

"Thinks I, I hope it will do you good; it is as good as a middle-age Latin, at any rate.

"After some further talk, sais he, 'Your Minister is not a very easy man to get acquainted with. Is he a fair specimen of the New Englanders? for he is very cold.'

"Here's at you again, Master Lord Dunk, sais I; you ain't quite sold yet, though you are bespoke—that's a fact. 'Well,' sais I, 'he is cold, but that's his misfortune, and not his fault: it's a wonder to me he aint dead long ago. He will never be quite thawed out. The chill went into his marrow.'

"'What chill?' sais he; 'is not that his natural manner?'

"'How can you ask such a question as that, my Lord?' sais I. When he left College as a young man, he entered into the ice trade to supply New Orleans with ice, and a grand spec he made of it; but it near upon cost him his life. He was a great hand to drive business, and if you want to drive business with us, you must work yourself. He was at the ice lake day and night amost, a handlin' of it; and the last vessel he loaded that year he went in her himself. His berth was near the companion-ladder, the best berth in the ship, but it jines on to the hold, and the chill of that ice cargo, especially when he got into the hot climate of New Orleans, so penetrated his jint, and limbs, and marrow, he has never been warm since, and never will; he tells me it's extendin' upwards, and he is afeard of his heart.'

"Well, he roared right out; he haw-hawed as loud as a man cleverly and politely can at a gentleman's table, and says he, 'That's the best contrived story to excuse a cold manner I ever heard in my life. It's capital, upon my word!'

"'So it was, Slick,' said the President; 'it was well done. That was a first-rate bam! But I must say, some of the New-England strait-laced folks are mortal cold—that's a fact, and the worst of it is, it ain't intermittent; they are iced down e'en amost to the freezin'-point, and the glass always stands there. The ague is nothin' to it, for that has its warm fits; but some of them folks have the cold fit always, like Ambassador. No wonder the Puritans tolerated wine, rum, gin, brandy, and all that, and forbade kissin'; it was, I suppose, to

"'Compound for sins they were inclined to,
By damning those they had no mind to.'

My niece to Charlestown told me, that when her father's brother came from New Bedford, and kissed her, he was so cold it actilly gave her the toothache for a week—fact, I do assure you, Slick; folks may say what they like, *a cold manner never covered a warm heart; hot water imparts a glow even to a silver teapot; but go on, I beg pardon for interrupting of you.'*