

Port's Corner.

[From the Yankee Blade.]

SOME NEW QUESTIONS TO AN OLD TUNE.

Gin a Briton meet a Russian
Looking rather shy,
To come down upon the Russian
Won't the Briton try?

Gin a Russian aim at Turkey
While a Briton's nigh,
When the Russian sees the Briton
Won't the Russian fly?

Gin Sir Charley in the Baltic
Should a Russian spy,
Won't Sir Charley at the Russian
Have—at once—a shy?

Gin a Russian 'gainst a Briton
Shall his utmost try,
Ere he truckles to the Russian
Won't the Briton die?

THE CLOCK-CASE.

A Confession Found in a Prison in the Time of Charles the Second.

I held a lieutenant's commission in His Majesty's Army, and served abroad in the campaigns of 1677 and 1678. The treaty of Nimeguen being concluded, I returned home, and retiring from the service withdrew to a small estate lying a few miles east of London, which I had recently acquired in right of my wife.

This is the last night I have to live, and I will set down the naked truth without disguise. I was never a brave man, and had always been from my childhood of a secret, sullen, distrustful nature. I speak of myself as if I had passed from the world, for while I write this my grave is digging and my name is written in the black book of death.

Soon after my return from England, my brother was seized with mortal illness. This circumstance gave me slight or no pain, for since we had been men we had associated but very little together. He was open-hearted and generous, handsomer than I, more accomplished, and generally beloved. Those who sought my acquaintance abroad or at home because they were his, seldom attached themselves to me long, and would usually say in our first conversation that they were surprised to find two brothers so unlike in their manners and appearance. It was my habit to lead them on to his avowal, for I knew what comparisons they must draw between us, and having a rankling envy in my heart, I sought to justify it to myself.

We had married two sisters. This additional tie between us, as it may appear to some, only estranged us the more. His wife knew me well, never struggled with any secret jealousy or gall when she was present but that woman knew it as well as I did. I never raised my eyes at such times, but I found hers fixed upon me; I never went out on the ground or looked another way, but I felt that she overlooked me always. It was an inexpressible relief to me when we quarrelled, and a greater relief still when I heard abroad that he was dead. It seems to me now as if some range and terrible foreshadowing of what has happened since, must have hung over us then. I was afraid of her, she haunted me, her fixed and ready look comes back upon me now like the memory of a dark dream and makes my blood run cold.

She died shortly after giving birth to a child—a boy. When my brother knew that all hope of his recovery was past, he called my wife to his bedside and confided this orphan child of four years old, to her protection. He bequeathed to him the property he had, and willed that in case of the child's death it should pass to my wife as the only acknowledgment he could make her for her care and love. He exchanged a few brotherly words with me deploring our long separation, and being exhausted, fell into a slumber from which he never awoke.

We had no children, and as there had been a long affection between the sisters, and my wife almost supplied the place of a mother to this boy, she loved him as if he had been her own. The child was ardently attached to her; but he as his mother's image in face and spirit, and always mistrusted me.

I can scarcely fix the date when the feeling first came upon me, but I soon began to be uneasy upon this child was by. I never roused myself from some moody train of thought but I marked him looking at me; not with mere childish wonder, but with something of the purpose of meaning at I had so often noted in his mother. It was no fort of my fancy, founded on close resemblance

of feature and expression. I never could look the boy down. He feared me, but seemed by some instinct to despise me while he did so; and even when he drew back beneath my gaze—as he would when we were alone, to get nearer to the door—he would keep his bright eyes upon me still.

Perhaps I hide the truth from myself, but I do not think that when this began, I meditated to do him any wrong. I may have thought how serviceable his inheritance would be to us, and may have wished him dead, but I believe I had no thought of compassing his death. Neither did the idea come upon me at once, but by very slow degrees, presenting itself at first in dim shapes at a very great distance, as men may think of an earthquake or the last day—then drawing nearer and nearer and losing something of its horror and improbability—then coming to be part and parcel, nay nearly the whole sum and substance of my daily thoughts, and resolving itself into a question of means and safety; not of doing or abstaining from the deed.

While this was going on within me, I never could bear that the child should see me looking at him, and yet I was under a fascination which made it a kind of business with me to contemplate his slight and fragile figure and think how easily it might be done. Sometimes I would steal up stairs and watch him as he slept, but usually I hovered in the garden near the window of the room in which he learnt his little tasks, and there as he sat upon a low seat beside my wife, I would peer at him for hours together from behind a tree; starting like the guilty wretch I was at every rustling of a leaf, and still gliding back to look and start again.

Hard by our cottage, but quite out of sight, and (if there were any wind astir) of hearing too, was a deep sheet of water. I spent days in shaping with my pocket-knife a rough model of a boat, which I finished at last and drooped in the child's way. Then I withdrew to a secret place which he must pass if he stole away alone to swim this bauble, and lurked there for his coming. He came neither that day nor the next, though I waited from noon till nightfall. I was sure that I had him in my net, for I had heard him prattling of the toy, and knew that in his infant pleasure he kept it by his side in bed. I felt no weariness or fatigue, but waited patiently, and on the third day he passed me, running joyously along, with his silken hair streaming in the wind, and he singing—God have mercy upon me!—singing a merry ballad—who could hardly lip the words.

I stole down after him, creeping under certain shrubs which grow in that place, and none but devils know with what terror I, a strong full grown man, tracked the footsteps of that baby as he approached the water's brink. I was close upon him, had sunk upon my knee and raised my hand to thrust him in, when he saw my shadow in the stream and turned him round.

His mother's ghost was looking from his eyes. The sun burst from behind a cloud; it shone in the bright sky, the glistening earth, the clear water, the sparkling drops of rain upon the leaves. There were eyes in everything. The whole great universe of light was there to see the murder done. I know not what he said; he came of bold and manly blood, and child as he was, he did not crouch and fawn upon me. I heard him cry that he would try to love me—not that he did—and then I saw him running back towards the house. The next I saw was my own sword naked in my hand, and he lying at my feet stark dead—dabbled here and there with blood, but otherwise no different from what I had seen him in his sleep—in the same attitude too, with his cheek resting upon his little hand.

I took him in my arms and laid him—very gently, now that he was dead—in a thicket. My wife was from home that day and would not return until the next. Our bed-room window, the only sleeping room on that side of the house, was but a few feet from the ground, and I resolved to descend from it at night and bury him in the garden. I had no thought that I had failed in my design, no thought that the water would be dragged and nothing found, that the money must now lie waste since I must encourage the idea that the child was lost or stolen. All my thoughts were bound up and knotted together, in the one absorbing necessity of what I had done.

How I felt when they came to tell me that the child was missing, when I ordered scouts in all directions, when I gasped and trembled at every one's approach, no tongue can tell or mind of man conceive. I buried him that night. When I parted the boughs and looked into the dark thicket, there was a glow-worm shining like the visible spirit of God upon the murdered child. I glanced down into his grave when I had placed him

there, and still it gleamed upon his breast; an eye of fire looking up to Heaven in supplication to the stars that watched me at my work.

I had to meet my wife, and break the news, and give her hopes that the child would soon be found. All this I did—with some appearance, I suppose, of being sincere, for I was the object of no suspicion. This done, I sat at the bedroom window all day long, and watched the spot where the dreadful secret lay.

It was in a piece of ground which had been dug up to be newly turfed, and which I had chosen on that account, as the traces of my spade were less likely to attract attention. The men who laid down the grass must have thought me mad. I called to them continually to expedite their work, ran out and worked beside them, trod down the turf with my feet, and hurried them with frantic eagerness. They had finished their task before night, and then I thought myself comparatively safe.

I slept—not as men do who wake refreshed and cheerful, but I did sleep, passing from vague and shadowy dreams of being hunted down, to visions of the plot of grass through which now a hand and now a foot and the head itself was starting out. At this point I always woke and stole to the window to make sure that it was not really so. That done I crept to bed again, and thus I spent the night in fits and starts, getting up and lying down full twenty times, and dreaming the same dream over and over again—which was far worse than lying awake, for every dream had a whole night's suffering of its own. Once I thought the child was alive, and that I had never tried to kill him. To wake from that dream was the most dreadful agony of all.

Next day I sat at the window again, never once taking my eyes off the spot, which although it was covered by the grass, was as plain to me—its shape, its size, its depth, its jagged sides, and all—as if it had been open to the light of day. When a servant walked across it, I felt as if he must sink in! when he had passed I looked to see that his feet had not worn the edges. If a bird lighted there, I was in terror lest by some tremendous interposition it should be instrumental in the discovery; if a breath of air sighed across it, to me it whispered murder. There was no sigh or sound how ordinary mean or unimportant soever, but was fraught with fear. And in this state of ceaseless watching I spent three days.

On the fourth, there came to the gate one who had served with me abroad, accompanied by a brother officer of his whom I had never seen. I felt that I could not bear to be out of sight of the place. It was a summer evening, and I bid my people take a table and a flask of wine into the garden. Then I sat down with my chair on the grave, and being assured that nobody could disturb it now, without my knowledge, tried to drink and talk.

They hoped that my wife was well—that she was not obliged to keep her chamber—that they had not frightened her away. What could I do but tell them with a faltering tongue about the child? The officer whom I did not know, was a down-looking man, and kept his eyes upon the ground while I was speaking. Even that terrified me! I could not divest myself of the idea that he saw something there which caused him to suspect the truth. I asked him hurriedly if he supposed that—and stopped. "That the child has been murdered?" said he looking mildly at me. "Oh, no! what could a man gain by murdering a poor child?" I could have told him what a man gained by such a deed, no one better, but I held my peace and shivered as with an ague.

Mistaking my emotion, they were endeavoring to cheer me with the hope that the boy would certainly be found—great cheer that was for me—when we heard a deep howl, and presently there sprung over the wall two great dogs, who bounding into the garden repeated the baying sound we had heard before.

"Blood-hounds!" cried the visitors.

What need to tell me that! I had never seen one of that kind in all my life, but I knew what they were and for what purpose they had come. I grasped the elbows of my chair, and neither spoke nor moved.

"They are of the genuine breed," said the man whom I had known abroad, "and being out for exercise have no doubt escaped from their keeper."

Both he and his friend turned to look at the dogs, with their noses to the ground moved restlessly about, running to and fro, up and down, and across, and round in circles, careering about like wild things, and all this time taking no notice of us, but ever and again lifting their heads and repeating the yell we had heard already, then dropping their noses to the ground again, and tracking

earnestly here and there. They now began to sniff the earth more eagerly than they had done yet, and although they were still very restless, no longer beat about in such wide circuits, but kept near to one spot, and constantly diminished the distance between themselves and me.

At last they came up close to the great chair on which I sat, and raising their frightful howl once more, tried to tear away the wooden rails that kept them from the ground beneath. I saw how I looked, in the faces of the two who were with me.

"They scent some prey," said they, both together.

"They scent no prey!" cried I.

"In Heaven's name move," said the one I knew very earnestly, "or you will be torn to pieces."

"Let them tear me limb from limb, I'll never leave this place!" cried I. "Are dogs to hurry men to shameful deaths? Hew them down, cut them in pieces."

"There is some foul mystery here!" said the officer whom I did not know, drawing his sword. "In King Charles's name assist me to secure this man."

They both set upon me, and forced me away, though I fought and bit, and caught at them like a madman. After a struggle they got me quietly between them, and then, my God! I saw the angry dogs tearing at the earth and throwing it up into the air like water.

What more have I to tell? That I fell upon my knees, and with chattering teeth confessed the truth and prayed to be forgiven. That I have since denied and now confessed to it again. That I have not the courage to anticipate my doom or to bear up manfully against it. That I have no compassion, no consolation, no hope, no friend. That my wife has happily lost for the time those faculties which would enable her to know my misery or hers. That I am alone in this stone dungeon with my evil spirit, and that I die to-morrow!

ABSURDITIES OF FASHION.

A late traveller on the Danube, was struck with the crowd of new carriages on board the steamboat and on making inquiry, learned that they were destined for Bucharest. He was told that every Wallachian gentleman, able to keep a carriage at all considered it indispensable to have a new one annually, whether the old one was worn out or not; and that no carriage would answer, unless it was made at Vienna, and transported by steamboat; that being the costliest method of taking it to Bucharest.

We naturally laugh at the absurdity of such a fashion, and ask, with the traveller, why coaches made at Bucharest, by manufacturers from Vienna would not answer the purpose of the Wallachians. Yet are not we Americans, though far superior to the Wallachians generally in civilization, guilty of fashionable follies quite as ridiculous? We have actually seen coaches from the French capital sold for prices far above their worth, simply because the purchaser imagined they must be better than American ones, though it is notorious to all familiar with manufactures of this description that no coach makers in the world equal our own in the combined lightness and stability of their vehicles of all varieties.

So also in matters of dress. A French bonnet will sell for twenty-five dollars, when one made here, upon the same pattern, and with similar materials will not bring half that sum. French fashions are all the rage, no matter how absurd. A few months ago, Louis Napoleon re-established trains at court, and already our would-be aristocracy are wearing trains too. Frequently in imitating Parisian styles, we exaggerate them or apply them where they are entirely unsuitable, and thus out Herod Herod. The lady of Louisville, Kentucky, who appeared in the muddy streets there, the other day, wearing an enormous train, which a little black page supported, furnished an illustration of this; instead of copying court fashions she only caricatured them. The Empress Eugenie would no more think of wearing her court mantle in the street, than she would of going up and down the Boulevards, with her crown on her head, like the queen in the story-book. Another frequent example of the absurd manner in which French fashions are applied here, is the wearing of carriage bonnets for promenade, or the going out shopping, in the morning, in rich silks and dinner costume. The attire of the Parisian lady is, at worst, suitable for the occasion; but American ladies copy indiscriminately their foreign models.

Throughout our whole social life may be seen similar absurd imitations of European customs, which being totally inapplicable to our condition make us the laughing-stock of intelligent Frenchmen. Our fashionable people eat, sleep, and rise up, at hours suitable to an idle aristocracy, and not at those indispensable to man in active business.