

LORD ROSEBERY'S SCOTTISH HOME:

DALMENY HOUSE AND PARK.

THROUGHOUT the whole stretch of the Firth of Forth, with its finely undulating scenery, which embraces countless contrasts of green, sheltered holms, and pine-clad heights along its landward regions, and quaint old-world towns with narrow, hill-climbing streets of tile-roofed houses, picturesque and grey, overlooking the sea, there is no district which, for varied beauty and romantic associations, can match the magnificent demesne lying around Dalmeny House and Barnbogle Castle, the Scottish mansions of the Right Honourable the Earl of Rosebery, the present Premier of England. Dalmeny Park comprises over two thousand acres, and contains an endless variety of shadowy, fern-clad dells, gleaming glades, and long, pleasant stretches of green undulations, with here and there a rugged height crested with a community of plummy pines or crowned by a few picturesque Scotch firs, gaunt and eerie-looking, and standing out against the sky silent and motionless, like warders on a tower.

While Dalmeny Park, on account of its picturesque beauty, will well repay a pilgrimage, it has also the lucky hap to be in the centre of a region which, on the one hand, has been stamped with the fascinating seal of history, and on the other has been blessed with the bewitching wand of romance. Within one mile of its gates is the ancient royal burgh of Queensferry, so named from the good Queen Margaret of Scotland, the sister of Edgar Atheling and wife of Malcolm Canmore. A woman of noble character and lofty ideals, she strove hard to make the Church pure, to advance religion and education, and to civilise the savage Scots. The town derived its name from the fact that here was the spot whence the royal barge, or ferry-boat, bore the Queen to the Fife shore of the Forth on her frequent pilgrimages to Dunfermline Abbey or on her journeys to the north. The other place of picturesque interest — one which lies finely set in the field of romance — within easy hail of Dalmeny, is the Hawes Inn, so charmingly described in the opening chapters of "The Antiquary." Every reader of Scott remembers the violence

of temper which Monkbarns displayed as he descended the crazy steps of the Queensferry diligence, when the fat, gouty, pousy landlord greeted him with that mixture of familiarity and respect which the Scotch innkeepers of the old school used to assume towards their more valued customers. The characteristic passage of arms, followed by good-humoured badinage, between Monkbarns and the landlord, as to what the former and his fellow-traveller might have for dinner, will be well remembered: "'Ou, there's fish, nae doubt — that's sea-trout and caller haddocks,' said Mackitchinson, twisting his napkin; 'and ye'll be for a mutton-chop, and there's cranberry tarts very weel preserved, and — there's just onything else ye like.'"

No better starting-point for Dalmeny Park could be had than the Hawes Inn; and in a clear crisp morning late in January we drove off from that picturesque old hostelry in a well-appointed conveyance which was a considerable improvement on the "Hawes Fly," which carried Monkbarns and Mr. Lovel from Edinburgh to Queensferry, and which arrived all too late to catch the flood-tide for the continuation of the journey. Our party had sat till midnight on the previous evening in the identical cosy parlour, with its antique oval mirrors, its quaint old cupboards, and its heavy oak furniture, where Monkbarns and his companion grew eloquent over the landlord's superb Falernian; and it would have been strange if "The Antiquary" had not been recalled in thought and speech, with its various characters — Monkbarns, Miss Wardour, Dousterswivel, and Edie Ochiltree — before us to the life.

On leaving the Hawes Inn, the first place of interest on the way to Dalmeny is the ancient burgh of Queensferry, whose quaint houses, hoary with age and roofed with tiles made brown by tempest and time, picturesquely encircle one of the loveliest little bays in all the Firth. This romantic sea-washed town has been associated with the Rosebery family for more than two centuries, and there has lately been created an additional and



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G.

somewhat touching bond between it and the present Earl. The great calamity which befell his Lordship on the death of his wife, Hannah Rothschild, is still fresh in the public mind. As a fitting tribute

summer foliage clothes all the woods with countless hues. As it was, we drove through its ever-varying avenues and parks under the clear blue sky of a peaceful winter morning, after a cold, petrifying



Photo by John Knox, Glasgow.

DALMENY HOUSE.

to her memory, as well as a graceful deed of beneficence to Queensferry, he has erected a fine hall, with reading-room, library, and a tasteful and commodious suite of recreation-rooms, for the use of the inhabitants. About six months ago he handed over the gift to the Provost and magistrates of the burgh. The function—very judiciously—was semi-private, but neither the graceful kindness which prompted the gift nor the appreciation of the recipients was lessened thereby.

A drive of less than a mile brings you to the western entrance to Dalmeny Park. This magnificent demesne, which presents the most picturesque profusion of green holms and rugged heights, pastoral undulations and long solemn stretches of dark, plummy pines, shadowy dells and gleaming glades, extends in one superb stretch for three miles along the Firth of Forth, having for its eastern boundary the crystal Almond as it winds through its romantic gorges from Cramond Brig to the sea. One can well imagine the rich beauty of such an extensive and varied landscape when the full luxuriance of

frost had, in its miracle of silence, wrought a magic stillness on each rime-clad bough and ice-bound stream. The stately avenues of beeches and elms were spectral and still as the woodlands of a dream. We were early abroad on that calm January day, and had thereby our reward in the picturesque revelation in colour and form as shown in the countless array of snow-white cloudlets which hung lazily in the valleys or encircled the summits of the various hills around. In their purity and slow, graceful motion they reminded one of Shelley's exquisite picture—

A multitude of dense white fleecy clouds
Were wandering in thick flocks along the hills,
Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind.

As we drove on, the sun, one awful glory, like an archangel's shield, arose away to the south-east from behind a ridge crested with pines. Then suddenly the belts of filmy cirrus became like floating bars of transparent gold, or stood against the green hillsides like shining strands amid emerald seas. Following the rising sun there came up a cold soug from the sea, and, overhead, the

awakened breeze rustled among the naked branches, whilst there fell at our feet, or fluttered hard and crisp down upon the frozen pools, in deep maroon or pale yellow, the stray stubborn leaves of the gnarled oaks and stately beeches which had outlived their fellows. This was the *reveille* of the new day, and ere we reached Mons Hill, one of the most elevated points in Dalmeny Park, the morning mists had all gone, and the Firth of Forth lay before us in one calm stretch of blue from Queensferry to North Berwick Law.

A drive of about a mile through the park from Mons Hill brings you to Dalmeny House, one of the most finely situated mansion-houses in all the Lothians. It was erected between the years 1815 and 1819 by John Archibald Primrose, fourth Earl of Rosebery, from the designs and under the superintendence of Mr. Williams, architect, who subsequently erected the National Gallery in London. In the general scope of its architecture it is a fine example of the highly decorated style predominant in the reign of James IV. of Scotland. A

it a quaint, old-world appearance which contrasts strikingly with the styles of architecture most commonly used in Scotland. The hall, which is richly ornamented in the Gothic style, is imposing in the extreme, the fine pendants and the artistic setting of the timber work producing a charming effect. It opens into a grand corridor whose roof is embellished with exquisite carving, and which extends the whole length of the principal apartments. The windows are of antique stained glass, in single subjects, of the most artistic designs and the richest colours, here and there the eye falling upon emblazoned panes—

Where shielded scutcheons blush with blood of
kings and queens.

The dining-room is a magnificent apartment, and contains many noteworthy portraits by eminent painters, including a fine one of the great Pitt by Sir Thomas Lawrence, one of Charles James Fox, and a striking one of Prince Bismarck. Over the mantelpiece hangs a charming Murillo, one of this great master's finest works, and one which is justly prized by the noble



OLD OAKS—DALMENY PARK.

Photo by John Knox, Glasgow.

number of small turrets enriched with beautiful tracery stand out picturesquely against the sky, whilst numerous panels ornamented by armorial insignia are profusely distributed about the edifice, giving

owner of Dalmeny. In the music-room adjoining hangs the renowned portrait of Napoleon I. by David, besides landscapes by Patrick Nasmyth, taken from picturesque stretches or romantic dells within the

extensive scope of Dalmeny Park. Besides those pictures named, throughout the whole house—in drawing-room, on staircase, and in entrance-hall—there are profusely dispersed the richest works of art alike in painting and sculpture, the whole collection being equally varied and precious.

More picturesque in every way, and of greater historic interest, is Barnbogle Castle, the home of the Roseberys for nearly two centuries, and occupied by them up till 1820, when Dalmeny House

fine sense of the fitness of things, has had the structure completely restored, and Barnbogle Castle has once more taken its place as a spacious mansion which, while it ranks as one of the richest specimens of the old Scottish baronial style of architecture north of the Tweed, possesses a romantic fascination and an historic interest far beyond what its modern neighbour, Dalmeny House, can claim. In the eastern corner of the restored building there is an exquisite memorial of the present Lord Rosebery's nimble fancy

and pious, conservative reverence which is worthy of notice. On a stone there he has had graved a touching and leal-hearted apology for his splendid restoration of the home of his ancestors. The words are from the old Hebrew source, and have all the final force of a Bible mandate: "Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set."

Around this restored castle there are massive stone corbels, and each corner is adorned with turrets in keeping with the general scope of the antique design, whilst the "crow-stepped" gables give to the edifice a fascinating old-world appearance, as if it had existed long before was fought fateful Flodden, where the "flowers of the forest were a' wede away." A porch of heavy masonry leads to the outer and inner halls, which have panelled oak dados, five feet in height, around them, and have also panelled timber ceilings of the most artistic workmanship. To the left of the inner hall are the library and reading-room. The first of those apartments is solid and stately in the extreme, with its massive oak cases and its heavy, dignified furniture to suit; and the appreciative

eye cannot fail to observe here, with keen interest, two noteworthy objects—a favourite writing-desk of Charles Dickens's (not, of course, the writing-slope which he used at Gad's Hill, and which was purchased by Mr. Bancroft, a few months ago, at the sale of the library of the late Mr. Edmund Yates), and a replica of Boehm's famous statue of Thomas Carlyle.

On the upper floor of Barnbogle Castle is the banquetting-hall, a stately apartment well worthy of an earl's home. It is sixty feet in length, thirty feet in breadth, and thirty feet in height. In design and workmanship this magnificent room is peculiarly an impressive example of the old romantic days. Its



Photo by John Knox, Glasgow.

ROSEBERY MEMORIAL HALL, QUEENSFERRY.

was built. Situated due north of the latter and modern residence, and only a couple of furlongs from it, this picturesque castle stands on the very margin of the Firth, its lofty turrets and massive grey battlements overlooking the whole stretch of the Forth, of which it is one of the grandest and most romantic landmarks. The old castle, for many generations the Scottish home of the Primroses, was blown up in 1820, and for half-a-century remained a picturesque ruin, with crumbling walls and gaunt turrets standing eerily against the solemn twilight sky. The present Earl, however, with commendable respect towards his notable and worthy ancestors, as well as through his

oak roof, antique oaken gallery at the eastern end, and huge oak chimney-piece, twenty feet in height and richly carved, come upon one as a dream of those picturesque feudal days when—

Forth to the wood did merry men go,
To gather in the mistletoe;
When opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all.

The name Barnbogle is of Celtic origin, and seems to have been given to the scene of a battle—"Bar-na-buai-gall,"

after the Restoration—to Sir Archibald Primrose of Carrington, then Lord Register, and afterwards Justice-General of Scotland.

The Rosebery family, as far back as the beginning of the sixteenth century, possessed the lands of Primrose, near Inverkeithing, and subsequently acquired lands in Perthshire, near Culross. The most distinguished member of this family, however—in fact, the founder of their fortunes—was Sir Archibald Primrose, a



DALMENY CHURCH.

Photo by John Knox, Glasgow.

signifying in Gaelic "the point of the victory of strangers." There is a cairn in the Park called the "Earl Cairnie," which, according to tradition, was erected after a battle with the Danes.

The first proprietors of Barnbogle were the de Moubrays, who came from Normandy with William the Conqueror, and are, with good reason, considered to be the noble house of Moubray, the Dukes of Norfolk. The estates of Barnbogle and Dalmeny remained in the hands of the Moubrays till 1615, when they were sold to Sir Thomas Hamilton, his Majesty's Advocate, afterwards created Earl of Haddington, whose grandson again disposed of them, in 1662—just two years

lawyer of high distinction, who, in 1641, was appointed Clerk of the Privy Council, and who was in constant touch with his sovereign, Charles I., until he was discharged by the Parliament, when it gained ascendancy in the Civil War. During the Protectorate he lived in retirement, but on the Restoration, in 1660, he was made Lord Register of Scotland. Additional honours came to him in 1661, when he was made a Senator of the College of Justice, under the title of Lord Carrington, and afterwards Lord Justice General. In those troublous times, when only men of bravery and of spotless fame could stand the political ordeal, he ever maintained a high reputation for integrity and wisdom, and

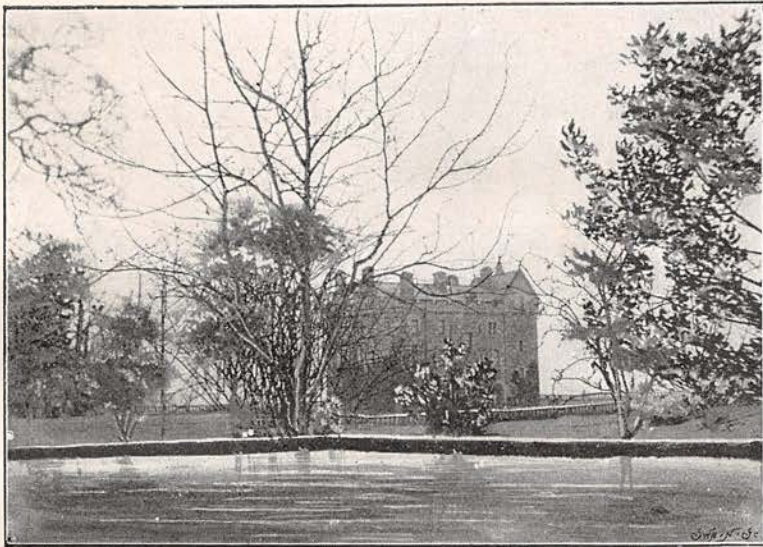
exercised much influence for good over the destinies of his country. Having acquired an ample fortune, he purchased, from John, fourth Earl of Haddington, the estates of Dalmeny and Barnbougle, for 160,000 marks. Dying in 1679, he was interred in the ancient church of Dalmeny, in whose northern vault the ashes of the Primroses have ever since been laid to rest. His descendant, Archibald Philip Primrose, the fifth Earl, now wears the coronet.

In many respects one of the most interesting features of this picturesque region is Dalmeny Church, and the drive

Law, and the Isle of May, to the east; Stirling Castle—the “grey lion of the North”—the Ochil Hills, and Ben Lomond, to the west; while beneath you stretches the whole panorama of the Firth of Forth, including its giant bridge, from Grangemouth to the North Sea.

A drive of two miles brings you to Dalmeny Church, in the midst of its old-world village, one of the most perfect examples of Norman ecclesiastical architecture in Great Britain. The structure dates from the year 1107, and is a wonderfully complete specimen of early Norman work, of which few examples remain

in Scotland unless in picturesque ruins. The eastern portion is apsidal, as is the fashion of other oblong Norman churches, as St. Margaret's in Edinburgh, and that other splendid example, second only to Dalmeny, Leuchars parish church, near St. Andrews. The interior view of the apse has a fine massive simple effect, being sur-



BARNBOUGLE CASTLE.

Photo by John Knox, Glasgow.

to it through Dalmeny Park from Barnbougle Castle embraces some of the finest scenery which can be found from the Tay to the Tweed. Pastoral undulations and fir-clad hills, deep romantic glens and dark shadowy woodlands, fine stretches of game-haunted coppice, now all aglow with the deep maroon of the withered bracken, and seemingly interminable avenues of beeches, elms, and, in several instances, of magnificent oaks, pass before you in rich profusion. Nor are those dells and woodlands the only charm in Dalmeny Park. From many a high point of vantage extensive views of the surrounding scenery may be had. One spot favoured beyond all others in this respect is Mons Hill, from whose summit the outlook is both extensive and picturesque, embracing the city of Edinburgh, the Bass Rock, North Berwick

mounted by a groined arch, the ribs of which are deeply moulded with tooth-work as finely defined as it was on the day on which it left the chisel. Another fine archaeological feature of the edifice is the main entrance door projecting to the south, the archway of which is supported on two plain pillars with Norman capitals.

At the northern side of this charming old edifice, which has seen the storm and shine of well-nigh eight centuries, is the modest mausoleum where repose the ashes of the Roseberys; and in a quiet corner of the sweet churchyard rests the dust of John Hill Burton. It had been his desire to be buried there, by the side of his beloved daughter. No stone marks their grass-covered grave, but an old yew gives them its shadowy shelter in their long, last sleep.

ALEXANDER LAMONT.