

## Literature, &amp;c.

## The American Magazines.

## THE BRIDAL EVE.

A Legend from George Lippard, Esq.'s, Fourth Lecture on the "Romance of the Revolution," delivered before the William Wirt Institute, New York.

[This Legend was introduced by the Lecturer, as a contrast to one of his illustrations of the Hero-Women of the Revolution. The time of this legend was in the early part of the war, in 1776, during Arnold's command near Fort Edward, on the Hudson river.]

ONE summer night, the blaze of many lights streaming from the windows of an old mansion perched yonder among the rocks and woods, flashed far over the dark Waters of Lake Champlain.

In a quiet and comfortable chamber of that mansion, a party of British officers, sitting around a table spread with wines and viands, discussed a topic of some interest, if it was not the most important in the world, while the tread of the dancers shook the floor of the adjoining room.

Yes, while all was gaiety, and dance and music in the largest hall of the old mansion whose hundred lights glanced far over the waters of Champlain—here in this quiet room, with the cool evening breeze blowing in upon their faces through the opened windows, here this party of British officers had assembled to discuss their wines and their favorite topic.

That topic was the comparative beauty of the women of the world.

'As for me,' said a handsome young Ensign, 'I will match the voluptuous forms and dark eyes of Italy against the beauties of all the world.'

'And I,' said a bronzed old veteran, who had risen to a Colonelcy by his long service and hard fighting; 'and I have a pretty lass of a daughter there in England, whose blue eyes and flaxen hair would shame your tragic beauties of Italy into very ugliness.'

'I have served in India, as you all must know,' said the Major, who sat next to the veteran, 'and I will confess, that I never saw painting or statue, much less living woman, half so lovely as some of those Hindoo maidens, bending down with waterlilies in their hands; bending down by the light of torches, over the dark waves of the Ganges.'

And thus, one after another, Ensign, Colonel, and Major, had given their opinion, until that young American Refugee yonder, at the foot of the table, is left to decide the argument. That American—for I blush to say it—handsome young fellow as he is, with a face full of manly beauty, deep blue eyes, ruddy cheeks, and glossy brown hair, that American is a refugee, and a Captain in the British Army. He wore the handsome scarlet coat, the glittering epaulettes, lace ruffles on his bosom, and around his wrists.

'Come, Captain, pass the wine this way,' shouted the Ensign; 'pass the wine, and decide this great question! Which are the most beautiful; the red cheeks of Merry England, the dark eyes of Italy, or the graceful forms of Hindoostan?'

The Captain hesitated for a moment, and then tossing off a bumper of old Madeira, somewhat flushed as he was with wine, replied: 'Mould your three models of beauty, your English lass, your Italian queen, your Hindoo nymph, into one, and add to their charms a thousand graces of color, and form and feature, and I would not compare this perfection of loveliness for a single moment with the wild artless beauty of an American girl.'

'The laugh of the three officers for a moment drowned the echo of the dance in the next room. Compare his American milk-maid with the women of Italy.'

'Or the lass of England!'

'Or the graceful Hindoo girl!'

This laughing scorn of the British officers stung the handsome Refugee to the quick.

'Hark ye!' he cried, half rising from his seat, with a flushed brow, but a deep and deliberate voice; 'to-morrow I marry a wife; an American girl! To-night, at midnight too, that American girl will join the dancers in the next room. You shall see her—you shall judge for yourselves, whether the American woman is not the most beautiful in the world!'

There was something in the manner of the young Refugee, more in the nature of his information, that arrested the attention of his brother officers. For a moment they were silent.

'We have heard something of your marriage, Captain,' said the gay ensign; 'but we did not think it would occur so suddenly! Only think of it! To-morrow, you will be gone—settled—verdict brought in—sentence passed—a married man! But, tell me, how will your lady-love be brought to this house to-night? I thought she resided within the rebel lines?'

'She does reside there! But I have sent a messenger, a friendly Indian chief, on whom I can place the utmost dependence, to bring her from her present home, at dead of night through the forest, to this mansion. He is to return by twelve; it is now half-past eleven.'

'Friendly Indian!' echoed the veteran Colonel; 'rather an odd guardian for a pretty woman! Quite an original idea of a *Duenna*, I vow!'

'And you will match this lady against all the world for beauty?' said the Major.

'Yes! and if you do not agree with me, this hundred guineas which I lay upon the table, shall serve our mess for wines, for a month to come! But if you do agree with me—as with-

out a doubt you will—then you are to replace this gold with an hundred guineas of your own.'

'Agreed! It is a wager!' chorused the Colonel and the two other officers.

And at that moment, while the door-way was thronged by fair ladies and gay officers, attracted from the next room by the debate, as that young Refugee stood with one hand resting upon the little pile of gold, his ruddy face grew suddenly pale as a shroud, his blue eyes dilated until they were each encircled by a line of white enamel, he remained standing there, as if frozen to stone.

'Why, Captain, what is the matter?' cried the Colonel, starting up in alarm; 'do you see a ghost that you stand gazing there at the black wall?'

The other officers also started up in alarm, and asked the cause of this singular demeanor, but still for the space of a minute or more, the Refugee Captain stood there, more like a dead man, suddenly recalled to life, than a living being.

That moment past, he sat down with a cold shiver; made a strong effort as if to command his reason; and then gave utterance to a forced laugh.

'Ha, ha! see how I've frightened you!' he said, and then laughed that cold, unnatural, hollow laugh again.

And yet, half an hour from that time, he freely confessed the nature of the horrid picture which he had seen drawn upon that black, wainscotted wall, as if by some supernatural hand.

But now, with the wine cup in his hand he turned from one comrade to another, uttering some forced jest, or looking towards the door way, crowded by officers and ladies he gaily invited them to share in this remarkable argument: Which were the most beautiful women in the World?

As he spoke, the hour struck.

Twelve o'clock was there, and with it a footstep, and then a bold Indian form came urging through the crowd of ladies thronging yonder door-way.

Silently, his arms folded on his war-blanket, a look of calm stoicism on his dusky brow, the Indian advanced along the room and stood at the head of the table. There was no lady with him!

Where is the fair girl? She who is to be the Bride to-morrow? Perhaps the Indian has left her in the next-room, or in one of the other halls of the old mansion, or perhaps—but the thought is a foolish one, she has refused to obey her lover's request, refused to come to meet him!

There was something awful in the deep silence, that reigned through the room, as the solitary Indian stood there, at the head of the table, gazing silently in the lover's face.

'Where is she?' at last gasped the Refugee. 'She has not refused to come! Tell me has any accident befallen her by the way! I know the forest is dark, and the wild path most difficult, tell me where is the lady for whom I sent you into the Rebel lines?'

For a moment, as the strange horror of that lover's face was before him, the Indian was silent. Then, as his answer seemed trembling on his lips, the ladies in yonder door-way, the officers from the ball-room, and the party round the table, formed a group around the two central figures—that Indian standing at the head of the table, his arms folded in his war blanket—that young officer, half rising from his seat, his lips parted, his face ashy, his clenched hands resting on the dark mahogany of the table.

The Indian answered first by an action then by a word.

First the action: Slowly drawing his right hand from his war blanket, he held it in the light. That right hand clutched with blood stained fingers a bleeding scalp, and long and beautiful dark hair!

Then came the word: 'Young warrior sent the red man for the scalp of the pale faced squaw! Here it is!'

Yes, the rude savage had mistaken his message! instead of bringing the bride to her lover's arms, he had gone on his way determined to bring the scalp of the victim to the grasp of her pale face enemy.

Not even a groan disturbed the deep silence of that dreadful moment. Look there! The lover rises, presses that long hair—so black, so glossy, so beautiful—to his heart, and then—as though a huge weight, falling on his brain, had crushed him, fell with one dead sound on the hard floor.

He lay there—still, and pale, and cold—his clenched right hand hard still clutching the bloody scalp and the long dark hair falling in glossy tresses over the floor!

This was his bridal eve!

Now tell me my friends, you who have heard some silly and ignorant pretender pitifully complain of the destination of Legend, Poetry, Romance, which characterises our National History—tell me did you ever read a tradition of England, or France, or Italy, or Spain, or any land under the Heavens, that might in point of awful tragedy, compare the simple history of David Jones and Jane M'Crea? For it is but a scene from this narrative, with which you have all been familiar from childhood, that I have given you.

When that bride-groom, flung there on the floor, with the bloody scalp and long dark tresses in his hands, arose again to the terrible consciousness of life—these words trembled from his lips, in a faint and husky whisper.

'Do you remember how, half an hour ago, I stood there—by the table—silent and pale and horror stricken—while you all started upon me, asking me what horrid sight I saw? Then, oh then I beheld the horrid scene—that home

yonder by the Hudson river, mounting to Heaven in smoke and flames! The red forms of Indians going to and fro, amid flame and smoke—tomahawks and torch in hand! There, amid dead bodies and smoking embers, I beheld her form—my bride—for whom I had sent the messenger—kneeling, pleading for mercy, even as the tomahawk crashed into her brain!'

As the horrid picture again came o'er his mind, he sank senseless again, still clutching that terrible memorial—the bloody scalp and long black hair!

That was an awful Bridal Eve!

From the Knickerbocker.

## PETER FUNK'S REVENGE.

BY HARRY FRANCO.

WALKING down Broadway a few mornings since, I discovered a man stationed opposite a store, which had a small red flag hanging at the door, with a large muslin banner, impended from a tall staff, which he held, on which was inscribed this strange device: 'Beware of Mock Auctions!' Upon inquiry, I learned that this was intended as a caution to Peter Funk, and a warning to strangers not to part with their money without getting its full value in return. Upon further inquiry, I learned that this ingenious and benevolent enterprise has been suggested by His Honor the Mayor, who in many other ways has entitled himself to the gratitude of our citizens.

I had often heard of Peter Funk, but had never seen the gentleman, and having a curiosity that way, determined to make the acquaintance of so noted a person. I accordingly entered the store, and saw a person dressed in very good style, with a satin scarf and gold chain, standing behind a counter, with a small hammer in his hand. He was a young man, with an air of the most entire self-satisfaction, and nothing seemed to give him any uneasiness excepting the 'Beware!' on the side-walk, which not only kept bidders from entering the store, but caused a crowd of gaping idlers and ragged news-boys to collect around his door. He had watches, chains and other trinkets, which he seemed anxious to sell to the highest bidder, but nobody would bid.

In one of the pauses of his continuous and commingled exhortations to the crowd 'to walk in and secure a great bargain,' I asked him if he was a regularly licensed auctioneer, and was told that he was, and that furthermore, he had always conducted his business in the most honorable manner, and could produce first-rate recommendations from his last employer. This might be true or it might not, but Mr. Funk impressed me with the idea that he was an ill-used gentleman. If Mr. Funk enjoyed any immunities to commit crime, like Mr. Nobody and other personages who are often spoken of but never seen, it would be very just in our civic Aristides to warn the public against his mal-practices. But Mr. Funk assured me that he was amenable to the laws, like any other merchant, and that he wouldn't grumble at paying the penalty of any crime of which he might be convicted; and he thought it a little peculiar, to say the least of it, that he should be selected out from among the fraternity of tradesmen, to be victimized. 'However,' said Mr. Funk, thrusting his hammer into his coat-pocket, 'walk into my back office, Mister, and if I don't make your hair stand on end I am a demijohn, and no mistake!'

This was making rather free with a stranger; but there was something in the gentleman's manner which interested me, and I followed him, through a small door in the partition, into his den, which was ornamented by an engraving of a lady in a satin gown, that, viewed at a certain distance, looked like a white horse rearing on his hind legs. There were two or three choice works of arts beside, including a French snuff-box with a highly objectionable picture in the inside of the cover, indicative of Mr. Funk's taste in such matters. Having lighted a cigar and offered me one, which he assured me was a 'splendid regalia, and no mistake,' he seated himself in his arm-chair and unfolded the following stupendous plan for revenging his own wrongs, and at the same time doing a good turn to his fellow citizens.

'My legal adviser,' said Mr. Funk, 'tells me I can recover immense damages from the Mayor, for injury done to my business, by his bewaring strangers from my store; but,' continued Mr. Funk, as he knocked the ashes from the end of his cigar with his jewelled little finger, in a manner which Prince Albert might be proud of, 'I have thought of a plan which knocks that into all sorts of cocked hats. But wait a bit, there's a countryman.'

The countryman only put one foot into the store and immediately withdrew it; so Mr. Funk at once resumed his seat and his cigar, and went on:

'Here's my programmy,' said Mr. Funk, 'I am getting up some 'Bewares' myself and a most immense sensation I'll produce with them, I assure you. First, I will have a large banner carried by a Kentucky giant opposite the City Hall, with this inscription in bloody red letters: 'Beware of Lawyers.'

'Opposite Trinity church, at the head of Wall street, I will station another, to be carried by a lame individual, with this inscription in gilt letters: 'Beware of Fancy Stocks!' At the corner of Park Place and Broadway I'll have a flashy gentleman carrying a black and white banner with this motto: 'Beware of Blacklegs!' Then I'll have a flying regiment of boys with pink silk flags bearing this inscription: 'Ladies, Beware of French Millinery and Fancy Goods!' and these shall run up and down Broadway every day between twelve and two, and whenever they see a carriage full of ladies,

they shall keep flapping the flags in their faces. Another banner shall be stationed opposite the hotels and coffee houses, with this inscription in blue capitals: 'Beware of Cocktails and Brandy Smashers!'

'Opposite the publishers' shop I will have a young woman in a night-cap, holding a banner with these words in gambol: 'To Readers; Beware of Trash!'

I confessed to Mr. Funk that I was struck with the novelty of his plan, and hoped he would not lay himself open to a prosecution for libel; and I cautioned him to be very careful not to insinuate anything against our 'free institutions.'

'Perhaps you mean the House of Detention?' said Mr. Funk, inquiringly. I then explained to him what I did mean, and to my great surprise found that his mind had been so much affected by the well meant-expedient of the civic authorities for driving customers away from his store, that he could not comprehend my meaning at all; and instead of expressing any reverence for our institutions, he pronounced an opinion which I should be very sorry to repeat even at second hand. Mr. Funk then told me that he had given an order for no less than five hundred standards, to be emblazoned with these remarkable words, 'Beware of Humbugs!' But my respect for authority and learning will not admit of naming the places where these banners were to be displayed. The invention of Mr. Funk could only be equalled by his malignity. What could have been more maliciously inappropriate, than to station a punkin-headed effigy, in a black coat, bearing one of these standards painted in harlequin letters, before the residence of Professor —? Or to put a man of straw, with a similar standard, painted in green capitals, before the office of Dr. —

'It was at last prudent in you, Mr. Funk,' I said, 'not to station any of your 'beware's' before the doors of our city presses; the gentlemen who conduct them, you are aware, cannot be abused with impunity.'

'Poh! poh!' replied this unprincipled person see here.' And so saying, he unrolled a paper which lay before him, upon which was emblazoned in miniature a dozen or two of banners, to be paraded before the doors of some of our most highly-esteemed friends. My blood curdled at the sight or at least it would have done so, if any thing could have caused such a phenomenon. Here was a banner for the 'Virtuous Virgil,' inscribed with these words: 'Beware of Venality!' The 'Morning Glory,' was honored with this wholly unmeaning affiche, 'Beware of Blusters!' while the 'Evening Vesper' was destined to the signalized with this detestable insinuation: 'Beware of Soft Crabs!' than which nothing could be more vile, its conductors being universally known as two of the hardest customers about town. The 'Weekly Wonder' and this entirely unmeaning standard assigned to it, which was to be borne by a gentleman in a clean shirt, with an inflated bladder in one pocket and an empty bottle in the other, the letters in deep blue: 'Beware of False Witnesses!'

This was too bad. I could listen to Mr. Funk no longer without losing my self-respect. I therefore rose and spoke to him as mildly as my feeling would allow, as follows:

'I perceive, Sir, that you richly merit the character which you bear in this community. I believe that you were an injured individual, but the mayor knew you better than I did, when he sent a cohort of paupers into Broadway, with banners to 'beware' simpleminded people from your door. It will be a lesson to me in future to mistrust my own judgment when it comes in conflict with the decisions of those having authority. Let me say to you, beware! Beware how you cast suspicion against respectable citizens who are engaged in advancing their own interests; seek some honest employment, and when the authorities endeavor to undermine your business and drive customers from your shops, remember that they did it for the public good, and do not seek revenge by depriving honest men of their means of growing rich.'

Contrary to my expectation, this speech, instead of an apology only drew a laugh from Mr. Funk, who lighted another cigar, and exclaimed:

'Go it while you young! I have no disposition to be too harsh toward you,' I said, 'and therefore I will commend you for not uttering a 'beware' derogatory to the clergy, who are generally made a bait of by men like yourself.'

'Wait a bit,' said Mr. Funk, leaping from his chair. 'I suppose there can be no harm in quoting Scripture?'

'(Of course not,' I said.

'Well, then, what do you think of this, for the Gothic churches?' and he unrolled a large black banner, inscribed with white letters:

'Beware of Wolves in Sheep's Clothing!'

## OPERATIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE Lecture on PRINTING delivered by Mr. Wallace before the Typographical Society of New York, was one of the best efforts of the eloquent Kentuckian. The operations of the Press he divided into two great branches: one embracing the *Newspaper*, the other the *Book*. 'It is difficult,' said he, 'to assign to either the palm of superiority; so wide, so deep, and so lofty; so beneficial, so glorious and so majestic are the efforts of both. Look back and behold the millions of readers who have existed since the first form was imposed! Look forward and see the millions who are to be delighted and controlled by the press through the shadowy lapses of coming centuries!—Who hath the arm to measure the vast domain of this