

Littlejohn, a man of much shrewdness and sagacity, well up to the country people's ways, and able to argue with them and persuade them as well as to sustain and encourage me. He is now the able and trusted Sheriff Clerk of Aberdeen, but I am sure his memory often travels back to the old days when he was a keen politician and dearly loved a fight. In those days markets were in full swing, and it was a very convenient arrangement to go to the village green and, amid whip-cracking and cattle lowing and general bustle and confusion, to buttonhole the farmers and have a yarn with them "anent" the current topics of the day. I daresay he remembers a particular occasion at Alford or Huntly, where I was the centre of an excited crowd, when a more than half-seas-over countryman approached me very closely with confidential inebriety and bawled out, "What are you going to do for the agricultural labourer?" and I had to administer a double dose of soothing syrup before I could get rid of him.

Well, it all came to an end at last, and although there never was any real doubt about the issue, I could not help feeling just a wee bit uneasy lest the majority should have dropped. I did not attend the counting—that would have been too nervous work; but after the Sheriff had read out the triumphant winner, and I had my arm nearly wrung off by the congratulations of my friends, I stepped proudly forth as member of Parliament for West Aberdeenshire.

Thanks to everybody, at the end of my probation I was turned out a fairly finished article, quite capable not only of voting straight, but of giving fairly plausible reasons for the faith that was in me. And what more do you want in the rank and file of any party?

Then we had a really good jollification at the Northern Club, Aberdeen—grilled bones, unlimited "fizz," absolute oratorical incoherence, and grave, and, I rather think,