

Foramen of Monro—an aperture in the depths of the mammalian brain. Alexander Monro secundus—for his father and his son were both Professors and Alexanders—was an original member of that band of thinkers, the Edinburgh Philosophical, the precursor of the Royal Society. The name of Monro is known wherever Anatomy is studied. As members of Edinburgh Society during our epoch and on the periphery rather than at the centre of the scientific circle may be mentioned the brothers Combe. George and Andrew Combe were both born in Edinburgh and both crossed the century, dying respectively in 1847 and 1858. They were both ardent phrenologists and helped to found the Edinburgh Phrenological Society. At this distance of time we have little idea how much phrenology bulked in the life of Edinburgh and Glasgow during the first twenty years of the nineteenth century. Though phrenology was a great delusion and some of its exponents despicable quacks, the brothers Combe were sincere seekers after truth. George, who married a daughter of the great Mrs. Siddons, founded the lectureship in Physiology and Hygiene which survives to this day.

Without definitely instituting a comparison between London and Edinburgh at the turn of the century, it may be admitted that in respect of literature that was to become not only famous but great for all time, Edinburgh was the more important place. For Edinburgh was the birth-place and the work-place of Sir Walter Scott. There are some who would admit to the supreme pinnacle in Parnassus none but Shakespeare, nevertheless in the realm immediately below the highest—still completely lost in the Parnassian clouds—whoever else is there, there is Scott, unparalleled in ancient or modern times as a creator. Scott's characters are as bewilderingly numerous as they are unmistakably individualistic. Was it not in Edinburgh that Scott met Burns that ever

memorable "once"? Memorable, indeed, it was for Scott, the boy of fifteen; and he was not unaware of the interest of that meeting one evening in 1787 at the Sciennes House, old Professor Adam Ferguson's. The place, though greatly altered, is not utterly demolished even now. Edinburgh was the spot selected by chance for this intersection of the orbits of these two literary luminaries; but it has not always been thus—Goethe and Scott, for instance, though they wrote to each other, never met.

Society in Edinburgh at the time of which we are thinking was distinguished not only for its intellectual brilliance but for the sparkle of its wit and the spontaneity of its conviviality. At simple tea-drinkings, the first intellects in Europe were exchanging ideas that were to mould humanity.

We can take an ice to-day at a popular confectioner's in a large upper room in a house in Princes Street which is capable of being thus described by a daughter of one of its former owners: "Well do I remember the drawing-room in Princes Street with its mirrors between the windows and the large round tea-table in the middle of the room—that tea-table which recalled such glorious tea-drinkings when Walter Scott, Dougald Stewart, Playfair, Henry MacKenzie, Sydney Smith and other intimate friends sat around it".

This was the town house in Edinburgh of Alexander Fraser-Tytler, called Lord Woodhouselee after his beautiful estate of that name on the eastern slope of the Pentlands. Alexander Fraser-Tytler, one of the most scholarly judges of his day and Professor of Universal History in the University of Edinburgh, is not to be confused with Patrick Fraser-Tytler his son, author of a "History of Scotland" and of a life of the Admirable Crichton.

Scott in his fine ballad of "The Grey Brother" thus alludes to Woodhouselee as haunted: