

“Boatman, do not tarry;  
I will give you a silver pound  
To row me o’er the ferry,”

was told indeed by “that Highland wight,”

“I’ll go, my chief, I’m ready;  
It is not for your silver bright,  
But for your winsome lady.”

But the poet (being a Scotsman and consequently truthful) does not venture to say that that Highland wight did not have in his sporran that same silver pound before the boat left the dock. If he did omit this trifling formality, he was different from his countryman spoken of the other day in *Punch*, who said to the passengers upon his ferry-boat, when the storm became dangerous, “There’s nae sayin’ what may happen; sae Aw’ll just tak’ yer fares.”

This I can say—I was at the Bar for over twenty-three years and have been on the Bench three more; and I have never known or heard of a case in which anyone, however poor, with any fair semblance of a righteous claim, who could not have his case put before the courts by a member of the Bar with all energy and skill; in most cases without any reasonable hope of remuneration—and if any person sick or maimed should suffer because a doctor could not be found who would attend him gratis, the whole country would be filled with the outcry.

• Both professions are given certain privileges for the common good and both make it, or should make it, clear that these privileges are exercised for the good of the community. Just so soon as either fails thus to pay for its privileges, the people have the right—and should exercise it—of taking these privileges away. But that day I venture to think is far distant; and will, indeed, never come if the practitioners of the two professions continue to act as they have done in the past and are still acting.

The two professions have generally lived in harmony, though each has its jest with the other—the lawyer jibes the doctor that his failures are six feet below ground; the doctor retorts “and yours are six feet above.” The doctor “jollies” the lawyer about charging \$100 a day at a trial and pumping up tears before a jury; the lawyer replies, “a trial is a major operation, and mighty few doctors will take as little as \$100 for an excision of the appendix if they can get more. A trial is a struggle against a mortal antagonist for rights claimed on behalf of the client. Treatment of a disease is a struggle for the life of a