

NOTES ON THE ROAD.

It is possible some fastidious Knight of the Bag may feel his dignity aggrieved by the cognomen "Guerilla," applied, as it is, in conjunction with his honorable calling, and such a one may uncork his vial of wrath and pronounce the author a "demn'd vulgah fellah." Well, so mote it be, there are some thin-skinned, would-be aristocratic members of the brotherhood of commercial travelers, *alias* guerillas, whose only recommendation in the useful line is the faithfulness with which they perform the part of a walking advertisement for their tailor, and their acquaintance with the last new thing in the perfumery biz. To fear the displeasure of such, would betray an unnecessary timidity, I therefore, with all due respect, adhere to the *alias*, and thus express the reason of my so doing.

During the late American war, the guerilla troops attached to both armies particularly distinguished themselves by their uncommon activity and their numerous successful raids; the chief characteristic of the class was a cool assumption, and inimitable *sang froid*—always jolly if provender was plenty, and never hesitating on the score of a formal introduction about making a visit. Their intentions were doubtless less honorable and friendly than their Canadian namesake. The latter, however, emulate them in the following accomplishments: A restless activity, keen scent of fat game at unheard-of distances, a presence of mind that nothing can overcome, and a total disregard of danger, as exemplified by the hundreds of miles they travel on the G. T. R., and dare I add, the professional manner in which they deal with liquid samples; in the latter they are immense. I will not include all the fraternity in this remark, for there are several present to my