

THE FAIR CITY OF PERTH.

Hear Land o' Cakes, and brither Scotts,
Frae Maidenkirck to Johnny Groats,
A chiled's amang you taking notes
And faith, he'll prent it;
He's ta'en the antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.

PERTH is more attractive in its surroundings than in itself, though the town lays claim to some architectural elegance, and its prettiness, if not its healthfulness, is increased by the sinuosities of the Tay, the pride of Scotland, through its midst.

Great Tay, through Perth, through towns,
through country flies—
Perth the whole kingdom with her wealth
supplies.

It is a place of great antiquity, and according to tradition, it was near a spot beyond the wooded heights of the Cloven Crag, on which the Roman army, under Agricola, stood entranced with the matchless view, and exclaimed "Ecce Tiber! Ecce Campus Martius!" (the Tay and its meadows, or inches). To this boast "Anonymous" thus responds in "The Fair Maid of Perth," with whose opinion I heartily coincide, having been able to compare the Roman and the Perthshire rivers—

"Behold the Tiber!" the vain Romans cried,
Viewing the ample Tay from Baiglie's side,
But where the Scot that would the vaunt repay,
And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay.

Scott was enraptured with this view early in life, and many years later declared he had had no reason to alter his opinion. He thus writes of it: "One of the most beautiful points of view which Britain, or perhaps the world, can afford, is, or rather we may say was, before the

alteration of the road, from a spot called 'The Wicks of Baiglie,' being a species of niche at which the traveler arrives after a long stage from Kinross, through a waste of uninteresting country, and from which, as forming a pass over the summit of a ridged eminence, he beholds, stretched beneath him, the valley of the Tay, traversed by its lordly and ample stream; the town of Perth, with its two large meadows, or inches, its steeples and its towers; the hills of Moncrieff and Kinnoull faintly rising into picturesque rocks, partly clothed with woods; the rich margin of the river, studded with elegant mansions; and the distant view of the huge Grampian mountains, the northern screen of this exquisite landscape." The leveling spirit of the age has destroyed this view. Arriving by rail under the hill, we lose most of it.

The hill of Kinnoull rises in romantic majesty from the north side of the Tay, with Moredun, or Moncrieff, the glory of Scotland, on the opposite, or Southern, side. There is, of course, no end of traditions and legends connected with these localities, and report says that Kinnoull often served as a hiding place for Wallace when pursued by his enemies, and that some precious stones are actually to be found on Kinnoull hill—amethyst, of a pale sea-green color, or white, and occasionally beautiful