

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

smoked in the sun like a tea-kettle. His clothes stuck close down to him, as a cat's fur does to her skin when she's out in the rain; and every step he took his boots went squish, squash, like an old woman churnin' butter; and his wet trousers chafed with a noise like a wet flappin' sail. He was a show; and when he got up to his hoss, and held on to his mane, and first lifted up one leg, and then the other, to let the water run out of his boots, I could n't hold in no longer, but laid back, and larfed till I thought, on my soul, I'd fall off into the river too.'

The elder is decidedly taken in. His new steed is as blind as a bat, and a member of the 'opposition party.' After a series of provoking annoyances, the new owner of the beast finally succeeds in getting him on board a steam-boat; but on nearing the shore the perverse animal jumps overboard:

'THE captain havin' his boat histed, and thinkin' the hoss would swim ashore of himself, kept right strait on; and the hoss swam this way, and that way, and every way but the right road, jist as the eddies took him. At last he got into the rippes off Johnston's Pint, and they wheeled him right round and round like a whip-top. Poor pony! he got his match at last. He struggled, and jumped, and plunged, and fort, like a man, for dear life. Fust went up his knowin' little head, that had no ears; and he tried to jump up, and rear out of it, as he used to did out of a mire-hole ashore; but there was no bottom there; nothin' for his hind foot to spring from; so down he went agin, ever so deep; and then he tried t'other eend, and up went his broad rump, that had no tail; but, there was nothin' for the fore feet to rest on nother; so he made a summerset, and as he went over he gave out a great, long, cendwise kick, to the full stretch of his hind legs. Poor feller! it was the last kick he ever gave in this world; he sent his heels straight up on eend, like a pair of kitchen tongs, and the last I see of him was a bright dazzle, as the sun shined on his iron shoes, afore the water closed over him forever.'

Take in all the accessories of the above picture, reader, and you cannot fail to laugh as heartily at the discomfiture of the pious but 'cunning' elder, as we ourselves did on its first perusal. There is a fine touch of natural description, and not a little philosophy, in the following sketch of a dinner at an English gentleman's country residence:

'FOLKS are up to the notch here when dinner is in question, that's a fact; fat, gouty, broken-winded, and foundered as they be. It's rap! rap! rap! for twenty minutes at the door; and in they come, one arter the other, as fast as the sarvants can carry up their names. Cuss them sarvants! it takes seven or eight of 'em to carry a man's name up stairs, they are so awful lazy, and so shockin' full of porter. Well, you go in along with your name, walk up to old aunty, and make a scrape, and the same to old uncle, and then fall back. This is done as solemn as if a feller's name was called out to take his place in a funeral; that and the mistakes is the fun of it. . . . Company are all come, and now they have to be marshalled two and two, lock and lock, and go into the dinin'-room to feed. When I first came I was dreadful proud of that title, 'the Attaché; ' now I am glad it's nothin' but 'only an Attaché,' and I'll tell you why. The great guns and big bugs have to take in each other's ladies, so these old ones have to herd together. Well, the nobodies go together too, and sit together; and I've observed that these nobodies are the pleasantest people at table, and they have the pleasantest places, because they sit down with each other, and are jist like yourself, plaguy glad to get some one to talk to. Somebody can only visit somebody, but nobody can go any where; and therefore nobody sees and knows twice as much as somebody does. Somebodies must be axed, if they are as stupid as a pump; but nobodies need n't, and never are, unless they are spiey sort o' folks; so you are sure of them, and they have all the fun and wit of the table at their eend, and no mistake. I would n't take a tifle if they would give it to me, for if I had one, I should have a fat old parblind dowager detailed on to me to take in to dinner; and what the plague is her jewels and laces, and silks and satins, and wigs to me? As it is, I have a chance to have a gal to take in that's a jewel herself; one that don't want no settin' off, and carries her diamonds in her eyes, and so on. I've told our minister not to introduce me as an Attaché no more, but as Mr. Nobody, from the state of Nothin', in America.'

Mr. SLICK's ideas of what is facetiously termed 'music' is quite coincident with our own. No 'difficult execution' and 'intricate passages' for him:

'WHAT's that? It's music. Well, that's artificial too; it's scientific, they say; it's done by rule. Jist look at that gal to the piano: first comes a little Garman thunder. Good aith and seas, what a crash! It seems as if she'd bang the instrument all to a thousand pieces. I guess she's vexed at some body and is a-peggin' it into the piano out of spite. Now comes the singin'; see what faces she makes; how she stretches her mouth open, like a barn-door, and turns up the white of her eyes, like a duck in a thunder-storm. She is in a musical ecstacy; she feels good all over; her soul is a-goin' out along with that 'ere music. Oh, it's divine; and she is an angel, ain't she? Yes, I guess she is; and when I'm an angel, I will fall in love with her; but as I'm a man, at least what's left of me, I'd jist as soon fall in love with one that was a leetle more of a woman, and a leetle less of an angel. But hello! what onder the sun is she about! Why, her voice is goin' down her own throat, to gain strength, and here it comes out ag'in as deep-toned as a man's; while that dandy feller alongside of her is a-singin' what they call falsetter. They've actilly changed voices! The gal sings like a man, and that screamer like a woman! This is science: this is taste: this is fashion: but hang me if it's natur'. I'm tired to death of it; but one good thing is, you need n't listen without you like, for every body is talking as loud as ever.'

We are compelled to close our extracts with the subjoined capital hit at the naked meeting-houses which 'obtain' in so many quarters of our goodly land, and the still more naked 'doctrines' that constitute the weekly attractions which many of them present to church-goers :

'THE meetin'-houses our side of the water, no matter where, but away up in the back country, how testotally different they be from 'em this side! A great big handsome wooden house, chock full of winders, painted so white as to put your eyes out, and so full of light within that inside seems all out-doors, and no tree nor bush, nor nothin' near it but the road fence, with a man to preach in it that is so strict and straight-laced he will do *any thing* of a week day, and *nothin'* of a Sunday. . . . Preacher there don't preach morals, because that's churchy, and he don't like neither the Church nor it's morals; but he preaches doctrine, which doctrine is, there's no Christians but themselves. Well, the fences outside of the meetin'-house, for a quarter of a mile or so, each side of the house, and each side of the road, ain't to be seen for hosses and wagons, and gigs hitched there; poor devils of hosses that have ploughed, or hauled, or harrowed, or logged, or snaked, or somethin' or nother all the week, and rest on a Sunday by alterin' their gait, as a man rests of a journey by alterin' of his sturup a hole higher or a hole lower.'

This episode is concluded with some remarks upon the 'clerical twang' which distinguishes some of the divines of our country: 'Good men always speak through the nose. It's what comes out of the mouth that defiles a man; but there is no mistake in the nose; it's the porch of the temple!' We are pleased to learn that another volume of 'The Attaché' will ere long be given to the public. We await its publication with impatient interest.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — 'What is the man driving at' who sends us the following? Does he intend a satire upon the peculiar style of Mr. WILLIS, who 'skims the superficies' of society with more ease and grace than any magazine-writer of this era? Or is our correspondent in love, and desirous of walking under a cloud while he reveals his passion? Let him answer: 'The top of the morning to you, my dear EDITOR; and as your sun goes up the meridian, may your shadow be longer! I can wish you nothing more improbable; but in wishes not to be granted, I will have the satisfaction of wishing to the outside of my desire. Coming home last evening, I called on a pretty woman, for a half-hour's oblivion of matter-of-fact. A few weeks since she had seen WILLIS and a very charming damsel at Saratoga Springs, and had noticed them occasionally at a delightful spot in the neighborhood, which I shall not indicate; a retreat such as a poet would choose in parting with his best thoughts, and far holier than the parting of mere lips would need; for I take it, this good-by, this farewell to the pets of the heart; this sense of lost identity gone to the public; the loosing of the dove that may no where find a spot to rest amid the waters; the spring of the falcon that *will* away; I say, Mr. EDITOR, these things are sometimes very solemn and affecting. Well, upon that spot was found a crumpled paper, scrawled over with the goose-tracks of genius, and signed 'N. P. WILLIS, Junior.' The product of WILLIS by his *match* should be something brilliant, to be sure; but the Junior is evidently still young in years. His opening phrase, (more applicable in these times to a bank-note than any other mistress,) and several other naïve spots, indicate the come-over-ativeness and allowable tenderness of a first passion. It is written in a kind of halting verse, that might easily be done into *blank*, I should say. It is crowned with stars, signifying I suppose that this world has nothing left worth looking at, and this beautiful motto, from Keats:

'A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.'

BY N. P. WILLIS, JUN.

'DEAREST' I thank thee, bless thee, pray the highest God to bless thee evermore, thou charm of the world to me! And now how beautiful the world again! The glorious sunlight, the waving trees, and faces of familiar friends, before so common-place — all now how beautiful! for thou hast smiled on them! A rush of joy is at my heart again, as if my pulse at each throb ran kisses from thy lips. Ah! could I take thy breath in one long kiss, and give thee Heaven, which were happier! — thou with the stars above, or I with mine and thy dear heart forever! How fast the time goes on! The world that lagged but yesterday, and seemed about to stop for very dullness, seems an express, as though the stars were nearing us, and God were coming down, and we were hastening to the embrace of Heaven. How my spirits mount again! I look into the