

Burns not only enjoyed his visit to Edinburgh, but while there erected a memorial to a brother poet of humble birth—Ferguson. How just it is also, that a beautiful statue of Burns, the work of the Sculptor Flaxman, is to be found in the Library Hall of Edinburgh University.

And now having made our devours to those great Scottish poets we begin our journey a field. The Scottish and English roads are perfect, and well they may be, for some of the old Roman roads which we shall follow were begun fifteen or eighteen centuries ago. We have thus a good foundation laid for our flying automobile. We gaze at beautiful Arthur's seat, a memorial of our Celtic prince of Ancient story, and skirt around the base of Salisbury Crags, their name a memorial of a daring English Earle of the Bannockburn days. Duddingston Loch, famous for winter sports is passed with a rush and we are soon alongside of the entrance to the right where stands Craigmillar castle. This was the abode of James V of Scotland in his minority, and here afterwards a frequent place of residence of Mary, Queen of Scots. Near by Craigmillar is seen a village where Queen Mary's French guards were quartered, and it still bears the name of Little France, just as an old barracks, a few miles out the same road, where the French body guards of her mother, Mary of Guise, were quartered, which is now called "Birdie Hoose" a corruption of "Bourdeaux House". Mary Queen of Scots is everywhere impressed on Scotland. Her beauty—her miseries—her great ability—and her sad fate appeal to almost all. No wonder Burns, who was something of a Jacobite wrote the Lament of Mary in captivity :

"I was the queen o' bonny France,  
Where happy I hae been ;  
Fu' tightly rose I in the morn,  
As blithe day dounat e'en ;  
And I'm the sovereign o' Scotland,  
And mony a traitor there ;  
Yet here I lie in foreign lands,  
And never-ending care."

#### THE ESK AND DALKEITH.

We are now going through Mid Lothian—for scenery and beautiful mansions, one of the most renowned districts in Scotland. No doubt this arises largely from the pretty river Esk, which with its North and South branches dashes northward down to the Frith of Forth. Sir Walter Scott who dwelt for several of the happiest years of his life in a cottage near Melville Castle near the Esk, wrote in his ballad "The Grey Brother" :

"Sweet are the paths, oh, passing sweet  
By Esk's fair streams that run,  
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep  
Impervious to the sun  
There the rapt poet's step may leave  
And yield the Muse the day ;  
There Beauty, led by timid Love,  
May shun the tell-tale ray."

Less than half an hour's run brings us to one of the entrances of the famous Dalkeith park—a residence of the Duke of Buccleuch. Both branches of the Esk run through the park and unite below the Palace. Dalkeith Palace is a massive square stone structure which hangs on the bank of the North Esk. Here dwelt in Reformation times the Regent Morton, from whom the property passed to the Buccleuchs. Its greatest notability was the famous Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, who figures in the introduction to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" as the Mistress of Branksome Tower, another seat of the Duke of Buccleuch. The Duchess who dwelt at Dalkeith had been brought up in Newark Castle, which also belonged to the Buccleuchs, and which we shall pass later in the day. She was the widow of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles II.

Deserted by him she retired to Dalkeith Palace, and noted for her