

you know that, and nothin' else—its all flowers, and green fields, and purlin' streams, and shady groves, and singin' birds, and sunny spots, and so on with you. You beat all when you git off on that key; but you can't frighten folks out of their seventeen sinses, about scorpion whips, and vultur's tearin' hearts open, and torments of the wicked here, and the damned hereafter. You can't do it to save your soul alive, 'cause you hante got nothin' to repent of; you don't see the bloody hand on your white breeches—you hante got *experimental philosophy*."

"Sam," said Mr. Hopewell, who availed himself of a slight pause in the Colonel's "*experimental philosophy*," to change the conversation; "Sam, these cars run smoother than ours; the fittings, too, are more complete."

"I think them the perfection of travellin'."

"Now, there was Ralph Maxwell, the pirate," continued the Colonel, "that was tried for forty-two murders, one hundred high sea robberies, and forty ship burnin's, at New Orleans, condemned and sentenced to be hanged—his hide was bought, on spekilation of the hangman, for two thousand dollars, for razor-straps, bank-note books, ladies' needle-cases, and so on. Well he was pardoned jist at the last, and people said he paid a good round sum for it: but the hangman kept the money; he said he was ready to deliver his hide, accordin' to barg'in, when he was hanged, and so he was, I do suppose, when he *was* hanged. Well, Ralph was shunned by all fashionable society, in course; no respectable man would let him into his house, unless it was to please the ladies as a sight, and what does Ralph do—why he went about howlin', and yellin', and screamin', like mad, and foam'in' at the mouth for three days, and then said he was converted, and took up preachin'. Well, folks said, the greater the sinner, the greater the saint, and they follered him in crowds—every door was open to him, and so was every puss, and the women all went mad arter him, for he was a horrid handsom man, and he took the rag off quite. That man had *experimental philosophy*—that is, arter a fashion. He come down as far as our State, and I went to hear him. Oh! he told such beautiful anecdotes of pirates and starn chases, and sea-fights, and runnin' off with splendoriferous women, and of barrels of gold, and hogsheads of silver, and boxes of diamon's, and bags of pearls, that he most turned the young men's heads—they called him the handsom young converted pirate. When a man talks about what he knows, I call it *experimental philosophy*."

"Now, Minister, he warn't a right man you know—he was a