

the same way we had come up, across the *Tanar*, and when we had gone up some little way we stopped again, as we were anxious not to hurry home, and moreover the carriage would not have been ready to meet us. We had some tea, sketched a little, and rode on again; the sky had become dark and cloudy, and suddenly down came a most violent shower of rain which beat fiercely with the wind. We were just then going over the boggy part, which, however, we got across very well. As we came over the *Polach* the rain ceased. The view of the *Valley of the Gairn* and *Muich* as you descend is beautiful, and reminded me forcibly of our last happy expedition in 1861, when Albert stopped to talk to Grant about the two forests, and said he and Grant might possibly be dead before they were completed! There lay the landscape stretched out—the same as before; and all else was changed!

We got home at ten minutes past seven o'clock, when it was still raining a little.