

is not so much the number of hours he has to work as the consciousness that he does not receive anything like an equivalent for his labours, that he does not get the wages his master could well afford to give, nor sufficient to enable his family and himself to make as comfortable a living as he feels they are worthy of. The wages of an engineer ranges, roughly speaking, between ten and twelve dollars a week. But it must be remembered that money is worth more there than it is in Canada and the United States, especially when invested in the necessities of life. The labourer in general is both more dependent and more independent than the labourer of our country. In the sense that he must look up to his "Master" and that he need not hope to become a capitalist himself unless his father was one before him, or unless he carries a recommendation from the Queen—in this sense he is more dependent. But he is more independent because he scarcely needs be concerned as to where he can obtain work, for, if he be an honest, sober man he can remain at the same work for a life time and his children after him unto the third and fourth generations.

As we make our way along the banks of the Clyde we pass the famous ship-building yards of Clydebank, and an establishment of the Singer Mnf. Co. where over six thousand men are employed, after which we come to the ruins of Douglass Castle, built by the Colquhouns and near which is the beginning of the Roman wall built by Antonius. Dumbarton Rock, upon which is built Dumbarton Castle, soon comes in sight. This rock was the "Theodosia" of the Romans, the "Balacutha" of Ossian and has sometimes been called the Gibraltar of the Clyde. Laying aside all scientific explanations, for example that it was caused by the upheaval of subterranean fires, the present position of this rock is thus explained:—St. Patrick and the Deil had a keen discussion on some popular question, but unfortunately they arrived at no satisfactory conclusion. His Satanic Majesty was so baffled by the arguments of his opponent that in a fit of rage he laid hold of two large rocks, Dumbarton and Dumbuck, and hurled them at St. Patrick, who however deftly slipped to one side and escaping down the Clyde Valley made his way to Ireland in safety. It was not to be expected that one who was destined to become the patron saint of Ireland could get the worse of the argument, but it is quite probable that the venerable saint had better success with the literal serpents than he had with their spiritual head, as far as expelling them from the Island is concerned. Right of possession in the one case and atmospheric incompatibility in the other may have had something to do both with his failure and success. Dumbarton Rock is 260 feet in height and measures about a mile

in circumference. There are sixteen cannon mounted on the top of it, but it has only a very small garrison. Sir William Wallace was at one time a prisoner in this rock—for the prison is hewn out of the rock—and his two-handed claymore, which was in size and weight such as only a Wallace could wield with facility, might be seen there until lately, when it was removed to Sterling. It was from this castle that the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, set out for France—but it is intimately associated with the history and fortunes of Scotland in so many different ways that it, of itself, could be the nucleus of a moderate sized library.

After passing the river Sevan, which is immortalized in verse by Smollett, and Cardross Castle, where Robert Bruce died, we come to Craighendran, where the West Highland Railway commences. Gareloch is to the left and on the far side of it Rosneath Castle, recently purchased by the Marquis of Lorne, is beautifully situated. Even on the secluded banks of a highland Loch the name "Queen's" would not sound unfamiliar, for Princess Louise likely remembers that she lent a helping hand at the laying of the corner-stone of our present Arts Building in 1879. A few miles further on, the road runs along Loch Long, one of the most charming little lakes in Scotland. Though it is eight or nine miles in length in some parts it is only wide enough to allow a steamer to turn around. The scenery is getting more interesting at this point. The road steals away from the side of the Loch and we pass through one of those lonely glens on the side of which a few sheep can be discerned from the moss-covered boulders by their sudden start at our unexpected appearance. Only two or three centuries ago, it might have served a good purpose for many a high-strung MacGregor who would rather seek nature's protection in the glens and mountain fastnesses than be deprived of his name and dignity, as required by foolish legislators. Now we see no way whereby the train can proceed other than by piercing straight through the mountain before us. But by a few of those delightful curves and zigzags which are some of the modern feats of engineering all of a sudden we again light by the side of the Loch. The embankment dips precipitously into the water and on either side there is a variety of scenery with steep precipices, broken crags and over-hanging rocks. Loch Goil branches off to the Northwest and at the promontory where it and Loch Long meet is a small island the scene, of Campbell's ballad, "Lord Ullin's daughter:"

"O! wha bé ye wad cross Loch Goil
This dark and stormy water?"
"O! I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle
And this Lord Ullin's daughter."