

ENVIRONS OF EDINBURGH.

HAWTHORNDEN AND ROSLIN.

Admission daily. Charge, 6d. each at Hawthornden, 1s. at Roslin Chapel. The easiest way of reaching Hawthornden is by North British Railway (Peebles branch). Hawthornden station is within a few minutes' walk of the lodge. During summer a coach leaves 4 Princes Street for Roslin in the morning, returning in the afternoon. No admission to Hawthornden House from the Roslin side, but the tourist may walk through the glen that way by a path on the left bank of the Esk (see chart).

THE narrow glen (remarks Sir Walter Scott) which connects these two celebrated spots is one of those beautiful and sequestered valleys, which so often occur in Scotland, and generally where they are least to be expected from the appearance of the general landscape. It often happens that, amid an open and comparatively uninteresting country, where there is little to interest the traveller, he is conducted by the course of some fairy stream into a dell abounding with all the romantic varieties of cliff, and copsewood, and waterfall, through which the brook has found itself a more wild and pleasing course than along the surface of the more level ground.

HAWTHORNDEN,

The classical residence of the poet Drummond, is seen to most advantage from the opposite side of the river. Being built with some view to defence, a consideration in Scotland even till the middle of the 17th century and later, the house rises from the very edge of the grey cliff, which descends sheer down to the stream. The house, which is small and not very convenient, was repaired by the poet, with the following inscription :—"DIVINO MUNERE, GULIELMUS

DRUMMONDUS, AB HAWTHORNDEN, JOANNIS EQUITIS AURATI FILIUS, UT HONESTO OTIO QUIESCERET, SIBI ET SUCCESSORIBUS INSTAURAVIT, 1638 ;” and it is impossible (says Scott) to see Hawthornden, and mention its poetical owner, without thinking upon the time when

“Jonson sate in Drummond’s social shade.”

and lamenting the loss of Ben’s

“Journey into Scotland song,
With all the adventurers”—

in allusion to the fact that Jonson walked all the way from London to visit Scotland, partly with a view of spending some time with a man whom he esteemed.

Under the mansion lie those subterranean caves which have excited so much speculation amongst antiquaries. They are simply small apartments hewn out of the solid rock with much labour, which connect with each other by passages of disproportionate length. A spring-well, hewn with much labour, shows that these melancholy dwellings were designed for more than a brief space of retirement. Although it may be difficult to say whether they are the rude dwellings of an aboriginal race, who thus burrowed in the earth like wild beasts, and made their constant abode in the bowels of the rock—or whether they were constructed at a later period, as a temporary retreat, when the public calamities rendered the ordinary habitations of mankind unsafe, we may safely conclude, on the whole, that pressing necessity alone could reconcile human beings to such dreary mansions. Of this latter kind of caves, there are many in Scotland, as upon the banks of the Teviot, the Jed, and other rivers ; but they are much more rude, and much less complicated, than those of Hawthornden.

On the south side of the house of Hawthornden, and so situated as to have contributed in some sort for its defence, stand the ruins of an old tower, the abode of the poet’s ancestors ; and save that they enjoyed the benefit of God’s daylight, it seems one which cannot have been much more comfortable than the caverns themselves. Through this lies the entrance to the more modern house ; and the neighbourhood of the rude and ruinous pile adds much to the romance

of the whole situation. A sort of seat, cut in the rock adjacent to the house, is called the Cypress-grove, because frequented by Drummond while engaged in composing a moral treatise of that title on the vanity of human life.

After leaving Hawthornden, we proceed to Roslin by a narrow path along the river's side. On the southern (right) bank of the stream are to be seen the caves of Gorton, which afforded shelter to Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, with a band of chosen patriots, during the reign of David II., while Scotland was in the hands of the English.

Passing through scenery of much natural beauty, the foot-path up the river conducts the tourist to

ROSSLYN CHAPEL,

[New Hotel in the village, where dinner or refreshments can be obtained; also stabling.]

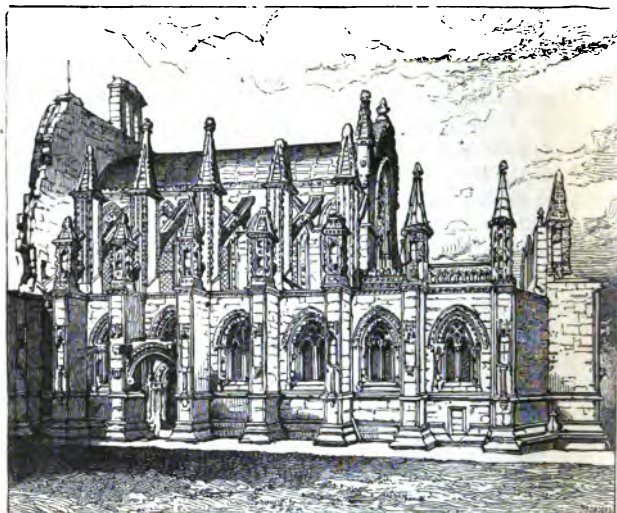
Closed on Saturdays at 6 P.M. On Sundays open for divine service *only*. Admission fee for seeing Chapel—single visitor 1s.; bona fide party of ten and upwards, 6d. each.

Sunday services—morning at 12.25 P.M., evening (during summer) at 5 P.M.*

Excellent photographs of Rosslyn may be purchased of Mr. THOMSON at the Chapel.

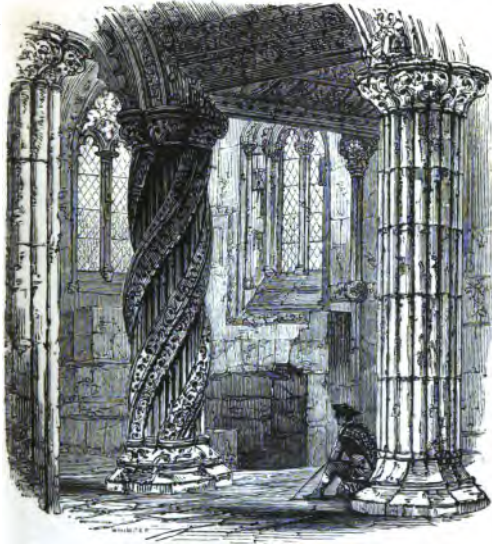
Situated about seven miles from Edinburgh, overlooking the romantic valley of the North Esk. This building was founded in 1446 by William St. Clair, third Earl of Orkney, and Lord of Roslin, and is one of the most highly-decorated specimens of Gothic architecture in Scotland. At the Revolution of 1688 part of it was defaced by a mob from Edinburgh, but it was repaired in the following century by General St. Clair. The late Earl of Roslin, following up the work of his predecessor, who had undertaken the restoration of the more dilapidated parts, completed the repairs with scrupulous attention to the preservation of their original character. "The building," says Mr. Britton, "may be pronounced unique, and I am confident it will be found curious, elaborate, and singularly interesting. The Chapel of King's College, St. George's, and Henry VII., are all conformable to the styles of the respective ages when they were erected; and these styles display a gradual advancement in lightness and profusion of ornament; but the Chapel of Roslin combines the solidity of the Norman

* For further particulars regarding services, inquire at Messrs. R. Grant and Son, Booksellers, Princes Street, Edinburgh.



ROSSLYN CHAPEL (1446).

with the minute decorations of the latest species of the Tudor age. It is impossible to designate the architecture of this building by any given or familiar term ; for the variety and eccentricity of its parts are not to be defined by any words of common acceptation." The nave is bold and lofty, enclosed, as usual, by side aisles, the pillars and arches of which display a profusion of ornament, particularly observable in the "'Prentice's Pillar," with its finely-sculptured foliage. It is said that the master-builder of the chapel, being unable to execute the design of this pillar from the plans in his possession, proceeded to Rome to study a similar column there. During his absence his apprentice proceeded with the execution of the design, and upon the master's return he found this finely-ornamented column completed. Stung with envy at this proof of the superior ability of his apprentice, he struck him a blow with his mallet and killed him on the spot—a favourite legend, related in connection with various other buildings. Upon the architrave uniting the 'Prentice



THE 'PRENTICE PILLAR, ROSSLYN CHAPEL.

Pillar to a smaller one is the following **sententious** inscription from the book of Esdras :—“ *Fortis est vinum, fortior est rex, fortiores sunt mulieres; super omnia vincit veritas.*” Beneath the chapel lie the Barons of Roslin, all of whom, till the time of James VII., were buried in complete armour. This circumstance, as well as the superstitious belief that on the night before the death of any of the Lords of Roslin the chapel appears in flames, is the subject of Sir Walter Scott's fine ballad of *Rosabelle* :—

O listen, listen, ladies gay !
No haughty feat of arms I tell ;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

O'er Roslin all that dreary night,
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam :
Twas broader than the watch-fire's
light,
And redder than the bright moon-
beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copsewood glen ;
Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chier's uncoffined lie
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.



ROSLIN CASTLE.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons
 bold
 Lie buried within that proud cha-
 pelle;
 Each one the holy vault doth hold—
 But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St. Clair was buried there,
 With candle, with book, and with
 knell;
 But the sea-caves rung, and the wild
 winds sung,
 The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

(*Extract.*)

The mouldering ruins of ROSLIN CASTLE, with its triple tier of vaults, stand upon a peninsular rock, overhanging the picturesque glen of the Esk, and are accessible only by a bridge

of considerable height, thrown over a deep cut in the solid rock. The origin of the castle is involved in obscurity, but it was long the abode of the proud family of St. Clairs, whose title (Sir Walter Scott remarks) at one period of history would have wearied a herald, yet who were perhaps

“Not so wealthy as an English yeoman.”

The name is originally from the family of Saint Clare in France. Sir William Sinclair in the reign of Alexander I. obtained from that monarch the barony of Roslin. A succeeding baron, William, was one of the subscribers to a letter sent by the nobility of Scotland to the Pope asserting the independence of their country; while William, who founded the chapel, filled some of the highest offices in the state under James II., and was himself nearly related to royalty. In 1544 the castle was burned down by the Earl of Hertford; and in 1650 it surrendered to General Monk. It is now in a very ruinous condition, and more remarkable for its picturesque position than any remains of architecture to be traced among its walls and towers, which are falling rapidly into decay:

“Time moulders down the very stone;
With every blast the fragments fall,
And winds are blustering in the hall.”

Sir Walter Scott mentions in his *Provincial Antiquities*, that the comparatively modern mansion which has been erected amidst the ruins was inhabited (in his lifetime) by a genuine Scottish laird of the old stamp, the lineal descendant of the first founders of the pile, and the last heir-male of their long line, “and whose last bed is made, where it is said twelve barons of his race lie in their armour, instead of shrouds, betwixt two of the pillars of the chapel, the bases of which were slightly indented to make way for his corpse, in consequence of his uncommon stature.” At his death the estate descended to Sir James Erskine St. Clair, and through him to the present Earl of Roslin, who now represents the family.

The whole valley of the Esk abounds in beautiful scenery, and is studded with noblemen's and gentlemen's seats.

From that fair dome, where suit is paid By blast of bugle free,* To Auchindinny's hazel glade, And haunted Woodhouselee.†	Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,‡ And Roslin's rocky glen, Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,§ And classic Hawthornden? — <i>Scott's ballad, "THE GREY BROTHER."</i>
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Sir Walter Scott spent some of the happiest years of his life at **LASSWADE**, a village in this neighbourhood; and Thomas De Quincey, "The English Opium-Eater," retired hither during his later years. In a cottage which used to go by the name of "*De Quincey's Cottage*," he was engaged in the revision of his collected writings until shortly before his death in December 1859.

DALKEITH

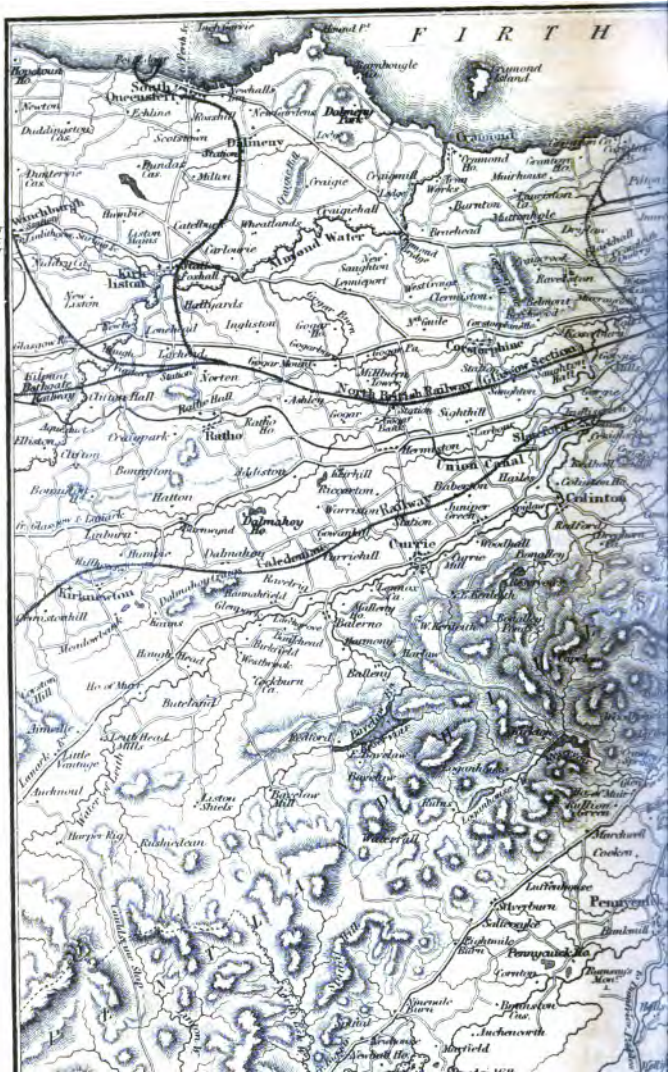
(The seat of the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry) is situated 6 miles from Edinburgh, and may be reached by rail or coach. From Lasswade it is about 2 miles distant. At the eastern extremity of the village is the main entrance to the Palace; and the Episcopal chapel of **ST. MARY'S** (service, choral, on Sundays at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M.) **DALKEITH PALACE** is a large square structure, surrounded by an extensive park in which the rivers North and South Esk unite a short way below. Palace and gardens shown to strangers, in absence of the family, on Wednesday and Saturday.

On the way to or from Roslin or Dalkeith the tourist may visit **NEWBATTLE ABBEY**, the seat of the Marquis of Lothian; **DALHOUSIE CASTLE**, the seat of the Earl of Dalhousie; and the ruins of **CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE**.

* Penicuk House—Sir George Clerk, Bart. † Seat of the Tytlers.
 ‡ Seat of General Viscount Melville. § Seat of the Duke of Buccleuch.

THE END.

To Linlithgow
& Kirk
Glasgow

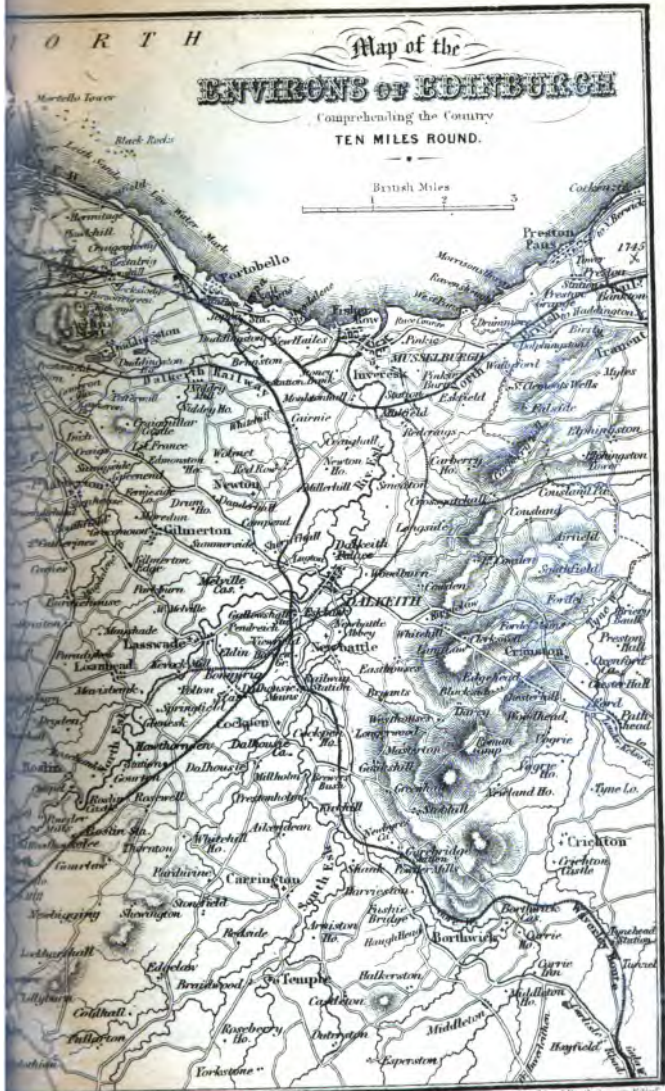
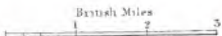


O R T H

Map of the ENVIRONS OF EDINBURGH

Comprehending the Country

TEN MILES ROUND.



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