

ed. Fortunately, one strand of it remained. He described his state to his comrades, waiting in horrible expectation, that the division of the cord would precipitate him to the bottom; but, though he might have been to die by a rope, it was not in this manner; he was cautiously and safely hauled up, when it was found that his hair, which, a quarter of an hour before, had been of a dark brown, in that short period, became perfectly white!"—*Wild Sports of the West.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—The following passage from the pen of the gifted baronet will be read with melancholy interest at the present period. It is characteristic of the author.—"I must refer to a very early period of my life were I to point out my first achievements as a tale-teller, but, I believe, some of my old schoolfellows can still bear witness that I had a distinguished character for that talent at a time when the applause of my companions was my recompense for the disgraces and punishments which the future romance-writer incurred for being idle himself, and keeping others idle, during hours that should have been employed on our tasks. The chief enjoyment of my holidays was to escape, with a chosen friend, who had the same taste with myself, and to alternately recite to each other in turn interminable tales of knight-errantry, and battles, and enchantments, which were continued from one day to another, as opportunity afforded, without our ever thinking of bringing them to a conclusion. As we observed a strict secrecy on the subject of this intercourse, it acquired all the character of a concealed pleasure; and we used to select for the scenes of our indulgence long walks through the solitary and romantic environs of Arthur's sea, Salisbury Crags, Braid Hills, and similar places in the vicinity of Edinburgh; and the recollection of those holidays still forms an oasis in the pilgrimage which I have to look back again."

THE WOLVES OF ILLINOIS.—Wolves are very numerous in every part of the state. There are two kinds—the common, or black wolf, and the prairie wolf. The former is a large fierce animal, and very destructive to sheep, pigs, calves, poultry, and even young colts. They hunt in large packs, and after using every stratagem to circumvent their prey, attack it with remarkable ferocity. Like the Indian, they always endeavour to surprise their victim, and strike the mortal blow without exposing themselves to danger. They seldom attack man, except when asleep or wounded. The largest animals, when wounded, entangled, or otherwise disabled, become their prey; but in general they only attack such as are incapable of resistance. They have been known to lie in wait upon the bank of a stream which the buffaloes were in the habit of crossing, and when one of these unyielding animals was so unfortunate as to sink in the mire, spring suddenly upon it, and worry it to death, while thus disabled from resistance. Their most common prey is the deer, which they hunt regularly; but all defenceless animals are alike acceptable to their ravenous appetites. When tempted by hunger they approach the farm-houses in the night, and snatch their prey from under the very eye of the farmer; and when the latter is absent with his dogs, the wolf is sometimes seen by the females lurking about in mid-day, as if aware of the unprotected state of the family.

THE YOUTHS OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—Place an ardent young Parisian, of good family and fortune, by the side of a lad of the same condition in London, fresh from Oxford or Cambridge; what is the latter dreaming of? Seduction or keeping, Tattersall's or Elmore, Stevens's, claret, hazarde, ecarte, Epsom, an opera-dancer, or a groom, a livery-stable jobber, or a billiard marker. His most refined study is an obscene book from Cranbourne-alley, or a masquerade at the Argyle-rooms. The contrast with a Parisian youth is melancholy; science or not is his passion, he is the enthusiastic votary of Cousin, or some other professor of literature or philosophy; his ideas are elevated, his sensual wants few, and those comparatively despised; he lives in the agitation of intellect, and the pursuit of science: in manners he is as different from the plethoric dandy of Bond-street, as the quiet and elegant girl of Paris is from the daring eleeve of a fashionable boarding school in London. The Parisian youth is reserved and serious in deportment, ardent in manner, saturnine in complexion, perhaps somewhat too fond of disputation, but entirely conversant in religious subjects, philosophy, the arts, and politics; supercilious pride, aristocratic contempt; overfed indifference to the feelings of others, are unknown to him. He is domestic in his habits, and strong in his feelings, enthusiastic in his pursuits; his deportment is neither surly nor boisterous, but it is grave and impassioned. We would ask—is this the popular notion of a young Parisian, or can any two things be more opposite? *Westminster Review.*

Hope in the bounty of God, and a perfect resignation to his divine will, are deeply implanted in the Arab's breast; but this resignation does not paralyse his exertions so much as it does those of the Turks. I have

heard Arabs reproach Turks for their apathy and stupidity, in ascribing to the will of God what was merely the result of their own faults or folly, quoting a proverb which says, 'He bared his back to the stings of mosquitos, and then exclaimed, God has decreed that I should be stung.' *Burckhardt.*

The humour with which the following song abounds, will, we trust, be a sufficient apology for the space which it occupies.

## SONG.

Oh! Betty Bell a milk-maid was,  
Most beautiful to see,  
And she was loved as others are,  
Of high and low degree.  
Why she was prized above the rest,  
The reason I've heard tell;  
Because above all other names,  
Her's always bore the BELL.  
She thought it could not be a sin,  
What other folks might do,  
If every girl a sweet-heart won,  
Her ONE should follow too.  
And two as quick as thought she found,  
A baker first she saw,  
Who swore he'd baked too many a batch,  
So like a BATCHELOR.  
The other was a chimney-sweep,  
A dark and dingy brute;  
I'm sure 'twas nothing strange in him,  
To carry on his SOOT.  
The baker talked of hearts and darts,  
Of FLOURS, and fields, and groves,  
And of the fire that made his heart,  
As 'crusty' as his loaves.  
Though this may be too strange a thing,  
To be again exceeded;  
He ate and drank from morn till night,  
Yet still his bread he KNEADED.  
The man of chimneys not abashed,  
Stood on another tack,  
And said though fond of gay attire,  
He came to her in black.  
But soon these heroes bold began,  
With angry words to scold;  
And though they would not go themselves,  
They took each other off.  
High words from each alternate came,  
Though both were rather 'low';  
And when they blowed each other up,  
'Twas with a 'knock-down blow.'  
Then they determined for to fight  
For love and for renown;  
To quarrel like two gentlemen,  
For Betty and 'a crown.'  
The baker, though a man of pluck,  
Possessed no fighting skill;  
He owned a fight he'd seldom seen,  
Though often at a MILL.  
But with the training he received,  
It quickly changed his state;  
For like his bread he soon became  
As known for his 'light weight.'  
When these two warriors sought the field,  
Their courage to be tried,  
They found although the RING was there,  
It did not hold the bride.  
Then bets were offered two to one,  
By rogues more fit for fetters;  
'Twas strange indeed these fighting men  
Were much above their BETTERS.  
The sweep came to the scratch, and kept  
His courage up with lish,  
Swore though through life he'd BRUSHED his way,  
From there he'd never brush.  
Then right and left they pegged away,  
Like two brave-hearted souls;  
The sweep, he met with many SCRAPES,  
And the baker many ROLLS.  
But where the 'chummy' struck his man  
'Twas plain he left the trace,  
And soon the baker, ('twas a fact!)  
Grew BLACK about the face.  
Yet still he fought—although he seem'd  
To wear a nigger's skin;  
Till the folks, who saw the fight, gave out  
That the man of dough gave in.  
And sad am I to tell the tale,  
In any sort of rhyme;  
The last time sweep came up to him,  
He didn't come up to time.  
For with the falls—and with the blows—  
And with the fearful shaking—  
He felt he'd got so many JOINTS,  
As made a Sunday's baking!  
But when Bet heard that this was done,  
And done in her behalf;  
That men like these—of faithful love—  
Should give such STRIKING proofs!  
She didn't like the thing at all,  
It was not surely right;  
That the baker, who had won her heart,—  
Should now have lost the fight.  
She swore she wouldn't have the sweep,  
Nor any other he;—  
Whose only pride, was 'once a year,'  
A gentleman to be.

The tenant of the chimney pots,  
Nought could his grief assuage;  
Like fires, when raging in a flue,  
He then flew in a rage.

But as five shillings were his own,  
And he was not in debt;  
He made light of his hapless lot,  
With lots of heavy wet.

He grew a drunkard and a rogue,  
And had a thievish touch  
Till 'Ketch' who keeps the Newgate tap,  
Gave 'sweep' a DROP too much.

The story of the bakers fate,  
I ought not to forget.  
Like Charles the Tenth, he lost his CROWN,  
But carried off his BET.

## POLITICAL EXTRACTS.

## SPIRIT OF THE BRITISH JOURNALS.

## LONDON TIMES.

We have read a remarkable article on the Belgic question in the Journal de la Haye, of Tuesday, which, as it speaks the sentiments of the Dutch court, and especially of his Dutch Majesty, leaves us scarcely any hope of seeing a settlement of the differences between Holland and Belgium without an appeal to the sword. In this article a definite treaty of separation is represented, after two years of negotiation, to be as distant as ever. The recommendations to peace of the London conference are treated with contempt. A menace of coercive measures against Holland, by Great Britain and France, is considered as a signal for a coalition of the powers of the north in her defence. Belgium is spoken of as a revolutionary state, to be combated by all anti-revolutionary or conservative governments, and restored to its lawful master. The recent ordinances of the Frankfort Diet are cited as evidences of the determination of Prussia and Austria to put down movements like that which established an usurped throne in the Netherlands. The alliance between England and France in support of this new revolted kingdom is said to be only ephemeral. Such an alliance, it is predicted, must dissolve before it comes to action, or will be broken on a contemplated change of the ministry in this country. The interests of England are considered so opposed to a war against Holland, that it is calculated no English ministry would dare to attempt it, or to sacrifice the English trade with all the Dutch ports in order to obtain the unobstructed commerce of Antwerp. Besides, England herself is described as torn with factions and threatened with disorders at home, which must prevent her from undertaking any foreign enterprise. 'We loudly proclaim,' says the writer, 'that if England is so blind as to act against Holland, her blindness will not last long—her error will be of short duration; we wait her day of awakening from her dream.' With respect to France, if she undertakes an expedition against Holland, it is more in the opinion of this writer, to disarm a menacing faction at home, than to assist abroad her Belgic ally. Both of these powers, it is concluded, will think twice before they set fire to a vast train of gunpowder, which must kindle a conflagration over all Europe. Such is the spirit and tenor of an article, which is said by the Editor to be 'communicated,' no doubt, from a high source—and which, we are persuaded, expresses correctly the mischievous purposes and ambitious hopes of the court of the Hague. His Dutch Majesty, as he has long shown, is evidently resolved never to acknowledge the independence of his former Belgic provinces, except from compulsion. Any terms, therefore, however reasonable, proposed by the allies, and agreed to by Belgium, must have been rejected, because they could never include the necessary condition of a restoration to Brussels. In looking to the means of accomplishing this object, his Majesty sees them only in the hazards of a general conflict—and therefore he stands by his cannon, with a lighted match in his hand, formed of the London protecols. His avowed reliance is placed on the friendship of Russia—on the protest of Prussia and Austria against the coercive measures which he is resolved to render indispensable for the establishment of Belgic independence—on the English conservative faction, which, being hostile to reform, can never sanction assistance lent to a revolutionary crown like that of Leopold—on a change of the English ministry in favour of this faction, should he compel the present government to treat him as he deserves, by sending a hostile fleet to his shores—on the consequent dissolution of the alliance between France and England—on the triumph of the French revolutionary faction—and on a general crusade against revolutionary principles over all Europe. It would be as difficult to deny that these are the ambitious expectations of the Dutch court, as to express sufficient abhorrence and indignation at their profligate character. Rather than sacrifice his inconceivably slight hopes of again reigning over a people by whom he is detested—rather than abandon the almost invisible chance of a restoration—his Dutch Majesty is disposed to begin a war of principles or of conquest—he is disposed to throw all Europe into a flame, and does not shrink from the contemplation of the most overwhelming calamities to his own country. Such a pertinacity of mischievous purpose—such a fanaticism of selfish ambition—has rarely been exhibited to the world, from 'Macedonia's madman to the Swede.'

But is he sure of the elements of his calculation? One of those elements is the known, or the presumed, dislike of the English people to an attack on Holland; and some of the poor doings of the Tory press, who know nothing of history but a few dead names and dates, are endeavouring to excite a popular prejudice against the employment of an English squadron, in conjunction with one from France, to compel the specific execution of a treaty to which all Europe has agreed, by comparing our present alliance with the French government, to that of the corrupted pensioned Charles II. with Louis XIV., the avowed object of which was the overthrow and conquest of the Dutch united provinces. What similarity is there in the character of the parties—the objects of the alliance—in the means to be employed—or in the contemplated result of the war? Our joint object now is to support Holland against the obstinacy of her own monarch—to prevent a general contest, in which Holland could possibly gain nothing, and might lose every thing, and to enforce the execution of a treaty which all the allies of Holland have advised her to accept, without delay and without compulsion. Is there any body so blind as not to perceive, or so uncandid as not to acknowledge,