

(CONTINUED FROM FRONT PAGE).

And Ben Lomond is ever present—his giant head towering 3,192 ft. above the placid waters at his feet—

Whose lake in beauty sleeps serene
Mid silver birch and purple heath.

Many fine residences come into view on the islands and mainland as the little steamer on which you travel rounds the headlands, and a place is pointed out on 'the island of women' where many generations of Highland chiefs have been interred.

And Lomond's breezes deep
Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep.

Just to show my readers how expeditiously the canny Scot is now managing these 'circular tours' I will mention that to accomplish this round trip we had, all in the space of much less than twenty-four hours, to travel by three different lines of railroad, to get on board and journey by four different steamboats and one omnibus. To get out at the right piers and places, to scramble on board the right steamboats and railway trains at the right moment was a thing I had never thought would be accomplished without mishap, especially when we consider the dreadful names which the Scotch seem to delight in inflicting upon you. Here is a simple one as a specimen—the Craig-en-doran Pier. Well, this we got round by thinking of Maggie Doran, a good old servant of ours, and we turned up at our hotel for supper, fortunately without mishap.

Having travelled now so far into Scotland, and seen so many castles where blood has been shed without stint over and over again, and read of Bannockburn and Flodden Field and other battle-fields as we passed in their neighbourhood, we cannot help thinking the land ought to be covered with a sea of blood. Bloody deeds crop up everywhere, and your own blood curdles as you read sometimes of hundreds and thousands being slaughtered in wars, or clannish quarrels, or simple murders like the following legend of the castle of Rothesay, where a deed of horror was committed on the narrow stair behind the ruined chapel:—

'Oh! Mary, dear, departed ehade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?'

She came home to prepare for her wedding, and whilst nursing her sick brother caught the fever. She died, he lived. This neighbourhood is also famous as having been the scene of Henry Bell's labour to effect steam navigation. In 1812 he launched the Comet, the first vessel built in Europe to be propelled with steam. She was only three-horse power but ran for some time with success between Glasgow and Greenock. There is a model of the vessel in the Glasgow museum. A monument has been erected to his memory near Douglas Castle. Erskine House is a fine residence belonging to the Earl of Blantyre, and Dumbarton Castle, on the north bank, is noted as having been the residence of Sir William Wallace. Mary Queen of Scots resided here for some time. There are sixteen cannon, formerly used in defence of the place, and a collection of ancient arms. A very fine refuge for aged seamen, known as Sir Gabriel Wood's Asylum, stands on one of the terraces, and shelters seventy aged mariners from all further storms. It is a beautiful stone building with prettily laid-out grounds. The dredging of the Clyde, which has made Glasgow such an important centre of commercial enterprise, was commenced from Greenock, in earnest, in 1768, and has cost up to this time about seven million pounds.

Glasgow, that busy hive of human industry, would take a book to itself to describe it thoroughly. I shall trouble my readers with two or three pages only. I am afraid I cannot do it in less space. The new Municipal Buildings, or City Chambers as they are called, are certainly the show of the city. An hour morning and evening is set apart to show visitors round, and truly it was the most beautiful interior we have yet seen. Everything was so new and clean. The main entrance hall and staircases, floors and ceilings are all built in different coloured marbles from Italy, and the scene is fairy-like, enchanting, rich and good—too good for ordinary mortals to use. You feel as if it should be reserved for beings of a higher nature than ordinary common councillors to tread. The erection cost a

boats, machinery, etc. A very interesting feature was the exhibition of raw ores and the manufactured article, such as spoons and other articles through the varied stages until the finished goods were ready to place upon the market. Horns of animals and other raw material is treated in the same way, and as an educational medium for the rising generation (awards of children were there) the museum must be of the utmost value. Three policemen were in attendance to keep the youngsters from doing injury to the exhibits. The Cathedral is a very fine old building, and dates as far back as 1208, when it was commenced by Bishop Joceline. Many noble families have their last resting places here, and the stained glass memorial windows are very fine. The necropolis stands immediately in the rear of the cathedral, and has some grand monuments, notably those to John Knox, Irvin, and merchant princes. John Knox's house still stands at Netherbow, Edinburgh, and abstracts improvements by its position, but veneration for the name of the great reformer is strong enough to prevent its removal. It is very dirty, and sadly wants renovation in some way or other.

Thanks to letters of introduction which we brought with us from Auckland, we were enabled to spend the greater part of a day at the Fairfield Shipbuilding Works at Govan, where the Atlantic record-breaker, the Campania, and her sister ship, the Lucania, were built. There are immense works covering more than sixty acres, and when busy employ 7,000 hands. The Lucania was lying in the stream, having made on her trial trip 234 miles per hour without being pushed. She is 12,950 tons measurement and 30,000 horse-power. I notice she is to make her maiden trip on September 2nd to New York, and great things are expected of her. Our chaperone over the works was more than kind, explaining the details and working of each machine we were interested in, and where machines were not working having them started for our information as to how some particular piece of work was performed. We saw an immense boiler being riveted by hydraulic pressure with rivets two inches at least in diameter, and the business was



J. Martin, photo.

SHEEP SHEARING IN THE GREAT BARRIER.

'Yet kiss me luvellie Isabel,
And lay your cheek to mine,
Tho' ye bear the bluid of the high Steward
I'll woo nae hand but thine.'

'I canna love, I winna love
A murderer for my lord,
For even yet my father's bluid
Lies lapped on your sword.'

The morning woke on the lady's bower
But no Isabel was there,
The morning woke on Rothesay tower
And bluid was on the stair.

And off in the mirk and midnight hour,
When a' is silent there,
A shriek is heard and a lady seen
On the steps of the bluidy stair.

(Our next stopping place was Greenock, a pushing go-ahead shipping port, with a population of 53,000. Sugar-refining is also extensively carried on here. It is noted as the birthplace of James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine in 1736. There is a Watt monument in the town which takes the form of a literary institute and museum. Jean Adams, who wrote the inimitable lyric, 'There's aae luck about the house,' was also born here in 1710; and Burns' Highland Mary lies buried in the West Kirk cemetery. Crowds of pilgrims yearly visit her monument. It is an elegant slab with a group representing the parting of the lovers and the lines by Burns:—

quarter of a million of money, so that my readers may guess it is no trumpety erection, and yet, already, the sanitary arrangements are found defective, and dry rot has shown its horrid presence. A large additional sum will, it is feared, be required to remedy these defects. The reception-rooms and ball-rooms, Council Chambers, library and committee-rooms, are superbly upholstered. The front of the buildings overlook St. George's Square, which is prettily laid out in flower-beds and lawns. There are numerous statues also around. The Municipal Buildings occupied seven years in building, and were opened by the Queen in 1888. The University Buildings are charmingly situated at the summit of Gilmore Hill, overlooking Kelvin Grove Park. They were commenced in 1866 from plans furnished by the eminent architect, Sir Gilbert Scott, and cost with the grounds over half a million pounds. The foundation stone was laid by the Prince of Wales. The University was not in session, but we went over the buildings and were shown the Randolph addition built at a cost of £60,000, and the Butz addition at a cost of £245,000. There are 2,200 students on the books, but at Edinburgh I believe there are over 4,000. The professors may be equally good and the work done equal, but the fashion predominates in favour of the Edinburgh University titles. The library contains 100,000 volumes.

West End Park is very nicely laid out and with diversified scenery. The museum is one of the most complete of its kind we have yet gone through in the way of models of

done as quietly and easily as a lady would crack a filbert with nut crackers at dessert. I will not go further with mechanical details, as they would perhaps not interest my readers. For the same reason I will not say anything about the Dumbarton shipworks which we passed. It is here that the Union S.S. boats are built. Lady Elder, of the Fairfield Works, has given a very fine park to the citizens of Govan.

At the present moment the Glasgow Corporation is attempting great improvements in portions of the city where the poorer classes mostly do congregate. The buildings in the old 'closes' and crowded alleys are being pulled down, and larger, better, and cleaner structures put in their place. But in a pecuniary sense the change, I am told, has not been by any means a success. This, it is thought, may be partly owing to having too many agents to collect rents and look after the property, and now a general 'factor' is likely to be employed, having charge and being directly responsible to the Council. Before I reached Glasgow I had been led to believe that in many ways the Glasgow Municipal Government was a model highly to be commended for imitation by the Auckland Borough Council; but when I saw how the ratepayers had been saddled with taxes on a quarter of a million spent on such—too grand—chambers, I have thought it best not to say a word in praise of such conduct. Another feature which I am told is very noticeable now in cities in Scotland is the fact that Scotchmen are not so close—so careful of spending the time-honoured 'saxpence.'