

well as if it had been yesterday having had him pointed out to me as 'the fellow who had beat the master.' It was then that I first saw him."

*Edinburgh Society 120 Years Ago.*

The society of Edinburgh at this period when Brougham was beginning life was particularly delightful. The city was rich in talent, full of men distinguished in literature, science, and philosophy, among them—to name only a few—Walter Scott, Playfair, Dugald Stewart, Lord Monboddo, Jeffrey, Horner, Brown, Murray, Henry Erskine. The war with France kept the British from the Continent and Edinburgh became a favourite resort for residence and education. Sydney Smith—then a young parson with a pupil in charge—was one of those who thus put into the port of Edinburgh. Society, he says, was upon the most easy and agreeable footing. The Scotch were neither rich nor ashamed of being poor, and there was not the same struggle for display which so spoils the charm of London society. Few days passed without friends meeting either in each other's houses or in what were then very common—oyster cellars—where the most delightful little suppers used to be given in which every subject was discussed with a freedom impossible in large societies, and with a candour only found where men fight for truth and not for victory. Not the least attractive part of Edinburgh society were the old Scotch gentlewomen of the period—a delightful set—strong-headed, warm-hearted, high-spirited, who dressed and spoke and did exactly as they chose. Brougham's grandmother was one of these, and to her he used to say he owed everything. Of course this society—like that of every epoch—had its failings, graphically described in Lord Cockburn's *Memorials of My Time*. To drink and swear were considered the marks of a gentleman, and tried by this test, nobody who had not seen them could be made to believe—as Lord Cockburn remarks—how many *gentlemen* there were. Nothing was more common, for instance, than for gentlemen, who had dined with the ladies and meant to rejoin them, to get drunk—a state of things due largely to the fashion of "Toasts" and