

upright, wonderfully unselfish and disinterested man—so devoted to me and mine. Under a somewhat undemonstrative exterior, he was the kindest and most tender-hearted of men. How terrible is this loss for his poor, poor wife and the children who adored him!

*Thursday, October 3, 1878.*

A most lovely, almost summer day, and very warm. At a quarter-past ten drove with Beatrice, the Duchess of Roxburghe, and Lady Ely (Harriet Phipps, Fräulein Bauer, and the gentlemen having gone on before), to *Abergeldie Mains*. We got out and went into the dining-room, where the coffin was placed. Poor Mary Biddulph and her two children received us there. Her brother, Captain Conway Seymour, and the female servants, ourselves, and the ladies were present. No men came into the room; they remained in the hall, the door being left open. Mr. Campbell came in a few minutes afterwards, and performed a short but very impressive service, just reading a few verses from Scripture, and offering up a beautiful prayer. The coffin left the house directly after,