

and his name was a proverb used by those who did not know there ever existed such a man as Gowrie, half a century after his death. A mother, in caressing her infant, would say, "My braw earl o' Gowrie—my bonnie earl o' Gowrie," the antithesis of the threat with which mothers were wont to hush children to sleep.

Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,  
The black Douglas shall not catch ye.

The view from the bridge of Perth, embracing delightful prospects of the town and its romantic environs, of the river, the North Inch and the distant Grampians, possesses peculiar charms.

Northward glance thy raptured e'e,  
On mountains piled to heaven's e'e—bree—  
Our giant guards o' liberty,  
The Grampian chain,  
Like billows o' a stormy sea  
Congealed to stane.

Before the erection of the present bridge, two previous ones had been successively swept away, the last in 1621, and the only mode of crossing the Tay at Perth, for one hundred and fifty years, was by ferry boats. That the Tay has always been an unmanageable river to cross, a more recent disaster at Dundee bears record.

A house, at the junction of Watergate with High street, bears on its front a marble tablet, with an inscription, "Here stood the Castle of the Green," which castle was said to have stood upon the site of an old British temple, which the Romans subsequently dedicated to Mars. "Hollinshed's Chronicle" repeats the ancient story, that, previous to the christian era, the son of Regan, second daughter of King Lear (made famous by Shakespeare), ruled over the whole island of Britain, and built three temples—one to Mars, at Perth; one to Mercury, at Bangor; and the third to Apollo, in Cornwall. About 1788 the pres-

ent building was built by the Golfers, on the site of the "House of the Green." Three feet below the level of the street, the workmen came upon two flat arches, which they broke through. Beneath each was an apartment, twenty-six by fourteen. The walls of large stones, strongly cemented, were three and one-half feet in thickness. In one apartment was a door to the north, and in the other one to the south. I leave to antiquarians to determine whether these were the remains of the temple.

Every tourist is expected to visit the spot, in the vicinity of Perth, rendered memorable by the affecting story of the two maidens, "Bessie Bell and Mary Grey." These two beautiful women were kinsfolk, and so strictly united in friendship, that even personal jealousy could not interrupt it. The narrative says that they were visited by a handsome and agreeable young man, who was so captivated with their charms, that while confident of a preference on the part of both of them, he was unable to make a choice between them. While this singular position of affairs among the three continued, the breaking out of the plague forced the two ladies to take refuge in the beautiful valley of Lynedoch, where they built for themselves a bower, in order to avoid the danger of infection from human intercourse. They did not, however, include the lover in their renunciation of society, and having visited them in their retirement, he carried with him the fatal disease. Unable to return to Perth, his residence, he was nursed by the fair friends with all the tenderness of affection. He died, however, having first communicated the infection to his devoted attendants. They followed him to the grave, lovely in their lives, and in their death undivided. Their burial place, near the bower they had built, is still visible in the romantic vicinity of Lord Lynedoch's mansion.