

liquor. In liquor! Why, he was drunk! And yet he murdered the very man that had been drinking with him! They had been carousing the whole night; and yet he stabbed him, after drinking a whole bottle of rum with him! Good God! my Laards, if he will do this when he is drunk, what will he not do when he is sober!"

As an elder this worthy representative of the old school was no less extraordinary than as a judge. The humour of Goldsmith has been described as hurrying him into mere unnatural farce when he describes his incarcerated debtor as remarking from his prison, in the prospect of a Gallican invasion,—“the greatest of my apprehensions is for our freedom!” and the profane soldier, very much a Protestant, as chiming in with the exclamation, “May the devil sink me into flames, if the French should come over, but our religion would be utterly undone.” But from the real history of Lord Hermand similar examples might be gleaned, quite extreme enough to justify Goldsmith. We find Lord Cockburn thus describing his zeal for what he deemed sound views, in the famous Sir John Leslie case:—

“Hermand was in a glorious frenzy. Spurning all unfairness, a religious doubt, entangled with mystical metaphysics, and countenanced by his party, had great attractions for his excitable head and Presbyterian taste. What a figure, as he stood on the floor declaiming and screaming amidst the divines!—the tall man, with his thin powdered locks and long pigtail, the long Court of Session cravat flaccid and streaming with the heat and the obtrusive linen! The published report makes him declare that the ‘belief of the being and perfections of the Deity is the solace and delight of my life.’ But this would not have been half intense for Hermand; and, accordingly, his words were, ‘*Sir, I sucked in the being and attributes of God with my mother’s milk.*’ His constant and affectionate reverence for his mother exceeded the devotion of any Indian for his idol; and under the feeling, he amazed the house by maintaining (which was his real opinion) that there was no apology for infidelity, or even for religious doubt, because no good or sensible man had anything to do except to be of the religion of his mother, which, be it what it might, was always best. ‘A sceptic, Sir, I hate! With my whole heart I detest him! But, Moderator, I love a Turk.’”

Such was one of the *characters* of Edinburgh not more