

## THE CLOCKMAKER.

(From the London Times.)

The volume containing the third series of the sayings and doings of that very amusing and instructive individual, Samuel Slick, of Slickville, has just been published. No modern book can give a better insight into the politics, prejudices, manners, modes of thinking and acting of the inhabitants of the United States than this. Samuel Slick knows his countrymen well, has discernment to see their faults and failings, honesty enough to avow his own opinions, and wit enough to make his discernment and his honesty available to the purposes of exposure, rebuke, and amendment. He is the shrewdest traveller through the 'States' that has yet perambulated the 'whereabouts' of Jonathan. He has penetrated all the retirements of his fellow-countrymen, and has performed a most worthy office to them in holding up for their inspection and improvement a mirror in which are reflected all their absurdities, illiberality, narrow-mindedness, and ignorance. Samuel Slick is to the inhabitants of the United States what Hotspur was to the chivalry of England—

"The glass,

and, though he has no 'speaking thick,' yet he discourses in a most amusing vernacular of many districts, which adds much to the effect of his observations. In this respect his countrymen have no necessity to 'turn their own perfection to abuse to seem like him.' It is his integrity of purpose which they ought to keep in view, and his straightforward exposition of cant, pretence, and assumption by which they ought to profit. Samuel Slick has, in this volume, and those by which it was preceded, conferred a boon on his countrymen and a benefit on Englishmen. He is alike equal to great and little subjects, can expose great and little abuses with equal facility. Not a page of his narrative can be read without improvement of some kind or other. On the subject of the patriotism of his countrymen, he is, as will be seen by the following extract, to use his own language, 'up to snuff'—

"Lord, I shall never forget a rise I once took out of an old colonel to Bangor, the Hon. Colonel Corncock. He rose to be a general afterwards, but then he was only a kurnel, and it's very odd, but you can tell a kurnel as far as you can see him. They're all got a kind of schoolmaster look, as much as to say, I am bothered to death with my boys, and will walk the first one I catch like blazes that comes with it. 'Please, Sir, may I go out,' 'Master, here's Pete ascrudgein,' and so on. It's all wrote as plain in their face as a handbill. Well, he was ravin' about the disputed territory, a bloin' up Mr. Harvey, the Governor of New Brunswick, sky high, and sayin' what he would do agin' the Britishers; and at last he says, a-turnin' to me and rollin' up his eyes like a duck in thunder, 'Mr. Slick,' says he, 'dulce est pro patria mori.' 'What in natur' is that?' says I, 'general, for I've forgot what little Latin minister learned me to night school, and, in fact, I never was any great shakes at it, that's a fact.' 'Why,' says he, 'it's a sweet thing to die for one's country.' 'Well, I don't know,' says I, 'what you may think, but somehow or another I kinder think it's a plaguy sight sweeter thing to live by one's country; and besides,' says I, 'I don't translate that Latin line that way at all.' 'Possible,' says he, 'I don't see no other meanin' to it at all.' 'I do then,' says I, 'and this is the way I turn it into English—'mori,' the more I get; 'pro patria,' by the country; 'dulce est,' the sweeter it is. And that's what I call patriotism in these days. Says he, and he looked all round to see nobody was within hearin', and then putting his finger on his nose, says he 'Mr. Slick, I see you are up to snuff, and that it ain't easy to pull the wool over your eyes; but, atween you and me, and the post, it wouldn't be a bad thing to be on full pay as a general for the winter months, when a body can't do no business in the timber line at home, would it? and my two sons on the staff, one on 'em with the rank of captain, and the other of major; do you take?' 'To be sure I do,' says I, 'I take well enough, and if them Maine folks will be such Almighty maniacs, as I call 'em, as to send out troops to the Brunswick line, you'd be a fool if you didn't make your nest out of them as well as any body else—that's a fact.' 'But Mr. Slick,' says he, 'Mum's the word, you know; keep dark about it, and I'll tell you how to put the lead into folks.' And then turning round and puttin' himself into the fix of Webster, Clay, and sum of them great guns, he made as if he was addressin' of an assembly of citizens. 'Now,' said he, 'I'll show you how I'll talk into them about the boundary. Will you sell your birthright, my fellow citizens? Will you sell your birthright to the proud and insolent British? I await your answer. Will none speak? Then none will be so base. Will you tamely submit to have your sacred soil polluted by benighted foreigners? No. Let Maine answer indignantly, No! Let Florida echo it back; let the mountains and valleys, the lakes and the rivers, take it up, and reverberate in thunder 'No.' No, fellow citizens; let us rather rally round the star-spangled banner of our great and glorious country. Let us, choosing that day consecrated to fame by the blood and heroism of our ancestors—the great day of independence—plant our flag on the territory, and rampart it round with the bodies of our free and enlightened citizens. Dulce est pro patria mori, and then he burst into a larin', and staggered like over to the sophy, and laid down, and haw-hawed like thunder."

All this is admirably told, and worthy of the perusal of the patriots on both sides the Atlantic. The following description of one "Tarnal Death" has, fortunately, nothing to do with politics or patriotism, but is so full of drollery that it will make most readers laugh heartily:—

"I mind a trick played once on old 'Tarnal Death,' as we called Captain Ebenezer Fathom, the skipper I went to the South Sea with. He know'd every inch of the American coast as well as he did his own cabin; and whenever he throw'd the lead and looked at what sort of bottom it showed, he know'd at well where he was as if he was in sight of land. He did beat all, that's a fact, and proper proud he was of it, too, a boastin' and a crackin' of it for everlastingly. So, afore I goes aboard, off I slips to a sandpit on Polly Coffin's batterments, where they get sand for the Boston iron foundries, and fills a bag with it and puts it away in my trunk. Well, we was gone the matter of three years on that ere voyage afore we reached home; and as we near'd the Nantucket coast Captain Ebenezer comes down to the cabin and turns in, and says he, 'Sam,' says he, 'we are in soundings now, I calculate; run on till 12 o'clock, and then heave to and throw the lead, for it is as dark as Comingo, and let me see what it fetches up, and tarnal death! I'll tell you to the sixteenth part of an inch what part of the thirteen united universal worlds we be in.' 'What will you bet,' said I, 'you do?' 'I'll bet you a pound of the best Varginy pigtail,' says he; 'for I'm out of bacey this week past, and have been chewing oakum until my jaws fairly stick together with

the tar. Yesterday, when you turn'd in, I throw'd out a signal of distress and brought a Britisher down upon us five miles out of his way; but, cuss him, when he found out I only wanted a pig of tobacco, he swore like tarnal gulls and hauled his wind right off. What all vengeance and hauled his wind right off. What tarnal gulls and fools they be, ain't they? Yes, I'll bet you a pound of the best.' 'Done,' says I, 'I'll go my you a pound of the best; for I never will believe no death on it you don't tell; for I never will believe no soul can steer by the lead, for sand is sand everywhere, and who can tell the difference?' 'Any fool,' says he, 'with half an eye, in the pitchiest, inkyest, lampblackiest night that ever was created. I didn't get here into the cabin by jumpin' through the skylight, as national officers do, but worked my way in from before the mast. Tarnal death to me! a man that don't know soundings when he sees it, is fit for nothin' but to bait shark hooks with. Soundings, eh! Why I was born in soundings, sarked my time in soundings, and a pretty superfine fool I must be if I don't know 'em. Come, make yourself scarce, for I am sleepy.' He was asnorin' afore I was out of the cabin. Well, at 12 o'clock, we heve to, and sure enough found sand at 50 fathoms, as he said we would. What does I do but goes and takes another lead and dips it into the water to wet it, and then stirs it in the bag of sand I had stowed away in my trunk, and then goes and wakens up the skipper. 'Hollo, shipmate,' says I, 'here's the lead; we have got a sandy bottom in fifty fathom, as you said.' 'Exactly,' says he, 'didn't I tell you so? I can feel my way all along the coast when it's so dark you can't hear yourself speak. I know every foot of it, as well as if I made it myself. Give me the lead.' As soon as he took it and look'd at it, he jumped right up an end in bed. 'Hollo!' said he, 'what the devil's this? Give me my specs, that's a good feller, for I dont see as well as I used to did.' So I goes to the table, and hands him his spectacles, and says I, 'I knew you couldn't tell no more than any one else by the lead. That ere boast of yours was a bam and nothin' else. I'll trouble you for your pound of Varginy pigtail; just enter it in the log, will you?' 'Heavens and airth!' said he, a mutterin' to himself, 'old Nantuck is sunk; an earthquake, by gum! What a dreadful pretty piece of business this is!' He looked as white as chalk; his eyes started most out of his head, and his hair looked a hundred ways for Sunday. Lord! how frightful he looked, and was quite on-fuklised. 'Tarnal death to me,' says he, 'bring the candle here again; and then he wiped his eyes first and then his specs, and took another long look at it, as steady as if he was a drawing a bead on it fine with his rifle. After a space he jumps right out of bed on the floor, and bawls out as loud as thunder to the hands on deck—'Bout ship, boys!' said he, 'bout ship, for your lives, as quick as wink! Old Nantuck has gone for it as sure as rats, it has by gosh! I hope I may die this blessed instant minute of time if that ere lead hasn't gone right slap into old Polly Coffin's sand hole. What a spot o' work is this! Poor old Nantuck!' and he was just ready to cry a'most, he seemed so sorry. 'Stop,' says I, 'Captain, I'm most afeard I've made a mistake; I do believe I've gin you the wrong lead; look at this'—a handin' up to him and a showin' of him the right one. 'Ah!' says he, fust a smilin' and then bustin' out into a hoss laugh, 'you thought to catch me, Sammy, did you my boy? but it's more nor you nor any livin' soul can. None o' you can put the lead into me where soundings is concerned; I defy all creation to do that. Nothin' but an earthquake can do that. Let her oh two points, and hold on that way till daylight! Nobody had better not go foofin' with me; and then he swung round and fixed for a nap agin, makin' a chucklin noise, half grunt, half larf. 'Catch me, catch the d—l, will you? Think I don't know the bar grit from Polly Coffin's sand hole? Oh! of course I don't, I don't know nothin', nor ever did; I never had no eyes, nor no sense neither. Old folks never knows nothin', and never will; so tarnal death to you! teach your grandmother to clap ashes, and your daddy how to suck eggs, will you!'

The next extract involves more curious considerations: It details a dialogue between General Washington and an aged minister of religion, whose flock (a voluntary one) have turned Unitarians, and driven him from his pulpit, because he does not choose to follow their example, and deny his Redeemer, as they have done. This dialogue shows the real nature of the voluntary principle, so much admired by the advocates of cheap religion, exposes the true state of religion as now existing in America, conveys a tolerably just notion of the pedlar politics of Dr. Franklin, and holds out a warning to the inhabitants of this country to ponder well ere they adopt the reforms which certain persons are so eager to enforce:—

"Joshua," said Washington, "we ought to have established a church, fixed upon some one, and called it a national one. Not having done so, nothing short of a direct interposition of Providence, which we do not deserve, and therefore cannot hope for, can save this great country from becoming a dependency on Rome. Popery, that is now only a speck in these states no bigger than a man's hand, will speedily spread into a great cloud, and cover this land, so as no ray of light can penetrate it; nay, it is a giant, and it will enter into a divided house and expel the unworthy occupants. We tolerate Papists, because we believe they will inherit heaven equally with us; but when their turn comes, will they tolerate us, whom they hold to be heretics? Oh, that we had held fast to the church that we had—the church of our forefathers—the church of England! It is a pure, noble, apostolical structure, the holiest and the best since the days of the apostles; but we have not, and the consequence is too melancholy and too awful to contemplate. 'Was it for this,' said he, 'I drew my sword in my country's cause?' and he pulled the blade half out. 'Had I known what I now know,' and he drove it back with such force, I fairly thought it would have come out at t'other end. 'It should have rusted in its scabbard first, it should indeed, Hopewell. Now, Joshua,' said he, and he uncovered his head agin, for he was a religious man was Washington, and never took the Lord's name in vain—recollect these words—'visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and the fourth generation of those that hate me, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me.' May the promise be ours; but oh! far from us and our posterity be the denunciation! Franklin, Joshua, has a great deal to answer for. Success made him flippant and self-sufficient, and, like all self-taught men, he thinks he knows more than he does, and more than anybody else. If he had more religion and less philosophy, as he calls scepticism, it would be better for him and us too. He is always a saying to me, 'Leave religion alone, general; leave it to the voluntary principle; the supply will always keep pace with the demand.' It is the maxim of a pedlar, Joshua, and unworthy of a statesman or a christian; for in religion, unlike other things, the demand seldom or never precedes, but almost invariably follows and increases with the supply. 'An ignorant

man knoweth not this, neither doth a fool understand it.' I wish he could see with his own eyes the effect of his liberality, Joshua; it would sober his exultation, and teach him a sad and humiliating lesson. Let him and come with me into Virginia, and see the ruins of that great and good establishment that ministered to us in our youth as our nursing mother. Let him examine the ninety-five parishes of the state, and he will find 23 extinct and 34 destitute; the pastors expelled by want, or violence, or death. His philosophy, too, will be gratified I suppose, by seeing the numerous proselytes he has made to his enlightened opinions. In breaking up the church, these rational religionists have adopted his maxims of frugality, and abstained from destroying that which might be useful. The baptismal fonts have been preserved as convenient for watering horses, and the sacred cup has been retained as a relic of the olden time to grace the convivial board. There is no bigotry here, Joshua, no narrow prejudices, for reformers are always men of enlarged minds. They have done their work like men. They have applied the property of the church to secular purposes, and covered their iniquity under the cant of educating the poor, forgetting the while that a knowledge of God is the foundation of all wisdom. They have extinguished the cry of the church being in danger, by extinguishing the church itself. When reformers talk of religious freedom as a popular topic, depend upon it they mean to dispense with religion altogether. What the end will be I know not, for the issues are with Him from whom all good things do come; but I do still indulge the hope all is not yet lost."

## RURAL LIFE.

(From the Church of England Quarterly Review.)

Of all the modes of life which man can pass, a country one is the most innocent, the most serene and peaceful, and taking every thing into consideration, the most happy. It is the most calculated to promote our moral welfare, our spiritual improvement, and is at the same time most conducive to our physical health.—Man was originally intended to pass such a life by his Maker. God, who has created all things, has in a more especial manner rendered visible the operations of his Almighty hand in the country. The different processes of vegetation, the changes of the seasons and the effects resulting from them—the decay and the revival of nature—the firmament above us, adorned with its innumerable bright and shining lights—the beautiful and verdant surface upon which we walk, enamelled with its flowers of various hues—the feathered inhabitants of the forest, the grove, and the plain, pouring forth their daily concert of joy and delight—these, and ten thousand other objects as beautiful, as varied, and as sublime, all attest the existence of that Great Being who is above all, and in all, and through all, and by whom all things exist, and stamp in characters of life and light His omnipotence, benevolence and wisdom.

And where, it may well be asked, can these marks of an all-wise and superintending Providence be so well observed, or so thankfully acknowledged, as amidst the quietness and retirement of a country life? The dweller in the city is so surrounded by the works of his fellow-men, and is so much accustomed to regard the art and skill of the creature, that he is apt to forget, and, to his shame be it spoken, to disregard the omnipotence of the Creator. The din of the crowded street, the noise and excitement of the public assembly, the bustle and hurry of commerce and amusement, too often, alas! repress that still small voice within, which, if permitted to speak, would tell us of the Great Source from whence all blessings flow. But the case is far different in the country. There, every individual, whatever may be his station, is almost insensibly affected by the softening and ameliorating influence of the scenes and objects which surround him. The most humble peasant who pursues his labours in the fields, however unenlightened by education, cannot fail to draw conclusions from the very occupation in which he is engaged, favourable to his condition as an accountable being. He cannot cast the grain with his hand over the ploughed field, and watch its progress from a small and tender green shoot until it becomes a stately plant, ripened for the sickle, without being led sometimes to consider within himself who has given this quickening power to so small a grain, which enables it to grow to a tall stem?

When he goes forth to his daily task in the morning, and returns in the even-tide, he beholds the great luminaries of the sky shining forth in all their brightness and glory—the thunder storm, the rain, and the sheeted lightning, the torrent descending from the mountain's side, and the snow-wreath enveloping all round with its fleecy covering—sights and scenes which he is accustomed to witness at different periods of the year—all these induce him to reflect, and lead him up to Him "who hath given life and light to all, who causeth his sun to shine and his rain to fall on the just and unjust." But if the uneducated individual who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow is liable to be so affected by the scenes and operations of nature, how much greater will be the effect produced upon the educated man, who has had his feelings and sensibilities heightened, and his powers of observation drawn forth and improved by intellectual culture!

We are told in the holy writ that Isaac went forth to meditate at even-tide. We cannot doubt but that the subject of his meditations was the goodness, the benevolence, and the wisdom of God, as displayed in the works of the creator. And who is there who possesses a cultivated mind, and a heart attuned to feeling, who does not sometimes experience a wish to imitate the example of the patriarch of old, and go forth and reflect amidst the quiet and silence of the country? Who is there who has not felt disposed, at one period or other in his life, to withdraw from his usual occupations, and it may be even from the society of his own household, to separate himself for a brief space from this world and its concerns, and to allow his thoughts to fix themselves on higher, and purer, and holier things? But there are seasons of the year when this desire of which we have spoken comes over the mind with greater power than at others. In the freshness and genial air of a spring morning, when vegetable life is again bursting forth—in the brightness of a cloudless summer's day, when the whole atmosphere is perfumed with sweets, and the eye as well as the ear is saluted with sights and sounds of happiness and joy—in the mild and sober glories of a serene autumn afternoon, the sweet season which has been so beautifully described as the "Sabbath of the year,"—who has not at such seasons as these felt a train of new and unknown sensations pass through his mind, purified from all taint of earthly dross, which raise him for the time above this nether world and its perishable concerns, make him forget that he is a child of earth, and tell him, in characters which can never be effaced, that he is an inheritor of heaven. Who has not at such a time felt his heart lifted to the Maker and Giver

of all good, and experienced a more humble gratitude, a more unhesitating belief, and unquestionable faith in the truths of revelation, than he has ever returned from such meditations as these former occupations, a wiser, a better, and a more virtuous man?

**AERIAL PHENOMENON.**—The following description of a singular and beautiful appearance as well as in meteorology, is from the pen of one of our countrymen in his late balloon ascent:—"One of the most interesting of the phenomena, however, which presented itself on this part of our voyage, was to be found in the shadow of the balloon, which appeared reflected in the remoter masses of cloud in the region below us. I had the pleasure to accompany Mr. Green in one aerial excursion, I had certainly witnessed a similar phenomenon before, but never under such circumstances as on the present occasion. The balloon was to be seen as a perfect image or counter-image on the surface of the opposite side of the balloon, and nothing was to be seen but the obscure image of the machine following its leaps from cloud to cloud, suddenly enlarging and diminishing as it happened to be caught upon a more or less remote surface; and lastly, the shadow of the balloon itself having disappeared, the iris alone might be seen encircling and marking the place it should have occupied, but which instead of the darkness of a shadow, appeared a bright and glistening mass, as if the sun had been concentrated into a focus at that spot by the mighty influence of some invisible lens. These appearances, which are doubtless of satisfactory explanation by reference to the undulations, continued for some time, and during the whole period of our remaining above the clouds, although our attention being attracted to the increasing elevation of our course, we scarcely regarded them."

**A Long Yarn.**—The longest rope on record unsplined piece, has just been finished in Southampton. It is upwards of 4000 yards long, seven inches circumference, and 12 tons weight, and cost about £1000. It is for the use of the London and Birmingham Railway.

Dr. Locock received the sum of 1,000*l.* for his services at the accouchement of her Majesty.

LONDON, 1

**Extraordinary and Mysterious Occurrence at Buckingham Palace—a stranger apprehended in Majesty's Dressing Room.**—The greatest excitement prevailed in Buckingham Palace shortly after 12 last night, in consequence of a stranger being discovered under the sofa in her Majesty's dressing room. The police were instantly called in, and immediately the daring intruder, who turned out to be the boy who was discovered in the Palace about a week since. His name is Edward Jones; he is 17 years of age, and the son of a poor tailor in Derby-street, Westminster. The police conveyed Jones to the house, Gardner's lane, at 2 o'clock this morning, and he was given in charge of Inspector Haining, with instructions to keep the prisoner in safe custody, and to receive further orders from the Home Office.

To day at 12 o'clock the Council was held at the Home Office to investigate the circumstances of the extraordinary and mysterious affair. The inquiry was so strictly private that the following particulars our reporter was able to collect. The present at the Council, the Marquis of Normanby, Earl of Errol, Lord Duncannon, the Hon. Mr. Comptroller of the Household, and the Earl of Minto, Mr. Hall, Chief Magistrate of Bow street, and Mr. Rowan were also in attendance.

Shortly after 12 o'clock instructions were sent to the police office to bring up the prisoner. He was minutes afterwards taken before the Council, and interrogated as to his mysterious and extraordinary conduct. We understand he was strictly questioned as to his mode of obtaining admission into the Palace, and he prevaricated in his answers. His father was sent for, and he stated that he was of opinion the unfortunate son was not in his right mind. A short investigation the Council directed that the prisoner should be taken to Buckingham Palace, and promised to describe to them the mode and manner in which he effected his extraordinary entrance, and under the circumstances might have had a most effect on her Majesty, who we are informed, had been in the room where the lad was discovered about an hour before.

After giving the above instruction to the police office to Buckingham Palace, the Council adjourned until half-past four o'clock (we understand) to-morrow noon.

When the prisoner was discovered in the Palace nearly two years since, he was prosecuted and convicted at the Westminster Sessions, on an indictment, for having secreted himself for the purpose of committing a felony. On that occasion, he was defended by Prendergast, and acquitted. Since then he has been in the employ of Mr. Kendall, chemist in Broadway, Westminster, and that there has been a fault found against his general character and conduct. He is very short for his age, but has an old and weathered look. His dress was of the meanest description, and altogether an ill-looking lad.

We rejoice to state that the extraordinary circumstance which occurred last night has had no unfavourable effect on her Majesty, who (with the Princesses) are going on most favourably.

Nothing has transpired to show that any blame is attributable to the domestics. The affair has created a great sensation in the neighbourhood of St. James's Palace.

**Latest Particulars.—Committal of the Prisoner.**—The Privy Council re-assembled at half-past two at the Home Office, when after a short examination the prisoner Jones was committed to the House of Correction at Coldbath Fields, for three months, and to be kept at hard labour.

The Members of the Council were of opinion that the prisoner is not insane, but that he was actually insane at the time he was committed to the House of Correction by a desire to obtain notoriety.