

Albert Institute, where, with appetites sharpened by a short walk in the Long Walk or through the streets, by mutual congratulations and greetings, ample justice was done to the excellent luncheon. The Mayor of Windsor (Mr. F. A. Layton) took the Chair, being supported by the Rev. Canon Gee (Vicar of Windsor), the Rev. J. Shephard (Vicar of Eton), Sir Henry Simpson, Sir James and Lady Crichton Browne, Sir William Savory, Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, Miss Beachcroft, Mr. Fairbank, the Rev. and Mrs. Borodaile Savory.

The toasts then followed.

The Mayor, in a few graceful and fitting words, proposed the "Health of the Queen; God bless Her." Sir William Savory, the "Good Health of H.R.H. Princess Christian, the President of the Association," whose name is always associated with works of charity, benevolence, and public good. Dr. Bezly Thorne followed with a toast, of the nature of a vote of thanks to those who, out of respect and gratitude to Princess Christian, had generously provided the luncheon.

The afternoon was all too short for the sights that were to be seen. By the special permission of the Queen, the State apartments of the Castle, the terraces, the slopes, the mausoleum, the dairy, the farm, the Home Park, the Royal Gardens were all open to inspection. In addition to this, those who cared to do so could take drives through the private grass paths of the forest to Virginia Water, as permission had been granted by the Ranger, H.R.H. Prince Christian. But this was not all. Refreshments were provided, between 4.30 and 5.30, at the Princess Christian's Home for Trained Nurses, 4, Clarence Villas. Some went to the Mausoleum at once. Those who were fortunate enough to be in the Mausoleum about three o'clock had the advantage of hearing Princess Christian herself describe the various busts and monuments placed there. In the centre lies the beautiful recumbent figure, in white marble, of the Prince Consort; a space being left vacant by his side. To the right reclines a full length figure in marble of the late Princess Alice, holding in her loving arms the little child from whom she caught the dread infection from which she died on the anniversary of her beloved father's death; this effigy is at once the most exquisite, as it is the most pathetic, portrayal of a tragedy which is yet fresh in the memory of every mother in our land—no mother can see it excepting through a veil of tears. Everyone must have been profoundly impressed by the brilliant colouring of the interior decoration. No expense or effort has been spared to collect together marbles and stones of the most exquisite tone and variety. The Mausoleum is very prettily situated, winding paths lead up to the entrance, which overlooks a tiny stream, spanned by a rustic bridge collecting the foliage of stately and graceful trees. The sturdy trunks, the supple bough and branch, the myriad leaves, the green grass glinting in the sunshine after a short April shower, all spell the glorious word Health. And as one inhaled the scent of the limes, and the perfume of the privet; as the eye feasted on the green of the elm blending with the browns of the copper beech, and the reddish tips of the oak trees, then on the daisies; and as the heel, too long used only to the hard boards of a sick ward, sprang to the turf, one felt how true was the old saying that "God made the country, but man made the town." But

an enchanting walk soon brought more buildings within sight. It was the dairy—the creamery. Inside nothing of the kind could be prettier. The walls were tiled from bottom to top, medallions of the Queen's children, as they appeared when the place was built, being introduced at intervals. At each end of the apartment is a fountain always playing; the tables and shelves are of white marble, with running water on the floor—slightly sunk—beneath them. On these tables were placed numerous dishes of milk with the richest of cream on the surface breathing eloquently of strawberries, and cheering cups of tea. Two tall, muscular country milkmaids met the visitors, ready with deference and rustic self-possession to answer all questions. Those who cared to do so next visited the aviary, with its pigeons and turkeys and hens; the piggery, to see the litters of eight and ten, so well-bred as to behave as mankind is expected to behave in a well-ordered socialistic state, viz.: not hustle his neighbour out of his place, nor place head and foot in a trough and think of nothing outside of it. Very beautiful and picture-like were the cows, young and old, looking with great dreamy far-away eyes at all who approached them.

But it would be impossible to give any adequate idea of all that was seen, and to be seen; of the pictures and grandeur, the gilt and stucco, and magnificence of the State apartments; or of the expansive view from the great Tower from where the historic Thames can be seen winding its way along a rich well-wooded valley; or of the beautiful Albert Chapel, as perfect as a chiselled gem or an ivory figure; or of the more stately St. George's Chapel. We must perforce leave all these attractions behind, and wend our way to the Nurses' Home, where tea was dispensed by kindly hospitable Nurses, both in the tastefully decorated dining room with mantel-piece festooned with ivy, and on the lawn edged with basket and rustic chairs inviting the weary to take a rest.

Meanwhile several parties had found their way to the river, and were exploring its beauties towards Maidenhead, while others were driving towards Virginia Water. Thus the hours swiftly passed until it became time to turn homewards; and so ended the Sixth Annual Meeting of the Royal British Nurses' Association, a gathering which, in no measure of pleasure or completeness, fell behind any of its predecessors, whilst in the number of members present it far surpassed them all.

We are asked to call special attention to the following:—

#### NOTICE.

Will the member who took by mistake a black watered silk umbrella, instead of a plain black silk one, from the Mausoleum at Frogmore, on July 25th, kindly send it to the office, 17, Old Cavendish Street, with her address, that her own may be returned to her?

Brooch safety pin with pearl horse shoe found near Clarence Villas. Apply to the office.

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SANITARY SURVEYS.—Fee for Inspection and Report in London, two guineas. The Sanitary Engineering and Ventilation Company, 65, Victoria Street, Westminster.

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