

Ormond; I am sure he has paid no attentions to Eva that Julia Mapleton herself could have objected to, if she had been endowed with the property of becoming invisible at pleasure: no harm has been done, and engaged young men must be permitted to live, breathe, and receive civil treatment as well as disengaged ones.

'At all events,' said my mother, 'I suppose you do not expect Eva to curl her hair, and wear her best dresses, and fatigue herself with practising difficult songs while he stays.'

'Certainly not,' replied my father, 'I only expect Eva, and every other member of my family to behave with the good breeding which has always characterised them. When Captain Ormond is married, we shall very likely find his wife a pleasant and desirable visiting acquaintance.'

'And perhaps, after all,' gently insinuated Penelope, 'we may discover that the rumor of his engagement is unfounded.'

'This is not at all likely,' said my father; 'Mr Burrows is far from having any addiction to tattle and misrepresentation; besides I have more than once heard him say that he was in habits of intimacy with the Mapletons of Hilbury and you know he had the father's letter in his pocket.'

We dispersed to our several occupations. When my brother returned he was informed of the news of the morning, which elicited from him the vehement prophecy that 'Eva would be an old maid after all!' and a decided change immediately took place in the manners of the family towards Captain Ormond. I do not mean to say that there was any coldness or rudeness attached to the change; good nature and good breeding alike forbade such an evidence of disappointment; but he was allowed to go out and come in when he pleased, no one seemed to care whether he took notice of me or not, and so far from seeing me exalted on a pedestal as the idol of my family, he beheld me treated with the occasional unceremonious freedom to which the daughter of even an affectionate family is liable to be exposed. My father on one occasion brought in an account which he had desired me to cast up for him, and told me that I was very careless, and had made the sum total quite wrong. My mother, when I kept the carriage waiting a few minutes, informed me that I was getting more and more unpunctual and thoughtless, and my brother advised me to ask Miss Shelburne for the name of her dressmaker, saying that her gowns seemed to fit the shape a great deal better than mine. Arabella was again the good humoured, sometimes saucy younger sister, and Penelope, the useful, worsted winding, pattern taking cousin, and nothing more. Strange as it may seem, Captain Ormond appeared much happier than during the first day of his visit, and evidently liked me a great deal better, he walked with me, conversed with me, went out sketching with me, and even pleaded guilty to the accusation of a fine voice, and sang duets with me, occasionally diversifying the performance by single songs, which pleased my fancy much better than

'This is my eldest daughter, sir,'

He hourly gained ground in my good opinion; he was certainly not only 'an eligible match,' but an accomplished and engaging young man. Captain Ormond had arrived on Thursday for a week's visit; it was Wednesday evening, tea was over, we all strolled round the grounds, for since I had returned to white muslin dresses and braided hair, I had no finery to watch over, and was therefore permitted to enjoy the evening breezes, unchecked by my mother's admonitions.

Captain Ormond and myself had wandered to some distance from the rest of the family; we passed into a meadow, the gate of which stood invitingly open. He offered me his arm, I accepted it, and made an observation on the beauty of the wild roses in the hedge—Captain Ormond did not reply to me.

'To-morrow,' he said, at length, 'I leave this delightful place. I am a most unhappy being. I have given both Mr. and Mrs. Warwick a dozen hints to be asked to stay, but they have not been taken: to-morrow my short visit must end.'

'A week is indeed a short time,' I rejoined, feeling that I returned a very common-place answer, and yet doubtful what answer I could have made that would have been much better.

'It is,' he answered, 'and yet in some respects it is a long time, because it enables us to rectify first formed opinions, which would have been very unjust and uncharitable. Will you forgive me, Miss Warwick, if I tell you

that the first day of my arrival I did not like you at all? I thought you artificial, over-dressed, full of display, and the spoiled child of a family who were all so devotedly wrapped up in you that they overrated your good qualities beyond all the bounds of reason, and demanded that the rest of all the world should perform a similar homage to you: can you pardon me for this?'

'Yes,' I said, and I mentally added, 'I can very well pardon you, because your construction is a great deal more favourable to us than a real view of the case would have been.'

'One circumstance even now perplexes me,' said the captain; 'after the first day, you all seemed changed: your family became easy, natural, and unaffected, and you, Miss Warwick—how can I describe the delight that I received from your accomplishments, your intellect, your excellence?'

I was on the point of disclaiming these compliments, but I remembered a maxim of Rochefoucault's 'Le refus des louanges et un desir d'être loué deux fois,' and was silent. Captain Ormond continued, 'Were you in London, I might hope to enjoy your occasional society; but now, how dreary and sad a prospect is mine to live for several months away from you!'

'It is lucky,' thought I, 'that Julia Mapleton has not, according to my father's idea, the power of rendering herself invisible at pleasure;' but strange to say, instead of smiling at the fancy I had conjured up, the tears began to flow down my cheeks.

'Dearest Eva,' exclaimed Captain Ormond, 'I cannot bear the sight of those tears: I cannot leave you unless absolutely and irrevocably banished from your presence by yourself and your relations.' My cheek crimsoned at the insult.

'Is it possible,' said I, 'that you forget that you are an engaged man?'

'You seem to be deeply versed in my concerns,' said Captain Ormond with a smile, 'considering that I am such a recent acquaintance; nay, you know more of me than I do of myself. I assure you that I am not aware that I am an engaged man.'

'Are you acquainted with the Mapletons of Hilbury,' I asked, anxious to discover some misrepresentation in the statement of Mr Burroughs; 'do you not admire Julia, who has auburn ringlets and a fine voice?'

'You bring circumstantial evidence closely to bear upon me,' he replied, again smiling. I know the Mapletons, and I not only admire Julia but I have a very sincere regard for her.'

I indignantly detached my arm from his.

'Stay,' he said, gently replacing it, 'I think that I can satisfactorily refute the charge brought against me, by proving myself another person! I have a younger brother, who is in the army as well as myself; he holds the same rank, and consequently he is generally known as Captain Ormond; he is just engaged to Miss Mapleton, and although I will not tell you that you will find her so charming a young lady as yourself, I can venture to say that you will like her very much as a sister in law, should you ever decide on admitting her to that honor by accepting the offer of my hand.'

I need not detail the rest of our conversation; in about half an hour we returned home. My mother was in the hall.

'How can you stay out so late Eva,' she said.

Captain Ormond interrupted her by asking to see Mr. Warwick; she told him he would find him in the library, and then took her way to the drawing room, saying angrily,

'I wonder what business engaged men want of private interviews with fathers of families.'

I quickly reconciled her to the liberty Captain Ormond had taken, by informing her of his business.

'I congratulate you dear Eva,' she said, 'on an alliance quite equal to my expectations for you, and I hope Arabella will profit by your good example, I must say, however, it is a wonder to me how the matter has been brought about.'

'You certainly,' continued my mother, 'appeared to great advantage the first day, and part of the second, but, after the mistake into which you were led by that stupid Mr Burrows, you were so inanimate, and indifferent and careless, and we all made ourselves so dull and disagreeable, that I am sure we were enough to repulse any eligible match in the world.'

Captain Ormond and my father now entered, both looking highly satisfied with the result of their conference, and the latter hardly able to contain the exuberance of his delight; he was at all times a good-natured man, but on the

present occasion he was not contented to lavish his kindness on his wife, children, and future son-in-law, but actually went the length of caressing the lap-dog, and paying compliments to Penelope.

Captain Ormond was our guest during the remainder of the summer; and we removed to London earlier in the winter than usual, for the purpose of buying wedding clothes.

I was at the Pantheon Bazaar, when I descried Mr Burrows at a little distance; I ran to him, shook hands with him cordially, and stood talking to him for a long time.

'What in the world, Eva,' said my mother, when we were seated in the carriage, 'could induce you to waste so much time prosing with that tiresome old man? I have hardly patience to look at him; he was very nearly the cause of depriving you of Captain Ormond's proposal.'

I merely said I did not wish to slight an old neighbour; but in my heart I felt assured that I owed a peculiar obligation to Mr Burrows, and that his unintentional blunder had been the means of repairing those of my family, and that the disentanglement of my person, mind and manners from their gulf garb, and restoration to their easy every day simplicity, had been the real cause of procuring for me all the happiness of an union of hearts, and all the advantages of an 'eligible match.'

From the Metropolitan.

EARLY WOOD AND WON.

BY MRS. ABBY.

'Early wood and early won,

Was never repented under the sun!'

German Proverb.

O! sigh not for the fair young bride,

Gone in her opening bloom,

Far from her kindred, loved and tried,

To glad another home;

Already are the gay brief days

Of girlish triumph done,

And tranquil happiness repays

The early wood and won.

Fear shall invade her peace no more,

Nor sorrow wound the breast,

Her passing rivalries are o'er,

Her passing doubts at rest;

The glittering haunts of worldly state

Love whispers her to shun,

Since scenes of purer bliss await

The early wood and won.

Here is a young and guileless heart,

Confiding, fond, and warm,

Unsolled by the world's vain mart,

Unscathed by passion's storm;

In 'hope deferred' she hath not pined,

For Hope's sweet course was run:

No charms of sad remembrance bind

The early wood and won.

Her smiles and songs have ceased to grace

The halls of festal mirth,

But woman's safest dwelling-place

Is by a true one's hearth;

Her hours of duty, joy, and love,

In brightness have begun;

Peace be her portion from Above,

The early wood and won.

From Heads of the People.

THE JUDGE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

HERNE'S oak was once an acorn; and the great whale now floundering in the ocean stream was, a few centuries ago, a little blubberer not too big to reconcile us to its being ranked with the mammalia. But what ages must have elapsed since that grave and reverend seignior, on whom we are now gazing, was a lubberly boy; that calm, passionless, imperturbable embodiment of the principle of justice—that living type of the highest morality—apparently purified from all human weakness; speckless as the cambric that envelopes his throat; bright as the gorgeous robe that enfolds his limbs; soft and sleek as the fur that sweeps so gracefully from his drooping shoulders, yet rigid as the marble out of which his features seemed chiselled; tougher and more wiry than the hair of that abundant wig, to eke out whose expanse the heads of many ursine convicts must have been shaved! Was he over boy at all—was that cedar of Lebanon ever as a gooseberry-bush? Was he but a puling infant in the old nurse's arms, more helpless than a blind puppy and ignorant as so much waxwork. Spun he tops, and was his forte the trap and ball; his passion, cricket—not half a century ago?—Was he (this iteration is inevitable, for one is of necessity incredulous)—was he indeed riotous, racketing, pugnacious urchin, ripe for any exploit provided it was irregular—pummeling particular friends—smashing cucumber frames—plundering orchards and overturning stalls—tormenting tradesmen—torturing tutors—and keeping the maternal heart for ever on the rack of terror? Are these

pleasant pranks, natural recreations, discoverable among the records of his life, who sits there as if he were the elder brother of one of those old Roman senators that stirred not from their seats when the ruffian Gaul, in the flush of victory, dared to approach and pluck their white beards? All this he must have been; yet surely it is impossible but to see in him a phenomenon opposed in every sense to the free and youthful image of the shepherd 'piping as though he should never grow old; for how looks he, but as one who had never been young—no other than he is now.

The day had been, however, when his lordship or his honor, who now fills the judgment-seat with so much of the flesh, and so little of its frailty clinging to it, was content with a back seat upon the benches appropriated for counsel, and almost dreaded perhaps, the coming of the hour when, a brief being put into his hands, it would be necessary for him to get upon his legs and address the Court for the first time. He had gone through the preliminary studies and ceremonies with credit; he had become popular with his young contemporaries, thanks to a dashing air, a lively wit, a turn for thinking, a capacity for drinking—and as this latter quality more especially commended him, in its gradual development, to the notice of his elders in the law, his chances of getting on in his profession were excellent. These, perhaps, were wonderfully promoted by important commercial connections—or by influence in a snug borough returning two members—or by a lucky opportunity of displaying his powers as junior counsel, when the senior chanced to be absent—or by hazard, just in the right place, a flashy remark, or a ticklish repartee, which excited considerable laughter, in which his lordship heartily joined—or by a patient and pains-taking exhibition of such legal knowledge as he happened to possess; so as, while producing all he knew, to seem to be speaking from the overflowing affluence of his stores instead of the scarcity of them—or by a new edition of some old reports or uncut treatises—or by a pamphlet worthy of being classed with the uncut—or by a slashing article on some topic of personal interest in a leading review; or by being erroneously supposed to write for 'The Times'—or (at the cost of half his balance at his banker's) by a grand and desperate dash at dinner-giving, asking twenty nobles to 'The Clarendon,' and getting them, from sheer curiosity and astonishment at the young man's assurance, to come.

[To be continued.]

NEW WORKS.

From the Lives of the Queens of England.

THE USURPATION OF RICHARD III.

The Queen had in council appointed May 4th for her son's coronation; his false uncle, however, did not bring him to London till that day. Edward V. then entered the city, surrounded by officers of the Duke of Gloucester's retinue, who were all in deep mourning for the death of the late monarch. At the head of this posse rode Gloucester himself, habited in black, with his cap in his hand, oftentimes bowing low, and pointing out his nephew, (who wore the royal mantle of purple velvet,) to the homage of the citizens. Edward V. was at first lodged at the Bishop of Ely's palace; but as the good bishop, in common with all the high clergy, was faithful to the heirs of Edward IV., the young king was soon transferred to the regal apartments in the Tower, under pretence of awaiting his coronation. Gloucester's next object was to get possession of Prince Richard, then safe with the Queen. After a long and stormy debate between the ecclesiastical peers and the temporal peers, at a council held in the star chamber, close to Elizabeth's retreat, it was decided that there might be sanctuary men and women, but as children could commit no crime for which an asylum was needed, the privileges of sanctuary could not extend to them; therefore the Duke of Gloucester, who was now recognized as lord protector, could possess himself of his nephew if he pleased. The Archbishop of Canterbury was unwilling that force should be used, and he went with a deputation of the temporal peers, to persuade Elizabeth to surrender her son. When they arrived at the Jerusalem chamber, the archbishop urged that the young king required the company of his brother, being melancholy without a playfellow. To this Elizabeth replied:—'Troweth the protector, (ah! pray God he may prove a protector!) that the king doth lack a playfellow? Can none be found to play with the king, but only his brother, which hath no wish to play because of sickness? as though princes so young as they be, could not play without their peers, or children could not play without their kindred, with whom, (for the most part) they agree worse than with strangers! She then expressed her suspicions of the Duke of Gloucester; yet, after she had given vent to everything on her mind, she began to yield to the protestations of the archbishop, that the young Richard should be kept in safety and honor.