





THE PARTNER.

VARIETY finds in the mind a relish for the useful and the sweet.

FOR THE VILLAGE HERALD.

EVENING.

How sweet at evening's pensive hour To watch the day declining, And Luna rising from her bowers, In all her beauty shining.

How sweet the starry choir to view In chorus full combining, Hymning their nightly concert true, In ether pure reclining.

'Tis then that contemplation soars Above earth's fleeting visions, And calmly views those peaceful shores, Remote from her collisions.

'Tis then the spirit wings her flight, To wander in the fields of light, And seek repose in Heaven.

OCTAVIAN.

FOR THE VILLAGE HERALD.

A FUSION.

Wropt was my mind, in sadness dire, All thoughts of promised bliss were gone; Vainly I strove to strike the lyre, For naught remained like mirth and song.

To stifle care, and to beguile The heavy, lingering, painful hours; At eve, I hid to rest awhile, Amid the beautiful, woodland bowers.

Here, scarcely were my eye-lids clos'd, Ere sweetest music breath'd around; And Seraph pure a choir compos'd, Whose notes made hill and vale resound.

They sang of him whose death stones For each who trod in him below; Who suffers meekly, nor bemoans His little share of transient woe.

Adazzling sheen o'erspread the bowers, Far brighter than the noon-day sun; The Seraphs bow'd: In glorious power, Jesus, the Son of God, came down.

On me he smiled, as kind as Heaven's, (My bosom heav'd, with strange delight) He said, "Thy sins are all forgiv'n, Nomore thy Maker's mandates slight.

Then shall no more corroding pains, With dire remorse torment thy mind; Nor grief disturb life's joyful strains, Whilst thou't to Heaven's will resign'd."

He censur'd. Each voice was rais'd in praise, They wav'd their wings, and flew on high; And, farther than the eye could gaze, Ascended towards the sapphire sky.

August 15. LAURA.

In answer to a correspondent's inquiry.—When will the story of "Sophia" be concluded?—We can only say, the tale is composed of 11 chapters, of which we give the 5th & 6th to-day; the others will be inserted as we can spare room for them.

From the Miscellaneous Register, Geneva, N. Y.

SOPHIA.

OR THE GIRL OF THE PINE WOODS.

CHAPTER V.

It has been mentioned, that in the attack of the stranger in the pine woods, by two men, he shot one of them down; but his fall was more the effect of sudden fright than of severe injury, for he received only a slight wound in the flesh, the ball just grazing the side of his head. These were the two men first mentioned at the cottage. At the time the other two men fired at the stranger, he was in the act of wheeling his horse round, in order to find out the fate of his two first assailants, and this gave them all an advantage over him; otherwise he might have escaped.

was. Of course he was much alarmed at what had taken place, and like a prudent man made off with himself, lest he might be taken for an accomplice.

And now began the scene of examination. Two justices were called in, one with "spectacles on nose"—looked amazing wise—and the other, with a huge volume of law under each arm hooked more wise more learned, more every thing. Two young lawyers volunteered their services in behalf of the people, besides Tivingham. The two justices took their seats behind a large table, and the prisoner was brought forward. The men of law were bountifully supplied with pen, ink and paper, to take minutes. But the presence of the stranger, so different from what they had anticipated, struck them almost speechless. His gait and manly deportment; his open, frank and innocent countenance, in which there appeared not the least symptoms of guilt and dishonesty; his unembarrassed and easy, affable manners; his unobtrusive and tranquil air, excepting when he cast from his keen dark eye the look of contempt at Tivingham—all bespoke the consciousness of innocence; and when he asked for what purpose he was called, and whether there has been any process against him upon complaint under oath, they were all quite confounded.

A lawyer of the village, of high and honourable standing, offered to assist him unasked. After consulting him a few moments, and being well convinced that he was perfectly innocent, he advised him to admit to any examination they wished—and the first question was, that he should tell who he was and whence he came? He simply answered, that he was a total stranger in the place, and if he were a rogue, he might assume any name or residence; he could, perhaps, produce more satisfactory proof than his own declaration who and what he was; and taking out his pocket book, gave it unopened to the justices. Tivingham was on the sharp look out, but how was he thunderstruck on discovering the name of Francis S. Jackson as the proprietor and not only that, but abundant evidences and vouchers, showing that he was the only son, and only surviving heir, at law, of William Jackson, of New-York, lately deceased.

Tivingham begged to speak to him aside—but no. He had been dragged there as a prisoner and a felon, and he should not see who the felons were. He had been assaulted in the night on the highway, and demanded that those who had done it might be immediately secured. All was in confusion. He was willing, he demanded that his examination should go on, if not that he might be heard on his oath.

The men who brought him there began to think of making off, but the court ordered the constables to take them all into safe keeping, until further orders. They then plead for mercy—stated that they were ignorant of the affair, and actually believed at the time, that the stranger was a highway-man, and it was their absolute duty to aid in his apprehension, and that they should have thought they were "doing God service," in putting an end to his career, if in no other way, by taking his life.

At this moment Judge M.—owner of the red mills, the first judicial officer in the county, a very wealthy, and highly respectable gentleman, who had until a few years past, resided in the city of New York, rode up to the door, and inquired if a gentleman was there by the name of Jackson? Being answered in the affirmative, he dismounted and walked in.

On learning what had been transacted, he was greatly astonished, and stated to the by-standers that he had known Col. Jackson from a child—that his father was one of the most respectable merchants in New York, immensely rich, and that his only son whom they had treated as a robber, was one of the best men he ever knew; and his father being dead, and mother also, he was now sole heir of all his property, which amounted to not less than half a million of dollars; and that he had the day before paid him two thousand dollars on a debt due to his father's estate, for the property which he possessed being purchased of him while living. He wanted to know what Col. Jackson had done, and what reason they had for suspecting him a villain.

Mr. Jackson related the whole rise and progress of the affair, with every particular, not forgetting to give Tivingham his true character, and the unspeakable distress which his avarice and his hope of obtaining Sophia, had brought upon Mr. Thompson and his family. At the same juncture, in came the wife and daughter, leading between them the feeble and emaciated husband and father.

Mr. Jackson flew to his embrace, and the unfortunate man was quite overcome with joy. Tears, and the flowing accents of gratitude, attested his feelings. He had to sit down, for he could not stand—and the wife, the daughter, and the son, were overpowered by the gush of sympathy, as they heard Mr. Jackson tell Mr. Thompson that he was free from all his

embarrassments; and, that provision should be immediately made, to restore them to their former standing; handing Mr. Thompson, at the same time, a handful of bank notes for his present necessities.

Mr. Jackson had seen the sheriff, and ordered him discharged, and his feelings were more intense than ever, when he found out that the "little bit" in the pine woods had been consumed the night before, and keen distress had followed in consequence.

If there is any heaven on earth, it is that which a benevolent man enjoys, when in the golden age of relieving the distresses of his fellow beings, and when surrounded by the objects of his relief. A tranquil joy—a holy rapture comes over the soul, and the "still small voice of peace," whispers to his conscience, "well done, good and faithful servant."

This serene paradise Mr. Jackson was now enjoying, heightened by the additional anticipation of seeing them all more happy yet. Sophia appeared more interesting to him than ever—

"For beauty's tears are lovelier than her smiles," and her's were the effusions of gratitude and joy. He sat, not staring, but now and then casting a mild look of contemplative regard, on the object of his solicitude.

Sophia was not one of those ideal beauties that could break all hearts at a glance; but she was one of nature's finished models in a female form. She had

"An eye as when the blue sky trembles through a cloud of purest white"—

and a certain expression of countenance that bespoke the tenderness, the delicacy, and the purity of the soul within.

"Her shape was harmony"—

"But eloquence beneath her beauty falls."

All were silent. Mrs. Thompson, however, arose and ventured to take Mr. Jackson by the hand. She recognised the boy that had been frequently at her house in New York, but she had not seen him since a man, until of her cottage in the pine woods. She knew his father, and his mother, both now in a better world. They had knelt together round the altar, in the holy communion.

The scene was pathetic, and drew forth the tears of all present, except Tivingham, who had attempted to excuse himself, but was cut short by Mr. Jackson, who bid him instantly to be gone, a disgrace to the honourable profession of the law, and to let his conscience be his only tormentor. Then turning to his coadjutors, "I forgive you," said he, "on account of your ignorance, and you may all go about your business."

CHAPTER VI.

Every man present highly applauded the magnanimous conduct of Col. Jackson, and Tivingham sneaked off to enjoy the reward of a base, unprincipled villain—the contempt of society. Mr. Jackson, tendered him his legal fee for what business he had done for his father, and he was mean enough to accept it. "There are too many of such fellows," said Mr. Jackson, "who fatten on the spoils of honest misfortune, and who bring into dispute one of the most laudable feelings in the world, by their money-making schemes, in taking the advantage of the ignorant, the weak and the unsuspecting—prostituting their legal acquirements to sordid purposes of speculation. A lawyer ought to be a gentleman in every sense of the word, and despise the low arts of a mere pettifogger, however lucrative such practice may prove for the moment. But Tivingham is, I confess, on the whole, somewhat excusable, if an attachment for what he could not otherwise obtain, produced his motive in oppressing the father of Sophia. Love is desperate, they say."

As he pronounced this sentence, he cast a look to Sophia. She blushed, and replied—"It must be a strange kind of love, that would prompt a man to make his object completely wretched, in order to gain her favour." "True," said he, and the subject ended.

other motive which operated on Mr. Jackson—the welfare of Sophia. But the heart of that gentleman was not ensnared by any previous engagements. He had never seen one before the "Girl of the Pine Woods," as he always called her in future; that had so much interested his thoughts, if not his affections. Why, he could not tell—but he felt something about his heart which created uneasiness, at the idea of parting. He stayed, and kept staying from day to day, for several weeks, and the longer he remained in the society of the family and the fair one, the more painful were the thoughts of separation.

Although he suggested the plan of Mr. Thompson removing to New York with his family, and offered to advance him a capital of ten thousand dollars to commence his former business, if he so wished, besides paying all his debts, his expense in moving, and a present of a thousand dollars for old acquaintance sake.

Mr. Thompson and the whole family were overwhelmed with a sense of gratitude for his generous proposals, and one month was appointed for the time when Mr. Thompson and his whole family were to be in New York.

The next day Mr. Jackson was to depart, and he spent the evening in a walk with Sophia, when he frankly disclosed the secret of love, and it is scarcely necessary to say, that the timid maid evinced no symptoms of a contrary passion. It was, however, agreed to suspend the union of hearts till the marriage until at least a twelve month.

He left the place the next morning, leaving with Mr. Thompson the thousand dollars.

How soon in darkness night may rise On those who look to heaven for aid, With broken hearts and weeping eyes, Of life—but not of death—amidst How soon may troubled waters pass, And lippid streams of pleasure flow, Reflecting virtue, like a glass, In all the loveliness of two, And bearing every grief away.

Triumphant o'er assailing vice And all the wickedness of hell, Unspotted innocence—whose price Not all the tongues of earth can tell, Shall taste beneath—shall soar above, And there in blessedness partake The joys of never sated love.

The lover that will not forsake, Hence let the virtuous firmly trust, In Heaven, thro' every stormy blast: For God, all-merciful and just, Will banish every cloud at last.

And let the fair one learn to know, And justly prize the mortal charm, That wins the heart and lights a glow Of beauty at the least alarm— That innate modesty of mien, Which all the powers of man controls, Where glowing sentiment is seen Just issued from the mint of souls. Eternal beauty may attract, And hold the gazing eye in chains As hie—but let reflection act, And no captivity remain.

Internal purity must spread A lustre o'er the perfect form— A rainbow round the virgin's head, When lovers fulminate a storm— Or all the graces of the sex Are lost—or too unsexedly prove To hold their empire or perplex With little tender snares of love. There is a charm that must intrude— A something never yet defined— That awes, delights, and conquers all: The power and majesty of HEAVEN.

Mr. Thompson and his family remained in quarters at the inn, not thinking it worth while to purchase furniture and hire a house for so short a stay.

Some of the young ladies in the village, who had treated Sophia during her disastrous hours with coldness and scorn, now began to call on her with excuses and congratulations. But she had learned to appreciate such friendship, and had the firmness to tell them so. Perhaps it was imprudent, but she could not dissemble. She "could not carry smiles and sunshine in her face," when a sense of the insults she had received from them "sat heavy on her heart."

The consequence was a united determination among them to defeat the hopes of Sophia, by destroying the confidence of Mr. Jackson in her virtue.

The plans which they concerted for this purpose, will be disclosed in the next chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Scrap for the V. Herald.

The following lines are from the British Museum of 1770. They were written on seeing a lady writing verse, with a hole in her stocking.

To see a lady of such grace, With so much sensibility— So slatternly is she— O! if you would with Venus vie, Your pen and poetry lay by, And learn to mend your stockings.

The subsequent story is selected from the "Varieties of Literature." The selector thinks it would make a pretty poetical tale. It would yield an elegant description, and a pleasing moral, that the bee only rests on the natural beauties, and never fixes on the painted flowers, however imitating the colours may be laid on. This applied to the Ladies, would give it piquancy. Will any of our correspondents essay the task? Do let us first give the story.

SOLOMON AND SHEBA.

"I recollect a pretty story, which in the Talmud or Gemara, some Rabbi has attributed to Solomon. The power of his monarch had spread his wisdom to the remotest parts of the known world. A private scholar in general, passes his life in obscurity, and poverty—a solitary scholar, spreads his name to the most distant regions. But when a king is a student, the case is reversed.—

Queen Sheba, attracted by the splendor of his reputation, or, more probably, urged by an insatiable curiosity, visited this political king at his own court, with the sole intention of asking him questions. The Rabbi does not inform me, whether her examination was always made in the chamber of audience; there is reason to suspect they frequently retired, for the solution of many a hard problem, to the philosophic solitude of a private cabinet. But I do not intend by any means to make this work, (as Lord Lyttleton answered to a curious female concerning his history) "a vehicle for unquieted scandal."

It is sufficient, that the incident I now relate passed as Solomon sat surrounded by his court. At the foot of the throne stood the inquisitive Sheba; in each hand she held a wreath of flowers; the one composed of natural, the other of artificial flowers.— Art, in the labour of the mimic wreath, had exquisitely culminated the lively hues and the variegated beauties of nature; so that, at the distance it was held by the queen for the inspection of the king, it was deemed impossible for him to decide—as her question imported—which wreath was the natural? The sagacious Solomon seemed poised; yet, to be vanquished, though in a trifle, by a trifling woman, irritated his pride. The son of David, who had written treatises on vegetable productions from the cedar to the hyssop, to acknowledge himself outwitted by a woman, with shreds of papers and glazed paintings! The honor of the monarch's reputation for divine sagacity seemed diminished; and the whole Jewish court looked solemn and melancholy. At length, an expedient presented itself to the king; and, it must be confessed worthy of the natural philosopher. Observing a cluster of bees hovering about a window, he commanded that it should be opened; the bees rushed into the court, and immediately alighted on one of the wreaths, while not a single one fixed on the other.—

The decision was not then difficult, the learned Rabbi shook the beads in capture, and the baffled Sheba had one more reason to be astonished at the wisdom of Solomon."

EPITAPH.—On a Dyer's Wife.

My wife has died and gone to dust, A useful wife to me; For not a soul alive, I trust, Has dy'd so much as she, To dye indeed was all her pride, She dy'd each day—she liv'd and died When she could live no more.

Her name was up for dying well, And well known was her stall; The loss she dy'd were sure to sell, When hose were sold at all.

But she grew old, I know not why, Her dying days were past; So'en for want of hose to dye, She dy'd herself at last.

The English Language.—The difficulty of applying rules to the pronunciation of our language may be illustrated in two lines, where the combination of the letters o u n h is pronounced in no fewer than seven different ways.

o, u, of, up, oo, oo, and oen.

Though the tough cough and the hiccough plough me through, O'er life's dark dingle my course I still pursue.

Private.—There are three kinds—that which we yield, that which we lend, and that which we pay.—We yield it to the weak from interest, and we pay it to the deserving from gratitude.

Who writes as he speaks, speaks as he writes, looks as he speaks and writes—is honest.

Who writes an illegible hand, is commonly rapid, often impetuous in his statements, and speaks with timidity in the presence of the good—seems to be close allied to blindness.

Sept 11