

The Duchess was much affected, still more so when she got into the carriage with me. Lenchen and the others went in the boat carriage, the one *we* had gone in not two years ago !

We drove at once to the house which we had visited in such joyful and high spirits October 9, two years ago. The Duchess took me to the same room which I had been in on that day, and, after talking a little to me of this dreadful affliction,* she went to see if the Duke was ready. She soon returned, and I followed her downstairs along the passage, full of stags' horns, which we walked along, together with the poor Duke, in 1861. When I went in, I found him standing up very much altered ; it was very sad. He kissed my hand, gave me the white rose which, according to tradition, is presented by the Lords of Athole on the occasion of the Sovereign's visit, and we sat a little while with him. It is a small room, full of his rifles and other implements and attributes of sport—now for ever useless to him ! A sad, sad contrast. He seemed very much pleased and gratified.

* The Duke was suffering from an incurable illness.