

Among the famous athletes among the English gentry was the celebrated Lord Tweeddale, recently deceased. It is said that he was a fine swordsman, and on the Peninsula he had a special sabre made for him of extra length and weight, with which he slashed away in very heroic fashion. He was a great boxer, too, as to which this story well and truly told. One day when he was driving, a gigantic coast-guard, riding as is their wont, upon a barrier behind the most diminutive dunnet, passed stopped the way, is also their wont, being called upon to receive a flatly refusal and jeeringly offered to fight for the sake of Lord Tweeddale, nothing, I think, got down fought him there and then, according to science, and in five minutes reduced him to a pitiable state. The coast-guard then gave in, and with the blood upon his face said, "Well, I'm pleased if a man of you was anybody but Lord Tweeddale as come to me." Ah, replied his lordship, when this time had remounted his box, "Lord Tweeddale!" "Then, blow me if I am not fair," you'd said so at first if a man pass."