

caught harm from his new companions, and became nearly as lax in his habits, and nearly as reprehensible in his morals, as most respectable judges of the Supreme Court and influential elders of the General Assembly. And the work before us shows how very much may be involved in the remark. Certainly, if Burns ever drank half so hard as some of the leading lawyer elders, who, laudably alarmed lest the foundations of our faith should be undermined by the metaphysics of Sir John Leslie, took most decided part against the appointment of that philosopher, he must have been nearly as bad as he has been represented by his severer censors. The late Lord Hermand may be regarded as no unmeet representative of the class.

“He had acted,” says Lord Cockburn,—his nephew, by the way,—“in more of the severest scenes of old Scotch drinking than any man at least living. Commonplace toppers think drinking a pleasure; but with Hermand it was a virtue. It inspired the excitement by which he was elevated, and the discursive jollity which he loved to promote. But beyond these ordinary attractions, he had a sincere respect for drinking; indeed, a high moral approbation, and a serious compassion for the poor wretches who could not indulge in it; but due contempt of those who could but did not. He groaned over the gradual disappearance of the *Fineat* days of periodical festivity, and prolonged the observance, like a hero fighting amidst his fallen friends, as long as he could. The worship of Bacchus, which softened his own heart, and seemed to him to soften the hearts of his companions, was a sacred duty. . . . No carouse ever injured his health. . . . Two young gentlemen, great friends, went together to the theatre in Glasgow, supped at the lodgings of one of them, and passed a whole summer night over their punch. In the morning a kindly wrangle broke out about their separating or not separating, when, by some rashness, if not accident, one of them was stabbed, not violently, but in so vital a part that he died on the spot. The survivor was tried at Edinburgh, and was convicted of culpable homicide. It was one of the sad cases where the legal guilt was greater than the moral, and, very properly, he was sentenced to only a short imprisonment. Hermand, who felt that discredit had been brought on the cause of drinking, had no sympathy with the tenderness of his temperate brethren, and was vehement for transportation. ‘We are told that there was no malice, and that the prisoner must have been in