

not get out. Driving on through the park, which reminded me of *Windsor* and *Windsor Forest*, we again came upon the high road and passed by *Whitekirk*, a very fine old church, where numbers of people were assembled, and very soon after we saw through the haze the high hill of *North Berwick Law*, looking as though it rose up out of the sea, and another turn or two brought us to *Tantallon*, which is close to and overhangs the sea. We drove along the grass to the old ruins, which are very extensive. Sir Hew Dalrymple, to whom it belongs, received us, and took us over the old remains of the moat, including the old gateway, on which the royal standard had been hoisted. Lady Dalrymple (a Miss Arkwright) received us. No one else was there but Sir David Baird, who had joined us on the way on horseback. Sir Hew Dalrymple showed me about the ruins of this very ancient castle, the stronghold of the Douglasses. It belonged once to the Earl of Angus, second husband to Queen Margaret (wife of James IV.), and was finally taken by the Covenanters.

It was unfortunately so hazy that we could not distinguish the *Bass Rock*, though usually it is