

gent information from her concerning the city. I observed how frequently she was saluted by those whom we met, and judged her to be a person of consideration, from the evident respect shown to her. I told her I wished very much to see the view from the Wicks of Baiglie, so greatly admired by Scott in the opening chapter of "Fair Maid of Perth," and, of course, the house of the "Fair Maid" herself. She replied that if I would accompany her home, she could point out from the windows the route I must take the next day to reach the former, but added, smilingly, "I think I can give you a view equally fine and extensive without going so far in search of it."

On reaching her residence, a spacious and luxuriant one, she escorted me up stairs to the beautiful rooms which commanded the windings of the Tay, valley, city and hills, with the heights of Cloven Crags toward the south, and indicated the whole grand *coup d'oeil* from every point of view. "May I not know," said I, handing her my card, "to whom I am indebted for so much friendly courtesy?" Going to her armoire, she presented me with her card, from which I learned, afterward, that she was the widow of a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman, recently deceased. On descending, she urged me to the drawing room, and introduced me to an old lady, her mother, who was entertaining visitors. In the course of conversation, some topic of Scottish history came up, and adjourning to the library for our references, we were soon cozily seated around the center table, consulting our several authorities as if we had been acquainted all our lives. On taking my leave of the interesting family, with this privileged peep at the domestic interior, my hostess insisted upon making a portion of the ascent with me, that I might not lose the nearest way, bidding me go "a

wee piece this way, and a wee bittie that." Was not this friendly? And there are those who talk of Scotch churlishness in their travels. We met universally with hospitable kindness and ready civility. Although alone on my climb, and with rain imminent, I determined to secure the glorious prospect from the top of Kinnoull, and occupied about an hour and a half in the gradual, though toilsome, ascent, only to catch one grand, comprehensive, whole, "*unum sed leonem*," when at once everything was obscured in mist, and I was wrapped about as with a wet blanket in descending. Notwithstanding my disappointment, that one glance will be "a joy forever," and was better than the traveler's record of his experience in the visitors' book at Rigi Kulm—"We have missed all the scene, but seen all the mist"—which *jeu d'esprit*, I am happy to say, was of an American clergyman.

The low altitude of the mountains in general, and the smallness of the rivers throughout the British Isles, always disappoint an American, accustomed to the grander features of his own country, and on viewing them for the first time, he finds himself drawn to parody the boast of "Anonymous" in his turn, thereby proving himself the greater boaster, perhaps, but with the greater reason.

Behold Helvellyn! the proud Scotchman cries,
Mighty to climb, majestic in size;

But where the Webfoot would the vaunt make
good,

Remembering Rainier, Adams and Mt. Hood.

Perth was the ancient capital of Scotland, and enjoyed that dignity down to the year 1482. A short distance up the east bank of the Tay, stood the venerable abbey of Scone (Bcoon) where so many monarchs were invested with the crown of sovereignty, while seated on the stone, afterward transferred by Edward I. to Westminster abbey, as mentioned in a previous article. The last