ABBOTT JACOB

ROLLO IN SCOTLAND

Jacob Abbott
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Содержание

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THE PICNIC. See page 133.

PRINCIPAL PERSONS OF THE STORY

Rollo; twelve years of age.

Mr. and Mrs. Holiday; Rollo's father and mother, travelling in Europe.

Thanny; Rollo's younger brother.

Jane; Rollo's cousin, adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Holiday.

Mr. George; a young gentleman, Rollo's uncle.

STIRLING CASTLE.

Chapter I.
The Boy that was not loaded

In the course of his travels in Europe, Rollo went with his uncle George one summer to spend a fortnight in Scotland.

There are several ways of going into Scotland from England. One way is to take a steamer from Liverpool, and go up the Clyde to Glasgow. This was the route that Mr. George and Rollo took.

On the way from Liverpool to Glasgow, Rollo became acquainted with a boy named Waldron Kennedy. Waldron was travelling with his father and mother and two sisters. His sisters were mild and gentle girls, and always kept near their mother; but Waldron seemed to be always getting into difficulty, or mischief. He was just about Rollo's age, but was a little taller. He was a very strong boy, and full of life and spirits. He was very venturesome, too, and he was continually frightening his mother by getting himself into what seemed to her dangerous situations. One morning, when she came up on deck, just after the steamer entered the mouth of the Clyde, she almost fainted away at seeing Waldron half way up the shrouds. He was poising himself there on one of the ratlines, resting upon one foot, and holding on with only one hand.

To prevent his doing such things, Waldron's mother kept him under the closest possible restraint, and would hardly let him go

away from her side. She watched him, too, very closely all the time, and worried him with perpetual cautions. It was always, "Waldron, don't do this," or, "Waldron, you must not do that," or, "Waldron, don't go there." This confinement made Waldron very restless and uneasy; so that, on the whole, both he himself and his mother, too, had a very uncomfortable time of it.

"He worries my life out of me," she used to say, "and spoils all the pleasure of my tour. O, if he were only a girl!"

Mr. George had been acquainted with Mr. Kennedy and his family in New York, and they were all very glad to meet him on board the steamer.

On the morning after the steamer entered the mouth of the Clyde, Mrs. Kennedy and her daughters were sitting on a settee upon the deck, with books in their hands. From time to time they read in these books, and in the intervals they looked at the scenery. Waldron stood near them, leaning in a listless manner on the railing. Rollo came up to the place, and accosted Waldron, saying,—

"Come, Waldron, come with me."

"Hush!" said Waldron, in a whisper. "You go out there by the paddle box and wait a moment, till my mother begins to look on her book again, and then I'll steal away and come."

But Rollo never liked to obtain any thing by tricks and treachery, and so he turned to Mrs. Kennedy, and, in a frank and manly manner, said,—

"Mrs. Kennedy, may Waldron go away with me a little while?"

"Why, I am afraid, Rollo," said Mrs. Kennedy. "He always gets into some mischief or other the moment he is out of my sight."

"O, we shall be under my uncle George's care," said Rollo. "I am going out there where he is sitting."

"Well," said Mrs. Kennedy, hesitating, and looking very timid, —"well, Waldron may go a little while. But, Waldron, you must be sure and stay by Mr. George, or, at least, not go any where without his leave."

"Yes," said Waldron, "I will."

So he and Rollo went away, and walked leisurely towards the place where Mr. George was sitting.

"I am glad we are coming up this river, to Greenock and Glasgow," said Waldron.

"Why?" asked Rollo.

"Because of the steamboats," said Waldron.

"Do they build a great many steamboats in Greenock and Glasgow?" asked Rollo.

"Yes," said Waldron; "this is the greatest place for building steamboats in the world."

"Except New York," said Rollo.

"O, of course, except New York," replied Waldron. "But they build all the big English steamers in this river. All the Cunarders were built here, and they have got some of the best machine shops and founderies here that there are in the world. I should like to go all about and see them, if I could only get away from my mother."

"Why, won't she let you go?" said Rollo.

"No," replied Waldron, "not if she knows it. She thinks I am a little boy, and is so afraid that I shall get *hurt*!"

Waldron pronounced the word *hurt* in a drawling and contemptuous tone, which was so comical that Rollo could not help laughing outright.

"I go to all the ship yards and founderies in New York whenever I please," continued Waldron. "I go when she does not know it. Sometimes the men let me help them carry out the melted iron, and pour it into the moulds."

By this time the two boys had reached the place where Mr. George was. He was sitting on what is called a camp stool, and was engaged in reading his guide book, and studying the map, with a view of finding out what route it would be best to take in the tour they were about making in Scotland. Mr. George drew the boys into conversation with him on the subject. His object was to become acquainted with Waldron, and find out what sort of a boy he was.

"Where do you wish to go, Waldron?" said Mr. George.

"Why, I want to stay here a good many days," said Waldron, "to see the steamers and the dockyards. They are building a monstrous iron ship, somewhere here. She is going to be five hundred tons bigger than the Baltic."

"I should like to see her," said Mr. George.

As he said this he kept his eye upon his map, following his finger, as he moved it about from place to place, as if he was

studying out a good way to go.

"There is Edinburgh," said Mr. George; "we must certainly go to Edinburgh."

"Yes," said Waldron, "I suppose that is a pretty great place. Besides, I want to see the houses twelve stories high."

"And there is Linlithgow," continued Mr. George, still looking upon his map. "That is the place where Mary, Queen of Scots, was born. Waldron, would you like to go there?"

"Why, no," said Waldron, doubtfully, "not much. I don't care much about that."

"It is a famous old ruin," said Mr. George.

"But I don't care much about the old ruins," said Waldron. "If the lords and noblemen are as rich as people say they are, I should think they would mend them up."

"And here, off in the western part of Scotland," continued Mr. George, "are a great many mountains. Would you like to go and see the mountains?"

"No, sir," said Waldron, "not particularly." Then in a moment he added, "Can we go up to the top of them, Mr. George?"

"Yes," said Mr. George, "we can go to the top of some of them."

"The highest?" asked Waldron.

"Yes," said Mr. George. "Ben Nevis, I believe, is the highest. We can go to the top of that."

"Then I should like to go," said Waldron, eagerly.

"Unless," continued Mr. George, "it should rain *too* hard."

"O, I should not care for the rain," said Waldron. "It's good fun to go in the rain."

While this conversation had been going on, Waldron had been looking this way and that, at the various ships and steamers that were gliding about on the water, examining carefully the building of each one, and watching her motions. He now proposed that Rollo should go forward to the bridge with him, where they could have a better lookout.

"Well," said Rollo. So the two boys went together to the bridge.

The bridge was a sort of narrow platform, extending across the steamer, from one paddle wheel to the other, for the captain or pilot to walk upon, in order to see how the steamer was going, and to direct the steering. When they are in the open sea any of the passengers are allowed to walk here; but in coming into port, or into a river crowded with shipping, then a notice is put up requesting passengers not to go upon the bridge, inasmuch as at such times it is required for the exclusive use of the captain and pilot.

This notice was up when Waldron and Rollo reached the bridge.

"See," said Rollo, pointing at the notice. "We cannot go there."

"O, never mind that," said Waldron. "They'll let us go. They only mean that they don't want too many there—that's all."

But Rollo would not go. Mr. George had accustomed him, in travelling about the world, always to obey all lawful rules and

orders, and particularly every direction of this kind which he might find in public places. Some people are very much inclined to crowd upon the line of such rules, and even to encroach upon them till they actually encounter some resistance to drive them back. They do this partly to show their independence and importance. But Mr. George was not one of this sort.

So Rollo would not go upon the bridge.

"Then let us go out on the forecastle," said Waldron. He pointed, as he spoke, to the forecastle, which is a small raised deck at the bows of a steamer, where there is an excellent place to see.

"No," said Rollo, "I will not go on the forecastle either. Uncle George's rule for me on board ship is, that I may go where I see other gentlemanly passengers go, and nowhere else. The passengers do not go on the forecastle."

"Yes," said Waldron, "there are some there now."

"There is only one," said Rollo, "and he has no business there."

During the progress of this conversation the boys had sat down upon the upper step of a steep flight of stairs which led down from the promenade deck to the main deck. They could see pretty well where they were, but not so well, Waldron thought, as they could have seen from the forecastle.

"*I* think we might go on the forecastle as well as not," said Waldron, "even according to your own rule. For there is a passenger there."

"I think it is doubtful," said Rollo.

"Well," said Waldron, "we'll call it doubtful. We will draw lots for it."

So saying, Waldron put his hand in his pocket, and, after fumbling about there a minute or two, took it out, and held it before Rollo with the fingers shut, so that Rollo could not see what was in it.

"Odd or even?" said Waldron.

Rollo looked at the closed hand, with a smile of curiosity on his face, but he did not answer.

"Say odd or even," continued Waldron. "If you hit, that will prove that you are right, and we will not go to the forecastle; but if you miss, then we *will* go."

Rollo hesitated a moment, not being quite sure that this was a proper way of deciding a question of right and wrong. In a moment, however, he answered, "Even."

Waldron opened his hand, and Rollo saw that there was *nothing* in it.

"There," said Waldron, "it is odd, and you said even."

"No," said Rollo, "it is not either even *or* odd. There is nothing at all in your hand."

"Well," said Waldron, "nothing is a number, and it is odd."

"O Waldron!" said Rollo, "it is not any number at all. Besides, if it is a number, it is not odd—it is even."

"Yes," said Waldron, "it is a number, for you can add it, and subtract it, and multiply it, and divide it, just as you can any other number."

"O Waldron!" exclaimed Rollo again. "You can't do any such thing."

"Yes," said Waldron, "I can add nothing to one, and it makes one. So, I can take nothing away from one, and it leaves one.

"I can multiply nothing, too. I can multiply it by ten. Ten times nothing are nothing. So I can divide it. Five in nothing no times, and nothing over."

Rollo was somewhat perplexed by this argument, and he did not know what to reply. Still he would not admit that nothing was a number—still less that it was an odd number. He did not believe, he said, that it was any number at all. The boys continued the discussion[1] for some time, and then they concluded to go and refer it to Mr. George.

And here I ought to say that Waldron had an artful design in taking nothing in his hand, when he called upon Rollo to say, odd or even. He did it in order that whatever answer Rollo might give, he might attempt to prove it wrong. He was a very ingenious boy, and could as easily maintain that nothing was even as that it was odd. Whichever Rollo had said, his plan was to maintain the contrary, and so persuade him to go to the forecastle.

Mr. George was very much pleased when the boys brought the question to him. Indeed, almost all people are pleased when boys come to them in an amicable manner, to have their controversies settled. Then, besides, he inferred from the nature

[1] The conversation was a discussion, and not a dispute, for it was calm, quiet, and good-tempered throughout. A dispute is an *angry* discussion.

of the question that had arisen in this case, that Waldron was a boy of considerable thinking powers, or else he would not have taken any interest in a purely intellectual question like this.

"Well," said Mr. George, "that is quite a curious question. But before I decide it you must first both of you give me your reasons. What makes you think nothing is an odd number, Waldron?"

"I don't know," said Waldron, hesitating. "I think it looks kind of odd."

Mr. George smiled at this reason, and then asked Rollo what made him think it was an even number.

"I don't think it is an even number," said Rollo. "I don't think it is any number at all.

"However," continued Rollo, "that is not the real question, after all. The real question is, whether we shall go on the forecastle or not, to have a lookout."

"No," said Mr. George, "it is not according to etiquette at sea for the passengers to go on the forecastle."

"But they do," said Waldron.

"Yes," said Mr. George, "they sometimes do, I know; and sometimes, under peculiar circumstances, it is right for them to go; but as a general rule, it is not. That is the place for the sailors to occupy in working the ship. It is something like the kitchen in a hotel. What should you think of the guests at a hotel, if they went down into the kitchen to see what was going on there?"

Rollo laughed aloud.

"But we don't go to the forecastle to see what is going on

there," said Waldron; "we go for a lookout—to see what is going on away ahead, on the water."

"True," said Mr. George, "and that is a very important difference, I acknowledge. I don't think my comparison holds good."

Mr. George was always very candid in all his arguing. It is of very great importance that all persons should be so, especially when reasoning with boys. It teaches *them* to be candid.

Just at this time Waldron's attention was attracted by the appearance of a very large steamer, which now came suddenly into view, with its great red funnel pouring out immense volumes of black smoke. Waldron ran over to the other side of the deck to see it. Rollo followed, and thus the explanation which Mr. George might have given, in respect to the arithmetical nature and relations of nothing were necessarily postponed to some future time.

About half an hour after this, while Rollo was sitting by the side of his uncle, looking at the map, and trying to find out how soon they should come in sight of the famous old Castle of Dunbarton, which stands on a rocky hill upon the banks of the Clyde, Mr. Kennedy came up to him to inquire if he knew where Waldron was.

Rollo said that he did not know. He had not seen him for some time.

"We can't find him any where," said Mr. Kennedy. "We have looked all over the ship. His mother is half crazy. She thinks he

has fallen overboard."

So Rollo and Mr. George both rose immediately and went off to see if they could find Waldron. They went in various directions, inquiring of every body they met if they had seen such a boy. Several people had seen him half an hour before, when he was with Rollo; but no one knew where he had been since. At last, in about ten minutes, Rollo came running to Mrs. Kennedy, who was walking about through the cabins in great distress, and said, hurriedly, "I've found him; he is safe," and then ran off to tell Mr. Kennedy.

Mrs. Kennedy followed him, calling out eagerly, "Where is he? Where is he?" Rollo met Mr. Kennedy at the head of the cabin stairs, and he seemed very much rejoiced to learn that Waldron was found. Rollo led the way, and Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy followed him, until they came to a place on the deck, pretty well forward, where there was an opening surrounded by an iron railing, through which you could look down into the hold below. It was very far down that you could look, and at different distances on the way were to be seen iron ladders going from deck to deck, and ponderous shafts, moving continually, with great clangor and din, while at the bottom were seen the mouths of several great glowing furnaces, with men at work shovelling coal into them.

"There he is," said Rollo, pointing down.

Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy leaned over the railing and looked down, and there they beheld Waldron, hard at work shovelling

coal into the mouth of a furnace, with a shovel which he had borrowed of one of the men. In a word, Waldron had turned stoker.

Mr. Kennedy hurried down the ladders to bring Waldron up, while Mr. George and Rollo went back to the deck.

About an hour after this Mr. Kennedy came and took a seat on a settee where Mr. George was sitting, and began to talk about Waldron.

"He is the greatest plague of my life," said Mr. Kennedy. "I don't know what I shall do with him. He is continually getting into some mischief. I have shut him up a close prisoner in the state room, and I am going to keep him there till we land. But it will do no good. It will not be an hour after he gets out before he will be in some new scrape. You know a great deal about boys; I wish you would tell me what to do with him."

"I think, if he was under my charge," said Mr. George, very quietly, "I should *load* him."

"Load him?" repeated Mr. Kennedy, inquiringly.

"Yes," said Mr. George, "I mean I should give him a load to carry."

"I don't understand, exactly," said Mr. Kennedy. "What is your idea?"

"My idea is," said Mr. George, "that a growing boy, especially if he is a boy of unusual capacity, is like a steam engine in this respect. A steam engine must always have a load to carry,—that is, something to *employ* and *absorb* the force it is capable of

exerting,—or else it will break itself to pieces with it. The force *will* expend itself on something, and if you don't load it with something good, it will employ itself in mischief.

"Here now is the engine of this ship," continued Mr. George. "Its force is conducted to the paddle wheels, where it has full employment for itself in turning the wheels against the immense resistance of the water, and in carrying the ship along. This work is its *load*. If this load were to be taken off,—for example, if the steamer were to be lifted up out of the water so that the wheels could spin round in the air,—the engine would immediately stave itself to pieces, for want of having any thing else to expend its energies upon."

"Yes," said Mr. Kennedy. "I have no doubt of it."

"Now, I think," continued Mr. George, "that it is in some sense the same with a boy whose mental and physical powers are in good condition. These powers must be employed. They hunger and thirst for employment, and if they don't get it in doing good they will be sure to find it in some kind of mischief."

"Well," said Mr. Kennedy, with a sigh, "there is a great deal in that; but what is to be done? You can't *employ* such a boy as that. There is nothing he can do. I wish you would take him, and see if you can load him, as you call it. Take him with you on this tour you are going to make in Scotland. I will put money in your hands to cover his expenses, and you may charge any thing you please beyond, for your care of him."

"Perhaps his mother would not like such an arrangement," said

Mr. George.

"O, yes," replied Mr. Kennedy; "nothing would please her more."

"And would Waldron like it himself?" asked Mr. George.

"I presume so," said Mr. Kennedy; "he likes any thing that is a change."

Mr. Kennedy went down to the state room to see Waldron, and ask him what he thought of this plan. Waldron said he should like it very much. So he was at once liberated from his confinement, and transferred to Mr. George's charge.

"Now, Waldron," said Mr. George, when Waldron came to him, "I shall want some help from you about getting ashore from the boat. Do you think you could go ashore with Rollo as soon as we land, and take a cab and go directly up to the hotel, and engage rooms for us, while I am looking out for the baggage, and getting it ready?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," said Waldron, eagerly. "I can do that. What hotel shall I go to?"

"I don't know," said Mr. George. "I don't know any thing about the hotels in Glasgow. You must find out."

"Well," said Waldron, "only how shall I find out?"

"I am sure *I* don't know," said Mr. George. "I leave it all to you and Rollo. I am busy forming my plans for a tour. You and Rollo can go and talk about it, and see if you can discover any way of finding out the name of one of the best hotels. If you can't, after trying fifteen minutes, come to me, and I will help you."

So saying, Mr. George began to study his map again, and Waldron, apparently much pleased with his commission, said, "Come, Rollo," and walked away.

Chapter II.
Districts of Scotland

I think that Mr. George was quite right in his idea, that the true remedy for the spirit of restlessness and mischief that Waldron manifested was to employ him, or, as he metaphorically termed it, to *load* him. And as this volume will, perhaps, fall into the hands of many parents as well as children, I will here remark that a great many good-hearted and excellent boys fall into the same difficulty from precisely the same cause; namely, that they have not adequate employment for their mental and physical powers, which are growing and strengthening every day, and are hungering and thirsting for the means and opportunities of expending their energies.

Parents are seldom aware how fast their children are growing and increasing in strength, both of body and mind. The evidences of this growth, in respect to the limbs and muscles of the body, are, indeed, obvious to the eye; and as the growth advances, we have continual proof of the pleasure which the exercise of these new powers gives to the possessor of them. The active and boisterous plays of boys derive their chief charm from the pleasure they feel in testing and exercising their muscular powers in every way. They are always running, and leaping, and wrestling, and pursuing each other, and pushing each other,

and climbing up to high places, and standing on their heads, and walking on the tops of fences, and performing all other possible or conceivable feats, which may give them the pleasure of working, in new and untried ways, their muscular machinery, and feeling its increasing power, and in producing new effects by means of it. They get themselves into continual difficulties and dangers by these things, and cause themselves a great deal of suffering. Still they go on, for the intoxicating delight of using their powers, or, rather, the irresistible instinct which impels them to use them, has greater force with them than all other considerations.

We see all this very plainly in respect to the action of the limbs and organs of the body; for it is palpably evident to our senses, and we feel the necessity of providing safe and proper modes of expending these energies. Since we find, for example, that boys must kick something, we give them a football to kick; which, being a mere ball of wind, may be kicked without doing any harm. And so with almost all the other playthings and sports which are devised for boys, or which they devise for themselves. They are the means, simply, of enabling them to employ their growing powers and expand their energies, without doing any body any harm. We know very well that it is not safe to leave these powers and energies unemployed.

But we are very apt to forget that there are powers and faculties of the mind, equally vigorous, and equally eager to be exercised, that ought also to be provided for. The strength

of the will, the power of exercising judgment and discretion, the spirit of enterprise, the love of command, and other such mental impulses, are growing and strengthening every day, in every healthy boy, and they are all clamorous for employment. The instinct that impels them is so strong that they will find employment in some way or other for themselves, unless an occupation is otherwise provided for them. A very large proportion of the acts of mischievousness and wrong which boys commit arise from this cause. Even boys who are bad enough to form a midnight scheme for robbing an orchard, are influenced mainly in perpetrating the deed, not by the pleasure of eating the apples which they expect to obtain by it, but by the pleasure of forming a scheme, of contriving ways and means of surmounting difficulties, of watching against surprises, of braving dangers, of successfully attaining to a desired end over and through a succession of obstacles interposing. This view of the case does not show that such deeds are right; it only shows the true nature of the wrong involved in them, and helps us in discovering and applying the remedy.

At least this was Mr. George's view of the case in respect to Waldron, when he heard how often he was getting into difficulty by his adventurous and restless character. He thought that the remedy was, as he expressed it, to *load* him; that is, to give to the active and enterprising spirit of his mind something to expend his energies upon. It required great tact and discretion, and great knowledge of the habits and characteristics of boyhood, to enable

him to do this; but Mr. George possessed these qualities in a high degree.

But to return to the story.

Mr. George had decided on coming into Scotland from Liverpool by water, because that was the cheapest way of getting into the heart of the country. And here, in order that you may understand the course of Rollo's travels, I must pause to explain the leading geographical features of the country. If you read this explanation carefully, and follow it on the map, you will understand the subsequent narrative much better than you otherwise would do.

You will see, then, by looking at any map, that Scotland is separated from England by two rivers which flow from the interior of the country into the sea—one towards the east, and the other towards the west. The one on the east side is the Tweed. The Tweed forms the frontier between England and Scotland for a considerable distance, and is, therefore, often spoken of as the boundary between the two countries. Indeed, the phrase "beyond the Tweed" is often used in England to denote Scotland. In former times, when England and Scotland were independent kingdoms, incessant wars were carried on across this border, and incursions were made by the chieftains from each realm into the territories of the other, and castles were built on many commanding points to defend the ground. The ruins of many of these old castles still remain.

On the western side of the island the boundary between

England and Scotland is formed by a very wide river, or rather river's mouth, called Solway Frith. Between this Solway Frith and the Tweed, the boundary which separates the two countries runs along the summit of a range of hills. This range of hills thus forms a sort of neck of high land, which prevents the Tweed and the Solway Frith from cutting Scotland off from England altogether, and making a separate island of it.

About seventy or eighty miles to the northward of the boundary the land is almost cut in two again by two other rivers, with broad mouths, which rise pretty near together in the interior of the country, and flow—one to the east and the other to the west—into the two seas.

These rivers are the Forth and the Clyde. The Forth flows to the east, and has a very wide estuary,[2] as you will see by the map. The Clyde, on the other hand, flows to the west. Its estuary is long and crooked.

The Forth and the Clyde, with their estuaries, almost cut Scotland in two; and by means of them ships and steamers from all parts of England and from foreign ports are enabled to come into the very heart of the country.

The two largest and most celebrated cities in Scotland are situated in the valleys of these rivers, the Forth and the Clyde. They are Edinburgh and Glasgow. Edinburgh is on the Forth,

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[2] An estuary is a sort of bay, produced by the widening of a river at its mouth. Scotland is remarkable for the estuaries which are formed at the mouths of its rivers. They are called there *friths*.

though situated at some little distance from its banks. Glasgow is on the Clyde. There is a railway extending across from Edinburgh to Glasgow, and also a canal, connecting the waters of the Forth with the Clyde. The region of these cities, and of the canal and railroad which connects them, is altogether the busiest, the most densely peopled, and the most important portion of Scotland; and this is the reason why Mr. George wished to come directly into it by water from Liverpool.

The cities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, though both greatly celebrated, are celebrated in very different ways. Edinburgh is the city of science, of literature, and of the arts. Here are many learned institutions, the fame and influence of which extend to every part of the world. Here are great book publishing establishments, which send forth millions of volumes every year—from ponderous encyclopædias of science, and elegantly illustrated and costly works of art, down to tracts for Sabbath schools, and picture books for children. The situation of Edinburgh is very romantic and beautiful; the town being built among hills and ravines of the most picturesque and striking character. When Scotland was an independent kingdom Edinburgh was the capital of it, and thus the old palace of the kings and the royal castle are there, and the town has been the scene of some of the most remarkable events in the Scottish history.

Glasgow, on the other hand, which is on the Clyde, towards the western side of the island, together with all the country

for many miles around it, forms the scene of the mechanical and manufacturing industry of Scotland. The whole district, in fact, is one vast workshop; being full of mines, mills, forges, furnaces, machine shops, ship yards and iron works, with pipes every where puffing out steam, and tall chimneys, higher, some of them, than the Bunker Hill Monument, or the steeple of Trinity Church, in New York. These tall chimneys are seen rising every where, all around the horizon, and sending up volumes of dense black smoke, which comes pouring incessantly from their summits, and thence floating majestically away, mingles itself with the clouds of the sky.

The reason of this is, that the strata of rocks which lie beneath the ground in all this region consist, in a great measure, of beds of coal and of iron ore. The miners dig down in almost any spot, and find iron ore; and very near it, and sometimes in the same pit, they find plenty of coal. These pits are like monstrous wells; very wide at the mouth, and extending down four or five times as far as the height of the tallest steeples, into the bowels of the earth. Over the mouth of the pit the workmen build a machine, with ropes and a monstrous wheel, to hoist the coal and iron up by, and all around they set up furnaces to smelt the ore and turn it into iron. Then, at suitable places in various parts of the country, they construct great rolling mills and founderies. The rolling mills are to turn the pig iron into wrought iron, and to manufacture it into bars and sheets, and rails for the railroads; and the founderies are to cast it into the form of great wheels, and cylinders, and beams

for machinery, or for any other purpose that may be required.

The mines in the valley of the Clyde were worked first chiefly for the coal, and the coal was used to drive steam machinery for spinning and weaving, and for other manufacturing purposes. The river was in those days a small and insignificant stream. It was only about five feet deep, so that the vessels that came to take away the coal and the manufactured goods had to stop near the mouth of it, and the cargoes were brought down to them in boats and lighters. But in process of time they widened and deepened the river. They dug out the mud from the bottom of it, and built walls along the banks; and in the course of the last hundred years, they have improved it so much that now the largest ships can come quite up to Glasgow. The water is eighteen or twenty feet deep all the way.

The Clyde is the river on which steamboats were first built in Great Britain. The man who was the first in England or Scotland that found a way of making a steam engine that could be put in a boat and made to turn paddle wheels so as to drive the boat along, was James Watt, who was born on the Clyde; and he is accordingly considered as the author and originator of English steam navigation, just as Fulton is regarded as the originator of the art in America. The Clyde, of course, very naturally became the centre of steamboat and steamship building. The iron for the engines was found close at hand, as well as abundant supplies of coal for the fires. The timber they brought from the Baltic. At length, however, they found that they could build ships of iron

instead of wood, using iron beams for the framing, and covering them with plates of iron riveted together instead of planks. These ships were found very superior, in almost all respects, to those built of timber; and as iron in great abundance was found all along the banks of the Clyde, and as the workmen in the region were extremely skilful in working it, the business of building ships and steamers of this material increased wonderfully, until, at length, the banks of the river for miles below Glasgow became lined with ship yards, where countless steamers, of monstrous length and graceful forms, in all the stages of construction, lie; now sloping towards the water and down the stream, ready at the appointed time to glide majestically into the river, and thence to plough their way to every portion of the habitable globe.

It was into this busy scene of mechanical industry and skill that our party of travellers were now coming. But before I resume the narrative of their adventures, I will say a word about those parts of Scotland which lie to the north and south of these central regions that are occupied by the valleys of the Forth and the Clyde. The region which extends to the southward—that is, which lies between the valleys of the Forth and the Clyde on the one hand, and the English frontier on the other—is called the southern part of the country. It consists, generally, of fertile and gently undulating land, which is employed almost entirely for tillage, and is but little visited by tourists or travellers.

The northern part of Scotland is, however, of a very different character; being wild, mountainous and waste, and filled every

where with the most grand and sublime scenery. The eastern portion of this part of the island is more level, and there are several large and flourishing towns on or near the shores of it, such as Inverness, Aberdeen, Dundee, Perth, and others. But the whole of the western side of it consists of one vast congeries of lakes and mountains, so wild and sombre in their character that they have become celebrated throughout the world for the gloomy grandeur of the scenery which they present to the view.

These are the famous Scottish Highlands. Mr. George's plan was first to visit the valley of the Clyde, and its various mines and manufactories, and then to take a circuit round among the Highlands, on his way to Edinburgh.

Chapter III.
Arrival at Glasgow

One of the greatest drawbacks to the pleasure of travelling in Scotland, especially among the Highlands, is the rain. It usually rains more in mountainous countries than in those that are level, for the mountains, rising into the higher and colder regions of the atmosphere, chill and condense the vapors that are floating there, on the same principle by which a tumbler or a pitcher, made cold by iced water placed within it, condenses the moisture from the air, upon the outside of it, on a summer's day. It is also probable that the mountain summits produce certain effects in respect to the electrical condition of the atmosphere, on which it is well known that the formation of clouds and the falling of rain greatly depend—though this subject is yet very little understood. At all events, the western part of Scotland is one of the most rainy regions in the world, and travellers who visit it must expect to have their plans and arrangements very often and very seriously interfered with by the state of the weather.

The changes are quite unexpected too; for sometimes you will see dark masses of watery vapor, coming suddenly into view, and driving swiftly across the sky, where a few moments before every thing had appeared settled and serene. These scuds are soon followed by others, more and more dense and threatening,

until, at last, there come drenching showers of rain, which drive every body to the nearest shelter, if there is any shelter at hand.

Such a change as this came on while Mr. George had been making arrangements with Mr. Kennedy for taking Waldron under his charge; and just as Waldron and Rollo had gone away to see what plan they could devise in respect to the hotel, it began to rain. The clouds and mists, too, concealed the shores almost entirely from view, and the passengers began to go below. Mr. George followed their example. On his way he passed a sheltered place where he saw Waldron and Rollo engaged in conversation, and he told them, as he passed them, that when they were ready to report they would find him below.

In about fifteen minutes the boys came down to him.

"Uncle George," said Rollo, "we have found out that there are a good many excellent hotels in Glasgow, but we think we had better go to the Queen's."

"Yes, sir," said Waldron. "It fronts on a handsome square, where they are going to have an exhibition of flowers to-morrow, with tents and music."

"And shall you wish to go and see the flowers?" asked Mr. George.

"No, sir," said Waldron. "I don't care much about the flowers, but I should like to see the tents, and to hear the music."

"Then, besides, uncle George," said Rollo, "we are coming to the mouth of the river pretty soon, and as soon as we get in we shall come to Greenock; and there is a railroad from Greenock

up to Glasgow, so that we can go ashore there, if you please, and go up to Glasgow quick by the railroad. A great many of the passengers are going to do that."

"Do you think that would be a good plan?" asked Mr. George.

"Why, yes," said Rollo, "I *should* think it would be a good plan, if we had not paid our passage through by the steamer."

"And what do *you* think about it, Waldron?" asked Mr. George.

"I should like it," said Waldron. "The fare is only one and sixpence. I should have preferred to go up in the steamer if it had been pleasant, so that we could see the ships and steamers on the stocks; but it is so misty and rainy that we cannot see any thing at all. So, if you would go up by the railroad, and then, to-morrow, when it is pleasant, come down a little way again, on one of the steamboats, to see the river, I should like it very much."

"But I shall have to stay at home to-morrow," said Mr. George, "and write letters to send to America. It is the last day."

"Then let Rollo and me go down by ourselves," said Waldron.

"Yes, uncle George," said Rollo, "let us go by ourselves."

"Ah," said Mr. George. "I am not sure that that would be safe. I am not much acquainted with Waldron yet, and I don't know what his character is, in respect to judgment and discretion."

"O, I think he has got good judgment," said Rollo. "We will both be very careful."

"Yes, sir," said Waldron, "we certainly will."

"O, boys' promises," said Mr. George, "in respect to such

things as that, are good for nothing at all. I never place any reliance upon them whatever."

"O uncle George!" exclaimed Rollo.

"Well, now, would you, if you were in my case?" said Mr. George. "I will leave it to you, Waldron. Suppose a strange boy, that you know no more about than I do of you, were to come to you with a promise that he would be *very careful* if you would let him go somewhere, and that he would not go into any dangerous places, or expose himself to any risks,—would you think it safe to trust him?"

"Why, no, sir," said Waldron, reluctantly. "I don't think I should. Perhaps I might *try* him."

"According to my experience," said Mr. George, "you can't trust to boys' promises in the least. It is not that they make promises with the intention of breaking them, but they don't know what breaking them is. A boy who is not careful does not know the difference between being careful and being careless; and so he breaks his promise, and then, if he gets into any trouble by his folly, he says, 'I did not think there was any harm in that.'

"No," added Mr. George, in conclusion, shaking his head gravely as he spoke. "I never place any reliance on such promises."

"Then how can you tell whether to trust a boy or not?" asked Rollo.

"I never can tell," said Mr. George, "until he is proved. When he is tried and proved, then I know him; but not before."

"Well," said Rollo, "then let Waldron and me go down the river to-morrow, if it is pleasant, and let that be for our trial."

"It might, possibly, be a good plan to let you go, on that ground," said Mr. George. He said this in a musing manner, as if considering the question.

"I will think of it," said he. "I'll see if I can think of any conditions on which I can allow you to go, and I will tell you about it at the hotel. And now, in regard to going up to Glasgow. I'll leave it to you and Waldron to decide. You must go and ascertain all the facts—such as how soon the train leaves after we arrive, and how much sooner we shall get up there, if we go in it. Then you must take charge of all the baggage, too, and see that it goes across safe from the steamer to the station, and attend to the whole business."

"Yes, sir," said Waldron, "we will. We'll get a cab, and put the baggage right in."

"Can't you get it across without a cab?" said Mr. George. "I don't see how I can afford to take a cab, very well; for you see we have to incur an extra expense as it is, to go in the cars at all, since we have already paid our passage up by the steamer."

"Well, sir," said Waldron, eagerly, "we can carry the baggage across ourselves. Let us go and look at it, Rollo, and see how much there is."

So the boys went off with great eagerness to look at the baggage. In a few minutes they returned again, wearing very bright and animated countenances.

"Yes, sir," said Waldron, "we can take it all just as well as not. I can take your valise, and Rollo can take my things, and I can carry your knapsack under my arm."

"O, I am willing to help," said Mr. George. "I can help in carrying the things, provided I do not have any *care*. If you will count up all the things that are to go, and see that they all do go, and then count them again when we get into the railway carriage, so as to be sure that they are all there, and thus save me from responsibility, that is all I ask, and I will carry any thing you choose to give me."

"Well, sir," said Waldron.

Indeed, Waldron was very much pleased to find how completely Mr. George was putting the business under his and Rollo's charge.

"And now," said Mr. George, "I think you had better tell your father and mother about this plan of our going ashore at Greenock. They may like to do so, too."

"O, they know all about it," said Waldron, "and they are going. Mother says that she has had enough of the steamer."

Not long after this the steamer arrived at Greenock, and made fast to the pier. A large number of the passengers went ashore. The rain had ceased, which was very fortunate for those who were to walk to the station; though, of course, the streets were still wet. As soon as the boat was made fast, Mr. George went to the plank, and there he found Waldron and Rollo ready, with the baggage in their hands. Mr. George took his valise, though at

first Waldron was quite unwilling to give it up.

"O, yes," said Mr. George; "I have no objection to hard work. What I don't like is care. If you and Rollo will take the care off my mind, that is all I ask."

"Well," said Waldron, "we will. And now I wonder which way we must go, to get to the station."

"I am sure I don't know," said Mr. George. As he said this his countenance assumed a vacant and indifferent expression, as if he considered that the finding of the way to the station was no concern of his.

"Ah!" exclaimed Waldron, "this is the way. See!" So saying, Waldron pointed to a sign put up near the end of the pier, with the words Railroad Station painted upon it, and a hand indicating the way to go.

As the sun had now come out, the party had quite a pleasant walk to the station. Mr. George had all his clothes in a light and small valise which he could carry very easily in his hand. Some of Rollo's clothes were in this valise, too, and the rest were in a small carpet bag. Waldron's were in a carpet bag, too. Besides these things there were some coats and umbrellas to be carried in the hand, and Mr. George and Rollo had each a knapsack, which they had bought in Switzerland. These knapsacks were hung at their sides. They were light, for at this time there was very little in them.

Rollo and Waldron stopped once in the street to inquire if they were on the right way to the station; and finding that they were,

they went on, and soon arrived at the gateway. They went in at a spacious entrance, and thence ascended a long and very wide flight of stairs, which led to the second story. There they found an area, covered with a glass roof, and surrounded with offices of various kinds pertaining to the station. In the centre was a train of cars, with a locomotive at the head of it, apparently all ready for a start. Passengers were walking to and fro on the platform, and getting into the carriages.

On one side was a book stand, where a boy was selling books. There was a counter before, and shelves against the walls behind. The shelves were filled with books. These books were in fancy-colored paper bindings, and seemed to consist chiefly of guide books and tales, and other similar works suited to the wants of travellers.

Mr. George laid his valise down upon a bench near by, and began to look at the books. Waldron and Rollo put their baggage down in the same way, and followed his example.

While they were standing there they saw Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy and the two girls coming up the stairs. They were accompanied by a porter.

Mrs. Kennedy stopped a moment to speak to Waldron as she went by.

"Now, Waldron," said she, "you must be very careful, and not get into any difficulty. Keep close to Mr. George all the time, and don't get run over when you get in and out of the cars. You had better button up your jacket. It is very damp, and you will

take cold, I am afraid."

So saying, she began to button up Waldron's jacket in front, giving it a pull this way and that to make it set better.

"Don't, mother!" said Waldron. "I'm so hot."

So he shook his shoulders a little uneasily, and tried to turn away. But his mother insisted that his jacket should be buttoned up, at least part way.

"Come, my dear," said Mr. Kennedy, speaking to his wife; "we have no time to lose. The train is going."

So Mr. Kennedy bade Waldron good by, and hurried on, and Waldron immediately unbuttoned his jacket again, saying at the same time,—

"Come, Mr. George, it is time for us to go aboard."

"Have you got the tickets?" said Mr. George, quietly, still keeping his eyes upon a book that he was examining.

"No," said Waldron. "Are *we* to get the tickets?"

"Of course," said Mr. George. "I have nothing to do with it. You and Rollo have undertaken to get me to Glasgow without my having any thought or concern about it."

"Well, come, Rollo, quick; let's go and get them. Where's the booking office?"

At the English stations the place where the tickets are bought is called the booking office. It is necessary to procure tickets, or you cannot commence the journey; for it is not customary, as in America, to allow the passengers the privilege, when they desire it, of paying in the cars.

"Do you know where the booking office is, Mr. George?" said Waldron.

"No," said Mr. George, "but if you look about you will find it."

So Waldron and Rollo ran off to find the office. It was down stairs. Before they came back with the tickets the train was gone.

"It is no matter," said Mr. George. "Indeed, I think it is my fault rather than yours, for it was not distinctly understood that you were to get the tickets. There will be another train pretty soon, I presume. In the mean time I should like to look at these books, and you and Rollo can amuse yourselves about the station."

So Waldron and Rollo went off to see if they could find a time table, in order to learn when the next train would go. They found that there would be another train in an hour. In the mean time it began to rain again, which prevented the party from taking a walk about the town; so they had to amuse themselves at the station as they best could.

There was a refreshment room at the station, and the boys thought at first that it would be a good plan to have something to eat; but, finally, they concluded that they would wait, and have a regular dinner at the coffee room of the hotel. Mr. George left them to decide the question themselves as they thought best.

The hour, however, soon glided away, and at the end of it the party took their seats in the train, and were trundled rapidly along the banks of the river to Glasgow. The road lay through beautiful parks a considerable portion of the way, with glimpses of the

water here and there between the trees. The view of the scenery, however, was very much impeded by the falling rain.

Chapter IV.
The Expedition Planned

The boys were very successful in their selection of a hotel, for the Queen's Hotel, in Glasgow, is one of the most comfortable and best managed inns in the kingdom.

The party *rode* to the inn, in a cab which they took at the station in Glasgow, when the train arrived there, instead of walking, as they had done in going from the boat to the station at Greenock. The boys asked Mr. George's advice on this point, and he said that, though he was unwilling to take any responsibility, he had no objection whatever to giving his advice, whenever they wished for it. So he told them that he thought it was always best to go to a hotel in a carriage of some sort.

"Because," said he, "in England and Scotland,—that is, in all the great towns,—if we come on foot, they think that we are poor, and of no consequence, and so give us the worst rooms, and pay us very little attention."

When the cab arrived at the hotel Waldron said,—

"There, Mr. George, we have brought you safe to the hotel. Now we have nothing more to do. We give up the command to you now."

"Very well," said Mr. George.

Two or three nicely dressed porters and waiters came out from

the door of the hotel, to receive the travellers and wait upon them in. The porters took the baggage, even to the coats and umbrellas, and the head waiter led the way into the house. Waldron paid the cabman as he stepped out of the cab. He knew what the fare was, and he had it all ready. Mr. George said to the waiter that he wanted two bedrooms, one with two beds in it. The waiter bowed, with an air of great deference and respect, and said that the chambermaid would show the rooms. The chambermaid, who was a very nice-looking and tidily-dressed young woman, stood at the foot of the stairs, ready to conduct the newly-arrived party up to the chambers. She accordingly led the way, and Mr. George and the boys followed—two neat-looking porters coming behind with the various articles of baggage.

The rooms were very pleasant apartments, situated on the front side of the house, and looking out upon a beautiful square. The square was enclosed in a high iron railing. It was adorned with trees and shrubbery, and intersected here and there with smooth gravel walks. In the centre was a tall Doric column, with a statue on the summit. There were other statues in other parts of the square. One of them was in honor of Watt, who is the great celebrity of Glasgow—so large a share of the prosperity and wealth of the whole region being due so much to his discoveries.

"Now, boys," said Mr. George, "you will find water and every thing in your room. Make yourselves look as nice as a pin, and then go down stairs and find the coffee room. When you have found it, choose a pleasant table, and order dinner. You may

order just what you please."

So Mr. George left the boys to themselves, and went into his own room.

In about half an hour Rollo came up and told Mr. George that the dinner was ready. So Mr. George went down into the coffee room, Rollo showing him the way.

Mr. George found that the boys had chosen a very pleasant table indeed for their dinner. It was in a corner, between a window and the fireplace. There was a pleasant coal fire in the fireplace, with screens before it, to keep the glow of it from the faces of the guests. The room was quite large, and there was a long table extending up and down the middle of it, one of which is seen in the engraving. This table was set for dinner or supper. There were other smaller tables for separate parties in the different corners of the room.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.