

stopped for a few minutes, and where Mr. Balfour of *Balbirnie* brought a basket of flowers. We met him and his wife, Lady Georgiana, in *Scotland* in 1842. We passed near *Loch Leven*, with the ruined castle in which poor Queen Mary was confined (which we passed in 1842), stopping there a moment and in view of the "*Lomonds*," past *Dollar* and *Tillicoultry*, the situation of which, in a wooded green valley at the foot of the hills, is quite beautiful, and reminded me of *Italy* and *Switzerland*, through *Sanchie*, *Alloa*, all manufacturing towns, and then close under *Wallace's Monument*. We reached the *Stirling Station*, which was dreadfully crowded, at eighteen minutes past eight (the people everywhere very enthusiastic), and after leaving it we had some good cold dinner, which reminded me much of our refreshments in the train during our charming Italian journey.

We got Scotch papers as we went along, giving harrowing details (all by telegraph) from the front, or rather from *Natal* to *Cape Town*, then by ship to *Madeira*, and thence again by telegraph here. Of nothing else could we think. Janie Ely got in at *Beattock Summit*, and went