

dreadful news, or news of deaths of Royal persons, come, obliging the State parties to be put off.

At twenty minutes past eleven drove to Donald Stewart's and got out to say "Good-bye," as well as to the Profeits, and stopped at the door of the shop to wish Mrs. Symon good-bye, and also at Brown's house, to take leave of the Hugh Browns. Home at twenty minutes past twelve. Writing.

Received a telegram from Lord Sydney, saying that he had informed the poor dear Empress of these dreadful news. She could not believe it for some time, and was afterwards quite overwhelmed.

How dreadful! Took luncheon with Beatrice in my darling Albert's room. Beatrice was much upset, as indeed we all were. Even those who did not know them felt the deepest sympathy, and were in a state of consternation. He was so good and so much beloved. So strange that, as last time, our departure should be saddened, as, indeed, it has been every year, at least for three or four years, by the occurrence of deaths of great people or of relations.

We left *Balmoral* at half-past one, Janie Ely and Leila Erroll (full of feeling) going with