

THE SAINT LAWRENCE.

I.

Hail, mighty river ! parent, chief, and source
Of foaming rapids, roaring falls, and floods :
Sire of those ocean-lakes, and inland seas
That spread their lucent bosoms to the woods,
And woo their fragrant verdure to their arms :
Father of depth profound, whose spring and tide
No ken can trace, nor whitherward they wend !

II.

Hail mighty lord of streams ! thou mirror vast
Of facry islands and resplendent groves
That bend in native fondness o'er thy course,
And bathe their hoary brows amid thy waves !
And yet anon, when fraught with fury dire,
The dark and gloomy spirit of the storm
Passes tumultuous o'er thy rolling tides,
Frown dark and dismal, and re-echo loud
The fell and eager clamour of thy march !

III.

When calm and silent Time began to roll ;
Thou, too, commenced thy broad and rapid course :
And time shall cease before thy giant waves
Shall pay their last sad tribute to the main.

IV.

How many reigns of centuries have passed
Untroubled o'er thy foamy crest and brow,
Before the sons of men, in nature's guise,
And stately nakedness of solemn woe,
Stood on thy verdant banks ! No one can tell :
Nor yet recount the years of long repose
Which then were thine amidst thy native woods,
That hailed thee father, prince, and god of streams :
And sang perpetual chorus to the strains
That rose triumphant o'er thy bounding waves !

V.

Roll on—roll on ! Let Commerce gild thy tides :
Let Navigation plough in furrows deep
The rushing floods, till Britain's dauntless flag
Wave high refulgent o'er thy utmost bounds :
Let Freedom then resume her peaceful reign,
And roll in currents vast and pure as thine,
Till loyalty and law—till time and tide—
Arc doomed to be, as they shall be—" NO MORE."

D. C.

MADAME DE STAEL.

It was one of the weaknesses of Madame de Staël's mind to wish for the distinction of beauty. She had the folly to say, "she would give half her intellectual capacity for the power of interesting." In quest of compliment, she once tried, when in company with Talleyrand, and a lady of great beauty, to make him show a preference. But in vain she put such ques-

tions as she thought inevitable ; he parried all. At last she said, "Now, if both of us were drowning, which would you try to save ?" "O, madam !" he replied, bowing to her, "you swim so well."

THE JEW OF WILNA.

In the advance of the French against Russia, a colonel, strolling in the suburbs of Wilna, heard cries of distress from a house, and entering to ascertain the cause, he found four soldiers engaged in plundering and ill-treating an aged Jew and a young girl. The marauders, not being inclined to relinquish their prey, proceeded to blows ; but the colonel, who was an excellent swordsman, laid two of his assailants dead on the spot, and drove the other two from the house severely wounded ; he himself received slight wounds, and a ball grazed his cheek. On the return of the remnant of the French army oppressed with fatigue, want and disease, the worn-out soldier, in rags, sought the dwelling of the Jew, and with difficulty was recognised, so completely changed was his appearance. The Jew completely furnished his wardrobe, and contrived to send him through the hostile armies to France. At the peace, the colonel was obliged to retire on a miserable pittance, which an aged mother and sister shared. He had forgotten the Jew of Wilna, when one evening, in the spring of 1816, a man called at his humble abode in the suburbs of Paris, and having satisfied himself as to his identity, placed in his hands a packet, and vanished. On opening it, the colonel found bills, on a banker in Paris, to the amount of £5000, with the following note :—"He whose daughter you preserved from the most brutal treatment, whose life you saved, and whose house you protected from plunder at the risk of your existence, sends you an offering of his gratitude : the only return he requires is, if ever you hear the Jews contemned, you will say that one of that race knew how to be grateful." The old Jew died at Vienna : his daughter, the heiress of his immense wealth, the largest portion of which was in the French funds, visited Paris : it was natural she should seek the brave man who had preserved her from the worst of fates, and with no common emotions he found the young girl he had protected now a blooming and beautiful woman, and grateful as she was engaging. He became a lover, and she consented to be a wife. With her hand he received more than £100,000.

HIGHLAND FORGIVENESS.

"Kenmuir, you must forgive, and be at peace with all against whom you hold feud," said a reverend confessor to a dying chieftain, "Well," he replied, "if I must, I must ; but," he continued, turning to his son, "My heavy curse be on you, Donald, if ever you forgive them."