

dered that nothing would be more acceptable to the electors of Kalafat than such improvement, and that if I could succeed in persuading them that, by electing me to Parliament, they would be taking the surest means of making their rough paths smooth, I would be almost certain of success. I had therefore determined to take the improvement of the roads for my text, and had already made some progress in arranging the few ideas I had into a pretty good speech on the subject, which I was now about to deliver. I commenced by stating that I was taken so completely by surprise in being thus suddenly proposed as a candidate, that I was utterly unable to give vent to my feelings on the occasion, much less to express my views in a proper manner on the political, social, and industrial questions of the day. If I had had the most remote idea of being honoured with a nomination at that meeting, I should certainly have prepared myself in some measure to respond to the call in a manner more worthy of the importance of the occasion, and the great respectability of the present audience. As it was, I must draw largely on their indulgence, in the few crude and broken remarks which I was obliged to make on the spur of the moment. (Hear, hear.)

This commencement I got by heart from the printed speech of a first-chop candidate in a neighbouring county, and I soon perceived that it gave admirable satisfaction, and that I was rapidly rising in the estimation of the meeting. This encouraged me to proceed with the development of my plans for the improvement of the roads, and I dilated on the advantages of good roads, the great need there existed in this county for improvement in those conveniences. And all that I could and would do, if elected, to accomplish such desirable improvement. But I soon found I was "off the track." Something was wrong. There were no more cries of "hear, hear." Indeed, if they did hear me at all it was evidently with the greatest reluctance. Instead of "hear, hear," there were sundry half-smothered ejaculations which sounded very much like "fudge" and "stuff," and one rather queer-looking chap, with a rowdy hat hanging on one corner of his head, spoke out pretty audibly, "Guess we knows what roads is as well as you. Tell us something we don't know." What could the matter be? Had the people of Kalafat a very decided partiality for bad roads? The state of their rough farms would certainly lead to that supposition, and their present apparent disrelish of the subject would seem to confirm that impression.

I may here state that in my future progress I came to understand this subject better. I found that the people of Kalafat, I mean that portion of them who do the politics of the county, are eminently a theoretical people. They have not, in reality, any insuperable objections to good roads or good dinners, but these are of too common and practical a nature to be a popular subject of discussion for a political meeting. They are good useful articles enough

for every-day use, but in election times they look for something of a different stamp. They delight in something abstruse, and if incomprehensible, all the better. A mystical dissertation on some political or polemical crotchet will go more directly to their hearts than the most reliable promises of good roads, or the most reliable speech on any such matter-of-fact subject. I was not then aware of this round taste of my audience, but I saw clearly that a screw was loose somewhere, and for fear of making matters worse, hastened to draw my harangue to a close by some commonplace and perfectly unmeaning remarks, which in part restored me to the good graces of the meeting; and I concluded by stating my willingness to answer any questions that might be put to me.

I had not long to wait. A burly-headed customer came forward from the crowd, and stated that he was well pleased with the gentleman's views on things in general. "They was sound and constitootishnell, and to the pint. But there is one queschin," he continued, "which he has not teched upon, and that is a queschin the most important to our vitals. If the gentleman is O. K. on that one salutary queschin, I'se for un, and if not, not. Sum sez, stigmatize the clergy resarves, and sum's for the Three Rivers calf-feeders' bill, but I goes the hal hog for the sin oral tenor queschin. I therefore axe the gentleman, Mr. Poleskin, to state extinctly what will be his course of conduct on the sin oral tenor queschin?" This was rather a poser, but I kept my gravity like a monkey, and answered that I hoped the "tenor" of my conduct, both "oral" and written, would be as free from "sin" as human nature would permit. "Well, now, that's what I call handsome; I likes to see a man stride up and down. I goes for Mr. Harry Skimpole, Esquire;" and he sat down, apparently perfectly satisfied with my "stride up and down"-ativeness. Very good, so far, every thing must have a beginning, and there was one good vote secured, that is, if he had a vote. But I had next to deal with a different character. A rather tallish smooth-faced man, with a black coat and clean shirt, came forward and took his stand in front of the chairman, who saluted him as Mr. Squeers. He looked round the room with a smile, half-complacent, half-condescending, and commenced, "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I should not have felt called upon to address you on this important occasion, but for the few remarks which have fallen from my friend, Mr. Jenkins, who has just sat down. I have the greatest respect for that gentleman, but unfortunately he has not had the advantages of scholastic education which I have had, and has consequently been led into some errors, orthographical, grammatical, syntactical. (Hear, hear, hear.) When my friend speaks of the sin oral tenor, he doubtless means the seigneurial tenure, which is a very ancient institution, and means the tenure of a seigneur. The seigneurs are great lords, almost equal to kings and emperors, for which reason many of the reigning sovereigns have a