

Beatrice and me. It was a pity to leave when everything was in its greatest beauty. The lilacs just preparing to burst. Near *Ballater* there was a bush of white lilac already out. The dust dreadful. Very little whin, and far less of that beautiful broom, out, which was always such a pretty sight from the railway at this time of the year. We reached *Aberdeen* at twenty-eight minutes to four, and soon after had our tea.

At the *Bridge of Dun* we got newspapers with some of the sad details. Thence we turned off and passed again close to the sea by *Arbroath*, *East Haven*, *Carnoustie* (where poor Symon went and got so ill he had to be taken back), all lying low, with golf links near each, and the line passing over long grass strips with mounds and small indentations of the sea, such as are seen near sands, where there are no rocks and the coast is flat ; but the ground rises as you approach *Dundee*.

We reached the *Tay Bridge* station at six. Immense crowds everywhere, flags waving in every direction, and the whole population out ; but one's heart was too sad for anything. The Provost, splendidly attired, presented an address. Ladies presented beautiful bouquets to Beatrice