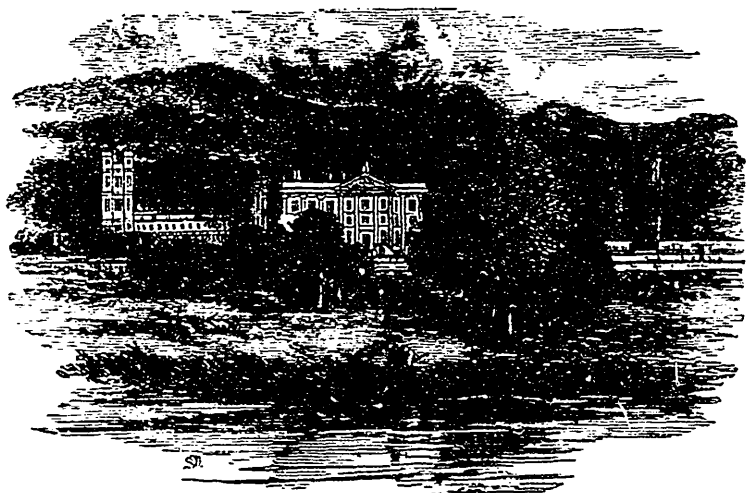


River Derwent. At Chatsworth may be found whatever taste and wealth, art and nature could do to create a palace meet for a king. It stands on gently rising ground overlooking the Derwent, with bright parterres, carpet-like lawns and pleasure-grounds, surrounded by a park more than eleven miles in circumference, backed by the wooded hills of Beeley.

The Manor of Chatsworth came into the hands of the family to which it now belongs in the sixteenth century, when it was purchased by Sir William Cavendish, the third husband of the famous "Bess of Hardwick." Upon his death, this lady married the Earl of Shrewsbury, the custodian of Mary, Queen of Scots, and thus it was that Chatsworth became one of the prisons of this princess. The present mansion, aptly styled the "Palace of the Peak"—the finest of the residences of the Duke of Devonshire—was founded in the reign of James II. Of its noble proportions, its rich embellishments, its store of literary and artistic treasures, we cannot stop to speak, nor can aught be said of the extensive gardens, or of the splendid conservatory, covering nearly an acre of ground, and designed by Sir Joseph Paxton. To attempt description, or even enumeration, of the glories of Chatsworth, indeed, would, as old Charles Cotton intimated, be an act of madness: "twould be as long in writing as in building."



CHATSWORTH.

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—To grow old is quite natural; being natural it is beautiful; and if we grumble at it, we miss the lesson, and lose all the beauty.—*Friswell.*