

VII.—THE DOCTOR.

IAN MACLAREN is frequently referred to as merely an imitator of J. M. Barrie and other earlier Kailyairders, and although there is doubtless some truth in the statement, there is one illustration in his sketches of character which is distinctive from the creations of the other writers. Dr. Weelum MacClure, overdrawn as he at times is, is a creation all Maclaren's own. He is in no way indebted to the minds of other geniuses for his portrayal, and the "Doctor of the old school" is, generally speaking, a faithful delineation of a man who, like the elder, does not exist very much in anecdote and story. The Doctor in Thrums was a man who was able to give one a fever by merely looking at him. Doctors all over the country seem to have been made of the same stuff, and with a view to keeping the fever away as long as possible suffering humanity never called him in until too late. Although there is no great wealth of anecdote regarding the medical man, there are a few stories which are worth collecting, and the following pages will assist in revealing him as he exists in reminiscence and anecdote.

James Dickson of Heads, familiarly known as "Heids," was like those around, "keen on the

siller ;” and the neighbours used to say “*Heids* was a dry, dour deevil!” On one occasion he bought a young mare, and the following day he ventured to try on the harness, when the beast flung out, and James was laid low with a compound fracture of the right leg. The doctor, on being called in, remarked soothingly, “This is a bad job, James.” “No’ so bad, but it micht ha’e been waur!” grunted James. “Waur? say ye, James!” exclaimed the doctor. “I don’t see how that could possibly be!” “It micht ha’e been the *meir’s* leg,” answered Dickson dryly.

A rustic countryman who was recovering from a bad fever, was asked by his medical adviser how he felt, and replied, “Geyan waefu’, doctor. Afore I fell sick I sell’t a coo, an’ I’m juist thinking to mysel’ that I maun ha’e *suppit the haill o’ the puir beast sinsyne in beef-tea.*”

A miserly old man lived with his son, who was something of a reprobate. The son turned seriously ill, and the symptoms proving very alarming, a doctor was grudgingly sent for. The doctor arrived in due time, and stooping over the young man began to sound him, when he was interrupted by the father, “Noo, doctor,” he said, “before gaun ony farrar, lat me say this, gin ye think he’s no’ worth repairin’ dinna put oot muckle expense upon him.”

A medical practitioner undertook to cure a person of deafness, with which he was sadly afflicted. One lotion after another was prescribed, but the patient remained shut out from hearing his fellow-man.

"I've just come ance mair to ye doctor," said his wife, "to see if ye can gi'e John something better, for the last bottle ye gi'ed him did him nae gude ava." "Dear me," said the doctor, "did it no? I'm surprised at that; but it matters little, for there's naething gaun worth the hearing just now."

"There is nothing serious the matter with Tommy, Mrs. M'Dougal," said a doctor after examining his patient. "I think a little soap and water would do him as much good as anything." "Eh, doctor, that's cheap medicine," replied the fond mother somewhat relieved. "Will I gi'e it till him afore or after meals?"

A farmer was ordered by his doctor to take two fluid ounces of whisky in the course of the day. This seemed precise enough; but unluckily a fluid ounce is equal to eight drams, and a dram is one of those ambiguous words of which the English language has a supply. It has two meanings—a "nip" and a few drops. The farmer, not knowing what an ounce was, waited till his son came from school, and, on learning that it contained eight drams, was delighted, and said that the doctor understood his case. He had always had eight drams, but he always wanted eight more.

One day a village doctor had been detained in making some visits, and Saunders, a customer of his, knowing that the doctor was absent, waited about the shop door till evening came on, much to the shopman's concern and amazement. The doctor

had no sooner made his appearance than Saunders was in the shop after him, with a request for salts. The doctor was tired out, and signed to his man to attend to it. On hearing this Saunders' face was a study till, recovering from the evident shock, he exclaimed, "Eh, doctor, I ne'er expeckit that frae ye. I ha'e waited five hail hours for the plesure o' being ser'ed by your ain han's." "And why wait for me, Saunders?" asked the doctor, curious to hear the reason for his customer waiting. Saunders folded his arms deliberately and rested them on the counter; then, gazing into the doctor's face with an innocent, sheep-like expression on his countenance, explained, "Ye aye gi'e *better wecht* than your man does!" The doctor had occasion to ride to the market town of H—— one day, a distance of six miles, and passed Saunders on the road on foot. They gave each other "Good morning!" Towards evening they met again at the same place, the doctor returning homewards, Saunders still making for the town, so drawing rein the doctor prepared to give him a little banter. "Well, Saunders, are you still going to H——?" he enquired. "You don't seem to have made much speed since I saw you last!" "Na, na, doctor," Saunders returned with perfect seriousness; "I ha'e been there an hame again. But just as I got to my ain yett, I spied a horse's shoe on the road; an', says I to mysel', says I, there's a man at H—— will gi'e me fourpence for that. Sae I e'en turned mysel' aboot, an' took the road again."

A country doctor having been told of the death of a man of whose illness he had not heard, met his widow shortly afterwards. "I have been greatly struck by the sad news," he remarked. "How long had he been ill?" "About the feck o' a week," and then she told of his ailment. "But why did you not send and tell me?" enquired the doctor. "I would have been so glad to have come." "Weel," she replied, "whan he was taen ill, I thocht at first o' sendin' for you; and then I said to mysel', no, I'll just let him dee a nait'ral death."

When James Dickson had passed middle life, an ugly and dangerous growth appeared on one side of his face, and the doctor advised its removal without loss of time. Dickson paid little or no heed to the advice, but shortly afterwards he went to the surgery, and announced that the excision was to take place at once. His medical adviser urged him to return home, in order to have things more comfortable, but without avail. He even offered to accompany him there and then; and, mentioning the great advantages of chloroform in such cases, began to get together the necessary articles. James watched the proceedings for some time, and then exclaimed, "Nane o' your dumb-founderin' bottles for me, *I'm no a female!* I tell ye I've got my hay stackit, an' the feck o' my cheese trysted, sae here I am, an' ye can just howk awa' at your leisure."

One day a man in an agony of pain went into a drug-shop in Keith and asked to have his tooth

drawn. "Man, you're no' needing a tooth drawn," said the doctor. "Gae awa' hame and put a poultice to it!" An argument ensued, during which the sufferer, driven to desperation, cried out, "I dinna suppose ye can draw teeth!" The doctor seized his forceps and jumped over the counter. "I'll draw every tooth in your heid!" he shouted, and started in pursuit of his patient, who rushed through the Market Square vainly shrieking for aid. He was finally outrun by the doctor, who got him down on his back, and triumphantly took out two of his teeth on the spot.

A doctor in Glasgow Infirmary was treating a patient who frankly owned up to his over-indulgence in the national beverage. The physician began to moralise. "Man, doctor," interrupted the worthy, "you describe the symptoms sae weel that I ettle it's no' the first time you've been fu' yersel'."

Sir Walter Scott on one occasion was spending a night in an old Border inn. He asked the innkeeper if he could get any intelligent person in the neighbourhood to spend the evening with, and give him some information about the district. The innkeeper said that there was an old horse couper and horse doctor in the village who "was weel learned in a' the lore o' the country side." This worthy was at once sent for. The old man in due time arrived and the crack began. At last it turned on his calling as a veterinary surgeon, when Sir Walter inquired whether his practice was strictly confined to animals,

and whether he was not occasionally called in to treat strangers who might have fallen ill. The old man admitted that he was more than a mere doctor of animals, remarking that "noo and then he had been asked to gi'e his advice for folk that were stoppin' at the inn." Sir Walter inquired what remedies he trusted to. The old man answered "he had juist twa simples, laudamy and calamy." Sir Walter remarked, "Are not these rather dangerous drugs? Have you never seen any evil consequences through administering them?" "Ou, ay," replied the horse doctor; "twa or three ha'e dee'd but they were English, and it'll tak' a lang time before we mak' up for Flodden."

An Aberdeen farmer, of rather miserly propensities, was taken sick, and after a deal of persuasion his family induced him to consent to a doctor being called in. "Am I far thro', doctor?" queried the old man. "Yes, I must say you are rather seriously ill," was the reply. "Ah weel, doctor, dinna pit muckle expense upo' me, juist gie's as muckle as pit by Alford Fair."

"Man, Peter," said a quack doctor to his apprentice, "ye maun aye be awfu' cautious in pharmacy. Even I ance made a terrible mistak'. I was attending Mrs. Kittlebody, wha was sair fashed wi' tickdolaroo, an' I was called upon by John M'Fikeit, whase croon was sae thin o' hair—as well as sense—that he was ashamed o't, especially as he was courtin' a strappin' young widow that had a fine

public-house; and I mixed up baith potions at the same time, an' losh sake, man, I happened to gi'e them ilk ither's medicine! So puir John, rubbing Mrs. Kittlebody's preparation for her tickdolaroo on the tap o' his head, declares he's had a bee in his bonnet ever since; and' Mrs. Kittlebody, rubbin' her jaws wi' the ointment intended for John's bald pow, in less than a fortnicht had a pair o' whiskers the envy o' a' the young men o' the village."

The remarks of Dr. Dougal, of Keith, although short and sharp, contained much homely wisdom. "I've a deal to suffer wi' my een, doctor," said a patient. "Better suffer with them than without them!" replied the doctor. "Doctor," asked a talkative wife, "what's the matter wi' my tongue?" "Just needing a rest," replied the doctor, soothingly.

The Laird of Drum had one daughter. When a pleasant girl of eighteen she went to have a tooth extracted. She informed the doctor she "bude to bide till faither cam'"; but that he could be "takin' oot the tuith." Presently the door opened, and in walked the Laird, who stalking straight up to his daughter, demanded, "Was't notorious?" "Oh, no," she assured him, "no near han' sae bad as they had said it wad be." "Come awa' hame then; an' see ye dinna tak' cauld in your mooth. I can gi'e ye a napkin frae my pouch to pit on your mooth (at the same time producing an article that, unfolded, might have done duty as a tablecloth). See, there, I could lend ye *that!*" "Very weel, father, gin

ye're willin', I'll tak' the naipkin; but I could row my cravat roun' my mouth." "Ay, lassie," he replied, eagerly (replacing the handkerchief in his pocket), "juist dae that. It wad be an awfu' peety to *tak' this bonnie naipkin oot o' the fauld*. But mind the kye," he added, uneasily, an' *dinna tak' the cauld*." She was dairymaid as well as heiress.

Daft Will Law was the descendant of an ancient family, and on that account was often taken notice of by gentlemen of distinction. Posting one day through Kirkcaldy, he was met by Mr. Oswald of Dunnikier, who asked him where he was going in such a hurry. "Going," said Will, with apparent surprise, "I'm gaun to my cousin, Lord Elgin's burial." "Your cousin Lord Elgin's burial, you fool. Lord Elgin's not dead," replied Mr. Oswald. "Deil ma care," said Will, "there's sax doctors oot o' Embro' at him, an' they'll ha'e him deid afore I win forrit."

A very ancient and respectable man, who had acted for a long time as gravedigger in Kingskettle, and had always, in spite of an assumed simplicity and innocence, an eye to the main chance, for once in his life had occasion to leave his "grave" duties for a week end, but before doing so he called on the local doctor, in whom he had much faith as to his capacity to kill or cure. "Well, David," queried the doctor, "were you wanting to see me?" "Ou, ay, doctor," said David, "I juist cam' to tell ye I was gaun frae hame for a week or aucht days, an' I

hope ye'll no' let a job gang past me." "I can't promise that, David," said the doctor. "You know death is always busy." "Weel a wat, doctor," replied the gravedigger, "that's rale true; but I was gaun to say if ye had ony dootfu' cases ye micht hing them up till I come back, and I'll be muckle obleeged to ye."

For a long time the most popular druggist in Tarbolton was a woman. She had no certificate, not even a shop, but kept all her drugs in her kitchen. She had been housekeeper to a doctor and had picked up her knowledge in that situation. She was considered very "skilly," especially with children, and faith in Peggy Gibb's cures was widespread. She was a little, bright-eyed woman, and could read but not write. She wore a shortgown and petticoat, a white mutch, close-fitting, with a piped border. Her cures were very simple but usually efficacious, and as the village people often said, "naebody gaed wrang that gaed to Peggy Gibb."

"Ye'll no ha'e heard that oor minister has been taken terrible ill?" said Mrs. Mack to a neighbour. "Ye dinna tell me that, Mrs. Mack?" was the answer. "Ay, and it was sae sudden, they had to send for the nearest doctor till his ain doctor could get forrit," continued Mrs. Mack. "Hear that, now," exclaimed Mrs. Tosh. "Twa doctors. He maun be uncommon bad!" "And his ain doctor took his assistant along wi' him." "Was ever the like? Three o' them! The minister 'll be gey far

through, or I'm mista'en." "Then they bit to get the professor frae Edinburgh." "Gude preserve us a'! Margaret Mack, are ye wise? Surely there couldna be four a'thegither!" "Ay, there would be a' that—twa doctors, and the professor, and the assistant." "Weel, weel, puir man, I'm waefu' to hear o' it. He was a rael hardy kind; but he'll no' get through this time. Four o' them!—it's no' a natural death."

A man entered a druggist's shop in C——, and asked to be supplied with a cough mixture. In a few minutes it was made up and placed on the counter. "How much do you want for that?" inquired the man, pulling a handful of money out of his pocket. "That'll be two and tuppence," replied the druggist, who was an old local worthy. Placing a penny on the counter, the man walked smartly out of the shop, and had disappeared by the time the aged druggist got the length of the door. "Ah, weel!" he remarked, as he turned into the shop again, "it can't be helped. I ha'e the better o' him at onyrate by a ha'penny."

"Well, my boy," said the druggist, addressing a customer, a boy of tender years, "what is it?" The boy hesitated, then piteously told his story. "I'm for a bawbee's worth o' salts," he said, "but——," and he paused, "dinna gi'e me foo wecht; it's me that's to get them."

John S—— was a soldier, and in one of the wars he, much to his misfortune, lost one of his legs.

While in the hospital he made the request that they would put his leg in a box and give it to him. "Why, what is the good of the leg to you?" asked the doctor. "Weel, ye see, I was juist thinking when the resurrection came it wad be fine to ha'e it lying beside me; but, if ye buried it here, what a job I would ha'e to hunt for it wi' wan leg an' a stump."

A good story is told of a Glasgow medical man. He was at one time much troubled by an old woman whom he knew very well to be a confirmed hypochondriac. She haunted him; heavy bills terrified her not; she looked upon him as the incarnation of medical wisdom. He resolved to get rid of her. He was stepping into his gig one day when she rushed up. "Oh, doctor," she said, "bide a wee! What am I to dae wi' that neuralgy? Every nicht as sune as I gang to my bed it begins. What wull I dae for't?" "My dear woman," replied the doctor, scrambling into the vehicle. "there's only one thing you can do; don't go to bed—sit up!" He lost a patient.

When Dr. Walker was in practice in Kilbirnie, he happened to remark to a son of St. Crispin, who was a bright scholar at school, but who had become a shoemaker, "Man, Jamie, I'm vexed to see you drivin' tackets an' cobblin' auld shoon: surely thoo wha got sic a guid education could do something better than that!" "Nae doot," replied Jamie, "I could ha'e done something better than this, an' got

on far better i' the worl', but I couldna be a doctor like yersel' because I'm no' cruel enow; I couldna be a lawyer, because I never could tell lees a' ma days; an' I couldna be a minister, for I never was a hypocrite, and there was naethin' left for me but the cure o' soles!"

"Good morning, Mrs. Smith. How is my patient to-day?" "Oh, he's near a' richt again, doctor, thank'e." "Ah! the champagne and oysters I ordered him have done him good, then." "Weel, doctor, I canna a'thegither say that, for ye see, I couldna afford to get him champagne and oysters, but I got him ginger-beer and cockles instead."

Dr. Young, while practising in Neilston, had an infirm old man as a patient, who had required a great deal of advice as well as medicine, to enable him to contend with the debilites of old age. By dint of bleeding, blistering, and plastering, the crazy timbers of the old man were made comparatively weather-tight and road-worthy for a time. When the patient discovered this he inquired at the doctor "what he wad ha'e to gi'e him for the twa-three visits, and ither sma' things that he had done for him?" "Why, John," replied the doctor, "were I to charge you in a regular, and even moderate way, for I suppose at least two-score of visits, and the great quantity of medicine that you have required, it would be six guineas; but, as you are not over-rich, more than myself, I'll say four." "Is't four guineas, ye said? Man, doctor, though the half o'

N—— parish had been laid down, ye micht ha'e set them on their end again for that sum! Ha'e, there's sax shillings, and score your pen through't —ye're far abler to want it than I am to gie't."

A teacher, examining her class in arithmetic, put the question, "Well, if you ate three apples at two a penny, then four apples at four for twopence, what would the cost be?" "Oh," replied a boy, rather smartly, "a lot o' siller, for oor doctor is a very dear one."

A laird who was not too ready to meet the bill for medical attendance, called to bespeak the doctor's services at an interesting event which was expected soon to take place. As the doctor had "attended" during *seven* previous similar occasions without ever receiving a fee for his time and trouble, he told him so, and declined to attend further till payment was made. The worthy man stared in amazement, and then spluttered out indignantly, "I wonder to hear you, doctor! Ye ken brawleys that *I've ne'er gane by your door.*"

A master builder called to pay the doctor for attending one of his young apprentices. "I wantit to see the doctor himsel'," said the builder, when he heard the medical man was from home, "to speir at him something verra parteeklar." "Perhaps we could give you the information you require," suggested those in attendance, "and, if not, we can at least give your message to the doctor when he returns." "Weel, weel, then; ye can tell him my

name's Mason, and I come frae B——, and I was gaun to pay him for mending my apprentice's leg; an' I want to ken aforehan' *whatna discoont he alloos on broken legs—when it's for an apprentice.*"

Dr. Montgomerie, a medical man in Beith, was standing in his shop door one morning when Will Pollock passed. Going forward Pollock made a pretended claim on the doctor—"Your faither was awn my faither fifty merks," he said. "Is your faither dead, Will?" queried the doctor. "'Troth is he," answered the claimant. "My faither is dead also," replied the physician, "and the twa can settle their accounts themselves when they *forgather.*"

A doctor in the West had an engagement with a well-known merchant. The hour of the engagement was long past, and the doctor was pacing the floor of his study when the gentleman came in with an apology upon his lips. "No matter, no matter," said the doctor, with an impatient wave of his hand; "you are always behind. I remember," said he, "thirty years ago, sitting for ten mortal hours in the little back parlour of your father's house waiting for you to be born. You are always behind time."

A collier, who was nicknamed Jock Mucklehering, got his leg hurt, and his "better half" thought this a fitting opportunity to change the offending patronymic for one more aristocratic. Accordingly, on the occasion of the doctor's second visit, after the interrogatory, "How's Jock to-day?" the wife responded grimly, "Jock *Wha?*" "Why

Jock Muckleherring, of course," said the doctor, "the man I helped into bed here yesterday." "Ay, weel, there's nane o' that name bides in *this* hoose. You may call my man 'yon,' but I tell ve that it was *Jock Cawmbell* wha got his leg smashed. An' gif ye like to come ben the hoose to see *Jock Cawmbell* ye will be welcome; but ye'll ne'er be askit ben to see ony ither Jock."

A lad was on one occasion accused of stealing some articles from a doctor's shop. The judge was much struck with his personal appearance, and asked him why he was guilty of such a contemptible act. "Weel, ye see," replied the prisoner, "I had a bit o' a pain in ma side, and my mither tauld me to gang to the doctor's and tak' something." "Oh, yes," said the judge; "but surely she didn't tell you to go and take an eight-day clock." The prisoner was evidently nonplussed, but it was only for a moment. Turning to the judge, a bright smile of humour stealing over his countenance, he replied, quietly, "There's an auld proverb that says, 'Time an' the doctor cure a' diseases, an' sae I thocht——'" But the remainder of the reply was lost in the laughter of the court.

A Highlander went into a chemist's shop to get his thumb, which had been severely cut by an axe, bandaged. After the chemist had dressed it, he asked how it had happened, and received the reply, "I was haggling sticks wi' an aix, and the aix slipped

and nearly took aff ma thoom. If I had been hawding it wi' baith hauns, it wad a' been aff."

A rustic went into a druggist's shop one day and made the somewhat startling request, "Man, ye nicht gi'e me a pennyworth o' something. I dinna ken the name o't; but it's for my wife, an' I forget what she wants it for, but ye'll ken yersel', nae doot."

The late Dr. K——, an eminent physician, was an enthusiastic botanist. His repute among specialists rested on his profound knowledge of many interesting orders of plants. He had a patient, a rather fractious old lady, who had sent frequent messages to him demanding a visit. When at last he came he apologised for his delay, but was met by the retort, "Say nae mair about it, doctor; gin I had been a puddock-stool ye wad ha'e been here twa or three days ago."

Dr. M'Tavish, of Edinburgh, was something of a ventriloquist, and it happened that he wanted a boy to assist in the surgery, who must necessarily be of strong nerves. He received several applications, and when telling the lad what the duties were, in order to test his nerves, he would say, while pointing to a grinning skeleton standing upright in a corner, "Part of your work will be to feed the skeleton there, and while you are here you might as well have a trial at it." A few lads would consent to a trial, and receive a basin of hot gruel and a spoon. While they were pouring the hot mess into the skull the

doctor would make his voice appear to proceed from the jaws of the boney customer and gurgle out, "Br-r-r-gr-huh, that's hot!" This was too much, and, without exception, the lads dropped the basin and bolted. The doctor began to despair of ever getting a suitable assistant, until a boy came and was given the gruel spoon. After the first spoonful the skeleton appeared to say, "Gr-r-r-uh-rhr, that's hot!" Shovelling in the scalding gruel as fast as ever, the lad rapped the skull, and impatiently retorted, "Weel, juist blaw on't, ye auld boney!"

A well-known physician at Queensferry was once threatened with a challenge. "Weel, weel, ye may challenge awa'," he replied, "but whether or no, there will be nae fecht unless I gang oot."

Dr. Muir of Paisley, in one of his visiting rounds, called upon a lady, well-known for her parsimony. The lady, previous to the doctor taking leave, presented two very small glasses on a salver, each about one third filled with wine, saying, as she handed the salver to him, "Port or white, doctor?" upon which the doctor, lifting one of the glasses, poured its contents into the other, and drank the whole off, saying with great gravity, as he smacked his lips, and returned the empty glass, "I generally take both!"

A village doctor, meeting a prominent member of the church who boasted of his teetotalism, resolved to put him to the test, so he asked him into a hotel and ordered two glasses of wine. After they had drunk it, and two or three more at the doctor's ex-

pense, the man of medicine, thinking he had his friend, enquired, "How does this square with your teetotal pretensions, John?" "Weel, sir," answered John with a quiet smile, "ye see, the doctor ordered this."

A farmer who attended a social gathering at the village doctor's was asked by a guest next morning, "Well, farmer, an' how did you enjoy yourself last night? Were not the quartettes excellent?" "To tell 'e the truth, sir, I canna say, for a didna' taste them; but the pork chops were the finest I ever pat in ma' mouth."

Dr. John Brown, who was a warm personal friend of Dr. Cairns, was speaking on one occasion in his characteristic way of Cairns. Some one adverting to his big body, warmth of heart, and childlike simplicity of nature, Dr. Brown remarked, "He is just a great big evangelical Newfoundland dog." "Did you ever remark," said another, "his extraordinary grasp when he shakes hands? His hand is just like a vice." "Well," replied Dr. Brown, "it's the only vice he has."

Near a lunatic asylum there existed a private road, which went past the asylum doctor's house. Some folks who lived at hand went through it as a "near cut." The old doctor left the place and a new one came on the scene, who strenuously opposed the passage of anyone who tried to get through. Charles S——, being in a hurry one night, thought he would try to get home by the road with his



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machine. The doctor appeared at once, but Charlie determined not to know him. The doctor began thus, "Don't you know ——," but was at once cut short by Charlie saying, "The doctor tel't me never to speak to ony o' you loonies nor gi'e ye tobacco," and this said, Charlie drove on.

As a doctor was showing some friends over a lunatic asylum, he drew their attention to a stately old woman wearing a paper crown. He explained that she imagined herself Queen of Britain, and, thinking to amuse his visitors, he advanced towards her with a courtly bow and said, "Good morning, your Majesty." Looking at him she scornfully said, "You're a fool, sir." The doctor was greatly astonished, but totally collapsed when one young lady innocently remarked, "Why, doctor, she was quite sane then."

When the Rev. Dr. B—— obtained the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, a farmer in the parish took an early opportunity of stating the news to his shepherd, with whom the minister was a particular favourite. "You'll be glad to hear, John, that the University has conferred on oor minister a doctor's degree." "Weel," said the shepherd, "I'm no' the least surprised at that, for mair than twenty years since he cured a dog o' mine o' a colic. He should have been made a doctor lang syne!"

Dr. John Brown lived for a long time in Edinburgh and loved the city. "She is a glorious creature—her sole duty is to let herself be seen." He

had a habit of seeing every visitor to his doorstep, and many a witty sally would follow the parting guest. When his friends saw or heard anything good, new, or strange, they invariably gravitated towards Dr. Brown to tell him. A woman was weeping outside the house in Rutland Street after Dr. Brown's death. The blinds were down, and this sign had told her that the Doctor was gone. Some one asked her name, also what was wrong. "No, no, my name is naithing to ony o' them noo; but *he* kent me—ay, he *never* passed me."

