

judged at the time to be ugly, in the positive, comparative, and superlative degree. These were, the extravagant Royal Arch, erected on the quay in commemoration of the Queen's visit in 1844; the Tower of St. Mary's Church, the chief object of interest in the city, an architectural curiosity, held in reverence for its great age and massive proportions, and upon which large sums of money have been expended in its restoration; and the "Town House," so called, though quite unworthy the name it bears. The harbour is extensive. It has capacious docks from which are sent forth fabrics of linen and jute and lots of delicious marmalade to all lands. Dundee is the great Scottish emporium of the seal and whale fishery, but this "jute" trade throws all others in the shade. Upon jute the honest burghers of Dundee fatten and thrive; proclaiming to the world "there are tricks in all trades but ours," the while fashioning this coarsest and most worthless of the hempen species so skilfully as to admit of its being smuggled to an inconceivable extent not only into such fabrics as are unhesitatingly sold for "a' 'oo," but even into the finer textures of silks and satins. Some of these jute mills really present a palatial appearance, covering acres of ground, and employing a large number of hands. Princely fortunes have been realized by their owners, some of whom, like our friend, "Glen Ericht" have invested largely in Highland estates.

Dundee was one of the first places in Scotland where the principles of the reformation took root, and it has ever since retained a kind of celebrity in ecclesiastical annals. Specially just now do we think of it as the scene of the religious revival, which took place here some five and thirty years ago, under the ministry of the saintly William Murray McCheyne, simultaneously with the awakenings at Kilsyth and other places in Scotland, where, as in the days of John Baptist, "the kingdom of heaven suffered violence, and the violent took it by force." It has its four and twenty Presbyterian Churches now, and numbers among its ministers the talented, if eccentric, author of the Bards

of the Bible, the Rev. George Gilfillan of the U. P. Church, and the now celebrated Mr. Knight of Free St. Enoch's. I failed in one, if not the chief object of my visit, which was to pay my respects to the Provost, who, since the time that he was introduced to my readers, has been elevated to a seat in the House of Commons. He was just then presiding over a meeting of the "Bailies" with closed doors.

Onward we move! now flying like a rocket through the Carse of Gowrie, the most fertile vale in Scotland. Already we are in the land of song and approaching that of sweetest poetry; though, as yet, my muse takes no higher flight than to recal a snatch of the old ballad by William Reid.

"Upon a simmer afternoon,
A wee before the sun gae doun,
My lassie wi' a brow new goon
Cam o'er the hills to Gowrie."

But before long we were doomed to stoop to a passage of very sober prose. It gives me pain to utter an unkind criticism upon any human being, but the serio-comic drama enacted on the platform of the Perth station upon our arrival there has haunted me ever since, and I must out with it. What with trains arriving and departing, the spacious and elegant depot was thronged with people, great and small. Among them were a bevy of clergymen and their wives, tourists, probably, judging from their impedimenta. One unfortunate attracted the attention of all beholders. How shall I describe this gentleman's appearance with becoming respect for the cloth? He was a man of middle age; but prematurely old he looked; bowed down, but not with years. Faultless in attire, his *toute ensemble* bespoke refinement and culture. He had a club foot and walked painfully lame. One side of his delicate white and pink face, too, was badly swollen, owing to which preponderance, perhaps, he had a peculiar "list to port," as sailors would say. To any one with a single drop of the milk of human kindness in his composition, he was an object of the most tender commiseration. His wife, for I have no