

fering and cruelty. In this state of degradation and misery, the kindest of parents found me, forgave and received me to their bosom; and I, like the penitent prodigal son, in a few days returned to this humble dwelling, and I trust heaven yet has riches in store for me."

Several years had elapsed when my business called me to the lower Province. In passing through the now flourishing town of— I was much pleased to find my kind hostess a resident of the place—living in apparent affluence. Her amiable daughter, no more feeling the pangs of poverty, but like the sun at mid-day, shone forth in all her splendor. She was admired and beloved by all; the old and young, the rich and gay. On my return home, I called again, and was much pleased to find her the wife of a very respectable merchant in the place. Thus we see the storms of cruel fate subsided, and the ocean of life again assumes a peaceful and delightful calm. The remaining years of her life was crowned with perfect happiness, and her death bed like that of the dying Christian, smooth and tranquil,—her peace and harmony kissed each other; and gently whispered,

"Jeans can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
While on his breast I'll lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

Home, June 1833, } THE RECLUSE.
Grand River Tract. }

Swiss Legend of William Tell.—The following extract respecting the hero of Switzerland is taken from a most valuable and excellent work, the History of Switzerland, which from the 20th volume of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia:—

William Tell, who was one of the sworn at Rath and noted for his high and daring spirit, exposed himself to arrest by Gessler's myrmidons, for passing the hat without obeisance. Whispers of conspiracy had already reached the vogt, and he expected to extract some further evidence from Tell upon the subject.—Offended by the man's obstinate silence, he gave loose to his tyrannical humor, and knowing that Tell was a good archer, commanded him to shoot from a distance at an apple on the head of his child. God, says an old chronicler, was with him: and vogt, who had not expected such a specimen of skill and fortune, now cast about for new ways to entrap the object of his malice; and seeing a second arrow in his quiver, asked him what that was for? Tell replied evasively, that such was the usual practice of archers. Not content with this reply, the vogt pressed on him farther, and assured him of his life whatever the arrow might

have been meant for. "Vogt," said Tell, "had I shot my child, the second shaft was for thee; and be assured I should not have missed my mark a second time." Transported with rage, not unmixed with terror, Gessler, exclaimed, "Tell! I have promised thee life, but thou shalt pass it in a dungeon." Accordingly, he took a boat with his captive, intending to transport him across the lake to Kussnacht in Schwyz in defiance of the common right of the district, which provided that its natives should not be kept in confinement beyond its borders. A sudden storm on the lake overtook the party; and Gessler was obliged to give orders to loose Tell from his fetters, and commit the helm to his hands, as he was known for a skilful steersman. Tell guided the vessel to the foot of the great Axenberg, where a ledge of rocks distinguished to this as Tell's platform, presented itself as the only landing place for leagues around. Here he seized his cross bow, and escaped by a daring leap leaving the skiff to wrestle among the billows. The vogt also escaped the storm, but only to meet a fate more signal from Tell's bow in the narrow pass near Kussnacht. The tiding of his death not only enhanced the courage of the people, but also alarmed the vigilance of their rulers, and greatly increased the dangers of the conspirators, who kept quiet. These occurrences marked the close of 1307.

Deny every thing, and insist upon proof.
—Lawyer Acmody figured at the bar in Essex county, Massachusetts, something like half a century ago. He had a student named Varnum, who having just completed his studies, was journeying to a distant town in company with his master. Acmody on his way, observed to his student, "Varnum, you have been with me three years, and finished your studies; but there is one important part of a lawyer's practice, of great consequence, that I have never mentioned. "What is that?" inquired the student. "I will tell it," replied Acmody, "provided you will pay the expenses at the next tavern." The student agreed; and Acmody imparted the maxim at the head of the article. The supper, &c. were procured; and on preparing to set off from the tavern, Acmody reminded Varnum that he had engaged to pay the bill. "I deny every thing, and insist upon proof," returned Varnum. The joke