(SECOND NOTICE.)

NEW WORK, BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAM SLICK."

As it will not be fair to judge of the Clockmaker by one extract alone, we give another, which, as a contrast to the first, will put our readers in better humor with it.

NEW WAY TO LEARN GAELIC.

"Well," sais I, "ladies, I was broughten up to home, on my father's farm, and my education, what little I had of it, I got from the Minister of Slickville, Mr. Joshua Hopewell, who was a friend of my father's, and was one of the best men, I believe, that ever lived. He was all kindness, and all gentleness, and was, at the same time, one of the most learned men in the United States. He took a great fancy to me, and spared no pains with my schooling, and I owe everything I have in the world to his instruction. I didn't mix much with other boys, and, from living mostly with people older than myself, acquired an old-fashioned way that I have never been able to shake off yet; all the boys called me "Old Slick.'. In course I didn't learn much of life that way. All I knew about the world beyond our house and hisin, was from books, and from hearing him talk, and he conversed better than any book I ever set eyes on. Well, in course I grew up unsophisticated like, and I think I may say I was as innocent a young man as ever you see."

Oh, how they all laughed at that! You ever innocent!" said they. "Come, that's good; we like it; it's capital! Sam Slick an innocent boy! Well, that must have been before you were weaned, or talked in joining hand at any rate. How simple we are, ain't we!" and they laughed themselves into a hooping-cough amost.

"Fact Miss Janet," said I, "I assure you" (for she seemed the most tickled at the idea of any of them,) "I was, indeed. I won't go for to pretend to say, some of it didn't rub off when it became dry, when I was fishing through the world on my own hook; but, at the time I am speaking of when I was twenty-one next grass, I was so guiless, I couldn't see no harm in anything."

"So I should think," said she; "it's so like you."

"Well, at that time there was a fever, a most horrid typhus fever, broke out in Slickville, brought there by some shipwrecked emigrant. There was a Highland family settled in the town, the year afore, consisting of old Mr. Duncan Chisholm, his wife, and daughter Flora. The old people were carried off by the disease, and Flora was left without friends or means, and the worst of it was, she could hardly speak a word of intelligible English. Well, Minister took great pity on her, and spoke to father about taking her into his house, as sister Sally was just married, and the old lady left without any companion; and they agreed to take her as one of them, and she was, in return, to help mother all she could. So, next day she came, and took up her quarters with us. Oh my, Miss Janet, what a beautiful girl she was! She was as tall as you are, Jessie, and had the same delicate little feet and hands."

I threw that in on purpose, for women, in a general way don't like to hear others spoken of too extravagant, particularly if you praise them for anything they pride themselves on, they are satisfied, because it shows you estimate them also at the right valy, too. It took, for she pushed her foot out a little, and rocked it up and down slowly, as if she was rather proud of it.

"Her hair was a rich auburn, not red (I don't like that at all, for it is like a lucifer match, apt to go off into a flare spontaniously sometimes,) but a golden color, and lots of it too, just about as much as she could cleverly manage; eyes like diamonds; complexion, red and white roses; and teeth, not quite so regular as yours, Miss, but as white as them; and lips—lick!—they reminded one of a curl of rich rose-leaves, when the bud first begins to swell and spread out with a sort of peachy bloom on them, ripe, rich, and chock full of kisses."

"Oh, the poor ignorant boy!" said Janet, "you didn't know nothing, did you?"

"Well, I didn't," sais I, "I was as innocent as a child; but nobody is so ignorant as not to know a splendiferous gal when he sees her," and I made a motion of my head to her, as much as to say, "Put that cap on, for it justs fits you."

"My sakes, what a neck she had! not too long and thin, for that looks goosey; nor too short and thick, for that gives a clumsy appearance to the figure; but betwixt and between, and perfection always lies there, just mid way between extremes. But her bust—oh! the like never was seen in Slickville, for the ladies there, in a gineral way, have no—"

"Well, well," said Jessie, a little snappish, for praisin' one gall to another ain't the shortest way to win their regard, "go on with your story of Gaelic."

"And her waist, Jessie, was the most beautiful thing, next to your'n I ever see. It was as round as an apple, and anything that is round, you know, is larger than it looks, and I wondered how much it would measure. I never see such an innocent girl as she was. Brought up to home and in the country, like me, she knew no more about the ways of the world that I did. She was a mere child, as I was; she was only nineteen years old, and neither of us knew anything of society rules. One day I asked her to let me measure her waist with my arm, and I did, and then she measured mine with her'n and we had a great dispute which was the largest, and we tried several times, before we ascertained there was only an inch difference between us. I never was so glad in my life as when she came to stay with us; she was so good-natured, and so cheerful, and so innocent, it was quite charming.

"Father took a wonderful shindy to her, for even old men can't help liking beauty. But somehow, I don't think mother did; and it appears to me now, in looking back upon it, that she was afraid I should like her too much, I consaited she watched us out of the corner of her glasses, and had her ears open to hear what we said; but p'raps it was only my vanity, for I don't know nothin' about the working of a woman's heart even now. I am only a bachelor yet, and how in the world should I know anything more about any lady than what I knew about poor Flora? In the ways of women I am still as innocent as a child; I do believe that they could persuade me that the moon is nothin' but an eight-day clock with an illuminated face. I ain't vain, I assure you, and never brag of what I don't know, and I must say, I don't even pretend to understand them."

"Well, I never?" said Jessie.

"Nor I," said Janet.

"Did you ever, now!" said Catherine. "Oh, dear, how soft you are, ain't you?"

"Always was, ladies" said I, "and am still as soft as dough, Father was very kind to her, but he was old and impatient, and a little hard of hearing, and he couldn't half the time understand her. One day she came in with a message from neighbor Dearborne, and sais she.

"'Father—'

"'Colonel, if you please, dear,' said mother, 'he is not your father;' and the old lady seemed as if she didn't half fancy any body calling him that but her own children. Whether that is natural or not, Miss Jessie," said I, "I don't know, for how can I tell what women thinks."

"Oh, of course not," said Jane, "you are not waywise and so artless; you don't know, of course!"

"Exactly," sais I; "but I thought mother spoke kinder cross to her, and it confused the gall.

"Says Flora, 'Colonel Slick, Mr. Dearborne says—says—'Well, she couldn't get the rest out she couldn't find the English. 'Mr. Dearborne says—'

"'Well, what the devil does he say?' said father, stampin' his foot, out of all patience with her.

"It frightened Flora, and off she went out of the room, crying like anything.

"'That girl talks worse and worse,' said mother.

"'Well, I won't say that,' says father, a little molified, 'for she can't talk at all, so there is no worse about it. I am sorry though I scared her. I wish somebody would teach her English.

"'I will,' sais I, 'father, and she shall teach me Gaelic in return.

"'Indeed you shan't,' sais mother; 'you have got something better to do than larning her; and as for Gaelic, I can't bear it. It's a horrid outlandish language, and of no earthly use whatever under the blessed sun. It's worse than Indian.'

"'Do, Sam,' said father; 'it's an act of kindness, and she is an orphan, and besides, Gaelic may be of great use to you in life. I like Gaelic myself; we had some brave Jacobite Highland soldiers in our army in the war that did great service, but unfortunately nobody could understand them. And as for orphans, when I think how many fatherless children we made for the British—

"'You might have been better employed,' said mother, but he didn't hear her, and went right on.

"'I have a kindly feelin' towards them. She is a beautiful girl that.'

"'If it warn't for her carrotty hair and freckled face,' said mother, looking at me, 'she wouldn't be so awful ugly after all, would she?'

"'Yes, Sam,' sais father, 'teach her English for heaven's sake; but mind, she must give you lessons in Gaelic. Languages is a great thing.'

"'It's great nonsense,' said mother, raisin' her voice.

"'It's my orders, said father, holding up his head and standing erect. 'It's my orders, marm, and they must be obeyed;' and he walked out of the room as stiff as a ramrod, and as grand as a Turk.

"'Sam,' sais mother, when we was alone, 'let the gal be; the less she talks the more she'll work. Do you understand, my dear?'

"'That's just my idea, mother,' sais I.

"'Then you won't do no such nonsense, will you, Sammy?'

"'Oh no!' sais I, 'I'll just go through the form now and then to please father, but that's all. Who the plague wants Gaelic? If all the Highlands of Scotland were put into a heap, and then multiplied by three, they wouldn't be half as big as the White Mountains, would they marm? They are just nothin' on the map, and high hills, like high folks, are plaguy apt to have barrren heads.'

"'Sam,' said she a pattin of me on the cheek, 'you have twice as much sense as your father has after all. You take after me.'

"I was so simple, I didn't know what to do. So I said yes to mother and yes to father; for I knew I must honor and obey my parents, so I thought I would please both. I made up my mind I wouldn't get books to learn Gaelic or teach English, but do it by talking, and that I wouldn't mind father seein' me, but I'd keep a bright look out for the old lady."

"Oh dear! how innocent that was, warn't it?" said they.

"Well, it was," said I; 'I didn't know no better then, and I don't now; and what's more, I think I would do the same again, if it was to do over once more."

"'I have no doubt you would," said Janet.

"'Well, I took every opportunity, when mother was not by to learn words. I would touch her hand and say, 'What is that?' And she would say, *Lauch*,' and her arm, her head, and her cheek, and she would tell me the names, and her eyes, her nose, and her chin, and so on; and then I would touch her lips and say, 'What's them?' And she'd say '*Bhileau*.' And then I'd kiss her, and say, 'What's that?' And she'd say, '*Pog*.' But she was so artless, and so was I; we didn't know that's not usual unless people are courtin'; for we hadn't seen anything of the world then.

"Well, I used to go over that lesson every time I got a chance, and soon got it all by heart but that word *Pog* (kiss,) which I never could remember. She said I was very stupid and I must say it over and over again till I recollected it. Well it was astonishing how quick she picked up English, and what progress I made in Gælic; and if it hadn't been for mother, who hated the language like pyson, I do believe I should soon have mastered it so as to speak it as well as you do. But she took every opportunity she could to keep us apart, and whenever I went into the room where Flora was spinning, or ironing, she would either follow and take a chair, and sit me out, or send me away of an errand, or tell me to go and talk to father, who was all alone in the parlor, and seemed kinder dull I never saw a person take such a dislike to the language as she did; and she didn't seem to like poor Flora either, for no other reason as I could see under the light of the livin' sun, but because she spoke it; for it was impossible not to love her—she was so beautiful, so artless, and so innocent. But so it was.

"Poor thing! I pitied her. The old people couldn't make out half she said, and mother wouldn't allow me, who was the only person she could talk to, to have any conversation with her if she could help it. It is a bad thing to distrust young people, it makes them artful at last; and I really believe it had that effect on me to a certain extent. The unfortunate girl often had to set up late ironing, or something another. And if you will believe it now, mother never would let me sit up with her to keep her company and to talk to her; but before she went to bed herself, always saw me off to my own room. Well, it's easy to make people go to bed, but it aint just quite so easy to make them stay there. So when I used to hear the old lady get fairly into hers, for my room was next to father's, though we went by different stairs to them, I used to go down in my stocking feet, and keep her company; for I pitied her from my heart. And then we would sit in the corner of the fire-place and talk Gælic half the night. And you can't think how pleasant it was. You laugh, Miss Janet, but it really was delightful; they were the happiest hours I almost ever spent."

"Oh, I don't doubt it," she said, "of course they were."

"If you think so, Miss," said I, "p'raps you would finish the lessons with me this evening, if you have nothing particular to do."

"Thank you, Sir," she said, laughing like anything. "I can speak English sufficient for my purpose, and I agree with your mother, Gaelic in this country is of no sort of use whatever; at least I am so artless and unsophisticated as to think so. But go on, Sir."

"Well, mother two or three times came as near as possible catching me, for she was awful afraid of lights and fires, she said, and couldn't sleep sound if the coals weren't covered up with ashes, the hearth swept, and the broom put into a tub of water, and she used to get up and pop into the room very sudden; and though she warn't very light of foot, we used to be too busy repeating words to keep watch as we ought."

"What an artless couple," said Janet; "well I never! how you can have the face to pretend so, I don't know! Well, you do beat all!"

"A suspicious parent," sais I, "Miss, as I said before, makes an artful child. I never knew what guile was before that. Well, one night; oh dear, it makes my heart ache to think of it, it was the last we ever spent together. Flora was starching muslins, mother had seen me off to my room, and then went to hers, when down I crept in my stockin' feet as usual, puts a chair into the chimney corner, and we sat down and repeated our lessons. We came to the word *Pog* (kiss,) I always used to forget it; and it's very odd, for it's the most beautiful one in the language. We soon lost all caution, and it sounded so loud and sharp it started mother; and before we knew where we were, we heard her enter the parlor which was next to us. In an instant I was off and behind the entry door, and Flora was up and at work. Just then the old lady came in as softly as possible, and stood and surveyed the room all round. I could see her through the crack of the door, she actually seemed disappointed at not finding me there.

"'What noise was that I heard Flora,' she said, speakin' as mild as if she was actilly afraid to wake the cat up.

"Flora lifted the centre of the muslin, she was starching, with one hand, and makin' a hollow under it in the palm of the other, she held it close up to the old woman's face, and clapped it; and it made the very identical sound of the smack she had heard, and the dear child repeated it in quick succession several times. The old lady jumped back the matter of a foot or a more, she *positively* looked skared, as if the old gentleman would think somebody was a kissin' of her.

"Oh dear, I thought I should have teeheed right out. She seemed utterly confounded, and Flora looked, as she was, the dear critter, so artless and innocent. It dumbfoundered her completely, Still she warn't quite satisfied.

"What's this chair doing so far in the chimbley corner?' said she.

"How glad I was there warn't two there. The fact is, we never used but one, we was quite young, and it was always big enough for us both.

"Flora talked Gaelic as fast as hail, slipt off her shoes, sat down on it, put her feet to the fire, folded her arms across her bosom, laid her head back and looked so sweet and so winnin' into mother's face, and said, '*cha n'eil Beurl*,' (I have no English) and then proceeded in Gaelic.

"'If you hadn't sat in that place, yourself, when you was young, I guess you wouldn't be so awful scared at it, you old goose.'

"I thought I never saw her look so lovely. Mother was not quite persuaded she was wrong after all. She looked all round agin, as if she was sure I was there, and then came towards the door where I was, so I sloped up-stairs like a shadow on the wall, and into bed in no time; but she followed up and came close to me, and holding in the candle in my face, said:

"'Sam, are you asleep?'

"Well I didn't answer.

"'Sam,' said she, 'why don't you speak,' and she shook me.

"'Hullo,' sais I, pretendin' to wake up, 'what's the matter? have I overslept myself? is it time to get up?' and I put out my arm to rub my eyes, and lo and behold I exposed my coat sleeve.

"'No Sam, said she, 'you couldn't oversleep yourself for you havn't slept at all, you ain't even ondressed.'

"'Ain't I,' said I, 'are you sure?'

"'Why look here,' said she, throwin' down the clothes and pullin' my coat over my head till she nearly strangled me.

"'Well, I shouldn't wonder if I hadn't stripped,' sais I. 'When a feller is so peskilly sleepy as I be, I suppose he is glad to turn in any way.'

"She never spoke another word, but I saw a storm was brewin, and I heard her mutter to herself, 'creation! what a spot of work! I'll have no teaching of mother tongue here.' Next morning she sent me to Boston of an errand, and when I returned, two days after, Flora, was gone to live with sister Sally. I have never forgiven myself for that folly; but really it all came of our being so artless and so innocent. There was no craft in either of us. She forgot to remove the chair from the chimbley corner, poor simple-minded thing, and I forgot to keep my coat sleeve covered Yes, yes, it all came of our being too innocent; but that's the way, ladies, I learned Gaelic."

Immense quantities of provisions had been purchased for the Russians on the coast of Azoff.—The conquests of the Allies would deprive the enemy of these resources.

AN OLD STORY WELL TOLD.—A certain man, who had not been particularly fortunate in his affairs went to a foreign country in the hope of bettering his condition, but all his enterpise failed, and in the end he found himself more poor and embarrased than ever. In this emergency he went to consult an old man, who was famed in his neighbourhood for wisdom and goodness, and laid before him the unhappy condition in which he found himself, and the sort of fatality which followed him everywhere. After many questions as to how he had managed his business, and as to his personal habits, the old man at last asked him if he owed nothing to his printer, and if he had always paid regularly for the papers for which he had subscribed. The ruined man reflected for a moment, and answered "Yes I confess I owe for several years subscription to a paper I formerly received, but I had entirely forgotten so insignificant a debt." "An insignificant debt!" replied the old man: "know sir, that a man

"Where was your Church before Luther?" asked a Roman Catholic of the famous John Wilkes. "Where was your face before it was washed", was the very prompt and pointed answer.