EASTON GAZETTE.

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From the New York Mirror.

WILLIS'S LETTERS FROM LONDON.

NUMBER FOUR.

Power's statue of the Greek Slave.—Great Western Rail Road.—Windsor Castle. Reading.—Miss Mitford's residence.—A rural subject for Mount, the artist.—English surliness.—New way of advertising.—Liberal conduct of Macready's friends towards Mr. Forrest, etc. etc.

MY DEAR MORRIS—I took the advantage of the long interval between the packets of the 4th and 16th, to consign my precious companion to the rural vicarage in the neighborhood of Oxford, which is to be her future home. These two or three days of mental idleness have quite restored my brain to working condition, I believe, and now let me see what I have to say to you.

Power's statue of the "*Greek slave*" is one of the topics of London, at this moment, and, in my opinion, if it fare as well, as to preservation, as the Venus de Medicis, it will be more admired than that first marble of the world, when London shall be what Rome is now. Power should be idolized by woman for the divine type of her, by which he has now elevated men's ideal of the sex. That so wonderfully beautiful a thing can be true to nature—that this divine mould is unquestionably like some women—is a conviction that must strike every beholder, at the same time that it makes him thank God that he is born one of this "kind," and makes him adore woman more intensely than before. This Greek slave stands for sale in the Turkish bazaar. Her dress hangs over the pillar against which she leans, and she is nude with the exception of the chain hung from wrist to wrist. It is a girl of eighteen, of beauty just perfected. A particular criticism of the figure and limbs would hardly be interesting to those who are not to see the statue, and I can only speak of the expression of the face, which is one that gives the nude figure a complete character of purity—a look of calm and lofty indignation, wholly incapable of willing submission to her captors. Power has secured by this work, I fancy, commissions enough for new works to fully occupy his time. It was bought by an Englishman who has been offered four times the sum for it. If we are to believe one of the London critics (?) the chief merit of the statue is due to Mrs. Trollope, who discovered Power's genius when he was making wax figures in Cincinnati. and induced him to embrace the art and go to Italy!!!

My trip to the country was made by the Great Western Rail road, which is the most complete in its arrangements, and sends the fastest trains—two every day going their route at the rate of sixty miles in the hour! The scenery in this direction from London is exceedingly fine, Windsor Castle lying on the left of the track, among other objects of interest, and Reading, the fine old town, honored as the residence of Miss Mitford. Nothing in America can give you any idea of the expensive elegance and completeness of the railroad stations, its hedgings-in, and its arrangements of all kinds. Every foot of the route is watched by a guard of uniform and no human being except workmen is ever seen within the limits. At every stopping place, the cars glide into spacious buildings, with magnificent refreshment rooms, costly offices, and attendants in the lettered dress of the company's men. The system for admitting and discharging passengers is admirably complete, the delay is but an instant, yet sufficient for all purposes, and I should think ingenuity and order could no further go.

A hundred delicious pictures glided under my eye in our rapid flight, but I saw one that I wished Mount the artist could have seen—thirty or forty haymakers, men and women, eating their dinner upon the edge of a stream, the field half mown on which they had been working, and the oth half completely scarlet with the *popies* that overshadowed the grass. A thicket behind them, a shoulder of a hill rising beyond it, and various other features, made the mere rural scene singularly beautiful, but the acres of this scarlet flower, gave it somehow a peculiar & racy mildness. The farmer has no great affection for this brilliant intruder upon his land, but the owner of the splendid park, and the scenery-loving traveller look on its novel addition to Nature's carpet with very vivid admiration.

On my return I saw an instance of the English surliness so much talked of, and (I think) so seldom seen. A remarkable elegant and high-bred looking lady was separated from her party by want of room in the car before us, and on getting into ours she found herself opposite a manifest aristocrat of sixty. Thinking she recognized an acquaintance in him, she leaned forward with a charming grace of manner and said "Mr. ———, I believe?" "Not my name, madam!" was the reply in gruff repulsion, and the gentlemen turned and looked very steadfastly out of the window.

The English have a new way of advertising that is quite worthy of Yankee invention.—They have hit upon the time when men's eyes are idle—(when they are abroad in the street)—and you cannot walk now in London without knowing what amusements are going on, what new specifics are for sale, what is the last wonder, and a variety of other matters which send you home wiser than you came out. Mammoth placards, pasted on the side of a structure as large as a one story house, are continually moving along on wheels at the same pace as you walk—the streets really resembling a gorgeous pageant with the number and showiness of these legible locomotives. I observe one particularly, which moves by some mysterious power within—a large, showy car, making its way alone, without either horse or visible driver, and covered with advertisements in all the colors of the rainbow. An every day sight is a procession of a dozen men, in single file, each carrying on a high pole, exactly the same theatrical notice. You might let one pass unread, but you read them, where there are so many, to see if they are all alike! Men step up to you at every corner and hand you, with a very polite air, a neatly folded paper, and you cannot refuse it without pushing your breast against the man's hand. If you open it, you are told where you can see a "mysterious lady," or where you can have your corns cut. In short, it is impossible to be ignorant of what there is to see & buy in London, and this applies also to the large class who could not formerly, be reached, because they never read the advertisements in newspapers. Possibly the carriers of these signboards & the drivers of these vehicles might make a better use of their time and horse-flesh in America, but otherwise I should think this a "notion worth transplanting.

Forrest is still in London, and has two projects in view—one of playing in Paris and another of a professional trip to St. Petersburgh. In either capital he would do better than in a place precluded, as London is, by Macready and his crew. A gentleman in no way connected with the drama told me that, on one of the nights when Forrest played, he sat next a man who confessed that he was paid for hissing him and for calling any subordinate actor before the curtain to drown any call for Forrest I wish there were no disagreeable topics; but I will try to avoid them in my next.

Yours faithfully, N. P. WILLIS.

THE MORALITY OF "CUTENESS:" A YANKEE IN DISTRESS.

There is a valuable lesson, as well as much genuine humor, in the following communication, which we derive from a welcome contributor in the "land of steady habits:"

"A few days since a raw-looking genius, carrying a cheap hair trunk, made his apppearance on board a sloop which plies betwen New York and a small port on the Connecticut coast, and inquired for the captain. He hailed from *Coos* county New Hampshire, and presented in his appearance a perfect specimen of a fresh caught Yankee. He wore a mixed coat of home-made fabric, with short square skirts such as are usually called "bob-tail," lead buttons, and sleeves about six inches too short at the wrists. His pantaloons were striped, and his legs were thrust a long way through them, leaving the interval between the legs of the trowsers and his heavy laced boots arrayed in a substantial pair of pepper-and-salt yarn stockings.

"On a head, adorned with a luxuriant growth of coarse sandy hair, tallowed to a nicity, was perched a hat much worn but in an excellent state of preservation, with a narrow brim and huge bell crown serving the purpose of a travelling valise in addition to the other uses of that article of wearing apparel. An immense collar, rigged with starch and erect to the ears, supported by a cotton cravat of variegated yellow and black, completed the adornment of his outerman. He seemed about twenty-five years of age; was a lean cadaverous looking individual, standing some six feet when erect, but having a stoop of the shoulders which reduced him to about five feet nine. A small pinched up mouth peaked nose, high cheek bone, sunken cheeks, prominent chin, and a pair of bright twinkling eyes, of an indescribable color, gave an air of extreme "cuteness" to his physiognomy.

"This was obviously his first visit to the salt water, but as he stood upon the sloop's deck whistling Yankee-doodle, his arms thrust into his pockets up to his elbows, one leg thrown forward, his eyes cast upward scanning the rigging with the air of a connoisseur, he seemed as much at home as though he was a veritable 'ocean-child.' In reply to a question as to his business, he bauled out:—

"Capting, what'll yeou charge to take a feller to York city?"

He was informed that the fare was one dollar and fifty cents.

"I s'pect you mean yeou charge a feller that when yeou *find* him: What'll yeou take a feller for when he finds *himself*?"

The price of passage without board, he was informed, was seventy-five cents.

"Then I shall have to foot it tu York; you see, I'm scant on't for funds, and I must have a leetle somethin' left to feed me a'ter I get there; can't get along without victuals."

"Can't help it," replied the captain; "that's our lowest; we ha'nt but one price."

"Neow just take a feller for half a dollar capting; come, now; if yeou will, I'll help du up the chores while I'm aboard."

"No, sir, I can't take you for that price."

The green horn squirted a long stream of Tobacco juice upon the deck, resumed his tune of Yankee doodle, shouldered his hair trunk and walked off. In about an hour he returned, and with a grin addressed the captain:—

"Neow, look o' here, capting, I'm in distress;; I posi-*tively* haint got but tew dollars in the world; I must get tu York or I shall starve; I can't get nothin' to du here. Now, du capting; I've always hear'n tell that you sailors was generous chaps."

"This appeal to the captain's professional pride had its effect; and he agreed to take the persevering mendicant for fifty cents provided he would supply himself with provisions, and render such assistance as he could in managing the vessel.

"The passage was unusually long, being delayed by contrary winds nearly a week beyond the ordinary time of starting. On the second day the Yankee ran out of provisions; and the captain, as an act of charity, furnished him from the vessel's stores. About thirty six hours before their arrival in the exhuberance of his exultation at having outwitted the captain, he disclosed to a fellow passenger that he had "lots o' cash," and he made quite a display of loose change. This soon came to the ears of the captain, who was so indignant at the imposition which had been practised upon him, that he was about to set the tricky customer ashore, to "foot it to York" the best way he could; but on reflection he concluded that it would be a worse punishment to keep him on board, stop his rations, and put him to hard work. From this time until their arrival, the Yankee's situation was no sinecure. Furnished with a cloth and a bucket of sand, he was set to *scouring the anchor*. Being inured to labor, that did not trouble him much; but to work on an empty stomach thirty six hours, and endure the curses of the enraged captain, and the taunts and jeers of the passengers and crew, and all for the small matter of twenty five cents, he thought was paying rather dear for the whistle!"

"Great was his joy, therefore, when they hauled into the slip at New York; and before the sloop's side had touched the dock he jumped ashore Leaving the little hair trunk to be removed after he had satisfied his hunger, he hastened to the nearest place where food could be procured. This happened to be a huckster's stand at the head of the slip; where among other eatables, were displayed some fine looking boiled lobsters. Our verdent genius had often heard lobsters spoken of as excellent food, although he had never tasted any; this seemed a good opportunity to satisfy his hunger, at the same time to enjoy a rare luxury; so after bargaining a while, & beating the old woman down in her price some three or four cents, he bought three lobsters and as many Boston "crackers," with which he returned to the sloop.

"Meanwhile one of the passengers, a wag of the first order, having been up into the city, returned on board and noticed the Yankee, at the heel of the bowsprit, seated on his hair trunk, and "going into" his bargain tooth an nail. It was a greedy spectacle! He wrenched the jaws and claws of the lobster apart with unnecessary strength, drawing out with voracity sharp splinters of the meat, and biting them off close down to the sockets which held them. Such a smaking and cracking was never heard before. Carelessly sauntering, within hearing, the waggish passenger gave the captain a wink, and remarked.

"This is a horrible business, captain!

What is a horrible business!" asked the skipper.

"Hain't you heard the news? All the papers are full of it. Some Jersey fishing smacks have been taking lobsters on the copperas-banks off Barnegat and have sold them all over the city. Every person who has eaten any of them is poisoned. Fifty three have died since this morning; there is a tremendous excitement about it. As I came down I saw an officer arrest the old woman who keeps the stand at the head of the slip, for selling some of the same lobsters."

"The Yankee who had already devoured one and part of another, paused at the narration, as if suddenly paralyzed; then dropping the fragment which he held with the untouched prize into the water, his mouth filled with cracker-and-lobsters, his enormous palms extended over his abdomen, his face pallid with terror, he exclaimed!

"Oh golly! what shall I du! What shall I du! I'm sartingly a dead man! Darn York! Cuss the lobsters! I wish I'd staid to hum. Oh! my bowels! my bowels!"

"If that d—d green-horn hasn't been eating some of 'em—run for a doctor, exclaimed the captain. Some one started ashore for a physician. In the mean time the Yankee continued to groan and lament attracting a large crowd of spectators by his cries: "Oh, SUKE! if I had only taken your advice, and kept clear of this tarnal York city! I'm dying—I know I am! my mouth tasts just like a rusty cent! The doctor'll charge an all fired price to cure me, I s'spect. There, I'm spitting green! that's the copperas! I shall die before the doctor gets here! Murder! murder! murder!"

Some one personating a physician made his appearance, felt of the patient's pulse, examined his tongue, and pronounced it a clear case of poisoning from eating copperas lobsters. He prescribed a powerful emetic, which was immediately administered in the form of a quart of luke warm salt water. The effect was powerful beyond explanation. It produced a prodigious paroxyism, & kept him in a continual shudder for more than an hour, during which, his case seemed to be very doubtful. He kept girding his stomach with his two hands, squeezing his viscera, and bowing down as the contending forces racked his whole inner man. In the pauses of his pangs he uttered sundry exclamations, such as; "Oh, SUKE! damn lobsters! cuss York city! Oh, my beowels! If I ever get hum again you'll never catch——. There it is again! *I shall* die! Parson DULITTLE! Parson DULITTLE! If I hadn't neglected your preachin'! etc., to the great edification and amusement of the by-standers.

At length the doctor pronounced him free from danger and convalescent. The next thing was the payment of the fee, which he was informed was five dollars.—He groaned in spirit, and his 'beowels' yearned worse than ever at the thought of parting with such a sum of money. There was no help for it, however; so he "forked over" the V, and shouldering his hair trunk, went on his way, growling: "Cuss York city! cuss that doctor!—and cuss them d—d p'ison lobsters!"

That evening the captain, the wag and the pseudo-physician luxuriated at Florence's on lobsters, salad and "trimings," for which the Yankee s five dollars stood exchequer.—*Knickerbocker.*

SCRAPS OF CURIOUS INFORMATION.—It is said that the most extraordinary instances of corpulency occur in England. One of the most remarkable instances was that of Mr. Bright, a tallow chandler of Maiden, in Essex, who died in the 29th year of his age, Nov. 12, 1750. Seven persons of the common size were easily enclosed in his waistcoat A stocking which was too small for him was large enough to hold a child four years old. He was comely in person and affable, in manners; he weighed 42 stone and 12 pounds. The celebrated Daniel Lambert, who was much older, weighed 10 stone more than Mr. Bright he died in 1809.

Currents were first introduced into England in 1533. They were brought from Zante. The Barbary bush was brought to this country for the purpose of making hedges. Its tendency to spread into the fields soon made it be regarded as a nuisance. We believe it was first planted in Brookline, from whence it has gradually advanced into the interior.

Forks were in use in Europe in the 13th and 14th centuries, according to Voltaire. The fact is questioned by other writers. A writer of travels in the reign of Queen Elizabeth says, "At Venice each person was served (besides his knife & spoon) with a fork to hold the meat, while he cuts it; for there they deem it ill manners that one should touch it with his hand. Another writer, A. D. 1608, after describing the manner of using forks in Italy, adds, "I myself have thought it good to imitate the Italian fashion since I came home to England."

Almonds are said to have come into England first from Barbary, about 1548: Apples from Syria, about 1522: Apricots from Epirus, about 1540: Cherries from Pantus, as early as A. D. 100: Gooseberries from Flanders, before 1540: Grapes from Portugal, 1528: Mulberries from Italy, 1520 Peaches from Persia, 1562: Plums from Italy, 1522: Quinces from Austria, 1573: Strawberries from Flanders, 1530: Raspberries from Virginia, before 1696.

The origin of Rice is traced to Ethiopia; that of Buckwheat to Asia; of Asparagrus to Asia; of Horseradish to China; of Potatoes to Brazil; of Cabbage to Holland; of Parsley to Egypt; of Beans to Greece; of Peas to Spain.

Historians relate that the Emperor Maximus was 8 feet and 6 inches in height. In the reign of Claudian, a man was brought out of Arabia, 9 ft. 9 inches tall. John Middleton, born in Lancashire, England, was 9 ft. 3 inches high. Patrick Cotte, the celebrated Irish Giant, born in 1761, was 8 ft. 7 inches in height.

Needles were first manufactured in England by a negro from Spain, during the reign of Queen Mary the bloody. At his death the art was lost, and not recovered again till 1566, in the reign of Elizabeth, when Elias Growse, a German according to the chronicler Stowe, taught the art to the English. Worcester Ægis.

OLD BUT GOOD.—William the Fourth, late King of England, when Prince of Wales and during his service off the coast of Canada, made an excursion into Upper Canada, and crossed over into Vermont. He entered a tailor's shop, and on seeing the tailor's wife an exceedingly beautiful woman, he without ceremony ravished a kiss from the lady and remarked: "There! now tell your country-women that the son of the King of England, has kissed a Yankee tailor's wife." Unhappily for him, her husband, the tailor, at that moment appeared from the back room, and being a stout fellow, gave the scion of royalty a tremendous kick, exclaiming: "There! now go and tell your country-women that a yankee tailor has kicked the son of the King of England." The Prince sloped.

THE LATE EARL GRAY.—The death of this distinguished English nobleman announced by the last arrival from Europe, takes from the list of the living the last man whose name was connected with that brilliant circle of statesmen who rendered the court of George the third so celebrated. Descended from an ancient family, educated at Eaton and Cambridge, and elected to the House of Commons, before his majority, he early commenced a career which proved as brilliant as it was protracted,—He was one of the managers of the impeachment against Warren Hastings, and gave the first indications of his splendid powers as a debater during the discussion in 1787 of Pitts' treaty with France. He was Secretary of Foreign Affairs in 1806 under Mr. Fox's administration, and in 1830 became Prime Minister. During his administration Lord Brougham was Lord Chancellor and the celebrated Reform Bill was passed. The circumstances of its final passage are thus given in the Life of Lord Eldon:

"The House of Lords re-assembled on the 7th of May, proceeded, the same afternoon, to commit the reform Bill. In committee, the ministers were defeated on a motion, made by Lord Lyndhurst, to postpone the disfranchising to the enfranchising portion of the bill: and thereupon, under all the circumstances of the case, they judged it expedient to acquaint his majesty that unless he would announce a resolution to create such a body of new peers as would carry the measure into the form which its authors deemed essential, they must request him to accept their resignations. The king at first resisted; but, after some days had been unsuccessfully occupied by him in an endeavor to form a new government, he found himself under the necessity of re-establishing Lord Grey's ministry on their own terms. It was now intimated to the leading opponents of the bill in the House of Lords, that the proposed creation of peers could be prevented only by the forbearance of a sufficient number of them from any further opposition to the measure before the House. The Duke of Newcastle, on the 21st of May, gave notice of a motion respecting the fitness of such an exercise of the perogative; and a conversation arose in the course of which Lord Eldon argued that though the existence of the perogative could not be questioned, it was open to the House to question the fitness of its exercise on any particular occasion; and protested against the application of it for the purpose now threatened, as being at once injurious to the people and perilous to the crown.

There remained, however, but a choice of evils. Lord Eldon & the anti-reformers in general, resolved, therefore, to abstain from further resistance, and the bill went rapidly through committee. On the 4th of June it was read a third time, after a division in which 106 supporters of it recorded their votes against only 22 of its opponents. The remainder of those adverse to it persevered in the quieter policy of absenting themselves, and so saved the peerage, with what else was left of the constitution.'

Earl Grey, after his retirement from the ministry, was a liberal member of the House of Lords. The early associate of Pitt, Fox, Burke and Sheridan, he outlived them all and died full of years and honors. The brilliant Macaulay thus speaks of him in an article on Warren Hastings:

"At an age when most of those who distinguished themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honor. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar save him alone, are gone—culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigor of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those, who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of people among whom he was not the foremost.

A SECRET.—How do you do, Mrs. Tone; have you heard the story about Mrs. Ludy?

'Why, no, really; Mrs. Gab, what is it? do tell.'

'Oh, I promised not to tell for the world! No, I must not tell it, I'm afraid it'll get out.'

'Why, I'll never tell it as long as I live; just as true as the world; what is it? come tell.'

'Now you won't say any thing about it will you?'

'No, I will never open my head about it, sacredly. Hope to die this minute.'

'Will you believe me, Mrs. Funday told me, last night, that Mrs. Trott told her that her sister's husband was told, by a person who saw it that Mrs. Troublest's oldest daughter told Mrs. Nicholas that she heard Mrs. Puten say that a milliner told her that Polly Starts' bustle had got entirely too far around in front for the fashion.'

What is that which a female frequently looks for yet never wishes to find?—A hole in her stocking.

LIVING AMERICAN AUTHORS AND WRITERS.—What, asks the Portland Bulletin, are the circumstances of our living American writers? How many of them are independent or in good circumstances? Let facts speak:

Washington Irving for a series of years barely supported himself by his pen, though he is considered one of the first writers of the age. With his present office under government he is doing well.

Lofland, the Milford Bard, has been extremely poor and degraded. He has now become temperate, we believe, but to support himself he advertises to write sonnets orations, acrostics, &c., at so much a line, or so much a quire, we forget which.—Miserable business.

N. P. Willis is poor. Yet he is one of our most agreeable writers. He always puts finish on to his thoughts. Mr. W. deserves a better support.

Geo. P. Morris is still struggling up the hill of adversity. May he see more prosperous days in future. He has written some of the finest songs in our language—some equal to Moore's.

Jas. K. Paulding with his office under government is doing well.

Prof. Ingraham, with his industry in throwing off volume after volume of his stories, at the rate of five or six a month is still in feeble circumstances. His labors if bestowed on a clam bank, would yield him better pay—better health, and a larger immortality.

Seba Smith, the author of several admirable stories and poems, and the originater of Jack Downing, is poor. His wife—Mrs. E. O. Smith—works hard with her pen to gain a livelihood.

Cooper the great libeller, we know but little about. We judge from his fondness of law that he must be in slim sledding.

Charles Sprague is cashier of one of the Boston Banks, and probably makes a good living.

John Neal must be pretty well off, if we should judge from the number of shares he has taken in the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad. If he is not rich, he deserves to be. Neal has a whole soul and goes ahead like a locomotive.

Henry W. Longfellow is wealthy. His wife brought him more than $50,000, and his salary at Harvard is not small.

N. Deering, author of "Carrabasset," some gems of poetry, and tales that have been read and admired every where, is in comfortable circumstances, and will be rich at some future day.

Jas. F. Otis is dependant upon his pen for a living; his circumstances are poor.

Park Benjamin had some property left him, but we believe he is now in rather moderate circumstances, and dependant upon his pen for a living.

Female writers, who have husbands to take care of them, do very well; those who have none, and their parents are poor, find that authors have slim picking. Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Welby, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Child and some others, have seen but few adverse days, but of Miss Embury, Miss Coppuck, etc., we know but little. If they have not good husbands in prospect, they ought to have. Hannah Gould has been a teacher most of her days, but we know nothing about her circumstances.

Thus much of a few American writers. Among them all, we know of but two or three who are wealthy—the rest, with but few exceptions, are poor and in debt.

THE WEATHER.—The newspapers are becoming quiet on the subject of the weather. During the past week the heat has abated materially; people can now walk upon the earth without risk of being baked fast to it; and can walk a square or two to dinner without danger of being "done" as "brown" as the roast beef awaiting them; and can go to their beds without the unpleasant presentment that they are stepping into a steam bath. Thank our stars, we have had several days of refreshingly cool weather—and we can enjoy it the more from a recollection of the ardor with which Sol recently kissed the earth.

On one of the hottest of the hot days through which we have passed with so much tribulation, one of our citizens blessed with more fat than brains, sat sweltering in a part of his dwelling where there *ought to have been* a draft, at about 11 o'clock in the morning. Business called us into a shop, from the open window of which we could see and hear our unhappy friend. He had heard something of a thermometer, and had borrowed one from a neighbor, in in order; as he said to see whether it would cool off the weather a little."—His son was charged with the duty of watching the thermometer, which was suspended in a front part of the house in a room against which the sun was beating pittilessly. The following conversation ensued:

Father.—(Wiping his face with his saturated handkerchief,) Well Solomon, you had schooling enough for a lawyer, do you understand what o'clock the weather is now by that machine?

Son.—Oh yes, it is 90 degrees.

Father.—Well how much is 90 degrees?

Son.—Eight degrees below blood heat.

Father.—(After a pause of some minutes,) Solomon, I don't think that thing does much good. It is hotter as before!

Son.—Oh, yes, Sir, something hotter.—The thermometer makes it 91 now. Now its 91½!

Father.—Solomon, take the d——d thing home, or it will have the house on fire presently!

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