

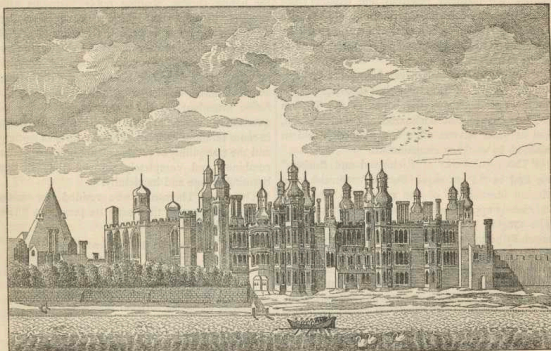
some such pleasant or happy associations with the beautiful village on the banks of the Thames?

The place was anciently called Shene, or Sheen, the Saxon equivalent of brightness or splendour. The name was changed to Richmond in compliment to Henry VII. (Henry of Richmond), during whose residence here the palace was partly destroyed by fire. On its restoration the new style was adopted.

Richmond is beautifully situated on the banks of the Thames, by which it is bounded on the west, whilst it adjoins Kew and Mortlake on the

"Richmond Park," says the Vicomte d'Arincourt, in his work on "The Three Kingdoms," "is renowned for its scenery." This is a strong testimony from a Frenchman, who could hardly help contrasting it unfavourably with the far greater beauties of St. Cloud; whilst Cote, in his "Impressions of England," writes with enthusiasm of the spot.

"The English," he says, "though a proud people, are really very moderate in their appreciation of the manifold charms of their incomparable isle.



OLD RICHMOND PALACE, AS BUILT BY HENRY VII.
(From a print Published by the Society of Antiquaries, 1765.)

north, Mortlake on the east, and Petersham on the south. The soil is generally sandy, although some parts are clay and gravel.

The parish of Richmond contains about 1,200 acres, of which by far the larger proportion belongs to the Crown, comprehending a part of Kew Gardens and the paddocks adjoining, bounded by the river.

The beauty of the scenery in and around Richmond is celebrated in song and story. Alaric A. Watts thus sings of it:—

"Let poets rave of Arno's stream,
And painters of the winding Rhine,
I will not ask a lovelier dream,
A sweeter scene, fair Thames, than thine:
As 'neath a summer sun's decline,
Thou 'wanderest at thine own sweet will,'
Reflecting from thy face divine
The flower-wreathed brow of Richmond Hill."

When I surveyed the river view from Richmond Hill, I recalled the glorious waters of my own dear country, and many a darling scene which is imperishably stamped in my mind's eye, and asked myself whether indeed this was more delightful to the sight than those. I was slow to admit anything inferior in the scenery of the Hudson and Susquehanna, when I compared them with so diminutive a stream as the Thames, and I even reproved myself for bringing them into parallel; but over and over again was I forced to allow that

'Earth has not anything to show more fair'

than the rich luxuriance of the panorama which I then surveyed. A river whose banks are old historic fields, and whose placid surface reflects, from