

the account. Vicky and Alice were with me, and the long, sad, and terrible procession through the crowded streets of *Aberdeen*, where all were kindly, but all were silent, was mournful, and as unlike former blessed times as could be conceived. Unfortunately it continued pouring. The spot where the Statue is placed is rather small, and on one side close to the bridge, but Marochetti chose it himself.

I got out trembling; and when I had arrived, there was no one to direct me and to say, as formerly, what was to be done. Oh! it was and is too painful, too dreadful!

I received (only handed) the Provost's address, and knighted him (the first since all ended) with General Grey's sword. Then we all stepped on to the uncovered and wet p'atform directly opposite the Statue, which certainly is low, and rather small for out of doors, but fine and like. Principal Campbell's prayer was very long—which was trying in the rain—but part of it (since I have read it) is really very good.

I felt very nervous when the Statue was uncovered, but much regretted that when they presented arms there was no salute with the