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Slick?"

"Weil, I don't mean no offence, for I don't suppose you did; but I jist want you to answer, to show you the *experimental philosophy* of the thing."

"Well, Sir, I never did."

"Did you ever steal?"

"Never."

"Did you ever bear false witness agin your neighbour?"

"Oh! Colonel Slick, don't go on that way."

"Well, onct more; did you ever covet your neighbour's wife? tell me that now; nor his servant, nor his maid?—As to maidens, I suppose it's so long ago, you are like myself that way—you don't recollect?—Nor his hoss, nor his ox, nor his rifle, nor anythin' that's his?—Jim Brown, the black preacher, says there aint no asses to Slickville."

"He was under a mistake, Colonel," said Mr. Hopewell. "He was one himself, and if he had searched he would have found others."

"And therefore he leaves 'em out, and puts in the only thing he ever did envy a man, and that's a good rifle."

"Colonel Slick," said Mr. Hopewell, "when I say this style of conversation is distasteful to me, I hope you will see the propriety of not pursuing it any further."

"You don't onderstand me, Sir, that's the very thing I'm goin' to explain to you by *experimental philosophy*. Who the devil would go to offend you, Sir, intentionally? I'm sure I wouldn't, and you know that as well as I do; and if I seed the man that dare do it, I'd call him out, and shoot him as dead as a herrin'. I'll be cussed if I wouldn't. Don't kick afore you're spurred, that way. Well, as I was a-sayin', you never broke any of the commandments in all your life—"

"I didn't say that, Sir! far be such presumption from me. I never—"

"Well, you may a-bent some o' them considerable, when you was young; but you never fairly broke one, I know."

"Sam," said Mr. Hopewell, with an imploring look, "this is very disagreeable—very."

"Let him be," said his son, "he don't mean no harm—it's only his way. Now, to my mind, a man ought to know by *experimental philosophy* them things; and then, when he talked about stings o' conscience, and remorse, and so on, he'd talk about somethin' he knowed.—You've no more stings o' conscience than a baby has—you don't know what it is. You can preach up the pleasure of bein' good better nor any man I ever seed, because