

FIRST VISIT TO UNKELD.

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*Monday, October 9, 1865.*

A thick, misty, very threatening morning! There was no help for it, but it was sadly provoking. It was the same once or twice in former happy days, and my dear Albert always said we could not alter it, but must leave it as it was, and make the best of it. Our three little ones breakfasted with me. I was grieved to leave my precious Baby and poor Leopold behind. At ten started with Lenchen and Janie Ely (the same attendants on the box). General Grey had gone on an hour and a half before. We took post-horses at *Castleton*. It rained more or less the whole time. Then came the long well-known stage to the *Spital of Glenshee*, which seemed to me longer than ever. The mist hung very thick over the hills. We changed horses there, and about a