within the circuit of half a mile, and so sudden and awful was the catastrophe that no means of succouring or saving the distressed and perishing fishermen could be devised. It is calculated that along the coast not fewer than one hundred lives are lost. The storm seems to have been very general. In the counties of Cumberland and Westmorland numbers of large forest trees were torn up out of the roots; the stacks of corn in the harvest field were scattered far and wide, and considerably damaged, and hundreds of bushels of apples and other fruits, which are not ripe, were scattered from the trees, many of which were blown down while others were much shattered. All the rivers were much swollen. The Stonehaven Journal says, several boats have been altogether wrecked; and in numerous cases the whole of the fishing materials lost, while there are scarcely any of them but have sustained damage in some shape or other. Many lives have been lost. Similar accounts come from Johnshaven, Wich, and the Isle of Man.