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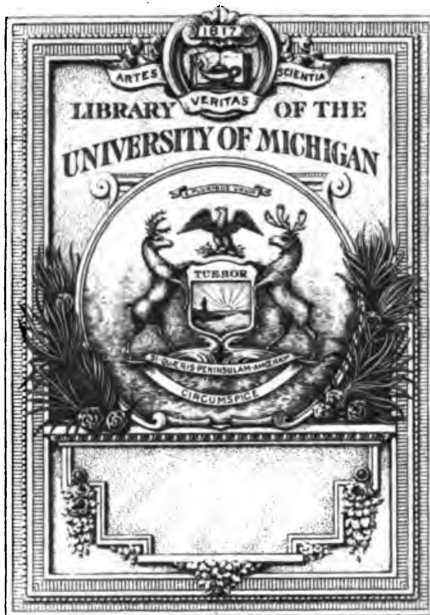
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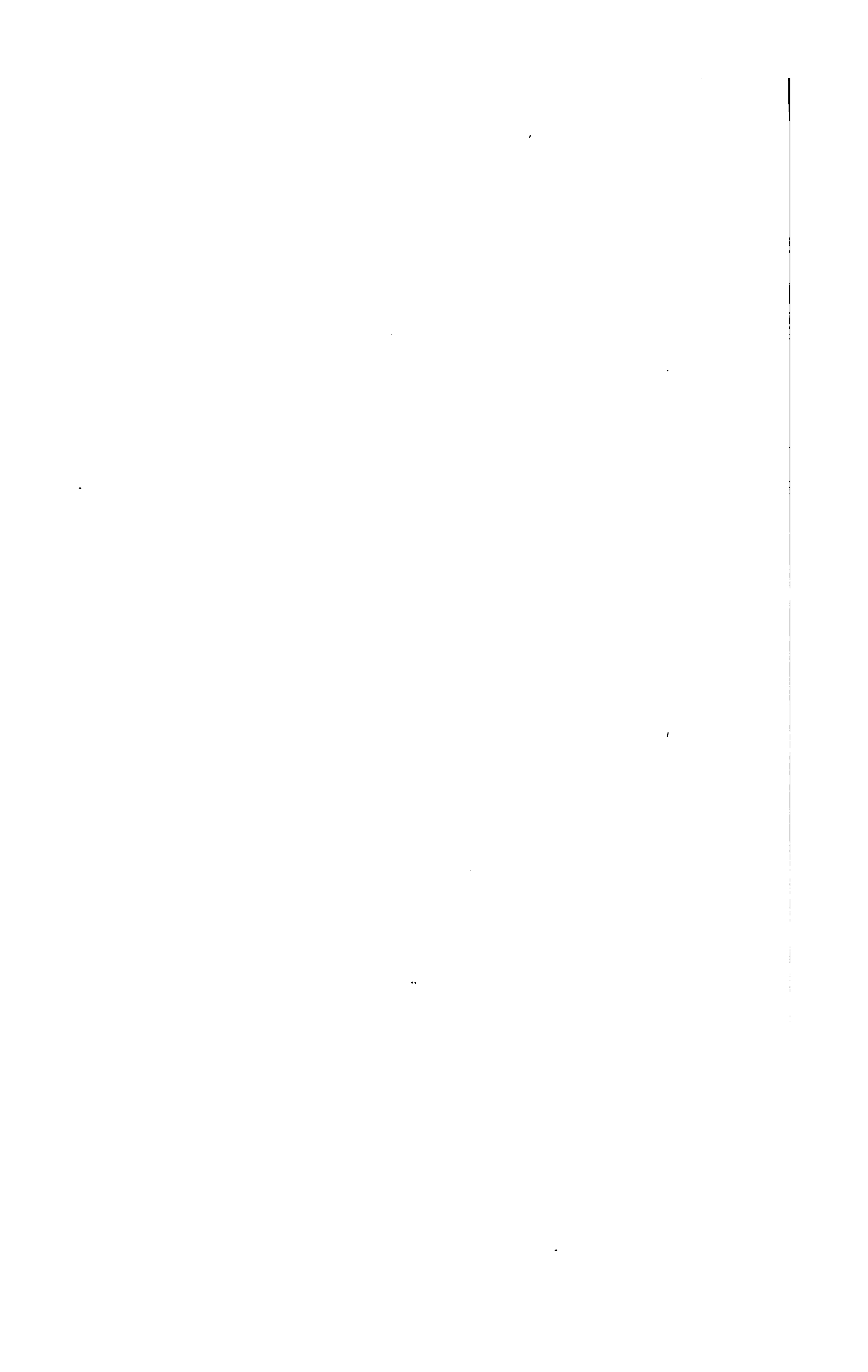

George Henry Fox
in memoriam W. P. Cocks
who died July 10. 1878
Aged 87

above is writing of Lovell Squire
Schoolmaster [illegible]
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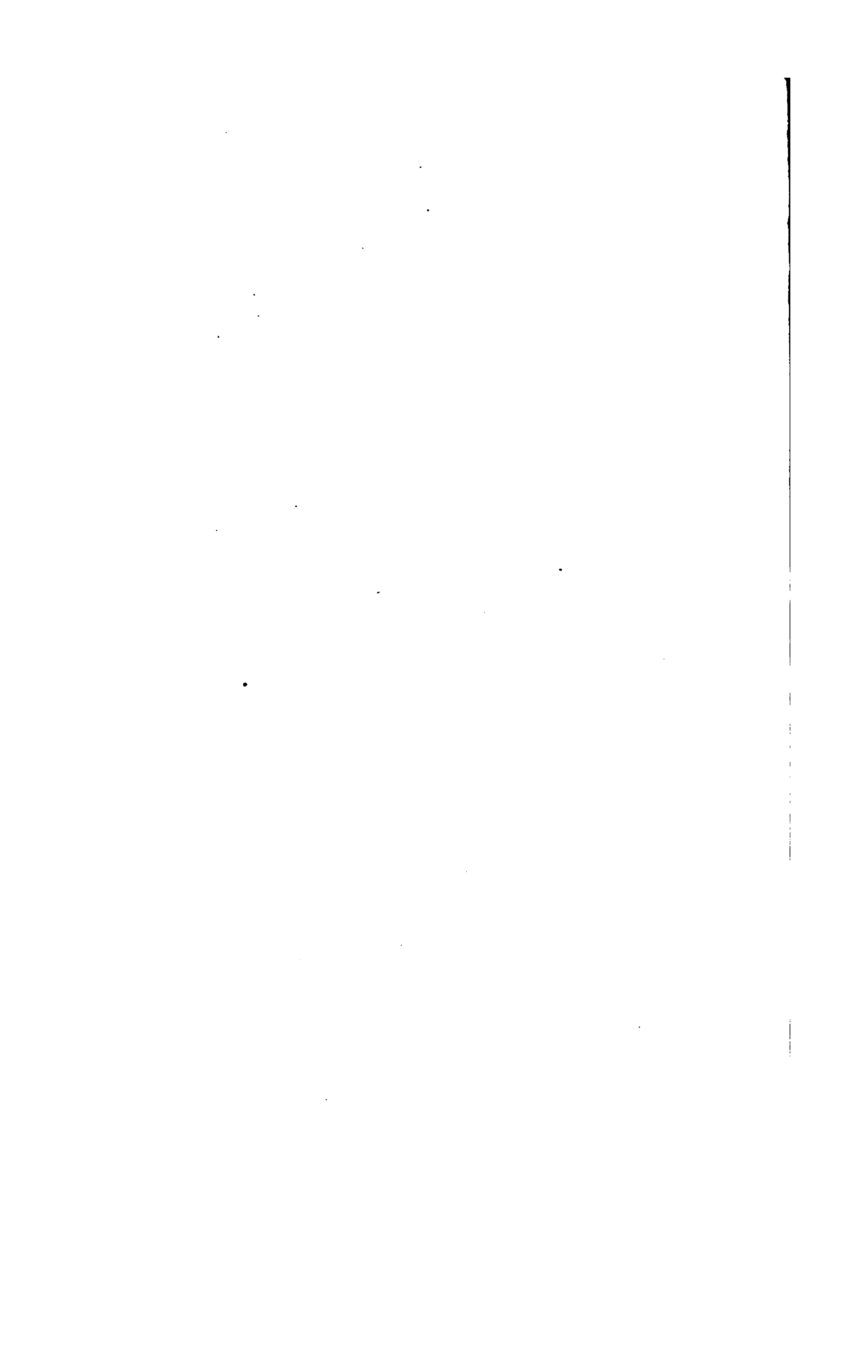


ENGLISH FORESTS AND FOREST-TREES.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY ROBSON, LEVEY, AND FRANKLYN,
Great New Street and Fetter Lane.

FOREST SCENE—SUNSET.

ENGLISH
FORESTS
AND
FOREST TREES.
LONDON 227. STRAND.
1853.

ENGLISH FORESTS

AND

FOREST TREES,

HISTORICAL, LEGENDARY, AND DESCRIPTIVE.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON:
INGRAM, COOKE, AND CO.

1853.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Forests and Forest-Trees of England, so far as the present Publishers are aware, have never yet been fully described in a single volume. It is true that many able works have been published upon English Forest-Trees, and many on the separate Forests; but these are all, so to speak, isolated, and no attempt has been made to bring them all together, and give in one complete picture, a historical, legendary, and descriptive account of all the Forests and Forest-Trees of England.

These Forests are very rapidly passing away. At present few of those that were once so famous still exist. The fine Forest of Sherwood was sold in 1827; scarcely a year passes by but enclosures are made, or some Forest is disafforested; and very soon not one of the Forests will retain its primitive appearance. Hainault and Wychwood are the most recent cases of disafforesting; and the people of London should see that Epping does not share the same fate, but is retained for the benefit of the numerous population at the east end of the great metropolis.

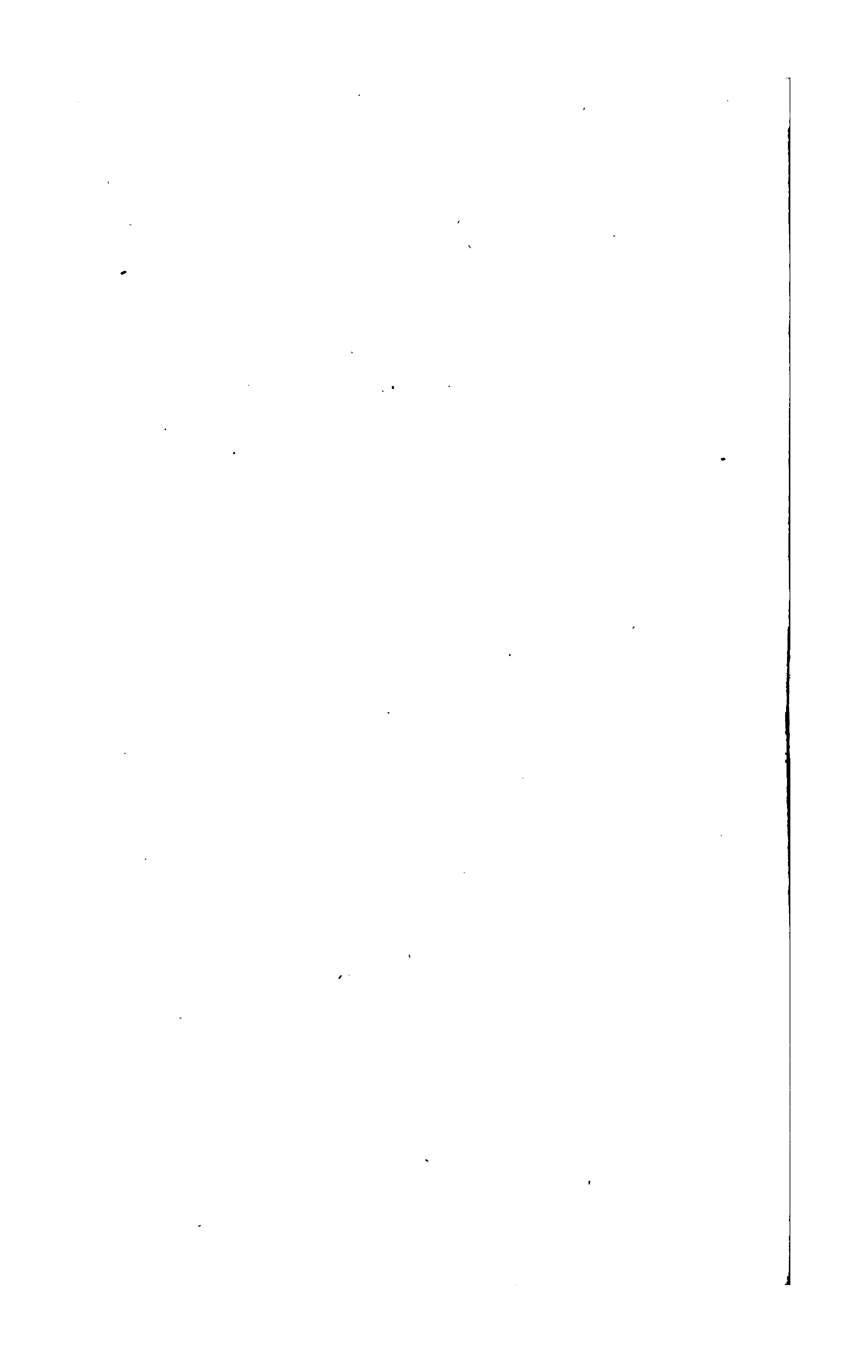
The present work does not profess to be more original than works dependent upon numerous authorities usually are; nor does it profess to be either very profound or scientific. It merely aims to give a pleasing, but at the same time accurate, account of our Forests and Forest-Trees.

A chapter has been added, translated from the French of M. Marny, descriptive of foreign forests, so that the contrast between them and English forests may be clearly seen.

In the first attempt at such a work, requiring so much research, and unaided by any previous undertaking of the kind, some errors and omissions may have crept in; but it is hoped that the book will be found to justify its title as a "Historical, Legendary, and Descriptive Account of English Forests and Forest-Trees."

LONDON, 1*st May*, 1853.

354



CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

OF FORESTS IN GENERAL.

PAGE

The Woods in Spring, Summer, and Winter. Forests and Civilisation. Right of English Kings to Forests 17

CHAPTER II.

ENGLISH FORESTS IN THE DAYS OF THE BRITONS, ROMANS, SAXONS, AND NORMANS.

The Druids in English Forests. Religion of the Druids. Forests under the Romans and Saxons. First Forest-Laws. Decay of Forests 28

CHAPTER III.

PARTICULAR ACCOUNTS OF FOREST-TREES.

The Oak. Animals found in Trees. The Abbot's and Winfarthing Oaks. The Shelton and Elizabethan Oaks. The Sidney Oak. Turpin's and Charles's Oak. The Bale Oak. The Nannau Oak. Poplar and Willow. The Ash. The Larch and Lime. The Elm. Sycamore, Walnut, and Beech. Hazel-Nuts and Nutting. The Aspen. The Alder, Plane-tree, Maple, and Hawthorn. The Holly and Forest Heath. The Yew. Leaves of Trees 40

CHAPTER IV.

WINDSOR FOREST AND CASTLE.

View from Windsor Castle. Herne's Oak. Ballad of Herne the Hunter. The Forest. Snow Hill. Virginia Water. Classic Temple. Large Trees in Windsor Forest. Pope's Residence in Windsor Forest. Sir John Dively. George III. and the Dumplings 80

CHAPTER VI.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

PAGE

Queen Elizabeth and Windsor. Order of the Garter. Edward III. and Countess of Salisbury. Imprisonment of Lord Surrey. St. George's Chapel. Burial of Charles I. Burial of Queen Adelaide 114

CHAPTER VII.

FORESTS OF EPPING AND HAINAULT.

Hunting in Epping Forest. Waltham Abbey. Burial-place of Harold. Defeat of Boadicea. Leyton, Ruckholts, and Wanstead. Havering atte Bower. Reminiscences of Hainault Forest 130

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NEW FOREST. THE NORMAN KINGS. BEAULIEU AND NETLEY ABBEYS. GEORGE III. AND THE GIPSIES. ANIMALS.

Cruelty of William the Conqueror. Death of William Rufus. Beaulieu Abbey. Netley Abbey. Schools in New Forest. George III. and the Gipsies. New-Forest Horses. New-Forest Timber. Groaning Tree. Yew-Tree at Dibden. Topography of the Forest . . 153

CHAPTER IX.

DARTMOOR FOREST.

Anecdotes of Dartmoor Forest. Wistman Wood. Story of Edgar and Elfrida. Superstitions about Pixies. The outwitted Fox. Witches and Witchcraft. Storm at Dartmoor 179

CHAPTER X.

THE FOREST OF DEAN.

The Dane and the Saxon. Wars of time of Charles I. Cider-making. Roman Remains. Views in the Forest. Free Miners . . . 194

CHAPTER XI.

LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE FORESTS.

Witches of Pendle Forest. Old Pendle Ballad. Delamere Forest in Roman times. Abbey of Vale Royal. Relics found at Leasowe. Hundred of Wirroll. Theory about Submarine Forests . . 207

CHAPTER XII.

SHERWOOD FOREST. TRADITIONS OF ROBIN HOOD. THE PARLIAMENT OAK. MAID MARIAN. NEWSTEAD ABBEY. LORD BYRON. ANNESLEY HALL. HARDWICK HALL.

PAGE
Richard I.'s Visit to Sherwood. Death of Robin Hood. The Parliament Oak. Dunmow Priory. Death of Lady Marian. Newstead Abbey. Byron's Oak. Hardwick Hall 224

CHAPTER XIII.

NORTHERN FORESTS.

Character of the Borderers. Hardwick-Forest Law. Story of the Abbot of Whitby. Knaresborough Forest and Hatfield Chase. Forest of Gaultries 243

CHAPTER XIV.

MISCELLANEOUS AND MINOR FORESTS.

Charnwood Forest. Needwood Forest. Whittlebury Forest. Marriage of Edward IV. Salcey Forest. Wychwood Forest. St. Leonard's Forest. Ashdowne Forest. Tilgate Forest . . . 254

CHAPTER XV.

FOREST-LAWS AND HUNTING PRACTICES.

Forest-Laws of Henry III. Queen Elizabeth's love of Hunting. Anecdotes of James I. Fondness of Scotch Kings for Hunting. The Clergy and Hunting. Long-Bow and Arrows. Skill in Archery 264

CHAPTER XVI.

INHABITANTS OF THE FOREST.

Beasts of Forest and Chase. Wolves and Bears. The Boar's Head. The Stag and the Hare. The Woodpecker. Forest-Birds . . 279

CHAPTER XVII.

FOREST FLOWERS.

The Daisy, Violet, and Primrose. The Anemone and Wood-Sorrel. Hyacinth and Harebell. Wild Strawberry, Dead-Nettle, Wild Rose, and Foxglove 295

CHAPTER XVIII.

PAGE
Management of Forests 300

CHAPTER XIX.

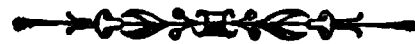
Revenue and Expenditure of the Forests 309

CHAPTER XX.

Foreign Forests 317

Appendix 361

Index 393



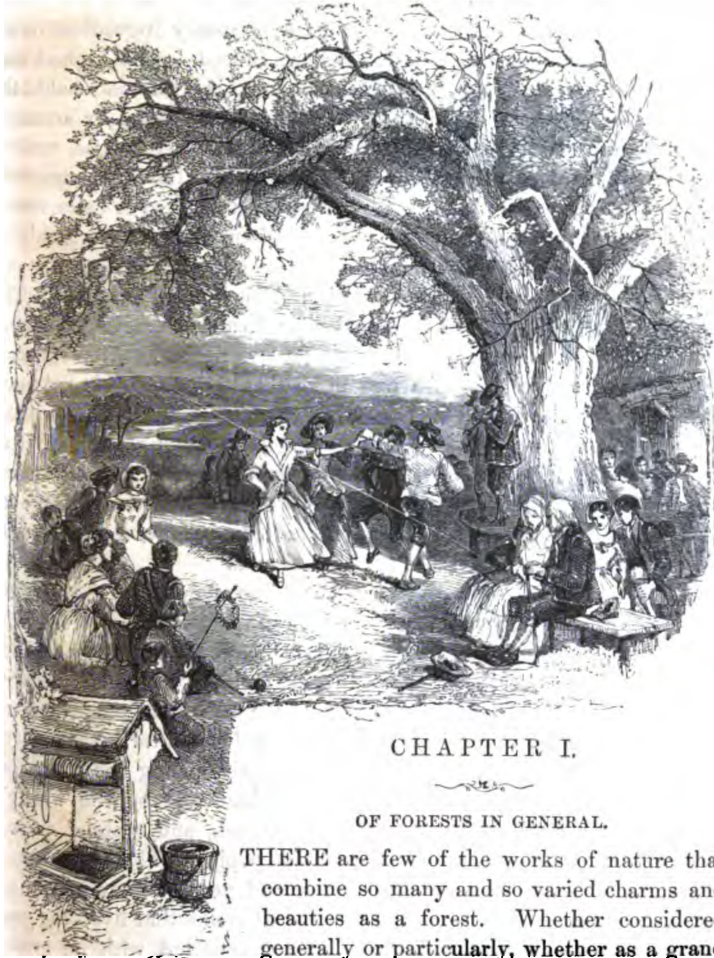
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Forest Scene—Sunset	*Frontispiece.*
Ditto	*Title.*
Druid cutting the Mistletoe	31
Oak, Poplar, Willow	40
The Winfarthing Oak	46
The Sidney Oak	49
Turpin's Oak, at Finchley	50
Oak at Bale	52
Nannau Oak, or the Spirit's Blasted Tree	54
Ash, Larch, Pinaster, Lime	57
The Monmouth Ash	60
Horse Chestnut, Elm, and Beech	62
Cedar of Lebanon, Beech, and Mountain-Ash	66
Yew at Matlock	75
The Cypress	76
Leaves of Birch, Beech, Larch, Horse-Chestnut, Sycamore, Lime, and Ash	78
Leaves of Pine, Holly, Poplar, Elm, Oak, Willow, and Hawthorn.	79
Windsor Forest and Castle	81
Herne's Oak now standing	87
Oak supposed to have been Herne's, now cut down	88
Virginia Water	104
Picnic in Epping Forest	130
The Fairlop Oak	136
Waltham Abbey	139
View in Hainault Forest	148
Rufus's Stone in New Forest	158
Charcoal-Burner's Hut	159
Gipsies' Encampment	164

PAGE

Boy attending Hogs 169
Lime Avenue near Brambridge 177
Rocking-Stone in the Forest of Dean 200
Relics found at Leasowe 219
Sherwood Forest 224
Marks in Trees in Sherwood Forest 231
Newstead Abbey 236
Forest Scene 243
Halifax Gibbet 248
Forest Scenery 263
Forest Cottage 278
Red Deer 286
The Daisy and other Forest Flowers 295
The Wild Strawberry and other Forest Flowers 297

English Forests and Forest-Trees.



CHAPTER I.

OF FORESTS IN GENERAL.

THERE are few of the works of nature that combine so many and so varied charms and beauties as a forest. Whether considered generally or particularly, whether as a grand geographical feature of a country, or as a collection of individual trees, it is alike invested with beauty and with interest, and opens up to the mind a

boundless field for inquiry into the mysterious laws of creation. But a forest is not merely an aggregate of trees; it is not merely a great embodiment of vegetable life; it is the cheerful and pleasant abode of numerous varieties of animal life, who render it more animated and picturesque, and who find there shelter, food, and happy homes.

There is perhaps no object in nature that adds so much to the beauty, that, in fact, may be said to be a necessary ingredient in the beauty of a landscape, as a tree. A tree, indeed, is the highest and noblest production of the vegetable kingdom, just as man holds the highest place in the animal. Whether standing solitary, or arranged in clumps, or masses, or avenues, trees always give freshness, variety, and often grandeur to the scene. How welcome to the weary traveller through the sandy deserts of Asia or Africa, after his eyes have rested for days on boundless tracts of sand, unbroken by bush, or shrub, or tree, to catch a glimpse of the groves of date or palm trees rising out from the green oasis, where he will find shelter and repose! The scenery of Iceland is the bleakest and most dreary in the world, arising not so much from its high latitude or its lava fields, as from its want of any thing in the shape of a tree more than five feet high. At one time, however, the island was covered with forests, which gave it the inviting appearance that attracted the first Norwegian settlers; but at present no people in search of a country would select it as an emigration field. The grandeur of the scenery of America arises from its boundless forests, stretching away for hundreds of miles over districts hitherto untrodden by the foot of civilised man.

The charms of the forest change, but do not fade, with the varying seasons. Few enjoyments can be compared with that of a forest walk in the beginning of spring. As you enter the woodland shadow another world seems to be reached. The paths are still strewn with the leaves of the last season, but the sweet breath of the spring has passed among the trees, given them freshness and vigour, and called forth their thousand buds. The gentle wind breathes sweetly among the branches, scarcely moving those of the sturdy oak hardened by the winter's storms, swaying gracefully the arms of the ash, and rushing among the delicate boughs of the birch and the poplar. The moss round the gnarled trunks looks fresh and green, and new ferns are appearing to take the place of the brown and withered stalks that lived the year before. Now and then a little primrose peeps out with its pretty yellow flower, as if it were uncertain whether spring had really come; or a wild violet will be seen hiding itself modestly among the grass; or a cluster of little blue-bells nodding their fragile cups, as if making

great efforts to ring out a merry peal to welcome the re-awakening of nature from her winter sleep. High up in the air is heard cheerful music, warbled forth by the feathered songsters of the woods, or the cooing of the turtle-doves, or perhaps the cawing of a colony of rooks. Rustling among the branches may be seen the lively and active squirrel; and gliding snakelike through the grass is occasionally seen the weasel, the sworn enemy of mice and vermin, and the robber of many a poor bird's nest. Perhaps as you suddenly turn a corner you will startle a deer, and send it bounding away to a covert, or a poor hare that has escaped the sportsmen of winter.

On every side, all objects seem awakening to new life, and are intensely enjoying its delights. Some people laugh at the idea of a tree or any other plant enjoying itself. Because they do not pour out their happiness in melody like birds, or frisk about in the grass and the sunshine like hares or rabbits, or "eat, drink, and be merry," like human creatures, it is concluded that they, forsooth, do not enjoy themselves. We know nothing of a tree beyond what may be called its anatomy and physiology; but we have no right to deny to it sensation either of pleasure or pain. In fact, for aught we know, a mighty forest may feel among its members a daily succession of pleasant or unpleasant sensations, similar in kind to those which pervade the population of a mighty city. Let any man quietly consider what a tree really is. In the first place it has life—if you cut it, it will bleed; if you deprive it of nourishment, it will die. It has a perfect organisation: its roots bring it food, its leaves act as lungs; it has a perfect circulating system, it reproduces itself, and in favourable circumstances it will sometimes live for centuries. It speaks not, neither does it walk; but with such a delicate and perfect vital organisation, it is almost impious to suppose that it is denied sensation. Indeed, walking through the woods in spring, one almost fancies that different trees feel the pleasure of wakening up to the life of another year in different degrees. Here, now, is an old oak, with great, wide-spreading branches; he has been planted for more than a century, and, for an oak, may therefore be considered to have come to years of discretion, and to be now fit for "navy timber," though unaccountably overlooked by the surveyor. See how slowly the buds come out, how heavily and lazily his branches wave in the wind, and how his whole appearance betokens a superior sagacity, as much as to say, "I am accustomed to this sort of thing, and take it coolly now; for I know I am ripe for the woodman's axe, and this may be my last spring." Not so with that cluster of young birches that nod on the oak from the opposite side of the

grassy path. They are in high glee, rustling and nodding and bowing to each other, and sporting playfully with the gentle breeze that seems to quiver through every fibre of their frames. Truly was it said, "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy." If we could really "find tongues in trees," and make them speak, how much wiser should we be!

Unless a man be a forester or a timber-contractor by profession, he cannot walk through a forest in spring without having his mind stored with new ideas and with good and happy thoughts. Here is an entirely new animated world opened up to his admiring gaze; a world that seems to be innocent and pure, for every thing in it is rejoicing and glad. The first glow and flush of life visible all around is so vigorous and strong, that man partakes of its vigour and strength. He too feels an awakening of new life, not of painful, but of pleasant sensations; on every side his eye falls on forms of beauty or of grandeur, and they quietly impress pictures on his mind never to be effaced, for

> "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;"

and he comes forth from the silent society of the forest a happier, a better, and a wiser man.

In summer, again, the beauties of the forest change, as well as its influence. Now it has its leaves and its flowers, and appears, as it stretches away for miles over dale and hill, to be one dense mass of dark and luxurious green. In that dense mass how many quiet lonely retreats there are, into which "the sun peeps in so mild," and where the shade and the silence impart a dreamy pleasure. Some people talk about forests being "solitary" places; but there never was a greater mistake. The forest is, in point of fact, a town where every thing is alive. Talk of being solitary in a forest on a summer's day—you might as well talk of squaring the circle, or discovering the philosopher's stone. The blackbird will stop in his song and eye you all over as you draw near his perch; the little woodpecker will look up knowingly from his tree; the squirrel will perhaps drop a broken nut on your head; the little lizard will peep out from a hole in some old trunk; the trees will nod, and the flowers will stare; and the myriads of insects will very soon give you convincing proof that you are not in a state approaching in the slightest degree to solitude. It is useless trying to read a book in the woods in summer. The man who could even attempt such a thing must belong to the race of "cold-blooded animals." What book is to be compared for an instant with the grand volume which nature

lays open in the woods! Homer's *Iliad*, Plato's *Phædo*, *Paradise Lost*, and the plays of Shakspeare, are great and good books, and teach great and good lessons; but Nature, in her forest volume, is a better teacher still to those who are docile pupils. Shakspeare knew this well; for some of his truest sketches are the meditations of Jaques in the Forest of Ardennes.

In the beginning of Spenser's *Faerie Queene* there is a beautiful picture of a forest in summer.

"Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand,
Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommer's pride,
Did spread so broad that heaven's light did hide,
Not perceable with pôwer of any starr;
And all within were pathes and alleis wide,
With footing worn, and leading inward farr,
Fair harbour that them seems; so in they entered ar.

And foorth they passe with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes' sweet harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempests dred,
Seemed in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-propp elme, the poplar never dry,
The builder oake, sole king of forrests all,
The aspine good for staves, the cypresse funerall.

The laurell, meed of mightie conquerours
And poets sage; the firre that weepeth still,
The willowe, worne of forlorne paramoures,
The eugh obedient to the bender's will,
The birche for shaftes, the sallow for the mill,
The mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
The fruitful olive, and the platane round,
The carver holme, the maple seldom inward sound."

Pleasant and merry are the parties who join together to spend a summer's day in the woods, whether it be in May or July, or still more delightful in "the leafy month of June." There is a freshness and a freedom about the forest that soon breaks down all the angularities of individual character and many of the conventional restraints of society. The old bachelor, who is always so crusty "in town," becomes quite eloquent and entertaining, tells stories about his school-boy days, and perhaps winds up a speech with the oft-quoted lines of Pope—

"I am as free as nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

The coquette finds her occupation gone, and she is obliged to speak and act like a reasonable creature; the old gentleman, who, when asked how many children he has, always has to tell them off on his fingers, enters most keenly into the spirit of the day, and perhaps assumes the character while he sings the song,

"I am the gipsy king, ha! ha!
Oh! I am the gipsy king."

In short, every body is happy because every body is natural and free, and they are natural and free because they are in the midst of nature and freedom.

Autumn comes too fast, perhaps, after summer. The trees are heavy with fruit. Acorns hang in rich clusters on the oak, the heavy chestnuts bear the branches down, and the fir-cones wave heavily, as if they would soon fall. The squirrels now busy themselves in laying up their winter store, and droves of hogs are turned into the forest to feed on the acorns. The leaves gradually turn brown, and then yellow, and then flutter timidly to the ground. The wind seems to moan among the half-leafless trees, as if it regretted their fall, and remembered the glorious days of spring and summer, when the leaves were young and vigorous, and played fondly with the wind as it "breathed on them from the sweet south." The flowers, poor, fragile things! are all gone; here and there is a withered leaf-stalk of a wild blue geranium, and in that little dell are the brown remains of the once bright-green fern. The birds have all departed, save a few lingerers, who twitter about in a melancholy state. And yet, amid all this appearance of dissolution and decay, the massive grandeur of the forest is still preserved. Its outward covering only is gone; and it looks like a giant lying down to sleep, to waken up with renewed life and vigour and strength in the spring.

Even when stern winter comes with white and icy reign, the forest assumes new features of beauty and interest. A solemn but not a sad silence reigns throughout; every thing is hushed, the bare branches of the trees appear stiff and motionless, and only here and there is seen the evergreen holly, with its smooth and prickly leaves, waiting to be plucked to deck happy houses at Christmas time. The birds are silent; most of them are far away in warmer climes and under a brighter sun; but with wonderful unerring instinct they will return

even to the very individual tree where the summer before they reared their young. A twitter now and then is heard from a poor belated bird shivering on a tree. The hares and rabbits and other forest inhabitants, driven by cold and hunger, come near the abodes of man in search of food. The snow comes gently down in beautiful whiteness, and powders the bare and rugged branches, fills up the hollows, and drifts up the woodland paths. Then comes the frost, borne down by the north wind. Through the mighty forest sweeps the wind, dashing up and sporting with the snow, bending the heads of the tallest oaks and elms, and rushing through the branches until the great forest gives forth loud-swelling music, as if it were a colossal Æolian harp. It is delightful to live on the borders of a forest during winter, and listen to this wintry music while seated round a blazing coal-fire. To hear the wind rushing, and roaring, and moaning, and wailing among the trees, while we sit safe and snug from its bitter effects, confers a pleasure, selfish it may be, but still most intense. Then is the time to tell stories of travellers who had lost their way amid the forest-paths and died,—of the olden days of the forest, when the wolves could be heard mingling their horrid howling with the music of the wind, and when, according to old local legends, disembodied spirits went shrieking through the forest like ghosts crying for Christian burial. Then come up old legends of particular trees; of the oak on which the pedlar was hung and the murderers never found out; of the tree under which a famous gang of robbers used to divide their booty and concoct their plans against unwary travellers; and of the tree that fell down during a terrific storm, and was followed by the death of a great man in power. With such legends the winter's night in the forest passes away with pleasure not unmingled with romance and a slight dash of the horrible.

"The hazy sunshine of a frosty morning," says Gilpin in his delightful work on forest scenery, "is accompanied with an indistinctness peculiar to itself. The common haziness of a summer day spreads over the landscape one general grey tint; and, as we have had occasion to remark in different circumstances, is often the source of great beauty. But the effect we are here observing is of a different kind. It is generally more partial, more rich, and mixing with streaks of different-coloured clouds, which often form behind it, produces a very pleasing effect. Great beauty also arises in winter from the different tints of the spray. The dark-brown spray of the birch, for instance, has a good effect among that of a lighter tinge; and when the forest is deep, all this little bushiness of ramification hath in some degree the effect of foliage.

"The boles of trees likewise, and all their larger limbs, add at this season a rich variety and contrast to the forest; the smooth and the rough, the light and the dark, often beautifully opposing each other. In winter the *stem* predominates, as the *leaf* in summer. It is amusing in one season to see the branches losing and discovering themselves among the foliage; and it is amusing also, in the other, to walk through the desolate forest and see the various combinations of stem—the traversing of branches across each other in so many beautiful directions—and the pains which nature takes in forming a *wood* as well as a *single tree*. She leaves no part unclosed; but pushing in the branch or the spray as the opening allows, she fills all vacant space, and brings the heads of the trees which grow near each other into contact; while every step we take presents us with some beautiful variety in her mode of forming the fretted roof under which we walk.

"In winter, too, the effect of evergreens is often pleasing. Holly, when it happens to be well combined and mixed in just proportion, makes an agreeable contrast. Ivy hanging round the oak, if it be not too profuse, we have already observed, is a beautiful appendage to its grandeur. I have seen some parts of the forest where the stem of almost every tree was covered with it. This, indeed, was not picturesque; but it gave the wood a very odd appearance, by exhibiting so total an inversion of nature. In summer the tops of the trees are green, and their stems commonly bare. Here the tops were bare, while the stems were in full leaf.

"In a light hoar-frost, before the sun and air begin to shake the powder from the trees, the wintry forest is often beautiful, and almost exhibits the effect of tufted foliage. As single objects, also, trees under this circumstance are curious. The black branches, whose undersides are not covered with rime, often make a singular contrast with the whitened spray. Trees of minuter ramification and foliage, as the beech, the elm, and the fir, appear under this circumstance to most advantage. The ash, the horse-chestnut, and other plants of coarser form, have no great beauty. Trees also thus covered with hoar-frost have sometimes, if not a picturesque, at least an uncommon effect, when they appear against a lurid cloud, especially when the sun shines strongly upon them.

"But although many appearances in winter are beautiful and amusing, and some of them even picturesque, yet the judicious painter will rarely introduce them in landscape; because he has choice of more beautiful effects, when nature appears dressed to more advantage."

But perhaps the uses and historical associations of a forest claim

as high interest and consideration as its natural beauties. What would mankind have been without forests? A question, truly, of most extensive scope and import. Take the naked savage: he wants shelter, he gets it in the forest; he wants food, the forest is full of animals on which he can live, and is fertilised by streams of crystal water; he wants weapons, and the forest supplies him both with bows and arrows, and means to make them more deadly by poison, if desired; he wants clothing, and the skins of the forest-animals supply it in profusion; and if he wants a safe retreat from enemies, the recesses of the forest supply a secure asylum. Naked and defenceless as the savage appears, yet to him nature, in the creation of forests, has been more bountiful than to any other creature. The forest is man's primitive abode.

But soon man acquires new wants. He wants to cross a river, and he makes his boat or coracle, as our forefathers did, of the skins of the wild animals the forest supplies. He wants beasts of burden, and he breaks in the horse and the cattle which he finds wild in the forest. He wants a four-footed companion in the chase, and the forest gives him the faithful dog. Gradually he gets the idea of agriculture, and then he realises the old eastern fable of the Man and the Forest: the man had an axe, and requested the forest as a favour to supply him with a handle; which was done, and the forest fell.

The forest fell, but cities rose; the hunter became a farmer, and the plough that prepared the land for the seed was made of trees that had for years lived on the ground they were now made to tear into furrows. But to pursue the progress of man step by step in the use he has made of the forest, would be to write the history of civilisation. The reader can fill up the picture from the day when the savage broke a branch off the yew to make a bow, to the day when the civilised man cut down timber enough to build a merchant-ship to voyage round the world.

A curious remark was lately made by a clever French writer, L. F. Marny, in a work on forests, that "when civilised men take up their abode in forests, they relapse into a state of semibarbarism." This remark, though somewhat paradoxical, is, to a certain extent, true. Take, for example, the backwoodsmen of America. Your genuine backwoodsman seldom settles quietly down on the land he has cleared, but sells it to some new-comer less disposed to encounter the hardships of frontier life, and the pioneer goes farther to the west, to renew his struggle with the gigantic trees, the Indians, and the wild beasts of the forest. The western hunters and trappers very

soon assimilate themselves to the red Indians around them; and we are told that, in the forests of Touba in Siberia, the Russian, the German, or the Tartar who settles there soon becomes as rude in costume and in manner as the Kirghises, the natives of the forest.

In all ages the forests have been the refuge of the bold, the outlawed, the daring, and the desperate part of society. Few countries cannot boast of some "brave outlaw," like our own Robin Hood, who lived in glorious independence with his merry men, "all under the greenwood tree." At the present day the jungles of Hindostan and the forests of Ceylon and Madagascar are inhabited by races who are outcasts from society, and live by any pursuit that does not require honesty and industry.

From time immemorial forests have been devoted more or less to religious purposes. The Temple of Jupiter Ammon rose up in the midst of a grove of palm-trees, and the oracles of Greece were situated in groves. Many of the religious rites of the northern nations of Europe were performed in the forests; and in all countries we find traces that, at various times, homage, and even worship, have been paid to particular trees. Perhaps it was from the same feeling in which this idea originated that the idea of peopling those forests with imaginary and supernatural beings originated. The Greeks created their dryads, hamadryads, fauns, satyrs, &c., and with them peopled their groves and woods. The abode of our own fairies has always been in woods, and their gambols have always been under some wide-spreading tree. In the woods, too, their tricks upon poor mortals, as related in the most veracious legends, have always been played; for proof of which our reader who may be incredulous is referred to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

But all forests have not the same history. It is remarked by a very acute writer, that "there is, after all, a dash of the savage even in the most civilised man;" and the forest-hunting habits of the savage lived deeply rooted for centuries among the kings and nobility of feudal Europe.

The reason why kings should have possession of forests as a royal privilege is thus stated by that accurate, but somewhat pedantic, old writer, John Manwood. We will not annoy our readers with perfect quotation, as that would involve the use of black-letter and obsolete spelling.

"The king or sovereign governor of a realm is the most excellent and worthiest part or member of the body of the commonweal next unto God. The king ought not to be under man, but under God and

the law, because the law doth make him a king. And as he is the head and most excellent part of the body of the commonweal, so is he also, through his governance, the preserver, nourisher, and defender of all the people, being the rest of the same body. And by his travails, study, and labours they enjoy not only their lives, lands, and goods, but all that ever they have besides in rest, peace, and quietness. The king, by his watch and diligent care, doth defend and keep every man's house in safety; his labour doth maintain and defend every private man's pleasure and delight. So that even as the head of a natural body doth continually watch and with a provident care still look about for the safety and preservation of every member of the same body, even so the king, being the head of the body of the commonweal, doth not only continually carry a watchful eye for the preservation of peace and quietness at home amongst his own subjects, but also to preserve and keep them in peace and quietness from any foreign invasion; for which cause the laws do attribute to him all honour, dignity, prerogative, and pre-eminence; which prerogative doth not only extend to his own person, but also to his possessions, goods, and chattels. AND THEREFORE, in respect to his continual care and labour, the laws do allow to the king, amongst many other privileges, to have his places of recreation or pastime wheresoever he will appoint."

Hence arose the necessity of preventing the cutting down of certain forests, the fixing of their boundaries, the making of laws for the due preservation of the game they contained, and the planting of new forests in situations more convenient than the old. Out of these circumstances have grown the conservation as forests of certain woodland districts in England, under peculiar laws and management, and all invested, from their connexion with the sports, pastimes, and often superstitious fears of the ancient Kings, Lords, and Commons of this country, with a considerable amount of interesting historical, traditionary, and legendary lore. To give an account generally of these forests, their history, their associations, and their traditions, as well as particularly of the various kinds of trees they contain, is the object sought to be attained in this work.

CHAPTER II.

ENGLISH FORESTS IN THE DAYS OF THE BRITONS, ROMANS, SAXONS, AND NORMANS.

THERE can be little doubt that at an early period the whole of our island was covered with forests or marshes; and further, that this period was not much earlier than the first Roman invasion. It is true, the authority of Geoffrey of Monmouth, Bishop of St. Asaph in the twelfth century, is rather opposed to such a statement; for if we are to believe him, Britain was settled and civilised, and the City of New Troy or London built, about ten centuries before the birth of Christ, by Brutus, a hero from the Trojan war, and from whom it is alleged our country takes its name. The good old bishop's work is doubtless very valuable, especially to poets like Shakspeare, who found in it the materials for his powerful drama of King Lear; but its authority in a historical point of view is more than doubtful. But even supposing all his wonderful narrative to be correct, admitting that Britain was a highly civilised country at the very time that Solomon was building the Temple at Jerusalem, still it is just possible, and history has many a page to confirm it, that during the lapse of so many centuries the people went back into barbarism, and the country into its primitive state of forest, marsh, and moorland.

Julius Cæsar is a more reliable authority than the old St. Asaph Bishop. The stern, direct Roman soldier soon found out by experience what British towns and forests were; and he has described them with forcible truth. The only parts of England where the people could be said to lead a settled life, when the Romans came, were along the south coast, where agriculture was in some degree attended to, and where there were several towns, inhabited chiefly by traders, who carried on the traffic between Britain and the continent. The interior, we are told, was one great, horrid forest; and Cæsar says, with quiet contempt, "A town among the Britons is nothing more than a thick

wood fortified with a ditch and rampart, to serve as a place of retreat against the incursions of their enemies." Strabo, in describing a British town, says:—"Forests were the only towns in use among them, which were formed by cutting down a large circle of wood, and erecting huts within it, and sheds for cattle." Again, though the ancient Britons seem to have made no regular divisions of the country, yet they applied special names to certain ranges of forest. Thus the present Berkshire was formerly completely covered with a forest, called by the Britons *Berroc*, from which the shire takes its name. In Warwickshire there is at this day a district called Arden, which was formerly in the forest of that name (the word 'Arden,' in fact, being the British word for a forest); and there can be little doubt that that forest extended right across England, including what we now call the forests of Dean, Sherwood, &c.

But, during the time of the Britons, the forests of England were not only useful as affording means of subsistence and a secure retreat from an enemy, but they were also devoted to the most sacred purposes of religion. "The Druids," says Hume, "practised their rites in dark groves or other secret recesses; and in order to throw a greater mystery over their religion, they communicated their doctrines only to the initiated, and strictly forbade the committing of them to writing, lest they should at any time be exposed to the examination of the profane vulgar. Human sacrifices were offered among them [in huge colossi, says Cæsar, of osier twigs, into which they put men alive, and setting fire to them, those within expire amid the flames]; the spoils of war were often devoted to their divinities; and they punished with the severest tortures whoever dared to secrete any part of the consecrated offerings. These treasures they kept in woods and forests, secured by no other guard than the terrors of their religion." Groves of oak were more especially preferred by the Druids; and oak branches were invariably used in all their religious ceremonies. According to some writers, their name was derived from the oak, which in old British or Celtic is *Derw*. For the mistletoe they had also great veneration, and cut it from the oak at the beginning of a new year with great and imposing religious ceremonies. The most minute, and apparently the most accurate, description of this ceremony is that given by Pliny (book xvi. chap. 44). He says, "The Druids hold nothing more sacred than the mistletoe and the tree on which it grows, provided it be an oak. Therefore they choose solitary groves containing no trees but oaks; nor do they perform any ceremonies without the branches or leaves of this tree. Indeed, whatsoever they find growing to or upon an oak

they take to be sent from heaven, and look upon it as a certain sign that their god has made choice of that particular tree for himself. But it is a thing very rarely to be met with; and when it is found, they resort to it with great devotion. In these ceremonies they principally observe that the moon be just six days old, with which they begin the computation of their months and years, and of that period which with them is called an age—that is, thirty years complete. And they choose the sixth day, because they reckon the moon is then of a considerable strength when she is not as yet half full; and they call the mistletoe by the name of all-heal (*omnia sanantem*). The sacrifice and a festival entertainment being prepared under the oak, they bring thither two white bulls, whose horns are then, and not till then, tied. This done, the priest, habited in a white vestment, climbs the tree, and with a golden pruning-knife cuts off the mistletoe, which is carefully received in a white woollen cloth by those who attend below. They then proceed to kill the beasts for sacrifice, and make their prayers to their god, that he would bless this his own gift to those to whom they shall dispense it. They have an idea that a decoction of the mistletoe is a cure of sterility, and that it is a sovereign antidote against all sorts of poison."[1]

Though, on the one hand, we may shudder at the cruel and bloody nature of the Druidical religion, and, on the other, pity the superstitions

[1] The following curious note respecting the mistletoe occurs in one of the editions of Evelyn's *Sylva*, dated 1786:—"The mistletoe, instead of rooting and growing in the earth like other plants, fixes itself and takes root on the branches of trees. It spreads out with many branches, and forms a large bush. It is commonly found upon the white thorn, the apple, the crab, the ash, and maple, but is rarely seen upon the oak; which last kind, as Mr. Ray well observes, was chiefly esteemed in medicine, owing to the superstitious honours which the ancient Druids of this island paid to that plant when gathered there. This is a parasitical plant, and is always produced from seed. Some of the ancients called it an excrescence on the tree, growing without seed; which opinion is now fully confuted by a number of experiments. It is the opinion of some, that it is propagated by the mistletoe thrush, which feeding upon the berries, leaves the seeds with its dung upon the branches of the respective trees where the plant is commonly found. Others say, that as the berries are extremely glutinous, the seeds frequently stick to the beaks of those birds, which being rubbed off upon the branches of trees, they become inoculated, as it were, and take root. In the same manner the mistletoe may be propagated by art; for if the berries, when full ripe, be rubbed upon the smooth part of the bark of almost any tree, they will adhere closely, and produce plants the following winter. In the garden now belonging to Mr. James Collins, of Knaresbrough, are many large plants of the mistletoe, produced in this manner upon the dwarf apple-tree. Of mistletoe we have only one species growing in Europe, viz. viscum (album) foliis lanceolatis obtusis, caule dichotomo, spicis axillaribus, Lin. Sp. Plant. 1451. Mistletoe with blunt spear-shaped leaves, forked stalks, and spikes of flowers rising from the wings of the stalks. Viscum baccis albis, C. B. P. 423. Mistletoe with white berries."

DRUID CUTTING THE MISTLETOE.

connected with it; yet it ought never to be forgotten, that in ages past, amid the primeval oak-groves of our country, these Druids taught the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. This is alluded to by the Latin poet Lucan, when he says:

> "And you, O Druids, free from noise and arms,
> Renew'd your barbarous rites and horrid charms;
> What gods, what powers in happy mansions dwell,
> Or only you, or all but you can tell.
> To secret shades and unfrequented groves,
> From world and cares your peaceful tribe removes;
> You teach that souls eas'd of their mortal load,
> Not with grim Pluto make their dark abode,—
> Nor wander in pale troops along the silent flood,
> But on new regions cast resume their reign,
> Content to govern earthly frames again.
> Thus death is nothing but the line between
> The lives that are to come and that have been.
>
> Happy the people by your charms possest,
> Nor fate, nor fears, disturb their peaceful breast;
> On certain dangers unconcerned they run,
> And meet with pleasure what they would not shun;
> Defy Death's slighted power, and bravely scorn
> To spare a life that will so soon return."

Though the Druids were spread all over England, yet their chief seat was in Mona, or what is now called the Island of Anglesea, at the extreme end of North Wales. This was sometimes called the *Shady Island*, and appears to have been, from its groves and trees, the most suitable place in England for Druidical worship. But from this their last stronghold they were driven by the Romans, who crossed the Menai Straits, defeated the armies opposed to them, and completely destroyed the sacred groves of the Druids.[2]

[2] There is no question so difficult to clear up as one relating to the derivation of a name; and though we have no desire to weary our readers with a discussion about the origin of the word *Druid*, yet we think the following extract is worthy of notice, from the evident learning and research it displays. It is taken from a communication of Mr. Jones, inserted in Toland's *History of the Druids*:—"I say that *Druides*, or *Druidae*, is a word that is derived from the British word *Drudion*; being the name of certain wise, discreet, learned, and religious persons among the Britons. *Druidon* is the plural number of this primitive word *Drud*. By adding *ion* to the singular number, you make the plural of it *secundum formam Britannorum*; sic *Drud, Drudion*. This primitive word *Drud* has many significations. One signification is *Dialwr*; that is, a revenger, or one that redresseth wrong; for so the justices called *Drudion* did supply the place of magistrates. Another signification, *Krevlon*, and that signifies cruel and merciless; for they did execute justice most righteously, and punished offenders most severely. *Drud* signifies also *glew* and *prid*; that is, valiant or hardy. *Drud* is also dear or precious, unde venit *Drudanieth*, which is dearth. These *Drudion* among

Nearly two thousand years have passed since then; under the oak-trees from which the old Druid cut the mistletoe, Saxon Parliaments, or Wittenagemots, have doubtless been held, and in all likelihood many a Christian church now occupies the site of one of these old oak-groves. The Druids have gone, the Roman empire has gone, millions of human beings since then have lived and died; but the truth of the old Scripture saying is revealed: "Generation after generation passeth away; but the earth endureth for ever." And still, as of old, the shady island—the Island of Mona, Anglesea, stands facing the troubled waters of the Irish Sea, précisely as it did when the Roman legions landed on its shores. The Straits passed by the soldiers of Agricola remain; the old forests and the sacred groves have disappeared; but the earth on which they stood "abideth for ever." And "the shady isle" is now covered with thriving towns and villages; its shores are noisy with the din of traffic, and over the remains of old forests and Druid stones stretch the iron fibres of that familiar wonder, a modern railway; while across those Straits are hung two masterpieces of human skill, the graceful and

the Britons by their office did determine all kind of matters, as well private as public, and were justices as well in religious matters and controversies, as in law matters and controversies, for offences of death and title of laws. These did the sacrifices to the heathen gods, and the sacrifices could not be made without them; and they did forbid sacrifices to be done by any man that did not obey their decree and sentence. All the arts, sciences, learning, philosophy, and divinity that were taught in the land, were taught by them; and they taught by memory, and never would that their knowledge and learning should be put in writing; whereby, when they were suppressed by the Emperor of Rome in the beginning of Christianity, their learning, arts, laws, sacrifices, and governments, were lost and extinguished here in this land; so that I can find no more mention of any of their deeds in our tongue than I have set down, but that they dwelt in rocks, and woods, and dark places, and some places in our land had their names from them, and are called after their names to this day. And the island of *Mone*, or Anglesea, is taken to be one of their chiefest seats in Britain, because it was a solitary island full of wood, and not inhabited of any but themselves; and then the isle of Mone, which is called Anglesea, was called *yr Inys Dowyll;* that is, the dark island. And after that the *Drudion* were suppressed, the huge groves which they favoured and kept afoot were rooted up, and that ground tilled. Then that island did yield such abundance and plenty of corn, that it might sustain and keep all Wales with bread; and therefore there arose then a proverb, and yet is to this day, viz. *Mon mam Gymbrv;* that is, *Mon*, the mother of Wales. Some do term the proverb thus, *Mon mam Gynedd;* that is, *Mon*, the mother of North Wales; that is, that *Mon* was able to nourish and foster upon bread all Wales or North Wales. And after that this dark island had cast out for many years such abundance of corn where the disclosed woods and groves were, it surceased to yield corn, and yielded such plenty of grass for cattle, that the countrymen left off their great tilling, and turned it to grazing and breeding of cattle, and that did continue among them wonderful plentiful, so that it was an admirable thing to be heard, how so little a plat of ground should breed such great number of cattle; and now the inhabitants do till a great part of it, and breed a great number of cattle on the other part."

the fairy-like suspension, and the massive gigantic tubular bridge; two works before which the mightiest Roman of Rome's mightiest days would pause in admiration and in awe.

The Romans were not "mighty hunters;" and during the time they occupied Britain they appear to have used the forests only for purposes of utility. They had, if we are to believe some historians, iron furnaces in the forest of Dean; and through that forest ran one of their great roads. They must also have required a large supply of timber for their galleys, especially in the neighbourhood of such ports as Chester, subject to sudden and frequent incursions of the native inhabitants, who had taken refuge in Wales. But no forest boundaries were marked by them, no enclosures were made, and the woodland parts of the country remained as they were under the Britons.

When the Saxons came, this state of things was entirely altered. That hardy race were hunters from their childhood. They loved to chase the wild-boar and the deer through these primeval forests; and they talked of their exploits in hunting with as much pride as of their daring deeds in war. They loved to burnish their hunting weapons, and to keep their horses and hounds in a high state of training. Both kings and nobles delighted in the pleasures of the chase; and among their highest accomplishments, and the part of their education most carefully attended to, was reckoned skill, courage, and address in hunting. In Asser's *Life of King Alfred* this is specially referred to.

The forest hunting-grounds of the Saxons extended over many woodland districts, whose character in our days is entirely changed. The Saxon noble had his large house or hall built in the forest, which supplied the timber of which it was constructed. Here, with his numerous retainers, his billmen and bowmen, his hunters, his "born thralls," and his swineherds, he indulged in that coarse, gross, plentiful way of living, and almost unlimited hospitality, which characterised his race. The forest enabled him to be generous and profuse, for it then abounded with game. His mornings were spent in the chase, pursuing the boar and the deer; and his evenings in boisterous mirth, and often excessive drinking, in his old halls, surrounded by his retainers and by trophies won from the forest game. A wandering minstrel or a holy pilgrim occasionally enlivened the scene; and often the mirthful troop was broken up by a hasty summons "to arms," to defend themselves from the attacks of organised and almost licensed robbers, or to march to the assistance of the king. No books shed their influence over these assemblies; and even Christianity had scarcely had time to eradicate all traces of the old pagan superstition. But there were other

mansions besides those of the nobles in the pleasant places of the forests. The clergy had (about the time of the Norman invasion) obtained possession of nearly one-third of the country, and in the most agreeable spots, amid shady woods and by silvery rivers, had erected their religious houses. Many forest districts belonged to them; and traces of their claims on forest produce lingered long in the history of our country. Many a band of outlaws, living by plunder, found refuge in those days in the forest; and many a holy man, disgusted with the world around him, sought refuge in the forest, where,

> "Far in a wild remote from public view,
> From youth to age the reverend hermit grew;
> Remote from man, with God he passed his days,
> Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise."

Strangely has England altered since then. The old forests are wholly or partially gone; towns and cities have risen where the forests stood; the sound of industry is heard instead of the hunter's bugle-horn; and instead of the bell on the warder's tower ringing out the summons to arms, there is the bell of the Christian church summoning to the house of prayer. Bold outlaws and holy hermits have disappeared, the abbeys and monasteries are in ruins, and of many of the old halls it may be said:

> "All silent and sad is the roofless abode,
> And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree,
> And traversed by few is the grass-covered road,
> Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trod
> To his hills that encircle the sea."[1]

Better and brighter days have come; and the phrase of "merrie England in the olden time" is allowed a general toleration, because it contains something that is hearty, though little that is true.

It is in the time of the Saxons that we first find any trace of the enacting of laws for the forests of England, and the clear definition of their boundaries. And here it is necessary that we should explain what perhaps ought to have been explained at the very beginning—namely, what really, truly, and *legally* is the meaning of the word FOREST. The etymology of the word seems somewhat obscure; but its legal meaning in England is thus clearly defined in Manwood's *Forest Laws*, a work of great authority. We quote from the black-letter edition published in 1598. "A forrest is a certen territorie of

[1] Campbell.

woddy grounds and fruitfull pastures, priviledged for wild beasts and foules of forrest, chase and warren, to rest and abide in, in the safe protection of the king for his princely delight and pleasure; while territorie of ground so priviledged is meered and bounded with irremoveable markes, meeres, and boundaries, either known by matter of record, or els by prescription. And also replenished with wilde beasts of venarie or chase, and with great coverts of vert for the succour of the said wilde beastes to have there abode in; for the preservacion and continuance of which said place, together with the vert and venison, there are certen particuler lawes, priviledges, and officers belonging to the same, meete for that purpose that are onely proper unto a forrest, and not to any other place." Blackstone thus defines a forest:—"Forests are waste grounds belonging to the king, replenished with all manner of chase or venery, which are under the king's protection for the sake of his recreation and delight."

The first forest-laws of which we have any record were passed in the reign of Canute the Great in 1016, and were extremely severe and savage. We shall devote a subsequent chapter to the forest-laws in general, where the native cruelty of these laws, and the mode in which they were enforced under successive kings, will be fully treated. The power granted by these laws enabled the kings to enclose any tract of forest they pleased, or to plant new forests; and this power was exercised with the utmost tyranny. All readers of history know the devastation committed by William the Conqueror, when he formed the new forest in Hampshire. Under the Norman kings the breadth of land covered with forests greatly increased. In the reign of Henry II. there was, according to Fitz-Stephen, a monk who lived at that period, a large forest round London, "in which were woody groves; in the covers whereof lurked bucks and does, wild boars and bulls;" and these woods remained for centuries afterwards. Sir Henry Spelman, a celebrated antiquary, who lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, gives a list of English forests, which, though not perhaps absolutely correct, will yet serve to give an idea of the immense tract of land which these forests at one time covered.

FOREST.	COUNTY.
Applegarth	York.
Arundel	Sussex.
Ashdown	
*Bere	Hants.
Birnwood	Bucks.
Blackmore	Wilts.
Blethnay	Radnor.
*Bowland (Pendle)	Lancashire.
Bredon	Wilts.
Bucholt	Hants.
Cantrelly	
Cardith	Caermathen.
Char	Hants.
*Charnwood	Leicester.

FOREST.	COUNTY.
Chut	Wilts.
Coidrath	Pembroke.
Copland	Cumberland.
Dallington	Sussex.
*Dartmore[a]	Devon.
*Delamere	Chester.
*Dean	Gloucester.
Derefuld	Salop.
Downe	Sussex.
Exmere	Devon.
Feckenham	
The Forest	Cardigan.
Fromulwood	Somerset.
Gaiternack	Wilts.
*Gautries	York.
*Gillingham	Dorset.
Hatfield	Essex.
Harwood	Salop.
Haye	
Holt	Dorset.
Huestoun	
Inglewood	Cumberland.
*Knaresboro	York.
Kingswood	Gloucester.
Knuckles	Radnor.
Leicester	Leicester.
St. Leonard's	Sussex.
Lounsdael	
Lowes	Northumberland.
Lune	York.
Lyfield	Rutland.
Mallustary	Westmoreland.
Mactry	Salop.
Narbeith	Pembroke.
Nerach	Somerset.
*New Forest	Hants.
Do.	York.
Peak	Derby.
Pemshaur	Wilts.
*Pickering	York.
Radnor	Radnor.
Ruscob	Cardigan.
*Rockingham	Northampton.
Sapler	
Sanernack	Wilts.
*Sherwood	Nottingham.
Selwood	Somerset & Wilts.
*Salcey	Northampton.
Waybridge	Huntingdon.
*Waltham	Essex.
West Forest	Hants.
West Ward	Cumberland.
*Whichwood	Oxford.
Whinfield	Westmoreland.
Wheigthart	
*Whittlewood	Northampton.
Whitmey	
Wyersdale	Lancashire.
*Windsor	Berks.
Wolmerwood	York.
Worth	Sussex.
Wutmer	Hants.

It will be seen from this list, that out of the forty counties of England, only fifteen, consisting chiefly of those situated on the east coast, did not contain forests; while some counties, such as York, contained five or six. Many of the forests here enumerated have now entirely disappeared; but some of them were of great magnitude and extent. The forests of Cumberland are all now "naked, desolate scenes;" in Lancashire it is difficult to find a grove, or glade, or any thing at all approaching to the idea of a wood; the great forests of Yorkshire have gone to make room for manufacturing towns, and farms, and railroads, and canals; and it is only in the middle and the south of England that any traces of royal forests remain.

This decline is to be attributed to many causes: to the confiscation

[a] Of those we have marked thus (*) we shall have to speak in the following pages. The rest have left no authentic remains, either historical or physical.

of the church property, the diminished love of hunting, the extermination of wild animals, the increased demand for timber, the disturbances during the civil wars, and generally to the progress of civilisation. Into these considerations we will not at present enter,[3] as they will be more particularly referred to in the special accounts of the separate forests, which will be found in subsequent chapters. We will now proceed to sketch the leading features of the particular trees of which our forests are composed.

[3] In Dr. Hunter's edition of Evelyn's *Sylva*, published at York in 1786, we find the following very sensible note on this subject:—"In order to trace the history of the decay of our forest-trees, it will be necessary to remark that the first attack made upon them of any material consequence was in the twenty-seventh year of the reign of Henry VIII., when that monarch seized upon the church-lands, and converted them, together with their woods, to his own use. Ruinous as such an attempt might appear at first, it did not bring with it any very pernicious consequences, as the whole kingdom, at that early period, was plentifully stocked with all kinds of timber-trees, especially the oak. During the civil war which broke out in 1642, and all the time of the inter-regnum, the royal forests, as well as the woods of the nobility and gentry, suffered a great calamity, insomuch that many extensive forests had, in a few years, hardly any memorial left of their existence but their names. From that period to the present, there is some reason to apprehend that the persons appointed to the superintendence of the royal forests and chases have not strictly and diligently attended to their charge, otherwise the nation would not at this day have reason to complain of the want of oak, for the purposes of increasing and repairing the royal navy. This loss, however, would not have operated so severely, had the principal nobility and gentry been as solicitous to plant, as to cut down their woods. But this reflection should be made with some degree of limitation, as several thousand acres of waste land have, within these twenty years, been planted for the benefit of the rising generation. The Society of Arts, &c., established in London in the year 1754, have greatly contributed, by their honorary and pecuniary premiums, to restore the spirit for planting; and I flatter myself that a republication of Mr. Evelyn's *Sylva* will also contribute to that most desirable end. Tuffer, a versifier in the reign of Henry VIII., complains at that early period, that men were more studious to cut down than to plant trees; and as this author is often quoted by Mr. Evelyn, it will be proper to remark that his book is entitled *Five Hundred Points of Husbandry*, and is printed in black letter. It is written in quatrains, or stanzas, of four verses each, and contains more lines than Virgil's *Georgics*. The first edition was published in 1562. There are other editions in 1604 and 1672; also in 1710 and 1743, with notes and observations. Every thing that has a tendency towards the raising and diffusing a spirit for planting, is highly meritorious; and as our wooden walls have been esteemed for many ages past the bulwarks of this nation, we may hope, from the goodness of our august sovereign, that he will set an example to the nobility and men of large possessions, by ordering his wastes to be planted with timber-trees, especially the oak."

OAK, POPLAR, WILLOW.

CHAPTER III.

PARTICULAR ACCOUNTS OF FOREST-TREES.

THE natural characteristics of the OAK, its great and impressive size, the vast age which it reaches, the hardness and durability of its timber, have placed it at the head of all trees. Like the lion among quadrupeds, and the eagle among birds, the oak is the monarch of its kind.

Few writers have described the oak so well as Virgil in his *Georgics*. He calls it "Jove's own tree," as it was made sacred to Jupiter by the Romans:

"Jove's own tree,
That holds the woods in awful sovereignty,
Requires a depth of loding in the ground,
And next the lower skies a bed profound;
High as his topmast boughs to heaven ascend,
So low his roots to hell's dominions tend.

Therefore nor winds nor winter's rage o'erthrows
His bulky body, but unmoved he grows.
For length of ages lasts his happy reign,
And lives of mortal men contend in vain.
Full in the midst of his own strength he stands,
Stretching his brawny arms and leafy hands;
His shade protects the plains, his head the hills commands."

No tree in all the forest can vie with the oak in picturesque beauty or massive strength. Even a decayed oak has in it something great and imposing. Spencer gives us a fine picture of one of these:

"A huge oak dry and dead,
Still clad with reliques of its trophies old;
Lifting to heaven its aged hoary head,
Whose foot on earth hath got but feeble hold,
And half disbowelled stands above the ground,
With wreathed roots and naked arms,
And trunk all rotten and unsound."

The poet Rogers has depicted the history of full many of these decayed monarchs of the forest in his address to "An old Oak:"

"Round thee, alas, no shadows move,
From thee no sacred murmurs breathe;
Yet within thee, thyself a grove,
Once did the eagle scream above,
And the wolf howl beneath.

Here once the steel-clad knight reclined,
His sable plumage tempest-toss'd;
And as the death-bell smote the wind,
From towers long fled by human kind,
His brow the hero cross'd.

Then culture came, and days serene,
And village sports and gardens gay;
Full many a pathway cross'd the green,
And maids and shepherd youths were seen
To celebrate the May.

Father of many a forest deep,
Whence many a navy, thunder-fraught,
Erst in thy acorn-cells asleep,
Soon destined o'er the world to sweep,
Opening new spheres of thought!

Wont in the night of woods to dwell,
The holy Druid saw thee rise,
And, planting there the guardian spell,
Sung forth, the dreadful pomp to swell
Of human sacrifice!

Thy singed top and branches bare
Now straggle in the evening sky;
And the wan moon wheels round to glare
On the lone corse that shivers there
Of him who came to die!"

It has been well said that the oak is the tree we islanders have chosen to represent us in the vegetable world; and that when we have felled it and constructed out of its timber floating houses, it is our representative all round the globe. In the oak we feel an honest pride. Other nations may possess finer, and more showy, and more fragrant trees, but the oak is of more value to us than them all. Long before Bernard Barton wrote his poem in praise of the oak, Pope had expressed the national pride in these pithy lines:

"Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber and the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn."

About three thousand loads of timber are required for a seventy-four gun ship, which would demand two thousand tons of seventy-five years' growth. Now, as not more than forty oaks of a load and a half of timber each can stand upon one acre of ground, it follows that we must depopulate fifty acres to turn out a single seventy-four. For a ship of a hundred and twenty guns, that is a three-decker, about six thousand loads, or seventy-five acres of oak timber are required.

As far as the very imperfect records that we possess will allow of generalisation, it appears that oaks are more frequently struck with lightning than other trees; and this circumstance has been less observed by naturalists than by poets. Shakspeare expressly alludes to this when he says—

"Thought-executing fires
Vaunt couriers to *oak-cleaving* thunderbolts."

Whether this liability be owing to their frequently superior height, or whether the inferior conductibility of fir and other resinous woods may in some measure protect them, whilst the imperfect conducting power of the dense oak may be sufficient to attract, but not able to pass off harmlessly, the atmospheric electricity, is not at present known; it is a botanical problem yet to be explained. However it may be, oaks are thus frequently struck; and when

"the dread rattling thunder
Rifts Jove's stout oak with his own bolt,"

the devastation which the shock occasions is surprising. During a

violent tempest in July 1828, a very fine oak, not arrived at maturity, perfectly sound, and of the strongest kind, was struck by lightning at Pinner. The shock entirely severed the whole of its majestic arms, just at their junction with the trunk, and scattered them around. The tree, which was about ten feet in girth, was completely stripped of its bark, and the body shivered from the cyme into the root. Perpendicular clefts passed into the heart-wood, and rent through the trunk in many places, so that splinters of six, eight, or ten feet long, by three or four inches thick, were pulled out. In the same storm, the lightning struck a fine oak in an elevated part of Yteve, New Forest, and rent out a very long strip, of about two inches wide by one in thickness, from its very heart; nearly one quarter of the tree was forced away from the body, and several of the massy limbs of the upper part driven, as it were, from the sockets, a distance of several feet.

Trees thus struck by lightning have sometimes excited much astonishment, from letters, figures, &c. being found engraven in the heart-wood, often at a foot from the surface, and as much from the centre. Crucifixes, images of the Virgin, and other extraneous matters, have also been found in the like situations. Trees which have been felled for economical purposes likewise often exhibit the same curious circumstances. An instance will be found in our account of Sherwood Forest.

Numerous stories were formerly current of the discovery of toads and frogs enclosed in the hearts of trees, where they were supposed to have existed for centuries, deprived of the possibility of access to either food or air; though, when found, they were alive and vigorous. Smellie, in his *Philosophy of Natural History*, alludes to an account of a toad found alive and healthy in the heart of an old elm; and of another discovered in 1731 near Nantz in the heart of an ancient oak, without any visible entrance to its habitation. From the size of the tree, it was concluded that the animal must have been confined in that situation at least eighty or a hundred years.

In order to discover whether these animals could exist for any length of time under such circumstances, Dr. Buckland, the celebrated geologist, a few years ago, placed four toads of moderate size in three holes cut for that purpose, on the north side of the trunk of an apple-tree. Two were placed in the largest cell, and each of the others in a single cell; the cells being nearly circular, about five inches deep, and three inches in diameter. These were carefully closed with plugs of wood, so as to exclude access of insects, and were apparently air-tight. Every one of the toads thus "pegged" in the knotty entrails of the tree was found dead and decayed at the end of the first year. Dr. Buck-

land concluded from this, and other experiments which he carried on simultaneously with it, that toads cannot live a year excluded totally from atmospheric air.[1]

In Epping Forest are several curious specimens of "inosculated" oaks,—a term used to denote that singular mode of growth by which two trees are united together, or where a branch crossing a trunk becomes united to it. Observation of this singular process of nature is supposed by some to have first suggested the idea of grafting.

The excrescences which we often observe on the leaves of the oak are the productions of an insect, of a burnished black colour, with black antennæ, and chestnut-brown legs and feet; the wings are white. The female pierces a leaf and deposits an egg, around which, in the course of a few days, an excrescence is thrown out, affording nourishment to the young insect, and protecting it from external injury. This insect undergoes several changes, being first a maggot, then a chrysalis, and finally a winged creature. As soon as it has passed through all these changes, it bursts its prison-walls, and comes into the open air.

There is another circumstance connected with the oak, of which we must now make mention—the discovery of the mistletoe upon it. The cause of the oak, when bearing this parasite, being so revered by the Druids seems to be, that the growth of the mistletoe, common on other trees, is so extremely rare on the oak, that its existence is still disputed by some. Mr. Jesse's official situation (Surveyor of Her Majesty's Parks, &c.) enabled him to have inquiries made on this subject in the royal forests and parks; but he could never hear of any instance of its having been found on the oak in any of them. Timber-merchants have also assured him that they never had seen it on an oak. Some years ago the Society of Arts offered a reward for the discovery of it, and a single instance was found somewhere in Gloucester. Subsequently other specimens have been seen. Mr. Jesse gives a list of trees, including the oak, on which this "baneful" parasite has been found, with their localities, in his *Scenes and Tales of Country Life*, pp. 68-70.

Among the noble specimens of the oak which have adorned our English woodland scenery, some of them have had singular histories attached to them. We will here give a few instances.

One of these historical trees is the Abbot's Oak at Woburn Abbey, "a low pollard-like tree, with nothing remarkable in its appearance,

[1] An account of these experiments in detail is given in the fifth volume of the *Zoological Journal*, together with other reasons for his conclusion of the comparatively speedy death of the reptiles when so closely confined.

though the associations connected with it are extremely interesting." On the branches of this tree the Abbot and Prior of Woburn, the Vicar of Puddington, and "other contumacious persons," were hanged by order of Henry VIII. "Roger Hobbs, the abbot, nobly disdaining to compromise his conscience for a pension, as most of his brethren did, and as many others who do not wear a cowl do at the present day, resolutely denied the king's supremacy, and refused to surrender his sacerdotal rights. For this he was hanged on an oak-tree in front of the monastery, in 1537."[3] He was drawn to the place of execution on a sledge, as was then the custom with state-prisoners. On a board nailed to the tree are painted the following lines:

"Oh, 'twas a ruthless deed, enough to pale
Freedom's bright fires, that doom'd to shameful death
Those who maintain'd their faith with latest breath,
And scorn'd before the despot's frown to quail.
Yet 'twas a glorious hour when from the goal
Of papal tyranny the mind of man
Dared to break loose, and triumph'd in the band
Of thunders roaring in the distant gale!
Yes, old memorial of the mitred monk,
Thou liv'st to flourish in a brighter day,
And seem'st to smile, that pure and potent vows
Are breathed where superstition reign'd: thy trunk
Its glad green garland wears, though in decay;
And years hang heavy on thy time-stained boughs."

Another gigantic oak stands on the estate of the Earl of Albemarle, about four miles from his seat at Quiddenham Hall, Winfarthing, near Diss, Norfolk; in the midst of what was formerly "Winfarthing Great Park," anciently a royal demesne, belonging to the adjacent palace of Kenninghall Place, from whence Mary was called to the throne in 1553. The oak was, in 1820, 70 feet in circumference at the extremity of the roots; in the middle 40 feet. The trunk is completely hollow, the "heart" being entirely decayed; and the inside presenting a singular appearance, resembling the old rugged masonry befitting a Druidical temple. It is fitted up inside with seats, a table, &c. Over the door-way entrance is placed, by the late Mr. Doggett, many years the respected tenant of the surrounding farm, a brass plate with an inscription, soliciting from visitors to the oak donations to the Bible Society.

An arm was blown off in 1811, which contained two wagon-loads of wood.

[3] Dodd's Church History of England.

THE WINFARTHING OAK.

INSCRIPTION ON THE PLATE.

Ye who this venerable oak survey,
Which still survives through many a stormy day,
Deposit here your mite with willing hands,
To spread in foreign climes, through foreign lands,
The Sacred Volume, so divinely given,
Whose pages teach the narrow way to heaven.—*Doggett.*

O send out Thy light and Thy truth.—*King David.*

May every subject in my dominions possess a Bible, and be able to read it!—*King George III.*

This tree is said to have been called the "Old Oak" in the time of William the Conqueror; but upon what authority we have not discovered. Nevertheless the thing is not impossible, if the speculations of certain writers on the age of trees be at all correct. Mr. South calculates that an oak-tree forty-seven feet in circumference cannot be less than 1500 years old.

At Ellerslie, the birthplace of Wallace, three miles to the southwest of Paisley, stands an oak, in the branches of which tradition relates that celebrated hero to have concealed himself with three hundred of his followers! However improbable the latter circumstance

may be, it is at least certain that the tree may well have been a remarkable object even at the period assigned to it by tradition, namely, in the beginning of the fourteenth century; and if so, this tree must be at least seven hundred years old. Its branches are said to have once covered a Scotch acre of ground; but its historical interest has rendered it a prey to the curiosity of the stranger, and its limbs have gradually disappeared, till but little remains except its trunk.

Suckling, in his *History of Suffolk*, mentions the following anecdote: "During the civil wars a brave cavalier, Sir John Rous, was preserved when a party of Roundheads came down to Henham with a warrant for his arrest, by his lady concealing him in the hollow trunk of a venerable tree, known by the name of the 'Henham Hill Oak.' This tree, being used by the family as a summer-house, was luckily provided with a door faced with bark, and which closed so artificially that strangers not aware of the circumstance would never suspect that the tree was otherwise than sound. The Roundheads used threatening language to the lady to make her declare her husband's retreat, but she courageously withstood all their menaces. They remained at the hall for two or three days; during which time she, not daring to trust any one with the secret, stole softly out at night to supply her lord with food, and to assure herself of his safety."

An oak, called the "Shelton Oak," growing near Shrewsbury, was celebrated for Owen Glyndwr having mounted on it to observe the battle of Shrewsbury, fought on the 21st of June, 1403, between Henry IV. and Harry Percy. The battle had commenced before Glyndwr had arrived, and he ascended the tree to see how the day was likely to go; finding that Hotspur was beaten, and the force of the king was overpowering, he retired with his 12,000 men to Oswestry.

"Queen Elizabeth's Oak," in Hatfield Park, is said to be the tree under which Elizabeth was sitting when the news of her sister's death was brought to her. A great portion of the trunk has been protected by a lead covering, and it is enclosed by a low fence. Queen Victoria, when she visited Hatfield House in 1846, was much interested with the memorial, and, as a memento of her visit, had a small branch lopped from the trunk.

The "Greendale Oak" is another celebrated monarch of the forest. It adorns Welbeck Park. In 1724 a roadway was cut through its venerable trunk, higher than the entrance to Westminster Abbey, and sufficiently capacious to permit a carriage and four horses to pass through it. About 1646 this oak was 88 feet high, with a trunk

girthing 33 feet 1 inch; the diameter of the head, 81 feet. In 1779, Major Rooke gave the dimensions thus: "Circumference of the trunk above the arch 35 feet 3 inches; height of the arch, 10 feet 3 inches; width of the arch, about the middle, 6 feet 3 inches; height to the top branch, 54 feet." The major considered it to be above seven hundred years old.

Viewing this venerable relic, we are reminded of the following noble lines:

> "Than a tree a grander child earth bears not.
> What are the boasted palaces of man,
> Imperial city, or triumphal arch,
> To forests of immeasurable extent,
> Which time confirms, which centuries waste not?
> Oaks gather strength for ages; and when at last
> They wane, so beauteous in decrepitude—
> So grand in weakness—e'en in their decay
> So venerable—'twere sacrilege t' escape
> The consecrating touch of time. Time watch'd
> The blossom on the parent bough; Time saw
> The acorn loosen from the spray; Time pass'd,
> While, springing from its swaddling shell, yon oak,
> The cloud-crown'd monarch of our woods, by thorns
> Environ'd, 'scaped the raven's bill, the tooth
> Of goat and deer, the schoolboy's knife, and sprang
> A royal hero from his nurse's arms.
> Time gave it seasons, and Time gave it years;
> Ages bestow'd, and centuries grudgèd not.
> Time knew the sapling when gay summer's breath
> Shook to the roots the infant oak, which after
> Tempests moved not. Time hollow'd in its trunk
> A tomb for centuries; and buried there
> The epochs of the rise and fall of states,
> The fading generations of the world,
> The memory of men."

The "Sidney Oak," at Penshurst Park, is a handsome tree, and would be noticeable apart from its associations. It stands alone in a bottom, close by Lancup Well, a fine sheet of water. The oak is a very large one, and has yet abundant leaves, though the trunk has long been quite hollow. At three feet from the ground the trunk measures 26 feet in girth; a century ago it measured 22 feet. To commemorate the birth of Sir Philip Sidney, "whose spirit was too high for the court, and his integrity too stubborn for the cabinet," this tree is said to have been planted. In his description of Penshurst, Ben Jonson thus refers to this tree:

THE SIDNEY OAK.

> "That taller tree, which of a nut was set
> At his great birth where all the Muses met."

Waller tried to impress his love to "Saccharissa" upon it:

> "Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
> Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
> Of noble Sidney's birth."

We need only allude to the doubt which has been expressed respecting the identity of the tree. Gifford says the tree was cut down by mistake in 1768; but it hardly seems possible that Sidney's Oak could have been destroyed by mistake; at any rate, there is no doubt at Penshurst that it is yet standing, and the tree so named agrees well with the accounts published previously to 1768 of the Sidney Oak. Southey was of opinion that it had been destroyed:

"Upon his natal day the acorn here
Was planted; it grew up a stately oak,
And in the beauty of its strength it stood
And flourish'd, when its perishable part
Had moulder'd dust to dust. That stately oak
Itself hath moulder'd now."

Upon a verdant plot of ground, opposite the "Green Man," on the road to Barnet, is a venerable relic, still standing, in the last stage of decay, called "Turpin's Oak." According to tradition, it has weathered some centuries. The notorious Dick Turpin was in his time accustomed to take up his station behind this tree when he was intent upon a freebooting errand in this part of the country; in other words, this

TURPIN'S OAK, AT FINCHLEY.

tree was his *ambush*. Its closeness to the high-road rendered it a very desirable spot for Dick, as well as for highwaymen generally, who, about a century and a quarter ago, were continually robbing the mails,

as well as commercial travellers (bag-men), proceeding to and fro between London and the north of England. From time to time there have been extracted from the bark of this oak pistol-balls, which had been discharged at the trunk to deter highwaymen, should any have been at hand, from attacking travelling parties.

The late Mr. R. Nuthall, solicitor to the East India Company, was upon one occasion stopped in his carriage by two highwaymen, who came upon him from behind this oak, as he was proceeding to his country-house at Monken Hadley, when the above gentleman, being armed with pistols, wounded one of the thieves so severely, that he afterwards died of the effects. This tree still goes in the neighbourhood under the name of "Turpin's Oak."

Imagination can scarcely conceive adventures more romantic, or distresses more severe, than those which attended Prince Charles's escape from the fatal battle of Worcester. One of the adventures consisted in his taking refuge in an oak in Boscobel Wood. "At the house of John Penderell they learned that the gallant Colonel William Carlos was concealing himself in the vicinity: Charles instantly sent for him, and the meeting was an affectionate one. From the number of soldiers who were scouring the neighbourhood, it was evident that either to remain in the cottage or in the wood would be alike attended with imminent danger. It was proposed, therefore, that they should conceal themselves among the branches of the thickest oak they could find. In this position the Prince passed the third day of his wanderings. It was the most critical situation in which he had yet found himself. From his insecure hiding-place he could perceive the red-coated gentry searching in all directions for him, while some of them approached so closely as to enable him to overhear the maledictions they were pleased to heap upon his head for the trouble he gave them in seeking him out. Overcome, however, by his recent fatigues, a portion of these agonising hours was passed in a disturbed sleep. With Charles's head resting on his lap, Colonel Carlos watched over the slumbers of his young master, and prevented the possibility of his fall."

Dr. Stukeley, the celebrated antiquary, about a century ago, mentions that the "Royal Oak" was standing in his time. "A bow-shot from Boscobel House, just by a horse-track passing through the wood, stands the royal oak, into which the king and his companion climbed by means of the hen-roost ladder, when they judged it no longer safe to stay in the house, the family reaching them victuals with the nut-hook. The tree is now enclosed with a brick-wall, the inside whereof

is covered with laurel, of which we may say, as Ovid did of that before the Augustan palace, 'mediamque tubere quercum.' Close by its side grows a young thriving plant from one of its acorns. Over the door of the enclosure, I took this inscription in marble:—'Felicissimam arborem, quam in asylum potentissimi Regis Caroli II. Deus O. M., per quem reges regnant, hic crescere voluit, tam in perpetuam rei tantæ memoriam, quam specimen firmæ in reges fidei, muro cinctam posteris commendant Basilius et Iona Fitzherbert.

'Quercus amica Jovi!'"

"Charles's Oak" perished many years ago; but it has had the singular honour of being transplanted into the heavens: *Robur Caroli* is now a small constellation in the southern hemisphere.

There is still standing in the village of Bale, Norfolk, a gigantic and venerable oak, which has acquired considerable local notoriety, and is highly prized in its own immediate neighbourhood. It stands on the estate of the late William Gay, Esq., in immediate proximity to the village-church. The tree is reputed to be upwards of 500 years old; it is now both branchless and leafless, the trunk alone remaining as a memorial of its former magnificence. It measures 36 feet in

OAK AT BALE.

circumference, or 12 feet in diameter, at the distance of between two and three feet from the base. The interior, which is perfectly hollow, is capable of containing with ease twenty men standing upright; and

a few years ago it was used as the place of abode of a cobbler, who carried on his trade in it for one entire summer, having, for the convenience of his occupation, cut a doorway in the shell, which still remains, but on the side of the tree opposite to that shewn by the accompanying sketch.

The branches appear to have been of a magnitude worthy of the trunk; for one of them, which was lopped about sixty years ago, extended to within three feet of the summit of the church-tower, which is itself 54 feet high, and 72 feet distant from the base of the tree.

A very old oak was standing until July 1813 at Nannau, the seat of Sir R. W. Vaughan, Bart., near Dolgelly, in Merionethshire, within the trunk of which, according to Welsh tradition, the body of Howel Sele, a powerful chieftain residing at Nannau, was immured by order of Owen Glyndwr. Sir Walter Scott celebrates this tree under the awful distinction of "the spirit's blasted tree."

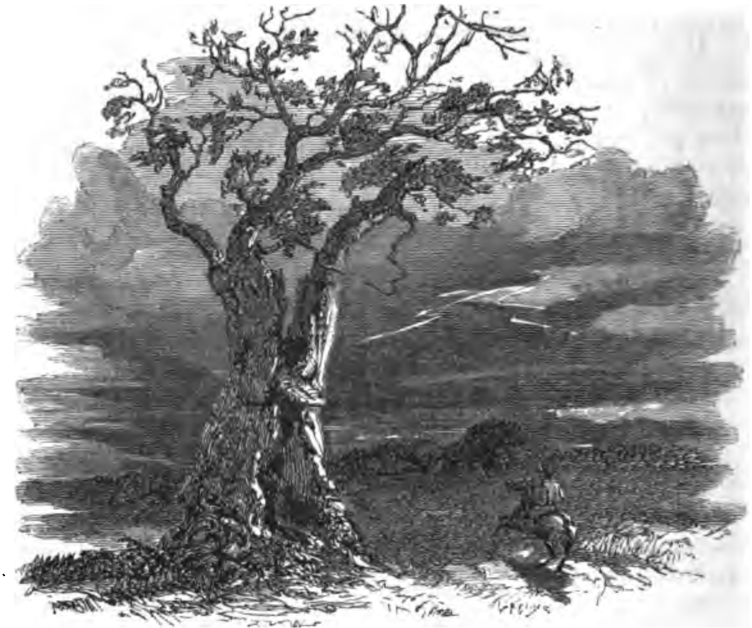
> "All nations have their omens drear,
> Their legends wild of woe and fear:
> To Cambria look—the peasant see,
> Bethink him of Glendowerdy,
> And shun the spirit's blasted tree." [3]

The singular burial of Howel Sele thus arose. Owen Glyndwr—"the great magician, damn'd Glendower"—claimed the throne of Wales; Howel Sele of Nannau was his first cousin, yet he adhered to the House of Lancaster, and was therefore opposed to his relation's ambitious pretensions. The Abbot of Cymmen, in laudable expectation of reconciling them, brought them together, and apparently effected his purpose. Howel was reckoned the best archer of his day; Owen, while walking out with him, observed a doe feeding, and told him there was a fine mark for him. Howel bent his bow, and pretending to aim at the doe, suddenly turned and discharged the arrow full at the breast of Glyndwr, who, wearing armour beneath his clothes, received no hurt. He seized on Howel for his base treachery, burned his house, and hurried him away from the place; nor was it known how he was disposed of until forty years after, when the skeleton of a large man like Howel was discovered in the hollow of a great oak, wherein it was supposed Owen had immured him in reward for his perfidy.

From the tradition it does not distinctly appear whether Glyndwr caused his kinsman to be placed in the oak after he had been slain, or

[3] Marmion.

immured him alive and left him to perish. According to Pennant, Howel Sele perished in the year 1402, so that his burial-place survived him upwards of four centuries.



NANNAU OAK, OR THE SPIRIT'S BLASTED TREE.

The oak flowers slightly, but its seed attains to the character of a fruit, the acorn; and this it produces in the greater abundance the older it grows. The name acorn, from *aik* and *corn*, as being a corn or grain produced by the oak, indicates the value in which it was held by our Saxon ancestors, who employed it in feeding swine; and such was the importance attached in those days to this food, that woods were estimated by the number of hogs which they could fatten; and in the survey made at the Conquest and embodied in Doomsday-Book, woods of a single hog are enumerated. In years of scarcity acorns became food for the people themselves.

Oaks are generally eighteen years old before they yield any fruit, a peculiarity which seems to foretell the vast longevity of the tree;

for "soon ripe and soon rotten" is an adage that holds conspicuously in almost all departments of the organic world. The oak generally requires sixty or seventy years to attain a considerable size. If placed in a suitable soil, a deep sandy loam, where it can send out its huge roots freely, it will go on increasing and knowing no decay for centuries. Its ordinary height is from 60 to 80 feet.

It is very difficult to say the extreme age to which an oak may attain. Some oaks mentioned by Pliny must have been about 1200 years old. In a short description of some remarkable oaks in Welbeck Park, published in 1790, there is mention made of one oak supposed to be 1000 years old, and of "several other fine oaks in full vigour, which are above 500 years old; the time of their planting being ascertained from some old writings in the Duke of Portland's possession."

"The number of oak-forests which formerly existed in Britain is proved," says Mr. Loudon, "by the many names still borne by British towns, which are evidently derived from the word 'oak' or its variations: *ac*, *aec*, *ok*, *ox*, *wok*, *hok*, and many others."

The POPLAR is planted merely as an ornamental tree, its wood being too soft and loose in texture to be of much service in the arts; although in Evelyn's time it was in high repute, and was employed for many useful purposes. The chief beauty of this tree consists in the graceful manner in which its topmost branches wave to and fro in the wind, when shaken by the slightest breeze.

Mr. Shepherd mentions poplars of 108 feet high; but this is no unusual size for this tree to attain. The finest poplar (Lombardy) in existence is in the garden at Whitton. It is above 120 feet in height, is 20 feet in girth, and in full growth and health. There is one also in the same district, at Petersham, more than 17 feet round. For the *abele*, or white poplar, there is no district in which it flourishes like that of Windsor, Colnbrook, and all round the banks of the Thames.

WILLOWS are moderate-sized trees or shrubs, the most important species being the *Salix caprea*, or goat-willow, which bears the yellow blossoms called "palms," and possesses many valuable qualities. Bees are particularly fond of this blossom, which is a grateful resource to them after their hybernation, when flowers have scarcely dared to make their appearance.

The willow has been used for basket-work from the earliest ages. The Britons were skilful basket-makers at the period of the Roman

invasion.[4] The wicker baskets made by them are the subject of an epigram by Martial:

> "From Britain's painted son I came,
> And 'basket' is my barbarous name;
> Yet now I am so modish grown,
> That Rome would claim me for her own."

But basket-making was not the only use to which the wood of the willow was applied by our forefathers. The shields of soldiers were formed of basket-work, sometimes covered with hides; and the coracles, or boats for common use, were made in like manner.

For hampers and baskets, the rods are made use of both with and without the bark; in the latter case, after being washed in clean water, the baskets are placed in a close room, and subjected to the vapour of sulphur, which renders the colour delicately white. The rods are split into thin lengths for work-baskets and other light articles. Willow is in demand for all articles where lightness is essential, as in shafts for hay-rakes, and other implements of manual labour. Charcoal made from willow rapidly ignites, and is therefore preferable to any other for gunpowder, and is esteemed by artists for crayons. The bark has tanning and dyeing properties. In the low moist lands of Huntingdonshire and Cambridgeshire there are large willow plantations. The willow is a very fast grower: it was long a byword in the latter-named county, that the profit by willows would buy the owner a horse before that by other trees would pay for his saddle.

During the summer of 1846, the banks of the Cam exhibited several of those singular phenomena, cases of spontaneous ignition and combustion in growing willows. It is an astonishing sight to look upon a fine willow, in the full vigour of robust vegetable health, pouring forth clouds of smoke from its half-burned stem, and doomed speedily to expire—itself its own funeral-pile. How explain this? How account for the fact that this tree, yet hale and green, covered with a rich mass of foliage, and flourishing "like a green bay-tree on the river-bank," should suddenly burst forth into ignition, burn like tinder to its very core, and to-morrow be prostrate?

In Cambridgeshire the willow is called the Cambridge-oak. Old Fuller terms it "a sad tree, whereof such who had lost their love make their mourning garlands." The old saying, "She is in her willows,"

[4] The common osier is the species of willow most commonly cultivated for basket-work.

implies the mourning of a female for her lost mate. Herrick says of this tree:

> "Thou art to all lost love the best,
> The only true plant found;
> Wherewith young men and maids distrest
> And left of love are crowned."

The Weeping Willow (*Salix Babylonica*) was introduced into this country about a century ago. It is grown chiefly for ornament in the south and west of England; but, strictly speaking, does not belong to our forest-trees. It was under weeping-willows that the Children of Israel mourned their Babylonish Captivity.

The Ash is another of the most useful and valuable of our British trees, on account of the excellence of its hard, tough wood and the rapidity of its growth. If the oak be regarded as the king of trees and the Hercules of the forest, the ash may fairly claim supremacy as

ASH, LARCH, PINASTER, LIME.

their queen, and Gilpin terms it the 'Venus of the woods.' In its appearance it is singularly graceful for a European tree, often resembling in its slender stems and their airy foliage the acacias of tropical

regions. Every one who has seen the beautiful effect of the ashes mingled with the ruins of Netley Abbey must have been struck with this peculiarity.

One great objection is made to the ash—the injury it does to the plants which grow in its neighbourhood by rapidly exhausting the soil of all its organisable materials. In consequence, few plants will thrive or even grow very near it.

On account of its pre-eminent utility for agricultural purposes, the ash has been called the "husbandman's tree." Evelyn says, "In peace and war it is a wood in the highest request." He here alludes to pikes, spears, and bows having been anciently made of it. Except the roots, which are often curiously veined, and capable of taking a good polish, the ash is scarcely used by the cabinet-maker. Ash makes good potash; and the bark is employed in tanning calf-skins and nets. As fuel it is excellent.

"The ash," says Gilpin, "generally carries its principal stem higher than the oak, and rises in an easy, flowing line. But its chief beauty consists in the lightness of its whole appearance. Its branches at first keep close to the trunk, and form acute angles with it; but as they begin to lengthen, they generally take an easy sweep, and the looseness of the leaves corresponding with the lightness of the spray, the whole forms an elegant depending foliage. Nothing can have a better effect than an old ash hanging from the corner of a wood, and bringing off the heaviness of the other foliage with its loose pendent branches. And yet in some soils I have seen the ash lose much of its beauty in the decline of age: its foliage becomes rare and meagre, and its branches, instead of hanging loosely, often start away in disagreeable forms. In short, the ash often loses that grandeur and beauty in old age which the generality of trees, and particularly the oak, preserve till a late period of their existence.

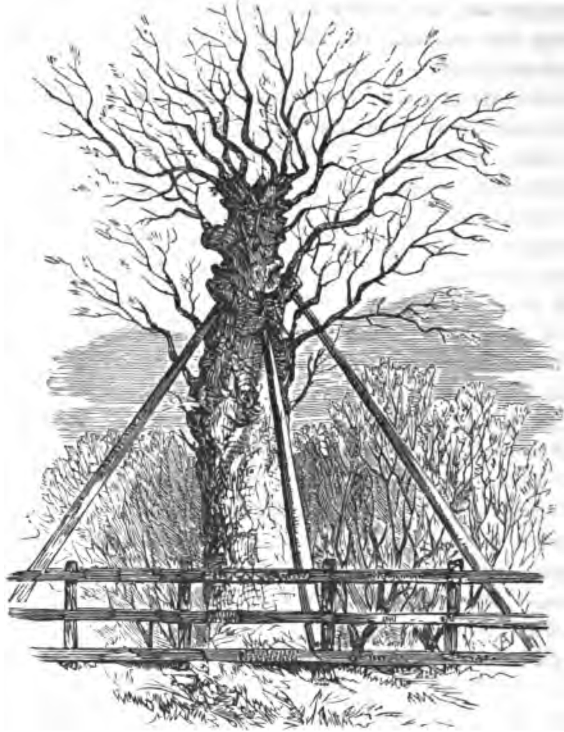
"The ash also, on another account, falls under the displeasure of the picturesque eye. Its leaf is much tenderer than that of the oak, and sooner receives impression from the winds and frost. Instead of contributing its tint, therefore, in the wane of the year, among the many-coloured offspring of the woods, it shrinks from the blast, drops its leaf, and in each scene where it predominates leaves wide blanks of desolated boughs amidst foliage yet fresh and verdant. Before its decay we sometimes see its leaf tinged with a fine yellow, well contrasted with the neighbouring greens. But this is one of nature's casual beauties. Much oftener its leaf decays in a dark, muddy, unpleasing tint. And yet sometimes, notwithstanding this early loss of

its foliage, we see the ash, in a sheltered situation, when the rains have been abundant and the season mild, retain its green (a light pleasant green) when the oak and the elm in its neighbourhood have put on their autumnal attire.

"Another disagreeable circumstance attends the ash, which is indeed its misfortune rather than its fault. Its leaf and rind are nutritive to deer, and much used in browsing them in summer. The keepers of the forest, therefore, seek out all the ash-trees they can find, which are for this purpose mangled and deformed."

The largest ash-tree in this country stands in Woburn Park, the seat of the Duke of Bedford. It is 90 feet high from the ground to the top of its branches, and the stem alone is 28 feet. It is 23 feet 6 inches in circumference on the ground, 20 feet at one foot, and 15 feet 3 inches at three feet from the ground. The circumference of its branches is 113 feet in diameter, and the measurable timber in the body of the tree is 343 feet; and in the arms and branches, one of which is 9 feet in circumference, 529 feet; making altogether 872 feet of timber. Mr. Loudon, in the *Arboretum*, mentions several ash-trees which are higher, but none that contain so great a bulk of timber.

The ash was long held in reverence for the cure of disease. A recent instance—it occurred in 1847—in which this tree was used for that purpose has come to our knowledge. A poor woman applied to a farmer residing in the same parish for permission to pass a sick child through one of his ash-trees. The object was to cure the child of the "rickets." The mode in which the operation was performed was as follows: A young tree was split from the top to about the height of a person, and laid sufficiently open to pass the child through. The ceremony took place at three o'clock in the morning, and before the sun rose. The child had its clothes removed. He was then passed through the tree by the woman, and received on the other side by some person. This was done three times, and on three consecutive mornings; the ash was then carefully bound together. White, in his *Natural History of Selborne*, describes the operation as practised in Hampshire thus: "Whilst the tree was young and flexible, its stem was severed longitudinally; the fissure was kept open, and the child, stripped naked, was passed three times, head foremost, through the aperture. After the operation, the tree was swathed up and plastered over with loam. It was believed that if the severed parts of the tree united, the child and the tree gradually recovered together; if the cleft continued to gape, which could only happen from some great negligence or want of skill, it was thought that the operation had proved ineffectual."



THE MONMOUTH ASH.

The Duke of Monmouth, after the disastrous battle of Sedgemoor, flying from his enemies, took refuge in a field since called "Monmouth Close," part of a tract of land separated by an enclosure from the open country, in the parish of Horton, in Dorsetshire. An ash-tree, now known as the "Monmouth Ash," at the foot of which the would-be king was found crouched in a ditch and half hid under the fern, is still standing, although Macaulay makes no mention of the fact in his picturesque description of the capture. We give an engraving of the historical relic. The props were added, to save the trunk from falling, about six years since.

The stem of the LARCH is extremely beautiful in form, gradually tapering from the base to the summit. In rapid growth it far exceeds

that of other forest timber. The wood is extremely tough and durable, and so elastic in its nature as to bend before the most violent gale, and again assume its upright form as soon as the wind has passed. A violent storm, which occurred in Scotland in 1803, literally ploughed avenues in forests of half-grown pines, while a few larches that were mixed with them were not injured.

One property possessed by the wood of this tree renders it in a certain manner superior to that of any other timber; this consists in its timber being equally good throughout its thickness, possessing no sap-wood. In this it is superior even to the oak, which, when timber of the best quality (heart of oak) is required, suffers a loss of at least a third of its substance by the removal of the sap-wood. Every branch also of the larch is equal in quality to the main stem itself. The chief reason that larch is less employed than it is arises from the difficulty with which it is worked, owing to its clammy and tough nature.

Before the employment of canvass, larch was much used by the older painters. Many of Raphael's pictures are painted on boards of larch.

A curious anecdote is told of the introduction of this tree into Scotland. The plants arrived at Dunkeld, the seat of the Duke of Athol, to whom they had been presented, along with orange-trees and other Italian exotics, and they were all placed in the hot-house together. The temperature of the place speedily killed the larches, and their remains were thrown on the refuse-heap. Here their roots being covered by the waste of the garden, some slight remains of life remaining still in them, they began to vegetate; and being in a more genial atmosphere, the branches shot forth their buds, and by degrees the plants became vigorous. Since then large tracts of land have been planted in Scotland with this tree, and it has been much used in ship-building. The first British ship of war built with this wood was a frigate, in 1819-20. It was laid down at Woolwich, and the timber was supplied from the extensive plantations of the Duke of Athol.

The general height of a well-grown larch is from 90 to 100 feet.

The Lime, if suffered to grow unclipped, is rather a handsome tree; but it is more frequently seen planted in rows, and forming avenues in gentlemen's parks, or employed as a shelter from the sun in public walks and promenades. Its timber is used by carvers, because it is a soft, light wood. Gibbons, the most celebrated carver this country has produced, usually employed this wood for his finer works. Architects also frequently form the models of their buildings in it.

It is said that the first two lime-trees in England were planted, in 1590, at Halstead in Kent, and these are still shewn to the curious. But some believe that this tree was introduced by the Romans. The lime at Moor Park, figured by Strutt, is 23 feet 3 inches at the ground, and throws out nineteen large branches, of 8 feet each in girth, to the distance of from sixty to seventy feet. It is nearly 100 feet in height, and contains 875 feet of good timber. At Cobham Park there is a lime-tree 90 feet in height. At Trous, in the Grisons, there existed, in 1798, a lime-tree which was a celebrated plant in the year 1424, and which, when last measured, was 51 feet in circumference. The age of this specimen could not have been less than 580 years.

HORSE-CHESTNUT, ELM, AND BIRCH.

The CHESTNUT is of little value for timber. Unlike other trees, it is more durable before it has reached maturity than at any subsequent period. The small quantity of sap-wood in young trees renders it very useful as coppice-wood. It is true that the chestnut bears some resemblance to oak-timber, and this occasioned the ancient oak carpen-

try of old edifices to be mistaken for chestnut. The latter may be distinguished from oak by the transverse fibres being more confused, and much less evident to the naked eye. It is used for making tables, stools, chairs, bedsteads, chests, &c. For vessels for holding liquids it is said to be superior to other wood, on account of its neither shrinking nor swelling. The chestnut is also extensively used for hop-poles.

One of the finest chestnut-trees in England is at Studley Park, near Ripon. It is 112 feet high; at one foot from the ground the trunk is 7 feet 4½ inches in diameter, and the diameter of the head is 91 feet 6 inches; but trees of the average size have a stately and noble appearance, something between the oak and the ash. In Epping Forest, he who shall wander from the old church at Chingford but a few short miles, shall see some splendid samples of this tree.

Few trees equal the chestnut in its attractive appearance when, in May, its beautiful white blossoms adorn it.

A celebrated tree—the Tortworth Chestnut—is in a garden at Tortworth in Gloucestershire, belonging to Lord Dacie. Traditional accounts suppose it to have been a boundary-tree in the time of King John. So late as in the year 1788 it produced great quantities of chestnuts, which, though small, were sweet and well-flavoured. This tree measured, at five feet from the ground, 50 feet in circumference. Its main stem was 70 feet in height; and its contents, by the usual measurement, were nearly 2000 feet.

The Elm is the first tree that salutes the early spring with its light and cheerful green,—a tint which contrasts agreeably with the oak, whose early leaf has generally more of the olive cast. We see them sometimes in fine harmony together about the end of April and the beginning of May. Mr. Gilpin, speaking of the appearance of the elm, says: "It partakes so much of the oak, that when it is rough and old, it may easily, at a little distance, be mistaken for one; though the oak—I mean such an oak as is strongly marked with its peculiar character—can never be mistaken for the elm. This defect, however, appears chiefly in the skeleton of the elm; in full foliage, its character is better marked." When suffered to grow in its natural form, the elm is a lofty and graceful tree; it is much planted in the neighbourhood of some of our palaces, at Hampton Court, Bushy Park, Windsor, &c., formed into avenues, and yielding a most agreeable shade.

On a gentle eminence in the pleasure-grounds of Chipstead Place, Kent, is an elm 60 feet in height, 20 feet in circumference at its root, and 15 feet 8 inches at three and a half feet from the ground; and con-

tains 268 feet of timber, although it has lost some of its most important branches.

The timber of the elm is used for many purposes in which the wood is exposed to the alternations of moisture and drought; it was almost the only wood used for the pipes of the water companies, previous to the use of iron. It is also consumed in great quantities in common turnery; but although tolerably close-grained, and working with considerable freedom, it is very liable to warp.

Coleridge conferred upon the Birch the title of the "lady of the woods;" and it is universally acknowledged that its elegance, grace, and beauty entitle it to the poet's appellation. Nothing can be more light and airy than its slender drooping spray, "circling like a fountain-shower" those who sit beneath its branches. Although it is not much valued for its timber, still it is a useful tree. From the timber are manufactured hoops, yokes for cattle, bowls, wooden spoons, and other articles in which lightness without much durability is sufficient; baskets and hurdles are often made of part of its shoots; and from its rising sap, extracted by means of openings cut into its alburnum in the spring, and fermented, a kind of wine is obtained. "When a boy at Tonbridge School," says a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "wine used to be made regularly every year from the birch-woods belonging to Summer Hill, in Kent, by the family of Mr. Woodgate, the then proprietor: it was sweet and pleasant to the taste." During the siege of Hamburgh by the Russians in 1814, almost all the birch-trees of the neighbourhood were destroyed by the Bashkirs and other barbarian soldiers in the Russian service, by being tapped for their juice.

The Pine delights in the exposed summits of rocks, over which the earth is but thinly scattered; there its roots wander afar in the wildest reticulation, whilst its tall, furrowed, and often gracefully-sweeping red and grey trunk, of enormous circumference, rears aloft its high umbrageous canopy. Sir Walter Scott describes its situation above the rest of the trees of the forest:

"Aloft the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And higher yet the pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow sky."

The timber supplied by the pine is called red deal, and the uses to

which it is applied render it necessary that the stem should be straight. The straightest and cleanest-grown trees are selected for masts, spars, scaffold-poles, &c., while the largest *sticks* are sawed into planks for various purposes. Its wood is durable, and resists the action of water excellently.[5] In medicine our ancestors considered the various productions of this tree of wonderful service, and the distilled water of the cones was reckoned an excellent cosmetic.

The SYCAMORE or GREAT MAPLE forms an impenetrable shade, and often receives well-contrasted masses of light. If its bark has not the favoured roughness of the oak, it has a seamy, gnarled, and knotted bark nearly as picturesque. The largest known tree is that at Bishopston, in Renfrewshire, which has grown to 60 feet in height and 20 feet in girth. This tree is known to have been planted before the Reformation, and is supposed to be not less than 300 years old, yet it has the appearance of being perfectly sound. The homesteads in the north of England are frequently overshadowed by this tree. Wordsworth, in giving us a prose sketch of a mountain cottage in the lake district, does not forget "the cluster of embowering sycamores for summer shade."

The wood of the WALNUT is soft and flexible, and easily worked; but while young is of little value, being very white, and liable to be attacked by the worm; but as it grows older, the colour becomes brown, sometimes very beautifully veined. That wood is considered the best which has grown in a dry soil, although in such a situation the timber is not so quick of growth as when the ground is rich and moist.

The walnut sometimes attains a prodigious size and a great age. Scamozzi, an Italian architect, mentions his having seen at St. Nicholas, in Lorraine, a single plank of the wood of the walnut 25 feet wide, upon which the Emperor Frederic III. had given a sumptuous feast.

The BEECH is one of the most handsome of our trees on dry, sandy, or chalky situations. Its "mast" or nuts not only furnish food for swine, but yield by pressure after pounding a useful oil; and its timber, although not of good quality when strength and durability are required, is very extensively used for a variety of purposes, particularly for boat-

[5] In Holland this tree has been used for the purpose of preparing the foundations of houses in their swampy soil: 13,659 great masts of this timber were driven into the ground for the purpose of forming the foundation of the Stadthouse at Amsterdam.

CEDAR OF LEBANON, BEECH, AND MOUNTAIN-ASH.

building, work under water, carving, and chair-making; it is also one of the best kinds of wood for fuel.

The most magnificent beech-tree on record is at Knole Park, Kent; its height is 105 feet, and at three feet from the ground it is 24 feet in circumference.

The beech is a tree easily known from any other in the forest by its smooth and light-green silky leaves. The leaves are what is termed *ovate* and *obsoletely serrated,* being fringed on the margin. The beech in its young state keeps its leaves all winter; and they do not fall off till the sap rises in the tree in the month of April, when they are again replaced by the new leaves. "I have observed," says Mr. Brown, "that young beech-trees generally retain their leaves all winter, until they are from twenty to twenty-five years old, when they drop them in the same manner as any other deciduous tree."[6]

The HAZEL, from its shrubby and inferior growth, scarcely deserves to rank as a forest-tree; we find it, however, universally described as

[6] *The Forester: a practical Treatise on the Planting, Rearing, and general Management of Forest-Trees,* by James Brown, of Arniston.

such; and indeed the agreeableness of its fruit and the usefulness of its wood go far to compensate for its dwarfish appearance. It is also a very early and pleasing herald of the spring's approach; the yellowish-green catkins presenting perhaps the earliest symptom of vegetable expansion in the month of January, when they generally begin to unfold. The fruit-bearing buds do not shew themselves until the latter end of February or the beginning of March, when they burst, and disclosing the bright crimson of their shafts, look extremely beautiful. Then

> "Hazel-buds with crimson gems,
> Green and glossy sallows,"

and various other indications of the approach of the genial season, delight the eyes of those who are sighing for the days of warm sunshine, of gentle airs, and of sweet flowers.

The hazel is known by its shrubby habit, by its broad leafy husks, much lacerated and spreading at the point, by its roundish heart-shaped leaves, and rough light-coloured bark. Its wood is of close and even grain, and the roots beautifully veined.

Of the agreeable flavour of the hazel-nut we have no occasion to speak. Many of our readers probably look back with pleasure on the excursions of their youth, when, with friends that time and change may have now severed from them, they set out to the woods for a day's "nutting."

> "Even now, methinks, I see the bushy dell,
> The tangled brake, green lane, or sunny glade,
> Where on a 'sunshine holiday' I strayed,
> Plucking the ripening nuts with eager glee,
> Which from the hazel-boughs hung temptingly."

Duly prepared for an encounter with briers and brambles, bearing on the shoulder the long nutting-crook and ample wallet, they may have passed many a happy hour in exploring woods and intricate paths, and making their way through all the difficulties presented by thorny brakes and beds of matted fern, until they reached some untrodden nook, surrounded with hazel-bushes, where they were repaid for all their toil by finding a rich harvest of nuts. The excitement attending these excursions; the search, sometimes a long-protracted one, ere a favourable spot is discovered; the cool shades that are explored, the separations in quest of fruitful trees, the unexpected meetings when each thought he had chosen a distinct path, the rural meal enjoyed beneath some aged oak, where moss and harebells form the carpeting on which the weary party reposes,—all these things make a day spent in nutting

one of the pleasantest and merriest days in the year to young people, and one of the most agreeable to look back upon when youth has passed away.

It was formerly affirmed that the oil contained in the kernels of the hazel-nut was an antidote against poison; that by means of wands made of hazel, divinations could be performed, subterraneous treasures discovered, &c. In his autobiography, William Lilly, the celebrated astrologer, relates the following anecdote on this subject: "David Ramsey, his majesty's clockmaker, has been informed that there was a great quantity of treasure buried in the cloyster of Westminster Abbey; he acquaints Dean Williams therewith, who was also then Bishop of Lincoln; the dean gave him liberty to search after it, with this proviso, that if any was discovered, the church should have a share of it. Davy Ramsey finds out one John Scott, who pretended the use of the Mosaical rods, to assist him herein: I was desired to join with him, into which I consented. One winter's night, Davy Ramsey, with several gentlemen, myself, and Scott, entered the cloysters: we played the hazel-rod round about the cloyster; upon the west side of the cloysters the rods turned one over another, an argument that the treasure was there. The labourers digged at least six feet deep, and then we met with a coffin; but in regard it was not heavy, we did not open, which we afterwards much repented. From the cloysters we went into the abbey-church, where, upon a sudden (there being no wind when we began), so fierce, so high, so blustering and loud a wind did rise, that we verily believed the west end of the church would have fallen upon us; our rods would not move at all; the candles and torches, all but one, were extinguished, or burned very dimly. John Scott, my partner, was amazed, looked pale, knew not what to think or do, until I gave directions and command to dismiss the demons; which, when done, all was quiet again, and each man returned into his lodging late, about twelve o'clock at night. I could never since be induced to join with any in such-like actions."

In the twenty-second volume of the *Quarterly Review* there is a curious account of the discovery of *water* by the divining-rod of hazel, pp. 273-4. Dr. Mayo, in his treatise *On the Truths contained in some Popular Superstitions*, defends its application, and endeavours to account for the phenomena which, he says, attend the use of it by some persons.

The following is his account of the talisman: "In Cornwall, they hold that about one in forty possesses the faculty of interpreting or calculating the movements of the divining-rod. They cut a hazel-twig

just below where it forks. Having stripped the leaves off, they cut each branch to something more than a foot in length, leaving the stump three inches long. This implement is the divining-rod. The hazel is selected for the purpose because it branches more symmetrically than its neighbours. The hazel fork is to be held by the branches, one in either hand, the stump or point projecting straight forwards. The arms of the experimenter hang by his sides; but the elbows being bent at a right angle, the fore-arms are advanced; the hands are held seven or eight inches apart, the knuckles down, and the thumb outwards. The end of the branches of the divining-fork appear between the roots of the thumbs and fore-fingers. The operator thus armed, walks over the ground he intends exploring, in the full expectation that, if he possesses the mystic gift, as soon as he passes over a vein of metal or underground spring, the hazel fork will begin to move spontaneously in his hands, rising or falling as the case may be."

Who that delights to visit the growing places of different kinds of forest-trees, and to observe their distinctive peculiarities, has failed to remark the incessant agitation of ASPEN leaves?

> "Where, rustling, turn the many twinkling leaves
> Of aspens tall."

Few objects, indeed, are more attractive in nature than this motion of the trembling poplar in a calm evening. "Upon the end of the house which I now occupy," writes Mr. Brown, in his excellent practical treatise, *The Forester*, "there stands a group of fine aspen poplars, about 60 feet high, with their clean grey stems and rugged horizontal branches stationary as the earth upon which they stand, with leaves all in motion like an agitated sky, without a breeze of wind below. . . . Although the evening is so still that the sound of a burn fully a mile off is easily heard, the leaves cannot remain quiet; and now and again, as the air rises into the most gentle breeze, and almost brings with it the sound of the very minnow's flip upon the surface of the water in the far-off pool, the leaves of the aspen vibrate to the sound, and their rustling falls upon the ear sweeter than any music."

This peculiarity is said to result from the plane of the leaf-stalk being at the right angle to that of the leaves, which consequently allows of a much freer motion than could have taken place had the leaves been parallel; and hence the address of the poet:

> "Why tremblest so, broad aspen-tree?
> At rest thou never seem'st to be;

For when the air is still and clear,
Or when the nipping gale, increasing,
Shakes from thy bough soft twilight's tear,
Thou tremblest still, broad aspen-tree,
And never tranquil seem'st to be."

Legends of no ordinary interest linger around this tree. One of these is, that the wood of the trembling poplar formed the cross on which our Saviour suffered:

"The tremulousness began, as legends tell,
When He, the Meek One, bowed his head to death,
E'en on an aspen cross; when some near dell
Was visited by men, whose every breath
That sufferer gave them. Hastening to the wood—
The wood of aspens—they, with ruffian power,
Did hew the fair pale tree, which trembling stood,
As if awe-struck; and from that fearful hour
Aspens have quiver'd, as with conscious dread
Of that foul crime which bow'd the meek Redeemer's head."[7]

As a timber-tree, the aspen takes a very unimportant rank. The wood when cut up is in all cases short-grained, and very easily broken when applied to any useful country purpose.

The ALDER, like the willow, delights in low marshy grounds, near the banks of secluded streams; but the neighbourhood of running water seems not to be necessary to its welfare, as it will flourish in the most stagnant swamps. In beauty of form and picturesque appearance this tree is unrivalled in river scenery. The wood is used, especially the young timber, in the manufacture of patten-boards, broom-handles, and numerous other articles of common turnery, for which purpose it is well adapted, from the freedom with which it is worked. The wood of the old trees is considerably harder and full of knots, and when cut into planks has all the beauty of curled maple, with the advantage of possessing a deep rich reddish tint. The late Sir Thomas Dick Lauder had in his possession a table made of the wood of an old alder-tree, which he declared superior in beauty to any ever made from any foreign wood.

The PLANE-TREE forms a pretty object in landscape scenery, and though never attaining the size it reaches in its native climes of the East, occasionally manifests with us some magnificent proportions, of

[7] Voices from the Woodlands, by Mary Roberts.

which a fair sample may be seen in Goodwood Park. Sir Nicholas Bacon, father of the famous Lord Bacon, has the honour of having first planted this tree in England, in his gardens at St. Alban's, towards the middle of the sixteenth century.

The MAPLE may often be seen forming a fence with the white and black thorn, and it is not injured by clipping; though, used in this way, it seems as if degraded from the honours which it once enjoyed as a denizen of the woods. Its height does not often exceed 20 feet; but in a deep and fertile soil, and in sheltered situations, it attains a height of 30 or 40 feet. Its timber is not adapted for works of durability and strength; but, from the beauty of its texture, it is peculiarly fitted for ornamental purposes, and the variety called "curled maple" is on this account held in great esteem. It is capable of being highly polished, and is sometimes employed with good effect in inlaying; but is most commonly used for the stocks of fowling-pieces, for work-boxes, and other articles in which it is desired to combine utility with ornament. Its lightness occasions it also to be frequently used in the manufacture of musical instruments. The sap of the maple contains a certain quantity of saccharine matter.[8]

The HAWTHORN[9] is often merely a large bush, which, while young, grows very rapidly; but when trained into a tall tree it is of slow growth, and the lapse of many years seems to make no change in its appearance.

What a glorious period, in the olden times, was the month of May, the smiling cheerful May! The avenues of the metropolis looked then like bowers, from the boughs of hawthorn or May which each man hung over his doorway. The young people of both sexes went a-maying after midnight, accompanied by bands of music. Crowds of them went out of town, as Stowe says, "into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds, praising God after their kind." They returned at sunrise, in joyful procession, carrying large boughs of hawthorn, birch, and other trees, garlanded with co-

[8] From two species of maple, large quantities of sugar are procured in North America. It is said that maple-sugar could be manufactured in sufficient quantity to supply the consumption of the United States.

[9] In France, the hawthorn is often called *l'épine noble,* from the idea that it furnished the crown of thorns which was placed around the brow of our Saviour before his crucifixion.

ronals of wild flowers, and bearing large nosegays in their hands, with which they decorated the doors and windows of their houses.[10]

An old thorn at Duddingstone, near Edinburgh, which was measured in 1836, was 43 feet high; the diameter of the space over which the branches extended was 44 feet; the circumference at 3 feet above the root 9½ feet, and a little way above the root 10¼ feet. At Jardine Hall, Dumfriesshire, there is at present a thorn planted in 1708, and the circle overspread by its branches is about 50 feet. Its form is elegant and picturesque, with falling or slightly pendulous branches.

Mr. Jesse says that the old thorns in Bushy Park are most probably above two centuries old. He points out a remarkable property in the thorn:—"As they increase in age, they have the property of separating themselves into different stems, some having four or five, and even six, which, as they separate, become regularly barked round, forming to appearance so many distinct trees closely planted together, except that they all meet at the 'butt' of the tree."

The wood of the hawthorn is hard and firm, close in grain, and susceptible of a fine polish. It is used for cogs in mill-wheels, for flails, handles for hammers, &c. It makes excellent fuel, and burns as well when green as in a dry state.

A variety of the common hawthorn, called the Glastonbury Thorn, instead of flowering in May, blossoms during winter, and was for many years believed to blow regularly on Christmas-day. The Abbey of Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, now a heap of ruins, and of whose origin none but vague memorials exist, was said by the monks to have been the residence of Joseph of Arimathea. According to their legend, he came to Britain accompanied by eleven followers, and raised to the Virgin the first Christian temple erected in this country. The celebrated hawthorn-bush is said to have sprung from a staff which Joseph stuck into the ground on Christmas-day, which blossoming immediately, attested the approbation of God to his mission, as the blooming of Aaron's rod confirmed the priesthood to the family of Israel; while the yearly blossoming of this hawthorn at this unusual season was regarded by the monks as sufficient confirmation of the truth of their statement. A fable propagated, probably, by some one who had an interest in attaching sacredness to the abbey and its precincts, easily obtained belief in those superstitious times; and this thorn, which is certainly interesting from its singularity, was regarded formerly almost universally with blind veneration.

[10] Flowers and their Associations, by Ann Pratt.

The HOLLY has been by many considered to be merely a shrub, but when left to its natural growth it attains the height of at least 30 feet; it is chiefly employed in the formation of hedges. Its wood is extremely hard and tough; it is of much value to the inlayer for ornamental work, and is used in making the best description of patterns for printed calico or paper-hanging. The greatest collection of natural hollies is said to have been in the fir-forest of Black Hall, on the river Dee, about twenty miles above Aberdeen; many of them were very large and well-stemmed; the greater part were cut down, and the wood brought as much as *5s. 6d.* a foot in the London market.

The holly forms a prominent object among the evergreens with which our houses and churches are decorated at Christmas, its scarlet berries contrasting so beautifully with the dark green of its spiny leaves. This practice of dressing our houses, &c. is a relic of Druidism. Dr. Chandler mentions that, during the times of these priests, houses were decked with boughs, "that the sylvan spirits might repair thither, and remain unnipped by frost and cold winds, until a milder season had renewed the foliage of their darling abodes." It was formerly an article of belief that, unknown before, the holly sprung up in perfection and beauty beneath the footsteps of Christ when he first trod the earth, and that, though man has forgotten its attributes, the beasts all reverence it, and are never known to injure it. In Cambridgeshire it is still believed by many, that if the holly with which the house is decorated at Christmas is removed before Candlemas-day, the prosperity of the tenant will vanish with it, and not return before the following year.

The FOREST HEATH, which to the common and uneducated observer presents only ideas of sterility and desolation, is an interesting scene to the tasteful admirer of nature, especially when the heath is bounded, as it frequently is, by woods in various directions, and interspersed here and there with clumps. A very pleasing contrast, too, may sometimes be discovered in the broad masses of colour in the wild extent of heath, and the various portions of surface, broken as they frequently are by the rude forest tracks, or dotted in deeper shades with patches of furze, fern, or other wild plants, which stain it, as it were, with every shade of green, or enliven it with the livelier tints of the yellow furze-blossoms; but among all the minuter plants, fern is the most picturesque. In itself it is beautiful. "We admire it," says Gilpin, "for the form of its leaf, its elegant mode of hanging, and its dark-brown polished stem. As an accompaniment, also, nothing is better suited to unite the higher plants with the ground; whilst its bright-green hues in sum-

mer, and its ochre tint in autumn, join each season with its correspondent tinge. In some places, too, the most pleasing ideas of animated nature break in upon the scene from the woodman or keeper's cottage, of groups of cattle, or the starting deer; and when these circumstances come in unexpectedly, and happily unite with the time of day, or with the general expression given to the scene by the state of the atmosphere, it does not require much taste to perceive that, to a picturesque eye, the wild heath may become one of the most delightful spots of the forest." To this may be added the incidental appearance of smoke, either from the low-roofed cottage, or from the occasional practice of burning the gorse and fern for agricultural purposes, which is always attended with peculiar beauty in woodland scenery. In the latter case its effect is striking; for then we see it in large masses spreading in the forest glades, and forming a soft background to the trees which intercept it; and as this process generally takes place in autumn, it contrasts more happily with their russet foliage or withered ramifications.

The observation of scientific men in ancient times was often, for the want of a few leading principles, rendered subservient to the errors of superstition. In all their speculations they delighted to work out some fancied resemblance between the tangible natural peculiarities of their object and its supposed powers. Now, it was at one time supposed that the fruit of the fern was invisible; so it was believed that that part of the plant possessed the power of rendering invisible the fortunate man who should find and appropriate it. Of this fancy our early poets have given several illustrations. Thus Shakspeare:

"We have the recipe of fern-seed—we walk invisible."

Beaumont and Fletcher: "Why, did you think that you had Gyge's ring, or the herb that gives invisibility?" And Ben Jonson, in the *New Inn:*

——— "I had
No medicine, sir, to get invisible;
No fern-seed in my pocket."

Many, doubtless, were the attempts to find this treasure; but vain was the labour, and disappointedly were given up the endeavours to discover nonentities, and make themselves invisible to mortal ken. An old writer tells us, "One went to gather it (fern-seed), and the spirits whisked about his ears like bullets, and sometimes struck his hat and other parts of his body. In fine, though he apprehended that he had gotten a quantity of it secured in papers, and a box besides, he found all empty;" that is, the seed having been at length discovered, malig-

nant spirits, enraged at the prospect of man appropriating to himself their peculiar privilege, attacked the daring depredator, and bore from him his long-sought booty.

But invisibility was not the only boon to be obtained by means of fern-seed; it was a most powerful charm if gathered on St. John's (Midsummer) Eve, more so if the night should prove tempestuous.

The YEW is a tree that takes many years to reach maturity. It supplied the wood that formed the bows with which, before the introduction of fire-arms, the English soldiers gained many famous historical battles. About midway between Matlock and Chatsworth, in the churchyard of Darley, stands a venerable yew, stated to have existed 600 years, and to be the finest and oldest in the county of Derby. It is thus noticed in Gisborne's *Reflections*:

> Nor shall thy reverend Yew, the sire who holds
> His sceptre verdant through the changeful year,
> Unnoticed stand. He has beheld * * *
> Thousands entomb'd within his shadow; heard,
> For ages past, the sobs, the far-fetch'd groans
> Of parting anguish ere the grave was closed,
> And drunk the mourner's tears!"

YEW AT MATLOCK.

It measures round the trunk 33 feet. The tree is evidently decaying. A person residing close to the churchyard states that thirty or forty years ago the branches extended to the churchyard-wall, so that boys could get into the branches from the top of the wall, and completely cross the churchyard on to the roof of the church, on the opposite side, without descending to the ground.

A recent importation has taken place, which is calculated to improve our sylvan scenery. We have added the WEEPING CYPRESS to our trees for the adornment of our gardens and parks. Graceful in out-

THE CYPRESS.

line, interesting in its foliage, and novel in general contour, it deserves all the eulogiums which have been passed upon it by the distinguished botanists, Professor Lindley and Sir William Hooker.

The traveller who appears originally to have noticed this cypress, or at least the first who has left any recorded facts in relation to it, was Sir George Staunton, when exploring China in the embassy of Lord Macartney. Subsequently, however, Mr. Fortune met with it near the celebrated tea country of Whey Chow; and through the interest of that gentleman, Messrs. Standish and Noble, of the Bagshot Nurseries in Surrey, have been enabled to import both seeds and young plants.

Mr. Fortune describes this weeping cypress as quite new; it is a noble-looking fir-tree, about 60 feet in height, having a stem as straight as the Norfolk Island pine, and pendulous branches like the weeping willow. The branches grow at first horizontally with the main stem, then describe a graceful curve upwards, and droop again at the points. From these main branches, others, long and slender, hang down towards the ground, and give the whole tree a weeping and graceful form. It is also very symmetrical, and reminds one of a large and gorgeous chandelier. In regard to its effect in scenery, Mr. Fortune remarks:—"It has a most striking and beautiful effect upon the Chinese landscape, and in a few years the same effect will doubtless be produced by it upon our own. It will be particularly valuable for park scenery, for lawns, for the entrance to suburban residences, and as an ornament for our cemeteries. I have no doubt that it is quite as hardy as *Cryptomeria japonica* and the Indian deodar, and will be a fit companion for both in our parks and pleasure-grounds."

The inexhaustible resources of nature are strikingly displayed in the leaves of trees. No two different trees have the same kind of leaf; the variety seems to be infinite, and yet every individual leaf is beautiful. The leaves of the birch are small and elegant, of an oval shape, serrated, and terminating in a sharp point; those of the beech are of a pleasant green colour, of an oval, spear-shaped figure, and many remain on the branches during winter, when they assume a brownish colour, which makes this tree so valuable as a shelter to screen houses and other places from the winds of winter. In summer the shade of the beech is delightfully cooling, and is well described by Virgil in that passage, familiar to every school-boy, beginning with :—

"Tityre tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi."[11]

[11] "Beneath the shade which beechen boughs diffuse,
You Tityrus entertain your sylvan muse;
Round the wide world in banishment we roam,
Forced from our pleasing fields and native home.
While stretch'd at ease you sing your happy loves,
And Amaryllis fills the shady groves."—*Dryden's Translation.*

The leaves of the larch have a character of their own, long, thin, and prickly, and contrast strikingly with those of the horse-chestnut, which are large and broad, of a pleasant green colour, and turning in the autumn to a golden yellow. The sycamore has great large leaves, which, it is said, putrefy after they fall sooner than those of any other tree, making it very undesirable for avenues or ornamental walks. The lime has beautiful symmetrical leaves, and the smell of the blossom is delightful. No contrast could be greater than that between the long, light, and beautifully grouped leaves of the ash, and the narrow, needle-like, prickly leaves that surround the cone of the pine. The holly has a lovely evergreen leaf, smooth, and of a pleasant

1. Birch. 2. Beech, with nut. 3. Larch. 4. Horse-Chestnut. 5. Sycamore. 6. Lime. 7. Ash.

dark green. The leaves of the poplar are indented at the edges, and of a dark green colour; those of the white species being white and woolly underneath. The leaves of the elm are rough; those of the oak, large, broad, and deeply indented; of the willow, long and pendulous; and of the hawthorn, small and deeply cut.

The month of April is the season when trees usually put forth their

1. Pine. 2. Holly. 3. Poplar. 4. Elm. 5. Oak. 6. Willow. 7. Hawthorn.

leaves, but they do not all do so at the same time; some being earlier and some later than others. The following dates will, under ordinary circumstances, be found tolerably correct.

Birch . . .	April 1	Oak	April 18
Weeping Willow .	„ 1	Lime	„ 18
Sallow . . .	„ 7	Maple . . .	„ 19
Alder . . .	„ 7	Walnut . . .	„ 21
Sycamore . . .	„ 9	Plane . . .	„ 21
Elm	„ 10	Black Poplar . .	„ 21
Hornbeam . . .	„ 13	Beech . . .	„ 21
Chestnut . . .	„ 16	Ash	„ 22
Willow . . .	„ 17		

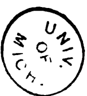
CHAPTER IV.

WINDSOR FOREST AND CASTLE.

WINDSOR forest and castle are dear to all Englishmen. Few places have grouped around them so many associations, both legendary, historical, and poetical, from the time of Arthur and the knights of his round table to those of the royal house of Hanover. The castle has been the abode of royalty from the time of the Saxon kings. It was while King John lived at Windsor that the barons obtained from him Magna Charta. Cromwell has held his courts within its walls; and Charles I. lies buried in its chapel. A Scottish king has been a captive here; and here have been celebrated some of the most splendid pageants and courtly ceremonies recorded in history. The forest, though it can scarcely be said now to exist, has also some "legends of woe and dread," and other associations.

The forest was once of enormous extent, comprehending a circumference of one hundred and twenty miles. It comprised part of Bucks, a considerable part of Surrey, and the south-east side of Berks as far as Hungerford. On the Surrey side it included Cobham and Chertsey, and extended along the side of the Wey, which marked its limits as far as Guildford. In the lapse of time, however, it dwindled away; for we find that in the reign of James I. its circumference was estimated by Norden at only seventy-seven miles and a half, exclusive of the liberties extending into Bucks. At this period there were fifteen

WINDSOR FOREST AND CASTLE.


UNIV. OF MICH.

walks within it, each under the charge of a head keeper, and the whole contained upwards of three thousand head of deer. This extent was somewhat diminished in later years; for in a subsequent map, by Roque, the circuit is given as fifty-six miles.

In the year 1813, an act of Parliament was passed for its enclosure. The portion which had been previously enclosed, known as Windsor Great Park, was of small extent compared with the whole range of the forest. The area of the park was less than 4000 acres, of which 2000 were under cultivation; while the open unenclosed forest amounted to 24,000 acres. Scarce a vestige of the forest is now left, except what has been apportioned to the crown, adjoining the Great Park.

The view from Windsor Castle is one of the finest in England. A vast panorama extending as far as the eye can reach. All flat—the faint blue horizontal line, scarcely discernible from the clouds, so distant is it, as straight as the boundary of a calm sea—and yet how infinitely varied! What would such an expanse of land be in any other country? A mere drugget compared to this Field of Cloth of Gold. A lovely river, to which the hackneyed illustration of molten gold might well be applied from the silent roll of its glittering waters, as if impeded by their own rich weight, now flashing like a strip of the sun's self, through broad meadows whose green is scarcely less dazzling—now lost in shady nooks of wondrous and refreshing coolness. Trees of every sort and growth, singly, in clumps, in rows, every where. Little bright-looking villages, with their white spires or grey towers dotted all over the scene. Every thing is in perfect harmony. The gentle murmur of human life, reaching us from the distance, is no more injurious to the effect than the rustling of the trees or the chirping of the birds. The quiet bit of bustle down at the bridge, the shouts of the bargemen—heard several seconds after their utterance—the plashing of the few boats, the cricketers over there in the playground, all these have their consistent charm. The sleepy chimneys of the old town immediately below us fill up their corner famously; even steam—that most implacable enemy to the picturesque—appears on the scene without injuring it. The little toy-house-looking railway-station facing us is a harmless, nay pleasing object; and to watch the liliputian train that has just left it, disappearing fussily among the old trees, is a perfect delight.

Our first homage is to Nature. The influence of the beautiful is predominant over all others. We think only of the scene before us, and must thoroughly enjoy it for its own sake, before we can bestow a thought on a single association connected with it. We forget all about

the walls we are standing on. We do not even reflect that the golden river is our old friend the Thames. It never strikes us, that that expanse of green out there to the right, so thickly planted with massive elms and chestnuts, is a very celebrated place called the Home Park of Windsor, or indeed that it is called any thing else—or any thing at all. We are (metaphorically speaking) rolling in that grass with a republican contempt for its patrician connections, and picking out the best of those trees, with an ungrateful heedlessness of what royal hand may have planted them there for our gratification. One little steeple may mark the shrine of a poet's inspiration, another that of a patriot's grave. That glorious old Gothic building to the left may be a college, or a monastery, or any thing it likes. To us it is a fine object in the landscape; filling its place like a serviceable cloud or an effective tree. Any respectable saint-king, who may have had the good nature to found it, is, for the time being, as uninteresting a personage to us as Master Tommy, possibly at this moment languishing a prisoner within its cloistered walls, and cursing the institution, for having given existence and a name to that Latin grammar with which he is so vainly endeavouring to grapple.

There! sense is gratified; we have gazed our fill, and draw a long mental breath. Now let us consider where we are, and what we have been looking at. This very fine terrace owes its existence to her Majesty Queen Elizabeth of blessed memory, and does her vast credit. The walks are of the good old sixteenth-century stuff, and the capital letters E. R., in the character of the period, over the large window, are in excellent preservation.

To the left across the river is the College of Eton, founded, in the year 1441, by Henry VI. for the education of twenty-five poor scholars. It is now devoted to the education of scholars who are not poor. The young gentleman who has just disappeared so precipitately through the archway behind us is one of them. This sudden flight is supposed to be attributable to the unexpected arrival on the terrace of that elderly gentleman, in clerical costume, connected with the institution in a high official capacity. Discipline being strict, and the young gentlemen not allowed on this side of the water, they are sometimes driven to escape detection by similar undignified means. An eminent pastrycook in the High-street is said to have had as many as six at a time concealed under his counter while the Vice-provost has been passing. Mr. Gray the poet, the celebrated Sir Robert Walpole, Mr. Fielding, Lord Bolingbroke, the late Mr. Shelley, and other distinguished men were educated at Eton. Immediately facing is Slough,—a rising town—the ideas of

whose inhabitants keep pace with the improving spirit of the age; a meeting of its dignitaries having recently been held to consider the expediency of changing the present ill-sounding name of Slough for the more euphonious one of Uptonville. This, together with the fact of its having been the residence of Herschel and son, the eminent astronomers, entitle the town to the respect of all interested in the advancement of the human race.

Farther on, a little to the right, is Stoke Pogis, celebrated as the scene of Mr. Gray's "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard." Mr. Gray is said to have been about twenty years writing that memorable and beautiful work. To the extreme right is Runnymede, where King John signed Magna Charta, securing, as Mr. Hume informs us, "very important liberties and privileges to every order of men in the kingdom." It is rather difficult to distinguish from this distance, there being no triumphal column to mark the same. It was contemplated to erect one about the middle of the last century; Mr. Akenside, the poet, putting himself to the trouble of writing an inscription for its base; but the object not being considered of sufficient importance, the design was abandoned, nor have any steps been since taken towards a similar undertaking! The place itself is considered an eligible spot for picnic parties during the summer months.

Much nearer, in the same direction, may be distinguished the little village of Datchet, celebrated as the scene of Sir John Falstaff's ducking, in Shakspeare's comedy of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*—a work, like the terrace we are standing on, constructed to the order and for the gratification of Queen Elizabeth. People have been known to consider it as the most creditable performance of the two, and likely to last the longest.

And now, reader, it is high time we turned our attention to the forest side of the question.

By the forest, we must be distinctly understood to mean, not merely the dense collection of wood to which the term is usually applied, but that aspect of nature generally, wherein the wild and unchecked growth of forest-trees forms the principal feature. The so-called Windsor Forest has almost entirely disappeared, a few insignificant plantations only retaining the title. The Great Park, however—indeed the whole of the country southward of the castle for several miles—presents every variety of the class of scenery which it is our business to treat.

Our way into the Great Park lies along the celebrated avenue known as the Long Walk. This is no less than three miles in length, extending in a perfectly straight line from the castle, in a direction

almost due south, to Snow Hill, a natural elevation surmounted by an equestrian statue of George III.

We have two good miles before us ere we can meet with an outlet that will enable us to ramble among the trees to our heart's content. The Long Walk, however, is a very fine sight, in spite of its dire straightness. A splendid road, three miles long, bordered by double rows of giant elms, is not without interest. The regularity is not unpleasing, because not overstrained. The trees, once pressed into the service of order, have been allowed to grow their own way, instead of being clipped and cropped as they would be under similar circumstances in some countries — France to wit. Here we have Nature with her hair combed merely; there we should find her with her head shaved. The monotony of the perspective is nicely broken by the undulations of the ground. It is pleasant to turn occasionally into the aisle-like side-walks, and look up at the cool green roof of trellis-work formed by the interlacing trees. Besides, the castle, as we look back at it receding from us, begins to recover something of its original character: Edward III. and William of Wykeham are resuming the ascendency. The gradually deepening stillness, too, is exactly what we could wish. The rooks, hovering over us eternally, afford very agreeable companionship; and we consider their quiet, though apparently cynical observations very much to the purpose indeed.

Ere we proceed far on our way, an object of once agreeable, now melancholy interest attracts our attention. This is the famous Herne's Oak, which stands in the enclosure known as the Little Park, to our left. It is contended by some authorities that the veritable Herne's Oak was cut down by some orders of George III., delivered in a mistake as to its identity. Others with a natural reluctance to believe so sagacious a monarch capable of such a blunder, maintain that the rumour originated in the fact of his majesty causing some similar trees in the vicinity to be cleared away, that the oak itself might occupy a more prominent position. The heads of the controversy are not worth recapitulating. There is nothing definite or tangible about them; they are all founded on hearsay. We give illustrations, however, of both trees; that which *is*, and that which now is *not*.

The agreeable interest attached to this famous tree is well known. It is supposed (though there has been much controversy as to its authenticity) to be the identical tree immortalised by the mention of Shakspeare as the scene of Herne the Hunter's unamiable exploits:—

HERNE'S OAK NOW STANDING.

"There is an old tale goes that Herne the Hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor Forest,
Doth all the winter time at still midnight
Walk round about an oak with great ragged horns.
And then he blasts the tree and takes the cattle,
And makes milch kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner."

The interest we have alluded to of a melancholy description is of a more recent date, and is derived from the tantalising fact that *Herne's Oak is no longer visible to the public*, the portion of the park in which it stands having been recently enclosed as an addition to the private grounds of the Duchess of Kent's residence at Frogmore.[2]

We tried hard once to tempt an inflexible gatekeeper to let us in—just to have a look at it. It was no use. We assured him we should do no harm, and (as the most delicate means of suggesting a recompense) offered to pay the expenses of any trustworthy person he might

[2] We have since ascertained that a view of the tree may be had from the east terrace of the castle, which is open to the public two days in the week.

OAK SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN HERNE'S, NOW CUT DOWN.

choose to send to look after us. He was adamant—no strangers were allowed in. We appealed to his feelings—like Rolla and the sentinel—asked him (in terms we considered adapted to his mental cultivation) how he would like to be a poet wrecked in sight of inspiration. His expressed opinion was that we were making fun of him.

He was not, however, a bad fellow; his sternness was a matter of duty, not constitution. He was touched by our disappointment, and sought to console us by the assurance that we had lost nothing—"that there was nothing to be seen in the tree—that it was about the ugliest he ever see in the whole park—and as for Herne the Hunter, it was nothing but a pack of old woman's rubbage."

However, neither our niggardly exclusion from the sight of the old tree, nor the materialist consolations of our friend the gatekeeper, can efface the impression on our mind of the grim forest fiend haunting the old park like a family spectre.

There is no satisfactory legend of Herne the Hunter. Vague tradition states that he was a keeper in the forest in Elizabeth's reign, who, having committed some crime which occasioned his dismissal, hung himself on the tree. This is a view of the case we cannot think of taking. The idea of a discharged flunkey committing suicide on a

mere sentimental consideration of wages and perquisites is a sorry foundation for the magnificent "demon business" indicated by Shakspeare. Our notion is of something far more weird and fiendish—a story of fearful crimes and unhallowed compacts, something in the nightmare German ballad style.

We think it, in fact, a piece of unpardonable neglect that the question, "Shall Herne the Hunter have a ballad?" has never been agitated. We consider him as worthy of metrical honours as any; and he shall have them too.

The Ballad of Herne the Hunter.

Written for this work by R. B. Brough, Esq.

The hunter spoke—"My lands are broad,
  Though but a simple vassal;
And I have gold had bought and sold
  Proud lords in yonder castle.
And hinds, as at the lightning's flame,
Tremble at Herne the Hunter's name.

Thou tremblest too." "But not with fear,"
  With eyes indignant flashing,
The maid replied: "thy brow of pride,
  And teeth with fury gnashing,
Thy quiv'ring lips, give little heed
To Marian May of Datchet Mead.

I shudder'd when thou spok'st; thy name—
  Link'd with oppressions deadly—
Did speak of grounds whose godless bounds
  Are mark'd by blood-streaks redly.
And when thou nam'dst thy gold, I thought
Of lives and souls that it had bought."

"Beware!" the hunter cried; "my power—"
  "I know it," cried the maiden,
"To crush the poor, to hush the boor
  With wrongs and burdens laden;
To stifle age, to cripple youth,
But not to still a tongue of truth.

As o'er the land thy ruthless king,
  Thou lord'st it o'er the forest;
In hate and strife, with human life,
  More than the game, thou warrest.
The crouching fawn, with bated breath,
Less fears thy quiv'ring dart of death—

Than fears the houseless peasant wretch,
  To desperation hunted,
Thy fell pursuit. The flying brute—
  An arrow glanced or blunted—
May gain its lair; thy hatred's blade
Is ever sharp, and never stray'd.

At widows' shrieks and orphans' sobs
  I've watch'd thy stern eyes gleaming
With triumph keen, and thou hast been
  A fiend incarnate seeming.
And thou canst talk of love, indeed,
To Marian May of Datchet Mead!"

The maiden paused—a youthful form
  Rode by the cottage gaily
As swift as light (the autumn night
  Meanwhile was dark'ning greyly);
He waved his hand, and Marian's cheek
Flush'd like the sunset's crimson streak.

And bright she smiled, but soon turn'd pale;
  A cry of fright she utter'd,
So fiend-like now the hunter's brow
  Knit, scowling, as he muttered—
"'Tis Eldred Weare, the miller's son,
The scornful heart I sought has won."

With angry strides he gain'd the door;
  His coal-black steed was pawing
The sod with wrath, and, white with froth,
  The bit impatient gnawing;
And two fierce hounds were playing near—
Their very sport a strife of fear.

A bound, the charger's willing back
  He gain'd, his black sides notching
With furious spur—away they whirr;
  A peasant-boy stood watching
The stag-hounds in their savage mirth—
The hunter fell'd him to the earth.

The boy fell bleeding. From the hut,
  With fist in anger tighten'd,
His father rush'd; but soon was hush'd
  His wrath. With cheeks all whiten'd,
"'Tis Herne the Hunter!" all he said;
He bit his lips though, till they bled.

All scar'd and trembling, Marian watch'd
Man, horse, and dogs retreating;
And, "Mercy—turn—spare Eldred, Herne!"
Unheeded stood repeating.
And when the hoof-sounds died away
She wept; then knelt her down to pray.

Meanwhile the hunter gallop'd on,
All heedless how or whither;
The night closed round, and from the ground
The sparks flew here and thither;
'Twas not in chase of Eldred Weare
He rent the turf and clove the air.

Revenge might come!—'Twas baffled rage
And fury now possess'd him;
His purpose cross'd, the maiden lost,
'Twas these that onward press'd him.
To cool his passion's burning flood,
What even were a rival's blood?

Speed! he must have—fast, faster still—
Across the old bridge scouring—
The stout old wood the shock withstood,
Black clouds above were low'ring.
But blacker, stormier feelings rent
His bosom. Speed! to give them vent.

The dogs yelp'd low with fierce delight,
Like imps at Sabbath revels;
In voices low, men said, "There go
The hunter and his devils."
Some paused in hopes to see him thrown,
Praying Old Hoofs might get his own.

And "Demon!" "Fiend!" in muttered tones,
In place of poor man's blessing;
Or "good night" kind, heard through the wind,
Greeted his mad progressing.
The hunter's laugh was harsh to hear,
And women cross'd themselves in fear.

Into the park, among the trees,
'Tis darkness, Herne, thou lackest;
Dense night and space—up to the chase,
Where huge oaks grow the blackest.
The wind howls fierce through helm and thorn,
'Tis music like the bugle-horn.

A stormy night! he liked it well—
The rain in big drops plashing—
The willows bent—by lightning rent
A giant beech fell crashing.
His spurs beyond the rowels sunk,
The hunter clear'd the fallen trunk.

A night for fiends! the hunter laugh'd;
"A fiend!" he cried, "so be it;
A demon's pow'r had I this hour,
Faith, they should shortly see it.
I would I were a fiend indeed
For Marian May of Datchet Mead."

Is that a laugh, or but the wind
In mocking answer screaming?
And those dim forms, in gnat-like swarms,
Along the night air streaming.
'Tis but a mist of flying leaves
The hunter's fever'd brain deceives.

The laugh again! 'Tis not the wind,
Nor cloud of dead leaves patt'ring;
The flying shapes, like mouthing apes,
Whirl into darkness chatt'ring.
The wind among the autumn trees
Howls not such echoes back as these.

Big drops stood on the hunter's brow,
But fear as faith unknowing,
"Come forth," he cried, "come forth and ride,
Your sooty faces shewing;
I've done your work, and borne your name,
You fly when my reward I claim."

Again the laugh—'twas louder now—
"Ho! ho!" the echoes screeching,
"The forest's lord his work's reward,
In our good cause beseeching.
Our trusty servant—ha! ha! ha!
Would join our order, whoop! hurrah!"

Again the shadowy forms o'er head
Rush'd by with twistings antic,
The old trees crash'd, together dash'd,
Bow'd by the whirlwind frantic.
And high in air—deep under ground,
Shouts as of welcome echoed round.

Proud swell'd the hunter's heart—"Come forth!"
He cried, "behold undaunted
I wait—draw nigh—not vainly I
My fiendish soul have vaunted.
Come, of your demon pow'r and pride
I would partake—come forth and ride!"

Loud yelp'd his dogs in fierce delight,
Their eyes with flame seem'd glist'ning;
The black steed gnaw'd the bit and paw'd
The ground impatient, list'ning
As though for friends, at length upright
He rear'd, and neigh'd with fierce delight.

An eldritch note, as of a horn
In the earth's caverns sounding,
Yet shrill and loud, the echo crowd
Sent to and fro rebounding.
A growling too, as fathoms deep,
Of dogs new waken'd from their sleep.

And sounds of muffled hoofs; and now
Like water welling slowly
Up through the ground, the rider found
Dim spectral forms unholy,
Mounted and arm'd like hunters skill'd,
Grow round him till the scene was fill'd

And, as their chief, a form so like
Himself in look and feature
As made him start. "So, so, true heart,
Thou seest our kindred nature,"
Spoke a harsh, cruel voice; its tone
An echo of the hunter's own.

"But marvel not, our image thou
Dost bear in form and spirit;
We love thee, Herne; a right good turn
Thy trusty doings merit.
And when thou call'd'st us forth to ride,
With glee we hasten'd to thy side.

What would'st thou, heart?" "A demon's power"
(In accents fierce and sternest).
"From earth's ties wean'd, men call me fiend;
I would be so in earnest."
Then low—his clench'd lips darkly bleed—
"For Marian May of Datchet Mead."

"'Twas bravely said; we know thy heart
In all its icy bleakness;
But art thou sure no chink demure
Conceals some human weakness
To mar thy claims; doth no shred clothe
Thy nature of the Heav'n we loathe?

No gleam of love or pity?" "Love!"
The hunter's laugh was grating.
"If passion's choke, foul as hell's smoke,
A yearning mix'd with hating,
Be love—why, then, to love I plead
For Marian May of Datchet Mead.

Pity!—The maid, for whom my soul
Earth, heaven, hell, I'd barter,
I would possess; though not to bless,
But kill—my passion's martyr—
With my hot kiss to blast her breath,
And crush her scornful heart to death."

"Ho, ho!—'tis well. Would'st stand a test?"
"Ay, try me," cried the hunter;
"Than thine my heart less hard? my dart
Less venomous or blunter?
Would'st hunt? so, start your demon game;
See an I put not fiends to shame."

"Ho, ho!—'tis well. See, through the park,
Her steed in terror plying,
A female form rides through the storm;
Would'st quail to pin her, flying,
Against a tree, right through her heart
Thy spear? Tut, no; thou'dst flinch and start.

Thy heart would melt." A look of scorn
The hunter's answered greeting.
His spurs plung'd deep; o'er plain and steep
After the form retreating
He dash'd. His dogs before him leapt,
As knowing why, and onward swept.

With blasts of horn and hunting cries,
And screeching yells of laughter,
That fir'd his brain, as in his train
The fiends flock thickly after.
"Whoop! ho!" they cried. "A chase indeed,
With Herne the Hunter in the lead."

And rushing streams of mouthing shapes,
In air as far extending
As eye could stretch. The flying wretch
(Some village dame home wending,
Or maid caught trysting late, 'twould seem)
Shone in the constant lightning's gleam.

And on she flew—to halt nor look
Behind an instant daring—
A night so rough, itself enough
The stoutest wits for scaring:
But such discordant tunes as these,
The angriest wind ne'er play'd on trees.

"Whoop! forward, Herne, thou'rt gaining fast,"
Around him yell'd—'twas madd'ning—
The black horse strain'd; the dogs' eyes gleam'd
Afresh, with fury gladd'ning.
"Good dogs—upon her, boys—'tis done;
She's down! Huzza! a good quick run."

A scream,—a long, loud, fearful scream,
A poor heart's last outgushing,
The night-storm's rout and demons' shout
To awful silence hushing,—
Had frozen any heart to hear,
Had any hearts but fiends' been near.

They drag her down—now, Herne, the death—
No pangs nor human shiv'ring,
Of that small fear—the hunter's spear
Now in an oak's trunk quivering.
First through the victim's heart's-core sped—
A groan—and then it held her dead.

"Huzza! 'tis well—a goodly deed,
E'en awe from us commanding,"
The voices yell'd. His head upheld,
And form with pride expanding,
The hunter stood—"A great deed, Herne—
He knows not how great—he must learn.

Light there to shew him;" and a flash
Play'd round the death-tree redly;
"Now note the game"—the hunter's frame
Stiffen'd with coldness deadly.
He saw the victim of his deed,
'Twas Marian May of Datchet Mead!

Fearing the hunter's hate—his love
  For Eldred Weare's rejected,
She faced the storm—her fairy form
  Scarce from the rain protected—
To watch for Eldred Weare's return,
And warn him from the path of Herne.

And thus she left her pray'rs to die—
  To death by demons hunted;
Full hard it seem'd—some folks blasphem'd
  And Heav'n's own saints affronted,
That her with help they left unbless'd;
But wiser folks said Heav'n knew best.

Loud yell'd the voices—"Bravely done—
  Well struck, good Herne, and rudely.
A fiend at length—but no—thy strength
  Thou hast not measured shrewdly.
Thou dost not laugh—why stand'st thou thus?
Thou dost not seem like one of us.

Farewell! thou'lt join us later—come!"
  The mocking fiends careering
Whirl'd through the air—the hunter there,
  As lost to sight and hearing,
Stands with a listless wand'ring heed
On Marian May of Datchet Mead.

Two poaching knaves, with stealthy steps,
  Who watch'd intent on strangling
A bush-caught fawn, next day at dawn
  Found Herne the Hunter dangling
Upon the tree—dead; half the night
They hugg'd each other with delight.

They laugh'd, they danced, they toss'd their caps,
  They pull'd his legs, and pelted
The corpse with stones; but soon to moans
  And tears their rough hearts melted.
For midst a mass of tangled weed
Lay Marian May of Datchet Mead.

No leaf the oak put forth again,
  All sear'd it stands and whiten'd;
They found the corse of Marian's horse—
  Grooms said it perish'd frighten'd;
But Herne the Hunter's horse and hounds
No more were seen on earthly grounds.

And round the oak (which bears his name)
  On stormy nights when dimly
The blocks of cloud the moon unshroud,
  Is seen all stalking grimly,
Clanking a chain, the hunter's shade,
Clad with the trophies of his trade.

Men say the chain but emblems one
  His soul must wear—affrighting—
To practise still the works of ill
  On earth his soul delighting.
His doom to kill, destroy, and blight,
So he moans through the wintry night.

And while with piteous sobs and tears
  His task of ill pursuing
(All cattle slain and burnt up grain
  Are Herne the Hunter's doing),
'Tis said strange shapes around him flaunt
And vex him with a mocking taunt.

Of late the hunter's troubled ghost
  Has Windsor Park deserted.
Can it be true—(so angels do)
  To claim his doom averted,
A gentle spirit chose to plead
Call'd Marian May of Datchet Mead?

It is a long lane that has no turning, we mean the Long Walk is. Passing through a handsome pair of lodge-gates, we emerge fairly into the Great Park.

Now we are in the Forest.

When we inform the reader that our first impulse is to run as hard as our legs can carry us, he will doubtless require an explanation.

Assuming that it is a fine day we have chosen for our ramble, in the first place we are surrounded by a bright and rarefied atmosphere, whose inhalation, to quote a lamented writer, is a process something between breathing and drinking. The scene has changed, as if by magic. The barrier we have just passed would seem to be a fairy circle, shutting out all matters pertaining to human life. Castles and towns are things we must have dreamt of somewhere long ago. We are in a vast solitude of grassy mounds and giant trees, in all their native luxuriance, spreading as far as the eye can reach. The stillness

would be appalling but for the clamour of a million birds. We have heard of a native of Piccadilly, who, spending a night in the country for the only time in his life, declared that he had been unable to sleep, the confounded birds made such a noise. If we had a grudge against that native, (and doubtless, if we knew him, we should not be long in forming one, as we certainly should not like him,) and had it in our power to punish him in our own way, we would condemn him to sling a hammock on one of the trees in Windsor Great Park, and roost there for a week; for the birds in Windsor Great Park are the noisiest in the world.

These are the combined causes of an effect similar to that of laughing-gas, or something to drink leading to gymnastic results such as we have indicated.

In the summer of 1815, Shelley resided at Bishopsgate Heath on the borders of the forest. Here he enjoyed some months of comparative freedom from those mental and physical sufferings to which his exquisitely delicate organisation subjected him. He spent the greater portion of his time in solitary rambles in the Great Park, from whose glades, we are informed by Mrs. Shelley in her edition of her husband's works, he derived those glowing and vivid pictures of woodland scenery, with which his remarkable poem of *Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude*, (written during his residence in the neighbourhood) abounds.

The following is one of the most striking; a picture, the original of which may be found in various parts of Windsor Park and Forest.

. . . . . . "The noonday sun
Now shone upon the forest, one vast mass
Of mingling shade, whose brown magnificence
A narrow vale embosoms.
* * * * *
The meeting boughs, and implicated leaves
Wave twilight o'er the poet's path, as led
By love, or dream, or God, or mightier death,
He sought in Nature's dearest haunt, some bank—
Her cradle and his sepulchre. More dark
And dark the shades accumulate—the oak,
Extending its immense and knotty arms,
Embraces the light beech. The pyramids
Of the tall cedar over-arching frame
Most solemn domes within—and far below
The ash and the acacia floating hang
Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents clothed
In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,
Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
The grey trunks, and as gamesome infants' eyes,

> **With gentle meanings and most innocent wiles,**
> **Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love.**
> **These twine their tendrils with the wedded boughs,**
> **Uniting their close union: the woven leaves**
> **Make net-work of the dark blue light of day,**
> **And the night's noontide clearness mutable**
> **As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy lawns**
> **Beneath these canopies extend their swells**
> **Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyed with blooms**
> **Minuter, yet as beautiful."**

It is of little consequence which way we turn our steps. Probably we cannot do better than go straight on, following the direction of the Long Walk, till we arrive at the statue of George the Third on Snow Hill.

The summit of Snow Hill is said to be on an exact level with the highest point of the castle, which, as we have already said, it faces at a distance of three miles. Cabmen, and resident *valets de place* generally, lay great stress upon this fact. We have never been able to feel the importance of it ourselves; but as we have known several intelligent individuals, when informed of it, express themselves highly astonished and gratified, and seem to take fresh interest in both hill and castle on its account, we presume there must be something in it, so we thought it our duty to mention it.

The statue of George III. is no exception to the rule of English equestrian statues generally—as a work of art sorry enough. It forms, however, an agreeable object from some points of view; though from others, the figure and horse only seen above the surrounding masses of trees without the pedestal, its appearance has been likened to that of an exaggerated crow. It was erected by George IV. in the year 1831, and bears on its base the inscription—

GEORGIO TERTIO
PATRI OPTIMO
GEORGIUS REX.

The view from the foot of the statue, looking back in the direction we have come, is singular though agreeable. The Long Walk, extending along the landscape like a tapering white wand, and terminating in a very fine prospect of the castle, at all events possesses the merit of originality. The castle itself looks almost its best from here. But for the intervention of the Long Walk (whose straightness smacks too much of George IV. and Wyattville, though in reality of a much older date), Edward III. and Wykeham would have it all to themselves.

The rabbits of Windsor Park, by the way, are endowed with matchless impudence. They treat you with a familiarity which borders too closely on contempt to be gratifying. They will scarcely get out of your way. They sit comfortably before their holes, lazily watching you go past with as much indifference as a country gentleman seated at his own door would the passing of a travelling tinker. The same may be said of the game generally, with which the park abounds. The flocks of deer will go on browsing comfortably till you almost tread on their little black noses. Then there will be a short listless consultation as to whether you are a person to be tolerated or not. The leader will probably give a verdict in the negative, and they turn slowly round, all shewing their powder-puffs of tails at once in the most insulting manner, and strut a few yards off, when they recommence their endless meal, merely regarding you as something of a bore and a nuisance, but in no serious light whatever. Once we started a pheasant; he would not even pay us the compliment of flying. We ran at him violently; he ran a few yards off, and commenced pecking at something. We threw a stone at him; he ducked his head a little—no more. We waved our hands and cried "Shoo!" in the most approved manner, demonstrations to which he would not condescend to pay the slightest attention. We ran towards him again; he ran away from us a short distance, and then before our very eyes roosted on an old rail with unmistakeable intentions of going to sleep. This was insufferable. We could almost have knocked him down with our walking-stick, and were sufficiently exasperated to think of trying, when the appearance of a gamekeeper on the horizon suddenly made us look in an opposite direction, and commence a careful search for botanical specimens.

This tameness, which is shocking to us, is very different from the trusting innocence of Alexander Selkirk's happy family, who were

"So unaccustomed to man."

It is the insolent security of a privileged class. They know you are not allowed to shoot them, and the airs they give themselves are intolerable.

Now, reader, we are going to take you right across the Park to Virginia Water, which you have most likely heard of. If not, we will prepare your mind for it by the following highly wrought extract from the "original Edition of the Royal Windsor Guide," a work of great merit, but whose authorship is veiled in an obscurity we have in vain tried to penetrate:

"On the east of Cumberland Lodge, commencing at Bishopsgate,

is a ride forming the principal approach to the celebrated lake called Virginia Water, which presents a succession of delightful views; the natural charms of the scenery amid which it winds have been materially heightened by the judicious aid of art."

Humbly commenting on the text of the Original Windsor, we may remark, that the district known as Virginia Water is a large portion of the forest devoted to the purposes of a pleasure-ground, and containing a lake, said to be the largest piece of artificial water in Europe. The grounds were planted and the lake was formed in the reign of George II., for the celebrated William Duke of Cumberland, then residing at the lodge in Windsor Park which bears his name. The approach to it is by a road that branches off to the left from the Long Walk round by the statue.

As there is nothing particular to be seen till we get near the waters, except, indeed, a long and varied succession of the same class of scenery as we have been describing, we will pass over the mile or two of walk in silence. We leave, to the right, several objects interesting enough to mere curiosity, but offering little to gratify taste of a more elevated kind. Among these may be mentioned Cumberland Lodge, a dull, ungainly, red-brick edifice, built in an age when taste dwelt not in England; a conservatory, erected by George IV., and a few unimportant lodges. There is also a heronry worth seeing enough, but on which we do not feel inclined to bestow any particular attention.

Descending a cool valley densely wooded with magnificent Scotch firs, we come to a bridge crossing a placid-looking lake of considerable dimensions. The stranger generally thinks this is Virginia Water: he is a little disappointed—thinks it hardly merits the reputation it has earned for beauty—but, on the whole, is not dissatisfied. He thinks it is probably a little better further on, on one side or the other; he wonders which he ought to try; he is, however, loath to explore either till he has ascertained whether there is really any thing to be seen or not (for your speculative sight-seer is a cautious fellow, and has a great objection to being taken in). Seeing a lodge-gate a little ahead, he proceeds there to ask whether there is any more of Virginia Water than what he has just left; not but what that was very delightful,—he merely wishes to know. The lodgekeeper laughs sardonically, and goodnaturedly blessing the stranger's eyes, tells him *that* is none of Virginia Water; then, with a look of contemptuous pity, seizes him by the arm, leads him impatiently to a little gate opening on to a thick wood, thrusts him in, and bidding him follow his nose, returns to the

lodge, satisfied at having nothing more to do with a person of *that* scale of intelligence.

Our plan is to follow the lodgekeeper's precept and the stranger's example. We pass through the little gate, and after a few seconds walk through the wood, come unexpectedly on a very novel and delightful scene, of which we cannot speak in higher terms than to say that it fully merits the florid eulogium of the original edition of the *Royal Windsor Guide*, already quoted.

We are standing on the brink of an immense lake, whose extent alone is sufficient to do away with all ideas of its artificial origin. This is completely enclosed by densely-wooded acclivities, rising almost from the water's edge, one above the other, in agreeable perspective, so as to exclude the slightest glimpse of the world beyond. On one side of the lake, a broad pathway of dark-green grass, yielding like a rich Turkey carpet to the tread, extends from one end of the lake to the other. Immediately on the left, the shelving woods begin to rise. There is not a sound to be heard except a gentle murmur of the trees, that never ceases.

The scene is not very romantic; but there is no earthly reason why it should be; it is very peaceful and very charming, suggesting all sorts of pleasant quiet-life recreations. The lake would not have suited Wordsworth, but it would have been the very thing for Izaak Walton. You could not get much poetry out of the woods, but you could get capital pic-nics in them; and there be those who despise poetry, but where is the ascetic who would turn up his nose at a pic-nic?

As we proceed, the view of the lake gets more extensive. The cool breeze from it, and the soft springy turf scarcely six inches above the level of the water, make the walk very agreeable. One feature is particularly worth mentioning: some of the largest and most beautiful specimens of that dainty queen of English trees, the silvery Birch, are to be seen gracefully dipping their light branches into the lake. At length the pathway takes a turn up into the wood, from which we soon emerge into an open space, where we come across an object that really startles us—a classic temple in ruins!

These ruins are of course not genuine. At a second glance we recognise the masquerading tendencies of George IV., as developed by Sir Jeffrey Wyattville. There is, however, no objection to the exercise of such a whim in what was never intended to serve any other purpose than that of a gentleman's pleasure-ground. Moreover, the "ruin" has some claims to be considered as a work of art of no mean merit. The design is admirable, and the semblance of decay is wonderfully imitated.

VIRGINIA WATER.

The broken columns seem to have lain there for ages. Huge trees obtrude themselves between the shattered fragments as if they had grown there since the building had fallen to ruin. Some portions are completely hidden by masses of ivy and lichen, apparently the growth of centuries. Altogether the thing is admirably "got up," and makes us think what a stage-manager Sir Jeffrey Wyattville would have made for arranging a Christmas spectacle.

We should remark, that the materials, consisting of columns of red and gray granite and porphyry, and several marble statues, are of veritable antiquity. The greater portion were transferred from the outer court of the British Museum, the remainder being from the Elgin collection. The reason of the buildings being called the Temple of Augustus was probably because Sir Jeffrey thought that name would do for it quite as well as any other, in which case we quite agree with him.

Resuming our walk on the margin of Virginia's fair waters, we come in sight of a little bay or inlet on the opposite side. Here we observe an anomaly less excusable than the existence of a Roman Temple on the banks of an English fish-pond. Two frigates are anchored in the bay—regularly armed frigates. Need we say that George IV. again was the author of this atrocious inconsistency? Mr. Leitch Ritchie, in his *Windsor Castle and its Environs*, expresses himself with becoming indignation on the subject. "A skiff," he says, "a gondola, a pleasure-barge—these would have been in their element; but a frigate is abhorrent to the *genius loci*, and scares away the Dryads with its associations."

Supposing the Dryads to be very good-natured people (as we daresay they are, though we never saw one), and willing to put up with the vicinity of the frigates, George IV. (aided by Sir Jeffrey) has made their residence at Virginia Water impossible by the introduction of another object, which we defy the most tolerant nymph of wood or water to put up with. This is a building on the right of the bay, known as the Fishing Temple. The notion seems to have been to realise the idea of a Chinese Pagoda. The design has been accurately copied from the willow-pattern plate, whilst the colouring has been taken from a gingerbread-stall. The Fishing Temple is probably the most tasteless article we ever saw. It is a gaudy shapeless thing, covered with gilt balls and unmeaning monsters. Unfortunately too it is situated on the most beautiful part of the lake. Our artist has depicted it, omitting the frigates (which by the way are always in sight), with an excusable poetical license, and subduing the Temple itself in the distance as much as possible.

Overlooking the bay at some distance, on one side of the water is another toy-house, known as the Belvidere Fort. This is manned by several pieces of artillery, which are fired off on birthdays and such-like important occasions. How the Dryads like this (supposing any of them to be remaining) we cannot say. Fortunately, the Belvidere is not so prominent an object as the Fishing Temple, being concealed from most points of view by the thickness of the woodland around it. The ordinary visitor is very likely to explore most of the beauties of the spot without being aware of its existence.

The remaining portion of the walk along the lake is perhaps more delightful than the former, on account of the absence of these expensive and inconsistent trifles. The last of these is an artificial waterfall, constructed of fragments of rock dug up at Bagshot Heath, supposed to be the remains of a Saxon cromlech. The effect of this is very pleasing, nature being as artistically imitated as decay in the Temple of Augustus. The view from the end of the lake, looking back at its winding perspective, is very charming. Right facing us, in a hollow formed by a bright green promontory, is a beautiful house embosomed by trees, and looking down upon one of the sweetest views of the lake. We are told that it is inhabited by the head keeper; and we think what a comfortable thing it must be to be a head keeper, and to live in such a nice house on the banks of Virginia Water.

Turning up a blind path to the right, we walk through a wood of no very ancient growth, but remarkable for its luxuriant underwood. We arrive at a gate which is open, and emerge through it into a broad turnpike-road. A coach passes us—several carts are in sight. To the right is an unmistakeable public-house, and a little nearer a toll-gate.

We have got out of the Forest.

The Great Park is rich in varied woodland scenery. There are not only fine thriving oaks, throwing out their gigantic arms, but sturdy pollards without end, which seem to have set time and seasons and decay at defiance. They are gnarled and knotted, twisted and distorted, yet at the same time vigorous and sound at heart. The beeches, too, may be seen of all ages and sizes, picturesque and beautiful in their decay, but while in full vigour, and dotted with their sparkling leaves, they are the richest ornament of the wood. The holly loves to nestle under the shelter of its graceful pendulous branches, affording a contrast to its smooth white trunk, on which here and there some pretty lichen may be seen. Many of the trunks are studded with projecting knobs and other excrescences, and sometimes appear fluted or grooved. Here and there the roots of some of these "most lovely

of forest-trees" are thrown out with great boldness, and when they appear above the ground, are generally covered with mosses of a beautiful soft green, differing in shades from those on the stems.

Mr. Jesse, in his account of Forest-Trees,[3] says that the venerable old pollards of Windsor Great Park interest him more than any thing else there. "In looking at them," he says, "my mind is imperceptibly carried back to the many interesting historical facts which have happened since they first sprang from the earth. I can fancy that our Edwards and Henrys might have ridden under their branches,—that they had been admired by Shakspeare; and that Pope, whose early youth was passed in the neighbourhood, had reposed under their shade. At all events, it is impossible to view some of these sires of the forest without feeling a mixture of admiration and wonder."

The size of some of the trees is enormous; one beech-tree, near Sawyer's Lodge, measuring, at six feet from the ground, 36 feet round. It is now protected from injury, and nature seems to be doing her best towards repairing the damage which its exposure to the attacks of man and beast has produced. It must once have been almost hollow, but the vacuum has been nearly filled up. One might almost fancy that liquid wood, which had afterwards hardened, had been poured into the tree. The twistings and distortions of this huge substance have a curious and striking effect. There is no bark on this extraneous substance; but the surface is smooth, hard, and without any appearance of decay.

There are two magnificent old oaks near Cranbourne Lodge; one of them is just within the park-paling, and about three hundred yards from the Lodge, and the other stands at the point of the road leading up to it. The former, at six feet from the ground, measures 38 feet round. The venerable appearance of this fine old tree, "his high top bald with dry antiquity"—the size and expanse of its branches—the gnarled and rugged appearance of its portly trunk—and the large projecting roots which emanate from it, fill the mind with admiration and astonishment. The other tree is 36 feet in circumference at four feet from the ground.

With a few anecdotes connected with Windsor Castle and Park we will conclude this chapter.

In the year 1506, during the reign of Henry VII., Windsor Castle was the scene for three months of great festivities in honour of the King and Queen of Castile. This visit was quite accidental. The Archduke Philip had become king of Castile, in right of his wife, by the death of the famous Isabella, and was sailing from Flanders to

[3] Gleanings in Natural History. Second Series.

Spain, when a severe storm drove the vessels to take refuge in the port of Weymouth. Sir John Trenchard, a gentleman of authority in Dorset, thought the appearance of so many vessels indicated invasion, and was prepared to repel them by force. But Philip and his queen Joanna, coming on shore, quite distressed with the stormy sea-voyage, soon gave evidence of their pacific intentions. Henry, on hearing of the circumstance, sent the Earl of Arundel to bring them to Windsor Castle, where they were entertained in the most royal way. All this time, however, they were little other than prisoners; and they were not allowed to depart until Henry induced Philip to invite the Earl of Suffolk (who had taken refuge in the dominions of the latter, and who was obnoxious to Henry for many reasons) over to England, in the expectation that, through Philip's intercession, Henry would pardon him. Suffolk came, and was immediately thrown into the Tower! Henry also arranged, we might almost say dictated, a treaty of commerce with Philip before he left; and all this underhand work was shrouded from the world by the splendour and magnificence of the pageants at Windsor Castle.

Fuller mentions the following anecdote of Henry VIII. Henry, an ardent lover of hunting, as he was pursuing that pastime in Windsor Forest, either casually, or, more probably wilfully, lost himself, and struck down about dinner-time to the Abbey of Reading, where, disguising himself, he was invited to the abbot's table, and passed for one of the king's guard,—a place to which the proportions of his person might properly entitle him. A sirloin of beef was set before him, on which the king laid on right lustily, not disgracing one of that place for whom he was mistaken.

"Well fare thy heart," quoth the abbot; "and here, in a cup of sack, I remember the health of his grace thy master. I would give a hundred pounds on the condition I could feed as heartily on beef as thou dost. But alas! my weak and queasy stomach will hardly digest the leg of a young rabbit, or the wing of a chicken."

Henry pleasantly pledged him, and heartily thanked him for his good cheer; and after dinner departed, as undiscovered as he came thither.

Some weeks after, the abbot was sent for by a pursuivant, taken to London, clapped in the Tower, kept close prisoner, fed for a short time on bread and water; yet not so empty was his body of food as his mind was filled with fears, creating many suspicions to himself when and how he had incurred the king's displeasure. At length, a sirloin of beef was set before him, which the abbot attacked with excellent

good will. In sprang Henry out of a private apartment, where he had been concealed, the invisible spectator of the abbot's behaviour.

"My lord," quoth the king, "presently deposit your hundred pounds in gold, or else no going hence all the days of your life. I have been your physician, to cure you of your queasy stomach; and here, as I deserve, I demand my fee for the same."

The abbot paid the money, and right glad was he that he escaped so easily. He returned to Reading certainly somewhat lighter in purse, but much more merry in heart and belly than when he came thence.

Queen Elizabeth often hunted the deer in the forest; and as an especial compliment, cut the throat of one of these animals with her own fair hands. James I. also chased the deer at Windsor, in company with his visitor, Christian IV. of Denmark. Queen Anne spent at Windsor her summer months, occasionally,—as the Dean of St. Patrick tells us,—"hunting in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives furiously, like Jehu."

Windsor Forest is intimately associated with the memory and genius of Pope. His father—a retired linendraper—purchased a small estate at Binfield, a pretty village in the forest; and Pope, then a young lad, was in the habit of strolling into the most retired parts of it, preparing himself by a studious contemplation of nature, by the perusal of our great poets, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Chaucer, &c., and by the study of Latin, Greek, and French, for his future eminence. Here he planned and worked out his poem of *Windsor Forest*, which was not published, however, till the year 1713. Being composed amidst the shades of those noble woods which he selected for the theme of his verse, there is in this poem a greater display of sympathy with external nature and rural objects than in any of his other works. The lawns and glades of the forest, the russet plains, and blue hills, and even the "purple dyes" of the "wild heath," had struck his young imagination. His account of the dying pheasant is a finished picture—

> "See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
> And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
> Short is his joy, he feels the fiery wound,
> Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
> Ah! what avail his glossy varying dyes,
> His purple crest and scarlet-circled eyes;
> The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
> His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?"

In 1716, Windsor Forest was the scene of a curious interview between Pope and Lintot the bookseller. Pope was about to travel

to Oxford, and for this purpose he borrowed a horse of his friend Lord Burlington, and set out alone. He had probably mentioned his intention of taking this journey in Lintot's shop, for he had but just entered the forest, when the bookseller came trotting up behind at a smart rate, big with a scheme to turn a penny. Pope appears to have had an instant feeling of the bookseller's design, and in a letter to Lord Burlington he gave an account of the conversation that took place. The poet had observed that Lintot, who was more accustomed to get astride of authors than of horses, sat uneasily in his saddle, for which he expressed some solicitude, when Lintot proposed that, as they had the day before them, it would be pleasant to sit awhile under the woods.

"See here," said Lintot, when they had alighted,—"see here, what a mighty pretty Horace I have in my pocket! What if you amused yourself in turning an ode till we mount again? Lord! if you pleased, what a clever miscellany you might make at leisure hours!"

"Perhaps I may," said Pope, "if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy; a round trot very much awakens my spirits; then jog on apace, and I'll think as hard as I can."

Silence ensued for a full hour, after which the expectant bookseller stopped short.

"Well, sir," he broke out, "how far have you gone?"

"Seven miles," answered the poet.

"Zounds, sir!" exclaimed the angry Lintot, "I thought you had done seven stanzas. Oldsworth, in a ramble round Wimbledon Hill, would translate a whole ode in this time. I'll say that for Oldsworth, though I lost by his Timothys, he translates an ode of Horace the quickest of any man in England. I remember Dr. King would write verses in a tavern three hours after he could not speak; and there is Sir Richard, in that rumbling old chariot of his, between Fleet Street and St. Giles's Pound, shall make you half a job."

Pope, having had his sport, jogged on to Oxford, and dropped the discomfited Lintot as soon as he could.

Some fifty years since, a near relative of the writer, then a beautiful girl of seventeen or eighteen, was present, with a party of friends, at a fête at Frogmore, in Windsor Park, when there was a Dutch fair, and haymaking was very agreeably performed in white gloves by the belles of Windsor; and the buck-basket scene of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* was represented by Fawcett, and Mrs. Mattocks, and Mrs. Gibbs, under the colonnade of the house in open day, and variegated lamps and transparencies; and tea served out in tents, with a magnificent scramble for the bread and butter. As the party was busily engaged

in the festive scene, a singular personage, clad in an embroidered coat, a silk flowered waistcoat, with nether garments of faded velvet carefully meeting a dirty silk stocking, terminated in a half-polished shoe surmounted by a dingy silver buckle, presented himself before them. His old wig had been newly powdered, and he wore a cocked-hat with a tarnished lace edging. The old man, with the air of one bred in courts, made a most profound bow; and taking a paper from his pocket, reverently presented it to our relative, and withdrew. The document, which was printed, was a very extraordinary one, as the reader will perceive by the following extract from it:

"FOR A WIFE.

"As the prospect of my marriage has much increased lately, I am determined to take the best means to discover the lady most liberal in her esteem, by giving her fourteen days more to make her quickest steps towards matrimony, from the date of this paper until eleven o'clock the next morning; and as the contest will evidently be superb, honourable, sacred, and lawfully affectionate, pray do not let false delicacy interrupt you. * * * An eminent attorney here is lately returned from a view of my very superb gates before my capital house, built in the form of the Queen's house. I have ordered him, or the next eminent attorney here, who can satisfy you of my possession in my estate, and every desirable particular concerning it, to make you the most liberal settlement you can desire, to the vast extent of three hundred thousand pounds."

Then there were some verses, concluding thus:

"A beautiful page shall carefully hold
Your ladyship's train, surrounded with gold."

Of course the reading of this paper created among the party considerable amusement and surprise. On their return to Windsor, where they had been stopping for a few days, they made inquiries respecting the donor of the document. They learned that his name was Sir John Dively; and that, although certainly a monomaniac, he was in all other matters except matrimony a very shrewd, clever old man. He was one of the "poor knights" of Windsor. No human being, it was said, had for many years entered his house, except its eccentric possessor. In the morning he was in the habit of issuing forth to make his frugal purchases for the day—a fagot, a candle, a small loaf, perhaps a herring. All luxuries, whether of meat, or tea, or sugar, or butter, were renounced. On common occasions, he wore a large cloak, called a

roquelaire, beneath which appeared a pair of thin legs, encased in dirty silk stockings. If the morning was wet, his cloak was not his only protection against the inclemency of the weather, he had a formidable umbrella, and he stalked along in pattens! But whenever crowds were assembled—whenever royalty was to be looked upon—whenever the sounds of military music summoned the fair ones of Windsor and Eton to the gay parade—there was Sir John Dively.

The poor old man continued this course of life for some years after the incident which introduced him to our relative's notice. But one morning he was missing from his due attendance upon the service of St. George's Chapel. His door was broken open. His house was without furniture, except a table and a chair or two. The sitting-room was strewed with printing types, for he used to print his own bills of "advertisement for a wife," after the rudest fashion; in a small room beyond was stretched the poor man upon a miserable pallet-bed. He lingered a few days, and then—*all* the dream was over.

Sir John had been very unfortunate. His misfortunes were inscribed in no less terrible a page than the *Newgate Calendar*. In one of the volumes of that work it is related, that on the 17th of January, 1741, a dismal tragedy was enacted at Bristol. There were two brothers, who had become enemies on account of the entail of property. The elder was Sir John Dively Goodyere, Bart.; the younger, Samuel Dively Goodyere, a captain in the navy, commanding the *Ruby* ship-of-war. The two brothers had long ceased to meet; but a common friend, at the request of the younger, brought them together. They dined at his house; they exchanged professions of brotherly love. When they separated, the baronet had to pass alone over College Green at Bristol. He was encountered by six sailors, with the captain of the *Ruby* at their head. He was seized, gagged, carried to a boat, and thence to the ship—and he was strangled. The vengeance of the law was speedy. The vessel was detained upon suspicion; the crime was fully proved, and the inhuman brother and two of his confederates were hanged. The Sir John Dively of our narrative was the son of the murderer.

Dr. John Wolcot (Peter Pindar) is our authority for the following incident as occurring to George III. in Windsor Forest. We do not vouch for its authenticity, recollecting how delighted the doctor always was in ridiculing the reigning sovereign, who was indeed a good subject for the poet; though the latter, as he himself acknowledged, was a bad subject to the king. The story has been called *The Apple Dumplings and a King.*

"Once on a time, a monarch, tired with whopping,
Whipping, and spurring,
Happy in worrying
A poor defenceless harmless buck
(The horse and rider wet as muck),
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Enter'd, through curiosity, a cot,
Where sat a poor old woman and her pot.

The wrinkled, blear-eyed, good old granny,
In this same cot, illumed by many a cranny,
Had finish'd apple-dumplings for her pot:
In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
When, lo! the monarch, in his usual way,
Like lightning spoke, 'What's this? what's this? what, what?'

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand;
And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple: he cried,
''Tis monstrous, monstrous hard, indeed!
What makes it, pray, so hard?' The dame replied,
Low curtsying, 'Please your majesty, the apple.'

'Very astonishing indeed! strange thing!'
(Turning the dumpling round) rejoin'd the king.
''Tis most extraordinary, then, all this is—
It beats Pinette's conjuring all to pieces:
Strange I should never of a dumpling dream!
But, goody, tell me, where, where, where's the seam?'

'Sir, there's no seam,' quoth she; 'I never knew
That folks did apple-dumplings *sew*.'
'No!' cried the staring monarch with a grin;
'How, how the devil got the apple in?'
On which the dame the curious scheme reveal'd
By which the apple lay so sly conceal'd,
Which made the Solomon of Britain start;
Who to the palace with full speed repair'd,
And queen and princesses so beauteous scared,
All with the wonders of the dumpling art.
Then did he labour one whole week to shew
The wisdom of an apple-dumpling maker;
And, lo! so deep was majesty in dough,
The palace seem'd the lodging of a baker!"

CHAPTER VI.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

THE earliest history of Windsor Castle, like that of almost every other ancient building, is involved in some obscurity. Upon the site of the present building, Merlin is said to have reared a magic fortress, in a great hall whereof, decorated with trophies of war and of the chase, was placed the famous Round Table. Although this antiquated tale is now worn out, and no longer part of our faith, it is pleasant at least to record it, and, surrendering ourselves for a while to the sway of fancy, to conjure up the old enchanted castle on the hill, to people its courts with warlike and lovely forms, its forest with fays and giants, and its stream with beauteous and benignant sprites.

Windsor was sometimes the abode of our Saxon monarchs; and a legend is related of a woodman, named Wulwin, who being stricken with blindness, and having visited numerous churches, and vainly implored their tutelary saints for relief, was at last restored to sight by the touch of Edward the Confessor, who further enhanced the boon by making him keeper of his palace at Windsor.

William the Conqueror, struck by the extreme beauty of the spot,—"for that it seemed extremely profitable and commodious, because situate so near the Thames, the wood fit for game, and many other particulars lying there, meet and necessary for kings,"—exchanged with Edwin, Abbot of St. Peter at Westminster, to whom it had been granted by Edward the Confessor, Wakendune and Feringes in Essex, together with three other tenements in Colchester, for Windsor; and he forthwith began to erect upon the hill a strong hunting-seat. Around it he formed large parks, so that he might follow his favourite pursuit of hunting.

Between the reigns of William Rufus and Edward III. the palace of Windsor was considerably enlarged and improved, and the latter prince, who was born there, caused the greater part of the old edifice to be removed, and rebuilt it. It was built by William of Wykeham, afterwards Bishop of Winchester; and it has been recorded that his fortune was made by the skill and genius he displayed. It is a curious comment on the then arbitrary nature of royal government, that the king is stated to have issued orders for those persons to be deprived of their property who dared to offer higher wages to the workmen than what he himself gave, and the men to be imprisoned in Newgate. The commissioners employed to provide the building materials were also enjoined to seize as many vehicles as they might require for their conveyance; and by these summary and speedy measures the structure was rapidly approaching its completion before that great monarch's death. In the reign of Edward IV. it received numerous additions; and still more in that of Henry VIII. and his successor.

Elizabeth took great pains also to make Windsor Castle a royal residence, according to the notions of her times; but there were many difficulties in converting the old palace into a fit scene for the gallantries of Leicester and Essex. There is in the State-Paper Office a report of the surveyors of the castle to Lord Burleigh, upon the subject of certain necessary reparations and additions, wherein, amongst divers curious matters illustrative of the manners of that age, it is mentioned, that the partition separating the common passage from the sleeping-room of the queen's maids of honour needed to be raised, inasmuch as the pages looked over the said partition before the honourable damsels had arisen, to the great scandal of her majesty's most spotless court, &c. There can be no doubt that an English palace of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries had much fewer comforts than the most unpretending dwelling of a tradesman of the present day. The furniture was scanty and cumbrous; the linen was exceedingly scarce; of porcelain there was none; of glass scarcely any; the floors were covered with rushes; the doors had crazy fastenings. Henry VIII. carried a smith about with him, with padlock and chain, to fasten "the door of his highness's chamber."

When Elizabeth retired from the cares of state, she sometimes visited Windsor, and listened to the *Merry Wives*, or dictated verses to her private secretary, or received the flatteries of her accomplished courtiers. There is in the State-Paper Office an original MS. translation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, composed by this queen under such circumstances.

At Windsor, James I. fidgeted about in his trunk-hose, and solaced the hot evenings of the dog-days of 1621 with the learned slang of Ben Jonson's masque of *The Gypsies metamorphosed,* and looked knowingly about him, as the new language which contained such words as "gentry coves" and "rum morts" required explanation. Of his successor's unhappy residence here, we shall have to speak shortly. Here the Uncrowned One who struck him down kept state with his renowned "Ironsides." The restored Stuart here brought his French tastes in building, and turned the old fortress-palace into an incongruous Versailles.

Queen Anne sometimes held her "drawing-rooms" at Windsor Castle; but, as the Dean of St. Patrick tells us, "so few company came, that the queen sent for us into the bed-chamber, where we made our bows, and stood, about twenty of us, round the room, while she looked at us round, with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her, and then she was told dinner was ready, and went out."

The first two Georges left the Castle to decay. Excepting beauty of situation, there was certainly nothing to recommend it as a residence. The whole of the east and south sides—the portions actually inhabited—were singularly, in every respect, rambling, and also exceedingly confined in plan, with very small rooms, and those, for the most part, thoroughfare rooms, there being no other communication than some narrow passages got out from them on the sides towards the quadrangle. Hence it was found indispensably necessary to erect (1778-82) a separate building, for the actual accommodation of the royal family, called the Queen's Lodge,—a large plain house, on the south side of the Castle, near the site occupied by the present stables.

It has been since the accession of George IV. that the "lordly towers of Windsor" have approached their present completion. In the year 1823, that king announced his intention of taking up his abode within the Castle, and converting it into a suitable residence. Accordingly, a grant of three hundred thousand pounds was readily voted by Parliament, in 1824, for the projected improvements. The architect selected was Mr. Jeffrey Wyatt.[1] After the first grant, others were successively made, and the total expenditure down to the end of the reign of William IV. amounted to upwards of seven hundred and seventy thousand pounds. There has since been a grant of seventy thousand pounds for new stables, which form an extensive range of

[1] The architect received the royal authority for altering his name to Wyattville; and, on the completion of the king's private apartments in 1828, the further distinction of knighthood.

buildings only four hundred feet from the castle, on its south side, and to the west of the Long Walk. They extend upwards of six hundred feet, and include a riding-house nearly two hundred feet in length by sixty-eight in breadth. In the royal stables may be seen the royal stud, including the Arabian horses presented to her majesty by the Pasha of Egypt, and the ponies of the royal children, as well as the horses of Prince Albert. The carriages are, of course, of a superior description; the most curious ones are the *char-à-banc*, presented to the Queen by the late Louis Philippe,—a specimen of Parisian skill,—and the sledges and awkward droschkis, presents from the Emperor of Russia.

The "proud keep of Windsor" is associated with some of the most interesting events and persons in the history of our country. It has witnessed all the pomp of chivalry, and its courts have rung with the feasts and tournaments of the Edwards and the Henries. Kings were born here,—and here they are buried; and after every change of fashion and opinions, it is still the most magnificent residence of the sovereign of England, as it was seven centuries ago.

In John's time it became the scene of a foul and terrible crime. William de Braose, a powerful baron, having offended the king, his wife, Maud, was ordered to deliver up her son as hostage for her husband. But instead of complying with the injunction, she rashly returned for answer—that she would not entrust her child to the person who could slay his own nephew! Upon which the ruthless king seized her and her son, and enclosing them in a recess in the wall of the castle, built them up within it.

It was at Windsor that Edward III. instituted the Order of the Garter. The origin of this illustrious Order has been much disputed. By some writers it has been ascribed to Richard Cœur de Lion, who is said to have girded a leathern band round the legs of his bravest knights in Palestine. By others it has been asserted that it arose from the word "garter" having been used as a watchword by Edward at the battle of Cressy. Others, again, have stoutly maintained that its ring-like form bore mysterious reference to the Round Table. But the popular legend, to which, despite the doubts thrown upon it, credence still obtains, declares its origin to be as follows:—Alice countess of Salisbury, a beautiful dame, of whom Edward was desperately enamoured, while dancing at a high festival, accidentally slipped her garter of blue embroidered velvet. It was picked up by her royal partner, who, noticing the significant looks of his courtiers on the occasion, used the words to them which afterwards became the motto of the

Order—"*Honi soit qui mal y pense*"—"Evil be to him that evil thinks;" adding, that in a short time they should see that garter advanced to so high an honour and estimation as to account themselves happy to wear it. An incident in the previous lives of the king and countess supports this story.

In the early years of this king's reign the English and Scotch were engaged in continual hostilities; and the two kings, Edward and David, were at a certain period with the armies on the border. During the manœuvres and marchings to and fro, David laid siege to the castle of Wark, belonging to the Earl of Salisbury, then a prisoner in Paris. His countess, however, fully supplied his place in the defence of the castle, and assault after assault was repulsed with great slaughter.

The siege continuing, it was determined to send for aid to the king, who was then lying at York; but no one would undertake the mission, so unwilling were all to leave their beautiful and brave mistress. At last Sir William Montague, telling the garrison what trust he placed in them, undertook the duty and departed.

The Scotch king, having received information that Edward was expected daily to the relief of the countess, made another fierce but unsuccessful assault, and then withdrew. The same day that the enemy departed, the English king came with his army in great haste, and was much annoyed to find no one to fight against. However, he determined to stay at Wark for the night, to compliment the countess on her spirit.

"As soon," says Froissart, from whose *Chronicles* we derive the story, "as the king was unarmed, he took ten or twelve knights with him, and went to the castle to salute the Countess of Salisbury, and to see the manner of the assaults of the Scots, and the defence that was made against them. As soon as the lady knew of the king's coming, she set open the gates, and came out so richly beseen, that every man marvelled of her beauty, and could not cease to regard her nobleness with her great beauty, and the gracious words and countenance she made.

"When she came to the king, she kneeled down to the earth, thanking him of his succours, and so led him into the castle, to make him cheer and honour, as she that could right do it. Every man regarded her marvellously; the king himself could not withhold his regarding of her, for he thought that he never saw before so noble nor so fair a lady; he was stricken therewith to the heart with a sparkle of fine love, that endured long after; he thought no lady in the world so worthily to be beloved as she.

"Thus they entered into the castle hand in hand; the lady led him first into the hall, and after into the chamber nobly appareled. The king regarded so the lady that she was abashed. At last he went to a window to rest him, and so fell into a great study. The lady went about to make cheer to the lords and knights that were there, and commanded to dress the hall for dinner. When she had all devised and commanded, then she came to the king with a merry cheer, who was in a great study.

"'Dear sir,' said she, 'why do ye so study for? Your grace not displeased, it appertaineth not to you so to do; rather ye should make good cheer and be joyful, seeing ye have chased away your enemies, who durst not abide you: let other men study for the remnant.'

"'Ah, dear lady,' the king replied, 'know for truth, that since I entered into the castle there is a study come to my mind, so that I cannot choose but to muse, nor I cannot tell what shall fall thereof: put it out of my heart I cannot.'

"'Ah, sir,' quoth the lady, 'ye ought always to make good cheer to comfort therewith your people. God hath aided you so in your business, and hath given you so great graces, that ye be the most doubted (feared) and honoured prince in all Christendom; and if the King of Scots have done you any despite or damage, ye may well amend it when it shall please you, as ye have done divers times or (e'er) this. Sir, leave your musing, and come into the hall, if it please you; your dinner is all ready.'

"'Ah, fair lady,' quoth the king, 'other things lie at my heart that ye know not of; but surely the sweet behaving, the perfect wisdom, the good grace, nobleness, and excellent beauty that I see in you, have so surprised my heart, that I cannot but love you, and without your love I am but dead.'

"'Ah, right noble prince!' exclaimed the lady, 'for God's sake mock nor tempt me not. I cannot believe that it is true that ye say, nor that so noble a prince as ye be would think to dishonour me and my lord my husband, who is so valiant a knight, and hath done your grace so good service, and as yet lieth in prison for your quarrel. Certainly, sir, ye should in this case have but a small praise, and nothing the better thereby. I had never as yet such a thought in my heart, nor, I trust in God, never shall have, for no man living; if I had any such intention, your grace ought not only to blame me, but also to punish my body, yea, and, by true justice, to be dismembered.'

"Herewith the lady departed from the king, and went into the hall

to haste the dinner. When she returned again to the king, and brought some of his knights with her, she thus addressed him:

"'Sir, if it please you to come into the hall, your knights abide for you to wash; ye have been too long fasting.'

"Then the king went into the hall and washed, and sat down among his lords, and the lady also. The king ate but little; he sat still musing, and as he durst he cast his eyes upon the lady. Of his sadness his knights had marvel, for he was not accustomed so to be; some thought it was because the Scots were escaped from him.

"All that day the king tarried there, and wist not what to do. Sometime he imagined that honour and truth defended him to set his heart in such a case to dishonour such a lady, and so true a knight as her husband was, who had always well and truly served him; on the other part, love so constrained him, that the power thereof surmounted honour and truth. Thus the king debated in himself all that day and all that night; in the morning he arose and dislodged all his host, and drew after the Scots to chase them out of his realm. When he took leave of the lady, he said:

"'My dear lady, to God I commend you till I return again, requiring you to advise you otherwise than ye have said to me.'

"'Noble prince,' quoth the lady, 'God the Father glorious be your conduct, and put you out of all villain thoughts. Sir, I am, and ever shall be, ready to do you pure service, to your honour and to mine.'

"Therewith the king departed all abashed."

Only a few days after this scene we find Edward agreeing to a treaty between himself on the one hand, and David and his ally the French king on the other. Among the items of this treaty is one to the effect, that David should use his best exertions to obtain the release of the Earl of Salisbury in exchange for the Earl of Moray, then a prisoner among the English.

Again, after another short delay, we find Edward "at London, making cheer to the Earl of Salisbury, who was new come out of prison."

Another period of time elapsed, and Edward gave a sumptuous feast in the city of London, purposely that he might see the countess again. The lady came, sore against her will, "for she thought well enough wherefore it was; but she durst not discover the matter to her husband. She thought she would deal so as to bring the king from his opinion. . . . All ladies and damsels were freshly beseen according to their degrees, except Alice countess of Salisbury, for she went as simply as she might, to the intent that the king should not set his regard on her; for

she was fully determined to do no manner of thing that should turn to her dishonour nor to her husband's."

Perhaps at this feast the garter was dropped?

However that might be, certain it is that the romantic tradition relating to the Order is invested with much greater interest by its connexion with Froissart's exquisite story.

The first installation took place on the anniversary of St. George, the patron of the Order, in 1349. Dryden, in his *Flower and the Leaf*, has sung the praises of the illustrious institution—

> "Behold an Order yet of newer date
> Doubling their number, equalling their state;
> Our England's ornament, the crown's defence,
> In battle brave, protectors of their prince;
> Unchanged by fortune, to their sovereign true,
> For which their manly legs are bound with blue.
> These of the Garter call'd, of faith unstain'd,
> And well repaid the laurels which they gain'd."[1]

To render the first meeting of the Order as gorgeous as possible, the monarch lavished his wealth with unrestrained magnificence. Whatever device could be thought of, he called into requisition. The most splendid jousts and tournaments were held. Knights were invited from all parts of the world to be present at the festivals, and free passes were provided for all who came. At this time, too, John king of France, his son Philip, and David king of Scotland, were prisoners here, and Edward increased the splendour of the entertainments in order to do honour to them. The old chroniclers have exerted their utmost skill to describe these feasts, and, in all probability, the feudal state was never adorned with more of external pomp and glory than when the royal conqueror of Cressy presided in the castle of Windsor, with his brave bride, and his son, the hero of Poictiers, beside him, and surrounded by the captive kings, and his own trusty knights, and the flower of foreign chivalry, and all the pride and beauty of the land gracing the spectacle. For the deliberations and festivals of the new Order, Edward erected a building which created as much admiration in that age as the Crystal Palace has done in ours; it was a round chamber, two hundred feet in diameter, and he called it the Round Table.

[1] "I saw," says an old inhabitant of Windsor, "the installation of 1805. The old king marched erect, and the Prince of Wales bore himself proudly; but my Lord of Salisbury, and my Lord of Chesterfield, and my Lord of Winchelsea, and half a dozen other lords—what a frightful spectacle of fat, limping, leaden supporters of chivalry did they exhibit to my astonished eyes!"

Among the illustrious personages who have been confined as prisoners in Windsor Castle were Prince James of Scotland and the Earl of Surrey. Prince James was the son of King Robert III., and afterwards James I. of Scotland. He had been most wrongfully taken captive by Henry IV. on his way to France, and remained a prisoner for upwards of eighteen years, not being released till 1424. James's captivity, and his love for Joanna of Beaufort, daughter of the Duke of Somerset, have breathed a charm over the Round Tower, where he was confined, and his memory will be ever associated with it. In the "King's Quair,"—that is, the king's *quire* or *book*—the royal poet, after describing a garden, which had been contrived within the dry moat of the dungeon, presents the portrait of his "ladye-love."

> "And therewith cast I down mine eye again,
> Where as I saw walking under the tower,
> Full secretly, new comyn her to plain,
> The fairest and the freshest younge flower
> That e'er I saw, methought, before that hour:
> For which sudden abate, anon did start
> The blood of all my body to my heart."[3]

His passion for the Lady Joanna, as it was the solace of his captivity, so it facilitated his release, it being imagined by the court that a connexion with the blood-royal of England would attach him to its own interests. He was ultimately restored to his liberty and crown, having previously espoused the Lady Joanna, who accompanied him to Scotland.

The character of James was very different from that of many of the other Stuarts. His long captivity, and the good education (which, to do Henry justice, he gave him), had doubtless formed his mind to encounter all those difficulties which he found in his way when he ascended the throne of his ancestors. The long interregnum had been taken advantage of by the nobility to establish their power on the most arbitrary foundation. They oppressed the poor, were constantly at war with each other, and harassed poor old Scotland to such an extent, and with such severity, that law and liberty seemed banished from the realm. James did not immediately declare war against this state of things; but he gradually undermined it, until the power of many of the reckless and ruthless nobles was greatly diminished. The country began to feel indications of returning prosperity, and the people failed not to bless the good King James. But the nobility, feel-

[3] Ellis, in his *Specimens*, vol. i. pp. 305-309, has given the greater part of James's laborate description of the lady. Washington Irving, in his *Sketch Book*, gives a most charming description of the courtship, &c.

ing their strength decaying, entered into a conspiracy against the king, and he was killed at Perth; his heroic wife, the Lady Joanna, whom he had wooed and won at Windsor, receiving many a stab in defence of her husband.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey,—memorable in our history as the last victim of the capricious and sanguinary tyranny of Henry VIII.—had, in his short life, which was terminated by the axe of the executioner in his twenty-seventh year, carried away from all his countrymen the laurels both of chivalry and of song. The earl passed the earliest and happiest part of his life at Windsor, in the company of his playmate and associate, the young Duke of Richmond, natural son to the king; and there he first became acquainted with the fair maid whom his sonnets have immortalised—the fair Geraldine. He thus sings in praise of his mistress :[4]

"Give place, ye lovers, here before
  That spent your boasts and brags in vain;
My lady's beauty passeth more
  The best of yours, I dare well sayn,
Than doth the sun the candle-light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto had a troth as just
  As had Penelope the fair;
For what she saith, ye may it trust,
  As it by writing sealèd were;
And virtues hath she many mo
Than I with pen have skill to shew.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
  The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfit mould,
  The like to whom she could not paint;
With wringing hands how did she cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

I know she swore with raging mind,
  Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss by law of kind
  That could have gone so near her heart;
And this was chiefly all her pain,
'She could not make the like again.'

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise
  To be the chiefest work she wrought;

[4] Dr. Nott's Works of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, vol. i. p. 4.

> In faith, methink, some better ways
> On your behalf might well be sought,
> Than to compare, as ye have done,
> To match the candle with the sun."

The name of the lady is not known, but she is supposed to have been of the family of Kildare.

Having excited the jealousy of the king, the earl was imprisoned in Windsor Castle. The picture which he has left of his feelings during this period is very interesting:

> "So cruel prison how could betide, alas!
> As proud Windsor; when I, in lust and joy,
> With a king's son my childish years did pass,
> In greater feast than Priam's son of Troy:
> Where each sweet place returns a place full sour!
> The large green courts, where we were wont to hove,
> With eyes cast up unto the maiden's tower,
> And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love:
> The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
> The dances short, long tales of great delight,
> With words and looks that tigers could but rue;
> Where each of us did plead the other's right:
> The palm-play, where, despoiled for the game,
> With dazed eyes oft we by gleams of love
> Have miss'd the ball, and got sight of our dame,
> To bait her eyes that kept the leads above:
> The gravel ground with sleeves tied on the helm,
> On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts;
> With cheer as though one would another whelm;
> Where we have fought and chased oft with darts.
> The wild forest, the clothed holts with green,
> With reins avaled and swift ybreathed horse,
> With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
> Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.
> O place of bliss! renewer of my woes!
> Give me account where is my noble fere,
> Whom in thy calls thou dost each night enclose
> To other leefe, but unto me most dear."

The original building erected for the religious services of the inhabitants of the Castle, was dedicated to St. George; it was demolished by Edward IV. It is supposed to have occupied the same ground as the choir of the present chapel. Richard Beauchamp, bishop of Salisbury, was made surveyor of works by Edward, from whose designs arose the present beautiful edifice. Its exquisite proportions, and the rich yet solemn ornaments of the interior, leave an effect upon the mind which cannot be described. The broad glare of day displays the

admirable finishing of its various parts, as elaborate as the joinery-work of a cabinet, and yet harmonising in one massive and simple whole. The calm twilight does not abate the splendour of this building, while it adds to its solemnity; for then

"the storied window, richly dight,"

catches the last rays of the setting sun; and, as the cathedral chant steals over the senses, the genius of the place compels the coldest heart to be devout in a temple of such perfect beauty. The richly decorated roof, supported on clustered columns, which spread on each side like the branches of a grove,—the painted windows, representing in glowing colours some remarkable subjects of Christian history,—the banners and escutcheons of the Knights of the Garter, glittering in the choir above their carved stalls, within which are affixed the armorial bearings of each Knight Companion from the time of the founder; all these objects are full of interest, and powerfully seize upon the imagination.

Not only does this Chapel form a house of prayer and a temple of chivalry, but it is also the burial-place of kings. At the east end of the north aisle of the choir is a plain flag, bearing the words,

"King Edward IV. and his queen, Elizabeth Woodville."

The coat of mail and surcoat, decorated with rubies and precious stones, together with other rich trophies, once ornamenting this tomb, were carried off by the parliamentary plunderers. Edward's queen, it was thought, slept beside him; but when the tomb was opened in 1789, and the two coffins within it examined, the smaller one was found empty. The queen's body was subsequently discovered in a stone coffin by the workmen employed in excavating the vault for George III. Edward's coffin was seven feet long, and contained a perfect skeleton.

On the opposite aisle, near the choir-door, rests the ill-fated Henry VI. Such was the opinion entertained of his sanctity, that miracles were supposed to be wrought upon his tomb, and Henry VII. applied to have him canonised; but the demands of the Pope were too exorbitant.

In the royal vault in the choir repose Henry VIII. and his third queen, Jane Seymour. Charles I. also lies there. The body of the decapitated monarch was consigned to its last resting-place under the following circumstances:[5]

[5] Abridged from an article written by one of the best friends of literature, Mr. C. Knight.

In the bed-chamber in which the unhappy king had slept only twelve days previous to his execution at Whitehall, was now placed his coffin, with the words—

"King Charles, 1648."

carved in lead upon it. The apartment was nearly in the same order as when he left it. Towards the close of the 7th day of February, Bishop Juxon, Herbert,[6] and a few more faithful followers, entered it. The recollections of his master's unfortunate end pressed upon the faithful usher, and he dropped a few unbidden tears.

"Ten years ago, ere the troubles began," uttered he, in a voice that implied something between a reverie and an address to those present,—"ten years ago, I saw our poor dead master in all the glory and power of a king. Now we are seeking to consign him to a hasty grave. The place of splendour is desolate and plundered of all its ornaments—the nobles are proscribed, or they are traitors—and the glory of the land has passed away."

At the moment that the bishop ended this soliloquy, the door of the apartment opened, and Colonel Whitchot, the parliamentary governor of Windsor Castle, entered.

"Well, master mason," said he, with a tone of contemptuous exultation, addressing Herbert, "your master be soon returned to his old lodging; but we shall now have less trouble to guard him."

"His soul, sir," answered the bishop, "is now in company with the seraphic hosts; he is above all danger and all fear; and he is as far removed from earthly insult, as his virtues were triumphant over the malice of his enemies. I hope at the Great Day, his persecutors will not be shut out from that mercy which they denied to him."

"Look you, doctor," exclaimed the governor, while a bright tinge of anger glowed upon his sallow cheek; "your office is to bury Charles Stuart, and not to preach over him. So be busy with it. Within there! Bear the tyrant's body to the grave prepared for it in St. George's Chapel, and look that none of the town-people enter the gates."

"With your leave, sir," meekly said the bishop, "we have appointed six of the clock for the hour of interment; and if it be your pleasure till that time, the body may be placed in St. George's Hall, that those who follow it may arrange themselves in decent order."

Colonel Whitchot paused suspiciously, but at length yielded consent; and to that hall of revelry and of triumph were borne the kingly remains. A few persons stood around them with sincere sorrow, and a few looked on with a vague and not uncharitable curiosity. The

[6] The stone-mason who had been employed to open the vault.

pause was brief, and the state, if such it could be called, sudden and scanty.

A few glimmering torches were lighted; six of the king's faithful friends lifted the coffin on their shoulders; about a dozen gentlemen in mourning arranged themselves behind it, and the procession moved forward.

The spectators of the ceremony were few. Here and there a soldier of the parliament walked by the side of the corpse, and some muttered an exclamation of compassion, and some repeated a sentence from the Scriptures, which they applied to the fall of him whom they held to have been a scourge and a tyrant.

The inner gates of the castle creaked heavily on their massy hinges as the funeral procession passed; and here the guard was numerous. At intervals, a file of parliamentary troops was under arms; but such precautions seemed unnecessary. Few of the people were admitted within the ward; and no knell announced the melancholy business that was at hand.

The evening was lowering, and fitful gusts of wind echoed along the old and tenantless towers, the only requiem to the soul of the departed.

At length the procession reached the western entrance of the chapel. It was here again met by a file of musketeers, but they exhibited no martial reverence to the remains of a king. No gorgeous tapers shed their lustre over the lofty columns and the fretted roof; no choral voices sang the sacred dirge which proclaims the hopes of immortality; no crowds of nobles came in their mantles of state to bear witness to the vanity of all earthly dignities.

It had been intended to have deposited the body in the tomb of Edward IV.; but from the difficulties which the labourers encountered there, the place of sepulture was changed to the vault of Henry VIII.

Here Bishop Juxon now stood. The bearers put down the corpse in solemn silence. Those who followed the king crowded round those remains which would soon pass for ever from their view, and the aged prelate opened his service-book. After a moment's interval, he began his duty in so tremulous a voice that it was scarcely audible.

"'I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I offend not with my tongue.'"

Suddenly a loud knocking was heard at the outer door. The bishop paused for an instant, and then proceeded, while Colonel Whitchot entered the chapel.

"'I will keep my mouth as it were with a bridle, while the ungodly is in my sight.'"

The colonel strode up the choir.

"Silence, Master Juxon, silence!" he exclaimed in a peremptory tone. The mourners looked up trembling.

"May we not quietly pay the last sad duties to our beloved master?" said the bishop.

"It may not be, sir; it may not be. Know ye not that the parliamentary commissioners have forbidden all vain and Catholic and anti-Christian ceremonies over the dead, which savour of the abominations of the great harlot? Soldiers," he added, "lower the body into the grave."

The stern mandate was quickly executed, the mourners lifting up their eyes to heaven, and waiting the issue of this unseemly violence. After the coffin had been lowered, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earl of Lindsey, the Duke of Rutland, Bishop Juxon, Herbert, and a few more anxious followers, went down into the vault, and there the bishop threw himself upon his knees—a motion which all present involuntarily imitated,—and exclaimed:

"Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity; we give thee hearty thanks for that it hath pleased thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world; beseeching thee that it may please thee, of thy gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of thine elect, and to hasten thy kingdom."

"Amen!" answered all, with a firm voice.

In the year 1813, this vault was examined. There were present at the opening of the coffin of Charles, George IV., the Duke of Cumberland, Count Munster, the Dean of Windsor, and Sir Henry Halford. The latter furnished a detail of the examination which took place, an extract from which we give:

"The complexion of the face was dark and discoloured. The forehead and temples had lost little or nothing of their muscular substance; the cartilage of the nose was gone; but the left eye, in the first moment of exposure, was open and full, though it vanished almost immediately; and the pointed beard, so characteristic of the reign of King Charles I., was perfect. The shape of the face was a long oval; many of the teeth remained; and the left ear, in consequence of the interposition of some unctuous matter between it and the cerecloth, was found entire. It was difficult at this moment to withhold a declaration, that, notwithstanding its disfigurement, the countenance did bear a strong resemblance to the coins, the busts, and especially to the pictures of King

Charles I. by Vandyke, by which it had been made familiar to us. ...When the head had been entirely disengaged from the attachments which confined it, it was found to be loose, and without any difficulty was taken up and held to view."

When Lord Byron heard of this examination, he wrote a short but very ferocious piece, which he called "Windsor Poetics." "They are," as he says, "lines composed on the occasion of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent being seen standing between the coffins of Henry VIII. and Charles I. in the royal vault at Windsor."

"Famed for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies;
Between them stands another sceptred thing—
It moves, it reigns—in all but name a king.
Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,—
In him the double tyrant starts to life!
Justice and death have mix'd their dust in vain,
Each royal vampire wakes to life again.
Ah, what can tombs avail! since these disgorge
The blood and dust of both—to mould a George!"

The last of Britain's royal lineage who has been buried at Windsor was Queen Adelaide. The funeral took place on Thursday, the 13th of December 1849. Although the ceremony was shorn of the pageantry of state, such as had hitherto characterised the royal interments in England, it was rendered the more touching and interesting by its simplicity, and by the absence of what has been expressively termed "the pomp of death."

The coffin is placed by the side of her royal husband's; both of them resting on a long stone platform, erected in the middle of the floor of the vault. Beyond them, on this platform, the coffin of George IV. is placed; and beyond this, at the extremity of the mausoleum, on a stone shelf, lie the remains of George III. The crowns set upon the coffins indicate to the eye immediately that they contain the remains of those who once were monarchs. On the one side of George III. repose the bodies of Queen Charlotte and Prince Alfred; on the other side those of the Princess Amelia and Prince Octavius. On the left of William IV. and Queen Adelaide, by the wall, is the coffin of their infant child, the Princess Elizabeth; and hard by rest the Duke of York, the infant child of the Duke of Cumberland, the Duchess of Brunswick, the Princess Charlotte and her infant, the Duke of Kent, and the Princess Augusta.

CHAPTER VII.

FORESTS OF EPPING AND HAINAULT.

ONCE very extensive Forest of Epping was formerly called the Forest of Essex, being the only forest in that county, the whole of which was anciently comprehended in it. By a charter of King John, confirmed by Edward IV., all that part of the forest which lay to the north of the highway from Stortford to Colchester (very distant from the present boundaries) was disafforested. The forest was further reduced by a perambulation made in the year 1640. The boundaries then settled include the whole of eleven parishes, and parts of ten other parishes. The extent of the forest is estimated at 60,000 acres, of which 48,000 acres are calculated to be enclosed and private property; the remaining 12,000 acres are the unenclosed wastes and woods.

As the extent of the forest became abridged, it was at first called Waltham Forest; but as the distance between that town and its outskirts was gradually increased by the forest-felling hatchet, it borrowed a name from a town more immediately in its thick recesses, and called itself Epping.

As is common in ancient forests in the neighbourhood of man's wants, the trees in many parts of this forest are dwarfed in height by repeated loppings, and the boughs spring from the hollow gnarled boles of pollard oaks and beeches; the trunks, covered with mosses and whitening canker-stains, or wreaths of ivy, speak of remote an-

PICNIC IN EPPING FOREST.

tiquity; but the boughs which their lingering and mutilated life puts forth are either thin and feeble, with innumerable branchlets, or are centred on some solitary distorted limb which the woodman's axe has spared. The trees thus assume all manner of crooked, deformed, fantastic shapes—all betokening age, and all decay—all, despite of the solitude around, proclaiming the waste and ravages of man.

Henry III. granted a privilege, in 1226, to the citizens of London to hunt once a year, at Easter, within a circuit of twenty miles of their city. In the olden times, therefore, the lord mayor, aldermen, and corporation, attended by a due number of their constituents, availed themselves of the right of chase "in solemn guise."

By the close of the sixteenth century, however, the citizens had discontinued to a great extent the pastime, not for want of taste for it, says Stowe, but for leisure to pursue it. Strype, nevertheless, so late as the reign of George I. reckons among the modern amusements of the Londoners, "riding on horseback and hunting with my lord mayor's hounds when the common hunt goes out." This common hunt of the citizens is ridiculed in an old ballad called "the London customs," of which we have selected the three following stanzas:

"Next once a year into Essex a-hunting they go,
To see 'em pass along, O, 'tis a most pretty show!
Through Cheapside and Fenchurch Street, and so to Aldgate pump,
Each man 's with 's spurs in 's horse's sides, and his back-sword cross his rump.

My lord he takes a staff in hand to beat the bushes o'er;
I must confess it was a work he ne'er had done before.
A creature bounceth from a bush, which made them all to laugh;
My lord he cried, A hare! a hare! but it proved an Essex calf.

And when they had done their sport, they came to London where they dwell,
Their faces all so torn and scratch'd, their wives scarce knew them well;
For 'twas a very great mercy so many 'scaped alive,
For of twenty saddles carried out, they brought again but five."

Always attentive to the means of ingratiating himself with the Londoners, towards the close of his reign Edward IV. invited the principal citizens to hunt with him in his forest of Waltham; a feast was spread for them under green bowers, and the courteous monarch refused to sit until he saw his guests served. With his usual gallantry towards the fair sex, he admitted them into a participation of the favours conferred upon their male relations; sending to the lady mayoress and her sisters, the aldermen's wives, two harts, six

bucks, and a ton of wine, with which, we are told, they made merry in Drapers' Hall.[1]

The Epping Hunt is now entirely discontinued, as it had for many years become a mere pretext for a holiday to all the idle, dissolute, vagabondish people of London. In fact, there was no hunt. A deer was carted about from one public-house to another, the spectators gazing at the deer, and the deer gazing at the spectators, and the keepers drinking ale and eating beef until they could neither drink nor eat any more, when the stag was turned out and was soon captured, and the hunt was over. But the day's sport was not over; for there was always an "adjournment" after the running down of the stag, which resulted in late suppers, parabolical movements homewards, and dreadful headaches in the morning. The following graphic account of a Cockney sport, now happily dead, we give from the *Illustrated London News:*

"The Epping Hunt, on Easter Monday, brings back many recollections of the good old days of suburban sports, when the Nimrods of the metropolis went forth, as in the earlier days of Chevy Chase,

'To hunt the deer with hound and horn,'

and gathered in hosts as numerous in Epping Forest as did the borderers of Northumberland on the warlike frontiers of Scotland. Fortunately the sportsmen of the metropolis were not so pugnacious, or at least not so bloodthirsty, as their northern predecessors; for though it must be admitted that on more occasions than one the pleasures of the chase were diversified by a pugilistic encounter or two, arising from too vehement a desire to excel in the display of horsemanship, or from the resentment of indignation at being unhorsed and laughed at in the ardour of the pursuit, the combatants were never seriously injured, and a couple of black eyes and a bloody nose corrected the exuberance of momentary excitement, and restored the parties to reason. Easter Monday was a glorious day, not only for that class of sportsmen with which, in the days alluded to, Whitechapel and the northern districts of London abounded, but to the whole class of bold riders from every part of the town who could procure any thing in shape of a horse to 'carry them up to the hounds;' and fortunate, perhaps, it was for some of the quadrupeds employed for that purpose that the hounds were tolerably well fed, or for the moment more anxious for sport than food, or it is much more than probable that

[1] Fabian.

the living carrion which constituted on these occasions a large portion of the 'field' would have furnished a hearty meal for the canine participants in the 'day's diversion.' But be this as it may, the sportsmen from Whitechapel were on this eventful day joined by the sportsmen from all other parts of London and Westminster. On that occasion even the peripatetic commercials from Duke's-place and the regions of St. Mary Axe were seen mounted on capering steeds, careering to the scene of action, through Houndsditch, as triumphant as Mordecai when honoured by Haman in the palmy days of their Hebrew ancestors. Tothill-fields—or, in the sporting phrase, Tothill-downs—sent its contribution of 'rough-riders' to the chase; and many a gallant Rosinante, reserved for a season from the inexorable pole-axe of the knackers of Loman's Pond and Bermondsey, left the studs of the late Bill Gibbons and the celebrated Caleb Baldwin to make use of their last legs in the forest-glades of Epping. But it was not only on horseback that the Actæons of that day made their way to Fairmead Bottom—the 'venue,' as the lawyers call it, or the 'meet,' as the mighty hunters before the Lord pronounce the locality of the commencement of the chase. It was in a vast variety of conveyances that the anxious and impatient mobs wended their way to that beautiful spot in the forest, Fairmead Bottom, to see the deer let loose from the cart, and join in the labours of his re-capture or death. There was a pleasing diversity of vehicles employed, and in motion from day-break, ay and long before the rosy-fingered morn unbarred the turnpike of Phœbus. There were then to be seen in long and rapid succession the Corinthian teams of the noble and the rich, the 'heavy drag' of the more bulky and less opulent sportsmen, the four-in-hand, and the hackney-coach; the 'go-cart' and the cart that was 'no-go;' the capacious omnibus of modern interpolation was then not known, or in its neophytic state as a fly-waggon rolled heavily over Lea-bridge with a load of foresters anxious for the chase and the sylvan honours of the glades.

> 'Some pushed along with four-in-hand,
> Whilst others drove at random,
> In curricle, dog-cart, whisky, one-
> Horse chaise or tandem.'

The *Eagle* at Snaresbrook presented at an early hour a busy scene. The large pond in the immediate neighbourhood was well calculated to quench the thirst and cool the flanks of the 'locomotives,' and the fluids supplied by the landlord added fresh vigour to the drivers and

riders of the same. This was a half-way rendezvous of the engines and engineers, and here all having recruited their strength, and confirmed their resolution of being in at the 'take,' proceeded to the well-known *Bald-face Stag*, the 'whereabouts' of 'Thomas Rounding,' Esq., huntsman in ordinary and also extraordinary of the day. Here Tom was to be seen in all his glory. His hunting-cap and coat, his buckskin-breeches and top-boots, mounted on the horse that had borne him through the toils of many a busy day. He was—for, alas! he has been gathered to his fathers and grandfathers for some time—a famous fellow in his day. His acquaintance with the forest was as intimate as the knowledge of a pickpocket with the labyrinth of the Seven-dials.

> 'He knew each lane, and every alley green,
> Dingle and bushy dell of those wild woods,
> And every rocky bourne from side to side,—
> His daily walks and ancient neighbourhood.'

And he had need of all his knowledge on Easter Monday to keep his sylvans in order, prevent his hounds from being crushed to mincemeat by the feet of the horses and the wheels of the carriages, and rescue the deer from ultimate destruction, or premature capture, from the entanglement of actual lanes of men, women, children, quadrupeds, bipeds, carts, coaches, cars, &c. &c.

The animal, on being released from the cart in the ordinary way, usually made its way for the thickest part of the forest, as if conscious that some hundreds of the pursuers would very soon be unable to thread their way through the intricacies of the ground; and such was the case. All four-wheeled and all two-wheeled carriages were very soon put *hors de combat*. 'What shall he have that kills the deer?' was a question that in a very few minutes became of personal interest to very few persons. It was not long before

> 'A chosen few alone the sport enjoyed;'

and as the 'chase' increased, a series of accidents was inevitable: some fell from their horses; many horses fell from their riders; some were engulphed in mud and mire; some were knocked 'up,' others were knocked 'down;' and before half an hour had elapsed, not a tithe of the original 'field' were to be seen in the forest. The deer had a trick which was to some peculiarly annoying, though others thought it capital fun: he would betake himself to one of the herds of his own species grazing in the forest, and then, instead of one quarry, the hounds and hunters had their choice of a score or two which to pur-

sue. Here was perplexity, and that not a little increased by the hallooing of Tom Rounding, the yelping of dogs, the cursing of men, the cracking of whips, and the blowing of horns.

'All this discordance, this discord,
Harmony not understood,'

was at length amended by the skill of Tom Rounding, who managed by some means or other to get a part of his pack upon the scent or track of the right deer, and the animal was, for the most part, ultimately driven to bay, when, after a contest with the dogs, he was secured, and taken back to the place from whence he came, not to immediate but to ultimate execution, *i. e.* to another day's sport at a subsequent anniversary. All this was followed, and indeed accompanied, by eating, drinking, singing, speechifying, and so forth; and if no great encouragement to stag-hunting in its more legitimate sense, was the means of amusement to hundreds of people, excited mirth and merriment, enforced good-fellowship, and furnished good exercise and diversion."

An old tradition asserts that Henry VIII. was hunting in Epping Forest at the time of the execution of his second wife, Anne Boleyn. We give the tale as related by Dr. Nott in his *Life of Surrey*. "On the fatal morning Henry went to hunt in Epping Forest; and while he was at breakfast his attendants observed that he was anxious and thoughtful. But at length they heard the report of a distant gun—a preconcerted signal.

"'Ah! it is done!' cried he, starting up; 'the business is done! Uncouple the dogs, and let us follow the sport.'

"In the evening he returned gaily from the chase; and on the following morning he married Anne's maid of honour, Jane Seymour."

Part of Epping Forest has had the name of Hainault Forest conferred upon it. The celebrated and ancient Fairlop Oak stood in this forest in an open space. The circumference of its trunk near the ground was 48 feet; at 3 feet high it measured 36 feet round; and the short bole divided into eleven vast branches, not in the horizontal manner usual in the oak, but rather with the rise that is more generally characteristic of the beech. These boughs, several of which were from 10 to 12 feet in girth, overspread an area 300 feet in circuit; and for many years a fair was held beneath their shade, no booth of which was allowed to extend beyond it. This celebrated festival owed its origin to the eccentricity of Daniel Day, commonly called "Good Day," who, about the year 1720, was wont to invite his friends to dine with him, the first Friday in July, on beans and bacon, under this venerable tree. From this circumstance becoming known, the public were attracted

to the spot; and about 1725 the fair above mentioned was established, and was held for many years on the 2d of July in each year. Mr. Day never failed to provide annually several sacks of beans, which he distributed, with a proportionate quantity of bacon, from the hollowed trunk of the oak, to the crowds assembled.

THE FAIRLOP OAK.

The project of its patron tended greatly, however, to injure his favourite tree; and the orgies annually celebrated to the honour of the Fairlop Oak yearly curtailed it of its fair proportions. Some years ago Mr. Forsyth's composition was applied to the decayed branches of this tree to preserve it from future injury, probably by the Hainault Archery Society, who held their meetings near it. At this period a board was affixed to one of its venerable limbs, with this inscription: "All good foresters are requested not to hurt this old tree, a plaster having been lately applied to his wounds."

Mr. Day had his coffin made of one of the limbs of this tree, which was torn off in a storm; and dying in 1767, at the age of eighty-four, he was buried in it in Barking churchyard.

The persons assembled at the fair frequently mutilated the tree; and it was severely injured by some gypsies, who made its trunk their place of shelter. But the most fatal injury it received was in 1805, from a party of cricketers who had spent the day under its shade, and who carelessly left a fire burning too near its trunk. The tree was

discovered to be on fire about eight in the evening; and though a number of persons, with buckets and pails of water, endeavoured to extinguish the flames, the fire continued burning till morning. The high winds of February 1820 stretched this forest patriarch on the ground, after having endured the storms of perhaps one thousand winters. Its remains were purchased by a builder; and from a portion thereof the beautifully carved and highly finished pulpit and reading-desk in the New Church, St. Pancras, were constructed.

Among the places of note situated in the Forest of Epping, the following may be mentioned.

The name of WALTHAM is derived from two Saxon words, signifying "the town in the forest." The first notice of this ancient place occurs in the reign of Canute, whose standard-bearer, Tovi, founded here a religious house with two priests. The place acquired sanctity and name (Holy Cross) from a cross with the figure of Christ upon it, found at Montacute and transferred here, to which miraculous powers were ascribed.

Harold, afterwards King of England, enlarged the foundation of Tovi, A.D. 1062, furnished it with ample endowments, increased the number of canons to twelve, rebuilt the church, and established such a school of learning as the state of the age admitted. William the Conqueror treated the religious of Waltham harshly, and deprived them of their movable valuables, but left their lands untouched, or nearly so. In the reign of Henry II., regular canons were substituted for seculars, the number enlarged to sixteen, the endowments of the establishment augmented, and the dignity of abbot conferred upon the head of it, with the privilege of wearing the mitre, and of taking place among the barons in parliament. Subsequent monarchs favoured the establishment. Henry III., whose spendthrift habits reduced him to great straits occasionally, often *sorned* himself (as the Scots say), or gave the monks the benefit of his presence for a month or so at a time. To enable them and the inhabitants of the village the better to bear the burden, he granted the latter the privilege of a weekly market and an annual fair of seven days. The revenues of the establishment amounted in the time of Henry VIII. to rather more than a thousand pounds per annum.

At the east end of the choir in the Abbey of Waltham was long shewn the tomb of the last Saxon king, inscribed with the simple and touching words—

"Harold infelix."

On the subject of the burial of Harold in this abbey the most con-

tradictory statements have been made. According to most of the English writers, the body of the hero-king was given by Duke William to his mother, Githa, without ransom, and buried at Waltham.[3] There is even a story told of the generosity of the Conqueror in dismissing a soldier who gashed the corpse of the dead king. But William of Poitiers, who was the duke's own chaplain, and whose narration of the Battle of Hastings appears to contain more internal evidence of accuracy than the rest of his chronicle, expressly says, that William refused Githa's offer of its weight in gold for the supposed corpse of Harold, and ordered it to be buried on the beach.

"Let his corpse," said William, "guard the coasts which his life madly defended. Let the seas wail his dirge, and girdle his grave; and his spirit protect the land which hath passed to the Norman's sway."

The fierce Norman is said to have thus acted on the pretext that one whose cupidity and avarice had been the cause that so many men were slaughtered and lay unsepultured, was not worthy himself of a tomb. Orderic confirms this account, and says the body was given to William Mallet for that purpose.

Certainly William de Poitiers ought to have known best; and the probability of his story is to a certain degree borne out by the uncertainty as to Harold's positive interment which long prevailed, and which even gave rise to a story related by Giraldus Cambrensis, that Harold survived the battle, became a monk in Chester, and before he died had a long and secret interview with Henry I. Such a legend, however absurd, could scarcely have gained any credit, if (as the usual story runs) Harold had been formally buried in the presence of many of the Norman barons in Waltham Abbey, but would very easily creep into belief if his body had been carelessly consigned to a Norman knight to be buried privately by the sea-shore.[4] The tomb,

[3] That Mr. Taylor inclines to this opinion, the following extract from his "Eve of the Conquest" shews:—

> "In Waltham Abbey, on St. Agnes' eve,
> A stately corpse lay stretch'd upon the bier;
> The arms were cross'd upon the breast. His face
> Uncover'd, by the taper's trembling light,
> Shew'd dimly the pale majesty severe
> Of him whom death, and not the Norman duke,
> Had conquer'd; him, the noblest and the last
> Of Saxon kings,—save one, the noblest he,
> The last of all."

[4] Bulwer, in his novel of *Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings*, has treated this subject in his usual masterly manner.

then, we must suppose in Waltham Abbey only honoured an empty name.

When we last visited Waltham Abbey, we found it more like a pigeon-house than an old historical monument. The outside was a mass of ruins, patched up by some bricklayer, who had no more idea of architecture than a rat has of the solar system; and the noble, magnificent pillars inside, supporting the roof that was once so grand, were elegantly whitewashed, according to the most approved tastes of the immaculate churchwardens of the present day. There was a person to shew the place—a woman—who laughed an Essex laugh (may we never hear such a laugh again!) when we asked her if Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, was buried there; and after her laugh was out, she answered, as we daresay she had answered a thousand times before, "Noa." Perhaps she was right. At all events, Harold is dead, and buried somewhere. *Requiescat in pace.*

WALTHAM ABBEY.

The conventual church is near the centre of the village of Waltham. It was very extensive, consisting of nave, transept, choir, and chapels. At the intersection of the transept, which may still be traced, rose the great tower, which contained a ring of five bells. Part of this tower having fallen in, the remainder was blown up by underminers; and the whole choir, tower, transept, and east chapel demolished. The nave and some adjacent chapels alone remained: the nave, with its side-aisles, form the body of the present church. The extent of the

original fabric may be estimated by the fact, that Harold's tomb stood about 120 feet eastward from the termination of the present building. The church is about 90 feet in length, and in breadth, including the side-aisles, 48 feet: it is in the Norman style. Although much injured, and its beauty deformed by dilapidations and alterations of various periods, this once magnificent pile still furnishes much worthy of attention.

At Waltham are some government powder-mills on a large scale; and near the Abbey Mills, on a wide space of ground called the "Bramblings," Henry VIII. had a small pleasure-house, which he used as an occasional residence. Here he first met Cranmer,—a meeting that afterwards led to very important results.

The River Lea here forms the boundary between Hertfordshire and Essex, and separates itself into numerous streams, though it is said that it at first flowed in a single stream. King Alfred, however, diverted it from its channel, and by that device stranded the Danish fleet, when they once invaded his country. This feat is thus described in the *Pictorial History of England*:

"Early next spring the persevering Hastings sailed to the mouth of the Lea, ascended that river with his ships, and at or near Ware erected a new fortress on the Lea. On the approach of summer, the burgesses of London, with many of their neighbours, attacked the stronghold on the Lea, but were repulsed with great loss. As London was now more closely pressed than ever, Alfred found it necessary to encamp his army round about the city until the citizens got in their harvest. He then pushed a strong reconnoissance to the Lea, which (far deeper and broader than now) was covered by their ships, and afterwards surveyed, at great personal risk, the new fortified camp of the Danes. His active ingenious mind forthwith conceived a plan, which he confidently hoped would end in their inevitable destruction. Bringing up his army, he raised two fortresses, one on either side of the Lea, somewhat below the Danish station,[5] and then he dug three deep channels from the Lea to the Thames, in order to lower the level of the tributary stream. So much water was thus drawn off, that 'where a ship,' says an old writer, 'might sail in time afore-passed, then a little boat might scarcely row;' and the whole fleet of Hastings was left aground, and rendered useless."

The Lea is thoroughly identified with Izaak Walton and the *Complete Angler*. Modern piscators too are constantly seen plying their gentle vocation on the borders of the favourite river, whose

[5] Between Ware and Waltham.

> . . . "plenteous streams a various race supply:
> The bright-eyed perch with fins of Tyrian dye;
> The silver eel in shining volumes roll'd;
> The yellow carp in scales bedropped with gold;
> Swift trouts diversified with crimson stains;
> And pikes the tyrants of the watery plains."

There are several pretty way-side inns about the banks, that provide good accommodation for fishing-parties; and at these perchance a satisfactory modern substitute may be found for that delectable potation spoken of by the epicurean Izaak, and which he describes as composed of "sack, milk, oranges, and sugar, which all put together make a drink like nectar; indeed, too good for any but us anglers."

Mr. Lethullier places the final defeat of Boadicea "somewhere between Waltham and Epping, near the former of which a fine camp remains."[6] Where a smiling landscape now presents itself before us the fatal defeat of the patriot army under the celebrated Queen of the Iceni took place. Mounted in a war-chariot, with her long yellow hair streaming to her feet, with her two injured daughters beside her, she drove through the ranks, and harangued the tribes or nations, each in its turn, with her usual energy and intrepidity. She reminded them that she was not the first woman that had led the Britons to battle; she spoke in words of fire of her own irreparable wrongs, of the wrongs of her people and all their neighbours, and said whatever was most calculated to spirit them against their proud, rapacious, and licentious oppressors. But the Britons, with all their savage bravery, were unable to withstand the highly-disciplined Roman soldiers; they were defeated with tremendous loss; and the wretched queen, rather than fall into the hands of the enraged victors, put an end to her existence by poison.

Near the town of Epping is Copped Hall, a mansion erected close to the site of an older structure raised by the monks of Waltham Abbey when they had possession of the manor; it was built about a century ago, and has since been much improved. It is one of the finest seats in the county. In the neighbourhood of this mansion there formerly stood a large farm-house, called Copped-Hall Farm. In this house, towards the close of the seventeenth century, a singular incident occurred. A gentleman named Woode, who, contrary to the almost universal tendency of the times, was hardy enough to deny the existence of any thing supernatural, happened to pay a visit to the owner of the farm-house during the month of March. The proprietor

[6] Morant's History of Essex.

had, by extravagance and foolish speculations, squandered a handsome fortune, and his friend had called upon him to offer assistance and consolation. One rainy, dull evening, after the family and the visitor had been for some time busily engaged on "matters monetary," the conversation by insensible degrees turned on supernatural appearances. While Mr. Woode was endeavouring to convince his auditors of the folly and absurdity of such opinions—Mrs. Crowe's *Nightside of Nature* had not then been published—the lady of the house left the party and went up stairs. She had hardly quitted the sitting-room three minutes, before a dreadful noise was heard, mingled with the most horrid shrieks. The husband trembled in his chair, and his friend looked serious. At last the husband rose from his seat and ascended the wide flight of stairs in search of his wife, when a second dreadful scream was heard. One of the servant-maids mustered resolution to follow her master, and a third exclamation of terror ensued. Mr. Woode, who, to speak the truth, was not quite at ease, now thought it high time for him to set out in search of a cause for all this hubbub; when, arriving at the landing-place, he found the servant-girl in a fit, the master lying flat with his face upon the floor, which was stained with blood, and, on advancing a little farther, the mistress in nearly the same condition. To her Mr. Woode paid immediate attention; and finding she had only swooned, carried her in his arms down stairs and placed her on the floor of the kitchen; the pump was at hand, and he had the presence of mind to run to it to get some water in a glass. But what were his astonishment and dismay when he found that he pumped only copious streams of blood!

This extraordinary appearance, joined to the other circumstances, made the unbeliever tremble in every joint, a sudden perspiration overspread the surface of his skin, and the supernatural possessed his imagination in all its colours of dread and horror. Again and again he repeated his efforts, and again and again threw away the loathsome contents of the glass. After a time, however, Mr. Woode found the colour grow paler, and at last pure water filled the vessel!

Overjoyed at this, he threw the limpid stream in the face of the lady, whose recovery was assisted by the appearance of her husband and Betty.

The mystery was now soon explained. The good housewife, when she knew that possession was about to be taken of the house and property on behalf of her husband's creditors, had concealed some of her choice cherry-brandy from the rapacious gripe of the harpies of the law on some shelves in a closet up-stairs; this closet also contained, agreeable

to the ancient architecture of the building, the trunk of the pump below; and in trying to move the jars to get at a drop for the party down-stairs, the shelf gave way with a tremendous crash, the jars were broken into a hundred pieces, the rich juice descended in torrents down the trunk of the pump, and filled with its ruby current the sucker underneath. This was the self-same fluid which Mr. Woode, in his fright, had thrown away. The wife had swooned at the accident; the husband in his haste had fallen on his nose, which ran with blood; and the servant's legs, in her hurry, coming in contact with her fallen master's ribs, she, like "vaulting ambition," overleaped herself, and fell on the other side.

Among the tombs in the church of LEYTON (or Low Leyton) is that of the respectable historian and antiquary John Strype, who was vicar of the parish for nearly seventy years. Bowyer, the learned printer, is also buried here.

Roman and other antiquities have been found at Leyton in considerable numbers; such as the foundations of buildings, Roman intermingled with other bricks, a subterranean arched gateway, and steps leading down to it; urns with bones and ashes, wells, a quantity of oak-timber mortised together like a floor, grown very hard and black, and of uncertain extent; Roman silver and brass coins, consular and imperial, and some silver coins with Saxon characters. The upper part of the town is called Leytonstone, from a Roman *milliarium* that formerly stood there.

At RUCKHOLTS, a manor in the parish, are some remains of ancient intrenchments, a square double embankment with an intervening ditch enclosing a circular embankment thirty-three yards in diameter, surrounded by a moat; both are much obscured by trees. The Temple mills, now used as lead-works, were formerly in possession of the Knights Templars.

WANSTEAD HOUSE was formerly one of the finest residences in the county of Essex. It was built by the Tylney family; and every descendant from the ancient stock added something to enrich, extend, or beautify it. The last of this family in lineal descent who occupied this princely edifice was Miss Tylney Long, who married Mr. Wellesley Pole. From certain deplorable circumstances, into a detail of which we have no inclination to plunge, the building was sold in lots under the hammer; the costly furniture, with all the valuable antiques, were disposed of in the same manner; and the beautiful and extensive park is now let for the grazing of cattle.

Every one has heard that soon after the Restoration of Charles II.

a May-pole was erected in the Strand with great ceremony and rejoicing. It was placed a short distance beyond

"Where Catherine Street descends into the Strand."

This May-pole having decayed, was obtained of the parish by Sir Isaac Newton, in 1717, and carried through the city to Wanstead; and by license of Sir Richard Child, Lord Castlemain, reared in the park by the Rev. Mr. Pound, rector of that parish, for the purpose of supporting the largest telescope at that period in the world, given by Mons. Hugon, a French member of the Royal Society, as a present; the telescope was one hundred and twenty-five feet long.[7]

A tesselated pavement of considerable dimensions, and several other Roman antiquities, were dug up here in the year 1735.

At Stratford Langthorn, in the parish of West Ham, there was formerly an abbey of Cistercian monks. The abbey having become dilapidated from the flooding of the marshes amid which it was built, the monks were removed until King Richard II. had caused the building to be repaired, when they were brought back again. Not a vestige of this once extensive establishment now remains.

In the parish church of East Ham, Dr. Stukeley, a distinguished antiquary, is buried in the churchyard, but, at his own desire, without any monument.

Havering atte Bower, about three miles from Hainault Forest, and no doubt formerly in the Forest of Essex, was the favourite abode of Edward the Confessor; he built the retreat himself for his private devotions, allured by its woody solitudes and the gloom of its copious verdure. Here it was said that he met with but one annoyance—the continual warbling of the nightingales, pouring such floods of music upon his ear during his midnight meditations, as to disturb his devotions and draw his thoughts from God. With vexed and impatient soul, he prayed that never more within the bounds of that forest might nightingale's song be heard. His prayer was granted; and during the remainder of his life the sweet birds disappeared from the spot, and left him in peace to his devotions.

Another legend connected with this place and this king is, that once an aged pilgrim stopped him on his way from God's house and asked for alms, and that he, having nought else on his person to bestow, drew from his finger a ring and gave it to him; and the old man went his way blessing him. Some years after, it happened that

[7] Hone's Every-Day Book, vol. i.

certain Englishmen, on their way from the Holy Land, met two pilgrims; and these last questioned the subjects of Edward much of their king. And one, with face venerable and benign, drew forth a ring, and said:

"When thou reachest England, give thou this to the king's own hand, and say, by this token, that on Twelfth-day eve he shall be with me. For what he gave to me will I prepare recompense without bound; and already the saints deck for the new comer the halls where the worm never gnaws and the moth never frets."

"And who," said the Englishmen, amazed, "who shall we say speaketh thus to us?"

The pilgrim answered—"He on whose breast leaned the Son of God, and my name is John!" Whereupon the apparition vanished.

The two pilgrims presented themselves at the quiet bower in Havering, and gave the king back the ring, with the message. We all know that he died at the time specified.

Havering atte Bower was the place of residence of Isabella of Valois, the young and beautiful wife of Richard II., during the tragical events which succeeded the insurrection in which Maudelain had counterfeited Richard. Here she remained in captivity, surrounded by a strong guard, but otherwise treated with great respect, while her royal father in France was labouring under a long and grievous fit of insanity, brought on by anxiety for his daughter's fate, after being abruptly informed of her husband's assassination at Pontefract Castle. During this period the usurper, Henry IV. and his son, the Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V., did all in their power to win the constant heart of the young widow from the memory of her dead husband, for the prince was desperately smitten of her; but vain were all their efforts. When the French ambassadors came to England to treat for her return to her native land, they were introduced to Isabella, and stayed at Havering for a short time, giving her consolation by a favourable account of her family, but making no mention, according to a promise exacted from them by Henry, of Richard and his violent and untimely end. After a long treaty, she was sent back to France, accompanied by several English ladies of distinction.

Joanna of Navarre, the widow of Henry IV., also lived at the sylvan retreat of Havering atte Bower. In the year 1419 this princess was arrested here, by the order of the Duke of Bedford, the regent of England, on the mysterious charge of having practised against the life of the king, then absent in Normandy, by witchcraft. These are Walsingham, a contemporary historian's, words: "This

year the king's stepmother, queen Johanne, being accused by certain persons of a certain misdeed or *maleficium*, which would have tended to the king's harm, was committed, all her attendants being removed, to the custody of Sir John Pelham, who having furnished her with nine servants, placed her in Pevensey Castle, there to be kept under his control."

Joanna's principal accuser was her confessor, John Randolf, a Minorite friar; though it seems Henry had had previous information that the queen dowager, with the aid of two domestic sorcerers, Roger Colles of Salisbury and Petronel Brocart, was dealing with the powers of darkness for his destruction. Kennet asserts that Joanna was brought to a trial, that she was convicted, and forfeited her goods by sentence of parliament; but of this there is not the slightest proof. On the contrary, we have every reason to suppose that she was never allowed an opportunity of justifying herself from the dark allegations that were brought against her. She was condemned unheard, despoiled of her property, and consigned to years of solitary confinement, without the slightest regard to law or justice.

When restored to liberty, Joanna retired to Havering atte Bower. Here she lived, with some intermission, for many years "in all princely prosperity." In July 1438 she died; and the event is thus quaintly recorded by the *Chronicle of London*, a contemporary record:—"This same year, 9th of July, died queen Jane, king Henry IV.'s wife. Also the same year died all the lions in the Tower, the which was nought seen in no man's time before out of mind."

On visiting Hainault Forest last year, the spectacle it presented was one of melancholy dreariness. The act for its disafforestation was then being put energetically into force, and scores of fine trees had been cut down, which, being stripped of their bark and lying by the side of the forest, seemed like heaps of bones of giants bleaching in the sun. Entering the forest from the Romford side, other traces of the doom of the forest appeared in the white belts round some of the trees; but pushing on under the agreeable shade of the larch and hornbeam, we soon arrived at a lovely broad grassy glade that seemed to run right through the forest. A few horses and cattle were browsing here in quiet enjoyment, the birds were singing joyfully among the trees, the cushat's coo, "like a hermit's hymn," was sounding softly through the woods, and the breeze was balmy and gentle as ever was breeze in May. The glade was so quiet, so picturesque, and the smooth turf so inviting, that one could lie down and dream away hour after hour in conjuring up visions of the past, and re-peopling that glade with the

beings that once trod over its green and grassy surface. And the visions that rose were not of shadowy ideal personages, but of bold and brave men and women who had played conspicuous parts in English history.

This glade at one time was the favourite road used by Queen Elizabeth in passing over the forest between Havering atte Bower and London. Here we can imagine "the virgin queen," in the stiff starched costume of the times, ambling gently up the glade on a Spanish jennet, surrounded and followed by her court all "streamered with silk and tricked with gold." There rides the grave Burleigh, the famous Secretary Cecil, who, with Walsingham, were the great ministers of that great reign, and who never lost the confidence of Elizabeth, in spite of her coquettings with Leicester and Essex. Perhaps Leicester himself is riding by the queen's side, trying to amuse her with the last piece of high-life scandal or (alas that we should have to couple one with the other!) an account of William Shakspeare's last new play produced at "The Globe," while Burleigh looks on with a smile of grim contempt. Riding in the train, playing off their wit on each other, may perhaps be seen Sir Walter Raleigh, his head, however gay he appears, full of plans for colonising Virginia, and little dreaming of the day when that head was to fall on the block;[8] beside him, may be, rides Bacon, a young lawyer of good parts, but quite unconscious of becoming one day Lord High Chancellor of England and father of inductive philosophy. And so, with others of lesser note, the cortège sweeps past, and disappears behind the dark veil of time.

Then come bodies of armed men, during the civil wars, riding to and fro, marching and countermarching, Royalist and Roundhead, until at last here is a body of Ironsides bound for Havering atte Bower to enjoy themselves, after their fashion, in destroying the royal palace and stabling their horses in the chapel.

Then comes a more delightful scene: loaded wagons, with wild

[8] It must be allowed that Raleigh was in some respects a fool, especially with regard to Queen Elizabeth. When, for some reason he was precluded from attending Court, he wrote a letter to Sir Robert Cecil, in which he says:—

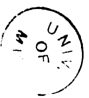
"My heart was never broke till this day, that I hear the queen goes away so far off, whom I have followed so many years with so great love and desire in so many journeys, and am now left behind her in a dark prison all alone. I, that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing the fair hair about her pure cheeks like a nymph; sometimes sitting in the shade like a goddess; sometimes singing like an angel; sometimes playing like an Orpheus: behold the sorrow of this world! once amiss hath bereaved me of all." Elizabeth was then three score years old! Poor Mary Queen of Scots! what attractions had she compared with these?

beasts and all kinds of monstrosities, materials for running up cheap and airy theatres, carts laden with sweetmeats and "fairings," groups of "artistes" famous for "ground and lofty tumbling" and every description of magic feat, with a countless multitude of men, women, and children, laughing, shouting, joking, and "chaffing," follow each other up the glade in one "unending line"—for is it not Fairlop fair; and are they not going to worship the Fairlop Oak? Alas! they, too, have passed away. We are now in the centre of the forest, in a large cleared space where the fair used to be held, but no trace of the old oak remains, and the fair is a dream of days gone by; and "by virtue of an act of parliament," the whole forest will soon be such another dream.

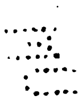
There is a fine old engraving of it in the possession of Mr. E. J. Sage, of Furze House (to whom we are obliged for information about the forest), which is "drawn by C. Pennington, Chadwell Heath, and etched by R. Baker, Broadway, Blackfriars," underneath which are these lines:—

"An age its spreading members grew,
An age they stand in manhood true;
Right English growth, both old and rough,
Sound in heart, in branches tough.
Bare and leafless now its head,
Capp'd with grizzled moss instead;
Slowly mouldering down with age,
The monarch quits the sylvan stage;
Still high its bleachèd arms are cast,
Still scorns to flinch, and dares the blast."

Leaving with regret for the decay of all earthly things the site of the old Fairlop Oak, we pass higher into the forest, almost into the centre, and here, much to our astonishment, we find a well-cultivated farm of about 200 acres, that has been for many years reclaimed from the woods, and now grows good agricultural produce. This is called the Lawn Farm, and the right to enclose it was, we believe, obtained in days when such rights were easier got than now. The farm-house is a curious building. Though now used for ordinary farm-purposes, it was evidently never intended for them. There is a massiveness about the walls, a finish about the rooms, a size about the kitchens, and many other tokens, that shew very clearly that at one time it has been the seat of an English gentleman. There is a curious, almost repulsive look about the house; it seems trying to hide itself; you cannot tell which is the front or which is the back, where is the entrance or where is the



VIEW IN HAINAULT FOREST.



exit. Much of it has evidently been pulled down. A rumour goes in the neighbourhood, supported by the most complete chain of circumstantial evidence, that this "Lawn Farm" is the original of "The Warren" in Dickens' novel of Barnaby Rudge. Chigwell is not far off; there is still a good house of entertainment called "The Maypole," *not* now, however, kept by any body with such a name as Joe Willett, and altogether it is very likely that the rumour of the neighbourhood is correct, and that the genius of the novelist has chosen the Lawn Farm (a scene that only genius or some stray traveller would find out at all) for the exercise of some of its great powers. We do not wish, however, to leave the matter, even if we could, in certainty; for it would be cruel to deprive the "residenters," who are proud of the honour, of the necessity of going over, from link to link, the circumstantial evidence in the case, and of the triumphant winding up with, "Now put all these things together, sir, and you will find that the matter is beyond all mistake."

Passing eastward from the Lawn Farm through other scenes of destruction "according to act of parliament," and meeting numerous carts laden with bark and cut-down trees, &c., we come, after ascending a slight eminence, to what may be considered the highest point in the forest; and here stands a curious old mansion, with the curious name of Hog-Hill House. The history of this building, once so great and beautiful and gay, we will not give here. It is mixed up with family details which it is not our business to relate. It was once a great shooting-lodge, and parties of the noble and fair made merry and enjoyed themselves within its walls and in the delightful sylvan sports for which the neighbourhood afforded unbounded facilities. But the noble and the fair are gone; the hunter, and the hound, and the horse have passed away, and the glory of the house has departed. What remains merely indicates former greatness, and now the place is used as a keeper's lodge. When we entered, the worthy occupants, consisting of two or three old women (the keeper was away in the forest), were drinking tea, and one of them kindly shewed us some of the rooms. One, which had evidently been a room of importance, was now decorated with a rack stuffed full of well-kept and brightly-burnished culinary utensils; and here and there on the walls were some poor prints, which the old lady told us, with some emotion, were sent home to her by her son, who was in Australia. Good old lady! whose ideas probably never wandered beyond the forest, perhaps a better heart than thine never beat in that old house.

But let us not linger here. Every thing speaks of decay; not

that venerable decay which time will make every where, but premature decay, brought on by folly and extravagance. We cross the country (and a beautiful country it is), and after toiling up rather a steep road, which was rendered a little less fatiguing by the idea that probably Edward the Confessor had toiled up the same road before us, we arrived at Havering atte Bower. The palace, of course, is gone; for which loss let Oliver Cromwell have his due. A fine old church still remains at Havering; and the village is a model of English neatness and cleanliness. There is a fine village-green, and some delightful old trees; and the place is one that does full credit to the good taste of Edward the Confessor. The situation is high, and the view is magnificent. To the east stretches the fine undulating surface of Essex, well wooded and watered, with rich farms, and church spires and gentlemen's mansions peering occasionally through the trees; to the west and north lie the forests of Hainault and Epping, looking at this distance, and from this height, like a great dense mass of blackish-green; southward the Thames is seen winding past Woolwich onwards to Gravesend and the sea; and if the day is clear, look to the south-west, and you will see the towers of Greenwich Hospital, the spires of London, and, towering above all, the cathedral of St. Paul's,

> Under whose mighty dome
> Sleep the great twin brethren
> Who fought so well for HOME.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NEW FOREST—THE NORMAN KINGS—BEAULIEU AND NETLEY ABBEYS—GEORGE III. AND THE GIPSIES—ANIMALS.

SOME writers will not allow any charge of cruelty to be brought against William the Conqueror for his conduct in making the New Forest. According to them, it was made, not so much from the desire of hunting, as from state policy. The forest extending over the south-western part of Hampshire down to the sea might be regarded, say these writers, as a great place of secret rendezvous for the troops of the Conqueror, should he meditate any attack on France, or in the event of any serious insurrection among his English subjects, who were sullen and unruly under the Norman sway. This opinion, however, seems to be ill-founded, for neither William nor his successors gave the slightest indication of an intention to use the forest for military purposes; and the conjecture seems to have arisen among those who wish to give the Conqueror a good name and conceal his cruelties, or those who, as Rapin observes, think that so politic a prince as William could do nothing without a political end.

It is certain, however, that William seized an immense tract of land, which he cleared and converted into a forest, and which in course of time became extended so that it was bounded by Southampton Water on the east, by the Avon on the west, and on the south by the channel of the Isle of Wight as far as the Needles.

The New Forest at present contains about 66,291 acres, and extends over a district of 20 miles from north-east to south-west, and about 15 miles from east to west. It consists chiefly of open and enclosed woodland, heath, bog, and rough pasture. 6000 acres are enclosed expressly for the growth of timber, and about 2000 acres

for other purposes; so that more than 48,000 acres consist of land enclosed merely against forest cattle, but not against deer. These 6000 acres are not all in one place, but scattered over the forest; the largest enclosure does not exceed 500 acres, and their total number is from 40 to 50. All this district is subject to the forest laws; but besides the above 66,000 acres, there are, within the purlieus of the forest, 26,073 acres of freehold property, acquired at various times, which are not subject to forest law, and whose proprietors claim certain rights and privileges in the forest itself.

This wide expanse—before called Ytene, or Ytchtene, a name yet partially preserved—was to some extent inhabited, and fit for the purposes of the chase, abounding in sylvan spots and coverts; but it also included many fertile and cultivated manors, which William caused to be totally absorbed in the surrounding wilderness, and many towns and villages, with no fewer than thirty-six parish churches. The towns, villages, and ancestral halls were all demolished, and the people driven away:

> "The fields are ravish'd from the industrious swains,
> From men their cities, and from gods their fanes;
> The levell'd towns with weeds lie covered o'er;
> The hollow winds through naked temples roar;
> Round broken columns clasping ivy twined;
> O'er heaps of ruins stalk'd the stately hind;
> The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
> And savage howlings fill the sacred quires."[1]

No compensation was made. According to Domesday-book, 108 places, manors, villages, or hamlets, suffered in a greater or less degree. The traditional names of places still used by the foresters—such as "Church Place," "Church Moor," "Thomson's Castle"—seem to mark the now solitary spots as the sites of ancient buildings where the English people worshipped their God, and dwelt in peace, ere they were ruthlessly swept away by the Norman. The late W. S. Rose, Esq., who long held the office of bow-bearer for the New Forest, was of opinion that the termination of *ham* and *ton*, yet annexed to some woodlands, might be taken as evidence of the former existence of hamlets and towns in the forest.

The historians who lived about the period are not sparing in their denunciation of the arbitrary conduct of William and the cruel nature of his forest laws. And their testimony is of considerably more value than that of historians who lived centuries after the time, and pride themselves on the application of what they call "critical inquiry," to

[1] Pope's Windsor Forest.

find out errors in old writers, who described what they saw, and wrote what they thought, with equal straightforwardness and honesty.

Henry of Huntingdon says of William, "If any one killed a stag or a wild boar, his eyes were put out, and no one presumed to complain. But beasts of chase he cherished as if they were his children (an expression used by other chroniclers); so that, to form the hunting-ground of the New Forest, he caused churches and villages to be destroyed, and driving out the people, made it a habitation for deer." And Hollinshed says, in his quaint old way, "The people sore bewailed their distres, and greatlie lamented that they must thus leave house and home to the use of savage beasts; which crueltie not onely mortall men living here on earth, but also the earth itselfe, might seeme to detest, as by a wonderful signification it seemed to declare by the shaking and roaring of the same, which chanced about the fourteenthe yeare of his reign, as writers have recorded."

On account of the great crimes and cruelties which William committed in forming this hunting-ground, it was the universal belief of the people that God would make the New Forest the death-scene of certain of the Norman king's own relatives or descendants.

The first of the Conqueror's blood who met with his death in the New Forest was Richard, his second son in order of birth, but whom some make illegitimate. He was gored to death by a stag as he was hunting. "The judgment of God," say the old English annalists, "punished in him his father's dispeopling of that country." The next was William Rufus.

The following graphic account of the circumstances connected with the death of William the Red King, as he was commonly called, is taken from the chronicle of William of Malmesbury, who was born about 1090, and died 1143, and must therefore have been alive at the time (1100) that Rufus was killed.

In the thirteenth year of his reign, which happened to be the last of his life, there were many strange and unlooked-for events. The most dreadful circumstance was, that the devil visibly appeared to men in woods and secret places, and spoke to them as they passed by.[2] At the village of Finchampstead, in Berkshire, a fountain flowed for fifteen days with blood so plentifully that it discoloured a neighbouring pool. The king heard of these things, and laughed; and he was equally regardless of his own dreams, and of what others saw and interpreted

This, it must be remembered, was written nearly eight centuries ago. Those who believe in the "Rappists" of the present day ought to have lived when the devil spoke to men in woods.

concerning him. For all this firmness of mind, which doubtless it was, William deserves respect in an age when the forests too successfully played on the fears and superstitions of the people.

Many visions and predictions of his death are related, three of which, sanctioned by the testimony of credible authors, will here be related. Edmer, the historian of those times, noted for his veracity, says that Archbishop Anselm, the noble exile, with whom all religion was also banished, came to Marcigny that he might communicate the sufferings he endured from William to Hugo, abbot of Clugny. When the conversation turned upon king William, the abbot said, "Last night that king was brought before God; and by a deliberate judgment incurred the sorrowful sentence of damnation." How he came to know this he neither explained at the time, nor did any of his hearers ask: nevertheless, out of respect to his piety, not a doubt of the truth of his words remained on the minds of any present. Hugh's character was such that all regarded his discourse and venerated his advice, as though an oracle from heaven had spoken. And soon after, the king being slain, as will presently be related, there came a messenger to entreat the archbishop to resume his see of Canterbury.

The day before the king died, he dreamed that he was bled by a surgeon; and that the stream, reaching to heaven, clouded the light, and intercepted the sun. Calling on St. Mary for protection, he suddenly awoke, commanded a light to be brought, and forbade his attendants to leave him. They then watched with him several hours until daylight. Just as the day began to dawn, a foreign monk told Robert Fitz Hamon, one of the principal nobility, that he had that night dreamed a strange and fearful dream about the king: "That he had come into a certain church with menacing and insolent gesture, as was his custom, looking contemptuously on the standers-by; then violently seizing the crucifix, he gnawed the arms, and almost tore away the legs; that the image endured this for a long time, but at length struck the king with its foot in such a manner that he fell backwards; and from his mouth, as he lay prostrate, issued so copious a flame that the volumes of smoke touched the very stars." Robert, thinking that this dream should not be neglected, immediately related it to the king. William, repeatedly laughing, exclaimed, "He is a monk, and dreams for money like a monk: give him a hundred shillings." In spite of this levity he was greatly moved, and hesitated a long time whether he should go out to hunt, as he had designed, his friends persuading him not to suffer the truth of the dreams to be tried at his personal risk. In consequence, he abstained from the chase before dinner, dispelling the uneasiness of

his ill-regulated mind by serious business. They relate that, having plentifully regaled that day, he soothed his cares with a more than usual quantity of wine. After dinner he went into the forest, with few attendants, of whom the most intimate with him was Walter, surnamed Tirel, who had been induced to come from France by the king's liberality. This man alone had remained with him, while the others, employed in the chase, were dispersed as chance directed. The sun was now declining, when the king, drawing his bow and letting fly an arrow, slightly wounded a stag which passed before him; and, keenly gazing, followed it, still running, a long time with his eyes, holding up his hand to keep off the rays of the sun. At this instant Tirel, conceiving a noble exploit, which was, while the king's attention was otherwise occupied, to transfix another stag which by chance came near him, unknowingly, and without power to prevent it, pierced his breast with a fatal arrow. On receiving the wound, the king uttered not a word; but breaking off the shaft of the weapon where it projected from his body, fell upon the wound, by which he accelerated his death. Walter immediately ran up, but as he found him senseless and speechless, he leaped swiftly upon his horse, and escaped by spurring him to his utmost speed. Indeed there was none to pursue him: some connived at his flight; others pitied him; and all were intent on other matters. Some began to fortify their dwellings, others to plunder, and the rest to look out for a new king. A few countrymen conveyed the body, placed on a cart, to the cathedral at Winchester; the blood dripping from it all the way. Here it was committed to the ground within the tower, attended by many of the nobility, though lamented by few. Next year the tower fell; though William of Malmesbury forbears to mention the different opinions on this subject, lest he should seem to assent too readily to unsupported trifles, more especially as the building might have fallen through imperfect construction, even though he had never been buried there. He died in the year of our Lord's incarnation 1100, of his reign the thirteenth, on the fourth before the nones of August, aged above forty years.

A triangular stone, of which we give a representation, with the following inscriptions, one on each side, now marks the spot where it is alleged that Rufus fell:

"1. Here stood the oak on which an arrow shot by Sir Walter Tyrrell at a stag glanced and struck King William the Second, surnamed Rufus, in the breast, of which he instantly died, on the 2d August, A.D. 1100.

"2. King William the Second, surnamed Rufus, being slain, as is

before related, was laid in a cart belonging to one Purkess, and drawn from hence to Winchester, and was buried in the cathedral church of that city.

"3. A.D. 1745. That the place where an event so memorable had happened might not be hereafter unknown, this stone was set up by John Lord Delawar, who has seen the tree growing in this place."

RUFUS' STONE IN NEW FOREST.

Six centuries and a half had passed away since William's death, and it was reserved for a private nobleman to raise a stone to let Englishmen know where their second Norman king was killed! The English had forgotten the Normans, and they were then engaged in their last and successful struggle for the expulsion of the Stuarts. The people had risen to be the great power in the state; and instead of allowing the king to put out their eyes for killing a deer, they hesitated not to strike off the head of the king for high treason against the state. What would the Conqueror or Rufus have said to *that?*

It is recorded that Tirel or Tyrrel escaped to France, and that he soon afterwards departed with crusaders to the Holy Land, where he expiated the life of the English king in fighting for the Holy Sepulchre.

Some old writers declare that it was not Tirel who shot the king, and that Tirel was in a remote part of the forest at the time. If so, why did he run away? and if he did not shoot the arrow, who did? What a confused maze history is!

CHARCOAL-BURNER'S HUT.

There is an old tradition in the forest that the body of William was found by a poor charcoal-burner named Purkess, living in a miserable hut in the forest, and that he placed it on such a rude cart as was then in use in those days and took it to Winchester. As a reward he received a grant of a few acres of land around his house or hut. His descendants remained in possession of this little property until a few years ago, never rising above the possession of a horse and cart. In the hut a piece of wood was preserved, said, with the most glaring shew of improbability, to be part of one of the wheels of the cart that conveyed the royal body. When George III. visited the forest he wanted to see this relic; but he was told it was lost; the probability being that the keeper of the hut had some scruple of conscience about deceiving the king.

The scenery of the New Forest is enriched by the magnificent ruin of a celebrated monastic establishment—BEAULIEU ABBEY. The traveller who visits Beaulieu descends at once into a lovely vale, enclosed with lofty trees, covered with the richest verdure, and watered by a flowing river, which meets the tide under the walls of the abbey. This abbey was founded by King John. The stone wall which surrounded its precincts is in several places nearly entire, and is finely

mantled with ivy. There are some traces of the cloisters; but the church is entirely destroyed. The refectory, with a curiously raftered oak roof, forms the parish church of the village of Beaulieu.

Beaulieu Abbey was a sanctuary with as great privileges as that of Westminster, or of St. Martin's at London. Here many fugitive victims of the law fled with breathless haste for safety. When the brave but unfortunate Margaret of Anjou heard that the Lancastrian cause had received its death-blow on the fatal heath of Barnet, she set out from the Abbey of Cearne, where she had been sojourning, and registered herself and all that went with her at this sanctuary as privileged persons. The widowed Countess of Warwick was already there.

Another famous fugitive who found safety at this sanctuary was Perkin Warbeck. This venturous impostor, with several excellent qualities, was deficient in one very essential in those days—he wanted courage. Appalled by the sight of the measureless superiority of the king's forces, he, during the night, mounted a fleet horse and fled secretly from his company of brave but half-naked Cornishmen at Taunton. When morning dawned, and his flight was discovered, the insurgents, without head or leader, submitted to the mercy of Henry VII., who hanged the ringleaders, and dismissed the rest naked and starving. Numbers of well-mounted men were despatched in every quarter in pursuit of Perkin; but his steed carried him well, and he reached the Abbey of Beaulieu. On the 20th January, 1498, this place was by Henry's command surrounded by soldiers, who were required to keep their captive constantly within view. In this situation, when he was beset by spies, weary of confinement, irritated by all the countless annoyances which that word may involve in it, and probably doubtful whether Henry's respect for sanctuary would long continue a match for his policy or revenge, he was advised by the royal emissaries, "on his having pardon and remission of his heinous offences, of his own free will frankly and freely to depart from sanctuary, and commit himself to the king's pleasure." Perkin, being now destitute of all hope, yielded to this advice. Before long the king found an excuse for his death, and he was accordingly executed at Tyburn.[3]

In the neighbourhood of Beaulieu are the ruins of Netley Abbey, standing at the declivity of a gentle elevation, which rises from the bank of the Southampton Water. The abbey is so embosomed among the trees, which rise in thick clumps around it, some of which spring up from the midst of the roofless walls and spread their waving

[3] Mackintosh's History of England.

branches over them, as to be scarcely observable except on a near approach. Luxuriant ivy clothes a great part of the grey stone in green.

The site of the ruin is of considerable extent. Originally the buildings seem to have formed a quadrangular court or square. The principal remains are the chapel, a crypt popularly called the "Abbot's Kitchen," the chapter-house, and the refectory. When perfect, the chapel appears to have been about 200 feet in length by 60 in breadth, and to have been crossed at the centre by a transept of 120 feet long. The whole place seems to have been surrounded by a moat, of which traces are still discernible; and two large ponds still remain at short distances from the buildings, which no doubt used to supply fish to the pious inmates of the abbey.

The monks of Netley Abbey belonged to the severe order of the Cistercians, and were originally brought from the neighbouring establishment of Beaulieu. Nothing interesting is told of the abbey until about the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it became the property of the Earl of Huntingdon, who commenced the desecration of the old building by converting the nave of the church into a kitchen and offices. Brown Willis tells a strange story in which this nobleman is implicated. The earl, it is said, about the year 1700, or soon after, made a contract with a Mr. Walter Taylor, a builder of Southampton, for the complete demolition of the abbey, it being intended by Taylor to employ the materials in erecting a town-house at Newport, and other buildings. After making this agreement, however, Taylor dreamed that as he was pulling down a particular window, one of the stones forming the arch fell upon him and killed him. His dream impressed him so forcibly, that he mentioned the circumstance to a friend, Dr. Isaac Watts, and, in some perplexity, asked his advice. The doctor thought it would be his safest course to have nothing to do with the affair, respecting which he had been so alarmingly forewarned, and endeavoured to persuade him to desist from his intention. Taylor, however, decided upon paying no attention to his dream; and accordingly began his operations for the demolition of the building; in which he had not proceeded far, when, as he was assisting in the work, the arch of one of the windows, but not the one he had dreamed of,[4] fell upon his head and fractured his skull. It was thought at first that the wound would not prove mortal; but it was aggravated through the unskilfulness of the surgeon, and the man died. This accident saved for the time the abbey from being pulled down. It soon

[4] This was the east window, still standing.

passed out of the possession of the Earls of Huntingdon, and has since been successively in that of various other families.

Another building of interest in the district of the New Forest is Hurst Castle. This castle is built on a small headland jutting into the sea near Lymington. It is of the time of Henry VIII., and though still occupied as a garrison, is of little strength. On the 30th November, 1648, Charles I. was removed from the Isle of Wight and brought to this castle, where he remained till the middle of December. It was at the dead of the night of the 16th, when the king was startled by the creaking of the descending drawbridge and the tramp of horsemen. He thought that his last hour was come. When the commander of the detachment sent to seize his person and remove it to Windsor Castle—Colonel Harrison—was named to him, his trepidation increased, and he wept as well as prayed. Upon being taken out of the castle, he apprehended that the terrible Harrison would murder him somewhere on the road. The parliamentary commander, on discovering the thoughts of the king, told him that he need not entertain any such apprehension; for what the parliament had resolved to do would be done, so that the whole world should be witness, and that they had never entertained a thought of secret violence. The journey terminated at Windsor on the 23d; and on the 29th of the following month the astounding event of his execution took place.

About two miles from the pleasant town of Lymington is the village of Boldre, whose church crowns the summit of a thickly-wooded eminence. An exceedingly interesting view is obtained from the churchyard; that towards the north extending over an area of thirty or forty square miles of forest scenery of the richest and most diversified character; while on the opposite side appear the white cliffs of the Isle of Wight. But Boldre is not famous alone for the beauty of its landscape; it was long the scene of the pastoral labours of the Rev. William Gilpin, a man who deserves not only to be held in remembrance by every person of taste, and especially by every lover of the picturesque, but to be honoured for his conduct as parish-priest. His varied attainments were made subservient to plans which more particularly contemplated the improvement of the poor of his flock. He applied the profits which he derived from his pen and pencil to found two schools. These schools adjoin each other, and are situated in an angle formed by the junction of two roads, one of which leads to Pilley, and thence to Boldre church, and the other to Vicar's Hill and Lymington. In these schools twenty boys and as many girls, "taken, as far as can be, out of the day-labouring part of the parish" of Boldre,

are clothed and educated; the boys being taught "reading, writing, and the first four rules of arithmetic;" and the girls "to read, knit or spin, sew, or mend their own clothes."

Mr. Gilpin gives the following history of the foundation of these schools: "As this little institution appeared so far to answer its intention, I was desirous of making it permanent; but not choosing to leave it as a burden to my children, I projected a scheme for raising a fund to support it after my death. I brought to sale, therefore, on the 6th May, 1802, several drawings and picturesque MSS., which had been the occupation of my leisure for two or three years. The public was pleased to encourage the sale, and it raised about 1200*l.*; which being funded in the three per cents, added to another little stock in the same fund, produced about 84*l.* a year. It appears that, with the occasional expenses of books, paper, ink, quills, and other little necessaries, the fund is not quite sufficient for the institution of the Boldre school. I had a wish also to give something to Brokenhurst, which is an appendant parish on Boldre, where they have a little school already established, but on a very narrow foundation. Under these circumstances, I have directed a sale to take place after my death of a few drawings which at my leisure I have been making. This is the last effort of my eyes, and I am willing to hope they may still be of some little use." The "few drawings," so modestly alluded to, consisted chiefly of books containing from twenty to sixty drawings. They were sold shortly after his death by Christie, and produced about 1500*l.*

In certain tracts of the New Forest a valuable iron-ore is found, the smelting and manufacture of which formed in the olden time an important branch of occupation. Before coke became the article employed in the smelting of iron, this district possessed an importance to which it can now lay no claim. In those days, the charcoal furnished by its timber was used in "bloomeries," or air-furnaces, in reduction of the iron from the ore; and as iron-stone near the surface was all that could be rendered available in those days, and carriage from a long distance was entirely out of the question, the iron-stone beds in this district were of great value in an economical point of view. Up to a comparatively recent date, the iron-works at Sowley, about midway between the Lymington and Beaulieu rivers, were carried on to a very considerable extent, and not unprofitably. These have, however, given way before the more successful competition of Wales and the midland counties.

Until recently, gipsies formed a comparatively large proportion of the population. An extraordinary anecdote is told of some of these

GIPSIES' ENCAMPMENT.

people and George III.[5] That king being out one day hunting, the chase lay through the skirts of the forest. The stag had been hard run, and to escape the dogs had crossed the river in a deep part. The dogs could not be brought to follow; and it became necessary, in order to come up with it, to make a circuitous route along the banks of the river, through some thick and troublesome underwood. The roughness of the ground, the long grass, and frequent thickets, obliged the sportsmen to separate from each other, each one endeavouring to make the best and speediest way he could. Before they had reached the end of the forest, the king's horse manifested signs of fatigue; so much so, that his rider resolved upon yielding the pleasures of the chase to those of compassion for the animal. With this view he turned down the first avenue of the forest, and determined on riding gently on until some of his attendants should overtake him.

The king had proceeded only a few yards when, instead of the cry of the hounds, he fancied he heard the cry of human distress. As he rode forward he heard it more distinctly.

[5] The Gipsies' Advocate, edited by the Rev. James Crabb.

"Oh, my mother, my mother! God pity and bless my poor mother!"

The curiosity and the kindness of the sovereign led him instantly to the spot. It was a little green plot on one side of the forest, where was spread on the grass, under a branching oak, a little pallet, half covered with a kind of tent, and a basket or two, with some packs, lay on the ground at a few paces distant from the tent. Near to the root of the tree he saw a little swarthy girl on her knees praying, while her little black eyes ran down with tears.

"What, my child, is the cause of your weeping?" he asked; "for what do you pray?"

The little creature at first started, then rose from her knees, and pointing to the tent, said, "Oh, sir, my dying mother!"

"What!" exclaimed the king, dismounting, and fastening his horse to the branches of an oak; "what, my child! Tell me all about it."

The child led the kind-hearted stranger to the tent, where lay, partly covered, a middle-aged female gipsy in the last moments of life. She turned her dying eyes expressively to the visitor, then looked up to heaven, but not a word did she utter,—the organs of speech had ceased their office, "the silver cord was loosed, and the wheel broken at the cistern."

The girl wept aloud, and stooping down, wiped the dying sweat from her mother's face.

The king, much affected, asked the child her name, and of her family, and how long her mother had been ill.

Just at that moment another gipsy girl, much older, came breathless to the spot. She had been to the town of W——, and bought some medicine for the dying woman. Observing a stranger, she curtsied, and then hastened to her mother, knelt down by her side, kissed her pallid lips, and burst into tears.

"What, my dear child," said the king, "can be done for you?"

"Oh, sir," she replied, "my dying mother wanted a religious person to teach her, and to pray with her, before she died. I ran all the way to W——, and asked for a minister, but no one could I get to come with me."

The dying woman seemed sensible of what her daughter was saying, and her countenance was much agitated. The air was again rent with the cries of the distressed daughters. Full of kindness, the king instantly endeavoured to comfort them.

"I am a minister," he said, "and God has sent me to instruct and comfort your mother."

He then sat down, and taking the hand of the dying gipsy, discoursed on the demerit of sin and the nature of redemption. While doing this, the poor creature seemed to gather consolation and hope; her eyes sparkled with brightness, and her countenance became animated. She looked up; she smiled, but it was the last smile,—the glimmering of expiring nature. As the expression of peace, however, remained strong on her countenance, it was not till some time had elapsed, that they perceived the spirit had separated itself from its mortal coil.

It was at this moment that some of the royal attendants, who had missed the king at the chase, and had been riding through the forest in search of him, rode up, and found him comforting the afflicted gipsies. He rose up, put some gold into the hands of the girls, promised them his protection, and bade them look to Heaven. He then mounted his horse, and rode away surrounded by his people.

The New Forest has always been celebrated for its deer, both stag and fallow deer, with which it once became so overstocked, that in the year 1787 upwards of three hundred of them are said to have died in one "walk" alone. The right of deer-shooting is now confined to the Lord Warden and those appointed by him; and the annual supply required by that officer is sixty-four brace; a few of which are sent to her majesty's currier and the great officers of the crown, and the rest are distributed amongst those persons to whom old customs have assigned them. Gilpin, in noticing the rapacity that formerly prevailed in forests, mentions that not many years before the time at which he wrote (1794) two men—father and son—who succeeded each other in the office of under-keepers of this forest, are supposed, during the course of sixty or seventy years, to have committed waste, under pretence of browsing deer, to the amount of 50,000*l.*

The deer commit great depredations on the corn-lands of the borderers upon the New Forest. When these animals have gotten a haunt of the corn-lands, the owners of them are often obliged to burn fires all night for the purpose of driving them away.

Several methods are practised by the poachers for catching the deer: one common way is to bait a hook with an apple, and hang it from the bough of a tree.

In the vicinity of Hounds'-doon, two posts have been fixed at the distance of eighteen yards from each other, to commemorate the leap of a stag, who, after receiving a keeper's shot, collected its dying energies in a bound that cleared that enormous space.

In addition to these nimble denizens of the forest—these "native burghers of the wood"—we have the horse, returned almost to a state of nature. The Rev. W. Gilpin, in his *Forest Scenery*, supposes that the peculiar breed of half-wild horses with which this forest abounds are a race descended from the Spanish jennets driven ashore on the coast of Hampshire in the dispersion of the Spanish Armada.

The New Forest horses are not bred for size, symmetry, or any other particular character, but are left, as we may say, to the general development of all the properties of the horse—good or bad, as man may esteem them. These horses belong to the borderers on the forest, who have rights of pasturage, or to the cottager. Until they are fit for the market the New Forest horses are left to shift for themselves as they best can; and though they are somebody's property, they are not property which is cherished or decently protected. In summer they shew that instinct upon which the domestication of the horse depends, by associating together in considerable herds; and as they are tolerably well fed and correspondingly frisky at this season, the sight of them scampering about through the forest, with a freedom and glee quite unknown among home-bred horses, is exceedingly pleasing. In winter, the scantiness of the pasture forces them to break up their associations, and they live dispersedly, generally in the cover of trees, adding the withered leaves, especially of the beech, to the other produce of the soil; and at this season of the year they are very shaggy in their appearance, though the cleanness of their limbs and the fleetness of their movements are not a jot abated. In the humid parts of the forest they often suffer severely when the winter is peculiarly inclement, because the withered grass is flooded, and the frost seals it up under a coating of ice; but when they can find their way to the elevated and dry moors, upon which no trees will grow, they find a winter's repast in the furze, with which these are covered in all situations where the soil is of a quality superior to the crag-sand.

When these forest horses are allowed to run wild till they are about seven or eight years old, their constitutions are fully established, and they can undergo much and severe labour, far beyond the ordinary age of artificially-reared horses. It is true they are difficult to train; but when they are once trained, they are exceedingly valuable—hardy, swift, sure-footed, and seldom, if ever, subject to disease. In their manners they bear some resemblance to the wild horses of South America, as described by Sir Francis Head. The foresters who are employed in capturing them sometimes attempt to take them with a noose, something after the manner of the guachos; but their noose

and their mode of using it are very clumsy and bungling compared with the American lasso.[6]

The forest borderers have a right to feed their hogs in the forest during the *pannage month*, which commences about the end of September, and lasts six weeks.[7] The swineherd, who generally takes charge of a drove of five or six hundred hogs at once, by feeding them in the first instance to the sound of a horn, can always collect them afterwards and prevent their straying by means of the same rude music. Droves of these most inharmonious animals are most frequently encountered in Bolderwood Walk, on account of the profusion of its beech-mast.

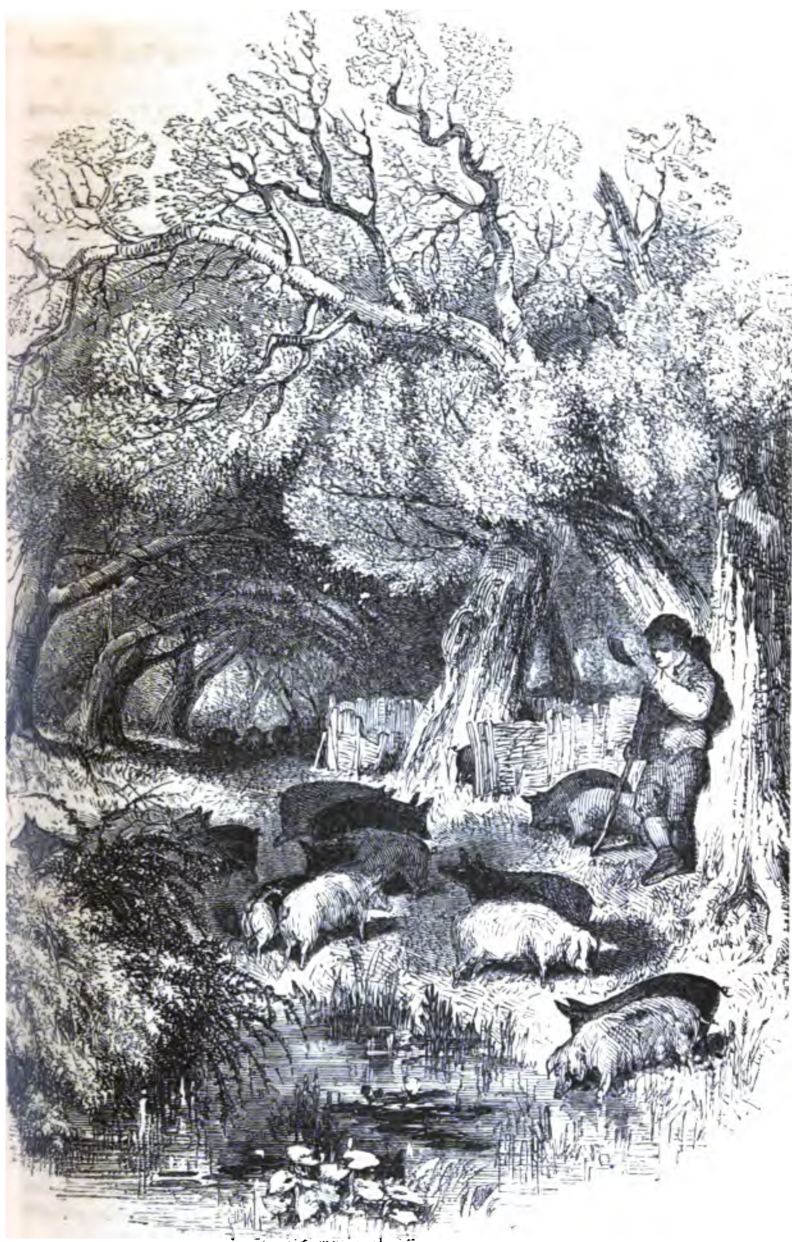
Besides these "seasonal" hogs, there are wild hogs. The *true* New Forest breed of hogs may be said to be peculiar, and not known, at least generally, even in the adjoining parts of the southern counties. The usual account of these peculiar hogs, which are found only in the uninhabited and thickly-wooded districts of the forest, is, that they are a "cross" from the wild boar of Germany, imported into this forest by Charles I.[8] Their colour is generally dark brindled, and sometimes entirely black. Their ears are short, firm, and erect; and when they are excited, there is a fiery glance or glare in the eye. They are social animals, and are generally seen in small herds, led on by one patriarchal male. In their peregrinations of the forest they do little mischief, and appear to fear as little. Their number is now much more scanty than it once was.

To the lover of birds, whether as a sportsman or a naturalist, the New Forest is a district of great interest; for, in consequence of the diversity of the surface and the vegetation, the note of every bird may be heard, from the piteous chirp of the twite—the appropriate bird of desolation—to the murmuring of the ring-dove, "in shadiest covert hid." The moorland places are not sufficiently elevated for any of the species of grouse, but the whistle of the plover greets one immediately after quitting the lonely habitation of the twite; and then, as one approaches the mossy bottom, of which there are several in the forest, the lapwing alternately tumbles along the earth and twitches through the air, to decoy the passenger from the habitation of its young. Some of these birds, which are migrant in other parts of Britain, are resident summer and winter within the natural district of the New Forest,

[6] Martin's History of the Horse.

[7] The right of fattening hogs in this and the other royal forests is very ancient, certainly anterior to the time of the conquest, but how long anterior we have not the means of ascertaining. The borderers pay a trifle to the steward's covet at Lyndhurst.

[8] This king's experiment of restoring the hunting of the noble game—the wild boar—was defeated by the wars which broke out between him and the people.



BOY ATTENDING HOGS.

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The winter visitants—the swimmers of all dimensions, and from all parts of the northern regions—are also plentiful when the winter seals up the waters and drives them from their native north. Some species from the far north, which are rare even in Scotland, are found more frequently here.

The chief importance of the New Forest is the increase and preservation of the timber. As in every other of the great forests, the quantity of timber in it has greatly decreased. This fact is owing to the wasteful tendency of the system of government under which it was formerly managed. There are extant four different surveys taken at periods distant from each other. The first was taken in 1608, when there appears to have been nearly two hundred thousand loads of timber fit for the navy; the second and third shew a rapid diminution; and the fourth, which was made in 1783, gives a quantity rather less than twenty thousand loads. The principal cause of the immense quantity of timber in 1608, compared with the other periods, is found in the great attention then paid by government to the landed property of the crown, it being the chief fund at the uncontrolled disposal of royalty. This care seems to have continued until the contests between Charles I. and his Parliaments; during the continuation of which trees in almost every one of the royal forests were by one party or the other disposed of or destroyed. After the Restoration, the scarcity and high price of naval timber, together with the writings of Evelyn, drew the attention of government to the forests; and in the 9th of William III. an act was passed for the encouragement of the growth of timber in the New Forest. Of the quantity of timber which the New Forest has of late years supplied to the navy we have no account; the annual average amount supplied from 1761 to 1786 was under nine hundred loads of oak, and of beech about two hundred and seventy loads, of the annual value of three thousand four hundred pounds. Since 1792, the former defective system of management has been much improved, and doubtless the New Forest has now become what it always ought to have been—a source of national defence, by furnishing an abundant supply of timber for the navy.

The principal trees growing in the New Forest are the oak and the beech. The oaks seldom rise into lofty stems; their branches are commonly twisted into the most picturesque forms. Many of the trees are ancient and of great bulk.

Of arborescent celebrities, the New Forest has boasted of the Cadenham Oak and the Groaning Tree of Badley. The village of Cadenham, about three miles from Lyndhurst, lies at a sharp bend of

the wood which leads to Salisbury. It is prettily situated in a beautiful part of the New Forest, and the fame of its oak, which was an object of curiosity for nearly two centuries and a half, drew to it numbers of visitors. The story which formerly prevailed amongst the foresters is, that the oak always budded on the morning of old Christmas-day, and had leaves on it on that day, and on that day alone. "Having often heard of this oak," Mr. Gilpin tells us, "I took a ride to see it on the 29th December, 1781. It was pointed out to me amongst several other oaks, surrounded by a little forest stream, winding round a knoll on which stood the tree in question. It is a tall, straight plant, of no great age, and apparently vigorous, except that the top has been injured; from which circumstance several branches issue forth from it in the form of pollard-shoots. It was entirely bare of leaves, as far as I could discover, when I saw it; and was not to be distinguished from the other oaks in its neighbourhood, except that its bark seemed rather smoother, occasioned, I apprehend, only by persons frequently climbing up it." On the morning of the 5th of January following this visit to the tree—that is on old Christmas-day—a person, he tell us, whom he had engaged to do so, sent him some twigs a few hours after they had been gathered. The leaves were fairly expanded, and about an inch in length, and from some of the buds two leaves had unsheathed themselves. To this statement Mr. Gilpin adds an account to the same effect, from the *Salisbury Journal*. "There is no doubt," says that paper, "but that this oak may *in some years* shew its first leaves on the Christmas morning. It is as probable that it should do so on that morning as on one a few days earlier. And this, perhaps, was the case in 1785, when a gentleman strictly examined the branches, not only on the Christmas morning, but also on the day before. On the first day not a leaf was to be found; but, on the following, every branch had its complement of leaves, though they were then but just shooting from the buds, none of them being more than a quarter of an inch long." These accounts shew that the tree did sometimes bud and bear fruit-leaves on old Christmas-day; but, to shew that the notion of its never budding earlier than that particular day is not founded on fact, we add the following anecdote from the same source: "A lady from Salisbury went to Cadenham on Monday, January the 3d, 1786. On her arrival the guide was ready to attend; but, on being desired to climb the oak, and to search whether there were any leaves on it or not, he said it would be to no purpose, but that if she would come on the Wednesday following (*i.e.* on old Christmas-day) she might certainly see thousands. He was, however, prevailed on to ascend; and

on the first branch which he gathered there appeared, to his infinite amazement, several fair new leaves just sprouted from the buds, and nearly an inch and a half long." No leaves were to be found after the day; because it was stripped by the numerous parties that were accustomed to visit it on old Christmas-day.

A curious story is related of a Groaning Tree. About the middle of the last century, a cottager, who lived in the middle of the village of Badley, two miles from Lymington, frequently heard a strange noise behind his house, like a person in extreme agony. Soon after, it caught the attention of his wife, a timorous woman; by degrees the neighbours heard of it, and at length it was noised abroad through all the country. It was plainly discovered to proceed from an elm, which grew at the end of the garden; it was young and vigorous, and, to all appearance, perfectly sound. Vast numbers flocked there—among them the Prince and Princess of Wales—that they might be ear-witnesses of its portentous sounds. Many causes were assigned, but none appeared equal to the explanation of it. The owner of the tree, at last, making too rash an experiment to discover the cause of its sufferings, bored a hole in the trunk; after this operation it ceased to groan; it was then rooted up, but nothing appeared to account for it, and it was generally believed that there was no trick in it, but it was the result of natural causes.

The churchyard of Dibden, a parish in the forest, had a famous yew-tree. It stood there for ages, casting its full and sombre shadows o'er the scene of sorrow and decay. Race after race had viewed, in this living witness of the departure of their friends, a connecting link uniting together the past generation with the present. While frailty and oblivion seemed marked upon all that transpired around it, the deep green of its undecaying foliage had admonished of a state where no death, no sorrow, can ever come. But alas for all sublunary things! During a severe gale, on the 30th of November 1836, the larger portion of its time-shivered trunk was uprooted, and fell to the ground; and an object whose picturesque grandeur had long excited the admiration of strangers, and had been associated with many a solemn feeling of the rustic inhabitants of the village, was thus destroyed. Its age was unknown; but there can be no doubt that it had withstood the storms and tempests of many centuries.

A few years ago an Act was passed to extinguish the right of the crown to deer in the New Forest, and to give compensation in lieu thereof, and for other purposes relating to the said forest.

The act provides that the deer are to be removed within two

years; and that the right to keep deer in the said forest to cease. In lieu of such right her majesty is empowered to enclose not exceeding 10,000 acres, in addition to the 6000 acres already enclosed; which enclosures are to remain in severalty in possession of the crown, freed from right of common and other rights. When the trees within the enclosures are past danger of browsing of cattle, or other prejudice, such enclosures to be thrown open, and new enclosures to be made in lieu thereof. The expense of the enclosures are to be defrayed by sale of decayed or other trees (not being ship-timber).

All her majesty's rights are preserved, save as regards the keeping of deer.

The Commissioners of Woods and Forests have power to lease parts of the New Forest; and her majesty may grant licenses to sport over it.

From the above, it appears probable that in a very few years we shall see farms dotting the thousands of acres of waste, and the wood divided into properties, and in the hands of private individuals. As with the New Forest the country will lose the last of its large forests, with all their unimaginable poetry, we advise the reader who is able to do so, to visit the New Forest ere it be too late for ever.

The Rev. W. Gilpin, who lived for many years in the New Forest, gives the following graphic description of its scenery, with which we shall conclude this chapter:

"On looking into a map of New Forest, and drawing an imaginary line from Ringwood on the Avon to Dibden on the bay of Southampton, the whole forest easily divides itself into four parts. That district which lies north of this imaginary line we may call one part; the river Avon and Lymington river mark the boundaries of a second; Lymington river and Beaulieu river of a third; and the country between this last river and the bay of Southampton may be considered as a fourth.

When I spoke of forests in general as consisting of large tracts of heathy land and carpet-lawns interspersed with woods, I had a particular view to the scenery of New Forest, which is precisely of this kind. Its lawns and woods are every where divided by large districts of heath. Many of these woods have formerly been, as many of the heaths at present are, of vast extent, running several miles without interruption. Different parts too, both of the open and of the woody country, are so high as to command extensive distances, though no part can in any degree assume the title of mountainous.

Along the banks of the Avon, from Ringwood to the sea, the whole

surface is flat, enclosed, and cultivated. There is little beauty in this part. Eastward from Christchurch, along the coast as far as to the estuary of Lymington river, we have also a continued flat. Much heathy ground is interspersed, but no woody scenery, except in some narrow glen through which a rivulet happens to find its way to the sea. In two or three of these there is some beauty. Here the coast, which is exposed to the ocean, and formed by the violence of storms, is edged by a broken cliff, from which are presented grand sea-views, sometimes embellished with winding shores. As we leave the coast, and ascend more into the midland parts of this division, the scenery improves; the ground is more varied, woods and lawns are interspersed, and many of them are among the most beautiful exhibitions of this kind which the forest presents.

In the next division, which is contained between the rivers of Lymington and Beaulieu, we have also great variety of beautiful country. The coast, indeed, is flat and unedged with cliff, as it lies opposite to the Isle of Wight, which defends it from the violence of the ocean, but the views it presents are sometimes interesting. It is wooded in many parts almost to the water's edge; and the island appearing like a distant range of mountains, gives the channel the form of a grand lake. As we leave the sea the ground rises and the woods take more possession of it, especially along the banks of the two rivers I have just mentioned, which afford on each side for a considerable space many beautiful scenes. There are heathy grounds in this district also, but they occupy chiefly the middle parts between these two tracts of woodland.

In that division of New Forest which is confined by Beaulieu river and the Bay of Southampton the midland parts are heathy as in the last, but the banks and vicinity, both of the river and the bay, are woody, and full of beautiful scenery. This division is perhaps, on the whole, the most interesting of the forest. For besides its woods, there is greater variety of ground, than in any other part. Here also are more diversified water-views than are exhibited any where else. The views along the banks of Beaulieu river it has in common with the last division, but those over the Bay of Southampton, are wholly its own. One disagreeable circumstance attends all the sea-views which are opposite to the Isle of Wight, and that is, the ooziness of the beach when the sea retires. A pebbly or a sandy shore has as good an effect often when the sea ebbs as when it is full, sometimes perhaps a better, but an oozy one has an unpleasant hue. However, this shore is one of the best of the kind, for the ooze here is generally covered

with green sea-weed, which, as the tide retires, gives it the appearance of level land deserted by the sea and turned into meadow. But these lands are meadows only in surface, for they have no pastoral accompaniments.

The northern division of New Forest contains all those parts which lie north of Ringwood and Dibden. As this district is at a distance from the sea, and not intersected by any river which deserves more than the name of a brook, it is adorned by no water-views, except near Dibden, where the forest is bounded by the extremity of the Bay of Southampton. The want of water, however, is recompensed by grand woody scenes, in which this part of the forest equals, if not exceeds, any other part. In noble distances, also, it excels; for here the ground swells higher than in the more maritime parts, and the distances which these heights command consist often of vast extensive forest scenes.

Besides the heaths, lawns, and woods, of which the forest is composed, there is another kind of surface found in many parts, which comes under none of these denominations, and that is the bog. Many parts of the forest abound in springs; and as these lands have ever been in a state of nature, and of course undrained, the moisture drains itself into the low grounds, where, as usual in other rude countries, it becomes soft and spongy, and generates bogs. These in some places are very extensive. In the road between Brokenhurst and Ringwood, at a place called Longslade-bottom, one of these bogs extends three miles without interruption, and is the common drain of all those parts of the forest. In landscape, indeed, the bog is of little prejudice; it has in general the appearance of common verdure. But the traveller must be on his guard; these tracts of deceitful ground are often dangerous to such as leave the beaten roads and traverse the paths of forest. A horse-track is not always a mark of security; it is perhaps only beaten by the little forest-horse, which will venture into a bog in quest of better herbage; and his lightness secures him in a place where a larger horse, under the weight of a rider, would flounder. If the traveller, therefore, meet with a horse-path pointing into a swamp, even though he should observe it to emerge on the other side, he had better relinquish it. The only track he can prudently follow is that of wheels."

Before leaving the New Forest, let us mention, that near Brambridge, in the neighbourhood, on the estate of the Hon. Mr. Craven, there is a very fine avenue of lime-trees, of which our artist has given an illustration.

LIME AVENUE NEAR BRAMBRIDGE.

CHAPTER IX.

DARTMOOR FOREST.

DARTMOOR, situated in the western limits of the county of Devon, is twenty-two miles in extent from north to south, and fourteen from east to west. It is considered to derive its name from the river Dart, which rises on the moor, in the midst of a bog at Cranmere Pool. This immense tract of land, which has been computed to contain nearly one hundred thousand acres, is thus described by Dr. Berger: "From Harford Church (near the southern limit of Dartmoor,) the country assumes quite a bare and alpine appearance, presenting a vast plain, extending beyond the visible horizon. The face of the country is formed by swellings and undulations gradually overtopping each other, without ever forming distinct mountains. There is no vegetation, and few human dwellings; we tread upon a boggy soil of very little depth, and scarcely affording sufficient food to support some dwarf colts, as wild as the country they inhabit."[1] Part of the waste is appropriated by the surrounding parishes, the freeholders of which possess the right of common, or, as it is termed, of *venville*, on these appropriated parts. The rest of Dartmoor, to which the name of DARTMOOR FOREST, frequently given to the whole waste, strictly applies, and which belongs to the Duchy of Cornwall, has been found by survey to contain upwards of fifty-three thousand acres.

The highest part of Dartmoor Forest, in which some of the most important rivers of the county have their rise, consists of a succession of morasses formed by the decay of the successive crops of aquatic plants with which this part teams; these morasses are in some parts fifty feet deep, in others not more than five. In several places there have been land-slips, owing to the over-accumulation of marshy soil; these slips would be more frequent but for the granite rocks, or "tors," which continually rise to the surface.[2]

[1] Geol. Trans. vol. i.

[2] These "tors" appear to owe their present figure to the resistance which their crystallisation has enabled them to offer to the influence of the atmosphere. Generally

The elevation of Dartmoor Forest causes it to have a much lower average temperature than other parts of the county. The average difference of the temperature at Ilfracombe, on the north coast of the county, and Oakhampton, just on the northern border of Dartmoor, is 10° 5′ of Fahrenheit.

Peat is dug in this forest; it supplies fuel throughout the whole of the year; whilst the sod also is useful in another way, since a good deal of it is employed in the building of huts, generally composed of loose stones, peat, and mud, in which the few and scattered peasantry of the forest are content to make their dwellings.

The peasantry of Dartmoor were, at no distant period, looked upon as being little better than savages; and even now they are a very rude and primitive people. As an instance, like a fact in law, carries more weight with it than a discussion, we give the following true tale as an illustration.

Some years ago, a gentleman, mounted on a horse (at the breaking-up of a very hard and long frost, when the roads were only just beginning to be passable), set out in order to cross over Dartmoor. Though the thaw had commenced, yet it had not melted the snow-heaps so much as our traveller expected; he got on but slowly, and towards the close of day it began to freeze again. The shades of night were drawing all around him, and the mighty "tors," which seemed to grow larger and taller as he paced forward, gradually became enveloped in vapour and mist, and the traveller did not know how to get out of his predicament. To reach Tavistock that night he knew would be impossible, as a fresh snow-storm was fast falling in every direction, and added another impediment to the difficulties of his way. To stay out all night on the intensely cold moor, without shelter, would be certain death. It was therefore with no small satisfaction that he discerned at a distance a certain dark object, but partially covered with the snow, which he soon discovered to be a cottage. The spirits both of "the horse and his rider" revived, and it was not long ere they reached the habitation.

The traveller quickly dismounted; and the rap that he gave with the butt-end of his heavy riding-whip upon the door was answered by an old woman; he entered, and beheld a sturdy peasant, the woman's son, who sat smoking his pipe beside a blazing peat-fire. The stran-

the granite of Dartmoor is remarkable for the size of the felspar crystals which it contains. It is quarried and exported to a considerable extent, especially to London. It is metalliferous, containing veins of tin, and even the rock itself being sometimes impregnated with this metal.

ger's wants were soon made known; an old outhouse accommodated the horse; and though there was but one bed beside the old woman's in the hut, the son promised to give up his own for the convenience of the gentleman, adding, that he himself would sleep for that night in the old settle by the chimney-corner.

After the traveller had "discussed" his supper, he was shewn to his chamber, where he observed a large oak-chest; it was curious both in form and ornament, and had the appearance of being of very great antiquity. On making some remarks upon it to the old woman, who had lighted him up stairs, in order to see that all things were as comfortable as circumstances admitted for his repose, he thought there was something shy and odd about her manner; and after she was gone, he was almost inclined to take a peep into the mysterious chest; but he forbore, and went to bed.

He felt cold and miserable; and who that does so can ever hope for a sound and refreshing sleep? His was not so, for the woman and the old oak-chest haunted him in his dreams; and a hollow sound, as if behind his bed's head, suddenly started him out of his first sleep, when a circumstance occurred which, like the ominous voice to Macbeth, forbade him to sleep more.

As he suddenly raised himself in bed, the first thing which he saw was the chest. There it lay in the silvery silence of the moonlight, looking cold and white, and, connected with his dream, an alarming object of his curiosity. His fear gave action to the inanimate thing; for he looked and looked again, till he actually fancied that the lid of the chest began to move slowly up before his eyes!

He could endure no more; but hastily starting from the bed, he rushed forward, grasped the lid with trembling hands, and raised it up at once. Who shall portray his feelings when he beheld what that fatal chest now disclosed?—a human corpse, stiff and cold, lay before his sight!

So much was he overcome with the horror of his feelings, that it was with extreme difficulty he reached his couch. But one thought, but one fear during the rest of the night possessed and agonised his whole soul. He was in the house of murderers! he was a devoted victim! There was no escape; for where, even if he succeeded in leaving the chamber, at such an hour, in such a night, where could he find shelter and refuge?

It was with the most heartfelt gratitude to the Almighty that he found himself undisturbed by any midnight assassin, when the sun rose once more, and threw the cheerful light of day over the desolate moor. He

hailed the renewed day as an assurance of renewed safety to his own life. He determined, however, to hasten his departure; to pay liberally, but to avoid doing or saying any thing to awaken suspicion of his cognisance of their detestable character.

On descending into a lower room, he found the old woman and her son busily employed in preparing no other fate for him than that of a good breakfast. They gave their guest a country salutation, and hoping "his honour" had found good rest, proceeded to recommend the breakfast in the true spirit, though in a rough phrase, of honest hospitality. The son particularly praised the broiled bacon, as "mother was reckoned to have a curious hand at salting un in."

Daylight, civility, and good cheer, the traveller now found to be most excellent remedies against the terrors, both real and otherwise, of his own imagination. The fright had disturbed his nerves; but the keen air of those high regions, and the savoury smell of a fine smoking rasher, were great restoratives. Indeed, so much did he feel reassured and elevated by the total extinction of his personal fears, that, just as the good woman was broiling him another rasher, he disclosed the secret of the chest, and confessed that he had been much surprised by its contents; at the same time, he asked for an explanation of so singular a circumstance.

"Bless your heart, your honour, 'tis nothing at all," said the young man; "'tis only faything!"

"Father—your father!" cried the traveller; "what do you mean?"

"Why, you see, your honour," replied the peasant, "the snow being so thick, and making the roads so cledgey-like, when old faything died, two weeks agone, we couldn't carry un to Tavistock to bury un; and so mother put un in the old box, and salted un in."

The traveller's breakfast was spoiled; for so powerful was the association of ideas in his imaginative mind, that he now looked with horror upon the hissing rasher, and fancied it nothing less than a slice of "old faything." He got up from the table, paid for his lodging, saddled his horse, and quitting the house where surprise, terror, joy, and disgust had by turns so powerfully possessed him, he made his way through every impediment of snow and storm. And never could he afterwards be prevailed upon to touch bacon, since it invariably recalled the feelings of disgust connected with the adventure of "salting un in."

No place was so fitted to the august rites of the Druidical superstition, to the solemn courts of their judicature, or to the mystery and retirement which they sought in the initiation of their disciples, as

amid the rugged and rock-crowned hills of Dartmoor. We know that the Druids not only held it unlawful to perform the rites of their religion within covered temples, but that they preferred, whenever they could be found, eminences and lofty heights for that purpose, as such situations gave them a more open and commanding view of those planets which they studied as philosophers and worshipped as idolaters. Dartmoor abounds in heights that in some instances assume even a mountainous character; and when we find that many of these retain to the present hour the very names of those false gods (though corrupted in their pronunciation) to whom altars were raised by the priesthood of Britain, this circumstance becomes a strong presumptive evidence that the moor itself was a chosen spot for the ancient and idolatrous worship of the Damnonii.[3]

Dartmoor was made into a forest by King John. Edward III. gave it to his son the Black Prince, when he invested him with the title of Duke of Cornwall. And though Dartmoor is now desolate, and where the oak once grew, there is seen nought but the lonely thistle and the "feebly-whistling grass," yet that it was once, in part at least, richly clothed with wood cannot be doubted. The very name, so ancient, which it still bears, speaks its original claim to a sylvan character—the *Forest* of Dartmoor; and though of this antique forest nothing now remains save one "wasting remnant of its days" to shew where the dark old forest-trees once stood, yet evidence is not wanting to prove what it has been, since in bogs and marshes on the moor, near the banks of rivers and streams, sometimes embedded twenty feet below the surface of the earth, are found immense trunks of the oak and other trees.[4]

The "lonely wood of Wistman" is all that remains of the original Forest of Dartmoor. It lies on the side of a steep hill; at its base runs the western branch of the river Dart, to the north-east of Crockern Tor. It consists of scrubbed decrepit trees, chiefly oak, scarcely exceeding seven feet in height; their branches, almost destitute of foliage, overrun with moss, brambles, and other parasitical plants, exhibit a scene of uncouth and cheerless desolation. The circumference of some of these hoary foresters almost equals their height. Wordsworth truly says:

[3] See vol. i. p. 57, of a Description of the Part of Devonshire bordering on the Tamar and the Tavy, for examples.

[4] Probably many of the trees that formed Dartmoor Forest were destroyed by fire, in order to extirpate the wolves that formerly abounded in it. Those that remained may have been destroyed by cattle afterwards pastured there.

"I looked upon the scene, both far and near,
More doleful place did never eye survey;
It seemed as if the spring-time came not here,
Or Nature here was willing to decay."

A poet of far less extended fame has also made the wood of Wistman the subject of his song:

"Sole relics of the wreath that crown'd the moor!
A thousand tempests (bravely though withstood,
Whilst, shelter'd in your caves, the wolf's dire brood
Scared the wild echoes with their hideous roar),
Have bent your aged heads, now scath'd and hoar.
And in Dart's wizard stream your leaves have strew'd,
Since Druid priests your sacred rocks imbrued
With victims offer'd to their gods of gore.
In lonely grandeur, your firm looks recall
What history teaches from her classic page;
How Rome's proud senate on the hordes of Gaul
Indignant frown'd, and stay'd their brutal rage.
Yet Time's rude hand shall speed like theirs your fall,
That self-same hand so long that spared your age."

The story of the marriage of King Edgar with Elfrida is connected with the district afterwards denominated the Forest of Dartmoor.

Orgar, Earl of Devon, had an only daughter named Elfrida. The surpassing beauty of this young lady had acquired such fame, that the curiosity and interest of Edgar, one of the most viciously profligate of all the Saxon kings, were excited to such a degree, that he deputed Ethelwold, his favourite courtier, to visit the distant castle of her father, which was situated in or near the town of Tavistock. The object of Earl Ethelwold's journey was to ascertain whether the charms of the noble maiden were not exaggerated; and if they were not, to offer her, on the part of his royal friend, a crown, as queen and consort of England.

Ethelwold, in all probability, set off with every intention to execute his charge honestly towards King Edgar; but the poet writes—

"Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love;
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues.
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood."

Edgar had yet to learn this lesson. Ethelwold no sooner saw Elfrida than he loved her. Unmindful of his honour, and unfaithful to

his trust, he demanded her hand, not for Edgar, but himself. Orgar, the father, ignorant of the more elevated fortune to which his daughter was justly entitled by the intentions of the king, consented, provided Ethelwold might gain Edgar's approval of the marriage.

Despairing of procuring the king's consent if the real truth were made known to him, the enamoured earl had recourse to artifice; and as such schemes generally end in open shame or misery, even so was it in this instance; since, in obtaining his object by falsehood, he did but eventually "commend the poisoned chalice to his own lips." He represented to the king, that though Elfrida was fair, her beauty was not equal to the celebrity it had acquired; no doubt her rank and fortune had been the cause of her personal charms being magnified by the common voice of fame. He then intimated, that though such advantages could be of no value to the king, they would be of great benefit to a nobleman of his court, and finally requested permission to marry her himself.

King Edgar, suspecting no deceit, consented, and the wedding took place. But the earl, fearful of the consequence, held his lovely bride in the utmost seclusion in Devon, lest, meeting the eye of the royal voluptuary, her charms should at once betray the artifice by which he had made her his own.

But however much he might labour to hide it, Ethelwold's falsehood could not long be concealed. Some, no doubt, were glad to avail themselves of this fault to effect his downfall; for never was a king's favourite yet found without enemies. No sooner did Edgar receive intimation that his confidence had been abused, than he resolved to discover the truth. For this purpose he went to Exeter, and thence sent word to Orgar, with whom Elfrida and her perfidious husband were residing, that he designed speedily to be with him, to hunt in the Forest of Dartmoor adjoining.

Ethelwold, suspecting the true cause of the royal visit, had no resource but to acquaint his wife with the truth, obtain, if possible, her forgiveness, and entreat her, by homely attire and rustic behaviour, to disguise or conceal the brilliancy of her beauty as much as possible from a monarch so susceptible to it. Elfrida promised compliance; but, prompted by revenge towards her husband for having stepped between her and a throne, she used every art to set forth her person to the greatest advantage. She succeeded; the king was inflamed with a violent passion for her, and he determined to stop at no crime by which he might gain her.

On the following morning, whilst they were hunting, the king,

watching a favourable opportunity, attacked Ethelwold and slew him; and at a place in Dartmoor Forest called Wiverley (since Warlwood), the earl was found run through with a javelin. Edgar soon after married the widow of his victim.

In former times, Dartmoor was infested by many wild animals; amongst them the wolf and the bear. In the reign of King John, the Lord Brewer received a license from his sovereign to hunt the fox, the wild-cat, and the wolf throughout the whole of the county of Devon. Dartmoor, we are told, afforded a fine field for such a chase. An old custom, commonly referred to as the "Fenwell rights," shews that the Forest of Dartmoor must have abounded with wolves. These "rights" are nothing less than a right claimed by the inhabitants of a certain district of pasturage and turf from the fens free of all cost; a privilege handed down to them through many generations, as a reward for services done by their ancestors in destroying the wolves. Howel says that the wolf did not become extinct in Dartmoor until the reign of Elizabeth.

Red-deer, called in Devonshire forest-deer, were once abundant. In the time of the present Duke of Bedford's grandfather, the farmers petitioned his grace to get rid of them, on account of the injury they did to the crops. The duke sent down his stag-hounds from Woburn; the finest chases took place, and the deer were extirpated. So glutted was the neighbouring town of Tavistock with venison at the time, that only the haunches were saved, and the rest given to the dogs. The hall in the manor-house of Bradstone is still adorned with the trophies of these chases, the skull and horns of the "forester" forming an appropriate series of metopes round that ancient room.

Wild cattle, similar to the aboriginal species long preserved in Chillingham Park, the seat of Lord Tankerville, Northumberland, formerly abounded.

Of the fox there are two sorts natives of this part of Devonshire—the greyhound-fox and the cur-fox. The greyhound-fox is found on Dartmoor, where it is known by the name of the wolf-fox, and has sometimes been met with of an extraordinary size. One killed some years since, when stretched out, measured five feet from the middle claw of the fore-foot to the tip of the middle hind-claw.

The badger, otter, polecat, foumart or fitch, &c. were formerly common; but of late years they have become rather scarce.

The tors of Dartmoor, lofty though they be and desolate, are yet too accessible to afford shelter to the eagle or its eyrie. A pair, however, built some years since on Dewerstone Rock, in Bickleigh Vale.

The osprey, or bald-buzzard, is the only bird of this tribe known in Devonshire, where it is more frequently met with than in any other part of England. The honey-buzzard has been noticed on Dartmoor. The moor-buzzard is not uncommon.

It is reported that in days of yore the wild waste of Dartmoor was much haunted by spirits and pixies in every direction; and these frequently left their own especial domain to exercise their mischievous propensities. The age of pixies, however, is now nearly gone. There is perhaps at present scarcely a house which they are reputed to visit. Even the fields and lanes which they formerly frequented seem to be nearly forsaken. Their music is rarely heard, and they appear to have forgotten to attend their ancient midnight dance.

> "They are flown,
> Beautiful fictions of our fathers! wove
> In superstition's web, when time was young,
> And fondly loved and cherished, they are flown
> Before the wand of science! hills and vales,
> Mountains and moors of Devon, ye have lost
> The enchantments, the delights, the visions all,
> The elfin visions that so blessed the sight
> In the old days romantic."

Of the little merry wicked sprites the pixies we hear wonderful stories.

They delight in plaguing dairy-maids,—upsetting their milk-pails, souring the cream, hindering the butter "from coming," and diverting themselves with a thousand practical jokes. The farmers, too, complain of their pranks; for when the whim seizes them, these mannikins mount the ponies or colts left in the fields all night, and pulling hairs from their tails, twist them into stirrups for their tiny feet, or knot the mane, and sitting astride on the neck, ride away over moor and fell, faster and faster, until the poor beast sinks down from sheer exhaustion, and is found in the morning by its owner in its proper pasture lying half dead.

On the northern and western borders of Dartmoor they are sometimes seen in bands, but more frequently in small numbers, as two or three together. They delight in tormenting and leading astray such persons as they find abroad after nightfall; and the only remedy in such a case, is, to turn some part of the dress, a spell which at once dissolves the "glamour."[5] Like the fairies, they are charged with

[5] Such a mode of reversing fairy charms is alluded to in the *Iter Septentrionale*, where the spirit who leads the travellers astray is Puck:—

> "Turn your cloaks,
> Quoth he, for Puck is busy in these oaks;
> If ever you at Bosworth would be found,
> Then turn your cloaks, for this is fairy ground."

stealing, or rather changing children in the cradle; and with carrying off to the "joyless elfin bower" such persons as, by the commission of some great crime, have placed themselves under their influence. They are said to have "houses" in the deep clefts of broken rock which form the tors of Dartmoor. On the southern side of Sheepstor is a singular cavern, formed by large overhanging blocks of granite, called "The Pixies' House," within which they may be heard sometimes hammering (for they are great workers in metal), and sometimes busily pounding their cider. This cave is considered "a critical place for children;" and no one visits it without leaving a bunch of grass or one or two pins as a propitiatory offering to the mysterious beings who inhabit it.

The appearance of the pixies of Dartmoor is said to resemble that of a bale or bundle of rags. In this shape they decoy children to their unreal pleasures. A woman, on the northern borders of the moor, was returning home late on a dark evening, accompanied by two children, and carrying a third in her arms, when, on arriving at her own door, she found one missing. Her neighbours, with lanterns, immediately set out in quest of the lost child, whom they found sitting under a large oak-tree, well known to be a favourite haunt of the pixies. He declared that he had been led away by two large bundles of rags, which had remained with him till the lights appeared, when they immediately vanished.

Notwithstanding the usual unamiable character given to the pixies of Dartmoor, they are said to aid occasionally in household work. A cottage at Belstone, near Oakhampton, is pointed out as having been a favourite scene of their labours. It was common to find great additions made to the "web" of cloth, morning after morning; and the pixies were frequently heard working at the loom all through the night. Plates of honey and cream, but especially a basin of pure water, must be regularly placed for them in such houses as they frequent; and it is not safe to add a more valuable reward. A washerwoman was one morning greatly surprised, on coming down stairs, to find all her clothes neatly washed and folded. She watched the next evening, and observed a pixy in the act of performing this kind office for her; but she was ragged and mean in appearance, and Betty's gratitude was sufficiently great to induce her to prepare a yellow petticoat and a red cap for the obliging pixy. She placed them, accordingly, by the side of the basin of water, and watched for the result. The pixy, after putting them on, disappeared through the window, apparently in great delight. But Betty was ever afterwards obliged to wash all her clothes herself.

At another farm on the borders of the moor, the inhabitants were disturbed at dead of night by the loud noise of a flail at work in the barn; and in the morning a quantity of corn which had been left in ear was found threshed. On the ensuing night watch was kept by the farmer, who perceived six "sprites" of the smallest imaginable size enter the barn, and perform the same kind office as before. Their dress, however, was ragged and dirty; and the farmer had better clothes provided for them, which he placed where they might readily find them. In the mean time, he told his neighbours of his good luck; who, less kind-hearted than himself, stationed themselves in the barn with their guns behind some unthreshed corn. They had not watched long before the pixies arrived; and, delighted with their new clothes, commenced their usual dance and song. In the midst of their joviality, however, the farmers in hiding fired on them. But they were not to be harmed by weapon of "middle earth," and they departed for ever, singing as they went,

> "Now the pixies' work is done,
> We take our clothes and off we run."

Another singular story is told on Dartmoor. There was once a fox, who, prowling by night in search of prey, came unexpectedly on a colony of pixies. Each pixy had a separate house. The first he came to was a wooden house.

"Let me in, let me in," said the fox.

"I won't," was the pixy's answer; "and the door is fastened."

Upon this the fox climbed to the top of the house; and having pawed it down, made a meal of the unfortunate pixy. The next was a "stonen" house.

"Let me in," said the fox.

"The door is fastened," answered the pixy.

Again was the house pulled down, and its inmate eaten.

The third was an iron house. The fox again craved admittance, and was again refused.

"But I bring you good news," said the fox.

"No, no," replied the pixy; "I know what you want; you shall not come in here to-night."

That house the fox in vain attempted to destroy. It was too strong for him, and he went away in despair. But he returned the next night, and exerted all his fox-like qualities in the hope of deceiving the pixy. For some time he tried in vain; until at last he mentioned a tempting field of turnips in the neighbourhood, to which he

offered to conduct his intended victim. They agreed to meet the next morning at four o'clock.

But the pixy outwitted the fox; for he found his way to the field, and returned laden with his turnips long before the fox was astir. The fox was greatly vexed, and was long unable to devise another scheme, until he bethought himself of a great fair about to be held a short way off, and proposed to the pixy that they should set off for it at three in the morning.

The pixy agreed. But the fox was again outwitted; for he was only up in time to meet the pixy returning home with his fairings—a clock, a crock, and a frying-pan. The pixy, who saw the fox coming, got into the crock and rolled himself down the hill; and the fox, unable to find him, abandoned the scent and went his way. The fox returned the next morning; and finding the door open went in, when he caught the pixy in bed, put him into a box, and locked him in.

"Let me out," said the pixy, "and I will tell you a wonderful secret."

The fox was after a time persuaded to lift the cover; and the pixy, coming out, threw such a charm upon him that he was compelled to enter the box in his turn; and there at last he died.

Of course many of the legends current among the inhabitants of Dartmoor have witchcraft for their subject. We present one, which, although not of a lightsome character, is interesting.

"Once upon a time" an old witch lived in the neighbourhood of Tavistock; and whenever she wanted money, she would assume the shape of a hare, and would send out her grandson to tell a certain huntsman who lived hard by that he had seen a hare sitting at such a particular spot, for which he always received the reward of sixpence. After this deception had many times been practised, the dogs turned out, the hare pursued, often seen but never caught, a sportsman of the party began to suspect, in the language of tradition, "that the devil was in the dance," and there would be no end to it.

The matter was discussed, a justice consulted, and a clergyman to boot; and it was thought, that however clever the devil might be, such two formidable opponents as law and church, when combined, would be too much for him. It was therefore agreed, that as the boy was singularly regular in the hour at which he came to announce the sight of the hare, all should be in readiness for a start the instant such information was given; and a neighbour of the witch, nothing friendly to her, promised to let the parties know directly when the old woman and her grandson left the cottage and went off together,—the one to be hunted, and the other to set on the hunt.

The news came, the hounds were unkenneled, and huntsmen and sportsmen set off with surprising speed. The witch—now a hare—and her little colleague in iniquity, did not expect so speedy a turn out, so that the game was pursued at a desperate rate, and the boy forgetting himself in a moment of alarm was heard to exclaim—

"Run, granny, run; run for your life!"

At last the pursuers lost the hare, and she once more got safe into the cottage by a little hole in the bottom of the door, but not large enough to admit a hound in chase. The huntsman, all the squires with their followers, lent a hand to break open the door, but could not do it till the representatives of law and church came up. They ascended the stairs, where they found the old hag bleeding and covered with wounds, and still out of breath. She denied that she was a hare, and railed at the whole party.

"Call up the hounds," said the huntsman, "and let us see what they take her to be. Maybe we may have another hunt yet."

On hearing this, the old woman cried quarter; the boy dropped on his knees and begged hard for mercy. Mercy was granted on condition of its being received together with a good whipping; and the huntsman, having long practised amongst the hounds, now tried his hand on the human game.

The old woman escaped for that time; but on being afterwards put on her trial for bewitching a young woman and making her spit pins, the tale just told was given as evidence against her, before a particularly learned judge and a remarkably sagacious jury, and the poor old woman finished her days at the stake.

Mrs. James Whittle, in her account of the "Festivities and Superstitions of Devonshire," relates the following anecdote: "One most respectable farmer's wife told me, that she knew what she was going to tell me was all true, because it had happened to a cousin of hers, and that he had lost hundreds of pounds by the machinations of the witch. It seems that the farmer's wife had refused one morning to give the old woman a draught of milk, which so enraged her that she cursed the household and the stock, casting an evil eye on them all. 'Sure enough,' as my informant went on to say, 'the cattle all fell sick, and many died, and every thing went wrong, and ruin stared them all in the face. The wife at length fell ill, and the child and a servant, and lay at death's door. It was then high time to go to another old woman (who had, it was believed, power to administer a remedy to the other's curse), who told them to take a bullock's heart, and stick it full of pins, and burn it; and that when it was all consumed, the stock

would recover and the people get well, and all be set right again. And so it all happened; and this must certainly be true, for they are all alive now.' "

Circular enclosures formed by low stone walls occur in various parts of Dartmoor. Grimp's Pound, as it is called, about three miles from the village of Manaton, on the east side of the moor, is a circular enclosure of three acres; it has two entrances directly facing the north and south; at these points the wall, which appears to have been about twelve feet high, was the thickest. In the enclosure are several circles of stone, of twelve feet diameter, especially near the south side of the enclosure. This enclosure has been supposed by some to be a British town, connected with some ancient tin-works, which may be traced near the spot; by others, a place of religious worship.

Dartmoor has experienced, at different periods, many convulsions of nature. The last event of any extraordinary character occurred in the year 1752, when, on the 23d of February, a smart shock of an earthquake was felt at many places on the moor, and in its immediate neighbourhood—Manaton, Moreton-Hampstead, and Widdecombe. Carrington, in his poem of *Dartmoor*, thus alludes to an awful visitation which occurred on Sunday, the 21st October, 1638:—

"Far o'er hill and dale
Their summons glad the Sabbath-bells had flung;
From hill and dale obedient they had sped
Who heard the holy welcoming; and now
They stood above the venerable dead
Of centuries, and bow'd where they had bow'd
Who slept below. The simple touching tones
Of England's psalmody upswell'd, and all,
With lip and heart united, loudly sang
The praises of the Highest. But, anon,
Harsh mingling with that minstrelsy, was heard
The fitful blast; the pictured windows shook,—
Around the aged tower the rising gale
Shrill whistled; and the ancient massive doors
Swung on their jarring hinges. Then, at once,
Fell an unnatural calm, and with it came
A fearful gloom, deep'ning and deep'ning, till
'Twas dark as night's meridian; for the cloud
Descending, had within its bosom wrapt
The fated dome. At first a herald flash
Just chased the darkness, and the thunder spoke,
Breaking the strange tranquillity. But soon
Pale horror reign'd,—the mighty tempest burst
In wrath appalling;—forth the lightning sprang,

And death came with it, and the living writhed
In that dread flame-sheet.
Clasp'd by liquid fire—
Bereft of hope—they madly said the hour
Of final doom was nigh, and soul and sense
Wild reel'd; and, shrieking, on the sculptured floor
Some helpless sank; and others watch'd each flash
With haggard look and frenzied eye, and cower'd
At every thunder-stroke. Again a power
Unseen dealt death around! In speechless awe
The boldest stood; and when the sunny ray
Glancing again on river, field, and wood,
Had chas'd the tempest, and they drank once more
The balmy air, and saw the bow of God,
His token to the nations, throwing wide
Its arch of mercy o'er the freshen'd earth,
How welcome was that light—that breeze—that bow!
And, oh, how deep the feeling that awoke
To Heaven the hymn of thankfulness and joy!"

The local historians have given the following particulars of this storm. Whilst the Rev. G. Lyde was performing the evening service in his church of Widdecombe, he was suddenly surprised by such darkness that he could with difficulty proceed in his duty. This was followed by intermitted peals of thunder that sounded afar off like the discharge of artillery. The darkness so increased, as the tempest drew nearer, that the congregation could scarcely see each other. At length the whole face of the heavens became covered by dense and black clouds, and all was dark as midnight. In a moment this was fearfully dispersed, and the church appeared to be suddenly illumined by flames of forked fire. These terrific flames were accompanied with smoke, and a loathsome smell like brimstone. A ball of fire also burst through one of the windows, and passed down the nave of the church, spreading the utmost consternation in its passage. Some of the people fell on their faces, and lay extended like dead men; others beat their breasts or cried aloud with terror; many wept and prayed. Almost all thought it the final judgment of the world. Many were so miserably burnt by the lightning that in a few days they died.

So violently was the tower of the church shaken, that large stones were tossed from it: a pinnacle of it, in its fall, broke through the roof, wounded many, and killed a woman. Those of the affrighted people who could do so, now rushed out of the building, with the exception of the clergyman; he continued praying, with the dead and the maimed around him; four persons being killed, and sixty-two grievously burnt by the lightning, or wounded by the falling of the stones.

CHAPTER X.

THE FOREST OF DEAN.

ADMIRINGLY and justly does Drayton sing, the FOREST OF DEAN is

> "The queen of forests all, that west of Severn lie;
> Her broad and bushy top Dean holdeth up so high,
> The lesser are not seen, she is so tall and large."

Dean Forest is situated in the western part of Gloucestershire, between the rivers Severn and Wye. It now extends over more than twenty-three thousand acres. The centre of the forest is five miles south-west by west from Newnham. It must formerly have been much more generally wooded and of much greater extent than at present; for we find that it was anciently so overgrown with oaks, as to have become a notorious harbour for robbers, who committed ravages in the neighbourhood, and so infested the banks of the Severn, that an act of Parliament was passed, in the reign of Henry VI., to curb and restrain them; and in a survey made in the time of Charles I., the forest is estimated as originally containing forty-three thousand acres. Many depredations have been made, and encroachments suffered, on the forest, either through the neglect of the officers or the improvident grants of sovereigns. In no instance was greater mischief done than by Charles I., who disafforested and granted eighteen thousand acres of woodland, on which were growing more than a hundred thousand trees, to Sir John Wyntour. This person employed five hundred fellers of wood to cut down the trees; and so rapid was the devastation, that an order was made by Parliament to prevent any further felling of timber. Before a bill, however, could be passed to enforce this order, the Parliament was dissolved, and Sir John left to pursue his pleasure; which he did so effectually, that, on a survey

made in 1667, only two hundred of the oak and beech-trees were found standing. To repair these mischiefs, an act was passed, in the 20th of Charles II., which made the disafforesting of these lands void; and under its provisions eleven thousand acres were enclosed, planted, and carefully guarded; and from the plantations then made the supply for the royal dock-yards is now principally obtained. During the late war, the Forest of Dean supplied upwards of a thousand loads of timber annually for the use of the navy.

When Edmund, surnamed Ironsides, was chosen by the witenagemot as king, in preference to either of the two children of their late ruler, Ethelred, the country was so worn out and divided, and preyed upon by the ferocious Danes, that, although he was courageous in the field and wise in the council, he was forced to divide his kingdom with Canute, the great commander of the invaders. But previous to this an incident occurred in Dean Forest, which had in after years great influence over the fate of England and many of her children. In one of the battles between Edmund Ironsides and Canute, the Danes having been defeated and forced to flee, one of their principal captains, named Ulf, lost his way in the woods. After wandering all night, he met at dawn of day a young peasant driving a herd of oxen, whom he saluted, and asked his name.

"I am Godwin, the son of Ulfnoth," said the young man; "and thou art a Dane."

Thus compelled to throw himself on the generosity of his querist, he confessed who he was, and entreated the young Saxon to point out his course to the Severn, where the Danish vessels were at anchor.

"It is foolish in a Dane," replied the peasant, "to expect such a service from a Saxon; and, besides, the way is toilsome, and the country-people are in arms."

The Danish chief drew off a gold ring from his finger, and offered it to the shepherd as an inducement to be his guide. The young Saxon looked at it for an instant with earnestness, then returned it.

"I will take nothing from thee," said he; "but I will conduct thee to safety."

Leading him to his father's cottage, he concealed him there during the day, and when night had thrown her dark mantle over the earth, they prepared to depart together. As they were leaving the roof of the friendly Saxon thane, the old man thus addressed his guest:

"It is my only son Godwin who risks his life for thee. He cannot return among his countrymen again. Take him, therefore, and present him to thy king Canute, that he may enter his service."

The Dane promised, and faithfully kept his word.

The young Saxon peasant was well received in the Danish court; and rising from step to step, by the force of his talents, aided by the patronage of Ulf and his family, he afterwards became known all over England as the great Earl Godwin.

In the year 1069, William the Conqueror was hunting in the Forest of Dean, when he received the first news of an attack on the city of York by a Danish army, assisted by the men of Yorkshire and Northumberland, in which three thousand Normans had been killed. No sooner had he learned the catastrophe, than he swore, "by the splendour of the Almighty," his favourite oath, that he would utterly exterminate the Northumbrian people, nor ever lay his lance in rest, when he had once taken it up, until he had done the deed. This fearful vow he carried into effect. A havoc more complete and diabolical was never perpetrated; it overpowered men's minds with a wild horror and wonderment. William of Malmesbury, who wrote about eighty years after, says, "From York to Durham not an inhabited village remained. Fire, slaughter, and desolation made a vast wilderness there, which continues to this day." Orderic Vitalis says, that more than a hundred thousand victims perished.

Dean Forest abounds in coal and iron-ore; iron appears to have been wrought there both by the ancient Britons and the Romans. In the time of Edward I. there were seventy-two furnaces in this forest for melting iron; and it is related that the miners of those days were very industrious in seeking after the beds of cinders where the Romans of Britain had been at work before them, which remains, when burnt over again, were supposed to make the best iron. The following historical facts relative to the forest are worth recording:

Henry I. gave the tithes of all venison in the Forest of Dean to the Abbey of Gloucester.

Henry II. gave to the Abbot of Flaxley for his forge (was the abbot a free miner?) two oaks every week. Wood was plentiful then, and monks were bold.

A forge was granted to Roger de Lacey in the reign of Henry III.; and the same king made an order that none should have an iron forge in the forest without a special license from the king.

The salary of the constable of St. Briavells, in the reign of Edward VI., was *9l. 8s. 1d.* per annum; and of the keeper, ranger, and beadle *9l. 2s. 6d.* each.

St. Briavells Castle, above named, stands in the forest, and dates from the reign of Henry I., when it was founded by Milo, Earl of

Hereford, for the residence and defence of some of the lords-marchers. St. Briavells, formerly a place of some importance, is now a village. Its inhabitants enjoyed some singular immunities, which are now obsolete; but they have still a right of common in Hudknoll's Wood, a tract of land on the banks of the Wye seven miles long. They are supposed to enjoy the privilege through the performance of a strange ceremony on Whit-Sunday. Each inhabitant pays twopence to the churchwardens, who buy bread and cheese with the fund, which they cut into small pieces, and distribute to the congregation immediately after the service is ended, in the midst of a general scramble.[1] They are also allowed to cut wood, but not timber, in any part of the forest. It is said that a Countess of Hereford procured for them their privileges by the performance of a feat similar to that of Lady Godiva.

Two circular towers of the castle alone remain entire, with a narrow gateway between, composing the north-west front. They contain several apartments, the walls of which are eight feet thick; one is used as a prison for the hundred. In the interior are two other similar gateways, on the right and left of which are the remains of spacious rooms.

The governor of St. Briavells—for it became a royal fortress after the Hereford family had possessed it for about a century—had formerly jurisdiction over the Forest of Dean; and it is recorded, that in his court the miners were sworn upon a branch of holly instead of the Testament, lest the holy book should be defiled by their fingers.

The Forest of Dean plays a conspicuous part in the wars of Monmouthshire, serving as a natural outwork for the county. The following transaction is described by Sanderson, the historian of Charles I.:

"After Sir William had refreshed his men, he advanced towards Monmouthshire, invited by some gentlemen to reduce these parts. At his coming to the town of Monmouth, the garrison of the Lord Herbert retired, leaving a naked place to Sir William, where he found small success of his parties sent abroad for supplies of money. He marches to Usk, and spending some time to no purpose in that county, he returns, the stream of the people affording him no welcome, being all universal tenants of that county to the Earl of Worcester.

In this time Prince Maurice enters Teuxbury with a brigade of horse and foot, added to the Lord Grandeson, resolving to make after

[1] At Twickenham and Paddington, and other parishes, it was formerly the custom to throw bread from the church-steeple to be scrambled for. It is supposed that the custom was derived from largesses bestowed on the poor by the Romish clergy on occasion of the festival, and that it has been continued since the Reformation; and therefore, since the institution of poor-rates, without due regard to its original object.

Waller, or to meet his return out of Wales. A bridge of boats wafts him over the Severn, with a body of 2000 horse and foot. Waller was nimble in his retreat, not to be catcht in a noose or neck of Wales; but, by a bridge of boats, came back to Chepstow with his foot and artillery, and himself, with his horse and dragoons, passed through the lowest part of the Forest of Dean, near the river-side of Severn; and ere the prince had notice, sends forth two parties to fall upon two of the prince's quarters; which was performed, while Waller's main body slipped between both, and a party was left to face them and make good the retreat, which came off but disorderly, with loss of some soldiers. It was held a handsome conveyance, and unexpected, to bring himself out of the snare by uncouth ways."

Edward IV.'s marriage with Elizabeth Woodville gave great dissatisfaction to many of the chief nobility, and also to the body of the people. An insurrection of the farmers and peasants of Yorkshire broke out, and the royal army, under the command of the Earl of Pembroke, was defeated at Edgecote on the 26th of July, 1469. The insurgents, in a hot pursuit, overtook and captured, in the Forest of Dean, Earl Rivers, the father, and Sir John Woodville, one of the brothers, of the queen. They carried the victims to Northampton, and then cut off both their heads.

Camden informs us that the destruction of the Forest of Dean was prescribed in one of the instructions given to the Spanish Armada. Evelyn also relates a fact not very unlike that mentioned by Camden. An ambassador, he says, in the reign of Elizabeth, was purposely sent from Spain to procure the destruction, either by negotiation or treachery, of the oak growing in it. The same author, in his *Sylva*, states that a dreadful hurricane occurred in his time which caused great devastation among the trees, "subverting many thousands of goodly oaks, prostrating the trees, laying them in ghastly postures, like whole regiments fallen in battle by the sword of the conqueror, and crushing all that grew beneath them. The public accounts," he adds, "reckon no less than three thousand brave oaks, in one part only of the forest, blown down."

The population of the Forest of Dean is about eight thousand, and is almost entirely composed of the free miners. They are a fine, athletic, independent race of men, fond of boasting that the produce of their own county is sufficient for all their wants, without being obliged to any other part of the kingdom. Their chief employment is mining, in the exercise of which they could formerly earn more money than any common labourers in England besides. They have a proverb

amongst them, which is their favourite saying—"Happy is the eye betwixt the Severn and the Wye."

The government of the Forest of Dean is vested in a lord warden, who is constable of the Castle of St. Briavells, six deputy-wardens, four verderers chosen by the freeholders, a conservator, seven wood-wards, a chief-forester in fee, and bow-bearer; eight foresters in fee, a gaveller, and a steward of the swanimote. The forest is divided into six walks; and these officers are empowered to hold a court of attachment every forty days, a court of swanimote three times in the year, and another court, called the justice-seat, once in three years. These courts are held at the Queen's Lodge, or Speech House, situated nearly in the centre of the forest. The whole forest is extra-parochial, and its inhabitants are exempted from rates and taxes, have free liberty of pasturage, the privilege of sinking mines, and access to the woods and timber for their works. 150 years ago the six lodges erected for the keepers were the only houses in the forest; now the number amounts to nearly 1500.

A great number of orchards exist in the neighbourhood of the Forest. The cider made there is peculiarly fine. The process of making is to have the apple-trees gently shaken at two or three different times, that only the ripest fruit may fall; the apples are then laid in heaps, which, if circumstances permit, are under cover, with a free admission of air. They are suffered to remain ten days or a fortnight, and some kinds even longer, and the cider-maker takes care that the decayed apples and other impurities may be removed before they are taken to the cider-mill, where they are crushed by a large circular stone, which is turned by a horse. When the apples are completely mashed, the must—as the crushed apples are then called—is placed in large square pieces of hair-cloth, each hair-cloth being folded over, so that nothing but the juice can escape when they are put under the screw-press, to which they are removed, and where they remain till the juice is all expressed. The juice is received into a large tub, from which it is conveyed into the casks. Those who do not sack the cider—about which there is a difference of opinion—cover the bunghole of the cask with a tile, and let it stay till March or April, when to every cask of a hundred gallons is put half a pound of hops and a little colouring made of burnt sugar; and the cider is then stopped close, and is fit for drinking at the end of the year. Seven or eight sacks of apples will afford about a hundred gallons of cider, the expense of making which does not exceed ten shillings. A cider-mill was constructed about fifteen years ago, which is much superior to the old mill; it is driven by water, and makes from three hun-

dred to four hundred gallons a-day. In this mill the apples are placed in a large box, with an aperture in the bottom, which drops the apples between two iron rollers; these break them in pieces, after which they fall between two stone rollers set so close to each other as to crush the kernels of the apples, which is essential to the flavour of the cider. The "must" is in this mill received into a large tub beneath the rollers, and from thence put into the press.

Just on the borders of the Forest of Dean is a lofty hill called "the Buckstone." It is but a few miles from Monmouth. The hill

ROCKING-STONE IN THE FOREST OF DEAN.

takes its name from one of those remarkable objects called "rocking-stones," which stands within the wood at the top. It consists of a mass of grit of a pyramidal form, nearly sixty feet in circumference, supported on its apex; the point on which it rests is about three feet round.

The small town of Coleford is the centre of the iron-works of this forest district. In its neighbourhood is an old farm-house called the Scowles Farm. This place, which stands on high ground, receives its name from the numerous remains of Roman iron-mines around it, which are known by the popular appellation of the Scowles. The ground occupied by the mines or scowles having, from its unevenness, been left uncultivated, is always covered with thick copses; and it is necessary for the explorer to be careful in entering them, lest he fall unawares into the entrances to the ancient mines. These entrances are formed as follows: a large round pit or hollow in the earth—averag-

ing from 20 to 30 feet in diameter, and about 20 feet in depth—was sunk till the miners arrived at a vein of the iron-ore, which they then worked into the earth as far as they could follow it. The cottagers in the vicinity assert that some of these mines proceed two or three hundred feet under ground; and that when they have descended into them with lanterns, they always obtained very pure water at the bottom. The ore, or, as the workmen call it, "mine," found here is of fibrous appearance, so rich in metal that it sometimes looks almost like pure iron; and it is still picked up so abundantly about the old Roman mines, that it is found every where built into the rough walls surrounding the cottage-gardens. The antiquity of these mines is proved by the circumstance, that Roman coins and pottery have frequently been picked up about them. Indeed, many proofs are discoverable, thickly scattered over the district, of Roman occupation. Some four or five years ago, workmen employed in raising blocks of silicious grit-stone from an edge of rock in a small oak-copse called Perry Grove, about a mile from Coleford, discovered in the cavity of a rock three earthen vessels containing upwards of three thousand Roman brass coins. The ground between this place and the river Wye is one immense mass of iron scoriæ or cinders from the Roman forges. Many of the hill tops of the district are capped with ancient intrenchments, probably posts for the protection of the miners.[1]

Those who are desirous of seeing, before "they have all passed away," a really good specimen of an old English forest, and at the same time to enjoy some of the finest scenery in England, ought to visit the forest of Dean. The roads which the lover of the picturesque would take are, of course, impassable to a great extent for wheeled carriages, but such a journey ought always to be made, as we made it last year, on foot; and of what we saw in and about the forest we shall now give some account.

It was a wet afternoon in the end of summer that we were disgorged from a broad-gauge carriage of the South Wales Railway at a station called Newnham. We had been told that the town of Newnham was a delightful and convenient point from whence to start to explore the forest, and to deliver some introductions for information we had brought with us. But no town of Newnham was to be seen. There was a dreary road-side "station," looking more dreary in the rain, and that was all. On emerging, however, through some gates, and clambering up muddy paths, we found two or three superannuated cabs, which appeared to have been licensed before the earth was bur-

[1] Wanderings of an Antiquary, by T. Wright, F.S.A.

dened with an iron road. On the best-looking of these was painted in letters evidently old, "Bear Hotel, Newnham;" so we immediately sprang out of the wet, and were soon rattling on to "The Bear." After as many turnings and windings as would almost have admitted one to Rosamond's Bower, we suddenly pulled up at an old substantial respectable-looking inn, standing with only its own outbuildings near it, facing at a few hundred paces the river Severn, and commanding a fine prospect for miles of the opposite shore. Here we were soon comfortable; but as we had been in Cheshire in the morning, it was with some difficulty that our ears became familiar to the new dialect. Wishing to get all the knowledge we could of the forest before we started next morning, we began the study of a large map that was hanging in the room, but soon found that our own "ordnance map," which we knew almost by heart, was far better. The next step was to question the people in the house about the forest, whether they had any books about it, whether they had even a directory, whether they knew any body that did know; to all of which questions we had the lively satisfaction of receiving answers in the negative. There was, however, a bookseller's shop and a circulating library in the town, and thither we repaired in high hopes. The people were very civil, but the invariable answer was "No." To prosecute further inquiries seemed hopeless. There might be some "Doctors Dryasdust" in the town, but for *them* we did not take the trouble to inquire, and so returning to the warm embraces of "The Bear," we made up our minds to "trust ourselves alone," and Colonel Colby's excellent ordnance map.

Next morning there was a bright sun and a balmy air. The Severn seemed empty, a mere mass of sand-banks through which a few shallow streams were running. In less than half an hour, however, up came "the bore" from the Bristol Channel, rushing at a fearful rate, and bearing heaps of small craft impetuously before it. The waters made a loud tumult, and reminded one of that very expressive but very alliterative line:

"The sullen surge of the Severn sea."

The river was very soon full, and we believe there is no other river in England where the tide comes up with such fearful rapidity.

Leaving Newnham, we walked south along a delightful shady road near the banks of the Severn in the direction of Blakeney, a little village on the outskirts of the forest. The forest itself looked down on us the whole way from a high ridge. This was completely covered

with trees, except where a house or a cottage peeped out, or there appeared indications of the working of a coal-mine. At one part of the road it was crossed by a most primitive railway; one of those tramroads that existed long before the days of George Stephenson, and which we could trace for a long distance, until it was lost in a dark tunnel. This road, wrought by horses, had an immense traffic, its ramifications extended through a great part of the forest, and here it terminated on the banks of the Severn at a wharf or "pill" as it is termed in those parts, at which a number of small vessels were taking in cargoes of Forest-of-Dean coal. Passing through Blakeney, a pretty little village, we ascended a road that promised to lead into the forest. In a fine recess of this road stood a Maypole, looking, of course, rather a little faded at that season of the year, but which gave pleasant indication that the Blakeney people kept up, with much enjoyment to themselves we hope, the old English celebration of May-day. The road was very steep, but its windings made it easy. We came to a spot marked on our map as "Dead Man's Cross," and this place we thought must have some legend indicated by its name. There was, however, no cross at the place, and the sum of the answers we got about the legend amounted to this, that a dead man must some time have been buried there, and a cross erected over his grave! Again, there was another place called Gibraltar. This must, we thought, have been founded by some hero of the memorable siege, but there was no such romance about it; the name had been given as a mere fancy. We shall see many curious illustrations of Forest-of-Dean names as we get further into the forest. From the point which we had now reached the view was most lovely. The high ridge which bounds the forest on the east stretched far away in one unbroken mass of beautiful green, the wavings of the tree-tops in the breeze being hardly discernible amid such dense foliage. Below was a peaceful valley, in which snugly nestled the village of Blakeney; and casting the eye further, the broad Severn could be seen moving on like a mass of molten silver; while beyond, the view was shut in by the Mendip Hills, girding the horizon like a great chain. Turning the elbow of the ascent we had mounted, another lovely view burst on our eyes. We had turned our backs on Blakeney and the Severn, and now the densest part of the forest appeared. The high ridge, which we have mentioned, sloped down on its western side into a deep valley, and another ridge arose on the other side. The sides of these elevations and the whole of the valley were entirely covered with trees, the only breaks being a few roads and paths, that appeared from our point of view more like pieces

of rope than good travelling roads. The whole of this was gently undulating; the prevalent colour was a dark green, but in some places a variety was given by a clump of trees of a lighter hue, and the whole formed a picture of tree-scenery, so massive, so picturesque, and so perfect, that we felt nothing more was wanting, and could have lain down and gazed for hours on the grand spectacle.

But the position of the sun warned us against such a surfeit of pleasure, so we "moved on." We soon came to an open unenclosed space of the forest, where donkeys and cattle were grazing, and a few sheep, with their bellwether tinkling his little alarum at every step he took. Here were some very fine oaks, their acorns nearly ripe and ready to fall. Passing on, we came to the region of coal-works, and here a large part of the forest is enclosed. Descending a pleasant walk, on the side of which grew some very large and venerable oaks, we arrived at a large open space somewhat like a common. At one end there were several coal-works, and in one corner of the common stood two towers, which at first sight struck our imagination as greatly resembling the round towers of Ireland. What a subject to expatiate on! No end to conjectures, no end to theories! Alas, there was as little romance as in the name of Gibraltar. We hurried up to them, disturbed some sheep that were feeding near, and in our eagerness to reach the towers, nearly fell down a disused coal-pit, badly protected by an insufficient paling. The supposed round towers had been vulgar chimneys for carrying off smoke. The pit at the other was as feebly protected, and both pits were very deep, as we ascertained by flinging in stones. We walked away in disgust. A little farther on was a beautiful piece of undulating ground with some massive oaks, and some of the most beautiful hollies we ever saw. Here there were a great many of the miners' houses, and some more coal-pits (in use, however) and tram-roads, and more donkeys and cattle grazing, and children lolling about and singing, pretending all the while they were taking care of the animals; and a little further down the forest a church, and near it a school, and altogether very numerous and pleasant traces of human neighbourhood.

Perhaps this is the most convenient place for us to give some account of the nature of the mining rights in the Forest of Dean. These rights can only be exercised by what are called "free miners," or by others claiming the right through purchase, or otherwise, from a free miner. To constitute a free miner, a man must have been born in the hundred of St. Briavells, and have wrought in a coal or iron mine for a year and a day. He is then entitled to claim what is called a "gale"

in the forest; that is, the privilege of mining in a portion of the forest which he may select. This, however, is subject to the approval of an officer called the gaveller, or deputy-gaveller, who is appointed by the crown, and who fixes the limit of the gale and the rent to be paid, which is usually very small. In default of payment, the crown has a right to one-fifth of the produce of the mine. The miners' affairs used to be managed by themselves at regular meetings, held at the Queen's Lodge or Speech House, in the centre of the forest; but their management was not always good. The free miners, as may be supposed, were mostly all poor men without capital, and the coal was raised in small quantities at very great expense. In course of time capitalists were attracted to the district, who bought up many of the miners' rights; and by them the mining operations are now carried on with great energy and success.

We have already spoken of the fanciful way in which places are named by the people in the forest. A few of the names given by the miners to their engines or coal-pits will illustrate this more strongly: Pluckpenny; Cuts out therefrom; Work or Hang; Strip and at it; Ready Money; As you like it; Venus and Jupiter; New Strip and at it.

The sun was now long past the meridian, and we began to entertain some thoughts of dinner; but down among the miners' houses such a thing was out of the question, as a little outward inspection of the only "public" soon informed us. We determined then to hold on to the Speech House. We passed by several enclosures thickly wooded with young trees, and arrived at a cleared space called "Acorn Patch Nursery," a nursery for the forest. From this point the view was very fine. We had skirted the second ridge we described, and looked now on its western side, densely wooded, while up the valley ran for miles what the map called the "line of the coal-field," containing treasures beyond all price. We soon struck into a narrow, dreary road, a fit place for a highwayman to ply his trade, if any one of that class still survive; and then we came upon a magnificent wood, with oaks and elms "of giant stature," the sunshine peering through, and daylight just gleaming in the horizon; and a few hundred yards of pleasant walking brought us to the Speech House.

There is something exquisitely delicious in quaffing a glass of pale ale on a warm summer day, when one is hot, and tired, and fatigued. The gods never drank such nectar; men only, and what is more to the purpose, Englishmen only, could find it out. It imparts new vigour to the whole man, and leaves no trace behind. This was our first de-

mand at the Speech House, and as the place seemed in a good deal of disorder, we were ushered into the large hall, where the miners' meetings are held, a spacious room with twenty-four deers'-heads nailed against the walls, with one door, four windows, an enormous chimney, a lot of hat-pegs, forms, and chairs, and a platform for the grandees. Here we despatched, in company with two dogs that forced themselves on our society, a very excellent dinner, and then started. We tried to fish something out of the attendants about the forest, but we might as well have dragged the Thames for salmon at London Bridge.

Our road lay now across the forest, chiefly past enclosures; but still on the grassy turf at the roadside stood many large and magnificent-looking trees. One oak in particular we noticed, under whose branches a very large party might enjoy themselves, either with a cold collation or a merry dance. Apple-trees were also very numerous, but of course they were crabs, and their fruit, for some of them had little apples, was unpleasantly sour. The road now began to descend to what is expressively enough called Cinderford Bridge, which either takes its name from, or gives its name to, some extensive mining-works situated a little distance up a valley on the left-hand side of the road. The bridge is surrounded by quite a little village, which appears to be inhabited chiefly by workmen. Ascending a high ground on the opposite side, and turning to look back, we have another fine view of part of the forest. Here one of the ridges, still densely wooded, ends and slopes down to the valley through which the Cinderford Bridge stream prattles and murmurs on its way. We are now practically out of the forest, and the road, after a little further ascent, is all down hill, but commanding most extensive prospects of the fertile and picturesque County of Gloucester. We pass through Little Dean, a small village, and after a twilight's walk through shady lanes, we once more descended to Newnham, and very soon sunk

> "Into such sleep as wont to shed
> Oblivion on the weary head
> After a toilsome day."

CHAPTER XI.

LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE FORESTS.

WITCHES OF PENDLE—FOREST OF DELAMERE—SUBMARINE FOREST AT LEASOWE.

THE forests of Lancashire belong to history. Few traces of any that previously existed can be found now. The numerous mosses, such as Chat Moss, &c., with which it abounds, indicate the existence of extensive forests at a very early period. Those of which we have accurate accounts were chiefly situated in the northern and eastern parts of the county; that is, where it is most mountainous and borders upon Yorkshire. The two principal forests were those of Blackburnshire and Bowland, both belonging to the honor of Clitheroe. They were, however, divided into the forests of Pendle, Trawden, Accrington, and Rossendale; and after the marriage of Thomas of Lancaster with Alice de Lacey, they came into the possession of the Duchy of Lancaster, and the forest then went by the name of the Forest of Lancaster. Another forest, that of Pickering in Yorkshire, also belonged to the same duchy; and so strictly and impartially were the forest laws carried out in both, that the records of these two forests became the highest authority on that complicated scheme of jurisprudence, the law of the forest. In 1311, the entire annual profits of these four forests was estimated at 4*l.* 5*s.* 8*d.* The Commissioners of the Commonwealth valued them as worth 559*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.* per annum, as "part of the possessions of Charles Stewart, the late king." In 1651, they were all sold to Adam Baynes for the sum of 6853*l.* 16*s.* 1*d.* Since that time, their character as forests has entirely disappeared; the steam-engine and the power-loom having cleared all before them.

The wealthy magnificent abbey of Whalley once stood in this forest. It was founded about the twelfth century by some Cistercian monks from Stanlaw in Cheshire, and its erection cost 3000*l.* This amount will give some idea of its magnificence; for though such a sum would not in our day go far towards the erection even of a church, yet when

the wages of labour were only twopence per day, when the adjoining forest supplied nearly all the timber, and plenty of fine sandstone was to be had in the neighbourhood, we can imagine the scale of splendour on which the edifice could be reared. These old monks were almost unerring judges of the places best fitted for residence, where all the physical comforts of life could be had. The situation was warm, and at the same time picturesque, the soil was fertile, the neighbouring forests supplied deer and all kinds of game in great plenty, and the streams were well stocked with delicious fish. The monastery was suppressed by Henry VIII., and it is now in ruins; but many of the parts remain entire, and give a slight idea of the fallen splendour whose memory they preserve.

The Forest of Pendle has acquired a considerable degree of notoriety from some old traditions and stories connected with the witches who at one time were supposed, by the people in the neighbourhood, to inhabit it. These stories have acquired a kind of historical interest from their having been made the basis of the trial for witchcraft of eighteen poor women at Lancaster, in 1633.

At that period the people of England were infected by a witch-mania, which caused the cruel suffering of many innocent people. For a woman to be old and ugly, to live alone, to keep a cat, and to have some peculiarity in her manner, were sufficient to cause ignorant and senseless people to set her down as a witch. If any calamity happened in the neighbourhood, the people immediately attributed it to the so-called witch. The poor woman was seized, and usually met her death either at the hands of a fanatical mob or through the verdict of as fanatical a jury. The originators of the most notorious witch-trials in the Forest of Pendle were a man named Robinson, a woodcutter, and his son, both of whom seem to have been scoundrels of the very deepest dye. Robinson's story was, that he was on his way to Burnley to pay some money early one morning; it was dark and the road was very bad, and the traveller was very tired and weary. A terrible storm came on, thunder, lightning, and rain; and Robinson, on looking up at a crag that overlooked the road he was travelling, saw, or thought he saw, by the glare of the lightning, the most terrible witch in Pendle. He trembled all over, and presently felt something rubbing his legs. This he found to be a tremendous black cat with eyes darting flames. This cat spoke to him in good English, and said, "You cursed my mistress two days ago; she will meet you again at Malkin tower;" the mistress doubtless being the terrible witch who sat on the crag looking on. The witch and the cat then set off for the forest.

The story told by the son was much longer, more full of details and romance, and with a great deal more of the horrible. On the night before the father went on his journey young Robinson went into the forest to gather some berries. He had not been engaged in this pursuit long, when two beautiful greyhounds came up with collars of gold. He thought this a good opportunity to have a hunt; and a hare being started, he tried to urge the hounds to follow, but in vain. The dogs would not stir. He then struck them to urge them on; whereupon one was suddenly transformed into Moll Dickenson, a reputed witch in the neighbourhood, and the other into a little boy. Young Robinson tried to run, but the touch of the witch fixed him to the earth. She offered him some money to hold his tongue; but he refused it with the strongest feelings of superstitious horror. Immediately on his refusal, Moll took a string and flung it over the boy, who immediately became a white horse, and Robinson soon felt himself seated on the horse in front of the witch. They soon arrived at a house in the forest, where it was currently reported "the witches' Sabbath" was kept. About fifty hags were here, all making ready for a carousal; and a young comely damsel brought to Robinson a delicious-looking steak on a golden dish. The first taste, however, was enough, the meat was so disgusting. Robinson next found himself in a barn, where six witches were pulling vigorously at ropes attached to the roof, and at every pull down came the choicest and richest articles of food. A vast cauldron then rose, and such rites as are described in *Macbeth* were performed around it; and after some other horrible incantations, young Robinson made a desperate attempt to escape. He got out of the barn and fled, pursued, like Tam o' Shanter, by the whole troop; but they did not catch him, and he reached home in the most pitiable and forlorn condition. He raved for a whole week about the witches, &c. and what he had seen, and his father forsook his usual employment and would scarcely speak.

In our days the matter would have ended here. The country people might perhaps think the story true, and people who believe in mesmerism and clairvoyance might think it a subject of anxious inquiry; but with the general public the two stories would be set down either as fabrications or the creations of a diseased imagination. At all events, they would never reach a court of law, nor lead to the loss of life. But in those times it was different; on the bare evidence of these Robinsons eighteen persons were tried at Lancaster, seventeen were found guilty, and six were actually hanged. One of the poor women was so terrified at her position, that she actually confessed herself a

witch, and told most circumstantially all about her relations with the devil. It was afterwards found that the story of the Robinsons was a pure fabrication; but, to shew the justice of those times, nothing was done to them, and any one who threatened Robinson or his son with exposure and punishment was threatened in turn with being denounced as a warlock or a witch.

"The Lancashire Witches" is a standing toast now at every public dinner in Lancashire; but it is now applied to a race of the finest and handsomest women in England.

We turn gladly to some more pleasing and civilised scenes connected with these forests.

In the centre of the Forest of Pendle, on a high elevation, is the source of the river Irwell. For centuries it must have been surrounded by woods; and many a time the dun-deer may have stopped to drink of its waters, or the forest-keepers wandered by its banks, in blissful ignorance of what the future would disclose of the mighty importance and value of that stream. But now the scene is changed; the country still to some extent preserves a wild and woodland appearance, but you can stand at the source of the river and watch its current until it has brawled along a few hundred yards, when the infant river is compelled to work and drive the first mill on its shores. From thence, in its course of about 25 miles, its powers are unceasingly taxed as it flows past the town of Bacup,—the first on its course,—through Rossendale, and on by Bury to Manchester; and from thence, dirty, weary, and polluted, it flows into the Mersey, and finds oblivion in the Irish Sea.

The beautiful valley of Rossendale, though its forests and deer are gone, and the hunter's horn and the baying dog are no more heard, yet is still lovely and picturesque. A single line of railroad connects it with the trunk-line of the East Lancashire. Numerous cotton-mills are seen, much more cheerful-looking, and less smoky, than they are in towns; pleasant-looking, and cleanly-kept rows of workmen's cottages, here and there larger buildings, evidently belonging to the aristocracy of the dale, and several churches and schools appear on the hill-sides. But perhaps the most interesting and romantic object of all is at the entrance to the dale, being merely a round tower erected on a high hill. Here, it is said, a poor man from Scotland, and his sons, halted one day, about the end of the last century, on their weary wanderings for employment, tired and dejected. The cotton-manufacture was then beginning to rise in importance; the man and his sons obtained employment, and it was not long ere they could again look down that

dale and see their own factories, their own workmen's houses, and churches and schools built by them for their workpeople and their children. On the spot where they halted this tower was built, and it stands prominently out in the landscape as a beacon-tower of hope to the fainting and the weary, an encouragement to the persevering, and a fresh stimulus to the brave.

Romantic as we usually consider the days of old, Rossendale, with its deer and its forests, has nothing to compare with this simple story.

In Whittaker's History of Whalley there is a curious old ballad that seems to have been written by some one resident in the Forest of Lancaster, at the house of Bromsholme. It seems to have been written at a time when the forest really was a forest; and in its grouping together of impossible things great wit is discovered.

A Balade of Maryage.

In yonder wode there is a dene,
  Wher I myselfe was late reposyng,
Wher blossomes in their prime have bene,
  And flowers faire their colors losyng;
A love of myne I chaunced to meete,
  Wich caussid me too longe to tarye;
And then of hym I did entreate
  To tell me when he thought to marye.

If thou wilt not my secret tel,
  Ne bruite abrode in Whalley parish,
And swere to kepe my counsel wel,
  I will declare mye daye of maryage.
* * * *

When somer's heate will drie noe myre,
  And wynter's rain no longer patter;
When leade will melt withouten fyre,
  And beare brades doe neede noe water;
When Dounham stones with diamond ringes,
  And cockles be with perles compared;
When golde is made of gray goose winges,
  Then wyl mie love and I be maryed.

When buck and harte in Hodder lie,
  And graylings on the fells are bredyng;
When muscles grow on everie tree,
  And swannes on everie rock are fedying;
When mountains are by men removyd,
  And Ribble back to Horton caryed,
Or Pendle hill grows silk above,
  Then wyl mie love and I be maryed.

When moore or mosse doe saffron yelde,
And becke and sike ren downe with honie ;
When sugar grows in everie fielde,
And clerkes will take no bribe of monie ;
When men in Bowlande dyeth here,
And at Jerusalem bee buryed,
Or when the sunne dothe rise at noone,
Then wyl mie love and I be maryed.

Now farewel frende, yf it bee soe,
And this thy once expected wedyng ;
For neither I nor none of my kinn
Wyl ev'r neede to looke for bidyng.
I swere and vow yf thys bee trowe,
And thou of such an evyl caryage,
If I shoulde lyve ten thousande yere,
I'd nev'r more expecte thy maryage.

The old county of Chester is as delightful and pleasant a district as any man would wish to ramble through. We do not mean that new class of tourists and travellers who never journey except by prosaic railroads, and who come home from their tours with their minds full of the most chaotic ideas of towns of which only a passing glimpse was caught ; beautiful valleys spanned by viaducts, and traversed too quickly for their beauty to be ever seen ; old castles and mansions, every stone of which perhaps has its legend, appearing and disappearing like visions ; and picturesque hill-sides traversed not in contemplation of their beauty, but in the darkness and dampness of a tunnel. No man who wants really to see and enjoy a district of country should travel through it by rail. Rather let him grasp his staff, sling on his knapsack, pull on his strong but easy shoes, and go forth, free and unencumbered as the wind, to travel which way he listeth.

Now Chester is just the county where a man finds it necessary to do this. There are plenty of railroads, but unfortunately they do not always go to the places which the traveller, not bent on mere business, wants to see. Take the case of the Forest of Delamere, which we are about to describe, as an example. It lies in the north-eastern part of the county, about ten miles east from Chester. A perfect net-work of railways surrounds it, but not one comes within five miles of its boundary. The railway people doubtless knew what they were about; and the beauty of the forest, and the charms of the Vale Royal of England, were feathers in the scale against "engineering difficulties" and prospects of traffic. The old Romans thought differently, for a part of one of their great roads, leaving Chester and bisecting, as it were, the

angle made by the Chester and Crewe, and the Lancashire Junction railroads, runs almost directly east, right through the forest and on to Northwich.

The whole of this country seems to have been at one time a forest. We read of the ancient forest of Macclesfield, that occupied a large portion of the eastern side of the county, but which has now, in a great measure, given place to villages and factories. Westward from it was the Forest of Delamere, and still further west was the Forest of Wirrall, which most probably covered the whole of the peninsula of that name between the estuaries of the Mersey and the Dee. The last, with the exception of a few places on its borders near the sea, was up to the time of Edward III. "a desolate forest and not inhabited."[2] It was disafforested by that king.

Of the Forest of Macclesfield we have little, if any thing, to say. As a forest, it has long since ceased to exist. The Forest of Delamere is, however, invested with more interest, and with it are connected some very curious passages in history. The district in which it is situated was originally inhabited by the British tribe, the *Cornavii*, who seem to have been somewhat less fierce and more tractable than the rest of the painted savages who were once masters of our island. It does not appear that they were dispossessed of their territories when the Romans came, but rather that they entered the Roman service, for we find traces of the camps of the Cornavii cohorts during the period of Roman occupation. To the Romans this district must have been very valuable. Their principal outpost for keeping in check the mountaineers of Wales was at Chester, a few miles to the west of the forest; and their most abundant supply of salt was obtained from Northwich, a few miles to the east. The old Watling-street, accordingly as we have indicated, ran from Chester to Northwich through the forest, and joined the great main road that passed through Warrington. The present turnpike-road takes, with a few variations, precisely the same course. The forest must also have been useful to the Romans in providing timber for the construction of their galleys, as they were obliged to maintain a fortified sea-port and a number of vessels on the shores of Wirrall, at the mouth of the Dee, in order to keep open their communications by sea with Chester. When the Saxons came, this part of the country formed a portion of the kingdom of Mercia. Delamere forest seems under them to have been little regarded, for we have no accounts of its being famous for the pleasures of the chase or

[2] Camden.

of its containing a large population. About the year 900, however, Ethelfleda built a town called Eddisbury, in the very heart or "chamber" of the forest, which soon became populous, and famous for the happy life led by its inhabitants. Though all vestige of this once happy town has now disappeared, yet its name remains, and its site in the chamber of the forest can still be pointed out. And certainly a finer site the Lady Ethelfleda could not have chosen. It was placed on a gentle rising ground in the centre of the forest, overlooking finely wooded vales and eminences on every side. A little brook rippled past through a small valley, and the old Roman road wound its way round the eminence on which the town was built. This antique Saxon lady seems to have had a strange passion for building, as we are told she not only built this town, but that she also built fortresses at Bramsbury, Bridgenorth, Tamworth, and Stafford, and most probably would have built many more had she not died at Tamworth in 922.

The few scraps of information that can be picked up about this old Saxon town, merely seem to excite a curiosity which there are no possible means of gratifying, and of shewing how little in reality we know of the history of our own country. The building, inhabiting, and decaying of this town of Eddisbury, in the heart of an old English forest, is most certainly not a fable. Ethelfleda was not a mythical personage; she helped to rule a kingdom, fought and won battles, died a natural death, and does not the old Saxon chronicle say that "her body lies at Gloucester within the east porch of St. Peter's church?" It is not every historical personage of whose existence such clear proofs can be given. What a treasure it would be if we could find some old history of this town, or how greatly would our knowledge be extended if we could call back to life "the oldest inhabitant," and question him about this forgotten town! Interesting would it be to know how they lived, if they tilled the ground or hunted in the forest, or sent their swine to fatten on the acorns; if they spun wool or made butter and cheese, and ever took them to market at Chester, or ever went to buy salt at Northwich? But these are particulars we shall never know. The time even when the town disappeared is not known, for for many centuries the forest was allowed to go to waste until it became little better than a barren heath, and the neighbourhood was as wild and uncultivated as the back woods of America. But the disappearance of Eddisbury is not a solitary case. When we get farther into Cheshire, we shall find traces of another town perhaps even less known to history. By an act

dated June 1812, however, the forest was ordered to be planted; and it now contains a large quantity of young timber, which, in course of time, will be of great value.

The ancient name of this forest was Moni and Mondrum; and by these names many writers not so very antiquated are accustomed to designate it. Fifty townships are said to have been at one time included in it. The latest account we have of royal hunting in the forest is that of King James I., who, during one of his "progresses," enjoyed the pleasures of the chase here, and was quite delighted with the sport. The Cheshire hounds meet in the forest, as foxes are tolerably numerous.

The forest stands considerably above the level of the sea; it contains several farms, which seem to be well cultivated. We noticed a fine flock of sheep grazing in one of the fields belonging to a farm. In the forest are a number of what are called *meres*, or pools of water, lying in the low, marshy districts. Several years ago, a woman and her daughter suddenly appeared on the banks of one of these meres, and constructed a hut, in which they took up their abode. They dressed themselves with the skins of animals they killed in the forest, and managed to live nobody knew how. They were followers of Johanna Southcote, and their eccentric mode of life drew a great many people to visit them, especially on Sundays, who usually left some money; so that at last they were in the receipt, for them, of a tolerably fair income. Suddenly, however, both disappeared as mysteriously as they had come.

The magnificent abbey of Vale Royal was situated at the south-eastern extremity of the forest, and was erected in consequence of a vow made by Edward I. before he ascended the throne. The prince was at sea and on the point of being wrecked, when he vowed that if he were saved he would build a large abbey in the most pleasant part of England. He was saved, and Vale Royal was selected as the site; but civil wars came, which led to Edward's imprisonment in Hereford. Here he was visited by, and received great kindness from, some Cistercian monks, which induced him to make them the future tenants of his abbey. The building was begun in 1277, and not finished till 1330; and its cost (an enormous sum in those days) was 32,000*l.* It existed in great splendour until the great spoliation of the monasteries, when its revenue was 518*l.* 19*s.* 8*d.* Scarcely any traces of the old building now remain.

On the low coasts of Lancashire and Cheshire many remains have been found which clearly indicate the existence at no very remote

period not only of forests but also of villages which have since disappeared. In approaching Liverpool from the sea, few prospects can be less attractive to the tourist in search of the picturesque than that presented by the shores he is approaching. The high, bold scenery of North Wales on the south, and of Cumberland on the north, which in clear weather may be seen far away on the "horizon's verge," seems to come to an abrupt termination, and be succeeded by a flat expanse of yellow sand unbroken by tree or town, and only dotted here and there by a lighthouse or a beacon. Liverpool is hidden by the bend of the Mersey, and the great broad estuary of the Dee seems a deserted lake, its solitude broken only by a few white sails or the lazy smoke of some passing steamer, while the intervening coast resembles a section of the great desert of Sahara, rather than a shore near "a monstrous pitchy city and sea-haven of the world." Flat, dull, and uninteresting as this shore may be, yet under this repulsive exterior it hides a vast amount of curious information, and affords abundant material for speculation and theory. We are told by geologists, that as part of the great means by which nature is constantly preserving the balance of creation, the sea in many places is washing away the land, making encroachments on the shore, and adding to the "treasures of the deep" many a farm and many a village on which human industry was lavished, and where human beings once had their abode. So is it here, between the Mersey and the Dee. The Irish Sea, aided doubtless by some more distant force, is too powerful for the resistance of the Cheshire shore. The very first object the traveller meets after leaving New Brighton is positive evidence of the fact. A mass of red sandstone has obtruded itself into light, as if to defy the waves, and is known locally as the Red Noses. But sad is the havoc they have undergone from the sea. Grooves and furrows and caves have been cut in them as smoothly as by edge-tools. The cleanness of their fronts shews how well they are washed by every tide; and a comparison of the initials and their dates, with which enlightened Englishmen delight to adorn all places of public resort, might almost enable one to measure the yearly extent of old Ocean's victory. Farther on there are fields, which old people will tell you once grew good crops, now, alas! sanded up, and producing little but the heath and the wild rose. In walking along the shore, you soon reach even more conclusive evidence of the encroachments of the sea in a strong stone-wall on the beach fenced by bundles of fagots. The land here, to a considerable extent, is under the level of the sea; and but for this same wall or "Dutch dyke," it would be constantly overflowed. The yearly charge of main-

taining this bulwark against the sea is considerable, and is defrayed by the Corporation of Liverpool. The ground thus under the level of the sea is known as the Leasowe (low flat plain); on its margin, near the sea, is Leasowe Castle, the seat of Sir Edward Cust; and within a short distance of the castle stands the new lighthouse, which forms one of the chain of lighthouses along the coast from Liverpool to Holyhead. The *old* lighthouse stood at a point which is now 450 yards *below* high-water mark. Around the lighthouse the remains of a submarine forest are to be seen at low-water. The Rev. Dr. Hume of Liverpool, an accurate scientific observer, states, that on this part of the coast, "in March 1849, I reckoned at low tide no fewer than five sea-margins, the present and four others, all of which are indicated here; but from the two lowest strata the marks of cultivation and of vegetation had disappeared. In the third I reckoned 538 stumps of trees, all growing *in situ*, and they had evidently been planted by the hand of man; for they were in lines, the distance of five yards being between each. The larger stumps were towards the Dee, the smaller in the direction of the lighthouse and the Mersey. One stump of 'bog-fir,' 43 yards below high-water mark, had the bark on, as had several others; and in it there was the mark of an iron staple about about half an inch in diameter, the iron gone, but the rust still there. Many other stumps had been removed, which the country people dried to heat their ovens; and in some places the trees are so decayed that the wood may be cut through with a spade like a piece of cheese."

That a forest therefore existed here at one time is sufficiently clear; and from remains that have been found in the immediate neighbourhood, it is no less certain that a village existed at this place, which has been destroyed, and its very name been lost. A great number of articles have from time to time been found along the sea-shore; they are chiefly for domestic use; and "it is remarkable," says Dr. Hume, who has made a classification of them, and written an elaborate and interesting description, "that there is not among them a single weapon of any kind, nor any thing that seems to indicate a violation of the habits and scenes of peaceful life." The classification of the articles is both curious and instructive:

Buckles, more than	100
Rings, exclusive of fragments	20
Skewers, or pins	6
Tags, or terminations of straps	30
Needles	3
Needle-cases	2
Brooches	8

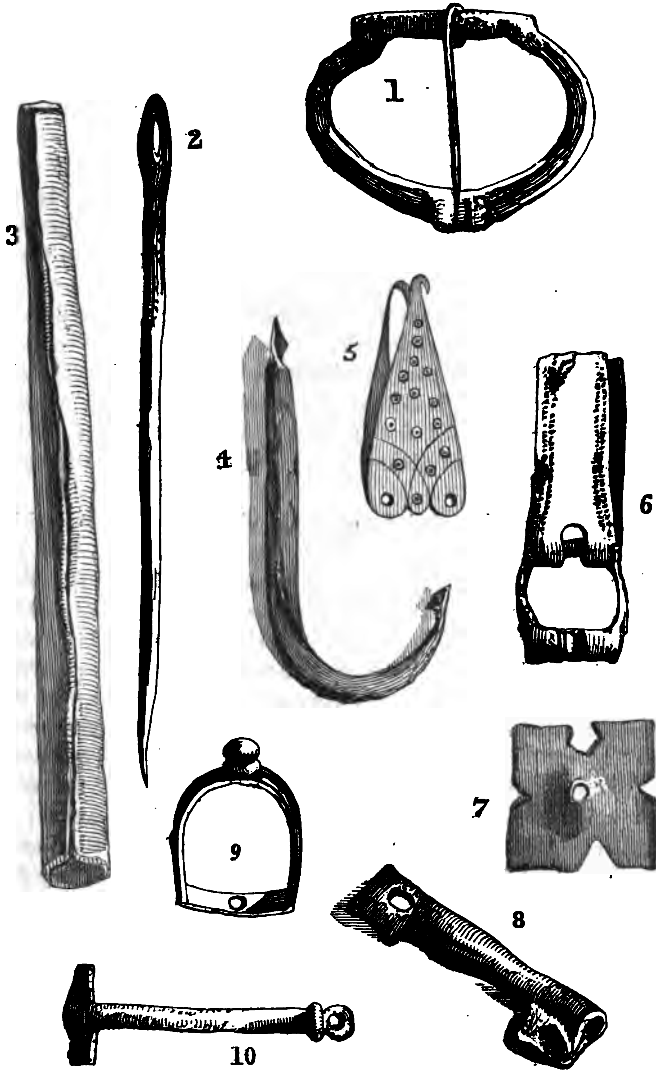
Fibulæ	3
Amulets, or beads	8
Fish-hook	1
Key	1
Cross	1

The materials of which these articles were formed were lead, silver, copper, iron, and brass; and competent inquirers have considered that their antiquity dates as far back as the time of the Romans.

Accurate and beautiful drawings of a number of these articles were made by Mr. H. C. Pidgeon, a London artist, and appended to a small pamphlet published by Dr. Hume on the subject.[1] We have selected, with the requisite permission, a few of the most prominent of these objects for illustration.

Figure 1 has evidently at one time served the purposes of a buckle or a brooch, perhaps both, but most probably the latter; Nos. 2 and 3 are respectively a needle and a needle-case. Of them Dr. Hume remarks: "The construction of this and another needle-case is similar to that of various articles already noticed, as it is rudely squeezed together from the sheet-metal, as if it were constructed of pasteboard. Even the needle is manufactured on the same plan; for by the seam on its side we see that it has been compressed, the formation of the eye and point being subsequent processes. Had the early inhabitants of New England only known how easy it is to manufacture needles on this plan, we might never have heard of a whole village possessing only one, or of good housewives arranging their time by the hour, so that by night or by day it might never be idle." No. 4 is a *fish-hook*, formed in the same way as the needle, by rolling a thin sheet of metal into the requisite shape. It is surprising that a greater number of these hooks have not been discovered, as, if the village were near the sea when it existed, it most probably would contain a number of fishermen. Of the other articles, such as are not connected with human dress seem to have been used most probably about the harness of horses, and would indicate rather an agricultural than a fishing population, rather a country village than a hamlet on the sea. Figure 5 is a delicate hook beautifully ornamented on one side, speckled like a peacock's tail; 6 is a buckle with part of the strap attached; Dr. Hume supposes fig. 7 to be the *boss* of a book. If this be so, the village must have existed about four hundred years ago, unless the bosses belonged to missals or monkish volumes, which is not probable,

[1] The Antiquities found at Hoylake in Cheshire, described by A. Hume, LL.D. F.S.A. Longman, 1847.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considering their scarcity and the absence of other ecclesiastical remains. The rudeness of the construction of the needle will by no means invalidate the idea about the boss of the book; for needles (such as are now used) were not known in England till the reign of Queen Mary, nor did they come into general use till many years after. Fig. 8 is a key made of thin twisted metal like the other articles, its simplicity contrasting very strongly with the complexity of the masterpieces of Bramah and Hobbs, and presenting at the same time a favourable contrast between the "appropriating" propensities of a rude and simple with those of a civilised and refined society. Fig. 9 is another buckle; and 10 is a small hammer, which, it is conjectured, has at one time served as the tongue of a bell; but what purpose the bell served, it would be difficult to conjecture. It has evidently been used only in-doors, as its smallness would unfit it for being heard at any considerable distance in the open air.

It is reported that human remains have been found in the neighbourhood. A graveyard is said to have been discovered at low-water spring tides by an engineer while surveying the coast for a very different purpose. An old skull and some other human bones have also been found.

Who, then, were the inhabitants of this village and forest, and how and when were they destroyed? These are questions to which only approximate answers can be given. It is well established, that for at least two thousand years past this part of the coast has been inhabited, and that until within no very remote period the whole hundred of Wirrall, the name by which this part of Cheshire is known, was covered with forests. When the Romans possessed the island, one of their chief stations was *Deva Castrum*, the camp on the Dee, the present city of Chester. It was important as being near the Welsh mountains, whither large numbers of the ancient inhabitants had fled for refuge, and from whence they made many sallies against their invaders; and important also because it was the chief port from whence the Romans had access to the Irish Sea. But situated as it was a long way from the sea, it was necessary to guard its entrance, and accordingly another station was created on a small island—Hilbre Island—near the mouth of the Dee, and close by the shore on which this village and now buried forest stood. Some remains have occasionally been found on this island that render this fact beyond doubt, but the island is now greatly reduced in size by the encroachments of the sea. It is therefore quite reasonable to suppose that a village, or even a town, may have sprung up on this shore in Roman times, and that the timber of the forests

may have been cleared both to build Roman galleys and to give space for the raising of corn. The Dee certainly did not diminish in importance when the Heptarchy was established. Chester became the capital of the kingdom of Mercia; and one of its kings is related to have sailed on the Dee rowed by kings whom he had subdued in war, among whom were a king of Cumberland and a king of Man. There must have therefore been plenty of ships around the mouth of the Dee, and it is highly probable that the village called into existence by the Roman station still continued and increased in the days of the Saxons. In the reign of Henry II. an abbey was erected at the town of Birkenhead on the west shore of the Mersey, and not far distant from the locality we are considering. Among other privileges enjoyed by the monks was that of a ferry across the river to Liverpool, such as that town then was, and, strange enough, this old "Monk's ferry" still remains with its old name, but attached now not to a holy brotherhood of monks, but to a brotherhood of capitalists, carrying on business (in both senses of the word carrying) under the name of the Chester and Birkenhead Railway Company. "The blessings of knowledge and the benefits of religion" were therefore we see coming nearer and nearer our submarine forest at Leasowe. In the reign of Edward III. the peninsula was disafforested, and new villages doubtless sprung up. Coming down to a later period, we learn that it was from a port named Hoylake, close by the spot on which this buried forest stood, that William Penn sailed to America to found or colonise the district now known as Pennsylvania; and it was from the same port that William III. embarked for Ireland to fight the Battle of the Boyne. Said we not that this low sandy shore had greater interest than appearances would at first promise? But its inhabitants seem to have lived lives of quiet industry, and to have always had pretty much the same character as was given to them by old Lucian the Monk. "In feasting," says he, "they are friendly—at meat chearfull—in entertainment liberall,—soone angry—soone pacified; lavish in words, impatient in servitude, mercifull to all, compassionate to the poore, kinde to their kindred, spary of labour, void of dissimulation, not greedy in eating, and far from dangerous practices." They never seem to have played any conspicuous part either in general or local affairs; and the absence of any thing like a warlike instrument from the antiquities picked up in the neighbourhood leads to the conclusion that they lived very peaceable lives. So much for the people.

How and when were the forest and village destroyed? When it is considered that no human remains have been found that indicate death

by violence, it is highly probable that the village had been deserted previous to its final submersion. This idea is further confirmed by the fact that, on the Lancashire shore, there exists a deserted village anciently known as Formby. "The graveyard is still preserved, about three feet below the ordinary level, and many feet below the large mounds of sand which surround it. In 1783 the last householder lived on the borders of this graveyard, and in his youth his house was in the centre of the town. The modern Formby is now a mile and a half distant, with a new church and churchyard; but the deserted lanes, where one plunges in the sand at every step, still retain town names of places to which they once led, as King-street, Church-street, Duke-street."[2]

The inhabitants of modern Formby have thus had ample warning to "take up their beds and walk;" and, in all probability, old ocean was equally kind-hearted on the Cheshire shore.

Some of the local observers and inquirers, however, believe that the destruction of the forest was suddenly accomplished, and that on some stormy day in autumn (this season being fixed on because many of the buried trees were bearing *fruit* when they must have been destroyed), the sea made a sudden dash across the land, overwhelmed the entire district, bearing down every thing in its way, and that the waters cleared for themselves an outlet into the Mersey by a channel long known as Wallasey-pool, but now occupied by some of the most magnificent docks to be found in the civilised world. We do not pretend to decide on the merits of this, or of any other explanation. We said before, that the coast was rich in materials for speculation and conjecture, and any person of a lively imagination starting from the facts of the case may weave many a bold theory, which may contain at least a few silken threads of truth.

In Scotland several submarine forests exist. One is found in Orkney, and there are two on the shores of Fife. The latter are covered with the tide at high water to the depth of about ten feet, and consist of the roots of trees. They are imbedded in peat moss, which rests upon a bed of clay. One of these forests is in the north part of the county, on the shore of the Tay; the other in the south, on the Frith of Forth. Dr. Fleming, once minister of the parish in which one of these forests is situated, and since a professor in one of the colleges at Aberdeen, after a careful examination of these forests, and of the various explanations given by geologists of similar forests on the coasts of Lincolnshire and Cornwall, proposes the following ingenious theory:

[2] Letter from Dr. Hume.

"If we suppose a lake situate near the sea-shore, and having its outlet elevated a few feet above the rise of the tide, we have the first condition requisite for the production of a submarine forest; if we now suppose that by means of mud carried in by the rivulets, and the growth of aquatic plants, this lake has become a marsh, and a stratum of vegetable matter formed on the surface of sufficient density to support trees, we arrive at the second condition which is requisite. Suppose a marsh in this condition to have the level of its outlet lowered, or rather to have its sea-ward barrier removed, what consequences would follow? The extremities of the strata, now exposed to the sea, would at every ebb-tide be left dry to a depth equal to the fall of the tide. Much water, formerly prevented from escaping by the altitude of the outlet, would now ooze out from the moist beds; and the subsiding force would act more powerfully in the absence of the water which filled every pore. All the strata above low-water mark would thus collapse; and the surface of the marsh, instead of remaining at its original height, would sink below the level of the sea. In consequence of this drainage, produced by the ebbing of the tide on those marshes, the original barriers of which have been destroyed, there is no difficulty in accounting for the depression of the surface of a marsh many feet lower than its original level; nor in explaining the fact, that Neptune now triumphs where Silvanus reigned, and that the sprightly Nereids now occupy the dwelling of their sister Naiads."

This explanation seems to be as simple and reasonable as any that has yet been offered.

SHERWOOD FOREST.

CHAPTER XII.

SHERWOOD FOREST. TRADITIONS OF ROBIN HOOD. THE PARLIAMENT OAK. MAID MARIAN. NEWSTEAD ABBEY. LORD BYRON. ANNERSLEY HALL. HARDWICK HALL.

> "It was a salvage wood of ancient growth,
> With dreary paths, and caves, and thick-set trees,
> And darken'd miles of land from north to south:
> Lord! how it roared, when loudly blew the breeze.
> There Romans did the pagan Britons fight,
> The Druids dwelt; and it was Shirewood hight."—SPENSER.

SHERWOOD FOREST was once very extensive. It covered the whole county of Nottingham, and extended into both Yorkshire and Derbyshire. There grew in it some most stately and magnificent oaks; it was well stocked with beasts of the chase, and was one of the favourite

hunting resorts of the Norman kings. The Conqueror seems to have spared it in his northern devastations. Camden's description of it is very short, and gives little information. He says: "More inward lies Shirewood, which some interpret a *clear wood*, others a *famous wood;* formerly, one close continued shade with the boughs of trees so entangled in one another that one could hardly walk single in the paths. At present it is much thinner, and feeds an infinite number of deer and stags; and has some towns in it, whereof Mansfield is the chief." The forest is sadly altered now; only a few vestiges of its olden glories survive, and these have been so maimed, and mauled, and battered about by time, and storm, and tempest, that their very age inspires melancholy feelings. No hunter's bugle-horn is ringing; there are no long shady avenues to saunter along and dream of bold outlaws and ruthless Norman kings; no spreading oaks under whose shade one could lie down and watch the gambols of the deer. Civilisation has come, and the forest has gone. It is at Bilhaugh where the best specimens of the old tenants of the forest are to be found. Here are oaks that cannot be less than six or seven centuries old; that carry us back through the days of the "mighty hunters of the forest"—the pedantic James, the haughty Elizabeth, the Henrys, the Edwards, and the Williams, the lion-hearted Richard, and the pusillanimous John. Ay, and the forefathers of these oaks must have been there when the Saxons dwelt in the land, when the Druids cut the mistletoe, and higher and higher still, when wild beasts alone ruled and ravaged our island.

One of the first places which Richard the Lion-Hearted visited after his return from his imprisonment in Austria was the Forest of Sherwood. "He had never in his life seen this forest," says a contemporary narrator, "and it pleased him extremely." The charm of picturesque scenery—especially to those who have long been deprived of their liberty—has been felt by men of all ages and all stations; and to this natural attraction might be added another, in Richard's case, which was quite peculiar, and perhaps yet more congenial to his adventurous spirit. The forest of Sherwood was at that time a terror to the Normans; it was the habitation of the last remnant of the bands of armed Saxons, who still denying the Conquest, voluntarily persisted in living out of the law of the descendants of the foreigner. Every where hunted, pursued, tracked, like wild beasts, for a hundred and thirty years, it was here alone that, owing to the nature of the country, they had been able to maintain themselves in numbers, and under a sort of military organisation, which gave them a character more respectable than that of robbers by profession.

When the chivalrous Richard visited for pastime the Forest of Sherwood, there was living in it a man who had long been, and then was, the hero of the poor, the serfs, and the Anglo-Saxon race. "Then," says an old historian, "arose among the disinherited the famous freebooter Robert Hood, whom the common people are so fond of celebrating by games and plays; and the romances of whom, chanted by strolling minstrels, delight them more than any others." The chronicles say scarcely any thing more than this of this most celebrated partisan chief among the Saxons; and if we wish to find some particulars of the life of Robert Hood, we must have recourse to the old romances and popular ballads. It must be confessed that little faith can be attached to the often contradictory facts related in these compositions;—one thing they attest indubitably, the love and admiration of the English people for the outlaw-chief whom they celebrate, and his companions—for all those who, instead of acknowledging the Norman sway, ranged the forest "merry and free."

Of the derivation of the name of Robin Hood there are, as usual, contradictory opinions. It is said that his extraction was noble, and that his true name was Robert Fitzooth, and others call it Robert Fitzhooth, both names being supposed to have been corrupted to Robin Hood. Other old writers call him the Earl of Huntingdon, and to this title he appears to have had a legitimate claim. It is given to him in the epitaph on his tomb.

Robin passed his life in the woods of Sherwood, Barnsdale, and nearly all the forests that then existed in the north of England, at the head of several hundred men, who were the dread of all the Norman aristocracy both lay and spiritual, but dear to the farmer, the labourer, the widow, and the poor.

> "From wealthy abbots' chests and churles' abundant store,
> What often times he tooke, he shared amongst the poor.
> No lordly bishop came in Robin's way,
> To him, before he went, but for his pass must pay;
> The widow in distress he graciously relieved,
> And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin grieved."

Robin Hood is represented as the stoutest heart and the best bowman of all his band; and after him was quoted Little John, his lieutenant, from whom, in danger as well as in rejoicing, he never parted. Tradition still mentions some other of his companions; as Mutch the miller's son, old Scatchlocke, and Friar Tuck.

So enthusiastic did the great majority of the people become in

favour of "bold Robin," that they established an annual festival-day in honour of him; and on that day none were permitted to employ themselves in any thing but play and pleasure. In the fifteenth century this custom was still observed; and the descendants of the Saxons and of the Normans shared these popular diversions in common, without caring to remember that they were a monument of the ancient hostility of their forefathers. On that day, the churches as well as the shops were deserted; no saint, no preacher prevailed against Robin Hood; and they lasted even after the Reformation had lent a new stimulus to religious zeal. This fact is attested by Latimer. In one of his pastoral rounds, he arrived in the evening at a town near London, and gave notice that he should preach the next day, because it was a holiday.

"When I came there," says he, "the churche's door was fast locked. I tarried there half an hour and more; and at last the key was found, and one of the parishioners comes to me and sayes: 'Syr, this is a busye day with us; we cannot hear you; it is Robin Hood's Day. The parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood.'"

The bishop had clothed himself in his ecclesiastical habit: he was obliged to take it off, and go forward on his way, leaving the place to the archers dressed in green, who were enacting in a shady spot the parts of Robin Hood, Little John, and all his band.[3]

The morris-dancers and the mummers who go about London streets on May-day are all representations of the old outlaw and his band.

When Robin Hood was about eighty years of age he was travelling in the neighbourhood of Kirklees nunnery, not far from Huddersfield, when he was taken ill and conveyed to the nunnery, the superior of which at the time is said to have been his own cousin. We copy the beautiful narrative of what followed from an old and scarce ballad originally published in *Robin Hood's Garland* at York.

"'Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin,' she said,
'And drink some beer with me?'
'No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee.'

'Well, I have a room, cousin Robin,' she said,
'Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be.'

[3] Gilpin's Life of Latimer.

She took him by the lily-white hand,
  And led him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
  Whilst one drop of blood would run.

She blooded him in the vein of the arm,
  And locked him up in the room;
There did he bleed all the live-long day,
  Until the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement door,
  Thinking for to be gone;
He was so weak he could not leap,
  Nor he could not get down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
  Which hung low down to his knee;
He set his horn unto his mouth,
  And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
  As he sat under the tree,
'I fear my master is near dead,
  He blows so wearily.'

Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone,
  As fast as he can dree;
But when he came to Kirkley-hall,
  He broke locks two or three:

Until he came bold Robin to,
  Then he fell on his knee;
'A boon, a boon,' cries Little John,
  'Master, I beg of thee.'

'What is that boon,' quoth Robin Hood,
  'Little John, thou begs of me?'
'It is to burn fair Kirkley-hall,
  And all their nunnery.'

'Now nay, now nay,' quoth Robin Hood,
  'That boon I'll not grant thee;
I never 'hurt' woman in all my life,
  Nor man in woman's company.

I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
  Nor at my end shall it be;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
  And a broad arrow I'll let flee;
And where this arrow is taken up,
  There shall my grave digg'd be.

Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet;
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head;
That they may say, when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood.'

These words they readily promis'd him,
Which did bold Robin please;
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Near to the fair Kirkleys."

And near to the "fair Kirkleys" still stands the tomb of one of the most notorious men that England has seen, who, with all his faults, was a true English gentleman at heart; and it must be confessed he did more good than harm in his day. Over his tomb wave the branches of the pine, and the surrounding scenery is admirably adapted for companionship to the tomb of a child of the forest.

Traces of the nunnery still remain; and where it stood, there now stands a wayside inn, much frequented by pilgrims to the grave of Robin Hood. The following is the epitaph on the tomb:

"Here, underneath this laith steun,
Laz Robert Earl of Huntington;
Nea archers were az hie sa geud,
An piple kauld him Robin Heud.
Sick utlawz az hi and is men
Wil England niver si agen.
Obiit 24 kal. Dekembris, 1247."

On the brow of a gentle hill in the neighbourhood of the old hunting-seat of King John, stands a crumbling fragment of a tree, called the "Parliament Oak." Tradition says, that Edward I. and a princely retinue were merrily chasing the panting deer through the entangled paths of the forest, when a messenger arrived in breathless haste, bearing intelligence that his majesty's new subjects in Wales were in open revolt. The monarch instantly called his knights around him, and under the branches of this once noble tree held an urgent council. The knights, with brief resolve, cried out for prompt suppression and exterminating war.

The "Parliament Oak" is supposed to be above a thousand years

old; it is now 20 feet high, and varying from 27 to 32¼ in circumference. From the ancient trunk started forth youthful branches, which, in the autumn of 1842, brought forth above three hundred acorns. The Duke of Portland, the owner of Clypstone Park, has caused this tree to be braced and supported by poles. A young oak, raised from an acorn of the present tree, was planted in his very heart, but some rude hand has broken down the top.

An accurate delineator of Sherwood Forest, Major Hayman Rooke, mentions, that in felling and sawing up some of the old trees in the Hays of Birkland and Bilhaugh in Sherwood Forest, letters, &c. were found within the wood of several, marking the king's reign. In one tree were found several letters. The first cut shews the hollow which the letters originally formed, and the next the same letters reversed and in relief, being the layers of the new wood which covered the old and filled up the depressions which the knife had made. In another tree there was found a crown, with "W. M.," for William and Mary, and in a third, "I," with a crown, like the old crown of King John. The tree containing "W. M." was cut down in 1785; the letters were 9 inches within the tree, and 3 feet 3 inches from the centre; the letter "I" was 18 inches within the surface, and above a foot from the centre.[4]

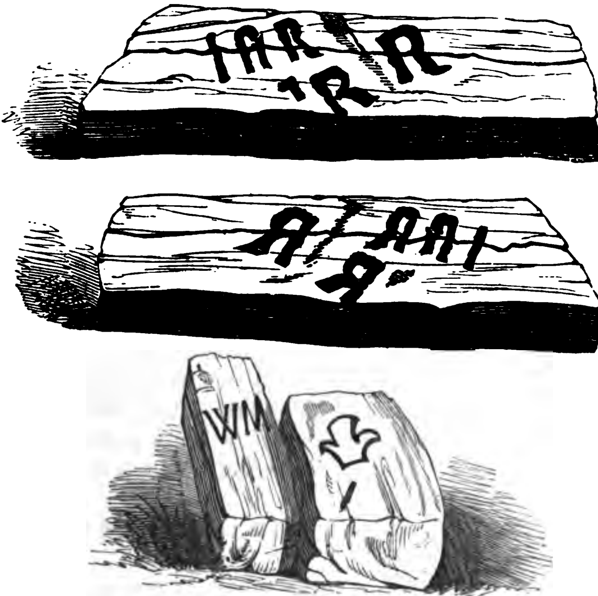
James I., on his return from the visit to Scotland in 1617, contrived to enjoy a good deal of his favourite amusement of hunting, by directing his course through the royal forests of Sherwood and Redwood, whither he had previously caused his hounds to be despatched to meet him.

> "James, our royall king, would ride a-hunting
> To the greene forest so pleasant and faire;
> To see the hart skipping and dainty does tripping,
> Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repaire.
> Hawke and hound were unbound, and all things prepared,
> For the game, in the same, with good regard.
>
> All a long summer day rode the king pleasantly,
> With all his princes and nobles, eache one
> Chasing the hart and hinde, and the bucke gallantlye,
> Till the dark evening forced them all to turn home."[5]

Among the celebrated buildings in Sherwood Forest, which add to its beauty and interest, may be mentioned Thoresby, Dunmow Priory, Newstead Abbey, Annesley Hall, and Hardwick Hall.

[4] Beauties of England and Wales, vol. xii. Nottinghamshire.
[5] Ballad of the King and Miller of Mansfield.

In the days of King John, Dunmow Priory stood in a wild and secluded spot on the borders of the forest. Far and near extended the wild woods; but farm-houses are standing now where the wolf used to range, and a public road passes within sight of the ancient



MARKS IN TREES IN SHERWOOD FOREST.

building, from which it is divided by a corn-field and a burying-ground. Among the tombs of this celebrated edifice is that of the Countess of Huntingdon, known in ballad-story as Lady Marian. This lady had passed her young days in Baynard Castle, on the borders of the forest. Her father, Richard Fitzwalter, gave a tournament when his daughter attained her eighteenth year; knights and esquires assembled from all parts, ladies came attired in robes of costly silk; and during three whole days jousts and sports continued without intermission; but on the fourth, a stranger, clad in burnished mail, entered the lists and vanquished the bravest of his competitors. No one knew whence he came; but his gallant bearing and handsome countenance won the heart of the young queen of that high festival, and she trembled when she hung the golden chain around his neck. But he departed as he came, suddenly and in haste.

Prince John was at the banquet, yet he loved not the noble Fitzwalter. He had no thoughts in common with those of a true and loyal knight; and having been reproved for some evil expressions, he went away in anger, and vowed revenge. A few short months, and the brother of Richard Fitzwalter departed for the Holy Land, taking with him a considerable number of his brother's men-at-arms; when John, watching his opportunity, led a large armed band against Baynard Castle, and slew the owner. The Lady Marian was compelled to flee into the green forest rather than fall into the hands of the licentious and cruel John. There she wandered all day, and concealed herself at night among the underwood. On the following day she met the stranger knight—the victor of the games at her father's castle—no longer clothed in burnished mail, but in a simple suit of Lincoln-green. He greeted the lady right courteously, and bade her not fear, for that Robin Hood would be, with her permission, her protector and defender.

The Lady Marian became the wife of the outlaw-chief. She laid aside her whimple and her veil; and, the better to conceal herself, put on a light kind of armour, such as young men wore on days of festival. In this garb she one day encountered Prince John, who called upon her to surrender; but he who stood before her was the murderer of her father, and what will not the recollection of such a deed produce in even the gentlest bosom!

"Yield!" cried the guilty prince; for he knew not the damsel in her masculine attire.

The stranger was not thus to be subdued; and so firmly did she maintain her assumed character of a follower of Robin Hood, that the prince was obliged to withdraw. When John afterwards learned that his forest antagonist was no other than the young flower of Baynard Castle, he resolved to be avenged on her also.

When King Richard restored her husband his earldom of Huntingdon and his estates, she presided in his baronial hall with equal courtesy and magnificen ce.

John usurped the throne on his brother's death, in prejudice of his nephew Arthur; and then the vengeance which had long brooded in his sullen breast fell heavy on the earl. He was again outlawed, and for many long and weary years did his fair young wife follow his adverse fortunes. Time, and the hardships which he endured, at length weakened the strength of the bold outlaw, and he resolved to repair to a nunnery, where a cousin of his presided as prioress. He had heard much of her skill in medicine.

"Thrice welcome, cousin Robin," said she; but treachery was in

her heart, for she bore no good-will to him who had so often despoiled churchmen and holy houses.

Robin Hood passed through the strong oaken door; but he returned not again to his forest recesses, save as a corpse.

At this sad period of her life the countess took refuge in Dunmow Priory. John heard that she was there, and he rejoiced in the thought of vengeance. Summoning, therefore, a gallant knight, Walter de Medeive, he bade him go with all speed to the priory, and present to the new inmate a valuable bracelet, as a token of amity and reconciliation.

The king's messenger received all due attention from the countess. The rough warrior gazed on her with admiration, for he had often heard of the sufferings of her young days, and of her brave spirit in meeting them. But time was not his own, for the king had commanded him, immediately he had performed his behest, to return and communicate the result.

As Walter de Medeive was hastening on his way, he could not forget the noble bearing and matron beauty of the lady to whom he had borne the pledge of amity. At length her image rose before him with such an intensity of feeling, that caused him to turn his horse's head, and to retrace the way he had come.

The day had closed in before he reached the priory; but the light of many tapers streamed through the windows of the adjoining church on the weary knight, and the dirge of death sounded solemnly through the stillness of the forest. The priory seemed deserted; there was no one to answer his impatient questions; all were either within the church or around the door; and thither he too hastened with trembling steps, for his heart sunk within him. The chancel was lighted up, and before a curiously-carved screen of dark old oak lay a corpse covered with flowers, according to the custom of the age. It was all that remained on earth of the Lady Marian!

The king's bracelet was on her wrist; the fierce poison with which it had been charged by the revengeful king had dried up her life's blood, and cankered the flesh it touched. Her face was ghastly pale, but a serene smile irradiated her still beautiful countenance; it told that all within had been at peace when death had seized her for his own—that even the last dire deed had not disturbed her thought of heaven. The veiled nuns stood around, their loud sobs were heard, even the officiating priests and brothers wept bitterly, and the *Dies iræ* died away on their quivering lips as the warrior entered.

Walter de Medeive flung himself upon the bier, and uttered, in the wildness of his anguish, a thousand maledictions on his own head. It

was long before he could be removed; and then he returned neither to camp nor court. He relinquished his mail and helmet for the cowl and gown, and became a brother of the order of St. Augustine.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY, the ancestral mansion of one of the greatest of our modern poets—Lord Byron—stands in the heart of Sherwood Forest. It is one of the finest specimens in existence of those quaint and romantic piles, half castle half convent, which remain as monuments of the olden times of England.

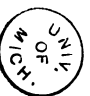
The priory of Newstead, or de Novo Loco, was founded about the year 1170, by Henry II., and dedicated to God and the Virgin. It was inhabited by a fraternity of canons regular of St. Augustine.

At the time of the dissolution of the convents during the reign of Henry VIII., Newstead, by a royal grant, underwent a sudden reverse, being added, with the neighbouring manor and rectory of Papelwick, to the other possessions of Sir John Byron, steward of Manchester and Rochdale, and lieutenant of Sherwood Forest. This worthy figures in the traditions of the abbey, and in the ghost-stories with which it abounds, as "Sir John Byron the Little with the Great Beard." He converted the saintly edifice into a castellated dwelling, making it his favourite residence and the seat of his forest jurisdiction.

The Byron family, being subsequently—in 1643—ennobled by a baronial title, and enriched by various possessions, maintained great style and retinue at Newstead. The proud edifice, however, partook of the vicissitudes of the times; and Lord Byron represents it as alternating the scene of lordly wassailing and of civil war.

About the middle of the last century, the abbey came into the possession of a notorious character, the grand-uncle of the poet, familiarly known among the gossiping chronicles of the abbey, as "the wicked Lord Byron." He is represented as a man of irritable passions and vindictive temper, in the indulgence of which an incident occurred which gave a turn to his whole character and life, and, in some measure, affected the fortunes of the abbey. In his neighbourhood lived his kinsman and friend, Mr. Chaworth, proprietor of Annesley Hall. Being together in London, in 1765, in a chamber of the "Star and Garter" Tavern, in Pall Mall, a dispute arose between them, whether Lord Byron, who took no care of his game, or Mr. Chaworth, who did, had most game on their manor. This foolish dispute led to a serious result, for it was determined to settle it upon the spot by single combat. They fought, without seconds, by the dim light of a candle, and Mr. Chaworth received a mortal wound. With his dying breath he related such particulars of the contest as induced the

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.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coroner's jury to return a verdict of "wilful murder." Lord Byron was sent to the Tower, and subsequently tried before the House of Peers, where an ultimate verdict was given of "manslaughter."

He retired after this to the abbey, where he shut himself up to brood over his disgraces; grew gloomy, morose, and fantastical, and indulged in fits of passion and caprice that made him the theme of rural wonder and scandal.

Being displeased at the marriage of his son and heir, he displayed an inveterate malignancy towards him. Not being able to cut off his succession to the abbey estates, which descended to him by entail, he endeavoured to injure them as much as possible, so that they might come a mere wreck into his hands. For this purpose he suffered the mansion to fall out of repair, and every thing to go to waste about it, and cut down all the timber upon the estate, laying low many a tract of old Sherwood, so that the abbey-lands lay stripped and bare of all their ancient honours. The young trees were sold to the bakers of Nottingham to heat their ovens with, or to the nurserymen.

His wayward humours drove from him all neighbourly society, and for a part of the time he was almost without servants. In his misanthropic moods he took to feeding crickets, so that in process of time the abbey was overrun with them. Tradition adds, that at his death the crickets seemed aware that they had lost their protector, for they one and all packed up bag and baggage and left the house, trooping across its courts and corridors in all directions.

The death of this "wicked Lord Byron" occurred in 1798, and the abbey then passed into the possession of the poet. The latter was but eleven years of age, and living in humble style in Scotland with his mother. During his minority the abbey was in the occupation of Lord Grey de Ruthven, his hounds, and divers colonies of jackdaws, swallows, and starlings; but the poet visited it occasionally during the Harrow vacations, when he resided with his mother at lodgings in Nottingham. Lord Grey de Ruthven treated the building as badly as the old lord had done; so that when, in the autumn of 1808, Lord Byron took up his abode there, it was in a ruinous state.

"Through thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle;
Thou, the hall of my father, art gone to decay.
In thy once-smiling garden the hemlock and thistle
Have chok'd up the rose which once bloom'd in the way."

Lord Byron had not fortune sufficient to put the pile into extensive repair, nor to maintain any thing like the state of his ancestors. He, however, restored some of the apartments. His residence there was

fitful and uncertain,—passing occasional portions of time there, sometimes studiously and alone, oftener idly and recklessly, and at times with young and gay companions in riot and revelry, and the indulgence of all kinds of mad caprice. The abbey was by no means benefited by these roystering inmates, who sometimes played off monkish mummeries about the cloisters, at other times turned the state-chambers into schools for boxing and single-stick, and shot pistols in the great hall.

When Lord Byron sold his "ancestral halls," they fell into the hands of Colonel (then Major) Wildman, who had been a school-fellow of the poet. Under the judicious eye and munificent hand of the new proprietor, the venerable and romantic pile soon arose from its ruins in all its old monastic and baronial splendour, and additions were made to it in perfect conformity of style. The groves and forests were re-planted, the lakes and fish-ponds cleaned out, and the gardens rescued from the "hemlock and thistle."

During the lifetime of William, the fifth Lord Byron, there was found in the "lucid" lake before the mansion—where it is supposed to have been thrown for concealment by the monks—a large brass eagle, in the body of which, on its being sent to be cleaned, was discovered a secret aperture, concealing within it a number of ancient documents connected with the rights and privileges of the foundation. At the sale of the "old lord's" effects, this eagle was purchased by a watchmaker of Nottingham, and it now forms, through the liberality of Sir Richard Kaye, an appropriate ornament of the fine old church of Southwell.

A good deal was at one time said about ghosts haunting the abbey. The "Goblin Friar" is the one to whom Lord Byron has given the greatest importance. It walked the cloisters by night, and sometimes glimpses of it were seen in other parts of the abbey. Its appearance was said to portend some impending evil to the master of the mansion. During a visit to Newstead in 1814, Lord Byron actually fancied he saw this ghost of the Black Friar. It was a short time before he contracted his ill-starred marriage with Miss Milbank.

A conspicuous ornament in the garden of Newstead is the monument to the poet's favourite dog Boatswain.

"Near this spot
Are deposited the Remains of one
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices.

This praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery
If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the Memory of
BOATSWAIN, a Dog,
Who was born at Newfoundland, May 1803,
And died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18, 1808."

After this inscription are the following verses:

"When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied arms record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been:
But the poor dog, in life the warmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for his alone,
Unhonour'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh, man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye, who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;—
I never knew but one,—and here he lies."

Lord Byron, on his first arrival at Newstead, planted an oak in the garden, and nourished the fancy that as the tree flourished so should he. On revisiting the abbey, during Lord Grey de Ruthven's residence there, he found the oak choked up by weeds, and almost destroyed.

Colonel Wildman wished to cut down this tree; but when one of the workmen told him it was planted by Byron's own hands, he took the greatest care of it. It is inquired after by strangers as "The Byron Oak," and is likely to attain as great celebrity as any other tree bearing a great man's name.

At about three miles distance from Newstead Abbey, and contiguous to its lands, is situated ANNESLEY HALL, the old family mansion of the Chaworths. The families, like the estates of the Byrons and

Chaworths, were connected in former times, until the fatal duel between their two representatives. The feud, however, which prevailed for a time, promised to be cancelled by the attachment of two youthful hearts. While Byron was yet a boy, he beheld Mary Ann Chaworth, a beautiful girl, and sole heiress of Annesley. With the susceptibility to female charms which he evinced almost from childhood, he became almost immediately enamoured of her. In his *Dream*, the poet has given an exquisite picture of himself and the lively object of his idolatry—his " bright morning star of Annesley."

At the very time the interview took place, mentioned in the poem, Miss Chaworth was engaged to a gentleman—Mr. John Musters—whom she married in August 1805. Lord Byron saw her not, save once, during the course of several years. Towards the end of the year 1808 he was invited to dine at Annesley by Mr. Musters. He thus met the object of his early love in the very scenes of his tender devotions. On the infant daughter of the fair hostess being brought into the room, he started involuntarily, and with the utmost difficulty suppressed his emotion.

During Byron's rambles in the East, he received accounts of the object of his tender dream, which represented her still in her paternal hall, among her native bowers of Annesley, surrounded by a blooming and beautiful family, yet a prey to secret and withering melancholy.

The cause of her grief was a matter of comment throughout the neighbourhood of Newstead and Annesley. It was disconnected from all idea of Lord Byron, but attributed to the harsh and capricious conduct of one to whose kindness and affection she had a sacred claim. The domestic sorrows which had long preyed in secret on her heart at length affected her intellect.

> " The lady of his love ;—oh ! she was changed,
> As by the sickness of the soul ; her mind
> Had wander'd from its dwelling, and her eyes,
> They had not their own lustre, but the look
> Which is not of the earth ; she was become
> The queen of a fantastic realm ; her thoughts
> Were combinations of disjointed things ;
> And forms impalpable and unperceiv'd
> Of others' sight familiar were to hers."

The last scene of this painful but most interesting story occurred at Wiverton Hall in February 1832. During the sack of Colwick Hall by a party of rioters from Nottingham, Mrs. Musters had been exposed to much alarm and some danger; she and her daughter had been obliged to take shelter from the violence of the mob in a shrub-

bery. From the cold she caught on that occasion, combined with the terror arising from the mad acts of the rioters, she sustained a shock which her already shattered constitution could not resist. In a short time after her removal to Wiverton Hall, she expired.

HARDWICK HALL, one of the seats of the Duke of Devonshire, is about five miles north of Mansfield, not far from the Chesterfield road. It is an oblong building, with three square towers at each end, both projecting from and rising much higher than the body of the building. The parapet surrounding these towers is a singular piece of open-work of sweeping lines of stone, displaying the initials of the builder, E. S.—Elizabeth Shrewsbury—surmounted with a coronet of an earl. On all sides of the house the letters and crown strike the eye, and the whole parapet appears so unlike what is usually wrought in stone, that the spectator cannot help thinking that its singular builder, old Bess of Hardwick, must have cut out the pattern in paper with her scissors. It is difficult to say whether this remarkable woman had a greater genius for architecture or matrimony. She was the daughter of John Hardwick of Hardwick, and sole heiress of his estate. She married four times, always contriving to get the power over her husband's estate, by direct demise, or by intermarrying the children of their former marriages with those of former husbands; so that she brought into the family immense estates, and laid the foundation of four dukedoms. Her genius for architecture is sufficiently conspicuous in Hardwick Hall. It is said, that it having been foretold by some astrologers that the moment she ceased to build would be the moment of her death, she was perpetually engaged in building. At length, as she was raising a set of almshouses at Derby, a severe frost set in. All measures were resorted to necessary to enable the men to continue their work: their mortar was dissolved with hot water, and when that failed, with hot ale; but the frost triumphed, the work ceased, and Bess of Hardwick expired!

The two important towns of NOTTINGHAM and MANSFIELD are situate within the district known for centuries as Sherwood Forest.

THORESBY was towards the close of the seventeenth century the seat of Evelyn Duke of Kingston; and here his daughter, the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montague, was born about 1690. Although Lady Mary exhibited early signs of more than ordinary abilities, it is doubtful whether her father gave her many facilities for acquiring a good education. Of this period of her life an anecdote is told, which is interesting and curious, as setting before us the manners of the aristocracy of that period. "Lord Kingston, having no wife to do the honours of

his table at Thoresby, imposed that task upon Lady Mary, as soon as she had bodily strength for the office, which in those days required no small share; for the mistress of a country mansion was not only to invite—that is, urge and tease—her company to eat more than human throats could conveniently swallow, but to carve every dish, when chosen, with her own hands. The greater the lady the more indispensable the duty. Each joint was carried up in its turn to be operated upon by her, and her alone; since the peers and knights on either hand were so far from being bound to offer their assistance, that the very master of the house, posted opposite to her, might not act as her croupier,—his department was to push the bottle after dinner. As for the crowd of guests, the most inconsiderable among them—the curate, or subaltern, or squire's younger brother—if suffered through her neglect to help himself to a slice of the mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man, half inclined to give a wrong vote at the next election. There were then professed carving-masters, who taught young ladies the art scientifically, from one of whom Lady Mary took lessons three times a-week, that she might be perfect on her father's public days, when, in order to perform her functions without interruption, she was forced to eat her own dinner alone an hour or two beforehand."[1]

[1] The Works ot Lady Mary Wortley Montague, edited by Lord Wharncliffe, vol. i. Introductory Anecdotes.

CHAPTER XIII.

NORTHERN FORESTS.

THE greater part of the north of England was, at no very distant period, covered with numerous forests. These seem to have been used chiefly for the purposes of the chase, as we find little account of the timber contained in them being applied to any public purpose. The names of these forests still remain, and are in use still. In Westmoreland we have Milburn, Lime, Whinfield, Martindale, Thornthwaite, Stainmore, and Mallerstang. All these are situated in a very mountainous district, and they are now mere waste heaths. In Milburn Forest, in the north, rises Crossfell, one of the highest mountains in England. On the borders of Mallerstang stand what remain of the ruins of Pendragon Castle, on the banks of the Eden. The celebrated

hero, Uter Pendragon, tried to turn the course of the river Eden, so that it might flow in a circle around his castle; but the fierce, bold baron was no engineer, and seems to have been terribly ignorant of hydrostatics, and of course he failed. This forest was famous in former times for its great numbers of wild boars, which the name Wild Boar Fell attests to this day. It is a curious fact, that close by both Stainmore and Mallerstang there are two little narrow strips of ground, the possession of which is disputed between little Westmoreland and large Yorkshire. Neither of them seems to be at all worth any dispute.

In Cumberland we have still the names of Nicol, Copeland, Skiddaw, Inglewood. There is also on the eastern border a large waste with the singular name of Spade-Adam, which has evidently at one time been a forest; and a little south from it is a small district joining on to Northumberland, called the King's Forest of Geltsdale. All these forests are now mere desolate scenes. The trees have disappeared, the game has gone, and their history is in a great measure lost. In the Forest of Skiddaw rises the mountain which bears that name, famous as a land-mark all over the north country. In Inglewood Forest the English kings used to find very good sport in hunting; and Nicol Forest, being close to the Cheviot Hills, was the scene of many a border fight.

In Northumberland the border adjoining the Cheviot Hills was covered with forest; and in the centre and south were Rothbury, Lowes, and Hexham Forests. Connected with these there are few historical incidents. The chief is the well-known adventure which Queen Margaret of Anjou had with a robber in the Forest of Hexham.

It may readily be supposed that, considering the extent of those woods on both sides of the border and their plentiful supply of game, the borderers became hunters, and that the two nations very often came into contact with each other, tending to incessant and interminable border feuds. The hunter was a warrior, and he never rode out "to hunt the deer" without a sufficient escort of armed men. The barons kept up a large retinue, fit on any occasion for offence or defence. In the forests themselves roved numbers of minor "Robin Hoods," who were the terror of the district, and levied "black-mail." This race was not extinct even so late as 1720; for black-mail was actually paid in that year. This disposition to hunting was often taken advantage of as an excuse for assembling a body of armed men, and making a sudden incursion into the neighbouring country. But their movements were closely watched; each party knew the other's tactics, and the usual result was a determined fight, in which neither

lives nor limbs were spared on either side. The old ballad of *Chevy Chase* is founded on an incident of this kind.

Living such a life, it may well be supposed that the borderers became a fierce, lawless race. Not only had they feuds with their neighbours over the border, but they had perpetual feuds among themselves, which even to within a recent time they still fought out at the point of the sword. The forests passed away, England and Scotland were united under one crown; but the wild passions of these lawless men were transmitted from father to son with undiminished fury. A few anecdotes we have culled from various sources will illustrate this.

In introducing his readers to some passages in the life of Bernard Gilpin, his namesake, William Gilpin, gives some notice of the borderers. "Our Saxon ancestors," he says, "had a great aversion to the tedious forms of law. They chose rather to determine their disputes in a more concise manner, pleading generally with their swords. 'Let every dispute be decided by the sword' was a Saxon law. A piece of ground was described and covered with mats; here the plaintiff and defendant tried their cause. If either of them were driven from this boundary, he was obliged to redeem his life by three marks. He whose blood first stained the ground lost his suit. This custom still prevailed in the time of Queen Elizabeth, where Saxon barbarism held its latest possession. These wild Northumbrians indeed went beyond the ferocity of their ancestors. They were not content with a duel; each contending party used to muster what adherents he could, and commence a kind of petty war. So that a private grudge would often occasion much bloodshed." And these statements of the modern biographer are fully borne out by the author of the *Survey of Newcastle*, *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. iii.: "The people of this countey have had ane very barbarous custom among them. If any two be displeased, they expect no law, but bang it out bravely one and his kindred against the other and his. They will subject themselves to no justice, but in an inhuman and barbarous manner fight and kill one another. They run together in clans, as they term it, or names. This fighting they call their deadly feides."

Pre-eminently barbarous among this lawless community were the wild townsmen of Rothbury, in the FOREST OF ROTHBURY. Of their manners we have a sample in the following anecdotes:[1]

"One Sunday, when Mr. Gilpin was preaching in the church of Rothbury, two parties of armed men met accidentally in the aisle; and

[1] Bernard Gilpin, nephew of Tunstal, Bishop of Durham, was in the habit of periodically visiting them for their spiritual welfare.

being at feud, they instantly prepared to decide their differences on the spot, and desecrate the house of God by making it the theatre of a bloody contest. Mr. Gilpin rushed from the pulpit, and fearlessly interposed his own person between the infuriated combatants, who were advancing upon each other sword in hand, and by a burst of holy eloquence arrested the conflict, and obtained a promise from the leaders on both sides, that they would not only respect his presence and the church, but also would sit out the sermon. The preacher then remounted the pulpit; and such was the fervour of his impassioned address, that, although he failed to heal the feud entirely, he received an assurance—and it was faithfully kept—that while he remained in Rothbury, not a blow should be striken nor an angry word be exchanged.

On a subsequent visit, through the neglect of a servant, his horses were stolen; and when the robbery was bruited about, the greatest indignation was expressed by his wild and lawless congregation. The thief, who neither knew nor cared, like a true borderer, to whom the horses belonged, accidentally heard they were the property of Mr. Gilpin. Instantly he led them safely back, restored them with an humble request to be forgiven, which he accompanied by a declaration, that he believed the devil would have seized him on the spot had he knowingly dared to intermeddle with aught that belonged to so good a man."

Bishop Grindal has also shewn the state in which the people of this part of the country was in about the middle of the sixteenth century. Upon his translation to the see of York, in 1570, he issued some "injunctions;" among which it is ordered, that no pedlar should be admitted to sell his wares in the church-porch in time of service; that parish-clerks should be able to read; that no lords of misrule, or summer lords and ladies, or any disguised persons, morrice-dancers, or others, should come irreverently into the church, or play any unseemly parts with scoffs, jests, wanton gestures, or ribald talk, in the time of divine service."

In 1430, Bishop Langley issued an order to prevent hostile clans fighting out their feuds in the churchyards; but it had no effect. Another was issued afterwards which was equally disregarded. Perhaps it was because the bishops did not point out some other place for the fighting; for all they seemed to care about was, that there should be no fighting in the churchyard. Not more than a century and a half ago, a descendant of some of these notorious freebooters, in the north of Northumberland, instead of taking up the practice of *breaking*

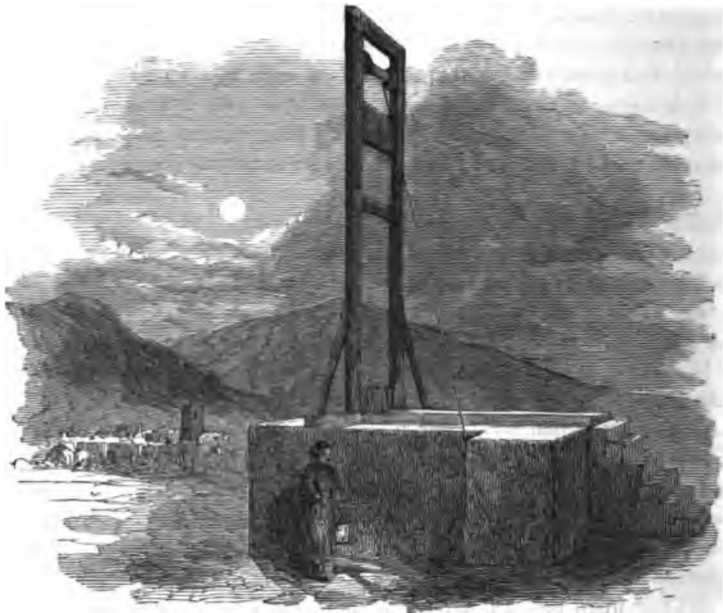
bones and bodies, took up that of *healing* them. But "the old man" was strong in him; and many a raid directed against inoffensive cattle and poultry did he make (so the rumour went) when he was out on horseback on dark nights visiting patients. One night this worthy man was at supper with a lady; and while enjoying her hospitality, three of his followers, probably apprentices, were "conveying" the contents of the pigeon-house. Another curious anecdote, shewing the brutality of the people of the district, is quoted in Mr. Surtees' *History of Durham*.

"Mr. Gylpyn (rector of Houghton le Spring) did preach at one churche in Redsdale, wher ther was nayther mynister nor bell nor booke—and he sent the clarke to gyve warnyng he would preache—and in the meane tyme thare camme a man rydyng to the church style, havynge a dead chyld layd afore hym ever hys sadyll cruche, and cryed of Mr. Gylpyn, not knowyng him, 'Come, parson, and doo the cure,' and layd downe the corse and went his waye, and Mr. Gylpyn did berye the childe."

The *History of Halifax in Yorkshire*, published in 1712, sets forth "a true account of their ancient, odd, customary gibbet-law; and their particular form of trying and executing of criminals, the like not us'd in any other place in Great Britain." This law prevailed only within the FOREST OF HARDWICK, which was subject to the lord of the manor of Wakefield, a part of the Duchy of Lancaster. If a felon were taken within the liberty of the forest with cloth, or other commodity, of the value of thirteenpence-halfpenny, he was, after three market-days from his apprehension and condemnation, to be carried to the gibbet, and there have his head cut off from his body. When first taken, he was brought to the lord's bailiff in Halifax, who kept the town, had also the keeping of the axe, and was the executioner at the gibbet. This officer summoned a jury of frith-burghers to try him on the evidence of witnesses not upon oath : if acquitted, he was set at liberty upon payment of his fees ; if convicted, he was set in the stocks on each of the three subsequent market-days in Halifax, with the stolen goods on his back, if they were portable ; if not, they were placed before his face. This was for a terror to others, and to engage any who had aught against him to bring accusations, although after the three market-days he was sure to be executed for the offence already proved upon him. But the convict had the satisfaction of knowing, that after he was put to death it was the duty of the coroner to summon a jury, "and sometimes the same jury that condemned him," to inquire into the cause of his death, and that a return thereof would be made into the crown-office ; "which

gracious and sage proceedings of the coroner in that matter ought, one would think, to abate, in all considering minds, that edge of acrimony which hath provoked malicious and prejudiced persons to debase this laudable and necessary custom."

In April 1650, Abraham Wilkinson and Anthony Mitchell were found guilty of stealing nine yards of cloth and two colts, and on the 30th of the month received sentence "to suffer death, by having their heads severed and cut off from their bodies at Halifax gibbet;" and they suffered accordingly. These were the last persons executed under Halifax gibbet-law.



HALIFAX GIBBET.

The execution was in this manner: the prisoner being brought to the scaffold by the bailiff, the axe was drawn up by a pulley, and fastened with a pin to the side of the scaffold. "The bailiff, the jurors, and the minister chosen by the prisoner, being always upon the scaffold with the prisoner. After the minister had finished his ministerial office and Christian duty, if it was a horse, an ox, or cow, &c., that was taken with the prisoner, it was thither brought along with him to the place of execution, and fastened by a cord to the pin that stayed

the block; so that when the time of the execution came (which was known by the jurors holding up one of their hands), the bailiff or his servant whipping the beast, the pin was plucked out, and execution done; but if there were no beast in the case, then the bailiff or his servant cut the rope.

But if the felon, after his apprehension, or in his going to execution, happened to make his escape out of the Forest of Hardwick, which liberty, on the east end of the town, doth not extend above the breadth of a small river; on the north, about six hundred paces; on the south, about a mile; but on the west, about ten miles; if such an escape were made, then the bailiff of Halifax had no power to apprehend him out of his liberty; but if ever the felon came again into the liberty of Hardwick, and were taken, he was certainly executed."

One Lacy, who made his escape, and lived seven years out of the liberty, after that time coming boldly within the liberty of Hardwick, was retaken, and executed upon his former verdict of condemnation.

The records of executions by the Halifax gibbet before the time of Elizabeth are lost; but during her reign twenty-five persons suffered under it; and from 1623 to 1650 there were twelve executions.

The grant of this criminal jurisdiction is said to have been given to that part of the parish of Halifax called the Forest of Hardwick, for the purpose of protecting the goods which were obliged to be exposed on tenters during the night—Halifax having then been a great manufacturing district for shalloons, &c. (See Watson's *History of Halifax.*)

A singular legendary story is connected with the FOREST OF WHITBY, in Yorkshire. On Ascension-day (the 16th of October), 1140, William de Bruce, the lord of Uglebarnby, Ralph de Percy, the lord of Snayton, and a gentleman freeholder called Allotson, met to hunt the wild boar in a wood called Eskdale-side, a portion of the forest belonging to the abbot of the monastery of Whitby.

The hunters soon found a huge animal of the kind they had been in search of, and the hounds ran him very hard near the chapel and hermitage of Eskdale-side, where there was a monk of Whitby, who was a hermit. The boar being closely pursued, rushed in at the chapel-door, and there lay down and expired immediately. The hermit, hoping to save the holy place from desecration, closed the door before the hounds could enter, and then returned to his meditations and prayers, the hounds standing at bay without. When the hunters arrived opposite to the chapel, they called loudly and threateningly to the monk, who opened the door. At the sight of the dead boar, they, in a fury because the dogs had been put out of their game, rushed

upon the poor monk with their boar-spears, and grievously wounded him. When their passion had cooled, and they became aware of the extremity of the danger of the hermit, they hastened and took sanctuary at Scarborough.

At that time, however, the abbot of Whitby monastery was in great favour with the king, and had sufficient interest with him to get them removed from sanctuary, whereby they came under the cognisance of the law. The punishment which was their due was death.

But the hermit being a holy man, and being at the point of death, sent for the abbot, and desired him to have the guilty men brought before him. They came; and he thus addressed them:

"I am sure to die of these wounds —"

The abbot, interrupting him, said, "They shall die for it."

"Not so," replied the hermit, "for I will freely forgive them my death if they will promise to perform this penance."

The men eagerly bid the dying man enjoin what he would have them do.

"You and yours," replied he, "shall hold your land of the abbot of Whitby and his successors in this manner: that upon Ascension-day even, you, or some of you, shall come to the wood of Strayheads, which is in Eskdale-side, and the same (Ascension-day) at sun-rising, and there shall the officer of the abbot blow his horn, to the intent that you may know how to find him, and deliver unto you, William de Bruce, ten stakes, eleven street-stowers, and eleven yadders, to be cut with a knife of a penny-piece; and you, Ralph de Percy, shall take one-and-twenty of each sort, to be cut in the same manner; and you, Allotson, shall take nine of each sort, to be cut as aforesaid, and to be taken on your backs and carried to the town of Whitby, and to be there before nine o'clock of the same day before mentioned; and at the hour of nine o'clock, if it be full sea, to cease their service, as long as till it be low water; and at nine o'clock of the same day, each of you shall set your stakes at the brim of the water, each stake a yard from another, and so yadder them with your yadders; and to stake them on each side with street-stowers, that they stand three tides without removing by the force of the water. Each of you shall make at that hour in every year, except it be full sea at that hour, which when it shall happen to come to pass, the service shall cease. You shall do this in remembrance that by your means I have been slain. And that you may the better call to God for mercy, repent yourselves, and do good works. The officer of Eskdale-side shall blow—'Out on you! out on you! out on you!' for this heinous crime of yours. If you or

your successors refuse this service, so long as it shall not be a full sea at the hour aforesaid, you or yours shall forfeit all your land to the abbot or his successors. This I do intreat, that you may have your lives and goods for this service; and you to promise, by your parts in heaven, that it shall be done by you and your successors, as it is aforesaid."

"I grant all that you have said," exclaimed the abbot, "and will confirm it by the faith of an honest man."

Then the dying hermit said—"My soul longeth for the Lord; and I as freely forgive these gentlemen my death as Christ forgave the thief upon the cross. Into thy hands," continued he, "O Lord, I recommend my spirit; for thou hast redeemed me out of the bands of death, O Lord of truth!"

"Amen!" responded the abbot and the repentant sinners, as the good hermit fell asleep.

Regarding the FOREST OF KNARESBOROUGH, which may be said to exist now only in name, or in enclosed patches, a curious circumstance occurred in the course of last year. While some labourers were at work in a field that had once formed part of the forest, the ground suddenly gave way, and exposed to view a cave, which contained a great number of bones, which on investigation were found to be both human and animal. The skeletons of four or five human beings could be distinguished; the complete skeleton of a dog was found, and the other animal bones consisted of those of deer and other wild beasts of the forest. It was quite clear that this had been the abode or the refuge of some family in very lawless times, when the forest offered an asylum, and that most probably at night some landslip had happened to block up the cave and leave the unfortunates to perish. What tales these old forests could tell!

In the county of Durham, on the north side of the Derwent, there is a district comprising 896 acres, which came into the possession of the crown in the year 1812. It is called Chopwell Wood; and at the time it came to the crown it was all arable land and cultivated as farms; but part of it was immediately planted with oak, larch, alder, and birch, and additional plantations made until it was covered. In 1839, on the occasion of that furious storm which raged over England, no fewer than forty thousand trees were thrown down by its force in Chopwell Wood, all of which had to be sold at a considerable loss.

HATFIELD CHASE, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, was one of the largest in England, containing above 180,000 acres. One half was a complete morass; but it was reduced to arable and pasture land in

the reign of Charles I. by Sir Cornelius Vermuyden, a Dutchman, to whom it was sold. A vast number of prostrate trees were found at a considerable depth below the surface. The roots remained unmoved, but many of the trunks were lying on the ground heaped one upon the other, while a large number stood erect, broken or mouldered off about midway. This strange uncovering of old trees developed their peculiar characteristics. Oaks, some of which were upwards of ninety feet long, were black as ebony, uninjured, and closely grained. Ash-trees, on the contrary, were so soft that they were cut to pieces by the workmen's spades; and, when flung up into the open air, turned to dust. But willows, which are softer than ash-wood, by some strange alchemy, preserved their substance. Patriarchal firs had apparently vegetated, even after their overthrow, and their scions became large branches, equal to those of the parent trunk. The alders were black and unchanged.

The opening of this wide morass gave rise to other curious revelations. Many of the old trees had been evidently burnt, some quite through, others on one side; several had been chopped and squared; some were even found to have been riven with huge wooden wedges; marks by which to substantiate the fact, that the vast swamp of Hatfield Chase had been once inhabited.

Near the root of an ancient tree, eight coins, pertaining to different Roman emperors, were discovered; and in some parts considerable ridges and deep furrows indicated that the morass had been partially cultivated. Some who had studied the phenomena disclosed by the drainage of this tract conjectured that the forest had been felled, and that the trees, being left unmoved, contributed to the accumulation of the waters. This was very likely the case; because whenever the Britons were discomfited, they fled for refuge to the fastnesses of woods and miry forests; from whence they sallied forth, as opportunity permitted, and fell upon their invaders. Hence it was determined that woods and forests should be destroyed, and the order was obeyed. Many were set on fire, others cut down; and forests thus felled, by impeding the draining of water, often turned such broad streams as flowed through them into extensive swamps.

Hatfield Chase is celebrated as the scene of a battle fought between Edwin, King of Northumberland, and Penda, a Pagan king of Mercia, when the former was killed and his army completely routed.

An extensive forest, called the Forest of Gaultries, once existed in the centre of Yorkshire, and came up close to the walls of York. Portions of it yet remain, but enclosed, and out of the jurisdiction of

the crown. It was formerly a favourite hunting-ground of the clergy; and the following quaint story is as quaintly told of one of the Bishops of Durham while out hunting there:

"Sir Anthon Bek, Busshop of Dureme in the tyme of King Eduarde, the son of King Henry, was the maist prowd and masterfull busshopp in all England, and it was comonly said that he was the prowdest lord in Christienty. It chaunced that emong other lewd persons, this Sir Anthon entertained at his court one Hugh de Pountchardon, that for his evill deeds and manifold robberies had been driven out of the Inglische Courte, and had come from the southe to seek a little bread and to live by stalynge. And to this Hughe, whom also he imployed to good purpose in the warr in Scotland, the busshop gave the lande of Thikley, since of him caullid Thikley-Puntchardon, and also made him his cheife huntsman. And after, this blake Hugh dyed afore the busshop, and efter that the busshop chasid the wild hart in Galtres forest, and sodainly ther met with him Hugh de Pontchardin that was afore deid, on a wythe [white] horse; and the said Hugh loked earnestly on the busshop, and the busshop said unto him, 'Hughe, what maketh thee here?' and he spake never word, but lifte up his cloke, and then he shewed Sir Anton his ribbes set with bones, and nothing more; and none other of the varlets saw him, but the busshop only; and ye said Hugh went his way, and Sir Anton toke corage, and cheered the dogges, and shortly efter he was made Patriarque of Hierusalem, and he saw nothing no moe: and this Hugh is him that the silly people in Galtres doe call Le Gros Veneur, and he was seen twice efter that by simple folk, afore yat the forest was felled in the tyme of Henry, father of Henry yat now ys."

CHAPTER XIV.

MISCELLANEOUS AND MINOR FORESTS.

CHARNWOOD, NEEDWOOD, WHITTLEBURY, SALCEY, WYCHWOOD, ASHDOWN, ST. LEONARD'S, TILGATE.

THE FOREST OF CHARNWOOD claims an antiquity higher than authentic history will carry us. It comprises a district ten miles in length and six in breadth, and is generally considered to have formed part of the Forest of Arden. That it was frequented by the Britons, and that the peaks of its picturesque hills were the resort of the Druids, is proved by many Celtic remains. Cromlechs and barrows are of frequent occurrence; and in one part of the forest a curiously-formed seat, excavated in the solid rock, and with a kind of rude canopy, may be seen, from whence, probably, the arch-Druid addressed the surrounding multitude. There are traces also of Roman power; a road which, if originally of British construction, was unquestionably used by their conquerors; the remains of a Roman camp too, and many Roman coins, have been dug up at different times in various parts of the forest. A singular remain, perhaps of the Roman period, was within a few years standing on Beacon Hill. This was "an erection of rude and ancient masonry, about six feet in height, of a round form, and having in its centre a cavity about a yard deep and a yard in diameter, the sides of which were very thickly covered with burnt pitch. This had evidently been used for the 'beacon-fire;' and on digging round, many fragments of mortar and dark-red brick were found, which lead to the inference that it was Roman workmanship."[1]

During the middle ages, the vicinity of Charnwood was the dwelling-place of many a bold baron. The powerful Earls of Leicester had

[1] Potter's History and Antiquities of Charnwood Forest.

parks here, and the strong castles of Grobe and Mountsorrel rose close beside; but the greatest interest connected with Charnwood is princely Bradgate, the residence—probably the birth-place—of Lady Jane Grey. The present park of Bradgate is bounded by a wall of nearly seven miles in length, and is also subdivided into several walled lawns, some of which are of very ancient enclosure. The whole surface is of a very varied character, in which wildness greatly predominates. The mansion, of which the ruins form an object of such interest, is deserving of notice. Thoresby mentions that James I. was entertained here for some days; as also William III. The following account has been given of the destruction of the house:

"It is said of the wife of the Earl of Suffolk (Stamford), who last inhabited Bradgate Hall, that she set it on fire at the instigation of her sister, who then lived in London. The story is thus told: 'Some time after the earl had married he brought his lady to his seat at Bradgate; her sister wrote to her, desiring to know how she liked her habitation and the country she was in: the Countess of Suffolk (Stamford) wrote for answer, that the house was tolerable, that the country was a forest, and the inhabitants all brutes. The sister in consequence, by letter, desired her to set fire to the house, and run away by the light of it. The former part of the request, it is said, she immediately put in practice; and thus this celebrated and interesting mansion was consigned to the flames.'"[2]

Charnwood, although now presenting different features from what it did many ages since, when, to quote the old Leicestershire tradition, "a squirrel might be hunted six miles without touching the ground, and a traveller might journey from Beaumanor to Bardon on a clear summer's day without once seeing the sun," still abounds in picturesque views; and although trees are scanty, many specimens of the oak are to be found there unmatched for beauty.

The royal FOREST OF NEEDWOOD, in Staffordshire, had formerly four wards and four keepers, with each a lodge, now in the hands of private gentlemen. In Elizabeth's reign it was about 24 miles in circumference, and in 1658 it contained upwards of 92,000 acres. In 1684 it contained more than 47,000 trees, besides 10,000 cords of hollies and underwood, valued at upwards of 30,000*l.* It is now principally enclosed, leaving, however, a portion belonging to the crown, and one lodge. It contains still some of the largest oaks in England, and is noted for the fineness of its turf.

The wildest and most romantic spot of Needwood Forest is the

[2] We need hardly tell our readers that the latter part of this account is apocryphal.

Park of Chartley. It once formed part of the possessions of the puissant family of De Ferrars, but they were forfeited by the attainder of Earl Ferrars, after his defeat at Burton Bridge, where he led the rebellious barons against Henry III. This estate, being settled in dower, was alone reserved, and handed down to its present possessor. In Dendey's *Philosophy of Mystery* it is stated, that "in Chartley Park is preserved, in its primitive purity, the indigenous Staffordshire cow, small in stature, of a sand-white colour, with black ears, muzzle, and tips at the hoofs. In the year of the Battle of Burton Bridge, a black calf was born, and the downfall of the great house of Ferrars happening at the same period, gave rise to the tradition, which to this day has been held in veneration by the common people, that the birth of a party-coloured calf from the wild breed in Chartley Park is a sure omen of death within the same year to a member of the lord's family. A calf of this description has been born whenever a death has happened in the family of late years. The decease of the last earl and his countess, of his son Lord Tamworth, of his daughter, Mrs. William Jolliffe, as well as the deaths of the son and heir of the present nobleman, and his daughter, Lady Frances Shirley, have each been forewarned by the ominous birth of a spotted calf."[3]

Whittlebury Forest, in Northamptonshire, was the scene of a most remarkable triumph of love over sovereignty. Tradition points out the exact spot of the first interview between the lovely widow of Sir John Gray, a noted Lancastrian leader, and the youthful king, Edward IV. The lady, so well known to historical students by the name of Elizabeth Woodville, waylaid Edward when he was hunting in the neighbourhood of her mother's castle at Grafton. There she waited for him under a noble tree, still known by the appellation of the Queen's Oak. Under the shelter of its wide-spreading branches the fascinating widow addressed the young monarch, holding her fatherless boys by the hand; and when Edward paused to listen to her suit, she threw herself at his feet, and pleaded earnestly for the restoration of part of the forfeited estates of her children.

The king was deeply struck by the lady's beauty, and his captivation was completed by her grace, modesty, and sweetness; he hung enraptured over the lovely suppliant, and became in turn a suitor.

The Queen's Oak, which was the scene of more than one interview

[3] A tradition asserts that before an heir of Clifton of Clifton sleeps in death, a sturgeon is always taken in the river Trent. In the chapel of Roslin, founded by William St. Clair, prince of Orkney, there is a legend of the spectral lights which illumined its Gothic beauty on the eve of a death among his descendants. A hundred similar superstitions might be added.

between the beautiful Elizabeth and the enamoured Edward, stands in the direct tract of communication between Grafton Castle and Whittlebury Forest; it now rears its hollow trunk, a venerable witness of one of the most romantic facts in the pages of history.

Elizabeth was for a time subject to the licentious addresses of the royal libertine; but repulsing him gently but firmly, she riveted her conquest by her virtue. All his arts to induce her to become his own on other terms than as the sharer of his regal dignity were unsuccessful. On one occasion, the beautiful widow made this memorable reply to his disgraceful overtures, "My liege, I know that I am not good enough to be your queen, but I am far too good to become your mistress." She then left him to settle the question in his own breast; for she knew that he had betrayed others whose hearts had deceived them into allowing him undue liberties. The resistance thus offered to his suit increased the king's passion rather than weakened it; and the struggle ended in his offering her marriage.

In the quaint language of Fabian the marriage is thus described:

"In most secret manner, upon the 1st of May, 1464, King Edward spoused Elizabeth, late being wife of Sir John Gray. Which sponsales were solemnized early in the morning at the town called Grafton, near to Stoney Stratford. At which marriage was not present but the spouse (Edward), the spousesse (Elizabeth), the Duchess of Bedford, her mother, the priest, and two gentlewomen, and a young man to help the priest sing. After the sponsailles the king rode again to Stoney Stratford, as if he had been hunting, and then returned at night. And within a day or two, the king sent to Lord Rivers, father to his bride, saying that he would come and lodge with him for a season, when he was received with all due honour, and tarried there four days, when Elizabeth visited him by night so secretly that none but her mother knew of it. And so the marriage was kept secret till it needs be discovered, because of princesses offered as wives to the king. There was some obloquy attending this marriage; how that the king was *enchanted* by the Duchess of Bedford, or he would have refused to acknowledge her daughter."

When Robert Bloomfield—one of the best of our peasant-poets—visited Whittlebury Forest in August 1800, he addressed some exquisite lines on the subject to his children:

> "Genius of the forest shades,
> Lend thy powers, and lend thine ear;
> A stranger trod thy lonely glades,
> Amidst thy dark and bounding deer;

Inquiring childhood claims the verse,
Oh, let them not inquire in vain;
Be with me while I thus rehearse
The glories of thy sylvan reign.

Thy dells by wintry currents worn,
Secluded haunts, how dear to me!
From all but nature's converse borne,
No ear to hear, no eye to see.
Their honour'd leaves the green oaks reared,
And crown'd the upland's graceful swell;
While answering through the vale was heard
Each distant heifer's tinkling bell.

Hail, greenwood shades, that, stretching far,
Defy e'en summer's noontide power,
When August in his burning car
Withholds the clouds, withholds the shower.
The deep-toned low from either hill,
Down hazel aisles and arches green
(The herds' rude tracks from rill to rill),
Roared echoing through the solemn scene.

* * * *

Now, at the dark wood's stately side,
Well pleased I met the sun again;
Here fleeting fancy travelled wide;
My seat was destined to the main.
For many an oak lay stretched at length,
Whose trunk (with bark no longer sheathed)
Had reached their full meridian strength
Before your father's father breathed!

Perhaps they'll many a conflict brave,
And many a dreadful storm defy;
Then, groaning o'er the adverse wave,
Bring home the flag of victory.
Go, then, proud oaks; we meet no more!
Go, grace the scenes to me denied,
The white cliffs round my native shore,
And the loud ocean's swelling tide."

* * * *

Salcey Forest is situated in the immediate neighbourhood of Whittlebury. Its extent is about 1280 acres; and it is the property of the crown, or rather the crown claims certain rights, some of which are disputed by the Duke of Grafton. The forest seems to have been quite neglected until the beginning of the present century, when the authorities began to plant it; but since that time it has been in a very thriving state, though the annual loss to the public on such a young plantation is very considerable, when compared with the receipts.

WYCHWOOD FOREST, in Oxfordshire, like many others, is soon to be disafforested and to disappear. It is chiefly composed of coppice-woods, of which there are 1841 acres, though a considerable number of oaks have been planted. The remainder consists of 1741 acres of open plains, 127 acres of freehold land, and 32 of detached meadow, making 3741 acres in all. This forest abounds in deer, many of them the red-deer, who do great damage to the young trees, and whose existence produces habits of poaching and immorality among the people in this neighbourhood. Of the red-deer, the woodman says that they will break through every fence, even though it be seven feet high; and of the influence of the forest on the neighbourhood, the clerk to the magistrates says, "In its present state it is attended with great disadvantages to the morals and habits of the inhabitants of the adjacent districts and forest parishes." Wood-stealing is also very common; the offences, we are told, are almost innumerable, for not more than one in twenty is prosecuted; unless the case is very outrageous, it is passed over. Even those that do take place entail a heavy expense on the county of Oxford, whose ratepayers have to "pay the piper." The crown claims in the forest the rights of soil, timber, minerals, and deer; but all the officers are appointed by the ranger, Lord Churchill, who claims the rights of timber and deer. This is founded on a grant made by Charles II. to the Clarendon family, "to cut heath, fens, fern, bushes, and shrubs in the open forest, and to timber for certain specified repairs." This right was purchased from the Clarendon family by the late Duke of Marlborough in 1751, and made over by him to the late Lord Churchill.

This lord was very tenacious of his rights, or supposed rights; and in 1834 raised an action against the crown for the settlement of the dispute, which was only abated at his death. When ordered by the royal warrant to send the customary annual supply of venison, instead of sending the bucks whole, as they were sent from every other forest, he retained the shoulders, asserting that they were his privilege. All these disputes will, however, be ended by the disafforestation of Wychwood.

An immense forest once occupied a great part of the surface of the present county of Sussex. This forest was called by the Britons COIT ANDRED, and by the Saxons ANDREDES-WEALD: it was inhabited only by wild boars and by deer. According to the Saxon Chronicle, this wood was of prodigious dimensions; it was "in length, east and west, one hundred and twenty miles or longer, and thirty miles broad." In the course of time a large portion of this immense space has been

gradually cleared and brought into cultivation. Three forests of some extent, however, still exist — St. Leonard's, Ashdowne, and Tilgate Forests. St. Leonard's Forest contains about ten thousand acres; and Ashdowne Forest about eighteen thousand acres. Pine, fir, beech, and birch, are the principal trees.

In the year 477, Ella the Saxon, with his three sons and a formidable force, landed in the ancient territory of the Regni—now Sussex—at or near Withering, in the Isle of Selsey. The Britons were defeated with great slaughter, and driven into the forest of Andredes, or Andredswold. But Ella, continuing to receive accessions of force, defeated a confederacy of the British chiefs, and became master of nearly all Sussex.

In 893, a formidable Danish fleet, under the command of the pirate Hasting, a chief superior in fame and military talent to any who had preceded him, assembled near Boulogne, and directed its course to the English shores. As the men of Kent gazed seaward from their cliffs and downs, they saw the horizon darkened by it; as the winds and waves wafted it forward, they counted two hundred and fifty ships; and every ship was full of warriors and horses brought from Flanders and France for the immediate mounting of them as a rapid, predatory cavalry. The invaders entered the river Rother or Limene, which is described in the Saxon Chronicle as "at the east end of the vast wood which we call Andred. On the river they towed up their ships as far as the Weald (Saxon, *weald*, a forest), four miles from the mouth outwards, and thereon destroyed a fort whereon sat a few churls, and which was hastily wrought."

It is remarkable that in the year 1822, one of these Danish ships was discovered embedded in ten feet of mud and sand in a field at Northian, a short distance from the present navigable river.[4] The ship was in a perfectly sound and entire state, after a lapse of more than nine centuries. Her dimensions were from head to stern sixty-five feet, and her width fourteen feet, with cabin and forecastle; and she appeared to have originally had a whole deck. She was very strongly built, her bill-pieces and keel measuring two feet over; her cross-beams, of which there were five, eighteen inches by eight, with other timbers in proportion. In the cabin and other parts of the vessel were found a human skull, a pair of goat's horns attached to a part of the cranium, a dirk or poniard, several glazed and ornamental square tiles, some bricks, which had formed the fire-hearth, several

[4] In the great storm on the 1st of October, 1250, the Rother forsook its ancient channel, and formed the present one.

parts of shoes or sandals, fitting low on the foot, two earthen jars and a stone mug, a piece of board with thirty perforations, probably designed for keeping the lunar months, or some game, with many other antique relics.[5]

St. Leonard's Forest presents but little of picturesque variety of thicket and glade, of open lawns dotted with spreading trees, and skirted with broken lines of dark wood. The soil, consisting chiefly of hungry sands, is unfavourable to the growth of timber; the trees, therefore, generally are not of large size. But there is great variety in the surface of the forest, which is mostly undulating, and towards the centre swells into ridges of considerable elevation. The long lines of these, rising one above the other, clothed as are their slopes with thick woods, give an air of interest and grandeur to the features of the country. In this central ridge several rivers take their rise, some flowing northwards and falling into the Thames, and others, in the opposite direction, finding their way through valleys in the South Downs into the English Channel. Among the former the chief is the Medway, and others sung by Pope:

> "The chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave,
> And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood,
> And silent Darent, stain'd with British blood."

Among the latter are the Arun, the Adur, the Ouse, and the Cuckmere, all forming harbours of more or less importance at their outfall on the coast of Sussex. The glens through which the springs which feed these rivers pour their tributary waters are, many of them, exceedingly beautiful.[6]

Ashdowne Forest has the character of an open heath partially sprinkled with underwood, and rising to a considerable elevation—Crowborough Hill, the highest point, being 804 feet above the level of the sea. From the summit of this hill is presented a splendid panoramic view of the whole range of the South Downs from Beachy Head, the eastern extremity, to the borders of Hampshire; the Isle of Wight appearing like a cloud resting on the sea beyond. The nearest ridge of the Downs is about twenty miles distant; the intervening country, though enclosed and cultivated, is deeply wooded.

[5] Horsfield's History of Sussex.

[6] In the records of the Harleian Miscellany, the curious reader may discover one which might impress his mind with some terrific ideas of the natural history of the south of England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is styled "The True and Wonderful." The portion of the MSS. to which we allude is the "Legend of the Serpent of St. Leonard's Forest."

Brambletye House is on the borders of this forest. This celebrated building was erected in the reign of James I., by Sir Henry Compton, from an Italian model; but it soon fell to decay from the neglect of its subsequent owner.

At one time, iron-ore in considerable quantities was dug in TILGATE FOREST; and, as it was smelted on the spot with charcoal made from the neighbouring woods, there is no wonder that the timber should have been rapidly thinned. There is a tradition in the neighbourhood, that the massive iron railing which encloses St. Paul's Churchyard was forged from the ore smelted in the forest.[7] Such things were! Now, half the timber remaining in its woodlands would hardly suffice for the manufacture of the rails of one of the iron roads which traverse it.[8]

One of the largest and most extraordinary reptiles of a former world that has hitherto been found in a fossil state was discovered, in 1824, by Dr. Gideon Mantell, in Tilgate Forest. From the close resemblance of its bones and teeth to those of the West Indian *guana*, it has been named the *iguanodon*. But though there is a resemblance in structure between the living and the fossil animal, they differ enormously in bulk. The living guana seldom exceeds the length of 5 feet; that of the iguanodon must have been about 70 feet; the circumference of the body, 14½ feet; the length of the thigh and leg, 8 feet 2 inches; the foot, from the heel to the point of the claw, 6 feet; the height, from the ground to the top of the head, 9 feet. On the snout of this monstrous reptile was a nasal horn, and its appearance must have realised the wildest poetical fictions of the dragons of old.[9]

As the modern guana is found only in the warmest regions of the present earth, we may reasonably infer that a similar, if not a still warmer climate prevailed at a time when so huge a lizard as the iguanodon inhabited what are now the temperate regions of the southern coasts of England.

Dr. Mantell also discovered in this forest, in 1832, the remains of another species of fossil reptile, less than the iguanodon, but resembling it in part of its structure, though differing from it, and from all other

[7] According to Cunningham's Hand-Book of London, this iron-railing, of more than 2500 palisades, was cast at Lamberhurst, in Kent, at a cost of upwards of 11,202*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.*

[8] Up to the year 1720, Sussex was the principal seat of the iron manufacture in England; the consumption of fuel was so great that more than one Act was passed for the preservation of the timber; but the wood still decreased, and by degrees the furnaces were disused, and the manufacture transferred to districts where coal was abundant. The last furnace, at Ashburnham, was blown out in 1827.

[9] Mantell's Geology of the South-east of England.

known reptiles in other parts. This reptile has been denominated the *hylæosaurus*, or forest lizard. It was probably about 25 feet long, and was distinguished by a set of long pointed flat bones on its back, some rising from it as high as 17 inches in length. The remains of this lizard were embedded in a block of stone 4½ feet by 2½ feet, and consisted principally of bones of the trunk.

CHAPTER XV.

FOREST-LAWS AND HUNTING PRACTICES.

We have no trace of the existence of any written body of English forest-laws previous to those which were made by Canute, one of the Danish kings of England, about the year 1016. These were originally written in such Danish, doubtless barbarous enough, as existed at the time, and afterwards translated, probably by some ignorant monk, into the most villanous Latin that ever puzzled an unhappy reader of black-letter books. The provisions of these laws were cruel in the extreme. We have already seen on what theoretical ground the legal claim of royalty to forests rests, namely, that the monarch needs recreation from the severe and harassing cares of state; a plea that it would be disloyal not to admit, but which, when once admitted, ought to result in giving the king as much space for recreation as was necessary, limiting him to that, and taking care that the royal recreation shall neither destroy another man's peace nor property. But what did the Saxon and early Norman kings care for such slight considerations as these? They had the making of the laws in their own hands, unchecked by any "opposition benches;" and they, of course, made them as favourable to themselves, or, in other words, as oppressive to their subjects, as it was possible for them to do. Under this code of forest-law, coolly made by Canute at Winchester, and which continued in force until the reign of Henry III., the king, without leave asked or recompense given, could take possession of *any* tract of country, and use it for his purposes of recreation as he might think proper. In those days the timber of the forests was little regarded; the chief objects of care were the wild animals by which they were inhabited, and for the preservation of whose lives no precautions could be too strict. In each forest there were usually verderers appointed to its charge; and so sacred were their persons held, as being in charge of the king's deer, that if any man offered force to one of them, he was, if a freeman, to lose his freedom and all his property; and if a *villein*,

his right hand was to be struck off; and for the second offence, the penalty was loss of life. It was death to kill a deer in a royal forest, sometimes the offender had his eyes destroyed; and even if any one, through sport or malice, should chase a deer until the deer *panted*, the lowest penalty was a fine of ten shillings—an enormous sum, comparatively, in those days.

A code of laws of this draconian character could not fail to be highly gratifying to such a personage as William the Conqueror; and accordingly he confirmed these laws without the smallest hesitation. Nor was he long in using his power; for he soon cleared a large district in Hampshire of all the traces of industry and happiness which it bore to make the New Forest. His successors followed his example; and in a short time, it is said, that, with their own possessions and the encroachments they were perpetually making on the property of their subjects, the kings of England had one-eighth of the country in their possession as royal forests.

The English have ever been a long-suffering people, slow to wrath, but terrible in their anger; and it was impossible such a state of things could last long. Had it affected the commons merely,—had it merely injured the peasants and the farmers, it might have lasted to this day; but it was very injurious to the nobles, who saw themselves unable to prevent the kings from seizing any part they liked of their estates, and turning it into a royal forest. After much negotiation, the *Carta de Foresta*, or Great Charter of the Forest, was passed in the forty-first year of the reign of that weak and vacillating king, Henry III. As this charter is to the liberties of the English people with regard to their forests, the same as Magna Charta is with regard to their general rights, we make no excuse for giving a short summary of its chief enactments, more especially as this chapter would be utterly incomplete without it.

The first clauses are solemn acts of restitution, or giving up by the king of stolen property in as graceful a style as the manners of those days would allow. It is said, "All forests which King Henry, our grandfather, afforested and made shall be viewed by good and lawful men; and if he (that is the king) have made forest of any other wood more than of his own property, whereby the owner of the wood hath sustained injury, it must be forthwith disafforested. * * * All woods which have been made forests by King Richard, our uncle, or by King John, our father, unto our first coronation, shall be forthwith disafforested, unless it be our own property."

A little further on there is the following enactment, which swept

away the enormously cruel statutes of Canute and William, and which may be said to be *the* great clause in the charter.

"No man from henceforth shall lose either life or limb for killing of our deer; but if any man be taken therewith, and convicted for taking our venison, he shall make a grievous fine, if he have any thing on which to levy a fine; and if he have not, he shall be imprisoned a year and a day, and after the year and a day have expired he shall be liberated if he can find sureties, and if not, he shall abjure the realm."

The following is a curious enactment: "Whatsoever archbishop, bishop, earl, or baron in coming to us at our commandment should happen to pass by one of our forests, it shall be lawful to him to take and kill one or two of our deer, by the view of the forester, if he be present, or else he shall cause one to blow an horn for him, that he seem not to steal our deer; and likewise it shall be lawful to do the same in returning." Henry perhaps thought that some courtesy of the kind was due to his great nobles when on his business, and that, as journeys were then long and tiresome, and both clergy and laity had good appetites for venison-pasties, he might indulge them with the means of procuring them, especially as it cost him nothing.

There was another generous clause relating to outlaws: "All that be outlaws of trespass within our forest since the time of King Henry our grandfather, unto the first year of our coronation shall come to our peace without let, and shall find to us sureties that from henceforth they shall not trespass in our forests." Robin Hood and his "merry men" were all most likely dead when this clause was passed.

These are, of course, only a few of the enactments passed; but these are the principal, and have stood the law of the land ever since. As to the various other points of forest-law, we shall give no details. They are so minute and complicated, so mixed up with months and seasons, and so cumbered with technical words, that the law of the forest is a study in itself, to which, we believe, very few lawyers ever turn their attention.

We have already seen how fond of hunting William the Conqueror was, and the disastrous consequences that followed his son Rufus's indulgence in the same sport. Henry Beauclerc does not seem to have been a great sportsman in his day, though a wise king. Both Richard and John were great hunters, and the latter often received payments in horses, hounds, hawks, &c., instead of in money.

In the reign of Edward I. this favourite amusement was reduced to a science, and regular rules established for its practice: these rules were afterwards extended by the master of the game belonging to

King Henry IV., and drawn up for the use of his son, Henry Prince of Wales. Edward I. granted the manor of Setene or Seaton, in Kent, to Bertram de Criol, on condition that he provided a man, called "veltarius" or huntsman, to lead three greyhounds when the king went into Gascony, so long as a pair of shoes, valued at fourpence, should last him.

Edward III. took so much delight in hunting, that even at the time he was engaged in war with France, and resident in that country, he had with him in his army sixty couple of stag-hounds and as many hare-hounds, and every day he amused himself with hunting or hawking. The great lords in his army had also their hounds and their hawks.

The pageants and shows that frequently enlivened the courts of the English sovereigns were sometimes mock-representations of hunting scenes. A splendid tournament was held by order of Henry VIII. soon after his coronation. Between the lists, the spectators were amused with a pageant representing a park enclosed with pales, containing fallow-deer, and attended by foresters and huntsmen. The park being moved towards the place where Queen Catherine sat, the gates were opened, the deer were let out, pursued by greyhounds, and killed and presented by Diana's champions to the queen and ladies. On another occasion, in the presence of the court, an artificial forest was drawn in by a lion and an antelope, the hides of which were richly embroidered with golden ornaments; the animals were harnessed with chains of gold, and on each sat a fair damsel in gay apparel. In the midst of the forest which was thus introduced appeared a gilded tower, at the gates of which stood a youth, holding in his hands a garland of roses, as the prize of valour in a tournament which succeeded the pageant.

Queen Elizabeth was extremely fond of the chase, and the nobility who entertained her in her different "progresses" made large hunting-parties, which she usually joined when the weather was favourable. In Smith's lives of the Berkeley family, it is said that the queen, in her progress in the fifteenth year of her reign, "came to Berkeley Castle, what time" Henry Lord Berkeley, the then possessor, "had a stately game of red-deer in the park adjoining, called the Worthy, whereof Henry Ligon was keeper; during which time of her being there such slaughter was made, as twenty-seven stagges were slain in the toils in one day, and many others on that and the next stolen and havocked."[1]

[1] When ladies hunted, it was usual to draw the game into a small compass by means of enclosures, and temporary stands were made for them to be spectators of the sport; though in many instances they joined in it, and shot at the animals as they passed by them with arrows. When ladies formed hunting-parties by themselves, they

In August 1591 Elizabeth was at Cowdrey in Sussex, the seat of Lord Montague. On Monday the 17th, "about sixe of the clock in the evening, from a turret she sawe sixteen buckes (all having faire lawe) pulled down with greyhounds in a laund."

Queen Elizabeth in 1575 stayed at her palace at Grafton for some days, and amused herself by killing the deer.

The Earl of Leicester thus writes to Lord Burghley on the 28th June in that year, respecting the queen's residence there: "Even by and by her majesty is going to the forest to kyll some bucks with her bowe, as she hath done this morning."

James I. preferred hunting to hawking or shooting. It is said of this monarch, that he divided his time betwixt his standish, his bottél, and his hunting; the last had his fair weather, the two former his dull and cloudy. He was very severe against those who disturbed him in his favourite amusement. "I dare boldly say," writes Osborn with great bitterness, "that one man in his reign might with more safety have killed another than a rascal deer; but if a stag had been known to have miscarried, and the author fled, a proclamation with the description of the party had been presently penned by the attorney-general, and the penalty of his majesty's high displeasure (by which was understood the Star-Chamber) threatened against all that did abet, comfort, or relieve him: thus satyrical, or, if you please, tragical, was this sylvan prince against deer-killers, and indulgent to man-slayers."

The character of James was a most extraordinary compound. He had little of the pride or dignity of the king, but much of the conceit of the pedant. In his reign tobacco was coming into general use; and while James was thus careless about the lives of his subjects who dared interfere with his sports, he displayed a most ludicrous anxiety that they should not injure their health by the use of "the Virginian weed." He went so far as to write and publish a book on the subject, called the *Counterblast to Tobacco*, in which he denounces smoking in the most unsparing manner, and compares smokers to the "poor Indians, who are aliens from the holy covenant of God." Nay, it is said he went so far as to request the learned men of Oxford to discuss and determine whether the use of tobacco was hurtful or injurious to the human system; but whatever decision may have been come to by these *pundits* was entirely unheeded by the king's subjects, who puffed away more lustily than before.

sat astride on the saddle like men. An author of the seventeenth century speaks of another fashion adopted by the fair huntresses of the town of Bury, in Suffolk. "The Bury ladies," says he, "that used hawking and hunting were once in a great vaine of wearing breeches."

Numerous anecdotes are related respecting this king whilst in the pursuit of his sport. One time when he was on a hunting-party near Bury St. Edmunds, he saw an opulent townsman who had joined the chase, "very brave in his apparel, and so glittering and radiant that he eclipsed all the court. The king was desirous of knowing the name of this gay gentleman; and being informed by one of his followers that it was Lamme, he facetiously replied, "Lamb call you him? I know not what kind of lamb he is, but I am sure he has got a fleece upon his back."

The following "reasonable pretty jest" is related in a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury to have happened at Royston:—"There was one of the king's special hounds, called Jowler, missing one day; the king was much displeased that he was wanted; notwithstanding, went a-hunting. The next day when they were on the field, Jowler came in amongst the rest of the hounds; the king was told of him, and was very glad; and looking on him, spied a paper about his neck, and in the paper was written: 'Good Mr. Jowler, we pray you to speak to the king (for he hears you every day, and so he doth not us), that it will please his majesty to go back to London, for else the country will be undone; all our provision is spent already, and we are not able to entertain him longer.' It was taken for a jest, and so passed over; for his majesty intends to lie there yet a fortnight."[2]

There is a tradition, that James, hunting in the neighbourhood of Dunfermline, invited the company then attending upon him to dine along with him at a *collier's house*, meaning the Abbey of Culross, then belonging to Sir George Bruce. The works at Culross appear to have been in their most flourishing condition a little before and some time after James's accession to the throne of England. They were then wrought a considerable way under the sea, or at least where the sea overflowed at full tide, and the coals were carried out to be shipped by a moat within the sea-mark, which had a subterraneous communication with the coal-pit. Being conducted by his own desire to see the works below-ground, he was led insensibly by his host and guide to the moat above mentioned, it being then high-water. Having ascended from the coal-pit, and seeing himself, without any previous intimation, surrounded by the sea, he was seized with an immediate apprehension of some plot against his liberty or life, and called out, "Treason!" But his faithful guide quickly dispelled his fears by assuring him that he was in perfect safety, and, pointing to an elegant

[2] It must be recollected that great expense was entailed upon the nobles by the "progresses" of Elizabeth and James.

pinnace that was made fast to the moat, desired to know whether it was most agreeable to his majesty to be carried ashore in it, or to return by the same way he came ; upon which the king, preferring the shortest way back, was carried directly ashore, expressing much satisfaction at what he had seen.[3]

When James was attacked with the gout and with defluxions upon his knees, he tried a strange expedient to recover the use of his limbs. Being at Theobalds, he bathed his limbs amidst the warm bowels of the deer, after the animal had been hunted down and cut open. The plan a little relieved him.

During his residence in Scotland James shewed as great a passion for hunting as he displayed afterwards in England. His favourite hunting-seat was at Falkland in Fifeshire, where a royal palace still exists. This place was within easy distance of Edinburgh, the civil capital of the kingdom, and still nearer to the ancient city of St. Andrew's, that for centuries was the great seat and centre of the ecclesiastical power and learning of Scotland. Falkland, moreover, was beautifully situated in the strath or valley of the river Eden, among romantic hills and woods, well stocked with all species of game. It was in a dungeon of the old castle of Falkland that the Duke of Rothesay met his death ; in this palace the mother of James, the lovely and unfortunate Mary, occasionally resided; and both the Charleses subsequently lodged there. At this palace a scene occurred one morning, when James was about to "go a hunting," that fills an important place in Scotch history, though the real facts of the adventure were mystified by James at the time, and have since puzzled many historians. The king had mounted his horse, and was preparing to follow the hounds, when one of his attendants, Ruthven by name, induced the avaricious and pedantic monarch to dismount, by telling him a story about a messenger who had just arrived, bearing a large sum of money for James. The king imagined that this was some emissary of the Pope or the King of Spain, and that some great political purpose was about to be unfolded; at all events, he was glad to hear of the arrival of *money*, and went into a room of the palace with Ruthven. The latter, as soon as they were out of hearing, changed his bearing from that of a servant to an accuser, poured out a fierce indictment against the king of public as well as private wrongs, and concluded by threatening or attempting to take away the king's life. According to the narrative that James afterwards wrote, he (that is the monarch) reasoned and expostulated with the embryo assassin, and so wrought on Ruthven by his eloquence, that

[3] Chambers's Life of James the First.

that person left the room, as if he had been staggered in his purpose; but he soon returned, and a struggle ensued, in which the king overpowered Ruthven, and, procuring assistance, the unhappy man was taken and executed with others charged as his accomplices. The king's narrative, written in his usual grandiloquent style, was not quite believed by the men of the time. James's hunting was, however, spoiled for that day, and the occurrence is known as "The Gowrie Conspiracy."

The following anecdote is told by Sir Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford; it belongs to the last year of James's life:—"I will .... write you news from the court at Rufford, where the loss of a stag, and the hounds hunting foxes instead of deer, put the king your master into a marvellous chafe; in the height whereof comes a clown galloping up, and staring full in his face, ''Sblood!' quoth he, 'am I come forty miles to see a fellow?' and presently in a great rage turns about his horse, and away he goes faster than he came. The address whereof caused his majesty and all the company to burst out into a vehement laughter; and so the fume, for the time, was happily dispersed."[4]

The kings of Scotland were as fond as their southern brethren of the sports of the forest. Indeed for centuries, on both sides of the border, the careful training of the scions of both royal and noble families in all manly sports was considered that part of their education with which probably they could least dispense. It inured their bodies to fatigue, incited them to deeds of daring, and gave them that practical knowledge of the surface of a country which warlike men in warlike times must possess. Its effect on the health and spirits was also highly beneficial. The Scotch kings had a forest in almost every county, with a regular forester and hunting staff. Robert Bruce was one of Scotland's mighty hunters, and, after the battle of Bannockburn, he indulged greatly in the pleasures of the chase, and kept up, at great expense, large hunting establishments. James V. once invited his subjects to a great hunt in the forest of Atholl, which, it is said, was attended by 12,000 persons. Some of these assemblies, however, had a political purpose. A large body of well-armed and well-mounted men were collected ostensibly to hunt wild animals, but virtually to do very different work,—to invade their neighbour's territory, as in the case of Chevy Chase, or to exterminate thieves and robbers, as was the real object of James V.

The clergy appear to have been as much addicted to hunting as the

[4] Lucy Aikin's Memoirs of the Court of King James the First.

laity. Walter, archdeacon of Canterbury, who was promoted to the see of Rochester in 1147, spent the whole of his time in the sport, to the utter neglect of all the high duties of his office. He lived to a very advanced age, and when eighty years old was as keen a sportsman as ever.

It appears, by an inquisition held at Nottingham in the reign of Henry II., that the Archbishop of York had a right or a custom of hunting in Sherwood Forest nine days in every year—three at Christmas, three at Easter, and three at Whitsuntide; and also that the archbishop and his canons and his men had there their proper foresters, and aeries of hawks, and pannage.

Of the same character and habits as the Archdeacon of Canterbury was Reginald Brian, translated to the see of Worcester in 1352. In an extant MS. epistle of his, addressed to the Bishop of St. David's, Reginald reminds the holy father of a promise which he had made to send him six brace of excellent hunting dogs, the best (as the reverend sportsman confesses) that he had ever seen. Of these Reginald says he had been in daily anxious expectation; and he declares that his heart languished for their arrival. "Let them come, then," he entreats, "O reverend father, without delay; let my woods re-echo with the music of their cry, and the cheerful notes of the horn; and let the walls of my palace be decorated with the trophies of the chase!"

William de Clowne, whom his biographer celebrates as the most amiable ecclesiastic that ever filled the abbot's throne of St. Mary's in Leicestershire, was a deep adept in all the mysteries of hunting. That his kennel might always be well supplied, he requested Richard II. to grant him a market or fair for the sale and purchase of sporting dogs,—a request which the king graciously complied with, seeing the abbot passionately desired it. He was, continues his eulogist, the most famous and knowing sportsman after a hare in the kingdom; insomuch that the king himself, Prince Edward his son, and most of the grandees of the realm, allowed him annual pensions for his instructions in the art of hare-hunting.

Chaucer, the admirable and faithful painter of the manners of his age, has given us a very particular and amusing portrait of a sporting monastic of the fourteenth century. He makes him much better skilled in riding and hunting than in divinity.

The crown is still entitled, at the death of every bishop, to have his kennel of hounds, or a composition in lieu thereof. Auckland Park, and certain other demesnes formerly held of the Bishop of Durham by forest services, "particularly," says Camden, "upon his great huntings,

the tenants in these parts were bound to set up for him a field-house, or tabernacle, with a chapel, and all manners of rooms and offices; as also to furnish him with dogs and horses, and to carry his provision, and to attend him during his stay for the supply of all conveniences. But now all services of this kind are either let fall by disuse, or changed into pecuniary payments."

This fondness for hunting, so often indulged in by the bishops, gave rise to a startling circumstance, and one absolutely unprecedented in the Church history of England. On the 24th of July 1622, George Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, was occupied in a stag-hunt in Lord Zouch's park at Harringworth, in Hampshire, where he was so unfortunate as to discharge, while he sat on horseback, a barbed arrow from his cross-bow, which struck one of the park-keepers, Peter Hawkins, in the fleshy part of the left arm, and occasioned the man's death in less than an hour. It is said that, throughout the remainder of his life, the archbishop observed a monthly fast on the day of the week which had thus stained his hand with blood; and he also settled a pension of twenty pounds for life on Hawkins's widow.

The clergy of rank had the privilege at all times of hunting in their own parks and enclosures, and therefore, that they might not be prevented from following the pastime, they took care to have such receptacles for game belonging to their priories. At the time of the Reformation, the see of Norwich alone was in the possession of no fewer than 13 parks, well stocked with deer and other animals for the chase.

There is a curious enactment of the reign of Richard II. touching the keeping of dogs by the clergy, from which we may gather that the custom was not confined to the opulent spiritual nobility, the bishops and abbots, but was followed, on such a scale as they could afford, by the humblest members of the ecclesiastical order. The act[5] sets forth that artificers, labourers, servants, and grooms kept greyhounds and other dogs, with which they were wont to go hunting on the holidays, when good Christian people were at church keeping divine service. The clergy could hardly have been decently enumerated in this preamble; but the enacting part of the statute shews that some of their body were addicted to the same practices as the artificers and labourers. While it is ordained, that no layman who is not possessed of lands or tenements of the yearly value of forty shillings shall in future keep any greyhound or other dog for hunting, the same prohibition is extended to all priests or clerks whose benefices are not of the yearly value of ten pounds; they shall not, it is added, use ferrets, hays,

[5] 13 Rich. II. st. 1, c. 13.

nets, hare-pipes, nor cords, nor other engines for taking or destroying deers, hares, coneys, or other game, under pain of a year's imprisonment.

Two kinds of bow were in use for killing the deer, &c.—the long-bow and the cross-bow. The arbalest or cross-bow was not only much shorter than the former, but fastened also upon a stock, and discharged by means of a catch or trigger. This weapon was probably introduced into England at the commencement of the thirteenth century. But the great fame acquired by our countrymen in archery was derived from their practice with the long-bow. The bow in general favour varied in length from 5 feet 8 inches to 6 feet, with a bend when strung of 9 or 10 inches; its power was proportionate to the archer's arm, its length regulated by his height, and the weapon generally adapted to the physical strength of him who used it. The best bows were made of the bole of yew-tree, of which part only were of native growth, many of them being imported from foreign countries; the string was silk or hempen, twisted and plaited, but always rounded in the middle to receive the arrow's notch; and the shaft itself was constructed of hard and soft woods; and ash, oak, and birch were used by the fletcher, according to the purpose for which the arrow was intended: it was feathered from a goose-wing, and in length ranged from 30 inches to 3 feet.[6] At short range, the shaft was drawn to the ear; at long flight or shooting,—in archery parlance, "at rovers,"—the notch and string were brought to the breast, the archer fixing his look upon the object aimed at with both eyes open, until he delivered his arrow.

Of the power of the bow, and of the distance to which it would carry, there are several curious anecdotes on record. In the Journal of King Edward VI., it is mentioned, that one hundred archers of the king's guard shot at an inch board, and that some of the arrows passed through this and into another board behind it, although the wood was extremely solid and firm.

As far back as the 13th century, every person not having a greater annual revenue in land than 100 pence was obliged to have in his possession a bow and arrow, with other arms offensive and defensive; and all such as had no possessions, but could afford to purchase arms, were commanded to have a bow with sharp arrows if they dwelt without the royal forests, and a bow with round-headed arrows if they resided within the forests.[7]

Archery was considered of so much importance, that when John Lyon founded Harrow School, one of five articles which he subjoined

[6] The military arrow was 32 inches, and pointed with plain iron.
[7] Strutt's Sports and Pastimes, book 2.

to the statutes was: "You shall allow your child, at all times, bow-shafts, bow-strings, and a bracer, to exercise shooting." The fourth of August was set apart for a trial of skill. The victor had a silver arrow given to him.[8]

Edward III. enjoined the use of the long-bow in two precepts addressed to the sheriffs of counties; and in the reign of Richard II. an act was passed to compel all servants to shoot with it on Sundays and holidays. The reason for these urgent commands for the lower orders to recreate themselves with bows and arrows was, that standing armies being unknown, the monarch depended upon sudden levies of the retainers of great men, who, if not already disciplined for the field, would have been very nearly useless. By an act of the reign of Henry IV. the heads of arrows were to be well boiled or brazed, and hardened at the points with steel; all heads otherwise manufactured were to be forfeited, and the makers imprisoned. All arrow-heads, moreover, were to be marked with the maker's name. Henry V. ordered the sheriffs of several counties to procure feathers from the wings of geese, picking six from each goose. Two feathers in an arrow were to be white, and one brown or grey; and this difference in colour informed the archer in an instant how to place the arrow. In the time of Edward IV. an act was passed ordaining that every Englishman should have a bow of his own height; and butts were ordered to be constructed in every township for the inhabitants to shoot at on feast-days; and if any neglected to use his bow, the penalty of a halfpenny was incurred.

An act, 1 Richard III., complains that, by the seditious confederacy of Lombards using divers ports of this realm, bow-staves were raised to an outrageous price—that is to say, to 8*l.* a hundred—whereas they were wont to be sold at 40*s.* This act provided that ten bow-staves should be imported with every butt of Malmsey or Tyre wines brought by the merchants trading from Venice to England, under a penalty of 13*s.* 4*d.* for every butt of the said wines in case of neglect.

By the 6th of Henry VIII. all male servants were to provide themselves with one bow and four arrows, which their master was to pay for, stopping the purchase-money out of their wages. Another statute passed in the same reign enjoined the use of archery more extensively. It ordained that every man under sixty, except spiritual men, justices, &c., should use shooting with the long-bow, and have a bow and arrows continually in his house; that he should provide bows and arrows for his servants and children. The inhabitants of every city,

[8] Smith's Handbook to Harrow on the Hill.

town, and place were to erect butts, and practise shooting on holidays and at every other convenient time.

In their long wars with the Scotch, the superiority of the English archers was indisputable. Several battles, that at Halidoun Hill for example, were gained entirely by the English archers, against whose unceasing rain of "cloth-yard shafts" the Scotch could make no head. Had Robert Bruce not provided an effectual opposition to the English archers at Bannockburn, it is more than probable that that battle would have been lost by the Scotch. Old Barbour, the metrical historian of Bruce, thus describes, in language which we modernise a little, the shooting of the archers.

> "The English archers shot so fast,
> That if their shot had only last,
> It had been hard to Scottish men;
> But King Robert that well did ken:
> That their archers were perilous
> And their shot right hard and grievous,
> Order'd from out the assembly
> His marschal with a great many.
> Five hundred arm'd in steel,
> That on light horse were mounted well,
> For to spur among the archers,
> And so assail them with their spears,
> That they no leisure have to shoot."

This plan succeeded; the archers could not withstand the charge of the Scotch horsemen, and when the bowmen retreated the battle was virtually won.

Many laws were passed in Scotland to compel the people to practise and become proficient in archery; but the Scotch could never equal the English in their skill in drawing the bow. Almost every town had a field or common called the "Bow-butts," where the archers practised, and regular meetings were held to shoot for what was called the "Wapenschaw." Some of these fields are still unenclosed and bear their old name, and the practice is in many places still kept up of annually shooting at the papingo or popinjay, a piece of wood cut to the figure of a bird with expanded wings, and exhibited on some considerable elevation. A very faithful description of this practice as it existed during the seventeenth century will be found in *Old Mortality*.

Bishop Latimer, in one of his sermons before Edward VI., enforced the practice of archery from the pulpit:

"Men of England in times past, when they would exercise themselves (for we must needs have some recreation, our bodies cannot en-

dure without some exercise), they were wont to go abroad in the fields of shooting; but now it is turned into glosing, gulling, and whoring within the house. . . . . . I desire you, my lords, even as ye love the honour and glory of God, and intend to remove his indignation, let there be sent forth some proclamation, some sharp proclamation, to the justices of peace; for they do not their duty, ... they be negligent in executing these laws of shooting. In my time, my poor father was as diligent to teach me to shoot as to learn me any other thing, and so I think other men did their children. He taught me how to draw, how to lay my body in my bow; and not to draw with strength of arms, as other nations do, but with strength of the body. I had my bows bought me according to my age and strength; as I increased in them, so my bows were made bigger and bigger: for men shall never shoot well except they be brought up in it."

Several of the kings of England were noted for their skill with this weapon. William I. was ever employed in seeking to improve the arrow; sometimes shortening, sometimes lengthening the shaft, and suiting the wings of the feather and the weight of the point to the nicest refinement in the law of mechanics. It is added of him, that "few of his own time could bend his bow or handle his arms." Holinshed reports that Henry VIII. shot as well as any of his guards. Edward VI. was fond of the exercise; and there is every reason to believe that it was practised with considerable success by Charles I. This monarch issued a proclamation in the eighth year of his reign to prevent the fields near London from being so enclosed as "to interrupt the necessary and profitable exercise of shooting." Public exhibitions of shooting with the bow were continued in the reigns of Charles II. and James II.; and an archers' division, until within these few years, formed a branch of the Artillery Company.

Extraordinary stories are told of Robin Hood's skill and dexterity with the bow. The author of the *Anecdotes of Archery* states that there is a tradition in the neighbourhood of Whitby to the intent, that in one of the outlaw's peregrinations to the coast, he went to dine with Richard, the abbot of Whitby, accompanied by his friend Little John, when the abbot, who had often heard with wonder of their great skill in shooting with the long-bow, requested after dinner that he might have a specimen of their dexterity. "The two friends, in order to oblige their courteous entertainer, accompanied the abbot to the top of the abbey-tower. From this elevation each of them shot an arrow, which fell close by Whitby Laths. To preserve the memory of this transaction, and to mark the distance, the abbot set up a pillar on the

spot where each arrow fell, the distance being more than a measured mile. That there were two pillars standing at Whitby a few years ago is beyond a doubt, and that they were called after these two friends is equally certain; but that there is any real foundation for the story we will not pretend to say."

CHAPTER XVI.

INHABITANTS OF THE FOREST.

THERE is a famous old work called the *Book of St. Alban's*, from having been first printed, in 1486, at the abbey there, being a series of metrical treatises on hunting, hawking, angling, and heraldry, written in the fourteenth century, by Dame Juliana Berners, the sister of Lord Berners, and Prioress of the nunnery of Sopewell, in which she gives the following enumeration of the different sorts of animals that were then hunted:

> "Wheresoever ye fare, by frith or by fell,
> My dear child, how Tristan do you tell,
> How many manner beastis of venery there were;
> Listen to your dame, and she shall you lere:
> Four manner beastis of venery there are—
> The first of them is the hart, the second is the hare,
> The boar is one of tho', the wolf, and not one mo'.
> And where that ye come, in plain or in place,
> I shall you tell which been beasts of enchase;
> One of them is the buck, another is the doe,
> The fox, and the marteron, and the wild roe.
> And ye shall, my dear child, other beasts all,
> Whereso ye them find, Rascal ye shall them call,
> In frith or in fell, or in forest, I you tell."

Old John Manwood gives, with his usual precision, the various terms by which the wild beasts of the forest and chase ought to be called according to their ages; and also the different terms that should be applied to them under certain circumstances. This is so curious, and will soon be so completely out of date, that we transfer it, modernising the spelling and the type:

"And now here it is necessary to speak something of the proper names of the aforesaid beasts of forest, chase, and warren, to the end that men may know how to call them, according as they are called and termed by the ancient foresters and woodmen. And because of all

other beasts of the forest the hart is the most noble and the most worthy beast, and taketh the first place, I will first begin and speak of the terms belonging to him. And therefore you shall understand that at the first year you shall call him a hind-calf, or a calf; the second year, you shall call him a broket; the third year, you shall call him a spayad; the fourth year, you shall call him a staggard; the fifth year, you shall call him a stag; the sixth year, you shall call him a hart.

I have seen divers ancient records remaining in Nottingham Castle, in the tower, wherein the court is usually kept for Peverill fee, which are in a manner defaced, and hardly to be read, by bad keeping of them, out of which records I did take out certain notes concerning forest matters, amongst which notes I found one: that in A.D. 1194 King Richard I., being hunting in the forest of Sherwood, did chase a hart out of the forest of Sherwood into Barnesdale in Yorkshire; and because he could not there recover him, he made proclamation at Tickill in Yorkshire, and at divers other places there, that no person should kill, hurt, or chase the said hart, but that he might safely return into the forest again; which hart was afterwards called a hart royal proclaimed. By this I do gather that a hart is not proclaimed a hart but when he is hunted out of some forest or chase by the king; and then, because the king hath hunted him out of the forest, and cannot recover him, but is forced to leave him in danger to be hunted and killed there by others, then the king doth proclaim him a peace where he is; which is but only for his safe return to the forest again; for otherwise I do see no reason why he should have a peace proclaimed, being within the forest, for there he is in a sanctuary of peace. And it seemeth by the case in 21 of Henry VII., where a man was indicted for killing a hart proclaimed,—which indictment was challenged, for that it was not shewn where nor in what place the proclamation was made,—that the same hart was proclaimed a hart by such means and in some such solemn manner as the other hart aforesaid was; and then such a hart, so proclaimed, is a hart royal proclaimed.

The ancient charter of the forest of Canutus doth call the hart 'fera regalis,' a royal wild-beast, or a hart royal.

As for the hind, there needeth little to be said of her, only this: that a hind is called at the first year a calf; the second year, a broket's sister; the third year, she is a hind.

Of some old foresters the hare is called the king of all beasts of the forest, and in hunting maketh best sport and delight; there is small variety of terms for the hare more than this: a hare is called the first year a leveret; the second year, a hare; the third year, a great hare.

Amongst the beasts of the forest, the fourth, and next in degree unto the hare, is the wild-boar; and he is called and termed after this manner: the first year, he is a pig of the sounder; the second year, he is a hog; the third year, he is a hog-steer; the fourth year, he is a boar; for then, after the fourth year, if not before, he departeth from the sounder; and then you shall call him a singler, or rather sanglier.

The last, and fifth, beast of the forest is the wolf, which, because we have none here in England, nor I think we never shall have in any of our forests, I will not speak any thing of their different names.

Concerning beasts of chase, whereof the buck, being the first, is called as followeth: the first year, a fawn; the second year, a pricket; the third year, a sorrel; the fourth year, a sore; the fifth year, a buck of the first head; the sixth year, a buck, or a great buck.

The next after the buck is the doe, being accounted the second beast of chase, which is called as hereafter followeth: the first year, a fawn; the second year, a pricket's sister; the third year, a doe.

The third beast of chase is the fox; and albeit that the fox is said to have great plenty of policy and devices, yet there is very little variety in the terms of foxes: for a fox is called the first year, a cub; the second year, a fox; and so, still afterwards, they are called foxes, without any other difference more than an old fox or such like, and also a litter of cubs.

The marterne, or martron, as some old foresters or woodmen do call them, being the fourth beast of chase, whereof we have no great store in these forests on this side Trent, but yet in the county of Westmoreland in Martendale there are many. The terms of the marterne or martron are these: the marterne is called the first year, a marterne cub; the second year, he is called a marterne. Also, the foresters do call a company of marternes a richesse of marternes.

The fifth, and the last, beast of chase is the roe, whose proper terms appertaining to chase are these: that is to say, a roe is called the first year, a kid; the second year, a gyrle; the third year, a hemuse; the fourth year, a roebuck of the first head; the fifth year, a fair roebuck.

As for the beasts of warren, the hare hath been shewn already before.

The coney is called the first year a rabbit, and afterwards an old coney.

The seasons of these beasts are as follow:

The time of grace of a hart or buck beginneth at Midsummer-day, and lasteth till Holyrood-day.

The season of the fox beginneth at the Nativity of Christ, and lasteth until the Annunciation of our Lady.

The season of the hind or doe doth begin at Holyrood-day, and lasteth till Candlemas.

The season of the roebuck beginneth at Easter, and lasteth till Michaelmas.

The season of the roe beginneth at Michaelmas, and lasteth until Candlemas.

The season and hunting of the hare beginneth at Michaelmas, and lasteth till Midsummer.

The season of the wolf is said to be from Christmas till the Annunciation of our Lady.

The season of the boar is from the Nativity of Christ till the Purification of our Lady.

You shall say—the deer is broken; the fox is cased; the hare is cased.

You shall say—dislodge the buck; start the hare; unkennel the fox; rouse the hart; bolt the coney.

You shall say—a hart belloweth; a buck groaneth; a roe belleth; a boar screameth; a hare, or a coney, beateth or tappeth; a fox barketh; a wolf howleth."

Wolves, though now extinct in this country, were at one time a great scourge to it, the dense forests which formerly covered the land favouring their safety and their increase. Edgar applied himself seriously to rid his subjects of this pest, by commuting the punishment of certain crimes into the acceptance of a number of wolves' skins from each criminal; and in Wales, by commuting a tax of gold and silver imposed on the princes of Cambria by Ethelstan, into an annual tribute of 300 wolves' heads, which Jenaf, prince of North Wales, paid so punctually, that by the fourth year the breed was extinct. Not so, however, in England; for the ferocious brutes increased and multiplied so rapidly here, that it was considered necessary to appoint, in the reign of the first Edward, a *wolf-hunter* general, in the person of one Peter Corbet; and his majesty thought it not beneath his dignity to issue a mandamus, bearing date May 14th, 1281, to all bailiffs, &c. to aid and assist the said Peter in the destruction of wolves in the counties of Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Salop, and Stafford. Camden informs us, that in Derby lands were held in Wormhill by the duty of hunting and taking the wolves that infested that county. In the reign of Athelstan, these pests had so abounded in Yorkshire, that a retreat was built at Flixton, in that county, "to defend passengers

from the wolves, that they should not be devoured by them." Our Saxon ancestors also called January, when wolves pair, *wolf-moneth;* and an outlaw was termed *wolfshed,* being out of the protection of the law, and as liable to be killed as that destructive beast. So late as the eleventh year of Henry VI., Sir Robert Plumpton held one bovate of land in the county of Nottingham, called Wolf-hunt Land, by service of winding a horn, and chasing or frighting the wolves in the forest of Sherwood. Harbottle Castle, and the manor of Otterburne, were held of the king *in capite* by William Umfraville, in 1428, "by the service of keeping the valley of Riddesdale free from *wolves* and robbers." In 1680, Sir Ewen Cameron, of Lochiel, is said to have killed the last wolf in Scotland; but neither the time nor the final extirpation of wolves in England has been mentioned. In Ireland wolves still lingered so late as the year 1710, about which time the last presentment for killing them in the county of Cork was made.

At one period the BEAR had its den in common with other beasts of prey in this country. The brown bear, which is still formidable in more northern countries, and even in Germany and France, once infested England. The Caledonian bears (another name for British with the Romans) were imported to make sport for the Roman people, to whom the excitement of witnessing the suffering of man and beast, in its most distressing shapes, seems to have been but too welcome. From the well-known lines of Martial, descriptive of the dreadful punishment of the malefactor Laureolus, it appears that they were sometimes used as instruments of torture.

> "Nuda Caledonio sic pectora præbuit urso,
> Non falsâ pendens in cruce Laureolus."

Ray quotes authority for the brown bear having been one of the Welsh beasts of chase; and Pennant adduces the places which retained the name of Pennarth, or the "Bear's Head," as evidence that it existed in that principality. In the *History of the Gordons,* it is stated, that one of that family, so late as the year 1457, was directed by the king to carry three bears' heads on his banner as a reward for his valour in slaying a fierce bear in Scotland. "Beware the bear," though allegorical in the case of the Baron of Braidwardine, was often a real note of precaution in the forest haunts of both ends of our island; and probably, notwithstanding the zeal and ardour with which both the bear and the wolf are said to have been hunted, their extirpation in the remote parts of the country may have been fully as much promoted

by the destruction of the woods which afforded them shelter and prey as by the exertions of man.[1]

There is evidence that at one period of its history the island of Great Britain was inhabited by a bear of much more formidable size than the brown bear, that is, the *cave bear*, so called because, as a living animal, it is now supposed to be every where extinct, though its remains have been discovered in several of those great caves in which the bones of animals not now met with alive are often found.[2] Those remains give evidence that the animal of which they are now the only monument must have been at least the size of an ordinary horse.

The WILD BOAR harboured in the most solitary places of our forests. His lair was generally in some wild and remote spot, not far from water; and commanding, by some devious path, access to the open country. In the *Description of London* by Fitzstephen, written in the latter part of the 12th century, it is stated that Epping Forest was then frequented by wild boars, as well as by various other wild animals. Our nobles, princes, and kings delighted to take the field with the boar-spear, and peril their persons in hunting this fierce animal.

In Shakspeare's *Venus and Adonis* there is a beautiful "picture in little" of the wild boar, when Venus is trying to persuade the cold Adonis to give up the chase of that terrible game.

> "Oh, be advised ; thou knowest not what it is,
> With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore :
> Whose tusks, never sheathed, he whetteth still,
> Like to a mortal butcher bent to kill.
> On his bow-back he hath a battle set
> Of bristly pikes that ever threat his foes ;
> His eyes like glow-worms shine when he doth fret,
> His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes ;
> Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
> And whom he strikes, his crooked tusks slay.
> His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
> Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter ;

[1] British Naturalist.

[2] "In Kirkdale Cave were found, in addition to those of bears, bones of the hyena, wolf, fox, elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, deer, &c. &c. The hyenas' bones and teeth were very numerous—probably two hundred or three hundred individuals had left their bodies in this cave ; the elephants' teeth were mostly of very young animals. The bones were almost all broken by simple fracture, but in such a manner as to indicate the action of hyenas' teeth, and to resemble the appearance of recent bones broken and gnawed by the living Cape hyena. They were distributed 'as in a dog-kennel,' having clearly been much disturbed, so that elephants, oxen, deer, &c. were indiscriminately mixed."—*Phillips' Treatise on Geology.*

His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him part, through whom he rushes."

The head of the boar was in olden time considered indispensable for the due celebration of Christmas. It was ushered to the table in the Baron's hall with great solemnity, trumpeters sounding before it. In some places this old practice is still kept up. At Queen's College, Oxford, a boar's head is carried in procession at Christmas, through the large hall in presence of hundreds of visitors, up to the table where sit the provost, burser, fellows, &c. of the college: the following carol is sung as the head is slowly borne to the dinner-table.

" The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you, my masters, be merry,
Quot estis in convivio.
Caput Apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino.

The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the bravest dish in all the land;
When thus bedeck'd with a gay garland,
Let us servite cantico.
Caput Apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino.

Our steward hath provided this
In honour of the king of bliss,
Which on this day to be served is
In Reginensi Atrio.
Caput Apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino."

On old Christmas-day, the Directors of the Mechanics' Institution in Manchester hold usually in the large Free-Trade Hall a Christmas party, where all the ceremonies, dresses, and songs with which Christmas was celebrated in the olden time are faithfully and accurately performed, worn, and sung. The boar's head figures conspicuously at this party, and is partaken of by those engaged in the ceremony. This annual spectacle is usually attended by about 5000 people.

The history and fall of the ROEBUCK are better known than those of the wolf and bear. He continued to be an inhabitant of England till within the last hundred years; and was not unfrequently met with on the wastes a small distance from Hexham in Northumberland. As the breed, however, became gradually more scarce, it was sought for

with greater eagerness; so that after enduring the united attacks of the dog and gun for a few seasons, it at length dwindled down to one solitary animal, which, about eighty years since, is said to have been destroyed by — Whitfield, Esq., of Whitfield, in Northumberland.

Pennant says that the FALLOW-DEER—the two varieties—were introduced into this country by James I. from Norway, where he passed some time when he visited his intended bride, Anne of Denmark. James, who observed their hardiness, brought them first into Scotland, and thence to Epping Forest and Enfield Chase, to be near his favourite palace, Theobalds.

The RED-DEER, or STAG, delights in extensive forests and unenclosed hilly districts, where he can enjoy a vast range of pasturage. Hence there are now only a few places in Britain where this fine species wanders truly wild and unrestrained. In the New Forest, which, as we have already seen, was made by devastating the country, in order that the red-deer might multiply, very few are at present to be seen. Wolmer Forest, also in Hampshire, formerly abounded in red-deer; and when Queen Anne visited it, as she was journeying on the Portsmouth road, the keepers drove a herd of 500 head before her. During subsequent years they were reduced to 50 head; and in White of Sel-

borne's time, the whole were caught and conveyed to Windsor Park. A few red-deer existed in Epping Forest within the recollection of

persons living. There are red deer at present in Whittlebury and Salcey forests.

That the stag—or, to use the language of the "honourable science of venerie," a hart—should have been accounted the first and noblest of the beasts of chase by the feudal chiefs, cannot surprise us: his swiftness, and his gallant defence when brought to bay, his intrepid reception of the dogs, his sudden and impetuous rush upon his assailants, rendering the termination of the pursuit a welcome opportunity of displaying personal prowess, gave him such favour in the eyes of the nobles, that it was deemed less criminal in the peasant or man of low degree to commit murder than to kill a stag.

A wound inflicted by a stag's horn when he turned at bay was said to be mortal at certain seasons of the year; not so with that of the wild boar, as is expressed in the old rhyme—

> "If thou be hurt with hart, it brings thee to thy bier;
> But barber's hand will boar's hurt heal, therefore thou need'st not fear."

The Hare was one of the "beastis of venerie" among our chase-loving forefathers. An old writer calls "hunting of the hare with greyhounds a right good solace for men that be studiouse, or them to whom nature hath not given personage or courage able for the warres; and also for gentilwomen which feare nether sonne, nor wynde, for appayring their beautie; and peradventure (adds he) they shall be thereat lesse idell than they shold be at home in their chambers."

Timid and defenceless, and surrounded by numerous enemies, exclusive of man, it is well endowed with the means of escape. It is both watchful and swift; and its brown hair assimilates in colour with the herbage amongst which it makes its "form." It is crepuscular and nocturnal in its habits. During the day it crouches in its "form," or habitual resting-place, which is frequently a spot selected among fern and other herbage. From this spot a regular track is made by the animal to its adjacent feeding-grounds; for it goes and returns upon its own footsteps. It, however, changes its "form" according to the weather. In severe seasons it repairs to the woods, where it will prey on the bark of almost every tree, and is often very injurious to young plantations.

The hare is very playful. Often during a fine moonlight evening have we, unobserved, been amused and delighted by watching a numerous assemblage of them gamboling and sporting with each other, in the exuberance of animal enjoyment. The least noise was sufficient to check them, and render them still and attentive; our appearance would put them to instant flight.

The WILD RABBIT is eminently gregarious; and, as is well known, makes extensive burrows, in which it habitually dwells and rears its young. The rabbit-warrens—that is, the places constructed for their increase and feeding—in Epping Forest, when visited early in the morning, at the close of the day, or by moonlight, afford an amusing spectacle; thousands of rabbits may be seen of all sizes gamboling and sporting, and chasing each other with great rapidity. When alarmed, they take to their warrens, disappearing as if by magic.

Though the rabbit is not capable of the exertion of the hare, it is nevertheless very swift for a short distance; and, as we know by *dear-bought* experience, when crossing a path in the woods at full speed, is not easily hit by the sportsman. From this circumstance, rabbit-shooting is with some a favourite sport, as it serves to display their skill. The usual way of taking rabbits for sale is by ferrets and nets, or by traps of various construction.

It is pleasant to watch the actions of a SQUIRREL. One may sometimes be seen bounding from branch to branch, and then descending to the ground, when it will sit on its hind-legs, look around, and then wash its face with its fore-paws. All its actions are graceful. On being disturbed, it hurries up a neighbouring tree, gets on the side opposite to the beholder, and may soon be seen on the topmost branches, except when it hides itself in some secure retreat, or takes refuge in its "drey," from which it peeps with a mixture of curiosity and alarm. Mr. Bowles describes it

> "with ears erect,
> The squirrel seems to hark; and then to dance,
> With conscious tail aloft, and twinkling feet,
> Nimble, from bough to bough."

Whittlebury Forest is one of the few places where the WILD CAT is still found. This creature has a larger head and stronger limbs than the domestic cat, and its colour is a pale yellowish grey, with dusky stripes, those on the back running lengthwise, and those on the sides transversely and in a curved direction. The tail is shorter than in the domestic kinds, and is barred with dusky rings. It breeds in hollow trees; and, in the place where it inhabits, it makes destructive havoc among the neighbouring lambs, kids, and poultry.

The wild cat is sometimes taken in traps, and sometimes by shooting; in the latter mode it is dangerous to merely wound them, for they have frequently been known to attack the person who injured them; and their strength is so great as to render them no despicable enemy. As an illustration of this fact, we mention the following

incident. "At Barnborough, a village between Doncaster and Barnsley, in Yorkshire, there is a tradition extant of a serious conflict that once took place between a man and one of these animals. The inhabitants say that the fight commenced in an adjacent wood, and that it was continued from thence into the porch of the church. It ended fatally to both combatants, for each died of the wounds received. A rude painting in the church commemorates the event; and (as in many similar traditions) the accidentally natural red tinge of the stones has been construed into bloody stains, which all the properties of soap and water have not been able to efface."[1]

One of the most curious BIRDS frequenting our forests is the woodpecker. This bird feeds upon insects, and particularly on those which are lodged in the bottom of hollow or rotten trees, in the discovery of which the extraordinary length of his bill is of the greatest advantage. Traversing up and down the trunk of the tree, he keeps striking with his bill, and when the place sounds hollow, he stops; then by continued blows he penetrates a hole in the bark sufficient to receive his bill, which he thrusts in, and sends forth a loud whistling into the cavity, in order to disengage the insects, and put them into motion; this he has no sooner done, than he makes use of his tongue, which proves an excellent instrument for procuring this food, as it is round, ending in a stiff, sharp, bony tip, dentated on both sides like the beard of an arrow, and which he can dart out three or four inches from the bill, and draw in again at pleasure. The prey is thus transfixed and drawn into the bill; and after being swallowed, the dart is again launched at fresh game.

The woodpecker not only makes small holes in trees to procure its food, but also large ones to form its nest; and even this seemingly arduous task it also performs with the bill, although some naturalists have affirmed that its tongue is used as a gimlet to bore with; but this is a supposition founded in error, since in the forests, the noise of the bill has been, and frequently may be heard, while the bird is employed in that office. It is, however, certain that it selects for this purpose trees that are decayed, or wood that is soft, like beech, elm, and poplar. In these, with very little trouble, it makes holes as exactly round as a mathematician could with compasses. As it finds no great hardship in making these holes, it is very difficult in its choice, and often makes twenty before one gives entire satisfaction; but having once fixed, it never forsakes the hole until it has brought up its young.

Very similar to the woodpecker is the nuthatch. This bird, like

[1] Bingley's Animal Biography.

the squirrel and field-mouse, is very fond of hazel-nuts. He picks an irregular ragged hole with his bill; then, to hold the nut firm, he fixes it as it were in a vice, in some cleft of a tree or in some crevice, when, standing over it, he perforates the stubborn shell. On placing nuts in the chink of a gate-post where nuthatches have been known to haunt, it has always been found that these birds have readily penetrated them. While at work, they make a rapping noise, that may be heard at a considerable distance. Dr. Plott informs us that this bird, by putting its bill into a crack in the bough of a tree, sometimes makes a violent sound, as if the branch was rending asunder. Besides nuts, it feeds also on caterpillars, beetles, and various other insects.

This bird is likewise called the nut-jobber, wood-cracker, &c., all which names it has derived from its partiality for hazel-nuts.

In one of those wild and secluded spots that verge on the precincts of Wolmer Forest, stood a grove of oaks of peculiar growth. Attached to one of these trees is a story about a raven, which illustrates the perseverance of that bird in the act of incubation. We give it on the authority of "White of Selborne."

This oak, though shapely and tall on the whole, bulged out into a large excrescence near the middle of the trunk. On it a pair of ravens had fixed their residence for such a series of years, that the oak was distinguished by the title of "raven-tree." Many were the attempts of the neighbouring youths to get at it: the difficulty served but to excite their inclinations, and each was ambitious of accomplishing the arduous task; but when they arrived at the swelling, it jutted out so in their way, and was so far beyond their grasp, that the boldest lads were deterred, and acknowledged the undertaking to be too hazardous. Thus the ravens continued to build, nest upon nest, in perfect security, till the fatal day arrived on which the wood was to be levelled. This was in the month of February, when those birds usually sit. The saw was applied to the trunk, the wedges were inserted into the opening, the woods echoed to the heavy blows of the beetle or mallet, the tree nodded to its fall; but still the dam persisted to sit. At last, when it gave way, the bird was flung from her nest; and though her maternal affection merited a better fate, she was whipped down by the twigs, which brought her lifeless to the ground.

Every lover of nature delights in the vocal concerts of our woods; and our poets abound in notices of them.

"All birdes with tunefull bosoms sing,
The blackbirde makes the woodes to ring;
The thrush, the jay, and she in spring
Who rues the rape of Thrace's king.

Their shrill notes to the musicke plying,
Then all the different flowers de[illegible]ying,
The odours in abundance flying,
Proved it the bowre of love's soft lying."

Smart also sings pleasantly of forest birds :

" The tribes of woodland warblers recite
The praise of Him who, ere he form'd their lord,
Their voices tuned to transport, wing'd their flight,
And bade them call for nurture, and receive:
And lo! they call,—the blackbird and the thrush,
The woodlark and the red-breast jointly call.
He hears, and feeds their feather'd families,
He feeds his sweet musicians,—nor neglects
Th' invoking ravens in the greenwood wide;
And though their throats' coarse rattling hurt the ear,
They mean it all for music; thanks and praise
They mean, and leave ingratitude to man."

We trust we may number among our readers many a one who, when walking amongst woodland scenery, especially at that smiling season of the year, "sweet spring," will be ready to exclaim :

" Here softest beauties open to my view;
Here many a flower expands its blushing charms;
Here the thick foliage wears a greener hue,
And lofty trees extend their leafy arms:
All things conspire to deck the milder scene,
And nature's gentlest form here smiles serene.

Each feather'd songster here with chanting gay
Full sweetly wakes th' 'incense-breathing morn,'
And here the nightingale, with warbling lay,
Full sweetly hails the evening's loved return.
That heart whom this soft music cannot move,
Is deaf to pity, and is dead to love."

Milton's sonnet on the nightingale may then probably be recalled to the memory :

" O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still;
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eve of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love. Oh! if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretel my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;

As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.
Whether the Muse, or Love, call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I."

Of this exquisite songster, that clever angler and good man Izaak Walton thus beautifully speaketh: "The nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles had not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, 'Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!'"

In the early spring, the beech is the peculiar resort of the throstle, "that attic songster." From its topmost branches we hear

"That sprightly wildness in its notes,
Which clear and vigorous warbles from the beech."

The cuckoo must not be unnoticed. Its hollow note is responded to by that of another, sometimes in rapid succession, till the sounds approach near and more near, and then sudden silence ensues. It is so pleasing to hear these unvarying notes, that there are few birds which would be more missed in rural retreats.

"The merry cuckoo, messenger of spring,"

is hailed on his first arrival as the harbinger of fine weather by every peasant in the country. Shakspeare calls it "the plain-song cuckoo;" but its notes vary according to the season of the year. Logan published a beautiful and well-known ode to the cuckoo, one of the most deservedly popular poems in the English language: "magical stanzas," says D'Israeli, "of picture, melody, and sentiment."

"Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove,
First messenger of spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing."

The woodlark must not be forgotten as one of our sweetest songsters.

". . . . . . The thrush
And *woodlark*, o'er the kind contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes."

Thomson, the "poet of nature," thus notices the following birds—

"The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove;
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd forth profusely, silent. Join'd to these
Innum'rous songsters, in the fresh'ning shade
Of new spring leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluously."

In the following sonnet by John Clare, one of the best of our rural describers, we have in miniature the history and geography of the thrush's nest so simply and naturally set forth, that one might almost think such strains

"No more difficile
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle."

Let any one, however, who despises them, try his own hand either at a bird's nest or a sonnet like this; and when he has succeeded in making the one, he may have some hope of being able to make the other.[2]

"Within a thick and spreading hawthorn-bush
That overhung a mole-hill large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound
With joy; and oft, an unintruding guest,
I watch'd her secret toils from day to day;
How true she warp'd the moss to form her nest,
And modell'd it within with wood and clay.
And by and by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs as light as flowers,
Ink-spotted over, shells of green and blue;
And there I witness'd, in the summer hours,
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky."

The act of nidification is, indeed, a wonderful contrivance of nature.

"Mark it well, within, without;
No tool had he that wrought; no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join; his little beak was all.
And yet, how neatly finish'd! What nice hand,
With ev'ry implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make one such another? Fondly then
We boast of excellence, whose noblest skill
Instinctive genius foils."

[2] Montgomery.

Occasionally some curious and interesting facts in natural history are brought to light by a stroll in the woods. "I have seen," writes a gentleman living in the Forest of Dean district, "a singular instance of birds of very different habits and nature all building, and having either eggs or young ones at the same time, either on or in the same tree. There is an old oak-tree near the place where I am staying, the heart of which is completely decayed. On the topmost branches a pair of sparrow-hawks had made them a nest, which, at the time I examined it, contained four eggs. In a hollow of the tree, near the top, was a jackdaw's nest, with five young ones. A little lower, a woodpecker had another, with five eggs in it. Still lower, was a nuthatch's nest, with seven young ones. And near the foot of the tree, in one of the crevices of the bark, which was overgrown with ivy, a pair of wrens had made another nest, in which were several eggs. These birds seemed to live in perfect harmony, and were, as far as I could discover, a real 'happy family.'"

A number of school-boys, attended by their master, were wandering about the great park of Windsor, when one of them discovered a blackbird's nest, with young ones in it, at some distance beyond the top of the Long Walk. He immediately made prize of it, and was conveying it homewards, when the cries of their young were heard by the old birds. Notwithstanding the presence and noise of so many boys, they did not desert their helpless offspring, but kept near them for a distance of about three miles, flying from tree to tree, and uttering those distressed and wailing notes which are so peculiar to the blackbird. This circumstance induced the boy to place the young birds in a cage, and he hung it outside of the house, which was close to the town of Windsor. Here they were fed regularly by their parents. As they grew up, the boy sold first one and then another, as he was able to find purchasers for them, until they were all disposed of. The morning after the last bird was sold, the female blackbird was found dead beneath the cage in which her beloved offspring had been confined, as if she had been unable to survive their loss.[3]

[3] Jesse.

1. Daisy. 2. Foxglove. 3. Lily of the Valley. 4. Snowdrop. 5. Buttercup. 6. Rush. 7. Wood-Anemone. 8. Wild Violet. 9. Pansy. 10. Common Earth-nut. 11. Primrose. 12. Arum.

CHAPTER XVII.

FOREST-FLOWERS.

"While others do the gardens choose,
Where flowers are regular and profuse,
Come, thou, to dell and lonely lea,
And cull the wild-flowers all with me."

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

HAVING devoted so much space to the giant inhabitants of the forest, we cannot leave our work without some description of the pigmies. A tree is a grand object in the scale of creation; but a little forest-flower, though not grand, is beautiful. In almost every attribute it is the reverse of the tree; but nevertheless it is as perfect in all its parts, as delicate in its organisation, and displays with equal force and clearness the transcendent skill of that Mighty One whose minutest work is as perfect as his greatest. The little forest-

flowers give an additional charm and variety to our forests; they nestle snugly at the roots of some giant tree, or sprinkle the woodland path with various hues, or cover the sides of some little dell, or spring up in rich profusion by the side of a mossy bank, or grow in luxuriance beside some forest streamlet, which prattles along "singing a quiet tune" to the woods and flowers. There are people whose minds can never be brought to recognise beauty in wild-flowers; they look on them as raw material, which can never be lovely; and to indulge their desire to see beautiful flowers, they go to nursery-grounds and hot-houses and flower-shows, where, doubtless, they see magnificent flowers, rivalled, if even rivalled, only in the tropics. These, however, are not nature's handiwork. The art of man has brought these to such a high state of perfection; but the original, the basis, *the* flower, without which these could never have been, is to be found only in the forest or the field. Man hath found out many inventions; but though he may make out of the wild violet the most lovely flowers, he cannot make a wild violet itself.

The young recollections of most of us are interwoven, not with garden, but with wild flowers. It was beautifully said by Campbell:

> "Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse ye, 'tis true,
> But wildings of nature, I dote upon you,
> For ye waft me to summers of old!
> When the fields gleamed around me with fairy delight,
> And daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
> Like garlands of silver and gold!"

There are few of us who cannot echo the same sentiment, and few to whom the sight of "the flowers of the forest" will not bring up similar recollections.

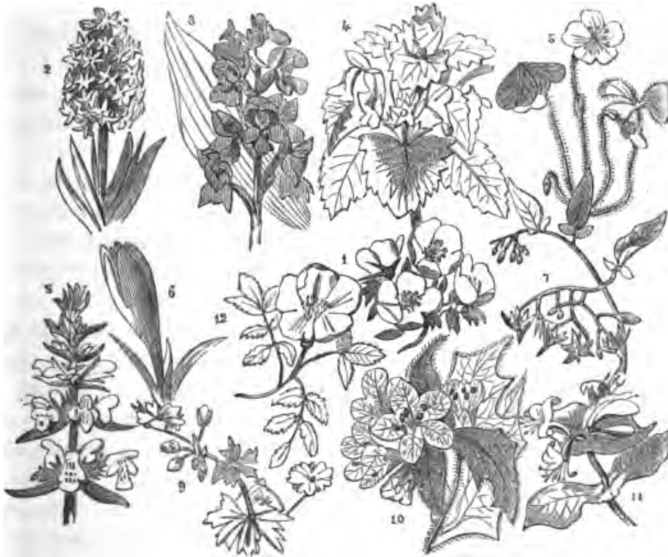
Among the first of the flowers that appear in the forest, are the daisy, the violet, and the primrose. What can make a more beautiful trio? All three are fragile and delicate, modest and retiring; but they star the banks and the woodland with a glorious tricolour of white, violet, and yellow. How simple-looking they are! and yet take the little daisy, and examine it carefully, and you will see in the flower an organisation so complicated, and yet so harmonious, that man, with all his skill, "never can come near." And the little sweet-smelling violets, what universal favourites they are! and how pleasant it is of a morning, when one cannot wander away to a forest, to buy a bunch in Covent Garden, and make them a sweet desk-companion for the rest of the day! It is delightful to sit on a primrose bank, and, overshadowed by some tree, to pull one of the flowers to pieces, and

examine "how curiously and wonderfully it is made." And yet there are many who pass a primrose by, to whom Wordsworth's lines are well applicable:

> "A primrose on the river's brim,
> A yellow primrose is to him,
> And it is nothing more."

At the roots of trees and in shady nooks is found that beautiful little white flower, the wood-anemone. Its leaves are very like those of the geranium, with a similar flower, though different in colour. Few, however, are found except in the beginning of "the season." Charlotte Smith correctly describes the localities it chooses:

> "Thickly strewn in woodland bowers,
> Anemones their stars unfold."



1. Wild Strawberry. 2. Hyacinth. 3. Purple Orchis. 4. Red Dead Nettle. 5. Wood-Sorrel. 6. Crocus. 7. Deadly Nightshade. 8. Woundwort. 9. Cranes-bill. 10. Common Henbane. 11. Wild Honeysuckle. 12. Wild Rose.

There is another pretty little flower that appears early, called the wood-sorrel, or by botanists *oxalis acetosella*. It grows on banks and about the roots of trees, and is about the size of a buttercup. Its colour is white; but the interior of the flower is streaked in the most

delicate and lovely manner with parallel pink veins. This is a medicinal plant. The taste of its flowers and leaf is very acid. A salt is prepared from the whole plant, which takes ink-stains out of linen; and the leaves are often used as poultices. Waving its blue bells, whether there is a breeze or not, we catch here and there a glimpse of the hyacinth, very different-looking indeed from those we see at flower-shows; but still this is *the* hyacinth, and the bells nod, as much as to say, "Ah! I know what you're thinking about,—those hyacinths last shewn at Chelsea; but what of their beauty and size, am not I the type of the father and mother of them all?" Again, we find the little modest hare-bell waving on its hair-like stalk. Goethe has two beautiful stanzas about this pretty little flower:

> "A little blue-bell
> Peeped up from the ground,
> And cast his blossoms
> Of beauty around.
>
> A little bee came,
> And he nestled therein;
> The two for each other
> Were fashioned I ween."

We must not overlook the wild strawberry, though it is very apt to be passed by unnoticed. It grows in almost all our woods, trailing along the ground just as it does in gardens. The flower is white and of the rosaceous type; and at particular periods it bears both fruit and flowers. The fruit is considered fine, though, of course, not so large as that grown by man. The nettle is a very common forest-flower. "What! the nettle a flower," some one exclaims; "that nasty, ugly, poisonous thing; *it* surely cannot be a flower." We are not, however, speaking of the poisonous rascal, though he, too, was made for a purpose, and serves a certain end in creation, but we speak of the dead nettles,—nettles that do bear flowers, some white and some pink, and that do *not* sting. Though outwardly looking like their vicious neighbour, yet their leaves will be found to have quite a different feel, and the flowers are a most interesting study. Each resembles the mouth of an animal gaping, and somewhat reminds one of the awful mouth of a shark. Inside the flower there are four stamens; but instead of being, as usual, of equal length, the two at the outside are long, and the inner two are short. The showy orchis is not likely to miss the traveller's eye. It is a curious flower, growing to a considerable height, with a long spike-shaped head of very curious flowers. In "the language of flowers,"

an unspoken tongue with which some young ladies amùse themselves, the orchis represents "a belle," a title to which its showiness perhaps gives it some claim.

The wild, or brier rose, is a universal favourite, be it white or red, despite its prickles and its fragile flowers. It is generally found in woods, hedge-rows, shady lanes, &c. It grows in plenty on the banks of the Doon, near the monument to Burns; and Fitz-Green Halleck, in his address to the "wild-rose o' Alloway," that he there plucked and carried across the Atlantic to the "green woods of the west," has consecrated the wild roses there by the highest earthly power—that of genius. Very different from the wild rose is the fox-glove, with its curious-shaped pendent red flowers, its great heavy leaves, and its repulsive smell. Poisonous though it is, medicine derives great benefit from its use. There is a white variety as well as a red, though the red is the more common. We remember, when enjoying a boyish holiday, clambering up the steep side of a crag in the heart of a wood, to pluck two fine specimens of this plant, one red and one white, at the imminent risk of falling into a brawling, rocky stream below. But we plucked them, and upon due measurement the red one was pronounced six feet long, and the white about two-thirds that length. The only other forest-flower (though there are still many others) which our space permits us to mention, is the geranium, of which the varieties are exceedingly numerous, and which are found in all localities in the forest.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MANAGEMENT OF FORESTS.

DURING the time of the Norman kings and their successors, male and female, down to the reign of James I., the English forests belonging to the crown were kept up and managed without any regard to gain or profit. The object was not to grow good timber, but to rear good deer; not to bring revenue, but to afford majesty amusement and pleasure. In the old forest laws there are some enactments about pannage and the right of cutting underwood, &c., but the stealing of timber does not seem to be taken into consideration. In the reign of Charles I., however, the management was more strict. That monarch was always in

> "That eternal want of cash
> That vexes public men;"

and caring nothing about hunting, he raised goodly sums out of the sale of forest produce. The crown held the forests at that time uncontrolled, so that the money Charles got was all ready cash. During the revolutionary wars, however, the forests ceased to have almost any management, and we dare say the timber of many a goodly house built during that period was purchased, if purchased at all, at a very low figure. When William III. came, and shortly after his time, the forests were better looked after; but in the sad days of corruption which followed, the management of the forests was not pure. There was a constant confusion of jurisdiction, and those in charge of the forests were careless and reckless of the public interests. The testimony of Lord Nelson on this point, in a document which he drew up about the beginning of this century, is invaluable. It refers more especially to the forest of Dean, but was doubtless equally applicable to all the other forests. The gallant sailor says:

"The forest of Dean contains about 23,000 acres of the finest land in the kingdom, which I am informed is in a high state of cultivation of oak, would produce about 9,200 loads of timber fit for building

ships of the line every year; that is, the forest would grow in full vigour 920,000 oak trees. The state of the forest at this moment is deplorable; for if my information is true, there are not 3,500 loads of timber in the whole forest fit for building, and none coming forward. It is useless, I admit, to state the causes of such a want of timber where so much could be produced, except that, by knowing the faults, we may be better able to amend ourselves. First, the generality of trees for these last fifty years have been allowed to stand too long; they are passed by instead of removed, and thus occupy a space which ought to have been replanted with young trees. Secondly, that where good timber is felled nothing is planted, and nothing can grow *self-sown*; for the deer (of which now only a few remain) bark all the young trees. Vast droves of hogs are allowed to go into the woods in the autumn, and if any fortunate acorn escapes their search, and takes root, then flocks of sheep are allowed to go into the forest, and they bite off the tender shoot. These are sufficient reasons why timber does not grow in the forest of Dean.

Of the waste of timber in former times I can say nothing, but of late years it has been, I am told, shameful. Trees cut down in swampy places, as the carriage is done by contract, are left to rot, and are cut up by the people in the neighbourhood. Another abuse is, contractors, as they can carry more measurement, are allowed to cut the trees to their advantage of carriage, by which means the invaluable crooked timber is lost for the service of the navy. There is also another cause of the failure of timber: a set of people called Forest Free Miners, who consider themselves as having a right to dig for coal in any part they please; these people, in many places, enclose pieces of ground, which are daily increasing by the inattention, to call it by no worse name, of the surveyors, verderers, &c., who have the charge of the forest.

Of late years some apparently vigorous measures were taken for preserving and encouraging the growth of timber in the king's forests, and part of the forest of Dean has been enclosed; but it is so very ill attended to, that it is little, if any thing, better than the other part.

There is another abuse which I omitted to mention: trees which die of themselves are considered as of no value; a gentleman told me, that in shooting on foot, for on horseback it cannot be seen, hid by the fern which grows a great height, the tree of fifty years' growth, fit for buildings, fencing, &c. is cut just above the ground entirely through the bark; in two years the tree dies, and it becomes either a perquisite, or is allowed to be taken away by favoured people.

These shameful abuses are probably known to those high in power;

but I have gathered the information of them from people of all descriptions, and perfectly disinterested in telling me, or knowing that I had any view in a transient inquiry; but knowing the abuses, it is for the serious consideration of every lover of his country how they can either be done away, or at least lessened, perhaps a very difficult or impossible task.

If the forest of Dean is to be preserved as a useful forest for the country, strong measures must be pursued. First, the *guardian* of the support of our navy must be an intelligent honest man, who will give up his time to his employment; therefore he must live in the forest, have a house, a small farm, and an adequate salary.

I omitted to mention that the expense of surveyor of woods, as far as relates to this forest, to be done away; verderer as at present; also, the guardian to have proper verderers under him, who understand the planting, thinning, and management of timber trees; their places should be so comfortable, that the fear of being turned out should be a great object of terror, and, of course, an inducement for them to exert themselves in their different stations.

The first thing necessary in the forest of Dean is, to plant some acres of acorns; and I saw plenty of clear fields, with cattle grazing, in my voyage down the Wye: in two years these will be fit for transplanting.

N.B.—I am aware that objections have been made to the transplanting of oak. I am not knowing enough in this matter to say how far this is true when so young as two to five or six years. The next thing is to be careful to thin the trees, for more timber is lost by being too fearful of cutting down than by boldly thinning. A tree from ten years of age ought, by a scale given to me by a very able man, to be as follows, viz.:

Number of Trees that such Land as the Forest of Dean may contain at different Periods from their being first set.

Trees distant from each other.	Years after being set.	Number of trees in an acre.	Number of trees to be thinned.
Feet.	Number.		
6	10	1200	..
10	20	430	770
15	40	190	240
20	60	100	90
25	80	60	40
30	100	45	15

In forty years these forests will produce a great value of timber fit for many uses in the navy, indeed all, except for ships of the line. If on a due consideration it is found not to be practicable for government to arrange a plan for growing their own timber, then I would recommend at once selling the forests, and encourage the growth of oak timber; I calculate that taking away the 3,500 loads of timber at present fit for cutting (or be it more or less) that the forest of Dean will sell for 460,000*l.* I am sensible that what I have thrown together upon paper is so loose that no plan can be drawn from it; but if these facts, which I have learned from my late tour, may be in the least degree instrumental in benefiting our country, I shall be truly happy.

A few thoughts on encouraging the growth of oak timber, drawn from conversations with many gentlemen in my late tour:—1st. The reason why timber has of late years been so much reduced has been uniformly told me, that from the pressure of the times, gentlemen who had 1,000*l.* to 5,000*l.* worth of timber on their estates, although only half grown (say fifty years of age), were obliged to sell it to raise temporary sums (say, to pay off legacies). The owner cannot (however sorry he may feel to see the beauty of his place destroyed, and what would be treble the value to his children annihilated,) help himself. It has struck me forcibly, that if government could form a plan to purchase of such gentlemen the growing oak, that it would be a national benefit, and a great and pleasing accommodation to such growers of oak as wish to sell. My knowledge of this subject, drawn from the conversation of gentlemen in the oak countries, I think would almost obviate all difficulties: of myself I own my incompetence to draw up a plan fit for public inspection, but all my gathered knowledge shall be most cheerfully at the service of some able man."

At the time Nelson wrote, the forests were managed by a surveyor-general, who, however active and zealous, could not exercise a sufficient supervision over such a large number of forests, extending over the length and breadth of England; and especially when the officials had been accustomed to very great carelessness, if nothing worse, in the discharge of their duties. In 1809, it was thought better that the management should be vested in commissioners, two of whom should be permanent, the other a member of parliament, and removable with each ministry. This system continued for about forty years, when certain revelations of the grossest mismanagement caused it again to be altered.

The New Forest was the scene of this mismanagement, or rather series of frauds. To give some idea of the state of affairs, we may

mention that in 1833 the navy had to cease purchasing timber from the royal forests; because it was found, that while the cost per load from the royal forests amounted to 8*l.* 5*s.*, the cost at which a contractor could deliver it in the dockyard was only 6*l.* 10*s.* The increased charge was attributed to the great expense of haulage, or carriage; but when it is considered how near the New Forest is to Portsmouth, that explanation would certainly not suffice. Now the attenders at the sales in the New Forest always gave the same price as the navy, and they sold the timber *at a profit* to shipbuilders *in the north of England.* The purchasers at these sales were usually the same men; the sales were not sufficiently advertised or looked after, and the red-tape officials in London satisfied themselves with registering the documents which the deputy-surveyor or his assistants used to send up.

Again, there is a class of officers attached to the forest called *regarders.* Their duty is to go round with the surveyor when he is measuring timber for sale, to measure it also and keep a record, which is intended to be a check on the surveyor. Of these regarders there are twelve, all elected by the freeholders of Hampshire. There never was a greater farce than this office of regarder. It was given in evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, that only three out of those twelve knew to any extent how to measure timber; that they had all been brought up to different occupations, one being a saddler's apprentice when he was appointed, another a butler, and so on. The direct emoluments of the office are exceedingly trifling, depending on how often the regarder goes out with the surveyor; but seldom, if ever, amounting in any case to above 25*l.* a year. But will it be believed, these elections were often severely contested; so much so, that the election of the saddler's apprentice cost no less than 500*l.* The expense of other elections amounted sometimes to 300*l.* and 400*l.* Is it to be supposed that that money was spent in a mere trial of strength?

One regarder, who had held the office nearly thirty years, and who, of course, had become very familiar with measurement, was examined before a committee of the House of Commons, as to how far his book was a check on the book of the surveyor. The following, after a good deal of cross-examination, was the idea this regarder entertained of a check: He and the surveyor were always together, and they both jotted down the same measurement; the books were compared at night and omissions supplied; the one book, in fact, was a copy of the other; the regarder took his book home and carefully put it aside, so as to

be ready whenever called upon to check the surveyor; this had gone on for twenty-eight years; the book had never once been demanded, though, as the regarder triumphantly said, it was there as a check whenever it *should* be demanded. These things went on quietly, and so did the commissioners.

In 1848, a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the subject; and they had not gone far into their investigation, when some quietly-called "irregularities" came to light which demanded investigation. The deputy-surveyor of the New Forest was Colonel Thornhill, who had long been unable to attend to his duties in consequence of old wounds he had received in the service of his country; and, in fact, the entire management of the forest had devolved on his assistant and his assistant's two sons. Lieutenant-Colonel Freeman was sent down by the government to take the place of Colonel Thornhill, and to report generally on the state of affairs in the forest. We give an abstract of the Colonel's report:

"That a greater number of trees have been annually cut down than has been authorised by her majesty's commissioners, as proved by all lots of timber sold at various sales, which I found, on taking charge of the duties, to be *undelivered* (extending over the felling of two or three years), containing many ends more than stated in the catalogues; and in corroboration, I would observe, that in preparing the timber for sale cut in 1848, the following difference exists between the number of trees specified in the Treasury warrant and those actually felled:

Number of trees authorised to be cut down.	Estimated contents.		Number of trees actually cut down.	Actual measurement.	
	Loads.	Feet.		Loads.	Feet.
3,040	804	39	3,267	1,539	49

The excess of trees so cut down appears to have been disposed of generally as follows:

First, By putting a greater number in the lots for sale than was stated in the catalogues; which being known to certain parties, enabled them to give an apparently higher price for the timber than other persons, and which, it is stated, has for some years prevented many respectable dealers from attending the sales.

Second, The appropriation of timber under the pretence of repairs to the lodges of the several keepers and others, which appears to have been sanctioned to a certain extent by some of the assistants in the

office of the deputy-surveyor without any authority whatever. As an instance of which, I would refer to the case of George Frederick Bowles, the groomkeeper of Boldrewood Walk, against whom three true bills were found at the last October sessions for felony, in taking several large oak-trees from the New Forest, which were conveyed to the premises of his brother-in-law, Coles, a carpenter and wheelwright at Gorely, where they were sawed up, and converted to various uses wholly unconnected with the crown property. Again, in the case of James Hunt, groomkeeper, of Castle Malwood Walk; on visiting his lodge shortly after my arrival, I found two oak-trees lying within the enclosure of his house, which he at once admitted had been given to him by James Reed, an assistant-surveyor; and finding, from the character of the timber, that such a disposal was highly illegal and improper, I immediately forbad their being appropriated; and, in the course of further inquiry, it actually turned out that Hunt, being unable to draw these trees from that part of the forest in which they were lying (little more than a mile from his lodge), with the sanction of James Reed, allowed Jesser, a timber-merchant, to take away two fine large oak-trees, measuring within two feet of three loads, from the same spot, as a remuneration for drawing those found on Hunt's premises for him. Also the case of Thomas Grant, woodman, of Broomy Enclosure, against whom a true bill was found for stealing two oak-trees, and converting them to his own use; the defence set up being, that they were given him by James Reed to make the bed of a cart, for which, in the course of his duty, he could have no occasion; the keeping of horses and carts by the woodmen having, in my opinion, been a fruitful source of evil and fraud.

In the estimated contents of the timber felled in 1848 and on the actual measurement a great difference exists, as before shewn; and on re-lotting two forfeited lots which had been sold at a previous sale, I found the quantities to be as follows:

Lotted in the Sale-book:	
Lot 24, 67 ends	717 feet.
Lot 22, 67 ends	1,354 „
Actual quantities on re-lotting:	
Lot 24, 67 ends, 1 top	834 feet, round measurement.
Lot 22, 75 ends, 4 tops	2,583 feet, hewed measurement.
Abate one-fourth to reduce it to round measurement	645¾
	1,937¼
Total difference in the two lots	700¾ feet.

Lot 22 having been hewed by the purchasers, it became necessary to abate one-fourth, as above, to reduce it to round measurement.

The above circumstances induce a belief that much abuse has existed generally in the measurement of the timber; which is the less easy to account for, in consequence of the presence of some four or five regarders on all occasions when timber is being measured and lotted for sale.

Another ground of complaint is, that large quantities of timber appear to have been actually stolen in the most open manner in broad day, by a class of timber-dealers who were in the habit of purchasing to a considerable extent at the periodical sales, which served as an excuse for them to send their teams to the New Forest, and remove the timber they chose to select without suspicion; and here I should quote the case of one man against whom two true bills were found at the sessions,—one for stealing, in April last, nearly fifty fine large oak-trees from a spot where four hundred had been cut; but none were then sold or lotted.

As regards the beech-timber, I would refer particularly to the case of a person employed generally in the service of the crown in connection with the felling and management of timber, against whom five charges were preferred, on all of which true bills were found by the grand jury, although he was actually tried on two only, as it became manifest that some of the jury empanelled had resolved to acquit every prisoner tried before them at those sessions, notwithstanding the summing up of the chairman was conclusively against the prisoner on the evidence, although in his charge to the grand jury he had expressed an opinion upon the face of the depositions adverse to the prosecutions generally; and it has since been stated, that the prisoner has himself admitted his guilt on each indictment preferred against him, and that he fully expected to have been transported; and, according to the evidence of a merchant to whom he had sold, it would appear that, since February 1845, he had purchased of him about 730 loads of beech-timber."

The result of these investigations was a number of trials at Winchester, most of which, however, failed, partly in consequence of the cases being badly got up, partly from some misunderstanding with the attorney-general, and perhaps mainly from the determination of the people in the neighbourhood, from whom the petty juries were chosen, of not finding the prisoners guilty of what they did not consider as crimes. James Reed, who was perhaps the most culpable of all, absconded, and one of the largest purchasers of timber went mad.

What a stigma on government-management, and burlesque on central authority, to find that large forest, made at the expense of so much pain and misery by William the Conqueror, containing some of the finest oaks in England, with a yearly income equal to a German principality, practically managed by a man who, when he went there, ceased to be a clerk to a brewer, and his two sons, born to look on the forest as their own! The official eyes of Downing Street and Whitehall are never sharp; and the Lotus Eaters take their rest while the New Forest is being plundered.

About the same time a number of able and competent surveyors were sent to the various other forests in England to inspect and to make reports; but though they found many things requiring improvement, and many evidences of want of strict attention and care, there were no irregularities like those in the New Forest to be detected.

On October 10, 1851, an act came into operation, again altering the management of the Woods and Forests. Hitherto "the Woods and Forests" had charge of all public buildings, the Houses of Parliament for example; but by this act two boards were constituted, one of the Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues, the other of Works and Public Buildings. It, however, is a joint board, the first commissioner having the title of Works, &c., and two others that of Woods.

One of the two commissioners, Mr. Gore, has the management of the following: The land revenues of England and Wales, with certain exceptions; the land revenues in the Isle of Man and the Isle of Alderney; the royal parks at Windsor; the office of conservator to the river Mersey.

To Mr. Kennedy, the other commissioner, is assigned the management of all the forests we have described; of the woods, forests, and land revenues of the crown in Scotland and Ireland; and the office of gaveller of Dean Forest.

Such is the present management of our forests. How long it may last, and how far it may succeed, we will not take upon us even to indicate.

CHAPTER XIX.

REVENUE AND EXPENDITURE OF THE FORESTS.

AVING now given a historical, legendary, and descriptive account, as far as our space and materials would allow, of our English forests, we will proceed to another, and to a truly English view of the subject. Do these forests pay? To this question we will answer by giving an abstract of the accounts for the year ending March 31, 1851. We choose that period because it embraces a *year;* and the last published accounts extend only from October 10, 1851, to March 31, 1852, a period less than six months.

The following is a list of the royal forests comprised in the statement:

1. New Forest (Hampshire), including the new Park Farm in that forest.
2. Dean Forest (Gloucestershire).
3. High Meadow Woods (do).
4. Alice Holt (Hampshire).
5. Woolmer Forest (do).
6. Parkhurst Forest (Isle of Wight).
7. Bere Forest (Hampshire).
8. Whittlebury Forest (Northamptonshire).
9. Salcey Forest (do).
10. Delamere Forest (Cheshire).
11. Wychwood Forest (Oxfordshire).

12. Waltham Forest (Essex).
13. Chopwell Woods (Durham).
14. The various London Parks.
15. Greenwich Park.
16. Richmond Park.
17. Hampton Court and Bushy Parks.
18. Windsor Forest and Parks.

1. The New Forest shews an annual income of 13,521*l.*, and an annual expenditure of 10,370*l.* The whole of this revenue, with the exception of 200*l.*, is derived from the public and private sales of timber. There is a sum of 31*l.* received as forest dues, and on the opposite side of the account appears a payment to "collector of forest dues" of 14*l.*; rather a heavy percentage, one would suppose, on the collection. From rents of land, cottages, &c., only 32*l.* are received—how much greater must the sum have been before the Norman conquest! On the side of expenditure the first entries are very significant: "The bow-bearer" appears in receipt of a yearly allowance of 2*l.*; not so much as a shilling per week—"how are the mighty fallen!" Again, the compensation given to certain officers for venison-fees is 237*l.*, while the receipts from these fees is little more than half, being only 120*l.* There are about fifty persons employed, either permanently or occasionally, whose salaries in the aggregate amount to 3380*l.* per annum; of these twenty-six are woodmen. The labourers'-work amounts to 5464*l.*, of which 3800*l.* are for preparing the produce for sale; the labourers connected with which are paid, not by the day but by the quantity of work done. Among the miscellaneous charges is the exceedingly moderate item of 6*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* for "trees, plants, seeds, &c., including carriage," and another heavy bill of 292*l.* 8*s.* 11*d.* for "costs of criminal prosecutions, recovery of debts, &c." The new Park Farm in the New Forest brings in a revenue of 902*l.*, and incurs an expense of 483*l.*; of course, in the latter sum rent is not charged. The farmer gets 52*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* per annum, and the annual cost of labour is 276*l.* On this farm hay, barley, oats, beans, and potatoes are raised, and the sale of the produce realised 327*l.*; while an additional sum of 266*l.* was received for supplies to the horses, oxen, and deer in the forest. Live stock are also sold to the extent of 265*l.*; and among the items making up this sum appears the rather curious one, "giddy sheep, 13*s.* 6*d.*"

2. The Forest of Dean shews an annual revenue of 8004*l.*, and an expenditure of 7961*l.* This would shew an exceedingly small margin of profit, but the compilers of the accounts have been careful to tell us in a note attached to the table of revenue, that "the sum of 1927*l.* is

still due by the Admiralty, being the net value of 338 loads 22 feet of timber from Dean Forest and Highmeadow Woods, delivered at Pembroke Dockyard between 31st July and 29th November, 1850, (that is, a period embraced in these accounts) for the use of the Navy, after deducting 992*l.* for carriage thereof." A separate account is also kept of the revenue from the mines in the Forest of Dean, which in the period embraced by these accounts was 4740*l.*, and the expenditure only 830*l.* The quantity of coal raised in 1850 in this forest was 337,948 tons, and of iron 73,990 tons; the rents and royalties of the mines producing these gave a clear income of 4637*l.* A further sum of nearly 100*l.* was derived from the stone raised. The sales of timber in Dean Forest, during the year under consideration, realised 7776*l.* Of this amount 1380*l.* was for what is called miner's timber, and 1081*l.* for oak. The public sales of bark produced the sum of 3135*l.* The salaries and charge for labour amount to 6280*l.* Among the items of expenditure we notice none like some in the New Forest, accounts that lead us back to the days of the bow and the hunt, but one much more satisfactory appears under the head of "stipends and contributions to schools, 253*l.* 2*s.*"

3. Highmeadow Woods bring a yearly revenue of 3536*l.*, and incur an expenditure of 2129*l.* Of this expenditure 1575*l.* go in salaries and wages, and the large amount of 522*l.* in "rates, taxes, tithes, or allowances, in lieu thereof."

4. Alice Holt shews an amount of 2234*l.* received from sales of produce, and 2*l.* from rents of cottages. The "produce" is classified thus: timber 252*l.*, flitterns 98*l.*, bark 1016*l.*, cordwood and stackwood, 486*l.*, fagots or bavins 368*l.*, and other produce 14*l.* The expenditure amounts to 1537*l.*, nearly the whole of which is for salaries and labour. The sum of 3*l.* 15*s.* is down as expended on 5000 larch plants, and 3*s.* 4*d.* as having been given for two bushels of acorns. Half-a-guinea is charged for "destroying vermin;" but what kind of vermin they were, or how they were destroyed, the accounts do not say.

5. All the produce of Woolmer Forest seems to be sold by private contract, and from flittern bark, pales, stackwood, bavins, &c. the sum of 903*l.* is received annually. Against this stands our expenditure of 724*l.*, of which 540*l.* are for salaries and labour.

6. & 7. Parkhurst Forest in the Isle of Wight, and Bere Forest in Hampshire, are both under the charge of one surveyor. The former is maintained at a loss; the receipts being 894*l.*, and the expenditure 916*l.* The produce consists of timber and flittern bark, oak wood, ends, pales, &c., fir-poles, underwood, fir and furze fagots, and gravel.

The miscellaneous receipts of this forest are set down at the marvellous sum of 10*d.*; but what that item really represents would puzzle both manly and juvenile ingenuity to discover. In the expenditure we find 760*l.* for salaries and labour; an item of 4*l.* 4*s.* 1*d.* for 5000 larch plants, dearer by 9*s.* 1*d.* (which probably represents carriage) than the same plants were bought for Alice Holt; and 8*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.* for "criminal prosecutions." Bere Forest, however, shews a better balance-sheet. Its revenue is 2023*l.*, and its expenditure 1342*l.*; the whole of the former, except 8*l.* 9*s.* received for rents, being drawn from the sales of produce. There is little to remark on in the expenditure: 1200*l.* go in salaries and wages, 28*l.* in implements and general ironmongery; and during 1850 a horse was purchased for forest purposes at an expense of 20*l.*

8. The accounts of Whittlebury Forest are indicative of a flourishing establishment. The receipts are 2650*l.*, and the expenditure does not equal one-third of that amount, being only 828*l.* Nearly all the produce sold here is by public auction, as the following summary of the sales for 1850 will shew:

	Public.	Private.
Timber	£1879	£88
Bark	393	27
Poles	42	10
Fagots	..	144
	£2314	£269

The venison-fees received in this forest amount to 63*l.*; but the allowance given to under-foresters and keepers in lieu of them is 71*l.* It is difficult clearly to understand some of the items of expenditure connected with this forest. Thus a master-forester is allowed 4*l.* 15*s.* as one year's salary, and the deputy-master forester 18*l.* 16*s.* 10*d.* These offices must either be perfect sinecures, or they must involve a very little amount of work or personal attendance. There are four under-foresters, who share among them one hundred guineas per annum, or about ten shillings a week to each; and there are five "page-keepers" (what *their* duties may be does not appear) at 12*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.* each per annum, or about eightpence per day. The deputy-surveyor receives only 80*l.* per annum, of which 30*l.* are an allowance for a horse; and the total amount paid for labour is 353*l.*, while the law-charges amount only to 12*l.* This seems to be one of the most economically managed of our "woods and forests."

9. Salcey Forest, also in Northamptonshire, exhibits quite an opposite picture. Its revenue is 391*l.*, its expenditure 828*l.* The sales

of produce, which were mostly all by private contract, realised only 380*l.*; while the expense of preparing the produce for sale was no less than 182*l.*

10. Delamere Forest, in Cheshire, looks better. The receipts are 2867*l.*, the expenditure 2002*l.* Scotch and larch timber, props, &c. brought in 2470*l.*; and poles, rails, firewood, broom-handles, heath, &c. realised 396*l.* more; in addition to which, the mighty sum of two shillings was received "for the use of a road." Of the expenditure, 1800*l.* were for salaries and labour; 51*l.* for larch and fir plants; and 1*l.* 17*s.* for law-charges.

11. Wychwood Forest, in Oxfordshire, is another of those from which timber is procured for the use of the Royal Navy; and in the accounts connected with it the Admiralty appears in arrears to the extent of 973*l.* The sales of timber, consisting of oak, underwood, small ash, and beech-trees, realised 1236*l.*; the venison-fees amounted to 7*l.* 16*s.*; and 19*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* were received from the sale of venison. The expenditure amounted to 1068*l.* The ranger and keepers have an ancient allowance of 42*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.*; and the salaries and charges for labour amount to 750*l.* Among the miscellaneous charges is an item of 71*l.* for the prosecution of timber-stealers, and about 50*l.* more for law-charges.

12. Waltham Forest shews a small balance on the right side; the receipts being 894*l.*, and the expenditure 729*l.*

The sales of produce, consisting of oak-trees, saplings, bark, and fagots, realised 874*l.*; and six guineas were received for licenses to shoot in the forest. Among the expenditure is an item of 76*l.*, being "compensation in lieu of bushes, claimed by the lord of the manor of Marks, two years." Twelve under-keepers and under-rangers divide among them 252*l.* yearly; and 213*l.* are paid for labour. Encroachments have repeatedly been made on this forest, and 5*l.* are charged for "surveys relative to encroachments;" and the law-charges amount to 109*l.*, of which 8*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* were incurred as the expenses of convictions of timber-stealers.

13. Chopwell Woods, in Durham, shew an income of 566*l.*, and an expenditure of 328*l.* The accounts possess no other features of interest.

14. The London parks form a very heavy source of expenditure. The annual cost of maintaining St. James, the Green, and Hyde Parks is 12,522*l.*; against which the receipts are only 1170*l.* These receipts are made up of 24*l.* sale of windfall-trees; 695*l.* from grazing rents; 337*l.* from keys of gates; 76*l.* from sale of old leaden pipes;

26*l.* from watermen for licenses; ten guineas as rent from the Bathing Club; and about 2*l.* from miscellaneous sources. The number of salaried persons altogether employed is 40; consisting of a superintendent (under the ranger), 19 gatekeepers, a superintendent (under the Commissioners of Works), a foreman, a labourer, an inspector, and 16 constables. The cost of night-watching is 65*l.*; the liveries of the gate-keepers amount to more than 300*l.* per annum; and the attendance on the birds and sheep costs altogether about 113*l.* The salaries, allowances, and wages of labour amount to more than 5000*l.* per annum. During the year now under consideration, an item appears of 199*l.* 17*s.* 11*d.* for "painting labels for plants;" the barley and hay for the water-fowl cost exactly 1*l.* per week; the supply of water to the Serpentine, 426*l.* per annum; ditto for watering roads, malls, &c., 960*l.*; making nearly 1400*l.* for water alone; the supply of gas costs 1435*l.*, and paving and other rates more than 1000*l.*

Kensington Gardens, which are merely a continuation of Hyde Park, cost annually 1515*l.*, from which requires to be deducted 70*l.* received as rent of grass-land, the only source of revenue.

The annual expenditure of the Regent's Park is 6093*l.*, and the revenue 1136*l.*, of which 888*l.* are derived from the rent of grass-land, and 217*l.* from garden-keys. In the expenditure, the salaries amount to 1798*l.*, the cost of labour to 1398*l.*, repairs and materials to about 2000*l.*; water 300*l.*, and lighting 63*l.*

From the Victoria Park, at the east end of London, 500*l.* are yearly derived as rent of grass-land, and 8*l.* as rent of garden-land, while the yearly expenditure is 2187*l.*

15. Greenwich Park, considering its size, is kept up at small expense. It has a head keeper with 100*l.* per annum, and an under keeper with 59*l.* Day-labour costs about 160*l.*, and artificers' work and materials in repairing lodges, deer-sheds, fences, &c., amount to 159*l.* Five brace of fallow-deer purchased in 1850 cost 22*l.* 10*s.*; the food for the deer amounts yearly to 91*l.*; and the charge for police to 176*l.* The only source of revenue is venison-fees, from which 20*l.* were derived in 1850. The net yearly cost to the public of Greenwich Park is about 780*l.*

16. Richmond Park has the following staff of officers: ranger, deputy-ranger, head keeper (with compensation for venison-fees, and an allowance of 1*l.* per month for "powder and shot") an under keeper, six gate-keepers, three game-keepers, a carpenter, a mole-catcher (this functionary gets 20*l.* a-year), and an accountant, whose salaries and allowances united amount to 1157*l.* 2*s.* The felling of trees, barking

of timber, making fagots, repairing roads, footpaths, &c., cost 581*l.*; maintaining pasture-land and making hay, 437*l.*; the night-watching and rearing of game cost 84*l.*; and to collect acorns for the deer incurs an expense of 45*l.*, and the shearing of the sheep 15*s.* 7*d.* The artificers' work, repairs, &c., amounted to 2200*l.*; ten brace of small deer cost 60*l.*; and 50*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* were spent in bringing 90 fallow deer from the Isle of Wight. The food for the deer costs annually 333*l.*; the food for the game 51*l.*, and eggs for breeding the game 15*l.* These items, with a few others, make the expenditure 5477*l.* Against this has to be placed, 450*l.* sale of live stock, 642*l.* sale of timber, 352*l.* for grazing-rents, and 240*l.* for venison-fees.

17. The expenditure of Hampton Court and Bushy Park is 3459*l.*; the income 240*l.*, chiefly drawn from venison-fees. The salaries and wages amount to 750*l.*; artificers' work, &c., 2000*l.*; 30 brace of deer cost 150*l.*; the food of the deer is 69*l.*; and the rates, taxes, and tithes amount to 348*l.*

18. Windsor Forest and Parks shew an expenditure of 7091*l.*, and an income of 4019*l.* The following are the heads of income:

Sale of timber, windfall trees, &c.	£1,967
„ bark	902
Grazing-rents	60
Sales of live stock	792
Value of timber supplied for forest uses	60
Venison-fees	200
Miscellaneous	38
	4,019

The expenditure in salaries and allowances is 3044*l.* 11*s.* 10*d.*; this sum is divided among thirty-two persons. The rearing of pheasants, attending buffaloes, and night-watching, cost 72*l.*; and the wages of woodmen and labourers employed in nursery-work, the preparation of produce for sale, &c., amount to 3651*l.* The provender for the cattle costs 220*l.*; the food for the deer, 102*l.*; and for the game, 625*l.* The rent of premises near the Long Walk is 420*l.* per annum; and of land at Virginia Water, 84*l.*

To make this statement complete, we will give the income and expenditure of the Phœnix Park in Ireland and of Holyrood Park in Scotland, both of which are under the care of the same commissioners.

The income of the Phœnix Park is 948*l.*, of which 853*l.* consist of grazing-rents. The expenditure is 4615*l.*, of which 2000*l.* consist of salaries, allowances, and wages; 1300*l.* for repairs; 508*l.* for drain-tiles; 196*l.* for watering the roads; 50*l.* for seeds; 93*l.* for police; 55*l.*

for lighting lamps; and 40*l.* for salary of schoolmistress in the National School in the park.

The income of Holyrood Park is 651*l.*; the expenditure, 759*l.* The former consists of 586*l.* grazing-rents, 52*l.* for rent of land, and the remainder from various sources; the latter consists chiefly of salaries and wages.

In the following table a summary is given of the facts just stated:

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE OF FORESTS, PARKS, &C. DURING THE YEAR ENDING 31ST MARCH, 1851.

	Income.			Expenditure.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
New Forest	13,521	9	10	10,370	0	1
New Park Farm	902	11	9	483	5	10
Dean Forest	8,004	19	0	7,961	14	7
Highmeadow Woods	3,536	6	2	2,129	10	8
Alice Holt	2,236	10	10	1,537	6	3
Woolmer Forest	911	0	0	724	3	10
Parkhurst „	894	15	7	916	11	2
Bere „	2,023	17	7	1,342	18	6
Whittlewood Forest	2,650	11	7	823	3	4
Salcey „	391	1	7	828	18	9
Delamere „	2,867	9	0	2,002	10	2
Wychwood „	1,264	5	4	1,068	1	6
Waltham „	894	3	0	729	12	8
Chopwell Woods	566	8	1	328	12	4
St. James, Green, and Hyde Parks	1,170	6	9	12,522	18	7
Kensington Gardens	70	0	0	1,515	11	3
Victoria Park	508	0	0	2,187	1	2
Greenwich Park	20	0	10	804	0	10
Richmond „	1,686	2	11	5,477	15	2
Hampton Court and Bushy Parks	240	17	4	3,459	14	9
Windsor Forest and Parks	4,019	3	1	13,858	17	11
Phœnix Park	948	11	4	4,615	5	1
Holyrood „	651	19	0	759	0	11
	49,980	15	7	76,451	15	4

It must be noted that the great deficiency here is in the *parks*, not the forests; the actual state of the principal forests will be seen in the Appendix.

CHAPTER XX.

FOREIGN FORESTS.[1]

FORESTS present in every country of the globe a very peculiar character. Each region receives from its forests an individual physiognomy; the latter, in their trees, assume a bolder character in the same proportion as the region becomes so, the distribution of heat, of light, and the different conditions of climate being taken into consideration. In order to convince the reader, we will take a rapid glance over the principal forest districts of the earth. Let us begin with that vast region which extends from the southern declivity of the Himalaya mountains as far as the sea of the Laccadives and the Indies—an ancient land, in which life has been developed from the most remote epoch, and in which nature has scattered vegetable life in profusion. Hindostan has forests which have resisted the progress of civilisation, and which form one of the most distinct features of this country. Vegetation reflects there the devouring ardour of the sky under which it is developed. Among these forests, some present compact rows of the large species of these climates. The teak-tree, which of itself forms vast forests, the tamarind, mango, ebony, bamboos, with which the fan-palm and other species of the same family are sometimes united, cover with their tall slender stems the first heights of the Nylgherry mountains. Elsewhere there are forests more full of thickets, and more impenetrable, entirely interwoven with bindweeds and vine-like plants, and thorny bushes, of which arborescent leguminosæ, mimosas, cassias, constitute the trees. The rigid and sombre pines of our climates never darken with their foliage the lively colours of these forests.

Beside these forests, formed by the lofty trunks of the kinds I have

[1] This chapter has been translated for this work from the French of F. L. Marny.

just named, are placed other forests of less elevated species, vast masses of shrubs, of briers, of reeds, where man finds not a path or an open space on which to place his foot. These are the celebrated jungles, which attain in Orissa, Ceylon, and Assam, their greatest extent. These gigantic thickets serve as a repair for tigers, elephants, buffaloes, rhinoceroses, and all those animals obnoxious to man. In Orissa roams the *jungly-gau* or ox of the jungles, which seems to be the wild stock of the domestic cattle of India. Sometimes these jungles are spread over a moist marshy soil, into which he who penetrates, axe in hand, this vegetable wilderness, runs the risk of sinking over-head. Such are the forests that extend over the Delta of the Ganges, and in which the sandori, called false mangosteen, and Indian sandal-wood, forms the dominant species. This region, thickset with wood, which is indebted to this latter circumstance for its name of *sunderbunds*, is, like all these jungles, still more than others, a focus of deleterious miasma, from whence cholera and malignant fevers proceed, carried by the monsoons, to alight upon the open and inhabited countries. These forests of briers and reeds remind one by their aspect of the vegetation of the subpolar countries, with this difference, that the extreme heat arrests in the former the growth of the trees, whilst in the latter it is the hoarfrost which produces the same effect. Every thing in these vast jungles reposes in the immobility of death and the monotony of winter; but it is a winter of drought. The atmosphere, heavy and motionless, impresses upon the air a dull tinge and a fatiguing weight, which oppresses the soul and enervates the strength of him who penetrates into these forests. For a long time, the dead trees remain erect with branches deprived of foliage, unless a tempest comes to overthrow them. Occasionally, however, flowers of brilliant colours, the thorny cotton-tree, the momata, with scarlet and purple shades, contrast with the brown and yellowish tint of the mass. And upon the borders of these miserable forests, loftier species relieve, by their majestic trunks, the lines traced by the tufts of shrubs and reeds.

Upon the mountains of Hindostan and of the Indian Archipelago the forests are often disposed in stages. First appear the mangroves, which advance into the midst of the ocean, and extend their trunk over shores inundated by the tide. The cocoa-nut-trees which grow near the sea form forests in Ceylon, in the Laccadives, and cover the entire length of the Malabar coast and the province of Canara. Around the towns of Travancore, Calicut, Tellicheery, Goa, and Bombay, reign forests composed only of trees of this kind; then come the teak, then the sandal-wood. This disposition is observed especially in Malabar. This latter tree forms in the environs of Chatrakal, to the north of

Seringapatam, forests where the tigers prevent the Hindoo from penetrating; and the number of trunks that the forests of Magada contain, to the west of Bangalore, is at times beyond 3000.

When we re-ascend towards the Himalaya the forests take a character approaching more nearly to that of our own climates. Jacquemont was struck with the analogy which exists between the distribution of vegetation presented to his view in this chain of mountains, and that which is to be met with in the Alps. Yet this vegetation of the Himalayas has also its different shades and appearances. The character of the forests varies upon the summits according to the exposition. Upon the first stage, along the lower slopes, grows the *Euphobia souson*, which is wholly wanting in the superior stage, where the stems of the long-leaved pine closely press each other. Alders and willows are intermingled with these trees in the districts of Cachmere. Elsewhere, as at Kedar-Kanta, the oak is the species that prevails. Let us permit the celebrated Jacquemont to trace for us the picture of the arborescent vegetation of these regions. The Himalaya chain has then, for him, only the grandeur of its dimensions, but the eye is soon accustomed to this horizon of mountains, and then it no longer finds there, as in the plains, any thing more than a continual uniformity of another kind. There are not more verdant valleys than naked and jagged peaks, inaccessible escapements, as also the level summits which crown them so often in the Alps.

So much for the forms. The vegetation which covers them is equally monotonous. How should it be otherwise, since it is diversity of sites which produces that of plants, and that here almost all the sites resemble each other? Woods, where the variety of species that so southern a latitude would appear to command is already greatly reduced by the absolute elevation, overshadow the brink of torrents in valleys the most torrent-worn. Upon the declivities of the mountains, one sees also a narrow line of darker verdure, marking out the course of rivulets sufficiently rare, which are gliding there. Their sides are of a monotonous green without brilliancy. There are neither prairies nor pastures, but every where, except upon the loftiest peaks, an unequal and thick grass, too short to make a prairie, too long for a pasture. Numerous blocks are scattered over this common herbage; disruptions have often strewn over it small débris, or rocks in its place level the slopes. It is a range of high mountains which, from their base to their summit, are invested with this dull mixture of grass and rocks. More frequently upon this flat and monotonous foundation trees are dispersed. Below, from 2000 to 2500 (French) mètres, on the southern exposures, they are almost all pines. In colder situations, but between

the same limits, they are generally oaks and rhododendrons. Neither one nor the other form thick forests. One sees between the trees the lighter green of the dry and widely spread grass which grows underneath.

It is only at the base of the very high mountains that there are forests worthy of the name. Their character is entirely European. It would be mountainous even in Europe. Yet the greater part of the trees of our plains are to be found there, as well as those of the Alps, blending their varied foliage. This diversity of detail does not exhibit less monotony of the masses.

It is true, that the higher one ascends, the more one sees the climate making a rigid choice of the kinds that their more robust constitution defends from its rigours. But the zone from which it excludes the variety of those which grow mingled below, is almost where arborescent vegetation expires. It has not yet reached the sombre and solemn monotony of the forests or larches of the higher Alps, as it is already reduced to stunted proportions. It no longer offers any thing but an image of decrepitude and deformity there, where almost equally ready to expire, it would preserve in the Alps the noble and melancholy character of its grandeur and its desolation. It is the difference between a natural and a violent death. They die of themselves in the Himalayas; one is a witness of their last efforts against the climate and of their miserable results.

The southern slope of the Himalayas is every where covered with thick and often impenetrable jungles, which, extending their ramifications to the east and to the south, prolong themselves with the deepest and most extensive jungles of Bengal, and run as far as towards the Sutledj. In this direction they diminish gradually, and terminate in masses of thorns and briers beyond the Djumna. In the rainy season almost all the forests are inundated, and, thanks to the heat and the humidity, they are covered with tropical plants. In the oriental region arborescent ferns prevail, orchids, the ginger tribe, pepper plants, the chocolate family, bignonias, myrtles, ebony trees, mallows, the gamboge family, camphor trees, custard-apples, dillenias, and parasitical plants. At the base of what may be called the sub-Himalayan range, upon the spur which separates the Irawady from the Bramapootra, in all that space which is comprised between the point at which the Ganges separates this chain from the sea, there is one of the most extensive forests in the world, *Saul Forest*, which descends as far as into the plains of Bengal and Hindostan. Its depth varies from ten to thirty miles, and its total area is 1500 miles. It is inhabited only in certain districts. A veritable land of promise to the zoologist. It

contains in its humid and pestilential retreats, which conceal themselves from man among the woods of the dammar pine, the elephant, buffalo, rhinoceros, the hare described by Mr. Hodgson, and many others peculiar to tropical countries. In advancing towards the sea, the teak succeeds the dammar pine, and the mammal population decreases.

It is principally from an elevation of about 2200 mètres that the forests of the Himalayas bear a strong resemblance to those of Europe, although with less decided features. If they are not always of the same species, they are at least of the same families; but the stems are less vigorous than in our climates. Thus we meet with the tree rhododendron, oaks, elms, horn-beams, maples. Along the abrupt declivities, on the summit of which blooms the magnificent bell-flowered rhododendron, stretch vast forests of birch.

The traveller is confounded with the multitude of kinds he meets with in the Himalayas, or in the forests attached to that chain. He finds, again, of the dimensions of tall trees, plants which he had been accustomed to regard as herbs or stunted shrubs. All attain in this climate the elevation, the proportions of our oaks, elms, and poplars. There are numerous varieties of the spunge family, and of the resinous and leguminose tribes, as well as of arborescent plants, which do not the less characterise the forests.

The Behra Doun, beyond the first range of the Himalayas, offers a more imposing umbrage than the jungles of the south-east. The forests that are found there are of amazing depth. This imposing vegetation is continued into Kumaon on one side, and on the other upon the first heights of Nepaul, where the dammar pine, among other trees, forms magnificent forests. The species of forest-trees of this country are innumerable, as we may judge from the interesting description given by Mr. Wallich, the celebrated English botanist.

In descending from the Himalaya into the Punjaub, the chestnut tree of India is the dominant species; a species of plum and the maple often unite their foliage with the digitated foliage of the former.

Some of the trees of Hindostan attain occasionally the prodigious dimensions of those of American countries. Without speaking of the Banian fig-tree, to which we shall return afterwards in reference to sacred trees, we may cite the astonishing tamarind of India, whose circumference attains in the mountains of Vindhya, near Mandhou, as much as 13 mètres.

We are not to suppose that this astonishing extent of the Indian forests is a proof that the hand of man has always respected them, and that the timid worshipper of Brahma has felt the same veneration for

vegetable life, the same pity as he has for every creature that breathes and lives with animal life. But it is that the force of production is so energetic in these climates, the forest speedily resumes the land that man had at first possessed himself of, since he abandons it, compelled as he is to flee or to expatriate himself. This is what results from the observations of travellers. In Assam, a few days after the jungles which covered the country had been devastated by fire, vegetation re-appeared stronger and more vigorous than ever.

In these devastations by fire and the axe, if the forests do not yield, if they resist with tenacity, they always quickly again take possession of the ground which they have lost; but they are gradually stripped of part of their ornaments, of that living and ever-moving vesture, of divers shades, variegated, changeable tints, which the innumerable animals that inhabit them display under their shade. The opposing colours of the nylgau, the stag, the stag of Wallich, the buffalo, the squirrels, the brilliant and richly-coloured plumage of the pheasants, the parrots, and of the lophophorus, blend themselves with the tints of the trunks and foliage. All these legions disappear before the destructive invasion of man, and once annihilated, they no longer re-appear with the same facility as the burnt or fallen trees.

Afghanistan and the mountains of Hindou-Koh, those of Khorassin afford few forests; their northern slope is not richer in this respect than their southern inclination. Aktagh, a mountain which occupies the northern part of Kokhan, and which stretches as far as Samarcand, presents thick forests, the only forests which can furnish combustibles to the oasis of Great Bokhara. It is from this country that the wood for building, with which western Bokhara is entirely unprovided, is brought down on rafts upon the Zer Afchan. The kinds which grow in the oasis belong to those of our European countries. But the rigorous cold succeeded by great heat are invincible obstacles to arborescent vegetation, and paralyse the growth of forests.

The peninsula beyond the Ganges does not appear to be less rich in forests than that on this side; but these forests are still more imperfectly known. The abundance of wood for building materials which Tonquin, Laos, and Cochin China, furnish, is to us a conclusive proof of the exuberance of forest vegetation in these countries.

If we quit Hindostan and direct ourselves towards Oceana, we find again in the isles of the Ocean, in the archipelago of Sunda, of Sumatra, of Java, of the Philippines, forests which are similar to those of the two peninsulas.

At Poula-Penang, and in the peninsula of Malacca, thick jungles

cover the hills. The penang, or areca, abounds there. Bamboos, canes, rattans, occupy the low regions, whilst the most elevated summits are crowned with coniferæ and tree-ferns.

The mountains of Java present five zones, or stages of forests, having each a special character. The first is that of the palms, which border the shore, the cocoa-nut-trees, Palmyra palms, the talipots and dates, screw pines, gamboge-trees. In the second zone there are vast clumps of fig-trees of more than a hundred different species, to which are united numerous tropical and Australasian kinds, canellas, silk-cotton-trees, soap-worts, bread-fruit-trees. To this stage succeeds that which the liquidambars, trees peculiar to Java, characterise; the liquidambars are soon replaced by pines and cypresses. At length we arrive at the region of laurels, melastomas, magnolias, and myrtles, which terminate the arborescent ladder, and introduce you to the zone of herbaceous plants, or undershrubs.

Upon the coast of New Guinea and the low isles which defend it, the dragon's-blood, red-wood, and sandal-wood trees, and marsupiums, raise their majestic stems; and in the thick groves to which they give rise by the undergrowth of their branches, the birds of paradise, and many other brilliant-coloured birds, go to conceal their splendid plumage; whilst, under the shade of their tall trees, others incessantly pursue the ants, which serve as their food.

It is in the archipelago of the Moluccas that we particularly observe those singular marine forests periodically inundated by the sea. In the midst of these defiles of trees, included under the general term of Mangroves, crocodiles, and a thousand dangerous reptiles, come to take up their abode. A learned botanist, M. Gaudschaud, has given the description of one of these forests situated near Baboa, at the north-east extremity of the bay of Coupang, in the Isle of Timor.

The Philippines have, like America, primeval forests, which strike the traveller by their singularly romantic aspect. The trees there intermingle their foliage with that of a multitude of parasitical plants, mosses, liverworts, ferns, and a large polypodium, which exhibits upon their branches its scaly roots.

A celebrated traveller, M. de Rienzi, has left us the description of one of these forests, that which lines the bay of Liokon in the bay of Mindanao. Let him speak :

"Detained by the winds in the bay of Liokon, upon the southern coast of the island of Mindanao, I saw here and there numerous and varied leguminous plants, thickets of long arborescent lianes, thick jungles, vaquois-trees, mangroves with a thousand roots, herbaceous plants of

a strong and woody organisation. After having ascended a steep acclivity, and walked a long time through sago-palms, bamboos, and a few wild cinnamon-trees, I reached a forest composed of trees projecting their branches to a great height. They were cocoa-nut palms, nutmeg-trees, and arecas, like slender columns entwined with climbing and creeping plants like ivy up to their summits; and beautiful tamarind-trees waving their venerable heads, often struck by the thunderbolt, and forming arches of verdure impenetrable to the light of the sun. But these arches of secondary order were surmounted by the trunks of beautiful ebony trees of a height truly prodigious, by pines, and a species of acacia 200 feet in height, which one might take for a second forest raised on the top of the former."

If, quitting the Indian Archipelago, we advance towards Polynesia, we see forest vegetation change its physiognomy with the whole vegetable kingdom. Although Malasia and New Holland are neighbouring countries, the character of their vegetation is completely different, Dumont d'Urville tells us. As for the Arron Isles, the forests there present themselves to us with all the character of equatorial vegetation; their immense trees raise their branches to the greatest height, and the lianes closely bind with their thousand bands the interlaced branches. Upon the northern coast of New Holland, between Victoria-Town and Port-Essington, sterility exists.

The Australian gum-trees are species of the myrtle family, and the varieties of the epacris supply the place of heaths,—a distinct stamp. They assume in Australia that uniform tint which distinguishes ours; and they are radically separated from those of the equatorial zone. Almost all the trees which compose them belong to the same family; and their leaves, instead of assuming like ours the horizontal position, rise vertically. Their verdure no longer possesses that vivacity, those vigorous brown tints of the climates we have just left; it presents a paler complexion, which, without intermission, goes on deteriorating; the leaves no longer display that brilliancy, that lustre, which reflects agreeably in the landscape, and the clumps appear slender and as if etiolated. The trees do not periodically lose their foliage as in our countries;—this character belongs also to the vegetables of South America and the Cape of Good Hope. In Australia the trees, with the exception of the blue gum-trees, do not attain the enormous proportions which astonish between the tropics; but they grow to a great height, and present upright forms which also are not without their grace.

In New Zealand, the forests assume a more imposing aspect, and

the trees of which they are composed more considerable proportions, although the character of the vegetation is the same as upon the Oceanic continent. Some of them, composed exclusively of kawrie-trees of perfectly cylindrical forms, remind one, by their straight lines, of the columns of the vast peristyles of the temples of Karnak and Edfou. Several of these forests are of extraordinary depth, and extend as far as over a breadth of more than thirty miles.

The species which characterise the forests of Australia belonging to the gamboge family—mimosas, cassias, palms, leucodendrons, cajeputs, soap-worts, acacias, and the Norfolk Island pine, &c. &c.—are peculiar to that part of the globe, and connect its vegetation with that of America and the Cape.

The European traveller who wanders over these forests, especially those of New Zealand, where the species of Europe are united to those of America and the Cape, where the acacia, myrtle, beefwood, and banksia tribes spread their branches over an alluvial soil which is continually enriched by their spoils, is a prey to incessant illusions. Every moment he fancies himself transported to the land of his birth; but on looking again with attention, he recognises under these deceitful appearances a Flora which is not that of his own country.

At Tahiti thick clumps of trees sometimes cover the sides of the hills and mountains; the *apapa farfai ali*, whose wood resists the depredations of insects; trees of the gamboge and beefwood are the inhabitants of these forests.

In general the forest masses are rare in this vast assemblage of archipelagos, which extend between the 165° of east and the 105° of west longitude, from Australia to the New World; they are rather groves than forests which carpet the surface of the valleys.

In the archipelago of Hawai or Sandwich, on the summit of Mound-Roa and Mound-Koa, we again find an Alpine vegetation, which resembles that of our forests of Switzerland and Auvergne. In this archipelago the forests are generally very thick; they are separated by deep ravines, terrible quagmires, and by peaks of a conical form which appear to be extinct craters, masses of ferns, of parasitical vines, interlace the trees, and form an impenetrable barrier against any one who is tempted to explore these solitudes, inhabited by birds of brilliant plumage.

Near the region of the clouds arborescent ferns, in great variety, form a particular kind of forests. With these ferns are mingled charming ligneous pandanas, lobelias also ligneous, and loganias.

It is in America that forests attain their greatest beauty, and that

they present themselves with all that magnificence which the Creator has attached to some of his works. We cannot express in a manner worthy of them the grandeur and the horror of the spectacle which these forests afford. Great painters of nature, skilful artists, have depicted it with more or less ability. Let us refer to the pages of Alexander de Humboldt, let us cast our eyes upon the magnificent picture of Clarac, upon the landscapes of Rugendas, and we may have an idea, feeble however, of the wonders of vegetation in the New World. To be faithful to the plan which I have traced for myself, and to complete the panorama which is to make the reader acquainted with the appearance of the different forests of the globe, by comparison with that of our own country, I shall borrow from the most celebrated travellers some of the features which portray the physiognomy of this part of the universe.

Of the 571,000 square sea leagues that South America comprises, one-fourth consists of mountains, of which a great part is loaded with thick woods, which descend sometimes as far as the plains, long tracts of which break the elevation of this vast continent.

All the parts are not equally covered with forests; to the south vegetation is arborescent and scattered. One does not encounter, if I may so speak, a tree in the vast *pampas* which extends from the eastern slope of the Andes to the borders of Uraguay and La Plata; the violence of the winds which sweep these steppes of the New World prevents the lofty growth of plants; elsewhere, independently of this cause, trees seem to shun the soil.

Trees sufficiently high to serve as masts are not found along the whole western coast of America, except at the peninsula of the three mountains, situated in the south of the province of Chiloe. This single province is very well wooded, and the trees are of fine growth; several varieties of myrtles, and different families of pines. In certain parts of the isle the forests are similar to those of Terra del Fuego, whose dull uniformity already indicates the vicinity of the poles; but it is not only, as in this land, that the mountains are shaded by a thick mantle of foliage, the plains also are covered with luxuriant forests. In the province of Valdivia forests are still abundant, but a difference of 150 miles in latitude already impresses them with an entirely different aspect from those of Chiloe; evergreens are not so numerous, and the foliage assumes a lighter tint.

Trees begin to be rare in the province of Conception, and in going towards Valparaiso the coast becomes more and more destitute of vegetation; passing to the north of this town, continuing it as far as Payta,

to the most complete state of sterility; and this absence of forests still exists as far as beyond Callao, and in part of Bolivia.

If the forests do not play that part in Chili which they have received from nature in other parts of America, they seem destined in the end to acquire that dominion which they have in Brazil and Colombia. A learned traveller has observed that they gain by degrees upon the grasses. The *nuapis* or *llanos* of Chili are invaded by trees, and the space reserved for the flocks becomes more confined every day; the forests advance as a veritable army in close battalions. The trees, in descending into the *nuapi*, maintain their respective ranks, and do not go beyond or clear what may be called the line of attack, except by degrees, when their shade has diminished the vegetative force of the grasses.

In Patagonia the plains are sterile, but the mountains are covered with forests, of which the famous antarctic birch, which sometimes attains thirty-five feet in circumference, constitutes the ornament. To this giant of southern lands, this Patagonian tree, are united a few palms and arborescent ferns. More to the south, in the Straits of Magellan, the clumps are formed only of the evergreen-beech.

Brazil is the land of virgin forests (*matto virgem*) par excellence; the traveller who penetrates into them is seized with admiration at their imposing aspect. On first approaching these forests, and observing their physiognomy from a distance, their resemblance to those of our own climates astonishes him; but in proportion as he advances into them, this impression is gradually effaced. There nothing recalls to European regards the spectacle of the forests of that continent. It is no longer that fatiguing monotony of our woods of oaks and firs. Every tree has, so to speak, a bearing which is peculiar to it, and each has its foliage, and often displays a tint of verdure different from that of the neighbouring trees. Gigantic plants which belong to families the most remote intermingle their branches and blend their foliage. Five-leaved bignonias grow beside cassias, and the golden flowers of the cassias in falling are scattered over arborescent ferns. The thousand-times divided branches of the myrtles bring into prominence the elegant simplicity of the palms, and among the light leaflets of the mimosas, the cecropia spreads out its large leaves and its branches, which resemble immense candelabra. The greatest part of the trees rise perfectly straight to a prodigious height. There are some which have a bark entirely smooth, others are defended by thorns, and the enormous trunks of a species of wild fig throw out oblique blades, which seem to support them like crossbows. The obscure

flowers of our beeches and oaks are scarcely perceived by any but naturalists; but in the forests of South America gigantic trees frequently display the most brilliant corollas. The cassias send forth long golden bunches; the nochysias, erect thyrses and singular-looking flowers corollas, sometimes yellow, sometimes purple, longer than those of our fox-gloves, cover with profusion tree-bignonias, and caricias adorn themselves with flowers which resemble our lilies both in size and form, as they remind one of the alstræmeria in mixture of colours. Certain vegetable forms which shew themselves to us only in the humblest proportions, there develop themselves, extend and appear with a pomp unknown in our climates. The borage family become shrubs; several euphorbias are majestic trees, and one may find an agreeable shade under the thick foliage of a composite plant. But it is principally in the grasses that the difference in their vegetation is shewn. If there are many which acquire no greater dimensions than that of our bromus and fescue grass, and which, forming also the mass of grasses, differ only from the European species in their more numerous stems and their larger leaves; others shoot up to the height of the trees of our forests, and present the most graceful carriage. At first straight as a lance, and terminated by a sharp point, they produce at their nodes only a single leaf, which resembles a large scale. This latter falls off, from its pit rises a crown of short branches charged with true leaves; the stem of the bamboo is thus ornamented at regular intervals with charming whorls; they bend and form between the trees beautiful cradles.

The twining plants which interlace the trees of these forests are themselves enormous trees. There is the *cipo matador*, or deadly liane, whose stem, as straight as that of our poplars, suspends itself by means of aerial roots to other stems, which it annulates sometimes with gigantic spirals. There is another species which exists at a considerable height upon the trunk of the loftiest trees, and whose stock forms around their circumference, as it were, a sort of crown, from which it puts forth tortuous branches. It is in the oriental provinces of Brazil especially that these forests are multiplied; they form one vast forest district, which is known under the name of forest general, *matta gerale.*

All the mountains, the hills, and the valleys of the *Terra do Mor* are covered with these forest lines, which diminish when we advance towards the provinces of Pernambuco, Parahiba do Norte, and Ceara. The calcareous and granitic soil presents there less favourable conditions to arborescent vegetation. Virgin forests appear no more, except at intervals, and they alternate with catingas. It is thus that they call

the dense thickets of briers and thorns, of climbing and shrubby plants, in the midst of which arise as standels trees of middle height. It is in the catingas especially that we meet with that singular tree called by the indigenous inhabitants *imburina*. It is more than six feet in circumference, and is the more striking because the trees which surround it go little beyond a foot. Like certain columns, it is more swelled at the middle than at the base, more frequently it increases at a little distance from the ground, and its upper part goes on diminishing into a spindle. Its shining, reddish bark is not cracked; but it bears grey tubercles, which are the remains of the thorns with which the tree was loaded in its youth. The trunk, which attains a great height, does not present a single branch throughout its whole length, and its extremity alone is terminated by a small number of branches almost horizontal.

The catingas do not go southwards beyond the middle of the province of the mines, and never reach a great height above the level of the sea.

"We must not suppose," writes M. Auguste de Saint Hilaire, "that virgin forests are every where the same; they afford variations according to the nature of the land, the elevations of the land, and the distance from the equator. The woods of Juquitinhouha, beyond Vigie, for instance, are more majestic than all those of the other parts of the province; the trees in them display surprising vigour, but the twining plants are not very numerous; elsewhere climbing plants exhibit all the singularities of their forms; in some places bamboos alone constitute the mass of vegetation, and in others we see that palms and arborescent ferns predominate.

When we have reached the borders of Parahiba and advance towards the equator, we see virgin forests re-appear. The penetrating heat of the sun's rays, more and more vertical, gives to the land a prodigious force of production. Its creations under the influence of this scorching heat partake of the monstrous and gigantic. From the mouth of the Amazon for several hundred miles eastward lies an impenetrable forest, a truly vegetable chaos. Extreme humidity, together with a scorching temperature, forces vegetation to an activity almost immoderate. During the period of the frosts, the trees and shrubs are stripped of their leaves. Vegetation is at a stand, and quantities of carbonic acid escaping from the soil, create a deleterious atmosphere over the whole extent of the forest. The shining leaves of the pine-apple family shed continually over the soil the water which they distil, and a thousand other shrubs pour from their stems drops of rain, which, in evaporating, charge the air with an incredible humidity.

In the low valleys of the Amazon, these forests assume, during the rainy season, a peculiar aspect. The river and the lakes in the vicinity inundate the forests to a great distance by innumerable natural canals, and the trunks of the trees are immersed in water to the depth of several feet. The traveller who embarks on one of the numerous tributaries of the Amazon runs great risk of being entangled in this labyrinth of canals, and sometimes several days have elapsed ere he could regain the bed of the river. Language cannot describe the strange spectacle which these vast woods present, floating upon an immense sea, upon which the frail bark of the traveller is guided with difficulty through the tall trees and thickets which unceasingly oppose its passage. When the wind agitates the waves and the branches, the landscape takes a physiognomy which the pencil of a painter even would be unable to express. The plants have something aerial about them, and the branches of the myrtles, storaces, and others, which balance themselves above the heads of travellers, seem to descend from the skies. When the waters retire, they leave upon the soil a slime of extreme fertility, in which the cocos find the elements of a rapid growth and an abundant crop. We see the steep banks re-appear, the sandy shores rapidly cover themselves with tall grasses, the seeds spring up on all sides, and a kind of fleshy parasite, in form analogous to the sponge, rises from the soil over the roots."

At the mouth of the Maranon, in the environs of Macapa, the majestic *almendson*, or *juvia*, forms forests which advance as far as to the foot of the Cerro Mapaya, upon the right bank of the Oronoco, as far as the rapids of Canamracâri. This immense forest country of the Amazon commences from the north bank of this river, taking a south-westerly direction from the Hanos of Macapa, covers the half north-west of the Isle of Marago, formed in the middle by fresh water, and extends from the southern slope of the sandy chain of Paru, and from the small granitic chain which separates Brazil from French Guiana as far as the Rio-Negro. It prevails without interruption as far as to the granite mountains of the Serra de Parima. Forests of less extent adorn the banks of the three lateral rivers of the Amazon, the Tapagos, the Xingu, and the Tucantins.

This prodigious forest district cannot be compared with the forests that are spread over the other provinces of Brazil. Yet three lines of forest almost as astonishing are developed in the south-west of this empire. *La Matta da Corda*, formed partly by catingas, and partly by trees of very straight growth, cover the western portion of the province of Minas Geraes. The second line bears the name of *Matto*

Grosso, the Great Wood; it detaches itself from the forests of the Cordilleras, and runs into the province of Goyaz, along the Corimba and the other tributaries of the Parahiba, as far as the deserts inhabited by the Cajapos Indians. Lastly, the third line forms an immense forest, which stretches along the Guapore, the Madeera, and the borders of the Marsh of Vargeria, from which the Arinos takes its course. It is in this third forest that the trees which produce the balsam of copaiva and the Algorab bean are particularly met with.

Catingas present themselves above all in the Province of Ceara, Rio Grande do Norte, Pernambuco, Pihanhi, Gayaz, and Bahia. They delight in granitic, calcareous, jurassic, or sandy ground. Upon this last territory the trees are all of moderate height, so close together as to form veritable arborescent hedges, upon which the Brazil-wood tree expands in September its long bunches of purplish flowers, which again set off the stiff and uniform leaves of the pine-apple tribes and the air-plants.

Although in these forests vegetation is maintained in continual activity by its two principal agents, heat and humidity, there exist trees, such as certain kinds of bignonias, which, like ours, lose all their leaves at once every year, but immediately afterwards they are covered with leaves, and very soon repair their loss of foliage. But for the few arborescent plants which offer this phenomenon, the majority always preserve their foliage, and the number of these evergreens is so much the greater as we remove from the tropic. But it is not so in the Catingas; there drought for six months, without interruption, produces the same effect as our hoar-frosts. The woods are stripped of their verdure, and the traveller who traverses them is scorched by the ardent beams of the equinoctial zone, having before his eyes the mournful image of our winters. Drought has continued for two years, and the trees have remained two years without foliage. To complete the analogy which exists between the winters from drought of this country and our winters from cold, we see the buds defend themselves in the same manner from the frost and the sun. In the deserts of San Francisco they are protected by scales as in Finland and Norway.

When the air is thus heated, the forests, so luxuriant during the season of humidity, seem one vast necropolis. Let us permit a traveller to speak who has already furnished some of the preceding descriptions. "Every thing that surrounded us," writes M. de Martias, "presented a peculiar aspect, unknown to us, and filled the soul with sadness. The thick forest was no longer other than a tomb, for the dry season had totally divested it of its ornament of leaves and flowers.

We see climbing here and there a few thorny senilaces, on which the winding stems of *cissus* furnished in their upper part isolated leaves. Here the magnificent panicles of the bromelia arose between the branches. The trunk of the trees was only the more detached upon the azure of the sky by all this investiture, by these branches, which embrace them as with the arms of giants. We saw a great number of thorny acacias, cabbage-trees, and copaiferes with multiplied branches, cow trees; but what struck us above all were the gigantic trunks of the *Chorisia ventricosa* swelled like enormous tuns. Myriads of ants have suspended their dwellings, real labyrinths, on the trunks of these trees, and their contour, for several feet in extent, contrasts by its deep colour with the light grey of the branches divested of foliage. The forest, struck with immobility during autumn, resounded with the cry of numerous birds, and especially with the croaking of the aracari and parroquets. We met with armadillos and fearful swarms of ants, in the midst of high walls of *cassims*, which are raised by the industry of the ants by excavation. Sloths presented themselves to our view suspended lethargically on the white branches of the ambaiba. The noisy troop of monkeys was heard at a great distance."

Such is the character of the catingas during the dry season. In the district of Minas-Novas, and upon the broad table-lands which comprise it, there is another kind of forests, called *carasco* by the inhabitants. These trees have totally disappeared, and nothing more is to be seen than a multitude of shrubs of a height from eight to nine feet, among which a species of mimosa is remarkable for the elegance of its foliage. Between the catingas and the carascos are placed the *carrasquenos*, which form as it were a transition from one to the other.

Besides those forests, which the rainy season transforms into vast ponds covered with trees, Brazil has also marshy forests *par excellence*, formed in part by mangroves, like those of the Moluccas and India. The species which flourishes in the muddy grounds on the borders of the ocean appear suspended in the air upon a species of cord obliquely stretched out; its trunk being raised to a height of eight or ten feet from the soil by the thick radical fibres which it sends forth.

Although the progress of civilisation has now, to some extent, reduced this magnificent forest clothing of Brazil, their mass will certainly for a long time resist the axe of the colonist. Rio de Janeiro is still encircled by a vast barrier of forests which extend to more than fifty leagues. The woods that surround the bay of the capital of Brazil throw the traveller into a transport of enthusiasm. The most

elegant flowers, the most beautiful fruits emulously solicit attention. Here the mimosas wave their long odoriferous panicles; there the numerous stems of palms rise nobly upwards, displaying their heads always covered with flowers and fruit; farther on, passan trees, and others with large-lobed leaves, immense arancarias with delicious fruit, which, notwithstanding their tropical dimensions, seem to be deserters from the regions of the north, by the thinness and the sombre tint of their foliage. Bananas with nectariferous flowers with golden crowns, charming melastomas with purplish flowers, myrtles with succulent fruits, laurels, and many others, offer their protecting shade against the burning action of the sun.

Every thing in vegetation is gigantic in Brazil, the forests as well as the prairies covered with grass. When its vast seas of grass surround thickets of trees of less extent than the *mattos virgem*, or the *catingas*, woods which are called *capoes*, the eye is struck by an admirable contrast, which brings prominently forward all that is imposing in the plants of this country with the height they attain elsewhere.

The physiognomy of the forests on the northern part of South America, of New Granada, of Venezuela, of Guiana, remind one much of the forests that we have just described. M. de Humboldt says, that the beautiful drawing of M. de Clarac representing a virgin forest on the borders of Rio Bonito, in Brazil, recalls to him the most pleasing impressions of his journey in Oronoca. Yet, notwithstanding this resemblance, arborescent vegetation preserves in each of these two countries its own individual features; and to complete the review I have taken of the forests of the two worlds, I shall ask the great traveller whom I have just named for some of the colours which I shall use in painting this sylvan nature.

The soil on the north of South America presents as it were three distinct zones, having each its particular vegetation. We find first, cultivated lands along the shores and near the chain of mountains approaching the coasts; this is the zone which is known under the name of *tierras cultivadas*. Then come the savanas, which constitute the zone of pasturage, *zona de los pastos;* lastly, beyond the Oronoco, stretches the zone of the forests, *zona de los bosques*, which is penetrated only by means of the rivers which traverse it. The *zona de los bosques* embraces at once both plains and mountains, it joins that vast forest region which occupies the north of Brazil. The forest zone presents then, in fact, a superficies of 120,000 square leagues between the eighteen degrees of south, and the seven and eight degrees of north latitude. This forest of South America, writes M. A. Humboldt, for

in reality there is only one, which is six times larger than France, does not extend generally to the west, on account of the llanos of Manso and the pampas of Huanacos, beyond the parallels of the eighteenth and nineteenth degrees of south latitude; but towards the east of Brazil, in the districts of St. Paul de Rio Grande, as in Paraguay, upon the banks of the Parana, it advances as far as the twenty-fifth degree of south latitude.

The forests, however, are not exclusively confined within this third zone; in the first we meet also with collections of trees, with forests of less extent, of an aspect less grand, but which do not the less embellish the landscape. Mangroves, cactuses, form on the sea-shore veritable forests. These plants, which are social, like our heaths of Europe, spread their bushes to a great distance. The mangroves become the receptacle of a whole animal world, which impresses a singular physiognomy upon their trunks. "Wherever mangroves plant themselves upon the borders of the sea," says M. de Humboldt, "the beach is peopled by an infinity of mollusca and insects. These animals like the shade and the dim light. They find shelter against the shock of the waves between the scaffolding of thick and entangled roots which rise like a trellis-work above the surface of the water. The shells attach themselves to this trellis; crabs take up their abode in the holes of the trunks. The sea-weeds that the winds and the tide drift towards the coast remain suspended on the twisted branches which hang downwards. It is thus that maritime forests, by accumulating vegetable slime between the roots, aggrandise the domain of continents; but in proportion as they gain upon the sea, they increase scarcely at all in breadth. Their progress itself becomes the cause of their destruction. The mangroves and the other plants with which they are almost always associated, perish in proportion as the land dries, and as they are no longer bathed by the sea-water. Their aged trunks, covered with shells and half-buried in the sand, mark, after the lapse of centuries, both the route they have followed in their migrations and the limit of the land they have gained from the ocean."

When these mangroves extend to such a degree as to give rise to maritime forests, they destroy the salubrity of the air, and are a focus of morbific humidity.

Dwarf forests, formed by the cactus, are met with on the shores of the ocean as well as upon the banks of the rivers. Their stems rise like gigantic candalabra to five or six mètres in height. And among the different species of this very varied and singular shrub, the columnar cactus is remarkable from its prodigious stature. Some pre-

sent verticillate branches; others, altogether dwarfs, resemble thick cylinders or spheres. And rocks serve as soil to these forests of cactuses, which appear also in the Brazilian woods.

The Orinoca form one of the natural divisions of the immense forest of the north of South America. It separates, between the fourth and eighth degrees of latitude, the great Forest of Parima from the savanas of Apure, of Meta, and of Guieriare. In the vicinity of the cataracts of this king of the rivers of Colombia, the orchids decorate, as with so many garlands, the thickets formed by the arborescent plants which are crowded upon its banks. To these lianes are to be added yellow bannisterias, blue bignonias, peperomias, arums. If one transplanted with care all the thick carpet of verdure which covers one single tree of these forests,—a locust-tree, for instance, or a gigantic fig-tree of America,—one might succeed in covering a considerable extent of ground.

These lianas and parasitic plants add singularly to the magnificence of these forests. In the environs of Carissa, upon the steep side of the mountain of Sainte-Marie, these plants enlace the trees with a tissue so close, and mingle their obscure tint with the already thick and dark foliage of these gigantic species, that there reigns constantly in this forest a twilight, a sort of obscurity, of which our forests of pines, oaks, and beeches afford no example. "One would say," says M. Humboldt, who has described this forest, "that, notwithstanding the elevated temperature, the air cannot dissolve the quantity of water that is exhaled from the surface of the soil. In the Forest of Carissa, as in those of Orinoca, one perceives, on fixing one's eyes on the summit of the trees, trains of vapour there where a few pencils of solar rays penetrate and traverse the dense atmosphere. The *curucay*, which gives a whitish and very odoriferous resin, is one of the kings of these forests. Formerly the Cumanagotes and Tagires Indians, struck doubtless by its enormous dimensions, made their idols of it. The locust-trees, whose trunks exceed nine or ten feet in diameter, contend with it for greatness, and disputes with it in these countries for the empire of vegetation.

The palms, ferns, and crotons constitute three chosen bodies of trees which defend the approaches of the equinoctial countries. The first often form of themselves bridges of a certain extent. The humid forests of palms spread themselves from the mouth of the Oronoco, in the valley of Caura and of Erevato, over the banks of the Atabasso and Rio Negro. Several species of palms abound in the forest of Carissa. One adorns the banks of the Cassiquiare; another astonishes,

by its enormous trunk armed with spines, and its monstrous crowns of fruit, those who wander in the environs of San Fernando de Atabasso. At the cataracts of Atures and Maypures, a palm prevails which sends up a trunk of thirty or forty mètres high. In the Andes, in the mountain of Quindia, a gigantic species surpasses fifty mètres, and grows to an altitude which its brothers of the same family cannot attain. Its stem is covered with a vegetable wax, and is swelled out like a spindle.

Above the region of palms commence the arborescent ferns, which partly belong to the region of the cinchona, or true bark-tree. One of them rises to more than twelve mètres in height. Palms and tree-ferns constitute forests which follow an inverse distribution. Whilst the former acquire proportions more and more considerable as they advance nearer to the equator, the ferns, on the contrary, go on sensibly diminishing, setting out from six degrees north latitude. They flee from the plains, fear the direct rays of the sun, cease to ornament the forests which skirt the Cassiquiare, the Terni, the Merda, and the Rio Negro, and fail entirely near the cataracts of the Oronoco.

Arborescent crotons form, in the peninsula of Araya, little woods, which characterise the vegetation of this part of America. They disappear by degrees, as well as the aloes and torch-thistles, when we re-ascend the Oronoco above the mouths of the Apure and Meta; but towards the Upper Maranon, in the province of Bracomoros, they return to inhabit the forests.

In the marshy countries, the bamboos form, in New Granada and the ancient kingdom of Quito, another kind of forests, which the Spaniards call *guaduales*. These grasses, which grow twelve mètres in height, offer the most delicate and the most elegant forms; of all the tropical ferns, they most strike the European traveller. But these trees disappear in the marshes and the vast plains inundated by the Lower Oronoco, the Apure, and the Atabasso, where the laurel tribes then shew themselves, a family characteristic of the woods of the New World.

According as the soil is arid or marshy, the trees take a different physiognomy, and their leaves are more or less green, or more or less silvery.

On the summit of the mountains, the apparition of the American rhododendron announces, in the Silla de Caracas and the Andes, the disappearance of the forests. The altitude at which their zone is placed varies according to the localities. Near the equator these plants cover the mountains, even in the most elevated of the Parimas, to

3200 and 3400 mètres; on the contrary, in the chain of Venezuela we see them approaching the plains.

Guiana has also her virgin forests, her marvels of arborescent vegetation, as she has her low mangrove lands. The greatest variety of species is met with in the interior, which constitute admirable woods. Rose-wood, satin-wood, white and black cedars; the wild cotton-tree, which attains a circumference of twelve feet; the bagassia, which rises to an elevation of seventy feet, and of which the diameter is from four to five feet, a tree whose wood is respected by insects; the letter-wood tree, which, sought for its utility, is becoming day by day less common, with other trees, inhabit these forests. Forests of cacao-trees are found in the interior of the country, far from the mouths of the Oyapoc and the Linamari. It is on the banks of the Essequibo that the finest forests of this part of the New World are to be found. Let us borrow in order to describe them in the words of a traveller who has visited them—M. Robert Hermann:

"It is there that forests reign. Every trace of civilisation has disappeared. Above you, around you, one thick mass of foliage extends. Above all the trees the majestic mora towers, with branches adorned with dark leaves; then come the gigantic mimosa of the western hemisphere, equal, if not superior, for building to the oak which is used in Great Britain; the souari-nut tree, of a bearing not less majestic, and whose produce, a nutritious nut, is not much less useful; the trumpet-tree; the water-guava, which takes the place on these banks of the mangrove on the borders of the ocean, and furnishes an aromatic leaf of great efficacy against dysentery."

Another traveller, M. Schomburgk, who has also visited Guiana, has described with no less admiration the magnificence of its forests, which the Victoria regia embellishes, and where the colonist finds so much wood precious in medicine, arts, and industry. The hum of the insects that live in these vegetable palaces of nature comes alone to trouble the majestic quiet which reigns under these gigantic trees. At times also, in the evening, when the southern sky is illuminated by its magnificent constellations, thousands of birds of brilliant plumage mingle their warbling with the sharp cry of the reptiles.

Let us pass to the other side of the southern continent of the New World, and let us find out what these same forests are in the antique empire of the Incas.

Forest vegetation extends over the two chains which run from the south-west to the north-east. The more westerly of these chains constitutes the Cordilleras properly so called, and the second the Andes.

They are separated by a vast plateau destitute of trees, which received from the indigenous inhabitants, on this account, the name of *puna*, which signifies, in the Quichoa tongue, uninhabited. But it is principally upon the eastern slope of the Andes that the forests assume that dense and gloomy aspect which gives to virgin forests an imposing character. The scene that Brazil unfolded before the eyes of the naturalist recommences with some variations, which are due to the difference of the Flora of the two countries. Vegetation has, as M. de Tschudi remarks, an aërial physiognomy. The roots of the shrubs creep along the ground, something like the vine-plants, rather than penetrate it; they entwine with each other, and conceal the earth with their inextricable net-work. The fig, gamboge, and many other families, are mingled with oaks, willows, and scarlet-oaks. According to the state of the atmosphere do these forests change their appearance: when one of the showers frequent in this region has just fallen, the leaves resume that freshness, those lively colours that a too prolonged drought had carried off; vegetation breathes with youth and life. When, on the contrary, one of those terrible hurricanes which desolate Peru has just blown over, the ground of the forest, strewn with trunks and branches, affords nothing more than an image of destruction and drought. As we approach the Amazon, in descending the Huallaga and the Paro, two of its affluents, the picture changes, and the forest which covers their banks and so often obstructs their navigation insensibly resumes the features that we have already sketched.

In Mexico the vegetation varies with the temperature. In the warm region, which is that where the height of the land varies between 5 and 600 mètres, two species of palms, the willow-leaved cephælis, the pinnated calabash-tree, the osier-leaved bignonia, and the sumach-leaved malphigia, constitute the principal forest species. In the temperate region to which belongs the plateau of Mexico, and whose height varies from 600 to 2200 mètres above the level of the sea, the thick-trunked oak and several other kinds, the alder, which stops at 2700 mètres, the plane-tree, the datura, the myrtle-leaved arbutus, and the indented lotus, form dense forests. In the environs of Tampico one tree constitutes in itself almost a forest, it is the Indian fig, of which one trunk alone is sufficient to fill thickets with an infinity of branches and filaments which seem to be the cables of a ship. Another fig-tree, the nymphea-leaved fig, astonishes the traveller in southern Mexico, Gautimala, and Colombia. An entire parasitic vegetation of odoriferous vanillas form on its surface as it were a dwarf forest, which is covered with flowers in the month of April. A thousand ligneous excrescences

give to its trunk enormous proportions, and its prodigious roots support it like so many buttresses. This tree is the worthy type of the luxuriance of the vegetation in these countries. The gigantic *alamo* is as the agent of destruction in this country, and representing it by the savage nature which extends its disastrous empire over the innumerable ruins scattered over the plateau of Yucatan. We see it erect its stem and insinuate its roots into the débris of Teocallis, of the palaces of Uxmal, of Kaban, of Labua, of Chunhuhu, of Kewick, and into the ruins of Copan and of Palenque. The *peïbo* plays the same destructive part, and transforms into forests towns formerly inhabited by the Aztèques and the Toltèques. To the south of Campeachy, along the Rio Champoton, the logwood-tree creates forests, which are felled by the European colonists, and afford a valuable article of commerce.

On reascending into upper Mexico and reaching California, arborescent vegetation resumes, with regard to kinds, the character of our temperate climates, but it still preserves its gigantic character which belongs to the trees of the New World. In Oregon, the pines that fill the forests spread along the sea-shore seem to be the kings of all the pines in the universe. Their diameter is often 5 mètres, their height surpasses sometimes 100, and their cones are 15 inches long. The pine *lambertina* gives to the coast of California an imposing but melancholy aspect. The lines of pines run along the shore as far as Russian America, where they are associated with oaks and birches. Their less lofty species prevail in the forests of New Hanover, of New Georgia, where they adorn, with sycamores and maples, the slopes which incline towards the ocean.

Let us cross the Appalachian and the Rocky Mountains, and we shall encounter new lines of forest-trees. One of the first is traced by the bald cypress, which seems to be surrounded by natural boundaries. These are the protuberances that are formed upon the roots of this conifera, and which often rise to a mètre in height; they constitute real barriers which defend the trunk against the attacks of large animals. These cypresses compose gigantic thickets, which cover the swamps of the lower Mississippi, of the Arkansas, of the Red River, and of Florida, and extend as far as the mouth of the Ohio. It was under the vast shade of one of these trees that Cortez and all his army found a refuge in Mexico. Their wide stems, of conical form, are crowned with a multitude of horizontal branches, which are entangled with each other, and confounded with those of the neighbouring cypresses. These vaults of foliage, which are frequently superimposed, give to the forests of this cypress an aspect quite peculiar. The short

leaves of a sombre green, represent on drawing near a kind of crape, which impresses on these shades a funereal physiognomy. And under these gloomy domes, which are here and there enlightened by a few openings made by the winds, or due to the age of the branches, all the scourges of man, whether animate or inanimate, seem to have given each other the rendezvous. Death soars over these shady solitudes which incessantly evoke the idea of it. Fevers, alligators, serpents, musquitoes contend with each other for the unfortunate who goes with his axe to strike their trunks—the growth of ages. But no danger arrests the avidity of man, nothing terrifies the enterprising descendant of the Anglo-Saxon race. The *lumberers* venture through these pestilential swamps, and precipitate into the waters of the Mississippi the trunks they have uprooted.

The Mississippi, that ancient father of waters, is indeed the great agent of destruction to these forests of North America; its waters, especially at the period of inundation, are continually charged with enormous masses of wood, with gigantic rafts which encumber its bed, and are self-constructed with more solidity than any raft made by the hand of man. These trains of trees are especially remarkable upon the Atachafalaya, one of the arms of the Mississippi. They are equally met with upon the Red River. One of the affluents of this river, the Nashita, is interrupted for a space of seventeen leagues, by an almost uninterrupted succession of these rafts. M. de Humboldt has made known the same fact in the Oronoco, whose bed is unceasingly encumbered by a mass of trunks, which are as if driven into the mud.

These swampy forests, by the destructive action of humidity, finish by transforming themselves into vast bogs, which present the appearance of great inundated plains, whose surface might be covered with trees brought along by the waters. These immense stagnant pools, these seas of mud, still furnish a soil sufficiently firm for a species of cypress, and of broom which grow there; they offer the only ground of support for the foot of the animals that wander in these aquatic solitudes,—bears, wild cats, wolves. The most celebrated of these swamps is the Great Dismal, which Mr. Lyell has described in his interesting journey in the United States, and which extends between the towns of Norfolk, Virginia, and Weldon, North Carolina.

Upon the lower levels of the Alleghany Mountains, the rhododendron and the kalmia display their elegant flowers. From stage to stage the vegetation is modified; to the forests of oaks succeed the resinous pines, with which are associated magnolias, poplars, and different species of *nyssa*.

These forests of the Alleghanies belong to one of the four forest zones that embrace North America; they extend over the south-west coast as far as to the south of the bay of Chesapeake. They chiefly contain pines, firs, cedars, and cypresses.

The second zone, which corresponds with the region of magnolias, catalpas, tulip-trees, stretches over the Floridas and Louisiana; it is characterised in several parts by forests of cedars, known under the name of cedar-swamps. In Louisiana the rather stunted stems of the wax-myrtle is found among the rhododendrons.

In Florida and Carolina forests called *pine-barrens* are composed of gigantic pines, reaching a height of more than 50 mètres, and rivalling those which clothe the opposite coast of the American continent. These *pine-barrens* comprise a broad band several hundred miles in length. Behind these forests of coniferæ, which form the second forest line one encounters on disembarking upon these shores—the first being composed of graceful palms—come other forests not less dense, but composed of a thousand kinds of wood. "There," writes M. F. de Castelnau, "the magnolia exhibits with profusion its leaves like immense spatulas, whilst the air is embalmed by its beautiful and enormous flowers so dazzlingly white. It is intermingled with a hundred species of sassafras, catalpas, laurels, cedars, gum-trees, in the midst of which the magnificent evergreen-oak distinguishes itself. Every where the cornel-tree dazzles the eyes by its silvery splendour; the azalea is lavish of its corolla, like an elegant butterfly; and the sumach displays with pride the magnificent splendour of its scarlet bouquets. All these various trees are closely matted together by lianes without number—veritable alliances with these brides of nature."

The third forest zone invests the hills and low mountains of the Carolinas, of Pennsylvania, and comprehends the slopes of the Alleghanies that we have just described. The oak, the birch, the mulberry, the sycamore, the maple, occupy these woods. The willow-leaved oak, the elm, and the chestnut form forests in Pennsylvania, in New Jersey principally; in the environs of Habochene venerable forests run parallel to the coast. The two parts of this state form a striking contrast to the rest; whilst a vigorous vegetation adorns the northern divisions, those that lie to the south offer only an arid sandy soil, which has its own species and its especial forests. The upper Ohio flows under a bower of tulip-trees and planes, whose elegant foliage is reflected in its waters.

It is in the state of Indiana above all, in the environs of New Harmony, upon the banks of the Wabash, that the forests of North America shew themselves in all their magnificence. They present, among

the forests of the New World, a distinct character, and one of their peculiarities is the want of evergreen plants, with the exception of the mistletoe, a species of bignonia, Dutch rushes, which are a kind of equisetum, and the *miegia microsperma*. When the woods are stripped of their foliage, the eye is attracted only by the equisetum just named, which reach a height of eight or ten feet. In these collections of trees the traveller is struck by the gigantic planes, ramifying themselves into a certain number of hollow trunks, which serve him as a shelter in time of need. To these planes are united maples of proportions almost as great, several oaks, and notably that which bears the name of *mossy over-cup oak*, whose enormous acorns are strewn over the ground, and which grow in close ranks. A multitude of climbing-plants embrace the trunks of the large kinds, the quinate-leaved ivy, the poison ivy, the bignonia, which attach themselves to the trunks like a thick network formed of aërial roots, to which are attached at right angles the branches that bear the leaves. Among these mighty trees there are lofty thickets of 15, 20, and 30 feet in height, composed of the papaw-tree, the spice-wood or fever-bush, and the red-bud tree. Below these smaller kind of trees the ground is still covered with shrubs, and in the openings grow the *xhus typhina* and the *xhus globra*. Magnificent catalpas appear at every step in a wild state; but the botanist seeks in vain for trees with aciculate leaves, the pine, the cypress, or for the rhododendrons, the azaleas, the magnolias, the chestnuts, which are met with in other parts of America.

These woods are rapidly thinning. Legions of backwoodsmen take up their abode in them; and they are speedily cleared. Already wood is becoming singularly dear at New Harmony; and the hickory, which gives out so powerful a heat, has been cut down with a profusion and ignorance usual with the first colonists of forest countries.

The fourth zone loses the physiognomy of the subtropical vegetation, to resume that of the vegetation of our northern countries. It comprehends the greater part of New York, New England, Vermont, New Brunswick, Canada, the region of the lakes; to this region Newfoundland belongs.

In the state of New York, forest vegetation is of a heavy and dense character; which is owing to the predominance of certain kinds of hemlock, spruce, fir. The black-spruce constitutes the characteristic tree of this cold region; it forms a third of the forests in all the districts comprised between 44° and 53° north latitude.

A great part of Long Island is covered with forests, of which one-half is formed, according to Mr. Timothy Dwight, of yellow-pines.

The borders of Lake Huron are covered with gigantic forests of

planes, between the close ranks of which are seen groups of tamarask or of American larch, of pendulous larch, that frail tree which seems to be an arborescent reed. All the vegetation of the borders of this lake is of a more decidedly grand character than that of the other lakes. The forests of Lake Erie are enriched with the sassafras-laurel, the magnolia, the *corpus Florida,* whose branches, adorned in autumn with bunches of scarlet, agreeably diversify the sombre verdure of the rest of the forest. The vegetation of Lake Ontario resembles that of Lower Canada; yet we find there some characteristic species—Canada poplars, the robinia, the lime, the resinous pine, and the red pine. Upon the borders of Lake Champlain, the sugar-maple, the balsam-fir, the Virginian poplar, are equally remarkable.

In the environs of the Falls of Niagara the tulip-tree, the red cedar, and the Canadian yew grow in great abundance; whilst near to Kingston, which is only seven miles from the cataracts, an immense forest, composed of horse-chestnut-trees, has taken possession of the soil to the exclusion of every other kind.

Around Bloomfield, not far from Lake Canandagua, magnificent forests of oaks furnish the colonists with a valuable wood, and embellish the slopes of the hills.

When we advance into Canada, forest vegetation gradually dwindles, and at length becomes quite stunted. We no longer meet with any thing but little firs, dwarf birches, and lank poplars. This is observed to the north of Quebec, and of the parallel of the Isle of Manitoulin.

America is the country of forests *par excellence*; and all travellers have exhausted themselves in descriptions and in words of admiration on the subject of these wonders of the vegetable world. Those of South America, of Mexico, and of the Floridas, formed of a greater variety of kinds, have a more bushy aspect, afford denser thickets and a more compact network of trees and bushes, of bindweeds and shrubs; those of North America are colder, more uniform, and more lugubrious. Just as in Brazil, at the period of extreme drought, the *catingas* assume a distinctive physiognomy; the forests of the States and of Upper Canada exhibit a character quite different from that which they had during the summer; the frost exercises a particular action upon the colour of the foliage; leaves are seen to change before falling by a succession of shades, which contrast strangely with the always uniform colour of the pines, which remain constantly green. A single tree often presents leaves of five or six different shades, according as they have more or less experienced the action of the cold—red, scarlet, crimson, violet, azure, royal blue, yellow, the palest green, unite their tints, then termi-

nate by melting into a tolerably deep brown, which announces definitive defoliation; maples are especially distinguished by the multiplicity of colours which their foliage displays.

The nature of the kinds which compose the forests of America offers this peculiarity, that it is subject to changes in some degree periodic, a kind of rotation which causès certain trees to succeed such others as have disappeared by means of the axe or by fire. Clearing is not so much an agent of destruction of the trees in America, like it is in our climates, as a means of transformation of the kinds which grow in a district. When fire has consumed a forest state, we see, a short time afterwards, tall grasses, bushes of briars and brambles come to take the place of the lofty trees that have been annihilated by the flames. The year following appear cherry-trees, white birches, silver firs, and white poplars, which the soil had not previously produced, and which succeed the firs, the maples, the beeches, which, once destroyed, leave no more shoots.

So also in Brazil, in the environs of Villa Rica, near San Miguel de Mato Dentro, it is observed, that at the end of three or four successive destructions, ferns and other plants take the place of those which desert the soil.

Newfoundland presents a vast forest in the interior, but the kinds in it are stunted. "On arriving at Newfoundland," writes a traveller, "the nudity of the coast and of all the exterior heights would make one believe that the country is totally destitute of tall plants; but as soon as one enters each bay, harbour, or gulf, one very soon sees nothing but one continuous forest, which covers wherever the soil is capable of producing trees. As the latter is composed of only a very thin layer, I was surprised to see it endowed with such a productive force; and I attributed afterwards to the asperity of the climate, conjointly with the want of depth in this layer of earth, the small size and elevation of the trunk of the trees. I penetrated further into the wood, to ascertain if it did not result from the influence of its vicinity to the sea; having advanced into it as far as 15 or 20 *kilomètres*, the conclusion to which I came was, that this state of things was the result of local character. But here all the trees, the balsam, white and black firs, and birches, are only 97 to 146 *decimètres*, and very rarely 162 in height."

The stunted character of the trees in the forests is found again in a less degree at Long Island, where the most beautiful stems do not surpass thirty feet.

Of the Antilles some have lost a part of the forests which covered

the slopes of their downs at the time the Europeans discovered them, the others have still their aborescent vesture. If Cuba still possesses vast woods of cabbage-palms, which the creoles take delight in preserving, in order to furnish an abundant food for their cattle, to which may be added groups of cedars, mahoganies, guarcams, &c, Haïti has lost a part of the magnificent forests of pines which were the admiration of Columbus, when he landed upon the shore of Hispaniola, and which he extolled at Suiz de Santangel.

At Martinique, the forest of Carbet, which extends over a superficies of more than six leagues, and in which gum-trees, wild figs, locust-trees, &c., recalls to mind the forests inhabited by the Caribs.

At Grande Terre, the forests have already completely disappeared; whilst a long forest line, which invests the chain of volcanic mountains, continues to shade Gaudeloupe, properly so called, and offers woody districts that have not yet been explored. Marie-Galande is almost as well wooded now as it was at the arrival of Columbus.

At the isle of Trinidad, there are in the central districts, and principally in the vicinity of the mountain of Terrana, almost impenetrable forests of *mauritia aculeata.*

The islands which rise between the two worlds, above the waves of the ocean, were formerly crowned with tangled forests, which have been cleared under the hands of the first navigators who have landed upon them. When Jean Gonzales Tarco and Tristan Vaz landed at Madeira, that island was covered with immense forests, to which it was indebted for its name, and in which the first colonists established themselves (*Madeira*, wood for building). Fire quickly consumed them, and later they made extensive use of the woods that had escaped destruction. Forests of ardisias, which stretch as far as the coast, remind one still of these primeval forests.

The Canary Islands have been more fortunate than Madeira and the Azores; they are still covered with magnificent forests, which have been studied by a learned naturalist, M. Sabin Berthelot, from whom we shall borrow the following lines.

"We find in the Canaries virgin forests; and in these nemoral regions nature by her own power only maintains and regenerates what she has created. There aged laurels, undermined by time, end by falling under their own weight, increase the mass of mould, and new races spring up from their decomposition. The earth of the forest, continually enriched by so many vegetable spoils, nourishes the species that cover the land, and preserve in its bosom the germs of those which are to replace it. Nature presides at these associations, and regulates

the slow march of their alternations. Trees as ancient as the land which they shade tower above the others, like standels which are left to grow amidst coppices; their trunk and their branches are covered with mosses and lichens; below these domes of foliage, ferns and other forest plants keep up a fertilising humidity. Sometimes masses of the same species surround these veterans of the forest, and sometimes divers species encircle the space which they seem to have conquered for ages. These secular trees are the point of departure for the surrounding vegetation, and their existence throws some light upon the mysteries of the alternations."

These forests present in fact the same phenomena that we have just met with in the New World. Myricas succeed the aged trunks cut down by time or by the colonist; then come heaths, which are replaced by brake ferns, which in their turn are succeeded by shrubs; so that at length the earth, restored to its first constitution, after several successive regenerations, is again covered with the same species as before.

From their Atlantic character, the Canarian forests have scarcely any thing in common with those of our climates; they offer in general points of view very varied, group themselves in the most picturesque manner upon the mountain slopes, fill up the ravines and the clefts of their steep banks. Placed upon the confines of the temperate zone, they have already great analogies with those of the hottest countries of both hemispheres. The laurels grow there *en masse*, as in the Antilles and some islands of the Asiatic Archipelago; several trees excluded from the northern regions announce themselves as species of which numerous congeners will be found a little farther. The *mocans* shew themselves there for the first time, whilst, by their beautiful proportions, undulating ferns approach certain species of America and the Isle of Bourbon.

Laurels abound every where, and form four very distinct kinds, to which are united other trees of great height and several beautiful shrubs; there are arbutuses, myrsines, the holly of the Canaries, buckthorn, myrica, ardisia, cherry, arborescent heath, and a species of olive quite different from that of Europe. At the same time in the midst of this mixture of kinds, the laurels always predominate, and form the characteristic type of this region, which M. Berthelot calls *lauriferous*. Distributed most frequently into different groups, they seem to be reunited by species. The singularities in the mode of distribution of the laurels are observed at Teneriffe with regard to the arborescent ferns, cherry-trees, ardisias, arbutuses, and a species of the holly, with regard to the *mocans* in Terro, and the limes at Canaria.

The forests, however beautiful, however extensive they may be, do not altogether present to us the image of the ancient forest state of the Archipelago.

Before the conquest of the Canaries, the lauriferous region must have extended as far as the sea-coast, wherever the exposition and other influencing causes had contributed to a favourable development of the trees. The navigators who first visited these islands have spoken of them as a country wooded down to the sea; but now the forests are far from the shore. When Pedro de Vera and Alonzo de Lugo remained masters of the western part of the Archipelago, they wished to turn to a profitable use this yet virgin soil, and the distributions of land among the chiefs and the soldiers were the first results of the victory. Then, to the war of spoliation succeeded the devastation of the forests; eager to enjoy their conquest, the new masters had recourse to fire as the most proper means to accelerate the clearings, and pursued this system of felling with a fury unheard of: very soon every thing changed its appearance; the indigenous trees yielded their ancient post to the exotic plants, the primitive vegetation was driven back by culture to the more inaccessible sites, and the forests cut down on all sides were opened in vast glades.

Localities which have preserved the names of plants indicate still the ancient limits of the region of the woods. Such are those which are called the *vega de los mocanes* (valley of the mocans), at Canaria, the *Madroüal* (arbutus), a word which denotes the former presence of arbutuses, to the west of *Ciudad de las Palmos*, the *laurel peak* at Teneriffe, which is no longer covered with any thing but heaths.

Among the group of the Canaries, Gomeria has the greatest number of trees; the isle of Tegro has little else than clumps of broom, of pines, and of mocans. Teneriffe, in its north-east part, presents a great forest line, which takes the different names of forest of *la Laguna*, of *la Galeta*, of *Taganana*. On the north lies the magnificent forest of Agua Garcia, M. Berthelot has so well described. In the isle of Canaria, the forest of *Doramas* is celebrated for the part it has played in the history of this archipelago. The isle of Palma has also its primeval forests. The pines of *la Caldera* are the wonder of travellers. These pines of the Canaries constitute one of the forest kinds, characteristic of this archipelago. Yet Lancerotte and Forta-ventura are destitute of them, for this tree likes only the heights in which these two isles are deficient. Their vegetation brings to mind that of Africa, from which they are separated only by a few hundred miles.

Africa is not so unprovided with forests as is generally believed,

although its forest vegetation is much inferior to that of America. Upon the western side of this great continent travellers have pointed out some forests. On the north of Senegambia and of Lake Cayor, upon the coast inhabited by the Trarzahs, there are several vast forests of gum-trees, among which those of Zebiar, of Altafah, of Sahel, are the most important. At the mouth of the Senegal the mangroves form swampy forests, which have been visited by the illustrious Adanson. In Guinea and Congo we find vigorous forests, which lie particularly along the rivers; but these forest lines are scattered, and arborescent vegetation appears only as an exception.

The Adansonia, or baobab tree, the silk-cotton-tree, the oil-bearing palm, the pandanus candelabrum, which are met with on the coast of Senegambia, do not strictly speaking constitute forests. In the environs of Sierra Leone, the ananas form real dwarf forests, which by their extent tend to the belief, contrary to the opinions of botanists, that this shrub is indigenous in these countries.

In the region of the Cape of Good Hope numerous species constitute forests, in the country of the Hottentots and of the Bushmen. Certain species of holly, saxifrage, yew, laurel, olive, and acacias; one of the latter with sharp thin spines is the most important. Beside these forests of tall trees extend forests of shrubs, euphorbias, mesembryanthemums, aloes, strelitzias, whose singular and varied forms stamp the vegetation of this country with a special character.

The coast of Mozambique is covered with luxuriant forests, which have not yet been explored. It is in those on the banks of the Oïbo and of the Mozambique that the tree grows which produces the calumba root, so renowned for its medicinal virtues.

Madagascar and the surrounding isles have their special forest vegetation. The first of these islands has four great forests; Alamazaotra, Ixohara, Bemarame, and Betsimihisatra, which from their magnificence remind one of those of the New World. It is in these forests that the terrible tanginia veneniflua grows, whose seeds are used among the Malgaches to execute criminals.

Barbary has important forests, which yet wait for a detailed description from botanists; those of Algeria alone have been explored with attention; they may give us an idea of what those are of Morocco, and of the regencies of Tunis and Tripoli.

In the province of Oran, a species of sumach, of oak, the pines of Aleppo, the pestaccas of the Atlas, and the arar-tree, which produces the resin called sandarach, constitute the major part of the occupants. Between Sig and Oued-el-Hamman, upon the borders of Oued-Sefsaf,

there are pine forests. In the former a tribe of Arabs, the Ketarnia (manufacturers of pitch), draw from the Aleppo pine their chief source of industry. To the north of Mascaca, between Saïda and Takdemt, reign mighty woods of white oaks.

In the province of Alger, the borders of Mazafran, the mountains of Chenuan, as far as to Cherchel and Coleah, unfold a forest zone more important still than the preceding. The ash appears in the forest of Mazafran, and the cedar of Lebanon shews itself in the mountains of the Riga.

In the province of Constantine the valleys of Seïbouze are overshadowed by an oak of a particular species, that of Edough. This *zan* oak, which in appearance resembles the chestnut, constitutes superb woods, which are also found again in the Edough, a chain which stretches to the west of Bone. The cork oak abounds in the forests of the circle of Calle.

The mountains of Kabilic are furnished with fine forests, in each of which a special kind predominates. In Ak'fadon, the most considerable of all those of this country, it is the *zan* oak, upon Tamgout it is the oak, upon Kendiron the walnut-tree, upon Jurjura the ash.

But the removal of the wood caused formerly the disappearance of the arborescent vegetation of Cesarian and Litifian Mauritania. In traversing the plain of Mitidjah and the province of Oran, we easily discover traces of a vegetation which is no more, and which has left behind it only the sterility and aridity of the desert. In the province of Constantine, of Philippeville, on the borders of Rummel, there is not a tree. This country, formerly so populous, so well cultivated, is no longer any thing but a dry and burning plain. Around Bone some jujube-trees still remind one of the species whose woods obtained for the town its Arab name, *Bleid-el-Humeb*, the town of the jujubes.

In Fezzan, the gum acacia alone produces thick woods, thanks to the nature of its roots, which accommodate themselves to a rocky soil; and upon the frontier of this country and of the district of Ghat, a courageous traveller observed a few years ago tolerably extensive forests of these trees.

Trees have disappeared also from ancient Byzacine, Libya, and Cyrenaica. This disappearance of forest kinds ascends to remote antiquity. Civilisation very early stripped the coast chain of wood, which was then so much the more indispensable, as it had not yet taught the substitution for its use in certain cases of other materials.

Egypt, for the same reason, was divested of her forest crown, which at a very remote period must have covered the two chains which bound the valley of the Nile. In Thebais, a few doom-palms are now almost the only representatives of the forest vegetation.

In order to know what the forests of Egypt were, it is necessary to visit that petrified forest which is to be found in the environs of Cairo, beyond the tombs of the caliphs. Those trunks thrown down, those fragments of every length lying pell-mell upon the soil which they covered thousands of years ago with their shadows, and whose forms the incrustation has left intact, are as it were the mummies of vegetable life in the times of the Pharaohs, the hypogeums of the forests contemporaneous with Sesostris and with Ramases.

Judea had then also her forests, which would now be sought for in vain. There is frequent mention made in the Holy Scriptures of the *iarim*. Upon Libanus were found those famous forests of cedars, of which, in the present day, scarcely any descendants can be numbered. Upon Anti-Libanus pines and firs furnished the Phœnicians with wood for the building of their ships. In the mountains of Bashan there were forests of oaks.

The Bible furnishes us with the name of several forests the actual sites of which are now occupied by an arid soil. Such is the forest of Ephraim, which the Ephraimites began to cut down; that of Kareth, and that of Korcha, in the tribe of Judah; such was, in short, that which covered the district of Baalah, upon the frontiers of Benjamin and Judah, and to which that town owes its surname of Kirjeath-jearim —the town of the forests.

The Phœnicians, who gave themselves up to maritime commerce from the earliest times, were the principal agents of destruction for the forests of Palestine and of Syria. They, in truth, caused, by felling the trees, the disappearance of the forests in the environs of Carthage, and perhaps those of a part of the coast of Libya, along which they sailed in going to Gades. Before Eratosthenes, the Isle of Cyprus, since so destitute of wood, was still covered with forests; and the trees multiplied to such a degree that they invaded the cultivated fields. To encourage the clearance, they granted then the possession of the land to him who should rid it of the species that encumbered it. This law was efficacious; the working of the mines, the construction of ships, which had acquired an immense development precisely because of the wood which the island supplied in abundance, ended by completely stripping Cyprus, where one would now vainly seek the forest of Ida-

lix, one of the most renowned among the forests of which the ancients have spoken.

The same fact is observed throughout western Asia; Syria, Aldjezireh, Isak, Arabia, have scarcely any trees. Nor do we any longer find forests, except in the mountains of Chaldea, where oaks form important woods at from 1500 to 2500 feet above the level of the sea. It is especially upon Karadagh, near Soulimaniah, in southern Kourdistan, that these forests acquire a remarkable extent; although in later years repeated cuttings have much reduced them. In Ararat the vegetation, which resembles that of the Caucasus, presents forests of oaks, birches, and walnuts.

Persia has also lost her forests; the little that remains of them covers the mountains of Mazanderan, Ghilan, and Kourdistan. But in reascending towards Caucasus, forests again become abundant, principally in Imerethie, where beeches, elms, walnuts, chestnuts, &c. united constitute extensive forests; among which that of Adjamet, near Vartsikhé, the ancient Rhodopolis, especially attracts the attention of travellers.

Upon the coast of the Black Sea, between Heraclea and the mouths of Kizil-Yrmak, forests yet abound. We find there that oak which, from its remarkable hardness, has received the name of iron-wood. All the angle which is comprised between the Sea of Marmora and the Black Sea is occupied by the mountains of Olympus, which are covered by magnificent forests, which bring to mind those of Ida. But in the south of Asia Minor the forests are now thinly scattered, as they already were at the commencement of our era. Vibius Sequester speaks, in this part of the world, only of the forests of Thymbra in Phrygia, and of Claros.

Lycia has been more fortunate; she still displays woods of oaks, planes, and pines, whose shady lines rise as far as the mountain region, and cover Caramania. Above these kinds the juniper reigns, which announces the disappearance of arborescent vegetation.

Cilicia preserves some of the forests of cedars which Procopius had signalised; and the crest of Taurus yet supplies timber in abundance.

Greece possessed scarcely any forests at the Roman epoch. The rapid progress of agriculture had caused the disappearance, or reduced to simple groves, those forests of Erymantheus, of Nemeus, with whose name so many heroic recollections of the Hellenes are connected. These have in our day almost totally disappeared; Tempé was already at the commencement of our era only a shady valley, instead of the thick forest it

had been; lastly, Dodona, so renowned for her forest of oaks, had seen her prophetic trees diminishing with the celebrity of her oracle.

From the time of Pindar, the Altis of Olympia was nothing more than a simple thicket, which bore little resemblance to that sacred wood consecrated to Jupiter, like the forest of Dodona, a wood of which it has preserved the name.

Crete now no longer presents forests; scarcely do a few thickets of olive-trees yet adorn her heights, which were doubtless formerly as shady as those of the Ida of Phrygia. It is the same with the Isles of Nanfi, Antiparos, Ipsara, Nio, Samos, and Polycandro. The forests of Chios, formerly so abundant, have abandoned her mountains; for they no longer present any thing but an image of drought and sterility.

In the Archipelago forests are no longer met with except at Imbros, which is still completely covered with them, and in which abundance of game is concealed under the tall oaks and firs; at Lemnos, not less wooded; at Paros, whose mountains are shaded by oaks, pines, and firs, like those of Mycone, of Thaos. Stampalia, the ancient Astypelea, if it does not afford lofty trees, has at least numerous groups of Kermes oaks, pines, brambles, and maples.

In the Ionian Isles the clearance of wood has proceeded more rapidly than in the Cyclades; forests, from which Mount Nero in the island of Cephalonia obtained its name, disappeared after the establishment of the Venetians. The northern part of Corfu, at the same time, remains yet covered with abundant forests of planes, cedars, pines, firs, beeches, and elms. Leucadia has beautiful oak-woods, which supply Ithaca with the wood with which it is actually unprovided. Zante, the ancient Zacynthus, which Strabo describes as still very woody, is now completely destitute of forests.

Turkey presents in our days a state analogous to that of ancient Greece; the distribution of forest vegetation does not appear to have changed much. The oak is the kind which forms the basis of it; the predominant species are *quercus robur*, *quercus cerris*, *quercus pubescens*, *quercus pedunculata*, *ægilops*, *cylindrica*, and *apennina*; to these species are united, in Albania and at Epirus, as well as in Thessaly, in maritime Macedonia, and upon Tekir-Dagh, the *quercus ilex*, *quercus aciculus*, and *quercus coccifera*. Servia and Bosnia possess the most beautiful forests; in this latter province, firs, pines, and birches announce a more northern vegetation; these kinds are extended upon the southern ridge.

Russia, which appears to be the last country of Europe that has

awoke to civilisation, exhibits still that forest condition which was that of the rest of the world before man had dispossessed the ground of its thick shades, to open a free space for his agricultural labours. In this vast empire, forest lines of a prodigious extent run in every direction; in the south, forests are little met with except along the rivers, if we except the Black Forest, an immense wood of oaks, which covers a superficies of 4000 verstes.

Yet, in Crimea, forest kinds become more abundant. Forests stretch over the two slopes of the central range; and in the localities where the soil is argilaceous, and consequently humid, the trees reach a great height. Trees are seen, above all, upon the heights which line the coast from Balaklava as far as Aloupka; from the side of Alouchta they form vast forests between Babougine-Yaïla and Tchatir-Dagh. The pine of Taurida, which often attains a height of 50 feet, climbs the most elevated summits of Baghtcheh-Lerai and of Tchoufout-Kaleh, whose schistous declivities it adorns. The beech, which grows in the environs of Laspi as much as a mètre in diameter, composes the bulk of certain woods.

In Ukraine, the black earth called by the Russians *stepnoï-ezernozem*, which constitutes the soil of a part of South Russia, gives rise to forests of a special nature, and of which the principal kinds are oaks, limes, and elms. These trees grow with uncommon vigour, and are associated with an immense number of large pear-trees of a magnificent aspect. Nevertheless this beautiful forest mantle is often etiolated under the pernicious action of drought, which causes the destruction of thousands of trees, and particularly hazels, ashes, and elms; only the species with deep roots escape its devastating influence.

The governments the richest in forests are those of Archangel, Wologda, Wiatki, Olonetz, Perm, Kostroma, Minsk, Wilna, and Jitomir. They are each of them composed of different kinds. In the government of Archangel pines predominate, and lines of them ascend as far as 67 degrees of latitude. In that of Kostroma reign vast forests of limes. In the government of Toula, this same kind constitutes also woods of a peculiar physiognomy, on account of the special forms which this tree invests itself with in this country. Its top, instead of the thick ramification which belongs to it in our climates, presents only a very slight development with insignificant branches. The oak also of these forests throws out only a small number of branches, and its leaves, like those of all the kinds in this government, have not that thickness which one admires in the forests of the East; a phenomenon which is partly owing to the constant dryness of the air.

These forests of particular kinds, such as pines, birches, limes, oaks, &c., have each received in the Russian language special names which express the nature of their kinds. The richness of this language to express the idea of a forest demonstrates the ancient predominance of forests in this country. Thus they call a forest of firs, *pichtovnikk;* one of birches, *bereznikk;* a thick forest upon a marsh, *luiva; debre* is a forest placed in a hollow; a forest of pines and birches situated in a sandy country is called *borr;* one composed of lofty trees is *doubrava,* &c. Formerly, when France presented a forest condition analogous to that of Russia, our language designated also by special names each kind of forest; people said a *chesnaie,* a *aulnaie,* a *urnaie,* a *boulaie,* a *possellnière,* expressions which fell into desuetude as soon as the forests afforded little else than a mixture of all these kinds.

Lithuania forms a vast frontier boundary which separates Russia from Poland; it is there that the celebrated forest of Bialowiéza, which extends all over the district of Bialistock, and which still serves as a refuge for the last descendants of the urus of Oriental Europe. This forest is the only one in this country which is worthy the name of *primeval forest;* for it remained a few years ago abandoned to the operations of nature, and forest science made no provision for its management. It is among these aged woods, which overshadow the source of the Narova, that the urus wanders in company with the buffalo and the elk.

Amid these primitive scenes of nature there subsists a distinct population, the Ruskes, almost as savage as the animals which surround them. In several forests of Lithuania the beech has entirely disappeared; pines, birches, and oaks replace this tree. In Esthonia, in Courland, limes re-appear, and constitute vast forests.

In the vicinity of the Oural, the birches, larches, and cedars have ceased to form distinct forests; they are associated with other kinds, —with firs, which like marshy grounds; with pines, which grow upon stony places.

In going towards Russia from Asia, the forest line is arrested only by extreme cold; elsewhere it is propagated with incredible activity. In the government of Kasan reign forests of oaks exclusively; in those of Irkoutsk and Tobolsk forests of mixed species. On the north the coniferæ predominate; to the south, the lime, ash, and maple. The banks of the Irtysch, the Barnaol, and the Aleï are covered with vast forests of firs.

Let us advance towards the Altaï chain, let us penetrate into the range of the Saïlougueme, and we shall see the forests re-appear more

vigorous than those of Siberia. The slopes of Atbachi are furnished with magnificent masses of pines and larches, whilst rhododendrons, dwarf birches, and wild currants carpet the depths of its valleys. In the neighbourhood of Lake Kara-Kol, upon the borders of Samadjir, this latter kind is united to the fir. Between Ouspenka and the Tome, a forest of black poplars skirts the hills, which become lower as they approach this river. From the Aleï to the banks of the Irtysch stretch vast forests, which have not yet been explored. If we re-ascend now those which extend into the government of Yenisseï, between the chains of Tazkil and Sayansk, new kinds appear in the forest masses, and give them an aspect more or less monotonous; these are evergreen birches, whose foliage is intermingled with that of the white birch and service-trees, which take rank among the firs.

When we leave the banks of the Yenessei, and follow the route which leads from Minousink to Touba, we find an uninterrupted succession of woods and forests. The former are composed of agreeable groups of birches, poplars, and willows. The forests less smiling were formerly overrun by the indigenous tribes and their herds of reindeer. In the present day it is with incredible difficulty that the traveller can pass through the forest bounds which divide the country with steppes. Some unfold uninterrupted lines of coniferæ, pines, and firs—these receive in the country the name of *black forests;* the others, called *white forests,* set up, like so many tall masts, long files of white birches.

Notwithstanding this vast extent of forests, the epoch is not very distant in which these forests will have disappeared, and made way for meagre plantations, for clumps spread here and there upon the cultivated plain. The Muscovite peasant yields to no other people in his reckless fury in removing the timber. Cultivated lands daily succeed the forests. The sectaries who seek in the depth of the forests a refuge against religious persecution, labour also on their side in the destruction of the woods, and set on fire the retreats which at present screen them from the rigour of the laws.

At times it is not the flame kindled by the Russian labourer, but the fire brought by the carelessness of the Syrian or Siberian hunter which produces these fatal causes of destruction. The thunder-bolt has equally determined those combustions which annihilated thousands of trees and sables; lastly, the rigour of cold produces also effects analogous to those of fire. If the frost does not reduce the trees to ashes, it splits them often through the whole extent of their stem, with a noise that resounds in the steppes like the firing of a cannon at sea.

During the winter season the forests remain buried under the ice, which by accumulating overreaches their tops. This terrible cold tinges the larches with different tints, the only trees which remind the traveller, lost in the *toundras*, of the existence of vegetation. Their bark is black or red, according as they are exposed to the north or to the south, and this circumstance furnishes a sort of natural compass.

When the forests have been ravaged by fire or cut down by the axe, the kinds which again spring up over the burned or cleared land present in succession some phenomena of alternations similar to what takes place in America. It is the birch which comes first, in small thickets; then the pines make their appearance. In Poland we meet with only very few forests capable of giving an idea of the ancient forest state of the country. A sample may be seen in the forest of Wodwosco, which lies upon the domain of that name, between those of Wraniezko and of Lublowicz. Whilst one part, cleared about forty years ago, affords only a continuation of bushes and thickets, in the midst of which spring up here and there a few alders, maples, or hollies, in that which the hand of man has respected to this day, the forest offers admirably tall trees of oak and beech mingled with majestic firs. The bushes disappear, then a thick carpet of moss and heath recover the soil. Beyond, the land loses that uniformity and becomes more broken; a torrent dashes with *fracas* over the *débris* of rocks. The trees are crowded together, and their branches, drawn nearer and nearer, end by forming a dome which the rays of the sun seek in vain to penetrate.

Hungary, less devastated than Poland, has preserved a greater proportion of her forest wealth. Although they also have experienced the effects of the mountaineer's improvidence and the avidity of the commoner, the forests occupy upon her territory an extent of 5,000,000 *hectares*. The evergreen forests which cover the heights of Transylvania have singularly to suffer from the absence of all care. These same forests, from which the amentaceæ are generally banished, reappear upon the military frontiers of Esclavonia, whose mountains especially they shade. It is more particularly in the district of Tchaïkiotes that those lie which have retained the physiognomy of the ancient primeval forests, such as those of Gardinovecz, of Kovill, and of Katy.

Croatia is still better wooded than the military frontiers. The evergreens give place to species with leaves that fall, especially to beeches and the birch. In the plains and valleys oaks also erect their magnificent trunks. It is only on the frontiers of Illyria and Styria that the pines and firs reappear. The county of Warasdin alone presents an extent of 14,459 *hectares* of forests.

In Lower Bosnia and Servia the oak becomes the predominant kind, whilst this character belongs to the fir in Upper Bosnia and Upper Croatia. In these provinces the firs, which commence at a height from 2,800 to 4,700 feet, cover often lengths of 6, 10, and even 20 leagues.

In advancing towards the north of Hungary, the forests approach each other. The evergreens, by their predominance, serve to measure the elevation in latitude. Whilst the oak still prevails in that admirable forest of Bakony, which occupies an extent of 12 miles the counties of Verprim and Szalad, they have almost wholly disappeared in Galicia and upon the declivities of the Carpathians.

Austria offers, in her northern parts especially, a striking contrast with Hungary. If Styria yet reckons a few fine forests, composed principally of larches and pines, the other provinces begin to feel greatly the want of fuel. In Lower Austria one single forest has remained worthy of attention, it is that of Vienna, whose vast lines of oaks, of ashes, and elms adorn the Kahlen mountains.

In Bohemia the forests, composed of the same kinds as in the other parts of the Austrian empire, are so richly furnished that they have to this day been adequate to the demand for consumption, and subjected to extensive fellings, without any yet sensible diminution.

We shall return to the forests of Germany in speaking of those of Switzerland, which were so intimately connected with those of the Gauls. Let us proceed more towards the north, and cross the North Sea, in order to penetrate into the Scandinavian peninsula.

In Sweden we only rarely meet with vast forests; the woods are numerous, but little productive. Dalecarlia, Warmeland, the district of Orvebro, are the only countries where arborescent vegetation attains sufficient energy to cover with wood a large extent of country. They are almost always the coniferæ that constitute the basis of these forests. Sometimes, however, the birch replaces them notably in Ostergothland. Sweden, like America and Siberia, has her fires, that deprive in a few moments a whole district of its shade; but vegetable life once destroyed revives only with difficulty upon this frozen soil.

In Norway the forests are more extensive; they are suspended along the Scandinavia Alps, which separate this country from Sweden. The birch reaches there an altitude of 365 mètres. In the diocese of Bergen the fir has still those gigantic proportions of the forests of Switzerland and Germany; but more to the north its size is diminished to stunted proportions, and at the polar circle it has totally disappeared; whilst in Swedish Lapland it advances yet to two degrees beyond.

In Norway it is the birch that really serves as a ladder to vegeta-

tion; it is the measure of its energy, and marks by the different states through which it passes, in proportion as it rises in altitude, the degree of weakness of vegetative life. To the weeping birch succeeds the *betula acer*, which replaces the white birch; after which comes the birch of the prairies, which passes in its turn through different gradations of size, and which at the polar circle is nothing more than a stunted shrub, of pyramidal form, and covered with moss.

The peninsula of Jutland, which in the eleventh century Adam of Bremen designated as *horrida sylvis*, has gradually lost the greatest part of its woods. One would now seek for them in vain upon the western coast of Schleswig. All the marsh which extends as far as the Eider is completely despoiled of trees. The eastern coast is a little less so, although the woods, almost wholly of beech, are very thinly scattered.

When we leave Denmark, and re-enter Germany by Holstein, forests become more numerous. Yet the Duchy of Oldenburg announces already, by the rarity of its trees, the vicinity of the Netherlands, where the marsh no longer permits the appearance of forests.

Sicily has lost the greater part of the forests which invested the sides of her valleys. The crests of Mounts Gemelli, Heræi, and Nebrodes are only slightly shaded. Etna alone has saved the crown which surrounds the mean region of her summit. The wood of Catania, which constitutes the woody region, is not less than eight leagues long.

Sardinia, less unprovided with wood than Sicily, has seen, however, from the time of the first Carthaginian establishments, her forest mantle gradually becoming narrower from the effect of fires and in consequence of the improvidence of the peasants. Forests form still the sixth part of the territory of the island, and several are true primeval forests. This forest line of Sardinia continues beyond the strait of Bonifacio, upon the chain which crosses Corsica almost longitudinally, and the culminating points of which are Mounts Rotondo, Paglia-Orba, Ciuto, and Cordo. We shall return to these forests of remarkable beauty, and which are principally formed of pines, white and green oaks, chestnuts, junipers, &c. Olive woods are distributed on several points. In these forests there are grottoes whose entrance is embellished with a multitude of shrubs, and which serve as a refuge to the shepherds and their flocks.

Italy also possessed magnificent forests, of which there are nothing more than a few rare vestiges. We now find with difficulty the trace of those which the Romans have signalised for us on account of their

extent. What has become of that celebrated Cimian wood, which, from the borders of Lake Ronciglione, spread as far as the centre of Etruria? It is now reduced to a few groups of wood. One might say as much of the forest Mœsia, of the forest of Alba, of the *Sylva Litana*, which extended from the source of the Panaro to that of Secchia, and whose name appears to have drawn its origin from the extent it occupied.

One would seek vainly now for the forest of Aricie, which the Jews doubtless began to destroy, which was established there in the time of Juvenal.

Of the forests that Vibius Sequester cites as the most extensive of Italy, that of Sila, in Bruttium, is the only one which has escaped destruction, thanks to the special protection with which it has long been surrounded. Strabo tells us that it occupied an extent of 700 stadia; in the present day, although occupying an area of considerably smaller dimensions, it yet enjoys a notable importance, and is above all renowned for the magnificent pines which rise upon its slopes to a height of 120 or 130 feet. In Basilicate, the fine forests of oaks, which Zeuvre points out in the environs of Lago-Negro, seem to be the remains of the forest of Angitia, in Lucania, which Virgil has celebrated, and which had doubtless given its name to that province (Lucania, from Lucas). The forest of Garganus, so vast in antiquity, offers now only meagre thickets.

The forest of Vulsinia exists still in part in the nemoral lines which run over the mountains comprised between the lake of Bolsena and the Tiber, and which is attached to the last remains of the Ciminian Forest which are met with from the *Ciminio di Loriano* to Tolfa. It is there that the evergreen-oak attains astonishing dimensions. The heights of the Apennines, in the centre of Italy, although abodes more protected from spoliation, have been, however, remarkably stripped. Targioni Tozzetti has signalised the disappearance of a great part of the forests which formerly covered the mountains of the province Lunigiana. The great plain of the Po is completely divested of forests; there is not a single conifera in it. Lastly, the clearance has advanced as far as the reverse of the chain of the Alps which separate Switzerland from Italy, and was remarked thirty years ago in the valley of Aoste.

Spain has been less fortunate, again, than Italy. The working of the mines from remote antiquity, and the careless improvidence of the Castilian, have hastened the destruction of the arborescent kinds. The centre of the peninsula is now almost totally deprived of trees. A

few yews, service-trees, and maples, are actually, in Sierra-Tejada, the only vestiges of the forests which crowned these mountains. The Sierra de las Almijarras presents still a few woody crests. Here and there clumps of oaks and firs shade the Sierra de Toloz. In the Sierra Nevada the pine constitutes woods of from 20 to 30 feet; whilst two different species of pines give rise to some forests in Granada. The Balearic Isles are entirely stripped of their trees; and one would seek in vain in the *Pityusæ* (Iviça and Tormentera) for the pines to which they are indebted for their name.

[The descriptions of the other forests of Europe being specially the subject of M. Marny's work, are detailed at too great length for insertion.]

APPENDIX A.

To give a fuller account of the audacious, and, to some extent, the cunning manner in which robberies were committed from the New Forest, we extract several passages from the evidence given before the Committee of the House of Commons in 1848 and 1849.

Mr. George Fletcher, a timber-dealer in the neighbourhood of the forest, said:—

You state that you have been in the habit of attending sales of timber in the forest? Yes, for the last six years.

Do you know where the timber chiefly goes to after it is sold? It goes to Sunderland, Newcastle, Aberdeen, Shields, and Arbroath.

Does it go to the ship-building ports? Yes; the parties building ships have advertised that they will not allow any timber in the north to be used for first-class vessels, vessels classed A.B. at Lloyd's, as the timber in the south of England is so superior.

Can you state what arrangements are made for the sale of timber in the forest? Mr. Reed goes round and marks what timber he thinks fit to be sold.

Is the timber put up in lots for sale? Yes, the first thing that takes place is that the bark is sold, or offered for sale.

When the timber is offered for sale, how is it put up? It is put up, so many trees, and so many lots, and a price is put upon them.

If a lot does not fetch that price, is it bought in? Yes; but it is always sold after the public sale.

How soon after? Within 20 minutes or half an hour, or at all events soon after the sale.

Is the timber offered for sale by public contract? Yes, generally; but it is sold in the forest in this way: the party who buys the largest quantity of timber after the sale is over, has the first offer of the timber which is bought in, and if he refuses to take it, it is offered to the party who has bought the second largest quantity.

Are as high prices realised by private sales as by public auction? I cannot say.

Did you ever hear of any combination among the purchasers of the timber? No; that would never answer the purpose, because they are liable to be convicted by the crown; but Mr. Reed takes very good care that Mr. Sign shall buy the timber, because I have heard it said from his own mouth, "I will make it up to you;" that is, if he gives a high price, Mr. Reed will make it up to him, so that it shall only cost him a certain price.

Do you mean to say that Mr. Sign is favoured at the sales? He is.

In what manner? You will find that in four sales out of five Mr. Sign is the largest purchaser, and the reason is this: if you will look at the catalogue (for I have noticed it, and have taken a good deal of trouble about it), you will find that, when the bark of a certain walk is put up for sale, there are 750 trees mentioned, and when the timber is put up for sale, there are only 570 or 580 trees in the same walk.

What do you infer from that? When they advertise the bark of a certain walk, they say, "the bark of so many trees;" and then they will let it stand for four or five months before they put up the timber in the same walk; and then, when that is put up, there are only 570; they have run away with the rest, or it has been sold separately.

You infer that the remainder has been disposed of privately? Yes.

Without a public sale? Yes.

Is the timber sold by measurement or by ends? It is sold by measurement; but parties are apt to look over the bills of sale to see if the contents are accurate.

Do you bid by measurement? No; they ask what we will give for the lot.

What is the meaning of the word "ends?" The pieces of timber; "ends" is the forest term for "sticks."

Did you ever count the ends at a sale and find them not correspond with the bill? Yes; in the New Park sale there were 750 ends of timber as advertised; and at the sale there were not more than 570 ends; the others had gone.

Is any portion reserved for home purposes? Yes, but the sides and tops would be sufficient for that.

Did you ever hear of timber being sold by private contract which had not been sold by public auction? Yes.

Can you mention a case? Yes; I can mention a case of Philip Andrews.

When was it? Within the last six months.

Where does he reside? At Eling, near Southampton.

Was that timber that had not been put up to public auction? Yes.

Is the timber sold by private contract marked with red paint, like that sold by public auction? No.

Is it marked with the hammer? No.

Who puts the mark upon the timber? Mr. Reed, as surveyor, is the party to put the Crown mark on before he sells the timber.

Does he always do it? No.

Who does it? Sometimes they take it away without the mark being put on.

By "they," you mean those who buy it? Yes.

At what time of year was this timber sold to Mr. Andrews? About the month of March.

Had it been marked? No, and he brought it home at once; he did not even take the trouble to hew it before he brought it away, which makes it so much more expensive to bring it home; he brought the timber home in its rough state.

Was that the same timber of which the bark had previously been sold by auction? Yes.

In what part of the forest? About four miles from Beaulieu, close to the Duke of Buccleuch's estate.

Were those parties in the habit of going round and looking at the lots before they were put up to public auction? Yes.

After it has been barked and cut? Yes.

Do the parties who purchase timber by private contract get long credit? That I cannot answer; I know they did when they purchased by auction.

At present do they get long credit? I think, since this Committee has been sitting they have all been very much pushed for money to pay off what they owe; some of them owe as much as 2000*l.* or 3000*l.*, and they have paid it off in the best possible manner they could.

Do you know any thing of the right of fuel-wood in the forest? Yes.

Do you know of any abuses in that respect? When Mr. Sturges Bourne used to superintend the forest, he used to take a good deal of pains in riding about the forest, in order to see that the wood was

properly cut, and that the parties entitled had had the fuel-wood; but since that time, Mr. James Reed tells a party of the name of Pearce, who are the right owners of this fuel-wood, and he says to him, "Go and buy this fuel-wood, and I will make it right to you;" Pearce goes and purchases it at 10*s.* a cord, which would be a fair price if it were cut in a fair manner; Pearce goes to the parties, and says, "What will you take for your fuel-wood?" Mr. Morant and other parties say, "If you like to give 10*s.* for it, you shall have it;" and then, instead of having merely the fuel-wood, he has some very fine beech timber.

Who has it? A person of the name of Pearce, who is a labouring man on the forest.

Who is it who has the beech-wood cut? Mr. James Reed. In the forest there is a certain quantity of fire-wood to be cut every year; but instead of having it stacked up, as originally it was done, they give to Pearce good timber.

Your statement is this: Pearce goes round to the parties who have a right to fuel-wood, and offers to purchase their rights, and having purchased those rights, instead of receiving fuel-wood, he receives good timber? Exactly.

Have you known Pearce long? I have known him two or three years; a few years back he used to hew the timber; in fact, he hews timber at the present moment.

Does any body do this besides Pearce? I know of nobody else.

W. L. Freeman, Esq., after his inspection of the New Forest, said:

Did you, in consequence of instructions from the Commissioners of Woods, put yourself in communication with Mr. William Reed and his two assistants, Mr. William Reed, junior, and Mr. James Reed? Yes, I did.

Had you any communication with Mr. James Reed? I think only on one occasion.

Did Mr. James Reed obey your orders? No, he did not.

Did he set you at defiance? I cannot say that he did that, but it almost amounted to that; when I spoke to him of the impropriety of his conduct, he declined to admit any thing, or to say any thing upon the subject, but that he was prepared with his solicitor for his defence; and when I found that was the case, and that he was trying in the course of his conversation to throw a great deal of blame on his father, I ordered him out of the room, and afterwards had no further communication with him.

Did he endeavour to throw blame upon his father? He did, in an indirect sort of way, which I did not like.

When did Mr. James Reed abscond? I am not prepared to say exactly.

Was it some time after you went to the forest? Yes.

Was it after the trials at Winchester, or before? Before.

Did you know Isaac Holman? Yes.

Had he been a foreman employed by the government? Not a foreman; he was employed as a sort of hewer of timber; when timber was preparing for sales, or cutting down, he was generally then in the service of government, but perhaps half the year he was working upon his own account as a task and job man; he was not a regular servant of the crown.

Did you hear of any communication which Mr. James Reed made to Isaac Holman before he left home? Yes, I did.

Did you hear that James Reed upon that occasion uttered any threat? Yes.

Will you state how you acquired a knowledge of it? It was generally spoken of, and I ascertained afterwards that it was quite true that James Reed went to his house, and told him that if he split he would have his brains blown out.

Did not the unfortunate Holman, in consequence of that, attempt to commit suicide. It occurred that the following day I wanted Holman, and I sent for him, and under the apprehension that he had been under from Reed before, he thought it was upon that subject upon which Reed had threatened him, and he was in that state of excitement that he went and cut his throat instead of coming to me; it was only the manner in which he held his head over the brook which prevented his cutting the main artery, but he almost separated his head.

Is he dead? No, he has recovered.

What was the subject on which you understood that James Reed had threatened him? The improper disposal of the wood and the fagots.

Was it mere conversation which you have heard in a general way? It is not mere conversation, because those facts have been proved by a variety of ways,—by depositions which have been taken before the magistrates upon oath, and which appeared at the trials at Winchester.

Did you hear of any meeting among the timber-merchants when you went down, with regard to defending themselves? There were continued meetings and reported subscriptions.

Were they in the habit of meeting at Mr. Sign's house occasionally? Yes, I think they did meet there, but more particularly at the Swan, a small public-house just above Lyndhurst.

Do you think that many parties have been engaged in this system

of depredation that has been carried on against the crown property? I have no doubt of it.

Among how many persons should you think it extended? Six or seven.

Do you mean including the timber-merchants and the persons employed by the crown officers? No, I am excepting the crown officers.

Six or seven timber-merchants? Yes.

How many persons employed by the crown do you think were implicated in these proceedings? It is impossible to say; the only one that had any large dealings with the timber was James Reed; I have no doubt that amongst all the inferior officers a good deal of plundering and mismanagement has been going on; but it has not been proved except in the instance of Grant.

With respect to Mr. William Reed, senior, was he in any way implicated? No.

With respect to William Reed, junior, was he implicated? I do not know whether it may be called being implicated, but he has been engaged in some irregular transactions.

Did you ever hear of an objectionable transaction between him and Mr. Sign? Yes, I think I have.

In the neighbourhood of the New Park? Yes; there has been oak timber exchanged for elm.

Without the knowledge of the Commissioners of Woods? Yes.

What were the peculiar circumstances in which you found yourself placed, and which you refer to in your Report, when you first went into the New Forest; you say, "I would beg to state, that having been charged with the entire duty of deputy-surveyor, which under the peculiar circumstances in which I was placed, required a more than ordinary portion of my time to be devoted to it?" I found that I had the duties of deputy-surveyor to keep going, and to put on as good a footing as I could; and I had to find out all the different things which had been communicated to me besides; then, in addition to that, I had a vast deal of correspondence from people who had been in the habit of doing as they liked, but then thought it proper to ask permission to do a variety of things which were required.

You say they had been in the habit of doing as they liked? Yes; taking sand, and gravel, and soil, and marl, and a variety of those sort of things; and when they found that there was an inquiry going on, they still required those things; but they wrote to ask for them; and I had a very extensive correspondence with persons all round the neighbourhood of the forest, and that took up a great deal of my time;

I was up late writing every night, and out early every morning riding about the forest to ascertain what was going on.

Was the forest in a considerable state of confusion when you arrived? I think so; nothing but confusion; when they heard that somebody had arrived to inquire into it, they were all upon the *qui vive*, and it was a scene of confusion altogether.

Was there timber of several years' marks lying about the forest, all mixed up together? Yes.

Were the lots properly marked in many instances? No, I do not think they were in any instance properly marked; some of them were marked, but not what I consider properly.

Does this Report before the Committee contain an accurate statement of the result of your personal investigation of the New Forest? I think it does, as nearly as I can positively state; it is not made out so well, perhaps, as it might be, but I believe that it is entirely founded on fact.

Did you find that in many instances a greater number of trees had been cut down than was authorised by the Treasury warrants? In every case.

In every case that came under your observation? I have looked back for three or four years, and I find that it seems to have been the custom for some years, at all events.

Where did you look back? To the documents in the office; as to the number of trees that were sold or appropriated.

Where were those documents? In the New Park.

Did you find the books in the New Park in a proper state? That is impossible to say; they appeared to be in a very good state, but they were evidently open to abuse.

What led you to that opinion; what particular circumstances do you refer to in the books which led you to the opinion that they were open to abuse? I think the system of receiving money for the Woods and Forests had no check; and if a person chose to be dishonest, he could appropriate any portion of it that he chose, without any chance of detection.

You state in your Report that a system had been followed of placing more timber in the lots than appeared in the catalogue? Yes.

Did you make a personal survey of any of that timber? Yes, a good deal of it.

Did you find, as you state in your Report, a difference of 735 loads between the actual measurement of the number of trees cut down for the sale of 1848, and the estimated contents? Yes.

The estimated contents were 804 loads, and the actual measurement 1,539 loads? Yes; but it was impossible for them to have come to any correct conclusion as to the estimated contents in the way they did it; they might have been 200 or 300 loads out in the estimate, because they merely looked at the timber as it stands; they did not go through any process of measuring it.

That is not generally the case, is it? It ought not to be; they have a mode of measuring when it is standing, as well as when it is felled; but in the rough way in which every thing is done in the New Forest, they merely guess at it.

When you say "they," whom do you mean? The officers whose duty it was to do it.

Had that loose mode of measuring the effect of keeping away respectable timber-dealers who were not acquainted with the tricks that were going on? Yes; that is what I was given to understand generally. In fact I was told so by one or two persons; and I think it is proved by the non-attendance of any respectable persons at the sales, or at least with the exception of one or two.

Have you been present at any of the sales? No, I have not; but I have looked at the list of buyers.

Do you know the persons who bought? I know them all personally now.

You have been in communication with them? Some four or five have been prosecuted for felonies.

And acquitted? One went mad.

Was Mr. Sign acquitted? Mr. James Sign has become an idiot.

He is at present in a lunatic asylum? Yes.

He was brought from a lunatic asylum to the court? Yes.

And sent back again as being a lunatic? Yes.

Was he a lunatic at the date of your going down to the forest? No.

It having been stated to this Committee by Mr. William Reed, senior, that no accounts of any kind with respect to repair-timber were kept; do you think that the practice of keeping no accounts, as mentioned in those answers, of such an important item of expenses as repair-timber, may have been and has been productive of serious depredation on the Crown estates in the New Forest? I think it has afforded an opportunity for making away with the timber improperly. That has been the only way in which I could account for the timber which has been missed.

Did you ever go into the New Park wood-yard? Yes.

Did you ever see fine timber there cut up, or in the act of being cut up? Yes, I have got two trees lying there now, which are waiting for some proper use; they are not fit to sell, because they have been cut into a particular shape; they are now kept there till some important use can be made of them.

Have they been damaged by the shape into which they have been cut in your opinion? Yes, they have been damaged; they have been shortened so as to render their use for ship-building out of the question; but still they are very useful for purposes in the forest.

What proof was there that the repairs at Bowles's were executed by the crown carpenters? There is no proof, except the fact that it was always done to all the lodges.

All the keepers' lodges were repaired by the crown carpenters? Yes; and it was remarked to me shortly after I went down, "What a change has come over the keepers; they seem to be quite content with their lodges now that you are arrived; but previously to your coming they were always applying for some repairs to be done to them!"

Under whose department at the New Park did the repair-timber more especially come under the old system of management? The head carpenter would have the appropriation of it.

Under whose orders did the head carpenter act? The deputy-surveyor's.

Who was the deputy-surveyor? Colonel Thornhill was the deputy-surveyor.

But the carpenter acted more immediately under the orders of Mr. William Reed, who was assistant to the deputy-surveyor? When I say "the deputy-surveyor," I mean to say what it ought to have been; I cannot tell whose orders he acted under.

Has the number of carpenters in the carpenter's shop been reduced? It has.

Considerably? I think about three.

How many were there before? I do not know the exact number, but I think about ten, and now there are seven.

Has there been a considerable reduction of the establishment at the New Park since you went into the forest? Yes; there have been some labourers sent away in the enclosures round about, and those carpenters.

Who keeps the accounts of the carpenter's shop? The chief carpenter.

Were they entered in the general book of the accounts? Yes; they were kept in the same manner as other accounts; he stands in the light of a foreman, as the foreman of woodmen does in the forest.

It was entered in the general account, the transcript of which is sent up to the Office of Woods? Yes.

In the case of Thomas Grant, the woodman of Broomy Enclosure, against whom your Report states that a true bill was found for stealing two oak trees and converting them to his own use, the defence set up being that they were given to him by James Reed to make the bed of a cart, for which, in the course of his duty, he could have no occasion; how did you become acquainted with the defence? Because I heard it before the magistrates when he was committed; I think when he was asked by the presiding magistrate if he had any thing to say, that was his statement, and that was what he stated to me and to every body else.

Do many of the woodmen keep horses and carts? I think nearly the whole; I think, perhaps, there are one or two now, that since they heard they were not allowed it, have got rid of them, but the majority have them still.

What was their pretext for keeping horses and carts? Going to market and to church, and drawing manure into their paddock, and a variety of things of that sort.

You say that you think that the keeping of horses and carts by the woodmen has been a fruitful source of evil and fraud? I am decidedly of that opinion.

Was there a great difference between the estimated contents of the timber felled in 1848 and the actual measurement? Yes.

Did you re-lot two forfeited lots which had been sold at a previous sale? I did.

Will you state to the Committee what you then found? The original lot, 24, had 22 ends in it, and measured 717 feet, and the actual quantity on re-lotting was 22 ends and one top (I put in the top to make the most of it) and it measured 834 feet, round measurement.

What is round measurement? What they call girth measurement; lot 22 contained 67 ends and 1,354 feet, and when we re-lotted it, we found it contained 75 ends and four tops, but it had been hewed by the presumed purchaser; we then took his own measurement, so as to act perfectly fair in the matter, and it measured 2,583 feet, and afterwards it required an abatement of one-fourth to reduce it to round measurement, so as to agree with the other lots.

Was there a total difference in the two lots, so re-measured by you, of 700¾ feet? Yes.

Did it appear that large quantities of timber had been stolen in broad daylight, in the most open manner? I believe so; from all the

evidence that I heard, I have no doubt that they worked early and late, in daylight and dark, just as it suited them.

Do you think that much timber had been stolen previously to your going into the forest? It is impossible to say how much; but from what one hears, now that people begin to open their mouths, it is an enormous amount of timber that has been taken; when one man is accused of taking 50 trees away in a very short time out of one place, it is easy to believe that to have been so.

You say that in one case, where 50 fine large oak trees had been taken from a spot where 400 had been cut, none had been sold or lotted in that spot? Yes; they were cut down preparatory for it.

The regarders were the only check upon James Reed? Yes. The last regarder that was elected was a saddler's apprentice; it was found that his health did not suit a sedentary occupation, and his father, who was only a simple woodman, spent, or was supposed to spend, 500*l.* in bringing the dockyard people up from Portsmouth to return him as a regarder; the man owes a considerable part of the money now, and the solicitor who carried on the affair for him at Winchester, where the election took place, I understand is about to pursue him for the recovery of the amount.

Have you any reason to apprehend that there have been any defalcations on the part of Mr. James Reed; that is, that he has received money which has not been accounted for? There is no doubt that he has sold property of the crown and reserved the money to himself, but he has never had charge of any money.

Is there any doubt of money having been paid to him for property of the crown which he has not accounted for? No doubt whatever.

Has he done that to any great extent? It is generally thought so; but I have no means of saying positively that it is so.

There were no sureties given for him? No, none; he was a weekly servant.

How are the defalcations of which he has been guilty to be made up to the revenue? There are no means; we cannot arrive at the extent of them at all.

Do you think that those defalcations may probably have affected the receipt side of the New Forest account for some years past? Yes, I should think they have very much.

Should you, under those circumstances, think that the most had been made of the property in the New Forest since the accession of her majesty, under its present system of management? No, I think those irregularities have certainly occasioned great loss; but to what extent I cannot say.

Are you aware that the second-commissioner, Mr. Milne, stated, on his first day's examination before this Committee, that "the Commissioners of Woods were responsible for the care of the forests, as regards wood and timber?" I have not read that evidence, but I believe that to be the case.

All the cases that were tried at Winchester were cases with regard to depredations upon wood and timber? Yes, they were.

I see that in your Report you refer to the case of George Frederick Bowles; was George Frederick Bowles a keeper in the New Forest? He was.

Did he receive, as stated in Return (B) made to this Committee, 114*l.* a-year wages, and 29*l.* buck-fees; and had he besides a house and 16 acres of land rent-free? I cannot say, but I believe it is stated there.

Is it the supposed duty of the keeper to prevent the increase of encroachments, and to protect the property of the crown generally, and to look particularly after the timber in their respective walks? That is their duty, but they do not appear to have understood it till lately.

Had any instructions been given to them with respect to protecting timber in their walks? There has been an instruction given since I have been in the forest, printed and signed by the Duke of Cambridge; I do not know what instructions they had before, I never saw any; but it is generally understood by the old keepers, that it was their duty to take care of the timber.

Were there true bills found against George Frederick Bowles at the sessions, for taking several large oak-trees from the New Forest? Yes.

Were those oaks of considerable size? Yes, they were large valuable trees.

Were they fit for naval-timber? The word 'naval-timber' is not understood; any timber that is good may be called naval-timber.

Was it sound timber? Yes; they took care in all cases never to have timber but what was sound and good.

Were those oaks conveyed to the premises of his brother-in-law, Coles? As I understood, that came out in evidence; indeed, I remember that I went over to his brother-in-law.

Was Coles a carpenter and wheelwright at Gorely? He was.

Were the trees proved to have been there cut up and converted to other purposes than the use of the crown? Yes; they were appropriated to two or three other purposes unconnected with the forest; some part had made a rail round Ellingham churchyard, and some part cut into wheelwright's work.

Was it found out that oak timber taken and not paid for, from the New Forest, had been used by Bowles in erecting houses? Yes; that was also proved in evidence before the magistrates.

How many houses had Bowles at Ringwood? I cannot say.

Did you personally inspect them? No.

Was the timber for Bowles' lodge supplied gratis from the crown establishment at New Park? Yes; all the repairs are done by the New Park establishment.

Did you, shortly after your arrival in the New Forest, find two oak-trees lying within the enclosure of James Hunt's house, the keeper of Castlemalwood-walk? Yes, I did.

Was James Hunt in receipt of 94*l.* a year salary, and 13*l.* a year buck-fees; and did he hold a house and 11 acres of land rent-free, as keeper in the New Forest? Yes.

Was it his especial duty also to protect the timber and the rest of the crown property? Yes, in the same way as I mentioned before with regard to Bowles.

Did he state in his defence that he had received the trees as a present from Mr. James Reed? No; he told me, when I asked him how he came to have the trees there, that they were given to him for repairs; and I gave him orders not to touch them, and they remain there still.

But you state in your Report that they were given to him by Mr. James Reed? Yes, they were given to him by Mr. James Reed; that is Hunt's statement.

Do you think that Hunt did not know that James Reed had no power to order timber to be felled without a Treasury warrant? That is my opinion.

It was Hunt's duty to have reported any person, if he had seen him, felling timber without a Treasury warrant? Yes.

Those oaks were the property of the crown? They were; Hunt himself states that as the fact.

If you heard that a witness had stated to this Committee that depredations in the forests were by no means so frequent now as they were 20 or 30 years ago, that they were limited to an inferior quality of wood, and that there was very little timber-stealing, and very little depredation upon the large wood in the New Forest, should you not think that the party who had stated that had stated it in ignorance of the actual state of things at that time in the New Forest? Yes, I should think so.

Should you, after six months' inspection, be prepared to coincide in such a statement? No, certainly not.

If you had heard that it had been stated in this committee-room that it was the duty of the deputy-surveyor to superintend, watch over, and defend the rights of the crown in the New Forest, should you say, from your experience in the New Forest, that that duty had been adequately performed? Certainly not; but I may add that Colonel Thornhill's health, he suffering from a wound in his neck, has prevented him of late from getting about, as I believe he did in early times when he was in the New Forest.

Did any subordinate officer in the New Forest who did not inform the commissioners of what was going on, in your opinion adequately perform his duty? No, certainly not.

You state in your Report, that a great want of care has existed in selecting trees for felling; was it not the case that the trees selected to be felled were selected in a most irregular manner? I think many of the people who attended the sales selected their own trees, and that those trees which ought to have come down were left standing, and that other trees, which ought to have been left standing, were cut down for the convenience of the parties.

Is it not the fact, that in a great number of places there are gaps left where a number of trees have been taken down, and that in others the trees are standing rather too thick? Yes; that arises from the cause I have stated.

Does not it appear that many of the fine trees that have been selected to be felled, have been chosen because they were near roads and places where it was easy to remove them? Yes; I have stated that.

Was it possible for an experienced woodman to move along those roads without seeing that the best trees had been cut down? I should think not; he must have missed them.

Did not the mode in which those trees were selected argue great fearlessness of discovery in regard to the malpractices that were going on? I think the forest was left, as I have stated in my Report, to only one individual, who could not have gone over it by any chance whatever once in six months, and as he was most likely cognisant of what was going on, he was not a likely person to have made any discovery of malpractices.

To whom do you refer? I refer to James Reed.

Should you not argue, from the indifference displayed in such matters, that extensive depredations had been going on for the last two or three years? Yes, there is no doubt of it.

Was equal want of care displayed in felling the trees after they had been selected as in selecting them? Yes; that may be seen from the trees now lying in the forest.

Was too much stool left? They did not cut them near enough to the ground; they have lopped the limbs off carelessly, and considerably disfigured the appearance, and in some cases injured the timber.

From your experience in the dockyards, should you say that the manner in which some of the trees have been cut down had tended to depreciate the value of the timber? There is no doubt of it.

Were the limbs trimmed off in a most rough and unworkmanlike manner? They were.

Were the tops and lops most carelessly cut up? Yes.

Was it possible for such an experienced person, and one in the habit of superintending the plantations as the second commissioner is stated to be, to ride through the forest without being struck with the mode in which those operations were conducted? It depends upon how he looked about; persons may ride about the forest without seeing any thing wrong, unless their attention is specially called to it.

But was it not his duty to look about him? I think the visits of the Commissioners have not been frequent enough; the forest is not gone over in a week.

What are "crooks," which are referred to in your Report? They are pieces of timber which are put into boats to strengthen them.

Has there been a scarcity of boat-crooks in some of the dockyards of late years? There has been a great scarcity of them in Sheerness, which made me pay more attention to them, when I saw crooks in the New Forest.

Can you state what the highest price of boat-crooks has been at Sheerness? I could never very accurately arrive at that, but they were generally considered to be 1*s.* 6*d.* a-piece.

Whilst there was a scarcity of crooks in Her Majesty's dockyards, were the crooks in the New Forest disposed of at 3*d.* a-piece? Very few were sold at 3*d.* a-piece; I rather think the others were cut up in the irregular manner I have previously stated, and a great number stolen.

Has there been any mismanagement in the conversion, cutting up, and disposal of cord-wood? Yes.

Can you specify what abuses you particularly observed in cutting up the cord-wood? In cutting out the crooked parts of the tops carelessly, and losing all the crooks; perhaps cutting a crook in the centre, and putting it in as cord-wood, instead of leaving it out as a crook.

Did you understand that the lops and tops of the wood felled for cord-wood had been done under the immediate supervision of James Reed? Yes.

Therefore you would infer that there had been considerable abuse? I have no doubt of that, and we have corroborative proof of it.

Were there any abuses in fagots and fuel-wood on the part of the keepers? Some of the keepers have been allowed to buy and sell, and become traders; and in one or two cases which have been inquired into by order of the Commissioners, I do not think that they are quite clear of the imputation of having taken the Government wood without paying for it.

Have there been any investigations into the conduct of the keepers? Yes.

Whom do you refer to, when you say that some parties are not quite clear of imputation? Some of the keepers.

Does it appear to you that there must have been connivance between the other subordinate officers and James Reed, in order to enable him to carry out those irregularities? Yes.

Is it possible that he could have conducted such a system of irregularity without their connivance? No, I do not think it is.

Can you state how many keepers and officers of the forest altogether there are? There are 15 keepers, and 22 or 23 woodmen, who occupy cottages.

Your refer in your Report to money which had been embezzled by the assistant, in the case of money received for wood and fagots; to whom do you refer, to James Reed? Yes, I refer wholly to him.

Can you state what the case of Gill, the keeper of Bramblehill Walk, was, which you say in your Report will throw some light upon the system? The transaction was his buying wood from James Reed, or receiving it as a present, and then paying a man to cut it up, and accounting for only half of that which he subsequently told me he bought of the crown.

You state in your Report, that plantations have been much neglected in thinning out the furze and flitterns? Yes; and as a proof of it I may state, that Mr. William Reed told me yesterday, that there had been as much done in thinning out in the last six months, as had been done in the previous eighteen months, and this is the party who is accused of neglect, and who admits it.

Had gravel, sand, and marl, and other descriptions of soil been allowed to be removed by persons without any title, in violation of the Act 10 Geo. IV. c. 50, previous to your arrival in the forest? Yes, and for some time after.

Is a royalty of sixpence a load now paid to the keepers of the respective walks for the gravel? Yes.

Is that gravel of a good description? It varies according to the locality; they take it for repairing and making roads to some extent; they would not go far for gravel of a better description, but they would take that by the road-side. This royalty was an arrangement made between Mr. Milne and myself, as being a fair amount, looking to what was done in other forests.

Are there a good many bridges over the water-courses? No, there are very few; bridges are much wanted.

Are there any rates paid for maintaining the bridges by the county? I do not know any bridges; I have made two or three wooden bridges since I came there.

Who are the parties you refer to as objecting to pay this charge for royalty? The trustees of the turnpike-road, and persons who have contracted to build houses; they do not like to have to pay for the sand; and one or two other parties.

Can you state what the system of paying wages to the labourers at New Park was? They are paid once a month; the foremen bring a pay-list and receive the money, since I have been there, from me, but previously from Colonel Thornhill; they took an amount sometimes of 150*l.* and 180*l.*, and paid it to the men; when I first went, I had an idea that it was possible, from what I had seen, that some irregularity might take place; I made inquiries of Messrs. Reed, but they had never heard of any thing irregular; but subsequently I found that a man had been actually paying 10*s.* and charging 12*s.* a week; that case is now before the Board; there is no remedy for it under the present mode of payment.

Were large sums of money entrusted to the hands of subordinate officers? Yes, to a foreman, who is literally only a labouring man; I have myself given as much as 170*l.* to take away and distribute to 20 or 30 men, according to the number he had under him.

Could all those foremen read and write? Very indifferently.

Do you think that that system of paying wages is rather a loose one, and open to abuse? Yes, I think so.

Had it been the custom, previously to your arrival in the forest, to cut down good beech-trees for fuel? Yes.

When you went down first into the forest last year, did you find parties splitting up good beech-trees for fuel? Yes, and I stopped them; and I subsequently found they were doing wrong.

Were those parties at that time receiving wages from the crown? Yes, they were.

Is there much difference in value between the beech-wood cut up

for fuel-wood, and the beech-wood sold for plank? The long butts, the main part of the tree, were prohibited from being cut up into fuel-wood; that was sold in lots of so many pieces, in the same way as other trees.

Did it fetch more in that way than when it was cut up into fuel-wood? Yes, it was not required for fuel-wood; there was plenty of offal without it; they cut it into lengths, what they call shovel-butts lengths, when it is sold for manufacturing purposes; that is prohibited entirely.

Do you burn much charcoal in that part? Not any now.

Did you formerly? Yes; I found a good many charcoal-burners, and I turned them all out, because I found that charcoal-burning encouraged the stealing of cord-wood, and encouraged people to sell it, for charcoal-burners are not generally the most reputable people.

Are you aware that by the Act of William III. every collier making charcoal, and every forest-keeper or other officer permitting the same charcoal to be made, is liable to forfeit 100*l.*? Yes, I am.

Are all the charcoal-pits stopped now? Yes; there are some in the manors which, of course, we cannot interfere with.

Were there charcoal-pits burning close to the road, near Mr. Sign's, when you first went down? Yes; he himself had one there.

Were there irregularities in the names of the persons on the fuel-list? I have heard so; but I have never been able to ascertain that.

You stated it in your Report to be a matter of doubt who were the parties really entitled? I do not mean as regards the names, but what I mean is, that by the Act of Queen Elizabeth, no house that was built after the 25th year of her reign is entitled to fuel-wood; but I am sure there are many houses not so old as that that get it; fuel-wood is the greatest abuse in the forest in every respect.

With respect to New Park farm, you state in your Report that on going back for any number of years it is doubtful whether you could arrive at a correct result of the accounts? Yes; I did not mean to infer that there was any thing wrong in them, but it was the method of keeping that would not enable me to do that.

Is the land of New Park peculiarly suitable for a farm? I believe it is.

Is the land in the forest, just outside the New Park, suitable for cultivation? I dare say, if it were drained and manured well, it might be good; but it would take a good deal of money to do that. In some parts of the forest the land seems to be very good; but it all requires draining.

You were able to make out an account for the year 1848; is that which appears in your Report an accurate account for the year 1848? I think it is, as near as possible, an accurate account.

In your opinion, may the Committee trust to the account that has been put in for the other years? I cannot say; the account for the year 1848 is taken by measuring the hay and estimating the corn.

I believe it is the fact that Colonel Thornhill, by reason of ill-health, has been for some years incapacitated from performing his duties? From all I hear, I think he must have been getting gradually worse for three or four years; and he has suffered a great deal latterly, I believe.

The active duties of the deputy-surveyor have devolved in consequence on Mr. William Reed, senior? Yes.

Do you think it is possible for Mr. William Reed, senior, had he properly discharged his duty, to have been ignorant of the great irregularities that were going on in the forest? No; I consider him to have been grossly negligent of his duties, which he admits.

You speak of Mr. William Reed, senior? I should include both the Reeds; they admit negligence, and they only stand on the ground that they have done nothing worse than neglecting their duty.

Have not the forest officers been allowed to become traders in timber in some instances? Not in timber; they have been allowed to become traders in cord-wood and fagots.

What do you mean by forest officers? I think his Lordship means the keepers.

Either the keepers or the woodmen? They have all nearly done that; several of the keepers, perhaps ten out of the fifteen, and every one of the woodmen who had any money to speculate with, have been doing it; there has been a general system of trading in buying wood and fagots wherever they had an opportunity of carrying it on.

Did you find much timber lying in the neighbourhood of Beaulieu, which had been taken out of the forest? Yes, there was a very large quantity there.

Did you identify it? No; we thought we had identified it, but it was very difficult to identify it; we had a strong suspicion that some of it was forest timber that had been taken.

Was there not a vessel that traded regularly from there, called "The Light and Sign?" Not from Beaulieu, she traded from Eling principally.

What places did she trade between? Between Eling and Sunderland, and some of the northern ports of Scotland and Jersey.

Generally with a cargo of timber? She generally took timber, and brought back coals.

Who owned the vessel? Messrs. Light and Sign, timber-merchants.

Were they parties who bought largely at the sales? They were.

Have you any means of ascertaining, or have you ascertained the quantity of fuel-wood, and the number of fagots, and so forth, that were made in any one year in the New Forest? No; I do not think any body could ascertain that; a great number of beech-trees were cut up wholly, and they never supplied any for fuel-wood but beech; I had an order to supply all the cord-wood in the forest, as far as it would go, but I have written to say, that the abuses are every day so great, that I think it would be desirable to clear the forest before any more is assigned.

Has there been much damage done in the throwing down of trees? Yes, very frequently they have spoilt a tree altogether, by the way they have thrown it down.

APPENDIX B.

The following is a copy of the royal warrant issued for the yearly supply of venison to those functionaries who are entitled to them. It is dated 1847, but applies to every year. This list is quite independent of the bucks claimed by the various local officers of the forests.

VICTORIA R.

These are to authorise and require you to sign and issue the proper Warrants to the Rangers and Keepers of Our Forests and Parks, to kill and deliver for the service of Our own Table, and for the Lords and others mentioned in the following List, accustomed to our Royal favour, a Buck or Bucks of this season, according to the numbers placed against their respective names.

A List of those who are to claim Her Majesty's Venison in the Buck Season 1847.

For the service of the Royal Table	120
The Grand Falconer of England	2
The Lord Chamberlain	4
The Vice-Chamberlain	1
The Superintendent in the Lord Chamberlain's Department	2
The Master of the Horse	4
The Master of the Horse to the Queen Dowager	4
The Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard	2
The Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms	2
The Master of the Buckhounds	2
The Housekeeper at Kensington	1
The Housekeeper at Windsor	1
The Archbishop of Canterbury	6
The Archbishop of York	2
The Lord Bishop of London	4
The Chancellor of the Diocese of London	1
The Dean and Chapter of Windsor	2
The Provost of Eton	2
The Procurateur-General	2
The Lord High Chancellor	4
The Speaker of the House of Commons	4
The Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench	2
The Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas	2
The Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer	2
The Master of the Rolls	2

The Judges of the Circuit	2
The Attorney-General	2
The First Serjeant-at-Law	2
The Advocate-General	2
The Recorder of London	2
The Remembrancer of London	1
The Chamberlain of London	1
The Town Clerk of London	1
The Common Serjeant of London	1
The Recorder of Windsor	1
The Vice-Chancellor of Oxford	4
The Dean of Christchurch	2
The Lord President of the Council	4
The Lord Privy Seal	4
The First Lord of the Treasury	4
The Chancellor of the Exchequer	2
The Comptroller-General of the Exchequer	2
The Lords of the Treasury	10
The Secretaries to the Treasury	6
The Solicitor to the Treasury	1
The Chief Clerks to the Treasury	5
The first two Senior Clerks of the Treasury	2
The Secretary of State for the Home Department	4
The Under Secretaries of State for the Home Department	2
The Chief Clerk for the Home Department	1
The Secretary of State for the Foreign Department	4
The Under Secretaries of State for the Foreign Department	2
The Secretary of State for the Colonial Department	2
The Under Secretaries of State for the Colonial Department	2
The First Lord of the Admiralty	2
The Lords of the Admiralty	10
The Secretary of the Admiralty	2
The Assistant Secretary of the Admiralty	1
	1
The Secretary-at-War	2
The Deputy Secretary-at-War	1
The Master-General of the Ordnance	2
The Surveyor-General of the Ordnance	1
The Secretary of the Ordnance	1
The Officers of the Ordnance	2
The President of the Board of Trade	2
The Master of the Mint	2
The Paymaster-General	2
The Postmaster-General	4
The Commissioners of Customs	9
The Secretary of Customs	1
The Assistant Secretary of Customs	1
The Western Clerk of Customs	1
The Northern Clerk of Customs	1
The Inspector-General of Exports and Imports	1
The Commissioners of Excise	6
The Commissioners of Stamps and Taxes	4
The Commissioners of the Board of Audit	4
The Lord Mayor of London	6
The Sheriffs of London and Middlesex	6
The Governors and Directors of the Bank of England	4
The Governors and Directors of the East India Company	4
The Governors and Directors of the South-Sea Company	4
The Governors of St. Thomas's Hospital	4
The Governors of Bridewell	2
The College of Surgeons	2
The Officers of Woods	2
The Officers of Works	2
The Deputy Surveyor of the Royal Parks	1
The late Clerk of the Venison Warrants	1
The present Clerk for the Issue of the Warrants	1
The Viscount Palmerston, in lieu of a piece of ground given to Richmond Park	2
Frederick Walpole Keppell, Esq., a grant for pipes going through	

his land to supply Windsor Castle with water . . . 1

NEW FOREST.

The Lord Warden . . . 12
The Master Keepers . . . 16
The Verderers 4
The Chief Justice in Eyre . . 5
The Rangers 2
The Commissioners of Woods, &c. 2
The Lieutenant of the Forest . 1
The Bow Bearer 1
The High Steward . . . 1
The High Woodward . . . 1
For the Attachment and Swainmote Courts 3

COMPOSITIONS.

Henry C. Compton, Esq. . . 4
John Bond, Esq. 2
Lord Ashburton 2
William Sloane Stanley, Esq. . 2
John Shaw Lefevre, Esq. . . 2
John Mills, Esq. 2
Sir Henry Paulet 1
The College of Winchester . . 2
Thomas Carr, Esq. 2

PRESENTS.

The Magistrates who execute the Forest business 4
The Earl of Radnor . . . 2
The Lord Bishop of Salisbury . 2
The Commissioner of Portsmouth Dockyard 1
The Mayor of Southampton . . 1
The Deputy Steward . . . 1
The Deputy Surveyor . . . 1
The Deputy Woodward . . 1
The Lord Warden's Steward . 1

WHITTLEWOOD FOREST.

The Ranger . . . . . .
The Deputy Ranger . . .
The Verderers . . . . .
The Chief Justice in Eyre . . 4
The Commissioners of Woods, &c. 1
Compositions to Owners of Lands and Woods surrounding the Forest 20
The neighbouring Clergy and others, according to immemorial custom 62

WYCHWOOD FOREST.

The Ranger 16
The Chief Justice in Eyre . . 3
The Commissioners of Woods, &c. 1
Lord Redesdale 4
The Lord Bishop of Winchester . 4
The Earl of Leicester . . . 2
Thomas Wood, Esq. . . . 1
The Bailiffs of Burford . . . 2
The Verderers 2
The Deputy Ranger . . . 2
The Steward of the Forest Court . 1
Composition for Woods in purlieu 21
Farmers round the Forest who have sustained damage by trespass, including deer usually killed, not warrantable . . . 16

WALTHAM FOREST.

The Lord Warden . . . 6
The Verderers 3
The Commissioners of Woods, &c. 2
The Lieutenant of the Forest . 1
The Riding Forester . . . 2
The Purlieu Rangers . . . 1
The Master Keepers . . . 10
Persons not Officers of the Forest, but claiming certain right of deer, from lands lying contiguous to the Forest:
Sir W. Wake . . . .
W. J. Conyers, Esq. . . 2
Lady Mildmay . . . 1
Lady Whitaker . . . 1

WINDSOR GREAT PARK.

His Royal Highness the Ranger . 4
Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent 2
The Deputy Ranger . . . 2

The Chief Justice in Eyre	2
The Commissioners of Woods, &c.	2
Mr. Isherwood, Lord of the Manor of Old Windsor	2
Mr. Bennett, of Thorpe (Custom Hay)	1
Mr. Secker, the Solicitor for the Affairs of the Park	1
The Bailiff and Locksmith	1
The Magistrates and Gentlemen in the vicinity of the Park	4
The Mayor and Corporation of Windsor	1

RICHMOND PARK.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester	2
His Royal Highness the Ranger	3
The Deputy Ranger	4
The Ranger of Hyde Park	2
The Commissioners of Woods, &c.	2
The Manor of Richmond	1
The Corporation of Kingston	1
The Owner of the private road leading from Richmond Park to Roehampton	1
The Park List, distributed in halves by order of the Deputy Ranger	9

HAMPTON COURT PARK.

The Ranger	14
The Manager of the Park	4
The Commissioners of Woods, &c.	1
The Manor of Hampton Wick	1
The Corporation of Kingston, demanded for a piece of land in the hamlet of Hampton Wick	1

BUSHY PARK.

The Ranger, for herself and presents	20
His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, in lieu of Rent for water laid on from Coombe to the Palace at Hampton Court	2
The Commissioners of Woods, &c.	1

GREENWICH PARK.

The Ranger	3
The Commissioners of Woods, &c.	2

And for so doing this shall be your Warrant.

Given at Our Court at Buckingham Palace this Twenty-eighth day of June One thousand eight hundred and Forty-seven, in the Eleventh year of Our Reign.

By Her Majesty's Command.

W. GIBSON CRAIG.
O'CONNOR DON.
EBRINGTON.

To the Commissioners of
Our Woods, Forests, Land Revenues, Works and Buildings.

APPENDIX C.

THE following is an interesting return of the revenue and expenditure of the chief forests, extending over a period of nearly half a century, and will shew what progress has been made, as well as on which forest there has been a surplus, and on which a deficiency.

NEW FOREST.

Year.	Income.			Expenditure.			Year.	Income.			Expenditure.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1803	5,868	12	6	1,295	5	6	1826	9,936	9	3¼	7,913	3	2
1804	7,069	13	0	3,152	3	9½	1827	9,572	2	0½	9,404	0	9½
1805	12,283	10	2	3,232	9	11½							
1806	11,670	1	3½	3,974	18	9¾	1828	10,510	17	4¾	8,692	12	4½
1807	8,746	4	8	3,126	18	6	1829	12,160	8	0	8,587	14	9
							1830	9,225	8	6½	9,048	1	11¾
1808	16,217	15	1	8,440	5	8	1831	12,974	12	5¾	9,689	7	11½
1809	11,427	5	11½	10,480	10	8	1832	11,616	3	5¾	10,766	10	6½
1810	10,917	17	9¼	16,875	15	3¾							
1811	8,109	12	4¾	14,410	7	2¾	1833	9,171	8	7½	8,276	11	7¼
1812	14,017	19	6¾	14,665	15	10½	1834	12,423	10	1	8,117	13	6¾
							1835	9,263	12	0¾	7,586	3	8
1813	19,385	13	6¼	9,713	16	8¾	1836	9,370	4	5¼	8,982	3	2
1814	15,471	16	8½	9,807	15	0¾	1837	9,219	11	1¾	9,078	0	5
1815	14,675	15	9	10,873	5	3½							
1816	13,299	3	2½	11,490	17	0¾	1838	10,616	8	3	10,000	3	3½
1817	15,813	5	11½	10,607	17	2¾	1839	10,638	0	3¾	9,785	10	0¾
							1840	10,439	0	5¾	9,515	0	7
1818	17,050	14	1¾	11,618	8	0¼	1841	8,499	9	9½	9,877	8	8
1819	14,835	14	7	10,325	15	10	1842	7,548	2	2¾	9,731	17	9¾
1820	11,438	0	7½	9,473	9	7¾							
1821	17,562	10	6	8,656	12	6	1843	8,877	5	4¼	10,635	4	8
1822	17,781	9	11	8,931	2	10½	1844	7,660	19	3	10,445	5	11½
							1845	9,469	11	6	10,275	18	7¾
1823	15,064	15	7	8,614	10	1¾	1846	9,011	4	4	10,437	3	3
1824	17,053	8	9¼	8,637	7	0½							
1825	12,645	4	7¾	9,170	19	6¾		516,610	15	4½	404,422	4	9¾

Surplus £112,188 10 6¾

DEAN FOREST.

Year.	Income.			Expenditure.			Year.	Income.			Expenditure.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1803	7,872	1	6	1,434	12	3	1826	10,584	16	0	7,151	10	4½
1804	9,746	10	0	3,220	17	11	1827	6,133	18	0	7,224	10	2
1805	13,046	13	6	1,843	14	2½							
1806	12,036	19	1	2,141	11	6	1828	8,627	13	3	7,004	4	11
1807	16,743	12	8	2,838	17	8	1829	7,535	15	7½	6,196	0	11
							1830	7,982	14	8	5,319	2	5¾
1808	7,609	0	1	3,016	10	7	1831	10,912	7	10¾	8,307	10	0
1809	13,780	16	10½	5,454	7	2½	1832	10,808	9	3	8,724	3	8
1810	21,403	11	9	11,508	13	11½							
1811	7,516	2	6	11,185	6	4¾	1833	9,393	8	1	6,705	15	8¾
1812	29,050	3	9	15,247	1	0	1834	8,929	0	3	5,676	9	1
							1835	8,349	8	9¼	5,945	17	2
1813	27,497	11	8½	10,270	18	7	1836	8,273	8	0	5,426	1	6¾
1814	32,531	0	6	19,219	0	2½	1837	8,380	5	3	5,033	5	10
1815	9,612	14	7	18,797	18	2¼							
1816	14,608	16	9½	12,158	15	3	1838	8,730	0	4	6,445	1	1½
1817	10,456	15	11	6,862	7	9¼	1839	9,405	4	1	7,101	9	4¾
							1840	11,953	0	4½	8,533	8	10
1818	7,778	8	4	7,201	15	8	1841	12,266	13	11	9,598	11	11½
1819	9,519	8	1	5,472	6	5¾	1842	8,665	8	6	11,612	9	2
1820	7,172	12	11½	9,404	7	9½	1843	12,356	4	0	12,612	3	4
1821	8,585	2	9	7,614	16	3¼	1844	14,954	19	9½	13,157	2	8
1822	10,214	17	9	6,058	7	1¼	1845	16,923	6	1	12,604	16	8
							1846	14,764	18	4	13,851	19	11
1823	10,506	1	4	6,075	6	2	1847	14,008	6	5	12,752	5	6
1824	14,520	11	2½	8,444	5	9¾							
1825	11,827	10	8	6,704	1	11½		543,577	12	2	369,260	0	4¾

Surplus £174,317 11 9¼

PARKHURST FOREST.*

Year.	Income.			Expenditure.			Year.	Income.			Expenditure.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1812	..			312	0	5	1822	330	3	9½	840	0	2¾
1813	..			453	18	10	1823	453	3	9	862	4	6½
1814	..			292	11	0½	1824	354	13	0	870	11	11½
1815	358	16	10	1,914	7	0¾	1825	314	1	0	797	12	4½
1816	418	8	11	1,309	5	7¾	1826	311	8	6	807	5	3½
1817	467	19	3	1,043	15	0½	1827	369	19	0	824	17	3½
1818	538	4	10	929	6	0½	1828	310	7	0	869	1	3
1819	276	14	0	966	6	5½	1829	246	10	0	793	1	0¼
1820	576	2	8	1,198	6	10	1830	608	11	0	832	3	1¾
1821	370	14	2	882	7	0½	1831	462	4	0	856	4	2½

* This forest was formerly held by the governor of the Isle of Wight in virtue of his office.

PARKHURST FOREST (*continued*).

Year.	Income.			Expenditure.			Year.	Income.			Expenditure.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1832	566	14	9	1,006	0	9	1840	918	12	5½	1,017	7	6
1833	380	2	6	985	8	9	1841	835	2	5	977	4	8
1834	812	11	8	876	3	2	1842	515	10	10	935	18	4
1835	441	1	2	886	16	10¾	1843	1,274	6	3	941	10	9
1836	677	13	3	1,062	8	11¾	1844	865	8	11½	949	5	6½
1837	757	19	6½	989	1	0¼	1845	995	7	6½	1,057	18	7½
1838	842	9	5¾	875	16	4¼	1846	800	19	8	914	2	0½
1839	909	15	8½	1,043	2	10½		18,361	17	10¾	32,173	12	0¾

Deficiency £13,811 14 2

HIGH-MEADOW WOODS.*

Year.	Income.			Expenditure.			Year.	Income.			Expenditure.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1818	2,197	5	6	712	8	1¾	1834	2,632	18	10½	1,693	11	6¼
1819	3,141	1	2	1,795	7	2	1835	484	19	0½	1,335	1	3½
1820	3,457	5	4	1,431	3	7½	1836	1,639	4	4	979	4	7
1821	2,825	16	3	1,723	13	9	1837	2,292	7	6½	1,842	2	11¼
1822	3,212	11	6	1,195	9	1	1838	3,544	11	0½	1,856	12	5
1823	3,230	9	2	1,561	7	8	1839	2,930	15	2	2,035	3	1½
1824	2,967	10	0	954	0	11¼	1840	3,846	13	6½	1,709	0	3
1825	2,940	4	8	3,446	16	3	1841	3,240	3	8½	1,515	5	7½
1826	1,790	3	10	3,421	15	4½	1842	2,667	18	6½	2,178	8	5¾
1827	496	18	8	1,510	10	4½	1843	4,025	12	7½	1,545	15	6½
1828	1,740	15	2	2,487	7	3¾	1844	3,564	4	3½	1,921	5	0
1829	2,502	0	4	2,010	5	6	1845	5,594	12	0½	1,774	12	0
1830	3,354	14	4½	2,150	4	6½	1846	4,247	6	0	1,730	17	5
1831	3,631	11	6	2,433	1	2¼	1847	4,565	1	8	2,057	5	4
1832	2,901	13	8	2,795	8	0¼							
1833	1,709	11	3	1,875	19	7½		86,876	0	9½	55,679	4	1

Surplus £31,196 16 8½

HOLT AND WOOLMER FORESTS.

Year.	Income.			Expenditure.			Year.	Income.			Expenditure.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1803	1,568	0	0	204	8	4	1808	2,623	6	9	349	12	2
1804	1,757	19	6	281	0	0	1809	3,141	8	4	1,051	18	7
1805	3,182	4	0	418	19	9	1810	3,671	17	6	585	6	2
1806	1,949	13	0	452	1	2	1811	5,197	16	4	875	6	2½
1807	2,027	17	1	239	12	0	1812	8,408	18	11	2,097	6	4

* These woods were purchased in the year 1817.

HOLT AND WOOLMER FORESTS (*continued*).

Year.	Income.			Expenditure.			Year.	Income.			Expenditure.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
1813	10,506	18	1	3,741	5	11¾	1831	1,206	18	2¼	1,798	15	8¼
1814	18,618	3	0	6,469	13	1	1832	1,057	3	4	3,302	2	5¾
1815	12,455	3	9	5,789	19	4							
1816	17,206	2	3½	5,551	11	8	1833	650	15	5½	2,260	13	7¾
1817	14,429	10	4	4,210	0	10½	1834	1,378	3	3	2,314	14	1½
							1835	1,117	14	9¼	2,001	1	5¾
1818	13,190	18	8	5,392	13	11	1836	2,159	18	9¾	2,037	17	2¼
1819	8,418	11	0	4,846	14	10¾	1837	508	8	5	1,572	15	8¼
1820	4,896	9	10½	5,340	7	1½	1838	2,270	17	6¼	2,076	4	2
1821	5,325	8	7	3,045	10	4¾	1839	3,207	17	5	2,395	2	0½
1822	3,572	7	7	2,977	9	4½	1840	2,573	3	8¾	2,309	8	9¾
							1841	3,815	2	7½	2,539	2	1
1823	2,848	0	5	2,908	2	2¾	1842	4,020	13	11¼	2,884	15	1¼
1824	3,110	2	5½	2,863	2	3½							
1825	2,875	13	4¾	3,315	11	10	1843	4,542	14	5	2,928	4	11
1826	2,167	14	11¾	2,864	6	8	1844	3,476	3	6	2,791	16	6
1827	1,564	10	10	1,990	19	1¼	1845	5,185	1	0	3,295	6	8
							1846	5,719	19	9	3,640	5	2
1828	609	7	5½	2,126	12	4½	1847	4,914	19	1	3,287	19	3
1829	1,842	0	11	2,066	17	9							
1830	1,750	3	4½	1,878	11	2½		206,721	18	7½	117,371	5	9¾

Surplus £89,350 12 9¾

BERE FOREST.

Year.	Income.			Expenditure.			Year.	Income.			Expenditure.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1803	..			..			1820	911	8	10½	1,863	0	3½
1804	..			62	5	0	1821	1,047	15	11¼	1,481	4	9¼
1805	..			28	10	0	1822	646	17	2	880	15	10½
1806	..			117	13	7							
1807	1,194	2	5½	418	19	10¼	1823	1,020	5	5	950	13	3¾
							1824	936	10	7½	747	16	11
1808	1,875	2	5	320	1	11	1825	516	12	5½	878	8	8¾
1809	2,090	16	5¾	590	12	11¾	1826	178	3	8¼	921	18	5½
1810	362	6	0	555	3	3	1827	393	19	3	960	3	4¾
1811	796	7	8	483	15	3	1828	596	1	6¾	995	1	4
1812	1,515	10	7	12,037	2	10	1829	574	8	1½	909	3	7
							1830	462	15	9½	841	14	0
1813	720	10	4	2,059	5	11	1831	869	7	2¾	1,052	19	4¼
1814	2,539	1	1	4,319	4	2¼	1832	1,187	4	11½	1,342	16	11½
1815	2,084	7	2	3,799	13	7½							
1816	1,114	15	5½	1,779	16	4¾	1833	1,075	0	2¾	963	0	9½
1817	1,375	8	3¼	1,882	13	4¼	1834	890	13	3¼	1,077	9	5½
							1735	1,911	5	8¼	1,380	10	8
1818	732	0	7	1,391	11	4	1836	1,481	6	8¼	1,288	5	3
1819	834	16	4½	1,454	3	8½	1837	1,271	18	1½	1,064	15	6½

BERE FOREST (*continued*).

Year.	Income.			Expenditure.			Year.	Income.			Expenditure.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1838	1,212	18	6¼	1,001	18	6¾	1844	1,210	6	11	1,079	5	5
1839	1,785	19	8½	1,181	6	3¾	1845	1,476	10	7	1,053	10	1½
1840	1,226	5	1¾	1,035	13	7¼	1846	1,140	17	2½	1,013	4	8
1841	1,273	15	0¼	1,055	17	3¾	1847	1,257	8	8	1,147	2	10
1842	988	18	4	1,063	8	9¾							
1843	1,177	13	11½	990	2	5¼		45,957	14	0¼	61,521	16	11¼

Deficiency £15,564 2 11

WHITTLEWOOD AND SALCEY FORESTS.

Year.	Income.			Expenditure.			Year.	Income.			Expenditure.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1803	1,305	15	10	470	1	9	1826	5,717	1	7	3,735	1	2½
1804	2,882	11	9	624	8	4	1827	10,611	14	3	3,667	2	11½
1805	2,999	2	6½	539	19	2½	1828	4,572	11	5¾	4,215	15	6¼
1806	2,594	2	0	1,759	3	2	1829	9,446	6	10	4,738	6	8
1807	5,186	9	10	1,616	0	5	1830	6,028	10	4	3,384	19	10
							1831	4,569	6	2	3,046	0	5¾
1808	4,482	3	10	2,716	1	11	1832	2,690	7	7	3,878	18	6¼
1809	2,441	12	3	3,007	5	1							
1810	3,860	4	7	1,772	19	1	1833	5,034	16	6	2,520	7	7
1811	2,694	10	6	1,137	5	3	1834	2,842	5	0½	2,937	19	6¼
1812	6,812	0	1	1,123	13	10	1835	756	9	0	1,817	3	7¾
							1836	1,383	0	8	1,839	15	10
1813	2,708	8	6½	667	15	4	1837	873	16	1½	1,504	13	4½
1814	4,939	12	8½	813	17	0							
1815	3,415	17	5	771	6	8	1838	1,613	11	6½	1,920	5	0½
1816	2,792	2	1	1,004	0	11	1839	1,142	4	3	1,786	5	5¼
1817	4,086	16	2	842	15	2	1840	1,634	8	7	2,165	19	11½
							1841	884	12	3	1,952	1	9¼
1818	2,123	11	3	620	5	8	1842	794	6	6	1,785	5	4¼
1819	707	13	2	1,163	4	9½							
1820	2,939	12	1	863	13	0½	1843	2,205	11	11	1,676	18	0
1821	3,596	0	0	828	4	7	1844	1,046	1	2	1,482	0	1¾
1822	2,437	5	6	702	12	0	1845	970	18	1	1,481	18	6
							1846	1,074	17	6	1,609	7	0¾
1823	1,322	1	5	630	7	2	1847	1,459	7	6	1,736	13	9
1824	3,588	4	0	1,356	9	3½							
1825	5,241	9	0	3,535	16	2½		142,509	12	1¾	83,450	6	0½

Surplus £59,059 6 1¼

DELAMERE FOREST.

Year.	Income.			Expenditure.			Year.	Income.			Expenditure.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1813	..			1,800	13	8	1831	133	10	3	1,931	10	1
1814	1,325	11	8	3,374	7	10½	1832	200	6	11½	1,624	14	3½
1815	4,400	0	0	976	2	0	1833	234	14	10	1,187	7	10
1816	..			5,320	18	0	1834	605	8	7	1,105	2	9
1817	13	0	0	4,818	15	8½	1835	924	1	1	1,038	1	2
1818	..			5,446	14	1½	1836	669	5	8	1,415	11	4
1819	7	0	0	2,973	6	10	1837	1,357	19	8	1,943	5	5½
1820	..			8,137	1	7½	1838	1,035	12	0	1,705	12	6
1821	6	0	0	2,662	9	7	1839	1,272	5	7½	1,826	12	5
1822	..			2,633	2	5½	1840	1,053	1	9½	2,003	15	8½
1823	..			1,807	0	1	1841	1,562	7	0½	1,992	11	6¾
1824	..			1,471	12	3½	1842	1,909	16	0¼	2,197	16	10
1825	..			1,448	1	3¾	1843	1,394	9	2¾	1,903	11	1¼
1826	1	4	6	1,615	11	7¼	1844	2,667	18	7	2,034	14	5
1827	7	10	5	1,769	6	8	1845	4,201	12	8½	2,613	0	11¼
1828	44	4	4	2,261	8	4	1846	4,549	4	10½	2,610	12	6½
1829	34	14	4	1,606	12	9½	1847	3,874	7	10	2,540	5	4
1830	38	7	7½	2,189	1	4½		33,523	15	7½	78,936	12	7¼

Deficiency £45,412 16 11¾

WYCHWOOD FOREST.

Year.	Income.			Expenditure.			Year.	Income.			Expenditure.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1803	114	8	6	44	10	4	1820	952	19	9	498	15	2
1804	219	0	5	58	10	8	1821	932	2	6	554	5	4
1805	307	15	0	48	10	0	1822	1,063	12	9	659	9	0
1806	306	2	4½	57	18	6	1823	1,029	18	6	492	19	3
1807	333	17	11	124	14	9	1824	1,008	6	9	643	19	7
1808	619	5	4	72	11	0	1825	1,209	17	4½	626	1	4
1809	1,566	2	3	395	3	3	1826	1,083	4	0	675	11	1
1810	1,014	6	10	267	5	11	1827	1,077	0	8	529	8	10
1811	1,457	6	1	875	13	1	1828	860	17	9	513	13	6
1812	711	9	8	478	5	8	1829	737	14	7	471	15	3
1813	3,192	11	5½	733	11	2	1830	877	16	6	476	18	10
1814	4,357	9	0	793	6	4½	1831	847	7	9	444	12	5
1815	1,368	13	5	592	18	5	1832	654	6	8	734	9	6
1816	1,256	16	11	702	12	0	1833	1,266	7	2	607	13	3
1817	1,277	3	4	585	2	11	1834	1,399	14	6	635	12	0
							1835	822	14	1½	358	3	1
1818	1,170	2	9	519	9	9	1836	384	16	5	544	7	1
1819	1,224	7	0	767	2	1	1837	863	1	3½	512	2	6

WYCHWOOD FOREST (*continued*).

Year.	Income. £	s.	d.	Expenditure. £	s.	d.	Year.	Income. £	s.	d.	Expenditure. £	s.	d.
1838	485	10	0	504	7	10	1844	384	15	4	451	6	8
1839	475	12	0	522	0	11	1845	214	1	3	499	6	3
1840	808	8	0	522	19	4	1846	426	8	11	439	5	0
1841	902	13	9	429	1	2	1847	518	0	10	393	15	2
1842	407	1	9	509	18	11							
1843	933	2	9	494	5	11		43,124	11	10½	21,863	10	0½

Surplus £21,261 1 10

WALTHAM FOREST.

Year.	Income. £	s.	d.	Expenditure. £	s.	d.	Year.	Income. £	s.	d.	Expenditure. £	s.	d.
1803	1,217	5	5	227	5	6	1826	973	13	0	340	15	3
1804	1,074	9	5	332	7	3	1827	939	8	6	541	17	3
1805	1,879	0	0	854	15	2							
1806	880	7	3	401	18	4	1828	931	14	9	525	10	10
1807	1,361	4	2	440	13	4	1829	822	7	2	399	17	2
							1830	786	7	10	526	10	11
1808	696	3	0	160	3	9	1831	782	8	10	630	0	1
1809	1,544	3	9	882	14	4	1832	664	19	5½	469	9	8
1810	403	11	6	398	11	11							
1811	1,191	0	2	472	2	8	1833	684	5	0	599	1	7
1812	443	3	10	593	14	6	1834	1,161	8	9	651	18	8
							1835	752	0	4¾	635	0	10
1813	553	0	5½	557	18	3	1836	962	17	0	331	15	7
1814	563	9	11½	505	18	6	1837	851	15	6	728	7	3
1815	424	0	9	312	9	6	1838	864	10	0	538	0	7
1816	394	0	3	405	17	3	1839	908	8	6	597	0	4½
1817	549	3	3	566	3	9	1840	1,004	15	0	539	8	1
							1841	1,011	8	0	753	3	7½
1818	782	13	4	553	9	8	1842	701	7	4	417	2	0½
1819	596	7	9	568	5	8							
1820	851	11	11	586	10	1	1843	753	1	6	681	9	3
1821	641	9	2	528	0	9	1844	845	19	5	852	3	11
1822	631	19	7	523	12	0	1845	936	6	10	592	11	4
							1846	886	12	3	1,017	9	5
1823	1,069	9	0	555	10	5	1847	1,008	13	0	733	4	2
1824	1,036	10	6	529	8	1							
1825	1,010	12	11	532	12	8		39,029	5	4½	24,592	1	2½

Surplus £14,437 4 1¾

ABSTRACT.

Forests.	Receipts.			Expenditure.			Surplus.			Deficiency.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
New Forest	516,610	15	4½	404,422	4	9¾	112,188	10	6¾	. .		
Parkhurst Forest	18,361	17	10¾	32,173	12	0¾	. .			13,811	14	2
Dean Forest	543,577	12	2	369,260	0	4¼	174,317	11	9¾	. .		
Loans to Dean Forest Road Trustees	. .			5,500	0	0	. .			5,500	0	0
Invested under Act 5 and 6 Vict. c. 65, to increase Stipends of the Incumbents of the Ecclesiastical Districts of the Forest	. .			10,347	8	5	. .			10,347	8	5
Expenses attending the Dean Forest Inquiry	. .			19,549	16	1	. .			19,549	16	1
High-Meadow Woods	86,876	0	9½	55,679	4	1	31,196	16	8½	. .		
Holt and Woolmer Forests	206,721	18	7¼	117,371	5	9¾	89,350	12	9½	. .		
Bere Forest	45,957	14	0¼	61,521	16	11¼	. .			15,564	2	11
Wittlewood and Salcey Forests	142,509	12	1¾	83,450	6	0½	59,059	6	1¼	. .		
Payments by Receivers of Land Revenue	. .			770	13	3	. .			770	13	3
Delamere Forest	33,523	15	7½	78,936	12	7¼	. .			45,412	16	11¾
Payments by Receivers of Land Revenue	. .			2,195	10	0	. .			2,195	10	0
Wychwood	43,124	11	10½	21,863	10	0½	21,261	1	10	. .		
Law Expenses attending the Suit with Lord Churchill, the Ranger	. .			7,586	8	6	. .			7,586	8	6
Waltham Forest	39,029	5	4¼	24,592	1	2½	14,437	4	1¾	. .		

INDEX.

ABBEY, the, of Reading, 108.
—— of Vale Royal, 215.
—— of Birkenhead, 221.
Abbot, George, Archbishop of Canterbury, accidentally shoots a park-keeper, 273.
Abbots' kitchen, Netley Abbey, 161.
Abole, or white poplar, 55.
Abstract of the revenue and expenditure of the chief Forests, 392.
Acorn Patch Nursery, 205.
Adansonia tree, 348.
Adelaide, Queen, buried at St. George's Chapel, 1849, 129.
Africa, forests of, 347.
Agricola, soldiers of, 34.
Aikin's Memoirs of the Court of King James I. *note*, 271.
Akenside, 85.
Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude, written by Shelley at Bishopsgate Heath, 98.
Albemarle, Earl of, gigantic oak on the estate of, 45.
Alder-tree, the, beauty of, 70.
Aleppo, pines of, 348.
Alfred, king, separates the streams of the River Lea, 140.
Algeria, forests of, 348.
Alleghany mountains, 340.
Alligators of Mexico, 340.
Alpine vegetation referred to, 325.
Amazon, mouth of the river, 329.
America, forests of, 326.
—— backwoodsmen of, 25.
Andes, 337.
Andredes-Weald Forest, 259.
Anecdotes of birds, 296.
Anemone, 297.
Anne, Queen, drawing-rooms at Windsor Castle, 116.
—— Queen, hunting in Windsor Forest, 109.
Annesley Hall, 236.
Antilles, forests on the, 344.
Antiquities found at Holyoake, *note*, 218.
Appendix A., 362.
———— B., 381.
———— C., 385.
Archangel, forests of, 352.
Archery, 274.
—— at Harrow School, 275.
—— skill in, 276.
—— kings expert in, 276.
—— anecdotes of, 276.
—— laws, 276.
Archers, English, superiority of, 276.
Arden, forest of, 29.
—— etymology of the word, 29.
Ardennes, forest of, 21.
Arts, Society of, *note*, 39.
Arundel, Earl of, conducts the king of Castile to Windsor Castle, 108.
Arron Isles, forests of, 324.
Ash, the, called by Gilpin the Venus of the Woods, 57.
—— the, useful in manufactures, 58.
—— formerly held in reverence for the cure of diseases, 59.
—— tree, the largest stands in Woburn Park, 59.
—— the Monmouth, 60.
Ashdowne Forest, 260.
Aspen, 69.
—— leaves, agitation of, 69.
Aspen-tree, legends of, 70.
Assam, jungles of, 322.
Asser's Life of King Alfred, 35.
Atholl, forest of, 271.
Atures, cataract of, 336.
Augustus, temple of, at Virginia Water, 105.
Australian gum-trees, 324.

BACON, Sir Nicholas, first planted the plane-tree in his gardens at St. Alban's, 71.
Bacup, town of, 210.

Bagshot Heath, 106.
Bale oak, 52.
Ballad of Herne the Hunter, 89.
—— on the Easter hunt in Epping Forest, 131.
—— of Old Pendle, 211.
Balade of Maryage, 211.
Bamboos, 336.
Bannockburn, battle of, 276.
Barbary, forests of, 348.
Barnsdale Forest, 226.
Barton, Bernard, on the oak, 42.
Baynard Castle, 232.
Bears used for sport, 283.
Beasts of forest and chase, 281.
Beauclerc, Henry, 266.
Beaulieu Abbey, 159.
—— founded by King John, 159.
—— description of, 160.
Beaumont and Fletcher, mention of the fern, 74.
Bedford, Duke, arrests Joanna of Navarre, 145.
Beech-tree, nuts of, 65.
—— magnificent specimen of, 66.
—— peculiar formation of leaves, 66.
—— immense, near Sawyer's Lodge, 107.
Behra Doun, 321.
Bek, Sir Anthony, 253.
Belstone, cottage at, anecdote of, 188.
Belvidere at Virginia Water, 106.
Ben Jonson's lines on the Sidney oak, 48.
—— New Inn, reference to the fern, 74.
—— the Gipsies metamorphosed, 116.
Berners, Dame Juliana, prioress of the Sopewell Nunnery, 279.
Berthelot, M., 346.
Bess of Hardwick, anecdote of, 241.
Bialowiéza, forest of, 354.
Bible, the forests mentioned in, 350.
Bilhaugh, 225.
Binfield, a pretty village in Windsor Forest, 109.
Bingley's Animal Biography, *note*, 289.
Birch, the, termed by Coleridge "the Lady of the Woods," 64.
Birds of the New Forest, 168.
—— habits of, 294.
Bishopsgate Heath, residence of Shelley, 98.
Bishopston, the largest sycamore at, 65.
Black Forest of Russia, 353.
—— Sea, coast of the, 351.
Blackbird, description of, by Thomson, 293.
Blackburnshire Forest, 207.
Blackstone's definition of a forest, 37.
Blakeney, a little village near Newnham, 202.
Bloomfield, Robert, 257.
Boadicea, defeat of, 141.
Boar's head, 284.
Boatswain, monument to Lord Byron's favourite dog, 238.
Bohemia, forests of, 357.
Bokhara, great oasis of, 322.
Bolderwood Walk, New Forest, 168.
Boldre, village of, 162.
Bolingbroke, Lord, 84.
Borderers, character of, 245.
Bow butts, 276.
Bows and arrows used for hunting, 274.
Bowland Forest, 207.
Bowyer, the learned printer, was buried in Leyton church, 143.
Boyne, battle of, 221.
Bradgate, once the residence of Lady Jane Grey, anecdote of, 255.
Bradstone Manor House, 186.
Brambletye House, 262.
Bramblings, near Waltham, formerly a pleasure-house of Henry VIII.'s, 140.
Brambridge, avenue of lime-trees, 176.
Braose, William de, 117.
Brazil, gigantic forests of, 333.
—— virgin forests of, 327.
Brian, Reginald, Bishop of Worcester, 272.
"British Naturalist," *note*, 284.
British ship-of-war, the first built of larch wood, 61.
Bruce, Robert, 271.
Buckland, Dr., the geologist, 43.
Buckstone, the, a few miles from Monmouth, 200.
Bulwer's "Harold, the last of the Saxon Kings," *note*, 138.
Burleigh, 147.
Burghley, Lord, 268.
Burlington, Lord, 110.
Byron, Lord, 236.
—— "Lines written on the occasion of opening the vault of Charles I." 129.
—— family ancestry of, 236.
—— and the Goblin Friar, 238.
Byron's oak, 239.
—— first love, 240.

CABBAGE-PALMS of Cuba, 345.
Cadenham, village of, 171.
—— oak, 171.
Cairo, environs of, 350.
California, coast of, 339.
Caliphs, tombs of the, 350.
Cam, the banks of, 56.
Cambridge oak, 56.
Camden's "Britannia," 198.
—— description of Sherwood Forest, 225.

Cameron, Sir Ewen, said to have killed the last wolf in Scotland, 283.
Campbell on forest flowers, 296.
Canada, forests of, 343.
Canamracâre, rapids of, 330.
Canary Islands, 345.
Canute the Great, first forest laws passed in the reign of, 37.
Cape of Good Hope, 348.
Carbet, forest of, 345
Carissa, forest of, 335.
Carlos, Colonel William, 51.
Carol of the boar's head, 285.
Carrington's poem of Dartmoor, 192.
Carta de Foresta, 265.
Cassigniare, river of, 335.
Castelnau, M. F., on the magnolia, 341.
Catherine, Queen, at the tournament, 267.
Catingas, 331.
—— character of, 332.
Cearne, abbey of, 160.
Cedar of Lebanon, 66, 349.
Cedars, white and black, 337.
Ceylon, forests of, 26, 318.
Chaldea, mountains of, 351.
Chambers' Life of James I., *note*, 270.
Chandler, Dr. on the use of holly at Christmas, 73.
Charnwood Forest, 254.
Char-à-banc, presented to Queen Victoria, by Louis Philippe, 117.
Charcoal-burner's hut, 159.
Charles, Prince, in Boscobel Wood, 51..
Charles's oak, 51.
—— motto over the door of the enclosure where it formerly stood, 52.
Charles I., 82.
—— takes refuge at Hurst Castle, 162.
—— tomb of, in St. George's Chapel Windsor, 126.
—— burial of, 127.
—— tomb examined in 1813, 128.
—— wars of the time of, 197.
Chartley Park, 256.
——, legend of, *note*, 256.
Chat Moss, 207.
Chaucer's account of clerical huntsmen, 272.
Chaworth, Mr. 236.
Chesapeake, bay of, 341.
Chestnut-trees, 62.
——, one of the finest specimens at Studley Park, 63.
Chestnut, the Tortworth, 64.
Cheviot Hills, 244.
Chevy Chase, 271.
—— ballad of, 245.
Chigwell, 151.
Chili, forests of, 326.
Chillingham Park, 186.
Chipstead Place, pleasure-grounds of, 63.
Chopwell Wood, 251.
Chronicle of London, 1438, 146.
Church Moor, New Forest, 154.
—— Place, New Forest, 154.
Churchill, Lord, 259.
Cider-making in the forest of Dean, 199.
Cilicia, forests of, 351.
Cinderford Bridge, 206.
Cistercian monks, abbey of, 144.
Clarac, M. de, 333.
Clare, John, sonnet by, 293.
Clergy, the, and hunting, 273.
Clypstone Park, 230.
Cobham Park, 62.
Coit Andred Forest, 259.
Coleford, 200.
—— town of, 200.
Coleridge calls the birch-tree "the Lady of the Woods," 64.
Columbus's admiration of the forests of Haïti, 345.
Colwick Hall, 240.
Commons, examination before the House of, in reference to the forests, Appendix A, 364.
Complaints in respect to the general mismanagement of forests, 306.
Conservatory, Virginia Water, 101.
Constantine, province of, 349.
Copped Hall near Epping, 141.
Cordilleras, forests of, 331.
Corfu, forests of, 352.
Cortez and his followers, 339.
Cotton-manufacturer, anecdote of a, 210.
Cotton-tree, 337.
Coupang, bay of, 323.
Cranbourne Lodge, 107.
Cranmer first meets Henry VIII. at Bramblings near Waltham, 140.
Cranmere Pool, 179.
Crete, ancient forests of, 352.
Crimea, forests of, 353.
Croatia, forests of, 356.
Cromwell, 82.
Crossfell, one of the highest mountains in England, 242.
Crotons, 336.
Cuban woods of cabbage-palms, 345.
Cuckoo, the, 292.
Culross Abbey, 269.
Cumberland, forests of, 38.
—— Lodge, 100.
—— William Duke of, grounds at Virginia Water first laid out for, 101.
Cymmen, the abbot of, 53.

Cypress, the weeping, 76.
Cypresses of Florida, 339.
Cyprus, Isle of, 350.

Dane, the, and the Saxon, 195.
Danish ship embedded in mud, discovered in 1822, 260.
Danish fleet off the Kentish coast, 260.
Dartmoor Forest, 179.
—— peasantry of, 180.
—— anecdote of, 181.
—— made into a forest by King John, 183.
—— infested by wild animals, 186.
—— earthquakes at, 192.
—— storm at 193.
Datchet, village of, 85.
Day, Daniel, commonly called "Good Day," 135.
Dead Man's Cross, 203.
Dean, iron furnaces in the forest of, 35.
—— forest of, 194.
—— forest, views in, 201.
—— forest, coal and iron ore of, 196.
Dee, river, the, 221.
Delamere forest, 212.
—— forest in Roman times, 213.
Delawar, Lord John, sets up the Rufus stone, 158.
"Description of London" by Fitzstephen, 284.
Devonshire, Duke of, 241.
Dickens, "the Warren," 151.
Dively, Sir John, anecdote of, 111.
Divining-rods, 68.
Dodd's "Church History of England," *note*, 45.
Dodona, forests of, 352.
Doomesday Book, 154.
Doramas, forest of, 347.
Drayton's "Forest of Dean," 194.
Druids, the, in English forests, 29.
—— religion of, 32.
—— chief locality of, 33.
—— derivation of the word, *note*, 33.
—— the, on the immortality of the soul, 33.
Dryden's "Flower and the Leaf," 121.
Dunkeld, the seat of the Duke of Athol, 61.
Dunmoor Priory, 231.
Dutch rushes, 342.
Dwarf forests, 334.

Eagle, brass, found in a lake at Newstead, 238.
Eddisbury, town of, 214.
Edgar, king, 184.
—— and Elfrida, story of, 185.
Edmund, surnamed Ironsides, 195.
Edward III., 86.
—— and the Countess of Salisbury, 119.
Edward the Confessor, 114.
—— favourite abode of, 144.
Edward IV., marriage of, with Elizabeth Woodville, 198.
—— and Elizabeth Woodville, 256; marriage of, 257.
—— I., 266.
—— III. in France, 267.
Egypt, forests of, 350.
Elfrida, daughter of the Earl of Orgar, 184.
Elgin Marbles, remaining portion at the classic temple Virginia Water, 105.
Elizabeth oak, 47.
—— Queen, oak in Hatfield Park, 47.
—— Queen, 84.
—— Queen, hunting in Windsor Forest, 109.
—— Queen, improves Windsor Castle, 115.
—— Queen, love of hunting, 267; at Cowdrey, 268.
Ella the Saxon, 260.
Ellerslie, the birth-place of Wallace, 46.
Ellis's "Specimens," *note*, 122.
Elm, the, 62.
—— notice of by Gilpin, 63.
Epping Forest, 44.
—— Forest, 130; hunting in, 131.
—— Hunt, account of, 133.
Eskdale Side, hermitage of, 249.
Essequibo, banks of, 337.
Ethelfleda, the Lady, 214; death and burial at Gloucester, 214.
Ethelwold and Elfrida, 184.
Eton College, founded in 1441, 84.
Ettrick Shepherd, 295.
Evelyn's Sylva, *note*, 32.
—— Sylva, 198.

Fairlop oak, 135.
Falkland, in Fifeshire, the favourite hunting-seat of James I., 270.
Falls of Niagara, 343.
Ferrar, Earl, 256.
Fezzan, acacias of, 349.
Fielding, Mr., 84.
Finehampstead, pool of, 153.
Fishing-temple at Virginia Water, 105.
Fitz-Stephen, mention of a forest round London, 37.
Fitzwalter, Richard, 231.
Foreign forests, 317.
Forests, right of English kings to, 27.
—— English, the Druids in, 29.

Forests, English, in the days of the Britons, Saxons, &c., 29.
English, Arden, 29.
under the Romans and Saxons, 35.
laws of, first passed in the reign of Canute, 37.
New, in Hampshire, formed by William the Conqueror, 37.
Sir Henry Spelman's list of, 37.
decay of, 39.
of Epping, 44.
of oak, 55.
Windsor, 82.
Windsor, large trees in, 107.
do. pollard trees in, 107.
do. hunting in, 109.
do. Pope's residence in, 109.
of Epping and Hainault, 130.
Epping, hunting in, 131.
Essex, 144.
of Hainault at the present time, 146.
the New, 153.
schools in the New, 163.
horses in, 167.
hogs in, 168.
birds in, 168.
timber in, 171.
Dartmoor, 179.
of Dean, 195.
views in Dean, 201.
of Lancashire and Cheshire, 207.
of Blackburnshire, 207.
of Bowland, 207.
of Pendle, 208.
of Delamere, 212.
of Wirrall, 213.
submarine, theory about, 222.
of Sherwood and Robin Hood, 226.
Sherwood, towns in, 241.
northern, 242.
Milburn, 242.
of Spade-Adam, 244.
kings of Geltsdale, 244.
of Skiddaw, 244.
of Inglewood, 244.
of Nicol, 244.
of Hexham, 244.
of Rothbury, 245.
of Whitby, 249.
of Knaresborough, 251.
Gaultries, 252.
miscellaneous and minor, 254.
laws and hunting practices, 264.
of Atholl, 271.
inhabitants of the, 279.
birds, 290.
flowers, 295.
management of, 300.
Col. Thornhill's report on, 305.
Forests, complaints in reference to, 306.
revenues of, 308.
list of Royal, 309.
income and expenditure of, 316.
foreign, 317.
of the Arron Isles, 324.
of America, 326.
of Terra del Fuego, 326.
of Valdivia, 326.
of Chili, 327.
virgin, of Brazil, 327.
of the Cordilleras, 331.
of Clarissa, 335.
virgin, of Guiana, 337.
of New Jersey, 341.
Canada, 343.
vast, in Newfoundland, 344.
on the Antilles, 345.
of Haïti, 345.
of the Canary Islands, 345.
virgin, of the Canaries, 345.
of Doramas, 347.
of Africa, 347.
of Madagascar, 348.
of Barbary, 348.
of Algeria, 348.
of Egypt, 350.
of Libanus, 350.
mentioned in the Bible, 350.
of Persia, 351.
of Cilicia, 351.
of Greece, 351.
of Dodona, 352.
ancient of Crete, 352.
of Turkey, 352.
of Russia, 353.
of Lithuania, 354.
of Bialowiéza, 354.
of Hungary, 356.
of Croatia, 356.
of Servia, 356.
of Vienna, 357.
of Bohemia, 357.
of Switzerland, 357.
of Germany, 357.
of Sweden, 357.
of Norway, 357.
of Holstein, 357.
of Sicily, 358.
of Sardinia, 358.
of Spain, 359.
of Granada, 360.
New—Appendix A, 361.
Examinations respecting before the House of Commons—Appendix A, 362.
Claimants for the venison taken in the—Appendix B, 381.
Return of the revenue and expendi-

ture in the chief—Appendix C, 385.
Forests, Abstract of the revenues and expenditure in the chief, 392.
Forest heath, 73.
Forests in general, 17.
—— and civilisation, 25.
—— flowers, 295.
—— inhabitants of the, 278.
—— birds, 291.
"Forester," the, a treatise by Mr. Brown, 69.
Formby, deserted village of, 222; modern village of, 222.
Fortune, Mr., on the effect of the cypress in a Chinese landscape, 77.
Fox, the, outwitted, 189.
Foxglove, 299.
Frederic III. gave a sumptuous feast on a single plank of sycamore, 65.
Free miners in Dean Forest, 204.
—— of the Forest of Dean, 198.
Frigates at Virginia Water, 105.
Frogmore, the residence of the Duchess of Kent, 87.
—— fête at, 110.
Froissart, Chronicles of, 118.
Fuller's remarks on willows, 56.
—— mention of an anecdote in connection with Henry VIII., 108

Ganges, the river, 320.
Gaudschaud, M., 323.
Gaultries Forest, 252.
Gentleman's Magazine, article on birch woods, 64.
Geoffrey of Monmouth, 28.
George III., statue of, 86.
—— and the dumplings, 113.
—— visits the New Forest, 159.
—— and the Gipsies, 164.
George II., 101.
Geraldine the Fair, 123.
Geranium, 299.
Germany, forests of, 357.
Ghost story of Copped Hall Farm, 142.
Gibbet at Halifax, 248.
Gibbons used the wood of the lime-tree for carving, 61.
Gifford, remarks on the Sidney oak, 49.
Gilpin on forest scenery, 23.
Gilpin's Life of Latimer (*note*), 227.
—— remarks on the ash, 58.
—— Rev. William, 162.
—— "Forest Scenery," 167.
—— account of the Cadenham oak, 172.
—— Bernard, on the manners and customs of the Borderers, 245.
Giraldus Cambrensis, 138.
"Gipsies' Advocate," by the Rev. James Crabb (*note*), 164.
Gipsies in the New Forest, 163.
—— encampment, 164.
Gisborne's "Reflections," 75.
Glastonbury thorn, the, 72.
Goblin Friar, 238.
Goethe on the anemone, 298.
Gomeria, 347.
Goodwood Park contains fine samples of the plane tree, 71.
Gowrie conspiracy, 271.
Grafton, Duke of, 258.
—— Palace of, 268.
Grande Terre, disappearance of its forests, 345.
Granada, forests of, 360.
Gray the poet educated at Eton, 84.
Gray's "Elegy," 85.
Great Dismal Swamp, 340.
Great Charter of the Forest, 265.
Greece, forests of, 351.
Green Man on the road to Barnet, 50.
Greendale oak, in Welbeck Park, 47.
Greenwich Park, 314.
Grimp's Pound, 192.
Grindal, Bishop, 246.
Groaning-tree of Badley, 173.
Guiana, virgin forests of, 337.
Gum-trees of Australia, 324.
Gylpyn, Mr., anecdote of, 247.

Haiti, forests of, 345.
Hainault Archery Society, 136.
—— forest at the present time, 146.
—— reminiscences of, 147.
Halford, Sir Henry, particulars of the appearance of Charles I. when his tomb was opened in 1813, 128.
Halifax gibbet, 248.
Hamburgh, siege of, 64.
Hampton Court, expenditure at, 315.
Harbottle Castle, 283.
Hardwick Hall, description of, 241.
—— forest law, 247.
Hare, the playfulness of, 287.
Harford Church, 179.
Harold's tomb in Waltham Abbey, 137.
—— burial-place of, disputed, 139.
Harrow School, founded by John Lyon, 274.
——, knowledge of archery enforced at, 275.
Hatfield Park, oak in, 47.
—— Chase, forest of, 251.
—— battle of, 252.
Havering atte Bower, 144.
Havering church, 152.
Hawai, archipelago of, 325.

Hawthorn, the, 71.
Hazel-tree, 66.
—— nuts and nutting, 67.
Head, Sir Francis, 167.
Henham Hill oak, 47.
Henry II., 37.
Henry III.'s grant to the citizens of London to hunt once a year in Epping Forest, 131.
—— and forest laws, 264.
Henry IV., 47, 145.
Henry VII., 107, 160.
Henry VIII., 45.
—— and the Abbot of Reading, 108.
—— considerably enlarges Windsor Castle, 115.
—— buried at St. George's Chapel, 125.
—— tournament of, 267.
—— laws of, regarding archery, 275.
Henry of Huntingdon on the cruelty of William the Conqueror, 155.
Hermann, M. Robert, on the forests of Guiana, 337.
Herne's oak, 86.
Herne the Hunter, 86.
——, ballad of, 89.
Herrick's notice of willows, 57.
Herschel, 85.
Hexham Forest, 244.
Hilbre Island, 220.
Himalaya Mountains, 317.
Hindon-koh, mountains of, 322.
Hindostan, jungles of, 26.
—— mountains of, 318.
"History of Halifax," 247.
"History of the Gordons," 283.
Hobbs, Roger, execution of, 45.
Hog Hill House, 157.
Hogs in the New Forest, 168.
Hollinshed's opinion of William the Conqueror, 155.
Holly, the greatest collection of, in the fir forest of Black Hall, 73.
Holstein, forests of, 358.
Holyrood Park, income and expenditure of, 315.
Hone's "Every Day Book," *note*, 144.
Hooker, Sir William, 76.
Horace's "Art of Poetry," Ms. translation of, by Queen Elizabeth, 115.
Horse-chestnut tree, 62.
Horses in the New Forest, 167.
Horsfield's "History of Sussex," 261.
Hotspur, 47.
Hounds-Doon, 166.
House of Commons, committee of, in reference to the New Forest and others, Appendix A, 361.
Howard, Henry, Earl of Surrey, 123.
Howel, Sele, singular burial of, 53.
Hudknoll's Wood, 197.
Hugon, Mons., gives a large telescope, 144.
Hume on the religious rites of the Druids, 29.
Humboldt, Alexander, 326.
—— Alexander, in the forests of South America, 333.
Hunter's, Dr., edition of Evelyn's Sylva, *note*, 39.
Hume, Rev. Dr., 217.
Hungary, forests of, 356.
Huntingdon, Countess of, tomb of, 231.
Huntingdon, Earl of, 161.
Hurst Castle in the New Forest, 161.

ICELAND, scenery of, 18.
Iguanodon, fossil remains of, found in Tilgate forest, 262.
Indian fig, 338.
—— archipelago, 324.
Inglewood forest, 244.
Ionian Isles, forests in the, 352.
Irving's, Washington, "Sketch-Book," *note*, 122.
Irwell river, source of the, 210.
Isabella of Valois, 145.
Jacquemont, M., 319.
James I. enjoyed the chase in Windsor forest, 109.
—— at Windsor, 116.
—— Prince of Scotland, confined in Windsor Castle, 122.
—— of Scotland, character of, 122.
—— progresses of, 215.
—— character of, 268.
—— fondness for hunting, 268.
—— anecdotes of, 269.
Java, mountains of, 323.
Jerusalem, Temple of, 28.
Jesse's "Scenes and Tales of Country Life," 44.
—— notice of old thorns in Bushy park, 72.
—— "Gleanings in Natural History," 107.
—— anecdotes of birds, 296.
Joanna, Queen of Philip of Castile, 108.
Joanna of Beaufort, 122.
Joanna of Navarre at Havering, 145.
Johanna Southcote, followers of, 215.
Joseph of Arimathea, 72.
Julius Cæsar, his description of British towns and forests, 28.
Julius Cæsar's account of the Druidical sacrifices, 29.
Jupiter Ammon, temple of, 26.
Jujube trees, 349.

Jungles, and their peculiarities, 318.
Juquitinhouha, woods of, 329.
Jutland, peninsula of, 358.

Kabilic mountains, 349.
Kawrie trees, 325.
Kaye, Sir Richard, 238.
Kenninghall-place, 45.
Kennet's account of the trial of Joanna of Navarre, 146.
Kensington Gardens, revenue and expenditure of, 314.
Kent, Duchess of, residence, 87.
Ketarnia (manufacturers of pitch), made from the pines of Aleppo, 349.
King Lear, 28.
King John's tradition respecting the Tortworth chestnut, 63.
King's Quair, 122.
—— forest of Gellsdale, 244.
Kirghises, the natives of the forest of Touba, 26.
Kirklees Nunnery, 227.
Kirkdale Cave, *note*, 284.
Knaresborough forest, 251.
Knole Park, fine beech-tree in, 66.

La Caldera, pines of, 347.
Lake Huron, 342.
—— Ontario, 343.
—— Cayor, 348.
Lancashire forests, 207.
—— witches, 208.
—— witches, toast of the, 210.
Lancaster trials for witchcraft, 209.
Landscape, beauties of, 18.
Langley, Bishop, 246.
Larch, the rapid growth of, 61.
—— tree first used for ship-building, 61.
—— height of, 61.
—— the, anecdote of, in reference to its first introduction into Scotland, 61.
—— the, boards of, used by painters instead of canvass, 61.
Latimer, Bishop, enforces the practice of archery from the pulpit, 276.
Lauder, Sir Thomas Dick, beautiful table belonging to, made of the wood of the alder-tree, 70.
Laurels of the Canarian forests, 346.
Lawn Farm, 150.
Laws of forests, 254.
Lea river divided into streams by King Alfred, 140.
——, the river, 140.
Leasowe Castle, 217.
Leicester, Earl of, 268.
Leyton, Roman antiquities found at, 143.
Leyton, tombs in the church of, 143.
Libanus, forests of, 350.
Lilly, William, anecdote of, 68.
Lime-tree in Moor Park, 62.
Lime-trees first planted at Halstead, 62.
—— its timber used by carvers, 61.
—— avenue of, at Bramhridge, 176.
Lindley, Professor, 76.
Lintot, Pope's bookseller, anecdote of, 110.
Liokon, bay of, 323.
List of claimants for the royal venison, Appendix B, 381.
Lithuania, forests of, 354.
Little Park, Windsor, 86.
Little Dean, 206.
Little John of Sherwood Forest, 226.
Liverpool, 216.
Logan's ode on the cuckoo, 292.
Logwood-tree, forests of, 339.
London, when built, 28.
—— parks, revenue and expenditure of, 313.
Long Walk, Windsor Park, 85.
Long-bow and arrows used in hunting, 275.
Long Island, 342.
Loudon, Mr., 55.
Loudon's "Arboretum," 59.
Louisiana, wax myrtles of, 341.
Lucan, mention of the Druids teaching, 33.
Lyell, Mr., 340.

Mackintosh's "History of England," *note*, 160.
Madagascar, forests of, 26, 348.
Madeira, former forests of, 345.
Magada, forests of, 319.
Magna Charta, 82.
Magnolia, the character of, 341.
Malacca, Peninsula of, 322.
Malkin Tower, 208.
Management of forests, 300.
Manchester Mechanics' Institute, 285.
Mansfield, situated in Sherwood Forest, 241.
Mantell's "Geology of the South coast of England," *note*, 262.
—— Dr. Gideon discovers an interesting fossil in Tilgate Forest, 262.
Manwood, John, writings of, 26.
Manwood's "Forest Laws," 36.
—— 279.
Maple, the, capable of being highly polished, used for musical instruments, 71.
—— sugar, *note*, 71.
Maranon, mouth of the river, 330.

Margaret of Anjou, 160.
—— and the robber of Hexham Forest, 244.
Marian, Lady, anecdote of, 232.
—— Lady, death of, 233.
Marie Galande, woods of, 345.
Marny, L. F., on forests, 25.
—— on foreign forests, *note*, 317.
Martin's "History of the Horse," *note*, 168.
Martinique, forests of, 345.
Martias, Mons. de, remarks on forests, 331.
Maying, Stowe's account of, 71.
Mayo, Dr., "on the Truths contained in some Popular Superstitions," 69.
Maypures, cataract of, 336.
Medeive, Walter de, 233.
Mendip Hills, 203.
Menai Straits, 33.
—— tubular bridge, 35.
Mersey, river, 217.
Mexico, vegetation of, 338.
Midsummer Night's Dream, 26.
Milton's "Sonnet on the Nightingale," 291.
Mindanoa, bay of, 323.
Mines of the forest of Dean, 201.
Miner's engines, peculiar names of, 205.
Mississippi river, the, 340.
Moll Dickenson, 209.
Moluccas, Archipelago of, 323.
Mona (island of Anglesea), chief residence of the Druids) 33.
—— derivation of the word, *note*, 34.
Mondrum, 215.
Moni, 215.
Monk's Ferry, 221.
Monmouth ash, 60.
—— Duke of, 60.
Montague, Sir William, 118.
—— Lady Mary Wortley, born at Thoresby, 241.
Moor Park, lime-tree in, 62.
Morant's "History of Essex," 141.
Morasses in Dartmoor Forest, 179.
Mozambique, coast of, 348.
Muscovite peasants, 355.
Myricas, 346.

Nannau oak, 53.
Needwood Forest, 255.
Nelson's statement of the Forest of Dean, 200.
Nepaul, heights of, 321.
Netley Abbey, 160.
——, ruins of, 58.
New Brighton, 216.
—— Forest, 153.
New Georgia, pine-trees of, 339.
—— Guinea, trees peculiar to, 323.
—— Hanover, pine-trees of, 339.
—— Harmony, 341.
—— Jersey, forests of, 341.
—— York, state of, forests in the, 342.
—— Zealand, forests of, 324.
"Newgate Calendar," reference to, 112.
Newfoundland, vast forest in the interior of, 344.
Newnham, 301.
Newstead Abbey, 236.
——, Priory of, 236.
Newton, Sir Isaac, conveys the Restoration May-pole to Wanstead, 144.
Niagara Falls, 343.
Nicol Forest, 244.
Norfolk Island, pines of, 325.
Northern Forests, 243.
Northian, Danish ship discovered at, 260.
Norway, forests of, 357.
Norwegian settlers, 18.
Nott, Dr, "Life of Surrey," 135.
Nottingham situated in Sherwood Forest, 241.
—— Castle, 280.
Nuthall, Mr. R., anecdote in connexion with Turpin's oak, 51.
Nylgherry Mountains, 317.

Oak, description of, 40.
—— an, struck by lightning at Pinner, 43.
—— the parasites of, 44.
—— Abbot's, at Woburn Abbey, 44.
—— Queen Elizabeth's, 47.
—— at Bale, 52.
—— description of, 54.
—— Byron's, 239.
—— the, of the Russian forests, peculiarity of, 354.
—— two magnificent, near Cranbourne Lodge, 107.
Odsworth, 110.
Oïbo, banks of the, 348.
Old oak, 46.
Oliver Cromwell, 152.
Orchis, the, 298.
Order of the Garter, instituted by Edward III., 117.
—— origin of, 117.
—— first installation of, 121.
Orgar, Earl of Devon, 184.
Orissa, jungle of, 318.
Orkney, submarine forest of, 222.
Oronoco, cataracts of, 336.
Owen Glyndwr, 47.
Oxford, procession of the boar's head, 285.

Palma, Isle of, 347.
Parahiba, borders of, 329.
Park, the great, at Windsor, 106.
Parliament oak, 229.
Pedro de Vera visits the Canary Islands, 347.
Peat in Dartmoor Forest, 180.
Pendle Forest, 208.
—— Forest and the witches, 209.
—— Ballad, 211.
Pendragon Castle, remains of, 243.
—— Uter, attempt to divert the course of the river Eden, 244.
Penderell, John, 51.
Penn, William, 221
Pennant's account of Howel Sele's burial-place, 54.
—— account of the fallow-deer, 286.
—— account of bears, 283.
Percy, Harry, 47.
Perry Grove, near Newnham, 201.
Persia, forests of, 351.
Philip, Archduke, at Windsor Castle, 107.
Phœnix Park, Dublin, income and expenditure of, 315.
Phœnicians, ships of the, 350.
Pickering Forest, 207.
"Pictorial History of England,"—Account of King Alfred's dividing the River Lea into several streams, 140.
Pindar's, Peter, story of the "Apple-dumplings and a King," 112.
Pine, the, natural history of, 64.
—— barrens of Florida and Carolina, 341.
—— of La Caldera, 347.
—— of Aleppo, 348.
Pixies, superstitions about, in connexion with Dartmoor Forest, 187.
Plane-tree, the, forms a pretty object in landscape scenery, 70.
Pliny on the religious ceremonies of the Druids, 29.
Plott, Dr., on the woodpecker, 290.
Pollard-trees of Windsor Forest, 107.
Polynesia, vegetation of, 324.
Pontefract Castle, 145.
Pope's lines on the oak, 42.
—— 107.
—— residence in Windsor Forest, 109.
—— and Lintot the bookseller, interview between, 109.
Poplar, the, described, 55.
—— great height of, 55.
—— finest specimen at Whitton, 55.
Portland, Duke of, 230.
"Potter's History and Antiquities of Charnwood Forest, 254.
Poula-Penang thick jungles of, 322.
Pratt, Ann, "Flowers and their Associations," 72.
Primeval forests, 323.
Prince, John, 232.
Progresses of Elizabeth and James (*note*), 269.
Puddington, vicar of, 45.
Purkess the charcoal-burner, 159.

Queen's lodge, Windsor Castle, 116.
—— oak, 256.
Quiddenham Hall, 45.

Rabbit-warrens, 288.
Rabbits of Windsor Park, 100.
Raleigh, Sir Walter, *note*, 147.
Randolf, John, 146.
Rapin on the character of William the Conqueror, 153.
Raphael's pictures painted on boards of the larch-tree, 61.
Red deer in Dartmoor Forest, 186.
—— deer or stag, 286.
—— river, 339.
Regent's Park, 313.
Relics found at Leasowe, 217.
Return of the revenue and expenditure of the forests—Appendix C, 385.
Revenues and expenditure of the forests, 309.
Rhododendron of America, 336.
Richard II , 145.
—— son of William the Conqueror, killed in the New Forest, 155.
—— I. visits Sherwood Forest, 225.
—— Abbot of Whitby and Little John, 277.
—— II. curious enactment in the reign of, 273.
Richmond Park, officers of, 314.
Rienzi, Mons. de, 323.
Rio de Janeiro, forests of, 332.
Ritchie's "Windsor Castle and its Environs," 105.
Roberts, Mary, "Voices from the Woodlands," *note*, 70.
Robin Hood, 26.
—— Hood, 226 ; derivation of the name, 226 ; death of, 227.
—— Hood's Garland, 227.
—— Hood at the Nunnery of Kirklees, 227.
Robinson the Woodcutter and the Witches, 208.
Rocking-stone in the forest of Dean, 200.
Roebuck, history and fall of the, 285.
Rogers' address to "an old oak," 41.

Roman antiquities found at Wanstead, 144.
—— remains, 201.
—— coins found at Hatfield Chase, 252.
Rooke, Major, 48.
Rosewood of Guiana, 337.
Rossendale, Valley of, 210.
Rothbury Forest, 245.
Rothesay, Duke of, death of, 270.
Round Table, mention of, 117.
Roundheads, reference to, 47.
Rous, Sir John, concealed in the Henham Hill oak, 47.
Royal Forests, list of, 309.
—— oak, 51.
Royalist and Roundhead, 147.
Ruckholts in the parish of Waltham, 143.
Rufus's stone in the New Forest, 158.
Rugendas, Landscapes of, 326.
Runnymede, where King John signed Magna Charta, 85.
Ruskes the inhabitants of the forests of Lithuania, 354.
Russia, forests of, 353.
—— forests of, burning of the, 355.
Ruthven, anecdote of, 271.

Salcey Forest, 258.
Salisbury, Countess of, anecdote of, 117.
—— Countess, defends the Castle of Wark, 118.
San Francisco, deserts of, 331.
Sandwich Islands, 325.
Sardinia, forests of, 358.
Satin wood of Guiana, 337.
Saul Forest, 320.
Sawyer's Lodge, 107.
Saxon Parliaments, 34.
Saxons, hunting grounds of, 35.
Scamozzi, 65.
Schomburgk, Monsieur, on the forests of Guiana, 337.
Schools in the New Forest, 163.
Scott, Sir Walter, description of the pine, 64.
Scotland, Kings of, fondness for hunting, 271.
Scowles Farm, 200.
—— Roman remains near, 200.
Selkirk, Alexander, 100.
Serra de Parima, granite mountains of, 330.
Servia, forests of, 357.
Severn River, description of, 202.
Seymour, Lady Jane, buried at St. George's Chapel, 125.
Shady Island (Mona), 33.
Shakspeare's "As you like it," 21.
—— on the invisibility of the fern, 74.
—— "Venus and Adonis," 284.
Sheepstor, 188.
Shelley, Mr., 84.
—— retirement at Bishopsgate Heath, 98.
Shelton oak, 47.
Shepherd, Mr., mention of the height of poplars, 55.
Sherwood forest, 224.
—— Richard I.'s visit to, 225.
—— and Robin Hood, 226.
—— marks in the trees of, 231.
Sidney, Sir Philip, oak planted to commemorate the birth of, 48.
—— oak in Penshurst park, 49.
Skiddaw Forest, 244.
Siberia, forests of, 354.
Sicily, forests of, 358.
Sierra Leone, the Ananas of, 348.
Slough, 84.
Smellie's "Philosophy of Natural History," 43.
Smith's "Hand-book to Harrow on the Hill," *note*, 275.
—— Charlotte, lines on the anemone, 297.
Snaresbrook, the Eagle at, 133.
Solomon, mention of, 28.
Sonnet to the fair Geraldine, 123.
Sopewell, nunnery of, 279.
Southey's lines on the Sidney oak, 50.
Spade-Adam Forest, 244.
Spain, forests of, 359.
Spanish Armada, 198.
Spelman's, Sir Henry, list of English forests, 37.
Spencer's lines on the oak, 41.
—— "Fairie Queene," 21.
—— lines on Sherwood forest, 224.
Squirrels, 288.
—— Mr. Bowles' description of, 288.
St. Briavell's Castle, 196.
St. George's Chapel, Windsor, 124.
—— tombs of the kings in, 125.
St. Pancras New Church, pulpit of formed from the wood of the Fairlop Oak, 137.
St. Paul's Church, iron palisading of, 262.
St. Alban's, book of, 279.
St. Hilaire's, Auguste de, Monsieur, "Remarks on Virgin Forests," 329.
St. Leonard's Forest, 260.
—— legend of the serpent of, *note*, 261.

Stables, Royal, at Windsor, 117.
Stag, the prowess of, 287.
Stanlaw in Cheshire, 207.
Statue of George III. at Snow-hill, some particulars of, 99.
Staunton, Sir George, first notice of the Chinese cypress, 77.
Stoke Pogis, 85.
Storm at Dartmoor, description of, 193.
Stowe's account of Maying, 71.
—— mention of Epping Hunt, 131.
Strabo, description of a British town by, 29.
Stratford Langthorn, 144.
Strawberry, wild, the, 298.
Strutt on the lime-tree in Moor Park, 62.
Studley Park, near Ripon, contains one of the finest chestnut-trees, 63.
Strype's mention of the Londoners hunting, 131.
Strype's, John, tomb at Leyton, 143.
Stukeley's, Dr., mention of the Royal Oak, 51.
—— buried at West Ham, 144.
Submarine forests, 217.
—— theory about, 223.
Suckling's "History of Suffolk," 47.
Suffolk, Earl of, confined in the Tower, 108, 255.
—— Countess of, anecdote of, 255.
Sumach, 348.
Surrey, Earl of, a prisoner in Windsor Castle, 122.
—— Lord, imprisonment of, 123.
Sweden, forests of, 357.
Switzerland, forests of, 357.
Surtees', Mr., "History of Durham," 247.
Sycamore, the, or great maple, 64.
—— largest specimen of, 64.

Tahiti, trees of, 325.
Tanginia veneniflua, seeds of, used to poison criminals, 348.
Taylor's "Eve of the Conquest," *note*, 138.
Teak-tree, 317.
Teneriffe, 347.
Temple mills, 143.
Terra del Fuego, forests of, 326.
—— de Mor, hills and valleys of, 328.
Thames, river, 84.
Theobald's, James I. at, 270.
Theory about submarine forests, 223.
Thomson's Castle, New Forest, 154.
—— description of the blackbird, 293.
Thorn at Duddingstone, 72.
—— at Jardine Hall, 72.
Thorn at Glastonbury, curious account of, 72.
Thornhill's, Colonel, report on forests, 305.
Thoresby, seat of Evelyn, Duke of Kingston, 241.
Tilgate Forest, 260.
—— iron-ore in, 262.
Timor, island of, 323.
Toads and frogs enclosed in the hearts of trees, 43.
Toland's "History of the Druids," *note*, 83.
Tombs of the kings at the Chapel Royal, Windsor, 129.
Tortwoth chestnut, 63.
Touba, forests of, 26.
Tramroads in Dean Forest, 203.
Trees, philosophy of, 19.
—— animals found in, 43.
—— struck by lightning, curious circumstances respecting, 43.
—— leaves of, 77.
—— large, in Windsor Forest, 107.
Trenchard, Sir John, 108.
Trinidad, isle of, 345.
Trous, in the Grisons, celebrated lime-tree at, 62.
Tuck, Friar, 226.
Turkey, forests of, 352.
Turpin's oak at Finchley, 50.
Tyrrell, Sir Walter, shoots William Rufus by accident, 157.

Ukraine, forests of, 353.
Usk, 197.

Valdivia, forests of, 326.
Vale Royal of England, 212.
Valparaiso, coast of, 326.
Vargeria Marsh, 331.
Vaughan, Sir R. W., Bart., 53.
Venison, royal warrant for, Appendix B., 381.
Victoria, Queen, visits the Elizabeth oak in Hatfield House, 47.
Victoria Park, statistics of, 314.
Vienna, forest of, 357.
Vindhya, mountains of, 321.
Virgil's (Georgics) description of the oak, 40.
Virginia Water, 100.
—— classic temple at, 105.

Wabash, banks of, 341.
Wallasey Pool, 222.
Waller, lines on the Sidney oak, 49.
Wallick, Mr., 321.

Walnut-tree, 65; prodigious size and great age of, 65.
Walpole, Sir Robert, 84.
Walsingham's account of Joanna of Navarre being imprisoned for witchcraft, 146.
Waltham Forest, 130.
—— Abbey, derivation of the word Waltham, 137.
—— Abbey, description of, 139.
—— Powder-mills, 140.
Walter's, Archdeacon of Canterbury, passion for hunting, 272.
Walton, Izaak, 104.
—— and the River Lea, 140.
—— on the nightingale, 292.
Wanstead House built by the Tylney family, 143.
Wapenschaw, 276.
Warbeck, Perkin, 160.
Wark, siege of the Castle of, 118.
Waterfall at Virginia Water, 106.
Watling-street, the old, 213.
Watts, Isaac, Dr., 161.
Wax-myrtle, 341.
Welbeck Park, 47.
—— remarkable oaks in, 55.
Wentworth, Sir Thomas, 271.
Whalley, Abbey of, 207.
Whitby, the Abbot of, story of, 249.
—— Forest, legend of, 249.
Whitchot, Col., preliminary Governor of Windsor Castle, 127.
White's "Selborne," 59.
Whittaker's "History of Whalley," 211.
Whittle, Mrs. James, "Festivities and Superstitions of Devonshire," 191.
Whittlebury Forest, 256.
Widdecombe, 193.
Wild cats in Whittlebury Forest, 288.
—— cats, anecdote of, at Barnborough, 289.
—— boars, 284.
—— rabbits, description of, 288.
Wild rose, the, 299.
Wildman, Colonel, 238.
William the Conqueror, devastations of, 37.
—— erected a strong hunting-seat on the hill at Windsor, 114.
—— cruelty of, 155.
William III., 221.
—— de Clowne, 272.
—— of Malmesbury, 153.
—— Rufus killed in the New Forest, 155.
—— de Poitiers' account of the burial of Harold, 138.
William of Wykeham, 86.
Willis Brown, anecdote of Netley Abbey, 161.
Willow plantations in Huntingdonshire and Cambridgeshire, 56.
—— weeping, 57.
—— spontaneous ignition of, 56.
—— referred to by Martial, 56.
Winchester, trials at, respecting forests, 307.
Winfarthing oaks, 45.
Windsor Castle, view from, 83.
—— historical associations of, 114.
—— enlarged and improved, 115.
—— improved in the reign of George IV., 116.
—— and Park, anecdotes of, 187.
Windsor Great Park, 83.
—— Forest and Castle, 82.
—— great extent of, 82.
—— Forest, 85.
—— Great Park, 85.
—— Forest, ramble in, 97.
"Windsor Forest," a poem, by Pope, 109.
—— Forest and parks, income and expenditure of, 315.
—— Home Park, 84.
Wirrall Forest, 213.
—— Hundred of, 221.
Wistman, the lonely wood of, 183.
Witches and witchcraft in connexion with Dartmoor Forest, 191.
—— of Lancashire, 208.
—— Sabbath, 209.
Wittenagemots, or Saxon parliaments, 34.
Wiverton Hall, 240.
Woburn Abbey, Abbot's oak at, 44.
—— Prior of, 45.
—— Park, in which stands the largest ash, 59.
Wolcot, Dr. John (Peter Pindar), story of George the III., 112.
Wolves and bears, 282.
Woods in spring, 19.
—— in summer, 21.
—— in winter, 23.
Woode's visit to Copped Hall Farm, 141.
Wood-sorrel, 297.
Woodlark, the, 292.
Woodpecker, the natural history of, 289.
Woodville, Elizabeth, anecdote of, 256.
Wordsworth's mention of sycamores, 65.
—— poems, 297.
Wright, T., "Wanderings of an Antiquary," 201.

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