

at the Polytechnic, that shows you awful monsters in a drop of water, which were never intended for us to see, or Providence would have made our eyes like Lord Rosse's telescope." Of sects he says, "Call 'em this dictionary name and that new-fangled name, but give me the tree that bears the best fruit." Of sermons he observes, "I don't like preaching to the narves instead of to the judgment." He is a little cynical in some particulars. He traces the influence of the clergy to having the women on their side, and, in a story which he tells, the Reverend rascal Meldrum attributes the prosperity he enjoys for a season to his soft-sawdering the gentle sex. Sometimes Slick is actually irreverent, as for instance in his speculations on negroes' souls, which he locates in their heels.

Slick believes in treating criminals summarily, and even in lynching on occasion. He uses drastic measures with bullies, bad boys, and balky horses. He holds that there are "no good scholars since birch rods went out of school and sentiment went in."

"So he won't leave the vessel, eh?" said Skipper Love, Slick's friend and co-believer in effective energy. "Well, a critter that won't move must be made to go, that's all. There's a motive power in all natur'. There's a current or a breeze for a vessel, an ingine for a rail-car, necessity for poverty, love for the feminine gender, and glory for the hero. But for mën I like persuasion. It seems to convene better with a free and enlightened citizen. Now here," said he, opening his closet and taking out his rope-yarn, "here is a persuader that nothing can stand. Oh, he won't come, eh? well we'll see."