

fully ripe, would have been remarkable on any tree. Crossing the bridge which spans the Wye, just without the gardens, we walked through the meadows to the village of Rowsley, as from various points in them, the finest views of the house could be obtained. And fine, indeed, we found them—the height of the towers, the bold projection of the bay windows, the lightness of the turrets, the length of outline, and even the irregularities of style, seen amidst the profusion of majestic trees which aspire sometimes even to the roof and inhabit the sloping garden down to the river which winds round their base, present far finer forms than it has been my lot to find in any castellated mansion either in England or Wales; indeed, I have never seen any other of its description, for although very old and very strong, no impression of war, no character of a fortress is exhibited in its majestic lineaments—it looks, indeed, powerful to repel insult, or resist wrong, but too open and generous for aggression, and formed to be

“The guardian, not the tyrant of the fields.”

Farewell, sweet Haddon, we are going to visit a brighter, not a lovelier dwelling; but the pride of manhood will not render us forgetful of the venerable brow of age like thine.

The best of all possible roads, along beautiful, well wooded valleys, render the drive from Rowsley to Chatsworth a moving diorama of agreeable objects. On entering the Park and crossing the Derwent, which is here a noble as well as a beautiful stream, we become sensible of increased attraction in the gentle swelling of the ground, the bold woods which cover the heights above us, and the singularly fine trees of every description which ornament the ground either singly or in clumps, the fashion of avenues not having prevailed, when this park was planted.

The splendid mansion of Chatsworth House, may truly be termed the “Palace of the Peak,” for royalty might be well contented with so magnificent a dwelling. It was built soon after the revolution, (in which its noble owner took a prominent part,) by Talman, an architect then of high reputation. The stone was got from a quarry on the estate, and is very beautiful, in its general color resembling Sienna marble, and veined with equal delicacy. It is a quadrangular building, but has lately received an immense addition by Sir Jeffry Wyatville, which includes a noble gallery of sculpture, by far the most attractive portion of the interior.

Formely, a suite of rooms were taken by that unfortunate queen, whose very name inspires pity and awakens interest. It is, however, certain,

that Mary of Scotland could not inhabit those identical rooms, though she might dwell on their site, and we have no doubt, the state bed and other articles of furniture, were those she had used during her residence at Chatsworth. Their being no longer seen, is a loss to the visitant, so is the collection of fossils in the cabinet of the beautiful duchess, mother of his grace, for with every thing connected with her we associate ideas of beauty, elegance, and fashion—not that ephemeral fashion which belongs to the caprices of wealth or rank; but that which arises from cultivated taste and classic conception—the fashion of rank, talent, and education.

One grand house is like another—inlaid tables, costly cabinets, magnificent hangings, and glittering chandeliers, are every where found; but every house cannot show two pair of coronation chairs, which we find here, and perhaps not one in the kingdom is so rich in the exquisite carvings of Gibbons. The best pictures of the noble owner, are not found in this, his most superb dwelling.

The library is at once grand, convenient, and beautiful, but we passed hastily through it, in order to reach the finest dining room, probably, in the north of England; but a still larger, termed the banquetting room, we were not shown. All else was forgotten on entering the sculpture gallery. Here are some of the latest and finest works of Canova, and several copies of his happiest efforts by other Italian artists. Thorswalden's genius also shines conspicuous, and the two magnificent lions of Michael Angelo claimed our due admiration, but we saw little of our own unrivalled Chantrey, although there were specimens both of him and Westmacott in the collection.

A sitting figure of Madame Mere, the mother of him whose name so lately “kept the world in awe,” was to me the most attractive sculpture. Calm majesty, and an intelligence at once sprightly and profound, animated the features, and gave grace to the form. Ah! how many fears for the future must have clouded that anxious mother's brow, even when diadems encircled those of her numerous progeny. There never lived a mother on whose offspring ambition poured so many gorgeous gifts, and one might thence conclude, never mother had been so blessed, for every woman is ambitious for her children; but yet, the very rapidity with which they ascended, must have made her fearful of decline, for advancing life will still look beyond the surface, be it ever so dazzling.

But the gardens, the water works, must be seen, and we sally forth to explore scenes once