

here than in any other observatory,—and in a systematic search expressly undertaken for that purpose.”

### NOTES OF A VISIT TO CHATSWORTH.

#### THE CONSERVATORY.

Do not imagine this as an overgrown hothouse attached to the mansion, or as, in fact, resembling any thing greenhouse-like that is to be found elsewhere. It is quite an object by itself—and I was, therefore, pleased with its site, and the management of the locality.

The spot where it is situated, is about five minutes walk from the house. You pass along one of the most perfectly kept carriage roads, through the park, or rather through a wood—then under a striking and picturesque arch, and you come to a large opening in the midst of a noble wood of old trees—an opening such as I have seen in some of our stateliest forests, and which I am told, was actually cleared up to form the site for this building. This smooth area is surrounded by terraces, which form a fine frame-work of walks, from which the conservatory is seen to great advantage.

The Grand Conservatory itself—I cannot give you any better idea of it than by telling you that it is a glass structure which covers an acre of ground—that it is seventy feet high; and that the carriage road is continued directly through it, so that the Duke and his guests can drive through with a coach and four! The whole building is heated by hot water, the pipes to convey which measure miles. The temperature of various climates is imitated, and the collection of trees and plants embraces all that is fairest and loveliest of the vegetable world. Here there is a whole avenue of Bananas and Plantains lining one of the grand walks, and among them *Musa cavendishii* full of flowers, and laden with heavy masses of fruit. There, in an appropriate climate, is a charming grove of Oranges and Lemons. An *aquarium*, or pond of water, is the site for all the rare and curious water lilies and other aquatic plants of the tropics. And near by is a wild mass of rock-work, of Derbyshire spar, looking like a rich bank by a forest stream, where rare exotic ferns, lichens, and air plants, enjoy something as near as possible to their natural homes.

Over this hill of rock-work, is conducted a flight of steps; this leads you to a light gallery carried quite round the conservatory. Whence, as you may imagine, the eye of the spectator revels in the strangeness and novelty of the masses of oriental vegetation, not plants half-starved and dwarfed in pots, but trees nearly full-grown, and luxuriating with their roots in the warm soil—Palms, Dates, and Bananas, developing almost all their native grandeur and oriental wildness!

I attempted to keep no notes of the many rare and interesting plants that were shown me here. *Amherstia nobilis* however I saw—a plant so rare, and so coveted, that a collector was sent by the Duke, specially to India for it! I believe it is the only plant in Europe. It is a native of the Burman Empire, where only one tree of it is yet known. It is said in its flowers and foliage to surpass any other tree in the world. The flowers are presented as offerings before the images of Buddha. All the amateurs, of course, are in agonies to see this plant bloom!

The appearance of the exterior of this immense glass pleasure-ground, is quite different from anything that I ever saw in the United States. It is not a smooth surface of glazed sashes—but a great curved surface, glazed in what is technically called the *ridge and furrow* system. The look it has at a distance is as if the whole roof had been nicely *crimped*, like the folds of a plaited ruffle. As you look at it from without, it is, on the whole, entirely satisfactory—massive and grand. Touching the inside—I was somewhat disappointed, as the wooden rafters are necessarily heavy. But this, I have no doubt, will be less apparent when the luxuriant vines and creepers have quite covered them. On my route through the grounds I was shown the tree which the Queen planted to commemorate her visit here two years ago. It is doing well, is an object of more interest and solicitude, than any body but a loyal subject can well understand or conceive of, and I contrived to enrich my book of *mementos* with a leaf.

An *arboretum*, or collection of rare hardy trees, is quite the leading fashion in England—a very useful and instructive fashion, introduced I believe by Mr. Loudon. I may give you a glimpse of the extent of ornamental planting here, by stating

that 50,000 *Rhododendrons* are now growing, all of which have been planted since Mr. Paxton, the present able manager, came here, some twelve years ago. In the range of the Arboretum I noticed the finest specimen of our great California Pines—*Abies Douglassii*, and *A. nobilis*, that I have any where soon. They are on the side of a rocky bank, and will, no doubt, soon become grand trees. I should say they are thirty feet high now. The *Norfolk Island Pine* is perfectly hardy here, the *Deodar Cedar* grows surprisingly fast, and dozens of arboricultural varieties that will not bear our winter seem quite acclimated here. Among the notabilities I remember seeing a *Fuchsia* on the “conservative wall,” that covered a space twenty feet every way; and a famous peach tree trained in the kitchen garden, which bears, or has borne, fifty dozen peaches in a season!

In all the points of a perfect country place of the first class, Chatsworth is complete. Forcing houses, without end, separate green houses for all kinds of rare plants, stables, cricket grounds, &c., out of doors—and the choicest collections in all departments of the fine arts within doors. About one hundred and forty men are constantly employed on the grounds near the house. In this way you see, a large income is turned to some account—giving occupation to quite a village of people.

**APPROPRIATE GIFT.**—The editor of the Cincinnati Atlas has been presented with a quill of the condor of the Andes, which is two feet three inches in length, the barrel six inches long, and nearly as large as the fore finger. No one will hereafter deny that the editor of the Atlas wields a powerful pen.

**MAGNIFICENT PROJECT.**—We learn from a citizen of Hartford, Conn., that they have it in contemplation to bring down the Enfield Canal to Hartford for the purpose of supplying the city with water, and introducing into this finely located place an immense water power. The route has recently been surveyed by a competent and thorough engineer, and his report is in the highest degree favorable. It is proposed that the canal shall be 100 feet in width and 12 feet in depth. This will afford a water power in Hartford much more extensive than that of Lowell, it being sufficient, according to accurate estimates, to carry more than 500,000 spindles. The whole cost of this splendid enterprise will not exceed \$700,000.

**AGRICULTURE AND DIPLOMACY.**—Hon. Henry A. Wise, U. S. Minister at Rio Janeiro, has written to the Patent Office a valuable letter, published in the *Union*, on topics of much agricultural interest. He recommends the transplanting of many Brazilian plants, especially of the Angola grass. The cotton about Rio Janeiro is said to be high and of good quality; the cereal grains to have degenerated.

**PROGRESS.**—“The South was never more united on this subject (Slavery) than at present. The time was when many of us were accustomed to acknowledge that Slavery is an evil, though without attaching any definite idea to the phrase; but of late years we have been led, by our affectionate Northern friends, to examine the subject, and are now convinced that it is sanctioned by the Bible, and just such an institution in its social and political influences, as we need.”—*Christian Index*, Nov. 20.

**MORE LEAD MINES.**—The Galena Jeffersonian says: “Large discoveries have been made this fall at Hazel Green, Jefferson, Mineral Point, Franklin, and other places, and miners have flocked thither from all parts of the mineral region. The Wisconsin lead region is the El Dorado for the enterprising and industrious.”

### APPLES OF GOLD.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God; God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved. Psa. xli. 4, 5. Ye are of God, little children, and have overcome them: because greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world. 1 John iv. 4; Psalm cx. 2; Zech. ii. 5.

True Christians, in a right spirit, still are subject to temptations from within and without; but, watching unto prayer, they do not fall by them. On the contrary, as temptations are great helps to discover their hidden infirmities, and stir them up to be more cautious, serious, and faithful, they are followed and rewarded with great and glorious victories. Temptations are not indeed joyous in themselves, but are attended with good fruit and blessed effects in the faithful. Hence St. James bids us count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations. What reason have we, then, to be afraid of temptations, since every one carries a new blessing along with it?

Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly;  
While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is high.

Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,  
Till the storm of life is past!  
Safe unto the haven guide!  
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone!  
Still support and comfort me.