

ton's (dear Lady Augusta Stanley's elder sister) and past the house (a dull-looking stone one, but the park is fine), and by *Belton*, Mr. Baird Hay's, to *Broxburn*. Home by seven. There was a thick fog (or "haar," as they call it in *Scotland*) from the sea, which obscured all the distance, with occasionally some rain, but nothing to signify.

Only ourselves, the Duke and Duchess, and Janie Ely to dinner, in the same dining-room. One of the Duke's people attended, besides Brown and one of our footmen. Went to my room soon after. Wrote a letter, but went early to bed—by twelve o'clock.

*Sunday, August 25.*

A fine hot morning. After breakfast, walked with Beatrice down under the trees to the left, along a broad walk next to the *Broxburn*, on to the end of the walk which led to the garden wall, on which roses were growing, and which is quite on the sea, which was of a deep blue. The rocks are very bad for boats. There is a walk along the top of the rocks that overhang the sea—the *Links*. This road goes on to *Dunbar*, which, with its fine