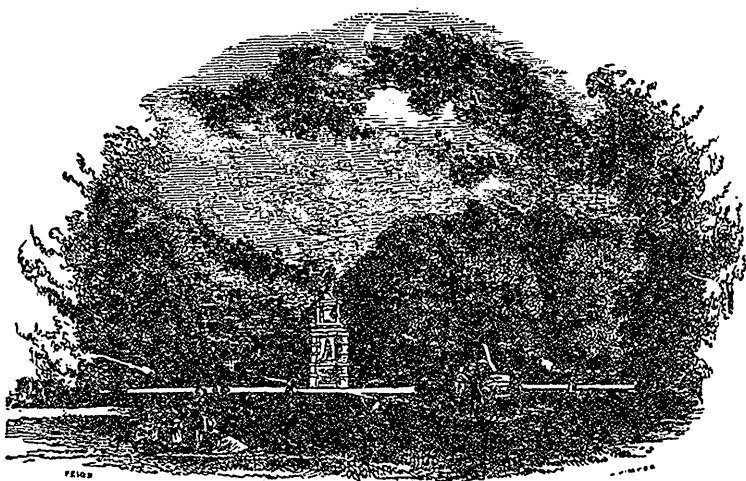


wards, and round about between quickset hedges, leading to an arbour in the centre. If you once make a wrong turn you are lost, and may wander for hours without reaching the goal. I had no difficulty, by following the simple clue suggested by my guide-book, in finding my way in and out. A sturdy urchin was perched on a high seat overlooking the maze, to give directions, for a consideration, to those who had lost their way.

The palace not yet being open, I strolled through the spacious grounds in company with a gentleman from Norway. The gardens are laid out in the symmetrical Dutch manner brought over by William III. from the Hague—broad walks, pleasant alleys, trim rectangular parterres, decked with flowers and foliage, plants and statuary, and studded with noble masses of chestnuts, holly, and yew, the latter sometimes cut into fantastic forms.



BUSHY PARK.

The views up and down the winding Thames, with its villas, its gray ivy-mantled churches, its quaint old inns, and its gay pleasure-barks, are worthy of a Ruysdael's pencil.

The palace itself was originally built by the celebrated Cardinal Wolsey, the haughty minister of Henry VIII. The proud prelate was then in the zenith of his glory, and built and banquetted more like a sovereign prince than like a vassal of the Crown. The palace was successively occupied by Henry VIII, Mary, Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II,