

masculine and self-reliant character, she there maintained the highest state as the "widow of a true prince of the blood royal". Dryden, in a dedication to her speaks of her wit, but is silent as to her personal charms, because doubtless they were of a negative quality. Scott, however, in the introduction to the Lay of The Last Minstrel does better for her when he says :

"For she had known adversity
Though torn in such a high degree ;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb."

A ride of twenty minutes carries us past Newbattle, site of an old abbey, while to the right lies a spot whose very name rouses the risibilities of all acquainted with the comicalities of literature. This is Cockpen. Here lies the scene of the well-known poem of Lady Nairn, the authoress also of "The Land Of The Leir."—The Laird of Cockpen, commemorated by her figured in the reign of Charles II. After his refusal of marriage by the high-strung Lady of Claversha, Len, his self-possession as pictured by the poetess is sublime :

"Dumfounded was he, but nae sigh did he gie ;
He mounted his mear, and he rode cannily
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen :
She's dait to refuse the Laird of Cockpen."

We are now more than half way to the Tweed, and we sweep past places known in history and literature rather hurriedly. Here on the right is Borthwick Castle, now in ruins, where Mary Queen of Scots resided, for a time after her unfortunate marriage with Bothwell. From this Castle she soon escaped in the guise of a page. In the old manse of Borthwick, Dr. Robertson, the great Scottish historian was born. To the left is Crichton Castle described by Sir Walter Scott:

"A mighty mass that could oppose
When deadliest hatred fired its foes
The vengeful Douglas bands."

On for ten or twelve miles and we reach Gala Water, made known by Burns in his lyric "Braw lads of Gala Water." Along its banks we run through the ancient village of Stow and are in twenty minutes more at Galashiels, a town known all over the world for its manufacture of plaids and shawls, interesting also to antiquarians for its Roman wall, and old British Camp. A short distance from Galashiels, a bridge dating from the time of David I in the twelfth Century is crossed and we find ourselves in a few minutes at Melrose—the Mecca for which we had started—forty miles in three hours

MELROSE.

Everyone has visited Melrose, descriptions of it are hackneyed, yet around it gathers a strange halo of celebrity. As in the case of Macbeth's Castle at Inverness "Heaven's breath smells woefully here", and a mild climate is found in its shelter. The town lies beautifully on the Southern slope of the Eildon Hills—the Triontum of the Romans—the hills of which the wizard monk of Melrose said to William of Deloraine:

"And warrior I could say to thee
The words that cleft Eildon Hills in three."

The Associations of this locality are weird for here in the Abbey is pointed out the grave of Michael Scott, the wizard, but to crown all, and to settle all suspicion of witchcraft, we see in the eastwindow in the statue of the good St. Cuthbert the greatest of the spiritual fathers of the Church. The statues of the King and Queen are there also keeping in mind the founders of the Abbey. Kings and Dukes lie mingled together within

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