

# THE PRESBYTERIAN

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## JOTTINGS FROM OLD SCOTIA

BONNIE DUNDEE—THE CARSE OF  
GOWRIE—DUNBLANE—THE TROS-  
SACHS—LOCHLOMOND.

If it be right to say, "See Naples and die!" then might one wish never to see St. Andrew's again; for, such first impressions as those that have been alluded to are not likely to be repeated. At least so felt this writer as he was borne away from it, straining his eyes to catch the last glimpse of its grey towers ere they vanished like a dissolving view amid the glories of an autumnal sunset. One lingering regret there was, and is, that I have it not in my power to say a few words "concerning" A. K. H. B., the "County Parson" whom all my readers know so well through the pleasant pages of his "Recreations" and his "Leisure Hours," as well as by his words of "Counsel and Comfort." But that was not to be.

A night spent with old friends in the Free Church Manse of Tayport gave a new turn to thought and conversation. My host was one of those ministers who had joined the memorable Exodus of 1843, and who has since grown grey in the service of the Free Church of Scotland. I have no right to say, or to think, that he ever repented having made the sacrifices he then made. But I do believe that this good minister, and many others like him, respect and love the old Church of Scotland still, and look forward, hopefully, to the reunion of these Churches, as a consummation worthy of fresh sacrifices. It was exceedingly interesting to learn from him details in regard to the working of that eighth world's wonder, the Sustentation Fund of the Free Church, which has been on its

trial these thirty years past and has not yet been found wanting. How was this £136,364 3s. 8d., the last year's revenue, collected? Just as I expected. *The ladies* had a hand in it; indeed, chiefly to their agency in visiting from house to house, monthly, is the success due.

On the following morning, I crossed the Firth of Tay, in the Railway steamer. The great bridge in course of construction is a few miles above this. It will be much longer than our Victoria bridge at Montreal, and it will cost a great deal less money. But it will not compare with it in massive strength and durability. Neither is the Firth of Tay to be compared with the estuary of the Clyde, though it is not devoid of beauty and interest. It is studded with shipping. Broughty Ferry, near to which we land, is the Brighton of Scotland, occupying a commanding site. Behind it, the hills which rise to a considerable height are crowned with splendid residences. In front, its picturesque old castle juts out into the sea. It is kept in habitable repair by the Government, and garrisoned, too, in conformity with the terms of the never-to-be-forgotten Treaty of Union between the two kingdoms, the wisdom of which is not now called in question, although it took more than a century to disabuse the Scottish mind of the belief that thereby "The glory of the country had departed for ever!" In a few minutes we reach Bonnie Dundee, the third city in Scotland in extent of population, and the second in manufactures. Owing to the shortness of my stay, and partly perhaps on account of the heavy rain then falling, I failed to discover much *beauty* in the town. The houses looked old and dingy, the streets gloomy and irregular. The three public buildings that attracted my notice, I