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may in its course towards England, melted at last into "thin air." After the battle of Culloden, the muster of scattered clans at the Castle of Ruthven might amount to about 8,000. Although in this gathering there was found many a chief whose voice was "still for war," it was ultimately agreed upon that any further attempt on their part to prolong hostilities would be altogether in vain.

JAN. 8.—Proceeded towards Laggan. Snow very deep. A lake on the left hand side; its scenery about the most romantically beautiful I have ever gazed upon. It was night, but the waste of snow around, with a star here and there peeping through the skirts of the snow-clouds hanging over-head, made it appear less like night than a "day in absence of the sun." It required no small effort to tear myself away from a spot so very bewitching, notwithstanding all that Mrs. Grant, the author of "Letters from the Mountains," has told us of its haunted character! About two miles farther on, on the right, is Cluny Castle, the residence of the chief of the Clan MacPherson. Two miles still farther on, stand the manse and church of Laggan, which I passed, making my way, "weary and worn," to the little inn near to them, on the south side of the river (Spey), where I took up my quarters for the night.

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 Drumuachdrach, spent the night at Dalwhinnie, on the road to Perth. Capital inn; very kind landlord. Scenery around wildly grand beyond description. Close by, is the eastern termination of the far-famed Loch-Errochd, which, before the arrival of the mail of to-morrow 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 unseem. 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