

From that fair dome where suit is paid
 By blast of bugle free,
 To Auchendinny's hazel shade
 And haunted Woodhouselee,
 Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
 And Roslin's rocky glen,
 Dalkeith which all the virtues love
 And classic Hawthornden?

The Fraser-Tytlers were amongst the brightest legal ornaments of Edinburgh Society during its Augustan age.

While it is true that Edinburgh Society at this time was homogeneous in that intellect rather than wealth gave entrance to it, and while it was probably more homogeneous than that of any other capital, it was composed or rather divided up into the following sections: The purely literary, the medical, the scientific, the ecclesiastical, the legal and the artistic. Its society at the turn of the century was much more truly one, more like one large family than it was destined inevitably to become. Thus the literary men—Scott and Jeffrey for instance—met the scientific and musical as often as they did their brethren of the pen. Nay more, were not both Scott and Jeffrey lawyers first and authors afterwards, if one attempts any professional classification? We should not forget that Scott was one of the clerks of the Court of Session until the very end of his life, and Sheriff of Selkirk for a very long period of it; and that Jeffrey was an advocate and then Attorney-General for Scotland until he became a judge or, as it is called in that country, Senator of the Court of Justice. But just as Scott is known on Parnassus not as Walter Scott, W. S. (writer to His Majesty's Signet) but as a poet of great power and vivacity, and as a creator in literature who has attained immortality by universal acclamation, so Francis Jeffrey is not remembered by his legal decisions but as the founder and editor of that merciless critic *The Edinburgh Review*.

Scott the Tory lawyer and writer to *Blackwood* and Jeffrey the Whig

lawyer and writer to the rival *Edinburgh*, could yet meet each other as men of letters in the house of a judge like Lord Woodhouselee, or a philosopher like Adam Ferguson, or a painter like Raeburn, or a man of science like Black or Hutton, or Leslie or Playfair.

Scott's father, Walter Scott senior, himself a lawyer, was one of the players on the violin in the orchestra at the Gentlemen's Concerts in St. Cecilia's Hall in the Niddy Wynd.

Old George Thomson, the very Nestor of those who crossed from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century, though what we would call a civil servant, was also one of the most enthusiastic of amateur violinists. A staunch supporter of the St. Cecilia concerts, George Thomson was the man who got Burns to write many new songs and alter many old ones to suit Scottish tunes. It is possible that in these opening years of the twentieth century, we have forgotten the debt we owe to George Thomson for having collected and edited so many Scottish songs, adapted airs to them and laboured away at harmonizing the tunes with the help of the Germans, men of no less renown than Beethoven, Haydn, Hummel, Kozeluch, Pleyel, and Weber. Thomson, the self-appointed honorary secretary to the Scottish muses, wrote again and again to composer and to poet until these unbusiness-like geniuses were brought to complete their tasks and fulfill their promises.

Thomson was born in 1757 and died in 1851 so that his life included the halves of two centuries. His associations with literary men began early, for it was through the influence of the Reverend John Hume, author of "Douglas, a Tragedy" that he obtained his first appointment in Edinburgh; while it was towards the close of Burns's life that Thomson constrained the poet to contribute upwards of a hundred songs to his great "collection of Scottish airs". Of these songs only some, of course,