

tendered him my support, but he received the offer rather coolly. Then I started off to my native County, and as often as I met an old supporter, I exclaimed, "Well, Jones, we turned them out at last," to which an equivocal reply was generally returned. In vain I pleaded that I had always sympathized with the Opposition, it was "too thin," they said. The Reform papers began to abuse me, and stir up my constituents to bring out a "square man." Soon a meeting of the Reform party was held in the County, for the selection of a "Straight Reform Candidate." I was not even invited to attend, all my friends deserted me and brought out a strong opponent. I did the best I could. I bid for and obtained the support of the remnant of the old Conservative party, I imposed upon a few Liberals so far as to make them believe that I was a genuine Reformer. I got through nomination day pretty well, although there were some ugly questions asked me. I cursed the new Government for dissolving so soon, as I intended to have redeemed myself the next session by giving the new Government a good support. I worked hard, and made a respectable show; but at the close of the poll I found myself in a hopeless minority. I am doomed to stay at home, and perhaps, the most galling feature of the matter is the return of every one of the Nova Scotia "bolters," who here clearly have the laugh on me.

I am a disappointed man. Neither party like me much, and I fear my political career is ended. Poor Clara turns up her eyes with grateful mien, and expresses her great joy that "Joel is out of those horrid politics." She says she loves a quiet life so dearly. But I fear Clara does not enjoy my defeat at heart. She sometimes turns up her nose when a lady friend makes one unpleasant insinuation, in a manner not wholly lamb-like. I may say that I have "resumed the practice of my profession."

JOEL PHIPPS.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

EXPERIENCES OF "A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER."

BY "ONE OF THEM."

"All aboard" is a familiar sound in the ear of a "Commercial," and with him familiarity breeds contempt, at least of the starting of railway trains, for it seems to be a point of honour with him to copy the conductor and train men by never getting "aboard" till the last car is leaving the station, and then, so it seems to bystanders, at the imminent risk of life and limb. There is an old saying that somebody "takes care of his own;" and if no one else looks after them, that somebody deserves credit for the way in which he performs his duties to "Commercials," as he certainly has his hands full.

Well, I left you at the station in Toronto on board a northern-bound train. Some folks think railway travelling dull, but if they would only arouse themselves to an interest in their fellow-travellers, and if they are at all appreciative, they would find an ample fund of amusement in studying the motley variety of characters and faces. Going up that day, immediately after the general elections, politics was the universal theme. Tories, Radicals, "Canada First"—all were represented, and some of the discussions were most animated. A group of four, evidently from the Muskoka district, I found excitedly arguing the probabilities of the elections there, which had not then come off. By the tenor of their conversation I gathered that Teviotdale was likely to be elected, and Cockburn, the Government candidate, ousted this time; a conclusion which has since been woefully disproved. The airing of political opinions is not the only interesting feature of railway travelling; the occasion is often taken advantage of by billing and cooing lovers, or newly married couples, to make a public display of their affection, as if to encourage others to "go and do likewise." Little by-plays of this kind are generally indulged in by country bumpkins who are making their wedding "tower," and consider it indispensable to advertise the fact. Although affording considerable amusement to the other occupants of a car, such displays are, to put it mildly, very foolish; still there is hardly a train on a well-travelled road that has not got its complement of these uxorious folk. The stoical bearing of the conductor towards them is really admirable; he completely ignores, or appears to, everything but their tickets, and rudely disturbs "love's sweet communings" by a shake or a poke in the ribs administered to the male, coupled with a request for "Tickets." To all else he is blind. Not the least amusing character is the old chap who was never on a railroad "afore," and if you come across him, and can derive any pleasure from the mental torture of another, you will have an ample field here, as you will soon find that he is very nervous about accidents, and can then of course make his blood run cold with tales of railway horrors. Having worked his mind up to the proper pitch, wait for the whistle of the engine, and then tell him "you guess there's something wrong" when you'll have him in an agony of terror. The imaginary danger past, he will confide to you that, "if he's spared, he'll never venture on one of these dashed trains again."

Travellers, as a rule, and I am ashamed to say commercial travellers in particular, are very selfish about seats in the cars. One of them will occupy a whole seat, and if any new comer enters the car, already nearly full, he will quietly deposit his satchels, overcoat, &c. on the other half of the seat, so as to exclude another from it. Not this alone, but one of the "Swell" variety will frequently turn over the seat in front of him, and sitting on one seat, with his feet deposited on the other, he will erect a breastwork of umbrellas, hat-boxes, coats, and other paraphernalia about him, that completely precludes the possibility of any one else occupying either of the seats. As the car fills up, and his isolation becomes endangered, he will feign sleep, and is deaf to all the audible remonstrances that are spoken at him, for few would have the hardihood to speak to such a travelling magnate. Peacefully he slumbers till the conductor, accustomed to such gentry, compels him to make room, and unceremoniously hustles his traps into the rack above him. It is not, however, fair to the fraternity to say that such examples of selfishness are the rule; there are many true gentlemen among them who will be the first to offer their seat to a lady, or, what is better still, to a aged or decrepit person, rather than see them stand. Travelling, unfortunately, has a tendency to make men selfish; attentions and courtesies are so rarely reciprocated, that they grow callous and indifferent.

But I must ask pardon of my readers in digressing so far from my subject to note experiences and observations on the

train. We jogged along in the hum-drum fashion for which the Northern Railway is noted, stopping half a dozen or more times between Toronto and Newmarket—in fact, it seemed as if the train was barely started before it stopped again. On this particular day the road maintained its reputation for being, if not the slowest, one of the slowest roads in this "Canada of ours." At length, arrived at Newmarket, a long, straggling town with the backs of the houses all facing you as you view it from the train, I disembarked, and gave my checks to the urbane porter of the "Royal." After supper I sat in the general sitting-room, a very cosy place, heated by that most genial, if not warmest of all fires, a hearth-fire. These, I am sorry to say, are becoming rarer every year, the ugly modern stove is fast supplanting them, and in Ontario it is only north of Toronto they are to be found. Nothing, I think, is more cheerful and conducive to pleasant, chatty talk; but in this matter-of-fact age economy is a primary consideration, and I am afraid that hearth-fires are extravagant consumers of wood, and to the growing scarcity of that fuel is to be attributed the introduction of stoves in preference. Listening to the talk of farmers, town residents, and others, I found here, as elsewhere, that politics were still the topic of the day; Reformers were jubilant and Conservatives correspondingly downcast. In that Riding, North York, Conservatives, after a fierce struggle, had been defeated, although they still derived some crumbs of consolation from the hope that the election would be contested. From my observation: the Conservatives have, in a great measure, been to blame for the numerous defeats they have sustained, even in districts where they deemed themselves impregnable. They seem to be totally without organization, and in this particular would do well to take a leaf from their opponents' book.

Travelling in winter time one cannot fail to note the multiplicity of hops, assemblies, socials, and other friendly gatherings in country towns and villages. Whatever place you drop into there is sure to be something going on at night, either there or a few miles distant; and it speaks well for the regard in which the "Knight of the Road" is held, that if he is at all well known he is almost sure to be invited, either by a customer or an outside friend. Canadians as a rule are very hospitable in this particular, and do their best to make a stranger feel at home with the company.

From Newmarket I went to Bradford, a small but very busy place. Fire has, in times past, played sad havoc with it; twice it has been burned completely up, the last time about two years ago, but was rebuilt with wonderful rapidity, and has now a far handsomer appearance than before the fire. Getting off at the station the first who accost you are the liverymen of the village, who ply their trade here with commendable perseverance, vying with each other in their attempts to procure custom. "Going to drive out anywhere, sir?" is the first salutation that greets you. The hotel at Bradford is justly popular—"good fare and plenty of it" is the rule here, and travellers are never tired of eulogising the sample-room accommodation. The Reform political element of Bradford is terribly disgusted at the election by acclamation of a Conservative to represent the constituency of South Simcoe, in which Bradford is situated. South Simcoe, I believe, is the only Riding in Ontario that elected a Conservative by acclamation. Bradford is a great place for grain buying, and very large quantities are shipped from there.

From Bradford I took the train to Barrie, but on arriving there found I could procure no sample-room; this is frequently the case at Barrie, as it is a great point for travellers. The Northern branches off here to Orillia and the Muskoka district, and stages drive daily to the old French settlement of Penetanguishene, so that it is a centre for operations. Finding that a sample-room was not to be had, I went on to Orillia, one of the most thriving places north of Toronto, and here I must leave my readers till next week, when I will endeavour to sketch my experiences there, and at Bracebridge, in the Muskoka district, 36 miles from Orillia.

WAYFARER.

DRESS IN THE BUSH.

BY H. B. K.

New Year's Day, 1872, was one of those exceptionally beautiful days when hope is generated in the saddest heart, and when the most pressing cares and anxieties retire for a time at least into the background of our lives. The sky was blue and clear, the sun bright, and the air quite soft and balmy for the time of year. We had before and afterwards some bitter cold and gloomy weather, the thermometer being at times forty degrees below zero during the winter. We had the greatest difficulty in keeping ourselves sufficiently clothed for such a season. All people coming to the bush bring clothes far too good for the rough life they lead there. In coming out, we had no means of providing any special outfit, and therefore brought only the ordinary wardrobes of genteel life. All silks, delicate shawls, laces, and ornaments are perfectly useless here. Every article I possess of that kind is carefully put away, and will probably never see day-light again. We found everything we had taken of woollen, warm plaid shawls, winter dresses, thick flannels, furs, etc., most useful; of these we had a tolerable stock, and we put one thing over another as the cold increased, till we must often have presented the appearance of feather-beds tied with a string in the middle. As to our feet and legs it was not a trifling matter to encase them securely. Our delicate French boots and slippers were of no use here. Stockings drawn over stockings, French *chaussons*, and over all moccasins or large stockings of your brothers', even these hardly kept us warm enough. Nor were the gentlemen a whit behind us in wrapping up. Your brother sometimes wore six pairs of thick woollen stockings at a time, with sea-boots drawn over all; shirts, jerseys, and coats in proportion. Your brother-in-law and C. had goatskin coats brought from France, such as are worn by the shepherds there, and in which they looked like Crusoes.

DICKENS'S DESPENDENCY.

"During his absence abroad in the greater part of 1854, '55, and '56, while the elder of his children were growing out of childhood, and his books were less easy to him than in his earlier manhood, evidences presented themselves in his letters of the old 'unhappy loss or want of something,' to which he had given a pervading prominence in 'Copperfield.' In the first of those years he made express allusion to the kind of experience which had been one of his descriptions in that favourite book, and, mentioning the drawbacks of his present

life, had first identified it with his own; 'the so happy and yet so unhappy existence which seeks its realities and unrealities, and finds its dangerous comfort in a perpetual escape from the disappointment of heart around it.' Later in the same year he thus wrote from Boulogne: 'I have had dreadful thoughts of getting away somewhere altogether myself. If I could have managed it, I think possibly I might have gone to the Pyrenees (you know what I mean that word for, so I won't re-write it) for six months! I have put the idea into the perspective of six months, but have not abandoned it. I have visions of living for half a year or so, in all sorts of inaccessible places, and opening a new book therein. A floating idea of going up above the snow line in Switzerland, and living in some astonishing convent, hovers about me. If 'Household Words' could be got into a good train, in short, I don't know in what strange place, or at what remote elevation above the level of the sea, I might fall to work next. Restlessness, you will say. Whatever it is, it is always driving me, and I cannot help it. I have rested nine or ten weeks, and sometimes feel as if it had been a year—though I had the strangest nervous miseries before I stopped. If I couldn't walk fast and far, I should just explode and perish.' Again, four months later he wrote: 'You will hear of me in Paris, probably next Sunday, and I may go on to Bordeaux. Have general ideas of emigrating in the summer to the mountain ground between France and Spain. Am altogether in a dishevelled state of mind—notes of new books in the dirty air, miseries of older growth threatening to close upon me. Why is it, that as with poor David, a sense comes always crushing on me now, when I fall into low spirits, as of one happiness I have missed in life, and one friend and companion I have never made?'

SLOGANS, OR WAR CRIES.

Every clan and great family, and also various towns, had formerly its Slogan, or War Cry. Slogan is properly slughorne, from the Irish *slugh*, an army, and *corn*, a horn. Several of these animating calls consisted simply of a repetition of the name of the chief, as "a Home! a Home!" "a Douglas! a Douglas!" "Gordon, Gordon, by-dand!" The Setons had "Set on," a pun upon the name. Others were formed of an expressive sentence. The Hepburns had "Bide me Fair!" the Stewarts of Lennox, "Avault, Durnale!" the Grants, "Stand fast, Craigellachie!" (a wooded hillock near Aviemore, in Strathspey, the country of the Grants); the town of Jedburgh, "Jethart's here!" the Clanranald branch of the Macdonalds, "A dh'ain dooin co'heiradh e!" or, as Sir Walter Scott spells it in Waverley, "Ganyen Coheriga," which means, "in spite of whoever may say to the contrary." Other slogans consisted of the name of the place where the clans, or the adherents of the chief were rendezvoused on occasions of danger. Thus, Scott of Buccleuch had "Bellenden!" a place near the head of Borthwick water, in the midst of the extensive possessions of that powerful family. The Cranstons had "Henwoodie," a place on Oxnam water; Mercer of Aldie, "The Grit Pule;" the Forbeses, "Lonachin," a hilly ridge in Strathdon; the Farquharsons, "Cairn-na-ouen," i. e., the Hill of Remembrance, a mountain in Braemar; the Macphersons, "Craig-dhu," a high, black, conspicuous rock in Badenoch; the chief of Glenangry, "Craggan-an-shithich," the rock of the raven; the Mackenzies, "Tullichard," a hill in Kintail, which yet forms the crest of the Seaforth branch of the family; Macfarlane, "Loch Sloy," a small lake between Loch Lomond and Loch Long; Buchanan, "Clare Innis," an island in Loch Lomond; Macgregor, "O'ard choille," the wooded height, the rendezvous, it will be observed, being generally a conspicuous place in the territories of the family. The slogan of Dumfries is "Loreburn," a vacant space near the town, where the inhabitants were marshalled on occasions of danger—for the first time, we believe, in 1715, when an attack was anticipated from the rebel Lord Kenmore. The word is still inscribed on the Provost's baton of office. The town of Hawick had for its war cry the words, "Terri bus and terri odin," which we have never heard explained, though they are still inscribed on the banner which the inhabitants carry at their annual festival of the riding of the marches.

Literary Notes.

The popular edition of Carlyle's writings in thirty volumes is to be enlarged by the addition of all his translations.

Sheldon & Co. will publish Theodore Tilton's new novel, which is running through his paper, and is nearly finished.

J. O. Osgood & Co. have issued James Parton's "Life of Jefferson." It is one of the very best of its author's good works.

Ten thousand copies of the last volume of Forster's "Life of Dickens" were sold in London in ten days after publication.

A new work by the author of "The Fight at Dame Europa's School," entitled "The House that Baby Built," will shortly be published.

Jean Ingelow is writing a novel. But her progress is slow, as most of her time and care are devoted to her mother, who has been ill, and is still very feeble.

It is announced that M. Prosper Mérimée has left an unedited work on "Don Quixote," which will be published with M. Lucien Biart's translation of Cervantes's romance.

Mrs M. G. Hogg, the authoress of the recently-published book of tales entitled "Dr. Dunbar," is a daughter of the Ettrick Shepherd. The same lady has a novel in the press.

The Philadelphia Press says that a national college of the most advanced order for women will be established in Washington, in which will be taught all branches of learning, including theology, medicine, law, art, and the sciences.

In Lippincott's for March Geo. Macdonald's story 'Malcolm,' and Edward Sirahan's 'New Hyperion' are continued, while a second serial, 'A Modern Oressida,' by Francis Asheton, is commenced. Art is represented by two papers, viz., 'In a Caravan with Gerome the Painter,' and 'Critic and Artist,' the latter by Titus Munson Coan. Further papers treat of Cannes and its neighbourhood, and of Ferdinand de Lesseps. There are also in this number three short tales and sketches and the same number of poems.

The library of the American Congress now contains 258,752 volumes, of which number 12,407 were added in the course of last year. The librarian reports the accessions to the library as unusually valuable, including an almost complete set of the county histories of England, purchased in London, and very important as throwing light upon the history and genealogy of thousands of American families. Besides the above, the library has about 50,000 pamphlets. In the copyright department, there have been 15,852 entries made during the year, and the librarian has paid into the Treasury the sum of 12,404 dollars, as the receipt from copyright fees.