

"Sentiments." Who was likely to remain sober to the end when he had to begin by drinking separately the health of everybody else round the table? And this was only coquetting with the bottle! Ladies, too, were very tolerant of masculine failings—witness the young Scotch lady, who, in reproving her brother for swearing, admitted that "certainly swearing was a *great set off* to conversation!"

*"Daft Days"—A Resourceful Advocate.*

Into this life—legal, literary, social, and convivial—young Henry Brougham—who as Dr. Robertson's great-nephew knew everybody—threw himself with characteristic energy and zest. He wrote papers on "Optics" for the Royal Society. He declaimed at meetings of the "Speculative Society" with equal eloquence whether he had an audience of six or sixty. He could take his three bottles at a sitting, and, as Sir Hildebrand in Rob Roy expressed it, be "neither sick nor sorry" the next morning. If a frolic was afoot in the way of wrenching off brass knockers or carrying away shop signs, Brougham was the ringleader. At twenty-two he was admitted as an advocate of the Scotch Bar, and went the Southern Circuit—trying to get practice by defending poor prisoners for nothing. His resourcefulness in this way inspires admiration and deserved success if it did not meet with it. The first trial was for sheep-stealing, and Brougham objected to the relevancy of the libel (indictment) on the ground that it did not specify the sex of the animal stolen—tup, ewe, or wether—which he contended was necessary for the purpose of informing the panel (prisoner) exactly of the offence with which he was charged. Every tup was a sheep, but every sheep was not a tup, and so of ewes and wethers. Could you indict a man for stealing an ox and convict him on evidence that he stole a cow? Or for stealing a goose and chew that he stole a gander? In the next case, which was for stealing a pair of boots, the articles when produced were "half-boots," and Brougham contended that "half-boots," were not boots any more than a half guinea is a guinea. But here the judge, Lord Eskgrove, discovered an unwonted sagacity by