

the river at the rate of about six miles an hour. Impatient a little at the first they soon forgot the slowness of their progress in the beauty of the surrounding scenery. Erskine House, with its magnificent park, the residence of the late Lord Blantyre, (who was shot while looking from the window of his hotel, during the three days in Paris,) was the first object that particularly attracted their attention. Next came Dunglas—with the ruins of a Roman tower, a vast heap of mason work, the terminus of the wall built by Agricola between the firths of Forth and Clyde. Dumbarton Castle, one of the four great fortresses of Scotland, and which commands the entrance to the Clyde—the scene of many a gallant and some atrocious deeds, and where is preserved with just pride the huge two-handed sword of the patriot Wallace. All these places were admired and duly commented on, when the captain, a very sinister looking fellow, came round to collect the fares. He came first to Randolph, and in a gruff, short, bullying tone, uttered the words “Your fare.” “How much?” said Ran, pulling out his purse rather proudly. “Three and six.” “Half fare for boys, of course,” continued our youngster, “Nothing of the sort—full fare, or I put you ashore at Greenock.” “Well, you won’t get it, that’s all,” replied Ran, “I know the regulations of steamers as well as you do, and I won’t be *done*!” This captain was a bad specimen of a bad class which is fortunately now almost extinct—coarse, brutal, and ignorant. He swore a savage oath, and was about to take hold of young Maitland’s collar, when an ominous growl was heard, and had not Frank seized Nelson round the neck, and held him with all his strength, he would have torn the captain to the deck, and the consequences might have been serious. “Be quiet, Nelson,” said Randolph to the dog, “be quiet, sir,” and turning to the commander, continued, “we will pay to Greenock and leave your vessel, but,” continued he, his eye sparkling with rage, “had you put a finger upon me, sir, I would have made the dog tear the throat out of you.” There was now a dreadful row. The captain in a perfect frenzy of passion, shouted out to kill the dog—and the order would undoubtedly have been executed—when a gentleman passenger pushed in before the boys, and requested to know what was the matter. The captain continued to cry out with oaths and curses, to destroy the dog. The three boys defended their canine friend to the best of their ability—protecting and holding him back, and standing in such a manner that a blow could not be aimed at him without seriously injuring them. “These boys state that the dog has done nothing, captain, and he must not be destroyed without reason,” said the gentleman. “Who the —— are you?” shouted the infuriated monster, using language too horrible to be repeated. The eye of the passenger kindled with indignant passion for a moment, but only for a moment. “I am Dr. Chalmers, and I shall certainly consider it my duty to wait upon the Company, and represent how bad a servant they have got in you.” The cowed bully looked as if he