

CARRIAGE ACCIDENT.

Wednesday, October 7, 1863.

A hazy morning. I decided by Alice's advice, with a heavy heart, to make the attempt to go to *Clova*. At half-past twelve drove with Alice and Lenchen to *Altnagiuthasach*, where we lunched, having warmed some broth and boiled some potatoes, and then rode up and over the *Capel Month* in frequent slight snow-showers. All the high hills white with snow; and the view of the green *Clova* hills covered with snow at the tops, with gleams of sunshine between the showers, was very fine, but it took us a long time, and I was very tired towards the end, and felt very sad and lonely. *Loch Muich* looked beautiful in the setting sun as we came down, and reminded me of many former happy days I spent there. We stopped to take tea at *Altnagiuthasach*. Grant was not with