

The elections turned on the majority of the nations, which spurred the leaders up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Were it not that my ticket for "The Public Logic Class" duly attested by Rob. Buchanan, L. R. Prof., is still in my possession it might have been difficult to adduce satisfactory proof of my University training, which failed of its purpose. My sainted mother, like many other pious mothers in Scotland at that time, would have liked to see at least one of her sons 'wag his head in a poopit,' once or twice the hint was mildly addressed to me; but I gave no sign. William was the one of us four brothers who should have become a minister. I have often thought that he would not suffer in comparison with M'Cheyne, and his religion was of a far more cheerful type than M'Cheyne's. No: William, with even higher educational advantages than I had, had become a farmer, and Jacobus would follow his example.

From May to December, 1839, I was employed as junior clerk in a merchant's office in Glasgow, but sweeping floors and copying letters and invoices were not attractive occupations. I showed no aptitude for business and was dismissed. Farming at that time was not to be despised. High farming was in vogue. Agriculus was a gentleman and made money. Why not I? So for two years, from December, 1839, I served my apprenticeship to this high calling with my Uncle John in East Lothian. I could not have gone to a better school, for he was a model farmer, in proof of which he acquired a handsome competence as the result of good management during his nineteen years' lease. But I must confess that the apprentice spent too much of his time in the carpenter's shop and the smiddy, which may help to account for his mechanical proclivities in after years.

These were the palmy days of farming in East Lothian, which by tile-draining, subsoil ploughing, the use of artificial manures, and a judicious rotation of crops, had become the garden and granary of Scotland. It goes without saying that the East Lothian farmer stood far above the ordinary tiller of the soil. He was a man fitted by education and culture to comport himself creditably in the highest rank of society; yes, to stand before kings. To this