

We drank with sorrowing hearts from this very well, where just four years ago I had drunk with my beloved Albert; and Grant handed me his flask (one I had given him) out of which we had drunk on that day! Lord Dalhousie has kindly built this well in remembrance of that occasion. It was quite a pilgrimage.

We afterwards had some tea, close by; and this fine wide glen was seen at its best, lit up as it was by the evening sun, warm as on a summer's day, without a breath of air, the sky becoming pinker and pinker, the hills themselves, as you looked down the glen, assuming that beautifully glowing tinge which they do of an evening. The Highlanders and ponies grouped around the well had a most picturesque effect. And yet to me all seemed strange, unnatural, and sad.

We mounted again, and went on pursuing the same way as we had done four years ago, going past the old *Castle of Invermark*. As there was time, however, we rode on to *Loch Lee*, just beyond it, which we had only seen from a distance on the last occasion. It is quite small, but extremely pretty, and was beautifully lit up, reminding me of the farthest end of *Loch Muich*. After this we rode