

attire, the queen of the gipsies, an oldish woman with a yellow handkerchief on her head, and a youngish, very dark, and truly gipsy-like woman in velvet and a red shawl, and another woman. The queen is a thorough gipsy, with a scarlet cloak and yellow handkerchief round her head. Men in red hunting coats, all very dark, and all standing on a platform here, bowed and waved their handkerchiefs. It was the English queen of the gipsies from *Norwood*, and not the Scottish border one.

We next passed the paper mills, where there were many people, as indeed there were at every little village and in every direction. We turned to the right, leaving the *Traprain Law*, a prominent hill, to the left, crossed the *Tyne*, and entered the really beautiful park of *Tynningham*—Lord Haddington's. More splendid trees and avenues of beech and sycamore, and one very high holly hedge. The drive under the avenues is very fine, and at the end of them you see the sea (we could, however, see it but faintly because of the haze). We passed close to the house, a handsome one, half Elizabethan, with small Scotch towers, and a very pretty terrace garden, but did