

extolled as the very acme of excellence—now decried as tasteless in their formality. Perhaps the conclusion on either hand is false. There is much beauty in straight lines, though found in old gardens, for long vistas of rich foliage are full of charms—they o'ershadow the choicest flowers, conduct the sweetest breezes, and exhibit the loveliest play of the sunbeams—but lo! the water is rushing down the steps in the grand cascade—the jets d'eau are throwing up lucid streams to the height of more than ninety feet.

The latter fountains are very beautiful, and in perfect accordance with the style of the gardens, but the former is too regular and formal even for the taste of a Dutch merchant. True, beyond the point from which the water walks down the steps in minuet time, a proper rockwork is prepared, down which the stream flows from the vast tarn where it is collected on the summit of the hill which bounds this beautiful region. Rhodes, in his admirable work on the Peak scenery, advises that this unpleasing formality, which he terms "a scar on the fair face of beauty," should be thus rendered as attractive as it generally appears now repellant.

"Bed the channel of the cascade with rugged and unequal stones, plant part of its brink with shrubs; and, if possible, give to its course a winding direction, thus the water will occasionally be lost, and seen, as it descends, and the artificial stream assume a more natural and picturesque appearance."

Would that this our friend as well as guide had been with us, for then would many beauties have been described which doubtless escaped us, and some of the younger of our party, been saved from the plentiful sprinklings of a certain tree, renowned as the dwelling of malicious naiads—but who would grumble at a shower, however and wherever administered, this thirsty summer—certainly not the gay young sculptor who has in so many ways proved himself our delightful companion, nor the sprightly girl who shakes the light drops from her curling tresses.

Oh! youth, youth, thou art indeed life's pleasant season, for light are thy sorrows and manifold thy joys, and it were well to treasure their memories when like those of the present moment they are innocent and even benevolent—for who in our little circle has envied the possessor of this fair domain, this glorious abode, ought save his power of conferring happiness?—Who has not found in "herb, tree, fruit, and flower," works more exquisite than all which the art of man could produce, yet in his powers as an artist found the proof of his higher nature,

the justice of his loftiest hopes, and of his heirship to immortality.

Chatsworth!—thou palace not only of the Peak, but of a far more wide, and wealthy circle, farewell—if I have not named thy cedar chapel and its celebrated altar-piece, thy painted ceilings, thy Holbein and Titian; and dearer in memory than *all* thy first fair duchess, daughter of the sainted Lady Rachel Russel—if I have not adverted to the generous blood, the free, and gallant spirit which has through many ages been the crowning glory of thy house, it was not from forgetfulness or negligence. But alas! in the midst of pleasure I was in pain, and neither the gorgeousness of thy interior decorations, nor the wide spread beauty of thy surrounding scenery, could prevent me from bending to those circumstances, which, like adversity, are "tamers of the human breast," and compel us to become not only blind to the most enchanting scenes, but deaf, or nearly so, to the far dearer consolations of friendship and the soothing of affection.

In memory I shall retrace thy claims to admiration, gaze on thy cloud-like landscapes, thy luxurious accommodations, thy glorious sculptures, thy blooming parterres, and sparkling fountains. I shall remember the young and dear ones who partook my pleasure, and feel thankful that it was bestowed upon me.

A FRAGMENT.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three .
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century.

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature to the weak,
And friendless sons of men.

To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of Art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the unlearned heart.

Music is better than wine to invigorate the spirits. Luther, in his desponding moments, used to take the flute and revive his sinking spirits, by remarking, "the devil hates good music." Are you irritated? Are you dull, wearied, care-worn? Try the piano, violin, flute, or accordion, anything that will send forth a sweet sound; you will soon feel its power.