

LITERATURE, &c.

RICHARD OF YORK—OR THE WHITE ROSE OF ENGLAND.

The following HUMOROUS SCENE is from the above new work. An attempt was made by the servants of Henry VII. to apprehend Sir Edward Stanley, who, in the disguise of a pedlar, was travelling through the country to rejoin his patron Richard.

"The Franciscan, accompanied by a small party of soldiers, walked hastily from the abbey. He had stayed longer with the king than he had intended; but it was still early, and the grey dawn of twilight served but to render darkness visible. He arrived at the inn where he had left the sleeping Stanley, and knocked gently at the door. No answer was returned. He knocked again, and again still louder, but the door remained unopened, and the monk was weighing in his mind the propriety of forcing an entrance, when a window opened just above him, and dame Bluster, popping her head out, in her loudest pitch thus saluted them.

"Whatan in the name o' the blessed Wargin, are ye arter, ye worthiest wagabonds, kicking up such a hallabaloo at this time o' night! I'll warrant ye ha' been drinking dame Hadleam's sour ale till ye'r maist foscicated, and now ye is coming to break open honest people's houses: but tramp! tramp! my masters; not a foot will ye set over my treshold at this hour, I promise ye, that's what ye 'out." "Peace, woman, peace, come down, and admit us," cried the monk. "Voman! don't voman me; I'll not be voman'd by ye, and as for lettin' ye in, that's sooner said than done, so t'amp: ye'r on the right side for runnin' away; an ye don't, I'll may be ge' ye smething to moisten ye'r clay, an' charge ye nothin' for it," lifting up a pitcher of water to make good her threat.

"Peace, I command thee," cried the Franciscan, in a louder tone; "we are no drunkards. We want not thy ale nor thy noise. We are here at the king's bidding, to secure a rebel and a traitor, who is concealed under thy roof." "Why then ye'r a traitorous liar for saying so, an' that's what ye are: there's no such a body here, I promise ye, nor their shan't be neither, an' that's the reason why I keep thee out."

At this moment, Samson, aroused from his deep slumber, either by the knocking which had been continued at intervals, (the monk anxious not to awaken the prisoner, who lay at the other side of the house, had still refrained from more violent measures,) or awakened, more probably, by the well-known voice of his wife, was proceeding leisurely to unbar the door, when he was interrupted by a smart cuff on his ear, and dame Bluster, shaking him lustily, threatened him with her sorest displeasure if he did not let the door alone. "Nay, betty dear, nay now, hare rason, that's a good mawther: 'tis the monk, and we'er to ha' a power o' money." "Whatan d'ye think I care for monks or money either! an' I wot I'll not ha' this door opened at this time o' night for no wagabond among 'em! an' as to their giving ye money, ye're a fool to believe 'em—the're too fond on it to part wi' it, I promise ye."

Poor Betty's vows were vain. Napper, awakened likewise, had slipped round Samson, and opened the door, and the Franciscan, with his party, were already in the apartment. "Seize that woman, and gag her, if she will not be quiet!" exclaimed the monk. Dame Betty fought like an Amazon, kicked the cuffed most lustily, but found, at length, that six men were harder to be dealt with than one; and that, moreover, some mensingly were more difficult to manage than her doughty Samson. She, therefore, made a virtue of necessity, and promised submission.

The Franciscan now arranged his plan. He could scarcely hope that Stanley still slept, though his apartment was, as we have remarked, in a remote part of the building. He knew him to be, as he had said, the bravest of the brave—he remembered, too, the dagger grasped so tightly even in sleep, and he looked round on his little band for one sufficiently bold for his purpose. His eye fell on Napper, whom he remembered to have observed the preceding evening, watching the apparent pedlar with suspicious glances.

"Thou art De Vere's follower?" said the monk, addressing him. The man bowed. "A friend to his friends?" continued the Franciscan. "And a deadly foe to his foes," added Napper. "He has not a greater or more dangerous one than he whom I would secure," rejoined the monk: "Wilt thou assist in making him captive?" "My life for his, if he escape!" cried Napper, grasping his weapon.

'Tis well; come on! and, having stationed two of the soldiers at the outer door, and two more at the door opening to the passage, which he now unbolted, he, with the remaining two, and Napper followed by Samson and Betty, and some of the domestics who had joined them, proceeded cautiously to the foot of the stairs. Here placing two soldiers, he and Napper care-

fully ascended, while the soldiers murmured not a little that the prominent part of an enterprise, for which they had hoped to obtain a considerable reward, was borne by a stranger. The Franciscan paused at the door of the chamber. It was bolted, and exactly as he left it. He listened; soft, and as he thought, suppressed breathings met his ear. "He is safe," said he to his companion. Still the thought that Stanley might be awake, and already in an attitude of defence, made him secretly determine that Napper should be the first to enter. Again he listened, and he now thought the breathing rather resembled that of one in a deep sleep. Putting back the light, he noiselessly withdrew the bolt, and half opened the door; the misty twilight served but to mark the dark outline of Stanley's figure, stretched as he had left him on the bed. "He sleeps," said the monk in a low whisper: "forward—secure him, and a reward beyond thy most sanguine wishes shall be thine." Napper waited not a second command, but darted forward, and crying, "Yield thee, in the king's name," seized with both hands—not the prisoner—but an enormous black cat, that, in the absence of the right owner, had taken possession of his clothes, and coiled himself up most comfortably in the bed Sir Edward had vacated. A loud yell was the only reply to the bold command of Napper.

"Holy St. Nicholas! it's the devil!" cried he, as the cat clutched his face. The affrighted soldier started backwards, and, in doing so, his foot caught in the long garments of the monk, who had followed close behind. Dawn he fell, overturning the unfortunate Franciscan; and down behind them, overthrown partly by the fall of his comrades, partly by his own fears, tumbling from the top of the stairs to the bottom, rolled the unlucky Samson, while the scared and still yelling animal, darting to the door-way, most unceremoniously made good his exit over the prostrate bodies of his foes, leaving bloody marks of his passage, more especially on the face and bald head of the monk, his cowl having fallen off in the overthrow.

"O murder, murder! I'm kilt—I'm kilt! Oh, Betty maw! Betty dear, he's kilt me! the murderous willain has kilt me!" cried the unfortunate Samson. "Hurra! hurra!" shouted Betty, clapping her hands unmindful of the sufferings of her better half; "hurra! hurra! he'll bate, he'll bate! agallon o' sack on Tom! well done Tom; ha, ha, ha! Blessed wargin, I'll split my sides; on'y think o' that! a monk an' a parcel o' sodgers arter an old tom cat! on'y think o' that; Holy St. Bridget, ha, ha, ha! I'll die o' laughing. Traiterous thief! ay, an' that's whatan he is! an ye're heartily welcome to him, Mr monk; an' if I'd know'd 'twere him ye were arter, I'd never ha' stopped ye; but ye mun catch him first, boh! he's a rare hand at a race, is our old Tom. Come boh, come—up, an' arter him, an ye mane to catch him. Your legs be longer, 'tis true, but then he have the use of his; that's more than ye have at present to my thinkin': blessed wargin!" and again she burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, in which she was joined by the servants and the soldiers—now glad that they had not been foremost in the plot. "Oh! Betty maw! Betty dear! I'm kilt." "Hould your tongue, ye yelling hound, and get up," roared out the still laughing Betty; "ye make too big a hallabaloo to be quite dead; an' if our old Tom had have kilt you, ye'd ha' been dead long enough ago."

Maddened with rage and pain, the monk, as soon as he could extricate himself from the almost stunned Napper, rose, and, muttering curses deep and low, hastened from the inn; not, however, without being followed by dame Bluster, promising him, as soon as ever Tom came back, she would let his reverence know. By this time many of the guests, startled from their repose by the continued noise, had joined the party, and, with their clothes thrown loosely on, their night-capped heads, and half-drowsy, half-affrighted countenances, added not a little to the ludicrous scene, as well as to the delight of dame Betty, who had thus several opportunities of relating the occurrence, with sundry additions and improvements—much to the mortification of the crest-fallen Napper. "Come, boh, come!" cried she turning to him, "you look mighty glum, but ne'er heed; anyhow, nobody can say you went to the wars, and came home without a scratch; by'r lady, ye've plenty of 'em—thanks to our old Tom, ha, ha, ha! But bad might be worse, an' a cup o' sack will set ye up—ye'll not go a cat-catching again in a hurry, I'm thinkin'; ha, ha, ha! Why, Kitty, maw!" turning to her daughter, "why, an thou have slept till now, with such a hallabaloo about thy ears, thou's as deaf as a post! come maw, bring some sack, and we'll drink long life to our old Tom, and success to his legs;" and again she burst out into laughter.

The cup and laugh went jovially round among the guests and soldiers, but their merriment was not of long continuance. The door, without the ceremony of knocking, was thrown violently open, and the Franciscan, followed by a much larger party of soldiers than before, again entered. "Old Tom aint back yet, ye'r

reverence," shouted Betty, "and ye have na been able to catch him, I reckon?" The monk scowled on her, but replied not; he advanced to the middle of the apartment. "Secure that man!" said he, addressing the soldiers, and pointing to Samson, who had at last with some difficulty, picked himself up, and hobbled into the room. "He is accessory to the flight or concealment of the traitor." "Oh, mercy, mercy, your reverence!" bawled Samson, "Oh Betty maw, save me, save me!" clinging to her; "Oh, your reverence! peeping out behind the ample folds of his wife's garments, I'll swear by the blessed wargin, by St. Nicholas, St. Benedict, St. George, St. Bridget—oh, by all the blessed saints that ever was, or ever will be, your reverence an' all, I never know'd nothing at all of his getting away! Oh, mercy, didn't I tell ye, an he were a witch, bolts an' bars would be nothing to him, an' sare enough we have just turned himself into the shape of our old black cat, and—" The allusion was unfortunate, and not likely to subdue the irritated feelings of the monk. "Do your duty," said he sharply, to the soldiers, as they seemed to hesitate. "Touch him, an' ye dar!" shouted Betty, snatching up a red-hot poker: "The first on ye as comes near him, I'll make ye remember it. Hould ye'r tongue, ye bellowing bull!" giving the unlucky Samson a kick with the back of her foot, "an ye'd been a-bed, an' fast asleep, instead of listening to lying monks, ye'd ha' been out o' this mess!" "Disarm that woman," cried the Franciscan. "Come on!" roared Betty, brandishing her weapon. Several of the guests rallied round her, and the conflict seemed likely to prove shart as well as hot. "I charge ye," shouted the enraged monk, "I charge ye, whoever assists that bel-dame, is abetting treason against the king!" The intimidated guests drew back, and poor Betty, left alone, like many other redoubtable champions, was at length overpowered by numbers. But, though her hands were confined, her tongue, woman's most powerful weapon, was not bound. "By'r lady! but its worthy of ye, ye cowardly warmint," cried she, "a monk, and half a dozen of ye, to catch an old cat, and three times the number to fight an old woman."

MY LAST CIGAR.—Late on the eve of the memorable battle of Waterloo, the regiment to which I belonged took up its position on that hard fought field, in front of Hougoumont, or, more properly speaking, the Chateau de Goumont, a strong farm house, and the keystone of the British line. The sun set red, ominously foretelling stormy weather, and about dark, the rain descended in torrents. Our situation, as may easily be conceived, was none of the most enviable, being totally destitute of tents or field materiel; we bivouacked in line, and here and there might be seen, through the murky gloom of night, men huddled together, trying to retain that animal heat so necessary to our existence, to say nothing of our comfort. A party of half a dozen of us gathered round a fire of half-ignited logs of wood, trying by every means ingenuity could invent to nurse it into a flame, and prevent the rain utterly drowning its genial influence. We were setting despondingly wet, and talking over our probable fates in to-morrow's fight, when, by some unaccountable influence, I put my hand into the side pocket of my grey top coat; I felt a something—I withdrew my hand with a mingled feeling of joy and fear—joy occasioned by the unlooked-for discovery—fear from a dread of being disappointed if I prosecuted my search without ultimate success; when, having essayed again, to my great delight and to the envy of my companions, I pulled out a cigar—my last cigar. I seized the high-ignited stick and applied it to the weed—alas! no smoke rewarded my efforts; I cursed my folly for so carelessly exposing it in my pocket: I wetted it, I rolled it, and unrolled it; in fact, I tried all the arts that smokers have invented to doctor a bad cigar, when, after half an hour's patient endeavour, I elicited a blue curling cloud from my last cigar. Happy moment! Though years have intervened, never have I forgotten that most ecstatic speck in the few hours of terrestrial happiness I have met with.—United Service Journal.

A DELICATE HINT.—A clergyman, well known for his hostility to scandal and scandal-dealers, happened to be at a party where, amongst others, there were a great many tea-drinking and gossiping old maids. However, during the presence of the revered gentleman, instead of their tongues moving as if afflicted with St. Vitus's Dance, each appeared to be laboring under the effects of a lock-jaw, scarcely a word in an hour being spoken amongst them. In an early part of the evening, the clergyman rose to depart, upon which a lively young lady asked him, why he was in such a hurry to withdraw? He immediately answered, "I go, fair maiden, in order to furnish the ladies, who have hitherto been silent, with a subject of conversation."

DESCRIPTION OF LAKE SUPERIOR.—Lake Superior, without the aid of any great effort of imagination, may be considered the inexhaustible spring from whence