

ROSSLYN'S SCENIC LORE

THE NORTH ESK—RIVER OF ROMANCE

"It is telling a tale that has been repeated a thousand times, to say, that a morning of leisure can scarcely be anywhere more delightfully spent than in the woods of Rosslyn, and on the banks of the Esk. . . . Rosslyn and its adjacent scenery have associations, dear to the antiquary and historian, which may fairly entitle it to precedence over every other Scottish scene of the same kind."

—SIR WALTER SCOTT

("Provincial Antiquities of Scotland.")

RIVERS OF ROMANCE abound in Scotland, and the North Esk is one of them. From its source high up among the Pentland Heights near the Boarstane and the boundary line between Midlothian and Tweeddale, it is early gathered into a reservoir, whose engineer was Thomas Stevenson, father of Robert Louis Stevenson, constructed in 1850 to supply water and power used in the paper mills on the river's banks. Passing through Carlops, once a village of weavers, it flows on through the wooded gorge of Habbie's Howe and the woods surrounding Penicuik House, on to "Rosslyn's rocky glen," and Hawthornden, Melville Castle and Dalkeith Palace, entering the Firth of Forth at Musselburgh. Alas that the clear sparkling waters of the moorland stream should be so spoiled by the industries of the valley. Dorothy Wordsworth's Diary entry is still true—"the water of the stream is dingy and muddy." Modern legislation on river pollution is sadly lacking.

"I never passed through a more delicious dell than the Glen of Rosslyn," wrote Dorothy; and of the river it has been written—"No stream in Scotland can boast such a varied succession of the most interesting objects, as well as the most romantic and beautiful scenery." It is associated with some of the most famous men in Scottish literature who have lived on its banks, and has inspired the muse of some of Scotland's best poets.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND LASSWADE

What was Sir Walter's connection with the district around Rosslyn and Esk's fair stream, whose surrounding woods are lovely indeed in Spring and Summer, but glorious when arrayed in all their Autumn tints, or in the purest white of Winter's snows. All who have an eye for Nature's beauty visit the place; and we need not wonder that Scott found inspiration here, for he loved these sylvan retreats, and wrote—

"Sweet are thy paths, O passing sweet!
By Esk's fair streams that run:
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun."

It was to Lasswade that he brought his bride, Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, in 1798; here in 1802 he began "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" and dedicated it to Lord Dalkeith, with its Ballad of "Rosabelle," William of Deloraine's ride, and the Moss-trooper's story, and laid the foundations of his fame. Wordsworth heard four of the six cantos "partly read and partly recited in an enthusiastic style of chant," and he praised "the easy flowing energy" of the Lay. Scott recounted to him the historic and legendary associations of the beauteous vale. For him it was bound up in a thousand happy memories—the dearest haunt in the days of his boyish ramblings, and the scene of the sunniest portions of some of his happiest years. It is often asked if Scott's cottage at Lasswade still stands.

Yes, but much enlarged. It was a thatched cottage on the right hand of the road from Loanhead to Lasswade, not far from Melville Lodge. Here in this "little place by the roadside, with a view, a garden, and one big living-room," he received many of his friends—the young Advocates, George Cranstoun (Lord Corehouse) and William Erskine (Lord Kinnedder), both fond of literature; the Clerks of Penicuik; Mackenzie, Author of "The Man of Feeling," whose recreation was Cock-fighting, and who then occupied a charming villa at Auchindinny; Lord Woodhouselee, who maintained erroneously that his estate was the scene of Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," but which the Laird of Newhall corrected in his edition of Ramsay's Works in 1808, although not before it had got into the Dictionary of National Biography and the Ordnance Survey Map. Among others were Dr. John Leyden, and Sir John Stoddart searching for materials for his "Remarks on Local Scenery in Scotland" (pub. 1801). Sir John dwells on "the simple unostentatious elegance of the cottage, and the domestic picture which he there contemplated—a man of native kindness and cultivated talent, passing the intervals of a learned profession amidst scenes highly favourable to his poetic inspirations, not in churlish and rustic solitude, but in the daily exercise of the most precious sympathies as a husband, a father and a friend." Scott called on Sir John at Malta, during his last tour in 1831, when the latter was Chief Judge, and they recalled the happy Lasswade days.

Here also Scott formed intimacies with the noble families of Melville and Buccleuch, to whom he was indebted for his Sheriffship, both of whom had Castles in the same valley, of which he wrote—

" Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
And Rosslyn's rocky glen;
Dalkeith which all the virtues love,
And Classic Hawthornden? "

Lasswade is said to have got its name from the fact that prior to a bridge over the Esk, a girl or lass

waded through the water with travellers on her back. When they were securely seated upon the hurdle, and all was ready to start, the passenger gave the signal, saying, "LASS, WADE."

Lasswade became the Gandercleugh of the Novels.

He introduces Rosslyn and the Eskside district into his writings frequently. Nothing did so much to popularise the district as the publication of the Lay, of which edition followed edition, and its author's fame spread far and wide.

The scenery of the Esk is described in the Ballad—"The Gray Brother," mention being made of Auchindinny, Haunted Woodhouselee, Melville Castle which was so much admired by George IV on his visit in 1822, - Rosslyn Castle, Dalkeith, Hawthornden, and the Motto of the Clerks of Penicuik—"Free for a Blast," being the tenure of the Barony namely that when the King shall come to hunt, the proprietor shall sit upon the Buckstane, and wind three blasts of a horn. It is also quoted in "Ivanhoe"—

"From that fair dome, where suit is paid
By blast of bugle free,
To Auchindinny's hazel shade,
And Haunted Woodhouselee."

And in "The Abbot" he describes the great match on Rosslyn Moor between Bothwell and the Baron of Roslin, who could judge a hawk's flight as well as any man in Scotland, witnessed by Mary of Scots—"She was the loveliest creature to look upon that ever I saw with eye, and no lady in the land liked better the fair flight of a falcon. A butt of Rhenish and a ring of gold was the wager . . . and to hear her voice as clear and sweet as a mavis's whistle, mix among our jolly whooping and whistling; and to mark all the nobles dashing round her—happiest he who got a word or a look—tearing through moss and hagg, and venturing neck and limb to gain the praise of a bold rider, and the blink of the bonny Queen's bright eye! Ay, ay, pomp and pleasure pass away as speedily as the wap of a falcon's wing" (ch. 17).

“Guy Mannering” introduces the Rullion Green battlefield on the Pentland slopes “dear to the Presbyterian heart”; “Old Mortality”—the House of Muir farm; “St. Ronan’s Well”—the Howgate; Allan Ramsay’s “Sir William Worthy,” and the beautiful Scottish Air, “Roslin Castle,” and the equally pleasing song—

“Of Nannie’s charms the shepherd sang,
The hills and dales with Nannie rang,
While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
And echoed back the cheerful strain.”

The original of Monkbarns in the “Antiquary” was said to be Baron Clerk of Penicuik; and of Henry Morton in “Old Mortality”—Borthwick of Lawhead. Howgate is for ever associated with Dr. John Brown’s “Rab and His Friends,” and as a stopping-place in the Stage-coach run between Edinburgh and Peebles. Mrs. Hamilton’s “Cottagers of Glenburne” is linked with Easter Howgate; “Sherlock Holmes” with Mauricewood, and The Carlops of Allan Ramsay with the ring of the weavers’ shuttle, the whirr of the muircock, and Mause the Witch of the Pastoral Comedy.

Scott frequently walked across country from Lasswade to new Woodhouselee on the Pentland Hills. Here is his description of the hills, as noted in his Journal—

“I think I never saw anything more beautiful than the ridge of Carnethy against a clear frosty sky, with its peaks and varied slopes. The hills glowed like purple amethysts; the sky glowed topaz and vermillion colours. I never saw a finer screen than Pentland, considering that it is neither rocky nor highly elevated.”

There were times when Scott would appear at Woodhouselee shortly after breakfast, although at Lasswade he got into the habit of reading and writing late into the night, and took the whole party off for the forenoon among the hills, amusing the young folks with stories such as he was to tell later to the

whole world. In the evening, in addition to the ghost stories, he told stories of the Covenanters, who fought on the hills upon which the house stands.

THE OLD ROSSLYN INN

When the Wordsworths visited Scott at Lasswade, they left the Inn at Rosslyn—it was next to the Chapel, like many old rural English Church Inns for the accommodation of worshippers from a distance, and was dated 1660—very early in the morning, and arrived at Lasswade while Scott and his wife were still in bed! So they waited in the sitting-room, and had breakfast with them, and stayed till 2 p.m. Scott accompanied them back to Rosslyn.

At this old Inn Dr. Johnson and Boswell dined and took tea on their way to Penicuik House in 1773. On that occasion they were on their way back from the Hebrides, and although they were engaged to be elsewhere at the time, Boswell took Johnson on to Hawthornden, as “I could by no means lose the pleasure of seeing my friend at Hawthornden—of seeing *Sam Johnson* at the very spot, where *Ben Jonson* visited the learned and poetical Drummond.” Burns and Nasmyth the artist breakfasted here one morning after a ramble on the Pentlands, and were so delighted with the fare which they enjoyed at the Inn that Mrs. David Wilson, the landlady was rewarded with two verses scratched on a pewter plate—

“ My blessings on you, sonsie wife!
I ne’er was here before;
You’ve gi’en us walth for horn and knife—
Nae heart could wish for more.

“ Heaven keep you free frae care and strife
Till far ayont fourscore;
And while I toddle on through life,
I’ll ne’er gang by your door.”

The Inn (College Hill) is the residence of the

Chapel's Curator. One experiences a certain thrill in inspecting the old wine cellar with its solid stone walls, several feet thick, climbing the wooden staircase, and viewing the panelled walls, and the large dining-room, where so many of the world's interesting men and women have tarried awhile; and what was this—on one of the window panes—

“ Prince Edward dined here on the
Anniversary of his mother's birthday, 1859.”

But was it really the work of Prince Edward? The opportunity was taken on the occasion of a visit by King George V and Queen Mary, in 1931, to show Their Majesties the inscription, when it was duly confirmed to be in the writing of His Majesty's father, King Edward VII. Queen Victoria paid a visit just three years before—in 1856. King George VI and Queen Elizabeth (as the Duke and Duchess of York) accompanied King George and Queen Mary in 1931.

CLASSIC HAWTHORNDEN

On taking our way along the left bank of the river after visiting the Castle, and feasting our eyes upon the Valley scenery, we get a striking backward view of the Castle, and realise the damage that was done in General Monk's bombardment. We leave behind the scenes of war and romance to take up the way of peace and rural beauty, where once came Harold, the Bard of brave St. Clair:—

“ With war and wonder all on flame
To Rosslyn's bowers young Harold came,
Where, by sweet glen and greenwood tree
He learned a milder minstrelsy.”

Rosebank House overlooking the river, at Roustain Linn, was once the residence of the Dowager Countess of Rosslyn. Hector Macneill, novelist, poet and song-

writer (1746-1818), author of "Come under my plaidie," was born here—

"Come under my plaidie, the night's gaun to fa';
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw;
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me,
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa."

On the right bank opposite, is Gorton House, with the Caves of Gorton on the cliff face, hiding place of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, and his gallant band of patriots when harrassed by the English army, after their capture of Edinburgh in 1338. Hawthornden Caves also gave him shelter in his warfare against the English whom he defeated with great slaughter at Wark, Northumberland, for which he received from David II, in 1369, a Charter of Nether Liberton and Hawthornden. Wallace's Cave, capable of holding sixty men is on the same side. A little farther on is the dividing wall between Rosslyn and Hawthornden estates. The public right-of-way along the river bank was established by a case in the House of Lords.

Hawthornden Castle is perched on the top of a steep cliff overlooking the river's deep gorge, and there are charming spots among the famous grounds of Hawthornden, beloved of the poet Drummond, and also Sir Walter, who wrote—

"The spot is wild, the banks are steep,
With eglantine and hawthorn blossom'd o'er,
Lychnis, and daffodils, and hare-bells blue;
From lofty granite crags precipitous,
The oak, with scanty footing, topples o'er,
Tossing his limbs to heaven; and from the cleft,
Fringing the dark-brown natural battlements,
The hazel throws his silvery branches down;
There, starting into view, a castled cliff,
Whose roof is lichen'd o'er, purple and green,
O'er hangs thy wandering stream romantic Esk,
And rears its head among the ancient trees."

Little remains of the original Castle—only the 15th century Tower (1443), with walls 7 feet thick, attached to which are the remains of the Banqueting Hall. Probably Hertford destroyed this Castle when he burned Craigmillar Castle, and Rosslyn Castle, or when as Protector Somerset he invaded Scotland in 1547.

A modern house that witnesses to patriotism and poetry—"a kind of minor Abbotsford" as described by Professor Masson, whose "Drummond of Hawthornden" (1873) is the classic on the subject, dates from 1638, and stands on the edge of a high precipitous grey lime-stone rock at a bend in the river, and giving a good view of the river scenery. The Abernethies of Saltoun were early owners in the days of the War of Independence. William Douglas of Strabrok had a Charter of Robert II, about 1387. The Douglasses were owners for 200 years, till 1598, when the properties were purchased by Sir John Drummond, Gentleman Usher to King James VI, second son of Sir Robert Drummond of Carnock, and father of the celebrated poet. In 1782 Dr. Abernethy Drummond presented to Edinburgh University the MSS. of the poet.

On the west wall of the old Tower facing the courtyard is a large tablet with two inscriptions. The first is remarkable because of its history—"To the memory of Sir Lawrence Abernethy of Hawthornden . . . a brave and gallant soldier, who at the head of a party in the year 1338 conquered Lord Douglas, Knight of Liddesdale, five times in one day, yet was taken prisoner before sunset." In Grant's "Old and New Edinburgh" this soldier is spoken of as "one of those infamous traitors who turned their swords against their own country and served the King of England." The other inscription is in memory of the poet Drummond (one of the best known of this ancient and honourable family, who succeeded his father as Laird of Hawthornden at the age of

twenty-four), and concludes with the lines by the poet Young—

“ O sacred solitude, Divine retreat,
Choice of the prudent, envy of the great!
By the pure stream, or in thy waving shade
I court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid.”

Drummond “tender lover, gentle poet and handsome cavalier,” was born in 1585, and wrote “A History of the Five Jameses,” having an inherited reverence for royalty. Robert Chambers wrote—
“If beautiful and romantic scenery could create and nurse the genius of a poet, Drummond was peculiarly blessed with means of inspiration. In all Scotland there is no spot more finely varied, more rich, graceful or luxuriant, than the cliffs, caves and wooded banks of the river Esk, and the classic shades of Hawthornden . . . the whole course of the stream and glen is like the groundwork of some fairy dream.”

Drummond was devoted to the cause of Charles I, which he espoused, not with the sword but with the pen; and his grief at the King's execution (30th January, 1649) was so profound that his own death in the same year (4th December) was attributed to a broken heart. He is buried in the family vault in Lasswade Church.

Early in life he was the victim of fate. He was engaged to a young, beautiful and accomplished lady, daughter of Cunninghame of Barnes, but she died on the eve of the wedding, and sorrow sent him wandering to other scenes amidst distant climes—

“ I have nought left to wish; my hopes are dead,
And all with her beneath a marble laid.”

Thirty years later, however, he met and married one who bore a strong resemblance to his former love—Elizabeth Logan, granddaughter of Sir Robert Logan of Restalrig. (Drummond's sister Ann married “Scot of Scotstarvet,” well known to all interested in Scottish History).

DRUMMOND'S MEETING WITH BEN JONSON

It was during his bachelorhood that the poet-laureate Ben Jonson visited him at Hawthornden, after having walked from London, in defiance of Bacon's hint that he "loved not to see Poesy go on other feet than poetical Dactylus and Spondaeus." They spent some days together in January, 1619, and in April Jonson stayed three weeks with him, and had the Freedom of the City of Edinburgh conferred upon him, and was entertained to a Civic Banquet. The conversation of the two poets was published by the Shakespeare Society in 1842. Sir Walter Scott remarks the diversity of character of the two men—"one, a genius and man of the world, risen from the ranks, having a long struggle for intellectual superiority—the other living a retired life, and therefore cautious and punctilious, timid in delivering his opinion, apt to be surprised and even shocked at the uncompromising strength of conception and expression natural to Jonson."

Drummond was a most accomplished man, and had knowledge of Greek and Latin, French, Italian, Spanish and Hebrew, and was the first Scottish poet who wrote in pure English. At the age of twenty-four he possessed over 550 books in these languages, including 50 in English (Spencer, Shakespeare, etc). He is also spoken of as not only poet and historian, but also a great projector in mechanics, many articles of invention being included in the Patent granted to him by Charles I, among them boats navigating without sails or oars, military machines, a pike, battering ram, telescope, burning glass, anemometer and a condenser. One of the smaller rock caves north-east of the house was called by Scott "The Cypress Grove" or Grotto, being a favourite seat of the poet, where he wrote a treatise called "The Cypress Grove"; or "Philosophical Reflections Against the Fear of Death," which Professor Masson pronounced "superlatively excellent." It is indeed a highlight in a century noted for its meditative prose.

Campbell, who visited here in 1802, wrote:—

“In this sheltered spot, secluded from every human eye, the power of imagination can present a lively image of Drummond in the moment of inspiration, in his favourite bower.”

No doubt the peacefulness, the beauty and the lively song of the birds were a refreshment and invigoration to one who was wise concerning vanity, and had just appreciation of the poise and flattery that surrounded the throne of Princes. In “The Praise of a Solitary Life” he wrote:—

“Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clam’rous world, doth live his own.
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal Love:
O how more sweet is zephyr’s wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm’d, which new-born flowers
unfold,
Than that applause vain Honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poyson drunk in Gold!
The world is full of Horrors, Troubles, Slights,
Woods’ harmless Shades have only true Delights.”

The Miscellany, vol. VII of The Scottish History Society contains the Diary of Sir William Drummond of Hawthornden, 1657-59, son of the poet, which describes the everyday life of an ordinary Midlothian Laird of the period. He is described as having “no particular distinction of character or ability,” and is to be found shaking hands with a man going to be hanged; going with a party to the House of Muir, and ranting “thorrowe all the little towens with a great bagge pipe”; being nearly drowned when he came home late on a Saturday night and staying from Church because his clothes were all spoiled with water. The Diary reveals the existence of a hitherto unknown son of the poet—Ludovick—and contains the entry—Sep. 23, 1658, “Tusday: about 10 a cloke in the night time my brother Lodie was buried with a number of torches and accompanied with the neibours a bout: the charges of his buriall 5// sterling.”

In the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, vol. 73 (8th May, 1939), are Notes on Rock Scribings at Hawthornden by Professor Gordon Childe, F.S.A., and John Taylor, F.S.A.Scot. The figures are preserved in a recess, 25 feet above the river-bed in the sandstone gorge between Hawthornden and, Rosslyn Castles. They probably represent Irish Bronze Age Art, resembling "Cup and Ring" markings, without the cups. Similar Scribings are found at New Grange, Boyne Valley, Ireland. About 100 yards farther upstream, and 20 feet higher up in the cliffs is the artificial Grotto, popularly called Wallace's Cave.

GYPSES

Rosslyn Glen was once a great resort of Gypsies.

Reference was made (p. 65) to the fact that Sir William St. Clair allowed them to live in a part of the Castle buildings about 1559, where they received not only shelter but kindness and mercy although the laws were severe against them. Sir William, who was made Lord Justice General by Queen Mary in 1559, once saved a gypsy from the gallows on the Borough Muir, explains Father Hay. "He delivered once an Egyptian from the gibbet in the Burrow Moore, ready to be strangled; upon which account the whole body of gypsies were of old, accustomed to gather in the 'Stanks' of Rosslyn,—a relic of the Battle of Roslin, (a low-lying bit of ground north-west of the Castle, where is also the 'Goose's Mound,' where water-fowl were wont to rest), every year during the months of May and June, when they acted several plays."

These Gypsies were obviously a company of strolling players, actors, not mere puppet-showmen, and it is more than a coincidence that the towers assigned to them were known as "Robin Hood" and "Little John," and that the time was May and June, because "Robin Hood and Little John" was one of the most famous of the May-tide plays in Scotland during the 15th and 16th centuries, and like the Gypsies it came under the ban of the law. By an Act of 20th June,

1555, the Scottish Parliament ordained that in all time coming no manner of person be chosen "Robene Hude, nor Little John, The Abbot of Unreason, Queenis of Maij, nor otherwise," under various pains and penalties. The play called "Robin Hood" was probably their most important play. What the others were we do not know. ("Scottish Gypsies under the Stewarts," pp. 56-58, David Macritchie).

The great number of Gypsies in the Rosslyn neighbourhood, and the freedom they enjoyed from the laird, formed the subject of a Privy Council Enactment on July 15, 1623. The Council's attention had been drawn to this Patmos of the outlawed race, and they pointed out that while the laws enjoined all persons in authority "to execute to the deid the counterfeit thieves and limmers, the Egyptians," it was nevertheless reported that a number of them were within the bounds of Rosslyn, "where they have a peaceable receipt and abode as if they were lawful subjects, committing stowths, and reifs in all parts where they may find occasion." The Council therefore issued an Order to the Sheriff of the district, who happened to be Sinclair, Younger of Rosslyn, himself, commanding him "to pass, search, seek, hunt, follow and pursue the said vagabond thieves and limmers," and bring them to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh for due punishment ("Domestic Annals of Scotland, vol. I, p. 536). This was done, and a large capture was made of "Faws," men, women and children, who appeared for trial. On 23rd January, 1624, eight leaders were sentenced to be hanged at the Burgh Muir (the usual place of execution), and on the day when the sentence was carried out, the 29th, their widows and children were also "dilaitit" before the Court for the same offence of being "Egyptians." They also were found guilty, and sentenced to suffer death by drowning, but the King had compassion upon them, and ordered that they depart out of the Kingdom. As the law in Scotland differed from that in England, all they had to do was to pass over the Border into Northumberland, which is no doubt what they did, there to resume their former life, with a "clean record," which the English

law enabled them to do ("Pitcairn's Criminal Trials," vol. III, pp. 559-62).

THE BATTLE OF ROSSLYN

This was an important battle, or rather triple battle, in the Scottish War of Independence, February 24, 1302-3 (prior to 1600 the year began March 25th and ended March 24th), against Edward I's army of aggression, 30,000 in number, who came with the purpose of subduing Scotland and devastating the country already laid waste. One column under Sir John Segrave pitched at Rosslyn, the second under Sir Ralph, the Cofferer—paymaster of the English army—at Loanhead, and the third under Sir Robert Neville near Gilmerton Grange. The Scots were under Sir John Comyn of the family of Baliol, and Sir Simon Fraser of Oliver Castle, Tweeddale, loyal friends of Wallace, with a carefully selected army of 8,000 men, and marching from Biggar, 16 miles away, in the night, came suddenly on the English first column of 10,000. The fight, says Father Hay, was at a place on the moor (Pentland Moor) called Bilsdone (Bilston) Burne, where Comyn and two Captains Sir William Saintclair and the Fraser proved so valiant that in a short time they became victors, and slew the English General Rodolph. No sooner was victory gained than another army of 10,000 approached. This was the signal to the Scots for the prisoners of the previous fight to be slain lest they should rise again, after which the Scots tackled the second lot of 10,000 at Draidone Burn, and hardly had the second victory been obtained and the Cofferer slain, when lo! a third army of like number was ready to engage. This rather dismayed the Scots, but through the persuasive exhortations of their Captains, their courage was renewed "and anone the three captains went through all the companies where the wounded, and slain were, and slew all the English that were alive, and to every Scot living they gave a weapon, to the end they might kill the English that came upon them, and after that they went to

prayer, desiring God to remove their offences and to consider how just their cause was. The English thinking because they were with heads uncovered and knees bended, that they craved mercy of them; and so without thought of any resistance to be made, they came over Draidone Burn, where, contrary to their expectation of friends, they found foes, of men overcome, men ready to be victors. Yea, within a short time, put them to flight. The victory gained as great praise to our country as any they ever obtained."

Sir William, because his dwelling was in that part of the country, was given the ground on which the battle was fought. The names remain to this day—"Shinbones Field" on Dryden estate, where bones have been dug up from time to time; the "Hewan," or Hewings, where carnage was great; "Stinking Rig," "Killburn," and Mount Marle, a farm on Dryden estate, so called from a tradition that when the enemy were beginning to flee one of them cried to Marl, his leader—"Mount, Marl—and ride!" Mount Marl and Killburn may have derived their names from the Marl pits and kilns existing in the locality. When the ground at "Shinbanes Park" was being cultivated long afterwards, tradition says the harrows were so entangled with bones of the dead, that carts had to follow them in the field into which the bones were thrown, carted away and buried by the burnside. Coins of the period have been found. Dryden House is now a ruin. Opposite to Mount Marl on the road from Rosslyn to Polton is a mausoleum to the memory of James Lockhart Wishart of Lee and Carnwath, a former proprietor famed in both Scottish and European history, who died at Pisa, Italy, 1790.

This Sir William, who is said to have fought at the Battle of Rosslyn, and built the first part of Rosslyn Castle, also fought at Bannockburn on St. John's Day, 1314, with his two sons, Henry and William, all of whom Bruce rewarded for their great bravery. Henry he received into his service, and gave him a pension (at Forfar) which King David confirmed to his son and heir William, and gave him the lands of Morton and

Mortonhall. William he made Bishop of Dunkeld, whom the King called "his own Bishop" on account of his subsequent valour in repelling an invasion of the English who landed on the shores of Fife, 1317, while the King was in Ireland. He married Jane Haliburton, daughter of Lord Dirleton, by whom he had Henry, William, and Gregory, ancestor of the St. Clairs of Longformacus. Sir Henry was one of the twenty-nine Scottish Nobles who signed the Letter from the Scottish Parliament, in Arbroath Abbey, to the Pope on 6th April, 1320, requiring the English King to respect Scottish Independence; that "so long as a hundred of us are left alive we will never in any degree be subjected to the English. It is not for glory, riches or honour that we fight, but for liberty alone, which no good man loses, but with his life." This was that Sir Henry who received from King Robert the Bruce a Charter of the Pentland Hills. In the Letter he is ranked among the Barons, and designed "Panetarius Scotiae."

"SCOTS WHA HA'E"

The same desire for Liberty and Independence that animated the Scots Army at Rosslyn—which incidentally is not far from Glencorse Barracks, Headquarters of that first Regiment of the Line, the Royal Scots—flamed in the breasts of the Scottish warriors at Bannockburn, twelve years later, and Burns' Ode is in the form of an Address to the Army on the eventful morning of that day. Professor Wilson (Christopher North) remarked that this Ode—the grandest outside the Bible—is sublime! As a Song of Liberty it thrills the hearts of all true Britons, whether Scots or English, and no excuse is needed for including it here as an interpretation of the atmosphere of Rosslyn's field of strife and victory, and the loyalty of the House of St. Clair to the Scottish Crown:—

"Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled!
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led!
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

“ Now’s the day, and now’s the hour;
See the front o’ battle lour;
See approach proud Edward’s power—
Chains and slavery!

“ Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward’s grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

“ Wha for Scotland’s king and law
Freedom’s sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa’
Let him follow me!

“ By oppression’s woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

“ Lay the proud usurper low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty’s in every blow!
Let us do, or die! ”

PENTLAND DEER HUNT

This Royal Hunt took place on the Pentland Hills, and is described in the author’s “ Pentland Days and Country Ways.” King Robert Bruce found relaxation in hawking and hunting, and in following the chase in this district, and had often started a white faunch deer that was too fleet for his hounds. Sir William St. Clair wagered that his two hounds “ Help ” and “ Hold ” would kill the deer before she crossed the March Burn in Glencorse Valley, now covered by “ The Queen of the Reservoirs,” or forfeit his life.

A great hunt ensued, and as the deer reached the middle of the Burn, Sir William’s hounds turned the deer back, and killed it at Sir William’s side, and in gratitude for his deliverance he is said to have built the Church of Saint Katherine-in-the-Hopes. The hill

from which the King viewed the contest is called the "King's Hill," and the place where Sir William hunted, the "Knight's Field."

ROSSLYN CASTLE'S "SLEEPING LADY"

If Hawthornden has various relics of antiquity, an incised slab with the initials of Robert III and his Queen Annabella Drummond (1396), mother of the poet King James I of Scotland, the Queen's silk dress and shoes, the long cane of Bess, Duchess of Lauderdale, famous for her diamonds and furious temper, and a tartan coat worn by Bonnie Prince Charlie in the 'Forty-five, and a two-handed traditional sword of Robert the Bruce, which Queen Victoria examined in 1842 and 1856, the handle of which was made from the tusk of a narwhal, with four reverse guards ("Archaeology of Scotland," p. 683); if William Preston of Gorton House, Lasswade, in 1452, obtained in France the Arm-bone of St. Giles, which was presented to the "Church of Edinburgh," and buried in the Lady Chapel of St. Giles (Proc. Soc. Ant. March 12, 1877, p. 154); if Penicuik House has the buff coat that Viscount Dundee (Claverhouse) wore at Killiecrankie (July 26, 1689); if Craig House (1565), Craiglockhart Hill, is haunted by the "Green Lady"; Woodhouselee by the "White Lady" with "a gown of Manchester goods with a wee flowerie on it"—ROSSLYN CASTLE has its "Sleeping Lady." Here is the legend—

In the vaults under the Courtyard a great treasure of several millions of pounds lies buried. It is under the guardianship of a lady of the ancient house of St. Clair, who, not very faithful to her trust, has been long in a dormant state. Awakened, however, by the sound of a trumpet, which must be heard in one of the lower apartments, she is to make her appearance, and to point out the spot where the treasure lies (Slezer in "Theatrum Scotiae," 1693). If she could but be awakened, and point to the buried treasure, then Rosslyn Castle might rise once more from its ruins, and become the majestic pile that once it was.

INSPIRATION OF SCOTTISH LITERATURE

Not only is Rosslyn and district replete with historical recollections of Scotland's patriotism and glory, but Scottish Literature also found inspiration here—Allan Ramsay in the "Habbie's Howe," leader of the Scottish poetical revival of the 18th century, who prepared the way for Fergusson and Burns, and described by Scott as "a good jovial honest fellow, who could crack a bottle with the best"; Drummond in Hawthornden, keenly sensitive to the beauty in natural scenery, and the first in Scottish poetry to record the beauty of a mountain height shining in the snow; Scott and Wordsworth and De Quincey in Rosslyn and Lasswade; Henry Mackenzie at Auchindinny; Dr. John Brown at The Howgate; Robert Louis Stevenson at Glencorse, and Fraser-Tytlers at Woodhouselee. Nor will we forget that James Thomson's nature poetry marked a new era in English literature. John Hill Burton, Historiographer-Royal for Scotland, lived at Morton House, the property of the St. Clairs in the reign of James III. The Architect of the Scott Monument, George Meikle Kemp first visited Rosslyn Chapel at the age of ten, and his emotions he later described as those of "tremulous surprise." The effect of this building upon his impressionable mind never left him.

"The most exquisitely beautiful of Churches is Rosslyn Chapel," wrote the American poet, William Winter, author of "Shakespeare's England." Writing of the "Heart of Scotland—Britain's Other Eye" (Ben Jonson), he said, "There is no literature in the world so musically, tenderly and weirdly poetical as the Scottish literature; there is no place on earth where the imaginative instinct of the national mind has resisted, as it has resisted in Scotland, the encroachment of utility upon the domain of romance; there is no people whose history has excelled that of Scotland in the display of heroic, intellectual and moral purpose, combined with passionate sensibility . . . a race of beings intensely original, individual, passionate, and magnificent." "Scotland is the

natural home of imagination, romance and poetry" ("Gray Days and Gold"). And who would disagree with our American brother.

This district of the Esk Valley with its architectural gem, and its ancient Castle and enchanting landscape has played a notable part in Scotland's literary, as well as her historical and romantic life.

One who came from the Far East of the United States of America to visit the scenes of his early childhood, wrote—

"No adequate idea of the beauties of the Roslin district can be conveyed to a stranger by verbal description, especially to one who has never been in such an old country as Scotland, and has never seen ruined castles and abbeys or ancient piles of ornate architecture. Such an one cannot possibly overestimate the romantic appearance of these features of the landscape. Highly, therefore, as my parents had in their affection spoken of the scenes I had come to visit, they had failed to raise expectations beyond what the reality could justify; nay, these had been exceeded by the delight I had experienced from actual survey. I carried away with me a sense of unalloyed pleasure that would dwell in my memory through all my life."

May such be the happy experience of all who come to Rosslyn (and visit the various places to which it has been the privilege of the author to act as Guide) to view the Chapel, the Castle, and the scenic lore of this interesting Scottish countryside.