

ing noise occasioned by her velocity had ceased. 'Fokstle, there,' cried the Captain, 'do you see any thing on the weather beam?' 'No sir,' replied the Officer. 'but there was a sound came down upon the wind just now—though I fear—' he stopped short, but added in a whisper—'it was no living creature uttered such a groan at that!' 'The boat—the boat, Nep!' said the Captain, patting the dog, 'look out for the boat sir.' The animal raised his fore paws, laid them on the rail, and crouching his head upon them, looked intently to windward, moving his ears rapidly. In a few seconds he gave a shrill howl, and then barking, jumped down and then fawned upon his master. 'Lanterns in the main and fore ringing!' shouted the Captain; 'clear away a gun there, forward; and Mr —, burn blue lights.' Then caressing the dog, he added 'There my good Neptune, see to 'em, lad—look to 'em.' Neptune appeared to comprehend what was said to him, for jumping on a coop, he snuffed the wind and fixed his eyes steadfastly about a point abaft the weather-beam. The lanterns were displayed, the blue lights sent forth their clear blaze, when again that hollow moan was heard, and the dog, with loud barking, leaped from his station, and fawned upon the Captain, who exclaimed, 'Brace the yards sharp up—aboard main tack; and, quarter-master, keep her clean full and by; at all events we'll see the end of this!' The sails were nicely trimmed, and the gallant ship upon a bowline beat to the breeze, and dashed the spray from her bows. Blue lights were still burnt occasionally, the lanterns were shown abaft, and in half an hour the ship was hove in stays, and soon was reaching away on the starboard tack. In another half hour (for the Captain timed it with his watch) the mainsail was hauled up, and the after-yards were in the act of being squared, when the officer at the weather cat-head exclaimed, 'A boat to windward—broad on the weather-bow!' Every eye was instantly directed towards the spot, and there was visible amidst the gloom, a small dark speck; but at the same moment was heard the sound of many voices simultaneously shouting, and warm congratulations were exchanged among all classes on the deck, as there now could be no doubt that it was the missing party. The main and mizen topsails were thrown to the mast; the small cutter was lowered from the quarter and sent away to tow the long-boat along side; and in another half hour, seventy-six individuals, who in all probability, would have otherwise perished, were safe upon our decks.—*Leaves from my Log Book.*

BURKE AND HIS DYING SON.

It appears that exactly when the fatal symptoms of his son's last illness disclosed themselves, Mr Burke had relinquished to him his seat for Malton, and had even procured for him the appointment of Secretary to Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Dazzled by the brightest scenes which his hopes had conjured up, he could not see,—what every one else saw plainly enough,—that the days of his son were already numbered. Of all this he was totally unconscious, and no one dared to tell him. Dr Brocklesby, the physician of the family, declared from his long knowledge of the intensity of Burke's affection, that any such disclosure would probably be fatal, and short as was the term of his son's existence, would render that of the father still shorter. Young Burke was now removed to Cromwell House, near Brompton, for the sake of the country air. The unhappy father, who still never thought of danger, selected for him this residence so near town, that he might be ready to depart for Ireland at a moment's notice, as soon as his health permitted. Here, however, all the symptoms grew rapidly worse, and the physician, unable to disguise the truth, disclosed the horrors of the case just a week before its fatal termination. From this moment, Burke abandoned himself to all the desperation of sorrow; 'his Burke was a grief which would not be comforted.' Young Burke passed the night before his dissolution in much pain and restlessness. Early in the morning, he heard the voice of sorrow in the adjoining apartment, where his parents had spent a night of yet deeper wretchedness. Anxious to alleviate their sorrows, he resolved if possible to delude them, by an affectionate deceit, into the belief that he was stronger than he really was. Rising with some difficulty, he requested to be supported to the door of the apartment in which his father and mother were sitting. There he dismissed his at-

endants; and making a last effort, walked twice or thrice across the room. But his parents were not to be deceived. They looked on him in silent agony. Finding his efforts to console them in vain, 'Speak to me,' said he, 'my dear father—speak to me of religion—speak to me of morality—speak to me of indifferent matters, for I derive much satisfaction from all you say.' Hearing the wind whistling through the trees, he was reminded of the noble lines of Milton:—
"His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave."

These lines he repeated twice. He had just strength to repeat them the second time, when, exhausted by the effort, he staggered across the room and fell in a state of insensibility into his father's arms: shortly after which he expired. The grief of Burke was appalling. He would now sit in that unnatural calmness of despair, which is yet more terrific than the most stormy display of passion, and now bursting into a frenzy of grief, would rush into the chamber where his son lay, and throwing himself on the body, call in accents of the most fearful anguish, for 'The hope of his age, the stay of his life, the only comfort of his declining and now joyless years.' He was prevailed upon after the first day, though with some difficulty, to promise that he would see the corpse no more; a promise which he kept. The mother was equally distracted; to Mr Burke's frequent efforts to get her away from the room, her only reply was, 'No Edmund, while he remains there I will remain.' At length, however, her husband prevailed.—*Life of Burke.*

POLITICAL EXTRACTS.

SPIRIT OF THE BRITISH PRESS.

LIVERPOOL STANDARD.

An explosion, pretty similar to our own, has occurred in the French Cabinet, and Marshal Soult has resigned. Marshal Gerard has been appointed in his room. But, notwithstanding this sudden rupture, and especially sudden patch, there are it is said, other divisions in the Cabinet, and much angry discussion, and no little intrigue going on.

The departure of two large steam vessels for Portsmouth has caused some sensation in London, and rumours of war are prevalent. Some contend that these vessels are to be employed against Don Carlos, but we cannot see what effect two steamers could produce in favour of General Rodil. The probability is they are intended for the Mediterranean, where we have a considerable squadron, evidently watching the movements of the Russians in Turkey.

The Cortes of Spain were to meet yesterday, and we shall consequently have some important news from that quarter soon. The movements of Don Carlos are not known, but it is believed that he will have no difficulty in marching upon Madrid, where he will be received with open arms. The conduct of the liberal Queen Regent has disgusted all parties.

The two Queens of England and Bavaria met at Biberich, on the 13th instant.

The people, but particularly the labouring classes, must now see, and speedily they will feel, and lament, if not curse, the effects of the reform bill. The poor-law amendment bill, as it is called, has passed the second reading in the House of Lords. Had such a measure, warning as it unquestionably does against all the sympathies of human nature—against all the ties of charity—against all the hopes of the infirm and the unfortunate—against all the consolations of poverty and disease—had such a bill, we say, been proposed by a Tory Government, there would have been a storm amounting to open rebellion in every parish in England. The bill, however, is purely of Whig origin; and, what is better, it is the pet and favourite measure of the reformers.

The greatest portion of the most valuable time of the session has been spent in forcing this abominable measure through the House of Commons. Its foster parent was Lord Althorp. Its progenitors were the political economists, or, rather, the people who abhor early marriages, and, like Miss Martineau, write slipshod and indecency in defence of what they term a "preventive check" to population.

These notions are entirely modern. It has been reserved for the shallow, heartless, and cold-blooded empirics of the period in which we live to express an unnatural alarm at, and deprecate the multiplication of the human species. They act in politics as they do in religion; for they challenge the divine command, and set up their own vain philosophy and their own narrow and contracted views in opposition to the clear and unequivocal demands of the Deity. Lord Brougham,

notwithstanding his Scottish descent and his presbyterian education, has for many years been a 'teacher,' if not a 'preacher,' in the crooked paths and the tortuous byways of the unitarians. He has long been an advocate for preventive checks. By his own confession he is a stern hater of charitable institutions—of all places of resort for the poor in old age and infirmity. He has steeled his mind against seeing human passion as its operations are made known to us by the Creator and Redeemer of mankind. He fancies that men could form laws to overcome all the evils of old age, indispotion, and penury. He has, in fact, tried his hand at this ambitious but fatal experiment, and he has had the power to compel the whigs, and the address to induce many of the Tories, to support a scheme of unparalleled cruelty and of desperate peril as regards the poor. In short, Lord Brougham is, upon good grounds, considered the secret adviser of this atrocious bill, which is a bill of degradation as respects the labouring classes, and calculated to lead to misery and crime. It is oppressive and unjust in principle, and, if enforced to even a tenth part of its provisions, will produce discord and civil war—a war of the poor against the rich—ending in the confiscating of estates and the adoption of agrarian law.

The whigs have always been the worst enemies of the poor. We have proof of this in the conduct of the party in our own locality, where, to serve the dirty purposes of a faction, every dishonest means has been resorted to in order to rob and degrade the poor freemen of Liverpool. But passing over this isolated but scandalous measure of our local whigs, we come to one a million times more ambitious in its object and fearful in its propositions. Lord Brougham advocates the principle that the poor are not entitled to any compulsory support. He contends that if the labourer has not sufficient prudence to lay by something for old age, he ought to be left to public charity, and exposed to the chance of dying in a ditch. He contends that it is a fraud upon industry to compel him who toils to support him who is idle—to make industry contribute to the wants of imprudence—and the well-disposed to share their earnings with the improvident, the needy, the wretched, the infirm, or the unfortunate. We beg to say that we have taken great care not to misrepresent the sentiments of Lord Brougham. We have rather understated them, as a reference to his extraordinary speech, delivered on Monday last, will show.

The uninitiated will, after hearing so serious a charge, naturally inquire—what is the meaning of all this? We will explain in as few words as possible.

It is notorious that ever since the passing of the currency bill, in 1819, the wealth of the country has been contracted—that is to say, confined to fewer hands than formerly, when paper money was the principal circulating medium. The contraction of the currency has immensely increased the pressure of the national debt. We are paying twenty shillings in gold for every ten shillings we contracted in paper. The agricultural part of the population, not having the expansive resources of the commercial portion, have accordingly suffered most severely. The new corn laws have not protected in an efficient manner the cultivators of the soil. The importation of corn the growth of the United States, smuggled through Canada, and that of the Baltic through the islands of Jersey, Guernsey, and the Isle of Man, connived at by the Manchester minister, has tended greatly to increase the privations of the English farm labourer. Added to this, the employment of steam vessels has brought the starving peasantry of Ireland into active competition with our own labourers. The consequence is natural. The poor-rates have enormously increased. They are the heaviest tax which is levied on the public. They are generally and universally complained of. In many districts they are equal to the rent—in some they are more than the rent of the land.

It will be recollected that numerous petitions have been presented praying parliament to establish poor-laws in Ireland. A numerous and highly respectable meeting, over which the Mayor presided, was held on this subject in Liverpool some time ago. All sensible men saw then what unfortunate events now confirm, that unless poor-laws were forced upon Ireland, poor-laws must cease in England. The whigs, for factious reasons, would not give Ireland the benefit of a compulsory provision for the poor. They had this alternative, either to raise the Irish peasant to the level of the English labourer, or sink the latter to the level of the former. The whigs have adopted the latter expedient. They have at length resolved to sink the English labourer to the condition of the Irish peasant!!

Such is one of the first fruits of the reform bill. The destitution and degradation of the poor is the work of the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill!—The reformers of England are answerable for all this. The second session of the reformed parliament—the people's parliament!—has carried a measure which reduces the unfortunate shopkeeper, the luckless tradesman, the