

*Wednesday, September 20.*

A beautiful morning. Breakfasted alone with Lenchen in my own little sitting-room—waited on by Brown, who is always ready to try to do anything required. At eleven we went out, and I planted two trees, and Lenchen one (instead of her blessed Father, alas!) We then mounted our ponies as yesterday, and proceeded (accompanied by Lord Dalhousie, Lady Christian, and several of his foresters) by a shorter road past the well, where we did not get off, up the *Ladner Burn*, on our homeward journey. We went the same way, stopping at the "March," where, in a high wind, we got off and lunched under some stones. Good Lord Dalhousie \* was most hospitable and kind. The luncheon over, they took leave and went back, and General Grey went on in advance. As it was only one o'clock when we sat down to luncheon, we remained sitting some little time before we commenced our downward course. It was to-day—strange to say—the anniversary of our first visit to *Invermark*. Then we proceeded down

\* He died in 1874.