

quarter of an hour after we had left it, we stopped to lunch in the carriage. After some delay we went on and turned into *Strathardle*, and then, leaving the *Blairgowrie* road, down to the farm of *Pitcarmich*, shortly before coming to which Mr. Small Keir * of *Kindrogan* met us and rode before us to this farm. Here we found General Grey and our ponies, and here the dear Duchess of Athole and Miss MacGregor met us, and we got out and went for a short while into the farmhouse, where we took some wine and biscuit. Then we mounted our ponies (I on dear Fyvie, Lenchen on Brechin), and started on our course across the hill. There was much mist. This obscured all the view, which otherwise would have been very fine. At first there was a rough road, but soon there was nothing but a sheep-track, and hardly that, through heather and stones up a pretty steep hill. Mr. Keir could not keep up with the immense pace of Brown and Fyvie, which distanced every one; so he had to drop behind, and his keeper acted as guide. There was by this time heavy driving rain, with a thick mist. About a little more than an hour took us to the "March,"

* His father was presented to me at Dunkeld in 1842.