

quite distinctly seen, being so near; and all the fine surrounding coast was quite invisible. There was a telescope, but we could see nothing through it; it was, besides, placed too low. Seated on sofas near the ledge of the rock, we had some tea, and the scene was extremely wild. After this we left, being a good deal hurried to get back (as it was already past six), and returned partly the same way, by *Binning Wood*, also belonging to Lord Haddington (which reminds one of *Windsor Forest*), but which we could not drive through, through *Tynningham* village to *Bellowford*, where the cross road turned off. This brought us sooner back, and we reached *Broxmouth* by twenty-five minutes to eight, Lord Haddington riding the whole way.

We dined at half-past eight, only the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe with ourselves. At ten or eleven o'clock we left *Broxmouth* with regret, as we had spent a most pleasant time there. We went in the same carriage (a landau), the Duchess of Roxburghe with us, and were driven by the same horses which had been out each day, including this day's long drive, the postilion Thomson riding admirably. *Dunbar*