

the officers' sufferings and privations, as well as those of the poor men, made me miserable.

Only ourselves to dinner; and at nine Beatrice, Louischen, Lady Southampton, and the gentlemen, and many of our people, walked up (with the pipes playing) to the top of *Craig Gowan*—rather venturesome in the dark; and we three (Leopold, Helen, and I) went up to Beatrice's room, and from there we saw the bonfire lit and blazing, and could distinguish figures, and hear the cheering and pipes. They were soon back, and I went and sat with Beatrice, Louischen, and Lady Southampton, who were having a little supper in Louischen's room.

Endless telegrams! What a day of gratitude and joy, but mingled with sorrow and anxiety for the many mourners and the wounded and dying!