

Lady Milldale is, of course, the widow of the historian, and herself a scribbler. She records the afternoon excursion in her recently published diary, with the sprightly, yet not ill-natured, touch-and-go manner that has made her book deservedly popular.

"Very memorable to me," says Lady Milldale, "was a visit we paid to the great Mr Burgoyne. Something I had said about the famous philosopher aroused the curiosity of the Princess. In this I confess it was one for H.R.H., and six or seven for myself, as *I* was keenly anxious to see him.

"He was amiable, but would not be *drawn*; yet with quite the grand air, and a gentle fatherly ease that won all our hearts—the Princess's included. I observed, naturally, rather than talked, and have a lively impression of what was a most remarkable personality.

"But almost as remarkable, to my mind, was Mrs Burgoyne—with one of the most wonderful faces I have ever seen. She must have been a pretty woman, and with white hair would still have quite passed for his daughter. A thin face, but I really think I never saw such a wonderful expression on any face—as if the love and veneration had stamped themselves, and told one the undeviating devotion of her life more plainly than words. It was very touching to me—this picture of wifely devotion. They say she was but a girl when he married her, thirty years ago; and she told the Princess very simply, that in all her life she had only lived in two houses: her father's bouse at Woking, and her husband's, here at Whitebridge."