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## WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS

### WINDSOR CASTLE AND ROUND ABOUT

**The Favorite Enchanted Palace of Britain's Empress and England's Queen—The Pastoral Region Round About—An Interesting Chance Meeting with Victoria.**

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WINDSOR, England, Aug. 29.—If one could wholly dissociate from the sight the royal and historic impressiveness of Windsor Castle, and standing upon the battlements of its grand central round tower merely contemplate the place and its surroundings as a bit of English scenery, the relief, feeling and suggestiveness in all the scenes within range of vision would still prove engaging and characteristic to a wondrous degree.

Almost at the very edge of the castle walls are the gleaming curves of the winding Thames, here a pure and crystal stream between velvety, emerald banks. "Winding Shore" the locality was anciently called, whence the present corrupted name of Windsor. The silvery surface, threading away to the west underneath fine old stone bridges, hints of the river's course, far beyond classic Oxford, among the hills of Berks and Gloucester.

Just across the pleasant stream, its red roofs half hidden beneath masses of mature old trees, is older Eton town. That mass of low battlements and turrets is a vision of Eton College, one of the oldest schools of England.

On the north, east and south the royal parks of Windsor close in snugly upon the town and castle. The Home Park, so named from its immediate vicinity to the castle, is nearly four miles in circumference and comprises about 100 acres. It is beautifully studded with clumps of forest trees. There are many avenues of stately elms planted during the reign of Queen Anne, and George III annually secured here for hunt. Indoor sanctuaries, caverns, artificial ponds, grottoes and picturesque bridges, Home Park contains many structures and appurtenances peculiar to royalty.

Some of these are Adelaide Lodge, the royal kennel, the queen's poultry houses, the royal dairy and the royal gardens. The lodge contains suite of two rooms and a page's residence, but they are sumptuously fitted up with fascinations from the royal lodge. A short distance from this is a handsome cottage in the cabin style, the residence of the keeper of the park, and in the rear of this are the extensive kennels for the fancy dogs of the queen.

When the dogs die they are laid beneath the turf where they were bred, exercised and cared for royal dogs' estate. An inscribed stone tablet marks each canine grave. It may be these are those who loiter in these avenues of the dead, positively reading such inscriptions as: "Pringle, Scotch terrier. Brought from Balmoral June 14, 1866. Died February 6, 1874;" "Maurice, favorite Mount St. Bernard of H. R. H. the Prince Consort, died November, 1861;" and "Sefton (collie), member of Boss, Flora and Sailor, died October 15, 1882."

My companion, a quite noted English clergyman, remarked with some bitterness, "Better a dead dog in this kennel than our master's striver outside this royal domicile."

I thought not, and told him so.

"Then you believe American principles," he rebuked.

"And you, the manhood of a sturdy Englishman," I could not but answer. "You are ruling at the womanly sentiment and tenderness of a good woman and your queen."

The royal dairy is as beautiful as some of the Lady chapels of the old English cathedrals. It is about thirty feet square, six octagonal columns support the roof. The reservoir, through which constantly flows a stream of cold water, is built of mountain tiles. The windows are of stained glass, bordered with designs in heliotrope, blossoms and primroses. The walls are lined with delicately tinted tiles, bordered with green, with beautiful agricultural subjects and medallions of the queen and the royal family.

The poultry house is an elegant semi-gothic building, with a central pavilion crowned by a superb dormer completely lined with full length plate mirrors. On either side of the pavilion are the roosting houses and beneath them masses of turf laws is divided by wire fence into wards or "runs" for the fowls, of which there are nearly every known blooded species.

The royal garden contains an area of thirty acres. Its total range of glass covered structures is about 1,000 feet. There is a lunch room attached for the head gardener, with two numerous apartments for the use of the queen. The vineries are each upward of 100 feet in length, besides two huge fifty-nine feet long, two peach houses fifty-six feet long, a conservatory fifty feet in length, while a space 120 feet wide by 1,037 feet long is divided into three lots for forcing melons, cucumbers, asparagus and the like.

The Great Park lies to the south of Windsor. It contains 1,800 acres. Several magnificent avenues intersect it. The Long Walk, three miles in length, and bordered by the finest elms in England, is the most famous. The royal deers are in this park and were converted to this use by George III, and George IV always made the great Royal Lodge his summer residence.

Other interesting features of Great Park are Rhododendron Avenue, a mile in length; the great obelisk commemorating Cumberland's victory at Culloden, where the statue of Stuart fell, the Chapel Royal of All Saints; the equestrian statue of George III and the Royal Schools, founded and maintained by the queen for the education of the children of the employees connected with the royal domains, and Virginia Water, winding and charming scenery and said to be the largest artificial body of water in the world.

Just west of Great Park, along the high road to Reading, lies what remains of ancient Windsor forest. Its original extent was originally 15 miles. In the northern portion the forest is still preserved, and here are found oaks rivaling in girth the noble famous of Robin Hood's land in Nottinghamshire. The King Oak, over 30 feet on the favorite tree of William the Conqueror, is still standing and is twenty-six feet in girth three feet from the ground.

Besides these and many other features of humanity and present interest round about this royal residence, there is a good fascination while high up here upon this huge round tower in scanning the landscape and tracing objects and places mellow with the traditions of long ages upon famous in the world of today. Just over beyond Great Park are Ascot heath and race course. The course is the finest in the kingdom. The grand stand rivals in splendor and extent the noted Epsom betting stand, and the roses are always honored by the presence of members of the royal family, who are invariably driven to Ascot through the royal parks from Windsor.

But four miles distant is the quaint and unpretentious village of Horton. In this, of thirty Manor House, lived Milton, with his father and mother, and here were written the poems "Allegro," "Penseroso," "Lycidas," "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." At old Windsor, five miles down the river, is one of the most impressive old yew and cypress clusters in England. In Egham, its Runt Farm was the hunting seat of Saxon kings.

Bray is but five miles distant up the Thames. The "Vicar of Bray," one Symonds, was that spiritually vivacious cleric who changed his religious four times to successive reigns, that he might live and die in his "living." At Beconsfield, to the north near Wilton Park, was the home of Waller, the poet, and Burke, the statesman. Here at Stoke, the nine miles to the north, is the home occupied so long by Sir William Herschel, while two miles farther, beyond, nestles Gray, musing in charge of yew and oak, in the older home of the Poems, near which is the mossy old parish church of Stoke Pogis, where was written the poems and sweetest elegy in the English tongue.

But coming closer to royal Windsor it Windsor town itself. Scarcely more than a village, it struggles up to the castle walls like a mass of dependent relations fawningly crowding close to the source of favor and honors. I may show fancy it, but the folk, I fancy, look the streets, sights and sounds, possess a crouching servile air. It is drowsy and ancient enough surely. You can feel many old half timbered houses here, almost every home, and they are shabby humble enough. Its little square green plot of the ancient time in front of it and the very names of its few and old old inns, such as Adam and Eve, Hens and Chicks, and Mary Wrote of Windsor, are relishes of the swards, ruffs and wigs of Elizabethan days.

It seems to me that after one has grown a little familiar with this road famous of all royal residences, Windsor Castle itself, its inmates and all its present splendor take hue and lose hold upon the visitor, and that the wraiths of Lancaster scenes then and memories, conjured up by what one cannot but see and feel, grow more and more impressive of recognition.

What a wonderful set they are! King Arthur knights his dragon crested helmet fits shaggy id. Launcelot, Guinevere, Sir Tristram and Queen Pendragon are followers, yes, and there is Merlin grey and his fatal enchantress. The Conqueror and his knights rise up before you ghostly. Falstaff and his ragged crew are just as real and quite as true. Here are knightly emphasized in armor and mantles, coming to shrive, to bless or to curse. One king walks as he passes, near the grave of Henry VIII. Another brightly smiles as a living touch is built for a helpless woman and her child. So, on and on, the knightlore and the good who have ruled and reigned, crowded and thronged, until the fatal hand of a cutting domain comes. He praises God and enters slaughter in the name of Christ's breath, and his iron hand crushing to atoms the priestly gatherings of half a thousand years wakes you from your dreaming fancy to thank the God there are no more Cromwells.

To many visitors most interest is found in the state apartments, the Zuccarelli room, the Vandyck room, the Rubens room, the grand room, the audience and presence chambers, St. George's hall, the crimson, green and white drawing rooms over the east terrace and the Waterloo chamber. The state's simplicity of the guardroom, the great hall embazoned with the armorial bearings of the Garter Knights and lined with portraits of British sovereigns, the grand room of Charles II to the present, and the historic Waterloo chamber, where the heroes of the Battle assembled annually on its anniversary, are by far the most striking and impressive.

More keenly attractive to me have always been the two chapels of Albert and St. George's and as the former was the place of a chance meeting with a memorable personage, it cannot but possess for myself the strongest hold upon feelings and remembrance. Both chapels are doubtless, for their size, the most famous treasure houses of royal sacrilegium and memorial in the whole world. Their enrichment by every known form of memorial art is sumptuous and magnificent beyond description.

In front of the chancel of the Albert Chapel is the cenotaph to the late prince consort. It is an altar tomb by the late Baron Henry de Triqueti. Its base is of black and gold Tennan marble. At each angle of the tomb is the figure of an angel, those in the front bearing shields, one with the arms of the queen and the other with those of the prince consort. Around the tomb in niches are statuettes, three on the south side representing Charity, Piety and Hope, and the three on the north Justice, Honor and Truth. At the east end is a wonderfully interesting statuette of the queen in her younger days, and opposite is a statuette of Science weeping. Six bas reliefs runs around the grand antique marble of its cap. Upon the latter lies the recumbent figure of "Albert the Good," magnificently sculptured, wearing the armor of a knight of the Middle Ages, and clothed in the mantle of the order of the Garter.

On a recent occasion while standing before this memorial, my attendant having excused himself for a moment and disappointed through the private door leading to the chancery, I was alone—or apparently so—and for companion a fair faced woman of thirty—quietly, entered and walked straight to the cenotaph. They were both dressed lightly, but richly, and were without ornament, and at the time I thought them visitors staying at some gentleman's seat in or near town.

My own great interest in the magnificent sculptured effigy attracted the attention of the old lady, and seemingly from some impulse of great sympathy in the figure I found my