

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.