

was 'doing a theatrical;' and of course it would n't do to take him up for whistling psalm-tunes. 'Not at all; certainly not; that was quite proper and praise-worthy. Let the boy whistle.' I varied my own performances by occasionally leaning from the coolest window, to see if any body *was* any where; and deciding in the negative, in a perfectly clear and distinct manner, waited for the next voluntary from the whistling boy. A spruce young man, whom I had never seen before, and who talked of ASHBURTON as his bosom crony, had called in the morning, offering a seat at church, and an invitation to dinner with Mrs. —, of the sunny land, on the Hill. Well, was there ever such a fool as I, in lazily declining those invitations, thinking I could do better! That was in the morning, with the glory of a whole day before me; but *now* with only that boy, and all the papers read to the last accident! So kind in her, too. She had heard I was in town, and thought I might be happy to see her. *Would n't I?* I have half a mind now, to send around and say I will be there to breakfast!

I smoked out my regret with a cigar that almost crumpled with the heat; and at last, the teacup clatter at the Tremont roused me to the mental effort of declaring a Boston Sunday dull, decidedly dull. About dark I ventured into the street, and all Boston was astir again; indeed, quite bustling for the sober city; and every body so clean, so happy, so almost gay, if it were not Sunday, and so exactly at the touching-off point, that I fancied they had all been rolling in the surf on the shady side of Nahant, during the hot hours that I had been 'listlessly lounging life away.' Whew! I could n't bear it! I affected a little smartness, and mingled with the current, trying to be pleased with, I could n't say what; but privately in rather a hopeless humor, till I heard one man say hurriedly, 'You can't get in;' and another, 'I'll try;' and off he went like a shot. Thinking I had got hold of something at last, I followed; and as he had drab-breeches, kept an eye on him, squeezing along up street and down street, by lane and by alley, till we came to a great stream going one way, and directly fetched up square upon some thousand people, filling the whole street, before a church; from which, above the hum of the crowd, came now and then the peal of an organ, and a chorus of voices in hallelujahs. Looking up upon the sea of heads, I plunged in as others plunged out, and found myself carried to the inner door of the church. The aisles were so full that half way up men were too tight together to get their hats off; and the whole crowd, inside and out, was dotted with women and girls, their bonnets jammed up tight, so that they could only look the way they happened to face when stopping, whether desirable or not. All sorts of speeches and odd remarks were bandied about in a subdued tone; and several fat men, dripping, were let out to get dry; whereupon a man in a Roman nose slipped off his coat in a twinkling, and looked around with *immense satisfaction*. The abstraction of the fat men had left him, for the moment, just room to do it.

Presently, from the far end of the church, the clear voice of MAFFITT came down upon the ear like a silver bell, and the mass was still. He began at once, like a man who knew his calling, and had mastered it. His voice was clear, full, and intelligible to the farthest ear it reached. He commenced calmly, but with nerve and strength which took the whole mass with him at the onset; and after getting fairly under way, he cast about for argument and illustration. Here began the man's inspiration. His thoughts, bathed in sun-light, came rushing one upon another, gem upon gem and crowd upon crowd; each full and bold as the stars of heaven; moving on like them, separate, but together; falling into the ranks from all manner of places; throwing light upon each other, like the spears of an host, and all speeding onward and upward to their destination. Pausing with his forces in mid-heaven, he calls out again and again for tribute, and they glance in, like sunbeams, from the land and the deep, from earth, and heaven, and the farthest star; till pleased with his grouping, he sweeps the picture into a higher light, and shadows forth the Throne of the ALMIGHTY! This, with all variety of intonation, from clarion to trumpet; every nerve and muscle in gesticulation; and no wandering, no pausing, but to the *point*, like a thunder-bolt! My dear —, where are you? If any where within hearing, I beg leave to say 'Good night!' I'm tired, and presume you are.'

'Yours, — — —'

POEMS BY PERCIVAL. — Mr. PERCIVAL has recently put forth an exceedingly beautiful volume, of some two hundred and fifty pages, entitled 'The Dream of a Day, and other Poems.' The book is composed for the most part of a series of shorter pieces, part of which have been published in a fugitive form, at different intervals since the publication of his last volume, in 1827, while part have until now remained in manuscript. The longer piece, and one of the latest, which opens and gives the title to the volume, takes its name partly from its subject and partly from the time in which it was written. More than one hundred and fifty different forms or modifi-

cations of stanza are introduced in the course of the volume, much of which is borrowed from the verse of other languages, particularly of the German. The imitations of different classic measures, as well as the songs for national airs, are particularly explained in the introduction to each. We remark numerous gems in this collection which were written by Mr. PERCIVAL for the KNICKERBOCKER; a fact which we cannot doubt will secure the patronage of our readers for the tasteful and most matter-full volume before us. We are not advised by whom the work is for sale in New-York, but Mr. S. BABCOCK, New-Haven, is the publisher; and it is but just to add, that it reflects great credit upon his liberality and good taste.

'THE ATTACHE:' BY SAM SLICK.—The clock-maker has lost none of his shrewdness, his acute observation, nor his sparkling humor. To be sure, many of his so-called *Yankeeisms* are only specimens of cockney dialect; yet he has more genuine wit than is to be found in all the 'down-cast' letters which have been inflicted upon the public *ad nauseam* any time these three years. 'Sumtotalize' these tiresome epistles, as Mr. SLICK would say, and see what nine in ten of them amount to. Bad spelling, devoid of the ludicrous ellipses which characterize the orthographical errors of Mr. YELLOWFLUSH, constitutes the principal attraction of their *style*; while their *staple* is derived from the worn-out jokes of HACKETT's 'Solomon Swop' or 'Joe Bunker.' But to 'The Attaché;' to portions of which, with but slight comment, we propose to introduce the reader. Mr. SLICK's originality is the originality of *thought*, less than of *manner*. He is no copyist; and while he equals LACON in saying 'many things in a few words,' he never sacrifices truth to the mere external form of sententiousness. In his descriptions he is never striking at the expense of verisimilitude; nor does he permit his observation of character to be diverted from its naturalness by over-cumulative features in his picture, which destroy so many otherwise clever limnings. Not inappropriate to this illustration, by the by, is this brief but graphic description of one of a great number of old family pictures which the 'Attaché' encounters in the baronial hall of a purse-proud JOHN BULL 'of family,' in one of the shires of England: 'Here now is an old aunty that a fortin come from. She looks like a bale o' cotton, fust screwed as tight as possible, and then corded hard. Lord! if they had only a given her a pinch of snuff' when she was full dressed and trussed, and sot her a sneezin', she'd a blowed up, and the fortin would have come twenty years sooner! Yes, it's a family pictur; indeed, they're all family picturs. They are all fine animals, but over-fed and under-worked.' Observe the wisdom of the ensuing sentence, illustrating that sort of brain-picking which some persons resort to, while themselves are mum as oysters, upon subjects on which noncommittalism is desirable: 'If I can see both eends of a rope, and only one man has hold of one eend, and me of the t'other, why I know what I am about; but if I can only see my own eend, I do n't know who I am a pullin' agin.'

One of the most amusing sketches in Mr. SLICK's volume is an account of a 'pious creeter,' a deacon, who exchanged an old worn-out and vicious horse for one which he 'considered worth six of it,' and which he thought gave him 'the best of the bargain, and no mistake.' It turns out quite the other way, however, the good deacon's boasting to the contrary notwithstanding:

'This is as smart a little hoss,' says he, 'as ever I see. I know where I can put him off to a great advantage. I shall make a good day's work of this. It is about as good a hoss-trade as I ever made. The French do n't know nothin' about hosses; they are a simple people; their priests keep 'em in ignorance on purpose, and they do n't know nothin'.' 'He cracked and bragged considerable, and as we progressed we came to Montagon Bridge. The moment pony sot foot on it, he stopped short, pricked up the latter eends of his ears, snorted, squealed, and refused to budge an inch. The elder got mad. He first conxed and patted, and soft-sawdered him, and then whipped, and spurred, and thrashed him like anything. Pony got mad too, for hosses has tempers as well as elders; so he turned to, and kicked right straight up on eend, like Old Scratch, and kept on without stoppin' till he sent the elder right slap over his head slantendicularly, on the broad of his back into the river, and he floated down through the bridge and scrambled out o' t'other side. Creation! how he looked! He was so mad, he was ready to bile over; and as it was, he