

Jan. 9.—Visited the parish minister, the Rev. Mr. Cameron, by whom I was hospitably received, and much blamed for daring to pass his manse on the preceding night to take up my abode in less comfortable quarters. But a promise to pass a whole week of next summer with him made matters all right. After sufficiently admiring this region of grace and grandeur both, and amid which the gifted Mrs. Grant lived so long and sung so sweetly, I bade farewell to Badenoch; and after breasting the hill of Drum-uachdrach, passed the night at Dalwhinnie, on the road to Perth. Capital inn; very kind landlord. Scenery around wild and dreary beyond description. Close by is the eastern termination of the far-famed Loch-Errochd, which, before the arrival of the mail of tomorrow morning for the south, I am determined to visit. In the meantime, however, I shall go and dream of its beauties in bed.

Jan. 10.—It was scarcely dawn this morning when the mail arrived, and I was forced to leave Loch-Errochd unseen. Why should I, or how can I describe my journey to the "Fair City?" It was done in too much hurry, and the snow all along far too deep to admit of my "takin' notes" with any degree of comfort or correctness. Suffice it, in the meantime, to say that our road lay through scenes of such wonderful beauty as I can scarcely ever expect to see equalled. Reached Perth late at night *minus* my portmanteau, which I found to have been taken off the coach during our halt at Dunkeld, likely through a mistake on the part of somebody.

Jan. 11.—Traversed the city. Think it hardly worthy of its flattering title. Its suburbs, however, are sufficiently fair and romantic. The Tay glides, or rather rushes, by it—a majestic flood which, taken all in all, has not its match in Scotland. Waited the arrival of the evening mail, and traced my portmanteau to safe hands. Started about eleven o'clock at night with the mail for Glasgow, where I arrived safely this morning (Jan. 12) at ten o'clock.