

literary skill, which adorned its columns almost day by day. I have often thought that someone should write the life of this able if eccentric personality, and include a selection from the epistolary budget, which I am sure did a good deal to maintain the popularity of that very excellent paper.

Huntly was my principal centre, for, although it did not contain more voters than Buxburn, it was a burgh and a populous and thriving town, and I was therefore able to get into much better touch with its political leaders. Foremost among them in those days was Mr James Lawson, retired banker, who entertained me hospitably, took the chair at my first as well as succeeding meetings, and helped what was undoubtedly a lame duck over the stile, when that amphibious creature was painfully struggling along the somewhat rugged path leading to oratorical distinction.

And then we had Provost Legge, brother of the prominent Chinese scholar, and Dunbar, editor of the useful *Huntly Express*, and father of my good friend "Joseph," who keeps the torch of Liberalism brightly burning, and who, as personal friend, platform speaker, and musician, was and is of so much service to me, the cause, and his native place.

At Alford we had the Bentons, fine types of farmers and gentlemen; Reid of Greystone, who carried on the M'Combie tradition of cattle-breeding; and last, but not least, good old "Bithnie," who was always hearty and genial and vigorous on the platform or in private life.

I could add largely to this list, but space calls a halt, and I have recalled representative types of those who gave kind and sympathetic encouragement to a raw beginner who was learning his business by contact with the world from the standpoint of advancing Liberalism, and rubbing against things and the men who were working at them.

Luckily for me, too, I had an excellent agent, David