

VICINITY OF PERTH.

The Parish of Perth, which was subdivided a few years ago for ecclesiastical purposes, into four parishes, is about four miles in length, and three in breadth, and forms a beautiful semi-circle on the banks of the Tay. It is bounded on the east and north by the Tay; on the west by Tippermuir and Aberdalgie; and on the south by Dunbarney and For-teviot. The surface is flat on the banks of the Tay, and the lands are of excellent quality, and well cultivated. In the parish are situated the ancient castles of Balhousie and Pitheavles; and the villages of Craigie, Tulloch, and Muirton of Balhousie.

From the year 1750 to 1780, the vicinity of Perth formed a wonderful contrast to its present appearance. Except the house of Balhousie, the castle of Pitheavles, and the old Palace of Seone, then standing, there was scarcely a slated or two storey house to be seen. The farm steadings were all low thatched hovels, with a stable and byre on the one side, and the barn on the other; with the midden hole in the centre, in front of the house, through which it was often necessary to pass by the aid of stepping-stones, before access could be obtained to the house. The maids slept in the kitchen, the master and mistress in the ben-room; all in close beds, with kds or doors on them. The back of the two kitchen beds formed the partition or one side of the pantry; the ends of the beds in the room, with the back of the gudewife's aumry, forming the other, the door being between them. The rafters were bare above, encrusted with soot, and dripping with condensed evaporations. The floors of the ben-house even were of earth. The kitchen fire was often placed out from the wall, leaving a considerable space behind; here sat the ploughman and herd on one side, and the farmer and colley on the other.

During the winter evenings, the maids were ranged in front on each side, plying the spinning wheel with eident thrift; the gudowife in the centre being occupied with the reel. When a maid was fee'd, the quantity of yarn she had to spin each day, besides doing the work of the house, was stipulated. Their meals were all taken in the kitchen; the contents of the pot being dished up in one large cogue, and placed on a stool, beside which were set an abundance of pease bannocks; the whole family supped from one dish. When there was flesh in the pot, which was rarely the case, the gudeman cut a piece to each one and handed it to him; some had a fork for this purpose, others adhered to the more primitive mode of using their fingers; when there was no meat, a slice of cheese was given to each. In the morning the porridge were dished up in the same way, and all supped from one dish; the same in the evening with the sowens. After the introduction of potatoes, the pot in which they were beat was set in the centre, all sitting round and digging away with their spoons; after supper the whole joined in family worship. As the towns increased, the population of the country diminished; the cottars melting away rapidly as the farms were increased in size. At the Muirton, upwards of forty cottars' houses were demolished, and the families turned adrift. Each of these kept a cow, and worked to the farmer for their rent. The Friarston and other parts of the parish, as well as the country in general, shared the same fate.

Old Earl Thomas of Kinnoul was the first who set the example of improving the houses of his tenantry. He built houses of two storeys covered with grey slates, and gave the farmers three nineteen-year tasks at a moderate rent. It was his chief pride to see his tenants thriving, and with a good coat on their backs; some of these steadings may yet be seen on the Kinnoul farms. However much these houses may in the present day be despised by our wealthy farmers, they were thought exceedingly grand when built. This excellent nobleman was much esteemed: after being engaged abroad in a diplomatic situation, he retired in his old age to Dupplin, where he took great delight in improving his property, and spending his income in the place. His only care being not to run in debt, wishing at the same time to spend his whole income within the year. On one occasion, when settling the year's accounts with Mr Keir, his factor, there was a balance in his favour of *four-pence half-penny*; on which the Earl facetiously observed, "Eh! George, if we go on at this rate we'll save money!" This old nobleman exhibited many fine traits of generosity; but like other great men, he had his weak side, and those who knew it might lead him like a child. The Earl was exceedingly careful of his health. So apprehensive was he on this score, that it is

said, on one occasion he was persuaded to keep his room till a new garden dyke, which was blown down one night, was rebuilt, and the damage repaired; the mason who had built it being terrified to meet his Lordship's anger. On one occasion, at rent day, the widow of one of his tenants sent her son to pay the rent of the farm and mill which her lately deceased husband had possessed. The factor having represented to his Lordship that the widow was unable to manage the farm and mill, had got a three-nineteen-years' lease made out in his own behalf. The Earl, on seeing the youth, inquired of the factor who that fine young man was? This was a thrust for which the factor was not prepared. "Heigh! George," exclaimed the Earl, "I did not know that Mrs —— had a son come this length; he's a fine young man that, we must not let him go, he must have his father's farm." A new lease was accordingly granted to the son, for behoof of his mother, to the great mortification of the factor. Another of the tenants had a couple of very fine pointers, which had taken his Lordship's fancy, and for which he offered a very high price. The owner, however, was not disposed to sell them; but if his Lordship pleased they were at his service. The proffer being graciously accepted, the dogs were sent to Dupplin. When the tenant laid down his rent at the term day, the Earl handsomely returned the whole sum as a recompence for the pair of dogs. Mr S——, the principal wright in Perth, was the Earl's man of business in the cabinet line. The Earl having sent for him one day in haste, when he was not at home, was quite irritated at the delay. When Mr S—— arrived at Dupplin, the Earl being busy in a small closet at a writing desk, ordered him up. Mr S—— was a venerable looking gentleman about seventy years of age. On his entrance, the Earl, in his usual hasty manner, chid him for not coming sooner; concluding with "Sit down, sir, until I finish my letter." Mr S——, seeing no chair in the room to sit upon, squatted down on the floor behind the Earl to await his pleasure. On finishing his letter, he turned round, and, perceiving Mr S—— sitting cross-legged like a tailor, booted and spurred, and with a huge snuff mull in his hand, burst into a fit of laughter; but checking himself, begged a thousand pardons; trusting Mr S—— would forgive him, as he did not mean to insult him. His Lordship was extremely regular in his attendance at the parish church of Aberdalgie, where he built an aisle for his family seat, with a funeral vault underneath; behind were erected a suite of rooms for the convenience of dining between sermons—the dinner being sent up the previous evening. One Sabbath morning, the clergyman, as was his custom, went into the apartments to wait his Lordship's arrival, before beginning service. The Earl was late of coming;

and the clergyman, either to prevent ennui, or in a fit of abstraction, ventured to taste a fine roasted fowl which lay invitingly upon the table. Eating and drinking, it is said, only need a beginning, and so it proved in the present case; for having once begun, he made short work of the whole fowl, and washed it down with a bottle of wine. It was usual for the clergyman to dine with his Lordship after service; but it is easy to conceive, that on this occasion the dessert would be less palatable than the diet, when called upon to account for his fit of abstraction; and to acknowledge, that while his mind was absorbed in the contemplation of the sublime doctrines of truth, his carnal man could not resist Adam's temptation of the forbidden fruit.

The greater part of the splendid castle of Dupplin, which contained a most extensive collection of books of all ages, and a good gallery of paintings, was burnt down in September 1827. It has since been rebuilt in a style of great magnificence, after the style Inigo Jones, the celebrated English architect. Such of the paintings and antique furniture as escaped the general conflagration, have been restored to their places in the new edifice, the interior decorations of which are exceedingly elegant and chaste. The policies around the castle are truly delightful, and command one of the most enchanting views in Scotland. The estate is distinguished for the size and excellence of the timber produced upon it. The battle field, in which the covenanters were so completely vanquished by Montrose, lies at a short distance, being partly in the parish of Aberdalgie and partly in that of Tippermuir.

Kinfauns.—This remarkably fine edifice occupies a delightful situation on an elevation overlooking the Tay, and the Carse of Gowrie to the east. In the castle of Kinfauns is kept a large two-handed sword, probably made five hundred years ago. It is shaped like a broad sword, and is five feet nine inches long, two and a half inches broad at the hilt, and of a proportionate thickness, with a round knob at the upper end, near eight inches in circumference. This terrible weapon bears the name of *Charteris' Sword*, and probably belonged to Sir John Charteris, commonly called Thomas de Longueville, once the proprietor of the estate of Kinfauns. Sir Thomas Charteris, *alias*, Longueville, was a native of France, and of an ancient family in that country. If credit can be given to accounts of such remote date, when he was at the court of Phillip le Bel, in the end of the thirteenth century, he had a dispute with, and killed a French nobleman in the king's presence. He escaped, but was refused pardon. Having for several years infested the seas as a pirate, known by the name of the *Red Reaver*, from the colour of the flags he carried on

his ships. In 1301, or 1302, Sir William Wallace, in his way to France, encountered and took him prisoner. At Wallace's intercession, the French king conferred on him a pardon, and the honour of knighthood. He accompanied Wallace on his return to Scotland, and was ever after his faithful friend, and aided him in his exploits. Upon that hero's being betrayed and carried to England, Sir Thomas Charteris retired to Lochmaben, where he remained till Robert Bruce began to assert his right to the crown of Scotland. He joined Bruce, and was, according to Adamson, the first who followed that hero into the water at the taking of Perth, January 8, 1313. Bruce rewarded his bravery, by giving him the lands in the neighbourhood of Perth, which appear to be those of Kinfauns, and which continued in the family of Charteris for many years. It is to this ancient knight, and to the antique sword above mentioned, that Adamson refers in his *Muses Threnodie* :—

“ _____ Kinfauns, which Thomas Longueville
Sometime did hold, whose ancient sword of steel
Remains unto this day, and of that land
Is chiefest evident.”

About fifty years ago, upon opening the burying-vault under the aisle of the church of Kinfauns, erected by this family, there was found a head-piece, or kind of helmet, made of several folds of linen, or some strong stuff, painted over with broad stripes of blue and white, which appears to have been part of the fictitious armour, wherein the body of Thomas Longueville, or Charteris, had been deposited.

Lord Gray, the present noble proprietor, is perhaps the most liberal and enthusiastic patron of science and the fine arts now alive. His collection of paintings, by the first masters, is immense, while the visitor is altogether bewildered with the variety, number and beauty, of his splendid collection of statuary. His Lordship, however, is generally understood to pride himself more on the extent and excellence of his philosophical and mechanical apparatus, which is extensive, and of the most perfect description, collected entirely by himself, or made to his directions; his lordship's genius being chiefly inclined towards scientific, and the more elegant mechanical, pursuits. The library is also extensive; the catalogue, a copy of which was recently presented by his lordship to the Literary and Antiquarian Society of Perth, occupying a large folio volume.

Seggieden lies about a mile east of Kinfauns. This family still possess their celebrated drinking-horn. This venerable relic is about fourteen inches deep, straight, and tapering, with ornamental rings round it. The principal use of this heir-loom seems to have been similar to that of the horn of Rorry More, as described by Dr Johnson: every successive heir

of the family on his succession to the estate, had to prove his being a worthy representative of his ancestors, by drinking its contents at a draught. There was a rhyme used on this occasion :—

“Sook it out Saggleden !
Though it's thin, it's well pledged.”

And the young laird had to sound a whistle at the bottom of the horn, after having *sooked out* the liquor, to signify that he had redeemed his pledge. The same ceremony was gone through, to prove the powers of the laird's guests.—The proposed line of railway between Perth and Dundee, passes immediately in front of this mansion.

Elcho Castle.—On the opposite side of the Tay stands the ruinous castle of Elcho. It once contained a nunnery ; and is celebrated in the achievements of Wallace, as frequently affording shelter to the Protector of Scotland. This edifice still confers the title of Lord on the eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss.

Bridge of Earn, some years ago, consisted of only a few thatched cottages, with an ancient bridge, which was one of the principal passes in Scotland. Recently this place has been completely revolutionized. The old bridge, which, in the time of Bruce, had been a landmark in the popular mind, is broken down, and half swept away ; the remaining ruins forming no inapt illustration of the Vision of Mirza. The beautiful new bridge, of three arches, erected farther up the river, has done much to effect a change in the character of the place ; and its prosperity has been greatly promoted by the recent removal of the foot pontage. The principal street consists of a row of very neat houses, many of which are let as summer lodgings, for valitudinarians attending the neighbouring mineral springs. The hotel will vie the largest and best appointed inns in the country.

Pitheathly, situated about a mile from the Bridge of Earn, is yearly becoming more frequented by parties in pursuit of health and pleasure ; and if the loveliness of the scenery, or the beauties of a highly cultivated and fertile country, can restore vigour to the jaded mind, or enervated frame, it would be difficult to point to a more eligible spot. The time when these celebrated mineral waters were discovered, cannot be ascertained,—even tradition says nothing of their discovery. There are five distinct springs, all of similar quality, but of different strength. The water is considered efficacious in curing or alleviating scrofula, scurvy, gravel, dyspepsia, and divers internal complaints. The mineral is gentle

in its operation, has an agreeable effect in relieving the stomach of crudit-ies, procuring an appetite, and exhilarating the spirits; and instead of weakening, tends to strengthen the constitution. The water is of a cool-quality, and very efficacious in removing all heat and foulness of the blood. The promenades around Pitkeathly are extensive and agreeable, and there is no lack of accommodation. The waters are allowed to be most beneficial when the valitudinarian resides in Perth;—the patients walking to the wells, and back again, *before breakfast*.

Martyrs' Graves.—In a secluded glen, a short distance from Pitkeathly house, are the remains of the old house of Ecclesiamagirdle, formerly inhabited by the family of Lennox. A few paces distant are the ruins of the small chapel and burial-ground of Ecclesiamagirdle: here, a rude stone, recently cleared of the turf and moss that concealed it, points out the grave of "a village Hampden," by the following simple, but nervous inscription:—

"HEIR LYS ANE VERTOUS HUSBANDMAN, THOMAS SMALL, WHO DIED FOR RELIGION, COVENANT, KING, AND COUNTRY, THE 1ST OF SEPTEMBER, 1645, OF HIS AGE 58.—*Memento mori.*"

In the neighbouring burying-ground of Dron, a stone points out the resting place, and records the sufferings of another martyr for the cause of truth.

The Rocking Stone of Dron.—On the south side of the hill of Ecclesiamagirdle, which rises from behind Pitkeathly, and affords a view little inferior to that from the hill of Mordun, stands this celebrated reliet of a rude and superstitious age. It is about ten feet in length, and seven in breadth; and so poised, that upon its higher end being slightly pressed, it vibrates in an arc of between two and three inches. In contemplating this witness to the ordeals of Pagan barbarity, we cannot but execrate the damnable villany, that would subject the simple inhabitants to a test which involved the immolation of its shrieking victims on the altars of Baal; and which the officiating fiends could regulate at their pleasure, by the simple expedient of inserting a wedge under the poised stone.

Abernethy.—This place is connected with the early history of Scotland. Its name is derived from *Obair Neachtain*, signifying in Gaelic, the work of Nethan or Nectan, who was a Pictish king, A.C. 486, and constituted this town the capital of his dominions. He founded a church, dedicated to St Bridget. The town was subsequently created an arch-episcopal see, but on the Picts being subjugated by Kenneth II., King of Scots, he removed the episcopate to St Andrews, 840. After this the

cathedral became a collegiate church, and a university for the education of youth, in the possession of the Culdees, that class of christians who were in the island prior to the assumption of universal power by the Bishop of Rome. The glory of Abernethy is altogether gone. The whole of its ecclesiastical structures, once so eminent, are now utterly obliterated; and a single round tower of about 75 feet in height, and 48 in circumference, built of solid hewn stone, only remains as an evidence of the Pictish reign. It stands in an angle of the church yard, and serves the purpose of a steeple for a clock and bell to the adjacent plain modern church. On the one side of the church has been attached during the times of religious severity, an iron collar and chain, ready for the pilloring of persons convicted by the kirk sessions of infractions of church rules. Abernethy is a burgh of barony, and occupies a pleasant site in the south verge of the vale of Strathearn. It consists mostly of thatched houses; and is more irregular and dirty than almost any other inland town of Scotland. It is supported chiefly by linen weaving. It has also been rendered of late more isolated, by the alteration of the highway, which formerly led through the town.

Lindores Abbey.—About two miles from Abernethy, and immediately to the eastward of the flourishing town of Newburgh, are the remains of this once extensive abbey. It is situated beyond the verge of the county; but as the steam vessels, which daily ply between Perth and Dundee, pass within sight of the ruins, the following brief account may not be deemed out of place:—"This establishment was founded by David, Earl of Huntingdon, brother to King William, upon his return from the Holy Land, about the year 1178; he bestowed it upon the Tyronenses of Kells, whom Boethius highly commends, as being 'morum innocentia clari.' There is a bull of Pope Innocent III., granted at Lateran in the year 1196, confirming all the lands and privileges granted to this place; it is addressed, 'Guidoni abbati monasterii Sanctæ Mariæ de Lindores, ejusque fratribus.' Johannes Scotus, Earl of Huntingdon, confirms likewise to the monks all the donations which had been made to them by his father. From these and other grants, the monks of Lindores had twenty-two parish churches, and were otherwise very rich. In the course of fifty years after the erection of the abbey, a similar establishment for Cistercian monks was erected a few miles to the east, at Balmerino. The readers of Scottish history will perhaps remember that it was within the abbey of Lindores that the body of the Duke of Rothesay, eldest son of Robert III., was interred, after being cruelly starved to death by his uncle in the dungeon of Falkland palace; and it will not be forgotten

that it was within this monastery, that James, the ninth Earl of Douglas, spent the four last years of his existence (1484-88) in penitence and peace, after many vicissitudes, and an unsuccessful rebellion against his sovereign. At the Reformation, the abbey, as a matter of course, was destroyed, and its property sequestrated. In 1606, it was erected into a temporal lordship by James VI., in favour of Patrick Lesly, son to Andrew, Earl of Rothes. Among the last seized moveables belonging to the establishment, was the bell of the church, which, in 1585, was removed to Edinburgh and placed in the spire of St Giles. Such has been the dilapidation of the buildings of the abbey, that some fragments of the walls alone remain standing, testifying the former extent of the sacred precincts. "Within these walls, and for a small space beyond them, on one side, the ground continues to be occupied by fruit trees, which having been long since planted, exhibit appearances of decay, that, viewed in conjunction with the mouldering fragments of structures, half covered at top with ivy, and surrounded at bottom with thorn and hazel, give an air of melancholy grandeur to the place at large. Formerly, strangers who visited the ruins had a stone coffin pointed out to them, which was placed within the area of the church, on the north wall, towards the east end, which was said to have contained the remains of the Earl of Douglas, but in consequence of depredations lately made upon the walls, it is now covered with rubbish. Whether this coffin did in fact contain the bones of this person, or of the Duke of Rothesay, or perhaps of some dignified ecclesiastic, no certain information can be procured, as there is not a single inscription on any part of the church, or of the other buildings."

Besides the ruins of Lindores abbey, the parish contains two crosses of very ancient erection. One of these is placed on a rising ground a little westward of the town of Newburgh, and within a few yards of the Tay, on the grounds of Mugdrum. It consists of one large stone placed upright on another, and exhibits the mutilated forms of animals carved upon it. The other, called Macduff's cross, is much more interesting, though less entire, and is situated on the high grounds south-west from Newburgh, near the side of an obscure road leading across the hills to Auehtermohty. The site of this object of antiquity is a hollow in the face of the hills, commanding an extensive prospect of the lower part of Strathearn, and when the cross was in complete condition it must have been seen at a very great distance. All that now remains of the cross is a mass of freestone measuring about three feet square, resting on a mound of earth: from its appearance it is impossible to say what was its original figure; it is reputed by tradition, however, to have been of considerable

height, and covered with a rude inscription. This cross of Macduff was in early times a potent sanctuary or place of refuge, the origin and qualification of which will be best described in the language of Sir Walter Scott, who thus notices it in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* :—

“ When the Revolution was accomplished, in which Macbeth was dethroned and slain, Malcolm, sensible of the high services of the Thane of Fife, is said by our historians to have promised to grant the first three requests he should make. Macduff accordingly demanded, and obtained, first, that he and his successors, Lords of Fife, should place the crown on the King’s head at his coronation ; secondly, that they should lead the vanguard of the army, whenever the royal banner was displayed ; and, lastly, this privilege of clan Macduff, whereby any person, being related to Macduff within the ninth degree, and having committed homicide, in hot blood, or without premeditation, should, upon flying to Macduff’s cross, and paying a certain fine, obtain remission of his guilt. Such, at least, is the account given of the law by all historians. Nevertheless, there seems ground to suspect, that the privilege did not amount to an actual and total remission of the crime, but only to a right of being exempted from all other courts of jurisdiction, except that of the Lord of Fife. But the privilege of being answerable only to the chief of their own clan, was, to the descendants of Macduff, almost equal to an entire indemnity. The tumuli around the pedestal are said to be the graves of those who, having claimed the privilege of the law, failed in proving their consanguinity to the Thane of Fife. Such persons were instantly executed. The people of Newburgh believe, that the spectres of these criminals still haunt the ruined cross, and claim that mercy for their souls which they had failed to obtain for their mortal existence.”

Scone.—The Parish of Scone is one of the most beautiful districts of Perthshire. The land rises from the banks of the Tay, and composes part of that splendid amphitheatre of hill and dale, in the centre of which stands the city of Perth. The surface, where not planted and disposed as gardens and pleasure grounds, is mostly under cultivation. The objects most worthy of consideration are the palace and village of Scone. During the middle ages of the Scottish monarchy, Scone was the residence of the kings, in which respect it divided their favour with Dunfermline and other places. Independently of being thus to Perth, what Windsor in the present day is to London, it was from an early age to a comparatively recent date, the appropriate place of the royal coronations. The crowning of the Scottish kings at Scone, was for a long period intimately connected with the famous Black “ *Stone of Dunstaffnage*,” sometimes called

the "*Stone of Scone*," on which, by an ancient usage, it was customary for the kings of Scotland to be crowned. The history of this famous palladium of the Scottish monarchy, whether fabulous or real, is replete with interest, the more especially as the stone exists at the present day, and must have been used as a coronation seat for upwards of thirteen hundred years. It is related in the fabulous chronicles, that the Stone of Dunstaffnage was originally brought from the East, having formed the pillow of Jacob when he slept on the plains of Luz, an event recorded in the tablet, by which Edward accompanied this trophy when he carried it away :

" Si quid habent veri vel chronica cœna fidero,
Clauditur hac cathedrâ nobilis ille Capis,
Ad caput eximius Jacob quondam patriarchæ
Quem posuit, cernens numina mira poli." &c. &c.

From Syria the Stone was brought to Egypt, by Gathelus, the son of Cecrops, King of Athens, a person who entered into the service of Pharaoh, and married his daughter Scota. Having consulted with Moses, he was desirous to be out of the way of the impending plagues, and accordingly, sailed from the Nile with his wife and the curious stone, the trophy of one of his victories. Gathelus, we are next told, landed in Portugal or Spain. Acquiring an equally successful settlement in either of these countries, he at last bethought himself of invading an "islande opposite to Spaine, in the north, which a rude people inhabited, having neither lawes nor manners." and fitted out an expedition of which Hiber was made admiral. On the 5th day he landed in Ireland, which thus came to be called Hibernia, though the descendants and retainers of Gathelus received the name of *Scots*. According to the Irish records, the Stone was brought thither from Spain, by the colony of Tuath de Danan, and it was placed on the hill of Tara, where the kings of Ireland were wont to be installed in royal authority. Its names, with them, were *Lagphail* and *Clach-na-Cineamna*, signifying the "Fatal Stone," or the "Stone of Fortune." A superstition is said to have prevailed regarding it in Ireland, that at the inauguration of kings, it had the property of emitting a sound indicating the estimation in which it held the election. On all occasions of installation, which ceremony was performed by the Druids, the following rhyme in the ancient Irish Gaelic tongue was repeated by the officiating priest :—

" Cioníodh seuit saor on fine,
Man ba breag an Faisdine,
Mar a bhfuighid an Lia-fail,
D'lighid fíaitheas di ghabhail,"

Which has been thus translated by Wantoun :

" But gif werys falhyand be,
Quhare-eyr that stane yhe segyt so

Dare all the Scotas be regnand,
And lordys hale our all that land."

And some English poet has rendered it thus :

"Should Fates not fail, whene'er this stone is found,
The Scots shall monarchs of that realm be crown'd."

This stone, it is alleged by the fabulous chroniclers, was brought from Ireland along with Fergus I. in the year 330 before Christ, though, as other and more acute historians insist, it was not till 503 after Christ, that Fergus, the first Scottish king of Irish origin, began to reign in the western parts of this country. Towards the ninth century the history of the Stone of Fortune begins to clear up. It was deposited in the palace of Dunstaffnage, where it remained till the year 834, when it was carried by Kenneth II. to Scone, "there to remain thenceforth, as a sacred token for the establishment of the Scottish kingdom in that countrie," which had before appertained to the Picts. At Scone all the Scottish kings were crowned on it, till the time of John Baliol, when Edward I. seized upon it and carried it off to Westminster, under the idea that he would thereby acquire more easily and permanently, a right of governing the Scots. By the treaty of Northampton, 1327, it was to have been restored to Scotland ; but this was never done.

The Scots however were supposed to have asserted their indefeasible right to it, and to have at the same time proved the truth of the prophecy connected with it, when James VI. on acceding, in 1603, to the English throne, used it at his coronation. In the present day this stone remains in Westminster Abbey. It is of an oblong form, but irregular, measuring 28 inches in length, 16½ in breadth, and 10½ in thickness, of a dark appearance, and is in some way fixed to the bottom of the chair in which the Kings of Great Britain are crowned. This chair stands in the east end of the Minster, and is exhibited to strangers. It is itself of oak and is still firm and sound, though much disfigured by wanton dilapidations rather than the effects of time. There can be no doubt, from the character of its construction, that it belongs to the reign of Edward the First, and that it was made for the reception of the highly-prized relic which it now encloses. The form of the heads and turns of the panelled arches which ornament the back and sides, prove the age to which it belongs. The back is terminated by a high pediment along each angle, of which were five crockets on a scotia or concave moulding. The whole chair has been completely covered with gilding and ornamental work. The tradition invariably describes the stone to be of marble ; but this is not correct. It is of a peculiar kind of sandstone, and there is much reason to suppose that it is merely a fragment of the rocks on which Dunstaffnage is built, as these are said to be precisely of the same quality. There is another theory,—

namely that it is a meteoric stone which, having fallen from the clouds, might easily excite the superstitious feelings of a rude people.

The last monarch crowned at Scone was Charles the Second, January 1, 1651, when on his expedition into Scotland. We are informed by different chroniclers, that on the occasion of crowning Kings at Scone, the Barons who assisted performed the strange ceremonial of casting together a portion of the earth of their respective estates, as a species of offering or corporal pledge of their fealty—Hume in his history of the Douglasses, mentions, “that when Robert the Bruce was crowned in 1306, Sir James, the eighth Lord Douglas, assisted and cast into a heap, as did the other Barons, a quantity of the earth of the lands of Douglas, which, making a little hill, is called *omnis terris*.” We are farther informed that the Barons of Scotland could receive investiture of their lands as lawfully, by delivering earth and stones from this spot, as from their lands. The hillock of earth which is reported to have been formed in the manner described, is still observable on the north side of the palace; in ordinary language it has been called the *moat hill* of Scone.

It would seem that Scone was also for many ages, the seat of a distinguished religious establishment, at which councils of the Scotian church were held. Whatever was the character of the first religious house, which, we are told by Buchanan, belonged to the Culdees, it was superseded in the year 1114, by Alexander I. who founded here an abbey which was dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and St Michael the Archangel, and furnished with monks or canons, regular of the order of St Augustine. After the confiscations consequent on the Reformation, the abbey was erected into a temporal baronetcy, by James VI., in the year 1604, in favour of Sir David Murray, a cadet of the family of Tullibardine. The abbey itself was demolished along with the palace, by a mob from Perth and Dundee at the Reformation. On the site of the ancient palace a splendid edifice, though of heavy architecture, has been reared by the Earl of Mansfield, who represents the ancient family of Stormont. In this modern structure,—to which access is seldom refused to tourists and others, on making application through Mr Condie, his lordship’s agent in Perth,—much of the old furniture has fortunately been preserved; in particular a bed that had belonged to James VI.; and another, the curtains of which had been wrought by the fair hands of Queen Mary when prisoner in Lochleven Castle. The music gallery occupies the same site as the noble old hall in which the coronations were performed. The view from the windows of the drawing-room is exceedingly beautiful, though inferior to that commanded from the neighbouring castle of Kinfauns. About 50 yards from the house there is an old aiale,

the last remaining portion of the Abbey of Seone, containing a magnificent marble monument to a Viscount Stormont, who died about two centuries ago. At a little distance farther stands the old Market Cross of Seone, surrounded by a wilderness of pleasure grounds, which has come in place of the ancient village. There is many instances of towns losing their market crosses, but this is perhaps the only instance of market cross losing its town. The burying ground of the old village is also embedded in these plantations; and although every inducement was held out when the village was removed to the other side of the hill; nothing could prevail with the inhabitants to forego their right of sepulture with the remains of their fathers.

The occupations of the inhabitants of the New Village are of a mixed character, between the manufacturing and agricultural; a great proportion are weavers, principally employed on the plainer fabrics; but as each house has a piece ground attached, its cultivation necessarily occupies a good deal of attention; much of the fruit and vegetables brought to the Perth market, are grown in this quarter.

Huntingtower.—This venerable ruin is entitled to some attention, as being the ancient seat of the Gowrie family, and the place where James VI. was sometime confined by the Earl of Gowrie and others, who had entered into a combination for taking the young king out of the hands of his two early favourites, the lately created Duke of Lennox and Earl of Arran. This enterprise has usually been called by our historians, the *Raid of Ruthven*. After the forfeiture of the last Earl of Gowrie, this castle and the adjoining manor were bestowed by King James the VI. on the family of Tullibardine, now united by marriage to the family of Athole, in whose possession they still remain. The last noble occupier of this seat was a Dowager Duchess of Athole. It was also employed some time as a hunting lodge. The building consists of two square towers, one of which is called the *Maiden's Leap*, from the following romantic occurrence:—"A daughter of the first Earl of Gowrie was addressed by a young gentleman of inferior rank in the neighbourhood, a frequent visitor of the family, who never would give the least countenance to his passion. His lodging was in the tower, separate from that of his mistress. The lady, before the doors were shut, conveyed herself into her lover's apartment; but some prying duenna acquainted the countess with it, who, cutting off as she thought, all possibility of retreat, hastened to surprise them. The young lady's ears were quick: she heard the footsteps of the old countess, ran to the top of the leads, and took the desperate leap of nine feet four inches, over a chasm of sixty feet, and luckily alighting

on the battlements of the other tower, crept into her own bed, where her astonished mother found her, and of course apologized for the unjust suspicion. The fair daughter did not choose to repeat the leap; but the next night eloped, and was married."

Such has been the change of circumstances of the place, concurring with the genius of the times, that the same castle, in which the haughty Ruthven once confined his king a prisoner, has been converted into a house for the reception of a colony of calico printers. The bleachfields and printfields of Ruthven and Huntingtower lie at the foot of the bank on which the castle stands, and are well supplied with water from an artificial canal from the Almond to the town of Perth, which is of great antiquity, having been formed previous to the year 1244, it being distinctly mentioned in charters of that date.

Graves of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.—Within the grounds of Lynedoch is Burn Braes, a secluded spot on the banks of Branchie Burn, made classic by the song of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray. These were two beautiful young ladies, who, dreading a plague which raged in that neighbourhood in 1666, retired to this spot,

"And biggit a bower on yon burn brae,
And theekit it o'er wi' rashes."

Here they were visited by the lover of one of them, who communicated the infection to both, and all three fell victims to it. The grave of those ill-fated beauties is still pointed out at Dronach-haugh, about half a mile west from Lynedoch Cottage, and near to the banks of the Almond.

Luncarty.—This locality is celebrated as the battle-field of that name, in which the Scots, under Kenneth III., obtained a decisive victory over the Danes. A great many *tumuli* appeared, until lately, upon this field and its vicinity; and from their scattered positions, the conclusion may be drawn, that both armies had successively retreated and rallied. On levelling some of those *tumuli*, human skeletons and bones, mingled with the bones and teeth of horses, have been found. About 700 yards south upon the Tay, stand eight *tumuli*; and in front of them, nearer the river, is a larger *tumulus*. At a little distance is a large unpolished stone, said to mark the grave of the Danish general; and, on the land-side, are the remains of a long oval rampart of earth, which was probably intended to strengthen the Danish encampment. At the east end of the *tumuli* stand some cottages, which are still called Denmark.

Dunkeld.—The parish of Dunkeld consists of no more land than that which is covered by houses of the town, which is the chief and central

point in the tract of beautifully romantic scenery, which constitutes the upper part of Perthshire. It is situated fifteen miles distant from Perth, twenty-four from Kenmore, and twelve from Blairgowrie. In ascending the banks of the Tay from Perth, Dunkeld is found nestling in the bosom of an amphitheatre of hills, exactly at the place where the Highlands and Lowlands seems to meet, and where the noble river first emerges from its mountain fastnesses, into the fertile land to which it contributes so much additional beauty. The first peep of Dunkeld, as obtained from Birnam Hill, is exceedingly striking. Deep under the brows of the lofty woody hills, lies the little Highland city, rendered in itself worthy of the picturesque scenery around and above it, by the fine antique effect of its ruined cathedral, rising above even the lofty trees that encompass it, and the modern elegance of the bridge over the Tay, by which the town is approached. Dunkeld is chiefly interesting as the object of a pleasure tour, or as a point in Highland scenery from which radiate many lines of route. Being thus a place of infinite resort in summer, it is provided with two inns, upon a first rate scale, both as to extent and quality of accommodation. At Birnam, about half a mile south of Dunkeld, is another excellent and well appointed inn. As those who put up here escape the heavy pontage of Dunkeld Bridge, it is much resorted to by visitors from the south. The origin of the place as a settlement of population is lost in the mists of antiquity. The Gaelic name of the place, Dun-chailledun, seems to indicate a fort on the top of some one of the neighbouring woody hills; but the earliest authentic notice speaks of nothing but a retreat of the early religious order, called the Culdees. This ancient monastery, which authentic history notices so early as 729, was, in 1127, converted into the seat of a bishopric, by David I. on the country passing from the Culdee to the Roman Catholic establishment. How a religious institution of this order could exist in such a spot, at such a time, is matter of astonishment. We find, in Spottiswood's Church History, that the poor bishops had dreadful battles to fight occasionally, with the lawless clans around them. The clan Donnachy, or Robertson, seems to have been a dreadful source of annoyance to the holy men. It is, at the same time, amusing to find, that the terrors of the church would sometimes assert their sway over the superstitious and half-instructed minds of the savage chiefs, compelling them, perhaps only a short time after they had attacked the prelate and his vassals with sword and buckler, or stolen his cattle and burnt his stack-yards, to come in hair-cloth shirts to the altar, and implore the forgiveness at once of heaven and his lordship. The first bishop of this see whose name appears prominently in history, is the famed William Sinclair, brother of Sir Henry Sinclair

of Roalin, who assumed the mitre in 1312. He distinguished himself by repelling a body of English, who landed near his palace at Auchtertool in Fife, and who had previously driven back a band of regular soldiers under the sheriff. King Robert Bruce was so much impressed with the gallantry of this action, that he used ever after to call Sinclair "My own bishop." At his death in 1327, he was buried in the choir of the cathedral, which he had himself built from the ground; and there still exists, on the top of that building, a fluted cross, which was part of the armorial bearings of his family. Bishop Brown, who flourished in the end of the fifteenth century, rendered himself equally worthy of the praise of history, by sending preachers, who understood the Erse language, into the Highlands, to instruct the benighted Gael. In the early part of the sixteenth century, the see of Dunkeld was honoured by no less distinguished an occupant than Gawin Douglas, a younger son of the Earl of Angus, the translator of Virgil into the Scottish language, and author of many beautiful original poems. At the epoch of the Reformation, the revenues of the see amounted to upwards of L.1600. In the period of Episcopacy prior to the Revolution of 1688, so poor was the benefice, that the king, as is understood by an entry in the secretary's books, had to make a gift of L.100 to the incumbent. Since the Reformation, the cathedral, has gone, in a great measure, to ruins. The architecture is partly Saxon, and partly Gothic, like most of the abbeys. The choir, which was built, as just mentioned, by King Robert's bishop, is still entire, and converted into the parish church, and very elegantly fitted up. The pile of building is about two hundred feet long, and sixty feet wide. On the north side of the choir is the charter-house, built by Bishop Lauder in 1649; the vault of which is now used as the burying place of the Atholl family. In the porch of the present church is the tomb of Alexander Stewart, a younger son of Robert II., and called, on account of his ferocious character, the Wolf of Badenoch. Among the departed who repose in the consecrated earth of the cathedral, lie the remains of Mrs Margery Scott, who died in 1728, on whom Pennant wrote the following epitaph:—

" Stop passenger, until my life you read;
 The living may get knowledge from the dead;
 Five times five years unwedded was my life;
 Five times five years I was a virtuous wife;
 Ten times five years I wept a widow's woes;
 Now tir'd of human scenes I here repose.
 Betwixt my cradle and my grave was seen
 Seven mighty kings of Scotland and a queen.
 Full twice five years the Commonwealth I saw,
 Ten times the subjects rise against the law,

And, which is worse than any civil war,
 A king arraign'd before the subjects' bar ;
 Swarms of sectarians, hot with hellish rage,
 Cut off his royal head upon the stage.
 Twice did I see old Prelacy pull'd down,
 And twice the cloak did sink beneath the gown.
 I saw the Stuart race thrust out ; nay, more,
 I saw our country sold for English ore ;
 Our numerous nobles who have famous been,
 Sunk to the lowly number of sixteen.
 Such desolations in my days have been,
 I have an end of all perfection seen."

The situation of the cathedral, in the midst of a fine grove, on the left bank of the Tay, and just within the whisper of the town, and yet sequestered from its gaze, is well calculated to delight the imagination. The bridge of Tay, at this place, is a splendid structure of seven arches, built in 1809, and the expense of which was chiefly disbursed by the late public-spirited Duke of Atholl, government contributing only L.5000, while fully six times as much was given by his Grace, not to speak of a great sacrifice of property made by the latter at the same time. A secondary seat of the Athole family stands near the town, connected with which are a series of pleasure grounds, and succession of walks and rides, which may well be pronounced without parallel in Scotland for the many beautiful and romantic, or wild and grand prospects, which they open up. A splendid mansion, projected by the late Duke, was stopped in consequence of his death, after considerable progress had been made in the building, which it was supposed would cost about L.100,000. The Bran, a tributary of Tay, runs through the grounds, forming at one spot a cascade of famed merit, which is rendered additionally attractive by a beautiful and elegant erection called Ossian's Hall, built by the late Duke for the convenience of seeing the natural wonders of the scene to the best advantage. The tourist is brought into Ossian's Hall before he knows that the fall is near, and then, upon a shutter being withdrawn, the tremendous scene of cascades thunders before him in all its magnificence. About a mile farther up the stream, a chasm of fifteen feet wide is spanned by an arch called the Rumbling Bridge, above which the water pours down over a bed charged with massive fragments of rock, making that peculiar sound which is indicated by the name given to the arch-way. The lines of walk through these delightful pleasure-grounds are said to be altogether about eighty miles in length. Many objects of course are pointed out in them by guides, which we do not find it necessary to allude to more particularly ; but it is impossible to omit noticing the extensive and enchanting prospects which are obtained by climbing the neighbouring hills, particularly that called Craigie-Barns. Dunkeld was the scene

of a remarkable historical incident, which took place on the 21st of August 1689. A single regiment (the Camerons, now the 26th) having been absurdly exposed here, to garrison the place against the remains of that Highland army with which Lord Dundee had endeavoured to oppose the revolution settlement, the mountaineers came down in great numbers and attacked it. Being chiefly Scottish Presbyterians, and therefore inspired with strong sentiments of antipathy against the cavalier Highlanders, these poor men fought most desperately, and finally maintained their post in Dunkeld house, though at the expense of their brave commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Cleland. A handsome new edifice is occupied by a branch of the Central Bank of Scotland.