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Lane, Dundee. I was painting a public house in Dundee and got acquainted with Prisoner there. On Sunday 10th February in forenoon, he called for me in my own room I was still in bed. He took up a paper - the people's journal. I asked him to read something about Jack the Ripper. He put down the paper. He remained about an hour and a half. At dinner time he said he would have to go or he would be late. He said his wife had a rabbit and a piece of pork ready for him - always something nice on Sunday. He returned in about an hour and proposed a walk. We went a walk together. He spoke about boats and trains to London and said he wanted back among his old friends.

He also asked about when vessels sailed for Glasgow Hull and Liverpool. We parted about six. He was sober. We had a bottle of
beer