

from whose decision there is no appeal, and then you may have to submit to the somewhat ignominious ordeal of a preaching match, like that by which candidates on the "short leet" are selected to occupy the pulpit of a Scotch church. I once assisted at one of these performances, when I went with a friend to help him to woo the affections of a Scotch constituency. There was an honourable obligation—not, I fear, rigidly followed by the attractive wife of the candidate—that there should be no canvassing, nor attempt to do anything more than place the bare facts of the politics of the moment before the electors, and the result was flabby and pointless. My man being new to the job did not know how to talk round the under crusts, and his style of speaking was rather stilted and academic. Of the other candidates, one was discredited by the unfounded rumour that he was a Government nominee, and sent down by the Whips, and the third, an exceptionally powerful lawyer, out-talked both the others, and sailed in easily.

My own experience is worth recording. In former times Aberdeenshire was undivided, and had only one member. Sir James Elphinstone was in possession of the seat, and holding it, as he thought, by a sort of patent right, his fury was great, and was expressed in forcible quarter-deck language, when its stability was assailed by a juvenile champion of liberalism. Lofty was the scorn poured upon this presumptuous youth whom the doughty admiral hardly condescended even to name; but dire was the surprise and consternation when David fired his final shot and Goliath went down before