INCIDENTS & ANECDOTES

BY

ARCHP. PAUL

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FROM THE

PEN OF A DUNDEE LAWYER.

BY ARCHIBALD PAUL,

SOLICITOR, DUNDEE.

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DEDICATION.

This book is particularly dedicated to the people of the counties of Forfar, Perth, and Stirling; and generally to every one who will be pleased to read it.

ARCHD. PAUL.

October 1, 1870.

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INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

1. *Address delivered by Mr. M'Kay, of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, while acting the character of Poor Peter Peebles, as patronized by the Faculty of Advocates.*

A FINAL hearing I must now bespeak,
Wi' protestation, though, to *add and eik;*
For since the thing was heard of, I've abhorr'd
The very notion of a closed record.
It's clear the case must now begin *ab ovo*,
Agents and counsel must be fee'd *de novo.*
We must arrest again on the dependence,
And re-re-revise our condescendence:
That line is clear; but where to find
For sic a cause twa counsel to my mind?
Twa counsel, faith! a body needna fear
To find twa score: a wale o' wigs is here.

Seniors and juniors, counsel for the Crown,
And, by my certy, mony a braw silk gown;
The Faculty's before me where to choose,
And wha's the man sae daft as to refuse
For sake o' fame, with or without a fee,
To have his name conjoined wi' Peter's plea?

But I must see my way a little plainer
Before I pay or promise my retainer.
First, let my junior be some douce young callant,
Modest, yet free, of ready tongue and talent;
Wi' comely face, quick eye, and colour ruddy,
Soon to be bleached, poor lad, by *midnight* study.
The man that I must have for the reply,
At once must please the ear and fill the eye.
I carena' for your slim and slender blades;
Gie me the chields that thrive upon their trades,
Wi' breadth of humour and wi' depth o' law,
Such as since Harry's time the warld ne'er saw;
Ane that has power and pathos, fun and fury,
To smooth a judge or tickle up a jury.
If twa sic counsel hear my observation,
Let them speak out and fix a consultation.
E'en now, were but their Lordships in their place,
We might begin *de plano* with the case;
When, after having heard each party's procu'tor,
They doubtless would pronounce this interlocutor:
'Having advised this summary application,
Finds that the balance in the sequestration,
For which Poor Peebles has a right to rank,
Amounts, *in toto*, to the sum of—blank;
To that extent repels the whole defences
For Plainstanes, and decerns, with full expenses.'
Perhaps, since now the Court is near its rising,
We can't expect at present an advising;
But as the case is one of great oppression,
We hope they'll fix an early day next session.
How it mak's Peter's heart gang blithe and fast
To find him in our Inner House at last!
And minds me o' the seasons now lang past,

When Scott and Jeffrey, and the like o' they,
Thought it nae sin to patronize a play.
Eh! you've been lang o' coming; but a night
Or twa like this would soon mak a' things right;
For if the Bar stands forth, what can withstand 'em
When they tak' up the Drama's cause *ad avizandum?*

2. *The First Sign of a Lawyer in a Young Boy.*

A young boy received from his name-father, Judge Speirs of India, as a New Year's present, a £1 note. Wishing to bank it in his bank, called the pirley-pig, the boy did not like to put in the note, and went and changed the note, so as to make the sum look larger, and deposited the silver, where it lay untouched for many a day. Seeing, at the school, that most of the boys were never without pennies, with the proceeds of which he was generously supplied, he thought to himself that there would be no harm of extracting a solitary sixpence from the store, and being equally liberal to his companions. He soon became a *lion* at the school, and of course was much courted and flattered. The sixpence ended in periodical visits to the bank, and the small drawings of mere sixpences soon swelled themselves into shillings; and as these drawings increased, so did his popularity at school increase. A £1 note, however, could not last for ever; but of this the boy never, of course, thought, till one Saturday afternoon, when his mother told him to go to his bank and take out 5s., as his father was to take him to town that night to purchase a nice tasselled cap for church. The true state of

matters then rushed upon his little mind, and with fear and reluctance he went in search of a fork to draw out the money. To put off the evil day as long as possible, he could not find a fork; but his mother kindly supplied him with one, although he at this time did not really know what was what. Being armed with this fork, the poor culprit boy proceeded to the bank as if it was to his scaffold; and after inserting the fork into the slit of the pig, brought out the whole contents, which consisted of only 1s. 6d. What was to be done? The boy was ashamed; the mother, with consternation on her face, sent for the father to come and chastise their favourite son, who had never been chastised before. The father came, and, after hearing the sad story, took out his knife and proceeded to the plantation to cut a switch, so as to punish the offender. Seeing the state of matters, and the shortness of time before the whipping, this thoughtless, yet thoughtful boy, resolved to state a defence, so as to stay the uplifted hand of his father. Unwillingly, yet resolutely, the father re-entered the cottage with rather a formidable-looking cane. He commenced first by asking why he, the boy, had stolen the money, for which, in other days, he might have been hanged. As it was, he had become a felon, and had disgraced himself and family, and had broken his parents' hearts. The cane was then uplifted for the purpose of condign punishment, when the courageous little boy said: '*Father, you dare not, and will not, strike me; you never struck me before; and I did not steal the money, because I could not steal my own; and you know that*

I got the £1 *as a present from Judge Speirs.*' The father, struck with the youthful but truthful argument, and glad of an opportunity of not chastising his favourite son, threw down the cane and gave the boy a kind parental admonition, which cemented the hitherto happiness between the parents and the boy. After what had fallen from the boy in the moment of trial, the father considered he would be well fitted for the bar, and was trained accordingly. Such an anecdote will show the necessity of parents watching the different traits in the characters of their children, so as to mark out for them the right path leading to a right and tasteful profession. Many a child is lost by the caprice of the parents, and particularly of the mother, in sending their children to professions or businesses against their own inclination.

3. *A Lawyer's Opinion of a Dundee Bailie.*

At the police court, which was presided over by a bailie, the lawyer who defended the prisoner used his arms and head, naturally, in the course of his address. In the middle of the address the bailie brought him to a stand by asking if he knew who he was wagging his head at; to which the lawyer humorously replied, 'Oh yes! Although I have the honour of addressing a Dundee magistrate, I consider I am wagging my head at *nobody*.' The lawyer, in the midst of a shout of laughter, was allowed to finish his speech; the bailie looking over his lofty bench with the dignity befitting his high and intellectual office.

4. *Two Friends in Need are Friends Indeed.*

Some time ago a party was brought all the way from Falkirk to the Dundee jail, on the charge of embezzlement committed in Dundee. On his being committed to prison, he sent for the writer, who went and asked what was wanted. The prisoner replied that he wanted out on bail; to which the writer replied, 'How can you find bail? You will require two good securities, and I am afraid you will not get them in Dundee.' 'Ah, but,' says the prisoner, 'I'll get twa; and they are no very far awa. Just sit doon on this stool, and I will show you the twa faithfulest friends ever I had;' and with that he applies the toe of his right boot to the heel of the left, and after taking off that boot, he put his hand into the toe of the boot and brought out £16 in small notes; and having made the same appliances to the right boot, other £16 was in like manner forthcoming,—in all £32,—which cleared the bail and expenses. The ingenuity of this man was very great; and, to look at him, he would have been taken for a simpleton.

5. *A Dundee Butcher Outwitted.*

A certain party was charged with having a diseased cattle beast in his possession, unfit for human food. The accused denied that the food was bad, and the case went to trial. The oldest deacon of the flesher trade was brought forward to prove the badness of the meat. He condemned it *holus bolus.* The prisoner's agent then showed him a roast which had been just cut off the ox, and asked him if he

would swear that that roast was bad, although he thought there was not one of the police who would not have been happy to have taken it home with him. The deacon said it was certainly bad. The agent then showed him a pound of steak, and asked him what he thought of it; to which the deacon replied that it was much worse than the roast. The agent then put his clerk into the box, who swore that he had ten minutes before got from the deacon's shop the pound of steak in question, for which he paid the largest price for the best steak, being 1s. 3d. per pound. The deacon was quite nonplussed at this, he having condemned out and out his own meat, and left the box much *chopfallen.*

6. *Crammond's Lament on the Death of his First-born Son, Walter.*

My son, my son, my brightest star,
I loved thee dear when living;
But death hath parted us afar,
Me here, and thou to heaven.

I oft admired thy youthful form,
Examples vile you held in scorn;
But death from me my son has torn,
My lovely boy, and my first-born.

In heaven above, thy comely face
The brightest angels you may grace,
Christ guide thee to that bless'd abode,
To meet thy heavenly Father, God.

That fatal morning when in bed,
My hand upon thy head I laid,

'Great God!' I cried; 'my Walter's dead;
My son, his soul to heaven has fled.'

No sign of death marred his calm face,
His sister young he did embrace;
I gently took her from his breast,
Where brotherly love her form had press'd.

No sign of life!—oh no; he's dead,
His soul to brighter realms is fled;
From this dark world of grief and care,
To meet his heavenly Father there.

His mother's heart with grief was torn,
To part and thus from her first-born;
The world seemed dark, no hope seemed left,
To be thus of her son bereft.

Her sorrows deepened, and her heart
Was wrung with anguish thus to part
From her dear boy she loved so well,
Although in heaven he's gone to dwell.

7. *A Woman's Anxiety to get Married.*

Women will do anything to get married; and, to carry out their purposes, they resort to many intrigues, beginning among the highest in the land to the lowest. We have no means of knowing all the cases in the higher circles, although a number of them do from time to time appear in print; in fact, their number may be said to be likened to legion.

The following will show a sad case in the lower ranks of life in Dundee:—

A young and very good-looking woman took a

notion to a young man, and became passionately devoted to him. He returned her affections, or pretended to do so. Some time after this he got cold towards her, and she went to him and upbraided him, and wanted him to marry her, and make her an honourable woman, as she was *enciente.* He said he could hardly believe that, but to come back after she had a child. She promised to do so, and they then parted. A short time after this she took a child to the registrar's office, and got it recorded; and *armed* with the child and the registrar's certificate, she proceeded to her swain's address. Finding him at home, she placed the child in his arms, and told him that that was his boy—his very image. Here was the registrar's certificate, and he must now marry her, and make her an honest woman. The young man had little skill of children, but thought it was somewhat heavy and old-like for its days, and he said he would take a day or two to think of it. She then left, taking the child with her. Meantime there was an empty cradle somewhere: a child had been stolen, and the mother becoming frantic, rushed wildly to the police office, and the whole matter soon exploded; and the result was, that the young woman was apprehended and charged with fraud, and was sentenced to a heavy sentence. She had committed three offences,—1st, that of stealing the infant; 2d, that of falsifying the register; and 3d, of endeavouring to commit a fraud on the young man. This should be a warning to all men, young and old, to have their weather eye open; while, at the same time, they should be wary not to carry suspicions too far.

8. *The Sparrow. By Walter Crammond, Dundee.*

What dost thou fear, thou little spurdie?
Ne'er fear nor fly from me, sweet birdie;
Of that sweet morsel thou art worthie,
Though ten times mair;
Sit thou still, believe my wordie,
You needna fear.

You needna leave your meal for me,
You needna spread your wings and flee;
To lift a stane and fling't at thee,
I'd be nae winner;
Mischief you'll never get from me,
Though I'm a sinner.

O' thee I'll never hurt a feather,
Nor lay for thee a treacherous tether;
But be na proud. Though fine the weather,
Your pride may fa',
When on a leafless tree you shudder,
Clad white wi' snaw.

I dinna wonder, bird, at you,
Men sinners are, you ken 'tis true;
There are some that's good, but unco few,
And that you'll find,
If your wings prove na true,
Or your eyes blind.

Yet, spurdie dear, my heart's wi' thee;
I've seen thee shuddering on that tree,
And not a morsel on the lea
To keep thee living;
Much sympathy I hae for thee,
I swear to heaven.

Fare-you-well, wee spurdie dear,
When me you meet, you needna fear;
For you and such I've shed a tear
On hill and heath;
Lang be ye spared your young to rear
And shield from death.

9. *How a Boy was saved from being Convicted of Theft.*

A young good-looking boy was accused, along with a man, of stealing a number of hens from Mr. Brown's hotel in Newport, and they were taken to Cupar for trial. The man pled guilty, and was sentenced, and the boy got out on bail for the second diet. When it came on, Mr. Brown, along with his witnesses, and the writer who was to defend the boy, drove in a drag to Cupar. The boy trudged on before; and when Mr. Brown saw him knee-deep in the snow, he, with his usual kindness, took compassion on him, although he did not know who the boy was. The case went to trial, and there was little evidence against the boy; but, to settle the matter, Mr. Brown was asked if it was true that he had driven the boy to his trial; to which he replied in the affirmative, and that he would be happy to drive him home in the same way. The innocent looks of the boy, and the generous behaviour of Mr. Brown, got round the jury, and the boy being acquitted, returned to Newport in the same carriage he came with. Mr. Brown, who was universally respected, is now no more; and the boy he gave the lift to on the road to his trial mourned for him, and he has not yet forgotten the memory of his benefactor.

10. *The Value of a Doctor's Soul and Conscience.*

To show how easy certificates can be got and manufactured by all kinds of people, and particularly by professions, I will give you the following illustration:—When Sheriff Logan first sat on the bench in Dundee, he had a jury criminal trial. When the roll was called, a cowfeeder did not answer to his name, and his Lordship fined him the usual statutory penalty of 100 merks Scots—equal to about £5. The fined cowfeeder, who was in the habit of going under a cloud for a few days every now and then, made his appearance in my chambers the following day after the fine was imposed, and wished me to petition the Exchequer to get the fine remitted. I asked him why he did not attend; he said he was ill. 'What with?' 'Diarrhœa,' was the response. 'Had you a doctor in attendance?' 'No.' 'Have you any regular family doctor?' 'Yes.' 'Who is he?' and he named him. 'Well, then, go to him and bring a certificate, if he will grant one, that you were unwell on the day of trial, and bring it to me, and I will forward it along with the petition to the Exchequer. Away he went, and, sure enough, brought back a certificate, but which did not bear that it was *granted on soul and conscience.* I told the man that without '*the soul and conscience*' the certificate was perfectly useless, and that he must go back to the doctor and get a certificate on soul and conscience. He went, and returned stating that the doctor would not give it on soul and conscience. I asked him what he gave the doctor for the simple certificate. '2s. 6d.' was the answer. 'Well, just go

back and give the doctor another 2s. 6d., and you will soon be back to me with the doctor's soul and conscience.' The delinquent was not long in bringing the amended certificate; and I need hardly say that the petition with the certificate, 5s. worth, including the 2s. 6d. for the soul and conscience, were duly forwarded to the headquarters, and that distressed cow-feeder was relieved both in purse, body, and mind.

11. *Matrimonial Discords.*

Man and woman take each other as man and wife, for good and for evil, vowing to love each other till death separate. In many cases the so-called *interim* honeymoon is sometimes scarcely cold, when the domestic peace is often broken about the most trivial matters. The little peep of fire once ignited, is fanned to such a state as to make it blaze most furiously; and when that fire is going on, a law-suit at the instance of the aggrieved husband, or *vice versa*, is raised to quell the matrimonial storm. Lawyers, with their usual complaisant faces, enter the field; they are sorry, extremely sorry, that such unhappy events should have occurred to mar the bliss of blissful marriage. They trust, however, that they will bring about a reconcilation or settlement. The client parts with his agent, who cries to his law clerk to order condescendence and defences immediately in case *A.* v *B.* No doubt this may be all very well; but the lawyer, in his own mind, thinks that it is just possible that the offended pair may reunite before the condescendence, which is a long paper, is ordered, prepared, and lodged. To give an illustration of this:—A

young couple had their likenesses, along with two or three children, painted on canvas, and a fair painting it was. A family quarrel took place, and the husband left the house, and stayed away for some time. She applied to her agent to see what she would do to get him to return. The agent advised her to act prudently in the matter, and endeavour to get her husband back quietly. She, however, failed in this, and then had recourse to law. An action was raised, and was defended by another agent for the defender. A meeting was held, when I remonstrated with the defender. 'Ah,' says he, 'little do you ken what I have suffered by this woman. She has cut me out of the family group;' and, suiting the action to the word, he took an envelope out of his pocket, and out of the envelope came his veritable picture cut out of the family group; the legs and arms being cut out, resembling as nearly a jumping-jack as possible. Indeed, if it had had a string attached, it was a jumping-jack out and out. The poor man cried; but, for the life of me, I could not but laugh at such a ridiculous exhibition. Well, after some litigation, a reunion was proposed and effected, through the husband being restored to the group. Now married people should really give over quarrelling. It does no good. It leads parties into the public courts, and into the newspapers. It sets a bad example to children. If differences should arise in spite of fate, refer these differences to a respectable person, say the minister, and abide by his decision, whatever it may be.

12. *How Doctors can be Gulled by their Patients.*

A woman, as well known in the Parliament House of Edinburgh as in her native town of Dundee, was years ago arraigned at the Circuit Court on the charge of having forged a sheriff-officer's execution of the service of a summons on an alleged defender, and in consequence that defender, as a matter of course, did not appear, and a decree in absence was taken against him, and under it diligence was done against the poor man. The truth of the matter oozed out, however, and she was apprehended and committed on the charge of deliberately forging and uttering an officer's execution, and, as already noticed, she was indicted to stand her trial before the Lords. Meantime, however, she was out on a heavy bail, which would have been forfeited had she not appeared at the trial. The day before the trial she took seriously ill, and sent for one of the highest doctors for consultation. The doctor appeared, and found his patient evidently in a very bad state. Opposite the bed was a basin nearly full of blood. The sheets of the bed, and her chemise, and a towel were besmeared with blood, while tracings of the liquid, from the mouth down to the neck, were to be seen. She told the doctor that she had burst a blood-vessel through anxiety; and he, believing her tale, at once proceeded to the Circuit and explained to the judges the position his patient was in, and that it was quite impossible she could attend. After some argument the Advocate-depute deserted the trial; but there was no future trial, for influence got the indictment quashed. It

only remains to be told that the blood was not the lady's blood, but the blood of a full-grown ox which had been killed a day or two before, and the lady, with her usual cunning, turned the bullock's blood into her own, broke her heart, and started a vein, and the doctor's soft feelings did the rest. It is feared that there are many such or similar tricks played off in this world, and that in many cases insurance companies suffer in consequence, as doctors' certificates go a great length.

13. *A Bit of the Finest Steel in the Regiment.*

It will be recollected that, after the Crimean War was over, a detachment of the 93d Highlanders, commanded by Captain Middleton, was stationed for a considerable time in the Dundee Barracks. That regiment showed great bravery before Sebastopol, and its officers were so proud of their men, that they entertained them to a handsome banquet in the British Hotel. Among the officers there was a slender youth, remarkable for his comeliness and modesty. When the company were parting, and at the hotel lobby, a stout, burly-built sergeant, pointing at the youth, addressed the landlord as follows: 'Mr. Rickard, do you see that boy? There is not much of him, but *he is the finest bit of steel in our regiment.* He does not know what fear is. He treated the cannon balls and bullets of the Russians as if they were playthings.' When the Exchange Buildings were about to be formally opened, a luncheon was to be given, and a number of our tight-laced gentlemen, who ranked themselves among 'the unco guid and rigid righteous,' resolved pub-

licly that the officers of the garrison should not be invited. This ungracious and uncalled for act got into the press, and to the public; and the Secretary of War, looking upon it as a gross insult, removed the Highlanders from Dundee, and for years and years not a single soldier was allowed to enter its gates. After leaving Dundee, the gallant regiment, although scarcely *cold* from Russia, were ordered off to *hot* India to quell the mutiny; and there their name for bravery was doubly engraved. Captain Middleton lies buried there, and '*the finest bit of steel in the army*' fell at the head of his company, with his unsheathed sword in his hand. The same stout, burly sergeant who pointed out the slender youth in the British Hotel carried his favourite to the rear, and the valiant young soldier expired in his arms with these words on his lips, '*My God, my Queen and country.*' Those who so grossly insulted the defenders of our country may well spare a blush, should they be possessed of such a commodity.

14. *A Marriage Feast Despoiled.*

A farm servant was engaged to be married to a Lochee girl. The ceremony was to be performed in a house in Lochee, and a supper was to take place at a separate house, at which there was to be on the table a shoulder of mutton and a veal pie. Two of the bridegroom's companions expected to be invited; but as they had been set aside, they resolved to play a trick upon the wedding party, and to deprive them of the wedding feast. Accordingly they were on the watch; and when everything was on the table, and when the old woman went away to gather in

the chosen, those outside went in and nimbly bolted off with the mutton and the pie, retired to some suitable place, and enjoyed their supper along with some others. The consternation of the bride and bridegroom may better be understood than described. The bride and bridegroom were twitted on the subject, the company not believing that there ever had been any mutton or pies on the table at all, and that all had been a hoax. The enraged bride and bridegroom lodged an information with the sheriff for theft against the lads, but his Lordship held that it was more a frolic than a crime of a heinous nature, and dismissed the panels. The case created a good deal of amusement in court.

15. *A Black Missionary adrift.*

Some time ago a black man was charged with vagrancy in Dundee. He denied that he was a vagrant. 'What are you?' asks the bailie. 'What am I? Why, I am a missionary.' 'What came you here for?' 'To convert the heathen.' 'Why not stay at home and convert the heathen there?' 'Why, because I thought my services were much more required in England; and when I read the English newspapers, and saw the great number of murders, robberies, and all sorts of crime and debauchery going on in Great Britain, I thought I might do worse than strive to convert the evil-doers; and I humbly think that Britain should put its own house in better order, before sending missionaries abroad to cleanse the houses of others less requiring to be put in order.' 'But,' says the magistrate, 'the superintendent tells me that you were seen late last

night, or early this morning, on the street in the company of bad women.' 'To be sure: in whose company but in the company of the fallen should I be, in order that I may raise them up if I can? Your fine missionaries are very fine gentlemen indeed. They make all their converts in the drawing-room over a glass of brandy, a cigar, or a cheroot. You will never catch them in the lanes and bye-ways trying to get in the fallen; that is too vulgar work for them, by far,—nothing short of the drawing-room, with pretty converts and good music. Ha, ha!' Magistrate: 'I am sure I do not know what to do with you.' 'You can do as you please. I have fulfilled, and am fulfilling, my mission; and I hope, when I return to India, to give in a good return of my success. I will not, however, forget to mention the strange reception which I have met with in Dundee.' The magistrate then dismissed the missionary.

16. *Diamond Cut Diamond.*

I will not vouch for this anecdote, but as Dundee claims the authorship of it, I will give it as I have got it. There was a writer in Dundee who kept a dog, and this dog, like many writers, was not very honest, and was given to pilfering. One day the dog stole a leg of lamb from a butcher's door, and the butcher knowing the dog, called on the owner, and calmly asked his opinion as to whether the owner of a dog was liable for the thieving defalcations of the dog. 'Certainly.' 'Well, then,' says the butcher, 'I will trouble you for 5s., being the value of a leg of lamb which your dog has just

stolen from my door.' 'Oh, indeed!' said the writer; 'then I will trouble you to hand me 1s. 8d., being the difference between your charge of 5s. for the lamb, and 6s. 8d., being the charge for my advice, which you asked for, and got.' No doubt the butcher would not be very well pleased at being so outwitted.

17. *Mr. Day's Parrot.*

Mr. Day was a comedian in Dundee for a time, and a great and clever curiosity. One day a parrot vendor entered his shop, and offered a parrot for sale. The vendor took the parrot out of the cage, and put it into Day's hands, and in doing so, and the shop window being open, the parrot flew away and was lost; and the result was an action against Day by the parrot vendor for the price of the parrot. The case went to trial. The sheriff asked Mr. Day if he had in point of fact purchased the parrot. 'No, my lord,' says Mr. Day; 'what would I do with a parrot? I have a wife; is she not quite sufficient? My wife can easily speak for herself and me too.' 'Well, was the parrot left in your possession?' 'No, my lord; it flew away, and left the pursuer in my possession.' This case created great fun, not only from the pert answers given, but in the theatrical way in which they were delivered.

18. *Extraordinary Rumble of a Glass of Whisky.*

At a shebeen trial in Dundee, one of the inspectors said that he suspected the house, and that he went to the house, where he heard voices. He

did not see any one drink, but he heard one man swallow a glass of whisky through a two-inch door; he heard the whisky go down the man's throat. The magistrate, notwithstanding the almost impossibility of the evidence being correct, found the charge proven; and the accused's agent, on leaving the court, was addressed by a farmer thus: 'Goodness, man, yon glass of whisky must hae gaen doon wi' a most awfu' rumble.' The poor farmer who made the remark is now dead.

19. *A Revivalist off her Guard and Watch.*

Last time when the Revivalists were about their meridian in Dundee and elsewhere, a monster meeting was held in Lord Kinnaird's Hall, and was blocked to the door. In the forenoon a young Englishman of good parts called at my chambers. He wore a plaid over his left arm, and a cane in the other. He was well dressed, and had all the appearance of a gentleman. He asked if I did not recollect of seeing him before. I said I did not. He then mentioned that I had defended him and his party some years before; that he had got off, but that the others were convicted and sentenced. I said to him, 'Are you not afraid to come to this town, where you must now be known to the detectives?' 'Oh, hang the detectives; I know them, but they don't know me.' 'Well, what is your errand here just now?' 'Well, do you know, I intend to turn over a new leaf, and to turn a Revivalist, and I intend to go to the monster meeting to-night, to see what good I can get from or give to that praiseworthy meeting. And as I have all

along taken a deep interest in agricultural matters, I mean to visit Stobs Muir fair to-morrow, so as to renew my acquaintanceship with my old friends the farmers. They are simple bodies, are the farmers; but if you keep them on their crops, their cattle, horses, and skill, you can reach their very hearts, not to speak of their pockets. Another and another gill of punch is brought into the tent, and the farmer, of course too greedy, swallows all, while mine finds its way to the grass, because we must keep very steady.' All this was said so quietly, that I could not but smile at the cool manner in which he disclosed his actions. Next morning I read the report of the meeting in the papers, and, as I expected, at the end of the report it was stated that in the middle of the benediction a young gentleman suddenly disappeared with Miss W——'s gold watch and chain. Next day I waited upon Miss W——, who was a friend of mine, and got the particulars. She described the lad to the perfect T. He had his plaid over his left arm next her, and in the right hand he held openly a hymn-book, from which he hallelujahed most sweetly. He was very modest, and very good-looking. 'I just missed him,' she said, 'about the end of the blessing, and looking for my watch to see the time, it was gone too.' Both had gone together, and she has never seen either of them since.

20. *A Highlandman Outwitted by an Irishman.*

An Irish Roman Catholic priest from Queen's County resolved to have a new chapel erected, to suit the progress of the age. The money needed

for the edifice was not forthcoming to the extent required, and the priest resolved on a pilgrimage to the Highlands of Scotland to raise the needful. In the course of his wanderings he fell in with a laird of a small estate. To this laird the priest communicated his errand, and finished off by soliciting the honour of the Gael's name to the subscription book. 'Na, na,' said Donald (who was, as his fathers had been before him, a keen Auld Kirk man); 'I would rather purn my fingers than subscribe for a tabernacle to the prince of a' evil, the devil.' 'Well,' says the priest, 'I admire your integrity to your kirk —a kirk beyond all admiration; but shure and you will be after giving me a pound or two to help to tack doun the auld chapel?' 'Ah!' says Donald, 'that be a different thing. There pe twa notes to you; so awa' you gang and pu' doun the evil one's house as quick as ye can.'

It need hardly be said that the new chapel could not be erected till the old one was taken down. The priest of Erin's Isle shook hands with the Highland laird, and no doubt enjoyed a good laugh in his own sleeve at having outwitted his Auld Kirk friend.

21. *Jenkins' and Milton's Miraculous Escape from the Dundee Prison.*

Jenkins and Milton, two most noted robbers in Dundee, were apprehended, and tried for robbery before the Dundee Circuit in the autumn of 1869, and were convicted and sentenced to long periods of penal servitude. Both were put into one cell, as Milton had frequently attempted to commit suicide. Milton was kept ironed besides. Jenkins schemed

a mode to make their escape, which was effected in a very marvellous way. At the dead hour of night they succeeded in lifting one of the cell-floor stone slabs, and, by means of excavating, they got into an old ventilating drain or passage, and forced their way through it like moles until they came to the garden, and there they managed to get an outlet; and if any one had seen them coming out of the ground, they must have thought indeed that it was the rising of the dead. Once out in the garden, the next step, and perhaps the most difficult one, was the scaling of the prison walls in the inside, and the dropping from the wall on the outside; and the greatest difficulty to be overcome was the getting of Milton up to the top of the wall, as he was chained and handcuffed, and scarcely had any use of his hands and arms. Jenkins, who was like a cat, commenced to scale the walls of the court-house, and having got along to the top of the prison wall, he crept along to the flag-staff, got possession of the halyards, which were in a very rotten state, and returned to the place below where Milton was standing waiting in suspense. The rope descended, and was fastened to Milton, who with it, and manacled as he was, managed to get to the top of the wall. The rope was then made fast, and Milton dropped first, Jenkins guiding and holding on the rope, which was very rotten. Milton got safely down, with the exception of a good shake. Jenkins then followed, but the rope gave way, and he fell from a height of twelve or fourteen feet, and hurt one of his legs very severely. Both, however, got off, and defied detection for a long time. Jenkins was first found

in Dundee, concealed in a miserable hovel; and Milton, after taking one or two foreign voyages before the mast, had the hardihood to return to Newcastle, where he was identified by some kind friend, who reported him, and the result was his apprehension and removal to Dundee; and both the convicts are now undergoing their sentences. The escape was a very daring one, and created a great sensation in Dundee. The prison commissioners held a meeting, when it was resolved to make considerable alterations on the prison, to prevent the likelihood of further escapes in future. The sufferings of the two after they escaped were very great, but they had lots of friends who helped them, but in the end were betrayed. The ingenuity and perseverance displayed by Jenkins were worthy of a better cause, and it is only a pity that such a man should be lost to society.

22. *The Chaplain's Sermon in the Dundee Jail regarding the Release of Peter the Apostle from Prison.*

Some short time after the escape of Jenkins and Milton from prison, the worthy and zealous chaplain, Mr. Reid, preached his usual sermon to the male prisoners, both criminal and civil. The worthy divine preached from the bridge across the second story of cells, and beside him stood the precentor. Each cell door was open on the chain, so as to allow each prisoner to hear from every cell; while the debtors sat at their ease on the ground story, the old wing prisoners being transferred to closed boxes at the back of the civil debtors. The divine service began with praise and truly fervent prayer, which,

it was to be hoped, reached to the hearts of some of the prisoners, who listened in their weary and solitary cells to the word of God. Next a chapter was read, and then a hymn sung, when the chaplain, referring to the release of the Apostle Peter and others from prison, selected for his text the 18th, 19th, and 20th verses of the 5th chapter of Acts: '*But the angel of the Lord by night opened the prison doors, and brought them forth, and said, Go, stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life.*' The worthy chaplain, after expatiating upon the goodness of God in relieving the apostles by His administering angel, referred to the imprisonment of those within the jail, and implored upon them to repent of their sins, when at this stage a voice from one of the cells murmured out, 'That is all very well for the Apostle Peter, but can ye tell us what kind o' an angel *opened the doors and said "Go" to Jenkins and Milton?*'

23. *Spirit-rapping one Crown against another.*

Some fifteen years ago a fishwife had reason to be jealous of her husband, and one of her kind friends pointed out on one occasion a woman standing opposite the fish-market, and close to the *Crown Hotel*, as the party with whom her husband was said to be enamoured. Maddened with rage and jealousy, the wife at once ran over to the supposed offending woman, and taking violent hold of her shoulders, knocked her head several times against the *Crown Hotel.* The woman was a good deal hurt, and the result was a case of assault against the fishwife. When the case was called, the fish-

wife appeared and pleaded guilty. She said, 'Your Honour, I am sorry for what I did. It seems that the puir lassie was not the lassie at all; but my freends kenning my temper was up, set me upon her. I am sure I try to do weel. Mony a good bargain you hae got from me, and what wi' yer prigging and joking, you aye manage to carry awa' the primest cod or haddie I have; and, after a', the lassie is no muckle the waur o' a' she got, for I just knocked ae *crown* against anither.' The learned bailie, whether being too much affected with the good bargains he had got from the fishwife, or her ready jokes, let her off this time, saying that if she came back again he would require to put her into the stocks; to which she replied that he needna *fash*, as she had plenty of fish *stocks* in the market ready for immediate use.

24. *An Honest Policeman in the hands of Messrs. Quirk & Gammon and Mr. Snap.*

An honest policeman was ONCE found in a town in the north of Scotland. He was a night watchman, and in the course of his vigils saw, doubtless, many a queer scene. On one occasion, and when shining his bull's-eye lantern down a close, it lighted on, and his eye caught the sight of, a bit of rumpled paper. He picked it up and examined it, and found it to be a £10 note. Honest to the back bone, he carried it to the police office, and honourably delivered it to the superintendent as a waif, so that the true owner might get it. Years rolled on, and the honest policeman resolved to retire from the force, as he was tired of broken heads and bruises, not to speak of little wages. After being out of the

force a considerable time, his memory wandered back to the £10 note, which never had been claimed; and in his midnight dreams he thought it was a pity that it should be mouldering in the police treasury, and bearing no interest whatever; so he considered that if any one had now right to the stray note, he, the finder, was at least entitled to be the custodier of the long lost and found property; and so he applied to Messrs. 'Quirk & Gammon,' solicitors, to recover the ten-pounder. These gentlemen, with an alacrity worthy of the name of the firm, made a formal but strong demand on behalf of the honest policeman, to get for him the £10 note. Mr. Snap, another solicitor, and who acted for the police commissioners, hearing of such an atrocious demand by an ex-police officer, and a night one to boot, at first refused the demand, but latterly said he would present a petition to the sheriff to have the £10 note advertised and disposed of according to law. This was done at the expense of about £3, 10s., and the honest policeman was found entitled to the note. Messrs. Quirk & Gammon having got a decision in their favour, were not long in applying to Mr. Snap for the coveted £10 note, and were coolly asked by Mr. Snap to get it changed, so that he might in the first instance retain out of it his expenses, being £3, 10s. 'No, no,' said the sharp firm; 'that cannot be, for the honest policeman must have the identical note, so that he can at any time deliver it up to the rightful owner on its being identified.' Mr. Snap was obliged to see the force of the argument, and rather unwillingly delivered up the note to Messrs. Quirk & Gammon, who, if

report speaks truly, were not long in changing the waif note, and settling with the honest policeman. Mr. Snap no doubt felt very uncomfortable at Messrs. Quirk & Gammon getting their pound of flesh.

25. *A Dundee Flesher's Opinion of the Free Library when it was first proposed.*

Mr. Andrew ——, a flesher, who is a somewhat rough diamond, and a bit of a wit, said, when the *pros* and *cons* of having a free library were freely discussed: 'Gentlemen, it is all nonsense that free library. I tell you, you will never get through it—never in this life. I have been at Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* this last seven years, and am no nearly through with it yet.' Notwithstanding the flesher's indignant denunciation of the free library in Dundee, it has been organized, and has proved itself to be a decided success. The books embrace all classes of literature, and there are many thousands of volumes on hand; but even the large number of volumes are not sufficient to meet the wants of the inhabitants, who now number about 130,000. No town or city should now be without its free library, to supply food to the minds of all, be they rich or be they poor.

26. *A Repentant Sinner's Return to Lochee.*

The same flesher mentioned in the last anecdote was returning early one Sunday morning to his home in Lochee, after closing his Saturday night's business in Dundee. The voyage was not quite plain sailing, and having fallen in with a lamp post, he fondly embraced it, and was found with it in

his arms by a policeman, who, after shining his light on the flesher's face, said, 'What are you doing here, Andrew, holdin' on by that lamp post on the Lord's morning?' 'What's your business?' says Andrew. 'This is an auld freend of mine, and has done me mony a good service. Gae wa hame and read your Bible. You would be daeing mair guid at hame than prowling aboot and glowering at honest men's faces;' and, pointing theatrically at the lighted lamp on the post, the worthy flesher wound up his oration by delivering himself of these two lines:

'For while the lamp holds on to burn,
The greatest sinner may return.'

27. *Wait till I get my Jessie.*

Bill Turnbull, as named, was a well-known character in Stirling. He was rather a good-looking man; but having had the misfortune of losing a leg, he was obliged to go upon a wooden crutch. He was always to be found either in a public-house, or at the arrival or departure of the stage coaches, which were plentiful in the balmy days of Ramsay of Barnton and of the celebrated Rory O'More. He picked up a good living, but the most of it went to the public-house. He was often tormented by the street boys, who pelted him with all kinds of things, which often compelled Willie to take refuge against a wall; and taking his stilt in hand, he defended himself from his persecutors, and not unfrequently brought some of them to the ground. On one occasion he was sitting behind the counter in a public-house right opposite to Gibb's Hotel, when a recruiting party of soldiers came in. They were

rather taken with Bill's face and bust, and the result was, that they treated him rather well. Glass after glass passed, and latterly the sergeant handed Bill the enlisting shilling, and his name was duly enrolled in the sergeant's book, and a ribbon neatly pinned on the breast of the recruit by the attending corporal. Bill, who went through the ordeal with the greatest of *nonchalance*, threw down the shilling on the counter and ordered the landlord to refill the stoup, which was accordingly done; after which the recruit's health and success in his future war career was drunk in a full bumper, and was feelingly replied to by the new-fledged soldier. After the stoup was once more emptied, and after a short pause, the sergeant proposed that they should now go and get the recruit passed through the doctor's and the justice of the peace's hands, after which they were to proceed to the castle, where they were to return his treat in the canteen. 'Very gude,' says the raw recruit, 'but just *wait till I get my Jessie;*' and reaching his hand behind him, he clutched his stilt, rose up and planted it under his left oxter: he was ready to march with his new-found friends, who were dumbfounded, to be sure, at getting a full front view of their supposed victim. The sergeant having recovered his breath, began vehemently to abuse Bill, and to threaten him with the pains and penalties of the law. Bill, however, remained as cool as ever. He had no wife except his crutch, which he fondly called his 'Jessie,' and he could not do without her. He was willing, howsomever, to serve Her Majesty if she would hae him wi' his 'Jessie.' The recruiting party had to beat a re-

treat, and the veteran Bill remained behind, laughing immoderately at having duped Her Majesty's recruiting party.

28. *Muckle Law and Little Justice.*

The New Inn Entry, which leads off the High Street of Dundee, was populated at one time with lawyers, messengers-at-arms, sheriff-officers, and, last and least, by a blacksmith of very low stature, who rejoiced under the name of '*Justice.*' A wag, in the shape of a skipper, and who rocked from side to side like a ship in distress, chanced to near the entry one day, and observing the numerous signs of the lawyers and other minions of the law on the one side of the entry, and the solitary name of '*Justice,*' the blacksmith, on the other, the skipper drew up all of a heap, dived his horny hand into his breast pocket, and fetched out his land-log, as he termed it, and made the following unique entry in it:—'New Year's day, 1st January 1852. Three sheets in the wind after last night's stiff breeze; bore up to the New Inn Entry, where some of my effects were pledged with an affectionate uncle of mine, whose figure-head consisted of three gilt balls; took bearings and observation; saw distinctly "*Muckle Law*" and "*Little Justice.*" Bouted ship at once; set every stitch of sail on, and cleared myself of the breakers and land-sharks ahead, leaving my uncle in possession of my kit.' Since the above log entry was made, '*Muckle Law and Little Justice*' have stuck to the new entry, although the lawyers and Little Justice have long ago been gathered to their fathers.

29. *Wives entitled to Snuff at their Husbands' Expense.*

Before Sheriff Logan a rather peculiar case was tried. A married mate sailed from Dundee, and left with his wife his monthly pay note for the support of her and her family. She dealt with a provision merchant, and, in security of the goods got and entered into a pass-book, she handed to the merchant her husband's half-pay note. When the husband returned, the wife was considerably in arrear with the merchant, who refused to deliver up the pay note until the arrears were cleared off. The mate got enraged at this refusal, and raised a petition to compel the merchant to deliver to him the pay note. When the case was called in court, the mate, through his agent, pled, first, that it was incompetent to assign seamen's wages. The merchant's agent replied that the note was given for the purpose of getting the necessaries of life for the mate's family, such as those contained in the merchant's account. The sheriff, on looking over the account and seeing that a great number of items were for *snuff*, asked the defender's agent if he considered that *snuff* was alimentary, to which the latter replied: 'If a husband marries a woman who snuffs, he must uphold her in snuff. He took her knowingly, both with her good and with her bad habits.' 'Well,' said the sheriff, 'if a husband kept his wife in snuff, he would truly be her friend at a *pinch*.' The merchant's claim was sustained; so that wives who indulged in snuff before marriage may enjoy the luxury during their married career till time at last *snuffs* them out.

30. *A Forfarshire Lawyer asleep in the Parliament House, Edinburgh.*

When the late Lord Mackenzie was at the bar, he had charge of a Forfarshire case. The pursuer's agent went through to Edinburgh to instruct Mr. Mackenzie to make a motion in court. The country agent approached Mr. Mackenzie, and after saying that 'it was a *fine day*,' he dipped into his huge waistcoat pocket and brought out a snuff-box liker a coffin than a mull. After plentifully supplying his proboscis with three pinches of 'Irish blackguard,' and after carefully wiping and blowing the appendage before referred to, the worthy country agent pocketed his handkerchief, and stood *attention* before the advocate, whose patience was all but lost. 'Well, pray, may I ask what you wish me to do for you?' 'Oh,' says the agent, 'the case A *versus* B has nearly fallen asleep, and I wish you to move in the motion roll, so as to get it kept awake.' 'I'll do so, my friend,' says the orator; 'but I think it would not be amiss to put you also to the motion roll to have you awakened. Good morning.' The country agent took another hearty pinch, then the usual blowing followed, and, turning on his heel, he was heard by the macer to say, 'Did ever a Forfarshire man hear sic impudence? but I'll be upside wi' the insignificant budy yet.'

31. *A Justiciary Lord blowing both Hot and Cold.*

A lord of Justiciary, well known for his curt remarks to all and sundry, as well as for an indomitable habit of adhering through thick and thin to a

once formed opinion, appeared in a hotel on the eve of a recent circuit. Along with his Lordship were the usual court followers, and, among others, the Lord Advocate-depute. At the next morning's breakfast coffee was served out, and the Advocate-depute remarked to his Lordship that the coffee was by far too strong, to which the learned judge replied, 'The coffee is not too strong, sir.' The Advocate-depute felt the coffee so bitter and strong, that he was obliged to mix it with hot water. The judge, noticing this, and really finding that the coffee was too strong and nauseous to drink, asked the depute to fill up his cup with hot water. This was done, the depute remarking, 'I told your Lordship that the coffee was too strong.' 'No such thing, sir; the coffee was not too strong. I only wanted the hot water to warm the coffee.' His Lordship forgot that the coffee-pot, piping hot, was on the table when he asked for the hot water, but his manner would not allow him to admit that he was, or could possibly be, in the wrong.

32. *The same Lord nearly Swallows a Live Waiter.*

The same lord referred to in the last note, and when on circuit, ordered breakfast to be on the table at 8·30 punctual. His Lordship, with his followers, appeared a few minutes after the time named, but alas! the tea-pot and coffee-pot were not on the table. In a perfect fury the judge rang the bell, and when the timid waiter entered, he was nearly swallowed up by the enraged judge. 'What do you mean, sir, by not having the breakfast on the table at the time ordered?' 'I thought, my lord,

that the coffee and tea might get cold on the table before your Lordship and party came down-stairs.' 'What right have you to think, sir? You had no such right. It was not you who was to drink the tea and coffee. Never think, sir, but obey your orders.' The waiter made his obeisance and left, thanking his stars that he was not to be tried before his Lordship's criminal court.

33. *Life and Death linked together.*

Many years ago, two legal gentlemen were observed walking arm-in-arm in Reform Street. A veteran joker, knowing that one of the pair had just formed a life insurance company, and the other a cemetery company, and that both were about to enter into partnership with each other, expressed himself to a Quaker brother thus: 'Friend, dost thou see those two walking together?' 'I do, Brother Caleb,' was the reply. 'Well,' says Caleb, 'these be life and death linked together.'

34. *The Shark and a Bullet.*

Captain B——, an esteemed friend of the author's, had many a good sailor's yarn to relate. He sailed for long as master of first-class mail vessels to and from the Cape of Good Hope, and had occasion to meet with all kinds of society, and many was the joke which was passed on their sometimes wearisome voyage. On one voyage, and when within about fourteen days' sail of the foreign port, one of the deadliest foes the seaman has, a huge shark, was descried in the steady trail of the ship as she scudded along under full canvas. The tars were soon on the

alert after hearing 'A shark! a shark!' sung out; and they determined that their enemy should be invited to spend the night on board ship with them. Accordingly the cook, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up to the oxters, and with a huge carving-knife, commenced in a very artistic style to cut off a nice piece of tempting pork for their august follower. All hands set to with a will, and the nice piece of bacon was neatly skewered on a hook, as if it were to be done before the fire. The passengers were all called up from the cabin to witness the catching of the fish; and ladies and gentlemen, with the crew, witnessed the scene with great interest. Certain articles of food were thrown overboard without a hook, to whet the animal's appetite for the dainty dish which was to follow; and morsel after morsel was eagerly devoured by the voracious fish. At last the boatswain was ordered to lower the principal dish of the evening, which was done quite in a model style. The fish eyed the large piece of meat which had been thrown out to him; and whether it was ashamed at the ship's kindness, or suspicious that there was something wrong with its generosity, the shark swam three times round the bait, and did not seem very much inclined to partake of it, to the great disappointment of the fair ladies and gentlemen who were earnestly watching the exciting scene, and to the crew who, with handspikes in hand, were waiting to give their guest a warm welcome on board. The fish backed astern, still keeping the tempting morsel in view. The temptation was too strong to last long, and the animal made one grand dash, bolted the bait and hook, and a

strong side jerk being given by the tars in charge of the line, the voracious animal became a fast fish, and, with the aid of a windlass, was lifted on board, where it received its death-welcome from the handspikes of the crew. The passengers, who had often heard of the marvellous articles of all kinds which were found in the shark's interior, expressed a wish to be present at the *post mortem* examination. To this the captain at once consented; but, as the dusk had set in, he suggested that the body should not be opened till the following morning after breakfast. This was agreed to, and the passengers retired to their cabin for prayer and supper, headed by the captain. After prayer and supper were over, the captain went upon deck, and piped for the first mate, who answered the call. '*Look here*,' says the captain. 'Take a nine-pound ball and shove it down the brute's throat into its stomach. You must do this yourself and whisper it to no one, and keep your gravity to-morrow at the dissection.' 'All right, captain; dumb as a lamb to-night, and double quids in both cheeks to-morrow during the ceremony.' 'All right,' says the captain; 'but as I would not like the bullet to appear as wadding over the pork, see that you shift it below the pork, and take out the pork first.' 'All right, sir.'

After supper and during next day's breakfast many surmises were given forth as to what was likely to be found in the huge stomach of the dead fish. Well, the breakfast passed off, and the passengers, headed by the captain, proceeded to the dissecting quarter of the deck, all the spare crew being there to lend a hand. The cook, under the

superintendence of the mate, commenced operations in a business-like manner. After the fish was partially cut up, the large piece of pork was taken out whole, and sundry of the tempting morsels which had been sent out as forerunners of the principal dish; and then, to the astonishment of all, the mate brought out a nine-pound ball, all covered and dripping with the animal's blood. The ball was rolled along the deck, very much to the amazement of all who were not in the secret. Various fishes and matter were also found, but none which gave the same interest as the nine-pounder. At dinner the discussion was animated as to how the ball could have got into the fish's stomach. Some thought it must have been picked off the ground at the bottom of the sea. Others thought that it must have been a spent ball, which the brute had spied in the water and swallowed; while a third theory was stated and upheld by an antiquarian, and apparently a curiosity hunter, that the ball must have been deliberately shot into the animal's mouth from some ship which it was pursuing. No definite conclusion was arrived at, and the discussion continued during the remainder of the voyage. When land was hailed, the antiquarian and curious gentleman hailed the captain, and asked him as a particular favour to give him the wonderful ball. The captain at once agreed, took him aft, and gave him the ball; which the gentleman, Pickwick-like, rolled into a handkerchief and locked carefully in his chest. The captain adds, that his name is not Bob if that ere bullet is not now in some foreign museum, with a full and true particular account of its history engraved on it.

35. *A Sweeping Charge.*

A farmer's son in the neighbourhood of Auchterhouse was summoned for £100 of damages for an alleged assault upon another party on the farm. The defence was a denial, and that the farmer's son only acted on the defensive, while he sadly punished the aggressor. The case went to trial, and the principal witness for the farmer's son was a young sweep, who appeared in court in his sable *soot* or *suit;* and his evidence, corroborated by others, proved out and out, to the satisfaction of Sheriff Logan, that the farmer's son had done nothing wrong, but had acted rightly in self-defence, and in returning the assault with compound interest; and accordingly the farmer's son was assoilzied with costs. The defender's agent felt proud of the victory, as it was one of his maiden cases, and, meeting a young sweep on the court stairs, and thinking he was the black witness who had been of so good service, at once handed him a crown for his trouble, which was thankfully received, and of course no explanation tendered; but, lo and behold! when the agent returned to his office, the true sweep was waiting, and had to get another crown. Thus it will be seen that there are tricks in all trades, and that the much-maligned lawyers are not without being imposed on.

36. *Let not your Left Hand know what your Right Hand doeth.*

This is truly a grand text, but, alas! it is too often lost sight of; and plenty of people like to hear their

good deeds retold. Some time ago a benevolent gentleman desired to give a mite to a widow of some party who had been accidentally killed. The kind-hearted gentleman started early in the morning, and inquired at a party if he could direct him to the gentleman who was taking charge of the widow's subscriptions, as he wished to give his mite. The party addressed at once named the collector, and where he was to be found. The party so applied to thought that really this anxious inquirer must be a truly good Christian and a charitable man. In course of the day, however, he learned that this same individual had got the collector's address from about six or seven people, and of course he came only to one conclusion, and that was, that the would-be charitable individual wished to have his charitable actions known to the public. Alms given in private, and without ostentation, are the true alms coming from a Christian spirit, and from one whose conscience tells him quietly that he has simply done his duty, and that reflection is the donor's reward.

37. *How Grocers' and Spirit-dealers' Accounts are sometimes Cooked.*

A grocer and spirit-dealer sued a family for his account contained in a pass-book. The defenders pled that they were not due the amount sued for; and that the greater part of the account sued for was for drink, entered in the pursuer's books under different names from liquor. The sheriff remitted the case to the clerk of court to examine the pursuer's books and report. The sheriff-clerk having

examined the books referred to, reported that the books were not correctly kept; and that he found in the defender's account entries such as the following:—

1856.		£	*s.*	*d.*
Aug. 30.	Touch me if you dare, . . .	0	0	9
,, ,,	And my fare, ...	0	0	9
Sept. 4.	Fare, ...	0	0	6
,, 25.	Kiss in the morning early, . .	0	0	6
Oct. 10.	Tetom-totum, ...	0	0	9
,, 25.	Whisp it behind the counter, .	0	2	0
1857.				
Jan. 18.	Donal, ...	0	0	3
,, ,,	Twa mouthfuls, ...	0	0	6
		£0	6	0

The sheriff decided in favour of the defenders, and held that such entries could never be recognised, that they must be held to represent drink; and accordingly they were struck off.

37. *Advice to Will-makers.*

Make your will, for no one knows when he may be called away. Record it for preservation, and keep an extract in your own repositories; and should you find a codicil needed, do the same with the codicil. Entrust your papers to no one. Lately a wealthy man died near Dundee, leaving certain friends, as also an illegitimate child. He was fond of this child, and had her amply provided for by a settlement, which he handed to his banker to keep for him. The old man died; the will was not heard tell of for years. The friends entered into possession of the estates, and the unfortunate child was nowhere. After some years had passed over, the

banker or some of his assistants came upon the will, and the much-thought-of child took the position allocated to her by her father. But look at the risk that the unprotected child ran, not to speak of the disappointment which those who took possession must have felt at the latter end. Again I say, when you put your house in order, keep your papers or the records of them yourself.

39. *An Amusing Theft of Two Gold Watches.*

At a recent monster concert held in the Kinnaird Hall, Dundee, lately, two gentlemen, one of whom may be named the most *punctual* man in Dundee, and the other the most *particular*, had the misfortune of being robbed very ingeniously of their two gold watches. The most *punctual* gentleman had under his charge a married lady from Newport, and the most *particular* gentleman had under his care his lady and daughter. At the close of the concert the *punctual* gentleman and his charge got somewhat into the crowd, and, fearing an accident in the crush, they returned to their seats, so as to allow the crowd to thin. After sitting a little time, the lady got impatient, and wished away in case they might miss the last boat, which would cause alarm at home, as so many accidents happen at overcrowded places. Being assured that there was plenty of time, and that an engaged cab waited them outside, the lady was persuaded, and remained in the seat. A second and third remonstrance were made to get away; and the *punctual* gentleman on the third appeal said that he could assure the lady that there was no fear he had never lost the boat

in his life; and putting his hand towards his watch pocket, he said, 'Here is a watch which has served me many a day, and it will tell you the time to a moment.' Alas! the watch was *nowhere*, and the *punctual* gentleman, concert-like, and in notes of a rather melancholy air, sung out, 'O dear, my watch is gone!'

The most *particular* gentleman, on hearing the plaintive exclamation from his *punctual* friend, at once went to him to tender such sympathy as a large-hearted man is always ready to give to another. The *particular* gentleman hoped that the watch had not been a presentation one; to which the *punctual* gentleman replied that it had not, but he very much regretted the loss, as the watch had been an old and faithful companion of his. The *particular* gentleman then turning to the lady, assured her that she need not fear losing the boat, as her guardian was 'the most *punctual*' gentleman in Dundee, never having lost a boat or a railway train in his life; and 'I will just show you a presentation watch which is most regular in its time. *Hilloa! good gracious, it's off too!*'

Neither of the watches were recovered, and the thief defied detection.

40. *A Mother's Life saved by Circumstantial Evidence.*

In the neighbourhood of Dundee, a domestic farm servant had the misfortune of losing her virtue; and having given birth to a child, it was found buried in one of the farmer's fields, and the woman was apprehended and put into jail on the charge of child-murder. A *post mortem* examination

took place at the farm, at which the writer happened to be present. The doctor was satisfied that the child had been born alive, as the lungs floated freely in water. On one side of the forehead there was much discolourment, and the appearance as if the skull had been knocked in pieces. The skin, however, was not broken in the least. The doctor was of opinion that the child died through the result of a blow, dealt on the forehead with some blunt instrument. The writer was not satisfied with the doctor's theory, and went to the child's temporary grave, with the view of inspecting it. The field had been ploughed, and harrowed, and sown, and the roller was then engaged going over the field. The grave was only about four inches from the top, and was where one of the horses in the harrows must have placed one of its feet, for there was one foot-print wanting just where the horse must have tramped. The new-made grave being soft, the horse's foot necessarily had sunk into the grave, and bruised the child in the form shown by the face. If the horse had trampled on the bare face, it would have been cut; but as there were two or three inches of earth between the shoe and the face, that accounted for the skin of the child's face not being broken. The roller having been stopped so as to prevent the horse's foot-prints being erased, the doctor and others were called to the spot, and came to the conclusion that the wound on the child's head was caused by the horse; and the result was that the girl was liberated, there being no direct evidence of her having murdered her child, although suspicion was great.

The writer thinks that child-murder, and concealment of pregnancy, which is tantamount to murder, are by far too leniently dealt with. It is shocking to think that mothers should so far forget their better nature as to murder their own progeny. Look at the birds of the air and the animals of the land, and see how careful they are of their young. The writer had some time ago a favourite greyhound bitch. One year it had pups in its couch, and the most of them were drowned. Next time, when in a similar way, it had minded of being deprived of its young, and all of a sudden it left its home, and was absent for about a week. Latterly it did appear, or rather its remains; for it having had its pups, and having been starved for a week, one could really almost see through its ribs. After it got meat, she bounded off like a deer to her litter, and returned next day; and being watched, her abode with the family was found to be in a sand hole, which she had carefully dug into the ground some five or six feet. If mothers in the shape of humanity would consider these things, surely there would be less of these horrible crimes which blacken and tarnish our country day by day, and baby-farming would become a thing of the past.

41. *A Cock and a Hen Case.*

David Lonie, a well-known cadger in Dundee, was charged before Sheriff Henderson with stealing a cock and a hen. David pleaded not guilty, but took an objection to the indictment, that it did not set forth what kind of a cock he stole, or what kind of a hen. Was it a turkey cock and a turkey

hen? or a pheasant cock and a pheasant hen? or a sparrow cock and a sparrow hen? and lastly, was it a canary cock and a canary hen, or what? The sheriff sustained David's objection, and dismissed him from the bar. On going out at the door, David set a crowded court in a perfect *furorem* of laughter, by imitating the crowing of the cock at the top of his voice, loud enough to let every cock in the neighbourhood hear; and it is said, whether true or not, that several of the race replied to the challenge.

42. *David's Idea of the Judges.*

The same David Lonie was subsequently tried before the Circuit Court of Perth for some misdemeanour. He pled not guilty, but was found guilty. A very lenient sentence of imprisonment was passed on him instead of penal servitude, which he expected. On receiving sentence, and having seen the judges with their grey wigs for the first time, and believing them to be as old as the wigs made them appear, he spoke as follows: 'I thank your noble OLD Lordships for the short sentence you hae gien me; and if you are a' spared till I am oot, ye'll ne'er hear an ill word about David Lonie again.'

43. *A Stolen Pound-note found in a Pistol.*

A pound-note was stolen out of a house, and a rather eccentric man was blamed for being the thief; but no trace of the missing pound could be found, although it was marked, and the number kept. The suspected individual was often tormented by mischievous boys, and, to frighten them, he used to

carry an old pistol, which he often presented at the heads of his tormentors. It was generally understood that there was neither powder nor shot in the pistol, but that it was simply carried as a sort of crow-frightener. A detective one day, however, out of curiosity, got hold of the pistol, and drew the charge with the usual rod and screw, and, to the detective's astonishment, he drew out the missing pound-note with its marks and number all entire. It had been punched down with the ramrod as if it had been for wadding, but there was neither powder nor shot within the barrel, nor a percussion cap without. No proceedings were taken against the infatuated man, who simply stated in self-defence that no sailor, such as he was, should '*be without a shot in his locker.*'

44. *Who was to Blame?*

A lawyer, desirous of entering into the holy bonds of wedlock, took his wearisome way to the session-clerk, who was a good, honest old schoolmaster. The lawyer was accompanied by Calcraft, in the shape of the 'best man' to be. The two were ushered into the austere presence of the dominie and session-clerk, and the mission being revealed, the old gentleman at once donned his spectacles, and brought down the record of terrors, and, opening up the same, he, with his open hand set trumpet-wise to his deaf ear, took from the intended bride-groom the information required for the publication of the banns. The bride happened to have a middle name, and the entry stuck at it, and the result was that the bride was cried by the middle name; and

after the error was discovered by friends present in church, it was rectified by a second proclamation at the end of the service. This happened in a parish village not far from Dundee, and of course afforded some amusement among innocent scandal-mongers and evil-inclined mischief-makers. On the Monday the bridegroom went to the session-clerk to get what is called the marriage lines, which are presented to the minister as a warrant to marry. The bridegroom, being everlastingly chaffed by his friends about his marriage and the miscarriage of the banns, was in no good humour, and rated the session-clerk for having committed such a blunder. The session-clerk and dominie listened like a piece of ice, completed his entries, and filled up and folded the certificate, and complacently handed the latter to the bridegroom, calmly saying, 'Sir, I was never married, nor even on the brink of such a precipice. They tell me that it is dangerous, and to be on the brink, one is apt to get excited and be forgetful; and you will observe, sir, that on the occasion of your giving in your bride's name you left your walking-stick, and here it is. I wish you much joy.'

The bridegroom, somewhat chopfallen, took his *stick, cutting it at the same time*, with a gruff '*Good-night*,' which the good old dominie no doubt chuckled over.

45. *A Sporting Lawyer.*

A young fashionable swell, reckoned by the ladies quite a 'duck' of a creature, while studying after his own peculiar fashion law and love in Dundee,

thought that he would like to become a sportsman; and, after the fashion of Pickwick's celebrated sportsman Winkle, he sallied forth with his gun, bag, ammunition, and a *private double-barrelled pistol* for the gamekeeper and himself. Rabbits were ferreted, and many fell, but all to the gamekeeper's gun, who, as a matter of courtesy, awarded the fatal shot to the amateur sportsman and love-struck swain. After the close of the battue, it was proposed and agreed that they should adjourn for an hour or two, and meet at a certain pond, for an hour's shooting at the wild ducks, as they came in from their day's feeding. The young sportsman was first on the spot, and the time was the dusk. He had scarcely arrived when he heard '*Quack, quack, quack*' from the pond, and, going on his knees along the ploughed ground next the pond, he descried dimly in the distance a duck. No sooner thought than done: the gun was cocked, presented, crack, crack went the fire, and the 'quack, quack' ceased. The duck had succumbed to the sportsman's unerring aim. Meantime the gamekeeper came up, and asked the young gentleman if he had been successful, to which he drawled out, 'Yas, I rather think I have done for one fellow.' The gamekeeper sent in his retriever to the pond, who brought out quite dead, and with a string tied to one of its legs, a decoy-duck, which the gamekeeper had previously put into the pond. 'Good gracious,' said the gamekeeper, 'you have killed one of our farmer's favourite ducks, and spoiled our night's sport beside.' 'Ah, I am so sorry for that; is the poor creature dead? Can I do anything for it?' 'I

should think not,' says the gamekeeper. 'But,' says the swell, 'I will pay for it to the farmer, and give it to Miss Lucy. Do you think she would know a tame duck from a wild one, gamekeeper?' 'I do not know,' says the protector and destroyer of game; 'but if she is as great a *goose* as you are, I rather think she would not know the one from the other.' After a short parley and a friendly pull at the private double-barrelled pistol, both parted good friends,—the gamekeeper to go and console with the bereaved farmer, and the lover to lay his trophy at the feet of his beloved, who no doubt next day enjoyed the stewed duck, with the accompaniments of green sweet peas and her own dear green sweet William.

46. *A Gamekeeper's Conscience.*

The same keeper referred to in the previous note had a conscience as elastic as a piece of india-rubber. When among the hills of Scotland at the grouse shooting, a Dundee writer, who had often shot alongside the keeper, was engaged in court in a case about a valuable gun. Knowing that the keeper knew all about the gun transaction, the writer wrote to him requesting him to send on his precognition regarding the circumstances by way of letter; and the writer carefully did not say for which of the litigants—the pursuer or defender—he acted. The keeper was thrown on the horns of a dilemma. He wished to assist his patron and companion in arms, but he could not discover for which of the parties the agent acted; but not to be done, however, he wrote the following letter,

which is very laconic:—'Dear sir, I have your note. You do not say for whom you act, and I do not know very well what to do or say. No. 1 enclosed is one precognition, and No. 2 enclosed is another,—one of them will no doubt suit your purpose. We have had good sport in the north, and I send you three brace of grouse,—two brace for yourself, and one for your client, be he pursuer or defender, for I know them both, and have shot with them. If you act for the defender, I hope he will gain, for he is a crack shot, and the pursuer could not hold the candle to him. Trusting that you will be successful, I remain, etc.'

It need hardly be said that both the precognitions, Nos. 1 and 2 enclosed, were as diametrically opposite to each other as day is from night. The pursuer got the brace of birds, but the defender got his case.

47. *A Lady's Idea of the Value of a Bond.*

A certain gentleman gave a party, and, as was his wont, he over a tumbler recounted to his boon companions the vast amount of property he had by his own industry acquired, and more particularly the handsome villa under whose roof the company sat, which cost little short of £2000. The lady of the house, equally vain with her husband, but knowing little about property, blustered out, 'But you hae forgot the £1000 bond you hae on it, which maks £3000.' The look of agony given by the angry husband to his beloved spouse may easily be pictured by the reader; while it was with difficulty that the jovial company kept their gravity.

48. *A New Description of a Bond in a Saddler's Language.*

One day a gentleman was speaking to a saddler, and, in the course of the conversation, he happened to remark that so and so, a rival in trade, must have made a lot of money, as he had just put up a grand mansion. 'Wait a wee, friend,' says the saddler on the smaller scale, 'there may be a gey *brecham* aboot it.'

49. *A Boy's Idea of a Bond.*

Two companions in the shape of boys were bragging about their fathers' respective houses. 'My father,' says the one, 'has a grand flagstaff on his house, and yours has nane.' 'Ay,' says No. 2, 'but my father has a bond on his,'—thinking, no doubt, that the bond was infinitely superior to the flagstaff.

50. *Bacchus complains of Forbes Mackenzie.*

As a certain *toper* was wending his way home rather circuitously one night, or rather morning, after a heavy night's sitting, and feeling very thirsty, and spying what he thought was a pump, he made for it, and embracing it, sought round and round it for the handle, but in vain; no handle was to be found. At this juncture a policeman heaves in sight, and asks the Bacchanalian what he was doing there. 'Finding for the pump-handle,' was the reply; 'but that cursed Forbes Mackenzie has even taen it awa.' 'Hoot, man,' says the policeman, 'do you no see that it is a pillar letter-box?' The toper staggered off, got home; and after putting

his fire out with the contents of a ewer, he went to bed to dream of pump-handles and letter-pillars and Forbes Mackenzie.

51. *A Resurrection at a Cessio Examination.*

A certain unfortunate bankrupt was driven to apply for *cessio bonorum.* A day was fixed for his examination; but as there was a warrant to apprehend him in the hands of the officer, the poor debtor had to secrete himself from the beagles. At last the day of examination came, and the officer, with his assistant and warrant, was at the court door ready to pounce on the unhappy victim. The court bell tolled, but no bankrupt appeared. The case was called, and was all but dismissed, when a tall, thin man, spectre-like, rose from the bottom of a seat where he had been concealed, he having effected an entrance to the court-house the night before. Having been sworn, and having given a favourable account of his losses and misfortunes, he was found entitled to *cessio*, and the officer with his assistant had to depart somewhat discomfited without their intended prize, who went forthwith to an inn, where his inner man was duly replenished after his voluntary confinement and lengthened examination.

52. *Dialogue between a Dundee Citizen and a London Swell Mobsman.*

Citizen.—Well, what has brought you here for just now? You are well known here to the detectives, and are sure to be apprehended.

Swell.—Ah, detectives! no nicknames, now,

come. In London we call your Scottish detectives 'duffers or ploughmen.' They are exceedingly innocent are your Scottish detectives. They look like raw big children, who have just *cut* their gums and their long clothes.

Citizen.—But you have not told me what is your errand here just now.

Swell.—That is hardly fair; but I was on a Highland tour, and now on my way home to the metropolis. You know I saw from the papers that Wombwell's menagerie was to be at Balmoral, under the patronage of the royal family, and I just thought it might be as well under my patronage too; so I went north to be one of the *lions* there.

Citizen.—Could you not have seen a finer selection of wild animals in the Zoological Gardens in London?

Swell.—O yes; but I wished to see how the wild animals look with the Highland hills and with the exalted company of royalty.

Citizen.—Well, how did you get on at the menagerie?

Swell.—Oh, very well indeed. At King Theodore's van I did very well. They say he is King Theodore's son; but I don't believe it. A Hieland lassie told me that she saw one of the keepers regularly blacken and brush his face and his hands along with his boots every morning. There are tricks in all trades, sir, I can assure you. Who can lay his hand upon his heart and say sincerely, 'I am an honest man?'

Citizen.—After seeing the black prince, I suppose you would see the animals?

Swell. — Yes. I passed along to the monkeys, and made a fine harvest there. The monkeys laughed, grinned, and chattered, going through their antics like a house on fire. The sight-seers also laughed and chattered, and I did the same, helping myself right and left all the time. I did not go farther than the monkeys. I was afraid that some lady or gentleman might have the curiosity to look what time it was; so I gently skedadled, leaving at least a dozen without their timepieces, not to speak of a few purses and other filthy lucre.

Citizen.—Did you get safely off?

Swell.—O yes; and the watches have been potted and stewed in the Minories of London ere this.

Citizen (*taking out a snuff-box and helping himself to a pinch*).—I suppose you would help yourself to some *mulls* too?

Swell.—No, catch me. Do you think Sandy's nose would survive a minute without a pinch? I was too wide-awake for that.

Citizen.—I noticed that a poor woman from Ireland recently was robbed of three pounds at the Bridge of Dun. I suppose that was your handiwork too? and if so, it was too bad.

Swell.—The fact is, we were on the rocks; we had lots of bullion, but no cash. At the Bridge of Dun station, a huge head, with a beard as red as fire and as long as Ossian's, was stuck into the carriage window, and a voice resembling thunder roared out, '*Passengers, beware! there are pickpockets in the train!*' Of course I felt dreadfully alarmed at this, and dived into my empty pockets to see if they were all right. The good old lady followed

my example, and took out her purse, opened it, and counted three pounds, and, after taking the last fond look of them, restored them to her pocket, where they lay until transferred to mine at the first convenient time.

Citizen.—It must cost you and your friends a good trifle of money for railway fares and refreshments on the lines?

Swell.—O fie! The railways are the greatest cheats in the world. They cheat every one, and give you sauce to the bargain. It is no sin to cheat a railway. Here is a key which does me good service. It opens every carriage door on the lines. Man is a changeable animal. Sometimes we tire riding in a first class, and change to a second, and then to a third, just as it suits our fancy. It is so nice to study human nature in all its forms and freaks, and to see what your fellow-passengers are made of, as we keep steaming along. A man, English bred, and who knows his profession, can tell from your countenance what is in your pocket.

Citizen.—But you have not told me how you get on at the refreshment-rooms.

Swell.—Oh, the refreshment-rooms! They are nearly as big cheats as the railways. At Carlisle, for instance, they serve out tea and coffee red boiling hot. No one can take it without being scalded. We of course never partake of such murderous liquor. One or two glasses of brandy, a slice of salmon, and a chicken washed down with half a pint of sherry, makes an excellent lunch. Well, the bell rings; everybody is busy paying and receiving; some, in vain, are trying to swallow the boiling

stuff, and with tears in their eyes, and with a burning tongue, they fly to catch the train. Everything is bustle, and, if at all handy, a bottle of brandy finds its way into my oxter pocket, which serves us till the next feeding station. I can assure you we feed like fighting cocks.

Citizen.—It is a pity to see such a young man as you, with such good parts, follow your pursuits. Should you not return to your parents, and follow a respectable business?

Swell.—It is too late. I cannot now return. I am entwined into my business, bad as it is, and I love it.

A good deal further conversation took place between the citizen and the swell, but the rest of the dialogue is reserved for another article.

53. *Hero's Defence.*

Two bachelors lived together in a marine village not far from Dundee. One of the two's duty was to provide the Sabbath's dinner; and that gentleman had a favourite black retriever dog called Hero, which followed his master both to the butcher market and to the love market. On one occasion, on a Saturday night, the love market was visited first; and while the master, it is supposed, was paying all manner of attentions, and saying all manner of sweet things to the fair one, Hero took a stroll round the garden, and having spied a large cock with a happity leg (the result of a late accident), he was not long of seizing the unfortunate fowl, and when the master left, Hero trailed the half-worried animal along with him to Bachelor

Hall, where the fowl was duly consigned to the maid-of-all-work—first for execution, as it was not quite dead, and then for preservation for the morrow's dinner. Meantime the other maid-of-all-work missed her favourite fowl; and when the one maid met the other at the village grocery and gossip shop, the murder was let out, and a polite note was sent to the bachelors, warning them not to partake of the fowl on Sunday, as it had been very bad with distemper of some sort. The two bachelors were not afraid, however; and so the cock was cooked, and the lame leg neatly carved from the body, and put on a stranger's plate, who enjoyed it very much, and was none the worse of it. On Monday, one of the gentlemen present at the banquet wrote and sent to the lady already referred to the following verses:—

Hero's Defence.

Why blame me for stealing your cock,
And call me an ugly black sinner?
Sure, I only did what I was told
In procuring our Sabbath-day's dinner.

The fowl, besides being old and infirm,
Had really one foot in the grave;
And if I assisted good nature,
I only gave back what she gave.

While three gents have dined on the body,
A Hero has supped on the bones;
And the breast-bone is sent to Miss ——
In memory of the dying fowl's groans.

54. *Todd's Office Ink* versus *Dalgairns and Kidd's Best O.P.*

A veteran lived in Broughty Ferry. He was fond of a friend in of an evening, a tumbler or two of

hot punch, and any quantity of jokes and yarns. The Broughty Ferry whisky did not agree with his constitution; and when an extra mental and social feast was in expectancy, Bob, his son, who was an apprentice in a lawyer's office in Dundee, was ordered to bring down a bottle of 'Dalgairns and Kidd's best,' and to come down with an earlier train than usual, if possible. Bob fulfilled his first part of the message to the letter, and had secured a bottle of the '*best*' in the office. He then asked the superior to get leave of absence, which was at once granted, the boy being first sent a short errand. In the interval, a wag in the office removed the bottle of the best from the reticule-basket, and substituted a bottle of 'Todd's office ink.' Away went Bob in full glee with the ink, and found his father sitting at the fire opposite his quondam friend, with a face which betokened ease, comfort, and pleasure, while two toddy tumblers were piping hot on the cheeks of the fire, all ready for the approaching campaign. The bottle was duly transferred to the table, and the old friendly screw having been forthcoming, the old gentleman drew the cork, and poured out a little of the liquid into a glass to taste it in its raw condition preliminary to its being made into hot punch. Father and son had both a stutter in their speech, and the old gentleman's consternation may be better imagined than described as the black liquid darkened the glass. 'B—B—B—Bob, what the d—d—d—deuce is this, sir?' 'D—D—D—Dalgairns and Kidd's best, f—f—f—father.' The murder was soon guessed at, and the two friends had to put up

with Broughty Ferry whisky for an evening. Next day a court-martial was held over the mischievous clerks, which resulted in a bottle of the best being sent to the Ferry that night, which in a measure made up for the previous night's disappointment.

55. *Proposal to Drain the Loch of Forfar.*

It was at one time proposed to drain the loch of Forfar, when Lord Panmure, or some other wag, remarked that the most effectual mode of draining it would be to mix it well with *North Port*, and to set the Forfar bailies at it. [This is a very old joke, and may possibly have seen print before.]

56. *A Second Grace Darling.*

A woman, named Elizabeth or Leish Gall, held a licence for a public-house at the Shore of Broughty Ferry. A foreign vessel was wrecked on the banks of Tay, and the crew were rescued by the Broughty Ferry fishermen, and were brought to the Ferry. The gallant fishermen who manned the lifeboat, who brought the despairing crew to the Ferry, took them to the principal hotel. The hotel-keeper refused to receive them, and the fishermen who saved the lives of the sailors then took the men to Leish Gall's, where they were well entertained, although perhaps against the strict law. Leish then only having a tavern licence, she was brought up for this good act, fined, and lost her licence. An appeal was taken to the Quarter Sessions, when Mr. Paul appeared for her, and pled that she was in fact a second Grace Darling, and would pull an oar and risk her life and licence to save a fellow-

creature. The magistrates unanimously sustained the appeal, and Leish Gall's inn can now be termed a harbour of refuge for any distressed seaman. Judging from human nature, she is a woman without fear, and with kindness to every one in distress.

57. *A Drive to Forfar.*

Two publicans, who were great cronies, resolved to give their respective wives, who were also bosom friends, a drive to Forfar one fine summer Sabbath. Accordingly they met in one of their houses, and as it would not look well to be seen driving through the town on the Lord's day, it was agreed that the machine should be waiting for them at the Asylum, the two gentlemen to walk gently to the place of rendezvous, the two ladies to follow after they had donned their bonnets, shawls, etc. Well, off went the gentlemen, and the ladies retired to the dressing-room, where they bedecked themselves to their own individual satisfaction. Time wore on as the gossip increased, and they forgot that their husbands would be waiting at the place of appointment. Latterly they took to the road; but their husbands, who had lost all patience, had driven off in a perfect fury of passion, leaving their better halves, as Mother Eve was left before, to the freedom of their own wills. The wives, however, were not to be done out of their drive on any account; so a closed carriage and driver were hired, to overtake the truant husbands. The driver was a novice in Dundee, and not being very well acquainted with the roads, instead of taking the

Forfar road, he took the road to Arbroath, which lies about eighteen miles from Dundee. Arriving at Arbroath, one of them descried the masts of a number of vessels which were in the harbour, and exclaimed, 'Dear me, they have noo actually got ships in the Forfar Loch. There was nane when I was here the last time, but that's six years syne. Hech, time changes a' things.' When it turned out that they were in Arbroath, and not in Forfar, the plight of the ladies was great. The horse had to be rested and fed, and two mouthfuls of brandy having been taken by the buxom wives just to keep down the nerves, as they termed it, they set off to Forfar, which is at right angles from Dundee, and at a distance of about sixteen miles from Arbroath. Arriving at Forfar, they were again doomed to misfortunes, for their husbands, after dining, had driven on to Glamis. The horse had again to be fed, and the nerves of the ladies re-strengthened, and again did they set out on the chase. Glamis is about five miles from Forfar, and there they at last overtook the runaways. The meeting was by no means a quiet one. What with sobs, hysterics, and *nerves* on the part of the ladies, intermixed with words on the part of the public gentlemen, the peace of the quiet village inn of Glamis was effectually disturbed. Tea, with something 'til't,' was got, and the everlastingly soothing beverage had the desired effect, and peace and harmony were restored. The homeward voyage from Glamis to Dundee, a distance of fourteen miles, was then undertaken, and the parties arrived in Dundee, the wives being quite exhausted, or

dumfoundered, as they called it, while the poor horse, who had travelled, drawing a heavy coach, with at least twenty-eight stone inside and eleven stone outside, about fifty-three miles, was in reality *foundered*, and never did much good afterwards.

58. *A Farmer and his Housekeeper.*

An old bachelor farmer lived not one hundred miles from Dundee, and with him lived an old housekeeper, and report said that the master and maid were on very affectionate terms. The farmer was a douce body, and had lots of bawbees, which the maid coveted, as well as the farmer. On a certain market-day home came the farmer in a state called very 'comfortable,' and Janet was more than usually kind to him that day. She helped him off with his snow-covered coat, put down a warm pair of stockings and slippers, stirred up the blazing fire, and set down a hot tumbler of stiff punch, the real Glenlivet, before him, which made him as happy as a king is supposed to be. Being in a gey cracky mood, he would have Janet, who was extra buskit that night, to sit down beside him, and take a glass of the tempting beverage; and, as may be imagined, she was not ill to be persuaded. Well, the crack went on about this thing and that thing, and another tumbler had to be brewed, and then a third. When the last was being discussed, Janet thought she might break the ice, and so she began,—'Do you ken what the folks are saying aboot us, maister?' 'No,' said the maister; 'what are they saying?' 'Deed, they are saying that you and I are to be married.' The maister, taking a

huge snuff, replied, '*Dods, Janet, and will na we gie them a grand cheat!*'

59. *A Substitute for a Draw-well.*

A precocious young urchin one day accompanied his sister to the draw-well for a pitcher of water. There was a steep grassy embankment which led to the well, and down the bank the urchin rolled in a playful mood. His sister checked him for so doing, and said that rolling down a brae was dangerous, as it would give him water in the head. 'Well, Tibbie,' says the boy, 'if I get water in the head, you'll no need to gang to the well for water.'

60. *A Will with a Blank.*

The author had occasion to be present at the reading of a will after the funeral of the rich testator. The will, after appointing trustees, and containing numerous lawyers' clauses, inserted for the sake of fees in too many instances, provided a number of legacies. To one nephew he left a large legacy, in consequence of the kindness shown by him to his father and mother. To a niece, and for a similar cause, he left a handsome sum; and the list of legacies closed with the following one: 'And to my youngest nephew, —— ——, who has been a scapegrace all his days, and who honoured neither his father or his mother, I leave him nothing, which will be easily taken care of.' The disinherited scapegrace calmly took off his weepers and his crape, made a stiff bow to the other mourners, and walked out no doubt a sad man, and wishing that he had acted as his brother and sister had done to their parents.

61. *An Enlarged Nose.*

A well-known gentleman in Edinburgh had a very enlarged nose, which grew to such an extent, that it had to be pruned or cut down periodically. The gentleman was by no means offended at his nose overgrowing itself, and many a joke he himself perpetrated on his frontispiece. One day he was walking leisurely along Princes Street, and a boy was so much struck with the huge proboscis, that he stood and stared at the strange phenomenon. 'What is the matter wi' you?' says the good-natured old gentleman; and applying his left hand to the objectionable member, he turned it gently aside, saying to the urchin, 'Could you no get by, man?'

62. *Less of your Noes* (*Nose*).

The same gentleman sat as clerk to one or other of the divisions in the Court of Session, and he had a habit of making a running commentary over the advocates' speeches, such as 'No, no, no; all nonsense; perfect bosh,' and such like, all given forth in the hearing and to the annoyance of the pleader. On one occasion the late Sheriff Logan was debating a case before their Lordships; and when he was in the middle and heat of the debate, he was put out of his thread of argument by the clerk repeatedly saying audibly, '*No, no, no.*' Mr. Logan, being somewhat irritated, retaliated on the erring clerk by saying, 'It would be obliging, Mr. ——, if you would give us less of your *noes*' (*nose*). This sally brought forth a perfect roar

of laughter, in which their Lordships, as well as their good-natured clerk, heartily joined.

63. *Taking it Coolly and Philosophically.*

On a winter day, a canny Scotch merchant was seen wending his way down the Bucklemaker Wynd to the Cowgate. There had been a sharp shower of snow, just sufficient to cover and conceal the boys' numerous slides. The canny merchant's feet touched the treacherous covering, and fourteen stone came to grief with a thud which shook the corporation of the fallen. Recovering himself somewhat, and before attempting to rise, and in a sitting position, he looked over his shoulder and beheld a workman with a cutty pipe in his mouth in the exact same lowly position as himself. 'Hilloa!' drawled out the merchant in his usual country style, 'are ye doun tae?' 'Deed am I,' says the smoker. 'Is this your *first?*' says the merchant. 'Yes.' 'Then ye're weel aff,' replies the merchant, 'for this is my *third.*'

64. *A Wary Lover.*

A merchant in Dundee was deeply in love with—at all events, he courted—a young lady in Edinburgh, who, every Christmas, baked and sent her admirer a rich cake. The gentleman, however, changed his mind and married another; but, notwithstanding of the change of circumstances, the disappointed lady sent the usual cake at the Christmas which followed the marriage. As may be surmised, the gentleman was surprised at the unexpected appearance of the cake. He looked at it suspiciously,

sniffed it as the fox sniffs a hocussed rabbit laid temptingly down by the gamekeeper, but could not discover anything wrong with it. It looked too well to destroy,—besides, it would save the New Year's bun; and at last, while near despairing, a happy thought, after Artemus Ward, struck him. Says he to himself, 'I'll try on the maid-of-all-work with it first, and we will see how it takes with her; and, suiting the action to the word, he seized a carving-knife and cut out a huge lump of cake, put it on a plate, rung the bell for Sarah Gamps, who, on entering, was to her amazement presented with the large piece of cake by her kind master. Sarah thanked, curtsied, and retired. Sarah was none the worse of the cake. Every morning observations were taken, but all favourable to the honesty of the cake,—indeed, she seemed to thrive under it; and before the New Year came the presentee of the gift had consumed a considerable portion of the suspected cake without the slightest twinge of pain. It may only be added, that that cake closed the series.

65. *The Dead House at Night.*

The following ridiculous mistake was made:—A lawyer had occasion to write a married lady about her husband, who was out of the way, as there was diligence out against him. The husband had visited his wife the previous night, and the writer in the letter alluded to the visit as having been made at the 'dead hour' of night. This letter, which was written in a scrawly hand, was very ill to read, and unfortunately found its way to another

lady of the same name, who read 'the *dead hour* of night' as 'the *dead house* of night,' which led her to believe that her husband had been in the dead-house. The husband having entered, put an end to the matter, and the letter was sent to the proper party.

66. *A Man of Figures' Escapade in a Water-barrel.*

A gentleman of figures was enamoured with a farmer's daughter. Having visited her one night, he stayed rather late, and hearing the old gentleman's feet coming up the stair towards the parlour, the swain, thinking that prudence was the best part of valour, threw open the window, and got upon the top of a large water-barrel, with the view of getting easily to the ground. The barrel had seen many summers, and the top was not warranted to carry some twelve stone; so in went the top, and down went the lover into the barrel, immersed nearly over the head in soft water. The lady having satisfied her father that no one was with her, he retired to bed, and she, with a coolness and bravery worthy of Joan of Arc or Grace Darling, rushed to the barrel, turned the crane, and ran the water off the dripping choice of her heart. The next thing to be done was to get the prisoner out of the empty barrel. A council of war was held between the two—the lady on *terra firma*, and the sweetheart in the barrel, with part of his head looking disconsolately over its side. A happy thought struck the damsel. She noticed that the barrel rested on three little posts; so she ordered the encased to jump the bottom out; and so, like Jack-in-a-box,

the leaping began, and on the third jump the bottom gave way, and two legs protruded, and the exposed part of the head disappeared. This being done, the release was effected; and after one cold embrace, the half-drowned man of figures and cutting—a very sorry one indeed—rushed home to bed to dream of his midnight adventure.

67. *How to Pack a Jury.*

At the first Circuit Court held in Dundee, sixty-five jurymen were cited to try the criminal trials and one civil trial. One of the judges was to take the criminal trials, and the other the civil trial to commence with. The civil trial was a somewhat amusing one, being an action of damages for £500 for false apprehension and imprisonment. The defender's agent knocked through a number of the general jury, and wanted to know whether they would like to sit on the civil trial, where they would get £1 a day, or on the criminal trials, where they would get nothing. Of course all preferred the civil trial. The criminal business commenced first, and when the jury was being empanelled, the defender's agent in the civil cause managed to get five objected to,—viz., two special and three common jurymen. After the jury were empanelled, the jurymen who were not balloted, including the five jurymen who were objected to, retired to the other court where the civil jury was balloted, and, strange to say, the five jurymen who were objected to in the criminal court were selected in the civil. The result was a unanimous verdict in favour of the defender.

68. *A would-be Deaf Juryman.*

A juryman wished to be excused from sitting, for the reason that he was deaf, and, on his name being called, he stated his objection. The judge asked him how old he was. The juryman, holding up his hand to his ear, imitating a sounding trumpet, roared out, 'What is your will, sir?' The judge, in a very low voice, asked when he came to town; to which he answered, 'Last night,' the imitation trumpet being away. In a rather lower voice the judge said, 'Just step into the box;' and the would-be deaf juryman had to do so, and to remain in Perth for nearly a week.

69. *Stuck on the Horns of a Dilemma.*

A young gentleman visited Stirling on a Saturday, and was pressganged by the Stirling Cricket Club into playing a return match at cricket in Dunfermline on the Monday. He protested, on the grounds that he had to be in his office in Edinburgh on Monday, and that he had not his cricket clothes with him. The first ground was got over by a letter being written to his governor, asking leave of absence for another day, and by one of the eleven volunteering a pair of cricket trousers for the field. Arrangements being all completed, the young gentleman went into Stirling on Sunday evening and got the trousers, and stuffed them into his hat, and took his way home viâ the North Church. Just as he was approaching that sacred edifice, out came the congregation like a hive of bees, and before he knew where he was, he met a

young lady acquaintance, and forgetting what he had in his hat, he gracefully lifted it to the lady, and, to his consternation, while the trousers seated themselves on his crown, the legs fell down like a Turkish turban on each side of his face. The young man blushed crimson, while the sweat rolled over his brow. Getting a hold of the horrible legs, he managed to get the hat restuffed, and beat the most humiliating retreat ever any swell was exposed to.

70. *Painted, but by Heaven alone.*

The following anecdote is told of a young lady in Stirling, on whom nature had lavished many charms, but the author will not vouch altogether for its authenticity. The lady was walking up Broad Street, which leads to the castle, when she met with two officers arm-in-arm. Observing the lady's unsurpassing beauty, one of the officers remarked audibly to the other, '*By heavens, she is painted.*' To which the lady replied, '*Yes, but by heaven alone.*' Whether these two sentences actually passed or not is perhaps a matter of little consequence, as it is a fact that the lady was afterwards married to the officer who was so much struck with her beauty, and who turned out to be a very wealthy gentleman, as well as a fearless soldier and a good husband and father; while the lady turned out to be a most devoted wife and a kind-hearted mother. Seldom do two such hearts meet so accidentally to be united till death separates them.

71. *The Stirling Fountain.*

At the entrance to Stirling by the Edinburgh and Glasgow road there is a playing fountain with a black male nude figure at the top. 'The unco guid and rigidly righteous' were shocked at the bare figure, and many a hole and corner meeting was held to try and get the obnoxious nude removed or disfigured. When the discussion was at its fiercest, a new-year came round which fell on a Sunday. The church-going people were entering the town in all directions, and, to their amazement, the poor black nigger was clothed with a lady's chemise and cap. A great crowd was gathered around the offending black, whose face sadly contrasted with the white robes which adorned his figure. The crowd could not help laughing. Some thought it was awful sacrilege on the Lord's day. And an old mother, leaning on her son's arm, wondered who could have done it. Her daughter, who was behind, leaning on the arm of the son's companion, said that the culprit should be found out and punished. It never came right out who clothed the naked, but it was generally hinted at that the son and companion knew something of the outrage, and that, if the daughter had had with her an extra magnifying microscope, she would have descried her own initials on the white garments; but 'while ignorance is bliss, 'tis foolish to be wise.'

72. *A Lady's Keeper.*

A gentleman about to marry, and who had little knowledge of matrimonial arrangements, went with

the best man to purchase the gold marriage ring. This being done, the best man hinted that he would require to provide his wife with a keeper. '*What would she dae wi' a keeper?*' asks the affianced; '*I will keep her myself.*' It being explained that the keeper was the guard of the marriage ring, the bridegroom at once purchased the keeper.

73. *Keep your Temper.*

A woman was charged with uttering a base coin representing a half-sovereign. She pleaded not guilty. The uttering was proved, and a jeweller was produced by the fiscal to prove that the coin was spurious, and that it resembled a half-sovereign. The witness swore that the coin was bad, and that it resembled a half-sovereign in so far as the Queen's head was on one of its sides. Sheriff Henderson (to witness): 'Tell us what is on the other side of the coin.' The witness (looking at it): 'There are two ladies sitting at a table, playing cards.' The sheriff: 'And what is engraved on it?' The witness: 'Keep your temper.' The sheriff: 'Did ever you see a half-sovereign with two ladies playing cards at a table, and having the motto of "Keep your temper" engraved on it?' The witness: 'No.' The sheriff: 'Is this article founded on not a whist counter?' Witness: 'I rather think it is.' The sheriff found the prisoner not guilty, and dismissed the case.

74. *Do you want any Blacking?*

When a certain professor began his humble career in Dundee by selling matches and black-

ing, he in the course of his journeys called one day at the kitchen door of the mansion of the Laws. He was met by a big burly black flunkey, who asked what he was doing there; to which the professor replied, 'Do you want any blacking?' The man of colour, thinking that the professor had insulted him, commenced a violent assault upon the vendor of the black ware, the result of which was a long litigation against the proprietor of the Laws at the professor's instance; but it was held that the master was not liable for the acts of his black servant. The same professor afterwards proved himself to be very useful during the time that the cholera raged in Dundee, as also at the Crimean war.

75. *A Progress of Title-deeds.*

A gentleman in Edinburgh had charge of the conveyancing department of a large legal firm in Edinburgh. He was reckoned a good conveyancer, but sometimes he forgot himself outside. He had been toiling over a progress of title-deeds for weeks and weeks, and could make nothing of them. There was nearly a barrowful of them; and having quarrelled with his employers, he left his situation very abruptly. The progress of deeds were found in his desk, having a slip on the front of them, on which the following graphic although somewhat irreverent sentence was written: 'This progress is like the love of the Lord, it passeth all understanding.'

76. *A Dundee Coach-hirer Wiser than the Five Wise Virgins.*

A friendly match at bowls took place at Brechin between the Brechin club and one of the Dundee clubs. The latter were driven in a brake and pair by the proprietor, who was a member of the Dundee club. The Dundee club was successful, and a good deal of merriment ensued on the road homewards. The lamps were trimmed, and two wags lighted them at Findhaven; and Jehu drove through Forfar to the hotel with tip-top speed, and with the lamps glaring in grand style, although it was quite day-light. Such a spectacle quite took the Forfarians by surprise, and a great crowd assembled round the lighted equipage at its arrival. The proprietor did not see the lights until one of the company drew his attention to them, and asked him what he meant by having his lamps lighted in the day-time. He was quite astonished at the matter. He thought first that they had been lighted the night before; then he saw that they could not have burned so long; and latterly he arrived at the conclusion that the Brechiners had lighted them for a bit of a joke. A conundrum regarding the lighting of the lamps was made and answered going home: 'Why is the proprietor wiser than the five wise virgins?' 'Because he not only had his lamps trimmed, but he had them lighted.'

77. *A Stirling Young Lady designs her Father.*

A young miss from Stirling, who was very fond of long words, got acquainted with a young gentle-

man on a voyage to New York. In the course of the many conversations which took place on board of the steamer, the young gentleman nervously inquired what avocation her papa followed; and in her simplicity, and through her fondness of long words, she lisped out in delicate notes that he was a highwayman. Her papa was a road-surveyor in Stirlingshire, and she thought that highwayman would sound better than road-surveyor.

78. *The London Coal Hole and Deputations from Dundee.*

A deputation of wiseacres left Dundee for London, to give their influential opinions on certain matters connected with the Trinity House, and lighting of the river Tay, and such like. They returned quite satisfied that they had opened the optics of the English powers, and that the Trinity would get their own way. The description of their pilgrimage was very good indeed; but as space will not allow the full details, the author will only give one illustration:—The valuable and distinguished deputation on one or two occasions patronized the celebrated Coal Hole; and one of the leaders of the deputation's description of the leading features in the proceedings was very graphic indeed. He stated that it was a glorious institution; and the power of oratory on the part of the pleaders was beyond imagination, and could nowhere be exceeded. The case of Mrs. Yelverton was a masterpiece, or rather a mistresspiece, and was loudly applauded. The courts in Dundee might hold down their diminished heads in a question of superiority between them and

the Coal Hole; and even the great Court of Session could not hold the candle to it. Besides, in the Coal Hole court you got your pint of porter and a pipe of tobacco; and what more could any reasonable litigant expect in a court of justice?

79. *A Lawyer's Fee paid in Bad Coin.*

A party was to be tried for forging and passing bad coin. A writer was asked by the friends of the accused to defend him, which he agreed to do provided they paid his fee, being £1. This they agreed to, and paid 15s., stating that the other 5s. would be paid into the office during the trial. This was no doubt done; but when the writer returned to his chambers, the five shillings turned out to be two bad half-crowns.

80. *Sheriff Logan's Rebuke to a Procurator.*

Sheriff Logan held a small-debt court in Dundee one day, at which a procurator appeared to plead a case in a fishing suit of shepherd-tartan. The old lady, who was opposed to the gentleman in tartan, objected to answer any questions which that gentleman put to her. 'Never mind,' said the sheriff; 'just suppose he is a procurator, although clad in tartan, and answer his questions.'

81. *A Death-bed Will.*

The author was called out late one night to make a dying man's settlement, and went forthwith to his house, and found him very far gone with dropsy. The water had reached his heart, and was lapping on it just as the tide makes. His hours the doctor

had numbered, and beyond four o'clock in the morning he could not possibly live, and it wanted only four hours to the fatal hour. He wanted his house set in order, and was as cool as if he was only going away with the train or the steamboat. All that he said was, 'Set my house in order, and I will die in peace.' The will was at once written out and signed, and the mental anxiety of the dying man was removed, although the bodily pain and exhaustion increased. After the will was folded and put aside, and the arrangements made for what was likely so soon to follow, the writer took courage to say to the poor man, 'You who are so fearless of death, and knowing that your hours are numbered, why not submit to be tapped? Tapping is not a sore thing: it is only a small puncture—the taking out of a tooth is twenty times worse.' 'Well,' says the dying man, 'I was willing to be tapped, but the doctor was afraid to perform the operation in case he should touch some of the vitals.' 'But,' says the writer, 'if you are not afraid to die in four hours, the doctor need not be afraid to try the operation. Should you die under it, it will make little odds, for you are prepared to die, and your Christian fortitude and resignation are well worthy of imitation.' The writer left, and expected to hear of his death next morning. The friends, however, after hearing the conversation, got in two doctors and their regular doctor, and the poor man was tapped, and no less than one pail and a half of water was run off him, which gave immediate relief; but he was too far gone to recover. He lingered on for about a month, and then died without a murmur. The writer has been at many

death-beds, but never witnessed one where so much Christian courage was displayed. Had he been tapped at an earlier period, he might have been yet alive.

82. *A Dundee Lawyer in a fix at Balmaha, Lochlomond.*

A party of gentlemen went a tour to Lochlomond, and put up for a time at the inn near to Balmaha. There was some good fun at night, and on one occasion it was resolved that a practical joke should be played upon a Dundee lawyer, who was one of the company. This gentleman slept by himself, and the others had to sleep double. Accordingly they got a loan of a milliner's doll or head for making bonnets on, and having got it dressed with a cap, it was neatly put into the lawyer's bed, and the bed-clothes being neatly tucked around it, the resemblance to a human being was complete. The job being nicely finished, a game at whist was had in the parlour, and after it all the parties connected with the joke went to their respective beds, leaving the victim to read himself up in the newspapers. It must not be supposed, however, that the four rogues were asleep: never were their vigils more earnest, and at last they had their reward; for the gentleman, candle in hand, stalked towards his bed-room, and laid down his candle on the table, and commenced to undress. When all but ready for bed, and before blowing out the candle, he looked into the bed, and oh, horror of horrors! what does he behold but a lady apparently dead asleep in his bed, with her face to the wall! What is he to do? He with

his candle goes back to the parlour, and ruminates as to what is to be done. By this time the fire was black out, and the lawyer was trembling with cold, when he resolved to appeal to some of the bedded party to see if they could take him in; but this they could not do, as the beds were even too small for two. He begged then that the company would rise and endeavour to get the lady ousted. This was agreed to, and a candle-light procession, headed by the victim, marched to the room where the lady lay as sound as ever. Various *ha-hums*, after Pickwick, were uttered, but to no purpose—she lay as still as ever. Latterly a long broom was procured, and the victim kept poking at her, but without any visible effect. At last he gave the head a considerable shove, which severed it from its made-up body, and disclosed the trick. The procession retreated to their room double quick, the infuriated laying about him in all directions with his weapon, the long broom. Next morning the breakfast table was a merry one.

83. *Heather Jock's Boat.*

A party resolved to have a pull over to Newport in a cobble called Heather Jock's boat, on a Sunday. The party assembled at the pier, and among them was one named Jamie; but as the water was too rough for one of the party's taste, he rued and would not go, saying that he would rather go to the Steeple Kirk although he had to sing the whole of the 119th psalm. Accordingly he went to the kirk, and a report got through the town that the cobble and all hands had been lost, which was too true. The report having reached the ears of Jamie's

wife, who was busy making a cup of tea for herself, she rushed frantically out of the house with the tea-kettle in her hand, entered the Steeple Kirk, found her way to the seat where her husband was safe and sound, and exclaimed, 'Oh, Jamie, are you there, lad? for Heather Jock's boat's drowned.' And having uttered these words, she retired with her teapot, much to the wonderment of the congregation.

84. *A Sea Captain's Land Cruise.*

A captain of one of the whalers was short of hands, and had to take a cruise to Fife in search of a crew. He crossed to Newport in a pinnace, and hired a riding-horse from the innkeeper there, for the purpose of going to Anstruther, Crail, and Elie, etc., in search of the hands wanted. The captain, although a good sailor, was quite out of his latitude on the outside of a horse; but by the assistance of the landlord he was hoisted up and safely moored on the saddle. Away he went at an easy walking pace. It was too daring an attempt to try trotting at first, so, after having walked out the Cupar road about four miles, he thought he would try a bit trot or a bit of a gallop, and accordingly the whip was applied; but the horse was not to stand this, and, throwing out its two fore feet, it reested and stood as stock still as the Duke of Wellington's horse stands at the Register House of Edinburgh. Coaxing had no effect whatever. The animal was quite above bribery and corruption. The whip had no charm in it, and the animal remained immovable as ever, just as if it had been anchored both fore and aft. The captain had no alternative but to resign his seat

and lead the horse, which was easily done, the animal having got rid of its burden. The poor captain was obliged to lead the horse all the way to his places of call, and back to Newport, for he scorned to leave it in any stable on the road. He tried repeatedly to get on the animal's back, but in vain, for every attempt was a determined backing astern. Having arrived in Newport a tired man, he settled for three days' hire; and, after parting with his money, he says to the horse, 'If it had not been for your company I would have been better without you.'

85. *Sheriff Ogilvie's Dark Hint to a Lady.*

A tradesman sued a lady for an account for furnishing a head-dress. The lady denied liability, on the ground that the article did not suit her hair, colour, or complexion, and was not according to order. The sheriff, after hearing the evidence, decided in favour of the tradesman, against which decision the lady loudly protested, and, after a torrent of language had flowed from her, she theatrically appealed to heaven, where she hoped to get justice. His Lordship, with his usual happy face, said, 'Madam, if you do not get justice in that happy place you now appeal to, perchance you may get it in the other.'

86. *How to secure a Quiet Rubber of Whist in a Train.*

Four good players in Dundee challenged four good players out of Dundee to a rubber of whist, to be played at the home of the latter, which was also to be the home of the former for the night. The four

Dundonians got ensconced in a first-class carriage, and having resolved to have a quiet rubber, one of the number at once donned a white night-cap, which was tied under the chin, and having naturally a rubicund countenance, the contrast was great. As he gently leaned in a weak-like state at the window, no one dared to enter the carriage. The travellers looked upon the carriage as pestilential: the poor man with the white cap and red face was ill with fever, and was either going to or coming from some infirmary. The *ruse* took well, and the whist party had the compartment entirely to themselves both going and returning. A young baby is said to be a good passenger *fright;* but as the night-cap is much easier carried along, it must decidedly have the preference over the live stock.

87. *A Chartist Dundee Flesher making* Potted-*head of himself.*

Many will recollect of the Chartist rising in Dundee some thirty years ago, and of the celebrated march of hundreds of the rioters to the county town of Forfar to take it by storm, and at the edge of the sword, or with such other convenient weapons as the motley crew could command. The mob assembled at the Magdalene Green, where they were harangued by fire-eaters and stump orators, who fired the blood of the crowd, from the sparest spinner of yarn to the stoutest cleaver of beef. After the orators had their say, it was resolved that the revolutionists should proceed to Forfar by Lochee, and raise the Lochee clan there, so as to swell their general body. The word march was given; and

never was Dundee so well cleaned out of her rag-tags as it was on that memorable occasion. The marching was most ludicrous, and the variety of arms beats description. Old scythes and pieces of paling were in vogue, and now and again a 'Brown Bess' might have been seen without the locks, and in some cases the barrel was only forthcoming. When the army reached Dudhope church, the Riot Act was read, and after it was through, the forces proceeded to Lochee, where their numbers were considerably increased. Again were they harangued by the stumps, as also by the Earl of Camperdown, who advised them like guid bairns to gang awa back to their wark in Dundee, instead of making fools of themselves in the country. The noble earl's words were of no avail, and onward the crowd proceeded to the Stobs Muir, in order that the orators might get their wind-bags completely emptied. After the oratory was at last concluded, the rabble was told into companies of fifty, and the word march was again given, and off the motley crew (less a few of the ringleaders, who thought they had gone far enough and seen enough of war) marched to Forfar, and on their way the farmers' turnips and potatoes suffered considerably. Arriving at Laurence Hill, it was resolved that the forces should bivouac there; and three men out of each company were selected to beg, borrow, and steal provisions for the reformers of the country. Among others who were selected for this important office was a well-known flesher; and, being proud of his appointment, he proceeded to a farm town and demanded a loan of a pot to boil potatoes. The farmer demurred; but after being threatened with

destruction by fire and sword, the farmer gave in, and the pot-valiant Chartist proudly shouldered his trophy and took his way across the field to reach the camp. Not knowing the way very well, he made rather a rough voyage of it, and, having made a false step, he found himself and the pot immersed in a deep ditch, which somewhat cooled his heroic notions of war. Being completely worn out with the day's fatigue, he lay down among the heather, and, having put some heather into the pot, he put his head into the pot, making it both a pillow and a night-cap at same time. Soundly he slept; and when he awoke he found two of the warriors standing by, when the following dialogue took place:—

Weavers.—Hilloa, Wattie! what the deevil are ye daeing there, wi' your head in a pot, as if ye were wanting to make potted-head wi't?

Wattie.—Oh, lads, ye needna mak laughing sport o' me. Every bane o' my body is like to brak, and I wish this bloody war was ower.

Weavers.—We rather think it's no begun yet. The army is on its way to Forfar, but we think that we would be better behind our wabs at hame than wandering like a lot of vagrants about the country in this way.

Wattie.—Weel, I am quite o' your opinion, and we'll just gang back to Dundee. Talk o' '*rising!*' —I dinna see hoo I can get up wi' rheums and lumbago, not to speak o' hunger and cauld.

Wattie having at last got on his legs, and the three having breakfasted on two Swedish neeps each, they proceeded homewards, Wattie leaving his scythe and pot behind him. As for the rest of

the Chartists, they proceeded to Forfar, where they made speeches and demands upon the provost and magistrates for provisions. To pacify them, the provost ordered them to be served with baps and beer, which were greedily partaken off; after which the motley crew, through their leaders, thanked the provost and magistrates, and marched back to Dundee, to be laughed at for their extreme folly. Thus began and ended the great Chartist rising in Dundee; and a number of the ringleaders do not like to be twitted about it till this day, when the six points of the charter are now no more.

88. *A Witty Rogue.*

A young rogue, with rather a sharp and prepossessing countenance, was brought before the police court, charged with a crime too offensive to be tried before such a court, and accordingly he was REMITTED, as it is called, to the fiscal, with the view of the case being tried in a higher court. On hearing of this preliminary doom, the accused coolly asked his agent if he would be remitted to the fiscal through the Post-office Savings Bank, or how.

89. *Mistress and Servant.*

The mistress to her confidential servant: 'Mary, I wish you to put down both coffee and tea to breakfast this morning.' 'Yes, marm,' says Mary. 'Nothing wrong, I hope?' Mistress: 'O no, nothing particular; only had a few passing words with your master. And if he takes tea, I will take coffee; or the other way if need be.'

90. *A Detective in the Witness-box.*

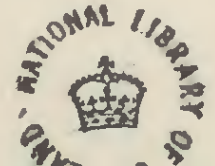
Finlay Forbes, to whom every miscreant in and around Dundee is known, is invariably the last witness called to prove the previous convictions. Without him, indeed, the trials could not go on; and he might, to save time, be sworn in January for all the year round, and the question and answer might be stereotyped. 'To whom does that conviction apply?' says the gentleman with the wig and gown. Finlay: 'To the prisoner at the bar, my lord.' All the time the convicting witness has the extract convictions in his hand as neatly arranged as if he was about to play a rubber at whist. There is no use of cross-examining him; but raw advocates, to show their power of learning, sometimes venture to quiz this icy-cool witness. On one occasion Finlay swore that the prisoner was habit and repute a common thief. 'Do you mean to say that the young man never works?' says the man of learning. The answer was, 'Yes; he never works except when he is in the jail.' 'You may go,' says the counsel. 'I should think so,' says Judge Deas, with that characteristic ironical smile which is so well known to be part and pertinent of his Lordship.

At another trial Finlay was asked by the prisoner's agent if he was aware that the prisoner was a licensed hawker, and that he carried his licence certificate with him. 'I do not know,' says Finlay; 'but I know that he is a returned convict, and that he carries his ticket-of-leave with him.' 'I have no more questions, my lord.' The judge, sarcastically: 'I should think so.'

On a third occasion three several parties were tried for theft. Two of them were libelled as having been previously convicted of theft, but there was no such aggravation against the third, who was a female. Finlay proved the convictions against the two; and the counsel for the third, although she was not accused of any previous conviction, of course must put a question, and in doing so he certainly put his foot into it. Drawing his gown together, and looking the witness broad in the face, as if he was to extinguish him for ever, 'Finlay,' he says, 'did ever you know of my client being convicted?' 'O yes,' says Finlay; 'twenty or thirty times.' 'What,' says the counsel, 'do you mean to tell me that she has been twenty or thirty times convicted for theft?' 'I did not say that; I only answered your question. If you will put your question right, I will not give my answer wrong.' 'Well then,' says the all but snuffed out pleader, 'was my client ever convicted of *theft?*' 'Not to my knowledge; but she has been in my presence convicted twenty or thirty times for assault, breach of the peace, disorderly conduct, and for midnight prowling.' The discomfited advocate sat down, resolved not to meddle with Finlay Forbes in all time to come.

91. *A Wide-awake Constable.*

The same Finlay Forbes was originally a police constable, and by good conduct and perception he raised himself. When a night constable, he used to go in company with another of the same name, a powerful Highlander, who used his baton with little scruple. On one occasion there was a night



brawl in a certain house, and Finlay and his friend of the same name entered the establishment to quell the disturbance. Peter the *great*, as he was termed, did the knocking down business, and Finlay the *quiet* carried out the fallen. One very heavy blow was given, and down went the man, and Finlay was ordered to carry him out, like the others. Finlay, not being quite sure about the blow inflicted, and of the consequences which might follow, quietly said, 'I would rather not take out that one. Just take him oot yoursell, Peter; it will save all reflections.'

92. *Scene in the Civil Debtors' Prison.*

Stout Debtor.—I declare I am at least a stone and a half heavier since I was made stationary here by my particular friend.

Thin Debtor.—If comparisons are not odious, look at me. Any one can see through me. I have fallen in—in fact, collapsed entirely. It is a great shame of the sheriff to stuff one such as you at the rate of tenpence per day, and starve a poor soul like me at the rate of sixpence per day. Such a small rate is a slow but sure and killing process.

The Ninth Part of a Man stitching, and perched on his board.—Be contented, young man, with your little rations. There is no chance of apoplexy with you for a time to come; and when you rig out of new, you will save your cloth. And as for the tenpenny gentleman, he should let *out*, for a steek in time saves nine.

93. *An Epicure at fault.*

A gentlemen's *picnic* was held at Glamis. Luncheon was served outside, and tea and boiled eggs were ordered in the Railway Inn. Before the inn there was a lot of furze, in which the hens were in the habit of laying. While the tea was masking, one of the gentlemen present, well known to have one of the finest palates in Dundee, heard the *egotistical* notes of a hen who had just laid an egg. That gentleman thought that a new-laid egg, laid under such particular circumstances, would be so *very delicious;* and having secured the prize, he carried it into the kitchen, and having carefully marked it with a cross, he asked the girl to be sure and boil it with the other eggs, and to serve him first, so that he might get the coveted new-laid egg. The maid said she would attend to his orders, and a threepenny bit settled the matter. An observer was not far away, and having taken a walk round about the outhouses, he came upon a clocking hen's nest, and from its nest he removed one of the eggs, and after getting it washed, a cross was carefully put upon it, and the new-laid egg was carefully abstracted, the other crossed egg taking its place. Well, the tea was brought in, and, true to her word, the girl served the gentleman of taste first, who, as a matter of course, took the crossed egg, and on breaking the shell, lo and behold, there was a bird all but ready to leave its slender abode! The gentleman's fine appetite was completely spoiled at the sight, and he quietly sipped his tea, along with a bit of dried toast, in all but solemn silence.

94. *Bailing out a Sailor.**

Two seamen arrived at Portsmouth after a long voyage, and as a matter of course they must have a *breeze* on shore, and they were not very long before every bit of canvas was put on. They were latterly steered or towed to the police office; but as one of them was more sober than the other, he was allowed to go, while the one who was completely water-logged had to remain under the hatches. Next day the liberated tar was asked by his shipmates why he had not *bailed* his friend out. '*Bail* him out!' replies Jack; 'he would require to have been *pumped* out.'

95. *A Curious I.O.U.*

A gentleman of erratic habits ran into a friend's shop one day, and asked a loan of 5s. on his I.O.U. This was at once done; but on looking at the I.O.U. afterwards, it read as follows:—

'U. O. me 5s. A. B.

'*To* C. D.'

96. *The Address of a Letter Thirty Years ago.*

'To a H——n Gent
This letter is sent;
So pray mark what follows,
Mistakes to prevent.
O'er his door a whole sheet
The Postman will see,
At the number of Seventy,
High Street, Dundee.'

* This is not original, I think, although I never saw it in print.

The letter was intended for a draper in the High Street, over whose shop door a white sheet was always hung, and the letter was duly delivered by the unerring postman.

97. *The Effect of Bleeding Gums and Short Coughs.*

A follower of Bacchus was put in prison on a certain charge. He took very ill with prison fare, and having cunningly scratched his gums, blood was the result, which was shown to the 'cute doctor; and with the appearance of the blood, accompanied by a put-on short cough, the learned doctor considered that his patient was under consumption, and ordered that he should be put into a better bed, fed on better food than prison fare, with the accompaniment of one glass of good port every day. The sixty days soon wore on, and the prisoner walked out quite cured of consumption, and free from all inward bleeding and short coughs.

98. *A Sweet Creature Licked.*

The following anecdote hails from Stirling, but the editor will not vouch for its correctness:—A grocer was getting in a large puncheon of treacle, and the puncheon having slipped to the ground, was smashed to pieces, the sweet liquor flowing along the street in a sluggish style. In a moment every urchin and old wife were out with pitchers and cups, etc,, etc,, and latterly the town constables protected the flowing liquid. The boys were not to be done, however, and having selected a young boy in shorts, they knocked him into the liquor, and after he was got out, they conveyed him up a

close, where he was duly *licked*, to the entire satisfaction of the juveniles.

99. *Every One to his Creed.*

William Taylor, better known as Willie Harrie, a carter, drove a horse which was on its last legs. One day, when with a load, the horse stood stock still, and refused to move. Willie belaboured it to such an extent, that it lay or fell down. The Rev. Dr. Horsley of the Episcopal Chapel saw the ill-usage the poor horse got, and appealingly said to the master, 'Why do you ill-use that poor animal that way? You must know it is a dumb animal, and cannot tell its pains and sorrows.' Willie, looking with his squint eyes to the benevolent divine, says, 'Would you mind your own business, and walk on? The beast is no ane o' your congregation.'

100. *Can a Husband Marry his Widow's Niece?*

At a recent young men's debating society, the subject was started as to the legality of marrying a deceased wife's sister. Much learning of course was shown; and by a majority of 7 to 5 it was held that such a marriage was not only legal, but recommendable. After the discussion was over, a quiet young man, whose voice was seldom heard, although it was well known that his brain was always busy, propounded the question, whether it would be competent and expedient for a husband to marry his widow's niece. After much discussion, seven voted in favour of the marriage, four against it, on the ground that the marriage

was within the forbidden rules; and one, who was the pale-faced, quiet, yet thoughtful youth, dissented, on the ground that it was impossible for a husband to marry his widow's niece, as he necessarily would be dead before he could leave a widow or his widow's niece. The learned debaters of 7 and 4 had to hide their diminished faces, while the quiet youth remained in his corner without even a smile on his pale face.

101. *Those who live in Glass Houses should not Throw Stones.*

One professional gentleman writing to another rather warmly, had to use the word '*brethren*,' and in doing so he spelt the word as '*brethern*.' The gentleman to whom the letter was addressed sent back a sharp reply, characterizing No. 1 gentleman as being too illiterate to have much notice taken of his letter, and recommending a re-study of orthography. Some days after, Sheriff Heriott, on reviewing a reclaiming petition prepared by No. 2 gentleman, corrected the spelling of 'newphew' to 'nephew,' which enabled No. 1 gentleman to say to No. 2, that apparently 'brethern and newphew' were akin to each other, and that those who lived in glass houses should not indulge in throwing stones.

102. *Continued Dialogue between a Dundee Citizen and a London Swell Mobsman, from page* 66.

Citizen. — Well, you have shown me some of your life in Scotland; how do you get on in England?

Swell. — By keeping your weather eye open. Spurgeon said not long ago that he had converted 10,000 people, and I am one of his converts. How WATCHFUL I was when he prayed so fearlessly and fervidly, and how many of his dear and everlasting hearers were in my presence put off their *guard!* To get a shake of the divine's hand was absolution entirely, and I suppose the devil did the rest, as I retired with the coveted spoil.

Citizen.—But did you not think that you committed the sin of desecration in robbing pious people in their own place of worship?

Swell.—By no means. These pious people went there not to worship their Maker, but to worship themselves. Unlike the modest Quakers, they are dressed in purple and gold, and all manners of colour. They are hung with baubles; the ladies with rings in their ears resembling the pendulums of clocks, rings on their fingers innumerable, not to speak of watches, chains, and what the fancy call handcuffs, but which in polite society mean bracelets. Then there are the necklaces and crosses and beads. The gentlemen, again, have their own peculiar choice. Their heavy gold chain is weighed down under a groaning weight of charms, old guinea pieces, and such like. Really all is vanity and vexation in this world, and it really is vexing to see so many of God's worshipping creatures borne down under the weight of their own trinkets; and if I *help* myself, I have certainly this inward consolation, that I have somewhat *relieved* the butterflies for the day.

Citizen.—I suppose you will ply your vocation a good deal at the railway stations?

Swell. — Ah, yes. We are inquisitive animals. We like to see where ladies and gentlemen go to. Their tickets are capital indicators at the ticket office. They show the destination and the class, and the ever ready pocket-book or purse shows the richness or nakedness of the land. Not long ago, an old English gentleman farmer took out his ticket for the Falkirk Tryst. I saw he had as much bullion and money on him as would buy up a goodly portion of the market. The warning bell rung, and I assisted the good old gentleman into the train with the greatest possible kindness, for which he gratefully thanked me. He went to keep his tryst, and I returned to my *pals* with a most unexpected prize.

Citizen.—Such a prize would keep you in clover for a long time.

Swell.—No. Such prizes go, as a rule, as fast as they are got. You know the saying, that what is ill got is easy lost.

Citizen.—I would suppose you will find that ladies are much easier robbed than gentlemen?

Swell.—Not always. I travelled the other day with a lady and her mother from London to Edinburgh. The young lady acted as secretary and treasurer, and kept in her left hand a well-stuffed purse. That purse never left the dear creature's hand. She kept it as if it was in a vice, and I gazed on it just as a cat watches a mouse, but all to no purpose. Miss was not to be put off her guard. At Carlisle I got her advised to go out and take some little refreshment, and I was hopeful that when partaking of a glass of claret she would change the position of the purse; but alas! it re-

mained as it was: the wine was partaken from a glass held in the right hand, but the left hand never forgot its charge. Onwards we travelled to Edinburgh, but the purse was immovable; and there I bade farewell to my charmer and to the treasure so firmly and carefully held by the young lady.

Citizen.—I suppose you will have a good deal of adventures at your provincial towns?

Swell.—Yes. Next to religious and revival meetings, the racecourse has its charms. At Newcastle races a fortune can be made in a few minutes. Everybody, from the highest nobleman to the humblest miner, has a bet on the race. The horses are nearing the distance post; the cruel spur is being plied, and the whip used. Everybody is excited except myself. The rush to the paling is so great that you run a chance of being either jellied or pancaked. Who thinks of watches or purses at such an exciting and interesting period? None except your most obedient servant.

This, with a few other stories, ended the mobsman's anecdotes. A cleverer thief never left London; and it is deeply to be regretted that a young man's talent should be so ill disposed of. He reasoned well. Talking of every man to his own business, he says, 'What is Madam Beecher Stowe? Why, she writes sensational papers, detracting from dead men's characters, all to gain a penny. What are Spurgeon's converts but a *ruse* to get his thousands of books sold? The world,' he adds, 'is composed of cheatery from beginning to end; and the millennium will require to arrive before the nature of men will change.'

103. *A Precocious Cowgate Clerk.*

On seeing a funeral pass the office, the master asked his managing clerk and general news-provider whose funeral it was. 'I do not know,' says the clerk, who for once had been behind with the news, 'but I'll *speir*.' So, after speiring, he returned and said that it was the funeral of the tide-waiter who was drowned a day or two ago, *but that his body had not been found yet.* The master smiled at the remark, and retired to his room; while a boy, who was the only other member of the staff, fairly burst out with laughter, for which he was rewarded with two sound blows from the indignant clerk, who did not exactly see the bull he had perpetrated.

104. *The Order of the 'Sash' Resuscitated in the Debtors' Prison.*

The order of the '*Sash*' in the debtors' prison, so long dormant, has at last been revived, no less than three having received from one of their number, a knight of the thimble, the badges of office. The *sashes* are very neat, being trimmed with crape, having the motto, 'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors,' worked with filigree in the centre. The speech made by the knight, on presenting the badges, was magnificent: 'Fellow-sufferers,' he says from his lofty perch, 'receive these badges; never sully them by granting either a trust-deed or taking out a sequestration. "Sash" is a glorious institution—the poor man's friend; whereas trust-deeds and sequestrations are only the friends of the land-sharks and lawyers.' The sashes were then grace-

fully put around the empty stomachs of the debtors, amidst three cheers to their benefactor, the knight of the thimble, and three groans to the unfeeling incarcerators.

105. *Gie a Dog a Bad Name and ye may Hang him.*

A well-known cattle-dealer in Edinburgh was never out of the small-debt court as a defender; and whenever his name was called, Sheriff Tait, as a matter of course, called out 'decerns.' One day the cattle-dealer, for a wonder, appeared as pursuer, and the moment the well-known name was sounded, out came the word 'decerns' from the bench. The triumphant pursuer rushed out and nearly knocked down the defender, who was rushing in. Says the cattle-dealer to the macer, 'I have gained at last, and you will never see me in this court again if I can help it.'

106. *A Dighty Water Farmer's Opinion of Ox-tail Soup.*

A number of gentlemen farmers dined one market day in a hotel in Dundee. The chair was occupied by a dighty water farmer, a thorough diamond in wit and Scottish humour. Ox-tail soup was served round, when it was observed that the chairman, instead of partaking of the soup, was suspiciously sniff-sniffing at it. 'What is the matter,' says a Carse-of-Gowrie farmer, 'with the soup, Mr. Chairman?' The chairman, replying in his usual dry and telling humour, said 'I was just thinking that the tail had been ower lang awa' frae the ox.'

107. *Sweeps Sweeping their own Vents.*

Two sweeps were found before eight o'clock A.M. in the shop of a spirit-dealer, and were caught in the act of drinking two glasses of whisky by two policemen. The policemen said, 'What is this you are about?' The ready landlady truthfully said, 'Dear me, the men were only sweeping my vents, and I could not let them go without gieing them their morning.' 'We are no very sure about that,' said the police. 'We rather think *they were sweeping their own vents;* but we will let ye aff this time.' The sweeps: 'Thank your honours; and if you had our work to perform at the top of a five-story tenement, you would be glad to get the cobwebs and soot washed down the best way you could, notwithstanding of Forbes Mackenzie. If we had not got a *spark* down here, we might have been set on fire *above.*'

108. *A Night in a Model Lodging-house.*

To see life in all its phases, one requires to mix with all sorts of people; and to view life in its lower order, one has only to pay a visit to a lodging-house, such like as that recently visited by the writer. It was a Saturday night about ten o'clock, when the writer entered the lodging-house and secured a bed for the sum of three pence sterling; and to the bargain the lodger gets the use of the fire, water, and cooking utensils. There would be nearly 100 inmates that night,—a most heterogeneous mass,—and when the preparations for supper began, the bustle was immense. Each one had to prepare

his own supper out of his own provisions, which generally consisted of tea, bread, and sugar, with the accompaniment of a herring, an egg, or a bit of bacon. Some indulged in brose, and some in porridge. The bread was cut in *whangs*, and not like the wafers you get in the British or the Royal. No grace is thought of, and the onslaught is great and rapid, and a visitor would think that the lodgers were eating for a wager against time. The supper being over, conversation is resorted to, and some read the *People's Journal* or *Reynolds' Miscellany*, or such like. A fiddle may be heard in one end of the room, and a trump in the other. The Irish jokes are well worth hearing, for there they are given in all their character of originality. At 11·30 all retire to bed, but not all to sleep: conversation is kept up in bed till all hours. One Irishman said the night's talk was worth far more than their supper, for it was through speaking they got all their learning. 'Ah, but,' said a canny Scotchman, 'if you didna get your supper you would not be able to speak.' A second Irishman narrated his adventures the night before in a lodging-house in Perth, from which it would appear that a number of tramps are not over particular in cheating the lodging wife of the bed fee. In this case the wife in the morning complained loudly to her husband of having been cheated. 'I declare to you, John, as I am a living woman, I bedded ten last nicht; and what do you think, nae less than fifteen got up this morning! Oh, thae Irish would cheat their very ghosts.' Early next morning all are astir, and the same ordeal is gone through at the breakfast as at the supper; and,

after all, there are many worse places than a lodging-house. Many a tale of woe is concealed in the house. Many a shabby-genteel coat and hat could tell what better days they had seen, and the turmoils of life they had come through; but every one has his misfortunes and vexation, for these are not confined to the lodging-house, but, on the contrary, they may be found where royalty and pomp reign in all their apparent glory and grandeur. The night spent in the lodging-house was not misspent, for it was not without its lesson and moral.

109. *Deceased* versus *Indisposed.*

Two ladies met and got acquainted with a gentleman at a watering place, and when they parted, the gentleman was asked to give them a call at their town residence, which he did. The ladies observing him from the window as they were in *dishabille*, asked their old mother to answer the door, and to state that they were indisposed. Accordingly away went the old lady, but unfortunately she forgot the word indisposed, and in its place she inserted 'deceased.' The gentleman, as may be expected, was very much struck with the sad and unexpected intelligence. 'Dear me,' he says, 'when did this happen?' 'Oh, just now,' said the mother, and this terminated the call. Passing through the Cowgate in the course of the day, some one hailed him and asked what news. 'Oh,' said he, 'have you not heard that the two Miss —— died suddenly this morning?' 'No,' says he, 'I did not hear that; but it cannot be, for there are the two ladies just now on the opposite side of the street, dressed in

their silks and satins. The young gentleman, of course, was startled at the apparation, and, after addressing them, he learned how the mistake had arisen. They parted, the gentleman politely bowing to the '*deceased*' ladies, who walked on as if nothing had happened.

110. *How a Perth Poacher paid his Fine.*

A certain notorious poacher in Perth was summoned for poaching on an estate a little out of Perth, and, in order to get a conviction against him, the head and under keepers and assistants had to attend as witnesses in court, and for a day the game, whose name was legion, were left to protect themselves. The poacher watched his chance, did not appear in court, and was convicted and fined; but while the trial was going on he was busy among the game, and brought into Perth a cart nearly filled with hares, rabbits, and birds of all sorts. With the proceeds he easily paid the fine, and he did not forget to let his agent have a share of the spoil.

111. *A Lady's Jottery.*

A lady, already spoken of as being as well known in the Parliament House of Edinburgh as she was in Dundee for her litigious spirit, was in the habit of sallying out every forenoon for the purpose of having a consultation with her lawyer. She invariably carried a muff, and in that muff was what she called her jottery, which consisted of a roll or scroll of paper about two feet long, and which contained a note of every case she had to speak of. As she

entered her lawyer's room it was like a nightmare to him. Out came the roll, and down sits the lady, with the prospect of a forenoon's consultation on end. Sometimes the lawyer's impatience fairly gave way, and at last he fell on a plan to cut the weary consultations short. After sitting an hour one day with the lady, the lawyer rung the bell for the book-keeper, and told him to enter Mrs. —— for consultations up to that time, £1, 1s. Mrs. ——, on hearing of this nice little fee scored against her, rolled up her scroll and consigned it to her muff, and she and her sable took their departure. This plan proved to be most successful, and the visits became much less and the *jottery* much shorter.

112. *Marriage under Difficulties.*

A young respectable mechanic fell in love with a Roman Catholic girl, and a marriage was arranged to take place between them, and the banns were proclaimed. The bride, however, was not forthcoming, as she had been spirited away to a nunnery or convent in Edinburgh by her spiritual advisers, who did not wish her to unite with a Free Church member. The young man was sadly put about and annoyed; but, minding of a former love, and being loath to spend another *crying* fee,—which, by the way, is a *crying* evil,—he went to the young woman, and as her consent was not ill to be got, both were united the same day, and have lived together a very happy life since. Little did the maid of the morning think that she would be a wife before night! She accompanies her husband regularly to the church of his fathers, and she has had no cause, and is not likely

to have any, of rueing the marriage so hastily and unexpectedly entered into. Better to have a short courtship than a long one.

113. *Ingenuity and Piety mixed together.*

A notorious thief broke into one of the first-class jewellers' shops in Dundee. He had leased a cellar in the neighbourhood, and commenced operations there by digging a hole and proceeding like a mole underground to the bottom of the jeweller's shop, and having effected an entrance through the floor, he carried off property to a considerable value; but the iron safe having defeated him, the most valuable stock was left untouched. No trace of the robber was found; but he was apprehended on another charge and sentenced to penal servitude, where he now is. When in one of the penitentiaries in England, he wrote a long penitent letter to his wife. It was closely written, and was full of gospel and revival sayings, and in the middle of the pious strain these words were found: '*And you'll find the things in the garden.*' The governor, who is bound to read all prisoners' letters, had evidently got tired of the cant, and missed the words above quoted; and the letter having reached the wife, she got the things in the garden, very much to the disappointment of the jeweller, who, after hearing of the contents of the letter through the medium of the police, got the garden dug up, but in vain, as the spoil had fled. The contents of the letter got to the ears of the police, owing to the wife having quarrelled with a confidant, and latterly the police got the letter. How many things are done in this world under the cloak

of religion! Even this notorious burglar succeeded in hoodwinking the governor under the religious cant with which his letter was crammed.

114. *A Cod with Spectacles.*

A hawker in Fife purchased a pair of spectacles for fourpence, and, after burnishing them up to resemble gold, he sold them for a considerable sum to a fisherman, representing that they were indeed the gold spectacles which had been worn by Lord Balmerino, who was executed for high treason. Some time afterwards the hawker met in with the fisherman, and asked him how he was pleased with the spectacles. The fisherman said they pleased very well, but he had lost them by dropping them into the sea the very day after buying them. The hawker said he was very sorry at that, and bidding the fisherman good day, he disappeared to make the most of the conversation. The first thing the pawky hawker did was to purchase another pair of spectacles resembling the pair which was lost, and, having burnished them up as bright as the former pair, he one morning repaired to the beach, where he found his friend the fisherman busy in the midst of his morning's take. Singling out a nice cod by the eye, he quietly and unseen shoved the spectacles down the cod's throat. After some little conversation, the hawker asked the fisherman what he would sell the cod in question for; and the reply being sixpence, the bargain was made and the price paid. The hawker then asked the fisherman to clean the cod for him, as his landlady was from home and he was left to cook. The fisherman good-naturedly

consented, and what was his astonishment to find his spectacles in the inside of the animal! He at once claimed them as his property, but the hawker disputed his claim, and said that he bought the fish as it stood with all its parts and pertinents; and latterly the parties made a bargain, whereby the hawker got his old price for the glasses. The fisherman was very proud of securing the glasses at any price, and many is the innocent yarn he has told about the adventures of Lord Balmerino's gold spectacles.

115. *A Fishy Marriage Party.*

An umbrella-maker named Peter *Salmon*, Dundee, about forty-five years ago was in the habit of calling at Morrin's Inn, the then largest hotel in Dundee, where he paid his addresses to the kitchen-maid, named Helen *Herring*, who hailed from Perth. After courting for a considerable time, marriage was resolved on, the banns put in, and the day fixed. The marriage was to take place in the house of the bride's uncle, William *Crabb*, a saddler in the Watergate of Perth. The best man was a shopmate of the bridegroom, and was named Robert *Turbot*. The best maid was named Jean Laing, and was a servant with Mrs. M'Gregor, Newport Inn. The ceremony was carried through by the Rev. Mr. Skeete, who was an English clergyman; and after the ceremony the party went to Dundee with the Tay steamer, under the charge of Captain Catanach, a man well known for his kindness and urbanity towards the passengers. The marriage company enjoyed the marriage sail exceedingly; and Captain Catanach, on handing them ashore at Dundee, remarked that

he had brought the greatest variety of fish ever got out of Perth. A young man, who was on the pier to receive the party, thanked the captain for his kindness, in the course of which he mentioned that his name was William *Spratt;* and the fishy-named tribe retired to spend, no doubt, a happy night.

116. *An Old Maid's Revenge.*

An ex-bailie of Dundee lived in Newport, and next door to him there lived an old maid. Both were very particular individuals, and having an awful antipathy to double blessedness. The Bailie was always complaining about the old maid's cats, which wandered through his garden, and of her parrot, which chattered all the day long, and prevented the Bailie reading himself up in the news of the day,—for, be it remembered, he considered himself a keen politician, and was indeed a rank Tory; but what a Tory now means it is somewhat difficult to decipher. Again, the Bailie indulged in keeping a goat and a poodle dog, and between the two the old maid's existence was rendered miserable; for her washings were destroyed between the antics of the goat and dog, and her nice frills and other gewgaws, so particularly required for Sunday's turnout, were of no use, and the lady's devotions were in consequence spoiled. One Sunday morning the maid's favourite cat came in after having a night's stroll. It made one or two spasmodic twitches and rolled over dead. The proprietrix of the cat grieved over the death of her favourite, and revenge having taken the place of her grief, she resolved to punish some one,

whether guilty or no of her cat's demise; and having procured a liberal supply of seeds composed of turnips, carrots, onions, leeks, and such like, the lady sowed them most freely among the Bailie's neatly laid-out plots of flowers; and after the rain came, the vegetables came also, and the flowers were nowhere, the flower garden being like magic transferred into a market garden, very much to the horror of the old gentleman, and to the pleasure of the old maid, in carrying out her revenge.

117. *A Glenisla Dominie Weighed and Found Wanting.*

A wager was taken up between a Glenisla dominie and a Glensman as to who was heaviest, and the test took place in the flour-miller's barn. The dominie turned out to be the heaviest, but to his grief he found out that he had fallen off half a stone within a week. He went home and brooded over his case, and commenced a change of dietary, which had, as he thought, the desired effect of restoring him to his former weight; and when he was weighed at the end of the week, it was found that he was half a stone heavier; but it may be mentioned that a wag of a dominie who was present at the first weighing, and who mischievously helped the scales unseen with his foot, was not present when the Glenisla dominie found himself once more again.

118. *A Philanthropic Porter.*

Porter (*to foot-passenger*).—Can you tell me, sir, if there is such a thing as a philanthropic society in Dundee?

Foot-passenger.—I never heard of one.

Porter.—Weel, I hae been rin-rinning a' day lang seeking sic a society, but I canna find ane; but the worst is, I dinna ken either the name or the address of the person who sent me. Can you tell me, sir, what a philanthropist is?

Foot-passenger.—O yes; any one who does everything for nothing.

Porter.—Then I must be a philanthropist today, for I have got nothing for carrying this everlasting message, and I am no likely to get onything for my trouble. Bad luck to it!

Foot-passenger.—Perhaps you mean the Cruelty to Animals Society?

Porter.—Deed no. I havena far to gang to seek that society, for if ever an animal was cruelly abused this day, it is mysel'.

119. *A Ministerial Visit.*

A parish minister going his periodical rounds called for one of his flock on a very hot day. The minister, who had a goodly corporation to carry along with him, was quite in a fever of perspiration, and, on being seated, he was asked to take a glass of wine. 'No, no,' says the divine, 'that would be ower like the U.P.s, and it wouldna dae ava.' 'Weel, then,' said the kind-hearted parishioner, 'you'll tak a glass o' brandy?' 'Na, na,' again says the minister, 'it is far ower fiery, and just reminds ane of the Free Kirk.' 'Then, surely,' continued the member, 'you'll tak a glass o' gude Scotch whisky?' 'Ah,' says his reverence, 'that I will, for it minds me o' the gude Auld Kirk, for muckle gude I've got frae it.'

120. *Chapping back a Grace.*

A gentleman who was very fond of stewed rabbits to supper, was asked to sup with a few bachelor friends. Opposite his chair a dish of rabbits, with a cover over them, was set down before him. The guest was asked to say the grace, and a very fervid one was pronounced, giving thanks for what was to be received; and on its close he removed the cover, when, lo and behold, three young wild rabbits scampered off in all directions! After recovering himself, the old gentleman humorously said, 'I protest, and chap back the grace.'

121. *Being Dunned.*

A party well known for his dilatoriness in paying accounts was called on by a boy for payment of an overdue account, and asked if Mr. So-and-so was in. 'What do you want wi' him, laddie?' says the debtor. 'I want payment of this account,' was the reply. 'Weel, Mr. So-and-so is no in.'

122. *Nine Exhausted Witnesses.*

A scribe looked in upon a farmer one night, and found before him nine empty bottles, which had contained ale. 'Eh,' says the scribe, 'laird, there are plenty of witnesses against you.' 'Oh, deed ay,' says the farmer; 'but I have examined them all, and they are quite exhausted.'

123. *Wait till they are Dead.*

In a conversation, it was mentioned that Mr. ——'s family had been very successful, and were large pro-

prietors of ships, and shares, and property. 'Oh ay,' says one who was somewhat sceptical, 'wait till they are dead: death often makes queer revelations.'

124. *Watch while you Pray.*

It is said that two ministers, while taking a walk one day, stumbled upon a tavern, and resolved to put up there, somewhat like Paul of old, who, not content with one tavern, put up at three. Whisky and cake were ordered and supplied, and during the time the grace was being said, the quiet minister discussed the whole of the liquids. On seeing the state of matters, the godly minister quietly and resignedly remarked, that while he had obeyed one of the precepts, he had forgot the other, to 'watch,' and that to his cost.

125. *Love under Difficulties.*

A farmer and his wife were invited out to tea, and their only daughter took advantage of their absence, and invited her lover to keep her company while her parents were away. The old folks having either returned earlier than was expected, or time having flown on the wings of love, the lover had to be packed into one of the large old-fashioned chests, which closed with an outside locker, so as to be kept out of sight. The old lady came up-stairs, and having a candle in her hand, she accidentally set fire to the curtains of the bed, and in a minute they were in full blaze, and the efforts of the two females could not subdue the flames. The smoke began to get thick, and entered into the chest, nearly choking the love-struck. At last he could

stand it no longer, and bawled out, '*For goodness' sake throw out and save the furniture!*' This brought the fair lover to her senses, who rushed to and raised the lid of the chest, and the prisoner having been set free, soon got the fire put out. The old woman, in the midst of the smoke, never noticed where the young man came from, but supposed that he had seen the flames from the road, and had come to the rescue. The young man had not been over well received by the parents before, but now he became all in all, and was not long in being their dutiful son-in-law. The fire, which nearly caused the hero being recorded in the dead column, caused him to be recorded in the married column, and in due time his lady appeared in the first column, and all the family, both old and young, are doing well, and the old chest, which nearly proved a coffin, is still to the fore; but the son-in-law has judiciously removed the obnoxious outside locker.

126. *Classification no Difference.*

Scene—A Third-class Carriage.

Humble Individual.—I thought, Mr. ——, you would always travel in a *first-class* carriage?

Independent Gentleman.—I am not responsible for your thoughts, sir. You may often find a *first-class* passenger in a *third-class* carriage.

127. *Look before you Leap.*

A rather nice-looking farm servant-girl was in service not far from Lochee. The first and second ploughmen in hand were head and ears in love with her, but she rather preferred a neighbouring far-

mer's son, who paid her now and again a nocturnal visit; but it is right to say that such visits were honourable. The two ploughmen, however, did not like to see what they called poaching on their own grounds, so they resolved to trap the intrusionist, and they were not long in finding an opportunity. The intruder one night was seen to clamber in at the fair one's window, which was carefully closed. Procuring a large bucket of mashed meat for the cattle, they carried it and placed it below the window, while they at the same time put up a sheep-net all around it. One remained to watch, while the other went to the principal door and rung the bell like thunder. The visitor made one rush at the window, and leapt into the cattle's mash, and then entwined himself into the sheep-net, where he had to lie a considerable time before he found his way out; and no doubt he had time enough to reflect and to come to the conclusion that 'true love does not always run smooth.'

128. *An Irishman's Calculation.*

In an action brought against a builder in Dundee for damages in consequence of the chain of a crane having broken, and the stones which were being raised having fallen down and killed a man, there were a great many Irish labourers adduced as witnesses for the defender, their employer, one of which stated that the man had plenty of time to run out of the way before the stones came down. On being asked 'how long the stones took to come down after the snapping of the chain?' the witness replied, 'Wal—I would say—about—*five minutes.*' The judge

replied, 'That may be Hibernian calculation of time. You may go.'

129. *Size of a Detective's Head.*

In a trial at the Circuit Court of Justiciary of a young lad for breaking into the shop of a well-known pawnbroker in Dundee, the pawnbroker went on lucidly explaining to the court the particular way in which the prisoner had entered the shop, which he said was through an iron stanchion window which he (the pawnbroker) thought nobody could have entered at. On being asked by the prisoner's counsel how he knew the prisoner could get in when the iron stanchions were for keeping any person out, he replied, 'Oh, Mr. —— the detective can put his head in.' 'And do you think his head is as large as the prisoner's body?' 'Weel, he has a very large head, any way, for I've seen him trying on my hat.' The explanation did not suit the jury, and the prisoner was acquitted.

130. *A Sailor's Cruise in the Parliament House, Edinburgh.*

In a case from Dundee, which was being tried in the Court of Session, there were a great many witnesses from Dundee, and among others a sailor's wife. Jack being on shore, thought he could not do better than accompany her. On his arriving at the court, he found that all the witnesses had to be locked in a room; but Jack not being a witness, could not submit to be locked up, and leaving his wife in the hands of the macer, set off on a cruise through the building. After scudding before the

wind for some time, Jack bethought himself of returning to his starting-point; but here was the dilemma—so many doors and passages exactly alike, that the compass could not serve him. After tiring himself for a while, he spied a room with a water-jug on the table, and several gentlemen round a fire; and in he goes, takes a drink of water, and proceeds to take a quid from his box, when one of the gentlemen with the wigs addressed him as follows: 'Are you a witness in this case, sir?' 'Which case?' 'Are you not a witness in this case?' 'No, I ain't a witness in no case.' 'What brought you here, then?' 'Why, my legs, and the sight of the water-jug.'

131. *An Eccentric Minister.*

A minister in Dundee, whose congregation evinced great signs of asthma by their incessant coughing one Sabbath, after trying for a time in vain to make himself heard, informed the congregation he would give them five minutes to cough it out. In an instant all was quiet, and the minister recommenced his sermon with redoubled vigour; but before long the coughing again commenced. This was too much for the rev. gentleman, who seemed to think that his spiritual doctrine could take no effect so long as their mortal frame was diseased, and he shut the text-book with a bang, intimating that the services would be resumed next Sabbath, by which time he hoped they would be all cured of their malady.

132. *A Farmer sent to the Evil One.*

A farmer went to his landlord, a noble lord, to ask for a renewal of his long lease on easy terms. Unfortunately his lordship had an attack of gout that day, and necessarily his temper was somewhat cranky. After hearing his tenant, his Lordship cut him short by saying, 'Go to the d——l, sir.' 'Yes, my lord,' says the disappointed farmer, and left his Lordship's presence. Some weeks after this the tenant ventured back, and as the gout had somewhat subsided, his Lordship was in better temper, and the following conversation took place:—

His Lordship.—Did I not tell you when you was last here to go to the d——l?

Tenant.—Yes, my lord.

His Lordship.—And why did you not go?

Tenant.—I went, your Lordship, and saw your factor there, who says that he will need to see yourself first before settling with me.

His Lordship.—In that case I think it will just be as safe to settle the matter in the castle. Sit down and wet your whistle, and afterwards go to my agents and tell them to prepare a new lease in the terms you want.

Tenant.—I thank your Lordship. That will be a pleasanter errand than the last ane.

133. *A Quarry Master's Firmament.*

A quarry master's health was proposed at a convivial party, and in replying he alluded to the many friends he had lost, and who, no doubt, looked down from the stars and the firmament above upon his

little firmament below (meaning his quarry); and he closed his eloquent speech by emphatically saying that he thought his firmament would last him all his days at least.

134. *A Truly Christian Publican.*

A woman with a little reticule-basket entered a spirit-dealer's shop and asked for a glass of spirits. The publican was an elder of the kirk, and asked very properly if she had money to pay for the liquid wanted, to which she replied that she had not; 'but surely,' she says, 'you'll tak my word for it?' 'No, no,' says the publican, 'I am a man of principle, and will on no account take a woman's word for anything.' 'Weel, then,' says she, opening her basket and producing a hand Bible, 'surely you will take this for it?' 'No,' says the honest publican, 'I have refused to take your word for it, and I now refuse to take God's word for it. Go home and read the Bible you now wish to ruin your soul with.' If all publicans acted in this manner, their standard in society would be raised.

135. *A Rich Beggar.*

A well-known wealthy chimney-sweep in Dundee saved a deal of money, and on going to the bank one day he found that there stood at his credit only £500. Forgetting that his money was otherways laid out, he was heard by a poor man to say, 'Oh, I am a beggar—a beggar—a beggar, and am reduced to £500.' The poor man cries out, 'What's that you are saying? ye have only £500 in the bank, and yet are a beggar? I only wish I had half of your beggarly illness.'

136. *A Cunning Contrivance.*

A fish cadger was selling cod, and a gentleman wished to buy one with a roe in it; and not having such an animal about him, the cadger thought he would insert an artificial roe into a cod, which he did in the back stall, by stuffing the cod with straw. The purchaser's wife, on cutting up the fish, discovered the artificial roe; and the infuriated purchaser lodged a complaint with the police, and the cadger was tried for fraud. He pled that he could not help the straw being in the fish's belly, no more than Jonah could help himself from getting into the whale's belly. A cod was a hungry beast, and would swallow anything. The bailie held the charge proven, stating that if it had been stuffed with sea-waur the decision would be different.

137. *In at the one Ear and out at the other.*

A learned legal gentleman in Dundee had one ear rendered useless from its being stuffed with wax; but whether that stuffing was caused by too much learning, history sayeth not, but it is enough to say that the learned gentleman had his ear prepared for the syringe, under Mr. Thomas, an experienced chemist in Dundee. A day was fixed for the operation, and another learned lawyer accompanied his friend to the chemist's. The chemist went to work in a business-like manner, by syringing the deaf ear with the proper instrument, while the other learned lawyer held a basin at the right ear, expecting that the water would go right through from

ear to ear. The chemist did his duty well, and took away the wax, and laughed heartily indeed at the two lawyers thinking that there was a tunnel between the two ears.

138. *Barbarism in Montrose.*

A barber, setting up business in Montrose, employed a painter to paint his sign, and left the matter in the hands of the painter, who was reckoned a man of good taste. This painter, like some of our Dundee painters, was a great wag; and when the barber got up next morning, he found that the following sign had been given to him, viz.: '*Barbarism done here.*' No doubt the painter, before he painted the sign, had been severely inflicted by the barber along with his razor.

139. *A Case of Lunacy and Imprisonment after a Few Tumblers.*

In a county in Scotland, well known for its habits of toddy-drinking and toddyism, the following rather curious incident arose:—There was a jail which had its governor, and not far from it there was a lunatic asylum, which also had its governor; and between both there was a doctor, well acquainted with the two governors, and who enjoyed their company frequently at his home over a tumbler of punch, while he never allowed an opportunity to escape of making a practical joke. On one occasion the doctor had his bosom friends with him, and having plied them with whisky punch beyond the ordinary quantity, both the governors, if they did not see double, mistook the one for the other, and the doctor took

advantage of the field; and having sent for two cabs, he got the governor of the jail bundled into one of them, and gave instructions to the driver to drive him to the asylum, which was duly done, and where he was taken in, and carried to the governor's bed. In like manner the governor of the asylum was driven to the jail, and received an equal reception. Next morning both awakened with sore heads, the governor of the jail finding himself to be the governor of the asylum, while the governor of the latter found himself to be the governor of the jail.

140. *A Dundee Innkeeper made a Butt of.*

When the Dundee volunteers first started, all and sundry rushed into the ranks, and among others a most enthusiastic innkeeper of good repute. A small company went over to Newport one Saturday to have an afternoon's practice at firing, and among the company was this same innkeeper, who had never lifted a gun before. When he fired, sometimes he shut both his eyes, and sometimes the one, and sometimes the other, and he received the gun's kicks with the greatest of Christian resignation. Notwithstanding all his efforts, however, he did no harm to the target. The firing party was to dine in his hotel after the firing, and he happened to remark that he would give two bottles of wine if he could only make a bull's eye. The sergeant in charge soon made that all right. It was a cold day, and an order was given for a quick double through the fields, while a messenger was despatched to Sergeant Mumford, the signalman, who signalled a bull's

eye at the innkeeper's next shot, although his bullet had gone like his others. The innkeeper honourably stood his two bottles of wine, after which the company, with their usual kindness, informed him that his bullet had not found a billet in the target, and far less in the bull's eye.

141. *Piggish Habits.*

A gentleman, well known for his extraordinary eating and drinking habits, was sorely troubled with what is called 'a *stye* in the eye.' He consulted a doctor, and asked what was the cause of the *stye;* to which the doctor, well known in Dundee for his ready wit, replied, 'That perhaps the cause was owing to his patient's *piggish* habits.'

142. '*Within a Mile of Edinbro' Toon.*'

My late departed friend, Mr. Urquhart, sheriff-clerk depute, Dundee, was particularly fond of music and a joke, and regarding the latter he was under the able tuition of Sheriff Logan, whose humour is well known. One day we crossed to Newport, when a blind fiddler was attempting to play a tune, when Urquhart said, 'There is a sixpence; give it to the fiddler if he will only tell you what tune it is.' The sixpence was given, and the answer was, 'Within a mile of Edinbro' toon.' This being reported to the donor, he replied, 'He is no within ten miles o't.'

143. *Domestic Relationship forgot.*

A case of murder was set down for trial at a circuit court. A country agent was employed for the defence, and a counsel fee'd. The country agent

went to the place of circuit the night before the trial to have a consultation with the counsel, and called at the principal hotel, expecting to find the learned gentleman there, but was disappointed,—the waiter remarking, no doubt sarcastically, 'Perhaps you will find him at his father's.' The agent, who felt the anxiety of a case involving life or death, at once proceeded to the father's shop, and asked if his son was with him. 'Na, na,' says the father, '*he disna ken us noo.* We brocht him up, and edicated him, baith at schule and college, but he never looks near us noo. He has got ower big for his auld faither and mither, and a' that we see of him is his name whiles in the papers.'

144. *The Church Sleeper.*

A certain individual named John Smith sat in a very prominent seat in one of the Dundee churches. He was in the habit of taking a snooze during the divine service when it was somewhat prosy, and a snore occasionally issued from the dozer's seat. The minister, feeling offended at this, several times challenged John in private for so acting, but John invariably denied that he was sleeping, and said that he heard every word the minister spoke. The minister would not take this story in, and threatened to rebuke John publicly if he continued his bad conduct. Next Sunday John was in the church just like clock-work, and as usual, when the sermon was about half-done, John's head drooped down, and the usual snoring commenced. The divine could stand this no longer, and, coming to a dead halt, he said, 'John Smith, stand up, sir!'

and up stood John, and the minister went on to say that he could put up with John's conduct no longer; he had rebuked him in private, and now he did so in public. John denied that he was asleep, and said that he had heard every word the minister had spoken. The minister said, 'That cannot be, John; but to test you, just tell me the last sentence I said before you stood up.' 'Oh yes,' said John, 'I'll soon tell you that. You said, "*John Smith, stand up, sir!*"' The minister was rather put out, and finished his discourse the best way he could.

145. *A Dundonian's Entrance to Dublin.*

A young gentleman from Dundee desired to see the Dublin Exhibition, and accordingly started *en route* for that city, *viâ* Liverpool. Having arrived at Kingston, which he mistook for Dublin, he ordered a carman to drive him to the Vernon Hotel. The Paddy, in view of a good hire, speedily agreed, and set off at a smart trot. When on their way, the gentleman observed a train spurt out before them. 'What train is that?' said the gentleman. 'Oh, that's the train to Dublin,' was the reply. 'Is this not Dublin?' 'Oh no,' says Paddy, 'this is Kingston.' 'And how far is Dublin from here?' 'Oh, only seven miles, sir.' 'And why did you not tell me this, sir, before starting? I will report you to the mayor.' 'Och, sure your honour will not be at that throuble. You could not expect a poor Irishman to ax a Scotchman if he was in his right senses.' The fare remained silent all the rest of the way, and paid the hire, being seven

shillings, wishing bad luck to the Erin Isle. The fare by the railway was threepence.

146. *A Dutchman all in von Lump.*

When the Irish Exhibition was at its best, every bed and corner were secured. In the Vernon Hotel two make-downs were made in one room, and in one of the beds lay two Scotchmen, and in the other a Dutchman, who was as broad as he was long. The Scotchmen went to bed early, and as they were scarce of pillows, they helped themselves to the Dutchman's pillows. Next day the Scotchmen bade the Dutchman good morning, hoping that he was well. 'I can't say I am very well,' says Avoirdupois. 'They have given me no pillows, and I feel as if I was just in *von* lump.'

147. *Unclaimed Funds.*

As is very well known, there are large sums of money lying in banks and other places unclaimed. In or near Aberdeen a rich and rather eccentric gentleman died, who left a settlement in favour of certain trustees. His furniture was sold, and a poor man bought a table, for which he paid one shilling, and in a drawer in the table he found a deposit receipt for £1000 with a bank, the contents to be applied for the benefit of the parish poor. The man kept this receipt a long time beside him, and as the bank was quite silent on the subject, he thought he would venture to cash it, and with that view he presented it to the bank for payment. But he was refused; and as he was determined that the bank should not at least keep this money, he re-

vealed the matter to the trustees, who made the bank disgorge. It is well known that banks have large sums of unclaimed money lying with them; but hitherto the Government has refused to legislate on the subject,—a state of matters which should not be allowed to exist.

148. *A School Companion's Kindness never forgot.*

At a large school there was a boy who suffered severely from a disease in his head, and had the head always dressed with flannel. The whole of the school, with one exception, eschewed the company of the delicate youth; but the exceptional boy, who was fond of all games, never allowed his game to interfere with his passing some of his play-hours with his afflicted companion. Well, the school-days passed away, and both boys lost sight of each other for about thirty years, when at last the delicate boy returned from California a stout young man, and with a fortune, which he had made at the gold-diggings. After seeing his mother and immediate friends, his first step was to find out the whereabouts of his early companion, and having got on the trail, he was not long in finding out his friend. The meeting was a very warm one, and the boy who was shunned at the school showed in a substantial manner indeed how grateful he was for the little attention he had received from his friend in his early days. To use his own words, distance never effaced the affection which had sprung up at school.

149. *A Graceless Lad.*

Bob Wingate, an old acquaintance of mine, hail-

ing from Stirling, but now departed, told me the following incident of his life:—His father was an old veteran soldier, and was in the habit of saying long graces before meat. At dinner-time one day, and during the usual grace, Bob eyed the most laughing potato in the dish, and, thinking it the best, he put out his hand to reach it before 'amen' was said. The veteran noticing this, although his eyes were supposed to be closed, charged his recreant son, not with a bayonet, but with a table fork, and pinned the hand which was to take the potato, and went on with the grace three times longer than the usual one. Poor Bob was a fine fellow, and many a night we spent in Edinburgh. In those days the students were very rough, and jostled us about as they did many others. This neither Bob nor I could stand, and the result was frequently a row. Bob, knowing his prowess and my comparative weakness, undertook the conflict, and many a forward student measured their length, for few could withstand him. He is away, but the memory of him remains. He was kind to his friends and to the poor, and his hand and heart were always against the oppressor.

150. *Companionship and Love.*

Alick S., a young lad with a big heart, and who now lies in one of Jamaica's graves, had a fond companion. They were like brothers, were both young, and, strange to say, both fell in love with one of Stirling's daughters. Both the lovers knew each other's feelings, and they resolved to settle the matter by tossing, to determine who was

to retire from the field of love. The coin was tossed up near to Blind Alick's seat, in the Back Walk of Stirling, a romantic place. The coin turned up against Alick, who sleeps in Jamaica. He lost his love, and so did the other, for she is now married to a gentleman holding a high commission in the army. The blind Alick referred to was a celebrated character in Stirling, and was neither kith nor kin to the other Alick. Although quite blind, he could walk through the whole streets in Stirling, and particularly the Back Walk, which is a dangerous one, without the least trouble. He always carried in his right hand the key of his door, which was a large one, and used it as a sort of compass. He met his death, however, by a fall from a stair; and, blind as he was, his absence was missed—so much so, that a local poet in Stirling wrote a eulogy on him, the first line beginning with, '*Blind Alick's dead, his key 's laid by.*'

151. *Stirling's Lady's Seat.*

This seat is well known to Stirling, and stands chronicled in Stirling's history. A certain lady, who was annoyed with the attentions of a lover whom she disliked, sat down one day on this seat, when her lover, or rather tormenter, having spied her, climbed the hill, and sat down beside her. The lady's temper rose, and she said, 'Sir, are you aware that this is a seat for ladies and not for gentlemen? I would beg you to withdraw, as I came here to see *scenery worth looking at.*' It remains only to be mentioned that the lady's quick remark instantly unseated the gentleman.

152. *Stirling's Queen's Knot.*

The same lady on another occasion took rest on the ground called the Queen's Knot, below the castle of ancient repute, when she was again annoyed by her tormentor. He began to renew his addresses to her, when she cut him short by saying, 'Sir, this is the Queen's Knot, and not the lover's knot, and it will never be ours. Good-day.' The lady who gave those remarkable good answers is now married, but the gentleman is beside himself.

153. *A Landed Proprietor's Idea of the Tay Bridge—A Bridge of Size (Sighs).*

In case any of my readers (which is not likely) may not know what the Bridge of Sighs means, I may mention that it is a bridge in Venice which leads from the jail to the place of execution. Many a father, mother, wife, children, lover, and friends on that bridge, while witnessing a departing friend on the road to the scaffold, have uttered sigh after sigh, and in consequence Byron immortalized the bridge by naming it 'The Bridge of Sighs.'

154. *Pons Asinorum.*

A noble lord by *innuendo* terms the Tay Bridge *pons asinorum* (the bridge of asses), and Dundee expects that his Lordship will be among the first to pass along it.

155. *A Gentleman Bottled-up.*

A party, well known in town and county for his kind and affable habits, came to grief, and was put

in prison for debt. The first night he was locked up he took very ill with it, and fancying himself dying, he kept watch for the step of the warder. Hearing at last the warder's step on the pavement, he bawled out, '*For God's sake bring either the doctor or the undertaker! I would prefer, however, the first to begin with.*' The warder obeyed the order. Dr. Miller came, and, through his well-known skill, deprived the undertaker of a job by keeping the bottler alive. Another party answering to the same name as the bottler appeared in the *Advertiser's* obituary as dead. The bottler referred to in the foregoing note advertised that *he* was not dead yet.

156. *Full Blood.*

A few friends in Newport one night had a discussion as to the effect of blood, and as to whether one man's blood was better than another's. One gentleman maintained that the blood of his ancestors was much superior to that of any one present, when a quiet gentleman simply said, '*That they were possibly a parcel of bl—dy fools.*' This ended the discussion, as a matter of course.

157. *A Reason for a Man Marrying his Deceased Wife's Sister.*

Because he would only have one mother-in-law. [*Note.* I scarcely think the above is original, but it is worth giving.]

158. *A Pigeon-shooter.*

A certain gentleman in Forfarshire went to a

pigeon-shooting match. That gentleman knew very little about a gun, and the gun, by the way he held it, putted or kicked against his right shoulder. The pigeons he fired at escaped, but his right shoulder did not escape, owing to the putting and kicking of the gun. When he was asked why he was unsuccessful in shooting the pigeons, he replied, 'If the pigeons, instead of being before the muzzle of the gun, had been between the butt of the gun and the firer's shoulder, he would have done for them.'

159. *Church Building.*

A well-known worthy in Dundee, and a pillar of a church, lent his name towards the building scheme, and was put into prison for the debts incurred for the building. The honest man was obliged to sue *cessio.* Good old Sheriff Henderson, while finding him entitled to *cessio,* said, 'My good fellow, you may go to the church as often as you like, but I would strongly advise you never in future to lend your name to any of its schemes.'

160. *Baxter's Saints' Rest.*

Sheriff Logan, after a hard day's sitting in Dundee, liked a good dinner, and, above all, he liked a literary companion. He was happy in his selection in selecting the late Mr. Edmund Baxter as his companion, and night after night he stayed with that lamented gentleman. The sheriff was asked by a friend why he preferred Mr. Baxter's house to any other, to which the sheriff admirably replied, 'Because it is only there where I have truly found "Baxter's Saints' Rest."'

161. *A Scotchman's Idea of the French Language.*

A canny Scot ventured to visit Paris. Half Gaelic and Scotch were the compounds of his language. It will easily be understood that the compounds of languages were as unsuitable to the French as the French language was unsuitable to him. One night he retired to bed disgusted at his reception, and to dream of his happy 'home' in Scotland. Early in the morning a cock crowed, upon which he said to himself, 'There is my mother's tongue at last.' From this it may be inferred that a French cock crows in the same way and with the same notes as a Scotch cock.

162. *A Couple of Idiots.*

Two Newport gentlemen over their tumblers differed about electricity, and it was agreed to refer the matter in dispute to the late Mr. Roy, teacher, who crossed every morning with the other gentlemen to Dundee. The following morning the question was submitted to the referee, who, while he was a learned scholar, was a man of many words. The referee spoke all the way till the Craig pier was nearly reached without giving any decision. One of the gentlemen, annoyed at the delay in getting a verdict, said, 'But, Mr. Roy, give us your decision.' '*Well*,' says Mr. Roy, a little ruffled, '*if you will have it, I will give it, and it is this, that you are a couple of stupid idiots.*'

163. *A Bailie's Opinion of the French.*

Some time ago a deputation went from Dundee to

London, and from London to Paris. On the return of the deputation to Dundee, one of them, a learned bailie, reported how far the French were in advance of the English,—so much so, indeed, that he had noticed that boys four feet high could speak the French language quite fluently.

164. *An Unpledged Town-councillor.*

Lately an unseated town-councillor was called upon by a clique to stand for the next election. His reply was peculiar to himself: 'I am not to stand, because my teeth are now worn out with corporation dinners; and I am for no use at hay deputations or at hay-makers' races.' It may be mentioned that this anecdote is a local one,—that Mr. *Hay* was the provost, and that during his reign a select deputation from the council was sent every year to purchase *hay* for the town's horses.

165. *A Baron's Estate.*

A baronet in Stirlingshire being asked by a lady at a dinner party where his estate was, politely replied, 'That it was in Oliver and Boyd's Almanac.'

166. *Hora Fugit.*

A well-known merchant in Dundee named Livingston, now dead, scarcely spoke a sentence without adding to it the superfluous words of '*Ye buffers.*' On one occasion he and three other cronies hired a dog-cart to go to Meigle for an afternoon's spree. They stopped at the tavern at the Back Muir of Liffe for refreshments. The three, for a trick, drove off, leaving Livingston behind. A returning empty

hearse going to Meigle happened to come up, and Mr. Livingston having bribed the driver, he was allowed to get inside the hearse, the living taking the place of the dead; and it may be noticed that '*Hora fugit*' was the motto on the deadly carriage. The driver having been instructed to overtake the runaways, applied the whip, and overtook them within two miles of Meigle. When passing the dog-cart, Livingston opened the hearse door, and, waving his hands to his companions, bawls out, '*Hora fugit*, ye buffers!'

167. *A Mouse in Dundee Prison.*

A gentleman was in prison for debt. He had at one time as many as eight companions, but the number dwindled down to himself. He was lonely, and the author frequently visited him during his dull hours. A coal-bunker stood in the corner of the debtor's room. One morning, while the author visited and breakfasted with the solitary prisoner, a solitary mouse came out from behind the empty coal-bunker. The author said, 'We will catch the mouse.' 'No,' says the debtor, 'that little mouse is my only friend. *Touch it not. It gets from my table whatever I can spare of the sheriff's allowance of aliment of sixpence a day.*'

When this conversation was going on, the little mouse was running about the room, when all at once it took to its heels, after hearing the warder's heavy keys opening the prison door. On inquiry being made as to the mouse running away, the answer was that the mouse was afraid of being locked up too.

168. *A Zealous Preacher.*

Mr. Robert Flockhart, a well-known street preacher in Edinburgh, and who usually took his preaching stand at the west end of the Parliament House, was often annoyed by parties attacking him whose characters were not of the best. One night he was disturbed by such attacks, and having lost his temper a little bit, he said, 'Friends, you make a fool of me in the Canongate of Edinburgh, but you will not do so at the gates of heaven. Maybe you would like to hang on by my coat-tails when there; but I will disappoint you, for I will put on a jacket.'

169. *Mons Meg.*

The same street preacher, Flockhart, alluding to the class who surrounded him, said, 'If I were the commandant of the Edinburgh Castle, do you know what I would do? Why, I would load *Mons* Meg to the muzzle with Bibles, and fire them down the Canongate, to save the souls I now wish to reclaim. It would do them no harm but good.' To those who don't know the history of *Mons* Meg, it may be mentioned that she burst at her first charge, and that she is now in Edinburgh Castle with her sides clasped.

170. *A Comparison.*

The size of a man when he goes into law, and his size when he comes out of it.

171. *An ex-Police Commissioner's Idea of Law.*

'Well, Tam, I never see ye in the court at all now; what's the matter with ye?' Answer: 'Oh,

deed, sir, I hae just learned enough o' law to keep me oot o't. My apprenticeship was a dear one, but my journeymanship was a dearer, and I hae noo retired a perfect skeleton, picked to the very banes. There's no a lawyer in Dundee noo would hae me at ony price, and the green table itself would turn up its very nose at the rickle or remnant which has been left.'

172. *A Specimen of Irish Philosophy.*

One day, as a number of Irish labourers were working at a church which was being erected for a Unitarian congregation, one of them said to the rest: 'Shure when the church is opened I mane to attind it.' 'Whoy?' asked one of them. 'Whoy,' answered the labourer, 'whoy, bekase they have no divil in it.'

173. *It is your Turn next.*

Young lads and lasses will fall in love *in spite of fate*, and in Stirling a young pupil fell in love with his schoolmaster's daughter. There was a place of meeting, and a certain whistle call, very near the vaults surrounding the Old Churches of Stirling. On one occasion the whistle was used, when a voice from one of the vaults said in a sepulchral tone, '*It is your turn next.*' The other party, who always carried a loaded pistol with him, went to the vault and said, 'It is your turn now,' and fired the pistol at the dead wall of the church. And the voice of the rival lover was never heard from the tomb afterwards.

174. *A Lover's Farewell.*

Two young lovers loved each other, but distance divided them; and as affections had somewhat changed, a romantic meeting took place on a Sunday in the village of St. Ninians. During the meeting a terrific storm of thunder and lightning took place just as the engaging ring was broken into pieces by mutual consent. Singular to say, the lady in question is now married to a gentleman of high standing in the army, and the disappointed gentleman gave her *honourably away* to her husband in Christ's Church, Glasgow.

175. *An Affront to the Moon.*

The Dundee police commissioners have a bye-law, to the effect that the drivers of hackney carriages must have their lamps lighted after sunset, and under that bye-law a cabman was brought up for not having his lamp lighted two hours after sunset. The cabman admitted the fact, but stated that it was clear moonlight, and that it would have been an affront to the moon to have his lamps lighted. Bailie Buchan said he must deal with the cabman and not with the moon. He found the case proven, but, under the circumstances, he dismissed the panel, remarking that an appeal on behalf of the moon or the cabman might be made to get the present bye-law altered at the next licensing court, but, as it was, the moon had no *locus standi.*

176. *The Highland 'Gue.'*

A jeweller, travelling in the Highlands, partook

somewhat freely of its mountain-dew, and next morning at breakfast his countenance depicted a state of 'sin and misery.' Chopping the top of an egg, and smelling it, he quickly put it aside, saying, 'I declare if the "*gue*" is not in the very egg.'

177. *Soles* versus *Pence.*

A Dundee minister was frequently annoyed by young foppish gentlemen coming into his church with high-heeled and cheeping boots, creating a noise, which, while it was attractive to the young ladies of the congregation, was distractive to the preacher. An extensive swell, high, and brass-heeled, with soles cheeping, entered the church, and the young ladies' eyes were all turned upon the cheeping swell. Nor were the eyes and ears of the preacher awanting, for he addressed the swell as follows: 'Sir, you are making much more noise inside the house of God than your pence made in the plate outside of God's house.'

178. *The Price of a Lady's Bonnet.*

I will not vouch for the authenticity or originality of this anecdote, because it occurs to me that I have heard it before, but I will give it as I have got it. The same minister before referred to had a wife who was very fond of her husband, of his sermons, and more particularly of her own bonnets. To get a fashionable bonnet suitable to the age, she sold a chest of drawers, unsuitable, as she thought, for the age, and adorned her head with the produce. Next Sunday the preacher was in his pulpit up to the moment, but his lady, like many others, was

behind time. The preacher admonished those who were behind, and among others his own wife, saying, 'There is my wife, too, who has come to worship God with a chest of drawers upon her head.'

179. *A Sea Captain's Courtship.*

A certain bashful captain made love to a village girl, and at the end of every voyage he paid her attentions, but did nothing but smoke and look. Latterly he made up his mind to propose, but in doing so Jack was quite at sea. They had a walk together. The sailor's pipe was lighted and relighted, but the tongue remained as taut as a cable. At last he hove to, and sung out, 'Will you take me, J——?' The reply was, 'Of course, W——.' The pipe was refilled and relighted, and did not go out until the bowl was empty. The parties alluded to rank among the happiest in Fifeshire.

180. *The Finish of a Doctor's Job.*

It is very singular to remark that one will seldom see a doctor at a funeral. The following anecdote is said to apply to Dundee, but no doubt it may apply to other places, and may have been used, although the writer has not seen it. At all events it is worth giving, as a good story can be twice told.

A shoemaker attended a funeral at the Western Cemetery of Dundee, and, on returning, he met the doctor, who had previously scientifically disposed of the patient now buried. The shoemaker asked the doctor why he was not at the funeral. The doctor replied, 'What use would I be there?' 'Ah,'

says the man of leather, '*Whan I finish a job, I aye tak it hame.*' Sawbones walked off with his nose bleeding, and the shoemaker went to his *last*, chuckling.

181. *A Pious Thief.*

An old woman was charged before the late Sheriff Henderson with stealing a Bible. Her agent admitted the theft, but pled that his client had stolen it in a fit of piety. 'That may be, Mr. ——,' says the sheriff, 'but it would seem that the fit did not last very long, as I observe that she pawned the Bible the same day she took the fit. I will give the prisoner an opportunity of resuming her pious fit in prison, where she will be supplied with a Bible by the chaplain, and where she will find no pawnshops.'

182. *Tub Mania.*

A man was tried at the Perth circuit for stealing eight washing-tubs, all at different times, and at different places. Mr. Campbell Smith, advocate, pled that the prisoner's mother was a washer-wife, and that her son was troubled with tub mania, and in fact could not pass a washing green without making a tub a prisoner. The court did not exactly see the force of the argument, and sentenced the man of tubs to penal servitude for eight years, being one year for each tub.

183. *A Drowning Child.*

A child of tender years was blown, during a heavy gale, from the east point of the Craig Pier,

Dundee, into the Tay, just as the Newport steamer was about to start for the Fife side. The excitement was great. The waves were large, and now and again the child was seen with its little hands playing above the water, as if appealing to heaven for aid. A noble dog called 'Sancho' swam to the child, but, to the dismay of all, the dog, on recognising a human face, turned back, leaving the child, as it were, to perish. A boat was manned and rescued the child, but the wonder was how Sancho left the child. The explanation is this:—The dog was in the habit of bathing with his master, Mr. Moir, and friends, and was always compelled to keep a respectable distance from those in the water; and the moment it saw the child's face, the dog considered that it had no right to interfere with humanity, and so left the child to its fate.

184. *A Hungry Boy and a Fond Dog.*

A young boy from Laurel Hill, Stirling, attended Fraser's school, and a faithful dog called 'Rodey,' belonging to the Misses Speirs, of the Villa, followed him regularly to the school in the morning, and returned to school in the afternoon for his friend. It was a faithful dog. On a Saturday afternoon the writer was sent by his mother a message to Fintry, viâ the Campsie Moor, a distance of about sixteen miles. The writer started in great glee, and went away without taking much food, and with nothing but a penny in his pocket. There is only one house in the middle of the moor, and, through fair exhaustion, the writer had to lie down, and beside him sat his favourite dog Rodey. The

dog seemed to think there was something wrong. It breathed hard, and licked its master's face and hands, as if to give courage. The writer managed to get up and walk the length of the only farm-house in the moor, called the Cringate, and had spirit enough to give his mother's compliments, and to ask if the folks were all well. The answer was in the affirmative, and a kind invitation was given to come in and have something to eat, 'as you must be hungry.' 'O no,' says the bashful writer, telling a white lie, 'I'm not the least hungry;' but being pressed, he went into the parlour and found waiting him there a baking of scones resembling nearly one of the pyramids of Egypt. The poor traveller was not long in reducing the tower, and having put two scones in his pocket for Rodey, he and his dog took their way to Fintry. Rodey is now dead, and all but got a Christian burial within the grounds of Laurel Hill.

185. *A Crimean Veteran.*

George Wheatley of Dundee, a Crimean veteran, left a leg at Sebastopol. One morning he got his solitary shoe brushed by a shoeblack at Shore Terrace, Dundee. The shoeblack, a Stirling boy, after finishing his job, said, 'I'll give *the stump* a brush too, as you have forgot to bring home from the war your other shoe;' and, suiting the action to the word, the Stirling shoeblack polished off *the stump* to perfection.

186. *A Water Complaint.*

Late last night a debtor was incarcerated at the

instance of a creditor. Following up the recommendation of the water commissioners to save the water, the debtor refused to wash his face this morning.—*Bulletin, Civil Prison,* 10*th Aug.* 1870.

187. *A True Divine.*

A clergyman, much respected not only for his talents but for his kind-hearted nature, had on a melancholy occasion to meet in his own residence one of his flock. After the usual condolence, the reverend gentleman said to the bereaved, 'I have missed you in church for a long time.' 'Oh, yes,' said the poor man, 'it is true, for I did not like to come with a coat I am ashamed of, it is so bare.' The divine, showing his nobility of character, immediately disrobed himself of his coat, and handed it to the distressed one, saying, 'There, my man, let me see my coat every Sunday until it becomes bare, and then call back.' After so delivering himself, the divine retired to his studies in his shirt sleeves, and being observed by his worthy spouse, she says, 'George, what have you done with your coat?' His answer was, 'Never mind, my dear, I have just given it to God.'

188. *Poor Little Mary.*

Little Mary, aged about twelve years, was brought up before the police magistrates for begging and being a vagrant. She appeared in the prisoner's dock, plain, but modest and pleasant. The bailie addressed little Mary, and said to her, 'You must know, Mary, that you have no right to *beg*, and I have it in my power to send you

to prison for so doing.' Little Mary replied, 'Were I to *beg* your Honour's pardon, would you send me to prison for begging? My mother was ill, my sisters and brothers had no food, and I was forced to go and beg for them.' The bailie: 'Well, you may go, little Mary, but do not beg again.'

189. *Finale.*

And, like little Mary, I must beg my readers' pardon if this work is found defective. The most of it has been written during sickness, and I hope it will please all and offend none. I mean to continue the Anecdotes and Incidents which I have begun, and which will be more carefully compiled, in writing from time to time, instead of trusting them to memory, which may at times prove treacherous.

ARCHD. PAUL.

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