

ROSLIN.

In a few minutes the descending road carries us past the turning which goes eastward to the North Esk where historic memorials lie in a great cluster.

The ruins of Roslin Castle are seen, high on the banks of Esk. The Castle was the possession of the St. Clairs, the Earls of Orkney. Hard by the Castle lies the moor where in 1302 three divisions of the English army were defeated in one day:

"Three triumphs in a day!
Three hosts subdued by one!
Three armies scattered like the spray,
Beneath the Summer sun."

Equally notable, a short distance down the Esk, on the opposite side, stands the famous Castle of Hawthornden—whose master was the poet, William Drummond, the friend of Shakespeare, and to see whom another contemporary, Ben Jonson, came on foot all the way from London. The master of the Castle met at his door the London dramatist with the words:

"Welcome, welcome, Royal Ben!"

to which Ben Jonson replied:

"Thankee, thankee, Hawthornden!"

Turning now backward to Roslin Chapel we have one of the most interesting architectural masterpieces belonging to Scotland and dating back some half dozen centuries or more. All is unique. The architecture, carving and tracery are highly florid; the interior is striking; the Prentice's pillar is wonderful; in the Crypt the Barons of Roslin, many of them lying in armor, are buried; and last but not least, the beadle with his parrot-story told to all is the genius of the place.

As to so many other places in Scotland, so here the supernatural clings to everything about Roslin Castle and Chapel. Sir Walter Scott has sung in his ballad of "Rosabelle", that when members of the house of proud St. Clair died the Chapel was always seen to be enveloped in magic flames. Lady Rosabelle of the St. Clair blood, dared to cross the Forth, when a storm was raging, and as she perished the chapel glared with fire:

"Blazed battlement and pinnet lign,
Blazed every rose-carved luttress fair,
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

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

But Edinburgh is now in sight. Half an hour and we are in the North or Capital. We have had a day in "Wonder Land".

"Harp of the north farewell! The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow return,
'Tis silent all: Enchantress fare thee well!"