

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF EDINBURGH MEDICAL  
LIFE AT THE END OF THE NINETEENTH  
CENTURY

By ANDREW CASSELS BROWN, M.D. *ck*

*(Continued from p. 284)*

It was during the time that I was acting as Littlejohn's class-assistant that P. and I attended the six midwifery cases which were all that were then required from the medical student. We had seen but one normal labour prior to the call we received early one morning to a house in the West Port, and I am sure it was with a feeling of some anxiety that we, accompanied by a couple of nurses as ignorant of the subject as we were ourselves, set off to what was then anything but a salubrious locality to do our best. On arriving at our destination—a single, untidy, dirty room in a dilapidated tenement house—we discovered to our horror that the unfortunate woman had had a complete abortion at five months and that she was practically pulseless from the alarming hæmorrhage that had ensued. We did what commonsense suggested, packing the vagina with gauze and endeavouring to stimulate the flaccid uterus by vigorous external massage, and sent the husband off hot-foot to bring the house surgeon from the Simpson Memorial Hospital to our aid. To our vast relief he came down at once and plugged the uterus itself—with excellent results, as the patient made a slow but complete recovery. Being keen enough in those days, P. and I decided to sit up all night with the case, for the woman was still in a state of collapse, and it fell to my lot to take duty till three o'clock in the morning. It was a dreary vigil, varied only by her husband raising himself every now and again from the chair on which he was sitting over a miserable fire, coming over to me and, with an "Excuse me, sirr," removing a bug from my head or the back of my neck. P., with greater foresight than I, had emptied a tin of Keating's Powder all over his person before he took my place. The woman was a Roman Catholic, and the last rites had been administered to her by a priest of her Church. I am the last person in the world to belittle any form of religion, but when I was afterwards told that a paragraph in a Catholic paper had attributed her

## A. Cassels Brown

recovery to this clerical attention, I confess that I thought that at least part of the credit might reasonably have been allotted to us.

The only other case I remember was that of a woman in the Cowgate, who had no difficulty in bringing her child into the world but who had neglected to provide a single garment for its protection after it had arrived. Being young and foolish at that time and touched by a sad and seemingly true story of abject poverty, I handed over half-a-sovereign to the mother so that this deficiency might be repaired. On visiting the case the next day, however, I found her and three or four of her cronies all gloriously intoxicated on the proceeds of my gift, and the wretched babe *in statu quo ante*. Doubtless they had welcomed the chance of forgetting their poverty for a day or two, but this little episode taught me a salutary lesson in the matter of indiscriminate charity which has stood me in good stead.

During my last year at the University I lived in the house of one of the Quartette whose father had recently died, an arrangement which, happy and contented as I had been in my "digs," made me happier and more contented still. I have already mentioned that I attended Dr James's lectures on the Practice of Medicine in preference to those delivered by Grainger Stewart, and, as I never worked in the latter's wards, I only came into personal contact with him once. He was a finely-built man with a flowing grey beard and an imposing presence, marred only by an air of self-importance and a certain pomposity of manner. He was, however, a most able physician, a good lecturer, and a sound clinical teacher, who deservedly ended his career by being knighted and appointed Physician to the Queen in Scotland. There is a first-class story told about him which aptly illustrates his little peculiarities. It happened one day that, being pressed for time, he was making a hurried progress through his male ward, stopping only to look at those patients who were really ill. All of a sudden one of the men he had not noticed called out aloud, "Hi! doctor!" Annoyed by this disturbance and meaning to administer a dignified rebuke, Grainger Stewart stopped and said: "Time was when men called me doctor, and then time was when men called me professor, and now men call me Sir Thomas." Before he had time to say more, the man burst in with: "Weel, doctor or professor

## Lighter Side of Edinburgh Medical Life

or Sir Tammas or whatever they ca' ye, can ye tell me why . . . ?" Whoever told me the story swore that every word of it was true, and I dare say there are many men still alive who will not have forgotten what the last four unprintable words were. Any way, all who heard them, including Sir Thomas himself and his staff nurse—"Mitchy," as she was known to generations of students—were thrown into convulsions of mirth, and every vestige of dignity was scattered to the winds.

I never came into personal contact with Alexander Russell Simpson, the Professor of Midwifery, and remember him mainly as the proud possessor of the magnificent pair of Dundreary whiskers that adorned his benevolent countenance. There were people who did not hesitate to hint that he had obtained his Chair by reason of the fact that he was his famous uncle's nephew, but this was certainly a libel since, as a lecturer, he in no way fell short of the high standard set by all the contemporary occupants of the other Chairs. Simpson was an ardent Free Churchman and, in addition to inviting the members of his class to what I was informed were somewhat pious gatherings, was in the habit of sending them tracts instead of Christmas cards. My memory is a little vague about the following anecdote, but *se non è vero, è ben trovato*. On the morning of his last lecture just before the short Christmas vacation the tracts had been duly delivered, but it so chanced that their arrival coincided with a notice in *The Scotsman* of the birth of a child to the professor and his wife. The students cheered him vociferously, and assuredly "the tumult and the shouting" did not decrease when he, thinking that the demonstration referred to the tracts, said in all innocence: "I had nothing to do with it, gentlemen. Mrs Simpson did it all by herself!"

As a gynæcologist, I understand that he ranked high among the local specialists at that date, but I never saw him operate. I went instead to Halliday Croom's amusing and inspiring lectures, and took much good thereby. He must have stood about 6 feet 3 or 4 inches high, and this lengthy body was surmounted by a head which always seemed to be a bit too small in proportion. He had rather chubby red cheeks and a closely-cut grey beard, was always exquisitely apparelled, and invariably wore a top-hat whose broad, flat brim would have done credit to the highest dignitary of the English Church. I never saw him addressing his students without the first and

## A. Cassels Brown

second fingers of his right hand sticking rigidly up in the air, and his lectures were as humorously incisive as they were to the point. He shared Littlejohn's valuable faculty of being able to express himself in such a manner as to impress upon his hearers the essential facts he wished to bring out, and I well remember his ending a disquisition on cystitis, which was, he insisted, a far more common complaint among women than it was among men, mainly because no public conveniences had then been provided for the former, by saying with the utmost solemnity: "Gentlemen, whenever you go to a picnic, think of cystitis!"

This brings me to John Chiene, and I will preface such references as I have to make about him by expressing my regret that nobody has so far seen fit to write an account of his life. I do not think that anyone with the requisite knowledge could have a better subject for a biography, for the stories told of his sayings and his doings must be legion and all of them are good. I shall confine myself to those that came under my personal notice, for otherwise this article would never come to an end. As an operator, his sensitive nature was a bar to his ever becoming a great surgeon, and I well remember how anxious and fussy he was over the administration of anæsthetics—a trying habit which on one occasion led to one of his house surgeons, who was chloroforming the patient and was driven beyond endurance by incessant interference, asking indignantly: "Are you giving the anæsthetic or am I?" Chiene was so upset over this episode that he laid down his instruments and sadly walked out of the theatre, leaving Caird to finish the operation. It is pleasant to be able to record the fact that, when this good fellow went down to Chiene's house in Charlotte Square in the evening to apologise for his outburst, that fine old gentleman candidly admitted that much of the blame was his. As a lecturer, a clinical teacher, and, incidentally, an after-dinner speaker, Chiene was in his element, and many a student must have lived to thank his preceptor for a first-class grounding in the subject of surgery.

What I think made his lectures so acceptable and absorbing was the element of the unexpected that so frequently occurred in them. For instance, after exhibiting to his class a fearsome collection of the gummata of bones, he ended his remarks on the specimens in these words: "Gentlemen, I thank God that my forebears were decent God-fearing folk from the East

## Lighter Side of Edinburgh Medical Life

Neuk o' Fife." And again, when urging his students to subscribe themselves and to get their friends to subscribe towards the purchase of an athletic field for the University, he concluded his appeal in some such words as these: "Gentlemen, you will soon be going in for your final professional examination, and some of you will pass and some of you will not. And those of you who fail will likely say that the questions you were asked weren't fair. Gentlemen, you're wrong. And others will say that your examiners did not give you a decent chance, Gentlemen, you're wrong. It's just—constipation!"

One day I chanced to run into him in a tobacconist's shop in St Andrew Street, and he invited me to drive up with him to the Infirmary in his open cab. As our horse was laboriously hauling its load up the steep slope of the Mound, that strange but picturesque character, Theodore Napier, happened to come striding down the pavement in all the glory of a Highland Chieftain's dress, with his curls hanging down over his shoulders and the eagle's feathers in his cap. "That man," said Chiene to me, with a note of sarcastic tolerance in his voice, "is just a relic of barbarity." Napier was a crank who, in Gilbert's words, resembled

The idiot who praises with enthusiastic tone  
Every century but this and every country but his own,

and Chiene's *mot* was eminently *juste*.

If I may be allowed to digress for a moment, it is worth while recalling the fact that Napier in the early months of the Boer War was so unwise as to organise a meeting in one of the city halls with the object of protesting against the outbreak of hostilities and of sending the money collected from the sale of the tickets of admission to the Boer Red Cross funds. It is difficult to convey an impression of the almost feverish height of feeling then running in this country to people who have since had to face two gigantic upheavals, compared to which this particular campaign was nothing but an insignificant affair behind an ant-hill, but so it certainly was. When, therefore, the students heard of Napier's intention, they bought up every ticket available at a shilling a-piece, resold them for twice that amount to their supporters, forwarded the proceeds to the British Red Cross Society, and packed the hall on the evening of the meeting. Mr Schreiner, a Boer who was to have spoken, never reached his destination, as his cab was intercepted on its

## A. Cassels Brown

way, and, when Napier led his little body of sympathisers on to the platform, it was stormed by the crowd of excited young men, who promptly seized him, turned him over on their knees and spanked him good and hard. The result was that half-a-dozen of the ringleaders were afterwards summoned for committing an indecent assault, but they were let off lightly enough with a fine and doubtless considered that the game had been worth the candle. I was a resident at the Infirmary during this fracas, and saw with much amusement bits of the famous eagle's feathers being sold in its corridors for the further benefit of the British Red Cross.

One other little reminiscence of Chiene and I am done. I happened to be the last man to be called up for the oral examination late in the afternoon and was waiting all alone and not feeling any too happy, as one did on these occasions, when the door in front of me was opened and Chiene came out. He glanced at me, and then, putting his hand on my shoulder, said: "Man, I do like to see a fellow coming in for an examination who looks as if he hadn't opened a medical book or been to a lecture for a month!" I have never forgotten these cheering words which were so characteristic of the kindly man who had uttered them.

Having now graduated, the question was how best I could fill up my time until October 1899, when Gibson was to take me on as his resident. I might have become a *locum tenens* or applied for a job at some other hospital, but neither of these ideas made much appeal to me, and I felt that I would rather sign on as a ship's surgeon and so seize the only opportunity I was ever likely to get of seeing a bit of the world, or endeavour to supplement such medical knowledge as I now possessed at some university abroad. In the end, one of our little coterie having become Affleck's resident, P. and I decided to go to Vienna and Berlin for six months, and I remember Littlejohn telling us how much he regretted that he could not go with us in the capacity of guide, philosopher and friend. "For," said he, "if you steer clear of any professional work whatever, such an experience will do you all the good in the world."

So I am sure it did, the main advantage being that, whereas at Edinburgh the clinical material available was far too limited for the number of students concerned, in these places it was exactly the other way about. But, as this period of my existence has little or nothing to do with Edinburgh, I need not expatiate

## Lighter Side of Edinburgh Medical Life

upon it further than to say that P. and I thoroughly enjoyed our stay in Vienna, where, in addition to our studies, which we did not neglect, we produced an amateur dramatic entertainment on behalf of the English Governesses' Home, netting over £100 for that excellent institution, made several new friends, and, most interesting item of all, met and became friendly with Mark Twain and his family. We also treated ourselves to one or two little holidays, putting in a few days at the well-known Semmering Pass in the Austrian Tyrol and visiting the attractive town of Buda-Pesth.

On my return to this country I spent the next two months in London, working with Dr Ormerod at the Queen's Square Hospital for Paralysis in Bloomsbury and enjoying the many attractions which residence in town then offered in plenty. The senior resident physician at the Hospital at that time happened to be an Edinburgh graduate, who was a son of one of the eminent teachers I have already mentioned. Later, when I met him again in Edinburgh, he told me the following delicious story. Just before he left London a small boy had been admitted to the hospital in a condition of deep coma, complicated by a series of alarming convulsions which occurred at frequent intervals. These symptoms having puzzled the medical pundits in charge of the case and no hope of the lad's recovery being entertained, he had asked his successor to be sure to let him know the result of the inevitable post-mortem examination. After waiting in vain for three weeks, he wrote repeating his request, only to receive in reply a postcard from the boy himself, which read: "Dear Sir, There ain't been no autopsy yet!"

My two months in London were succeeded by a sojourn at the Rotunda Hospital in Dublin for a similar period of time, and at this well-known institution I not only added greatly to the meagre stock of information I had previously garnered on the all-important subject of obstetrics, but, incidentally, also increased my knowledge of the Irish race, that lovable, warm-hearted, happy-go-lucky, witty but rather humorless breed. The slums of Edinburgh in those days were a disgrace to the community, but they were luxurious compared to some of those I entered in Dublin. On one occasion I attended a case in a cellar below the level of the street, in which the only articles of furniture consisted of the bed on which the patient lay, one chair, one large black pot hanging over the fire, and one

## A. Cassels Brown

ricketty table, under which four or five children, all of whom were apparently of about the same age, continued to play cheerfully enough while their mother's confinement was taking place. Yet she seemed to be contented and happy, with her gay greeting of "Oh, Dochtor jewel darlint, I do be glad to see you," and certainly her child was one of the most beautiful babes upon which I had ever set eyes. I could expand to some purpose on my Dublin experiences, but must content myself with just one anecdote which concerns the matron of the Rotunda, a capable, kindly, stout and rather elderly woman, much liked and respected by us all. One Sunday evening, accompanied by two of her nurses in uniform, she had gone to church, but, having found on leaving the edifice that the rain was coming down in sheets, she had hailed a four-wheeler and, after the three had been safely settled inside, had instructed the jarvey to drive to the hospital. "Oh! no, no," he exclaimed, on hearing this. "Out ye all come! The last woman I took there had the baby in the cab!"

This brings me to my residency days and to my six months' most happy association with as delightful a chief as was to be found. As will have been noticed by this time, I have always been something of a hero-worshipper, and in George Alexander Gibson I found my ideal of what a consulting physician should be. In person, a man of distinguished presence, with kindly, smiling eyes and a rather plethoric complexion, he, alone among his colleagues, sported neither beard nor whiskers nor moustache. *Au reste*, he was possessed of an equable temperament, a sound sense of humour and a fund of amusing stories, and also of a courtly manner and a power of expressing himself in scholarly and lucid terms. These gifts made him not only an erudite expert in his own profession, for he had a profound and catholic knowledge of medicine, but enabled him to take a keen and intelligent interest in all other aspects of life. In short, he was a good all-round man and, because of this and of his thoughtful consideration towards everybody with whom he came in contact, as pleasant and stimulating a companion as anyone could desire. Only once or twice did I see him moved to anger, and then only because of a feeling of righteous indignation over a story of carelessness, stupidity, injustice or cruelty. With such a chief to work for, life in his wards passed easily and pleasantly along, and I would here also pay a tribute to the ability of the two staff nurses who then

## Lighter Side of Edinburgh Medical Life

presided over them, and especially to the skill of the "wee staffie," as we called her, who reigned over No. 27 and from whom I learned a lot of useful tips. As the junior physician on the Infirmary Staff, it was Gibson's duty to teach the lady medicals, and I may perhaps be allowed to say that the keenness which they showed in "taking their cases" saved me a lot of the trouble which some at least of my fellow-residents had to suffer at the hands of those male students who hardly bothered to take their cases at all.

Happy is the man who can recollect no incident that even threatened to mar the harmony of his daily work over a period of half a year. I should, however, like to mention one little episode which occurred during that time and which would seem clearly to illustrate the friendly atmosphere existing in the place and the kindly relationship that obtained between the patients and the staff. There was a Mrs Crowther in the ward, a woman of forty or so, who excited all my admiration by reason of the gay, undaunted spirit she showed in facing the unpleasant little operation of paracentesis at intervals of three weeks. So accustomed had she become to the procedure that we left it to her to say when she wanted relief. Well, two days before Christmas I suggested to her that she was leaving things a bit too long, and that it might be wise to get the tapping over there and then, so that she might the more comfortably enjoy the festivities looming ahead, but she begged so hard that it might be postponed to Boxing Day that I, knowing the hopelessness of her case, had not the heart to refuse her request. And what a glorious Christmas Day she had, beginning with a red herring for breakfast and continuing with turkey, generously provided by the Chief, plum pudding and some of the other little culinary tit-bits associated with the feast. How she managed to eat it all I do not pretend to know, but a great spirit will carry its possessor anywhere. Anyhow, when I saw her late that night, there she was erect in her bed, propped up by many pillows and gasping for breath, but beaming all over her face and declaring that she had had the grandest day of her life. I urged her to let me tap her at once, but she would have none of it, insisting that we should do it in the morning. Ten minutes later she was dead, and a finer and happier ending I have never known.

If life in the wards was jolly and pleasant, so was life in the Residency, where the sixteen men then abiding under its roof

## A. Cassels Brown

got along well and amicably together. Doubtless the passage of the years has cast a slight haze of romance over these fellows and their various proceedings, but much harmony and a spirit of humorous toleration prevailed with us all. I do not think that any of us would have claimed that there was any man of conspicuous talent among our number, though two or three of the mess have since been on the Infirmary honorary staff, one reached the dignity of professorial rank and two won the D.S.O. in the Great War, but the general average of intelligence was sound enough. On the other hand, one whom I now reckon as being among my oldest and most valued friends deteriorated so far as to become a bureaucrat pure and simple, another descended low enough as to write what used to be called "shilling shockers," while yet a third sank to the deplorable level of being a Radical M.P. No doubt our existence differed little enough from that lived by generations of other residents; we had our "log-book committee," who most amusingly fulfilled their task, our "matrimonial committee," whose monthly reports were masterpieces of scandalous libel, our "Whisky Jimmy," himself a rabid teetotaller, our "Babe," our "Poet Laureate," and our "Tape," and I am quite sure that the gargantuan appetite of the last-named functionary would have won for him a unique position in any mess that ever existed. The log-book committee, who had observed his strange and uncommon habit of going without much sustenance for two or three days and then making up for his abstinence by a gigantic meal, recorded one of these accomplishments as follows: "This day was signalled by the Tape getting outside two of the Infirmary fowls, a feat which those who know the birds in question can only look upon with feelings of mingled horror and amazement." It must be admitted that the food then served to the residents, though sufficient in quantity, was sadly lacking in variety, but for our Christmas dinner we were given *carte blanche* to choose what we liked. Of this concession the Babe and I, appointed a sort of sub-committee to deal with the situation, took full advantage, and the cook produced a noble meal of fourteen courses, of which the Tape had two helpings of every one. Stirred by this remarkable gastronomic performance, I was moved to remark that I believed there had been three cases of acute dilatation of the stomach recorded by Fagge, all of which had ended fatally, and that I was sadly afraid that we were about to

## Lighter Side of Edinburgh Medical Life

witness a fourth ; for which innocent *jeu d'esprit* I was promptly fined a whole shilling by the mess president for talking shop.

At that time Miss Spencer, who, I understand, had been trained by Florence Nightingale, was Matron of the Infirmary. She had a notably frigid manner which sent icy shivers down one's spine when one passed her in the corridors, and I was told she ruled the nurses with a rod of iron, but when my future bureaucratic friend and I ventured to pay an afternoon call upon her in her rooms, we soon discovered that this formidable exterior in reality hid an understanding mind and a kindly heart. I remember that on New Year's Eve the residents *en masse*, complete with their official mace and armed with a huge box of chocolates, waylaid her and a number of her nurses as they returned from a midnight service at Saint Giles, and insisted on her and the whole of her retinue shaking hands with us all and helping themselves to the sweets, during which ceremony she was actually heard to laugh aloud—I think when she caught sight of the hideous aspect of the mace. Afterwards we completed a tour of every ward in the building, treating all the night nurses in similar fashion and finally making a perilous ascent of the pavilion then in course of construction, where, after the Babe, acting, as he explained in an impromptu speech, as proxy for Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, so as to save that exalted personage the trouble of coming down for that very purpose, had declared the wing open for the benefit of suffering humanity, we all, standing on rafters exposed to the air, sang " God Save the Queen " at the pitch of our voices at three o'clock in the morning.

After duly carving my name on the famous residency dining-table and handing over my duties in Gibson's wards to my friend P., I left the Infirmary with feelings of deep regret, and a month later, along with another man whom I had not previously known but with whom I soon established most amicable relations, I took up my position as House Surgeon at the Simpson Memorial Hospital for the quarter-year that included the three summer months. Our chief was Dr C. E. Underhill, who had then an extensive obstetric practice in Edinburgh, and who was a first-class man at his work. He had an extraordinary habit of mumbling when he spoke, and there were not wanting some unkind people to insinuate that he owed his reputation to this peculiarity, since, as nobody could ever make out what he said, he was invariably right. As our three

## A. Cassels Brown

months were, with one exception, free from any case which we could not manage by ourselves, I never even saw him bring a babe into the world. I well remember my fellow house surgeon saying to me one day that the chief had issued some sort of an invitation to him, but that whether it was to dine or to play golf and when and where he had not the remotest idea. Our assistant chief was Dr Haultain, whom I thought an exceptionally able obstetrician, for I once went with him to a case of placenta prævia which he treated with masterly speed and skill. He was a kindly man and an amusing companion as well as a capable teacher, from whom I learned much.

In those days each house-surgeon at the Maternity Hospital had to contribute a guinea a week for the privilege of being there at all, and I regret to say that the meals supplied to us left a great deal to be desired. But in this matter I was fortunate, for it so happened that one of the men who had been with me in Berlin was then resident at the adjoining Chalmers Hospital, and I played tennis and dined sumptuously with him when I was off duty every other day. He told me an entertaining story about Sir Patrick Heron Watson who, I think, was still consulting surgeon to that institution, and was in the habit of strolling in there practically every day. One morning, when he was on the premises, a case of Pott's fracture was admitted, and he, explaining that nowadays such a condition rarely came his way, said he would like to treat it himself. The next morning, when he was again visiting the wards, he came to the bedside of this patient, turned back the bed-clothes and discovered that everything was very much awry. Forgetful of the part he had played in the little comedy, he turned to the resident and demanded: "What fool put on that bandage?" The chance was too good to be missed. "You did, sir," replied my friend.

I have been writing these reminiscences away from the journal I have kept for well over forty years, and, trusting only to my memory, have doubtless omitted much interesting matter that might have been put in, while at the same time I have included a tale or two which some people may be inclined to think might well have been left out. I should, however, like to state that nothing which I have written has been set down in malice, and that, so far as any *risqué* yarns are concerned, I have long since come to the conclusion that a

## Lighter Side of Edinburgh Medical Life

little honest coarseness, provided it be garnished with genuine humour, is infinitely to be preferred to that sort of suggestiveness which tarnishes all too many of our publications to-day. If, too, I may be serious for a moment and quite honest with myself, I must confess that the main reason why I have enjoyed casting my thoughts back to bygone days has been that they have been reverting to a time when the practice of medicine was more of a profession and less of a trade than it has become to-day.

But I have every intention of ending on a more amusing and cheerier note than this by relating the story of the rebuke Chiene once administered to a certain house surgeon, which made that young man blush up to the roots of his hair and shifted him from his perch quicker than he had ever been shifted in his life before. One day Chiene received a message from Annandale begging him to call in on his way out of the Infirmary and give his advice on a difficult case in the latter's ward. Accompanied, then, by his own house surgeon, Chiene entered Annandale's side-room to find that genial individual, along with Alexis Thomson and J. W. B. Hodsdon, chatting together and sitting on the three available chairs, the while Annandale's resident was installed on the table in the middle of the room. On Chiene's entry, Annandale and the two assistant-surgeons got up at once and shook hands, but the house surgeon remained where he was, gaily swinging a leg. Whereupon, before any other word had been spoken, Chiene turned to him, and the following dialogue took place.

CHIENE : Did you ever hear of Professor Goodsir ?

H. S. : Yes, sir.

CHIENE : Who was he ?

H. S. : Professor of Anatomy here, sir.

CHIENE : Quite right. Did you ever hear of Professor Goodsir's father ?

H. S. : No, sir.

CHIENE : Well, he was a very fine example of the old-fashioned general practitioner in the Kingdom of Fife.

By this time everybody in the room was beginning to wonder what all this was about. They were soon to be ebrightened when Chiene went on.

CHIENE : Did you ever hear of Colonel Anstruther Thomson ?

H. S. : No, sir.

## A. Cassels Brown

CHIENE : Well, he was a grand specimen of the old Fife laird, and very fine fellows many of them were. One day, when he was out hunting, he was thrown from his horse and broke his leg, and he sent for his old friend, Dr Goodsir, to come and mend it for him. After this had been done and the Colonel made comfortable in his bed, the doctor, just before he left the room, turned to his patient and said : " I don't know how the devil *you* ever came to be thrown from your horse ! " " Guid God, sir," roared the Colonel in reply, " d'ye think my airse is made of Burgundy pitch ? "