

Hoare, Richarda Buxton, Edward and Catherine, etc. They were all presented; and a deputation of Friends were also there to present an address. This was by the King's own appointment, and Lord Hardwick had sent for them, but we did not know it, so it appeared to us that a mistake was made. They were shown into the drawing-room, and the King went in to them, whereas had we known we would have arranged another room for their reception and then had them come to the King. However, as he seemed to like the address all was well. "Are those your words, Allen?" "No, they are addressed to the King for the Society of Friends by a Committee." The King, "They are divine words." The tears were in his eyes when he took our mother's hand and expressed his wish and hope to come again here and bring "my Eliza," meaning the Queen. Our mother turned deadly pale, and her face quivered as she said, "If we never meet again on earth, may we meet hereafter." The King wept aloud, so as to be heard all over the room and stood holding her hand. There was hardly a dry eye there, and all in silence the most profound. It was a wonderfully interesting and touching scene. He then turned quickly round and his eyes streaming with tears went into the hall. When our father and William assisted him to put on his great coat, he again took mother's hand, and hardly able to articulate for agitation, said, "I know not how to part with you. I *pray God* we may meet again," and so jumped quickly into the carriage, and threw himself back—but in a moment or two leant over Lord Hardwick, and leaning out of the window waved his hand at her several times, his eyes streaming with tears. But she had turned away overcome, and away they drove amidst the shouts of the crowd outside. And so that memorable visit was over. It lasted about an hour but was so extremely full of events it seemed two hours. The King told our mother he was an hour late in leaving Windsor, owing to the Queen taking him to see her cottage in the park, or he should have stayed here another hour. He more than once repeated his regret that he had not this second hour to remain with us; another quarter of an hour at table would have been agreeable, and perhaps a little less sense of haste throughout, but I doubt an hour more having answered, and it is well we are content. Our meal was I think perfect, and the French cookery first rate. Our table looked *really hand-*